H. G. WELLS ON CHESTERTON AND BELLOC.

THE NEW AGE
A WEEKLY REVIEW OF POLITICS, LITERATURE, AND ART
Edited by A. R. Orage.

NOTES OF THE WEEK

The week has been full of suggestions for solving the problem of unemployment. Everybody, it seems, has a remedy. Naturally we are delighted at the interest taken at last in the subject, but as for the proposed remedies, we cannot, with the best will in the world, find them effective. We should indeed be relieved from the duty of damnable iteration if only someone were to suggest something both practicable and effective. As it is, we are under the painful necessity of repeating the duty of damnable iteration if only someone were to suggest something both practicable and effective. As it is, we are under the painful necessity of repeating

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS—All Business Communications must be addressed to Publisher, “NEW AGE,” 139, Tooke’s Court, Furnival Street, E.C.

NOTES ON

A SOCIALIST. By H. G. Wells

NOTES OF THE WEEK

Book of the Week: Abraham Lincoln. By G. K. S. Taylor

REVIEWS: Criminals and Crime

The Happy Moralist

A History of Sculpture

Many Mansions

The City of Pleasure

The Municipal Manual

ART: Waste in Art—and in Italy. By Maxwell Armfield

CORRESPONDENCE

£488 7s. 9d. made by Sir George Livesey on behalf of the South Metropolitan Gas Company. This odd sum is equal. We are told, to a half-year's rate of 3d. in the pound on the Company's assessment; and was frankly given to save off a demand for a penny or so rate. Better, Sir George thought, a halfpenny given than a penny taken! Such incongruously individualist reasoning is too ludicrous to deceive even a politician.

We are told, of course, that the matter is one of principle, and not of profit. However the British Constitution Society may argue, the point is clear that with Sir George Livesey, and indeed, with Lord Rosebery and Mr. Balfour, it is far more a question of profit than of principle. Mr. Spectator Strachey, no doubt, would rather give a shilling in the pound than pay a halfpenny rate towards a "Socialist" measure; but in the long run, Mr. Strachey will find himself almost alone. Thank goodness, the world is not run on abstract principles of Individualism, but on common sense (hindered, of course, by stupidity), and when a measure is obviously profitable to everybody, everybody's principles will become elastic enough to accept it. What therefore we have to do is to convince our friends that feeding children pays, and pays handsomely; that, in short, we advocate Socialism on grounds of sheer down-right good business. At present we are running the Empire at a ruinous cost, and Socialism is no more absurdly bad business. The fact that the refusal is on grounds of principle, or is designed to ward off Socialism makes the procedure no better. In either case, it is bad business.

But we have not quite finished with Mr. Strachey. In Saturday's "Spectator" (Jan. 4) he began a series of Letters to a Working Man on "The Problems and Perils of Socialism." We admire, as always, Mr. Strachey's honesty, but exceedingly regret, as always, his lack of comprehension. His first letter (a model, by the way, of how not to address a working-man) was a quite unnecessary demonstration of the necessity of Capital to production. What, however, Mr. Strachey fails to explain is the necessity of the private capitalist. We all want capital; we all want capital increased; all Socialists are in favour of increasing capital; Socialism as an economic theory is designed to increase capital. But that is a very different thing from desiring to increase the number of capitalists. While increasing capital, we desire to see decrease the capitalists. In a word, Socialism does not propose to destroy capital but capitalists.

Mr. Strachey's criticism of Socialism may, therefore,
be dismissed as a misunderstanding of our views. Plainly he agrees with what he understands and differs only when he misconceives. The case is different, however, with Professor Sadler, who has been speaking and who understands the need for unemployment. Now we have a great respect for Professor Sadler, both as an administrator and as an educationist, but as so often happens with these experts, he allows himself to be ridden by his hobby. Taking the returns of the registered unemployed, Professor Sadler finds that a considerable and an increasing percentage (36-2%) are young men below twenty-five. This is a disease that men who have been at least Board School educated. Seeking an explanation of this fact, Professor Sadler concludes that the education was insufficient, and that if only the boys had continued their elementary education at technical and secondary schools they would be in employment to-day.

Unfortunately this is wildly untrue. Unfortunately, education even of the highest kind is no guarantee whatever of employment. We hear at this very minute of hundreds of skilled workmen who are simply not wanted,—not because their skill is denied, but because many of them cannot find a place in the trade, for their building or manufacturing trade, for example. From architects downwards there is the constant cry of nothing doing. Would Professor Sadler's proposed secondary education make something doing? As far as we can see, the manufacture of skilled workmen by our schools simply makes competition fiercer; and so long as the monopolies of land and capital exist in private hands, so long will the competition continue. It is part of the curse of modern society that superior education is often a positive hindrance to finding employment, and more particularly when the education is special and technical.

The Church Army (to take another candidate for honours in Economics) has this week been urging Emigration as a Remedy for Unemployment. The population, we are to suppose, is too big, and needs constant subtraction by emigration. But anything more hopeless except in individual cases it would be hard to discover. If unemployment were really due to over-population, emigration might be a remedy. But unemployment is not due to over-population, but to private ownership of land and capital. If there were only forty thousand instead of forty million people in England, and our system of ownership remained the same, one hundred of those forty thousand might at any moment throw out of employment all the rest by the simple device of refusing them the use of the means of production. So far as we can see, the manufacture of skilled workmen by our schools simply makes competition fiercer; and so long as the monopolies of land and capital exist in private hands, so long will the competition continue. It is part of the curse of modern society that superior education is often a positive hindrance to finding employment, and more particularly when the education is special and technical.

There being no such country, every English emigrant to Canada, Australia, or elsewhere, is simply jumping out of the frying-pan into the fire. The English frying-pan is not relieved either, for the same system that makes unemployment to-day will make unemployment to-morrow. In plain words, you may emigrate until your boats are doing nothing else, without affecting the problem of poverty. And if the Church Army will think for five minutes about Ireland (the classic land of misery, in theory at any rate, with the use of a lethal chamber for persons really obnoxious to society, but we have no patience with Mr. Smallman, or anybody else who would use a lethal chamber to save themselves the trouble of thinking. If poverty and unemployment were really the thing, the sensible thing, and even the kindly thing, would be to ask the employed at sight or to offer them (in the probable circumstance that none of us could shoot straight) the use of a comfortable lethal chamber. Frankly, if we believed, as for instance, Lord Balfour of Burleigh believes, that poverty is inevitable and unemployment necessary, we would try to be bold enough to get us to Mr. Smallman (of the Manchester Crematorium, Limited) straight away. We defy him to tell us a better thing to do under the circumstances. If our Gadarene herds of unemployed can be dealt with in no other way, then in the name of humanity let us possess them with devils and drive them to instant destruction. Mr. Smallman's suggestion is merely the reductio ad absurdum of the whole attitude of the Individualists.

Not, of course, that the lethal chamber, even if extensively used, would make the smallest difference to the problem of poverty and unemployment. It might possibly intensify the struggle for work; it might even drive our docile proletariat to the coldly rational regions of domestic affairs. Ger-
with a strange and patriotic fear. We are not a bit afraid of Germany invading and conquering England. That would be a less evil than we have in mind. What would gall our soul would be the situation that England described to be conquered and Germany to conquer. It is true that politics even in Germany are second or third-rate in intelligence, but in comparison with ours they are first-rate. Only our national capacity for enjoyment will find pleasure, for instance, in the Molotov-Harden case and all it implies. The truth is that in Germany, despite of hideous barbarities comparable only to our own, Imperialism and Social Reform are made to go hand in hand.

In France, on the contrary, things are quite as bad as in England. The trial and condemnation of M. Hervé for his revelations regarding the criminal and idiotic Moroccan mess were proof, if proof were needed, that French Imperialists did not even know their own business. It is pretty certain that the entente cordiale has done one thing for the French Government—it has shut the mouths of our newspapers. A few years ago such an enterprise as the French Moroccan enterprise would have awakened in our Press the barking watchdogs of Lord knows what sort of honour. To-day not a paper in England tells a quarter as much to us as the French papers tell to the French. It will be remembered that even the Boer War was a Continental affair and had to be read by Englishmen in search of news. No Frenchman need at this moment look to English papers; we are dumb. Yet, as M. Hervé's speech in his defence showed, affairs are about as bad as they can be in Morocco. We hope shortly to be permitted to translate for our readers the eloquent indictment of French incompetence in Imperialism which was delivered by M. Hervé during his trial.

Fortunately, we are better informed of the Belgian attempts at Imperialism in the Congo. But our knowledge is mainly due to the indefatigable exertions of Mr. E. D. Morel, hon. sec. of the Congo Reform Association. We are glad to see that Mr. Morel has succeeded in raising in these columns (December 7) some questions regarding the bona-fides of the members of the Association, and our readers had the satisfaction of a vigorous reply from Mr. Morel (December 21). Mr. Belloc's name was brought forward in the course of the discussion. We do not expect, and we do not desire, that Frenchmen should have to translate for us the eloquent indignation of Mr. Morel, but we hope he will not be unwilling to publish his opinion about the financial and political aspects of the Congo. This is exactly what Mr. Morel states quite as explicitly that in the nearly five years of its existence, during which time an enormous activity has been carried on, the total income of the Association has amounted to less than five thousand dollars. It is pretty certain that the entente cordiale inspires the "patriotic" oratory of the noisy Tory Imperialist; the spirit which uses the phrase "the white man's burden" as a cover for the policy of forcing the natives to work for the benefit of white capitalists.

On one point at least it appears to us incumbent on Mr. Belloc to make himself either more explicit or infinitely less implicit. He threw doubt on the question of the source of the funds expended by the Congo Reform Association, and explicitly referred to them as "necessarily very large sums of money." In his reply, Mr. Morel states quite as explicitly that in the nearly four years of its existence, during which time an enormous activity has been carried on, the total income of the Association has amounted to less than five thousand pounds, of which more than one-half has been subscribed by members of the sect of the Friends. That is not what he means by "very large sums of money" with which to fight a multi-millionaire like the Belgian King. Nor does it support the implication of Mr. Belloc's question. For the rest, we are disposed to agree with Mr. Morel; as it appears our Belgian Socialist friends are also. And we can only repeat our regret that Mr. Chesterton's "jolly Englishman" may be a good fellow, but he is hopelessly incompetent as an Empire-preserver. Building an Empire is one thing, but preserving it and renewing it is quite another; and the "jolly Englishman" must never be forgotten that it is theoretically impossible to make the one good for the one may be, and in fact often is, bad for the other task. In sheer rollicking good spirits, Englishmen have spread themselves over the earth only to find "let in" for responsibilities of which they never dreamed. Everywhere in the Empire at this moment, for example, the problem of race is facing our "jolly Englishman"; and with no more than Mr. Chesterton's deprecation in his head, our "jolly Englishman" is nowhere really master of the situation.

In South Africa it is certain that he is not. We do not know what has become of the instinct of justice, but we know that the "jolly Englishman" either or both of the suggestions discussed above for dealing with the Unemployed by Emigration and the Lethal Chamber. The former, at any rate, is the only thing that occurs to their wretched minds for dealing with their fellow-subjects of a different colour. We observe that Mr. L. W. Ritch, writing to the "Morning Post" on the 3rd inst., said that the British Indians were willing to submit to the most stringent regulations so long as they applied equally to white people. That, we agree, is the spirit which uses the phrase "the white man's burden as a cover for the policy of forcing the Natives to work for the benefit of white capitalists."

A final note on the subject. In the current number of the "Nineteen and Century" we notice an article by Sir Harry Johnston on "How to Make the Negro Work." The title is an admirable illustration of the spirit which inspires the "patriotic" oratory of the noisy Tory Imperialist: the spirit which uses the phrase "the white man's burden" as a cover for the policy of forcing the native to work for the benefit of white capitalists. We ourselves care very greatly for the welfare and the maintenance of the British Empire, regarding it as an invaluable piece of organisation for the spread of liberty and justice throughout the world; but we would rather see it broken up than used as an instrument for the exploitation of native races. What right have we to force our industrial system upon the negro and to make him work? The man who answers that it is done from a disinterested desire to inculcate good habits and improve the negro's moral character cannot expect us to treat him as a serious or honest person. The fact is...
that the Empire is regarded by a number of influential British politicians purely as a profit-making concern, and they openly talk of putting it "on a sound commercial basis." Such a view, while quite intelligible, is certainly destructive of all notions of justice and anti-imperialism, on which the British Empire is supposed to be founded; and we venture to add that it is not destined ever to gain much hold on the British democracy. We have given the impression that "the man's burden" is a very real and an onerous responsibility for the well-being of the native, and not merely an excuse for robbing him. The moral, by the way, of Sir Harry Jardine's magisterial figure of 1881 was that negroes should be given good European money in return for their services and should not be cheated. Excellent advice; but the appalling thing is that it seems to have been given in a reputable English review as a novel contribution to the native labour problem, and that the only reason given for putting it forward is that it pays!

We are extremely glad to hear of the success of the first number of "The Clerk" (td. monthly), the new organ of the National Union of Clerks. With the courteous permission of the editor, we are enabled to make some extracts from an autobiographical chapter contributed to the January issue by Mr. Bernard Shaw:—

Of all the qualities of man I find nothing so astonishing as his capacity to be cowardly. When those qualities are developed to their utmost by civilization and poverty in the middle class, you get the clerk. You cannot make a great man; you cannot make a South African indiana clerk. But you can make an Imperial Englishman a clerk quite easily. All you have to do is to drop him into a poor middle-class family, with a father who cannot afford to keep him, cannot afford to give him capital to start with, and cannot afford to carry his education beyond the elementary stage, where he would yet be disgraced if his son became a "working man." Given these circumstances, what can the poor wretch do but become a clerk? I became a clerk myself in the genteel modification of this course. My business was the particular way in which he did business as a corn merchant and mill owner is now extinct, and was becoming extinct in his time, which means that he was getting poorer without knowing why; for, like ninety-nine out of a hundred men of business, he pursued a routine which he did not understand, and attributed his difficulties vaguely to want of capital, the sum he started with having gone in the bankruptcy of one of his customers. But though he had no capital to give me, it was assumed in the usual helpless way that I was to become a man of business, too. Accordingly, an uncle who, as a high official in a Government department, had exceptional opportunities of obliging people, not to mention obstructing them if he disliked them, easily obtained for me a place to the study of law. I was told that I should have been a barrister; but if I had not broken loose in defiance of all prudence, and become a professional man of genius—a resource not open to every clerk. I mention this to show that the fact that negroes should be given good European money in return for their services and should not be cheated. Excellent advice; but the appalling thing is that it seems to have been given in a reputable English review as a novel contribution to the native labour problem, and that the only reason given for putting it forward is that it pays! * * *

The Working Man:

What can be the matter with the working man? Even his detractors cannot accuse him of being unduly pushful or ostentatious, and yet his position is now the theme of almost every public discussion. For years he and his class have inhabited our doleful rows of mean streets, confronting life with characteristic doggedness and independence: for the working man is slow to move, and slower still to ask favours. At election times he has been duly petted and cajoled, and then left to his own devices and to the tender mercies of capitalism. Can it be that his modern leaning towards Socialism has aroused on the part of his betters this belated interest in his welfare? At any rate, he has become the man of the hour. The Bishop of London laments the fact that he is unduly limiting his family, thus imperilling the supply of future raw material for capitalism: Mr. John Burns has just found out that he is too much given to drinking and gambling, and is inexpressibly shocked by the discovery. The Press, not to be outdone, is devoting columns to the discussion of his duties and wants, endeavouring to find out what the strange animal really desires. In particular, the "Morning Post" has granted interviews to men of such varied shades of opinion as Mr. Snowden, Mr. Ramsay Macdonald, Mr. Claude Hay, and Mr. J. H. Hills as Members of Parliament, and to Mr. Ben Dent, of the Tariff Reform League, who spent twenty-five years at the bench as a cabinet-maker.

As might have been foretold, it appears that the primary need of the working man can be stated in one word—money. We have nothing to add to the views expressed by the Labour Members, and we are extremely gratified to find the Socialist position so morer better yet convincingly stated. We refer the reader to the fossilised laissez-faire individualists of the Morley type Mr. Ramsay Macdonald's terse summary of the relation that exists between the State and the citizen: "If I make an attempt to commit suicide and am successful, I am taken before a magistrate, who will sentence me for having attempted my own life. That means that the State imposes upon me the duty of living. If the State imposes on me the duty of living, I can surely turn round to the State and say: 'Then I must have the opportunity of living.' The opportunity of living, so far as 95 per cent. of our population is concerned, is the opportunity to work." The Unionist position is set out with sympathy, but
hardly with lucidity. For example, it does not much help us to be told by Mr. Claude Hay that, in order to provide better wages and steadier employment, a general improvement in trade must be brought about by means of Tariff Reform; that there must be the encouragement of a higher standard of living for the workers; and that we must not be deterred by the fear of being led Socialists from demanding the "right to work," if necessary. The evils of sweating, unemployment and pauperism, again, together with the pressing need for Old Age Pensions, are all stated to be due to Free Trade, and, we must suppose, are therefore preventable. Free Trade has assuredly much to answer for, but even in the days preceding Cobden, England could not exactly be described as an Eden. All this, of course, is merely the special pleading of the political partisan. To us the most encouraging feature about it is all the evidence it affords that these social evils are now admitted to be so pressing as to demand the attention of Parliament, and that a definite policy is being advanced which it is claimed will mitigate, if it does not entirely remove them.

We will endeavour to discuss the situation as fairly and temperately as possible. The working man is badly paid, and as a result is badly fed and badly housed. His very subsistence is endangered by circumstances over which he has no control, and the evil consequences of which he is powerless to avert. In the majority of his working hours he is idle, and all the time, he knows, he is unable to provide him with the decent necessaries of life, much less to enable him to make provision for sickness and old age.

The Tariff Reformers, therefore, are confronted with a double task: they are pledged not only to secure conditions of employment and good wages, but they are committed also to provide large funds to be devoted to purposes of social reform without imposing any additional burden upon the working classes. We say at once that such an achievement, for the two ideals are mutually destructive. Tariff Reform, indeed, would be a return to national sanity, in so far as it would to some extent protect the producer and penalise the idle non-producer, if a rise in the price of commodities were coincident with a rise in wages. On the other hand, the burden would fall heavily upon the non-producers of the middle and lower classes, such as thousands of railway servants, badly-paid clerks, etc., who might or might not receive an advance in wages. The Tariff Reformers are domiciled in such a fragile habitation that they cannot possibly with any decency or safety stand against the Free Traders. The extent to which to which by means of a tariff they exclude foreign imports competing with our own to that extent they will cut off sources of revenue which might be applied to social reform. If, on the other hand, the imposition of a tariff does not have the effect of keeping out important commodities competing with our own the revenue would benefit, but obviously there would be no increase of employment in this country, and therefore no increase in the amount available for wages. It must have been a clear recognition of this dilemma that was responsible for Mr. Balfour's refusal to throw stones at the Free Traders. "The British Indian is, moreover, quite as much a British subject as the British Boer. The registration law in the Transvaal, which has received the sanction of our Liberal Government, could not have been more deliberately framed to give the utmost offence, to show the most contemptuous disregard upon which all—Whig, Tory, Socialist, Individualist—may agree. Mr. Harold Cox, in an article in the "Times," on the British Indians in the Transvaal, maintains that "our effective power of control over the Government of the Transvaal is as complete as is our Imperial responsibility for the defence of our Indian subjects in all parts of the world." Complete freedom for all men of all nations to come and go under the British flag is, he says, the principle upon which the British Empire has been built up.

The British Indian is, moreover, quite as much a British subject as the British Boer. The registration law in the Transvaal, which has received the sanction of our Liberal Government, could not have been more deliberately framed to give the utmost offence, to show the most contemptuous disregard upon which all—Whig, Tory, Socialist, Individualist—may agree. Mr. Harold Cox, in an article in the "Times," on the British Indians in the Transvaal, maintains that "our effective power of control over the Government of the Transvaal is as complete as is our Imperial responsibility for the defence of our Indian subjects in all parts of the world." Complete freedom for all men of all nations to come and go under the British flag is, he says, the principle upon which the British Empire has been built up.

The British Indian is, moreover, quite as much a British subject as the British Boer. The registration law in the Transvaal, which has received the sanction of our Liberal Government, could not have been more deliberately framed to give the utmost offence, to show the most contemptuous disregard upon which all—Whig, Tory, Socialist, Individualist—may agree. Mr. Harold Cox, in an article in the "Times," on the British Indians in the Transvaal, maintains that "our effective power of control over the Government of the Transvaal is as complete as is our Imperial responsibility for the defence of our Indian subjects in all parts of the world." Complete freedom for all men of all nations to come and go under the British flag is, he says, the principle upon which the British Empire has been built up.

The real solution of the problem was inadvertently revealed by Mr. Ben Dent, when he said, speaking of the "agitators": "You cannot for any length of time have one class living on the production of another." It is this monopoly of the national resources by the non-producer that is the cause of our economic troubles; and while this monopoly obtains, neither Free Trade nor Tariff Reform can be of any avail to help us. What the working man really wants is his share of the national produce. In order to obtain this, he first wants the landed proprietors to take off the "front" of the back, and afterwards he wants the nation's industry reorganised on a collectivist, instead of a competitive, basis. These things he wants, and before long he will take the necessary steps to get them.
we must characterise Sir R. Solomon's statement as mere legal quibbling. Every Indian in the country has been already registered under Lord Milner's administration. The Government dismissed forty railway servants who refused to take out certificates, but whose hearts were perfectly assured. No, the new Act, which imposes treatment elsewhere reserved for law-breakers, is with every justification to be considered as a slim Boer attempt to get rid of the Indians already settled in the country.

From the hesitation to deport Mr. Gandhi and his friends and Sir R. Solomon's remark that he was unable to say whether his Government might not forego its power, but that the question appeared to be under consideration, it is just possible that some compromise will be attempted. But no compromise will remove the disgrace from the Imperial Government of having surrendered its right to protect the legitimate interests of its unrepresented subjects.

The question of Asiatic immigration opens up a wider field. How long shall we be able to run an Empire in our present irresponsible fashion? Is each self-governing Colony to be allowed to make laws which are absolutely destructive of unity, laws which imperil the proper interests of constituent parts of the Empire? If so, let us relinquish once and for all for the idea of a federated British India, the King can still be magnificently proclaimed Majesty of all the British Dominions beyond the seas and Emperor of India. This will be mere picturesque survival of a past that never was, something ledent to be the Emperor's the power of Hereditary Grand Falconer held by the Dukes of St. Albans.

Each Colony will be a separate self-contained entity, republic or kingdom as it will. This is a policy for which something could be said were we able to undo the past. In South Africa we have set up rapacious little settlements of white colonists, whilst we have broken down the powers the native chiefs once possessed in their own tribes. Basutoland and Zululand would soon fall a prey to the greed of the white settler. We have lived too long in South Africa to be ensnared by the fiction that Boers and Natalese are they are not.

The New Legislation.

Or the first day of January most of the important Acts passed by Parliament during last session came into operation. The law of England during the coming year will be different from the law which governed us last year; and the difference is the exact measure of what the most powerful Liberal majority that has ever controlled the House of Commons considers desirable in the way of reform. There is, of course, the fact that the Lords rejected two Bills, both concerning Scotch land; and the Liberal Ministers have made picturesque speeches on the doom which is consequently soon to overtake the Peers. But the House of Lords, though admirable as a political whipping-boy for Liberal Cabinet Ministers, is not taken very seriously in these democratic days; the Peers know full well the first time they definitely thwart the people's will they will vanish from the British Constitution. It is sound constitutional law that a Government which does not desire to accept the veto of the Lords and Bishops cannot demand that the Crown shall create new peers until the vote is obtained. But the Lords, the Peers of Heriot, the Grand Falconer held by the Dukes of St. Albans, will be permitted the full cup of Liberal bounty. Here we have on record in black and white exactly what we have been driven. Not what we were promised, but just exactly what the Liberal Cabinet asked their supporters to vote for in the House of Commons. Here is the Liberal policy plainly expressed without any of the sentimental trappings which are part of the political speeches of all parties—Tory, Radical, or Socialist; the Liberal policy, as defined by counting heads in the division lobby. It is good to come to these matter-of-fact statements at times; to discuss hard facts, instead of political theories.

There is, I think, little doubt which of the Acts we are considering is the most valuable: the test of value in the mind of a Socialist being the quickest increase in the efficiency, and therefore the happiness, of the greatest number of our citizens. In Section 13 of the Education (Administrative Provisions) Act, 1907, we find a record of one of those rational thoughts which once or twice in a decade come into the heads of our legislators. The thought is always half a century behind its due time; still, we must express our thankfulness that at last it has dawned on the slowly-working intelligence of the Members of Parliament that the medical inspection of children is a rudimentary step towards national health, mental and physical. Furthermore it is the legal duty of a local educational authority to provide for the scientific examination of every child which enters a public elementary school. Further, the Board of Education may order the education authority to medically inspect the children at any time subsequent to this entry examination. Still further, the education authority may "make such arrangements as may be sanctioned by the Board of Education for attending to the health and physical condition of the children educated in public elementary school." It will be observed that only the primary inspection is a compulsory legal duty; any later examination is left to the good sense of the Board. It is still more important to notice that the duty of the education authority is strictly confined to the barest inspection; there is no compulsory duty to take any remedial measures. If a child is certified for
A Note on South Africa.

There must be many of your readers who will be glad to hear of the great success of Miss Hobhouse in establishing the Boer Home Industries. The work is now being done by a Dutch Prime Minister, and a Dutch Cabinet, and a grant of £1,000 a year has been made to a Syndicate over which the authorities have asked Miss Hobhouse to preside. It is not done to help the Boers, but to build, while millions were in trying to establish British settlers to outvote the Dutch, and the country was flooded with useless civil servants. Miss Hobhouse has a mind, including an entomologist, a bacteriologist, and a chemist, at salaries of £1,000 to £1,200 a year. 'The Imperial South African Association will no doubt find them employment.

A few months ago ex-President Steyn made a most interesting speech at the opening of an Exhibition in Bloemfontein, of "Boer Home Industries," begun by Miss Emily Hobhouse and Miss Clarke for the benefit of the poorer inhabitants of the Colony who have been such acute sufferers by the war and its aftermath. A few years ago he came out with Miss Hobhouse and Miss Clarke, and he then saw how those noble ladies denied themselves the pleasures of life in order to do something for the children of the poor. They have been working hard for the purpose of establishing a Home, where the children could build a village as one of the "arrangements" allowed by the Act. There seems no verbal objection to sending all the schools to the seaside. Now, it is quite clear that the Act lays it upon the controlling authority, and there is no hope that our local councils, as at present constituted and as at present harnessed, will ask the Board to sanction anything so wise. But it is, on the other hand, equally clear that the attention of the children's health goes no further than the provision of drugs and medical advice, then the children's general health will remain as it is now.  

The physical welfare of the next generation of English men and women will not be put on a sound foundation by an extension of the dispensary as before."  

Socialists are quite clear what the real remedy must be. It is the State maintenance of children. Looked at from another side, it will take the shape of the endowment of every child as a legal duty must be rigorously enforced. There are two radical defects in their Act, although it lies the first defect. It is only permissive, except for the third. With the consent of the Board of Education the council could appoint a dentist for every school.  

There is hope that the facts which will be thus authorised by the Act will result in the provision of a dentist for every school. The Act is a most important one, and local, to begin to do what the case requires. We Socialists are quite clear what the real remedy must be. It is the State maintenance of children. Looked at from another side, it will take the shape of the endowment of every child as a legal duty must be rigorously enforced. There are two radical defects in their Act, although it is fully admitted that it has its good points. It could, indeed, be made effective if it were administered up to its full scope. But will it be thus administered? There lies the first defect. It is only permissive, except for the mere inspection. The curing of the disease is left to the will of the local authority. Now there are some things of such vital importance that they must not be left to local action. The Act should have been made compulsory. It should have been within the power of the Government to compel the local councils to do just whatever is necessary to bring the public health up to the highest standard. It was a fine hour for the Victorian philanthropists, not to relieve the temporal wants of the unfortunate, but a noble and gentle lady, to whom they also owed... the lives of thousands of their women and children. It would be a happy circumstance if that noble woman could restore their economic conditions. Socialists are quite clear what the real remedy must be.

The work seems to be a labour of love, for Miss Hobhouse writes: 'It is delightful to teach girls so eager to learn—the aptitude and intelligence of the girls are very striking, and makes the teaching a great pleasure.' In the workshop she says there is 'almost perfect silence and intense application, and resolve determination to conquer every branch of the work. The women find and prepare their own dyes from plants found near the farm. The girl has a dye-book. She writes, for instance, of one girl (whose mother died in a concentration camp), as getting up at 2.30 a.m. to wash, bake, and iron, and then at 6 a.m.—'She has her little brothers and sisters to keep, and spends six hours in the school.'

With a few honourable exceptions, the Press have entirely ignored the truly patriotic work done by this splendid Englishwoman. The Bishop of Hereford, alone among the 26 Bishops, eulogised this lady, as a public dinner, and reminded his hearers that only a few years ago it was impossible to hire a building in London, chapel or otherwise, in which she could appeal to the public to mitigate the horrors of the concentration camps and save the children. For this great work of saving the children, her name was executed from one end of the country to the other, by so-called "Christians," in chapel and cathedral, who were praying for the "success" of the war; one Bishop going the length of advocating extermination if the Boers did not surrender. It is well that these facts should not be forgotten by the war-mongers in their exultation.

"Who," asked Mr. Chamberlain in a speech at the beginning of the war, "has influenced Her Majesty's Government?" In the first rank I put the ministers of religion in Christian Africa... all their organisations are hearty on our side. "And now we have a special appeal in an illustrated pamphlet, issued by the Archbishop of Canterbury, and a long list of names given on the Committee, every man and woman of whom were in favour of the war; asking for subscriptions, not to relieve the disposal wants of the unfortunate, but with the definite object of "Christianising the Boers" by "Christianity" on the people. Not a word of regret or recantation of the part the clergy took in urging the nation on with "success" of the war! But it is not Hogman's men and widows who want those countries, but substantial aid, and no one reading the letters of Miss Clarke and Miss Hobhouse can doubt that our responsibilities in this matter are very great.

J. S. Trotter.

G. R. S. TAYLOR.
The Irish Muddle.

The religious feud in Ireland is "inexplicable." Quite so. I shall go further and say that to any Englishman the whole Irish question is inexplicable and incomprehensible.

For one thing, the Englishman is still a Saxon. True, the Roman, Greek, Mason, Norman, and Jew has left each his impress on the race, but the mental attitude and the outlook and the traditions and the language of the English people have remained essentially Saxon. In his case also the Dane, the Norman, the Englishman, the Scotman, and the "Yankee" have all had, or are having, their innings in Ireland. But the prepotency of the Gael in the race has never been destroyed. Until famine days, the stranger came to rule—but he remained to become "more Irish than the Irish themselves."

Through all, the mental attitude of the Gaeil has reigned supreme. Now, the outlook of the Gaeil is more widely separated from that of the Saxon than the suns are对策.

The one can never be reconciled with the other: they can never be fused. When they come into conflict one conquers, the other dies. Search in the slums of your British cities by all means. Look there at the hundreds of thousands of human beings, burden of Irish descent—not further removed from Ireland than the third generation. They have Home Rule. Yes, lots of it. Why, then, do they remain in the deep-seated condition? Simply, the mental attitude of the Gaeil has met that of the Saxon in mortal conflict. The Saxon has come out on top and the Gaeil is dead. But the Saxon influence has not yet sufficiently impressed itself in all cases on the Gaelic heredity. The blood of the Gaeil battles with the environment and mental attitude of the Saxon. Result—disaster. So, in wanderings all over Britain I have met many—men, engineers, merchants, lawyers, doctors, clergymen, councillors, aldermen, S.M.P. and others. But in Irishmen and feeling they have been indistinguishable from true Englishmen.

These are the cases where the English environment has promised the Gaelic. Ireland and the wrongs of England. The wrongs of England. Again, the mentality of England has been allowed to take complete responsibility for the continued distressful condition of the country. The only result—it is welcome. Extinction may be the end—well, be it so. Ireland must have all or none. If her destiny is to be a happy, contented prosperous West Britain, then in the name of all worthy of remembrance in the past, let a final name of all worthy of remembrance in the past, let a final struggle with the environment and mental attitude of the Saxon be organised at once and extinguish the Gael.

It is immaterial whether the Chief Secretary is Mr. Birrell, with his sympathy, sincerity, and intelligence, or a reactionary aristocrat, or a military martinet. For the Gael one is as good as the other. No one of them has the traditional attitude of mind of the Gaeil and no one of them has succeeded in finding out exactly what it is. Each of them, however, is so well worked for anything in Great Britain other than autonomy, has assumed direct responsibility for the continued distressful condition of the country. The only Englishman who will ever do anything for the good of Ireland will be the one through whose instrumentality self-government is granted.

The essential difference between the wrongs of Ireland and the wrongs of England. The wrongs of England are the direct result of the actions of Englishmen: the wrongs of Ireland are NOT the direct result of the actions of Irishmen, but of foreigners. It is needless to labour the result—it is welcome. Extinction may be the end—well, be it so. Ireland must have all or none. If her destiny is to be a happy, contented prosperous West Britain, then in the name of all worthy of remembrance in the past, let a final struggle with the environment and mental attitude of the Saxon be organised at once and extinguish the Gael.

It is immaterial whether the Chief Secretary is Mr. Birrell, with his sympathy, sincerity, and intelligence, or a reactionary aristocrat, or a military martinet. For the Gael one is as good as the other. No one of them has the traditional attitude of mind of the Gaeil and no one of them has succeeded in finding out exactly what it is. Each of them, however, is so well worked for anything in Great Britain other than autonomy, has assumed direct responsibility for the continued distressful condition of the country. The only Englishman who will ever do anything for the good of Ireland will be the one through whose instrumentality self-government is granted.

The essential difference between the wrongs of Ireland and the wrongs of England. The wrongs of England are the direct result of the actions of Englishmen: the wrongs of Ireland are NOT the direct result of the actions of Irishmen, but of foreigners. It is needless to labour the result—it is welcome. Extinction may be the end—well, be it so. Ireland must have all or none. If her destiny is to be a happy, contented prosperous West Britain, then in the name of all worthy of remembrance in the past, let a final struggle with the environment and mental attitude of the Saxon be organised at once and extinguish the Gael.

It is immaterial whether the Chief Secretary is Mr. Birrell, with his sympathy, sincerity, and intelligence, or a reactionary aristocrat, or a military martinet. For the Gael one is as good as the other. No one of them has the traditional attitude of mind of the Gaeil and no one of them has succeeded in finding out exactly what it is. Each of them, however, is so well worked for anything in Great Britain other than autonomy, has assumed direct responsibility for the continued distressful condition of the country. The only Englishman who will ever do anything for the good of Ireland will be the one through whose instrumentality self-government is granted.

The essential difference between the wrongs of Ireland and the wrongs of England. The wrongs of England are the direct result of the actions of Englishmen: the wrongs of Ireland are NOT the direct result of the actions of Irishmen, but of foreigners. It is needless to labour the result—it is welcome. Extinction may be the end—well, be it so. Ireland must have all or none. If her destiny is to be a happy, contented prosperous West Britain, then in the name of all worthy of remembrance in the past, let a final struggle with the environment and mental attitude of the Saxon be organised at once and extinguish the Gael.

It is immaterial whether the Chief Secretary is Mr. Birrell, with his sympathy, sincerity, and intelligence, or a reactionary aristocrat, or a military martinet. For the Gael one is as good as the other. No one of them has the traditional attitude of mind of the Gaeil and no one of them has succeeded in finding out exactly what it is. Each of them, however, is so well worked for anything in Great Britain other than autonomy, has assumed direct responsibility for the continued distressful condition of the country. The only Englishman who will ever do anything for the good of Ireland will be the one through whose instrumentality self-government is granted.

The essential difference between the wrongs of Ireland and the wrongs of England. The wrongs of England are the direct result of the actions of Englishmen: the wrongs of Ireland are NOT the direct result of the actions of Irishmen, but of foreigners. It is needless to labour the result—it is welcome. Extinction may be the end—well, be it so. Ireland must have all or none. If her destiny is to be a happy, contented prosperous West Britain, then in the name of all worthy of remembrance in the past, let a final struggle with the environment and mental attitude of the Saxon be organised at once and extinguish the Gael.

It is immaterial whether the Chief Secretary is Mr. Birrell, with his sympathy, sincerity, and intelligence, or a reactionary aristocrat, or a military martinet. For the Gael one is as good as the other. No one of them has the traditional attitude of mind of the Gaeil and no one of them has succeeded in finding out exactly what it is. Each of them, however, is so well worked for anything in Great Britain other than autonomy, has assumed direct responsibility for the continued distressful condition of the country. The only Englishman who will ever do anything for the good of Ireland will be the one through whose instrumentality self-government is granted.

The essential difference between the wrongs of Ireland and the wrongs of England. The wrongs of England are the direct result of the actions of Englishmen: the wrongs of Ireland are NOT the direct result of the actions of Irishmen, but of foreigners. It is needless to labour the result—it is welcome. Extinction may be the end—well, be it so. Ireland must have all or none. If her destiny is to be a happy, contented prosperous West Britain, then in the name of all worthy of remembrance in the past, let a final struggle with the environment and mental attitude of the Saxon be organised at once and extinguish the Gael.

It is immaterial whether the Chief Secretary is Mr. Birrell, with his sympathy, sincerity, and intelligence, or a reactionary aristocrat, or a military martinet. For the Gael one is as good as the other. No one of them has the traditional attitude of mind of the Gaeil and no one of them has succeeded in finding out exactly what it is. Each of them, however, is so well worked for anything in Great Britain other than autonomy, has assumed direct responsibility for the continued distressful condition of the country. The only Englishman who will ever do anything for the good of Ireland will be the one through whose instrumentality self-government is granted.

The essential difference between the wrongs of Ireland and the wrongs of England. The wrongs of England are the direct result of the actions of Englishmen: the wrongs of Ireland are NOT the direct result of the actions of Irishmen, but of foreigners. It is needless to labour the result—it is welcome. Extinction may be the end—well, be it so. Ireland must have all or none. If her destiny is to be a happy, contented prosperous West Britain, then in the name of all worthy of remembrance in the past, let a final struggle with the environment and mental attitude of the Saxon be organised at once and extinguish the Gael.

It is immaterial whether the Chief Secretary is Mr. Birrell, with his sympathy, sincerity, and intelligence, or a reactionary aristocrat, or a military martinet. For the Gael one is as good as the other. No one of them has the traditional attitude of mind of the Gaeil and no one of them has succeeded in finding out exactly what it is. Each of them, however, is so well worked for anything in Great Britain other than autonomy, has assumed direct responsibility for the continued distressful condition of the country. The only Englishman who will ever do anything for the good of Ireland will be the one through whose instrumentality self-government is granted.

The essential difference between the wrongs of Ireland and the wrongs of England. The wrongs of England are the direct result of the actions of Englishmen: the wrongs of Ireland are NOT the direct result of the actions of Irishmen, but of foreigners. It is needless to labour the result—it is welcome. Extinction may be the end—well, be it so. Ireland must have all or none. If her destiny is to be a happy, contented prosperous West Britain, then in the name of all worthy of remembrance in the past, let a final struggle with the environment and mental attitude of the Saxon be organised at once and extinguish the Gael.

It is immaterial whether the Chief Secretary is Mr. Birrell, with his sympathy, sincerity, and intelligence, or a reactionary aristocrat, or a military martinet. For the Gael one is as good as the other. No one of them has the traditional attitude of mind of the Gaeil and no one of them has succeeded in finding out exactly what it is. Each of them, however, is so well worked for anything in Great Britain other than autonomy, has assumed direct responsibility for the continued distressful condition of the country. The only Englishman who will ever do anything for the good of Ireland will be the one through whose instrumentality self-government is granted.

The essential difference between the wrongs of Ireland and the wrongs of England. The wrongs of England are the direct result of the actions of Englishmen: the wrongs of Ireland are NOT the direct result of the actions of Irishmen, but of foreigners. It is needless to labour the result—it is welcome. Extinction may be the end—well, be it so. Ireland must have all or none. If her destiny is to be a happy, contented prosperous West Britain, then in the name of all worthy of remembrance in the past, let a final struggle with the environment and mental attitude of the Saxon be organised at once and extinguish the Gael.
ultimate deeps there were qualifying stages. We have seen how that before he entered upon his spell of ignominious servitude in the blacking factory he had already been made free of the meaning of poverty; and now we are to see how, before he entered into full possession of his splendid kingdom, he was again to pass through the outer kind of purgatories.

He was to rid himself, this time, of any illusions that his near acquaintance with the sweet humanity of the poor had bred about him. He was to study at close quarters his very different phase, the tragic comedy. He was to discover that all men and women were not inevitably kind, as they may have seemed in the days of his degradation and misery—or even just; that cupidity and spite and envy are factors in the battle for existence almost as potent, and often more successful, than any of the virtues. He was to encounter meanness and trickery, falsehood and cruelty, lust and greed, in their ugliest forms; to watch the working of little minds reaching out slimy tentacles to grasp at paltry prizes of power and wealth; of base motives insinuating themselves tortuously, like the serpent in Eden, into every outwardly fair and goodly aspect of life.

In that passage in "Vanity Fair" describing George Osborne's visit to his father's solicitors, Thackeray gives us a brief glimpse of the average attorney's clerk of that day and of his real position in the scheme of things, which is characteristically radiant with insight, and expresses, better than any words at the disposal of the intelligent beholder can look up and miss the remarkable fact that Belloc exists—and that he is away, safely away, away in his heaven, which is, of course, the Park Lane Imperialist's hell. There he presides . . .

But this life I do not meet Chesterton exalted upon clouds, and there is but the mockery of that endless leisure for abstract discussion afforded by my painted entertainments. I live in an urgent and incessant world, which is at its best a wildly beautiful confusion of impressions and at its worst a dingy uproar. It crowds upon us and jostles us, and I cannot afford to be continually bickering with Chester- ton and Belloc about forms of expression. There are others for whom I want to save my knuckles. One cannot afford to be continually bickering with Chester- ton and Belloc about forms of expression. There are others for whom I want to save my knuckles. One cannot afford to be continually bickering with Chester- ton and Belloc about forms of expression. There are others for whom I want to save my knuckles.

In many ways we three are closely akin; we diverge not by necessity but accident, because we speak in different dialects and have divergent metaphysics. All that I can I shall persuade to my way of thinking about thought and to the use of words in my loose, expressive manner, but Belloc and Chesterton and I are too grown and set to change our languages now and learn new ones; we are on different roads, and so we must needs shout to one another across intervening abysses. These two say Socialism is a thing they do not want for men, and I say Socialism is above all what I want for men. We shall go on saying that now to the end of our days. But what we do all three want is something very alike. Our different roads are parallel.

I aim at a growing collective life, a perpetually en- hanced inheritance for our race, through the fullest, freest development of the individual life. We all three hate the complex causes that dwarf and debase great masses of mankind. We want as un-

About Chesterton and Belloc.

I have seen your shade,
And looking straightway to eternal Life,
See where the Spirit, and the flesh, have strife;
For if, in the warm days,
I will not know thee Death,  
But I have seen thy shade,
And standing between, calm, undismayed,
And not afraid.

I was a fool and feared,
Because I did not know,
Thou art—a lie!  
E. M. WREFORD.
and personal sort, to have the son, as Chesterton put it, bringing up the port his father laid down, and pride in the little house of his own. And I agree with Chesterton that giving—giving oneself out of love and fellowship—is the salt of life. But there I diverge from him, less in spirit I think than because of the difference between a man's public and his private life. And I agree with Chesterton that giving—giving oneself out of love and fellowship—is the salt of life. But there I diverge from him, less in spirit I think than because of the difference between a man's public and his private life.

The New Age, January 11, 1908

H. G. Wells
Stagnation.

There is a stream, which, tired of casual village, green meadow, growing mill-wheel, and the whips of fishermen, takes a desperate dive in among sooty workshops and factories, among soap, gas, and chemical works that lie haphazard upon blank waste fringes of land, utterly loses its way there, and so winds dismally in meaningless semi-circles, hidden from the outer world, and getting sluicier, grimmer and thicker, more and more covered with débris, until it plunges its shame in the merciful oblivion of the tide.

Down side alleys of back streets, where windows are stuffed with rag and doors are perennially ajar, where dirt, on two and four legs, crawls intermingled in the stuffed with rag and doors are perennially ajar, where the forlorn greyness, down such if I wander—and so surprise the poor stream in one of its blind turns, burrowing under steep banks of rubbish, languidly, shining in oily prismatic colours of gas waste (but evilly black under it all), and bearing on its breast a stray barge or two, blackened with coal dust or heavy with raw plank, the dingy bargemen pushing stolidly at their long oars—lack-lust Charons out of hope of relief from their weary ferrying.

Further on, because the soil lacks nutriment, the houses fall step by step into decay, sink at last into mere heaps of powdering dust, washed out sign-board which prattled so bravely to the world of the merits of its master, tattered, limbless doll, fondled, may be, more than are most other creatures; miserable shards of crockery, worn-out knife blades, sans edge or handle, oh, sad wreckage of familiar things! what flippant contempt it is to leave your bodies naked to the wind and rain of heaven! Was there no fire to ease your weary spirits of their burden of broken flesh? Could we not have heaped the thick oblivious cloths above you—rather than have let you rot and moulder so visibly to destruction—rot and moulder in company with tin cans and broken bottles that were only human for an hour?

Let me be more merciful than my fellows. To this poor fragment of an ark, at least, will I accord a fitting funeral, and to this broken oar-blade, to this headless trunk,

Stagnation.

Su, clumb I heedfully up the slope, which rustles and slips beneath me, and rescue these my woeful treasures. So, with half-breathed invocation to the water, hurl I them from me. Ho! a brave throw. They fly circling; splash in the slimy stream, and off they sail on it. And! (I muse) is it so much the better burial that I have given? Yes, have patience, little voyagers; soon, if you can last so long, and not drift ashore, and you, in especial, poor trunk, if you will keep a stout heart, and not sink sodden to the bottom, sooner or later you may know the clean, salt, sumerous washing of the sea... “Hi, guvnor! Watcher do that for?” grumbles a voice at my side.

I look down at a little remnant of a boy—gray-skinned and dusty—weirdly in tune with the landscape, his eyes fixed greedily on the wake of my first.

I blush. “I am sorry, my man, it was silly. Would you like to have had them?”

“Not ‘arf! Watcher fink?” he replies with a venomous underlip.

The ways of sentimentality are hard. It seems I have done murder. These were quick that went down to the tide. That nose of an ark, that nucleus of doll, that shred of oar might have known much joy in this their second transmigration so heedlessly cut short.

I disbauched the boy with a penny: but he looked sadly down the stream. And then up at me. And then down at the dust-heaps. I might at least have taken, said the glance, a tin can (of which there were plenty) to have had them?

A debate of desolations! Melancholy robbed of its honur—dust-choked of its tears!

How bedraggled is this decay! Here is no sumptuous spread of autumn colours, no sunset glory to make death seem but a mockery would it be if blue sky looked down upon the grimous underlip.

It is shocking! Death has been beguiled.

Abraham Lincoln. By Henry Bryan Binns. (Dent. 4s. 6d. net.)

At the end of his book Mr. Binns tells us that when he has been tempted to seek for links which will bind Abraham Lincoln with the rest of human kind, there have come into his mind the vague images of three people. He has seen the shadowy reminiscence of Socrates, of Don Quixote, and Uncle Remus. It would be, surely, hard to find a wiser summary of the, grotesque mixture of sanc wisdom, delightful romance, and irrepressible buffoonery which inhabited the weirdly-shaped body that were the outward and visible sign of the President of the United States during the most critical years of their history. If the vivid realisation of such phenomena—a human mind. In the case of Abraham Lincoln, the mind was of infinite complexity; and I think that the author has shewn the skill that enabled us to see the heart of this great American statesman has been turned out and laid bare. On the contrary,
Mr. Binns seems to want us to understand that he has continually found facts beyond explanation, things which have escaped his careful analysis. The last sentence in his book says: 'Thus he stands before us all greater but stronger a little by reason of the kind, sad, strong, inscrutable face.' There are eight portraits of Lincoln presented with the biography, and if the reader will consider them he will realise what that word 'inscrutable' means. It is the deliberate skill with which this story of Lincoln plays on his thought that has made it a direct turn to George Meredith for a complete expression of my meaning.

The allurement of Abraham Lincoln seems altogether apart from his place as a civic leader. When one gets beneath the surface of the demand for the abolition of black slavery; when one has passed the first impulse of emotional certainty that it is eternally right that all men shall be free; then, on the cold page of history, the American Civil War of 1861-1865 has not all the qualities of ideal righteousness that one might wish. There was something cordial about much of the Northern policy; something altogether unworthy of being linked to the nobility of John Brown's wild dash in Harper's Ferry. Even Lincoln almost seems to have been a tool of men who had nothing of his keen desire that his beloved land should not hold a slave within its borders. He was a very man as he had seen the New Orleans market a mulatto girl standing on an auction platform; it is told how fiercely he blazed forth, 'If ever I get a chance to hit that thing [slavery], I'll hit it hard.' And one can 'inscrutable' eyes for a moment losing their dreaminess as he said those words. When his chance came, and the rough backwoodsman became President, he was a very man as he had seen the New Orleans market a mulatto girl standing on an auction platform; it is told how fiercely he blazed forth, 'If ever I get a chance to hit that thing [slavery], I'll hit it hard.' And one can imagine these "inscrutable" eyes for a moment losing their dreaminess as he said those words. When his chance came, and the rough backwoodsman became President, he had taken as much advice as he could swallow; and that since he himself was so earnest to do his duty, and that since he himself was so earnest to do his duty, his followers could not track his thoughts. Mr. Binns says, 'he was more than ever a riddle to the wiser among them, more than ever a kindly simpleton or Merry-Andrew to the less wise and more self-confident.'

Mr. Binns seems to want us to understand that he has continually found facts beyond explanation, things which have escaped his careful analysis. The last sentence in his book says: 'Thus he stands before us all greater but stronger a little by reason of the kind, sad, strong, inscrutable face.' There are eight portraits of Lincoln presented with the biography, and if the reader will consider them he will realise what that word 'inscrutable' means. It is the deliberate skill with which this story of Lincoln plays on his thought that has made it a direct turn to George Meredith for a complete expression of my meaning.

The allurement of Abraham Lincoln seems altogether apart from his place as a civic leader. When one gets beneath the surface of the demand for the abolition of black slavery; when one has passed the first impulse of emotional certainty that it is eternally right that all men shall be free; then, on the cold page of history, the American Civil War of 1861-1865 has not all the qualities of ideal righteousness that one might wish. There was something cordial about much of the Northern policy; something altogether unworthy of being linked to the nobility of John Brown's wild dash in Harper's Ferry. Even Lincoln almost seems to have been a tool of men who had nothing of his keen desire that his beloved land should not hold a slave within its borders. He was a very man as he had seen the New Orleans market a mulatto girl standing on an auction platform; it is told how fiercely he blazed forth, 'If ever I get a chance to hit that thing [slavery], I'll hit it hard.' And one can imagine these "inscrutable" eyes for a moment losing their dreaminess as he said those words. When his chance came, and the rough backwoodsman became President, he had taken as much advice as he could swallow; and that since he himself was so earnest to do his duty, and that since he himself was so earnest to do his duty, his followers could not track his thoughts. Mr. Binns says, 'he was more than ever a riddle to the wiser among them, more than ever a kindly simpleton or Merry-Andrew to the less wise and more self-confident.'

When his chance came, and the rough backwoodsman became President, he had taken as much advice as he could swallow; and that since he himself was so earnest to do his duty, and that since he himself was so earnest to do his duty, his followers could not track his thoughts. Mr. Binns says, 'he was more than ever a riddle to the wiser among them, more than ever a kindly simpleton or Merry-Andrew to the less wise and more self-confident.'

The Reformers' Year Book, 1908.

HENDersonS, 66, Charing Cross Road, London, W.C., Also at 15A, Paternoster Row, E.C., FOR REVOLUTIONARY LITERATURE, Socialist, Labour, Nationalist, and all advanced thought books and periodicals.

LINEN LASTS LONGER, and will keep much longer clean when soaked and washed in a foaming lather of Hudson's Soap. Hudson's will not fray cuffs or jag collars. Hudson's always deals gently with the linen, but firmly with the dirt. A penny packet will prove this!

G. R. S. TAYLOR.

HENDersonS, 66, Charing Cross Road, London, W.C., Also at 15A, Paternoster Row, E.C., FOR REVOLUTIONARY LITERATURE, Socialist, Labour, Nationalist, and all advanced thought books and periodicals.

LINEN LASTS LONGER, and will keep much longer clean when soaked and washed in a foaming lather of Hudson's Soap. Hudson's will not fray cuffs or jag collars. Hudson's always deals gently with the linen, but firmly with the dirt. A penny packet will prove this!

G. R. S. TAYLOR.

New Ready. 1s. 6d. Paper: 2s. Cloth. By post, 1s. 6d. and 2s. 6d.

THE REFORMERS' YEAR BOOK, 1908. (Edited by E. V. Patrick Lawrence and Joseph Edwards.) A Special Section of 70 pages deals with Questions of the Day. Socialist, Labour, Nationalist, and all Advanced thought books and periodicals.

HENDersonS, 66, Charing Cross Road, London, W.C., Also at 15A, Paternoster Row, E.C., FOR REVOLUTIONARY LITERATURE, Socialist, Labour, Nationalist, and all advanced thought books and periodicals.

LINEN LASTS LONGER, and will keep much longer clean when soaked and washed in a foaming lather of Hudson's Soap. Hudson's will not fray cuffs or jag collars. Hudson's always deals gently with the linen, but firmly with the dirt. A penny packet will prove this!

G. R. S. TAYLOR.
Reviews.

Criminal and Crime. By Sir Robert Anderson. (Nisbet and Co., 2s. net.)

It needs a "revolution in the spirit" to enable most men to realize that not only the way to hell, but hell itself is paved with good intentions. And what place is more packed with good intentions than this earth? One is prone to the belief that there is something in the creative impulse of human kindness; only on the rarest occasions do we light on an individual with consciously evil intentions. Yet, for all that, the social system remains what it is, a system of inhuman, brutal, and detestable method stupidity can devise for frustrating and mocking at the good intentions of its victims. Occasionally we find men who are acutely aware of this extraordinary discord of intention and act, and in them the effect is either humour or pathos or both. More often, however, men are indifferent, but they are worst when they are complacent. Sir Robert Anderson belongs to this last select circle of the complacent. If, as is possible, such a frame of mind as dictated this book is the effect of our criminal system on its actual administrators, we can only say that henceforth the humanitarian argument in favour of criminals needs to be supplemented, if not supplanted, by the humanitarian argument in favour of our criminal experts. Not, however, that Sir Robert Anderson is consciously wicked or means in the least degree anything but well. He is at times quite over-conscious of the unfitness, and has some suggestions to suggest. Nay, some of his suggested reforms are both excellent and practicable; we would go further, and say even humane, were it not that the suggestion of the method to serve his end, his theory that punishment should be much more differentiated than it is, and arranged on a sliding scale after the analogy of a theocracy. Now, admirable crimes against property (the only crime considered in the volume!) are given us a book full of unreconciled and perhaps irreconcilable contradictions. It is strange, for example, that both the first and the last essays deal with what Mr. Bland calls the "Perilous Edge" of conduct; strange, we mean, when we remember that the tragic problems of morality are over that edge. But Mr. Bland, as we have said, never goes over that edge, and therefore remains the happy moralist only by confining himself to "a boudoir in the Palace of Truth." Yet he does not fail to charge Mr. Shaw with making his characters talk but never act. If to act is to risk falling over the perilous edge, then Mr. Bland believes, being damned "probably in this world and certainly in the next," Mr. Shaw's characters, in refusing to act, are simple "happy moralists."

A History of Sculpture. By Ernest H. Short. (Methuen, 7s. 6d.)

We approached this book with keen pleasure and a hope that at last we had found a brief History of Sculpture that would give a starting-point to many who would be keenly interested, if they were not a little mystified. It should be easy for everyone to partially understand sculpture, and a much wider understanding would be existent now, had it not been for the many questionable friends of Art who have written much sentimental nonsense on the subject.

To this already long list of writers must be added Mr. Ernest H. Short. By no exercise of generosity, can we admit his fitness for the task, which appears to have been approached with a confidence that is amusing, and a spirit the reverse of reverent. His airy dismissals of Babylonian and Gothic sculpture from the survey are among the most wonderful efforts we remember to have seen in the literature of the subject. Of the first he says: "The art was too closely identified with architecture to ever attain a vigorous independent growth," and of the second: "It is not an exaggeration to say that no great sculpture was pro-

Books bought, sold & exchanged.

Best prices given for good books.

Obtainable now for the first time at a possible price.

The Soul of Man Under Socialism.

By Oscar Wilde.

Cloth gilt, post free, 3s. 8d.

The most brilliant and beautiful exposition of Socialism ever penned.

C. CANNON (Successor, D. J. RIDER), 36, St. Martin's Court, Charing Cross Road.

Typewriting and Short-hand.

Next, accurate, prompt. Moderate charges.

Miss ANSELL, 70-72 Chancery Lane, London.

ION'S WORKS contain explanations of the BIBLE, which free mankind from the charge of Sin. Read the "UNITARIANISM AN AFFIRMATIVE FAITH," "UNITARIAN CHRISTIANITY EXPLAINED" (Armstrong), "Eternal Punishment" (Stopford Brooke), "Atonement." (Burns.)

UNITARIAN WORKS.
duced under the Gothic passion for mystic communion with the Unseen." The implication in the first passage that the art of hewing the rock needs an 

real message to those lapsed Christians—the lost sheep credited by science. Even if, as Nietzsche said, he denies "which, being interpreted, means that it is 

of other people's ideas. The life-force of the French 

expression of Bunthorne's: We call it Art Foam! 

written with no worthy guiding spirit; the author 

Many Mansions. By William 

ling the old ones badly; or to take a liberty with an 

the Whistler method of dashing off a 'Harmony' in 

be published. Opinions which may be harmless 

enough in an individual, become mischievous in a book 

besides being unnecessary, suggests how superficial is 

the understanding which has been brought to bear on 

this work.

The second edition of the hundred illustrations throughout the book is remarkable. To deal only with the Classic group: The Elissos, the Demeter (Ceres), the Erechtheion Caryatid (in the British Museum), the Victory of Samothrace (Louvre), and the Narcissus statuette (Naples Museum) are not illustrated. The Three Fates and Theseus are given half pages, while Phidias, the Dying Gaul, the Seated Boxer, the Laocoon, and the Nile groups occupy full pages.

In conclusion, we think this work should not have been published. Opinions which may be harmless enough in an individual, become mischievous in a book masquerading as History. It appears to have been written with no worthy guiding spirit; the author drifts, presenting no new facts of interest and marshalling the old ones badly; or to take a liberty with an expression of Bunthorne's: We call it Art Foam!

Many Mansions. By William Samuel Lilly. (Chapman and Hall. 12s. 6d. net.)

This collection of essays is a praiseworthy attempt to co-relate the vital essence of ancient religions with—to use a vague and rather unsatisfactory term—"modern thought." It is most refreshing to find a Roman Catholic freely admitting that Buddhism may have a real message to those lapsed Christians—the lost sheep of the house of Israel—in whose eyes Thelsm is dis-credited by science. Even if, as Nietzsche said, convictions are prisons, a corollary truth is that denials are deserts. "A man is right when he affirms, wrong when he denies"; which, being interpreted, means that it is more stimulatib to live by some positive truth than to use all one's faculties merely in destructive criticism of other people's ideas. The life-force of the French Revolution lay in its assertion of the Rights of Man rather than in mere denunciation of monarchy and aristocracy. Whether such a phrase was academically correct matters not, independently, and even when we reflect on the alliance between architecture and sculpture on the Parthenon; and there are many Gothic buildings of which it can be said that sculpture is no small part of their character, and the historian should surely deal with this period, even though the sculpture only helps to make the glory of the whole.

His treatment of decadent Greek and post-Renaissance work is in the same key as his treatment of The Golden Age. His explanations of the most profound works by Phidias and by Michael Angelo are annoying, and his examination of the circumstances which led up to these personalities, detracting as it does from their stupendous mental altitude, is too fantastic to be dealt with patiently.

Where any question arises as to the estimation of these giants, it is not surprising to have serious misgivings in following the treatment of smaller men. Sufficient for us to say that in only a few cases do we agree.

In view of the author's "only concern"—"Vital Sculpture"—"art with a message for the twentieth century," it is perhaps fortunate that the earlier chapters raise doubts enough. Thowards the end of the manuscript we find of questionable value. We especially disagree with what is written of Harry Bates, who, in our opinion, merits a much higher place among English sculptors. The half apologetic explanation of Alfred Gilbert's work is impertinent; while the introduction of "Englishmen have little natural affection for the Whistler method of dashing off a 'Harmony' in a couple of days and charging up guineas for it besides being unnecessary, suggests how superficial is the understanding which has been brought to bear on this work.
The City of Pleasure. A Fantasia on Modern Times.

By Arnold Bennett. (Chatto and Windus. 6s.)

This is a novel of a fantastic humour and an effervescing vitality, that a full knowledge of the functions, and particularly of the optional powers, of local authorities gives the possession of a great advantage in gaining influence over local administration.

Three Plays with Happy Endings. By St. John Hankin. (Samuel French. 3s. 6d.)

Mr. St. John Hankin has published one excellent play and two that are far below it both in stagecraft and literary excellence. In "The Cassilis Engagement" he commits the usual blunder of a first-rate author, and, first telling us what we means to do, he does it without a single surprise in the course of the play. "The Charity that Began at Home" is about a singularly boring group of people, and, frankly, they bore us far too successfully. But the "Return of the Prod- ges" is a delightful piece of work, fresh and witty, with that supreme wit which acts as a revelation, and even while we laugh set the reader's imagination working behind it the gift of a new point of view. We are amused that Mr. Hankin should trouble himself about the other suggested endings to his plays; irresponsible people are always writing platitudes and second-hand ideas; but that hardly seems to make it worth while to write a preface about them.

Wear up, England. By P. A. Vaile. (Skeffington 56. 6d. net.)

This is our first introduction to Mr. Vaile, although we gather from his book that he is a Colonial barrister, has written an article on Mr. Shaw for the London Press, has enjoyed interviews with Mr. Keble and himself as the beginning of his lectures before he has decided what manner of audience he is facing and what he intends to say to them. It is in a shadowy resemblance; Carpen- ter's is really himself, showing more vividly. When he conducted "God Save the King," "with what snap, what dash, what chic, what splash, and what magnifi- cancy did he save the King? The applause was wild and uprising. Int of the whole party took pot shots at him with a rifle. After this Carpentaria dissembled and went more quietly, and the plot grows also wild and ample. It were a生产和extension, of these functions has been accom-

The Municipal Manual. By A. E. Lauder. (P. S. King and Son. 3s. 6d. net.)

We are very grateful to Mr. Lauder for having written this handy guide to English Local Government. The subject is one of great complexity. The existing boundaries of local government areas were some of them defined before the Norman Conquest, while others date but from yesterday, and the same may be said of the rights and functions of the various municipal corporations. A considerable amount of codification, as well as extension, of these functions has been accomplished during the last thirty years, but the task of mastering the details contained in the various Acts is still too formidable for most busy people to attempt. As a consequence, the average free and enlightened elector is most deeply in ignorance of most of the whole subj ect, and there are few men, not personally concerned with local government, who could answer such questions as whether a Parish Council may build a public wash-house or whether borough police are controlled by the county, by the borough, or by the Justices.

This is the first book which has come under our notice dealing with the subject in a readable and concisely, without any undue technicalities, and without assuming any previous knowledge. Its scope may be indicated by the titles of its eight chapters, viz.: Constitution and General Powers of Local Authorities —Highways—Heating and Regulat- ive Powers—Extra Municipal Powers (Trading, etc.) —Financial—Education—Poor Law. We heartily recom- mend it to all Socialist workers with a reminder
The wonder, fortunately, is dispelled by Mr. Masterman’s remark: “there is danger that it may find itself reckoned in humanism as one of the Great Caution of the Government of Lost Opportunities.” Why not be personal and add, the Co-Civic Government? Here follows Mr. Masterman’s objection to the Labour Party. “The Labour Party has no programme. It has no striking magnetic personality amongst its leaders. It is often disliked for its apparent quarrel of privilege, policy. In its tiny collection of representatives in Parliament it possesses every variety of opinion, from the most conservative to the most revolutionary advocate of the collective ideal. It has no newspapers to advocate its cause; and when it has intruded itself between both parties of their organization, with each aiming at assailing it with bitterness and fury. It fails at present to attract any large measure of support outside the artisan and labouring class, and in getting a proper living is regarded by the average middle-class ratepayer with a bewilderment disgust. In the House of Commons its representatives, efficient, hardworking, and popular, have no claim to represent intellect or political sagacity adequate to the formation of a Government. Yet it advances in strength and confidence, like a wave of upheaval owning allegiance to no human volition. Tory Democracy has gone down and disappeared before it, and Liberal Democracy is haunted with the foreboding of a new system. Why should we not have a technical vocabulary of human origin?—the death of the medieval interpretation of Catholicism.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

“The Human Harvest.” By D. S. Jordan. (Alston Rivers. 30s. net.)

“Toledo.” By A. F. Calvert. (Lane. 3s. 6d. net.)

“The Happy Moralist.” By Hubert Bland. (Werner Laurie. 3s. 6d.)

“Essays in Socialism.” By E. Belfort Bax. (E. Grant Richards. 6d.)


“Love, Sacred and Profane.” By F. E. Worland. (C. W. Daniel. 3s. 6d. net.)

“The Excursions of Henry Pringle Price: A Bachelor of Letters.” (The Open Road Publishing Co. 2s. net.)

“Motives of Mankind.” By F. U. Laycock, L.L.B. (Open Road Publishing Co. 7s. 6d. net.)

“Alice’s Adventures in Wonderland.” By Lewis Carroll. (Books for the Bairns Office. 3d. net.)

“The Battle of the Books.” By Swift. (Greening. 2s. net.)

“Pamphlets and Leaflets for 1907.” (The Liberal Publication Department. 2s. 9d.)


“Ignas Iao Paderewski.” By A. E. Baughan. (Lane. 3s. 6d.)

“Isaac’s Annual. 1908.” (Hodder and Stoughton 3s. 6d. net.)

“The Comments of Bagshot.” Ed. J. A. Spender. (Con- stable 7s. 6d.)

“The Child’s Socialist Reader.” (Twentieth Century Press 15s.)

“From Sunset to Sunrise.” By George Tinworth. (Elliot Stock. 1s.)

“The Turn of the Road A Play.” By Rutherford Mayne. (Maunsel. 1s.)

“Essays in Socialism.” By E. Belfort Bax. (E. Grant Richards. 6d.)

“Studies in the Philosophy of Health.” By G. C. Mellor. (Stead, Danby and Co. 2s. 6d. net.)

“The Land of Eternity.” By Sir Agamya Guru Paramahansa. (C. F. Field. No price.)

“Socialist Annual. 1908.” Ed. by Th. Rothstein. (Twentieth Century Press. 3s.)

“Historical Essays and Studies.” By Lord Acton. (Mac- mahan. 10s. net.)

If you desire a weekly Social-Democratic paper, buy

JUSTICE.

The Official Organ of the Social-Democratic Federation.

Published by the Twentieth Century Press, 37a, Clerkenwell Green, E.C. every Thursday, and can be obtained of all newsagents.

PRICE ONE PENNY.
Waste in Art—and in Italy.

As an artist I am a Socialist because Socialism, as I understand it, is the only principle of government that harmonizes with the principles of Art. I take the broadest definition of the Socialist ideal to be Economy, and the Socialist government the one that would be most efficient with the least possible waste of energy. Art at any rate is good or bad in exact relation to this principle of cost and economy. The greatest artist is always the one who does most with least means and least effort. It follows that Art must thrive best in a country where opportunities and energy are wasted as scarcely incline one to work.

Here in Italy the waste of energy is more apparent even than in England, but as exaggeration is often valuable in demonstration, I will, as an instance of what I mean, indicate the facts that started this train of thought.

It seems to me that it is useless to expect Art from a country where opportunities and energy are wasted as they are here and elsewhere. Under a wide and rather useless-looking archway three men have been engaged for about an hour in harnessing a small mule. The greater part of the harness consists of a heavy wooden collar further loaded with a score of jangling bells. To my right I work a green door which has over it a small national flag—flag a cast of the Government armory. The representative of Government would be most efficient with the least possible waste of energy. Art at any rate is good or bad in exact relation to this principle of economy. The greatest artist is always the one who does most with least means and least effort.

The only efficiency seems to be evidenced in the olive woods that cover the steep hills above the roofs of the houses, with the mean- scratchy effect that is so typical of cultivated Italy. The representative of Government has weired of watching any one so industrious as himself, and has gone indoors. He it is I suppose who is now making those inconsistent noises on a flute . . . He is not in the least musical, and I am sure he will never be able to play anything but tedious exercises . . . I suppose he is energetic, as men go here, and feels impelled to do something. His official designation is . . . Guardia di Finanza. That seems to me more than a little absurd. I should be far better occupied in joining the group of men on the beach who are playing bowls; but perhaps that is his afternoon employment.

In this tiny place there are only half a dozen houses—I suppose all the rest of the inhabitants except those who keep an "Osteria," live on the little hotel.

Five men spent all last night fishing in the bay to catch the tunny we shall have for lunch. Occasionally a dull thud comes from over the wall. There is a garden there belonging to very poor people that is scarcely inclined one to work.

At one of the houses they appear to take in washing, and of course it is the only with nineteen steps up to the door, and level these economical people roast three hens, and carry all their wine, water, and clothes up the steps with quite depressing contentment.

Why not? . . . there is no hurry, and there is nothing else to do. The whole place is lighted electrically, and there is an outside lamp at the corner of the Eiffel Tower and the Guardian’s abode and another just in front of the hotel.

It is too much trouble, I suppose, to switch them on and off, so they burn all day long with their foolish pink glimmer. The Germans do not think it romantic. It seems to me merely waste . . . all this . . . but then I am an artist. And if human energy does not in England run quite so much to waste, our art is not quite so bad as Italian art. I hold it works either way round.

Maxwell Armfield.

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.

WAGES BOARDS.

To the Editor of "The New Age."

My attention has been called to a letter in your paper from D. Sanders, in which he refers to my opinions about Wages Boards. He is not quite correct in saying that I think the Liberal party "is not likely to leap into the establishment of Wages Boards." I have often said that if my horizon were not so limited by Radicalism I should clutch the Wages Boards as a drowning man clutches at a straw. The Liberal party may "leap" into them, because it has no principles to guide it.

But having leapt, I do not think for a minute they will find sufficient money to even pretend to set up the huge machinery necessary to give a fair chance to an experiment which is bound to end in failure.

As far as I was really looking for was that the Tories would be cute enough to take up Wages Boards as a preliminary, or rather as an adjunct to Protection, as they are in Australia. I have not had long to wait before Lord Milner comes out as one of the torches of strength of the Anti-Sweating League. I see by your article on the Parliamentarians Recess that, if you were not Socialists, you would be under Lord Milner’s banner that we should prefer to serve, so we may quite hope to see a new "Tory Imperialist Fabian Party" trusting to Lord Milner, Wages Boards, and Protection to redeem society. When that happens, you may still find that the Wages Boards put wages up in the sweated industries no more than the 8d. or 11d. per week which is all that they have succeeded in accomplishing after to or 10 years in the tailoring and shirt-making trades in Victoria, and that the workers in time prefer to return to the method of strikes as they are beginning to do in Australasia. (By the by, when Mr. Sanders asks how many strikes there have been in Victoria since Wages Boards were established, he seems to mix up Victoria with New Zealand. Wages Boards have had practically nothing to do with Victoria’s comparative immunity from strikes.) Above all, you will not have touched the evils of irregularity of work, child labour, labour of married women and old or infirm persons, and unemployment—when though not always so much on the surface—are

WASH UP! WASH UP! WASH UP!

Wash up the breakfast, dinner and tea services with HUDSON’S SOAP. Makes grease fly! never clogs. Leaves knives, forks, and anything washed with it scrupulously clean and sweet.

Eiffel Tower MILK PUDDING

A 12 oz. packet makes a delicious milk pudding in 10 minutes. Try it. You will be delighted.
THE EVOLUTIONISTS AND MR. BELLOC.

To the Editor of "The New Age."

In Mr. Belloc's article in this week's number of The New Age there are some assertions and comments which no evolutionist or freethinker can allow to pass unchallenged.

In the first place, Mr. Belloc refers to the criticism offered to Collectivism by the Catholic opinion of the world. So far as I know, Mr. Belloc must surely know more about Catholic opinion than can be possible in the case of one without the fold. But he goes on to add the phrase "in other words, it is the criticism offered by all that is healthy and permanent in the intellectual life of Europe." This amazing statement leads one to suppose that Mr. Belloc's horizon is somewhat circumscribed by the exigencies of the facts which he professes, as his sweeping generalisation excludes almost all the front rank thinkers for the past three hundred years.

Mr. Belloc refers to the Catholicism of the Middle Ages "pouring Capital on all men." How. When and Where? In support of a sweeping statement such as this, it is customary to make a show of offering evidence. In view of the assertion, one feels tempted to ask why the ecclesiastical bodies at the time of the Reformation were at least as wealthy as the masses of the peasantry had in many cases not enough to live on, even on the less expensive basis of that day? Is it not a fact that Catholic Spain and Portugal are unmatched to-day in Europe for density of population in the latest and greatest application of the experimental method. He agrees that modern society must be transformed, and quickly, but only as Aristotle counted teeth, by means of the Pure Idea. At bottom, Mr. Belloc is a pure sceptic, and will not help much to reform either England or the Rothchilds relaunched ownership? Would rubber-hunting in Brazil cease if the Rothchilds sold out their interests? Why does the Rothchilds gather gathering wealth from Spain or Brazil which enables them to give largely to the poor of London?

I pass over the Egyptian question and the incidental attack on Lord Rosebery. I also refrain from touching on the charges in connection with the London County Council Loan. Until Dr. Eder has proved a single matter relating to finance. Meanwhile, he might read McLeod on Bankring and the writings of Bagelot, Dr. Eder may be too busy a man to study Goschen, although he ought to know something about Goschen when he is writing about Egypt!

"No Better Food."

-DR. ANDREW WILSON, F.R.S.E., &c.

Fru's Pure Concentrated Cocoa.

"The most perfect form of Cocoa."

Pure Cacao. 250 Gold Medals and Diplomas.

I expect, quite as great a poser to Mr. Belloc, whose side he (Mr. Hiller) claims to espouse.

The issue between Mr. Belloc and the evolutionists is straight and simple, Mr. Hiller surely merely confuses it and abuses me.

HENRY N. BERNARD.

THE ROTHCHILD.

To the Editor of "The New Age."

Dr. M. D. Eder asserts too much in his attack on the Rothschilds. He begins by asserting that the Rothschilds have not only been the destroyers of all true socialism, but that piling in public as the friends of their own race, they behave in private as their oppressors. The assertion is made against evidence. Only this week we read that one member of the family-Madame Adolphe de Rothschild has bequeathed £200,000 to charities, mostly of a Jewish character. That is surely not the act of an oppressor. The Rothschilds crave to Royalties not to help remove disabilities from the victims of Russian persecution, writes Dr. Eder. Have the Royalties communicated the exclusive news to Dr. Eder? Not even the best informed newspapers have any knowledge of the conversations between living Royalties and the Rothschilds. How has Dr. Eder become possessed of his exclusive information?

With your permission, I intend to follow the Socratic method of asking Dr. Eder a few more questions. I would like him to give evidence in support of each of his assertions, and not an ink drop. Karl Marx remarked so long ago as 1844 that "the worst anti-Semites are capitalists of the Rothschild type." Karl Marx was in no way hostile to the International Congresses. Bakoume did not agree with Karl Marx. Hundreds of modern Socialist leaders do not agree with Karl Marx. What is the point of this discussion? Karl Marx remarked so long ago as 1844 that "the worst anti-Semites are capitalists of the Rothschild type." Do not let me suppose that Marx had evidence in 1844 that "Capitalists of the Rothschild type" were "the worst anti-Semites," how can the evidence be brought against the present generation of Rothschilds whom Dr. Eder assigns to the Court of Public Opinion?

"The International career of the Rothschild, praying upon every nation in turn, has not escaped the criticism of publicists across the Channel." What does that prove? If M. Danton attacks the French Rothschilds, it is no justification for Dr. Eder to follow the bad example. "You will find fever-stricken rubber-hunters in Brazil, quicksilver miners with the shaking palsy in Spain, paying toll at New Court, St. Swithin's Lane." Does Dr. Eder mean to imply that the Rothschilds are responsible for the fever and palsy? Is a London printer, for instance, responsible for the compositor in his employ suffering from lead poisoning? Would the Almaden mines in Spain no longer be worked if the Rothschilds relinquished ownership? Would rubber-hunting in Brazil cease if the Rothschilds sold out their interests? Why do they abuse the Rothschilds for gathering wealth from Spain or Brazil which enables them to give largely to the poor of London?

I wish to confine myself to the Jewish question raised by Dr. Eder. He writes: "Lord Rothschild objects to any active
practical measures that will aid his unfortunate brethren to find a refuge in this country. Through a wise statesmanship you may think. Not at all. His action is dictated by the needs of a large number of Jews. I say this to Dr. Eder. I have read the verbatim reports of the evidence taken by the Royal Commission on Immigration. Does the report show that Lord Rothschild is guilty of Spoliation? Does the report say that Lord Rothschild is guilty of anti-Semitism? Why would Lord Rothschild lend a post to Aliens Act? Every humanitarian feels sincere sympathy with the host's menage, and upbraids him, in abusive language, for not inviting his old uncle and blind old grandfather. Is it possible that Lord Rothschild really knows what would create anti-Semitism amongst unthinking people? Is it not possible that Lord Rothschild really knows what would create anti-Semitism amongst unthinking people? Is it possible that Lord Rothschild really knows what would create anti-Semitism amongst unthinking people? Is it possible that Lord Rothschild really knows what would create anti-Semitism amongst unthinking people?

There is also the story about Lord Rothschild sending for the editor of a Jewish newspaper who was admonished "for publishing any criticism of English administration. Such correspondents who "would be glad to hear occasionally how THE NEW AGE is going." It is "going" splendidly; in fact, the circulation is increasing so rapidly that I have to express my regret that a large number of readers were disappointed last week, because they were unable to obtain their copies. By twelve o'clock last Thursday we were completely sold out, and though we had orders for over a thousand more copies we were unable to fill them. We have this week printed a very much larger edition, but I cannot too strongly impress upon our readers that if they wish to be certain of securing their copies they should place an order with their local newsagent or else subscribe direct to this office. I expect to secure a limited number of last week's issue, and if those of our readers who were unable to obtain a copy will write direct to the office enclosing a stamp, we will endeavour to fill all orders, but all application should be made immediately.

Though our circulation is increasing so rapidly, it is not worthy bringing the Publisher (for Publishers are never modest), I can safely speak of the merits of THE NEW AGE—yet is it necessary? they must be obvious to all who read the paper. Nevertheless, there are thousands of Socialists and would-be Socialists who have not yet succumbed to its attractions, and I want everyone of our friends to assist in putting the sale of THE NEW AGE. There are many ways of doing this, and I ventured to suggest a few—

1. Send the names and addresses of those of your friends, interested in Socialism, who do not already read THE NEW AGE. We will post a parcel of specimens copies of them.

2. Apply for a parcel of specimen copies for distribution among your friends or at meetings. We will send a parcel by you, carriage paid. Please state how many copies you can use.

3. Ask every newsagent or bookstall clerk you come in contact with, if he stocks THE NEW AGE. Should he not have heard of such a paper, do not allow him to send us a card with his name and address. We will show him the error of his ways.

4. If your newsagent sells THE NEW AGE, but does not exhibit a poster, do not withdraw your custom, but threaten to do so unless he writes to the office to have one sent him without delay.

5. If you have any difficulty in securing your copy of THE NEW AGE, drop us a card giving the name and address of newsagent.

To Birmingham Readers:

Mr. Frank Kuhb, honorary literary secretary of the Birmingham Labour Church, wishes me to state that THE NEW AGE can always be obtained at the Church (Bristol Street Council Schools) on Sunday evenings. Many thanks, Mr. Kuhb.

To Mr. W. Roberts, Stoke Newsington; Labour, Brusley; Mr. Ashley, Falkirk; Mr. Regan, Belfast; C. K. R. and Aged, Manchester, and many others: Very many thanks for kind wishes. Every individual effort helps the good cause, and we are very grateful.

Back Numbers.

There is still a limited supply of all the back numbers, New Series, and some of these can be obtained at the original price of one penny each and postage. However, as the number is very limited, we shall be compelled shortly to raise the price even of these numbers, but due notice will be given.

Have you sent for a Bernard Shaw Calendar yet? Price 1s. 6d. by post. The Publisher.

FACTS V. SLANDER.

Who is guilty of Spoliation? See the SOCIALIST ANNUAL for 1908.

Who undermines the Family? See the SOCIALIST ANNUAL for 1908.

Who destroys the Home? See the SOCIALIST ANNUAL for 1908.

Who destroys Individuality? See the SOCIALIST ANNUAL for 1908.

FOR Pauperism, Trade Unionism, The Red International, The Lord's Anointed, Degeneration, Taxation, &c., &c.,

SEE THE SOCIALIST ANNUAL FOR 1908.

Edited by TH. ROTHSTEIN.

Also ARTICLES, AN HISTORICAL CALENDAR AND TWO CARTOONS.

64 Pages in Artistic Cover.

Price 3d. Post free, 4½d. Stiff boards, 6d., by post, 7½d.
BOOKS FOR MODERN READERS

Contains articles by most of the best-known modern Socialist writers.

"The first volume of The New Age is destined to become the bibliomania's treasure."

IMPORTANT.—In consequence of the run on back numbers, the price of single copies of any week's issue of The New Age before November, 1907, has been raised to 2s., post free 2d.

NEUTZSCHE IN OUTLINE AND APHORISM. By A. R. ORAGE. 2s. 6d., net., by post 2s. 9d.
A complete guide to the philosophy of Nietzsche.

NEUTZSCHE, THE DIONYSIAN SPIRIT OF THE AGE. By A. R. ORAGE. With Portrait, 1s. net., by post 1s. 1d.

NOW READY.

LOVE POEMS. By W. R. TITTERTON. Paper covers, price 1s. net., by post 1s. 2d.
Contains some of the most passionate and beautiful lyrics of recent times.

THE REVIVAL OF ARISTOCRACY. By Dr. OSCAR LEVY. 3s. 6d., net., by post 3s. 9d.
A brilliant study from the Nietzschean point of view.

ORDER NOW.

THE SANITY OF ART. By BERNARD SHAW. Price 1s. net. paper covers, by post 1s. 4d.; 2s. net. in cloth, by post 2s. 9d.
A reprint of Mr. Bernard Shaw's famous essay first contributed to the pages of Liberty (New York), and never before published in England. The copies of Liberty containing the essay are now out of print and of great value. A new preface has been specially written for this issue. "The Sanity of Art" is Mr. Shaw's most important pronouncement on the subject of Art, and admittedly one of the finest pieces of art criticism in the language. Orders may be placed now.

NOW READY.

THE G. B. S. CALENDAR. Price 1s. net., by post 1s. 2d. A: the time for a Christmas or New Year Gift. Useful, instructive, entertaining. A quotation from the plays and essays of Bernard Shaw for every day of the year. No other Calendar contains so much really palatable food for the mind. Valuable alike to the Socialist and the Anti-Socialist. A stimulant to the one and an encouragement to the other. There is nothing to equal it as a daily companion or as a propaganda of the new faith. Age cannot stale its infinite variety; it will last as long as time. The Calendar is beautifully printed and made to hang on the wall. Order at once.

BERNARD SHAW: A Monograph. By HOLBROOK JACKSON. With Four Portraits. Price 5s. net., by post 5s. 9d.

GLADSTONIAN GHOSTS. By CECIL CHESTERTON. 230 pp. 1s. 3d., by post 1s. 4d.
The most able criticism of Liberal politics and the doctrine of laissez faire now before the public.
Contains: Indictatory Letter to Edgar Johnson, and chapters on Millarism, the Perish of Free Trade, Anarchism, Social Reconstruction, and a Socialist Programme.

THE RESTORATION OF THE GILD SYSTEM. By A. J. PENTY. Price 3s. 6d., by post 3s. 9d.
One of the most thought-provoking works on social economy. Should be read by all Craftsmen and students of Sociology.
"An ably-written plea for the revival of an artistic tradition, and for the control of industry, not by the financier, but by the master-craftsman."—Times. "It would be idle to deny that Mr. Penty's criticism of Collectivism is both able and stimulating."—Fabian News.

ESSAYS IN SOCIALISM. By E. BELFORT BAX. 155 pages.
Price 6d., by post 6d. A reprint of the brilliant and thoughtful essays of the Socialist philosopher.

NOW READY.

Orders may be placed now.

A remittance must accompany all orders. Kindly make out postal orders to the New Age Press, London.

NEW AGE (BOOK DEPARTMENT), 198 & 140, FLEET ST., LONDON, E.C.