THE NEW AGE
AN INDEPENDENT SOCIALIST REVIEW OF POLITICS, LITERATURE, AND ART
EDITED BY
A. R. ORAGE and HOLBROOK JACKSON

No. 660 [New Series. Vol. I. No. 1.] THURSDAY, MAY 2, 1907. [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.] ONE PENNY

THE OUTLOOK.

Planning an Empire.

Now that the incidental festivities, dinings, speeches, and entertainments by rival political organisations, which the newspapers appear to regard as the most striking features of the Colonial Conference, are drawing to a close, it may be well to consider how far that Conference has gone towards doing what it was intended to do. The task before the Conference, the task implicitly before us all, is nothing less than the creation of a British Empire. At present, of course, no such Empire exists. All that exists, either legally or actually, is "the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland and its Colonies and Dependencies." Of these Colonies and Dependencies some are ruled bureaucratically from Downing Street, others are self-governing, and are bound together only by a common allegiance to the Crown, by a faint and ill-defined suzerainty exercised over them by the Parliament in which they are not represented, and by a certain sentiment of unity, which a common tradition and (in most cases) a common language bring to them. We do not wish to underrate the importance of this sentiment, without which indeed permanent union would be impossible. But a sentiment too weak to find expression in concrete organisation is not likely to be strong enough to outlast the wear and tear of centuries. It seems clear that, if the Empire is not to go to pieces in the course of the next hundred years or so, means must be found to bring its parts into closer relation with one another. This is a problem worthy of far closer attention from Socialists than it has yet received. For us the barren negation of the old Radical Little-Englandism is impossible. If we accept it we are false to all our traditions. If Imperial Federation is impracticable, the Federation of the World of which Marx and Lassalle dreamed must be even more impracticable. If we cannot have a Parliament of the Empire, how can we hope for a Parliament of Man? If a man love not his brother whom he has seen, how shall he love Humanity which he has not seen? Moreover the predatory Internationalism of Capital will force us into Imperialism, as it forced the older Socialists into Internationalism. How helpless would a host of small and romantic Nationalities prove when confronted with all the powers and principalities of cosmopolitan finance! Only a Socialist Federation— a Socialist Empire—could face them without flinching.

A Brixton Budget.

Seldom has there been a measure so characteristic of its author as Mr. Asquith's Budget. It is an undeniably clever performance, as safe, astute, and diplomatic as utter lack of sympathy and imagination can make it. It is carefully designed to please as many sections of the community as possible without exciting the apprehensions of any. For "the City" there is the reduction of the National Debt, with its promise of an improvement in the price of Consols. For the middle-classes, whose "bitter cry" the Opposition was bent on exploiting, there is the discrimination of the Income Tax, with its relief for the smaller earned incomes. Yet this discrimination has been so contrived as not to scare wealthy Liberals, whose secession would deplete the war-chest of the party; for the discrimination is effected by taking off and not by putting on, so that the immense tribute of rent and interest will continue to be appropriated without diminution for the private use of a class. At the same time the conditions of payment are to be made more stringent and harder of evasion, so that the Chancellor may hope to gain by stricter enforcement almost as much as he will lose by his small but well-advertised mercies. Meanwhile the working class, unrelieved of the "taxes on the people's food," at which the Liberals wax so indignant when other people propose them, are to be placated by a promise of Old Age Pensions—in the distant future. And Mr. Asquith sets aside £1,500,000 to provide a "nucleus" for the purpose and to prove the sincerity of Liberal intentions. We are disposed to regard this "nucleus" as the cleverest thing in the Budget. That the Liberals have the remotest intention of granting pensions to the veterans of industry we do not for a moment believe. The dodge is both cleverer and more economical than that. We take it that Mr. Asquith will continue to dole out additions to the "nucleus" at the rate of a million a year until such time as the party is prepared to face a General Election, and that the Government will then go to the country with the cry that, if the people want pensions, they must not interrupt the good work and must send Codlin, *not* Short, back to power to complete it.

Broadening the Basis.

But what will the Tories be doing the while? They will hardly, we imagine, tamely suffer the issue to be shifted from a number of questions on which they are quite likely to win, to a single question on which they would be almost certain to lose. They will doubtless pledge themselves, not only to continue Mr. Asquith's policy in this matter, but to give it a new impetus by "broadening the basis of taxation" and so accelerating the day when the "nucleus" shall grow to practicable proportions. And, in doing this, they will be laying a finger on the weak point in Mr. Asquith's policy. For the Liberals have no new sources of taxation to fall back upon. They dare not attack property; they cannot, in common decency, impose fresh import duties. Even in a fat year like the present they can put their hands upon no new source of revenue. What are they to do when the lean years come? They will then be faced with a revived agitation in favour of Tariff Reform as a means of raising revenue, strengthened by their failure to take off the existing food taxes. How many years' purchase would they give to Free Trade under those conditions? All this only emphasises the importance of keeping the Socialist fiscal

policy in the forefront of our programme. We alone can really "broaden the basis of taxation," not by juggling with import duties, but by securing as much as possible of that tribute of £600,000,000, which is annually paid to the idle classes in the form of rent and interest. A propaganda on these lines is especially needed if we are to secure more recruits from the middle class. For the hostility with which that class regards Socialism is in great part due to the fact that, when the governing class is forced by pressure from below to pass Socialistic legislation, it generally contrives to throw the whole cost on the middle orders, and then turns round and assures its victims that they are being robbed in order to fatten the greedy and idle working man. Thus is the working part of the community divided—and ruled. If we can once bring home to the mind of the average middle class ratepayer the fact that his grievances (often real enough) can be redressed by shifting taxation from his shoulders to the shoulders of the possessors of large unearned incomes, we shall find him much more amenable to reason on the theory and practice of Socialism.

Militarism and Anti-Militarism.

Mr. Haldane's Army Bill has provoked many protests from very various quarters, and from no quarter have the protests been more vigorous than from the Labour Party. There is undoubtedly much in the War Minister's scheme which deserves condemnation, yet we cannot think that Socialists have, in general, adequately thought out the problem involved. Too many of them write and speak as if the question were not worth considering, or use language implying that the country could be safely left without any means of defence. This is absurd. One need not be a Jingo to recognise that so long as nations exist they must be prepared to resist by force if necessary the wanton aggression of other nations. And it is rather illogical for Socialists to deny the possibility of such aggression on the part of other nations when they are continually accusing their own of habitually practising it. We must have an army, and we may be sure that the British people will refuse to entrust power to any party that will not promise to provide one. Mr. Ramsay Macdonald sees this clearly enough, and in his speech on the Bill we can find little or no trace of the sentimental type of Anti-Militarism. Yet even Mr. Macdonald, though he said some excellent things, did not make it quite clear what sort of an army he wanted. The serious objection, from the Socialist point of view, to any augmentation of our present standing army is not that the use of force is immoral, for this is a view only compatible with Tolstoyan Anarchism. Nor is it that the army costs a lot of money, for the Socialist, knowing how vast is the quantity of wealth drawn from the people and squandered by an idle class, cannot be expected to become panic-stricken over an odd million or so. The Socialist objection to the army is that it is a class army, that it is officered by a class, in point of fact owned by a class, like the land or the means of transit. In the interests of its masters it can always be trusted to act. Our governing class found the military forces of the Crown at least as useful at Featherstone as in South Africa. Now this is an objection which no mere reduction of the army will remove. Even the abolition of the army would not remove it, for the rich could always hire private armies to defend their interests, as in effect they do in America. The only remedy is the remedy we should apply in the case of the land or the industrial machinery—to make the army national and democratic and transfer its control from a class to the whole people. Exactly how this is to be done is a problem which requires very careful thought. But certain conditions stand out as essential. The whole population must be provided with arms and properly trained in their use. And there must be the freest possible facilities for promotion from the lowest to the highest grade. An army so organised would be a formidable barrier against oppression. It would also be a much more effective fighting machine than our present army has proved for purposes of national defence. It is noteworthy that the two armies which, organised at the shortest notice out of the rudest materials, broke all their enemies in pieces were armies of a democratic type—the army of Cromwell and the army of the first French Republic.

Woolwich and Retrenchment.

An incidental example of the difficulties in which the Labour movement involves itself by its tendency to adopt the Liberal policy of "retrenchment" is afforded by the case of Woolwich. The industrial prosperity of Woolwich depends mainly upon the activity of work at the Arsenal, and the activity of work at the Arsenal depends upon the public expenditure on armaments and military stores. While the South African War was raging Woolwich was enjoying unparalleled well-being. Since Vereeniging its fortunes have been declining, until now the "economies" of the Liberal Government have brought them down to starvation point. Nor can the Government hold out any prospect that the process will stop; indeed, the Prime Minister told the deputation which waited upon him that still more dismissals were in view. Now, doubtless it is very selfish and unenlightened of the poor Woolwich worker to object to being starved to make a Liberal surplus. Doubtless he ought to think with tender gratitude of the threepence which is to come off the income tax of the doctor and the stockbroker. But, perhaps, if our own wives and children were starving, if we had to choose between the workhouse and emigration to some distant colony, our own appreciation of the beauties of Liberal finance might decline. We might vote for the party that promised a large expenditure and perhaps a war or two! Of course for the immediate purpose the right line for Socialists to take is to demand more work for public and less for private yards. But in the long run we shall have to recognise that towns like Woolwich live by military expenditure, and that a party that advocates the unlimited reduction of such expenditure will, in the long run, lose the dockyard towns. If reduction of expenditure were a Socialist principle, it would doubtless be our duty to face this contingency and make up our minds to it. But it is a Liberal principle, and we can with a clear conscience throw it overboard.

Land or Liquor.

The Government has apparently made up its mind, after much hesitation and much pressure from both sides, that it will put its money on Land this session rather than on Drink. And herein they are wise in their generation. For, though the land legislation of the Government is likely to be of the most homœopathic kind, and will have about as much effect upon the land monopoly as the Settled Temperance Policy of the London County Council has upon the fortunes of brewers and publicans, yet a certain amount of public enthusiasm can always be excited by an attack on the landlords, even if it be a sham attack. The only real popular enthusiasm ever excited by Temperance Reform is enthusiasm against it. Doubtless the case might be different if the Government would face seriously the problem of the Drink Supply, would set up national breweries, guarantee pure beer, humanise and level up the public houses, and convert the huge profits of the drink trade to public uses. But we know perfectly well that for our present rulers "Temperance Reform" would mean some timid and meaningless compromise between the present system and Prohibition, such as buying out one publican at the public expense and making a present of his business to the publican opposite, or allowing wealthy districts to suppress public houses and so concentrate all the drinking in the slums, or telling people who want to get drunk that they must be careful to get drunk before ten o'clock at night, or telling people who would be quite satisfied to get a glass or two of beer on Sunday that they must lay in a stock on Saturday night, or depriving thousands of honest, hard-working girls of their means of livelihood because Dr. Clifford is troubled with nightmare visions of their abandoned immorality. Let us be thankful that the proposed Licensing Bill has apparently perished in the womb.

LETTERS FROM THE FRONT.

PRINCE KROPOTKIN.

It is very pleasant to hear that a new Socialist review is going to be started, but you must not underrate the difficulties, especially for a review which intends to represent no special direction in Socialism.

P. KROPOTKIN.

* * *

MR. GRANVILLE BARKER.

I send THE NEW AGE sincere wishes for its success, and here is my subscription for a year. What better proof can I give of my sincerity?

H. GRANVILLE BARKER.

* * *

PRESIDENT OF THE LIVERPOOL FABIAN SOCIETY.

Permit me, as one of the oldest members of the Socialist movement in the North, to offer a hearty welcome to the new Editors. If you can, while accomplishing your main purpose, keep the public abreast of the best current work of Socialists in politics, economics, literature, art and the drama, you will confer a benefit upon that growing section of the people who are looking with longing eyes for the dawn of a brighter day.

JOHN EDWARDS.

* * *

THE SECRETARY OF THE FABIAN SOCIETY.

I cordially welcome your NEW AGE. We wanted a paper to express continuously the typical Fabian view of affairs, and yet the difficulties of an official organ, controlled by the Society, seemed to me insuperable. Official Fabianism welcomes independent criticism more cordially than the invariable approval which their own organ would have to express. Our members, I am confident, will help you to make the new venture a success.

EDW. R. PEASE.

* * *

MR. SIDNEY WEBB.

The project cannot fail to be of use. At the present moment nothing is more urgently needed than (*a*) the systematic bringing to bear on each social problem of the whole accumulated stock of knowledge; and (*b*) the scientific investigation of the various unsolved problems which confront the Collectivist. What is most delaying progress to-day is our lack of knowledge. If we knew more, things would move faster.

SIDNEY WEBB.

* * *

MR. HUBERT BLAND.

I am extremely glad to hear of your venture. A journal inspired by the Fabian spirit, but not controlled by the Fabian Society, is just what the Socialist movement has badly lacked. A year hence I hope to acclaim your success as cordially as I now greet your enterprise.

HUBERT BLAND.

* * *

THE LATE EDITOR.

I am very glad to send my best wishes for the future success of THE NEW AGE. A change of editorship generally means some change in the point of view, the disquieting of old readers, and the finding of new friends. I hope those who have so loyally stood by THE NEW AGE in the past, and have been faithful to the paper in storm and stress, will continue in their following, and that many fresh readers will be found.

THE NEW AGE remains independent of mere party politics—that is the thing to note. There must be, because there ought to be, room for one weekly independent review not run in the interests of a party or a clique.

JOSEPH CLAYTON.

* * *

MR. H. G. WELLS.

You are going to make a most valuable, interesting, difficult, and, I think I may venture to add, successful experiment. Socialism in England has long stood in need of what you propose to give it—a Review which, without being official, shall be representative, and which shall direct itself primarily not to propaganda nor to politics, but to the development of Socialist thought. Particularly attractive, I think, should be your handling of contemporary literature and art, not, as in the ordinary Press, from vague, unspecified standpoints, but from a definitely Socialist position. Your enterprise will, I am sure, be of the utmost help and value to the new movement in the Fabian Society; it will do with the freedom and vigour of irresponsibility what it would have been almost impossible under existing conditions to do officially—supply a co-ordinating and educational link for the new members who are now coming in, and give fresh scope to the many young and vigorous minds in the Society who are now seeking (and needing) the discipline of written expression. My warmest good wishes.

H. G. WELLS.

* * *

COUNCILLOR WILKINS (Derby).

Please accept the congratulations of an old subscriber in the important changes you propose making in taking over THE NEW AGE. If, as I trust, your aim is to unite "all who serve on behalf of all who suffer," then your idea of Socialism will include Individual Liberty and Individual Advancement.

W. G. WILKINS.

* * *

MR. CECIL CHESTERTON.

Anti-Socialism has ceased to be the amusement of a few harmless and philosophic Anarchists like the late Mr. Auberon Herbert; it has become the rallying cry of all the parasites who live on the disorders of Society, and its shibboleths are caught up by thousands of poor devils of clerks and shopmen, who cannot see that their cramped and poverty-stricken lives are as much the evil fruit of capitalism as the more sensational horrors of the slums. Meanwhile every attempt is being made to persuade the more intelligent section of the middle-classes that the doctrines of Socialism are opposed to the conclusions of economics, of physical science, and of philosophy.

All this attack can only be met by a vigorous, sane, and intelligent counter-propaganda of Socialism. We must eschew sentimentalism; we must refuse to be drawn into side issues. Above all we must have all our weapons of attack and defence polished and in order. Wishing you every success.

CECIL CHESTERTON.

* * *

MR. HARRY LOWERISON.

Very heartily do I wish success to every honest Socialist venture, but in my twenty years in the movement I have been at the birth and death of so many high hopes centred in papers. Is yours going to be the exception—the success? *Prosit!*

HARRY LOWERISON.

* * *

THE NEW GOVERNOR OF JAMAICA.

I am very glad to hear that you are taking over THE NEW AGE, and wish you success.

SYDNEY OLIVIER.

* * *

E. NESBIT.

Almost every Socialist of my acquaintance has, for the last few months, been seeking to establish a Socialist paper — some Socialist paper. Now you have got in ahead of the rest of us, and you have my warmest congratulations, as well as my best wishes. I did want to run a Socialist paper myself; but I am sure that you will do it much better than I should have done it, and if I can do anything to help in any way I hope you'll let me.

E. NESBIT.

* * *

CANON SCOTT HOLLAND.

Your new venture has my heartiest goodwill. Socialism, as an ideal, holds the field. But it can only do so through that in it which is idealistic. In this alone lies its practicality. It has no motive-force except through moral idealism. It is, therefore, of vital importance that it should keep itself clear, and pure, from all contamination of lower motives.

You will, I gather, devote your energies to this aim.

H. S. HOLLAND, Canon of St. Paul's.

Socialism and Democracy.

DEMOCRACY, which is only the political device of elective institutions, has no more necessary relationship with Socialism than walking has with any given place. If you want to reach a distant point, the particular mode of locomotion which you adopt depends obviously on the extent of your freedom of choice. If only walking is open to you, then you must walk or stay where you are. If all modes are open to you, then you can choose according to your fancy or according to your need. It is precisely the same with Democracy in relation to Socialism.

"No one," says Sir Robert Giffen, "can contemplate the present condition of the masses of the people without desiring something like a revolution for the better." Such an end, in fact, is piously or savagely, imaginatively or practically, desired by everybody capable of entertaining an idea beyond his own personal security. Ever since the facts have been recognised, reformers of all kinds have been tumbling over each other's heels in an ecstasy of zeal to abolish them. And the only difference amongst reformers is on the question of the method of their abolition. How are we to get there? And here we come to the question of Democracy.

Now it is quite conceivable that an aristocracy might organise industry vastly better than a democracy. It is probable that under the Feudal System, and certain that under the autocracy of Alfred the Great, the mass of the people were infinitely better off than they are at this moment. Aristocratic statesmen like Plato or Lord Shaftesbury have always tried to impress on their peers the necessity for the largest interpretation of Noblesse Oblige. And genuinely aristocratically-minded men, who realised the responsibility attaching to all privileges, natural or acquired, have always been loud in their demands for an active aristocracy, capable of organising a people for its welfare.

From many points of view an aristocracy even such as ours is incomparably better placed for engineering Sir Robert Giffen's revolution than men of the middle or working classes. The instincts of feudalism are still strong enough in England to make the opinion of an earl at least ten times as authoritative as the opinion of a commoner; and a social revolution headed by the House of Lords would puff out like so many candles the scarcely lit torches of Democracy.

For the truth is that the man in the street, who is the present unit of Democracy, has as little liking as he has capacity for politics. It may be, and, in fact, is, absolutely necessary to transform the man in the street into an intelligent citizen; but unless the observer is grossly romantic he cannot deny the refractoriness and opacity of the material. Nine out of every ten of the adult population of the country would prefer to let politics alone. And the proofs of this are to be seen in the positive relief that is popularly felt when serious politics are displaced by a romantic war; and, on the other hand, in the feverish haste to get it over, with which political measures are patched up when industrial depression forces the need of reform on public attention.

Obvious as all this is, it is, however, still more obvious that the aristocracy of England are just as little inclined to, or capable of, scientific politics as the man in the street. In spite of its incomparable privileges, the House of Lords at this moment is positively less instructed in politics than the staff of a halfpenny newspaper. An intelligent and capable aristocracy would no more tolerate the existence in its community of eighteen million underfed people than a humane and capable man would tolerate in his house a starving child. The fact that there are any starving people at all reduces the pretensions of aristocratic government to a sham; and the existence of so many reduces the sham to a social crime. But it is just because aristocracy has so hopelessly failed to raise civilisation above the rapacious stage of the jungle that the experiment of government by elective institutions is rendered necessary. Faute de mieux, the system of Democracy is now about to enter on its trial. For the phases through which government has so far passed in its decline from aristocracy are no more than milestones on the road to Dover. Aristocracy, though incapable of maintaining its power, has yet been skilful enough to indoctrinate the middle class with its own notions of gentility, thereby paralysing the effective will of its conquerors; and selfish enough to prefer plutocracy to democracy, thus postponing the experiment of the only remaining alternative to aristocracy. To say nothing of our eleven million adult women, constituting more than half of the total adult population, no fewer than four million unenfranchised adult males existed in the British Isles in 1898. In other words, only about one in four of the adult population has a vote at all. This fact, while bearing eloquent testimony to the self-preservative instincts of the so-called governing classes as well as to the political indifference of three out of every four of our adult population, is plainly incompatible with any genuine democratic experiment. As Socialists we are profoundly indifferent to the methods, so long as they are permanently effective, by which the organisation of industry shall be brought about. All we are concerned with is that the organisation shall take place as soon as possible. But if aristocracy and every intermediate form has failed, then, in the name of intelligence, let us give Democracy a fair trial. To blunder on in the present way is no better than the tactics of a child in the dark. It is a thousand times worse; it is a battle of children in the dark, the horrors of which are hidden away in our hospitals, lunatic asylums, prisons, workhouses, and slums. But while demanding a fair and full trial of Democracy, we need not fall into the error of supposing that Democracy means government by the people. It means government by the people just as little as it means government of the people or government for the people. What Democracy really implies is government by permission of the people—a permission granted and guaranteed by popular election.

In consequence of the secret realisation of their incapacity, our Cabinet ministers sometimes speak of themselves as representatives of the people and bound by popular mandates. No more undignified position is conceivable. A trades union delegate, bound to vote according to instructions and forbidden to use his best intelligence on behalf of his constituents, is a prince in comparison with such a political slave. The cant is all the more intolerable because, as everybody knows, any government does what it pleases, mandate or no mandate, provided that it is agreed. So long as Democracy is interpreted to mean the intellectual laziness of the governing classes directed and defined by the political incapacity of the masses, so long will democracy fail to bring about any appreciable change.

Under a genuine democratic government there is ample room for the employment of the most aristocratically minded of men. Government by permission of the people allows the fullest scope for experiments never yet dreamed of by all the autocrats of the past. If, with eighteen million of our population starving under their eyes, our voters are still willing to permit their elected representatives to sketch an Empire (supporting Solomon's observation that the eyes of the fool are in the ends of the earth), what would not a people permit its government when itself was well-fed, well-housed, and well-educated? Imagination reels at the splendid enormities a contented people would permit its governors.

The truth is that the only mandate a competent democratic government demands is a mandate of needs. Nor is it of the slightest importance that those needs should be formulated categorically by the people at large. By the time a need has become articulate, the only remaining action is generally panic legislation. The business of a democratic government is to divine and provide for needs before they become articulate. And such a government, strangely enough, would infallibly, by so doing, become an aristocracy in the only sense that is worth discussing.

R. M.

The Restoration of Beauty to Life.

THE arrival on the economic platform of the idea that the restoration of beauty to life is a factor of primary importance in the solution of the social problem not only marks a definite stage of development in sociological thought, but suggests that the time is not far distant when organised effort will be made to promote the revival of the arts and crafts on a wider basis than has hitherto been possible.

Hopeful as such a prospect undoubtedly is, the situation is not without its dangers. A sudden burst of popular enthusiasm for a new idea is, as often as not, followed by its misuse; and the history of efforts to encourage art by the public is no exception. This is amply illustrated by our national system of art education, the establishment of which speaks more for the good intentions than for the intelligence of its founders. By multiplying enormously the number of men who seek to live by art, it has, through the resultant competition, cut at the roots of the independence of the individual artist, through whom alone reform can come. So, too, if the annual expenditure upon art were suddenly increased, it would not mean that the men who are doing the really valuable work would receive encouragement, because the majority of them are unknown to the larger public, but rather that popular artists who are in a position to pull the strings would increase the number of their commissions. And as such men generally have more to do than is good for them, the increase in the number of their commissions could only result in bringing down the quality of their work. In a word, the evils of the indiscriminate patronage of art are just as great as the evils of indiscriminate charity.

There is but one way to encourage art, and that is to encourage the right men, and this demands of the patron a measure of knowledge and insight somewhat rare at the present time.

The Architectonic Basis of Art.

How then is reform to come? The answer is by the promotion of an intellectual understanding between the artist and the public. Any encouragement of art in England such as would promote the reunion of art and life must not commence by an extended patronage along present lines, but must accept as its indispensable basis a wider philosophic understanding of the nature of art and the conditions under which it can thrive. The first principle must be an appreciation of the architectonic basis of all art. Architecture is no less than the trunk of the tree of which painting, sculpture, and the minor crafts are branches. This conception prevailed during all the great ages of artistic activity, and is one of the secrets of the wonderful harmony which pervades such periods. Unfortunately in our day this relationship has been destroyed, and instead of acknowledging their dependence on the trunk, the branches carry on an independent existence of their own. To this cause much of the decadence of modern art is to be attributed. Painting and sculpture, as a rule, have lost all sense of subordination to architecture, and propose to themselves ends which, far from tending to promote a reunion of the arts, increase the prevailing anarchy.

In the acceptance of the principle that all art should recognise its dependence upon architecture we have a standard of criticism by which to assess the value of current works, while in the promotion of their reunion we have a goal towards which to direct our efforts at reform. Viewing modern art from this standpoint, we are unable to give unqualified support to those ideals of art which have been associated with the International Society, and many great reputations will have to undergo considerable revision. Whistler and Rodin are undoubtedly great artists, and have stimulated artistic thought in many ways. Yet I venture to think that when the time comes to view them from a distance and to assess the value of their work in the scale of artistic achievement, their reputations will suffer a decline. The general laudation with which the work of these artists has been received is not by any means a healthy social symptom, for much of it tends rather to increase than to diminish the prevailing confusion. While, on the one hand, Whistler's ideas of colour and the general decorative feeling of much of his work are valuable contributions to art, on the other hand his little Bethelism, which would exclude everything which is not exactly according to his own dogmas, and particularly his denial of the necessity of a subject in painting, tend to promote anarchy by separating painting from the general trend of the national life. Rodin, again, misses the mark from our point of view, in that his works, in spite of their great merits in many other directions, are totally devoid of any feeling of subordination to architecture, and would be utterly out of place anywhere outside a gallery. This, to me, is the final condemnation of such work, as it is one of our aims to rescue art from the gallery and bring it back again into relation with life.*

With respect to their followers, whose work as a rule exaggerates these defects, how many works of the International Society could one live with? For this is the ultimate test of rightness in art. It is in the possession of this quality perhaps more than any other that we realise the difference between the works of the International Society and such painters as Ford Maddox Brown, Burne-Jones, Watts, and the other great painters who have done so much for English Art. And it is precisely this quality which makes them so architectural in feeling. One cannot help feeling in the work of these men that so far from desiring that their work should be placed in galleries, their ambition was to paint frescoes. The appearance of their works within the four sides of a frame was a limitation which the neglect and ignorance of the British Public had forced upon them instead of something they had of themselves chosen. As such their influence tends to promote our desired unity, and is altogether healthy in its effects.

Modern Architecture.

If the architectonic basis of all art is acknowledged as our guiding principle, it follows that the centre of gravity of our movement to restore beauty to life will reside in architecture. And such is really the case, for it is in the work of modern English architects that the germ of the art of the future is to be discovered. This is not surprising, when we think of the conditions under which architecture has in our day to be produced. The painter and sculptor produce by withdrawing themselves in a great measure from the world. With the architect, however, it is different. Whether he likes it or not, he must face the realities of modern life, and battle with ignorance and stupidity as other artists need not; and it is this circumstance which has brought architectural thought into relation with the age.

That the public should have been left in ignorance as to what all along has been taking place in architecture is not surprising, when we consider the nature of the art and the circumstances with which its practice is surrounded. For while, on the one hand, as its executed works are distributed over the country, public attention never gets focussed upon them, as it does on an exhibition of pictures; on the other, architecture is such a very abstract art that it is only in its trimmings and fringes, as it were, that it invites popular sympathy and attention. Moreover, a criticism of architecture is necessarily so technical that the average art critic is utterly incompetent to deal with it.

(To be continued.)

A. J. PENTY.

---

* I heard some little time ago that Rodin had recommended young sculptors to go back to Gothic sculpture for their models. I do not know the origin of the report, or whether it is true, but if it is I must withdraw what I have said, for it means that Rodin has at last come into line with the central stream of artistic constructive thought.

New Romney and Its Marsh.

THERE seems slight reason in calling "New" a town which began in Saxon days; perhaps it is sufficient excuse that the age of Old Romney eludes the men who deal with dates. It matters little. The Romneys Old and New are things of the past—the one with its wee church and its few cottages, the other a tiny town with a great history, and barely twelve hundred inhabitants to keep the tale alive. Would that Romney and its marsh and all that they contain could defy time; remaining a little oasis of the past in a present that is not always beautiful. There is an irresistible allurement in the long level stretches of this land, which is flat as the sea; the stamp of uniqueness is on it all. An old saying ran that the world was of five parts and the fifth was Romney Marsh, and it is not to be lightly denied. If you would see this fifth quarter in its full beauty, set out, towards sunset, along one of those winding roads which twist and turn as though they had other intentions than the journey's end. On every side a length of green fields and sheep and ditches of still water. If, perchance, you go on a warm spring evening, when the lambs are there, you will at last know what it is to be placidly content to live. Your most overpowering ambition will seem a stupid and unimportant triviality before this unending glory of air and light and space. One more turn in the road, and you will be in the most ancient borough of Romney.

"Rumeney is one of the V Portes and hath bene a metely good Haven, yn so much that withyn remembrance of Men Shiyppes have cum hard up to the Towne, and cast ancres yn one of the Chyrch Yardes. The Se is now a ii myles fro the Towne, so sore thereby now decayed that where ther wer iii great Paroches and Chirches sumtyme is now scant one wel mayteined." Thus Leland described it in Henry VIII.'s time, and we have there a concise statement of the vital points in the history of this town. Romney was one of the Cinque Ports, which supplied England with its navy in mediæval times; when the sea no longer came up to the town side, the chief reason of its existence was gone, and Romney quietly sank into obscurity. When we step into the street—it has really only one—of this modest village, we must remember that the mighty have fallen. This was once the pampered town of great kings who spoke soft words to the citizens of Romney. They called its magistrates "Barons," and two of these sat in each Parliament until the Reform Act of 1832 put them on one side for more modern ideas. At the time of coronation ceremonials it was their privilege to hold the cloths of state above the king and queen; and at the feast which followed they sat on the monarch's right hand. The Crown wanted ships, and was prepared to give their equivalent in honours and liberties. Cash transactions were not so common then.

The whole matter is best read in the stately prose of Edward I.'s charter, which he granted to Romney and the rest of the Cinque Ports in 1278. "Edward by the Grace of God, King of England, Lord of Ireland, and Duke of Acquitaine, to all his faithful subjects greeting. Know ye that for the loyal service which our Barons of the Cinque Ports have hitherto done to our predecessor and to us, we have granted to the said our Barons and their heirs, all these liberties and freedoms"—here follows a great list—"so also that the said Barons do to us yearly their full service of fifty and seven ships at their own cost, for fifteen days at our summons." Such was the raison d'être of Romney in its prime.

The town began its life in 741, when King Eadbreht "for the salvation of his soul," gave to the monks of Christ Church at Canterbury "the fishery at the mouth of the River Limene, and pasture for 150 beasts near the marsh which is called Bisceoprivic, as far as the borders of South Saxony." The Limene is now the old Rother which runs to the sea at Rye; Bisceoprivic is Lydd; and the border of South Saxony is still the border of Sussex, after all these years of change. But if these have survived, we can scarcely say as much of Romney. Its life was as a seaport, and the days came when the sea gave place to dry land. We read of the raging storm of 1287 which turned the Rother into a new channel. This may have been the first clear blow to Romney's life, for the river had kept open the way to the sea. But even this was a little matter beside that ceaseless piling up of gravel by the winds and tides of the Channel; until at last Romney was no longer a port except in the pages of history.

If you love a tale of great adventures and boisterous human passions, read of the folks of Romney and its fellow-ports. They were, we fear, sometimes little but the official pirates of the Channel; and it was not always for national purposes that their ships swept down on the French and even English boats when they came that way. And indeed they did not lack excuse for violent deeds. It was not a soothing sight to see the French ships lying just off the coast with their latest English prisoners dangling from the yard-arms, alternately with dogs. It was this particular act of barbaric defiance which led to one of the most remarkable events which have happened on the sea. On an April day in 1293 the navies of the civilised world met together of set purpose to fight a deliberate duel. On the one side the French ships, with their allies from Flanders and Genoa; on the other, the men of the Cinque Ports, backed by the Irish, the Dutch, and the sailors of Gascony. The signal for the battle was given in a great gale, which surely helped the better seamen. Be that as it may, the French and their friends were utterly crushed, and the rivals hated each other more bitterly than before.

The tales of the men of Romney are without end. Even their domestic, everyday life sounds almost romantic—as it is read by a modern, at least. Their methods and rules were not as ours are. There are hints of civic discipline—which we might deem tyranny—because our public spirit is somewhat warped; we are told if one refused to serve the office of Councillor "the bailiff, with all the community, shall go to his house, and the said disobedient, his wife, and his children shall turn out of his house and shall shut the windows . . . and so they ought to remain until he wish to set himself right by doing the said duty of Jurat." There was a strong sense of communal action in those days, and the people were always accompanying the town officers on their errands. Indeed, they had a quite unofficial system of their own, as a priest of St. Mary's found to his cost in 1337, for the whole town one day rose and, carrying him outside the gates, slew him, not even deigning to leave posterity a reason for their action.

G. R. S. TAYLOR.

I Know a Wood.

I know a wood where the winds make all day long
  A sighing sound and a sobbing sound, and keep
Their sorrows unassuaged of any song,
  Hopeless of death and ignorant of sleep;
I lie in the wood, and look up at the blue sky
  Between the branches leafy or bare above,
And the hunger of wood and wind and season is I,
  But the blue deeps are the blue eyes of my love.

Grey cascades in the breast of a brown hill
  Feed the stream that here is friends with me;
It dreams of a faery lake that it shall fill,
  And finds only the salt and barren sea;
I watch the shadows shift and the gleams go by,
  Obscure with the pools below and clouds above,
And the trouble of earth and air and water is I,
  But the heart of the stream is the strange heart of my love.

The ancient battle goes on by the river's marge—
  The sunlight on the plumes of knights and lords,
The blowing of trumpets, the clatter and clash of the charge,
  The glancing of lances and the breaking of swords.
I hear a song in praise of them that die,
  I see the light of the bright flag flown above;
And the old quest and the old desire is I,
  But the voice of the call, as of old, is the love of my love.

GERALD GOULD.

THE BOOK OF THE WEEK.

The Irish Playgoer and The Playboy.

"The Playboy of the Western World, a Comedy in Three Acts," by J. M. Singe. (Maunsel, Dublin. 2s. net.)

The recent uproar at the Abbey Theatre, Dublin, on the representation of Mr. J. M. Singe's comedy, "The Playboy of the Western World," has had its parallels in both London and New York. But there is a marked difference in the methods of the opponents of innovation in these cities. In Dublin direct action is the favoured method. If you consider a play is unpatriotic, the Irish substitute for moral indignation, you call your friends around you, foregather at the theatre, and boo and stamp until the exasperated players ring down the curtain. On the other hand, in London and New York you sit out the performance in a seemly manner, and pay a person called a critic to voice your moral wrath in the Press. This was exemplified in the early days of Ibsen in London. For days after the first performance of "Ghosts" at the Independent Theatre the dramatic columns of the newspapers were simply an orgie of righteous abuse. A similar thing occurred more recently on the production of Bernard Shaw's play, "Mrs. Warren's Profession," in New York. Both "Ghosts" and "Mrs. Warren's Profession" are dramatic statements of unpleasant facts and both Ibsen and Bernard Shaw had a reformatory object in writing their plays.

Now, Mr. Singe may or may not have the reformer's zeal, but he certainly does possess a very keen sense of fact, as well as dramatic power and great charm of style. He is not charged with having offended the moral standards by telling the truth about unpleasant things, but with having told the truth about what are, on the whole, pleasant things. He has given us some remarkably convincing pictures of peasant life in the West of Ireland—but he has not touched up his negative. That is the root of the evil. In giving a picture to the world you must always be careful to obliterate the wart and the pit. The public does not ask for the truth, it cares nothing for art's revelation of the inner vision. It demands a familiar view of the illusion its objection to fact has long ago made a substitute for reality. The matter is complicated in Ireland by intensive political feeling. It is unpatriotic, for instance, for an Irishman to name the shortcomings of his compatriots. Such a thing might justify the usurpers in their oppression. Mr. Singe, whilst not, in the eyes of the Sassenach, making his peasants one iota less worthy, has committed an indiscretion in the eyes of the Gaels. This is a serious matter for art in Ireland. It means the artist must not tell the truth. He must record popular prejudices and superstitions.

We are much the same in England. But our reasons are slightly different. You must not tell the truth on our stage for fear of corrupting the pure minds of our youth. Because we do not all happen to be born adults, artists of all kinds must say and do nothing that is not virginibus puerisque. The result is that our art is a combination of puerility and thinly-veiled voluptuousness. Our figures are draped—with gossamer. In Ireland you may say a great many things that are taboo here. But the holy of holies is apparently the beautiful morality of the peasantry. This must not be traduced. To discover a blemish were profanation. The truth might injure Erin's path to political freedom. Such a thing is not possible in any country but one in which the natives are sublimely unconscious of a sense of humour.

"The Playboy of the Western World" is one of the finest comedies of the dramatic renascence. Readers of Mr. Singe's other plays will not be surprised at this. They would have expected as much of the author of "Riders to the Sea" and "In the Shadow of the Glen." As in these plays, there is the same note of sustained dramatic power: an Ibsen-like simplification of stage technique, and a fine reticence in the use of a seemingly endless vocabulary of picturesque phrases—phrases which Mr. Singe assures us are transcribed verbatim from the conversation of the peasants. If this be so, let us believe, for the credit of the Irish imagination, that it was only a noisy minority that interfered with the performance of this beautiful play in Dublin. These peasants are poets, as certainly they are humorists, without knowing it. Certain passages of "The Playboy" read like parts of the English Bible. There is the same direct and spontaneous beauty of image. And the humour of so gruesome a circumstance as that upon which the play hinges could only have been revealed by a masterly use of comedy.

Christy Mahon, the playboy, woebegone and dirty, arrives unexpectedly at a wayside shebeen, where the master and his chums are on the point of attending the bacchanalian festivities of a wake. The appearance of the weary youth excites sympathy, and when he hints at crime, curiosity. Christy has led a miserable existence under the stern rule of a tyrannical father, and in a moment of passion he has slain the tyrant. He is now fleeing the consequences. "You should have had good reason for doing the like of that," observes the innkeeper. Christy replies, with naïve unconsciousness of the humour of the situation, "He was a dirty man, God forgive him, and he getting old and crusty, the way I couldn't put up with him at all." And the dialogue preceding this, in which he gradually reveals the nature of his crime by proudly disavowing association with any lesser crimes, is most delightful comedy. But the humour of it all is in the observers. The peasants are stating simple facts as clearly as they can. Pegeen Mike, the beautiful daughter of the house, asks him, with romantic appreciation, if he shot him dead. "I never used weapons," replied Christy, "I've no licence, and I'm a law-fearing man."

Michael: "It was with a hilted knife, maybe? I'm told, in the big world, it's bloody knives they use."

Christy (loudly, scandalised): "Do you take me for a slaughter-boy?"

Pegeen and all the women fall in love with Christy. He is a hero. He is the "Playboy of the Western World," the strong, intrepid man, the conqueror. Pegeen promptly drops her ordinary lover, and adopts Christy and he her. But he has not killed his father after all. He simply struck him down, and ran away. The old man revives and gives chase. He arrives with a bandaged head. And Christy, exasperated with the taunts of the people, strikes the old man down again. Then the mob is against him, and seeks his life. Pegeen's romantic conception of murder is overcome in the face of the reality. "There's a great gap between a gallus story and a dirty deed," and she renounces the Playboy. Then the father turns up again—the second blow has failed. "Are you coming to be killed a third time?" asks Christy. But old Mahon is thoroughly subdued, and the Playboy drives him before him a willing slave. Pegeen relents, and the comedy ends with her lamentations on the loss of the only playboy of the Western World.

Mr. Singe's indiscretion seems to be the recognition of the fact that an Irish peasant may kill his father and be considered a hero by women for doing so. They are scandalised at this suggestion; just as Christy was at the suggestion that he used a knife. But, as in the case of Christy, the essential thing is that he killed his father; so in this other, the essential thing is that primal woman yields to the strong man; it is force yielding to force and not a peculiarity of Western Ireland. Mr. Singe, like a good naturalist, has simply observed it there as others have elsewhere. Pegeen was not entirely primal woman. Her instincts went out to the man of power. Her imagination invested the killing of a man with the desire of her nature for the strength that could presumably do such a deed. In the face of the actual deed her imagination reacted. But she still desired the strong arm, the intrepid will, as was exemplified in her lamentation at the loss of her playboy. This is quite sound. Mr. Singe has achieved a masterpiece by simply collaborating with nature. He and the Irish are to be congratulated.

HOLBROOK JACKSON.

THE NEW AGE.

An Independent Socialist Review.

The NEW AGE *will be sent prepaid to any address in Great Britain for 1½d. per copy, or 1s. 9d. per quarter, 3s. 3d. for six months, 6s. 6d. for twelve months; British Colonies or any other country in the Postal Union for 2d. per copy, or 2s. 2d. per quarter, 4s. 4d. for six months, 8s. 8d. for twelve months.*

All subscriptions should be sent, and cheques and postal orders made payable to the New Age Press, 1 and 2, Took's Court, Furnival Street, London, E.C. All Advertisements for insertion in the NEW AGE, *and all communications in relation to Advertisements, should be sent to the Advertisement Manager, Mr. J. H. Goring, 72, Fleet Street, E.C., to whom cheques and postal orders (crossed "The Reliance Bank, Ltd."), should be made payable.*

Notice to Correspondents and Contributors.—All communications for the Editors should be addressed: The Editors of the NEW AGE, *1 and 2, Took's Court, Furnival Street, London, E.C. MSS. must be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope.*

THE NEW AGE.

MAY 2, 1907

The Future of the "New Age."

IN view of the gradual emergence from the tangle of sociological theory of a distinctly Socialist conception of Society, the time seems ripe for the appearance of a weekly Review devoted to the intelligent discussion and criticism, both of existing institutions and of plans and organisations for their reform. THE NEW AGE has been honourably associated in the past with the enthusiastic advocacy of the ideals of life. It is therefore fitting that THE NEW AGE should now become the critical friendly exponent of the practical steps towards the realisation of those ideals.

Socialism being in its largest sense no less than the will of Society to perfect itself, even as in the personal sense Religion is the will of the individual towards self-perfection, it follows that all social institutions, together with the great forces of literature, art, and philosophy, are to be tested and valued by their service to this end. Socialism as a progressive will is neither exclusively democratic nor aristocratic, neither anarchist nor individualist. Each of the great permanent moods of human nature, as imperfectly reflected in the hierarchy of society, has its inalienable right to a place in the social pyramid.

So long as Socialism is confined to a comparatively narrow area of human nature, or is predominantly associated with a single type of temperament, so long will its success be partial and its failure certain. To call simultaneously upon the differentiated orders of "men of good intent" (the phrase is Mr. H. G. Wells'), and to secure their voluntary co-operation in the splendid task of creating, first in imagination and then in fact, a society which shall be neither predominantly military nor predominantly commercial, neither hieratic nor paternal, but a commonwealth of free and responsible individuals—such is the immediate task of the genuine philosophic reformers.

For, be it noted, Socialism which has its origin in the will of man, demands sooner or later that the brain of man shall be placed at its service; and the dedication of the best intelligence of our day to the service, not of one isolated impulse of the transforming and creative will, but to each and every impulse in due order and proportion, follows as necessarily from the realisation of the Socialist philosophy of life as the régime and ritual of the Church followed on the realisation of the purpose of the Church.

In this task of co-ordinating both the ideal and the reforming efforts of men, and of bending them to a single purpose, THE NEW AGE will endeavour to take its share. No existing Review, even of the professedly Socialist order, has so far attempted the task above described. In their respective chosen fields they are for the most part excellent allies of Socialism, intent upon the success of their particular cause. But more and more it becomes clear that, while Socialism has immensely gained in intensity by their advocacy of democracy or of labour, of the rights of the disinherited and the wrongs of the poor, the awakening determination of Society to transform itself will be carried out by no one of them.

For, as already observed, the Society of the future is not to be brought about by a single means, nor will it consist of men of a single type. Complex as Society is to-day, the Society of the future will be even more complex. Then the infinite potentialities of individual differences will begin to be unfolded, and then, in consequence, the statistical classifications and sociological formula of to-day will be obsolete.

But complexity may be chaotic and obvious, or simple and subtle. A Society outwardly simple and inwardly complex is, indeed, the vision of the best Utopias. While, however, the external forms of Society are perpetually in flux and the best brains of the community are bent in making the crooked straight, the inner work of the internalisation of man is constantly being thwarted and delayed. Socialism as a means to the intensification of man is even more necessary than Socialism as a means to the abolition of economic poverty. For while, on the one hand, the test of a sound Society is that each of its individuals can truthfully say: "I wouldn't change places with anybody"; the condition of that soundness is that tasks and responsibilities are proportioned to individual powers; and this again involves a far fuller employment, and with a more deliberate and conscious purpose, of the nobler spiritual and imaginative faculties of men than any community has yet attempted, or even than most of the existing reform organisations have realised.

Without professing to attempt the gigantic and very remotely possible task of raising the philosophic temperament to its rightful place as the watcher in the skies on behalf of man, THE NEW AGE will nevertheless endeavour to further the intelligent appreciation of that ultimate need of Society. The new Editors will aim at rallying round themselves the services of the "men of good intent" of every shade of opinion. Far from confining the pages of the Review to dogmatic statements of a too hastily formulated Socialism, they will maintain the right of intelligence to challenge and revise any existing formulation.

Believing that the darling object and purpose of the universal will of life is the creation of a race of supremely and progressively intelligent beings. THE NEW AGE will devote itself to the serious endeavour to co-operate with the purposes of life, and to enlist in that noble service the help of serious students of the new contemplative and imaginative order.

First Public Conference on Mr. H. G. Wells' "Samurai."

ON Thursday evening, April 11, in the New Reform Club, under the auspices of the Fabian Arts Group, Mr. H. G. Wells conducted the first public discussion on the subject of the Samurai of his "Modern Utopia." In opening the discussion, Mr. Wells said:—

The conversation to-night is to be about the idea of the Samurai, an idea which I broached in a book of mine, "A Modern Utopia." Some years ago I made a series of formal and inadequate studies of social development. In them I tried to view the whole social process as a vast conflict of personalities; and so soon as I came to look at social development I perceived that the social process has an air of being aimless, wasteful, and in many aspects cruel, and that there was a crying need to have some sort of plan to which individual aims could be subordinated, which would make the whole process less aimless and less confused. That ordering of the social process seemed to me to be Socialism. However, the more I thought of the disorder of human affairs the more sceptical I became as to the practicability of the remedy, and this scepticism which I found creeping into my mind was as to whether man's impulse could be so enlarged as to make the whole of Society able to sustain a new ordering of life in which the disintegrating forces making for renewed confusion would be subordinated and controlled. Is it possible to educate the community so that Socialism becomes the form of the thought of that community? I am not at all sure that we are going to get Socialism. I am not cock-sure that it is an inevitable consequence of the present condition of affairs. Still, that it is possible to get human beings to work together to an extent they do not now—to work together for the realisation of Socialism—is something concerning which I entertain no doubt whatever. Therefore, at the outset, I was confronted with the problem of the provision of a personal culture which would make this thing which was a dream and an ideal at last a possibility and a reality.

Now that opened up two questions. First, what should be the culture of the citizen which would enable a community to realise Socialism? Second, how to get that culture? It became clear that it was necessary to get people with a fine enthusiasm for social reconstruction, who would have faith in the ideas which that enthusiasm inspired. They would need to produce a new model of citizenship suited to the reconstructed state. They must work out by experience those attributes of good citizenship which would best contribute to the advancement of a better and more sane ordering of life, and having worked out their conception of the Socialist citizen who will fit the Socialist State, that new culture must be propagated; they must try and infect people with it. The question first is to work out the Socialist State and then to make a propaganda of that ideal citizen, so that the number of these self-trained and self-disciplined Socialist citizens may increase and at last become the administrative forces of the reconstructed State. Therefore the literature of the propagandist, as it becomes enlarged, must become the literature of the future; must become the leading thought of the emancipated mind. If we cannot elaborate this system of personal discipline, it seems to me Socialism must remain a dream. Any other system would be a superficial caricature.

In this book, "A Modern Utopia," my Samurai represented the class who were running that Socialist State, my first crude sketch of the citizen of the ideal State to come. It was an unsatisfactory sketch, but it appealed to a large number of readers; and their response has been some justification of the attempt. Then, if we are really going to try to work out such a system as I have suggested, we have got first to form out a number of precedents, and in all human experience it seemed that some sort of discipline was necessary. One has to invent a rule for our Samurai, and in that first projection I made the rules fall under three classifications.

First. Rules to secure personal efficiency, such as to maintain perfect health, habits of industry, and rules aiming at the physical development of the Samurai, at keeping the Samurai in a condition of courage and nervous fitness. Second. System of rules for the sake of discipline that would serve as reminders of the purpose for which the order of Samurai existed. I made some grotesque little suggestions which I think may still have some considerable value—petty abstinences and things to remind the Samurai of some distinction in their order, of having vowed themselves in the direction of social service. I also suggested that these Samurai should wear a uniform which should be distinctive and confined to their order. Under this head the rules would aim at administrative efficiency, at discipline and co-ordinate action. The third set of rules would be more difficult. There would be rules that aim at the moral and intellectual training of the members of the Samurai. The whole aim in attempting the culture of the Socialist citizen is to take the spirit of service which is latent in every human being and to develop that, and, on the other hand, to discourage and check the spirit of personal gain which is the most stimulated side of the human being to-day, and to irradiate that spirit of service with which the Samurai would be inspired with a distinctive religious quality. Well, how is this to be achieved?

The most important thing of all is the creation of an atmosphere round about this idea of service which will prevent the new order of citizen from breaking away and check the mass of selk-seeking to which at present the human race is devoted, and to do this thing is extraordinarily difficult. Something is needed then which will restore the individual and keep him in touch with the very impulse of the movement. I suggest that a system of private devotions may be necessary, and at any rate if we are going to have a religious Socialist movement, a movement which is powerful enough to stir men's hearts and nerve their wills, some sort of simple ritual will be needed to be the common inspiration of that movement.

Another rule, another duty, in addition to insistence on the moral and religious side of the Socialist movement, is the intellectual obligation. For the Socialist it is not sufficient to mean well. Something more than that is required of him. Clear and definite study, understanding, reading and constant discussion become a duty for the Socialist, for the really earnest and organised propagandist of Socialism. We have to create, for ourselves first of all and then for the movement, a circle of ideas. That is an imperative necessity. There would therefore be rules as between the members of the Samurai for the purpose of keeping all in touch with every side of contemporary effort and thought. Then I would lay stress on the importance of having some code of behaviour. There must be a fine attitude of mind between the Samurai.

Now these three groups—rules to secure personal efficiency, rules to secure discipline and co-ordinate action, and rules for intellectual training—the complete order of Samurai would have to possess. Possibly the whole scheme will be no more than discussed by the present generation. Premature attempts to found an order of Samurai will only end in arrogance and stupidity. At present we have not enough ideas. It would be a stupid and presumptuous thing to attempt to realise the idea. The danger of priggishness, for example, is enormous, and though it is better to be a prig than a pig, it is better to be neither. Essentially a prig is a person who substitutes the letter for the spirit, and the only correction is to remember constantly the object of the rule. In any case, some such organised and conscious force will be necessary as an alternative to the go-as-you-please procedure of to-day. Individual and uncoordinated efforts may afford opportunities for bright and brilliant personal displays; but something more will be needed to take us outside into the collective area. If we are to develop this idea of the Samurai into something which will be workable and possible, we have to bear in our mind some sort of cor-

rective to our conscious endeavours to be good and do right. We shall never achieve any collective result unless we have some organised effort.

After a lengthy discussion, in which Mrs. Sidney Webb, Dr. Lake of Leyden, Dr. Guest, Mr. Aylmer Maude, Mrs Montefiore and others took part,

Mr. Bernard Shaw said: I have listened to this discussion with a certain personal restiveness. The discipline described by Mr. Wells falls ridiculously short of the discipline I have put upon myself. Multiply any one of his disciplines by ten, and I'll undertake to do it on my head. The error is the outcome of the curious habit of supposing that character and morals are simple things; but they are outrageously difficult things. And our absurd method of juvenile education doesn't help matters a bit; it makes them worse. For instance, in the matter of truth-telling, if a child steals a lump of sugar and is asked about it and says "Yes," it is punished for stealing; if the child says "No," then the parents punish it for lying. So long as that kind of thing goes on, truth will be a very rare and difficult quality. Pontius Pilate had the good sense to ask the question—What is Truth? Well, that was a good question, and a very knotty question to answer. It is perfectly true that education ruins two-thirds of our children. In the name of education we do not hesitate to impose on the very weakest members of the community a burden of work that Lord Kelvin would kick against.

I put it to Mr. Wells that the present state of our civilisation has been brought about precisely as the result of a sort of Samurai idea. Why, every Tory would cordially agree with Mr. Wells; only he would say that in the English gentleman we have already got our Samurai. He is sent to Oxford where he undergoes most of Mr. Wells' discipline, including the cold bath and daily shave. He is duly turned out with a degree certifying his proficiency as a gentleman; and then, in the Church, he is provided with an elaborate system of reminders that he must always be a gentleman and nothing else.

But this is just the very thing that every superior mind does his very best to avoid. I claim to be an undeniably superior person; and my superiority has been shown and won by flying in the face of every single one of these disciplines. As for that system of reminders, there is only one effectual method of reminding people of anything, and that is to tell them in a startling way every five years or so. Tell anybody the same thing three times a day for a year and you kill the very thing you wish to develop. The Church has been taken as an example. But the Church doesn't remind anybody of anything. I am told that in India, where some of the Anglo-Indians can only get to church once in six months, the people positively complain that they don't get enough church. I've suggested to my clergymen friends that the best thing they could do for their religion would be to tell the people that they weren't fit to come to church and then to lock up the building and hold no services for six months. I am sorry Mr. Wells abandoned his technical training for his Samurai. I think he should put it in again. It is vitally important that people who are to become rulers should know from experience how to earn their own living. It is no use having good intentions. Everybody is positively bursting with good intentions, but very few know how to carry them out. Then, in regard to the question of God. We want a reconstruction of our theories. We've got to conceive of God as a powerless power unless it operates through man. Just as steam is no good without the steam engine, the world-will is useless without man. Man is the only possible executant; he is God in operation. This belief screws up the sense of responsibility and self-respect. We want to organise Being. If we are told that God is all-powerful and all-good, and that man is nothing, a sensible man sits down and does nothing; but if he believes that God is no more powerful than himself he buckles to and does some work.

As for rules. You know perfectly well that if the Samurai were instituted to-morrow the first rule that they would make would be to compel members to

wear a starch collar and change it daily. The fact is we are suffering from a universal aspiration to be ladies and gentlemen, and while we are doing that we can't expect to be any better.

Mr. Edward Carpenter said that the heart of Mr. Wells' proposal was this: How are we to get the Socialist idea into the people at large. Mr. Wells suggested an order of Samurai. But the great danger was prigs and priests. The main way of inculcating the spirit of the common life was by education. The children were to be got hold of. He had observed the pride children took in making themselves useful. It wasn't necessary to discuss theology; the fact of solidarity was enough. In a thousand ways our essential unity was demonstrated. But this fact and sentiment of common life had been veiled by excessive individualism; and it needed to be nourished and reproduced in modern life. A voluntary Socialism was the heart of the matter. Once get that and forms would not matter. The more they varied the better.

Mrs. Sidney Webb said that all the good in the world had been done by either priests or prigs. Most of the great reformers had been consummate prigs. A prig was a person selected by himself to guide the world. The French encyclopædists were prigs. The Benthamites were a set of prigs who gathered round the two consummately priggish Mills. The Fabians were prigs. Mr. Shaw was a prig. Mr. Wells was a prig. Her husband was, perhaps, the best prig of the lot. But it was only when discipline was lost that priests became false priests, and prigs became a nuisance. Socialists would not succeed till they had become practical mystics. There was one maxim which summed up for her the whole rules of physiology and economy:—no one should ever consume anything that did not add to efficiency.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

"The New Spirit: A Selection from the Writings and Speeches of Bipinchandra Pal." (Calcutta.)

"The Moral Damage of War," by Walter Walsh. (Boston, U.S.A.)

"Proposals for a Voluntary Nobility." (Samurai Press, 2s. net.)

"Thoughts on Taxation arising out of the Tariff Question," by John C. L. Zorn. (Effingham Wilson, 1s. net.)

"Britain's Hope: An Open Letter concerning the Pressing Social Problem, to the Right Hon. John Burns, M.P.," by Julie Sutter. (Clarke, 1s. 6d. net.)

"The Old Faith Re-stated," by Rev. James Hyde. (Warne, 1s. 6d. net.)

"Heavenly Truths in Earthly Dress." Readings for Children, by E. K. Ryde Watson. (Stock, 3s. 6d. net.)

"The Epistles of Paul the Apostle, being a restoration of St. Paul's letters to their original form," edited by J. S. ffoster Chamberlain. (Stock, 3s. 6d.)

"John's Revelations, the vision of St. John interpreted," by J. S. ffoster Chamberlain. (Stock, 1s.)

"The Playboy of the Western World: A Comedy in Three Acts," by J. M. Singe. (Maunsel, Dublin, 2s. net.)

"From the Isles," by Arthur Davison Ficke. (Samurai Press, 2s. net.)

"Sixty Years of Citizen Work and Play," by William Phillips, J.P. (Alexander and Shepheard.)

"The Dust which is God," by Ralph Straus. (Samurai Press, 2s. net.)

"The Little Foxes," by Katharine Burrill, illustrated by H. C. Preston Macgoun, R.S.W. (Foulis, 1s. 6d.)

"Ibsen," by Haldane Macfall. (E. Grant Richards, 5s. net.)

"From One Man's Hand to Another," by G. H. Breda. (Fisher Unwin, 6s.)

"The Blossoming of Tansy," by William Platt. (The Celtic Press, 2s. 6d.)

"The Glen O'Weeping," by Marjorie Bowen. (Rivers, 6s.)

Reviews, Magazines, and other Periodicals—

"Quarterly Leaflet, Women's National Liberal Association," 1d.; "The Coming Day," Ed. by John Page Hopps, 3d.; "The National Review," 2s. 6d. net; "The Hindustan Review," 8 annas; "To-Morrow," 10 cents.; "Literary Digest," 10 cents.; "Saint George," 1s. 6d.; "International Review," 2d.; "Ruskin School Home Magazine."

DRAMA.

Puck and the Sunday Theatre.

The worst of criticising plays is that one has to think about them. Most plays grasped in this manner either disappear or leave a handful of unpleasant stuff behind them. Of course there is another way—the usual way of playgoing—and that is to lock all doors of the mind and open an illusory chamber called the Theatre, where commonsense is frankly abandoned in favour of an elaborate set of rules and regulations, conventions and situations out of a manipulation of which "pleasure" is extracted. Which is well enough; but one has first got to imagine the theatre, and accept its rules as one accepts the rules of Blind Man's Buff or Puss-in-the-Corner.

A large number of people fall into this conception as easily as they fall into tall hats, because it forms a part of their surroundings. It is accepted by plutocratic persons because one must go somewhere after dinner; and to gaze on handsome men and beautiful women excites pleasant postprandial emotions. Equally by proletarian persons is the convention accepted because one must somehow or other be narcotised, and as beer is immoral and religion difficult, the "Theatre" supplies a happy via media with the pretence of both and an effect more somniferous than either. Nevertheless there is an increasing number of people who are rejecting narcotics of all kinds, and who object as strongly to dram-drinking of the mind as to gin, and who will no more think of obliging our capitalist rulers by imagining the "Theatre," and keeping their minds free from interfering in morality and government than of getting drunk and demoralised and obliging their employers by being unemployed.

This cardinal fact about the theatre there is no escaping. In a world of exploited, used-up men and women, its only chance of success is to exploit their overwhelming necessity for temporary oblivion of their surroundings. People go to the theatre "to be amused," and anyone who attempts to wake them up and interest them in a real play and real acting which will make them think and feel is making a call upon exhausted energies, probably incapable of response. But although we systematically overwork, underpay, underfeed, and underhouse the vast bulk of our population, we are a Christian country, and we have a Christian Sunday. On this Sunday and on Sunday evening after the workers have rested, is the chance of the real play and the capable actor.

If anyone doubts this elementary explanation of the failure of the general public to appreciate good plays—that it is due to chronic physical and mental exhaustion—the proof is simple. Compare the gallery at the Court Theatre, where real plays are produced, with the gallery at a theatre where frothy musical comedy is on tap. The difference is one of money and social status—that is, of leisure and spare energy. The Court gallery consists of people just a little out of reach of the complete exploitation which is the general lot, of people who have a little time to think and a little energy to feel, of people, therefore, who welcome anything which makes them think and feel and probably avoid musical comedy like the plague.

The condition of the Court galleryites on weekdays is the condition of a great many proletarians on Sundays. The audience of ethical societies and religious denominations, labour orators and Salvationists, as well as those unhappy folk who wander over weary miles of pavement, are all waiting for the opening of a Sunday theatre where religion, ethics, socialism, and salvation can be adequately and impressively discussed.

After which preamble one comes to Mr. Locke and the "Palace of Puck." Mr. Locke surely wants such a Sunday theatre. At present it is plainly to be perceived that he is insecurely standing upon two imminently diverging stools. It is evident Mr. Locke does not wish to provide pick-me-ups for the exhausted worker, nor is there any effort to provide a luscious spectacle for the postprandial plutocrat; but the play is wanting. A fantastic comedy should be fantastic. Mr. Locke's comedy is glitteringly complicated, but to make continuous fun of a hypothetical "Colonial Broker" without giving him a look-in—is not good fun.

The first act was the first act of a real play, after which we expected something more human and more fantastic still. But with the second act my hopes began to droop, and when at the end of it a large number of young ladies in short and frilly skirts came on and twirled their feet in rows in the Colonial Broker's face, I was obliged to admit that this was the old business all over again.

About the third act there were some particularly painful features. By this time Mr. Locke had given up all idea of supplying real fantastic comedy, and was in his shirt sleeves working the bar engine to supply his customers as hard as he could go. Limelight, dulcet words, and soft music were mixed in a shandygaff of the usual variety, but there were some quite unnecessary flavourings thrown in. For instance, the fantasy of the piece depends largely on the contrast between the narrow morality of the Colonial Broker and the free and spacious morality of the artistic set. Well, if morality is to be free and spacious, it cannot be narrow, and this means that the approval of the narrowly moral will not be vouchsafed.

In the last act "Puck," the owner of the chateau, arrests his just-about-to-elope-friend with "What! do you think I'd let you go off from under my roof with my guest's wife?" Mr. Locke can't have it both ways like this. Stoke-Tooting morality is an excellent excuse for shamelessly exploiting men and women in factories; free morality is an excellent excuse for indulging weaknesses, but one will not fit the other. If Mr. Locke wants to write for exhausted people, let him work the beer-engine for all it is worth; if he wants to write for the less tired, let him eliminate the contradictions of his characters and moralities and write real fantasy, where Colonial Brokers shall be human and Puckish artists sometimes ashamed.

L. HADEN GUEST.

BOOK NOTES.

The publication of a book by Mr. Bernard Shaw is an event in the world of ideas second to none in importance, and we are glad to be able to give some details of his latest work, which is now in the press and nearing completion. The volume will be entitled "John Bull's Other Island and Major Barbara," and will contain three plays, the two named in the title and the short jeu d'esprit on the sentimentalities inspired by "Candida," called "How He Lied to Her Husband." These three plays, as in his other volumes, will serve Mr. Shaw as an excuse for a series of those prefaces for which he is famous and by which he makes clear or cloudy, according to the quickness of his reader's wit, the philosophic view for which his plays stand.

* * *

"John Bull's Other Island" has a long introduction, named "A Preface for Politicians," in which the playwright-philosopher gives his ideas on the question of Home Rule for Ireland and upon some recent events in Egypt in the light of the politics of the play and the controversy it raised. "Major Barbara" is prefaced by an article in several chapters, entitled "First Aid to Critics." This promises well, when one remembers how the dramatic critics fell to pieces over "Major Barbara." The Salvation Army, Anarchy, and Christianity come under review in this preface. And most interesting of all, Mr. Shaw gives an account of the origin of his ideas. He confesses to having been influenced by Charles Reade. He repudiates the allegations so carelessly made that his philosophy is derived from Stirner, Nietzsche, and Schopenhauer, by showing that the ideas of these philosophers are all to be found in our native books; and that they have been imported from Germany neither by himself nor by any other English thinkers. The preface to "How He Lied to Her Husband" is chiefly about "Mrs. Warren's Profession," but none the less interesting on that account.

* * *

Now that so much interest is being taken in the more remote and philosophic aspects of Socialism, especially those questions, most difficult of all, bearing upon the relationship of the individual to the State, it becomes a matter of urgency that a cheaper issue of Oscar Wilde's "Soul of Man Under Socialism" should be brought out. Mr. Humphreys, who is the holder of the copyright of this important essay, would be conferring a benefit upon students of modern political ideas by issuing an edition at, say, a shilling. Meantime those who require the essay will have to continue referring to the "Fortnightly Review" of February, 1891, in which it originally appeared, or buying the beautifully printed volume issued by Mr. Humphreys at six shillings under the title "Sebastian Melmoth," which contains "The Soul of Man," as well as a selection of aphorisms and epigrams from the same author's plays.

* * *

Talking of beautiful printing, one is reminded that this art was practically rediscovered by two Socialists—William Morris and Mr. T. J. Cobden-Sanderson—whose works from the Kelmscott and Doves Presses reached an unequalled standard of excellence. It is all the more remarkable, therefore, that there has been so much indifferent printing among the publications of the Socialist movement. Well-arranged type is a question of taste, not money. The Hammersmith Socialist Society issued some tracts quite recently by Prof. Mackail which were quite excellent examples of what a penny tract might be. The recent tracts issued by the I.L.P. must also be accounted to the typographical righteousness of that organisation.

* * *

There must be many authorities on good printing in the Socialist movement besides Mr. Cobden-Sanderson whose advice on such matters is accessible. Among these is Mr. A. E. R. Gill, of Hammersmith, whose masterly lettering is epoch-marking in its own sphere. A word in season from such an expert would make for typographical seemliness.

H. J.

CORRESPONDENCE.

For the opinions expressed by correspondents, the Editors do not hold themselves responsible.

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

THE HUMANITARIAN LEAGUE.

TO THE EDITORS OF "THE NEW AGE."

Sir,—As many of your readers are in sympathy with the humanitarian movement, will you kindly allow me to point out one or two slight inaccuracies in the appreciative notice of the Humanitarian League which you lately quoted from the "Young British Liberal"?

The "Humane Review" is there spoken of as an organ of the League. In reality it is a quite independent publication, though it is conducted by individual members of the League's Committee.

I would further explain, as there is some confusion on this point also, that the honorary secretary of the League is Mr. Henry S. Salt, and that Mr. Joseph Collinson and the Rev. J. Stratton are honorary secretaries of the Criminal Law and Prison Reform Committee and of the Sports Committee respectively.—Yours faithfully, A MEMBER.

* * *

THE NEED FOR A SOCIALIST PARTY.

TO THE EDITORS OF "THE NEW AGE."

Sir,—One need not live in an atmosphere of specialised political and social ideas to become aware of the insistent note of Socialism which now breathes through every discussion in which opinions concerning the relation of men to one another and to the vast life of the social organism are flung from mind to mind. The life-force having manifested itself it is no more possible to dissociate one's ideas from the new appraisement of social forces than it would be to invent fresh theories of the stars on pre-Copernican assumptions.

Now strangely enough, in spite of it all, there is no party which stands singly and solely for the principles which are receiving, and will receive more largely, the common consent of all clear-minded and simple-natured men. Socialism in England is in the popular imagination a hydra-headed monster whose separate and irreconcilable heads are flamboyant with the mystic letters of I.L.P., S.D.F., and F.S. Those of us who are socially-minded may not swear allegiance to a Socialist party, for there is none; but we can take "long views" and bathe our names in fiery splendours by joining the Social Democratic Federation, or taking "short views" may attach ourselves to the Fabian Society, which is already overcrowded and in danger of becoming unwieldy for the special work it is called upon to do. Between these two lies the Independent Labour Party, but whilst at present it holds the central position there are indications that unless it accepts a wider conception of the aims of Socialism it will fail to maintain that position and to secure as adherents those who in all ranks are clamant for some body which shall represent their aspirations for a broad and philosophic social system. Because of the need for collective identity and expression there is the very real danger that a middle-class Socialist movement will be set afoot on a brand new line of propaganda in which the bitter wail of the middle-classes will be heard, to which even Bernard Shaw has recently lent his persuasive voice. If we must know the truth, Socialism has not proved to be a good horse to ride for the middle-class aspirant to a seat in the House of Commons. The political persons who thus fail send little eddies of discontent through the circles of their influence, and one hears fitful rumours of an organised attempt to successfully ride the hobby-horse in quite a respectable middle-class way.

After all, is not the new day too young for the Parliamentary representation of independent Socialism? Were it not better to seek to unite the scattered forces of our army, realising that though the various divisions are engaged in different parts of the field, they are all assisting in the ultimate unique victory? In the one cause and under the one banner we would strike with ten thousand arms where now we make but feeble blows.

"Would that the armies indeed were arrayed, O joy of the onset!"

—Yours etc., FREDERICK RICHARDSON.

London, April 29th, 1907.

* * *

THE LATE EDITOR.

TO THE EDITORS OF "THE NEW AGE."

Dear Sirs,—Will you allow me to express my thanks to those readers who with kindly generosity have subscribed some money for the late Editor. It is no small recompense for the financial loss to win this good feeling from those who only know me through the columns of THE NEW AGE. Personal friends did not suggest the fund, I note, and did not subscribe to it: which is quite as it should be—Yours faithfully, JOSEPH CLAYTON.

Subscriptions Received: I. E. G., 1s.; E. M. Southey, 5s.; W. Thomas, 10s. 6d.

THE CO-OPERATIVE QUARRIES.

No ordinary significance attaches to the announcement that Co-operative Production is to be extended to Granite Quarrying. Unquestionably this method of organising industry has great social value. It ends that most vicious and depressing feature of "business"—the inferior position of the workman.

Co-operative Production seeks to change this. It gives the workman a direct interest in the success of the concern by securing him a share of the profit. More, it can give him an interest in his own work! For in any Co-operative Society worthy of the name the workman is represented on the Board of Directors, and is a vital factor in the concern. In a word, Co-operative Production can raise the industrial status of the workers from the level of machines to that of men.

Three years ago the quarrymen had been beaten to their knees by the late Lord Penrhyn—compelled either to starve or to work under intolerable conditions. We have changed all that. The quarrymen are no longer dependent on a monopolist landlord. They have their own little industries and quarries, dotted throughout the Crown Estate in North Wales, whose great mineral wealth they are winning for labour, by means of the Co-operative Quarrying Societies, initiated at the close of the great strike. The latest of these efforts to democratise industry has an exceptional interest. It has attracted some of the ablest minds in the Labour Movement, who, for many months, have given its details close and careful attention.

Exhaustive enquiries have been made and the whole of North Wales carefully prospected. Finally, there has been secured an option to purchase a granite quarry near Pwlliheli, Carnarvonshire. It has been long known to geologists, and Ramsay, with other authorities, notices its stone in his "Geological Survey of North Wales." Called in the district "Craig Cwlym," the granite was found to rank high in local tradition. So uniform was local praise that recently it was resolved to put the matter to a thorough test. A quarry of considerable size was opened; thousands of tons of granite were brought down from the face, and there has been disclosed a mass of rock. This rock, apparently a hornblende, tough and of good quality, was closely examined, and samples from it submitted to the most stringent chemical and microscopical analyses by qualified petrologists.

On the strength of these reports, negotiations were opened with various granite merchants of standing, and it was then found that well-established firms were ready to purchase the whole output of the quarry so soon as it could be delivered. This practically ensures the success of the undertaking, and eliminates the element of risk, inasmuch as the granite can be sold as quickly as it can be produced.

The Aberdaron Quarries have other advantages. Their situation frees them from costly transit charges and heavy railway rates. They abut upon the sea, and the line of coast gives excellent natural harbourage to ships carrying up to 250 tons. Once the granite has been brought down and cut to size, it can be put aboard the vessel and conveyed with the utmost cheapness to centres of demand—the rate for Liverpool, for instance, being only 4s. per ton. The quarry is free of harbour dues, and there should be no difficulty in securing vessels.

There can be no doubt that the property can go far to meet the enormous demand for road-making material by local bodies; and where labour is represented there should be no backwardness in purchasing granite, produced under fair conditions. It is interesting to know that one of the first steps of the Board of Directors of the New Society has been to appoint a committee to draw up a scheme to secure to the men a fair share of the profits.

This sub-committee consists of Mr. Harry Snell, Secretary of the Union of Ethical Societies, whose character and capacity are well-known; Mr. E. J. Fletcher, an accountant of long experience; Mr. Sidney Stranks, of the Friendly Society of Operative Stone Masons; and Mr. Cecil Chesterton, one of the brightest of Fabian spirits. In their labours the social reformer has a guarantee that the energy and enthusiasm of the Board will not be dissipated on the mere business details of the project. But these will not be neglected. The Chairman of the Board is Mr. Walter Crotch, author of the standard book on Rural Housing, whose work in connection with People's Banks has achieved such remarkable business results. And the Board has at its disposal ample technical and professional engineering skill.

To all who are interested in constructive social reform THE NEW AGE appeals to help forward this new project. It still needs one of the essentials of success—capital. At least £10,000 is required. But given the whole-hearted and unflagging support which the project deserves, this should be soon forthcoming. The offices are at 59, Great Ormond Street, W.C., and the Secretary will be glad to give further information to anyone sufficiently interested to apply.

Answers to Correspondents.

The Editors will take all reasonable pains to answer enquiries bearing on the subjects treated in their pages.

Ilex (Glasgow).—"The Quintessence of Ibsenism" is out of print. It was published by Walter Scott in 1891, at 3s. 6d.

H. A. Jones (Everton).—There is no other means of gaining admission to the Stranger's Gallery of the House of Commons than by a permit obtained from a Member. The Member of your own particular constituency will readily grant you the necessary permission—especially if you are a voter or say you are.

T. T. B. (Peterborough).—You are quite right; the Labour Party is not Socialist—but its brains are.

Enquirer (Margate).—"The League of Youth" is a play by Ibsen. Perhaps you mean "The League of Young Liberals." The headquarters of this organisation are, New Reform Club, 10, Adelphi Terrace, Strand, W.C.

Fordred (Cambridge).—Yes, the "Fabian Essays in Socialism" is still the best introduction to the subject. See also Blatchford's "Britain for the British," and Bernard Shaw's "Commonsense of Municipal Trading."

L. G.—Verify your quotations. What Shaw did say was "that Socialism must be carried out by Socialists," because "Socialist Progressivism without Socialist finance means public bankruptcy and furious political reaction." See "Clarion," April 5.

C. S. M. (Liverpool).—An elementary sense of loyalty would have made your letter impossible. A soldier who tells the truth to an enemy is shot! Try to realise that the army of reform is an army with enemies and on campaign. Personal discipline is indispensable. See our Report of the Samurai Conference in this number.

H. S. J. (Haslemere).—"Samurai-tiddly-hi-ti," is not even good criticism. You say you are a Fabian, but you really swither between Insurrectionism and Utopianism. Try a little practical politics. Read Mommsen's "Rome."

G. Stephenson (Newark).—Thanks for good wishes.

J. H. Payne (Rotherham).—We will keep our eye on these things, and deal with them from time to time.

Mrs. E. M. Southey (West Brighton).—We note your remark re National Defence League.

Printed and Published for the NEW AGE PRESS, by A. BONNER, 1 & 2, Took's Court, Furnival Street, E.C. Edinburgh and Glasgow: JOHN MENZIES & Co. Agents for South Africa and Australia: GORDON & GOTCH, London, Melbourne Sidney, Brisbane, Perth (W. Australia), and Cape Town; and (S. Africa) CENTRAL NEWS AGENCY, LTD.
All communications respecting Advertisements should be addressed to the Advertisement Manager, J. H. GORING, 73, Fleet Street, London, E.C.