NOTE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—All Business Communications must be addressed to Publisher, "New Age," 139, Fleet Street, E.C.; communications for the Editor to 1, Toole’s Court, Furnivall Street, E.C.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

The failure of the entire London Press to face the facts of the Portuguese situation is a striking tribute to our national sense of respectability. The moral shock which is professed on all hands appears to be so far genuine that it has dazed the minds of leaders, writers and destroyers for the moment their faculties of rational judgment. Everywhere the Lisbon tragedy has been referred to as a "cowardly and abominable outrage," and placed in the same category as the assassinations of President McKinley and the Empress of Austria and the attempt on the lives of the newly-elected Italian Queen of Spain. Not one paper has had the courage to state the pros and cons of the affair in a straightforward, impartial fashion; and all have vehemently denounced the attitude of the "Tríbuna," the Italian Government organ, because it ventured to suggest that there was something to be said on the other side.

For ourselves we are not prepared to offer our readers any guidance in forming moral judgments on the incident. Such judgments, when they relate to the internal affairs of a foreign State, are not only irrelevant, but must almost certainly be misleading unless they are based on a more intimate knowledge of the facts than we possess. At the moment we can only put forward the remarks we made last week when the news first came to hand, that, sentiment and ethics apart, it is clear that this affair is neither the work of anarchists nor of a few disappointed office-seekers, but a definite move in the struggle for the political freedom of Portugal.

The latest news definitely confirms this view. We know now that as a direct consequence of the death of the King and Crown Prince, the three most oppressive decrees of Senhor Franco have been annulled. Parliamentary immunity and the freedom of the Press have been restored, and, according to Reuter, all political prisoners, including those condemned to exile, have been released. The respectable and horrified organs of the London Press are now faced with the awkward fact that a "cowardly and abominable outrage" has led directly to an indisputable improvement in the situation and a great extension of civil and political freedom. How do they propose to explain this moral paradox without withdrawing their denunciations of the "Tríbuna"?

The rulers of Portugal, for the moment at least, seem to have learnt their lesson. We wish it were possible to hope that certain English statesmen would also profit by Senhor Franco’s example. But the obvious parallel between Portugal and Ireland appears to have escaped the notice of the gentlemen on the Front Opposition benches of both Lords and Commons. For they have spent two days during the past week in denouncing the Chief Secretary for refusing to take their advice and govern Ireland by force against the wishes of the people. Mr. Birrell’s defence of his policy was exceedingly able and effective, but it did not strike such a heavy blow at the Unionists as Lord Dudley’s speech in the Upper House on the same night.

Lord Dudley spoke as a Unionist and as an ex-Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and the Opposition have found a great deal of difficulty in discounting the weight and authority of his utterance. He refused to associate himself with the demand of his party for the enforcement of the Crimes Act. "He had frequently been taunted," he said, "for having used the expression that Ireland should be governed according to Irish ideas. Yet in connection with the government of any other country that phrase would have been accepted as a platitude. Why was Ireland alone to be debarred from the application of such a very elementary principle...? No Government could hope to be permanently successful in any country unless it was supported by public opinion. In Ireland that support was too often withdrawn... If he could not maintain the Union by sympathetic and conciliatory methods, if he did not succeed in bringing home to the people its advantages, if he was unable gradually to develop respect for the law and to establish a feeling of general contentment, then he said frankly that he would rather consider the possibility of an amendment in the system of government than fall back upon the permanent attitude of force which some Unionists seemed to desire."

It would have needed all the experience and ability of Mr. Balfour to counteract in any degree the moral effect of such a speech. And in his absence the Unionist attack naturally fell flat. Altogether the Unionists have made a very poor show in the debate on the Address. In spite of their recent successes in the country their attacks have been only half-hearted, and on no single question have they succeeded even in shaking the credit of the Government. The fact is...
that without their leader they stand nowhere in comparison with the other parties, either in respect of sincerity or of ability. Amongst them all there is no single man who can really gain the ear of the public. From the opening of Parliament until Thursday evening last, when the debate on the Address concluded, there was only one occasion when the Government were not completely masters of the situation. And the credit for that occasion was not due to the Opposition, but to the Labour Party, and in particular to Mr. Peter MacDonald whose able and earnest, simple outspoken avowal of Socialism (vide "Punch") was listened to with grave attention by a crowded house.

Indeed, since the defeat by a narrow majority of the Labour Party's amendment relating to unemployment, there has been little to disturb the inevitable monotony of the one-sided debates in the House. For the chief exception to this rule, Mr. Robert Peel, the member for Leek, was responsible, when on Wednesday he obtained the leave of the House to introduce a Bill "To promote the earlier use of daylight in certain months yearly."

This Bill is one of the most interesting and original proposals which have been brought before the House in our memory. Mr. Pearce's scheme is that standard time be observed two minutes at 2 a.m. on Sunday morning in April and retarded a similar amount on each Sunday in September. By this simple means we should gain 80 minutes daylight every day throughout the summer. The man whose working day ends at 5 o'clock would thus in effect be free at 3.40, with a long bright summer evening in front of him, and everyone would be enabled to conform more or less closely to that admirable rule of going to bed and rising with the stars. Apart from the beneficial effects on health which might justly be expected to flow from the adoption of this plan, its promoter claims that the community would be saved an expenditure of about £2,000,000 on artificial light. We rather question the method by which this figure has been reached, but there can be no doubt that a large economy would be effected. The scheme seems to be a perfectly feasible one and has a strong backing of Generals, astronomers, Bishops, scientists, politicians, and even railway directors. As far as we can see, there can be nothing against it but the tremendous conservatism of British public opinion. But we fear that this consideration will be sufficient to prevent the Government giving the necessary facilities to enable the Bill to become law. Before this remark is printed, however, the second reading will have taken place, and our readers will know for themselves what chance there is of their having longer summer days in the future than they have ever known.

The threatened discussion on the Army and Navy has been postponed by arrangement. Mr. Murray Macdonald and his supporters in the Government ranks, who are dissatisfied with the policy of their leaders, and are anxious to see some substantial reductions in our expenditure upon armaments, have agreed to the Premier's proposal that the question should be raised on the Naval Estimates.

We trust that the Government will not be weak in the matter of the Navy. Either we must courageously maintain the two-Power standard whatever it may cost — and in view of the extraordinary naval activity of Germany it will cost a great deal — or else we must renounce for ever the doctrines of the "blue water" school, and fall back on our second line. Since the country is not yet educated up to the idea of a citizen army, the debate on the Army Estimates will lead to some form of conscription. In circumstances we do not hesitate to throw in our lot with those who demand a large and costly increase in our Naval programme, because we believe that this, in the long run, will be the cheapest way of maintaining our national security and of escaping the demoralising consequences of frequent war scares. As for the cost—well, that is Mr. Asquith's business, and until his Budget appears we will refrain from offering him any further suggestions.

The conviction of Boulter for blasphemy was inevitable as long as the obsolete law which deals with the subject remains on the Statute Book. It seems to us, however, a great pity that the Home Secretary should ever have allowed the prosecution to be commenced under such an Act. There is little doubt that the prisoner will accept the chance of liberty which Mr. Justice Phillimore has offered him, and, having enjoyed his advertisement, will pose for ever after as a martyr in the cause of religious freedom. And the worst of it is that he will have a perfect right to do so, owing to the form of the conviction. If he had been convicted against public decency, he might or might not have been convicted, but he would have forfeited the sympathy which, as things stand, he will undoubtedly obtain from a considerable number of freedom-loving citizens.

The decease of the "Tribune" is a sign of the times in more ways than one. From one point of view it is to be deplored, because it would seem to indicate that there is no room in London to-day for a newspaper which consistently maintains the best of British journalism. But, on the other hand, it must be remembered that the "Tribune" stood for a moribund political creed, the Gladstonian Liberalism of the seventies. It started thirty years behind the times, and made no attempt to catch up with public opinion. And so it disappeared, just as a certain section of the Liberal Party must inevitably disappear in the near future, crushed between Socialism on the one hand and Tariff Reform on the other.

If we accept the reports which are constantly reaching us from abroad, it is impossible to dispute the fact that the most serious and pressing question with which the civilised world is faced to-day is the problem of unemployment. In England we have over 500,000 unemployed. In Berlin alone we were informed the other day there are 60,000 in the same plight. And now there comes news from America that 75,000 men are out of work in New York, 50,000 in Chicago, 30,000 in Philadelphia, 40,000 in St. Louis, 30,000 in Boston, and so on throughout all the big cities in the States. The question we are inclined to ask is not which of these countries will show the largest trade returns next year, but which of them will be the first to solve the problem.

Mr. Burns has told us that things are really much better than we imagine, that unemployment to-day is nothing compared with what it was when the first appeared on the scene thirty years ago. That statement may be as true as it is irrelevant. The vital fact is that to-day we are more aware of the evil than ever we were before. The whole nation is awake to the facts, so that they have become a burden on the national conscience. Moreover, the sufferers themselves are realising their power, and if something is not done at once, they are more than likely to make their voices heard in a fashion that will make delay impossible. Would that some public benefactor could come forward with a sum of money, which is not too much for his cheery optimism, and that, in the words of Mr. Masterman, if he attempts to shelve the problem of the unemployed, the problem will shelve him.

We are glad to learn that the Committee of the Royal College of Physicians of London, at an extraordinary meeting in January, recommended the alteration of its bye-laws to allow the admission of women to the examinations of the College. Public opinion has undergone a tremendous change during the past few years in regard to the claims of women, and doubtless many people will be surprised to learn now for the first time that women have, up to the present been excluded from the most common of medical qualifications,
namely, that denoted by the letters M.R.C.S.,
is nothing we would better like to see than half a dozen
members of the College, reputed to be the
least £5,000. With this sum it is proposed
people they might form the nucleus of a genuinely
free of all class bias, and intent only on the good
whole. A very small sum from every reader of
The New Age would raise the money in a week; and
Mr. Bernard Shaw might be induced to forsake the
Drama of the theatre for the Drama of Westminster.

The movement for the abolition of the Stage Censorship
has been reinforced by the formation of an active
Committee, which has just published a useful tract.
In view of the probable early reception by the Prime
Minister of the postponed deputation, we urge our
readers to maintain the subject in the full glare of pub-
Censorship is as ridiculous as it is mischievous;
and nothing but good can come of its total abolition.
Irrespective of economic manœuvres, and even (and
more insidious) in matters of literature as in
matters of politics. The movement is well-supported
by brains, and opposed only by financial interests and
stupidity (generally an indissoluble union). Our one
fear is that things less dramatic than ever, even when the Censorship is abolished, will fall far short of the needs of the case. Half a dozen Jeremiahs rolled into one would be needed to sting our
generation into anything approaching revolt.

The “Fortnightly Review” has arranged for a de-
bate in its columns on Socialism between Dr. Beattie
Crozier and Mr. Robert Blatchford. Dr. Crozier led
off in January with an attack upon what he called the
fundamental claim of street-corner Socialism, the
claim that Socialism exists for economic ends. In the
next month's issue Mr. Blatchford has replied to the
indictment. The following quotations from his very able
article will, we are sure, interest readers of The New Age:

Dr. Crozier says, as I have said a hundred times, that
under the unjust system now in operation the inventor
is exploited by the capitalist (he ignores the landlord), and he
adds that under Socialism the inventor would be exploited
by the labourer. He denounces this as a “scarlet injustice,”
and claims that all the “surplus value” which genius enables
labour to create should be paid to genius. His challenge to
Socialism is a challenge to dispute this claim. I accept
the challenge cheerfully. I admit that the holding over of
“surplus value” to genius would be “economically just”; I
have always said so. But as a human being I am not con-
cerned for “economic justice”; and as a human being I do not care whether my fellow creatures get “economic justice” or not, so long as they are happy.

Strict “economic justice” is impossible, because any at-
tempt to express the value of human services in terms of
money is fore-doomed to failure. I confess without a blush
that I have no theory of value; that I never had any theory
of value; that I regard all theories of value as vanity and
a striving after wind. It is as possible to weigh human good-
ness in a pair of scales as to value human genius in pounds,
shillings, and pence.

James Watt invented the steam engine.
Shall we give all the millions produced by all the steam engines
ever made to the labourer? He does not care, he adds;
And if so, do we pay because Watt invented the steam
engine; or because he was the first to invent it? And if, as it
seems to me, the claim rests upon priority, are we to hand
over the whole of the land values of the American continent
to the heirs and assigns of Christopher Columbus? There
would be a pretty dish of litigation for the heirs and assigns
of the Marquess of Worcester, and of Thorfinn Karlsfene,
and Eric the Red. And who is to do justice to the descendants
of Aristotle of St. Albans, and Old King Cole? And what is the value in foot pounds, or in Spanish
dollars, or in stocks of land of Spenser's "Synthetic Philo-
osophy" or the rhetoric and "Dialyrous," or the garrulousness in Shakespeare's plays? And if a doctor save the life of
his sovereign, what should be his fee? And should he have
the same fee for buggy Mary as for giant Queen Bess? And
since Lord Lister was not the originator of antisepctic treatment,
saved countless human lives, how much money do we owe
him? What, in money, is life worth? Whose life? How
could Lord Lister pay if paid at the same rate union rate of so
little per hour. I am no prophet; but I think Socialism will come gradually, and that we
shall all adopt Socialism by example, and be rich to the
extent that Socialism will pay some men higher salaries
than others. But I hope that some day communism will
arrive, and then there will be no salaries at all, and our
people will begin to live in real estate.

The anti-Socialist concerns himself almost entirely about
"the wealth." The Socialist is more concerned about "the
life." The one is anxious to protect the pockets of the rich,
the other to protect the lives of the poor. What does it matter
how the wealth is distributed: if only we can banish
poverty? The first thought of the Socialist is how he may
abolish poverty and remove all the artificial barriers to
the development of the best that is in us. The hope of
the capitalist is that society may be so ordered that every
child shall be fed, and clothed, and educated, and cherished,
and that we may have a nation of men and women with sound
minds in sound bodies. We believe that if we adopt Socialism
so as to destroy the dread of poverty and
the curse of ignorance, genius will rush forward to give
government to all the theories of
In view of the suggestion so often made of late to the
effect that Socialists are, by their very name, committed
to all the theories of Marx and at the same time to all
the views of Mr. Blatchford, I refer to the following final
extract may be of special interest and use:—
I have never read a page of Marx. I got the idea of
collective ownership from H. M. Hyndman: the rest of my
Socialism I thought out for myself. English Socialism is
not German : it is English. English Socialism is not
Marxian: it is humanitarian. It does not depend on any
theory of "economic justice," but upon humanity and com-
munity sense.

Certainly Mr. Blatchford's own breezy commonsense is one of the
great assets of the Socialist movement.

[Articles next week by Arnold Bennett, Alderman Sanders, and Edwin Pugh.]

The New Era Sociological Society.

The next Meeting will be held at
UNIVERSITY HALL,
GORDON SQUARE (Near Russell Square, W),
On Tuesday, February 23, 1909.
A paper will be read by
By Mr. R. C. K. Ensor
Barister-at-Law: (Representing The Fabian Society).
To be followed by a discussion opened by
Mr. J. H. Seymour Lloyd,
Barister-at-Law: (Representing The London Municipal Society).
The Chair will be taken at 8 p.m. by
Dr. F. Lawson Dodd (i.p.), Hon. Sec., 71, Crayford Road, Tufnell Park, N.
On Regicide.

To assassinate kings is human and tolerable; to execute them is English and abominable. What child has not shed tears of fierce rage on hearing the story of Charles Stuart, his trial, his death-scene? And children have a beautiful sense of justice, a sense all unblurred by contact with the real insincerities of life. Children know intuitively that the Court presided over by lawyer Bradshaw was, like every assembly where lawyers meet, a mockery of human justice, with its first principle that no man can ever forgive, not the deed of crafty lawyers, which is English and abominable. What child has not said, "Two skinny Frenchmen and a Portugue," One jolly Englishman wholloped all three."

It is time we abandoned this ridiculous attitude. In reality the Anglo-Saxon has but a leesle grasp of the essentials of liberty. No taxation without representation, a doctrine which has destroyed the deep question of justice involved, and it is in this that the British Government have failed so signally in

footsteps as they battle for a fuller life. We ask if the olegnaceous native is fit to be trusted with our glorious system of self-government, etc., etc. In politics as erst in war we are wont to say: "All's well that ends well." Lord Elgin and Lord Ripon alike seem anxious about it."

The problem of citizenship of a great empire is one of those questions which no amount of soft soap can hide and no amount of talk can demolish. There is never to be shelved until they are justly solved."

By Dr. Josiah Oldfield.

The Government of the day are pluming themselves on the value of the old maxim that "all's well that ends well." Lord Elgin and Lord Ripon alike seem anxious with regard to the great problem of the Indians in the Transvaal, to say: "The matter is now ended satisfactorily, let us shake hands all round and say no more about it."

But is the matter ended? The point for all who look ahead into England's future is to learn how to discriminate between the trivial and the important, between the ephemeral sensation of to-day and the forces which are linked on to day-to-day experience, which can never be shelved until they are justly solved.

The problem of citizenship of a great empire is one of the questions which no amount of soft soap can hide and no amount of talk can demolish. There is the deep question of justice involved, and it is in this that the British Government have failed so signally in
By the Ordinance, he, an educated gentleman, a bar-

ister of Lincoln’s Inn, a man of culture, of highest

ideal, self-sacrificing, and of wide erudition and state-

moralist education, can be strung up by an igno-

rant, cruel policeman and run into the nearest police

station and made to show a pass and make a thumb-mark!

Why, we hardly give such power in England over our

ticket-of-leave criminals, and rightly, and very rightly,

did Mr. Gandhi prefer to go to prison that he might save

his fellow citizens from such degradation.

And he has won, as integrity and honesty and self-
sacrifice always must win. But Lord Elgin and Mr.

Morley have lost—have lost a great chance of showing

to India that England will protect her sons wherever

they be and whatever colour they be, so only that they

are citizens of the British Empire.

The future of citizenship will be character, education

and worth, and will not be colour, and the time will

come when those who have worn this citizenship will be

able to travel the length and breadth of the British

Empire without let or hindrance or annoyance, because

they are citizens of the British Empire.

The Great God Economics.

When I was young and fancied myself as a dialectician,

I was once arguing with a shrewd opponent, who

sent me to prison because he refuses to sink to the status of

the Kaffir and the criminal.

I feel inclined to say the same to anyone who be-

labours me with “economics.”

What is “economics”? Literally, it means the

management of a house. Ruskin, taking it broadly,
defined it as the application of labour. But ninety-nine

people out of every hundred who use it nowadays Sup-

pose it to mean some hard and fast collection of gene-

eralisations about Wealth and Rent and Interest and

Profit and Loss and Capital which, in their hazy way, they believe to be as

unchangeable as the laws of Media and Persians were

once fondly considered, and which can be invoked, as

the pretexts of Boulton and Watt against the intervention of their

gory god, against all who dare to deny that present

arrangements and systems are bound to last for ever.

No denunciation of Socialist aims is complete, there-

for, without a reference to its “crazy economics.” A

clear distinction is to be made between this disordered

and unthinking. I have no doubt many such were

greatly reassured by the “Daily Mail” leader-writer’s

pronouncement last week that the way to bring back

prosperity to the railways was to uphold sound econo-

mics and erect more bulwarks against Socialist legis-

lation. And not one, I dare swear, took the trouble to

think out exactly what this means.

The railways are doing badly. That is perfectly clear.

At the half-yearly meetings just held, in the South at

all events, the chairmen have lifted up their voices and

wailed: “Where are our missing passengers?” They

cry, and will not be comforted.

Now, why are the railways doing badly? To some

extent their reduced receipts from passenger traffic are

accounted for by the increasing competition from muni-

cipal electric trams and motor omnibuses. But there is

a deeper cause than this.

Railway returns are one of the surest tests of

national prosperity. When passenger receipts go down

it means that the mass of the nation is short of money.

Early this year there was a case at a railway station of

the nation has got very little money to spare. The chair-

man of the Great Eastern says people cannot afford to

take holidays at the seaside, as they did in fat years

gone by. And how do the devotees of the great god

economics choose to increase national prosperity?

By setting up bulwarks against Socialist legis-

lation.

The argument is hard to follow. We are, as a

nation, hard up now—that is to say, the purchasing

power of the mass of the nation is small. Socialists
propose changes which would have the effect of increasing the purchasing power, of making the mass of the people less hard up. That is an object which everyone admits (or pretends to admit) to be desirable of attainment. Even Mr. Arnold Forster, who has written a whole book in denunciation of Socialism without in the least being effective against it, admits that "the distribution of wealth in this country is grossly unequal—so unequal that it cannot be good for the body politic."

Yet the only scheme at present before the country for the more equal distribution of wealth is to have bulwarks erected against it, and the erection of those bulwarks is expected in some mysterious, unexplained fashion to increase national prosperity!

If a neighbour of yours were ill and you recommended him to try the remedies of a certain doctor, you would think him a fool if he fell into a panic and barricaded his house so that the doctor should not get in—especially if that doctor were the only one who had any remedies to propose. Yet that is exactly the state of mind of those who declare that, although, as a nation we are hard up, they will do all they can to erect bulwarks against the only people who propose a remedy for our lack of prosperity.

Lord Claude Hamilton revealed a little more clearly than the "Daily Mail" leader-writer the mental processes which give birth to such arguments when he spoke the other day at the Great Eastern meeting against the Eight Hours Day for Miners.

He said that if, in consequence of more men being required to produce the same amount of coal, the price of coal went up two shillings a ton the result would be disastrous, "not only to railway proprietors, but also to shareholders in every manufacturing concern, while the poor in every part of the kingdom would be equal sufferers."

It seems to me that if the shareholders in railway companies and manufacturing concerns had their dividends slightly reduced it would make little difference to the purchasing power of the nation. For these shareholders are all people whose daily bread is secure. They might buy fewer meals in expensive restaurants, or fewer feathers for their wives’ hats, or fewer flowers for their dinner-tables in winter. But they would not reduce their expenditure on any of the staple articles of consumption on which the industry of the country mainly depends.

Wheresoever, if more miners were employed, the purchasing power of the nation would be increased to a large extent. A number of men now out of employ—employed in producing. It is because the people with command of large sums of money are not doing this that we are, as a nation, hard up.

M. Hervé, another well-meaning but muzzy-witted opponent of Socialism, told an audience lately that "the continued maintenance of the employment of labour depends on constant new channels of labour being found, upon new manufactures being continually started, and upon additions being constantly made to old ones."

In other words, the available supply of labour can only be kept in employment if money is in brisk circulation but Mr. Cameron Corbett denounced the only people who have proposed any method of causing money to circulate more freely among the mass of the people!

Capitalism is on its trial to-day just because it has failed to keep money circulating briskly. Capitalism does not find constant new channels of labour. It does not continually start new manufactures or constantly add to old ones. It sits upon its money, or squanders it on luxuries which do not add to the nation’s wealth, or invests it abroad. It would be a good thing to impose a two shilling income-tax on all dividends from companies open to the whole public, and thus to make sure that Capitalism won’t do its duty by providing channels of labour at home, it should be made to discharge a part of its obligation in another way.

But that, of course, would be only a temporary measure of justice. The plain fact is that Capitalism has failed. Five hundred thousand unemployed are sufficient proof of its failure. The great god Economics is a fraud and a stupidity, and our present industrial system, which can find no buttress but this dreary deception, has got to go."

The French at Casablanca.

By M. Hervé.

(Being the second of four articles summarising M. Hervé’s speech in his defence. Translated for The New Age, with M. Hervé’s express permission.)

This honour of the country was at stake. The honour of the country demanded vengeance—vengeance for those who had provoked the natives beyond all bounds of endurance!

What happened? This extract from the “Journal Officiel” will tell you. I quote from the speech of a political opponent of mine noted for his moderation, M. Ribot. Listen to what an ex-Minister for Foreign Affairs and a determined supporter of the policy of Colonial expansion, who has investigated the causes of the disturbance at first hand, has to say of the way we plunged into the adventure of Casablanca:

“As a matter of fact, the cloud broke without warning; with the Consul on his holidays, the Vice-Consul was not left (though of this latter fact the Foreign Minister appears to be unaware) . . . Our public servants must be taught that offices are not made for the officials. We cannot have our whole administrative staff devoting its attention exclusively to the subject of holidays. When the house is on fire, the official must be at the hose-pipe . . .”

A letter I have received from a merchant of Tanger confirms this singular absence from Casablanca of our two representatives at the moment when the bombardment began; explains the failure of the government by which a nigger, pitched by force into the job of clerk to the Legation, was left in charge at Casablanca while his brother-in-law, the Vice-Consul, paid a week’s visit to the Consul at Gibraltar—father of the incompetence; explains how this foolish clerk, dazzled by his sudden elevation, and imagining all things were lawful unto him, instead of easing the tension between the Français and the representatives of the powers, so far aggravated it as directly to bring about the breach which furnished those lurid headlines in the Paris Press; how he lost what head he possessed, and compelled the French residents to take refuge in the Consulate, where they kept whole hours as a merciful concession from the Moors; how—immediately upon the arrival of the “Gallicée”—he ordered the bombardment of the place, with the result that a prosperous town has been turned into a city of the dead, and the French cut off from all communication with and supplies from the outside world. Unbelievable as this may seem, it is because of the stupidity of a young man of twenty-four that this mule among mules, who is about to receive (in fact, has since received) the Cross of the Legion of Honour!

To return to my official document. You will not believe me, but you will believe M. Ribot. He goes on: “The orders of the commanding officer of the ‘Gallicée’ were to proceed with extreme caution, in view of the inadequacy of the force at his disposal, and, should their lives be in danger, to aid French subjects
by putting them on board his own ship or some of the merchant vessels in the harbour. But of disembarking there could be no question. You understand why there could be no question. You understand why there could be no question of landing. The French lands marine; the Moors imagine—put yourselves in their place—that they came to take possession of the town, and their guns go off of their own accord. Inevitably there is an explosion of what we call Fanaticism; in accordance with the birth certificate of the exploder . . . The Government had said, too: "In the terms of the Treaty of Algaciras, we have no right to land our men, we are a police force with native constables no more!" But there was young men (just now getting ready for his Cross) who had other conceptions of the interests of his country.

"There are," continues M. Ribot, "some despatches, not included in the Yellow Book, which state that the uncle of the Sultan took upon himself to dismiss the Pacha"—because he failed to prevent that fateful quarrel—and replaced him by the Kaid, who had, two days before, at the head of his men, protected the embarking of a number of Europeans on an English ship (this, you see, was a very well-intentioned Kaid); "and that the Kaid, as provisional governor of the town, had declared that, except in the event of its bombardment—a thing the Instructions must the mind of the Government—he would take upon himself to answer for its tranquillity. It is nothing short of a calumny, then, that the "Galilée" so hurried on the landing of its sixty heroes. Quick as our French hearts are to respond to heroism, let us not forget that prudence and respect for instructions are no less admirable and necessary." (I do not myself say that they lacked courage, those sixty marines, but neither did the brigands who attacked the Etampes train.) M. Ribot calls this landing a calumny, and M. Ribot is a moderate man.

When the Moors saw those armed marines there was an explosion. The sacred soil of Islam was invaded! Bands of mountaineers entered the town. Guns were fired, pillage began. Then, without summons, the ships in the harbour opened fire—firing on friend and foe, on Jewish and Mussulman quarters alike . . .

I come now to two telegrams received from its special correspondents by a paper (the "Matin") whose reputation for patriotism is above suspicion. Here they are: (1) "The town presents a lamentable spectacle. At every few steps one stumbles over a corpse lying in a pool of blood. The streets are deserted. A cataclysm. You would say, has blotted out the inhabitants. . . . Before the pillaged shops fragments of linen and clothes trail in the gutter. The air is poisoned by the smell of the decomposing corpses. AuignetTu told us that Casablanca was a legion of flies. The town shows up as bright as day in the light of the burning houses. Upon this solitude an explosion of rifle bullets still rain. Whence come they? Impossible to tell. (2) "The loathsome odour of decomposition is the sight of shell-pocked town, hedgerow and corpses—horses and Moors jumbled pell-mell together—and littered with nondescript rubbish from the sack of the shops, is truly terrifying. One wades knee-deep in a prodigious harvest of grain—among empty boxes—steaks. The shops are stripped bare. The Arab town is a heap of smouldering and smoking ruins. Everywhere are corpses, distorted and swollen; to breathe near them is to vomit; they are now being carted away . . . The troops have entered the town singing the 'Marseillaise,' flowers wreathed round the barrels of their rifles. All night their songs have continued. Hardly any streets have been fired. The soldiers are wild with joy . . . Mounted Arabs charge at full gallop—they are like creatures of fantasy, but their well-aimed shots strike into our midst; it is a miracle our soldiers are not hit."

They had probably old flint locks, they caracoled on their horses like the Arabs of 1830; and then the "Gloire" and the "Galilée" sent them three thousand Schneider shells at 300 to 500 francs apiece, and a flourishing town was magically changed into a tomb. This is what you have done, this is what they have done, Mr. Attorney-General, those French troops, whose official apostle this day you are.

Shortly after the appearance in the "Matin" of these telegrams, the "Echo de Paris," a paper still more blamelessly patriotic, published the following: "The French took two prisoners who were questioned by General Drude after the battle. Then the sentence of death was read to them. They wept, kissed the general's hands, threw themselves at his feet, but, after being compelled to dig their own graves, they were shot." Public indignation was aroused; Jaurès gave notice of his intention to bring the matter before the Chamber; and then the news was officially contradicted, and Jaurès withdrew his motion. Let us see whether you will be as easily satisfied . . .

(M. Hervé here read a letter from a commander in the Foreign Legion, killed later on at Casablanca, wherein it is incidentally mentioned that a wounded prisoner was sent to the Governor of the town "pour être interrogé et exécuté"; and a telegram to the "Agence Havas," the truth of which was subsequently confirmed by the "Echo de Paris" and the "Matin," stating that six Moors had been captured and shot for being found with arms in their hands, i.e., "an out-of-date Martini, a broken bayonet spiked to a stick, and three long Arab muskets."

These statements have not been denied. As you see, we have not shot our prisoners.

From this moment—the moment of these revelations—we altered our tactics, and began to take hostages (or delegates, as your Foreign Minister prefers to call them). We have taken delegates from the neighbouring tribes, and guarded them. And the neighbouring tribes, fearing lest we should do unto those hostages what the Prussians threatened to do to the French hostages, ruffle no longer the peace of Casablanca. Only, as my Tangier correspondent observes, the Moors have stopped sending in market produce. They have, in fact, put the port into quarantine, and they manifest, as my Tangier correspondent observes, what the Prussians threatened to do to the French hostages, ruffle no longer the peace of Casablanca. Only, as my Tangier correspondent observes, the Moors have stopped sending in market produce. They have, in fact, put the port into quarantine, and they manifest, as my Tangier correspondent observes, what the Prussians threatened to do to the French hostages,...
something to better the condition of the common people from whom they sprang, and they have worked faithfully to that end.” One reason for State action in New Zealand as over against municipal action in the treatment of the unemployed is the fact that there the problem of urbanisation is comparatively slow, but it is also considered that the unemployed problem is a national responsibility, since no one city or district is capable of finally dealing with the depression in all its aspects. In the years just before 1860 a crisis in labour and industry arose in New Zealand, due in the first place to the monopoly of land, and in the second to difficulties arising in the relations between the employers and the employees. It was at this time that the unemployed problem became acute. Charity was resorted to, and relief works were started at a very low rate of wages. As a result, however, of the General Election of 1864 the Liberals, Radicals, and Trade Unionists were returned in large numbers pledged to tackle this question, and the first step was the formation of a labour department. Mr. Edward Tregear, the head of the department, whom I was able to interview at some length when in New Zealand, took as his motto “Work every thing; without work nothing.” In one of his annual reports (1891) he was bold enough to make this statement: “While what we demand is that each worker who by accident or choice, it remains, that the wage-payer is the master of the wage-earner, the landowner is the master of the landless, and the owner of machinery is the master of the working men. Labour bureaus were opened up in various parts of the country. Public works were started, such as railways, roads, bridges, the laying out of land settlements, the construction of post offices and Government buildings. The unemployed were found work, and despatched from place to place, the State railways carrying them free, if necessary, it being understood that the men would refund the money, if able to do so, later to their employers. The result was the withdrawal of the great body of the unemployed, and in order to ensure that they should be economically carried out, the system of co-operative contracts was established by the late Prime Minister. From six to twelve men were allowed to group themselves as voluntary partners and to take a small contract in the construction of some public work. This co-operative group buys its material direct from the Department, and gives a definite price for work that is planned, measured out and estimated for by the Government engineer. They are not compelled to take the work at the Department’s price, but if they do that, must abide by the result. Each group chooses its own foreman, who deals directly with the Government. The Department reserves to itself the right to turn off loafers and drunkards. The working day is fixed at eight hours. Facilities are afforded to the men to remit money to their wives if the work is at a distance from home. Generally speaking, the result is perfectly satisfactory. It is to the interest of each man to see that his neighbour works, and on an average their earnings amount to between 7s. and 8s. a day. Admitting as we do that the problem is a small one compared with that of finally dealing with lack of employment in all its aspects, the system of co-operative contracts has done a useful and instructive work. The Old Age Pension law of New Zealand is another example of advanced legislation on Socialist lines. The system in operation takes it for granted that a certain standard of comfort represents the actual pecuniary requirements of old age. All the old people of the age of 65 who have an income equal to £2 a year are regarded as having sufficient; while all who have less, being in comparative need of assistance, have their incomes supplemented, not as a charitable gift, but as an act of justice. The maximum allowance is now 10s. a week, and the qualifications are as follows:—

1. Voluntary conciliation without publicity.
2. Compulsory publicity.
3. Compulsory reference to a disinterested tribunal.
4. Compulsory obedience to the award of the Court.

The plan of arbitration insisted upon the voluntary organisation of employers and employees. The State cannot deal with individuals, so capital and labour must both be organised and registered under the Act. In each of six districts there is a Board of Voluntary Conciliation to which the dispute is first referred. If a settlement is not arrived at the case goes on to a Court of Arbitration, which sits for the whole Colony. On both the Board and the Court employers and employees are represented. The presiding officer of the Court of Arbitration is a Judge of the Supreme Court of the Colony. Experts can be called in, but lawyers are not allowed to appear except by the consent of both sides. The Arbitration Court has used its power with moderation, and the result is that both parties have grown reconciled to a form of State interference which perhaps would not be wholly successful here, but which might at least in part be imitated. It seems clear that before long we shall be forced to have in England a Court of Compulsory Conciliation, which gives publicity to all the facts, and which issues a report bearing upon any dispute that may have arisen. Mr. Lloyd George, as President of the Board of Trade, has taken at least a step in this direction, and it is only a matter of time before the State will feel bound to interfere when the wages and conditions of labour in any industry are such as to lower the standard of life and tend to deteriorate the physical and moral health of the worker.

**TYPEWRITING AND SHORTHAND.**

**NEAT, ACCURATE, PROMPT.** **MODERATE CHARGES.**

Miss ANSELL, 79-79 CHANCERY LANE, LONDON

**NEW WORKS.**

**UNITARIANISM AN AFFIRMATIVE FAITH,” UNITARIAN CHRISTIANITY, “AFFIRMATIVE FAITH,” AND OTHER WRITINGS, A PROGRESSIVE THINKING SOCIETY **

**A SOCIALIST, with Political, Literary, and Commercial Experience (6 months in Paris, 2 years in Germany) seeks suitable employment. Speaks French and German. Modern salary. Address, D L., c/o Frank Palmer, 139 & 340, Fleet Street, E.C.**
Belloc and Chesterton.*

By G. Bernard Shaw.

[Note.—It is requested that not more than an lines in all be quoted from this article without permission.—ED. NEW AGE.]

Our friend Wells is mistaken. His desire to embrace Chesterton as a vessel of the Goodwill which is making for Socialism is a hopeless one for other reasons than the obvious impossibility of his arms reaching round that colossal figure which dominates Battersea Park. Wells is an Englishman, and cannot understand these foreigners. The pages of "Who's Who" explain the whole misunderstanding. Turn to Wells, Herbert Geo., and you learn at once that he is every inch an Englishman, a man of talent, not in the least because he was born in Bromley (a negro might be born in Bromley) but because he does not consider himself the son of his mother, but of his father only; and all his pride of birth is that his father was a famous cricketer. It is nothing to Wells that he is one of the foremost authors of his time: he takes at once the stronger English ground that he is by blood a Kentish cricketer.

Turn we now to Chesterton, Gilbert Keith. He is the son of his mother, and his mother's name is Marie Louise Grosjean. Who his father was will never matter to anyone who has once seen G. K. Chesterton, or at least seen as much of him as the limited range of human vision can take in at once. If ever a Grosjean lived and wrote his name on the sky by towering before it, that man is G. K. Chesterton. He never tired the mould in which she formed Rabelais. It got to Campden Hill in the year 1874; and it never turned out a more complete Frenchman than it did then.

Let us look up Belloc. The place of his birth is suppressed, probably because it was in some very English place; for Belloc is desperately determined not to be an Englishman, and actually went through a period of military service in the French artillery to repudiate these islands, and establish his right to call himself a Frenchman. There is no nonsense of that kind about Chesterton. No artillery service for him, thank you: he is French enough without that: besides, there is not marksman in the Prussian artillery could hit him at six miles with absolute certainty. Belloc's sister is a lady distinguished in letters: she is also in "Who's Who," which thus betrays the fact that one of their ancestors was Dr. Priestley. Also that Belloc is the son of Grosjean he seems Irish. I suspect him of being Irish. Anyhow, not English, and therefore for ever incomprehensible to Wells.

Before shutting up "Who's Who" turn for a moment to Shaw, George Bernard. He, you will observe, is the child of his own works. Not being a Frenchman like Chesterton, for whom the cult of maître de rieur, and not being able to boast of his father's fame as a cricketer, like Wells, he has modestly suppressed his parents—unconsciously; for he never was in the place of self-sufficiency before; and states simply that he was born in Dublin. Therefore, also eternally incomprehensible to Wells, but, on the other hand, proof against the wiles of Chesterton and Belloc. I cannot see through Chesterton; there is too much of him for anybody to see through; but he cannot impose on me as he imposes on Wells. Neither can Belloc.

Wells has written in this journal about Chesterton and Belloc without stopping to consider what Chesterton and Belloc is. This sounds like bad grammar; but I know what I am about. Chesterton and Belloc is a conspiracy, and a most dangerous one at that. Not a viciously intended one: quite the contrary. It is a game of make-believe of the sort which all imaginative grown-up children love to play: and, as in all such games, the score point in it is that they shall prove how real it is to be somebody else. Chesterton is to be a roaring jovial Englishman, not taking his pleasures sadly, but piling Falstaff on Magog, and Boythorn on John Bull. Belloc's fancy is much stranger. He is to be a Frenchman, but not a Walkley Frenchman, not any of the varieties of the stage Frenchman, but a French peasant, greedy, narrow, individualistic, ready to fight like a rat in a corner for his scrap of land, and, above all, intensely and superstitiously Roman Catholic. And the two together are to impose on the simple home-grown of England as the Main Forces of European Civilisation.

Now at first sight it would seem that it does not lie with me to rebuke this sort of make-believe. The celebrated G. B. S. is about as real as a pantomime ostrich. But it is less alluring than the Chesterton-Belloc chimera, because as they have four legs to move the thing with, whereas I have only two, they can produce the quadrupedal illusion, which is the popular feature of your pantomime beast. Besides, I have played my game with the German preconscience. I know what G. B. S. was real: I have over and over again taken him to pieces before the audience to shew the trick of him. And even those who in spite of that cannot escape from the illusion, regard G. B. S. as a freak. The whole point of the creature is that he is unique, fantastic, unpresentative, inimitable, impossible, undesirable on any large scale, utterly unlike anybody that ever existed before, hopelessly unnatural, and void of real passion. Clearly such a monster could do no harm, even were his example well followed.

But the Chesterton-Belloc is put forward in quite a different way: the Yellow Press way. The Chesterton-Belloc denounces the Yellow Press, but only because it dislikes yellow and prefers flaming red. The characteristic vice of the Yellow Journalist is that he never says what he wants a thing (usually bigger dividends) or that his employer wants it. He always says that the Frenchie needs it, or that Englishmen are determined to have it, and that those who object to it are public enemies, Jews, Germans, rebels, traitors, Pre-Roters, and what not. Further, he draws the picture of a person whose honour and national character consist in getting what the Yellow Journalist is after, and says to the poor foolish reader: "That is yourself, my brave Englishman: you will take the game with a conscience."

I know what I am about. Chesterton and Belloc is as real as a pantomime ostrich.
It has never been so successful as the Blondin Donkey, which is worked by one Brother Griffith only, not by the two. Chesterton and Belloc are so unlike that they get fr只有sely into one another's way. Their vocation as philosophers requires the most complete detachment from the dogmas of the Chesterbellocian romances; the most complete synchronism. They are unlike in everything except the specific literary genius and delight in play-acting that is common to them, and that is why one cannot respect them, one can only be hyperbolic crimes of imagination and humour, not of malice. He is friendly, easy-going, unaffected, gentle, magnanimous, and genuinely democratic. He can make sacrifices easily: Belloc cannot. The consequence is that in order to co-ordinate the movements of the Chesterbelloc, Chesterton has to make all the intellectual sacrifices that are demanded by Belloc in his devotion to the profession. A recent occasion I tried to drive him to swallow the Miracle of St. Januarius for Belloc's sake; but at that he struck. He pleaded his belief in the Resurrection story. He pointed not very justly but effectively in his own behalf, that the miracle was the Miracle of St. Januarius; but when I remorselessly pressed the fact that he did not believe that the blood of St. Januarius vanishes miraculously every year, he was stuck with the question of Januarius, his grandfather's. He had got down at last to his irreducible minimum of dogmatic incredulity, and could not, even with the mouth of the bottomless pit yawning before Belloc, utter the saving lie. But it is an old saying that when one turns to Rome one does not begin with the miracles of St. Januarius. That comes afterwards. For my part I think that a man who is not a sufficiently good Catholic would be against the riotousness and romancing of Roman Churches, Greek Churches, English Churches, and all such local prayer-wheel-installations, is no Catholic at all. I think a man who is not Christian enough to call himself a Christian is not a man who can understand and on the part of a god, just what cheating at cards is on the part of a man, and that the whole value of the In- 

The intellect of Chesterton is an unnatural beast which must be torn asunder to release the two men who are trying to keep step inside its basket-work. Wells's challenge to Chesterton is finally irresistible: he must plan his Utopia against ours. And it must be an intellectually honest and intellectually possible one, and not a great game played by a herd of Chesterbellos. Nor must it be an orgy of uproarious drunkards—a perpetual carouse of Shakespeare's and Ben Jonson's at The Mermaid. This may seem rather an uncivil condition to lay down; but it is necessary, for reasons which I will now proceed to state.

It is the greatest mistake in the world to suppose that people disapprove of Socialism because they are not convinced by its economic or political arguments. The anti-Socialists all have a secret dread that Socialism will interfere with their darling vices. The lazy man fears that it will make him work. The indecent man fears that it will impose compulsory football or cricket on him. The libertine fears that it will make women less purchasable; the drunkard, that it will close the public-houses; the miser, that it will abolish money; the sensation lover, that there will be no more crimes, no more executions, no more famines, perhaps even no more fires. Beneath all these fears against Socialism as likely to lower the standard of conduct lies the dread that it will really screw it up.

Now, Chesterton and Belloc have their failings like other men. They share one failing—all the specific trait they have in common except their literary talent. That failing is, I grieve to say, addiction to the pleasures of the table. Vegetarianism and teetotalism are abhorrent to them, as they are to most Frenchmen. The only thing in Wells's earnest and weighty appeal to Chesterton that moved him was an incidental disparagement of the custom of standing drinks and of the theory that the battle of Waterloo was won at the public-house counter.

It will be admitted, I think, by all candid Socialists, that the Socialist ideal, as usually presented by Socialist Utopias, is a great game played by a herd of Chestebellons. There is no sufficient reason why Morris insists on wine and tobacco in "News from Nowhere"; but nobody in that story has what a vestryman would call a Thirsk. The sensation lover, that there will be no more crimes, no more executions, no more famines, perhaps even no more fires. Beneath all the clamour against Socialism, as likely to lower the standard of conduct lies the dread that it will really screw it up.

Now, Chesterton and Belloc have their failings like other men. They share one failing—all the specific trait they have in common except their literary talent. That failing is, I grieve to say, addiction to the pleasures of the table. Vegetarianism and teetotalism are abhorrent to them, as they are to most Frenchmen. The only thing in Wells's earnest and weighty appeal to Chesterton that moved him was an incidental disparagement of the custom of standing drinks and of the theory that the battle of Waterloo was won at the public-house counter.

Now, Chesterton and Belloc have their failings like other men. They share one failing—all the specific trait they have in common except their literary talent. That failing is, I grieve to say, addiction to the pleasures of the table. Vegetarianism and teetotalism are abhorrent to them, as they are to most Frenchmen. The only thing in Wells's earnest and weighty appeal to Chesterton that moved him was an incidental disparagement of the custom of standing drinks and of the theory that the battle of Waterloo was won at the public-house counter.

Now, Chesterton and Belloc have their failings like other men. They share one failing—all the specific trait they have in common except their literary talent. That failing is, I grieve to say, addiction to the pleasures of the table. Vegetarianism and teetotalism are abhorrent to them, as they are to most Frenchmen. The only thing in Wells's earnest and weighty appeal to Chesterton that moved him was an incidental disparagement of the custom of standing drinks and of the theory that the battle of Waterloo was won at the public-house counter.

Now, Chesterton and Belloc have their failings like other men. They share one failing—all the specific trait they have in common except their literary talent. That failing is, I grieve to say, addiction to the pleasures of the table. Vegetarianism and teetotalism are abhorrent to them, as they are to most Frenchmen. The only thing in Wells's earnest and weighty appeal to Chesterton that moved him was an incidental disparagement of the custom of standing drinks and of the theory that the battle of Waterloo was won at the public-house counter.
His exercises were to be performed without apparatus; and they mostly consisted in getting into attitude and thinking, and on the whole they were not much in evidence, and only a small odour of paraffin oil as brandy. Cowards drink alcohol to quiet their palate keen for them. And I am a pitiable example of that craving for real stimulants: I avoid it to keep my resolutions to break myself of it, never to work after lunch, to do only two hours a day; but in vain: I am that man. The Chesterbelloc, ministered to by waiters and drinking wretched narcotics out of bottles, knows of my temptations, my backslidings, my orgies? He does not know what a real stimulant is. What does it do for folly, have put my cards on the table—ever that a man cannot be brilliant, cannot be paradoxical, cannot shed imagination and humour prodigously over the whole of the debauchee: he was the English exponent of the principles of public health and put on rations from which flesh and alcohol are strictly eliminated. It means compulsory Checkley until his waist will pass easily through a hoop for while his chest has served as a mandril. He sees that all his pleas and entreaties will be shattered on him. When he says, "Look at Charles James Fox: he was the English exponent of the principles of the French Revolution; and he ate and drank more than I do,” in fact,” they will say. "Yes; but look at Bernard Shaw.” When he pleads that a man cannot be brilliant, cannot be paradoxical, cannot shed imagination and humour prodigously over the whole, we have all three dealt faithfully with the condition of England quite as amusingly as the Chesterbelloc, he works at it instead, and does what he can to hew out and hammer together some planks of a platform on which a common unliterary man may stand. I also, with a stupendous endowment for folly, have put my cards on the table—even some that are unfit for publication. Webb is far too full of solid administrative proposals and patent澳洲 games: when he gets taken that way he puts his witticisms into my printers proofs, and leaves me to bear the discredit of them and to be told that I should be more serious, like Webb. But, on the whole, we have all three dealt faithfully with the common man.

And now, what has the Chesterbelloc (or either of its two pairs of legs) to say in its defence? But it is from the hind legs that I particularly want to hear; because South Salford will very soon cure Hilaire Foresages of his fancy for the ideals of the Catholic peasant prophet. He is up against his problems in Parliament: it is in Battersea Park that a great force is in danger of being wasted.

**MANHOOD.**

Man is my name, and my spirit is free:
Mine are the laws, and, behold, I am free of them;
Garments are they that I doff or I do them on my head.

Mine for my service or else I have done with them.

Are they my body? Are they my breath?
Are they my purpose, that now they should hinder me?
I am the maker and master of laws.

Man is my name, and my spirit is Liberty.

Gods I behold in my passionate dreams,
Gods I created aspiring to deity—
Let you go by or let you abide,
Man is my name and the ages go over me.

Past that is gone, Future to be,
Present of mine that transcends and embraces them,
Here in this flesh is the wonder divine,
Here in my body the spring of eternity.

I am come up out of fear and desire,
Quick in my nostrils the breath of the fellowship,

Man is my name, and the ages go over me.

**HENRY BRYAN BINNS.**
Drum-Taps.

A fusillade awakened me. From my window I could see in the moonlight, fat, stumpy Pedro banging, banging his drum with the full power of his muscular arms. The cook rushed towards me, and fell into hysterics at my feet. "Save me, Señor—save me from those infernal—" The vile rebels are entering the town. They will destroy us. God and the Holy Virgin protect me!"

It was some minutes before I could assure her, nor did I ever discover why she feared the insurgent troops. Robbery it could not be, nor was Annunciata of those women who remain beautiful even when past sixty. I could soon assure her that the fusillade proceeded from the detonation of fireworks. Pedro was summoning the musicians, who rose with no alacrity from their beds. Soon we could make out the Maestro Roja with his fiddle, Joaquin, Aristides, Cesar, with their mandolins and violins.

"It is not the entry of the rebels—it is a victory for the Government troops that is to be celebrated. See, Annunciata, the doors of the Prefecture are opening."

The garrison soon fills the Plaza. The Prefect is on the balcony, accompanied by his secretary holding a lamp, and armed with papers. It is a special occasion; the fireworks stayed whilst Don Ramon read in sonorous tones heard by me across the Plaza: "To the Civil and Military Authorities—I have to inform you that in the battle of Florida, the atheistic, impious, and rebellious set of highwaymen calling themselves the Liberal Party has been completely overthrown. Our glorious soldiers, inspired by their faith in the Holy Catholic religion and their allegiance to the present Government, than which none more just, honourable, or benevolent has ever existed in this great and free Republic; these soldiers, led by the invincible General Mejia, one of the greatest captains of this or any other age, have captured over thirty officers, including that vain-boasting, self-styled General Torredrajo. The enemy has left its thousands on the field of battle; we have taken all the artillery, ammunition, and more than seventeen rifles, swords, daggers, and other weapons which these wretches did not scruple to use in their barbarous warfare. The country is saved, and peace will soon be established."

"Communicate this to the Prefects and Alcaldes of your Department."

"Vieyra, President."

"Authentic.—Jose Maria Ruiz."

Every word was read and then followed salvo after salvo of fireworks. The musicians struck up "La Marsillaise." The Prefect, accompanied by the musicians, walked to the corner of the square. The telegram was again proclaimed; fireworks, music, and a fusillade from the soldiers; another corner, etc. —there are eight corners in our square. Then we might sleep at last, I thought. It was past two, the enemy was vanquished, peace was to follow, Annunciata was restored to her wonted equanimity, no Liberals could attack our stronghold. Certainly we might retire.

At daybreak we were still rejoicing. Guarded by two soldiers, a barrel of aguardiente was placed in the otherwise parched fountain of the Plaza. Who would could here take his liquor free. The troops, two deep, still lined the square, nor did it concern anyone that hot, hotter, but it again drifted away—to the illness of Don Teodoro and then to doctor’s gossip. I took up my hat as another volley of rifle shots greeted my ears. Annunciata laughed. "What folly to waste their cartridges; they would be so useful to us!" I reseated myself on the bench. Our conversation confined itself to different topics. Ah! the white violets were now in blossom, I must have a buttonhole, a sprig of that lovely miniature rose must be tasted for putting. Did I know meat was to be higher next week? Only three oxen were killed last market day. The talk was getting hotter, but it again drifted away—to the illness of Don Teodoro and then to doctor’s gossip. I took up my hat as another volley of rifle shots greeted my ears. Annunciata laughed. "What folly to waste their cartridges; they would be so useful to us!"

"Do you know the real truth of that telegram? We are advancing on the capital; a sergeant’s outpost fell. Did I know meat was to be higher next week? Only three oxen were killed last market day. The talk was getting hotter, but it again drifted away—to the illness of Don Teodoro and then to doctor’s gossip. I took up my hat as another volley of rifle shots greeted my ears. Annunciata laughed. "What folly to waste their cartridges; they would be so useful to us!"

"And you believe that nonsense?"

"Why not?" I cross-questioned. "Of course, the Government has gained a great victory at—" Annunciata betrayed impatience—"well, the Prefect awakened me at past midnight to give me the news.""Do you know the real truth of that telegram? We are advancing on the capital; a sergeant’s outpost fell. Did I know meat was to be higher next week? Only three oxen were killed last market day. The talk was getting hotter, but it again drifted away—to the illness of Don Teodoro and then to doctor’s gossip. I took up my hat as another volley of rifle shots greeted my ears. Annunciata laughed. "What folly to waste their cartridges; they would be so useful to us!"

"You know the real truth of that telegram? We are advancing on the capital; a sergeant’s outpost fell. Did I know meat was to be higher next week? Only three oxen were killed last market day. The talk was getting hotter, but it again drifted away—to the illness of Don Teodoro and then to doctor’s gossip. I took up my hat as another volley of rifle shots greeted my ears. Annunciata laughed. "What folly to waste their cartridges; they would be so useful to us!"

"Then the war is not over!"

"Well, you have heard that tale before, I think. How can it end whilst one Urbista has a head to plan or arm to lift against these monsters!"

"But these monsters!" I protested for the sixth time, "the monsters are yourselves; they are of your blood, fed by the same country, reared in the same traditions."

"The same traditions; my friend, consider! Was not my grandfather the first to oppose El Liberador himself when he grew despotic, when about to surrender the country to a profligate and accursed priesthood? It is in my blood to oppose my kinsmen everywhere—at all times and under all circumstances; I care not whether it is my people—my father, my mother, or my son would be sacrificed for this holy cause!"

I stepped into the street. Poor Annunciata! She fed her soul and starved her body with these blessed words—"Tyranny and Liberty, Priests, Despots, Slaves and Freemen. Argument was useless. Moreover, she was right throughout. The history of her country had
BOOK OF THE WEEK.

Advice to Housing Reformers.

This book, by the Chairman of the National Housing Reform Council, is issued as a supplementary volume to the "Housing Handbook" (published in 1909) in order to bring the subject up to date. As such, like its predecessor, it is intended as a book of reference for the social reformer, and as such it undoubtedly fulfils an invaluable function. It is gratifying to read as a result of public activity in respect to Housing Reform that overcrowding has decreased; a smaller number of persons are found in one room dwellings; the number of persons per house is slowly but surely growing less; while most of the most deadly of the old slums have been cleared or improved. The Englishman is very much impressed by realised facts, and the results of housing reform activity are in some respects so satisfactory that there is room to hope that in the course of a generation or so the worst evils of slumdom may be a thing of the past. Whether that will be so or not may depend largely upon our success in dealing with other aspects of the social problem. Sweating and industrial insecurity are often quite as much the cause of slumdom as bad housing accommodation. It can only be, therefore, by tackling these more elusive problems with an equal determination that a complete solution of the housing problem will be possible. And when these are resolved, sooner or later the reformer is committed to the Socialist line of action.

Respecting the illustrations in the book, it is depressing to contemplate the very low standard, or more strictly speaking, the general absence of any standard of taste and design, of our reformed housing schemes. It is to be observed that only those have any claim to architectural decency at all which are private and not municipal schemes. With the exception of the High Wincobank Cottage Dwellings at Sheffield, which are passable, all the municipal cottages and model dwellings illustrated are simply vile in design. This is a somewhat painful reflection at a time when so much of the best architectural talent of the day is walking the streets in search of work, and does much to dampen our enthusiasm for housing reform. Surely it is a very mean reflection of social reform to which is satisfied with merely substituting sanitary for insanitary ugliness. It is all very well to talk of moving slowly, and the expediency of doing one thing at a time; unfortunately, however, the exasperation of building troubles quite to make buildings beautiful at first it is impossible to do it afterwards. It is done once and for ever, and in spite of the fine words of reformers who like to talk about reforming man by reforming his environment, it is questionable if the sanitary ugliness which reformers are satisfied with today is going to have this effect. The worst of it is, there is no excuse for such action. It costs no more to build cottages beautifully than to build them ugly provided they are built substantially. Unfortunately, however, the idea of making things beautiful has so long been associated in the public mind with the idea of adding something to what otherwise it is supposed would be ugly, and people are so incapable of understanding that beauty is organic with things that it is difficult to get men to take a reasonable view of these matters. In consequence, public bodies, with their minds suspicious of things beautiful, have accustomed themselves to the idea of making buildings ugly, no questions are likely to be asked. The British public never mind how much money they spend provided the result is ugly.

I must not be supposed to be exaggerating when I make these statements. This extraordinary pheomenon is well known to architects and others who know what goes on behind the scenes. It is an unpleasant symptom of the democratisation of power which has placed authority in the hands of men who have been accustomed to large affairs. A man who has been brought up to shopkeeping, for instance, is apt to assume that because a Morris chintz is more expensive than one from Lancashire, a beautiful building is necessarily more expensive than an ugly one. But it does not follow, and for this reason. The difference of cost between a Morris and Lancashire chintz is due to the fact that one is produced in large quantities, while the other is not; whereas in buildings are always produced singly, no such saving can be effected in this way. The shopkeeper, however, does not know this. His only basis of comparison is with what the speculating builder can do, and here the difference of cost is one between jerry and sound, and not between artistic and inartistic work. Hence his suspicion, and the extraordinary results it begets.

The immediate cause of the ugliness of these municipal housing schemes is the custom which municipalities adopt of placing their designing in the hands of their borough surveyor. This is really very stupid, because surveyors have really no training to qualify them for such work. Of course, what really happens is this: The surveyor is allowed an architectural assistant to help him. The kind of architectural assistant, however, who recommends himself to a surveyor is, generally speaking, what is called a "practical" man. Divested of its glamour, the so-called practical architect is really an architect somewhat devoid of imagination or of any other quality which would entitle him to call himself an architect. Hence it happens that public bodies in England, in their suspicion of things beautiful, have become the patrons of all the blighters of the profession, while competent men may apply in vain for such positions. As might be expected, such an arrangement does not produce altogether satisfactory results, even in a practical way. But the public, in their stupidity, are incapable of learning the lesson. They only wonder, considering what a mess these "practical" men make of things, what would have happened if they had placed themselves in the hands of the more artistic members of the profession, and congratulate themselves on having had the common sense to steer clear of that pitfall. Meanwhile professional humbugs thrive and prosper. What alternative have those few more artistic members of the profession who have not become involved in this work of making things ugly, no questions are likely to be asked. The British public never mind how much money they spend provided the result is ugly.

In conclusion, I should like to offer a little practical advice (if I may use that misused word in its original sense) of how this evil may be remedied. And in this connection the first point I would make is to insist upon the necessity of employing architects direct, and

---

*"Housing Up-to-Date." By W. Thompson. (National Housing Reform Council. 425, West Strand, W.C.)

---

Influenza.
not allowing them to work under or be appointed by borough surveyors. This will secure the architect liberty and a certain degree of independence when appointed, but it does not solve the difficulty which public bodies experience, even with the best intentions of getting hold of the right men. As a way out of this difficulty, I would suggest that municipalities, instead of advertising positions, should apply to the Royal Institute of British Architects and ask them to nominate architects or assistants for them in the same way as to-day they apply to that body to nominate contestants for public architecture competitions. This arrangement has proved very satisfactory in competitive work, and I think it would prove to have the desired effect of raising the standard of design in our housing schemes. There are plenty of young men about capable of doing such work, who would be only too pleased to accept such positions could they get hold of them. If the nomination were from the Royal Institute it would be a guarantee to such men that they would be treated properly, and a better class of man would apply. If the National Housing Reform Council would take energetic action in this matter, they would earn the gratitude of all interested in architecture and remove for ever the stigma of vulgarity which all through the nineteenth century has been associated with the work of reform.

An Architect.

REVIEWS.

Studies in Poetry. By Stopford A. Brooke. (Duckworth and Co. 6d. net.)

To the majority of us who care about literature, there comes a time when we cease to read poetry. We can imagine many a literary student setting up indignantly to deny this statement. "What!" one can hear them saying, "cease to care about Wordsworth, Keats, Shelley, Tennyson, Browning! The names will always ring in our ears. They will ever be inspiring memories." We read the poets in our youth—they charmed us, held our imagination captive. As men of wide experience, we became men and women we put away—poetical things. Let us be frank with each other on this subject. Is it not a fact that a time comes in our intellectual experience when prose writers—we use the arbitrary distinction for the sake of convenience—claimed our attention more and more? The wider range of subject-matter, the necessarily less conventional treatment, the deeper intellectual appeal, and, on the whole, the more satisfying imaginative appeal (taking imagination in a large sense, not as a mere synonym for fancy), of prose literature, took us more and more away from the realm of poetic art. The moment a man begins to care for Browning and to look affectionately on Whitman, that moment dates the beginning of his allegiance to prose literature. Browning and Whitman are convenient half-way houses. It would be untrue to say we do not care for the poets—but we do not read them. The two things are quite compatible. And yet there are a few who have never faltered in allegiance to the poets; men of wide culture, such as Mr. Stopford Brooke—and it is at once a pleasant and curious experience to be in their company, and to linger once again in the enchanted gardens of poetry. It has always been refreshing to turn from the academic critic to critics of Mr. Brooke's calibre. There is far too much literary laboratory work nowadays. Mr. Brooke would not subscribe to that body to nominate contestants for public architecture competitions. This arrangement has proved very satisfactory in competitive work, and I think it would prove to have the desired effect of raising the standard of design in our housing schemes. There are plenty of young men about capable of doing such work, who would be only too pleased to accept such positions could they get hold of them. If the nomination were from the Royal Institute it would be a guarantee to such men that they would be treated properly, and a better class of man would apply. If the National Housing Reform Council would take energetic action in this matter, they would earn the gratitude of all interested in architecture and remove for ever the stigma of vulgarity which all through the nineteenth century has been associated with the work of reform.

An Architect.

REVIEWS.

Studies in Poetry. By Stopford A. Brooke. (Duckworth and Co. 6d. net.)

To the majority of us who care about literature, there comes a time when we cease to read poetry. We can imagine many a literary student setting up indignantly to deny this statement. "What!" one can hear them saying, "cease to care about Wordsworth, Keats, Shelley, Tennyson, Browning! The names will always ring in our ears. They will ever be inspiring memories." We read the poets in our youth—they charmed us, held our imagination captive. As men of wide experience, we became men and women we put away—poetical things. Let us be frank with each other on this subject. Is it not a fact that a time comes in our intellectual experience when prose writers—we use the arbitrary distinction for the sake of convenience—claimed our attention more and more? The wider range of subject-matter, the necessarily less conventional treatment, the deeper intellectual appeal, and, on the whole, the more satisfying imaginative appeal (taking imagination in a large sense, not as a mere synonym for fancy), of prose literature, took us more and more away from the realm of poetic art. The moment a man begins to care for Browning and to look affectionately on Whitman, that moment dates the beginning of his allegiance to prose literature. Browning and Whitman are convenient half-way houses. It would be untrue to say we do not care for the poets—but we do not read them. The two things are quite compatible. And yet there are a few who have never faltered in allegiance to the poets; men of wide culture, such as Mr. Stopford Brooke—and it is at once a pleasant and curious experience to be in their company, and to linger once again in the enchanted gardens of poetry. It has always been refreshing to turn from the academic critic to critics of Mr. Brooke's calibre. There is far too much literary laboratory work nowadays. Mr. Brooke would not subscribe to that body to nominate contestants for public architecture competitions. This arrangement has proved very satisfactory in competitive work, and I think it would prove to have the desired effect of raising the standard of design in our housing schemes. There are plenty of young men about capable of doing such work, who would be only too pleased to accept such positions could they get hold of them. If the nomination were from the Royal Institute it would be a guarantee to such men that they would be treated properly, and a better class of man would apply. If the National Housing Reform Council would take energetic action in this matter, they would earn the gratitude of all interested in architecture and remove for ever the stigma of vulgarity which all through the nineteenth century has been associated with the work of reform.

An Architect.

REVIEWS.

Studies in Poetry. By Stopford A. Brooke. (Duckworth and Co. 6d. net.)

To the majority of us who care about literature, there comes a time when we cease to read poetry. We can imagine many a literary student setting up indignantly to deny this statement. "What!" one can hear them saying, "cease to care about Wordsworth, Keats, Shelley, Tennyson, Browning! The names will always ring in our ears. They will ever be inspiring memories." We read the poets in our youth—they charmed us, held our imagination captive. As men of wide experience, we became men and women we put away—poetical things. Let us be frank with each other on this subject. Is it not a fact that a time comes in our intellectual experience when prose writers—we use the arbitrary distinction for the sake of convenience—claimed our attention more and more? The wider range of subject-matter, the necessarily less conventional treatment, the deeper intellectual appeal, and, on the whole, the more satisfying imaginative appeal (taking imagination in a large sense, not as a mere synonym for fancy), of prose literature, took us more and more away from the realm of poetic art. The moment a man begins to care for Browning and to look affectionately on Whitman, that moment dates the beginning of his allegiance to prose literature. Browning and Whitman are convenient half-way houses. It would be untrue to say we do not care for the poets—but we do not read them. The two things are quite compatible. And yet there are a few who have never faltered in allegiance to the poets; men of wide culture, such as Mr. Stopford Brooke—and it is at once a pleasant and curious experience to be in their company, and to linger once again in the enchanted gardens of poetry. It has always been refreshing to turn from the academic critic to critics of Mr. Brooke's calibre. There is far too much literary laboratory work nowadays. Mr. Brooke would not subscribe to that body to nominate contestants for public architecture competitions. This arrangement has proved very satisfactory in competitive work, and I think it would prove to have the desired effect of raising the standard of design in our housing schemes. There are plenty of young men about capable of doing such work, who would be only too pleased to accept such positions could they get hold of them. If the nomination were from the Royal Institute it would be a guarantee to such men that they would be treated properly, and a better class of man would apply. If the National Housing Reform Council would take energetic action in this matter, they would earn the gratitude of all interested in architecture and remove for ever the stigma of vulgarity which all through the nineteenth century has been associated with the work of reform.

An Architect.

REVIEWS.

Studies in Poetry. By Stopford A. Brooke. (Duckworth and Co. 6d. net.)

To the majority of us who care about literature, there comes a time when we cease to read poetry. We can imagine many a literary student setting up indignantly to deny this statement. "What!" one can hear them saying, "cease to care about Wordsworth, Keats, Shelley, Tennyson, Browning! The names will always ring in our ears. They will ever be inspiring memories." We read the poets in our youth—they charmed us, held our imagination captive. As men of wide experience, we became men and women we put away—poetical things. Let us be frank with each other on this subject. Is it not a fact that a time comes in our intellectual experience when prose writers—we use the arbitrary distinction for the sake of convenience—claimed our attention more and more? The wider range of subject-matter, the necessarily less conventional treatment, the deeper intellectual appeal, and, on the whole, the more satisfying imaginative appeal (taking imagination in a large sense, not as a mere synonym for fancy), of prose literature, took us more and more away from the realm of poetic art. The moment a man begins to care for Browning and to look affectionately on Whitman, that moment dates the beginning of his allegiance to prose literature. Browning and Whitman are convenient half-way houses. It would be untrue to say we do not care for the poets—but we do not read them. The two things are quite compatible. And yet there are a few who have never faltered in allegiance to the poets; men of wide culture, such as Mr. Stopford Brooke—and it is at once a pleasant and curious experience to be in their company, and to linger once again in the enchanted gardens of poetry. It has always been refreshing to turn from the academic critic to critics of Mr. Brooke's calibre. There is far too much literary laboratory work nowadays. Mr. Brooke would not subscribe to that body to nominate contestants for public architecture competitions. This arrangement has proved very satisfactory in competitive work, and I think it would prove to have the desired effect of raising the standard of design in our housing schemes. There are plenty of young men about capable of doing such work, who would be only too pleased to accept such positions could they get hold of them. If the nomination were from the Royal Institute it would be a guarantee to such men that they would be treated properly, and a better class of man would apply. If the National Housing Reform Council would take energetic action in this matter, they would earn the gratitude of all interested in architecture and remove for ever the stigma of vulgarity which all through the nineteenth century has been associated with the work of reform.

An Architect.
fully here than even fine artistic feeling. And although Mr. Brooke can analyse, he does not like the work, and is in a hurry always to pass on to some note of appreciation.

The present volume does not contain Mr. Brooke's best work; several of the papers—those on Shelley for instance—were written, apparently, many years ago, and the spirited attack on Matthew Arnold's dictum has lost much of its point to-day. The volume before us contains six studies: three being devoted to Shelley, the remainder to William Blake, Sir Walter Scott, and Keats. The Shelley essays are somewhat disappointing—they are over-discursive and lack perspective. He has sought to analyse and true enough—so far as it goes. In our opinion it does not go far enough. It is too much of a merely literary study. And the literary merits and demerits of Keats have been written about so often. Mr. Brooke's Tennyson was not merely a literary study: it was a study of temperament and of outlook upon life—and it is disappointing to find so little of this in the Keats essay. The essay on Blake is perhaps the best in the volume. The treatment is freer, and in dealing with the lyric expression of Blake's genius Mr. Brooke is excellent. There are good things also in the study of Scott, but too much is made, we think, of Scott's want of sympathy with what is called the "Revolutionary Movement." Mr. Brooke cannot forgive Scott his Toryism. On the whole, however, a pleasant and suggestive volume—though less fresh and suggestive than most of Mr. Brooke's work.

**British Colonial Policy. 1754-1765. By G. L. Beer. (The Macmillan Co.)**

The title of this essay will probably strike most readers as demonstrating a very fertile imagination on the part of the author. Aware that in our own time there has never been anything approaching a Colonial policy to-day, a consistent struggle to determine on general lines the essential interaction between Britain and the dominions beyond the seas, we feel it almost paradoxical to assume that the mother country made such an effort prior to the American Revolution. However, no alarm need be occasioned; we have not fallen from grace. Political leaders, occasionally dignified by the name of statesmen, were just as wobbly, quite as disinclined to do a little thinking and come to some definite conclusion as the Parliamentarians of to-day. Opportunity then, as now, meant sheer lassitude; not only must the manna be rained down from heaven, but it must be poured directly into the stomach, where the subsequent proceedings need no control by the will.

In the year 1754, chosen as the point of departure, a Congress assembled at Albany, carried a motion that a union of all the American colonies was absolutely necessary for their security and defence. A state of anarchy somewhat similar to that now existing in the United States had made Franklin and others heartily weary. Some of the legislative assemblies were at loggerheads with their councils and governors, "and the several branches of the Government were not on terms of doing business with each other"; all the colonies (the modern States) were quarrelling with one another, and could not even unite in opposition to the British. But the plan remained a plan. "With the same unanimity with which their representatives had adopted the plan, the colonial assemblies either rejected or wavered. Chieflv because they were convinced that if they did nothing Great Britain would have assumed the task of defending them and pay for it."

On the declaration of war with France in 1756 not only had the mother country to protect the colonies, but she had to prevent these from supplying the French with provisions, money, and warlike stores. The puritan settlers did an enormous trade in cheap molasses "which, when converted into rum, was a most important factor in the slave trade, in the slave trade, in the slave trade, and in the slave trade with the Indians." Illicit traffic assumed vast proportions. Graft was an early symptom of American governorship. Mr. Beer gives ample documentary evidence of the abuses: "In the continental colonies, this direct trade with the enemy was extensively carried on. In many instances the colonial vessels were protected from seizure by commissions or other documents in the nature of passes issued by the Governors. All pretence of legitimacy was abandoned, and, as in the previous war, colonial merchants sought to obtain from the Governors these documents, under cover of which they could with safety to themselves carry on a lucrative trade with the enemy. The most scandalous conditions prevailed in Pennsylvania, where Governor Denny openly sold such passes." This forerunner of American Senators and Californian Mayors issued such numbers of these permits that he was called his own market. He issued "dishorse of great numbers of blank flags of truce, at the low price of twenty pounds sterling or under, some of which were sold from hand to hand at advanced prices.

British had to employ her navy to check these abuses: "The use of the navy as part of the administrative machinery was disliked by the colonies." The colonies refusing to unite for defence, it was proposed in 1763 that the British Government keep an army of 10,000 men in America, and that the colonies be expected to contribute to its support. This led to the passing of the Sugar Bill of 1764. "It was the first statute distinctly taxing the colonies, and marked a radically new departure in colonial policy." This produced about £25,000 yearly, a quite insufficient sum, and thus Grenville was led to introduce the famous Stamp Act of 1765. The revenue arising therefrom was to be kept apart, and "was to be disposed of for the defence of the colonies." The American (continental) annual contribution was expected to be £30,000 to £40,000.

The colonial opposition to these tariff reforms is well known. Mr. Beer is not inclined to over-estimate the economic grievance. He thinks there was a deeper significance. "The struggle on the side of the colonies was only superficially concerned with increased civil and political liberty; it was essentially a movement for national independence. This movement came into violent conflict with British Imperialism, whose aim was to increase the administrative efficiency of the Empire." We confess that we do not find much evidence of either movement except in occasional letters of able colonial subordinates to whom neither side paid much attention.

The book should be read to correct a child-acquired knowledge of the period, and by those who see a similar movement, not primarily economic, aimed at the destruction of such civil and political liberty as was distinctively late-British—a living interest for alien civilizations.

**American Finances. By W. R. Lawson. (Blackwood.)**

It is not easy to determine the class of readers for which this book is intended to cater. The subject matter is largely historical—the treatment polemical throughout. On the very first page there is a sneer at English readers—and it is published by an English firm. "Our" economists, not primarily economic, address this book to "our" Parliament, "our" banking system, etc. If the book is intended for American readers, it gives too many details; if for English readers—and it is published by an English firm—it assumes a knowledge of American history far above
The writer really knows his subject, but he failed to produce a valuable book because he was in such a franticy hurry. There is no account of the existing banking system of the United States; no definition is given of either State or national banks; and not even an attempt is made on the responsibility of introducing our own highly centralised banking system into a comparatively loose federation like the United States. The curious phenomenon of an American banker is fairly described. It is also made clear that the currency in the hands of banks is at the bottom of the succession of financial fluctuations and financial panics so characteristic of America, and that this supply is dear in comparison with many so-called Hair tonic ingredients. By my Hair Tonic, I do the same with my Hair Tonic, and although 5s. 10d. for a month’s supply is dear in comparison with many so-called Hair tonic ingredients, it may not appear again.

The Kosmio Company, 80, Duke Street, Grosvenor Square, W.

[Advt.]

**SMALL HOLDINGS.**

The question of Small Holdings is at present largely before the public, and no reader of The New Age will doubt the benefits such Holdings will confer, and the importance of the subject.

Do you, however, realise the importance of Small Holdings as regards retaining you position in life? Such a small point as the presence of a good head of hair, however, often determines whether a man retains his berth, and a woman her circle of admirers.

**“TOO OLD AT FORTY”**

is every day becoming a more serious question, and a youthful appearance is essential, and therefore the question of a good head of hair is vital. You have only to look in the mirror to see just how much difference your hair makes to your appearance—judge how much older than you really are its absence makes you look.

As the result of many years Medical Training and Scientific Research, I HAVE SUCCEEDED in perfecting a system of Hair Culture, and a Hair Tonic that never fails, and although costing many times more to prepare than any other preparation on the Market, it grows hair, and is therefore the cheapest in the end. You realise the difference between different cheap and high class seeds. It is equally so with the ingredients of a Hair Grower.

A GOOD SEEDSMAN guarantees the result of his seeds, I do the same with my Hair Tonic, and although 5s. ro. for a month’s supply is dear in comparison with many so-called Hair Tonics, you must remember that under my guarantee you CAN’T LOSE A PENNY.

If after a month’s trial you can write and tell me your hair is not improved, I will refund the whole price, and if you make the claim for refund the money will be returned in full, and in order that all readers of The New Age may test the truth of my statements, men and women. I will, until further notice, supply a first bottle of the Hair Tonic, my system’s guarantee, for 4s. ro. only post free.

If you appreciate my offer, write to-day stating whether hair is dry or greasy: it may not appear again.

The Kosmio Company, 8, Duke Street, Grosvenor Square, W.
the month is Malvern. Mr. Bompas Smith's critical review of Mr. Keating's "Suggestion in Education" is admirably done. Suggestion, in short, may easily become a tyranny; and that is a reply to Mr. Keating. The "Occult Review" contains, we are glad to see the paper's decline. Mr. J. L. Garvin, in the "National Review," bravely makes light of Lord Cromer's unexpected defection from the Tariff Reform party; but the explanation he offers on the secret of the mechanism of this action ought certainly to be learned by our own actors, the effect was so ultra-natural as to provoke a laugh at its comicality.

DRAMA.

The Sicilians and Paragot.

As a sensation the Sicilians at the Shaftesbury are superb; as a rough-carved school of local acting they make a very strong appeal to anyone who sees many smooth conventional plays. This is the probable reason for the enthusiasm with which they have been hailed; in the clapping and applause of half of the habitual playgoer could easily be distinguished. And from the actors' point of view they are so encouraging they do all the things actors and actresses always want to do but cannot. They let themselves rip—like anything. They fight, curse, bang, shout, scream, love, and hate in a whirl of energy from start to finish; and when they are otherwise doing nothing, their lips and arms are usually quiet and their gestures are free and unconstrained; they scratch their heads, spit, convulse their features, give their imaginary opponents imaginary kicks, and add a repertory of hisses, lip smackings, and Rabelaisian mouth noises to our conventional stock. Lastly, but not leastly, when ever they are particularly applauded they care not how tense the passion or how high strung the situation—that they break off to smile and bow to the audience. To the alien outsider this did not in the least contribute to break their spell; they held the audience by virtue of sheer exuberance of energy. How far that would have made a difference had we understood their language is another matter. Perchance in Sicily they have different playgoing habits; an English audience would hardly stand it. On the evening I saw them they were acting "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "La Zozilla" ("The Sulphur Mine"). The one act of "Rusticana" went extremely well, perhaps because the opera has made it familiar to nearly everyone. One or two of the incidents were distinct thrills—once when Turridu bites Alfio's ear as a sign of his cheerful desire for a duel to the point of mercy. But how incompatible the two positions are may be better seen in this way. Let us add that Sir George White assumes a great deal too much Nonconformity in his readers. We deny his claims emphatically than we deny the claim of the Bishop of Southwell. However, we are not arguing the subject,—only contradicting. Surely Local Option has ownership as well as Government control; yet this is obviously the real ground of battle. Sir Hartley Williams writes on "Anti-Sweating Legislation" in the "Westminster Review" in his own distinguished contributory. Sir George White assumes a great deal too much Nonconformity in his readers. We deny his claims even more emphatically than we deny the claim of the Bishop of Southw - a.
in the book rather a big mouthful to swallow; in the play she becomes almost impossible. If Joanna is to represent to Paragot a dream of beautiful English life in a park with elegant gardens and soft turf, why is she not shown in some such surroundings? An idealised type of this kind might appeal to Paragot, might make him wish to renounce all the delights of his vagabond artistic life; but Joanna is only talked about like this.

When she is seen, all we are conscious of is Miss Evelyn Millard battling rather hard against considerable odds, trying to be charming with never a chance to show her charms or express herself in words at all. Perhaps on the stage the final surrender of Paragot to the love of the lady was inevitable. It did enable Blanquette to be very noble, but it is a pity we could not have seen Paragot and Blanquette going off together to their little farm in the South where the book leads them at last. To conventionalise the play is to take away its charm, only what remains of the original fantasia (mostly in the second act) has any real grip on the audience. Blanquette, very well played by Miss Hadi Britton, the Assect of Mr. Leon M. Lion and Mr. Tree's second act Paragot were things well done. The rest was a mistaken sacrifice to convention.

ART.

The New County Hall.

The selection of the design by Mr. Ralph Knott for the new County Hall is a matter upon which the L.C.C. is to be congratulated, for it promises to give to London a public building second to none in England and one which will bear comparison with the finest in other countries and of other times. As its very birth merits the profession appears to be unanimous. Mr. Norman Shaw has said that it marks a new epoch in English architecture. This is high praise, but we do not think it in any way exaggerates the truth. The design strikes a note in municipal architecture which is entirely new. Though it is in the Renaissance style it nevertheless contains an abundance of new and suggestive thought. Mr. Knott has broken through the more or less academic trammels which have encompassed the Modern Renaissance Revival, and given us a design full of the romantic feeling of the earlier Renaissance. It is remarkable for its breadth and simplicity, and we are assured that when it is completed it will rank as a great architectural conception. There are many beautiful examples of modern architecture on a comparable scale, but fate somehow or other seemed to have decreed that our most important buildings should be second rate. The design for the new County Hall breaks with this unwarthy tradition. At last we are to have a building on the largest scale which will be representative of English architecture of to-day. That is, of course, if the L.C.C. will allow Mr. Knott's design to be executed as it stands. Otherwise disappointment can only be in store for us, and in place of a work of architectural genius we may get only its mutilated remains.

It is to be regretted that it should be necessary to question the wisdom of the L.C.C. in this connection, but considering the Council's debate on the accepted

WEARING WELL AND LOOKING WELL.

CLOTHES washed with HUDSON'S SOAP always look well because they are sparkling clean, never stained, or faded away with repeated washings. The soap is精妙, and is the soil of arches was set in the middle of a scene of passion; his audience evidently like to realise they are seeing a presentation of art. Our actors do not bow like this; we like to imagine the stage is real life. Is the reason, perhaps, our artistic development, but the lack of vitality in our selves? It would be interesting to know how the conditions of factory life in Italy are affecting the Italian taste in plays, or whether these conditions may not have some influence in our own. The Italian actor, for instance, is more full-blooded, more active, and more energetic than ours. When Mara (Mme. Mimi Aguglia) in "La Zollara" admits her love for Jacipu, she throws herself at him like a panther; when her husband (M. Cesare Trevisani) discovers her he takes it with a laugh-in the middle of a scene of passion! Our audiences would be shocked by such a performance; however, we are not the only ones to whom this might seem out of focus. Broadly speaking, the whole first act is out of focus. The artistic presentation of the man is obtained by saying no to every prudent, commonsense, and businesslike yes of our age. That is in the book rather a big mouthful to swallow; in the play she becomes almost impossible. If Joanna is to represent to Paragot a dream of beautiful English life in a park with elegant gardens and soft turf, why is she not shown in some such surroundings? An idealised type of this kind might appeal to Paragot, might make him wish to renounce all the delights of his vagabond artistic life; but Joanna is only talked about like this.

When she is seen, all we are conscious of is Miss Evelyn Millard battling rather hard against considerable odds, trying to be charming with never a chance to show her charms or express herself in words at all. Perhaps on the stage the final surrender of Paragot to the love of the lady was inevitable. It did enable Blanquette to be very noble, but it is a pity we could not have seen Paragot and Blanquette going off together to their little farm in the South where the book leads them at last. To conventionalise the play is to take away its charm, only what remains of the original fantasia (mostly in the second act) has any real grip on the audience. Blanquette, very well played by Miss Hadi Britton, the Assect of Mr. Leon M. Lion and Mr. Tree's second act Paragot were things well done. The rest was a mistaken sacrifice to convention.

L. HADEN GUEST.
design and the many foolish opinions then expressed there would appear to be a danger lest the L.C.C. should not rise to the occasion. The complaint is that the middle class are not accustomed to look at architectural drawings. But to the initiated, who look at the drawings with an eye to execution, it is not. In an article which I wrote for The New Age at the time when the designs were sent in, I pointed out that the great danger of competitions always lay in the fact that as the best buildings in execution do not make the best show on paper, the ancestor will not always choose the best design because he fears his award may be repudiated by the public body concerned. On this occasion the assessors have had the courage of their convictions, and we must ask the L.C.C. to stand firmly by them.

We do not suppose that the L.C.C. will repudiate the assessors' award, but at the Council's debate there was some talk of modifying the design in execution. If such modification means the adding of a dome or a tower, or some detailed change in plan, then there is nothing to be said. Such a request is a reasonable one, to which no objection could be taken, but if, on the other hand, by modification is meant a demand that the design be elaborated—that a succession of pilasters are to cover the blank wall spaces, then I protest in the intercessaries of architecture, good taste, and popular education against vandalism. Such a modification of the design would utterly ruin it by destroying those effects of contrast which are the foundation of all good design. The demand is, in fact, as unreasonable as it would be to demand that a painter should leave out his shadows because of a preference for daylight. It would be an undue interference with the liberty of the architect who no private client with any pretensions to taste would presume to make. An architect must be allowed to exercise his own discretion in such matters, otherwise it will be impossible for him to produce good results. The L.C.C. may suggest, but it will not presume to dictate. We insist upon this because there is a danger that it may consider the architect too young a man. Twenty-nine is rather early for an architect to handle such a commission as things go in our day. But there is no reason to suppose that Mr. Bland, if he will not venture to produce anything on that account. If an architect does not know what he is about by twenty-nine he never will.

A. J. Penty.

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.

CHARITY, OR CONSCIENCE MONEY?

To THE EDITOR OF THE NEW AGE.

The middle-class ratepayer knows well that the provision by the London County Council for feeding London's starving school children has been utterly inadequate this winter, but who has the fondest hopes that he will still remember, with gratitude, that the provision which has been made has not been made at his expense. He will continue, accordingly, to support the Moderate, since it is they who, by refusing to fix a rate, and by appealing for charitable contributions, have obtained funds, however insufficient, at the cost exclusively of those who can afford to pay.

No one will pretend that these charitable donations represent, in the main, any real sacrifice. The charitable have given what they can afford, and the representatives of a much greater proportion of the comfortable classes who could have afforded but lacked the charity. The estimate of what "can be afforded" may also be quite safely depended upon to be fairly within the mark. It was to be expected that the total sum obtained would fall far short of unity. That is a familiar characteristic of voluntary contributions.

The donations themselves point the obvious remedy. Every guinea that is given is a proof of the ability, not only of the donor, but of many others who have nothing, to give a guinea without inconvenience. A few rich persons have already made partial provision for this public want as a virtue. Not only they, but all their class, should be required to make complete provision as a duty. It is clear from the subscription lists that they can bear without any inconvenience a considerable addition to the rates at present imposed upon them, and it will not always choose the best design because he fears his award may be repudiated by the public body concerned. On this occasion the assessors have had the courage of their convictions, and we must ask the L.C.C. to stand firmly by them.

We do not suppose that the L.C.C. will repudiate the assessors' award, but at the Council's debate there was some talk of modifying the design in execution. If such modification means the adding of a dome or a tower, or some detailed change in plan, then there is nothing to be said. Such a request is a reasonable one, to which no objection could be taken, but if, on the other hand, by modification is meant a demand that the design be elaborated—that a succession of pilasters are to cover the blank wall spaces, then I protest in the intercessaries of architecture, good taste, and popular education against vandalism. Such a modification of the design would utterly ruin it by destroying those effects of contrast which are the foundation of all good design. The demand is, in fact, as unreasonable as it would be to demand that a painter should leave out his shadows because of a preference for daylight. It would be an undue interference with the liberty of the architect who no private client with any pretensions to taste would presume to make. An architect must be allowed to exercise his own discretion in such matters, otherwise it will be impossible for him to produce good results. The L.C.C. may suggest, but it will not presume to dictate. We insist upon this because there is a danger that it may consider the architect too young a man. Twenty-nine is rather early for an architect to handle such a commission as things go in our day. But there is no reason to suppose that Mr. Bland, if he will not venture to produce anything on that account. If an architect does not know what he is about by twenty-nine he never will.

A. J. Penty.

THE NEW AGE.
BOOKS FOR MODERN READERS

THE NEW AGE. Vol. I. (May—October, 1907). Price 4s. 6d., by post 5s.

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 2½d.

BINDING CASES for NEW AGE. Binding cases are now ready together with Index of First Volume. Price 1s. 6d., by post 1s. 8d.

NIETZSCHE IN OUTLINE AND APHORISM. By A. R. ORAGE. 2s. 6d. net., by post 2s. 8d.

A complete guide to the philosophy of Nietzsche.

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. 1d.; 2s. net. in cloth, by post 2s. 2d.

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.

THE G. B. S. CALENDAR. Price 1s. net., by post 1s. 2d.

Just the thing 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 stimulus to the one and an encouragement to the other. There is nothing to equal its use as a daily companion or as a propagandist 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.

FABIANISM AND THE EMPIRE. Edited by BERNARD SHAW. Price 1s. net.; by post 1s. 2d.

A complete exposition of the Socialist view of Imperialism, with a programme.

FABIAN ESSAYS. Containing a complete statement of Fabian economics and politics. Edited by BERNARD SHAW, with contributions by HUBERT BOND, SYDNEY OLIVIER, ANNIE BESANT, etc. Price 1s. net; by post 1s. 2d.

GLADSTONIAN GHOSTS. By CECIL CHESTERTON. 250 pp. Price 2s. 6d., by post 2s. 9d.

The most able criticism of Liberal politics and the doctrine of laissez faire now before the public.

Contains: Dedicatory Letter to Edgar Jepson, and chapters on Militarism, the Fetish 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 8d.

A reprint of the brilliant and thoughtful essays of the Socialist philosopher.

Now Ready.


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

NEW AGE (BOOK DEPARTMENT), 139 & 140, FLEET ST., LONDON, E.C.