

THE NEW AGE

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF POLITICS, LITERATURE, AND ART

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The New Age Christmas Number.

NEXT WEEK.

PRICE THREEPENCE.

MORE than a year ago we prophesied that the first volume of THE NEW AGE would become the bibliophile's treasure. Sold originally in 26 weekly parts at a penny each the complete volume is now fetching twelve shillings.

We have now another prophecy to make. Six months hence our Christmas Number, which we shall publish in place of our ordinary number next week, will be selling at double its price of threepence, and in twelve months at four times its price.

The Christmas Number of THE NEW AGE will consist of 32 pages of letterpress.

A double-paged coloured reproduction of a drawing by Mr. Joseph Simpson, R.B.A., will be included in every number.

The drawing represents the ideal Socialist Parliamentary Front Bench, and includes first-rate portraits by a master artist of the following well-known Socialists: Keir Hardie, Robert Blatchford, Bernard Shaw, Victor Grayson, Sidney Webb, J. R. Macdonald, H. M. Hyndman, and G. Barnes.

This plate is suitable for framing, and will after next week be sold by us at a shilling a copy.

The Literary Contents of the number will include contributions by most of our best-known writers. At least one of the articles will be of a startling character and likely to make for itself a European reputation. We shall leave our readers to guess the nature of the article.

In addition, there will be the usual articles of the ordinary edition of THE NEW AGE.

We urge our readers to secure not merely one, but a dozen copies of this issue. As a Christmas card, the Christmas Number of THE NEW AGE is the latest idea and the best.

We shall print 30,000 copies for a first edition, and repeat until the machinery breaks down.

Order your copies now, and order often. Our Christmas Number is the masterpiece of Socialist journalism.

We reprint this week the Prospectus of the proposed New Age Limited Company. Intending subscribers are urged to make application for shares at once. The very last date is Dec. 10.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—All Business Communications must be addressed to Publisher, "New Age," 139 Fleet Street, E.C.; communications for the Editor to 1 & 2, Took's Court, Furnival Street, E.C.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

THE Home Office is envious of the strides towards freedom recently made by the other great Departments of State. The Colonial Office under Lord Elgin assented to the hanging of Zulu war prisoners and compelled the relatives to look on at the fun; the Foreign Office under Sir E. Grey insisted on hanging and imprisoning some Egyptian peasants who had had the temerity to be annoyed when shot at; the India Office under Lord Morley (successor to the late John Morley) rules India by Russian methods, provoking Russian-like retorts. Mr. Gladstone, emulous, then, of his colleagues' success, has happily discovered how he too may carry on the best traditions of a Liberal Government. Perhaps somewhat tired of amusing himself by treating female political prisoners as criminals, he has bethought himself of the criminal. Friendless, powerless, hopeless, ignorant, Mr. Gladstone, here's a class made to your hand. Sir Ralph Littler, whom members of the Bar have been eulogising as *their* friend, died on Sunday. Who was now to sentence the monstrous robber of a carrot to three years' imprisonment? Happy thought. Get on with the Prevention of Crime Bill. On Wednesday, accordingly, Mr. Gladstone's Bill was proceeded with. The second part of the Bill deals with the detention of habitual criminals; under its provision anyone who has been convicted three times of a quite minor offence can be sentenced for an indeterminate period—a period which will be wholly determined, in practice, by the warder, the governor, the prison doctor, the chaplain—those parasites of the prisoner.

* * *

Take the case of a normal human being who takes a chance of immediate escape, perhaps by knocking a warder down; were he recaptured what likelihood is there of any release for him? The Home Secretary would be empowered to discharge a prisoner at any time on licence—but the Home Secretary might be Mr. Herbert Gladstone. He seemed to think that because the prison was now to be called an institution and not a prison, the officials would become more human—less Gladstonized if we may coin a word. But nothing can

render one immune to the air respired by men under slavery, tortured by deprivation of light, of food, of talk, of liberty. Let it be remembered that four-fifths of the sentences are for crimes against property. Nor let it be forgotten who are the upholders of these privileges of property. There is a current assumption that the indeterminate sentence is a device of scientific students of crime. Nothing of the sort. True, in the early days—more than a score of years ago—the suggestion was made by a pioneer in criminology, one whose views have been long discarded in the land of his birth. Now, of course, they are just commencing to be known in England. There is, in sooth, no science about imprisoning men and women. There is a human way, which is not to send them to prison at all, and a humane way which would keep them there as short a time as may be. We do not pretend that average English opinion would be with us in countenancing the demolition of prisons and all that goes with them. We are sure that average English people are with us in claiming that the prisoner shall know the worst, that sentence should be passed on conviction, that the knowledge shall be public, and that it shall not be possible to detain him a longer time at the bidding of case-hardened warders and wooden Home Secretaries. We are sure that average English opinion is with us in claiming some measure of decency and humane treatment for these victims of our social disorders. If the average man did but realise what solitary confinement means, this torture—which we believe the English alone among civilised nations still inflict—would be ended in a week. If the average man did but realise what it means to be confined to a cell for hours befouled by one's own excrement, because discipline does not allow the prisoner to visit the latrines, such horrors would be abolished. The Mosaic code laid it down: Thou shalt have a place also without the camp, whither thou shalt go forth abroad. Is this too high a standard for Christian England? Of the Bill now about to become law, Mr. G. K. Chesterton writes that it is "certainly the best and boldest counter-move that the rich have yet attempted against the new stirrings of democracy." And this is the work of the Liberal Government.

* * *

Mr. George Bernard Shaw had a crowded meeting last Wednesday, November 25th, when he gave a lecture under the auspices of the Edinburgh University Fabian Society. He placed before the audience a political programme which he declared was entirely unauthorised. The evils of poverty, uncertainty, and other grievances, such as having to provide for our children and our relatives, required remedies. If they admitted that the remedy was to be political, they would require a political party of some kind. They had already political parties in Parliament. What was to be done with the Liberal Party? They did not seem to him to show any particular sense of the grievances that existed. They had certainly made a little attempt to help the question of poverty by giving 5s. a week to every person who was ninety years of age, or some advanced age of that kind. The Liberal Party were of no use to him. As to the Unionist Party, they had brought forward a special measure called Tariff Reform. He did not expect much from Tariff Reform. He was going to propose a programme which he could not honestly say would be taken up by either the Liberal Party or the Conservative Party. It was because he wanted that programme to be brought before the country that he saw nothing for it except the formation of a Socialist Party in Parliament. He had worked for the Labour Party, but now he was compelled to admit that the Labour Party might be left entirely out of account because it had absolutely no programme.

* * *

Mr. Shaw has previously declared himself dissatisfied with the Labour Party, but he has not, we believe, publicly declared himself in favour of a Socialist Party

in Parliament. As our most far-sighted and one of our sincerest politicians, we may be pretty certain that Mr. Shaw will not rest here. His words are always followed by deeds. It is impossible that Mr. Shaw will remain content with a Fabian Society that is in alliance with a no-account Party. Now although Mr. Shaw declared that his programme was unauthorised, he is known to be the most loyal of colleagues, and the most devoted admirer of Fabian policy. It is no wild guess to assume then that a fair proportion of Mr. Shaw's colleagues on the Fabian Society's executive hold with him that the Labour Party no longer meets the wants of Socialists; that a Socialist Party must be formed. One consequence must be that the Fabian Society will only allocate its Parliamentary Fund to declared Socialists, whilst another must be inevitably the separation of the Fabian Society from the Labour Party. Mr. Shaw said nothing as to the steps that must be taken for the formation of that Socialist Party; he did not express any opinion regarding the Socialist Representation Committee—a federation of existing Socialist bodies desiring Parliamentary representation—which we have advocated in these columns. We may expect that Mr. Shaw will now point out the readiest way to the formation of a Socialist Party in Parliament.

* * *

The Court of Appeal has held it to be illegal for a Trade Union to provide for the maintenance of Parliamentary representation by means of a compulsory levy. We have not the slightest hesitation in saying that this decision is due to the success of the Labour Party. Trade Unionists have been paying their M.P.'s for the last thirty years, but nobody took much notice of them so long as they gained nothing at all for their class. The Master of the Rolls, Lord Justice Moulton, and their colleagues represent the governing class. We absolutely refuse to subscribe to the view that these gentlemen can, or do, give impartial views when they see any invasion of their class-privileges. The Master of the Rolls stated that "of course, his judgment in no way depended upon the fact that it was the Labour Party." We make bold to say that his judgment depended entirely upon that fact; it is mere hypocrisy and cant to pretend otherwise. Nor need we be let away by fine phrases about this decision being the law of the land. It is only the view of three oldish gentlemen who dislike the Labour Party. Mr. Justice Neville, it may be remembered, had held that it was perfectly legal for the Trade Union to levy funds, a view upheld by other judges; so that this decision is merely a private interpretation of the intentions of the Parliament which passed the Trade Union Act of 1872—an interpretation which is utterly incapable of being supported by reference to public or legal opinion current during the intermediate 36 years. Indeed, there is no shadow of doubt that the restriction now imposed is a pure invention of the Bench. We cannot advise the Trade Unionists to appeal to the House of Lords, where they will again meet none but the paid panders of plutocracy. An Act must be passed in language so unambiguous that not even the Lords of Appeal will be able to distort the plain meaning of Parliament.

* * *

If the House of Commons and the Government were elected by a Democracy we might reflect some ripple of the Liberal excitement over the action of the House of Lords in rejecting the Licensing Bill. Though we found some of the financial clauses in the original Bill sound enough, we could not regard the restrictive clauses as tending towards temperance or sanity. The salient feature of the discussion in the Lords was that nearly all who supported the Bill—Bishops as well—were eloquent in defence of the restriction upon the liberty and common sense of the people, and very chary in the defence of the financial proposals. The Bill is no fair test of the fight the democracy must soon wage with the financial majorities who, with the King, seek the entire control of the destinies of these islands. Here we find ourselves in the company of the "Daily News," which rightly soundly trounces Lord Rothschild as the

head of the financial gang that is governing England to-day—solely in the interests of its capacious pockets. We recall, however, an interview and article with the Jewish Baron not so very long ago, when the "Daily News" had nothing but extravagant laudation for the chief of our governors. Of the fatuous romances by which we voluntarily blind ourselves none is more dangerous than the unwillingness to recognise the fact that the Trusts are much more powerful here than in America; much better organised, their secrets are never betrayed; much better in their movements. It is as a giant Trust that we shall have to fight the House of Lords. The Land Trust, the wealthiest Trust in the whole world; the Shareholders Trust, Brewery, Railway. Meantime Socialists will not feel that anything has been lost by the vote of the House of Lords, whose abolition they desire quite as earnestly as they do that of the undemocratically elected House of Commons.

* * *

But the other day it was the Anti-Socialist Union; to-day it is the Anti-Suffrage League. Thick and fast they come at last. The reformer at one time monopolised all the fads, to the annoyance of Mr. Hamilton Fyfe. Now there are a number of fads which are the exclusive property of the upper ten and Mr. Julius Bertram—such a duck of a man, as we heard exclaim one enthusiastic second cousin to the sister-in-law of a countess. Lady Jersey implored women to come out and fight for a right of which nobody wanted to deprive them—the right not to vote. Mr. Julius Bertram (such a nice man, my dear, and so clever, you know) swore he would resist the woman's demand with his arms, his legs and his body. This country could only be maintained by virile vikings like himself; by masculine males like himself; by manly men like himself; he would not hesitate to call in the police to maintain the privileges which they had won for him. Comyns Carr, representing the third sex, wanted to know where it came in. Mrs. Frederic Harrison moved:—

That this League pledges itself on national grounds to resist the proposal to admit women to the Parliamentary franchise and to Parliament by every means in its power, while maintaining the principle that the work of women on municipal and other bodies concerned with the domestic and social affairs of the community is of great and increasing value

Which the meeting passed. "Truth must be sought with the Positivists." Dear Mr. Julius Bertram, M.P., and the rest, admitting by implication that Parliament does not concern itself "with the domestic and social affairs of the community." And this is our case for the suffrage.

* * *

Mr. Ramsay Macdonald's democratic instincts are always thoroughly sound. We echo his advice to Labour and Socialist organisations not to commit themselves to the scheme now being promulgated by some amiable gentlemen, under which "working people can study in Oxford." Indeed, we go further, and should strongly advise all Socialist organisations to denounce the scheme. As Mr. Macdonald writes in the "Labour Leader": "These Universities (Oxford and Cambridge) having become aristocratic institutions, have filched their educational birthright from the people, and for us to assist now in sending up a few workers to try and assimilate the habits of Oxford and be spoiled by its patronage is only to help to perpetuate the present condition of things." We want a broader culture, a more richly varied education than is served out at these institutions for the training of young gentlemen. It is well enough that our present-day governors should know nothing of the broader trends of humanity, but such ignorance would be fatal for those who are to mould the governance of the future.

* * *

According to Mr. Gilbert Johnstone, a Moderate member of the L.C.C., there were some 23,000 or 24,000 school children in London who were attending schools without meals. Therefore, it seems the L.C.C. refuses to put into force the Education (Provision of Meals) Act of 1906. Rather than provide a decent meal

for these children, making them the care of the whole community, the turtle-fed Lord Mayor is going to beg the Queen for a contribution. We do hope the Queen will have the common womanliness to refuse. She must know that the meals served out by these charitable people are absolute shams. In one school we saw soup and pudding served every day last winter. As a mother she will know that children generally detest soup; whilst doctors never recommend it as a food for children. Moreover, the children are hungry at this moment, whilst money only dribbles in. How can these podgy Mayors and Councilors sit down to their family banquets when they know they are deliberately starving and torturing thousands of children? The L.C.C.'s hatred of children is even directed against the unborn. A little while ago we were informed that married women would no longer be appointed as teachers; whatever qualifications women might possess, they would be dismissed immediately on their marriage. Some excuse, which we do not think was adequate, was found for this because of the large number of unemployed women teachers. The L.C.C. is now advertising for school nurses; candidates must be British subjects unmarried or widowed. Why a married woman cannot act as a school nurse passes our understanding. However, the L.C.C. is determined to do what it can to help the modern revolt against marriage. But please drop the talk about Socialists being the only reformers who object to marriage.

* * *

Though those who sit on the Liberal benches may care little about preserving the liberties of their own country, there are a few members who are genuinely interested in the struggles of other nations. We mean this in no carping spirit. After all, it is better to be the friend of every country but your own than, like the Tories, to be the enemy of every country, including your own. Amongst those who maintain something of the worthy Liberal tradition is Mr. Lynch, who is doing his best to obtain from Sir E. Grey some accurate information as to the doings of our new ally, the Tsar of Russia, at Teheran. According to the "Times" of Monday, November 23, the Shah had abolished the Constitution and had addressed the following Royal Rescript to the reactionary priests: "Considering that you denounced the Constitution as against the Islamic laws, we, always desirous of the welfare of our subjects, entirely abolish the Constitution, and will henceforward rule in strict accordance with Koranic principles and dispense universal justice." The Shah's military defence is entrusted to troops under the orders of Colonel Liakhoff, an officer on the Russian active list. Mr. Lynch is waved aside when he asks what is the status of this Russian colonel and how can our ally be said to be aiding in the cause of Persian freedom to which Sir E. Grey stands committed. Mr. W. Scawen Blunt writes to the "Egyptian Standard": "I look upon him (Sir Edward Grey) as an Imperialist of the narrowest English type, one without knowledge of, or sympathy with, the East, slow to understand, irresolute in action, and dependent on what is called 'the man on the spot' for his decisions. His action in Persia condemns him either as a lover of liberty or even as an ordinarily astute negotiator. He seems first to have sold Persia to Russia, as they say, 'for a song,' and then to have tried to get out of his bad bargain in a quite ineffectual way." We hope Mr. Lynch will persist in his questioning of a Foreign Secretary who is dead to all his Whig traditions.

* * *

The victory of Dorando is a serious blow to all diet reformers. Dorando trained on four square meals a day and anything he liked in between. In addition, he took four quarts of Chianti every day, and drank this innocent liquid during the race. What will vegetarians, Salisburies, Haigites, Wallaceites, Nullites, Poltophagists, Williamsites, Chittidevites, Fisherites, Fruitites, and Dr. Rabagliatti, with his one meal a day, make of this? We are not dismayed in the least. We have always held that diet must be adapted to the individual, not the individual to diet.

Cleanse Yourselves from Your Idols.

By Victor Grayson, M.P.

"INSTEAD of directing their battle against the capitalist forces they set themselves the task of assailing the elected representatives of the Labour Party."

In the few remarks I propose to make this week I desire to get beneath mere phrases to the solid basis of fact. I also propose, lest comrades forget, a few brief outlines of my connection with the Socialist movement. In the above nonsensical, aye, malicious, extract from the "Labour Leader," I am represented as one of a sinister gang whose ideal is the "breaking up of the Socialist forces" in England. (The italics are mine.) I am further accused of heaping insult on the grey hairs of Mr. Keir Hardie. And the scribes of the "Labour Leader" and many of the comrades and branches have with amazing suddenness become indignant.

On Sunday, October 18, before a large audience, with the English Press present, I emphatically refused to fulfil my engagement in Glasgow to support Mr. Keir Hardie's candidature for the Rectorship because of Mr. Hardie's attack upon, and repudiation of, me a couple of nights before at Llanely. Our alert and "virile" contemporary, the "Labour Leader," with commendable prudence overlooked this *trite* affair. I.L.P. branches, with unfortunate but characteristic insouciance, did not notice any breach. Apart from the Capitalistic Press, there was no comment, good or bad, from the Socialist movement.

But when, after Mr. Keir Hardie had done all he possibly could to ostracise and make an opponent of me (unsuccessfully, I am glad to say), I again refused to play the hypocrite before the footlights, the "Labour Leader" and its heroic friends are seized suddenly with atrophy of the heart.

I am not unmindful of the difficulty of reasoning successfully with idolaters. The instinct that embalms a sacred personality is altogether noble and good. I have personally bowed before the fetish! But I claim an unerring instinct for clay as applied to the feet of gods. The House of Lords have recently acquired the appellation of "The Wreckers." I sincerely regret that the prescient anticipation of the "Daily News" robbed the lustre of originality from the enterprising endeavours of the "Labour Leader." I am a wrecker of the Socialist movement, forsooth! I joined the I.L.P. some eight or more years ago. In that time I have lectured as an acceptable propagandist up and down the country. The Colne Valley Socialists, among many others, asked me to be their Parliamentary candidate. After trying unsuccessfully to consult Mr. Keir Hardie as to the advisability of standing, I accepted the invitation.

So far, so good. The Labour Party, after offering various other candidates to Colne Valley and being refused, not only declined to help, but used words to the Press absolutely calculated to hinder my candidature. Up to this point I was, and still am, a loyal Socialist without strings to pull or schemes to remember. I have written no "private and confidential" letters to anyone on Socialist or Labour policy. Before standing for Colne Valley I had uttered no syllable of dissent against the Labour Party Alliance. Further, although I had every reason in the world to protest against the petty and shabby treatment meted out to me by the Executive of the Labour Party and I.L.P., I exercised what I may be permitted without undue egotism to describe as a commendable restraint of criticism. But,

unfortunately, I committed a crime for which I hope never to be forgiven. I won the Colne Valley for Socialism without diplomatic dilution. That is the real head and front of my offending!

On arrival at the House I was even threatened that no two Labour members could introduce me unless I was prepared to give a carefully prescribed statement to the Press.

As a Socialist without secret motives of any kind, I appeal to the Socialist movement. My experience and observation of the Labour Party in Parliament has driven me to the very sincere conclusion that real Socialism is being strangled in the embrace of Radical Trade Unionism. This was obviously so, even before the present crisis. If the informed Socialist element of the Labour Party could sustain a momentary relapse into truth they would admit that signs of disruption of the Labour Party were visible before my emergence on the scene at all.

Before departing on his tour, Mr. Hardie spoke of the probability of his sallying forth again into the "wilderness" of Socialist propaganda. It is an open secret that there were concealed quarrels as to the leadership of the Labour Party. The fact is that central caucuses have consistently refused to take the rank and file into their confidence.

As a Socialist whose record is too brief to be impugned; as one who has never plotted or used political backstairs; as a loyal member and zealous propagandist of the Independent Labour Party, I indignantly resent the appellation of "wrecker." In perfect consistency with the traditional principles of the I.L.P. printed on the front of my membership card, I have vigorously refused to exchange my Socialism for unmistakable Labour-Liberalism. If Mr. Keir Hardie is still a Socialist iconoclast (as I believe in my heart he is), I assure him of the utter absence of personal animus, and urge him to resume his familiar place as one of the unquestioned leaders of a militant Socialist movement.

I have no desire to wreck or disrupt the Socialist movement. I have, happily, no personal quarrel with any individual member of our organisation. I am too young to be jealous, and if I may say it, too old to be foolishly ambitious. I want Socialism. I want it as soon as it can be accomplished. The Labour Party stands admittedly for inoffensive "Meliorism." Mr. Keir Hardie stands unconditionally for the Labour Party. We have reached the parting of the ways. My finger-post points to vigorous Socialist independence, Mr. Hardie's points to quiet, dignified Parliamentary permeation.

The movement may damn and excommunicate me tomorrow, but I can do no other. We must part. I stand for no caucus. I am privy to no disruptive plot. I am a Socialist without adjective, and so shall remain whatever action that may involve.

SOCIAL DEMOCRATIC PARTY.

(HAMMERSMITH BRANCH.)

VICTOR GRAYSON, M.P.

and

F. G. JONES

will address a PUBLIC MEETING in

**HAMMERSMITH BATHS, Lime Grove,
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A Labour Comment.

By J. R. Clynes, M.P.

THOSE who conduct THE NEW AGE would probably be disinclined to admit that there has recently been any considerable change in its attitude towards the persons and forces known commonly by the title of the Labour Party. The change is alleged to have taken place in the Labour Party itself. The Irish private, when rebuked for being out of step, is said to have shouted that it was the regiment and not he who failed to keep time. The point of view of the private is not unlike that of many critics of the Labour Party. We who were such fine fellows but a few months ago are deemed to be transformed by the mere process of a few people changing their own position and by a few others bravely undertaking "on their own" not only to pull the beard of the wicked governing classes, but defy the Equator itself to prove that they are not as other men. But, anyhow, the degree of our change is not beyond the needs of the moment to get the little which alone could be obtained compared with the lot which is, of course, required. Our repentance has not exceeded the regret felt at the wastage of effort put forth by those who nullify their labour in equally trouncing their friends with their enemies. We are unheroic and, of course, unimaginative. We bring up the coals, light the fire, and make things nice and comfortable for the worthy gentlemen who, to make the show go well, have devised a dazzling entertainment which may have a long run, but at the end of which the players will settle down with the stock company again a little better fitted from the experience they have had for playing better parts. Indeed, we think we know what is wanted, we even believe we have learned something of a sure if slow process of securing it, and have the presumption to obey the decrees of our Conferences and the promptings of such little understanding as we have acquired in an effort to grasp the something which is obtainable to the nothing to be got by other means.

But what can we poor plodders understand at all when all the quality to grasp the whole scheme of things is possessed and monopolised by the clever circle of men who jumped from the springboard of "mere Labour Party" striving into an arena where the plaudits of the audience silenced the milder if larger concourse of unconverted persons outside? And then we are so simple that we "fall down in unsophisticated worship" before Ministers from whom we might have wrung the millennium if we had only ignored the trifling lessons of experience and looked upon the Colne Valley election as the date of a new deliverance. Prior to that date a few things happened of which at the time THE NEW AGE took favourable note, and now Mr. Grayson gently summarises in your columns the subsequent events in the following terms:—

"The Labour Party, consisting of thirty members out of six hundred and seventy, discover themselves to be a force in politics. The initial flush of success ostensibly leads them to strange conclusions. The rugged independence that had been their original symbol paled before the new vistas of political expediency that opened before their eyes. Here were chances they had never dreamt of. Grim capitalists bent in tenderest sympathy to their most poignant appeals. This illusionment came as a sudden catastrophe. Old fallacies had passed away, and all things became new. The ruling class only needed moral suasion—and all would be well.

"Hence the old unfriendly attitude of sturdy independence grew vague before the possibilities of expedient compromise and party arrangement. Labour leaders were amazed that Cabinet Ministers were willing to converse with them on equal terms. The manna of heavenly sympathy was theirs. Simple Labour members fell down in unsophisticated worship before the complex Code,"

So that THE NEW AGE is angry with us and leaves us with no better company than common Cabinet Ministers with whom to converse on equal terms. "The initial flush of success" only damaged the older generals, whilst the new recruit soared high above the taints which touched the ordinary man! It is idle to deny that we succumbed to "expedient compromise and party arrangement," for we have actually advised friends to refrain from fighting elections where no kind of gain could accrue to us. And following a common Parliamentary practice and a recent bad example set when a time arrangement was fixed between Mr. Grayson and another to debate Socialism in Manchester, we specifically settled to conclude a House of Commons discussion at a given time, the time being the precise moment when Mr. Grayson jumped up to really begin it. Nay, have not Monarchs and Ministers and Labour Party chiefs bent their energies in the tremendous task of muzzling the man whose modesty happily has not obstructed his discovery of these things?

These "simple Labour members," such as Hardie, Thorne, Snowden, Shackleton, O'Grady, Henderson, Macdonald, Walsh, Curran, Roberts, and Barnes, what can they have learned from a long and laborious apprenticeship with public work, organisations, and the men who form them? They are but at a Board of Guardians' level, and know little of the power they could wield with a cart and trumpet used in the new style. Though I do not promise that I can explain to your readers how you have it that these same men are so feeble and artless for one side of your argument and for the other equal to circumventing Machiavelli himself to gain their ends, no doubt you, with the joyful freedom of the critical spectator, can explain. Just as, unhampered by any consideration of what can actually be done, you outline a few brave rules of public policy and ask what is the Labour Party going to do?—meaning that you are much disgusted that the Labour Party has failed to follow the particular lines of conduct you outlined. That your advice is not followed is sufficient for you: as we are not doing what you told us, we are doing nothing at all!

Better factory legislation, laws to secure and strengthen Trade Unions, food for hungry school children, reduced miners' hours, fuller compensation for injured workmen, and a bit of a pension for the aged poor are all right, of course, but as about a third of the Colne Valley electors voted for one whose supporters pleaded for a verdict to strengthen the Labour Party and aid its work, why have we not demanded Socialism and insisted upon getting it at once? We would throw a comrade out of the room if he came in late and made a mock of the business at a branch meeting, but why did not the Labour members support Mr. Grayson whether he asked them or not when he determined to do something which good friends were sure to mistake for real fighting? Do not tell me that only ample provision for the unemployed was demanded by his act, for "simple Labour members" had long before made such a demand and spent toilsome years in even trying to convince that larger mass of men who are in work that such demand was a good thing, too. In recent years these men have shown a little sign that they are coming to understand. We prefer to convince them by the only means which they themselves clearly indicate are suited and sure to the end in view. There is no short cut to the serious social changes at which we are aiming, and we must operate not only through a paid meeting of scattered converts who for the time being are congregated in a meeting-room to encourage or admire. We must operate through "public opinion," and to get enough of that we must understand that the governing classes are not the few upbraided personages now in power, but the larger classes of unconvinced men who, having slowly come to where they are, can be but slowly persuaded to where they ought to be. You say there is unrest in the I.L.P. There is. There will be more if it is manufactured. There is better work for good men to do. You can convince the governing classes by methods which may even make your own friends impatient.

Plus Changer . . .

A Reply to Mr. Clynes.

October 10, 1907.—“In England, where the pace of progress is not that of lightning, revolutionaries are too few rather than too many. We could do very well with more of them. The monstrous tail of public opinion is too much for the present heads to wag. THE NEW AGE, at any rate, belongs to the revolutionaries.”

November 21, 1907.—“Most of the Trade Unionists are ready for a bold Socialist lead at this moment. Mr. Macdonald is a Socialist, as are many members of the Labour Party; and their hesitation in declaring themselves such on every platform is by no means to their credit. What is more, nothing can be more certain than the observation made by an acute spectator of the summer session: ‘The Labour Party is threatened with death by dulness.’”

November 30th, 1907.—“The transformation of the Labour Party from a wing of the Liberal Party into his Majesty's Government's effective Opposition is not, however, likely to occur so long as the Labour Party conceives its business to be merely more liberal than the Liberals. It is about time that they realised as a Party the fundamental and irreconcilable difference between Liberal and Labour political economies.”

January 18th, 1908.—“We have said before that the Labour Party suffered during the last session from a defective imagination; it did not strike the country as it should.”

March 28th, 1908.—“We hope the Labour Party will be seriously angry. At present nothing political seems to disturb them very much. The Government insults them on their Right to Work Bill, and simply ignores them on their Eight Hours Bill. Yet, as far as we can learn, nothing will be said or done, except that Mr. Henderson—is it?—is going to move an amendment to the Fiscal Reformers' motion next week, while Mr. O'Grady will continue his useful work of interrogating Mr. Morley on the subject of India. . . . Oh for the spirit of the Suffragettes!”

April 4th, 1908.—“Week after week of the session passes, and except at odd intervals, the Labour Party remains obscure. Now, this is not the thing. . . . The picturesque personality of Keir Hardie was never more needed in Parliament than now. Apparently there is no leader with the courage to be rash, or the enthusiasm to be the cause of rashness in others. . . . The Right to Work Bill . . . was opposed openly, and finally kicked downstairs by 181 Liberals, every one of whom probably knew precisely what he was doing. In short, it was a declaration of war. Now what, we ask, is the Labour Party going to do? Where is the picturesque exaggeration of Mr. Grayson? More of that is needed. Not a single element of the Socialist movement, and particularly its extravagance, can be spared from the political life of the Labour Party. We deplore the need for extravagance, but we refuse on that account to deny it.”

April 18th, 1908.—“We should not be a bit surprised to see the Socialist movement sunk in the morass of practical politics within the next ten years unless the I.L.P. or still more advanced Socialist bodies realise the necessity of not only vigorous, but effective propaganda.”

May 2nd, 1908.—“Nobody who has watched the Labour Party in the House of Commons can doubt that the first and lasting effect of that Chamber on the Labour members has been to depress them many degrees below fighting level. . . . If Mr. Grayson's firebrand was extinguished there the first evening, how much more readily the smoking flax must succumb.”

May 30th, 1908.—“The stern and unbending attitude of political Socialists must be maintained. If the National Administrative Council of the I.L.P., or the joint body known as the Labour Party, departs in purpose or in effect from this uncompromising attitude (an attitude, by the way, quite consistent with any amount of Parliamentary co-operation) their days as the most advanced political party are numbered.”

May our first word of reply to Mr. Clynes, who writes in another column, be the sincerest and heartiest welcome to these pages for one who can credit his opponents, however much he may disagree with them, with no less honesty of purpose than he rightly feels he himself possesses. It will always be an unmitigated pleasure to give all such generous critics the freest use of these pages. We are out to find the truth; like Mr. Clynes, our fellow Socialist, we are out to find the quickest way to Socialism, and for no other end whatsoever.

It was with very real pain that we read in last week's

“Labour Leader” an editorial comment on all the principles that we stand for; a comment which amounted to little more than a continued accusation of bad faith, and a desire for personal gratifications and selfish ends. We are content to leave such a charge to the verdict of all those who have not forgotten that the most vigorous opponent may be an honest man. We emphatically say that we have accused none of our fellow-Socialists of anything but a want of judgment. We are only concerned with criticism of principles, and it has been unavoidable that we should have been compelled to couple the opposing principles with the names of the men who uphold them. It is not possible to hang living principles on to dead lamp-posts. With our whole hearts we would that it were possible to level our criticism against dead stones rather than against men whom we respect even though we differ from them in matters of vital importance. Having said that much, without, we hope, showing half the indignation we feel, we turn with pleasure to Mr. Clynes's fair arguments.

Mr. Clynes opens by telling us that we have changed our principles. We reprint at the head of this page a series of quotations from our past numbers which will convince him that our attitude towards the Labour Party during the last few weeks has been the only possible and logical outcome of the principles which we have asserted from the beginning of our career, eighteen months ago.

Not for one moment do we deny the enthusiastic hopes with which we greeted the endeavours of the youthful Labour Party in Parliament. In common with a panic-stricken Liberal Cabinet, we thought that at last an entirely new Party had arrived in the House of Commons; a group of men who would firmly put on one side all the miserably low ideals that had so far been the stock of our legislators; and would, by stern determination, drag the House on a rational line of policy. We did not think we had got a Party of supernatural archangels; we were even materialist enough to think that thirty-one archangels, had they been such, would not be able to do much against 640 Liberals and Tories. Yet we were so convinced of the earnestness of our men and of the wisdom they would display, that, for the first six months of our career, we did what little we could to back their efforts.

Then came a process of gradual disillusionment. We were, and are, still convinced of the earnestness of the Labour Party, but we can no longer agree that it is following the best line of action. We call to Mr. Clynes's attention that so long ago as October, 1907, we said plainly that “THE NEW AGE belongs to the revolutionaries.” In other words, we meant that we held that only by Socialism could we gain any real reform; and, further, that only by a radically new method of political appeal could we state our views and get them carried into legislative form. In November, we asked for “a bold Socialist lead,” and warned the Labour Party that it was “threatened with death by dulness”; asking it to realise that there were “fundamental and irreconcilable differences between Liberal and Labour political economies.” And each month we were forced, sadly against our will, to express our growing disappointment until the disaster of the Dundee compromise last May made us declare that if the Labour Party had come to this, then its days “as the most advanced political party are numbered.”

During the last few months, with Newcastle unfought; the Licensing Bill allowed to go before an unemployment settlement; and, generally, an utter failure to defiantly assert the dignity of down-trodden Labour in the Commons; the Party, in our opinion, has gone from bad to worse. We did not expect the Labour Party to win the second seat at Newcastle, but we were quite certain that the only way of driving home to the imagination of the working classes of this country the vital importance of the issue was to fight in the open whether we won or lost. We did not think that any action in the House would have wrung a satisfactory Unemployed Act out of the Liberal Cabinet, but we were convinced that only by a drastic and

dramatic display of its intentions could the Labour Party teach the starving men and women how they were being fooled and insulted by a capitalist Government.

With our whole hearts we agree with Mr. Clynes that "we must operate through public opinion." Those words sum up our case against the Labour Party; which is only thinking of the effect its peaceful action will have (in small ways) on Cabinet Ministers; who will only be moved by fear; while it is failing to rouse the people to make that passionate demand which will alone frighten the Cabinet into real action. The Government cares little for 31 Labour votes in the Commons; it would care very much if those same 31 patient Parliamentarians began to preach the impatient gospel of political and social rebellion—which is Socialism.

Is the Small Holdings Act a Failure?

THERE is every reason to suppose that the working of the Small Holdings Allotment Act, 1907, passed by the Liberal Government, is, in spite of the speeches of Lord Carrington and the Liberal members of Parliament, a failure. An enormous number of applications have been sent up to County Councils and the Board of Agriculture, and up to the time of writing, I think I am correct in stating that only 13,000 acres have been obtained, and there are 300,000 applicants! It is said that in the same way Mr. John Burns is kept under the thumb of his permanent officials of the Local Government Board, so is Lord Carrington controlled by Sir Thomas Elliott, the Secretary of the Board of Agriculture.

Liberal orators have made a great point when addressing the electorate of how if the County Council failed to act in obtaining land for those who desire it, the Commissioners specially appointed by the Board of Agriculture would see that all suitable applicants should have their demands, if reasonable, satisfied.

Up to the present time we have not heard of a single instance in which these Commissioners, who with their staff cost the taxpayers a good deal of money, have done anything to obtain small holdings for disappointed applicants; and it is becoming more and more apparent to the country people generally that the Liberal Party have once more passed an Act which is inoperative.

What is perfectly clear to many County Councillors is that unless intending small holders have a sufficiency of capital to start with, their holdings are doomed to failure. And it is because the Small Holdings Act, 1907, makes no definite proposal for the raising of and lending money direct to small holders, that the Act will become a dead letter.

An instance has come before me personally of the inutilty of letting land to labourers without capital or other means of subsistence than that derivable from the soil; and it is for the labouring class especially that the Small Holdings Act was passed.

Last February, at my instigation, a friend of mine, who owns some land in Surrey, allowed two unemployed workmen to cultivate as much land as they could with the spade on his little farm. These two men, country born and bred, had been working in a factory, and were strong, athletic young fellows both under 30 years of age. Although possessing nothing but the clothes they stood up in, they determined to make a brave fight in cultivating the cold clay soil. They were allowed to sleep in a barn, and at first were fed by the hand of charity, or rather, perhaps, I should say, they were given food in return for doing some odd jobs about the place. They were lent tools to work with, and they stuck to their job manfully, working long hours at digging and scarifying the soil. They worked on until their clothes became quite ragged, and the soles of their boots became almost non-existent.

When the ground was ready for sowing, seed potatoes and onion, cabbage, peas, and other seeds were

given them on condition that they paid back the giver the value of the seed when they realised their crops.

The other day I went over to the farm to find out how the experiment had worked out. One man had left just before realising the fruits of his labour, leaving the other one in possession of the crops derived from the eight months' work. In totalling up the cash value of the crops sold I found that these did not realise a £5 note. The peas were sold to cottagers in the neighbouring village at 8d. a peck, and the potatoes to a farmer at the fair price of 4s. a cwt. The onions and other vegetables were hawked round the neighbourhood in a hand-cart. The only manure the ground had was £1 worth of native guano in bags. The value of the cabbage and broccolli plants now growing I estimate at 30s.

The area of ground cultivated since it was first dug in February amounts to about an acre, or a little more, and it is lamentable to think that so much labour has produced so small a result. It is a soil which requires tons of manure; but without capital no man can make hungry soil rich in plant food. It must be borne in mind that this smallholder is paying no rent for either the ground he cultivates or the shanty he lives in, and yet how is such a man to weather the winter with no capital in hand?

No one can accuse me, as the author of "How I Work my Small Farm" and "The Small Holding," of being opposed to the creation of small holdings, but I have repeatedly pointed out, as a practical man, that little good can come out of the Act unless co-operation is practised, and I am convinced that the primitive method of man delving the ground with the spade, buying and selling by himself, equipped with nothing but prehistoric implements, and destitute of fertilisers, amounts to nothing short of a wanton disregard of all scientific discoveries, and putting our clock back in the national organisation of agriculture.

A great deal of political capital has been made by Liberal speakers over the section in the Act which is supposed to render help to Co-operative Small Holdings Societies, but the only response to a request for financial aid sent up by small bodies of associated small holders has been the demand made by the Board of Agriculture that some one should guarantee three years' rent! This to a body of labourers who have a sufficiency only for the day, asking for financial assistance to equip themselves thoroughly for the season! Thus an Act which has been productive of so much political capital has yielded nothing in cash value.

This reply has damped the ardour of those who sought the salvation constitutionally, by registering themselves as a Co-operative Society under the Act of Parliament, for it has been proved that in spite of the much-vaunted Section, these men are no better off than those who remain a group of private individuals.

I venture to submit that an Act which makes no definite provision for the advancement of small sums of money to hard-working labourers, such as, for instance, Germany does, direct to peasants through its Credit Banks on personal security, is tantamount to giving the people stones when they have asked for bread.

Like most Liberal Acts of Parliament, the Small Holdings Act is a timid and inconclusive piece of legislation, an Act which has irritated the landowners and farmers without assisting the landless.

F. E. GREEN.

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The True Significance of the American Elections.

It is only at the date of this writing that the complete results of the Socialist vote are obtainable. The total vote is about 600,000, against 400,000 in 1904, which is exactly that of a careful estimate made by A. M. Simons, editor of the Chicago "Daily Socialist," and a member of our Executive Committee, a few days before the election.

It was not expected by those familiar with our movement, like Mr. Simons, that any Socialist member to Congress would be elected. The reason for this is that in America Socialist politics are one thing and Labour politics absolutely another. Our 600,000 votes constitute a larger percentage of the total vote cast than that obtained by your Independent Labour Party. In other words, the Independent Labour Party, which admits into its ranks many persons whose chief belief is in independent labour politics and for whom Socialism is a secondary consideration, has had less of a practical success than that obtained by our outright Socialist Party in the United States. So, instead of your Keir Hardie coming over here to instruct us in Socialist tactics, it would be well if he or Mr. Snowden or Mr. Bruce Glasier should come to America to find out why it is that our success over here is considerably greater than their own.

How many Socialist Members of Parliament would there be at the present moment if (1) they did not obtain a certain number of non-Socialist Trade Union votes, and (2) if the Liberal and Conservative Parties combined against the Socialist candidate? This is practically what has occurred in America in every closely-contested constituency. I think you will see that you, too, would have no Socialist members whatever under such circumstances.

The election has, however, brought us two surprises: one disappointing and the other extremely encouraging. In nearly all the large cities of the country—New York, Boston, Chicago, St. Louis, Cleveland, Cincinnati, San Francisco, and others—the Socialist vote is either stagnant or actually less than it was four years ago. This does not mean that our propaganda has been unsuccessful in these cities; far from it. We have twice as many non-Trade Union Socialists in all these places as we had four years ago. It means simply that Mr. Gompers and the American Federation of Labour have been successful in drawing away perhaps half of the former Trade Union Socialist votes, and have succeeded in handing them over to the Democratic Party. There still remain with us, however, perhaps a hundred thousand or more Unionist voters in the larger cities, and we have even gained among this class of voters in the smaller places.

Now, this Democratic Party with which the Trade Unionists are now co-operating is far more conservative than your Liberal Party. Its most advanced wing is not so advanced as Mr. Lloyd George, while the backward element, which constitutes a majority of the party, is more violently reactionary than any element of your Tory or our Republican Party. Its backward element, as you know, is that of the South, where three-fourths of the working people, being negroes, are disfranchised, in spite of the clear prohibition of the American Constitution against this measure. As a result, the Governments of the Southern States have not only allowed negro lynching and negro burning, together with the degeneration of the negro schools, but they have introduced a system of white convict slavery, of white peonage, and of coercive measures against Trade Unions more severe than anything I know of in any modern country outside of Russia.

In their anger against the party in power, the Republicans, the Labour Unions have allowed themselves to be betrayed into a trap. Undoubtedly the Republican Congress has insultingly ignored all of Labour's

demands; undoubtedly the American Courts are making decisions against the Trade Unions the like of which are unknown in Western Europe, even, I think, in Germany. But against this we have the aggressive and reactionary tyrannies of the South which gives always a majority of the Democratic votes and absolutely controls that organisation. Because one party has just slapped the Labour Unionists in the face, they forget that the other party has been slapping them in the face for years, and that during the very months of the electoral campaign the Miner's Union had practically been driven from Alabama by the arbitrary action of the Democratic Governor of that State.

There are certain defences for the present policy of the Trade Unions. The election has shown that an Independent Labour Party, while it might secure half a million votes, would certainly not secure more. From the opportunistic and defensive point of view, a party of this kind would have very little value under our American political system. More perhaps than any form of government in the world, ours is specially adapted to the crushing of minorities.

We will have no Independent Labour Party in America, and the reason lies in the second surprise contained in the recent Socialist vote. In the small towns and rural districts all over America, our vote has increased not less than 100 per cent. It seems our vote has risen in these sections from 200,000 in 1904 to 400,000 in 1908, whereas in the large cities it has remained approximately at the figure of 200,000. In other words, the Socialist Party has obtained a strong hold among the new middle classes and among the farmers, where the Trade Unionists are unable to do us any more injury. It is also to be doubted whether they can get from us any more of our present Labour votes. On the contrary, it is almost certain that we can make slow and steady encroachments on their own political forces without surrendering one iota of our Socialism.

It is, therefore, almost certain that an Independent Labour Party would obtain fewer votes in the United States than the Socialist Party. This would be a crushing moral defeat for such a movement, and we thank the Lord that we shall probably be spared it. Of course the Labour Unionists are not going to come into our movement suddenly or en masse; and, of course, we want them to separate themselves from the Democratic Party. But we should prefer that they should support some new Radical party rather than that they should form an independent labour organisation which, like your own, should take up mainly a defensive position and should so confine its attention to matters primarily affecting the labour people as to totally alienate the sympathy of the intelligent, aggressive, and increasingly important newer middle class.

We therefore congratulate your Socialists' growing independence of the purely Trade Unionist Labour Party, and we assure you that Mr. Keir Hardie will never succeed in making any important recruits in the United States for this now totally discredited idea that the Trade Unions, once engaged in politics, would necessarily take up the Socialist standpoint.

We are looking forward eagerly to the visit of your daring and brilliant young leader, Victor Grayson, and guarantee him such a welcome as no foreign Socialist has yet enjoyed in the United States.

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Suffragettes in the Making.

FOR what sort of woman is the first division intended? Suppose Mrs. Asquith or Mrs. Gladstone were to be arrested (and no man can foretell a woman's way—the heads of the Tory ladies already are over the wall!), where would they be placed? Would they, with the Suffragettes, be set among convicts? Would they be given skilly to eat and cocoa with lumps of meat floating in it to drink? Would they have nothing but a char-woman's rag to wash with? Would they be obliged to perform their most private offices behind a gate which allowed anyone passing to inspect them?

I hope not! I can imagine their health, like other women's, would suffer before they could bring themselves to endure these disgusting experiences.

* * * * *

It is my particular love to write poetry and to name the bright, glad things of the sun and the woodside sea. I have condemned to the dustbin some juvenile outbursts of mine which flattered by use of the lovely human language ugly human manners better killed by silence.

But silence about the filthy tortures practised on the political (and other) prisoners in Holloway is not possible.

I have not yet graduated as a Suffragette. I have not been to prison. Once, I believed it sufficient that every nerve of me strained against the public degradation of women by the State. But now I know that I lack something. I meet women, always every whit as insulted and angry as I, who have lately been tortured by the Government: and they have got a quality different—something more than I—deeper, wilder, ecstatic and bloody. They laugh so much better and freer than they used that I wonder what marvel of initiation happened inside those dead, silent cells that taught my friends the true temper of their courage?

Have they learned, like the Greek, that the tyrant is—lawless? realised that all is to be lost but nothing gained by confidence, their old, ignorant, loyal confidence in his edicts and his fearful punishments?

They have seen what is done to the imbecile criminal. They have felt how the horrid prison system dehumanises. They have lain down, stark awake, on the plank bed, numb as all prisoners are numb, from the whole day's long horror. They recognise victims, whom a hundred Governments of men have failed to redeem, hunted back to a death in life.

Bright, glad, useful men who know no better way with the disobedients than to wreck them in health and spirit!

Some of my friends came out of prison bewildered at the smile of the sun; so they know the helplessness which dooms again the unfriended, penniless wretches.

What sort of heart would that be which could feel, without beating firmer, that, in such matters as these, woman is denied the voice to demand a change in the brutal, senseless, mocking laws?

* * * * *

Do people know what the Suffragettes saw of Daisy Lord; how Daisy Lord sat, daily, in a scarlet-draped enclosure weeping, weeping, weeping, while the chaplain forced into her ears above her sobs the words of Jesus?

Chapel in prison! An orgy of pent-up emotions. Sighs, moans, and the irrepressible, wailing scream and the swoon. For, all day long, the human women in prison must learn to become as the dumb beasts. The breaking of the excruciating rule means solitary confinement.

And this torture is the last ordeal before a Suffragette becomes initiate. She is, thereafter—the Mystery, implacable and anguished beyond fear. Joy, then, is the sole joy of the march forward. Laughter is the laughter of the Will unconquerable; sure of no justice and mercy but through its own movement: never more to be deceived.

The man who is not avowed a friend is written down—foe.

How have some of us allied ourselves with Lloyd George?

Have we forgotten his self-revelation at Swansea?

"Let them be flung out, ruthlessly!"

Lloyd George knew that we were not demanding a right to brawl, but a right to vote. How often must it be repeated before the fact may be understood? We want a voice in the laws which affect us. We demand it in the proper places—Government assemblies of all kinds. Where else should we call for it? We want to declare our immediate need of the vote. It is the Government bullies who brawl and throw us out, "ruthlessly," because we refuse to wait their pleasure.

* * * * *

"Empty your slops!" And the brilliant, beloved women are left to obey this order in public under penalty of the ever-yawning solitary cell.

Fancy Mrs. Asquith emptying her slops before the eyes of three or four people? It is no fancy for the Suffragettes in Holloway. That is part of the filthy punishment. One must go to gaol to understand how beastly may be the decrees of men when they get a human woman in the obscurity of their prisons. She must wash her face and her cell floor and her food tin all with the same rag, left by who knows what un-savoury denizen before her. Her clothes and her boots are a persecution in themselves. She never sees the sun. Even light, whose heavenly eyes would ray in upon her, if they might, is forbidden by the infernal dusk which men say must shut in the prisoner. The window, which is never made to open, is dulled over. What a senseless spite!

* * * * *

When I graduate, it shall be through jesting. Solitary confinement for laughing. But they shall have a laugh, those poor, sad things walking round and round and round.

I, also, want to learn what it is that a woman brings in her soul out of that hell. For certain is this—that she comes forth endowed to conquer, solemn and illustrious!

BEATRICE TINA.

The Ancient Buccaneers.

(Scene: A Wapping Tavern.)

I.

First: Here's how! my larry mate,
Here's proper cheer:
We warn't born yesterday—
Second: Nor yesteryear.

II.

Second: Here's how! Old Twopenny:
Fill up the pot;
Drink Logwood Measure, mate;
Drink what we've got.

III.

Second: I've got a guinea piece—
First: I've got a crown.
Second: That ain't no galleon 'awl.
First: Tops'ls is down.

IV.

First: Times 'as gone crank and foul—
Second: True, true! ah, true!
First: This ain't no riding-ground:
Second: Fill up the brew.

V.

First: This ain't no riding-ground:
Second: We be old 'unks:
First: 'Tis time old buccaneers
Second: Was in their bunks.

VI.

Both: This ain't no riding-ground;
I can't abide:
Let's swill her off, and go
Out with the tide.

E. H. VISIAK.

Fiction and Mr. Arnold Bennett.

THE production by Mr. Arnold Bennett of his longest and best novel, "The Old Wives' Tale," would seem to justify what hereto, so far as I am aware, has not been done—an appreciation of his work in bulk. By this I mean, of course, an attempt to seize his symbolic value as a writer, to perceive what in general he "stands for." Usually nothing is more futile than efforts to "place" contemporary writers, for the simple reason that most of them convey no real unity of impression. The only kind of unity which the public understands is the unity of sheer repetition, especially in local colour. A novelist who locates all his stories in Spain, or writes untiringly in the Devonshire dialect, or invariably makes his crises an excuse for seascapes, or never fails to pit his heroine against some colossal conspiracy on the part of the Jesuits, is certain to succeed if he perseveres. The public gets to like him, because it likes above all things to know what to expect.

The vast majority of novel readers resemble the fashionable lady in the "New Republic," who, when Mr. Luke had recited with tender melancholy his apologue upon human life (set out for the most part in marine metaphor) exclaimed cordially, "Oh, thank you, Mr. Luke; I do so love poems about the sea." The sea, the scented orange-grove, the passionate milkmaid, and the escaped nun respectively claim their definite bodies of adherents; and the assiduous specialist in any of these "lines" is not only sure of his following—he is equally sure of easy and delighted recognition from amiable gentlemen who "do" the fiction columns with the help of about twelve stock epithets to pigeon-hole all reasonable varieties of the commodity they have to appraise.

Real unity of impression, what we may call intellectual unity, is apt to escape perception in any case; in Mr. Bennett's case particularly so, since he deliberately lays himself out to elude the superficial taster of fiction. Inwardly, of course, he is one and the same; but outwardly he is quite Protean, follows up the story of a girl's soul with the story of a sensational murder, and piles a diverting social satire on the top of both. When he is doing none of these things, he is writing short stories in the French manner; and volumes of advice to authors, crisp didactics on life, drawing-room dialogues, and serious drama continue, but hardly complete, his repertory of quick changes. No wonder, therefore, that he finds himself the victim of incongruous eulogies in the Press, which would incline us to regard him now as a depicter of humble lives (consequently suitable for home reading), now as a contriver of jollity for the tired business man, now as a weaver of le-Queux-like plots to brighten railway travel, now as the strenuous guide of young men's mutual improvement. Needless to say that each of these presentations is amazingly untrue, even for Press criticism. He often describes the strange world where flourish revival meetings and Methodist sewing parties; yet anything more alien from the pious magazine than these novels, or less appropriate as Sabbath school awards, I cannot imagine. His humorous works are decidedly not of an order to tickle palates already educated by "Three Men in a Boat." Detective intrigues and jewel robberies are grist to his mill, but the mass of his readers who enjoy these incidents may be trusted to miss the significance of their setting. Lastly, he advises how to live successfully; but the spirit and the standpoint of his advice are wholly antithetical to the spirit and standpoint of Doctors Todd and Smiles. The only quality, common to all his works, which most of the discerning reviewers have perceived is the finished facility of his style and workmanship. His Socialist tendencies are also known to students of THE NEW AGE, for he has stated and explained them in these columns.

Being neither a professional reviewer nor a Socialist, but simply a quiet provincial reader who happens to have read Mr. Bennett entire, I naturally look within myself for some reason of his peculiar appeal to my

mind, and of the speed with which I procure each new work he produces. I seek also some definition of his continuity as a writer, his identity as an artist, in works so diverse, superficially speaking, as "Anna" and "Hugo," "A Great Man" and "The City of Pleasure," "Whom God hath Joined" and "The Grand Babylon Hotel," "Sacred and Profane Love" and "The Sinews of War," the short stories and a little essay like "The Rising Storm of Life." My insatiable curiosity includes further a desire to know why, in my own opinion, "The Old Wives' Tale" is the ripest as well as the biggest of Mr. Bennett's novels.

Pursuing this introspective method, I recur to my first glimpse of Mr. Bennett's quality. I came across an extremely short story contributed to some paper; a story of a young woman who with good talents and training as a pianist had settled down to the trade of provincial music-teacher. Accidentally she was noticed, was engaged to play at an important concert, and played. Her performance was not a fiasco. She played well. Considerable applause. For a moment she desecrated the vision of fame, dizzily bowed her acknowledgments of the call, and was not encored. She returned to music-teaching in her birthplace, taught there for a few years more, then married and had children there, and presumably (for we hear nothing further), exists there still. What impression is caught from this résumé I cannot guess, but the story itself I found thrilling. Thrilling, I mean, in Hilda Wangen's sense of that adjective. "Vécu," a French critic might say. It realised for me an individual life, projected for me a culminating moment in that life, and above all invested that moment with a profound documentary purport. What pleased me chiefly was a happy conjunction of restraint in the tale with zest in the telling. Obviously the writer had immense detachment, absolute immunity from those polar temptations which between them account for the failure of nearly all stories; the temptation to play providence, and the temptation to pile on the agony. No less obviously had he keen enjoyment in noting and recounting that saddish little abstract of life. It is possible that I have exaggerated this bit of work, have read into it my subsequent sense of Mr. Bennett's fiction as a whole. No matter. All Mr. Bennett's stories have the one striking attribute—a lavish vitality expended, not on sentiment or on philosophy, but on sheer joy in contemporary life as a spectacle. His novels and what he calls his fantasias are equally modern in spirit. He is the most modern writer I know; for modernity with him is not so much a matter of reflection or argument, but the air in which his temperament naturally exists. I do not deny him reflections or arguments; on the contrary, he reflects and argues, as a critic, exceedingly well. But primarily he is an artist, a poet, and I know no other absolutely modern English novelist of whom this can be said. Such things as the Bursley electric trams and Bursley corporation, London law courts, and plutocratic excesses in the Riviera, are integral and fully dissolved elements of his imaginative experience. He feels their poetic content quite spontaneously. If his medium were verse instead of prose, his work would utterly confute the Stevensonian dogma that the term "hatter" is impossible for emotional verse. He would absorb and alchemize the hatter with complete success. In other words, his emancipation from the conventions of a dying epoch is so complete that it needs no bush. It tinges every page of his writing, without effort or conscious process. His novels are essentially more modern, therefore, than the novels of Mr. Wells, for example, or the plays of Mr. Shaw. His characters neither wriggle on an entomologist's pin, nor pirouette dialectically, as properly galvanised impersonations of Will-to-Live are expected to do. (Let me here state that I know all about these artist-philosophers and their contention that artist-philosophers are the only artists who matter. More of this anon.) The human comedy, as presented by writers like Mr. Wells and Mr. Shaw, is a vehicle for certain versions of the modern gospel. I enjoy them. I enjoy a dance of ideas, even when they appear in fancy dress, as men

and women (or rather, as women and men). I enjoy Mr. Wells's pert little greengrocers and wispy little schoolmasters, who assume so suddenly a cosmic significance as centres of universal cataclysms. But there are seasons when I wish to contemplate this splendid, turbulent and exciting modern epoch with pure pleasure, with no moral or philosophic obsession whatever; to gaze enrapt on this world of swift transit, large hotels, crumbling creeds, cosmopolitan culture, incredible wealth, fierce materialism, and recrudescing superstitions, without one single impulse to reprove it, or pity it, or put it right. This is where Mr. Bennett comes in; this is the magic drop he distils for me. I cannot for ever be regarding mankind as a fumbling and stumbling swarm of homuncules, struggling towards Utopia with frustrate little sparks of intelligence to guide them. To see men as Kipps walking is after all a somewhat depressing and myopic frame of mind which can only be indulged at intervals. Mr. Bennett has deliberately chosen, for theme of his more serious novels, that stratum of English humanity which previously had invited three writers so diversely excellent as George Gissing, Mark Rutherford, and Mr. Wells himself. Austerely bitter stoicism, deadly moral earnestness, and scientific pity predominate respectively in the social studies of this trio. Mr. Bennett, with a weapon of style by no means inferior in range, and certainly of lighter make, has approached the same theme in a new way. He has started, as the genuine realist in fiction must, by giving to his people a native setting; and this implies that he is a romanticist as well, for it is in the native setting—adequately seized and interpenetrating the lives of the characters—that realism and romanticism in fiction kiss each other. The nocturnal furnace-fires, silhouetted pit-wheels, and looming slag-heaps, the crude vitality of the people and their astonishingly depraved dialect, the hard piety and blatant irreverence, quaint local feuds, reckless pleasures, monotonous manufacture redeemed by the beautiful touch of art which completes it, sooty buildings, garish drink-palaces and liquid mud that compose the live towns (I know them) are for Mr. Bennett the ingredients of an astounding poem. He feels their atmosphere intensely. And his potters, shopkeepers, and town-councillors are all instinct with it too. His sympathy with their souls is complete. I mean his artistic sympathy. Patronage, pity, ridicule, cynicism are therefore totally foreign to his method. These people who were born in Bursley or Kuype (including the prosperous relations who have migrated to Old-castle), who discuss the local rates in the local bars, sell pottery and buy motor cars, dress shop-windows and accumulate petty gains, are connoisseurs of football, preserve the more fervid religious cults and associate in Bands for purposes of Hope, all alike he takes with absolute seriousness. I mean artistic seriousness, which as everybody ought to know is compatible with the utmost humour and buoyancy of spirit. Against this background, and operant in this society, he perceives the decay of an old order and the chaotic ferment of a new. Beginning with real people in a real place, and assigning both to place and to people that primary importance which is due to facts (visionaries please note), Mr. Bennett can afford to see his world with modern eyes, can fling himself with wild gusto into the turbid current of mental, moral and material revolution without dehumanising in the least the milieu which that revolution affects. The Five Towns and their actual existence have been Mr. Bennett's sheet-anchor as a novelist. They have kept him human in spite of Herbert Spencer, and solid in spite of a somewhat reckless theoretical acquiescence in the promptings of life-force. No doubt Mr. Bennett is a symbolist as well as a realist and a romanticist. Very much so. His Annas and Leonoras and Phyllises and Annunciatas and Sophias and Constances have each her own suggestive value, as well as individuality. They suggest, in various degrees of tragedy, various phases in the emergence of new susceptibilities and a new ethical standard. "The Death of Simon Fuge"—a truly remarkable piece of work—is fine by very virtue

of the symbolic vein that qualifies the realistic vigour of its narrative. But in all these works, as I have hinted, Mr. Bennett has got hold of flesh and blood to begin with. In all of them the praise of life—first function of the artist—precedes its analysis. And his Socialism (or Radicalism, or whatever he calls it) is likewise subjected to æsthetic laws. He can visualise a thousand-pound motor car without dragging in the sweated toiler—who is probably enjoying his beer round the corner. He can show us with a genial smile, a realism quite free from acrimony, the social aspirations and improved drawing-rooms of prospering tradespeople—a topic which the lesser artist, or the artist-philosopher, would instil with delicate venom. The capricious millionaires, vast shops, and cities of pleasure that populate his less serious fictions are mostly large negations of Socialism. London, the largest of such negations, is a fairyland in his fantasies. His sense of modern London is unrivalled among novelists. But he could not feel modern London as he does if he had not felt the Five Towns. A novelist is like Ulysses; to imbibe the miracles of the world, he must have known his Ithaca and its tugging at the heart. Mr. Bennett's easy control (as novelist) of that propagandist instinct which doubtless he possesses, I attribute to three things: first, to the compelling humanity of the Five Towns, then to his enormous joy in simply looking at life, lastly—this is a pure guess—to an intimacy with French authors.

I have no space left to describe "The Old Wives' Tale." It is the best because it is the most restrained, without loss of vitality. It covers many years, and several whole lives. I like the title. The story concerns young girls who become old wives; it concerns that most entrancing, inconsistent, garrulous, and legendary of old wives' tales, real life. In two former novels, each admirable in its way—"Sacred and Profane Love" and "Whom God Hath Joined"—Mr. Bennett showed faint signs of getting away from his moorings. In the one I detected a note of daring (as reviewers call it) for daring's sake; something of the brilliant tour de force, a trespass from his main path of development, an adolescent impulse to shock the aged. The other, I fancied, was just a little hard; excellently conceived and worked out, with one splendid lyrical passage (pages 273-5), but on the whole a trifle over-French for the warmer and softer genius of English fiction. "The Old Wives' Tale" is a return to his proper element. It has fuller poetic power than anything he has done. It is on a scale more epic and architectural. The passing of these two lives, this loss of youth, is very broadly and powerfully handled. Here, the thwarting of happiness by iron circumstance, which steels the strong character but destroys its joyful possibilities. There, the slow pressure of custom on a soul more fortunate but more plastic. And we are made to feel the flaming away of lives in general, the resistless tide of change, with startling and terrible episodes (as many as two executions, if you please) projected against a background of less vivid but not less real tragedy. Immeasurable disasters! but convincing, and robbed of some of their terror because they proceed in detail and in due course, like life itself, from point to point, enabling us to endure them, just as life itself communicates to us this antidote of endurance. The quintessence of life is surely this force, which life alone possesses, of persuading us that to live and to feel are in themselves immensely desirable. An artist is he who discerns this quintessence, condenses it, and therewith impregnates his creation. The novel, to my mind, is pre-eminently the art-form which must rely on contemporary scenes and contemporary emotions in achieving such a work. How rare the achievement is I need not say. Hence my praise of "The Old Wives' Tale." Useless? inactive for the regeneration of society? My answer is that men must feel and understand life thoroughly before they tinker with it; that art outlines philosophy, as the Greeks are aware, just because it roots itself in that sure ground of instinct and emotion with which the philosopher—his eye on the horizon—is apt to lose touch.

J. E. BARTON.

Books and Persons.

(AN OCCASIONAL CAUSERIE.)

By expending sixpence I have with joy become the possessor of the seventh number of "Samhain," an occasional review edited by W. B. Yeats and published at Dublin. It contains a portrait of Miss Sarah Allgood, and another portrait, a complete one act play by Lady Gregory, many pages of "notes" written in Mr. Yeats's entirely admirable and classic prose, and details of the latest emendations of Mr. Yeats's play, "Deirdre," in which Mrs. Patrick Campbell is shortly to perform at Dublin. Originally there were two passages in this play which dissatisfied the author. He says with his excellent directness: "I think they are now as they should be." "Samhain" has been so excessively "occasional" that for two years it has not appeared at all. I have just learnt, to my disgust, that during those two years its place was taken by another "occasional" publication, "The Arrow." "Disgust"—because I have never set eyes on "The Arrow." "Samhain" is frankly and exclusively the organ of the Irish National Theatre Company. I should say that it is the best organ that any theatre ever had in this world. Every line of it is literature. When one considers that the latest popular work on the fecund Queen Anne costs 24s. net, and that "Samhain" costs sixpence and Mr. W. H. Davies's "Nature Poems" a shilling, one cannot but see that real literature is not yet hopelessly in the clutch of commercialism.

* * *

The judgments of men who have the right to judge are not as other judgments. According to Mr. Yeats "the finest comedian of his kind on the English-speaking stage" is not Mr. George Alexander, but Mr. William Fay! And who, outside Dublin, has ever heard of Mr. J. M. Synge, author of "The Playboy of the Western World"? For myself, I have heard of him, and that is all. Mr. Yeats calls him "a unique man," and puts him above all other Irish creative artists in prose. And very probably Mr. Yeats is correct. For the difference between what informed people truly think about reputations, and what is printed about reputations by mandarins in popular papers, is apt to be startling. The other day I had a terrific pow-wow with one of the most accomplished writers now living; it occurred in the middle of a wood. We presently arrived at this point:—He asked impatiently: "Well, who is there who can write tip-top poetry to-day?" I tried to dig out my genuine opinions. Really, it is not so easy to put one's finger on a high-class poet. I gave the names of Robert Bridges and W. B. Yeats. He wouldn't admit Mr. Yeats's tip-topness. "What about T. W. H. Crosland?" he enquired. At first, with the immeasurable and vulgar tedium of Mr. Crosland's popular books in my memory, I thought he was joking. But he was not. He was convinced that an early book by the slanger of suburbs contained as fine poetry as has been written in these days. I was formally bound over to procure the volume. "And Alfred Douglas?" he said further. (Not that he had shares or interest in "The Academy"! Of course, I had to admit that Lord Alfred Douglas, before he began to cut capers in the hinterland of Fleet Street, had been a poet. I have an early and unprocurable volume of his that, to speak mildly, is not for sale. . . . I should surmise that scarcely one person in a million has the least idea of the identity of the artists by which the end of the twentieth century will remember the beginning. The vital facts of to-day's literature always lie buried beneath chatter of large editions and immense popularities. I wouldn't mind so much, were it not incontestable that at the end of the century I shall be dead.

* * *

Those who know say that the autumn season has been very good (these reports ought to be printed on the money market page), but that fashionable and semi-fashionable novelists have suffered from a stagnant tendency. Hence other branches of literature must have benefited at the expense of the novel. I can at once put

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my hand on one branch which is competing successfully with fiction ; and that is, the popularisation of the scandalous side of history. The British public will infallibly enrich anybody who is clever enough to flatter both its love of sexual suggestiveness and its hypocrisy. There has recently been a tremendous multiplication of volumes dealing with historic courtesans, panders, and libertines. You can see the evidence all over the publishers' advertisements. Princely lust and the lust of statesmen is the subject of the day. I am awaiting, sure that I shall not be disappointed, an ornate illustrated volume, written by some gentle dame, and published by "a great house," on the Parc aux Cerfs. Only, of course, it will not be called that. It will be called "Louis XV and the Fair-Sex." I await also a new series entitled, "Fair and Frail Charmers," auspiciously beginning with Cora Pearl. These things will come. But do not let any honest realistic novelist imagine that therefore he can say what he likes. Because he can't.

* * *

The greatest commercial success of modern times has just published another novel. I mean, of course, Mr. Somerset Maugham. The novel is "The Magician" (Heinemann). It is vastly superior to the best of his plays ; and, though not by any means what it might be, it contains goodish things. Anyone who has studied the course of Mr. Maugham's life must be aware that a distinguished man is concealed under the supreme favourite of the stalls. Certainly he has had the courage not to hide his contempt for the caste which he so profitably caters for. Also he has stated that it is harder to write a novel than a play. In this I agree with him. Mr. Maugham's proper vein is the horrible. He comes near to a true horror in "The Magician" ; what the book lacks is fundamental brain-work. There are scenes of Anglo-Saxon life in Paris which achieve piquancy. The restaurant, the "Chien Noir," is assuredly the "Chat Blanc," in the rue d'Odessa, behind the Gare Montparnasse. I have frequently dined there in the room reserved for habitués. I must say that some of Mr. Maugham's portraits of the habitués are wicked. And one, that of a painter highly esteemed both in London and in Paris, a man of genuine culture and extraordinary charm, goes beyond the bounds of the permissible.

JACOB TONSON.

DRAMA

The Modern Dionysian and the "Bacchanals."

CRITICS of the modern Dionysic movement who have looked to the performance of "The Bacchanals" to supply an interesting comment on the leaven of idealism of late years fermenting the dough-like apathy of daily life, must have risen with a keen sense of disappointment at the end of a representation which so almost ludicrously missed its mark. Reading the play, as translated exquisitely by Professor Gilbert Murray, and reading, above all, his comments on the text, the young Dionysian who, with vivid consciousness of his isolation, has long sought to solve the mystery of that joy whose keenness separates him like a thing divine from men, will find therein interpretation like a revealing fire. Clearly will be pointed out that underlying unity of thought which, cloaked in creed, disfigured by convention, and strapped down by racial animosity, yet burns, a vital force, through all beliefs. He will feel his isolation to be one with Christ's, with Bacchus', Buddha's, and all seers. The joy he feels, the Dionysian spirit at first hand, must needs be solitary. Joy is for the few, sadness for the many. The worldly ones, those who have not the flame of god to burn them in a quickening fire, these will be jealous of a joy their sadness can but marvel at. Pentheus, fearing the loss of his power, sought all ways to kill the divine inspiration. Mediæval Christianity put a premium on pain, transmuting Bacchic ecstasy into the hypnotic mumbling of priests, and hailing sin as a means to salvation. An appreciation of the splendour of life such as has always thrilled true Dionysians, the capacity for going to the edge, of

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seeing holy visions on the brink of the abyss, the divine control those visions give, this will always be a possession of the elect, and he must be prepared to flare, a solitary torch-light, as beacon in a dull and murky world.

In the production at the Court Theatre will be found none of that glory that reflects from god-like things, only a travesty of all the rules of art: the tragedy of a tragedy: Dionysus revealed, a puppet, mouthing sweetly words that should have all the terror of a spell, the breath of the flaming purpose of a god; Bacchanals, seated in pretty cages, at intervals uttering growls like sulky beasts, and others, politely tipsy with a waltz refrain sung by their leader, slightly out of tune.

Nothing could be less Greek in feeling than the entire performance. The lurid purple atmosphere—did not the Greeks adore the sun?—the inexcusable adoption by Pentheus (the king) of a falsetto voice to match his woman's garb; the lack of all good taste which could so insult an audience by placing the tragedy of the Queen Agave in the hands of a pipe-voiced, hopping damosel, a pretty thing, with yellow, fluffy hair, green gowned (the Bacchæ, being priestesses, wore white), who fidgeted from foot to foot and swung about a ghastly plaster head, its throat wrapped in a "comforter."

So numbing was the ignorance displayed throughout the entire performance that one could only wonder if it were crass stupidity, or an appalling courage, that could handle such a glorious work of art, and so defile it. The Philistine is dreadful anywhere, but when he comes cloaked as an artist, with bleating voice that gathers crowds to gape at his eccentricity, he is terrible indeed. It is high time that Mr. Poel were safely caged. Yet, still, in spite of this and all such mauilings of the work of gods, the Dionysian spirit is urging on through countless subtle ways to-day, even as in old times it flew from land to land.

The eternal mystery of god incarnate, be it in the guise of Bacchus, son of Zeus, and Cadmus's daughter Semele, the woman blasted with the flame of her superb conception, yet giving birth to an idea which, regenerate in the flesh of Zeus, became itself a god, or as the Virgin Mary, with angelic promptings, conceived the Son of God, and he as flesh walked with the sons of men, teaching, as Bromios taught, the doctrine of concealed divinity, the mystery of earth, with its sacraments of wine and bread and blood; be it the savage ecstasy, the superhuman flush of power that blinded Agave to the murdering of her son when he denied the god, or that divine control of Christ, the fount of exaltation which could raise the dead to life or crucify itself—it is all one.

One reads it in the play; the eternal sacrifice of self by self. Bromios' bull is slaughtered that he himself may be set free. Christ, veiled in flesh, allows Himself to be crucified that He may be revealed. Passion must exist that ultimately it may be crushed, and from its agony most precious essences distilled. Woe to those poor souls who have never known the exultation of the god, whom life, and the joy and pain of life, have not stung to madness. Woe to the decorous ones who have crushed in the bud before their fragrance is revealed, all feelings that would spring beyond the law. What have they to offer in the end unto themselves? No fruits or flowers torn up with roots that, like a mandrake's cry, in loosening hold no extract from the juice of life, but poor wan buds, and undeveloped fruit that gains a pale perfection in sour earth, cloistered from the sun.

The Dionysian is scorned to-day; he is "odd," "mad," worse still, unorthodox. Yet Bromios works among the aristocracy of souls. An intoxicating dream of social blessedness spreads wide throughout the world. Each new "Right" a man lays claim to is a homage to the hidden god. In the days when man shall see himself as some few seers have seen: when the great mystery of incarnate god at last comes home to all, then will the sacrifice be complete, and the perfect world prove its relation to the Source of Light.

G. B.

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THE Carfax Gallery is simply astonishing. It is something infinitely more important than a room for the exhibition of pictures. It demands something more than rectangular form and a frame before it will place a work on its walls. No abundance of colour or fine drawing will by itself gain an entry. There is one thing which the Carfax always demands; there is one thing which it apparently never fails to get: namely, the essential quality of all great work, the quality of—fresh thought. That is the final test of the real artist; whether he use pen or violin bow, brush or chisel; whether he trip daintily on his toes or play the clown on his head. He must ever and again tell us something which has not been told before. And for those who are weary of stale thoughts, there is always safe refuge at the Carfax.

* * *

Mr. Maxwell Armfield's collection of pictures has been the latest triumph of this Gallery. It is well to say at once that a few of his small water-colour landscapes can be dismissed as unimportant. They are not particularly interesting in themselves, and certainly they have been done before. But having said that, one collapses under a veritable cataract of new ideas. I confess that this artist's work was almost unknown to me; one felt aggrieved at the absence of a warning to prepare for the feast by a week's fasting. There are at least a dozen pictures which unanswerably assert for Mr. Armfield a place in the first ranks. There is, first, his "David": the slim strength of the youth standing against the brutal conceit of the giant is quite vast in its conception. Every stroke of the contrast is balanced with infinite success. The mysticism of the Psalmist and the boisterous humour of Goliath set one's mind on the delicious quiver between pure poetry and rollicking mirth; and the landscape of the valley below them is a new idea of the earth; as it is, also, in the "Siegfried." Then, by a leap into a new circle of thought, Mr. Armfield shows us the "Flight of the Duchess"; of delicious tone and accurate drawing, but delightful, as well for the sly humour of the adventure, the duchess slipping away under the very nose of the unsuspecting sentry who vainly imagines that he successfully represents and guards the proprieties. But this artist ranges over the wide world: and I have only room to remember the sheer originality of colour in "Bleak House," the audacity of "The Japanese Glove," the beauty of the downs-landscape "Near Wool."

* * *

The pressure on our space has unduly kept back the publication of the above; and Mr. Armfield's pictures at the Carfax have been supplanted by the paintings of Mr. Cayley-Robinson and the sculpture and pottery of Mr. Reginald Wells. Though one enjoyed Mr. Cayley-Robinson's delicate art, still it seems regrettable that he should keep to the key of a somewhat sorrowful peacefulness. Of course, Nature is essentially tragic; but it is not therefore wise always to admit that it is so. The artist should be essentially joyful and defy Nature to her very face. There is the spirit of joyfulness in all great artists. However, note how successfully Mr. Cayley-Robinson can stand when he uses (as in the seascape, "The Outward Bound") the subject-matter of the ordinary painter; observe the beauty of his tone, his creative imagination. Mr. Wells scarcely seems to have discovered the fitting scale for his interesting work: the small bronze does not give him sufficient space. For instance, his woodmen and peasant women seem overburdened with their wood and their rustic draperies. The result is a sense of heaviness, which is incompatible with the delicacy one expects in the small bronze; while on a larger scale I can imagine them entirely successful.

* * *

After a round of the West-End shows, the Muhammadan Exhibition (which remains open until December 6th) in the Whitechapel Art Gallery is a plunge into a new world. One cannot exaggerate the value of these mental shower baths; it is altogether good to be

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"AN OPEN LETTER TO VICTOR GRAYSON."

See the December number of—

THE INDUSTRIALIST.

Industrial Unionism is the British and American equivalent of Continental Syndicalism. This new form of working-class organisation and revolutionary method is now engaging the attention of all serious students of Socialism. At the recent National Congress of the French Unified Socialist Party, at Toulouse, Syndicalism was recognised as an essential part of the Socialist Movement. The *Industrialist* is about to publish (for the first time in English) some of the more important pamphlets on Syndicalism by French and other continental writers.

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drenched by a sudden conviction that many great things happen quite outside the daily routine of London and Europe. I went round these rooms in the company of a friend who thinks that the Western peoples were created as a respectful audience to kneel in homage at the feet of the East. Or rather, we would kneel, if we had sufficient comprehension of our miserable shortcomings. Unfortunately, so it appears, we go strutting about the Oriental parts of the earth trying to drag their inhabitants down to the level of European politics and art and philosophy. As I gazed at some Persian illuminated books, of the most delicate drawing and the most subtle colour, I confess that my friend made out his case. I tried to maintain, in a pig-headed way, that an English manuscript of the thirteenth century was finer, but I could give no reasons for my faith. In the tenderness of their whole conception and the skilful grace of every detail, many of the Persian pages seemed beyond our cruder range. The most useful penny catalogue is well worth keeping: it is an introduction to the arts and crafts and life of the East. It explains the books, pottery, costumes, metal work, and pictures which are on view in this delightful Exhibition.

* * *

There has been a great danger in this week's notes of using up my superlatives recklessly. There is always that risk at the Carfax. Then to find Mr. Norman Wilkinson and Mr. Keith Henderson exhibiting, at the Baillie Gallery, their series of water colour illustrations for the Florence Press edition of the "Romaunt of the Rose," and one is bankrupt of adjectives at once. The graceful fancy of these pictures could scarcely be overpraised. Mr. Henderson's rendering of "As byrde in bour" and his "Ydelness," and "The Daunce," is of that utter success which makes criticism an insult. And Mr. Wilkinson's "Youthe and Delite" equally stops my pen. Through all this series one is in a dream-world spun by imagination which never lets the onlooker down, by a false touch, to solid earth with a sudden jar. These young artists have a certainty of expression, in form and colour and thought, that is quite unusual. If their technical skill is unusually great, still greater is their knowledge of the realms of poesy.

* * *

I have only space left for a note to say that the Goupil Gallery Salon is now showing a large collection of oil and water colours, which includes an extraordinary large proportion of interesting modern works. Perhaps it is sufficient to say that the following are showing representative pictures: Messrs. Orpen, Nicholson, Pryde, Strong, Cossaur, von Glehn, Léon Little, Rothenstein, and George Buysse. Mr. Nicholson's "Nancy" and his "Place du Petit Enfer" are infinitely beautiful.

G. R. S. T.

CORRESPONDENCE.

For the opinions expressed by correspondents, the Editor does not hold himself responsible.

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

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

"WHERE THE APPLE REDDENS."

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE"

Had THE NEW AGE earlier made its way to my table, my indebtedness for you—alas! unmerited—attention to my worthless book had found expression sooner.

"Apples do not redden in printers' shops," and Literature, fickle jade though she be, can never be accused of

too intimate relations with Socialists or Socialist organs. Browning said:

Where the apple reddens
Never pry:
Lest we lose our Edens—
Eve and I.

—and the intellectually barren have thought that he who runs may find a meaning in the lines.

But to our muttons. Dottisglade's is not Spottiswoode's; or any other known firm of printers. In a certain village in Somersetshire (as, I believe, elsewhere) there liveth a certain Tom Jones: in morals lacking. Fielding did not limn him in his novel; nor did I, if perchance I mentioned a name borne by a man at Spottiswoode's, refer to the man employed by Spottiswoode's who bears that name. There are, Sir, many Smiths: and more than one Tchaikovsky. May I ask you to retract an unfair and baseless insinuation? I have no need to make copy of a living individual: such method I leave to persons of the intellectual eminence of Mr. J. M. Barrie, who delights to peep and botanise upon his mother's grave.

To which of many Mr. Austen Leighs am I supposed to refer? I find that there are at least five: some, apparently, connected, and some unconnected, with Messrs. Spottiswoode and Co.! I am told that Colonel Spottiswoode is in no way connected with Spottiswoode and Co.: a worthy firm of printers. The "burlesque of the recent strike at Spottiswoode's" may be amusing; but not less amusing is the fact that I was not, and am not, cognisant that a strike took place at Spottiswoode's!

"There are two or three hundred errors, typographical and other." Sir, I am not responsible for the vagaries of the linotype after I have passed my pages for press; but I am a sportsman. Acknowledging your playful habit of exaggeration, let us divide your lowest estimate of errors by four. If you can find a quarter of the number of errors stated by you to occur, I am willing to devote all my spare time, for a period not exceeding five years, to promoting the circulation of THE NEW AGE among those to whom the Socialist ideal has never shone as light upon the dreary wastes of life.

ARTHUR JAMES.

[Whilst accepting Mr. Arthur James's denial that "Dottisglade's" is founded on Messrs. Spottiswoode's, I must point out that the series of parallels amounts almost to a miracle.—YOUR REVIEWER.]

* * *

SOCIALISM AND FREE TRADE. TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

Mr. Belloc, like Mr. Hamilton Fyfe, thinks that Socialists can only be Free Traders through confusion of thought. It seems to me that the confusion is on his side. He says:—

"It (a Socialist State) would have to decide what it would import, and would have to exclude everything else rigidly."

Certainly it would; but prohibition is quite consistent with Free Trade, and is a totally different thing from protective taxation. We at present prohibit the importation of such things as diseased cattle, and will soon, I hope, prohibit egret feathers. We do not tax these things. Are not the Tariff Reformers constantly telling us that a protective tax is a toll paid by foreigners for admission to our markets. Yet Mr. Belloc confuses it with "rigid exclusion"!

Free Trade (with prohibition of undesirable imports) is, of course, a policy for a partially-socialised State. In a fully-socialised State both "Free Trade" and "Protection" will be meaningless terms. The State will be the only importer (apart from personal belongings brought in by travellers) and the only manufacturer, and will be in the position of a man who grows his own vegetables and is offered cabbages by a greengrocer. He may buy them or he may not, but I cannot imagine him settling the question by fining himself for every outside cabbage he buys, the fines being paid by and to himself.

A. MORLEY DAVIES.

* * *

ON KNOWING ONE'S PLACE. TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

May I point out to Mr. Titterton that the Book of

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MAKERS TO
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FRANK PALMER, Publisher, 140, Fleet Street, E.C. (*Managing Director*).

GEORGE ROBERT STIRLING TAYLOR, Barrister-at-Law, 1, Pump Court, Temple.

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SOLICITORS.—BRABY & MACDONALD, 5, Arundel Street, Strand, W.C.

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SECRETARY AND REGISTERED OFFICE.—A. F. LARGEN, 140, Fleet Street, E.C.

PROSPECTUS.

This Company is formed to acquire as a going concern the goodwill of the journal or newspaper known as THE NEW AGE, and also the publishing business known as The New Age Press. THE NEW AGE, which was founded in the year 1894, was purchased by the present proprietor, Mr. A. R. Orage, in May, 1907, and has now established for itself a recognised position as a weekly review of politics, literature and art, viewed from the standpoint of those who are interested in the modern development of Socialism and its ideals.

The New Age Press, which has been under the control of Mr. Frank Palmer, has become well known for the successful issue of books and literature dealing more especially with Socialism and its modern economic basis.

The results of this issue will enable the Directors to extend in many directions the scope and usefulness both of the periodical and of the publishing business.

The present Business Manager of both THE NEW AGE and The New Age Press, Mr. Frank Palmer, has presented to the Directors the following report as to the position of the two enterprises, and the Directors, while anxious to avoid making extravagant promises, yet feel justified in thinking these facts sufficient to convince intending subscribers that they will find a secure investment for their money.

THE PRESENT BUSINESS MANAGER'S REPORT ON "THE NEW AGE" AND "THE NEW AGE PRESS."

The business progress of the THE NEW AGE and The New Age Press has been slow, but unbroken.

When in January of this year I took over the management of THE NEW AGE, the weekly circulation warranted by actual sales was 4,000. This week the number of copies circulated is considerably over 16,000. This rise is the more satisfactory in that it has mostly been by regular weekly increments of from 100 to 400 copies, and continued even throughout the summer holiday season.

The advertisement revenue shows similar signs of improvement. Comparing the average weekly revenue from advertisements during January with the latest week's returns, an increase of over 300 per centum is shown. Within the last few weeks several unsolicited testimonials to the value of THE NEW AGE as an advertising medium have been received; and I am confident that the revenue from this source will continue to increase. At this present rate of progress the time is not far distant when THE NEW AGE will pay its way; and with Capital it is certain that this progress can be hastened.

The New Age Press, which has been associated with THE NEW AGE, commenced publishing in January last. In the space of nine months twenty-one books have been published. On nineteen of them already a good, and in some cases a considerable, profit has been made. Accounts have been opened up with over 200 Booksellers all over the country, and the New Age Press has already made a name for the character and format of its publications. Many new books and other matters are now in preparation. The old established reference book known as "The Reformers' Year Book" has been taken over, commencing with the 1909 edition. This should be a sound additional source of profit.

Finally, I am of opinion that both undertakings have been handicapped in the past by the lack of Capital; yet such excellent progress has been made as to warrant my belief that with additional Capital THE NEW AGE and New Age Press jointly have an excellent prospect before them of becoming financially successful.

Oct. 24th, 1908.

F. PALMER, Business Manager,

The paper and also the publishing business will be

taken over as from and after the 30th Sept., 1908, and all liabilities will be discharged by the Vendors up to that date. The stock of the publishing business will be taken over by the Company at cost price.

The following information is given to comply with the provisions of the Companies Act 1907.

The minimum subscription on which the Directors may proceed to allotment is £1,500.

The estimated amount of preliminary expenses is £125. No brokerage, commission or promotion money will be paid.

The Articles of Association of the Company are the revised Table A of 1906, issued by Order of the Board of Trade. The provisions of Table A as regards the qualification and remuneration of Directors are as follows:—

The remuneration of the Directors shall from time to time be determined by the Company in general Meeting.

The qualification of a Director shall be the holding of at least One Share in the Company, and it shall be his duty to comply with the provisions of the Companies Act, 1900, Section 3.

The following Contracts have been entered into, viz.:

(a) An agreement dated November 3rd, 1908, between Alfred Richard Orage and this Company, whereby the said Alfred Richard Orage agrees to sell the said newspaper, with its goodwill, copyrights, and other property, to this Company in consideration of the 2,200 Deferred Shares which are to be allotted to him, or his nominees, as fully paid, and £300 in cash (to enable him to discharge the before-mentioned liabilities of the paper), and whereby he agrees to serve the company as Editor for a term of five years at the yearly salary of £208.

(b) An agreement dated November 3rd, 1908, between the said Alfred Richard Orage and Frank Palmer and this Company, whereby they agree to sell to the Company the said publishing business with its goodwill, copyrights, and other property, in consideration of the 3,000 Ordinary Shares of the Company, which are to be allotted to them, or their nominees, as fully paid, and whereby the said Frank Palmer agrees to serve the Company as Publisher and Business Manager and Managing Director for a term of five years at a yearly salary of £208 plus a commission of 2½ per cent. on the actual receipts of the business.

These contracts can be seen at the office of the Company's Solicitors, 5, Arundel Street, Strand, W.C., at any time between the hours of 11 a.m. and 5 p.m.

In estimating the before mentioned purchase money, the goodwill of the said newspaper has been taken at £2,000, and the goodwill of the publishing business at £1,000.

The said Alfred Richard Orage and Frank Palmer, who are Directors of this Company, are interested in the promotion of it in the manner and to the extent above set forth.

Dated November 3, 1908.

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FORM OF APPLICATION.

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Name (in full)

Address (in full).....

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Common Prayer does not ask him to be contented in the station to which it hath pleased God to call him. On the contrary, it is entirely of his way of thinking. The exact words are: "My duty towards my neighbour is . . . to learn and labour truly to get my own living, and to do my duty in that state of life unto which it shall please God to call me."

M. DAY.

* * *

THE REAL ISSUES.—WHOSE DOG ART THOU? TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

In view of the profound unrest which recent events have set up inside the I.L.P. it is impossible (as it would be grossly unfair to the "rank and file," whose existence and feelings it is surely now about time should be considered) to closure the proceedings or to ignore the real issues which are being so anxiously discussed in every branch in the country.

The worst thing that could happen in English politics would be that the Socialist movement should be set back.

As the I.L.P. is by far the strongest, most numerous, and most hopeful of the English Socialist organisations, the worst thing that could happen to the English Socialist movement would be that the I.L.P. should be either (1) side-tracked by tired, timid, or trimming tactics; (2) disrupted by impulsive inexperience or too tolerant enthusiasm; or, (3) stultified and spragged by immoderate hero-worship, caucus dictation, or paralysing over-centralisation.

These are the three real dangers that face us and must be averted. And they are only to be averted by the "rank-and-file" of the party waking up to a full and lively sense of their personal responsibility for the safety, the inside government, and the public policy of the organisation which it is they themselves who work for, pay for, and fight for.

Now, nothing is so obvious and sure as that the first and second of these perils would, and could, have no existence if the national administration of the party were in fact democratic—that is to say, if the members of the party were in a position to give full effect at any and all times to their wishes and will as to administration and policy. The present machinery of the party's national administration, and the temper and strategy of the few worthy gentlemen who, in fact, hold control of that machinery, are just as undemocratic as if they had been carefully designed for the sole purpose of undemocracy. For these gentlemen also control the official party newspaper. Are the members of the I.L.P. as a whole not to be trusted? Has not the movement been built up by the intelligence and disinterested devotion of the "rank-and-file"?

This matter, in the future, is in their hands, and if they realise the dangerous weakness of the present position, wish to avert secession and disruption, and to switch the good old I.L.P. back on to its original lines of sturdy independence and spirited onslaught in season and out of season against the plutocratic enemy as represented by the Liberal and Tory interests—their manifest business and duty is to thoroughly overhaul and democratise their administrative machinery and put their troubled house in order at the first opportunity; and to see that that opportunity occurs soon, and is not wasted.

No one who is in touch with the branches can doubt that the majority of the members of the I.L.P. have been depressed and irritated by the over-weening caution of the bye-election policy of the last eight months, by the fashion in which some I.L.P. members of Parliament have focussed their platform energies on the Liberal Government's Licensing Fizzle, and by the growing tameness of the Parliamentary Labour attitude on vital questions.

Most unfortunately, these matters of high policy have now been obscured and tangled by personal recriminations arising out of "the Grayson incidents," and there is some risk of the real business of re-organising our constitution and reviving the old fighting policy being submerged in the backwash of personal sympathies and differences. Such lamentable incidents as the closing of Mr. Grayson on the Reval visit, as Mr. Snowden's attack on Mr. Grayson, and Mr. Grayson's unapologised-for "cowards and traitors" phrase, and his public refusal to stand on the same platform as his fellow I.L.P., Mr. Keir Hardie, after being advertised to do so, ought, however, to have no effect on the judgment of the I.L.P. branches in considering the

real question upon which the fate and future of the party hangs, viz.: Is the party to control its policy and inspire its parliamentarians, or are its parliamentarians to control the party and its policy?

Will it, also, not be useful to remind ourselves that the original objective of the I.L.P. was Socialism?

LEONARD HALL.

* * *

Mr. Victor Grayson has received the following letter addressed from the head office of the Independent Labour Party:—

Dear Grayson,—On behalf of the Organising Committee of the I.L.P. I have to say that no future meetings will be arranged for you from here, and I am writing in this sense to the branches that have suggested dates.—Yours faithfully,
FRANCIS JOHNSON.

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Tickets, Numbered and Reserved, 5s. and 2s. 6d.
Unreserved, 1s. and 6d.

**MANCHESTER FABIAN SOCIETY.
POSTPONEMENT.**

In consequence of Mr. Granville Barker's regrettable illness, the lecture on

SOCIALISM AND THE THEATRE

announced for **SUNDAY, December 6th**, has been postponed.

LECTURES

on the

Philosophy of Friedrich Nietzsche

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On **WEDNESDAYS at 5 p.m.**

2nd Lecture (2nd December): The Superman, dealing principally with Nietzsche's ideal man—the type he would rear with his table of moral principles.

3rd Lecture (9th December): Nietzsche, the Moralist, being an examination of his table of moral principles in its bearing upon Socialism and modern European Society.

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SUNDAYS at 7 p.m.

December 6th.—Mr. **HENRY MEULEN.**

“A Defence of Individualistic Ethics.” Reply by Mr. **F. W. HAYES, F.R.G.S. (Fabian).**

December 13th.—Mr. **WALTER HOGG, LL.B.**

“Ethics and Art.”

December 20th.—Mr. **J. F. ISELIN, M.A., LL.M.**

“A Citizen Army.”

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