THE OUTLOOK.

An Unmeaning Bill.

If an Englishman wished to understand why the many concessions which Parliament has made to Ireland during the last half century have so signally failed to earn the gratitude of the Irish people, if he wished to know why the best intentions of English ministers have failed as conspicuously as the worst to win their goodwill, he could not do better than study the measure which Mr. Birrell introduced last week. All the characteristics of English pseudo-statesmanship are there: the profound ignorance of the problem, the inability to understand the point of view of any class or sect of Irishmen, above all the absence of any clear objective.

The Bill is conceived in the very spirit and power of Mr. Shaw’s hero who talks about “the gentleman that pays the rent,” and tells the priest that he has the kindliest feelings towards Catholics, being “a bit of a Catholic” himself. To Mr. Birrell the Irish problem means no more than the problem of how to obtain the Irish vote without frightening the English Unionists. To solve this problem he produces an inept scheme which can lead to nothing but friction and confusion, worse confounded by his own explanations of its purport. He tells the Unionists that his scheme does not involve Home Rule, and cannot be fastened leading to the concession of Home Rule. He tells the nationalists, on the other hand, that he does not offer them his plan as a substitute for Home Rule. These two statements taken together prove the utter futility of the scheme. The demand of the majority of the Irish people is for an independent legislature. If this demand is a just one and one that we can safely concede, it ought to be conceded, and, if we cannot concede it at once, all our legislation for Ireland ought to have that concession as its ultimate purpose. If, on the other hand, we cannot safely concede it, we ought to find an alternative policy. Mr. Birrell’s Bill is neither an instalment nor a substitute. He proposes to set up in Ireland a sort of glorified municipality, in the delegation of English powers to the Irish a return to the severest forms of coercion. The whole scheme will be dissolved in something like civil war. The end may be either a step forward to separation or a return to the severest forms of coercion.

The Irish Problem.

We are by no means desirous of seeing the Government reduced to choose between these alternatives. The Irish problem is difficult, but not, we think, impossible of solution. The great obstacle to its settlement is the difficulty of getting any party, either in England or Ireland, to support the kind of policy which the situation demands. It is a melancholy fact that every British statesman who has tried to solve the problem on broad and political lines has only succeeded in wrecking his own career in the attempt. Every such effort has been defeated by a combination of Nationalists and Orangemen in Ireland and of Tories and Nonconformists in Great Britain. Such was the fate of Pitt’s scheme for combining the Union of the Parliaments with the emancipation of the Catholics and the public endowment of the popular religion. Such was the fate which overtook the well-meant efforts of Lord Fitzwilliam at the beginning and of Lord Carnarvon at the end of the last century. Such was the fate of Sir Horace Plunkett and of Mr. Wyndham, and if Sir Antony MacDonnell has so far escaped it is only by no means certain that he may not be the next victim. The evil has lain in the English rule in Orange rule, in the delegation of English powers to the stupid and intemperate garrison of “loyalists.” If this evil is to be cured all the posts in the Executive Government must be thrown open freely to Catholics and Nationalists. The education of the people from the primary to the university grade must be remodelled on lines acceptable to the bulk of the nation, with, of course, every reasonable safeguard for the rights of the Protestant minority. Nor should we dislike the prospect of some kind of State support being given to the Catholic Church, a support which might make it much easier to attach that Church, and, through the Church, the people to the Government. The evils of landlordism, made more obvious to the Irish than to us by the alien breed and religion of many of the proprietors, should be cured, not by the multiplication of landlords, but by the public ownership of the soil, and every effort must be made to stimulate agriculture and commerce by the administrative methods which have so conspicuously in many Continental countries. The Viceroy should cease to be a party nominee, and should become an independent official, like the Governors of the Colonies. He might be a Council representative of all shades of Irish opinion, composed largely of delegates from the popularly elected local authorities.
The Problem of Ulster.

Ulster, or, to speak more accurately, the Protestant part of Ulster, presents a separate problem. This problem was entirely overlooked by Mr. Gladstone, and it was left for the defeat of Gladstonian plans to be undoubtedly largely to be attributed. It is less consecutively neglected by Mr. Birrell, who has no hesitation in subjecting Belfast and Derry to the rule of his particular has been achieved by the Nationalist Council. Yet every word that can be alleged for thinking that Ireland cannot expect a just or intelligent rule from England is at least as valid against the proposal to rule Ulster from Dublin as it is felt by most Irishmen against the Orange men is perfectly intelligible, for no oligarchy in history has ever abused its power so grossly as has the party of Protestant Ascendancy in Ireland. But that very fact, while it makes the case more excusable, makes it more probable. No sensible person, of course, supposes that an Irish Parliament or Council would persecute the Protestants of Ulster with fire and sword. But it is only too probable that you would get in Antrim and Down the same sort of unintelligent, unsympathetic, irritating, and unpopular rule that you now get in Cork and Kerry. Ulster would be to Ireland what Ireland has been to England—a perpetual source of weakness and annoyance. If Ireland is to be governed according to Irish ideas, the necessity of governing Ulster according to Ulster ideas must not be overlooked.

Peers and People.

Lord Newton's Bill for the reform of the House of Lords, having received little encouragement from any quarter, has been withdrawn, and the country is waiting for the proposals promised by the Government. We are disposed to think that it will wait with exemplary patience, for no one outside the Radical caucuses cares a lump for the sham fight which the Ministers are trying to get up between the Peers and the Liberal wire-pullers, described for electioneering purposes as "the People." There is not the slightest reason to suppose that the Government had the majority of the nation behind it in respect of the measures which the House of Lords has rejected. The only Bills which really affected the well-being of the masses, the Trade Disputes Bill and the Women's Compensation Bill, the Lords accepted without protest. Of course, if a genuine attack were made upon the privileges of property the case would be different. Then, no doubt, there would be a real conflict between Peers and People—only all the measures of the present Government would be found on the side of the Peers! There are many good reasons for disestablishing the House of Lords. But the best, we think, is that their disappearance would be followed by a complete exposure of the hypocrisy of the Liberal Party. So long as the Second Chamber exists, the Liberals can always pretend that its existence acts as a restraint upon their reforming zeal. When it is gone, it will be obvious to all that the main obstacle to reform is to be found in their own selfishness and incompetence.

Two By-Elections.

Meanwhile, all that can be said about the temper of the country is that ever since the Government started its campaign against the Lords it has done nothing but lose by-elections. Steptoe is the latest case. We note that the "Daily News" says that Mr. Ben Cooper did well. This seems a little curious, seeing that his poll fell by 2,000 votes and that the Tory majority was 300 above that recorded last year, when the Tories had a much stronger showing than the Lib-Lab candidate, and only fell 100 short of the majority secured in 1900 at the height of the Irish fever. But in these days Liberals are thankful for very small mercies. Thus it will be remembered the "Daily Chronicle" declared that the result at Hexham, where the Liberals lost half of a 2,000 majority, "wiped out" that of Eye, where they lost the whole of it—a piece of Liberal arithmetic which we confess we find it rather difficult to follow! We are sorry for Mr. Cooper personally, for he is, we understand, a Socialist, and he has done good work as a Labour member of the L.C.C. But if Socialists and Labourites choose to describe themselves as "Liberals," and so take upon their own shoulders all the blame that a Liberal Government seldom fails to accumulate, they have only themselves to thank for the result. The same remark applies, mutatis mutandis, to the by-election at Wimbledon, which is still pending. The advocates of Women's Suffrage do not seem to us to have shown their usual tactical acumen in running a Liberal-Suffragette candidate against Mr. Chaplin. Tories and Socialists, supported by the woman's demands, will probably be alienated by this course; while it is improbable that Mr. Russell will secure the support of anything like the whole fighting strength of Wimbledon Liberalism, such as it is, for the Liberals are naturally irritated with the Suffragettes, who have consistently opposed their candidates and attacked their Government, and they are quite likely to vote even for Mr. Chaplin, in order to strike a blow against their feminine assailants. If they decided to run a candidate, we think it would have been wise if the Women's Suffrage Societies had run a "Suffragette" candidate, sans phrase.

The Lost Subsidy.

It is no good grumbling at Australia's decision to withdraw her contribution to the Imperial Navy and to devote her energies to building up her own Navy. It is true that it would be much better, both for Imperial and for military reasons, if all the armed forces of the Empire were controlled from the same headquarters. But we cannot expect the Colonies to accept such a solution unless they are effectively represented on the authority which exercises such control. To tax the Colonies to support our Navy, and yet to give them no share in directing it, would be a proceeding at least as unreasonable as that which cost us our American possessions. Similarly it is extremely difficult for us to ask, as of right, for the support of our Colonies in the event of a war unless we give them at least some share in the direction of our foreign policy. All this problem was entirely overlooked by Mr. Gladstone, who has no hesitation in subjecting Ulster to the rule of his Whitehall. But the fact that the Government followed this course; while it is most improbable that Mr. Russell will secure the support of anything like the whole fighting strength of Wimbledon Liberalism, such as it is, for the Liberals are naturally irritated with the Suffragettes, who have consistently opposed their candidates and attacked their Government, and they are quite likely to vote even for Mr. Chaplin, in order to strike a blow against their feminine assailants. If they decided to run a candidate, we think it would have been wise if the Women's Suffrage Societies had run a "Suffragette" candidate, sans phrase.

WOMEN AND PROGRESS.

18, BUCKINGHAM ST., STRAND, W.C.

VOTES FOR WOMEN FROM A MAN'S POINT OF VIEW.

By JOSEPH CLAYTON.

SYSTEM OR CHARACTER; (The Leak in the Suffrage Boat.)

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Parliament—In and Out.

Rural Depopulation.

A rumour has reached the ears of the House of Commons that all is not well with our agricultural population. So Mr. Rogers, the Liberal Member for Devizes, has moved that something should at once be done, by legislation and administration, to save the life of the countryside. He said that "what was wanted was the creation of a ladder for the rural labourer of capacity," so that he can advance from allotments to small holdings and farms. Sir E. Strachey, on behalf of the Government, sympathised entirely with the view of the hon. member that they should aim at creating a ladder for the agricultural labourer." This is a genuine expression of true Liberal principles. The downtrodden and undervalued labourer is to be given further opportunities for hard work—which is now to take the form of climbing after small holdings. We Socialists are prepared to accept the ladder system, but our ladder will be occupied by landowners—on the way down. Indeed, on consideration, we think we prefer something in the nature of a slide; it is more rapid. A heavily graduated tax on great rent-rolls and compulsory purchase of land by local councils both have the slippery qualities which make for an exhilarating descent. The Labour Party must really formulate and insist on placing before the nation a very definite policy with the problem to attend to. They mean not for an instant accept the Liberal creed that all will be well if a sufficient number of small holdings and allotments are placed on the market. The small holdings by the laws of competition which govern us at present, will be created merely to fall a rapid prey to the larger landlord. We Socialists respect the laws of commonsense, and do not intend to run our heads aground. The question is too big to be dealt with in a short note. It would involve the careful consideration of agricultural education, the organisation (by State officials and the County Councils) of co-operative societies for loans, insurance, buying of implements, sale of produce, and the manufacture of butter; a minimum wage for labourers; village club-houses (where they will sell beer). Then it may be found that small holdings fill a corner of this whole scheme. But the Labour Party must speak with more clearness when it is confronted with platitudes and trivialities, such as a Small Holdings Bill.

Medical Inspection in Schools.

Mr. Ramsay Macdonald has just put a very pertinent question to the President of the Board of Education; he asked whether Mr. McKenna proposed to create a medical department in connection with the Board, and whether this could be done without further legislation. The President had to admit that the Treasury will very quickly be given substantial desire. Mr. McKenna said that the question was premature. He will very quickly be given substantial reasons why there should be immediate action. Sir Victor Horsley, perhaps the most distinguished member of the medical profession in this country, has lately been a Small Holdings Bill.

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The Melting Pot.

During the past week Parliament has considered the following matters:—The House of Lords Reform Bill, the Irish Bill, the first reading of the Finance Bill, and various matters concerning the Army Bill. It is possible that a passing foreigner might think us a somewhat indiscreet people to throw the Lords, the Irish Constitution, and the British Army into the melting-pot in the same week. Our visitor might almost wonder if we always live at a constitutional gallop, and if we are always bolting towards Utopia with the bit between our teeth. He might want to know why we have got no further on the way, after an odd five hundred years of English democracy, to explain. There is no real danger; this is not revolution. It is merely a Liberal Government in the throes of the greatest majority of our Parliamentary history; and I am compelled to do it in the hope that it may be possible. Nothing will happen of any importance, except speeches and promises and unsubstantial little changes which have done service many a time before.

The House of Lords Reform Bill.

Lord Newton's Bill proposes three things:—(1) That only certain peers shall be absolutely entitled to be summoned to the House of Lords; (2) that, if those peers who have not the above qualifications shall choose one-fourth of their number to represent them in the House of Lords; (3) the Crown to be empowered to make life-peers up to the number of one hundred, but not more than ten in one year. Is there any real reform in these proposals? As a matter of fact, their Lordships are already overcome with confusion at their own audacity, the Bill has been withdrawn, and the whole matter has been referred to a Committee, where many noble intentions have quietly passed away. The Socialist has a clear issue before him. Will the reformed House have any substantial increase in its Socialist vote? Will there be any addition to the L.T.P. or the S.D.F. members of the present peerage? Will the new body be more likely to pass Socialist Bills than the present peerage? If not, then the Bill will not bring reform in any sense in the Socialist's dictionary. Let there be no delusions in this matter. It is a sham reform, only of interest to those people who do not wish to discuss real reform.

A Real Political Meeting.

The procedure followed at a recent political meeting held in Blackburn, at which Mr. Philip Snowden was the chief speaker, is worth careful notice; for it was quite a model of tactical propriety and vigorous propaganda. The first resolution conveyed fraternal greetings to the workers of other countries. We practical English must get into the habit of remembering abstract ideas. It may be impossible to express the unity of the workers in the form of a Parliamentary Bill; those peers who have not the above qualifications shall choose one-fourth of their number to represent them in the House of Lords; the Crown to be empowered to make life-peers up to the number of one hundred, but not more than ten in one year. Is there any real reform in these proposals? As a matter of fact, their Lordships are already overcome with confusion at their own audacity, the Bill has been withdrawn, and the whole matter has been referred to a Committee, where many noble intentions have quietly passed away. The Socialist has a clear issue before him. Will the reformed House have any substantial increase in its Socialist vote? Will there be any addition to the L.T.P. or the S.D.F. members of the present peerage? Will the new body be more likely to pass Socialist Bills than the present peerage? If not, then the Bill will not bring reform in any sense in the Socialist's dictionary. Let there be no delusions in this matter. It is a sham reform, only of interest to those people who do not wish to discuss real reform.
Is Kipling a Socialist?

Is Kipling a Socialist? No. That is his failing. But this at least may be admitted—if he is not a Socialist, he ought to be. No living writer has the makings of a better Socialist than Rudyard Kipling. Now, I am not one of those who feel that the public is not intelligent enough. A man can do no more than repeat in word and act the better. Meanwhile, it is intolerable that the public should be perpetually exposed to the terrorism of directed incendiaryism or the threat of the British Press to its logical conclusion. If not, we must class it with the British Press. Russia in India.

Russia in India.

Nothing can be more disquieting to Socialists than the news from India, unless it be the reception accorded the Railway Civil War by the British Press. That, the British Press is the British public at large as no wiser today than it was fifty years ago. Mr. Morley, it is clear, is the last person in the world to act with any genuine intelligence, and he cannot do it. He sees more clearly than any other writer the importance of the Russian Revolution. He has genius, ability, imagination, wit, and what he has done with it? Or, let us be charitable, what has he permitted others to do with it? He has permitted the splendour and goodness of his art to be harnessed to the gaudy chariot of the most odious ambition that ever usurped the imperial robe. What is the kink in Kipling's mind that prevents his seeing behind the mask of Park Lane Imperialism?

If Sidney Webb were an imaginative writer, he would be acting with intelligence. But as, on the contrary, there is every probability that efforts to repress the Russian Revolution will end up the membership by leaps and bounds, the sooner the countries recognize the fact the better. Meanwhile, it is intolerable that the public should be perpetually exposed to the terrorism of directed incendiaryism or the threat of the British Press to its logical conclusion. If not, we must class it with the British Press.

Some of us do our best—the rest are nowhere. It would not do for us to claim that the currency understand when their poet commands. But neither he nor his readers understand each other. He can do no more than repeat in word and act the better. Meanwhile, it is intolerable that the public should be perpetually exposed to the terrorism of directed incendiaryism or the threat of the British Press to its logical conclusion. If not, we must class it with the British Press.

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The Railway Civil War.

The appalling prospect of a general strike of railwaymen would have brought the Railway Civil War to the splendid organizing ability, etc., etc., of the private capitalist. The Post Office manages its quarter of a million employees with comparative ease; but stupidity dies hard, and in the railway industry, even on such a scale as that of the railway companies, the administration is governed by ideas that were obsolete a hundred years ago. No less than thirty-two of the companies have refused to address their employees through the corporate medium of their employees' representatives. In plain words, the vast majority of railway companies are determined not to know what everybody knows. If there were the slightest probability that private Unionism could be stamped out, doubtless the companies would be acting with intelligence. But as, on the contrary, there is every probability that efforts to repress the Russian Revolution will end up the membership by leaps and bounds, the sooner the countries recognize the fact the better. Meanwhile, it is intolerable that the public should be perpetually exposed to the terrorism of directed incendiaryism or the threat of the British Press to its logical conclusion. If not, we must class it with the British Press.

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The Restoration of Beauty to Life.

III.

I ANTICIPATE the retort that the Arts and Crafts have been unable to make headway because of its attitude towards the use of machinery. I reply that such an assumption is unfounded. The placing of Arts and Crafts towards machinery is by no means a case of fanaticism. The point of honour with the movement is not the abolition of machinery, but the raising of the standard of design as a whole. The objection is object to just so far as machinery is employed in a limited way by many members of the movement in order to reduce the cost of production. The reason it has never been used on a more extended scale is only the absence of a large and regular demand and of the active co-operation of the middleman. As a matter of fact, however, the middleman is just as powerless to operate with the craftsman as the craftsman is to get along without it. The first difficulty is the impersonal control of modern industry. The workman is controlled by the foreman, the foreman by the salesman, the salesman by the manager, and the managers, in their turn, are controlled by the shareholders. The result of this is that no one feels himself in a position of authority. Approach one of these big firms with any proposition, and you realise the utter hopelessness of it. You might just as well approach a Government department with the idea of getting them to introduce legislative reforms when the Government has a large conservative majority behind it. A Government department will only change when sufficient pressure can be brought to bear upon it from outside. It is precisely the same with large businesses. This holds good in a measure even when the market value, while elaborate things are sold above it. What is more, machinery has all along been employed in a limited way by many members of the movement in order to reduce the cost of production. The reason it has never been used on a more extended scale is only the absence of a large and regular demand and of the active co-operation of the middleman. As a matter of fact, however, the middleman is just as powerless to operate with the craftsman as the craftsman is to get along without it. The first difficulty is the impersonal control of modern industry. The workman is controlled by the foreman, the foreman by the salesman, the salesman by the manager, and the managers, in their turn, are controlled by the shareholders. The result of this is that no one feels himself in a position of authority. Approach one of these big firms with any proposition, and you realise the utter hopelessness of it. You might just as well approach a Government department with the idea of getting them to introduce legislative reforms when the Government has a large conservative majority behind it. A Government department will only change when sufficient pressure can be brought to bear upon it from outside. It is precisely the same with large businesses. This holds good in a measure even when the

There is a limit to the possibilities of reform by craftsmen in their private capacity. The time is therefore ripe for the matter to be taken up by the reform movement. The restoration of beauty to life demands an understanding between the artist and the public, not only in respect to its aesthetic value, but also with respect to the economic conditions which surround the pursuit of Art, for until the public are familiarised with these, no much support will be forthcoming. The circumstance that the market value of a commodity in our day bears little or no relation to the actual cost of production, which obliges the craftsman to adopt a different scale of charges from those obtaining in the possible to current market prices. The reason also that an enterprise is not on a sound basis unless it be self-supporting. In the long run it may be true; but it is not necessarily true at the start. Industrial conditions are to-day abnormal, and what becomes normal again will not necessarily pay the pioneer who works to bring such conditions about. What we have to do is to get the pioneer work done whether it pays or not. But in this case the work not the remuneration which should be our first consideration, and the capitalist or philanthropist who supports us should realise that, too. Money has been made during the last century by driving down the quality of production, and some of it will have to be sunk if the standard is again to be raised.

A. J. PENTY.

(Author of "The Gild System").
The Liberals and Adult Suffrage.

So long as the movement for the removal of the electoral sex-disability was conducted on the old conventional and ineffective lines, no serious effort was made by politicians to frustrate it. Serious effort was not needed. A pretence of support and sympathy, backed by a little trickery, and both accompanied by good-humoured amusement, were found sufficient to block the women's path. But the present revolt among women has raised a new spirit, in which there is anger and threat of persistent action. From this spirit has come a conscious effort to combat the institution of political sex equality. The forces which have been roused to active antagonism by the new rebellion only lay dormant, but were not evoked, before. From this spirit has come a demand to voice only because that same demand was too loudly insistent to be any longer ignored. It continues to be voiced only because that demand must be recognised. It is only voiced in connection with that demand. In the space of a few months the demand has sprouted from insignificance to the position of an almost official party attitude. It was tentatively suggested by Liberal speakers and papers before the last suffrage debate in the Commons. Then it received the blessing of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman. From the politician's point of view it was one which has many recommendations. It allows for a pose of righteous and high-minded belief in women's claims, calculated to bring credit to the politician and disunion into women's ranks. It provides opportunity for a further awakening to, and pandering to, class feeling, and furnishes the demagogue a counterblow to use against the demand for equal voting rights. It allows for the present popular deprecatory pose with regard to the existing "property" basis of the franchise. It opens the way not only for an indefinite postponement of women's claims, but for the effective buying off of masculine support by franchise extensions which will leave women in a worse position than they have ever occupied before. For these reasons it has been adopted. The whole question of democracy—of adult suffrage, of triennial Parliaments, of second ballots—has been raised to confuse the issue, so that the political equality of the sexes will first be lost sight of and finally be indefinitely postponed. In spite of its recommendations to the party politician the position is theologically unsound. It is logically and politically unsound. The arbitrary exclusion of women from equal voting rights with men is a wrong, apart from, and utterly unremedied by, any alteration of the artificial disability upon all women, is not only the primary object of women suffragists, but is an essential step towards democratic government. Whatever the basis of representation, no woman can benefit by it until women have been declared, equally with men, capable of exercising human rights. So long as the movement for the removal of the electoral sex-disability is conducted on the all-or-nothing basis. The incidence of the agitation is full of sinister meaning. Thus the newly awakened democracy on the "all-or-nothing" basis. The ordinary intellectual structure; and it was impossible for the group of Radical thinkers, of which Sir Charles Dilke was the chief, to adopt the fallacies or tricks of other politicians. Their expressed convictions committed them to the principles on which women based their claim to liberty. Yet apparently they viewed sex-equality with feelings of disfavour. For instance in their whole support to the movement for its establishment they instituted an absurdly illogical opposition between adult and women's suffrage. "We are democrats," they said in effect, "and we believe in sex equality, but we cannot support its establishment until the whole system of government is completely democratised." Through their leader a "hardy annual" measure was introduced into the House of Commons as an expression of this position. Its formal performance—finding support, either in the House or in the country—and having no significance in politics. Only to women who were alert it always pointed the way to the last possible and most dangerous form of opposition. The fears have been realised. The Liberal party of to-day is definitely changing its position from one of mere verbal support or opposition to women's suffrage, to one of active and genuine enthusiasm for full democracy on the "all-or-nothing" basis. The incidence of this new enthusiasm—of its birth and expression—is full of sinister meaning. Thus the newly awakened spirit of genuine and ardent women's demand would only still more insistently be any longer ignored. It continues to be voiced only because that same demand must be recognised. It is only voiced in connection with that demand. In the space of a few months the
THE BOOK OF THE WEEK.

The Russian Revolution," by Leo Tolstoy. (Free Age Press: Everett and Co. Sixpence.)

Here is a book by the greatest living writer, on the most important event of our time, and—to tell the truth—it is disappointing! It consists of four separate articles enforcing a view of the situation which not a thousand can accept. Nevertheless, it is well worth reading; for it flings down a stimulating challenge to some of our most deep-rooted convictions, besides telling us Tolstoy's opinion of our Governments, or lack of them.

"It is impossible for the Russian nation to continue to submit to its Government, because having freed itself from the prestige which has hitherto enveloped the Government and having once understood that most of the miseries suffered by the people are caused by the Government, the Russian people cannot cease to desire to free themselves from it. Besides, such a Government as gives security and tranquillity to a nation no longer exists in reality. There are two envenomed and contending parties, but no Government to whom it is possible quietly to submit."

Yet Tolstoy is anxious that his countrymen should not be persuaded to imitate the Western world and adopt Constitutionalism; an evil, in his opinion, even greater than they now suffer. After denouncing autocracy, he proceeds to say:—

"Still less reasonable would it be for the Russian people to enter on the path of the Western nations, since the deadlines of our internal problems are not yet expired. Without authenticating this Constitutionalism, let us remember, is still on its trial. The East, containing the great majority of the human race, has not adopted it; neither, for the most part, does Africa. Germany and Russia take it only in small doses, as a medicine containing dangerous poisons. In South America it alternates with Dictatorships; while in North America it alternates with Tyranny. In America as in Europe, Constitutional fringes of Western Europe are apt to assume that Constitutional Government has succeeded; but there are many men—Tolstoy among them—who tell us that it is a fraud and a failure. That is the truth. The transfer of power from autocrats to representatives of the people, was made in order to abolish certain evils, and that it has completely failed to do so:—

"Have the Western nations, travelling for centuries along that road, removed one another. Have they fared better? Have they freed themselves from the evils they wished to be rid of? . . . . Anarchy, the chief and fundamental calamity from which the people suffer, remains the same; the same ever-increasing, enormous budgets; the same anarchy to war; the same neglecting military preparations and armies; the same taxes; the same State and private monopolies; the same depriving the people of the right of self-government; the same making military training a necessity; the same constant threatenings of war; and the same wars, destroying the lives of men and subverting society. In the majority of the people in those (Constitutional) countries more secure, freer, or, above all, more reasonable and moral? I think not.

Constitutional Government, let us frankly admit, has not been completely successful. Fully to justify its existence it must do much better in future than in the past. If it continues to devote so large a part of its life to monopolies; the same depriving the people of the right to make definite the relation in which men stand to one another.

I. Men have devised Government because in the absence of external authority, they found it impossible to carry on social life. Where there is no visible Government and no Courts to which to appeal in case of disputes, there is no definiteness, and no one knows what to expect of his fellow man. A man may own a Constitution, but if there is nofringe of Western Europe are apt to assume that Constitutional Government has succeeded; but there are many men—Tolstoy among them—who tell us that it is a fraud and a failure. That is the truth. The transfer of power from autocrats to representatives of the people, was made in order to abolish certain evils, and that it has completely failed to do so:—

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Why I Joined the Fabian Society.

From the usual intorsion of mixed motives which blind the judgment of most of us when we decide to take any definite step, I can disentangle, in my own case, one which I think that constitutes my chief reason for joining the Fabian Society. It is the same reason that impelled me, as a small boy, to fly to pens and paper out of school hours; and it crystallises itself in a clamant desire of self-expression. I have always wanted (in the Cockney phrase) to have my say. I have never been satisfied to accept as final the views of any other human mind. This is perhaps my arrogance, but I am still quite young—but at any rate it is a part of me that I cannot dispense with, though I have sometimes wished I could. I can remember (this by way of elucidation of my meaning) that my first schoolmaster told me that "a", "an", and the " were distinguishing adjectives. I accepted his definition of " the "; but I wanted to know more about " a " and " an. " As words they did not seem to distinguish at all. They seemed to be mere abbreviations of " any". And I told my schoolmaster so, and asked him why they were dubbed " distinguishing. " And he was merely peevish and impatient about it, and angry with me. . . . as was also a certain L.C.C. school teacher when I put the same question to her a week or two ago, and found that the old mystery still remains unsolved, and is quite of no improvement. "Well, anyhow, we have to teach the children that," she answered resentfully. And, oddly enough, her resentment was not directed against the respect paid by mental authorities, but against me. She is one of those who will never join the Fabians, though it is quite conceivable that she might become a member of the Society.

But I am glad that I am not asked why I became a Socialist. Because I never did become a Socialist. I was born so. The slow agony of a gradual winning-over to the cause has been never mine, nor the quick ecstacy of a sudden conversion. I have never had to argue with myself against my own prejudices or to disabuse my mind of any prepossessions. Before the Fabian Society was, or any other existing Socialist body, my faith was fired and I was hailed—under a pardonable misapprehension, since there was no more extreme term of reproach to apply to me—as a little Radical. It grieved me, as a child, to be called that. But I answered pompously that I no longer cared to identify myself with all the crude nonsense that was reached by a lot of half-educated and unarticulated boys as Socialism. It gave me a sensation of sweet, preacherly superiority to talk in that way, though I was not aware that any least change had taken place in my opinions since I also had been one of these same comatose boys whom I was now insulting with my airs and affected speeches.

But obviously such a serious state of mind as that could not endure. Self repression breeds cynicism; and I take it that no forward movement has any use for cynics. My old need of some means of self-repression began to cry out again, and would not be stifled. I felt that I must become articulate or perish of a sort of mental apoplexy. I numbered several Fabians among my friends; and, being my friends, they were all men after my own heart. I seemed to have found an outlet for each new freshet of the inflammatory hotchotch conferred on them at once a dignity and a sanely humorous elevation of spirit that were the very things I lacked and longed for. They did not rage or flume, or flounder and flop about, or insist upon themselves unreasonably.

But their Fabianism seemed to leaven all that they said and did with a salted, healthy savour of self-respect and self-contentment. They seemed to be at peace with themselves and their neighbours, even whilst they were in battle array. Their armour hid their wounds and scars. And having flung their gauntlet down, they had a warm hand of flesh to extend to a brother if he showed the least disposition to grasp it. I did. And that is all.

One word more. On reading over what I have written, I discovered that, whilst I seem to have surveyed a wide belt of country, I may have failed, after all, to indicate the path by which I have wound my way to the Fabian Camp. It is usually in some such haphazard way. However, that recruits do present themselves at headquarters of any good cause and ask to be enrolled: lost and faint and weary and in fear of their souls' lives, they come in their rags and ratters, with broken and bleeding limbs, praying only that the strength of their manhood may be restored to them and their courage rekindled by a quiet hearty welcome.
Morocco and the Straits of Gibraltar.

II.

When the Moors left Spain they left behind them not only their buildings, but many of their customs and institutions; and to-day the considerable seclusion of the women in South Spain, and the jealousy with regard to their appearance on the streets, may be traced to that cause. In the Andalusian towns and villages generally the barred and trellised lower windows, behind which the women peep and peer, are reminiscent of the screens of the Moorish harem, and in Tarifa go even farther than in Morocco, covering their faces all but one eye—but (it is said) they are so handsome that with that one eye they do more ravage than the other Spanish women with two!

Tarifa in old days was also celebrated for ravages of another sort. Commanding the entrance to the Straits, it became the resort of pirates, who plundered vessels going to and fro, and this plunder, it is said, became such a recognised institution that in some cases it was changed into regular law or "tariff." Later on the Moorish pirates, making their harbours and strong-holds on the coast of Morocco, at Safi, Larache, and other places, and supported by their own Sultans, were a terror and a pest not only to all Mediterranean traders, but to those of Spain and France and as far as England and Cornwall. It seems hard to believe that Moorish piracy only came to an end about 1822, when the British Government made a treaty on the subject with the Sultan Sulaiman II.

But piracy was not the only danger of the Straits. The navigation of these waters was, and still remains, perilous. Owing to the saltiness of the Mediterranean being greater than that of the Atlantic, there is a constant interchange between the two seas—surface water flowing in from the Atlantic and a more briny current at the same time flowing out below. These currents, of course, are complicated by the tides; and when violent winds are added, the sea may become very rough and nasty, and navigation correspondingly difficult. Fogs, too, are common. When the east wind, or levante which the Britishers call "Levanter"—blows, everyone at Gibraltar gets ill-humoured and complains of headache. A cloud hangs over the top of the Rock like a great pennant, and sometimes descends as far as the town below. Often then a sea-mist or fog comes down to the sea, and then deposit gold in exchange for the merchandise; that the Carthaginians then, going ashore, examine the gold, and if the quantity seems sufficient for the merchandise they take on board their ships again and wait; the natives then approach and deposit more gold until they have satisfied them. Neither party ever wrongs the other; for they do not touch the merchandise, nor do the natives touch the merchandise before the other party has taken the gold" (IV., 106). We must remember that Herodotus wrote some 450 years before our era. The story may not be strictly reliable (though it has authentic parallels), but at any rate it conveys to us a pleasant sense that commercial honesty was thought possible in those days.

From Cape Spartel the immense outlook on the Atlantic is impressive. The limestone rocks are cut in the most fantastic forms by the everlasting spray. A lighthouse and a signalling station (maintained by the Joint Powers) give warning to ships of the dangers of the world of their passage to and fro. The coast here turns sharply southward, and for, 1,500 miles there is not another lighthouse; indeed much of the coast beyond Moors to the Iron Coast, as it is called by sailors, is still almost unexplored and uncharted. It is believed that Columbus should have sailed for the New World in August, 1492, less than a year after the flag of Ferdinand and Isabella waving on the Torre de la Vela over the Alhambra had signalled the downfall of the Moors. Yet the connection between the two events is not so remote as one might imagine. It is not too much to say that if it had not been for the Moors Columbus would never have sailed. At a time when

before our era crept, with his "sixty ships," round the African shore, perhaps as far as the Gulf of Guinea, founding colonies as he went, and returning with tales of crocodiles and river horses and the authentic word "Gorilla.

On the hill of the Marshan, behind and above Tangier, just at the edge of the cliff, and commanding the view of the Straits, are twenty or thirty Phoenician tombs or graves—oblong chambers cut in the solid rock, all lying east and west, and with well-cut ledges or rabbets for the lids. The lids are long since gone, and the graves themselves are full of grass and weeds.

Subject with the Sultan Sulaiman II.
Christian Europe was still lost in Stygian darkness in matters of science, it was only in countries like Spain, which had come in contact with Saracenic culture, or among maritime folk like the Genoese or Venetians, that larger ideas prevailed. And already for some centuries before that, Northern nations had never got beyond the flat Earth of Cosmos Indicopleustes and the Early Fathers, the Moors of Andalusia were teaching geography in their common schools by means of globes.

The Arabian Khalif Ali-Mamum had long ago (in 830 B.C.) caused a degree-to be measured on the shore of the Red Sea, and computed the earth's circumference at 24,000 miles; and even more than a thousand years before that, Eratosthenes, at Alexandria, had done the same thing. So long had the tradition of true science been, as it was, lost to Europe by the downfall of the pagan world. Of course, in the time of Columbus all men of thought and learning knew well enough that the earth was round: but it was only in a country like Spain, which had come under the influence of the East, that the notion was widely enough accepted to afford support for a project of exploration; and even there, as we know, Columbus had to wait nearly twenty years for that support to become practical.

Anyhow, one realises, looking out over this vast expanse of sea, that it was a bold thing even for a man like Columbus to adventure himself indefinitely over its extreme horizon—and that, too, with a posse of ignorant mariners, who could not possibly understand the justifications of his confidence. Even though there might be the certainty of the earth's roundness, and though there actually was some conception of gravitation current, this latter was too vague not to happen on the nether quarters of the globe—whether the waters of the sea " beyond the baths of all the western stars " might not indeed wash the ships down into space; and so forth.

It is strange, I say, to stand here, and to realise that it was the Moors and the Moorish science and practical acumen that made the voyage of Columbus possible, and opened out to Europe the great new world of America and modern life; and then to see how this same people to-day, having handed the torch on, is content to return, as it were, to the twilight of its own earlier time. We turn round and look inland; and there, on the lower slope of the hill, is a man bare-headed, and with a short cloak on down to his knees, ploughing with a single yoke of oxen. His plough is nearly twenty years for that support to become practical.

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Drama.

An Orgy of Frohman and the Bijou Theatre.

For a mere individual critic with a sheet or two of paper and a fountain pen to criticise Mr. Frohman is, I fear, to preside over a little wished animalcule in a river should dare to cock up an eye and gaze on and criticise a gigantic human form upon the bank. To do Mr. Frohman justice a battery of typewriters or megaphones two would be the least requisites. And yet I am in some doubt on the matter. We may want this play, and Mr. Frohman "presents" us that play. But we do not necessarily go in our thousands to see that play, and it does not necessarily pay. And the question is whether Mr. Frohman "presenting" us with anything we choose to demand with sufficient vigour is not more likely to give us good plays than the manager whose control is not so far-reaching and so wide, and whose interests are more bound up with his prejudices and limitations. Perhaps this is too philosophical, but something must be said as an Orgy of Frohman. The orgy began happily by a quite innocent visit to "Brewster's Millions." And far be it from me to disdain anyone from coming to that performance. Mr. du Maurier says "old chap" in a quite fascinating way (during the week I have had great difficulty in keeping "old chap" out of my correspondence), and there is a scene on the top deck of the yacht "Flitter." This scene is reminiscent of delightful tropical nights, and is so suggestive of all kinds of possibilities that one half expected something to happen. Instead of which, some machinery under the stage began to tip the actors backwards and forwards like a see-saw.

The plot of the play is, by the way, seriously imper- triable. At this time of day it is not allowable to treat of the chuckling away of millions without any realisation of the fact that three millions represent a value improperly taken from the men and women who make it. Money is life, and life exists on responsibility; to treat of money as though it were a counter for the pleasure of fools is to perpetuate the fate morgans of riches, charity, and luxury. Very much the same criticism must be made of "A Royal Family," in which the web of delusive appearances is woven of a mixture of mediaeval romance and modern snobbery. This kind of thing won't do in a country which has just returned three Labour members to the House of Commons, and of whom we have surpassed you will enjoy the acting, some machinery under the stage began to tip the actors backwards and forwards like a see-saw. Consequently race-prejudice strikes me as a comedy-motive, whereas Strongheart is tragedy. But if it is to be tragic, then the theme is to be treated in a manner. The tragedy of race-prejudice should have a more real background, on the lines, say of a money-worried lower middle-class family. In "Strongheart" a young man is worried about 3,000. In "Brewster's Millions" three and the worry serious, and then attention will be gripped. Only three dollars between a man and the fury of the outside world, and you've got drama ready made.

To complete the orgy, I should have ended up at the Comedy, and found out what Mr. Frohman "presents" as "The Truth," but my heart failed, and I set out to seek for a real play in the Bijou Theatre, in Archer Street, Westbourne Grove, Bayswater. It just happens that I did not know where the Bijou Theatre was—no doubt, a disgraceful admission. I had heard of Bayswater, and took the Tube there, and then proceeded to hail a cab and voyage in search of adventure through marvellous dark, tree-lined streets, and deep violet skies, with pale lemon stars in them, and masses of twinkling palaces, and hurrying and lounging people, and all the exciting marvels of our city. But the cabby didn't know where the Bijou Theatre was, neither did the policeman, neither did the theatre ticket agency. And so, finally, I gave up by dint of gett-
The New Gallery.

The New Gallery has announced its twentieth Summer Exhibition. One wonders if its directors are still burning with the ambition of twenty years ago, when they founded the gallery which was to be called "New." The adjective was to express all those naughty feelings towards "another place," as they say in the House of Commons. However, time has had its usual soothing effect, and the difference between Burlington House and Commons is in the air, and this place is mainly a matter of size. So the bulk of the pictures need not detain us; but there are, I venture to think, at least three works of real importance. First, there is Mr. Austen Brown's "Getting Home" (113). It shows two French peasant women returning to the village after their work in the fields. The artist saw in this event a truly magnificent image of subtlety colour and light, a wonderfully blended scheme of reds and blues, whites and browns. In the village, the cottage walls and windows, in the village street and the sunlit figure in it which does not breathe with distinctive life and personality. As in Mr. Brown's picture, there is no sign of a conscious composition; here again it seems quite certain that this event just happened so. And yet it was only the mere outline of the scene that really lingered in the artist's brain, where he shows us what we could never have seen had we been there, without his imagination and brush. That is why this picture stands out with distinction from most of its fellows. It creates a new imaginative fact; they repeat what we can see for ourselves. It is the artist against the reproduced event.

The second picture is Mr. Charles W. Bartlett's "A Festive Dance" (201). It is a masterly realisation of a Breton village dance from the point of view of a participant. The figures in the foreground approach life size, and the atmosphere of a crowd is sustained to the back of the canvas. There is not a figure in it which does not breathe with distinctive life and personality. As in Mr. Brown's picture, there is no sign of a conscious composition; here again it just happened so. Mr. Bartlett pitches his colour in a much higher key than the quieter intensity of "Getting Home." In both cases the result is colour and not light, a wonderfully blended scheme of reds and blues, whites and browns; in the women's dress, the cottage walls, the cottage windows, in the village street and the sunlit figure in it which does not breathe with distinctive life and personality. As in Mr. Brown's picture, there is no sign of a conscious composition; here again it just happened so. Mr. Bartlett pitches his colour in a much higher key than the quieter intensity of "Getting Home." In both cases the result is colour and not light.
BOOK NOTES.

Mr. G. K. Chesterton's literary output is one of the prodigious things of recent letters. He must write with as much ease as a fluent speaker talks. Otherwise it was impossible for him to maintain, at so fine a standard at least, those streams of prose which run with such constancy through the columns of the Saturday "Daily News" and the "Illustrated London News," not to mention the numerous articles and reviews contributed by him in other places. G. K. C. supports in a very practical way his own dictum that it is doubtful whether we can have too much of so good a thing as journalism.

There is, however, one side of Mr. Chesterton's journalism, which increases so formidably as to fill one with alarm. I refer to the growing tendency of enterprising publishers to command his services as a preface writer. If things go on at the present rate, he will stand in danger of becoming the Prologue to all the books that are issued. The Chesterton preface is becoming a habit not only with the ubiquitous reprint, but with new books as well. Even Maxim Gorky was not sufficient in himself. Among the latest announcements are his prefaces to the "Everyman" Dickens, and now comes the news that he has written an introduction for Mr. Wellwood's finely printed and rubricated edition of the "Book of Job."

Mr. Chesterton, apart from journalism and preface-writing (her next-of-kin), is both versatile and prolific. He has published volumes of poems, biographies, short stories, and a fantastic novel, to say nothing of his entertaining and original pencil sketches which add to the humour of some of his own and other people's books. He is a dramatist also, though what has become of his long-promised "The Devil Among the Cattle," I do not know. His next book, which is nearly ready, will be a fantastic romance entitled "The Man Who was Thursday." It is mainly about Anarchists, and there may be expected many diverting incidents from the history of a club in Topsy-turveydom.

English readers of Nietzsche do not who read German or French have always been handicapped by the incompleteness of the translation of his works. This is probably one of the reasons of our ignorance of this great philosopher. Mr. Fisher Unwin is shortly to add this to the four volumes he has already published Nietzsche's "Beyond Good and Evil." Whilst being duly thankful for this small mercy, Mr. Unwin might have earned the further gratitude of students, and incidentally also of his own publishing firm, if he had first issued the epoch-making essay on "The Origin of Tragedy." It is to be hoped he will consider the publication of a translation of this work.

The sudden death of "Ian Maclaren" is the loss of a personality rather than a loss to literature. "Beside the Bonnie Briar Bush," by far the best of his fiction, was a delightful lecture, and very eloquent, and shrewdly humorous, putting into such outmoded subjects as, for instance, the "Homely Virtues," a force and interest worthy of a much better cause.

The need for laughter is well served by that very American quantity, Mr. George Ade. It is becoming quite a habit to look to the States for this social ingredient, especially if one is not beyond a broad smile or even the physical exercise of the guffaw. The announcement of his latest book, "In Pastures New" (E. Grant Richards. 6s.), reminds me of his earlier "Fables in Slang," which, in spite of a certain shallowness of thought, a kind of much ado about nothing, displayed something like genius in its use of the colloquialisms of Chicago which at times assume the importance of a patois.

Mr. C. W. Daniela, as will be seen from our advertisement columns, is making a special offer of his People's Classics to New Age readers. These admirable little book containas in handy pocket form an abstract and brief chronicle of what is practically the whole range of human thought from Plato to Tolstoy. Each volume is compiled of the essential wisdom of some notable thinker selected with care and intelligence, and besides their value to students and the general reader, they are indispensable as "cribs" for lecturers and debaters.

In the lane which runs beside the "Wyndham's" and the "New" Theatres from Charing Cross Road to St. Martin's Lane, there is a bookshop with the legend "C. G. Cannon" over the window. The proprietor of this establishment is Mr. D. J. Rider, a man with a wide knowledge of modern literature which is reflected in his excellent stock. The book hunter may pursue his Quarry here in peace and with satisfaction, and if he is as fortunate as I have been he will rarely leave the premises without some worthy addition to his bag.

H. J.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

"The Art and Crafts of Old Japan," by Stewart Dick. (T. N. Foulis. 2s. net.)

"I go a-Walking Through the Lanes and Meadows" and "Through the Woods," by Rev. C. A. Johns, F. H. Carruthers, and others. (T. N. Foulis. 2s. 6d. each.)

"Modern Thaldom, a New Social Gospel," by W. Hampson. (Wells, Gardner, and Darton. 10s. 6d. net.)

"The Unemployables," by Edmund Kelly, M.A. (King. 6s. 3d. net.)


"French Poems for Children and Beginners," selected by A. Thirion, LL.A. (Hachette. 6s.)

"French Irregular Verbs arranged without Abbreviation for Schools and Private Students," by A. Thirion, LL.A. (Hachette. 6d.)

"Shakespeare," by Walter Raleigh. (Macmillan. 2s. 6d. net.)

"The Evolution of the Soul," by Harold Monroe. (Samuel French. 2s. 6d. net.)

"Root Principles in Rational and Spiritual Things," by Thomas Child. (Allenson. 6d.)

"The Growth of Christianity," by Percy Gardner. (Black. 3s. 6d. net.)

UNITARIANISM AN AFFIRMATIVE FAITH." "UNITARIAN CHRISTIANITY, Explained and Applied" (Armstrong, "The Soul Reckonings," Garratt. 6d.) (Inscribed Remembrance) (Page Hopp) given post free—Miss BARLOW, Mont Pleasant, Sidmouth.

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

THE DIFFICULTIES OF TEMPERANCE.

To the Editors of "The New Age."

Your contributor, G. R. S. Taylor, frankly acknowledges that he is an ardent teetotaler. We have no reason to doubt his sincerity, but we must question his judgment. There is no fault with the doctrine of temperance, but there are many abuses in its practice. The temperance movement is a good thing, but it is not the same as the Anti-Social Club.

R. H. C. W. (Buckhurst Hill).--"Prayer-worn knees and a rusty sabre, do not let us tumble into the Jingoism of the Tory. So who in return despises the English. We have the pretence of power without the reality. When Natal goes a Zulu hunt-there.

J. T. (Godalming).—Many thanks, but not suitable. Edgar Robson (Southsea).—Of course not.

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