THE TWO SPHINXES.
The end of the week, when sixty-eight seats will have been contested and the results announced, the political dice will have been thrown.

Contrary to the Unionist wishes the paramount issue of the election is the question of the Lords. They were certainly warned that this would be the case. In spite of desperate attempts to divert the traffic into Tariff Reform, anti-Home Rule, and Naval Panic directions, the mind of the electorate, though bewildered, has remained constant and has followed the main road of constitutional reform.

Some Socialists have pressed the Lords to see if possible in the present position of the Liberal attack on the House of Lords and the attacks in 1868, 1886, and 1895. True there are symptoms of unreality and pretence in most of the Liberal speeches on the subject even to-day. But the position has changed considerably from that of 1895. In the first place, the Lords have themselves opened the attack, and thus the Liberal attitude is partly one of defence. Exactly as Kruger cut the Gordian knot by invading British territory, so precipitating a war which threatened to break, but might not have broken, so Lord Lansdowne resolved the difficulty of the relations of the two Houses by himself declaring war.

Again, it is obvious that all the Cabinet Ministers, ten of whom spoke on a single night to the same effect, have burned their boats in the matter of the Lords. The proposal to abolish the absolute veto of the Lords is not now a pious party resolution, but a solemn undertaking made in the hearing of all men. Mr. Asquith emphatically declares that he will not assume office unless absolute guarantees are given him by the King that his Government may safely proceed to legislate against the Lords. How the King can give such guarantees, or what their nature must be, we leave for the moment. The point is that never before in the long campaign against the Lords has the Liberal Party ever so ostentatiously meant business.
South Africa has proved the only effective means of liberalism is not likely to hesitate to apply the same was South Africa. Yet the grant of Home Rule to occur to change the complexion of men’s minds.

If in any part of the Empire the concession of Home have conditions in Ireland changed as a result of the problem. Everybody who is not demented realises now that Home Rule in generation that has beheld this simple miracle of the Army and Navy from being manned and overmanned by enthusiastic as well as efficient citizens; nothing, that is, except the barbarous, degrading, and repulsive conditions which idiot officers maintain in both services. Conscription would merely perpetuate such conditions and intensify them: a danger in comparison with which a German conquest would be a godsend. The way out is plain: to democratise the Army and Navy and to put both on the level of the best trades unions in the matter of pay, conditions, and citizenship.

Then there is Mr. Balfour’s Land policy, to which Unionists are, it appears, now committed. On this single ground we should ourselves be prepared to vote against the whole of the Unionist Party. Whatever else Socialism may involve, its pith and marrow is the public ownership of land. Whatever opposes that intention of Socialists is ipso facto institutions. The reverse is decidedly reaction in its most patent form. We have often said that if England wants an army of mark that Mr. Arnold Bennett’s Election Manifesto published in THE NEW AGE, Jan. 15, 1910.

But unless Socialists desire to be mugwumps and to abstain from voting altogether in the absence of a Labour party, the vote for the Liberal seems over the lesser of two evils. We could draw up an indictment of the Liberal Party to satisfy even members of the most fanatical sections of the Socialist movement that we are not blind to Liberal faults. In comparison with the most dubious doctrines of the present Irish ministers, however, they are as the little finger of Jervoboom to the waist of Kehoboom. The Unionist programme, besides being backed by men whose record is black with crimes against democracy, contains several planks which militate against democracy into the engulfing sea. Protection, for example, whatever its academic value in a Socialist state, would in our present capitalist state most certainly involve as its chief political consequence the permanent fiscalisation of elections.

Similarly, conscription, which is another Unionist plank, appears to us about as evil an innovation as the devils of reaction could well invent. There is an excellent test of progress in the extent to which voluntary institutions displace compulsory institutions. The reverse is decidedly reaction in its most patent form. We have often said that if England wants an army of men it can have a volunteer army of that number by the simple offer of sufficient pay and good conditions would a parasitical nation like ours throw. Nothing to prevent the Army and Navy from being manned and overmanned by enthusiastic as well as efficient citizens; nothing, that is, except the barbarous, degrading, and repulsive conditions which idiot officers maintain in both services. Conscription would merely perpetuate such conditions and intensify them: a danger in comparison with which a German conquest would be a godsend. The way out is plain: to democratise the Army and Navy and to put both on the level of the best trades unions in the matter of pay, conditions, and citizenship.

Lastly, we have to recognise in the Unionist Party an attitude towards Home Rule for Ireland which has refused to change with the changed conditions of the problem. Everybody who is not demented realises now that Home Rule in 1910 has not the terrors even for the most timid that Home Rule in 1889 had. Not only have conditions in Ireland changed as a result of the new land settlement, but a more important event has occurred to change the complexion of men’s minds. If in any part of the Empire the concession of Home Rule could be regarded as an Imperial peril, that part was South Africa. Yet the grant of Home Rule to South Africa only proved the existence of a more grasping colony to England by holoes of steel. A generation that has beheld this simple miracle of liberalism is not likely to hesitate to apply the same methods in Ireland and to work there a result equally beneficial to both. It is not the thought of Home Rule’s safety that Home Rule is more urgent now than it was in 1885. The intervening years have seen America ascend the ladder of world-power to become a factor of account in international politics; and English conciliation of Ireland is of prime importance to England’s conciliation of Irish America. Nor would the effect of emancipating Ireland be confined to America. Our task in Egypt and India would be considerably lightened if we ceased to hold an Egypt and an India at our very gates.

The preceding indictment of Unionist policy is not even now complete, for we have to consider in addition that we would be employed to carry it out. We know our Liberals and we confess to little respect for them; but we do not know our Unionists and our little respect is less. Mr. Balfour apart, as he is so often content to be, we see nobody in the leading ranks of Unionism who can even hint at a statesman. It would be a popular wheek-stall. Of their methods it is impossible to say anything worse than that they are the methods of sensational and catch-halfpenny journalism. The Empire is to be conducted, it is clear, exactly as "Daily Mirror," "The Daily Express," and the "Daily Mirror" are conducted, with a sensation trumped up to-day and drowned to-morrow in another. We can understand that under these circumstances politics would become exciting, but the excitement would be as sterile, exhausting, and disastrous as an exclusive course of its parent journalism. The trail of Northcliffe is over the whole of Unionist politics.

Nothing that has happened recently is more significant of the proposed new way of political life than the incident in the electioneering campaign for Mr. Blatchford has been only partially responsible. We do not propose to turn upon Mr. Blatchford to the oblivion of his splendid record for Socialism. But it is obvious that our greatest Socialist propagandist has been apes to pull their chests out of the fire. There neither is, was, nor will be any real German peril to England; but an artificial peril is always there to be created. In truth, as we would explicitly warn our German friends, the real peril is precisely the contrary. There is far more likelihood of England being goaded to make war upon Germany than of Germany making an unprovoked war upon England. The existence of a war-party in England has often been denied but never proved. This is, we may take it as certain, always a war-party in England, and it all depends on the tension of popular feeling created from time to time whether that party will come to the surface or not.

It must be admitted that this party has a powerful ally in the German Navy League, whose latest manifesto issued as a New Year’s Greeting to the German people assumed an antagonism between the two nations in the very conditions of their existence. This is not merely a by-play in fact but a crime in international politics. Nor is it bettered by Mr. Balfour’s obedient bark to the party whip at Hanley (or was it Hanwell?) when he took the diplomats of the "lesser Powers" to witness that the antagonism was real and the conflict inevitable. We believe, with the "Daily Express," that fools on both sides are permitted to run at large in matters they do not understand and to be accorded any serious attention.

We have returned to this subject—not, we fear, for the last time—to find an illustration of our contention that the Unionist Party is likely to be run on sensational lines; and to afford an additional argument to our readers for excluding Unionists from the government of the Empire. That there are dangers in Liberalism we are perfectly ready to admit; but we deny that if we had the power we would exclude Liberals no less certainly than we would exclude Unionists. But it is useless to throw away dirty water that is really water and not corrosive acid, until we have clean. Socialists, at any rate, run no risk of becoming mentally wedded to the Liberal Party; but so long as Liberals are willing to walk ever so stumblingly and blindly in our direction it would be mad folly to leave them anywhere—except behind!

In reply to numerous enquiries, we are asked to say that Mr. Arnold Bennett’s Election Manifesto published in THE NEW AGE of Dec. 30, can be obtained from Joseph Dawson, Printer, Burslem, at 10/- per 1,000 copies.]
Foreign Affairs.

As the General Election approaches anxiety abroad concerning its result is rapidly increasing. England is recognised as the home of European freedom. The action of the Lords is regarded as the first great challenge by the non-parliamentary classes to current progressive movements. Will the British democracy prove at the ballot-box that the English ideal of Liberty is still surviving? Such is the thought pressing upon the mind of the Continental democrat. Grave as the issues are for Englishmen, the workmen of the Continent know that the outcome of this election is of equal importance to their hopes and beliefs. It might seem inconceivable that anyone should question which way the decision of British workmen will go. To the challenge of the Peers, Englishmen might have been confidently expected to return a stern answer. Yet some of the wisest and best men of England and Europe have doubts of the ultimate decision. The future of Great Britain is hardly encouraging to the most cool-headed. The portents of civil war are gathering, for these islands may soon be faced with a revolt of the working classes.

The effect upon English Socialism of the Budget is an alarming illustration of the people's tolerance. The working classes are so easily satisfied! The Socialist movement had been asking for "the means of production." Mr. Lloyd George met this demand with the Budget, and to Liberalism there has been rallied the whole of the progressive forces! It was a bitter but sad true remark of Mr. Philip Snowden that the Budget was not a revolution, but a sedative into operation on January 1. The Indian National movement had been asking for "the means of production," and the Indian National Council Act, like the Budget, was not a revolution, but a sedative into operation on January 1. The Indian National Congress Act came into operation on January 1. The Indian Councils Act came into operation on January 1.

Somehow or other there is an innate feeling that the people are coming to their own. The message of freedom has penetrated to Pekin. The silent satisfaction with small reforms that must be expected to return a stern answer. Yet some of the wisest and best men of England and Europe have doubts of the ultimate decision. The future of Great Britain is hardly encouraging to the most cool-headed. The portents of civil war are gathering, for these islands may soon be faced with a revolt of the working classes.

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Socialism and Free Trade.
A Manifesto.

A most curious phenomenon of the Tariff Reform agitation is the comparative apathy with which Socialism has received it. It is true that the Liberal Party has been so vigorously and so ably maintaining the cause of Free Trade, however much Liberal statesmen may have cast aside its principles in their legislation that the Socialists, overworked with political agitation and writing as the most capable of them are, may justify their neglect of the defence of Free Trade by pointing to the more serious topics with which they have to deal year in and year out.

While fully recognising the validity of this plea, the present writer has felt for a long time the need of stating some of the reasons which should lead the Socialists, in the last resort, to support the Liberal defence of Free Trade. These reasons may be old; they may be novel; but at this period, when Tariff Reform and Liberal-Socialist finance are in conflict in the political arena, it is essential that they should be demonstrated and established.

There is one common fallacy in Socialist arguments on the fiscal question which must be glanced at before coming to the main features of Free Trade and Tariff Reform. For instance, many Socialists contend that, as the working classes are practically robbed of all their earnings under the capitalist system by means of rent and interest, neither Free Trade nor Protection can be of any importance to them. As a generality, this remark is a sad truth; but there are several vital qualifications. It is incorrect that all the working classes are deprived of their labour to such an extent that there is no surplus at which the landlord and capitalist could get. The higher sections of the working classes, by means of trade unions and able organisation, have succeeded in raising their standard of life considerably, while still retaining a surplus to spend on their amusements, the better education of their children, on luxuries like drink and tobacco, etc., etc. Now, Protection, with its far-reaching tentacles of indirect taxation, has obviously been revived by the capitalist and landlord classes with the motive of economic capture of the skilled workers' surplus. The trade unionists, with a sound instinct, have declared for Free Trade; but there have been some signs of weakening, and a leaning towards Protection, in the last couple of years. This change of attitude has been due to the prevalence of unemployment in recent times and to the use to which such distress has been put by the Tariff Reformers. Notwithstanding the attractiveness of the picture of a self-centred State, producing its own manufactures, the present writer warns trade unionists of the dangers they are running in surrendering to Protection, and so re-establishing indirect taxation in every department of trade and industry. Direct taxation can be controlled to a large extent. Indirect taxation has been proved quite uncontrollable in Protectionist countries, as a comparison of the figures at which most duties began with the figures at which they now stand would prove to demonstration.

For these reasons, since Socialism must depend upon a healthy and comfortable working and artisan class for its support if it is ever to be wholly effective, the Socialist should resist this ingenious device of the capitalist and landlord to re-secure the small surplus which has been wrested from them by the skilled workers.

The case for Protection rests upon two bases: (1) By means of duties, to keep foreign goods out of the home market, thus developing home industries and giving more employment to all classes; (2) by means of tariffs, to compel the foreigner to pay for the British Navy and Army. These are the daily-repeated arguments against Free Trade and Socialism. Let us examine their validity. It is obvious that if a duty is put on motor-cars of sufficient magnitude to keep foreign motor-cars out of Great Britain, the home manufacturer would monopolise the home trade. But would industry be developed and more employment given to the workers? It must not be forgotten that to prevent foreign motor-cars coming into England and competing with English-manufactured cars, a substantial tariff would be required. That tariff would increase the price of the English-made car to a figure just below the competitive price of the foreign-manufactured car. An increase in the price of the home-made car would immediately reduce the number bought by English purchasers.

There are very few exceptions to the economic rule that an increased price decreases consumption. One exception is corn. A duty on corn increases the consumption of bread, because the working classes are not able to eat so much meat as before. But in that case the general standard of life has been brought down.

Such reduction in output would decrease employment. The whole argument in favour of Protection has become merely a question of whether there is to be a reduction in the number of motor-cars excluded by the tariff from the English market. The balance that has to be struck between the increased protectionist revenue and the reduced output of the foreign trade. This is a hypothetical enigma to which neither Protectionist nor Free Trader could honestly answer yea or nay. Having analysed the first Protectionist proposition in the most favourable way to the Protectionists, one must conclude that the advantages of a tariff, if any, are incalculable in their flimsiness.

Let us now deal with the favourite proposition of the Protectionist that the foreigner, by means of Tariff Reform, will be compelled to build the British Navy. This is a suggestion which is so ludicrous that it can be brushed aside in a few sentences. Under the present Budget an additional tax has been put on tobacco. Tobacco is not grown in England; it is grown abroad. Who are the people paying the additional halfpenny an ounce on tobacco or on each packet of cigarettes? If the Protectionist argument be accurate, the growers of tobacco abroad should be paying the halfpenny. Does the Tariff Reform lecturer pay the extra halfpenny on his cigarettes or does the foreign grower of tobacco? The tobacco-grower, one fears, would hardly accept the old price of tobacco, which the Tariff Reform lecturer should tender, if he believes his own case. The tax on tobacco should ram one thing into the head of Englishmen—that the English consumer will pay for Tariff Reform, and not the foreign country or manufacturer. Dreadnoughts will be built by Englishmen at the rate of a penny on the income tax for each one; there is not much hope of getting the money out of the Germans, the French, or the Americans. One does wonder how many Dreadnoughts would be built by a Protectionist Government if the sole naval revenue were to be derived from tariffs "which the foreigner will pay."

Moreover, as a revenue-producing machine, Tariff Reform destroys its own efficacy. At present foreign goods are admitted free. The Tariff Reformer claims that putting a duty on foreign-made goods would keep them out of England. In the same breath he draws glowing pictures of the vast revenues to be obtained from the very goods which his own tariff, if it be of any utility at all, must exclude! The contention is clearly self-destructive and ridiculous.
There is one way in which Tariff Reform would raise revenue, namely, by the taxation of raw material, which always must be admitted. A tariff on corn, on meat, on cotton, on foodstuffs, would be productive of revenue; but the persons who would pay those taxes, as has been shown in the case of tobacco, would be the British consumer, not the foreign grower.

Great Britain has one industry which would be most adversely affected by Protection—its shipping trade. Compare the United States, the typical Eldorado of Protection orators, and Great Britain, in their respective shipping development. Figures are of little assistance in tariff controversy, and they are supplied completely to show the United States ocean-going shipping amounted to 899,763 tons. In 1860 it had risen to 2,546,237 tons. Then came the Civil War, which was followed by the erection of the towering wall of high tariffs, with the result that by 1906 the tonnage had dropped to 439,846 tons. The following are the figures for British ocean-going vessels in the same years: 1840, 2,768,262 tons; 1860, 4,658,627 tons; in 1906, 11,167,332 tons. (See Robert-Agnew, A Swift-running Stream, pp. 141.)

What is the position of the Free Trader? If an orthodox Liberal, he is in the difficulties of the Protectionist the moment he seeks to contend that Free Trade is the cure for all social ills. One would have thought that he would be instanced as an example of such an argument, at a time when after a long spell of Free Trade, the working classes are in such desperate straits that Parliament has been forced to enact: (1) A measure making monetary provision for the well-conducted, industrious worker, whose industry has been so little advantage to himself that he has been unable to save enough to provide for his old age; and (2) a measure by means of which the vast number of children, which careful and elaborate investigation has revealed as underfed, shall be given food at the expense of the local authority.

Free Trade does allow for an unchecked trade development, in which British manufacturers are bound to adopt a high standard of manufacture in order to combat foreign competition. It would be a cardinal disaster to efficiency of manufacture and fluidity of trade if Protection were set up again in England. It may be well to point the moral here by a picturesque analog. A swift-running stream is the Free Trade stream of commerce. Suddenly into the swift stream there cast a powerful barrier, and the water is held up on each side of the barrier. What happens? In place of the rapidly running stream comes standing masses of water. Again, as Free Trade transports millions of goods, there would be two almost stagnant sheets of water—representing two Protectionist countries which have erected tariff barriers against each other. These are hydrostatic faults in this simple illustration; but the meaning of Free Trade as tending to the fluency of commerce is, I hope, made plain by the metaphor. As a matter of fact, just as, for hydrostatic reasons, the two sheets of water would eventually burst the barrier and be welded into one, so, for economic reasons, the re-establishment of Protection in England might shatter the economic basis of the world's trade, as the one practical outlet for the stream of trade would then be closed. This is an aspect of the results of Protection in England which the present writer has not seen touched upon before. It is such a grave consequence, that, assuming the protectionist the moment he seeks to contend that Free Trade is the cure for all social ills, one would have thought that he would be instanced as an example of such an argument, at a time when after a long spell of Free Trade, the working classes are in such desperate straits that Parliament has been forced to enact: (1) A measure making monetary provision for the well-conducted, industrious worker, whose industry has been so little advantage to himself that he has been unable to save enough to provide for his old age; and (2) a measure by means of which the vast number of children, which careful and elaborate investigation has revealed as underfed, shall be given food at the expense of the local authority.

As Socialist economists have pointed out many times, the Tory Protectionist and the Liberal Free Trader are both in the same boat when faced with the problem of unemployment. As a principle of economics, neither Protection nor Free Trade can cure unemployment. Unemployment is the foundation of capitalism. With a considerable surplus of unemployed workmen, whose unemployment and under-employment tend to check any undue rise in wages, the capitalist system could not continue much longer, since the workers, there being no surplus of labour to draw upon for "blacklegs" and "strike-breakers," would generally seek some other outlet for their labour. Hence, the reluctance of the Liberals and Tories to pass a measure which will cure unemployment in the sense of ridding the labour market of this depressing wage-factor of the surplus of labour. That is the signification of the rejection by the House of Lords of Mr. Keir Hardie's bill to amend the Aliens Act with a view to forbidding the importation into England of foreign workmen as "strike-breakers" and "blacklegs."

Let me conclude by indicating some reasons why Socialists should resist Protection. Free Trade is the nearest approach to the revenue of the country being raised entirely directly by taxation. Direct taxation is the one method of consistently bringing home to the taxpayer the extravagances of a spendthrift Government or a reckless Chanceller of the Exchequer. Free Trade involves direct taxation by means of income tax. Militarism and corruption thrive under Protection. The indirect taxation of food-stuffs and consumable goods could not be checked in any way under Protection. Direct taxation is the only practical means of making the taxpayer feel the naval and military expenditure of the country. Thus, the abolition of Protection historically followed on the National Service League's demand for Conscription. The history of the Tariff debates in the United States, Canada, Australia, and elsewhere, is a painful record of protection, trade corruption, and "graft." The explanation of this is simple. Manufacturers will contribute enormous sums to the party funds, in return for having a tariff established to protect their particular industry. Once produce Protection, and no earthly power can stop the trailing of trade corruption over English political life, which is free from this lowest form of interested bribery, whatever may be said of the sale of honours and other ugly blamines on the escutcheon of English political honour.

Lastly, the Socialist is bound to fight Protection because of the obstacles it will throw in the progress of his ideals. The American Trusts explain the strange contradiction of American weakness in Labour organisation. The peculiar, solidified, political, and financial power of the Trusts, which would grow up like weeds in a bed of strawberries on the introduction of Protection in England, has rendered their power in the United States far more terrifying than that of isolated English capitalists, who are prone to take up widely differing attitudes in labour disputes. The Trust system has invented a new terror to society—the machine-like commercial plant which is apparently devoid of either social, humane, or national feeling when his business instincts are menaced. He is a type which is threatening to engulf the United States in a social revolution, the outcome of which one shudders to contemplate. In England, on the whole, he has been checked. The best of the aristocrats and the democracy have combined in attacking him; but with Protection the hands of democracy would be economically fettered, and aristocracy would become plutocratised. And then...! C. H. Norman.

Can Socialists be Christians?

Is a question raised in a discussion in the 2,000th number of The Christian Age, published on Jan. 7th. The Rev. J. E. Rattenbury argues that the Church must have the Socialist ideal. The Rev. J. G. Greenough replies that Socialism preaches a class war and robbery, and cannot be regarded as Christian. In this interesting number there are congratulatory messages from distinguished preachers, an interesting chapter with Mr. S. D. Gordon, author of the "Quiet Talks," the opening chapters of "Idolatry," a fine serial story by Alice Perrin, the result of the great voting competition for the twelve most popular preachers, and all the usual articles, news and photographic illustrations. Adv.
Imaginary Speeches.

No V.—By the Right Hon. John Burns, M.P.

[The Report is taken from a certain Sunday journal.]

Yesterday the vigorous President of the Local Government Board paid a surprise visit to the Hanwell Hatch Asylum, Surrey. Mr. Burns had been expected at eleven, but failed to appear at that early hour. It afterwards appeared that the train on which he intended to catch had left Clapham Junction a minute early, and that Mr. Burns, who had spent the morning at Whitehall, had been compelled to wait for the 9.30 down express, which did not stop at Clapham, but which the brisk and breezy President of the Local Government Board caught by the to him simple expedient of leaping on to the footboard of the engine as it flashed between the platforms at something under forty miles per hour.

It was, therefore, close upon twelve before the strenuous minister was sought to think themselves blessed lucky-hearted people as the matrons, the nurses, the warders, old, some were young, some were men, some were women, some even more children; but all, he thought, looked contented and well-fed and happy, and he considered it among the things that pleased him, he felt so at home. (Loud cheers.) Some were old, some were young, some were men, some were women, some even more children; but all, he thought, looked contented and well-fed and happy, and he considered it among the things that pleased him, he felt so at home. (Loud cheers.) Some were old, some were young, some were men, some were women, some even more children; but all, he thought, looked contented and well-fed and happy, and he considered it among the things that pleased him, he felt so at home. (Loud cheers.) Some were old, some were young, some were men, some were women, some even more children; but all, he thought, looked contented and well-fed and happy, and he considered it among the things that pleased him, he felt so at home. (Loud cheers.) Some were old, some were young, some were men, some were women, some even more children; but all, he thought, looked contented and well-fed and happy, and he considered it among the things that pleased him, he felt so at home. (Loud cheers.) Some were old, some were young, some were men, some were women, some even more children; but all, he thought, looked contented and well-fed and happy, and he considered it among the things that pleased him, he felt so at home. (Loud cheers.) Some were old, some were young, some were men, some were women, some even more children; but all, he thought, looked contented and well-fed and happy, and he considered it among the things that pleased him, he felt so at home. (Loud cheers.) Some were old, some were young, some were men, some were women, some even more children; but all, he thought, looked contented and well-fed and happy, and he considered it among the things that pleased him, he felt so at home. (Loud cheers.) Some were old, some were young, some were men, some were women, some even more children; but all, he thought, looked contented and well-fed and happy, and he considered it among the things that pleased him, he felt so at home. (Loud cheers.)
On an Election Address.

I HAVE become famous. At least, so I gather from the interesting communications I am daily receiving from distinguished persons and friendly visits from their representatives, scarcely less distinguished. My title to fame is that as a free and independent citizen of this, etc., etc., for the time being, I have a vote in the Borough of South St. Pancras.

Captain H. M. Jessel not only appeals for my vote, but "will be grateful for any personal aid you can render." He encloses his portrait with that letter. That was tactless on his part. The beady countenance with the fatuous mouth and lower jaw, well-brushed sleek hair, large misshapen ears, do not prepossess me, even when set off by a Jewish nose (only slightly less pronounced than my own).

I rather think that Captain Jessel would not mind cajoling off another House system under another name, or it may mean that he is in favour of locking up all the unemployed until the employers are calling for their labour. I wanted to know—whether he was in favour generally of some such reform of the Poor Laws, which he considers has been too long delayed. This seeming rather vague, he may tell you that Captain Jessel is most strongly in favour of the reform of the Poor Laws, which he considers has been much too long delayed. This the truth it is difficult to conceive.

In his address he declares himself in favour of "strengthening of the present system of Old Age Pensions, " and regarding this as strengthening. We may imagine what the views of the Secretary of the Municipal Reform League would be hereon.

Although he is not opposed to Old Age Pensions, he says: "The Radical policy is to destroy the industrial and commercial prosperity of the country by a system of gradual confiscation and calculated plunder, and then to establish Socialism, which is the enemy of social liberty, and supports the loafer and wastrel at the expense of the industrious and intelligent classes."

I have pointed out to him that some members of his party have opposed the Old Age Pensions as supporting "loafer and wastrels," and asked for his views thereon. But Captain Jessel does not reply.

I asked him for his views on Women's Suffrage, and am answered, "he is a broad-minded man, and would vote in favour of any measure he considers to be of the advantage of the general community."

Captain Jessel advocates "Reform of the Poor Law, already too long delayed." This seeming rather vague, I wanted to know whether he was in favour generally of the Minority Report of the Poor Law Commission; and I enclosed a leaflet of questions issued by the Committee (blackout the Labour Colony and other penal suggestions to which I am opposed). The reply is, "I may tell you that Captain Jessel is most strongly in favour of the reform of the Poor Laws, which he considers has been too long delayed."

This may mean he is in favour of locking up all the unemployed, that the employers are calling for their labour; it may mean that he will restate the workhouse system under another name, or it may mean that he would vote for the Labour Party's Right to Work Bill.

In short, his agent was not quite sure of my politics, and so he copied his master by sending something quite non-committal. The Captain is convinced that if the present Radical majority of the House of Commons should again be returned to power, "there is nothing to prevent . . . . the passing into law of all the fantastic Socialist propositions which have driven capital abroad and thus lessened the wages fund for the workers." These last words are in heavy type in order to show up the Volunteerism with which the radicals were not quite so stupid it would be rather amusing to rally this anti-Socialist on his taking up with an old Socialist theory now generally abandoned by Socialists.

On the question of Unemployment Captain Jessel is very sound; he repeats what the Socialists have been saying for the last twenty-five years: "Unemployment is the greatest evil of the present time, but it is work that is wanted, and not doles. Labour Exchanges register the workless, but do not provide work."

We Socialists require honest work from all except from those who, like the Jessels, are constitutionally incapable of it, and we have shown how it can be provided. How will Captain Jessel provide work for the unemployed: "Tariff Reform and Colonial Preference (with the proviso that the cost of living is not increased by the imposition of taxation in the readjustment of duties) are the only cure for any decent-minded Jew from giving the anti-social spirit the slightest countenance.

But Captain Jessel is not a decent-minded Jew; it is doubtful whether he possesses a mind at all. Frankly, one way I would be sure that the original Captain Jessel would not be burdened with any thinking apparatus. He is a mere parrot, upon whom an argument on economics would be sheer waste.

He is also the honorary secretary of the Municipal Reform League, and, as such, is responsible for the issuing of more false statements than perhaps any man in London.

The habit has grown upon Captain Jessel. One of the placards that confronts me is "Vote for Jessel and Old Age Pensions." A more audacious suppression of the truth it is difficult to conceive.

When I first saw a heading in the address, "Wrecking the Constitution," I thought that for once Captain Jessel had blundered into the truth. In a moment it occurred to me that he was dealing with the constitutional adjectives of the House of Lords. But, no. He thenew was: "The Radicals, in conjunction with their Socialist allies, propose to strike the House of Lords out of the constitution, and thus to leave the destinies of the Empire absolutely dependent upon the will of the majority of a Single Chamber."
That Single Chamber being chosen by the country, it follows that it is dangerous to leave the rule and the destinies, etc., etc., absolutely dependent upon the vote of the country.

But the House of Lords, it seems, has no such fear. Captain Jessel tells us, and he moves in the highest circles: “The House of Lords has not refused to pass the Budget. It has simply delayed its passage until it has been submitted to the judgment of the country.”

I think so meanly of Captain Jessel’s intelligence (as denoted by that unfortunate portrait) that I really believe he regards this silly piece of humbug as telling the springs of the Nation’s welfare, and which set class against class.”

Anything which tends to make the Captain and his class disgorge will of course weaken the Nation.

But why should the nation support “this loafer and wastrel at the expense of the industrious and intelligent classes?” (to use the Captain’s own words).

What honest work has he ever done? He can’t even write an election address without betraying gross ignorance and cupidity.

His father, Sir George Jessel, was a fairly competent lawyer. How stupid a society is that allows this as a constitutional etiquette.

I wonder how Sir F. Galton would deal with thiscase. I pass over all the nonsense about Radical-Socialist Alliances and Policies; there is no Socialist Policy, not even the very idea of such a thing.

I have never voted for a Liberal, but my most humblest public employment to Carlyle himself, as they refuse it to their undoing, and their hatred on the faithful servant who saves, or tries to save, them. In the last reign Gladstone earned the lasting resentment of Queen Victoria by warning her that her seclusion in the wilds of Wye was a source of danger.

She took his advice, and showed herself again to the nation, but from that time forward she seldom missed an opportunity to mark her displeasure with her too faithful Minister, even to the straining of constitutional etiquette.

To serve an aristocracy is equally thankless and dangerous. Sixty years ago Carlyle earned the hatred of the English ruling caste by warning them that “the organisation of labour is the universal, vital problem of the world”; and urging them to give to this problem a little of the attention that they reserved for the game preservers looked on in anger and dismay.

A more supple and artful spirit than Carlyle, Disraeli managed, by endless flattery and subservience, to prevail on the hereditary caste to let him serve them; and he practically restored their power for a generation. But they never really pardoned him for doing so.

Every one has heard of the duchess who boasted that “the organisation of trade was a Napoleon, who will slay them by their undoing, and their hatred on the faithful servant who saves, or tries to save, them. In the last reign Gladstone earned the lasting resentment of Queen Victoria by warning her that her seclusion in the wilds of Wye was a source of danger; and urging them to give to this problem a little of the attention that they reserved for the game preservers looked on in anger and dismay.

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One has heard of the Duchess who boasted that although her husband was in Disraeli’s Cabinet, she had never admired the personal hornage now lavished on Mr. F. E. Smith.

Is it any safer or more profitable to serve, or seek to serve, the democracy? The statesman who enjoyed the greater share of popular homage who was Gladstone, who practically devoted the last half of his career to staving off social reforms, by fixing the popular attention on comparatively remote and unimportant issues like the Eastern Question and Home Rule. I have for myself a suspicion that while Socialist principles are now triumphant, the pioneers who have done the work of education, and borne the heat and labour of the day, are not permitted to share in the victory.

I have never voted for a Liberal, but I have never heard of them.

M. D. EDER.

Anthropolatry.

By Allen Upward.

The superstition set up by Jean Jacques Rousseau in the eighteenth century is generally known as the Religion of Humanity. But (as I have pointed out elsewhere) religion is rudimentary science; and there is nothing scientific about this cult. It is simply a worship, with no more reason in it than the worship of cats or crocodiles or any other form of idolatry; and therefore its right name is anthropolatry, or man-worship.

Anthropolatry has its roots in a generous delusion, common to idealists, the delusion that they themselves are representatives of humanity. If they do not consider mankind in general as already possessing their own lofty ideas and unselfish motives, at least they credit men with a general capacity to rise to their own level.

The theory of Rousseau and Volney, of Proudhon and Sh erection, is that man was born without sin, and that he has been deliberately enslaved and degraded by kings and priests. I need hardly say that the truth is almost the reverse of that. Science teaches us that man is a cowardly, crafty, and malicious animal who has very gradually lifted to a slightly higher level of courage and good feeling by the efforts of the overmen who have been sent in every generation to teach and help him, and whose services man has usually repaid with hatred and massacre.

The fatal mistake made by the modern anthropologist is to suppose that man has changed his nature in this respect. There is the less excuse for this mistake, since as much as seems bent on supporting his worshippers from their idolatry by his treatment of them.

Man tries hard to show that he does not want to be worshipped, but to worship. What men in general ask for is a Napoleon, who will slay them by the million, and set himself as a god, in their despair and reject the idealist who offers himself to be crucified on their behalf.

It is a commonplace in ordinary social life that the way to make an enemy of a man is to confer an obligation on him. It is not always so, of course; but it is so often enough to have given rise to something in the nature of a maxim or proverb. And the observation holds good equally in public life.

Every one knows that kings as a rule bestow their gratitude and favour on the man who work for them to their undoing, and their hatred on the faithful servant who saves, or tries to save, them. In the last reign Gladstone earned the lasting resentment of Queen Victoria by warning her that her seclusion in the wilds of Wye was a source of danger; and urging them to give to this problem a little of the attention that they reserved for the game preservers looked on in anger and dismay.

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Where is Mr. Hyndman? Not even in the House of Commons. Where is Mr. Blatchford? Appealing in the Clarion for a Man.

Alas! it is not the Man who is wanting, but the men.
It is evident to the thoughtful observer that Mr. Blatchford, like most of the distinguished founders of English Socialism, is really a great Individualist, who does not know it. I do not despair of yet seeing him converted from anthropotomy to the Religion of the Overman.

In the course of his appeal Mr. Blatchford complains that we have never had a Cabinet that dares tell the people the truth. Granted; but whose fault is that? Surely it is the fault of the electors, who will not tolerate the truth-teller in politics.

Every one who has the smallest practical experience of English politics knows that the man who dares to tell the truth has about as much chance of finding his way into the Cabinet, or even the House of Commons, as he has of reaching the moon. I believe that a number of politicians on both sides of the House desire to tell the truth, and tell as much of it as they can. But they know that if they told it altogether they would be driven out of public life. They desire to serve their country, and they argue that it is better for them to do so under limitations and restrictions than not at all. I think that attitude is certainly excusable, and probably right.

Mr. Blatchford’s complaint reminds me of a letter which I once received from a very distinguished and popular sociologist, complaining that the Liberal Party did not embody his ideas and proposals in its programme. I was myself at the time a Liberal candidate, going long distances in cabs night after night, addressing meetings of village labourers mostly of the Wesleyan persuasion, in schoolrooms grudgingly lent by the local vicar; and I imagined myself expounding to my audiences the Fabian doctrine on marriage and other subjects of vital interest to the State. I wrote back to my eminent correspondent, pleading humbly that the poor Liberal politician could not travel faster than his followers would let him, and that the number of Platos among the electors of the average rural constituency is extremely small.

As a matter of fact I had already been shown the red light. In my first speech in the Division I had announced that I was not a bigoted Free Trader, and that I was willing to listen to any arguments which Mr. Chamberlain might bring forward. This was, of course, socratic irony; I knew perfectly well that, as a Liberal candidate, I had no business to listen to anything of the sort, except in order to refute it. But the irony was misunderstood. I was promptly heckled on the platform by formal adoption as candidate. I was compelled to give a definite pledge that I would be a bigoted Free Trader.

No one can sympathise more strongly than I do with Mr. Blatchford’s desire that it were possible for an English politician to tell the people the truth. Where I differ from him is in seeing that the blame for his not doing so rests, not on him, but on the electors.

My own experience as a practical politician is probably unique. I have been invited at various times to stand for Parliament as a Parnellite, as a Labourite, as a Liberal, as a Protestant, and as a Unionist. Of all these parties the one that offered me the freest hand was the Protestant. Yet even the Protestants were not satisfied with Protestantism. They required pledges in favour of teetotal legislation as well—as though the brewers were more friendly as a class to Rome than the party which included Cardinal Manning; and as if one of the very grounds on which the Protestants brocled with Rome were not the giving of the cup to the laity! I was compelled to give a definite pledge that I would not be a bigoted Free Trader.

Now, at the very moment that Mr. Blatchford is asking for a Man, the political party with which he has hitherto identified himself is manifestly the one of the utmost jealousy of anything in the shape of a Man, and is making more and more rigid rules to suppress individuality in its members, and to reduce them to the discipline of a prison gang. Mr. Blatchford is not held of the wrong end of the stick. Let him find me a constituency that will consent to be represented by a Man, and I will find the Man.

The Sociologist upon the Streets.

By Professor Patrick Geddes.

IV. The River Valley.

Out of the most characteristic limitations of the town mind—one by no means confined to London alone, but shared with other cities great and small, and hence of the very essence of Cockneyism considered as a widely general urban folly—is that when it does not forget its river altogether, it speaks of it as one of its local, something essentially within the borough boundaries, a stream, no doubt, it may be even running both ways, yet of practically negligible origin, and of practically indefinite outlet. The economist, it is true, does not wholly exclude the existence of many a local river of commerce, such as the Thames to London; and though it is astonishing how near the classical economist of the City can come to this, and how close the student of the School of Economies can run him, it is a safe prediction that before many years more the naturalistic temper of the Sociological Society will so have infected that venerable Cobden-Webbian institute of abstractions that its members shall not only learn as a statistical fact that there are nine unbroken miles of crown land beyond the Thames between Wandsworth and Battersea, yet even when this stage is reached, and the very main regions of London are again seen in their true perspective, grouped round their rediscovered stream, the student and the townsman will still think of the upper reaches of the river as of holiday interest almost alone, and even this piece-meal—at one season, Putney to Mortlake; at another, Henley or Richmond. So far, of course, well, admirably well; but if we are to be sociologists, and effective upon our return to the streets, we must learn to look at our river as a complete and vital feshelfoot; as the whole of the tidal river from the Embankment, nor even from the Tower Bridge, the Custom House, the Pilot Station, and so on, but in synoptic vision, and this from source to sea. Right bank." Left bank." are to most of us mere time-honoured terms of geography, which it takes quite a mental effort clearly here or there to realise; whereas, to the geographer, they are but the halves of a single idea, the expression of the stream’s perpetual life. More, they involve a real and habitual identification of the person with the cosmic, of man moving along with his river, and this, not only by his regular road, nor even by picturesque alternation of varied shores, but upon the river, as boyish jumping, as sailor, as swimmer, and at length diffused into the river, identified in thought with the river spirit himself, in perpetual seaward flow.

It is essentially with this river progress in his mind to conjure with that the geologist, from Hatton and Playfair to Lyell, and from Lyell to Davis of Harvard, to-day, has worked out the story of the gradual creation of each region that we know, and this alike in detail and in mass, from the suspended mud of this morning’s shower to the deep-wrought channellings of the mountain, and the subtler modelling of the plain. And it is no small disaster to sociology that its best-known founders, with all their insistence upon the needfulness of the preliminary sciences, that the mathematicians to biology, should have laid no adequate stress upon geography, and, including this, upon geography, as the essential and elemental science, of which all the "sciences" are but the artificially analysed specialisms, the "geologies." In fact, as I trust we shall yet have habit and popularly call them. Yet even the geologist, vast and wholesale though is his outlook, and correspondingly powerful his method, has also his habitual limitation—that of the local, the inorganic forces, as of climate, with ingenuity of denudation of uplands, and of deposition below. True, it is to its labours that we owe all we know of past life upon the globe, a protein story; but, like his brother, the theologian, he came as a demagogue of current events and of everyday life around. Here,
then, it is that the naturalist comes-in and claims his innings. The Ordnance map, or, better, Bartholomew’s, whose “Atlas of England” is a true primer of sociology, with its vividly presented relief, brings out the river valley clearly, with all its characteristic features; and beside this he hangs that far complexer and incomparable chart of the Roman Empire than that prevalent upon the streets, we may examine the claims of the one traditionally instituted religion in the vague sense, and then to proceed to the parsing and conjugating and mimicking of the resultant mingled peoples into citizenship, they may mean an attenuated theological conception of the “God” and personal immortality, or, “Tommy,” either of short service or of long, but a young recruit, serving as roadman or woodman, as postman, as practically the railway-man of a united continent, and as constable, of course, upon the frontiers, west and north, while waiting for his own homestead to extend these—that essential identity of the Roman civilization and history which has been well-nigh eliminated by the universal study of Latin, treated as the parsing and conjugating and mimicking of an echo, and not the comprehension of an undying voice.

But here upstream? Let us land for a moment on Kew Gardens, and thence look about us. From our rulers of Whitehall have neither time nor thought, since neither training nor inclination. Yet here at Kew we of pitch-and-toss, we need not, then, waste time green, or at least in way of becoming customary perspective of Imperial London has turned to School of Economics may here be depended on fully for the mental vision also with their comprehensive-ness and their authority.

But here upstream? Let us land for a moment on Kew Gardens, and thence look about us. From our recent standpoint upon the street this was but a green of Brownian holiday, for which our kind landlord and Mr. Kiplings, and strike no moment Bill are hopeful auguries, of which the reaction on the City, on Whitehall, and other places would lead us far. Upon the Stock Exchange, at its old games of pitch-and-toss, and at this time; School of Economics may here be depended on fully to brief the plea of extinguent circumstances. But with the advantage of our present up-river standpoint, it must be obvious to the briefest reflection that the custodian of the museums; and now as Latin turns round. In London, of course, in Whitehall, we are all accustomed to the great Ministries—the War Office, the Colonial Office, India Office, and what not—filling up our bodily vision with their magnitude and magnificence, the mental vision also with their comprehensive-ness and their authority.

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The Bankruptcy of Traditional Religions.

By E. Belfort Bax.

The tremendous effect produced by the martyrdom of Francesco Ferrer in October last, and the issues raised by this latest crime of the Catholic Church,—i.e., of the most important form of organised Christianity existing—has meant for the masses of the Continent a striking accentuation of anti-religious feeling and anti-religious agitation. The Church has been, nevertheless, some English Socialists who, while fully joining in the cry against clericalism, have shrank from identifying their attitude with a definite attack on religion as such. When pressed they will but lukewarmly defend the established or institutional religions; yet, nevertheless, they take refuge in vague phrases, betraying an unwillingness to recognise the complete bankruptcy for every useful purpose, at the dawn of the twentieth century, of all the world’s traditional religious systems. Still less will they admit in so many words that the religion which still commands the nominal admission of the possessing and governing classes of Europe, and not least of British respectability, is at the present day, not merely purposeless, but positively pernicious. It behoves us, therefore, before aught else, to examine what is meant by the talk (in so far as it is sincere and does not merely mean a truckling subserviency) about the necessity of religion in the vague sense, and then to proceed to examine the claims of the one traditionally instituted religion with which the civilised world of modern capitalism is primarily concerned—to wit, Christianity.

Now, what have the people who consider themselves “advanced,” who talk large of the permanence of the religious instinct, at the back of their minds? They may either mean by “religion” a social ideal and devotion thereto, or they may mean an attenuated theological conception of a “God” and personal immortality, or,
Lastly, they may mean some new-theologised Christianity. In the first case, of course, no Socialist would raise any objection, save, perhaps, as to the propriety of using the word "religion" in this connection, owing to its theological associations. But in any case it is sheer dishonest claptrap to use the word without fully explaining what you mean by it, as is often done by those who wish to stand well with the mammon of bourgeois Philistinism.

For example, Ferrer’s school was frankly anti-religious, in the sense (the only one popularly recognised on the Continent) of anti-theological. But certain Radicals and Socialists in this country, certainly not themselves theological, thought it necessary, in championing Ferrer, to repudiate anti-religiousity, explaining their attitude, when questioned, by their conviction of the desirability of a sentiment of ideal devotion in socio-political life. This, of course, the continental anti-religiousist may feel also, only he doesn’t call it “religion.” Certainly Ferrer seems to have had it very strongly. Now, far be it from me to deny the defensibility of using the word religion in this sense. I have done so myself in “The Religion of Socialism.” But let us not forget the implications of such use. The speculative question of theism or atheism may be indifferent to religious Socialism, but the notion of adorating a hypothetical personal or quasi-personal creator or orderer of a world, wherein is manifest power indeed galore, but wisdom and goodness strictly limited in proportion, if raised at all, may well be morally repellent to one who sincerely and earnestly holds to a religion of social service, and this notwithstanding his strictly agnostic attitude on the speculative question. It is this ethical and religious, as opposed to speculative, atheism that forms the background for him whose ideal is human, rather than theocracy. He inclines to become, in so far as he troubles himself at all about such matters, anti-theistic. His tendency will be, in any case, to treat the cosmic process as outside the scope of his religious sentiment, but in so far as it touches it, rather as antagonistic than otherwise. A personal or even quasi-personal being, who is responsible for the existence and ordering of this world, will hardly command himself as worthy of adoration to a “servant of humanity” (as the Positivists would put it). For him Man, not God, is the world’s purpose and reason of being. This is the higher Atheism.

The latest product of the Oxford Pragmatic movement is Mr. Henry Sturt’s new work, “The Idea of a Free Church,” is remarkable in many ways, as illustrating the mental attitude of the English intellectual classes par excellence of the present day towards religious questions. He starts his book by ignoring Christianity overboard, not merely Christian theology, but what is infinitely more significant, Christian morality. He also denounces the principle of Monarchy. Now, a man having an important standing in the University of Oxford, who possesses the honesty and the courage publicly to take up these positions, not only from that fact alone demands a respectful hearing, but also constitutes in himself a sign of the times. Mr. Sturt, however, shows the intellects keenly alive, in which he lives and moves in his ignoring of Socialism, the one world-movement of the present time, while, notwithstanding, professing to give his religion in the main a human and social content. In this he reminds one of the highly cultured philosophic Pagan of the Roman Empire, hailing perhaps from Athens or Alexandria— the Oxford or Cambridge of those days—who sturdily ignored Christianity, the living world-movement of his time, while discussing religious and theological questions.

With this ignoring of the Socialist ideal is bound up Mr. Sturt’s whole notion of a church, the framework of which is essentially that of the existing bourgeois religious bodies, though with modifications of his own, and, of course, purged of Christian dogma or ethics. The notion of such a change in the conditions of human life as to render any distinct and definite religious organisation or institution an anachronism never seems to cross the writer’s mind. And, more than this, he would even retain the ghost of a theology in the shape of our old friends God and Immortality, detached from the real enemy in the sphere of religion, of a human or social ideal (or religion, if we choose to call it so) does not come from those who, as a matter of traditional sentiment, choose to entwine some such ideal in the pale simulacra of abstract theological conceptions. So long as the “sorts of a something” order—but from churches organised on the basis of dogmatic Christianity, first and foremost, the Catholic Church. And to this enemy all those new theologians give indirect support who emphasise the claims of the religious life as such (even apart from its ecclesiastical and theological sanctions) to the allegiance of progressive mankind. A consideration of these claims must be deferred to another article.
Wagner's Decadence.

By Francis Grierson.

Many elements have gone to the making of the Wagnerian decadence. In the beginning there was an unrest in all Wagner's music, huge and heaving as the ocean itself, depicted with appalling realism in the orchestra. The Dutchman's merciless, overpowering, yet intended only for the born musician. This unrest was accentuated more and more in each succeeding work. In "Lohengrin" it is the melancholy of mythical romance; in "Tannhäuser" it is the melancholy of artistic perfection, making despair triumphant in "Tristan" and "Lohengrin," elsewhere depicting a restlessness the like of which no one had ever imagined. In his day a wand of enchantment he created a vast realm of romantic and mediæval mysteries which unrolled before the astonished world in all the magic of mingled sight and sound, causing the puppets of myth to live and move in a past myth and past tradition; he produced their long dream it was to live in a twilight of pessimistic insecurity, and what could be more congenial to the state of the patients' minds than the music and poetry of the "Twilight of the Gods," the sad melody in the bridal procession of "Walkyrías"? Here again poetry was impotent. The Parisian nerves required a new stimulant, something like the mingling of champagne with the nepenthe of absinthe, and the music-dramas proved veritable medicines.

Violent fevers never last long, and the day of reaction came. The Germans began to regard Bayreuth as a pleasant place for a holiday, while the French began to neglect Wagner's music as soon as they fell for a reviving effects of a new scientific and philosophical optimism. And London? How was it possible to engratify the Wagnerian cult on the London public? How could they have secured Wagner's audiences. On the contrary, it is the power, vehemence, and passion of all his work taken from first to last. At a time when Prussia had become the chief seat of scientific scepticism, the musician-poet was at work creating a whole world of mystery and illusion. When Bismarck founded the German Empire the nation had no off-set to materialism and militarism. It required a veritable Titan to hold the balance to the side of poetry, music, and art, and for poetry and art alone would be accomplished by one man, for one country, for a short space of three decades: Wagner in musical mysticism, Ibsen in dramatic realism, and Bismarck in the iron yoke of militarism.

Wagner wielded the supreme wand of all the modern magicians, yet he exercised but a negative influence in the world of opinions and ideas. How, it may be asked, was his influence so subtle and yet so shallow? How did it come about that all Germany was steeped in the music of "Tristan and "Parsifal" at a time when the Germans had but one united purpose, to become impregnable as a military nation? The answer is, Wagner's genius dealt in past myth and past tradition; he produced a mingling of Dante, Shakespeare, Milton, and other works as perfect specimens of mystical music than they know about Virgil's Latin, and suave symbolical meanings of Wagner? It is no joke to say that the music-dramas have been popularised in England by the most popular joker in London today. We have the key to the mystery in Mr. Bernard Shaw's "key to music: the vagueness of its meaning, the paradox into the realms of music. They snatched at the bait; they found the entertainment well worth the money from a sensational and spectacular point of view, while not a few imagined they had attained the highest philosophical and artistic attainments when they had witnessed the whole of the "Ring"; they would then discuss and explain the symbols without so much as a hint at the music, good or bad. Thus, while the French enjoyed the subtlety and profundity of the London audiences flatter themselves that they understand what the dramas are all about; the thing is all plain enough when you possess the key.

Wagner's dramas attracted in many ways: for the lover of Nature there was the rippling of water, the rising and setting of sun and moon, the shimmering glow of soft and supernatural twilit lights; for the lover of melodrama, anecdotes, quarrels, battles, terrible encounters between god-like warriors; for the religious mystic, perpetual conflict between angelic inspiration and demonic artifice; for the
The Wagnerian Ship stood in the very beginning as the key to the Wagnerian melancholy. Wagner was the result of the Napoleonic upheavals; the contemporary of Søren Kierkegaard, and Alfred de Musset, children of disillusionment and intellectual pessimism. With Wagner and his great contemporaries action took a negative form—it belonged to the realm of imagination, and even Ibsen was not so much a builder as an intellectual dissolver.

Great men often become popular at last, not because of their powers, but because of their eccentricities and weaknesses. There is scarcely a popular man of genius whose popularity has not been gained through his lightest and most superficial work. Goethe's one popular book was his "Werther," the book which the public itself let slip into oblivion.

The popularity of Wagner can only be accounted for on the score of his weakness. The crowd seized on his worst work. Wagner himself died of Amfortas, the idiotic attitude of Parsifal, anti-climax and inarticulate repetitions. Side by side with pure inspiration and impeccable work there was a coarseness and crudeness which shocked the taste and offended the ear; and yet the "true Wagnerian" pretends to accept all in a lump.

The lack of humour was Wagner's greatest defect. No man with a sense of humour could have written "Lohengrin," "Tannhäuser," "Tristan," or "Parsifal." He was a stranger to pathetic and sentimental sentiment, but he was a stranger to wit and humour. Compare the brightest and the gayest parts of the music-dramas with even the dullest parts of Mozart, and the difference is like that between ordinary Rhine-wine and champagne. The humanity and the "Meistersinger" resemble bombast compared with that in "Don Giovanni" and "Le Nozze di Figaro," and nowhere in Wagner is there anything comparable with the sparkling and suave humour of Verdi's "Figaro," and nowhere is there the coarseness and crudeness of Verdi's "Le Nozze di Figaro," and nowhere is there anything comparable with the sparkling and suave humour of Verdi's "La Traviata." And it is this lack of humour in Wagner that the public cannot realise.

As for the popularity of Wagner in the concert-room, the case is different. Here the composer is heard at his best, because there is neither time nor place for the unskillful. But the residual phase of his popularity is no doubt sincere, although in which practical action is totally wanting. Wagner's mission was to fill the immense void left in the world of poetry and music, in the structure of which philosophy and common-sense appeared as mere props and not as the rainbow symbolising anything the beholder pleases to imagine.

The material side of Germany has not been acted upon by Wagner's genius. All who have lived in Berlin know how the great composer's ideals and teachings have been ignored by the ruling classes. The truth is Wagner's music-dramas came as a nervous and necessary reaction and after the long and mighty strain that began with the French Revolution and ended with the defeat of Napoleon. After the titanic struggle of real men on the solid earth, the combat of spiritual hosts in the clouds; after the triumphs of real heroes, the illusions and dreams of ideal powers and phantom warriors. It was to be expected that Nature would somehow strike a balance between violence in real life and violence in the sphere of imagination.

The time is at hand when music will be used to heal the mind and comfort the heart, instead of to fill the mind with melancholy and distract the imagination.
Some Books and Ireland.


"The Drone." A comedy in three acts by Rutherford Mayne. 15.

"The Truth." A play in one act by Rutherford Mayne. 6d.

"The Kilharran History Book." By Lady Gregory; illustrated by Robert Gregory. 1s.

"Lough Dearna, Ulster." By Shane Leslie; illustrated by Clare Frewen. 15.

"Charlotte Grace O'Brien." Selections from her writings and correspondence, with a memoir by Stephen Gwynn. 3s. 6d.

"The Coming of Lugh." By Eila Young; illustrated by Maud Gonne. (Mansell and Co., Ltd., 96, Middle Abbey Street, Dublin.

"A moment comes in every country," wrote W. B. Yeats in the last issue of "Samhain," "when its character expresses itself through some group of writers, painters, it must be, because they would do its personages the honour of naming after them their own thoughts.

Ireland, it is needless to say, is a ruined country. Either she is "saddening" or "suffering" or both. I can write this in a more or less searing fashion because I am Irish and am descended from a family which "bled" and "suffered." One of my great-grandfather's brothers was hanged by the neck until he was dead, and I am not certain that the Lord was recommended to have mercy on his soul. Moreover, my grandmother distinctly remembered having been patted on the head by Dan O'Connell. So you see I am a patriot all right, and if I choose to sneer at Ireland, no one can say I am only a damned Englishman, and do not count. Ireland, then, is a ruined country, and England is the country that did it. Let us make no bones about it. The high-souled Englishman, with his insufferable cant about his country and his King, has persistently revealed himself to my countrymen as a greedy, hysterical, corrupting, and entirely undesirable individual, having the spiritual outlook of a flunky and the physical impulses of a rent agent. Bearing this fact in mind, it is therefore clear that Ireland is a ruined country—I am completely and foolishly ignoring the fact that she is passing through a period of regeneration—and noting the dictum quoted from Yeats, it is interesting to turn to the latest batch of books published by Messrs. Mansell and Co. Ireland is this moment expressing herself through a group of writers, mainly dramatic, all of whom are definitely and irreversibly anti-English so far as the governance of Ireland is concerned. There is not the opposition of a peasant, mistaking the desire for small holdings for the desire for nationality, but the opposition of intellectuals, to many of whom such opposition means social ostracism. There is not a single book in the list now under review which does not bear on the marks of a deeply felt resentment against England. What is worse, there is not a book in this list which does not display the appalling narrowness of vision which follows from the obsession of the mind by sentiment of such character. For man cannot live on sorrow alone, nor can a nation be reared on a superstructure of past woes. These books denote, if they denote anything, that Ireland, having passed through one age of suffering and the age of warfare which, in the words of the protest of the Peasants' Parliament of 1848, has crumpled her up, in my present opinion. But her individuality is richly worth a very careful inspection. JACOB TSONON.
to Father Casey to steady herself) And these are Irish boots and stockings [1910]

Her economies were the economies of the Tariff Reform League, and therefore the merest slap-dash. But, by heaven, what a woman! "The Kiltartan History Book" is the queerest and most pleasant book I have seen for a long time. It is the peasant's legendary version of the history of Ireland, arranged in due chronological order; and it is a book which everyone interested in the growth of legend should possess. Here is the Irish peasant's account of the death of Queen Elizabeth.

It was a town called Calais brought her to her death. And she lay chained on the floor three days and three nights. The Archishop was trying to urge her to eat, but she said, "You would not ask me to do it if you knew the why I am for nobody could see the chains. After her death they waked her for six days in Whitehall, and there were six ladies sitting beside the body to say a little prayer. Then they carried her about, the one nearest the body of lead, and then a wooden one, and a leaden one on the outside. And every night there came from them a great bellow, and the last night there came a bellow that broke the three coffins open, and tore the velvet, and there came out a stench that killed the men of the ladies and a million of the people of London with the plague. Queen Victoria was more honourable than that. It would be hard to beat Queen Elizabeth.

I have left myself little space to deal with the three plays, which are, perhaps, the most important books in the batch of the Celtic Renaissance and a deplorable feature of it: significant because they concern themselves with the peasant and small-farming class, and deplorable because they are dull records of dull facts. Both Mr. Robinson and Mr. Mayne probably believe themselves to be realists; and they are realists in the sense that Guinness's stout is real; but they are not realists in the sense that Ibsen was a realist. A mere statement of facts, boldly slung together and unrelated to any great central idea, bears about as much relationship to realism as Mr. Austen Chamberlain bears to a great man. Sir Frederick Banbury is real, but no one in his senses would assert that Sir Frederick is interesting. Mr. Robinson tells us that Ellen O'Brien marries Tom Dempsey instead of Brian Connor in order that she may practise scientific farming on his land. She does not love Tom, and it is not altogether clear that she loves Brian; but as a punishment for marrying a man whom she does not love and honour, although she needlessly obeys him, a black curse falls upon her; and although the schemes she elaborates for reviving agriculture succeed when applied to neighbouring farms, they fail lamentably when applied to her husband's. A metaphor such as this would have drawn awful conclusions from this. He would have referred to the economic advantage accruing from the possession of what the Fabian Basis calls "superior sites," and would have rung down his curtain on a telling scene, in which the rent either got a nasty one in the eye or wrecked Tom's home. But Mr. Robinson will have none of this. The shameless woman loved an idea, and not a man (for which she is to be praised), and the result is that her feelings of chemical manure are so outraged that it refuses to fertilise the earth. Hens take to "laying away," chickens drop, sheep get the rot, and the appalling husband gets the veritable hump. This, presumably, is the conclusion to which the whole of the play is driven to: the deeds done in the flesh react on the spirit. It is a pity that Mr. Robinson thinks like this. The play is burdened by a wholly irrelevant prologue, but it has a fine ending.

Mr. Mayne's plays are duller than "The Cross Roads," but, at all events, they are not improbable. Had Synge written "The Drone," it would probably have been what Mr. Mayne calls it—"a comedy in three acts." It is, one imagines, only say that it is in three acts. The trouble with Mr. Mayne, as indeed with Mr. Robinson, is that he thinks all life is significant. Which it isn't. I hate uttering platitudes, but there is nothing here to point to as a suitable metaphor for illustrating one's meaning. It is the duty of the dramatist to select those parts of life which are dramatically significant, and to blend them together in
such fashion that it seems as if all the facts are there. Mr. Mayne and Mr. Robinson can write, but they cannot possibly not express his facts accurately. He makes his characters sound their final g’s and speak after the fashion of a perfect lady from Belfast, who affects a mincing accent in the vain belief that real ladies can—that is to say, English women—speak thus. A North-Irishman does not say “How do you do, sir?” He says, “How ye, sur?” He does not say “hundred”; he says “hunder.” He does not say “altogether”; he says “altogether.” And so on. I have no doubt because I believe that both these writers have capacity for writing good dramatic work and because the laudation printed on the covers of their plays, taken from the columns of the “Belfast News-Letter” and the “Northern Whig”—“gods! gods!”—may swell their heads and do them enormous harm. There is one thing that is worse than an art-for-art’s-saker, and that is a facts-for-facts’-saker. Let Mr. Mayne and Mr. Robinson beware of this latter horror.

ST. JOHN G. ERVIN.

Insurance Notes.

On three important questions to agents of collecting societies, Dr. Clark, trustee to the Royal Liver, has been making notable observations. He is of opinion that so far as commission, interest in books, and the prohibition of the debit system imposed at any time if the society so wished. Such interest could be taken away and the debit system, thus making the preservation of these three conditions a legal and binding contract between the Royal London and its customers, a contract which cannot be changed because it has become a fundamental basis of the company. The company has no power to change its memoranda. The judgment of the High Court has a limited power to do so, but they can only act when all the interests affected are unanimous. The limited powers of the court to amend a memorandum will be found in Section 6 of the Companies Act.

At the close of the report of the Chief Registrar of Friendly Societies issued recently, he surprised that members “will not take more personal interest in the affairs of their societies, and, by means of their annual and general meetings, satisfy themselves that their business is being properly conducted.”

There are fifty-five societies comprising the group of collecting societies with enormous property, and they have a membership of upwards of nine millions, of which eight millions are absorbed by twenty-six societies. Nineteen of these societies have been registered since the beginning of 1906, twelve have been removed from the register, three by amalgamation, and eight by dissolution. In one case, one of the most important societies, the Royal London, became converted into a mutual company under the Board of Trade.

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

THE PROPHETIC CALCULUS.

To the Editor of “The New Age.”

Last night, about eleven, when I was thinking of going to bed, my neighbour, Ram Singh, rushed into my rooms in a more excited manner than usual. Talk about the calmness of the immemorial East! Why, he dropped excitement from every pore.

He fell into the most comfortable chair with the cheek of an old acquaintance (we were at Oxford together), and opened conversation by asking if I’d ever written in prose. It must be in majestic verse. Weren’t we at Oxford together, and opened conversation by asking if I’d ever gone in for the study of prophecy. ‘I’ve read Wells’s ‘Discovery of the Future,’ if that’s the sort of stuff you mean,” I told him.

“No—no; Wells is far too vague,” returned Ram Singh. “You can get much nearer to the thing than that.”

“How do you know?” I demanded.

“Because I’ve done it!” he cried. “I’ve done it! Have you ever read Maeterlinck’s essay on prophecy? No? It isn’t in English? Well, it should be. It’s a sentence or two in the book. He jumps up and pulled out some papers. “I’ve invented a calculus,” he went on. “A new calculus—You reduce to the same determination the entire economy of the future.”

“I don’t follow,” I said.

“You never were much good at mathematics,” sneered Ram Singh. “It isn’t the thing,” I said. “No self-respecting prophet would write in prose. It must be in majestic verse. Weren’t the oracles of the Delphic temple wise?”

“I’m sure I don’t know,” he said.

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“I’m sure I don’t know,” he said.
Somewhere about one o'clock I was shaken out of dreamland by a tapping on the door.

I listened while he read. And then I collared the paper and showed him the door.

"I'm going to send this to THE NEW AGE," I told him. "Not The New Age," he pleaded. "Send it to the 'Daily Mail.'"

That's why I showed him the door.

**The New Age**

The secrets of the future are unfolded unto me.

I gaze into my magic glass, and this is what I see:

- By all the omens in the skies, the year of nineteen-ten.
- With twice a day performances of "Man and Superman.
- Lloyd George was patted on the back, and made Lord Lloyd de George.
- They ran the House of Commons on a really novel plan.
- The Censor (Mr. Redford) fled to India's torrid plains;
- So Bernard Shaw took office in the early days of Feb.,
- Each day they made him see "The Showing-Up of Blanco.
- They spend their nights and days in violent efforts to repent,
- I listened while he read. And then I collared the paper—blotted out;
- The Tariff Reform movement is a political maneuvre to
- With twice a day performances of "Man and Superman.
- The Socialists now were friends who once were
- But for all those wicked peers, 'tis said that in the street
- And Blatchford proved that England was attacked by
- The Free Trade Unionist has been invited to vote for the Tariff Reform candidate as a protection against Mr. Lloyd George's Socialism. How Protestant is the New Age against Socialism the "Spectator" has not been able to show. Let me remind your readers that the Social-Democratic party in Germany, the happy example of Protectionists, is the strongest in the world. The New Age would be justified, on this line of argument, in advising the electorate to vote for Tariff Reform, so as to hasten the advent of Socialism!
- Moreover, Socialism is a remote danger, while Tariff Reform and government by the House of Lords are immediate perils. I'll give some reasons—perhaps, in the kaleidoscopic character of the various Socialist programmes, were Socialism at all near at hand, I should be compelled to use such language as I have been using about a militarist and bureaucratic Socialism. But, with all due respect to THE NEW AGE, Socialism is a shadow in England compared with the substance of Tariff Reform and Liberalism.
- Unionists, Liberal, Conservative and Socialist, are warned that Home Rule means the dissolution of the Empire; but now that the land question is reaching settlement, Home Rule has not the novelty of the eighties. Home Rule is becoming necessary for all divisions of the British Isles owing to a Parliamentary conflict; but they lungs of the Empire must be freed of much obstructive matter, and this clearance can only be effected by local self-government. Balance of Power, Home Rule, Tariff Reform, whatever demerits may attach to the former, they cannot persuade me to vote for the latter.
- Another waver may be the Socialist elector, who regards the Liberal cry of "Down with the Lords" as a sham revival. The probability is that the Liberals will be content to leave the House of Lords alone, providing the Budget is passed. But the fact which should weigh with the doubtful Socialist elector is the position created by a Liberal defeat. That would mean that financial power had been transferred, on the issue of Social Reform, from the House of Commons to the House of Lords. It would be an irrevocable disaster. The House of Lords could in the future be dislodged only by civil war; and it is likely that a Liberal victory would plunge the country into civil war. The Tariff Reformers are playing a desperate game with their wholesale promises of benefits under Tariff Reform. The inevitable tight-money policy and the general rise in prices, which must follow on the introduction of Tariff Reform, would conduce to grave civil disturbances. Much though he may dislike his task, the duty of the Socialist elector is to vote for Liberal candidates. Clearly, there is no reason why he should vote for a Liberal against either Socialists or Labour men unless the Socialist is a pronounced Jingo; but in those constituencies where neither Socialist nor Labour candidates are standing, the Socialist elector's vote should be cast for the Liberal.
- Those moderate Liberals, of whom we are so inclined to resist "Lloyd Georgeism," should remember that one Budget is very little to be feared; but the permanent domination of the House of Lords does involve the social uprooting of the whole democracy. The spirit shown by the Duke of Sutherland is the spirit which will be enshrined in England by a Tory victory.
- There are many Tory workmen who should closely consider whether they are prepared to substitute a House of landlords and plutocrats for the democratic House of Commons, just at the moment when Labour is beginning its political career. Tory democracy is as much in peril as Liberal democracy. The Tory democrat, upon this occasion, should ally himself with his past and future opponents to preserve the liberty of democracy.

**How Moderate Men Should Vote**

To: "The New Age"

The coming Election may have so momentous an effect upon the political world and upon the opinion of the masses that" not to vote"

Miss Pankhurst then took office, and began Uncivil war—

Mr. Redford fied to India's torrid plains;

Tanner's head.

And all the women got the vote—when all the men were dead.

The Tariff Reform movement is a political manoeuvre to conceal the weakness of constructive Conservatism. Let us see how absurd the Tariff Reform contents are. Germany is pointed to as the paradise of workmen. In the same breath Protection is demanded to keep out cheap articles manufactured by the low-paid German workman. It is shown that Britishers, unaccustomed to these articles. Another great argument is: "Make the foreigner pay" by tariff duties. The object of tariff duties is to keep out goods, how can any revenue be raised thereby? It should be clear to all, that the consumer will pay such taxation, as has been proved in Germany. The Free Trade Unionist has been invited to vote for the Tariff Reform candidate as a protection against Mr. Lloyd George's Socialism. How Protestant is the New Age against Socialism the "Spectator" has not been able to show. Let me remind your readers that the Social-Democratic party in Germany, the happy example of Protectionists, is the strongest in the world. The New Age would be justified, on this line of argument, in advising the electorate to vote for Tariff Reform, so as to hasten the advent of Socialism!

**The Coming Election**

What is the condition of trade in Germany? The following extracts are taken from Sir Francis Oppenheimer's "Report for the Consular District of Frankfort:

"The depression has lasted well into 1909 without any confident hopes at present (Nov. 12), but the tendency is to a continuance of the depression that its end is in view. . . .

The development which had taken place behind the wall of Protection—the system of war, trade and taxation—must be immediately stopped."

**Eric Dexter**

**January 13, 1910**
When I talked to you about my Gem Turkish Bath recently, I got the case for the doctor to do so simply that people took my word for it. They believed me when I said that I did not know what real illness was. They believed the Gem Turkish Bath as a means of health would be as good for them as it is for me. They believed that by making the pores of the skin active the blood is purified and nearly every ailment relieved. They believed that a pure blood supply, revivified by constant cleansing, is more than the cure of the diseases to which nervous troubles are due. Many healthy folk took my word for it that as a luxury the Gem Turkish Bath Cabinet is the finest pick-me-up possible for those overworked folk who cannot get the necessary stimulation by exercise out of doors.

So great is my conviction of the value of the thermal bath that I have an ever increasing desire to extend it to others. Many folk are not known, and an all-powerful ambition to see a Cabinet in every home in the land. Already I have sold more than 26,000 Cabinets, but the army of adventurers is only a small one. If you are one of these adventurers I want to put the blessings of hot-air bathing. I am willing to send a 30s. Cabinet on receipt of a ten-days post-dated money order, and if for any reason, after using the Cabinet as often as you like, you are dissatisfied, you can return the Cabinet within that time and have your money refunded. If you are not in a position to avail yourself of this offer, I am prepared to go still further. Send me a postal order for ten shillings, and your word that you will pay five instalments monthly of 4s. 6d. each, and I will at once send you a 30s. Cabinet. I don't ask for sureties or references; I will take your word for it, and trust you. I know if you accept my offer, I shall have your everlasting gratitude. You will note that in accepting payments in this way I cannot offer a free trial, and I charge you 32s. 6d. for the Cabinet; but this is warranted, and it repays me for any extra cost of bookkeeping, use of capital, etc.

You can try the Cabinet once, twice, or three times yourself. Your wife can try it, your sons and daughters can try it. They can try it, for the troubles I have mentioned. They can try it as a luxury of cleanliness. They can try it as a pick-me-up after fatigue. Give the Cabinet a good trial. See if it is what you say. See if you get better health out of it—more pleasure out of life. If you do not, stop your money order, and send the Cabinet back. No questions asked, no cost to you, no grumble from me.

The 30s. Gem Hot-Air Cabinet is easy to handle. It is a complete hot-air chamber, easily cleaned out and fastened and secure in use. It is made in my own little factory in London, of a specially prepared, antiseptic, odourless fabric, stretched over a galvanised metal frame. Under your chair and all your clothes and bed is a galvanised plate. You sit on a Well Heater—a special stove designed for the purpose. This stove is absolutely safe and satisfactory in every way, and is the product of long experience and experiment. You can have either steam, hot-air, medicated, or perfumed baths. You sit in the bath, heat it, enjoy the warmth, secure free action of the pores, and, when you feel the bath has done its work, open out, take tepid bath. nor the unpleasantness of sitting in hot rooms with strangers under conditions nauseating to sensitive people. Nor do you breathe an atmosphere contaminated with the poison drawn out of other people's bodies.

I am an enthusiast about this bath because I use it. So does my family. So do my friends. And I have a bundle of testimonials which will keep you busy for any people who sing its praises. You spend money on baths, medicines, treatment at hydro., and visits to the sea, spa, and country for your health's sake; and you have to spend that money to find a chance to find out whether the treatment is any good to you. Yet you can try my Cabinet for a week and see whether it is any good to you. If you accept my offer you only need to get a money order, fill in the form below, and post it to my company. The bath will be sent by return.
syndication—has killed free competition at home, and has
unduly raised the cost of the raw material needed by the
finishing industries. The agricultural Protection, as well as the
manufacturing, has increased the cost of living, and has
narrowed down the margin of profit which might have been
used like a safety valve for reductions of price to
revive trade at home or facilitate competition abroad. . .

At the same time, the protection of the home market has
admittedly rendered foreign markets more diffi-
cult for the German manufacturer. . .

But foreign competition has been excluded, it is a certain
artificially increased, it was in the interests of any home
industry, if it wished to enjoy the full benefit of the customs
duty, to fight every foreign competitor on the
same trade, and so the syndicates (trusts) came into
operation. . . That life in Germany has become more ex-
pensive during the years is not open to doubt; it has
come more expensive, to begin with, because the price
of food has increased. Every new tariff has increased
the duties, and the protectionist importation of the
importation of meat has been rendered either illegal or is subjected to
increased duties. . . If less was heard of the unemployed
in Germany than elsewhere, it must not be forgotten
that Germany is a highly-policed country, that the sanction for
processions and mass meetings is not easily obtained when the
manifestations are likely to feed the Social-Democratic
propaganda.

These quotations, from a perfectly independent source, establish the futility of comparing England with Germany. The English constitution, with its working classes should not heed these irrelevant comparis-
ons of Tariff Reform lecturers.

Far from infringing the manufacturing and agri-
cultural plutocrats behind the stronghold of corruption.

What is needed to raise the English standard of life is largely
a return to the principles of What German, French, Australian, and New Zealand Socialist and
Labour parties have done, the British Labour and Socialist
Party can imitate when sufficiently supported by the working
and middle classes of England. To allow the House of
Lord's to seize financial control will postpone urgent social
legislation for decades.

Upon these grounds, I urge all moderate men, of whatever
party, to vote for the Liberals at this Election when a Labour
man is not in the field. . .

Mr. Garvin's Past.

To the Editor of "The New Age."

In my article in last week's NEW AGE, "A Study in
Jingoism," I asked, "Is Mr. Garvin of German or Jewish
nationality? A correspondent, who has a full knowledge of
Mr. Garvin's past career, has been courteous enough to supply me with the following interesting facts. It should be
remembered that Mr. Garvin now regards Home Rule as
spelling anarchy to Ireland, and dissolution to the Empire.

James Parnell, who was Louis Garvin was born in 1868 at Birkenhead, his
parents being Irish. He came to Tyneside about 1890, and
joined the staff of the "Newcastle Chronicle" as a reporter. On the Irish "Irish" he, Mr. Garvin
remained true to the Parnellites. After the death of Mr.
Parnell, he was raised by the late Mr. Joseph Cowan to the
position of writer of the "Newcastle Chronicle." For several years, Mr. Garvin took consider-
able part in the work of the "Independent Parnellite Party." In the section which was supported by Parnell after the split, it may be noted, were the extremists.
Mr. Garvin identified himself with the extremists in public
meetings and demonstrations. He was one of the promoters
and speakers at public meetings held by James Egan, John
Daly, and O'Donovan Rossa. When Parnellism was dying
out, Mr. Garvin utilised it in the contest against Mr. John
Morley, now Lord Morley, because he advised the Parnel-
lettes to vote for the late Mr. F. Hamill, the Socialist
candidate. They took his advice, and Mr. Morley was un-
estimated.

In 1898, it was announced in Tyneside that Mr. Garvin was
going to London to join one of the great dailies. His
admiration is the highest in his home town, and in his own
banquet he said, for the first time, that he "had always
made his Nationalism dovetail into his Imperialism. This
so astonished one of those present, who knew Mr. Garvin's
usual language and ideas, that he interrupted by saying
That is a lie. The explanation of Mr. Garvin's sudden
discourse on the Continental continent of extreme Nationalism
with Imperialism was soon seen when it was known that Mr.
Garvin had been engaged by the Jews of the "Daily
Times."

Since those days, Mr. Garvin has developed from being a
very extreme Parlementiste into a rabid anti-Hume Rule
imperialist, and has, in some respects, the same resembl-
ance of the ex-Republican, ex- Radical, ex-Free Trader, Mr.
Joseph Chamberlain. The Tariff Reform Party certainly
deserves the description of the Turncoat Party. The

H. NORMAN.
NEW BOOKS WORTH READING.


THE TRUE STORY OF JACK CADE: A VINDICATION. By JOSEPH CLAYTON. 120 pp. Cr. 8vo, Wrapper, 1s. 6d. Everybody has heard of Jack Cade. Notable politicians have been likened to him. But who knew anything about him? Hitherto not a single book has been published in England relating to Cade. "The book is a most serious and fully documented historical argument."—Daily News. "Everyone interested in the growth of democracy should read this book."—Christian Commonwealth. "Written with evident knowledge and convincing suavity."—The Clarion.

HAS LIBERALISM A FUTURE? The Present Ministers and their Records. By S. D. SMALLARD. 96 pp. price 6d. net.; by post, 2d. "An opportune account of the misdoings of the expiring Liberal Government. The author effectively exposes the hollowness of the Liberal regard for the interests of labour and the masses generally, by quoting against the various Ministers their dark deeds of the last four Sessions. No Labour or Socialist elector reading this account could possibly support an alliance."—The Clarion. Illustrated Prospectuses post free.


THE CHURCHES AND USURY, or The Morality of Five per Cent. By H. SMALLS ROWE. Cr. 8vo. 10s. 6d. Wrapper. 7s. 6d. Cloth, 15s. "A very able attack on the present system of lending money at interest. The book is, perhaps, the most effective weapon in the socialist armoury on the subject."—Forward.

NEW ANNOUNCEMENTS FOR FEBRUARY.

SOCIALISM IN CHURCH HISTORY. By CONRAD NOEL. Cr. 8vo. 2s. net. The Author traces the actions of Christendom in regard to politics, commerce, and material life from the earliest history of the Jewish nation to the latest pronouncements of English Bishops, Roman Pontiffs, and leaders of other Churches.

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FRANK PALMER, 14, RED LION COURT, LONDON N.

SCHOOL HYGIENE.


No. 1, READY JANUARY 15th, WILL CONTAIN:—

CO-OPERATION IN EDUCATION.

By SIR LAUDER BRUNTON

ELEMENTARY SCHOOLS AND TUBERCULOSIS.

By DR. JAMES KERR

INTEREST IN EDUCATION.

By THE REV. THE HON. E. LYTTELTON

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SCORN NOT THE SONNET.

To the Editor of "The New Age."

It is an extraordinarily nice thing at all times when we are given a golden rule for right conduct. Living as we do in a world of tradition, and at times such like, habit, and individual effort, we are, some of us, liable to attempt romantical and impossible tasks, which can only bring us defeat and shame. For this reason a guide of some good sort is the desire of every one who is bent on using his or her natural talents to the best advantage—and a guide of the true, infallible sort is sure to be pestered by disciples. Not so rare these, nowadays, as, unhappily, they used to be. Poets had one such all to themselves in the last issue of THE NEW AGE. Mr. Flint set us all off on the right road to the Muse; and I do not wish to seem growing or incessant when I venture to say that Mr. Flint did not set us quite far enough on the road, and to urge him to be slightly, ever so slightly, more explicit in his directions. Making a right and wrong ways of making verse, Mr. Flint wrote: "One thing is proved by these two little books of his [Mr. E. P.'s] 'Perspiration' and 'Exsufflation': that the old devices of regular metrical beat and regular rhythm are worn out." So far, good! If Mr. Flint had only made me know, distinctly and worthy, and might not do. Nobody, after that, would have dreamed of writing odes or elegies, or rondeaux or sonnets. If some one might certainly do similarly if one had the time, the other apparent sub-titles). PERCY VAUGHAN.

In the High Court of Justice.

Powter v New Age Press Ltd., Bonner, & Redfern.

We the undersigned hereby admit being respectively the Publishers, Authors, or Editors of articles published in THE NEW AGE of 12th August last, entitled "The British East Africa Protectorate," containing statements seriously affecting your personal character and official position; and having satisfied ourselves that such statements are without foundation, we fully and unreservedly withdraw same, and we tender you our apology, and regret that we should have made, printed, or published the statements in question, and having paid you a sum to cover the costs of action and the expenses put to, we tender you our thanks for accepting this apology and withdrawal in lieu of the damages you would be entitled to. And we authorise the publication of the above by advertisement or in such other way as you may desire.

Dated 21st day of December, 1909.

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