THE OUTLOOK.

Mr. Morley as Coercionist.

There is a certain irony about the fact that Mr. Morley's accession to the Secretarieship for India should be signalised by an outbreak of Coercion. Sudden arrests of malcontents, imprisonments without trial, and the like do not seem to harmonise with the principles that have guided Mr. Morley's political career. Yet the situation is not without precedents. One remembers how the Ministry of Lord Aberdeen, formed avowedly as a peace Ministry, with Lord Palmerston excluded from the Foreign Office on account of his combative tendencies, was the one Ministry of the past century which landed us in a European war. Similarly, the Indian administration of Mr. Morley, the Arch-Anti-Coercionist, is the first to resort to the most drastic measures of Coercion. The reason must, we think, be found in the peculiar limitations of Liberal statesmanship. The Liberal is bound by his principles to profess a certain regard for the interests of subject peoples, and to wax indignant with the frank despotism of the Tory. Consequently such peoples expect all sorts of reforms—some necessary and some impracticable—from a Liberal Government. But when it comes to action the Liberal is neither more able nor more willing to effect reforms than his rivals. He is therefore forced to disappoint expectations, while those whom he has disappointed, confident that his principles forbid him from having recourse to Coercion, increase the pressure and cast their attention to the point where a Minister is almost compelled to fall back on force. This was the history of Mr. Gladstone's government of Ireland during the eighties, and we take it that much the same thing has happened in the case of Mr. Morley.

Repression and Reform.

The situation having been created, we do not wish to say anything that could make it more dangerous. In the face of the horrible possibilities of a native rising, everyone will feel the necessity of strengthening the hands of the Indian Government, faulty as that Government may be. But we are by no means disposed to admit the doctrine that the imminence of danger (for which we must needs take the word of the Government) and the necessity of immediately averting its consequences, should silence all discussion as to its causes. Disraeli had the courage to point out while the Mutiny was still raging and ordinarily humane men were shrieking for the most violent reprisals, that it was in the interest of our own safety to endeavour to understand the heart of the people, 'i.e., the willing and the free, the military and the civil, of the soil, which are in fact the most essential elements of the whole community. It may be true in a sense that the very discontent is a testimony to the good work of our Government, that we have educated the people to desire better institutions. But we should like also to know that the better institutions will be forthcoming, institutions not necessarily similar to those demands of the Anglicized Hindoo of Calcutta, but such as would assure the well-being of the great silent masses of India.

Tariff Reform in the Commons.

The Conservatives are now apparently as anxious to discuss the Fiscal Question as they were to avoid the topic when they were in power. Two years ago it was the Liberals who were anxious, in and out of season, to discuss tariffs. Now it is the Conservatives. Both cravings were singularly futile, for there was equally little chance of their leading to any practical result. Mr. Asquith indulged in the usual old-fashioned Free Trade talk, while Mr. Ramsay Macdonald made a somewhat more effective case against the amendment. But the only real importance of the debate lay in the foreshadowing of our expectation that the Conservatives intend to take their stand on Tariff Reform as a means of "broadening the basis" of taxation. To which the obvious answer is that of Mr. Macdonald: that the basis of taxation is already as "broad" as it can be, seeing that everyone pays taxes. The only question is as to its distribution, and on this point both Parties are equally unintelligent. The Conservative professes to believe that if you take half the tax off tea and put it on to bread the burden will somehow be easier. The Liberal, who acquiesces without a murmur in millions of taxation on tea, coffee, sugar, beer, and other food-stuffs of the poor, raises a scream of horror at the thought of taxing "the people's food," i.e., bread. The plain fact of the matter is that it does not matter a dam to the workman how taxation is distributed among these articles. "Indirect taxation" is quite indefensible except as a means of discouraging the production or importation of certain articles. The Protectionist, who proposes to tax foreign imports in order to keep them out, occupies what is at any rate an intelligible position. But the Free Trader who defends tea taxes and sugar taxes must maintain that tea and sugar are so ruinous to the people that the State ought to tax them on their consumption, or else confess frankly that he wishes to place the heaviest burden on the poorest section of the community, and prefers to do so by "indirect" means for fear of electoral recriminations.

The End of the Conference.

The Imperial Conference has concluded its labours,
and the results, if not sensational, have been to some extent encouraging. The number of speeches made has been very large, and the enthusiasm and virility of the "Younger Nations" by the number of dinners they have contrived to get through during the past month. General Botha has made speeches abroad for the Empire, and the whole Empire has combined to make speeches about General Botha. Australia has, with our consent, withdrawn her naval subsidy, and has obtained concessions on the navigation question. But the most valuable fruit of the Conference is the resolution unanimously approved in favour of subsidised lines of transit and communication from Great Britain and Canada and thence to Australia, New Zealand, and the East. As we anticipated, the majority of the Cobdenites are preparing to denounce this as a violation of Free Trade principles, and Mr. Harold Cox, the last Manchester Radical of pure breed, has already protested against it. Nothing will, however, be comforted by the recollection that he has said the same of the feeding of school children, of old age pensions, and of any kind of State provision for the unemployed. For our part, we should have preferred the creation of an Imperial fleet to the subsidising of private companies. But, just as the first contribution made by the State towards the expenses of voluntary schools made inevitable their eventual absorption in a national system, so we are confident that the subsidised companies will at last disappear and transfer their assets and responsibilities to the Empire as a whole. They cannot survive competition with state men, who will realise the folly of entrusting the means of communication (which are the nerves) and the means of transit (which are the arteries of the body politic) to syndicates or companies which at the best are bent on private gain and at the worst may be manned by the avowed enemies of the Empire.

The Future of Women's Suffrage.

The poll of the "Suffragette" Liberal at Wimbledon was better than we had expected, but it confirms, on the whole, the doubts we expressed last week as to the wisdom of the tactics pursued. Had Mr. Russell run as a "Suffragette" Liberal at Wimbledon, he probably would have lost, on account of its Liberal voting record; Mr. Russell has said the same of the feeding of school children, of old age pensions, and of any kind of State provision for the unemployed. For our part, we should have preferred the creation of an Imperial fleet to the subsidising of private companies. But, just as the first contribution made by the State towards the expenses of voluntary schools made inevitable their eventual absorption in a national system, so we are confident that the subsidised companies will at last disappear and transfer their assets and responsibilities to the Empire as a whole. They cannot survive competition with state men, who will realise the folly of entrusting the means of communication (which are the nerves) and the means of transit (which are the arteries of the body politic) to syndicates or companies which at the best are bent on private gain and at the worst may be manned by the avowed enemies of the Empire.

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still permitted by our law. The other Bill, in brief, brings launderers within the general scope of the Factory Laws, and also extends these laws to those philanthropic institutions which have so far been exempted on the ground that they are not conducted for gain (which was, perhaps, a somewhat hasty expression of belief that charity would begin at home in such places). When these two Bills reach the House of Commons it will be the duty of the Labour Party to support them. But the Party will have a much more important duty than getting them through the House; for it must above all make it clear to everyone that these fragments of legislation, which it pleases the Liberal and Conservative politicians to call Reform, are mere triflings with the fringe of the problem which the Labour Party has set itself to solve. To teach the capitalist the rules of common humanity is a passing matter. Our real business is to dismiss him altogether from our social affairs.

Socialism for Dangerous Trades.

An interesting socialistic suggestion was made the other day by Lord Lytton at the annual meeting of the British Association of Labour Legislation. Mr. Herbert Samuel, commenting on the report presented to the Association, which contained somewhat severe reflections on the British Government's recent refusal to sign the International Convention prohibiting the use of white phosphorous in match-making, stated that the patent was one which possessed a patent process which made it possible to dispense with white phosphorous; but this patent was secret, and, consequently, a prohibition of white phosphorous would be a severe handicap to the firms who did not share in the patent. Lord Lytton then advised that the patent should be secured by the Government. This is a most excellent suggestion, and should certainly be promptly followed up. In all dangerous and unhealthy industries there is a certain conflict of interest between the individual producer who is impelled to lessen the cost of production, and the community, which demands, or ought to demand, that the workers should have every appliance and precaution that can be devised to lessen the danger to life and health. Should the Labour Party be able to introduce a Bill for the compulsory purchase of patents for minimising the risks of industrial disease, it is satisfactory to think that Lord Lytton is on the Opposition side in the House of Lords. He will, we trust, be able to get the support of his party.

Books for Socialists and Students of Modern Ideas.

ESSAYS IN SOCIALISM. Edited by Bernard Shaw. Contains essays by Bernard Shaw, Hubert Bland, Sydney Webb, Sydney Olivier and others. Post free 1/-.

FABIANISM AND THE EMPIRE. Edited by Bernard Shaw. Post free, 8d.

COMMONSENSE OF MUNICIPAL TRADING, By Bernard Shaw. Post free, 2/6.

SOCIALISM AND THE FAMILY. By H. G. Wells. Post free, 7d.


PRISONS, POLICE, AND PUNISHMENT, By Edward Carpenter. Post free, 1/6.

Our Entente with Russia.

The breakdown of autocracy in Russia is the most evidently important event of our times. Standing between the East, where men accept or reject the government by the sword, and the West, which inherits political freedom from ancestors who set their feet on the necks of their kings, the future of Russia's hundred and fifty million people sways the future of the world. Should they succeed both in overthrowing the Czardom and, what is much harder, in managing their affairs decently under a Parliament, their example is bound to have an immense effect on Asia, which is already stirred by recent events in the Far East, and it will also make inevitable a change in Ger- man autocratic rule. The whole world would gain; for the Czardom and the despotism to which it is allied have long been a curse to humanity.

The Holy Alliance, founded by Alexander I, held Europe in bondage for more than thirty years; and always (as notably in Hungary 1848) the Czar's foreign influence has been a danger to freedom. Worse still was its effect at home, where its condemnation is writ large in the actual condition of its people. Devoting their resources to imperialist adventures in distant parts, the Czars have neglected the education of their people, but have systematically "withdrawn from circulation" and kept in Schleswig or Siberia, those of conspicuous activity and independence. In Russia, it has always been dangerous to think. Practical result of discounting thought was that the Russians could not sight their guns at Tsu-Shima, and (what is far worse) that scores of millions of peasants still work their land on the medieval three-field system which threatens to make famine chronic in the land. Czarism has treated its subject races worse still. The historic brutality of Mourovéff in Poland, Nicholas the Second's breach of faith with Finland, the oppression of the Jews, the Georgians, the Armenians, and the Letts, are but samples of consequences that naturally follow when one man claims a divine right autocratically to govern twenty races, whose languages he does not know, whose religions he does not understand, and of whose industrial needs he is profoundly ignorant.

The deepest condemnation of the ancien régime in France was the difficulty, after it had perished, of establishing a tolerable Government to replace it. And it may well be that Russia, too, must pass through terrible wars and the penalty of too hasty submission to a demoralising despotism has been paid in full. Sad, indeed, is the fact that many of the foes of the dying system are actuated by hatred and by a burning memory of wrongs, rather than by reasonable construct- tion of consequences that naturally follow when one man claims a divine right autocratically to govern twenty races, whose languages he does not know, whose religions he does not understand, and of whose industrial needs he is profoundly ignorant.

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The public mind must be tuned to welcome the entente, as soon as money is easier in the City. Russia gives a far higher commission to the bankers who handle her loans than any really solvent Power ever pays. There is, therefore, a temptation to the large financial houses to lend Russia so much money that she can carry our war, but she must do what he can to make politicians and editors be civil to the Czardom, and turn a blind eye to what, for instance, General Kulbars is doing in Odessa. The public mind must be tuned to welcome the entente, and that is the simplest way of helping to end it.

Turning from what should be done, let us ask what is being done by our Foreign Office and our Imperialist-Liberal Secretaries of State, Sir Edward Grey. Sir Edward Grey has, however, been handicapped by the larger considerations of human welfare referred to above, but aware that Russia's weakness offers diplomatic advantages. Obviously the real or supposed necessity for defending India against Russia's millions, or India's taxes, besides increasing the strain on our army and navy, whether we have blundered in the past in believing Russia to be strong enough to overrun Afghanistan (where we repeatedly broke our own teeth), friction with Russia, plus a handclasp diplomatically in Persia, Persia, China, and elsewhere. What more natural, then, than that such a man should say to the Russian Government: "You are in such a tight place, and need all the support you can get. Let us strike a bargain. I will throw to the winds England's traditional love of liberty, and will give you moral support while you shoot as many of your people by court martial as you like. I will (unofficially) do all I can to influence the British Press and the Liberal platforms in your favour. I will try to impress our friends with your position. And I will (again, privately and unofficially) check any expression of British sympathy with the Russian Parliamentary Party. In exchange for the support I render you at home you must arrange matters to suit me in Persia, China, Afghanistan, and India." There is abundant evidence that this is substantially the course Sir Edward Grey is now pursuing. But it is very bad policy! First, it misrepresents the feeling of the people of this island. Secondly, it neces- sitates throwing dust in their eyes, for it will break down at once if they fully realised that more people have been executed in Russia in one month than in the whole of the rest of Europe in the last ten years; and that Stolypin's courts-martial have con- demned to bullet or rope many hundreds of men. Thirdly, it bolsters up a despotism which is perishing and deserves to perish. Fourthly, these arguments will attract its adherents and chosen rulers. Fifthly, and chiefly, it aims at binding an earthquake with ropes of sand, for in the face of such a complex and shifting situation, paper agree- ments are of little value. If one cannot build on the bedrock of truth and justice one had better not build at all.

Let us look at the matter from its practical Stock Exchange side. The Russian bureaucracy will value an entente cordiale with England chiefly because it will make it easier to borrow money. But the Czardom already owes more than £1,000,000,000, mostly not in Russia, but abroad. It is by far the largest interna- tional debtor ever known. Nine years ago its 4 per cent. Rentes stood at 105; now they are generally below 75. If we save Russia, we must do what he can to make politicians and editors be civil to the Czardom, and turn a blind eye to what, for instance, General Kulbars is doing in Odessa. The public mind must be tuned to welcome the entente, and that is the simplest way of helping to end it.

The real danger, however, comes of themselves (and come honestly from our na- tural friends) if the Constitutional Democrats tri- umphed. They are the largest and most moderate Parliamentary Party in Russia, but are to-day refused a legal status by the very men with whom we are to make alliance.

All our natural sympathies are opposed to the autocratic and bureaucratic misrule that is now ruining Russia; and the completest of helping to end it is by refusing to lend it either money or moral support until a Parliamentary Government controls the Budget. I have stated the money side of the case to show how tangible are the risks involved in shutting our lives to those with whom we really have common interests are at stake. Men's minds are not divided into water-tight compartments. If we shut off our sympathy from the party of Milukoff and Golovin, we cannot continue to admire Pym and Hampden. If we pander to despotism in Russia we cannot preserve our allegiance to Constitutional principles at home. That is why we dare not purchase diplomatic advan- tages with the soul of a people, nor sacrifice our intellectual integrity to secure an entente with those whom the Russian nation, at the Dome elections, have so recently and scathingly condemned.

AYLMER MAUDE.
Knaves or Naves?

We were told last month of three new warships to be laid down this year for the German Navy, all three larger and of more powerful armament than any yet even designed for ourselves. The "Dreadnought" will soon be so much scrap iron and we must lose no time in going one better than our allies over the water. Lieut. C. B. Bellairs will have a word to say about it, and there is no doubt that, if we are actually bound by the received rules of the game, this is the only move left to us. The Hague Conference gave us some hope of averting the repetition of the same brutal expedient—"c'en est assez." So many "Dantons," so many "Dreadnoughts," so many "Michigans." Keep the game alive, gentlemen! And the longer it goes on the harder it will be to stop. A whole nation of workmen is growing up in entire dependence upon the occupation to be found them by the continuance of the system; the professional caddies of the game, deliberately brought up to the art and mystery of destroying the labours of the harmless people who keep them alive with the commodities peaceful industry calls into existence. The evil gathers weight and momentum with each successive year of its existence, with each successive ship of war played upon the board by one or the other of the rival powers. What is to be the end?

One thing is pretty certain. Englishmen will not go on indefinitely with their bellies pinched, their children starved and stunted, and their old folks left to the mercy of the poor laws, for want of the money tossed annually merely by way of sop into the jaws of the huge monster which the speculators devise Britannia bodily. The whole thing is becoming absurd. It is exactly the old Italian story in another form. The Duke of Urbino wants a piece of water, but what is to be done with the earth of the excavation? "Dig a hole to put it in," says a sapient councillor. "But what are we to do with the earth out of that?" asks the Duke. "Dig another hole," says the councillor. "But what are we to do with the earth out of that?" asks the Duke. "Dig another hole," says the councillor. "But what are we to do with the earth out of that?" asks the Duke. "Dig another hole," says the councillor. "But what are we to do with the earth out of that?" asks the Duke. "Dig another hole," says the councillor. "But what are we to do with the earth out of that?" asks the Duke. "Dig another hole," says the councillor.

Sir Thomas More's "Utopia" is a very suggestive work. I wish I could transcribe here in its entirety one chapter of this book. All the resources of money are employed in the pursuit of warfare, and the "ultimate ratio" of the game is reached. "There is no manner of act nor deed that money can call into existence of moral machinery, good for nothing but the scrap heap as the bomb of the Anarchist is beyond the daggers of Harmodius and Aristogeiton? The present pressure is growing up in entire dependence upon the occupation to be found them by the continuance of the system; the professional caddies of the game, deliberately brought up to the art and mystery of destroying the labours of the harmless people who keep them alive with the commodities peaceful industry calls into existence. The evil gathers weight and momentum with each successive year of its existence, with each successive ship of war played upon the board by one or the other of the rival powers. What is to be the end?

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WOMAN'S RIGHT TO VOTE

SHORT-SIGHTED SOCIALISTS.

Among the many imperfections of our organised Socialist bodies there is none more glaring than the deliberate bungling of sex issues and the blind neglect of women's interests and needs. On one side the worship of an infallible economic theory has ruled out of consideration all special problems of sex; on the other, self-interest and dogmatism have led to the belief that the sex-disability among Socialist men Socialists who previously neglected women's interests and declared them retrogressive, is another proof of the same fact. Even the most honest form of adult suffrage opposition, which seeks, as the lesser of two evils, to postpone sex-equality until the franchise basis is completely democratized, shows only a less objectionable form of the same spirit.

The short-sighted folly of this neglect and injustice cannot be excused to those posing as world-reformers. From such as are more unthinking dogmatists of a newer school, uttering by rote incantations which they cannot understand or apply constructively, one can hope for no progress. There is little promise, even in the knowledge that they have got the hang of the right thing, for self-preservation by fine prophecies and sounding sentiments. It is "fire-insurance" Socialism all the same. But from the genuine, honest men the right to demand much. We have the right to demand frankness and truth, the condemnation of popular vices, the placing of responsibility where it is not desired, and the unswerving preaching of principle, however unpalatable.

Leaving apart individuals who have been brilliant exceptions, the Socialist bodies have been indifferent, purblind, and superficial, wherever sex-questions have been concerned. They have taken up the attitude either that such matters did not concern them as Socialists, or that they were all capable of being solved in terms of economics. Yet the individual Socialist must know that both these attitudes are absurd. The human animal has two well-defined physical appetites, by one of which the individual lives, while the other secures the continuation of the race. The problems connected with the second appetite are sexual. They overlap and intersect, and every other department of life, but they are born of separate and distinct bodies and minds and souls; they permeate with vicious elements the whole structure of society. They cannot be neglected by those who are making the greatest possible effort to solve all social injustices are not laced and gapped with by the Socialist bodies they will have to give place in a very short time to wider and more far-seeing movements. The present attitude, as exemplified in connection with Cockermouth and other incidents of the new rebellion, is the clearest possible proof of the different standards of consideration and liberty which exist for men and women in the Socialist movement. It is to be feared that there are differing moral standards too. The sudden growth of the adult suffrage form of opposition to the removal of the sex-disability among those Socialists who previously neglected women's interests and declared them retrogressive, is another proof of the same fact. Even the most honest form of adult suffrage opposition, which seeks, as the lesser of two evils, to postpone sex-equality until the franchise basis is completely democratized, shows only a less objectionable form of the same spirit.

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THE BOOK OF THE WEEK.

"Tollius. An Anthology of Friendship." Edited by Edward Carpenter. Swan Sonnenschein and Co., 2s. 6d. net.

If some despotic power ordered all men to be great poets on pain of public contempt we know from Butler's "Erewhon," not to say from personal experience, the kind of thing that would happen. Great poets, of course, would rise as high as they can at this moment; but the deadly fear of shame, from which all but a few men suffer, would serve as a powerful incentive to the invention of myriads of protective resem-
blances. We should all at least pretend to be poets, and mutually do each other the service of bolstering up our faith in ourselves. In fact, the majority of men would forget the original compulsion, and actually believe themselves and others to be gods. And all the world would run to poetry, exactly as all the world now runs after sex-love.

For in a very obvious way—obvious, that is, to the scant minority—the common assumption that all people are capable of a noble and chivalrous love is sheer humbug, a piece of black magic successfully practised by the first high priests of Chivalry. What is as clear as noonday is the fact that the genuine lover is as rare a being as the genuine artist. He is, even rarer in England, for you can name a dozen great artists in British history for every great lover. In spite, however, of the supposition that there is no love, we British believe in love more than in anything else. That belief in love, in short, is the typical British sentimentality, and it dates from the Celtic conquest of the Anglo-Saxon mind by the imagination of the singers of the Arthurian cycle.

If Greece reconquered Rome by her plays, the Celts reconquered the Anglo-Saxons by their stories. Britain has been the stronghold of chivalry ever since.

But all the time, as I have said, the genuine article remains unknown to us, even more than the art of chivalry. He who has ever heard about chivalry in England and less chivalry than in any other European country. There is more talk about love and less love than anywhere else in the world. And this is precisely how a typical capacity is not for love at all, but for friendship. Unfortunately, however, the poetical glamour thrown over sex-love in England has not only immensely increased the value of the sexes; but it has immensely diminished the value of our peculiar forte for friendship: The absurd pre-eminence of love between the sexes has thrown into the shade the splendid gifts arising from friendship between people of the same or different sexes.

In plain words, passion in friendship is taboo exactly to the extent to which passion is supposed to be confined to love. For you cannot suppose that sex-love and friendship are not one and the same. What is the typical British capacity is not for love at all, but for friendship. Unfortunately, however, the poetical glamour thrown over sex-love in England has not only immensely increased the value of the sexes; but it has immensely diminished the value of our peculiar forte for friendship: The absurd pre-eminence of love between the sexes has thrown into the shade the splendid gifts arising from friendship between people of the same or different sexes. In plain words, passion in friendship is taboo exactly to the extent to which passion is supposed to be confined to love. For you cannot suppose that sex-love and friendship are not one and the same.

What is more, the Socialist State cannot conceivably be any better than the present state unless its members are capable of wider personal relationships. The idea that a man or a woman will have any the more tolerable life because he or she is a Socialist breaks a most important personal experience; and unless somehow Socialists actually succeed in becoming more personally capable of affection, more attractive, more friendly, and better comrades, I, for one, would not give a rap for an economic Utopia.

For these reasons the propaganda of Carpenter, with his ideas of friendship apart from sex and his conception of the "super-communism" (a word which seems to me precisely the same idea as Ibsen's "revolution in the spirit of man"), appears to me of tremendous importance. The politicians may make Socialism; but such a spirit as Carpenter's is required to make Socialists. I remember making in a moment of dubious inspiration an epigram for Carpenter that appeared to me at the time essentially true. I called him Mrs. Whitman. Whitman certainly impressed one with the sense of masculinity; and equally certainly there are qualities in Carpenter that strike one as womanly. It is difficult to conceive that Whitman, for instance, would have taken the pains to make this collection of passages from so many sources. "Tollius" represents a huge amount of reading,ocketing, and revision; in fact, it exemplifies a common remark that women are good at detail. Hence, I shall let my epithet stand at the same time. I would not have it regarded derogatorily. There is less likelihood of this in the age of Dionysian women, and in a masculine heart devoted to the cause of women. On the contrary, I will say again that until such friendship as Carpenter writes of, and for which he has a positive genius, becomes recognised as at least of equal value with sex-affection, our prospects of a happier life under Socialism are extremely gloomy.

And when, finally, we reflect on the accumulations of eminence, masses are more than in anything else. The idea of the Socialist State cannot conceivably be any better than the present state unless its members are capable of wider personal relationships. The idea that a man or a woman will have any the more tolerable life because he or she is a Socialist breaks a most important personal experience; and unless somehow Socialists actually succeed in becoming more personally capable of affection, more attractive, more friendly, and better comrades, I, for one, would not give a rap for an economic Utopia.

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India and the Imperialists.

India is once more in the hands of the Imperialists, and Mr. John Morley has satisfied the "Standard" and the "Daily Mail." These are the two great facts of the week. India may suffer quietly for years, all the torments of her Imperial Black Hole of Calcutta, and commercial Imperialism forgets her. Then an agitator begins to voice the country's pain, and the Imperialists turn to India to calumniate. India, the land of fairplay, is determined "not to strip the Government of India of any weapon which the law places in our hands for the suppression of these disorders," yet the only weapon India herself can use, except the active promotion of open sedition, the weapon of economic boycott, must be furnished from her hands.

This widespread Swadeshi movement is not yet understood in England. Happily, it has been well described by the very man who chiefly has forced our Imperialists to think of India again just now, Lala Lajpat Rai. A year ago he said:

"The question directly put to come is: are the British prepared to give us full political privileges in exchange for open markets for their goods? . . . Admitting that Englandmen at home have the power to set matters right, how are you to force their attention to the state of things in India except by directly threatening their pockets? The logic of losing business is more likely to impress this nation of shopkeepers than based on the ethics of justice and fairplay. . . . Speaking for myself, I am an out-and-out Swadeshi, and have been so for the last twenty-five years, in fact, ever since I got it into my head the first time the true meaning of the word patriotism. For me the words Swadeshi and patriotism are synonymous, though I do not maintain or insinuate that all Free Traders are my patriots. I am personally inclined to attach the greatest importance possible to the Swadeshi movement. I look upon it as the remedy, upon the right and continued use of which depends the alleviation of the sufferings of our country. I regard it as the salvation of my country. The Swadeshi ought to make us self-respecting, self-reliant, self-supporting, self-sacrificing, and last, but not least, many." That is the mind of the man who has been seized and rushed off to Mandalay an untried prisoner. So what then are the people of India to do when they feel the oppression of foreign rule? They must agitate neither economically nor politically. It is not the imagination of the native industries as a protest against the policy of a high-handed Viceroy. It is sedition to hold public meetings to discuss national grievances. What can the people do? Surely they may do nothing, the Imperialists have been doing so well lately. These gentlemen of the Press and platform do not recognise their country's Government as the national authority. They agitate against it. They laugh at it. They expose its failings to a scornful rival world. They believe it in the presence of its own Colonies. They are trying hard to drag it down and kick it. In fact, they are doing violently what the Indian "sedition-mongers" do carefully—they are agitating, that is all. And these very persons have the insolence to cry treason and shout for martial law against the mild Indian, whose wrongs are a hell compared with the paraphernalia for capitalists and title-hunters that our naked imperialism enjoys.

These same mild and patient Indians hoped great things from the Liberal Government, especially from the eloquent of Burke, the impeacher of Warren Hastings; great things from the man who declared that the British "capitulate" to India once for all of a moral, just, philanthropic, and responsible public opinion in England with reference to India. So things were expected. Perhaps Morley might undo all Curzon's knots or even recognise the Indian National Congress! They waited for the Liberals, and found them as cold and dead towards India as the Tories; their patience gave way, and the present agitation is the result. Admitting that Eng-
NEW YORK has revealed a secret to me, a secret that has puzzled many of us for the last fifteen years, a secret that is puzzling everyone now. It has revealed the secret of Mr. Bernard Shaw. He is New York incarnate.

Both of them ask questions, but will not listen to the answer. Both of them have the slightly metallic suggestion of a note of interrogation. Both of them have been brought up out of reach of the influence of a really venerable tradition. They have picked up such fragments as they could and turned them to strange uses. Both of them are fervish devotees at the altar of work. And even Mr. Shaw's religion scrapes the sky.

To Mr. Shaw, as to New York, "doing nothing" is hell and damnation. This means that both the person and the place feel that they have not yet found their best expression. Play after play, preface after preface, pours from Mr. Shaw. He has been explaining himself in twelve years, but nobody understands, or if they think they understand it is because they know only one or two of his explanations and have not confused their minds with the others. In New York it is the same. The skyscraper is run up as the most efficient method of cramming time into space, and concentrating hurry and struggle. The wanderer who clasped a lamp-post in his arms, and cried to it in desperation, "Are you Wall Street or the day after tomorrow?" expressed this aim of all we strive; the psychology of one who spends his life in a tunnel because the end where he will die may be better than the end where he was born. So the subway and the skyscraper are general experiments with space. They are not expressions of anything but work and hurry.

Empty Mr. Shaw and New York of work and hurry, the man has a headache and closes his eyes in pain, he feels no reason for existence; and the city is a desolation. Why should the subway or the skyscraper exist unless for traffic and crowding? They are not built like Chartres Cathedral full of wonderful memories, and of the grave and gay fancies of craftsmen who fingered each fragment of stone as they could and turned them to strange uses. Cellini did not fix his model in a chair and copy her form. He chased her round the room giving her a severe drubbing, and no doubt his art got its quality from such behaviour. Mr. Shaw does not pose his model in the ordinarv way either, but he seats her in a dentist's chair, puts a gag into her mouth, isolates a tooth, as ruthlessly as any dentist and then takes her photograph! Therefore New York and Mr. Shaw in certain regions give us the impression of London back yards seen from the District Railway. They have as little pretension to anything but a stern recognition of the needs of life.

But there are other aspects of New York. There is Fifth Avenue and the expensive shops; Tiffany's and Demantoid's, delightful and wonderful. The antique furniture looks so venerable and yet is adapted so pleasantly to modern demands. America likes a central idea. Its Chippendale tables and—gets it. The venerable and the convenient are united; the sacred with just a little dash of the profane is piquant; and Mr. Shaw is sufficiently piquant in his way also. When the lady of the Chancery Lane Court Theatre said she heard he had just "adapted Antony and Cleopatra" for the stage," she meant, if she only knew it, he had adapted "Julius Caesar" to the Twentieth Century. At Tiffany's the lapis lazuli is bluer than any I possess, and mine is collected from all the quarters of the world except Tiffany's. The pale amber is paler than any other amber. The red amber is redder. It is all wonderful and startling, but how well done, how clever, how like Mr. Shaw!

The cooking at the historic restaurants has all the qualities of Mr. Shaw's plays. It never bores, there is always a surprise awaiting you. The meal is perhaps a little long, but one can always go away in the middle, but if you do you are not satisfied, for you feel you may have missed the best part. Mr. Shaw says in The Doctor's Dilemma, "I believe in Michael Angelo, Velasquez, and," I forget who else, but I don't think it was Leonardo da Vinci. If it was, Mr. Shaw could not have really considered Leonardo and what he means. He means a climber of the air, a dreamer whose dreams come true, a man who incarnates an ageless spirit that will haunt us and inspire us as long as we can look into Monna Lisa's eyes. Mr. Shaw does not believe in giving us a Monna Lisa; he does not sacrifice to the Artemis who brings such spirits into being, whatever he may think he does.

I have hinted perhaps that Mr. Shaw shares a certain delicate brutality with New York which gives his work an arid effect as a whole. But there is no denying that his poetical moments occur just as Central Park occurs in New York, and his work and the park are both quite romantic at times. Of course when he say, "Man and Superman" he was in the same humour as the little New York boy who, after watching the habits of domestic fowls for some time, said gloomily: "If my wife lays an egg, I'll smash it." But all Mr. Shaw's women are not Annaes, notably Lady Cecily. As a sex, women must be for ever grateful to Miss Ellen Terry for teaching Mr. Shaw that lesson about women of which he strives; the psychology of one who spends his life in a tunnel because the end where he will die may be better than the end where he was born. So the subway and the skyscraper are general experiments with space. They are not expressions of anything but work and hurry.

The New York woman is delightfully ornamental too. It is a business with her. I mean she works at it quite as hard as the men work in their offices; they give her plenty of money and she makes an art of spending it with an absolutely fascinating result. Those women move in their drawing-rooms with all the grace of a carefully stage-managed scene in a society play. Their voices are soft and carefully trained and they are sure to let you know what they think of the usual person's.intonation. "The poor things have to talk like that because everything is so noisy in the streets, or perhaps, it is the climate," they say. The New York smart woman leaves "the climate" if it is disagreeable, and goes to Florida; so the climate doesn't matter much to her. She is the freewheel, the Owenite; she does not make hearts glow and expand before he analyses them. She is the freewheel, the Owenite; she does not make hearts glow and expand before he analyses them. Cellini did not fix his model in a chair and copy her form. He chased her round the room giving her a severe drubbing, and no doubt his art got its quality from such behaviour. Mr. Shaw does not pose his model in the ordinary way either, but he seats her in a dentist's chair, puts a gag into her mouth, isolates a tooth, as ruthlessly as any dentist and then takes her photograph! Therefore New York and Mr. Shaw in certain regions give us the impression of London back yards seen from the District Railway. They have as little pretension to anything but a stern recognition of the needs of life.

G. B. S. and New York

May 23, 1907

THE NEW AGE

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FlorencP Farr


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THE NEW AGE.

May 23, 1907

The Political Socialist.

Suburban Residences.

The new suburbs that are being linked on to London by the extension of tubes and Metropolitan railways offer plenty of object-lessons in the desirability of Socialism. Two or three years before a line is finished and the building has got hold of a plot of ground near the outermost terminus. He then runs up some really delightful houses, with Doric columns to the front door, res-de-chausse in red brick, and the first floor windows in the air, and white tints, so that the tastes the most diverse can find something to admire. He spends laborious hours in seeking out romantic names, "Kintyre," "St. Kilda," "Rossety," etc., in order to impress would-be residents with the fond belief that these are no common vulgar suburban villas, but real country houses. Rossety or St. Kilda may or may not have "cubbords" (dear to the heart of Mrs. Kipps), they may or may not have baths, good ranges, or a reasonable amount of back garden. Why should they? They are destined, first of all, to make a profit for the enterprising builder and a rent for the landlord, who very likely is the same person. In so far as these objects can be served by making Rothsay and St. Kilda into healthy, comfortable, and convenient houses, this will be done, but if the profit and the rent can be got by omitting or scamping essentials, and hanging out lures of fine names and spacious decorations, the enterprising person placards the place with advertisements of "artistic residences" and "up-to-date houses with every comfort." "Apply to Enterprise, Estate Agent," "This way to the Estate Office." With a full sense that it is the duty of a citizen not to shirk public business, Mr. Enterprise then stands for Rural District Council, and every hearing kindly advices the elector to vote for "Low Rates and Enterprise." He is probably elected, and generously gives his time to making sanitary regulations for the control of his own houses. Meanwhile the time is completed; Edwin and Angelina rush for Rothsay and St. Kilda; rents rise, further streets spring up; Doric columns and black and white timbers are reproduced on "Iona" and "Tintagel." Enterprise and his kind get possession of the whole district, and there is no need to worry about breathing space for a park or pleasure ground. Houses become crowded closer and closer together, and in the course of twenty years most of the conditions favourable to an outbreak of typhoid are prepared.

Edwin and Angelina pay their rent and their doctor's bill, and go through life entirely convinced that their only enemies are the Progressives on the County Council. It is absurd to blame Mr. Enterprise for this state of things, but follow the law of his being, which tells him to make a living. There really is a good deal to be said for Enterprise. He does, after all, provide us with houses of sorts, just as the publican provides the poor with a club of sorts, and neither of them should be blamed for doing badly what no one else so far offers to do at all. It is the great stupid, inert Public we should blame, the consuming Public that has the remedy in its own hands, but not the sense to use it, or the power to think out the situation—in a word, ourselves. The stimulus of production, of employment, of service generally, is at present not used for profit. Let us collectively take over the control of production, and see what follows. It is our collective interest that Edwin and Angelina should have good sound, healthy homes. It is worth our while to put good materials into the walls, good baths and fittings into the houses. It is worth our while to look ahead and provide for what the future may need. Let us get rid of our advanced torrent of bricks and mortar, for how can the little Edwins and Angelinas get on if they have no green place to roll and tumble and play in? We can't afford bad houses. Let us prophesy, like the prophets of the anemic look that comes on the slum child's face. Substitute use for profit as the motive of production, and hire Enterprise to work for instead of against. Then we shall have made the basis on which the fabric of civilization can gradually be reared. B. L. H.
and all the conventions of the law and of Society is not at all the fact that they bring pain. That is the least harm they do. What is intolerable is not pain, but preventible pain; not wretchedness, but wretchedness caused by silly circumstances. If poverty itself were misery, St. Francis would not have made poverty his bride. But compulsory and at the same time unnecessary pain; not wretchedness, but wretchedness of the heart. Now the point is that political Socialism aims merely at remedying something remediable. The practical Socialist does not ask for the moon of universal peace or the distant stars of ideal universal brotherhood, with the corollary of happiness. Not one of those ideals will ever be realised while man is man. All he demands is that the plane of Society shall be lifted a single degree, and that the minimum of physical well-being shall be absolutely guaranteed to every member of the State.

R. M.

DRAMA.

On Going to Prunella, and the Gaiety.

Everyone is now in the habit of accepting the preeminence of the Court Theatre as a matter of common knowledge; if a play is produced there it must be, ipso facto, an action of some consequence, and one that will act exceptionally well in it we are quite surprised and pained. For most of us the Vedrenne-Barker has but to say it shall be so and it is so. The Vedrenne-Barker is rapidly becoming, not a management to be appraised, but an idol to be worshipped. And "Prunella," "Prunella," "Prunella," is too sweet and good for human nature's daily food. There is a creamy narcotic effect about it that is all very well in a way, but not as a habit. And "Prunella," "Prunella" is becoming a habit. The reason is that there is a number of people who would not dream of abandoning themselves to the narcotic influences of Daly's or of the Gaiety, feel that at the moment playgoer-and everything is a matter of level and rank of imagination-the turbid excitement of a Gaiety play is almost an invitation to talk of the "horrors" and "dangers" of the world. There are, I believe, quite a number of people who would not with only a light and gentle hand in "Ghosts." There are many things that we must see and realise because they are essential parts of life and beauty. Everything that exists and which is unrealised by us and occluded in our vision is a blur upon our conception of life. If the horror of Piccadilly Circus at midnight is not realised to the full by the one that dreams, the beauty of a fine love cannot be realised. If the pestilen- tence of the tuberculous drink- ridden slum is not understood, neither is the hero. Meanwhile the close of "Prunella" ought to be lessened, or certainly not increased. Twice a week is as much as any constitution can stand.

There is also another suggestion which might be adopted. Why not have two endings for "Prunella," one the present and a second different? It would only be necessary to alter the last act a little and advance the scene. Prunella "ought" to be lessened by the forgetting "baggages" she did once consort with, to a place immediately before Scaramel's fine line, before the forgetting "baggages" she did once consort with, to a place immediately before Scaramel's fine line.

"Supper is served, sir." The curtain could be brought down on that remorselessly, with Pierrot turning crying from his Pierrette. No doubt the quality of the "Prunella" habit people would be painful, but it would be easy to arrange for first aid, consisting chiefly of cold water and fresh air.

There is the other aspect of the matter which has not been touched on. Many people go to the Court who do not go to church, and they go instead. Indeed there can be little doubt that this desire for church has something to do with the genesis of the "Prunella" habit. To a Church, the Sunday Church Theatre boldly take a step in advance and provide a Sunday Church Theatre, where subscription pew-holders could regularly go for spiritual communion. The Ethical Societies—the only serious attempt to create a new people's church—have failed to do more than burlesque the Church of England. We do not want anything in the least like an ordinary church service, but we do want something that will do for us what a church service is supposed to do for its votaries, bring them into touch with the higher things of life, and enable them to feel by a fine play well acted; Euripides—"Hippolytus," as translated by Gilbert Murray, was the only really imposing service I have ever been at. Plays of Shaw's and Ibsen's and other plays of Euripides would be almost equally effective. And there are many plays which could be produced at such a theatre which it would be difficult to produce in the ordinary way. I see by the title of my article that I have evidently intended to say something about the piece at the Gaiety. I can see the new Gaiety recipe of "dainty girls, pretty dresses, dances," or whatever it may be, is getting a bit out of date. Perhaps even the management recognises this, as they have endeavoured to make capital out of a transposed version of the Captain of Koepenick's exploits. Unfortunately, whatever the authors may have intended, Mr. Edmund Payne is so funny that the comedy gets left out. I think, on reflection, that this can't be Mr. Payne's fault—he is too much of an actor not to have availed himself of any comedy chances. There is, I think, in this class of musical comedy, with plenty of songs and dances, should not be delightful and stimulating, but must have the spirit of youth and fun in it. The Gaiety piece is like an alcohol excited imitation of those things. My view is, so far as Gaiety and other musicals are concerned, was fortunate in enabling me to see Miss Mabel Russell in Miss Millar's part. Miss Millar was indisposed, and at about five minutes' notice Miss Russell stepped into the breach. And she was delightful. When I arrived Miss Russell had just come on stage. Miss Russell acted, she danced deliciously, and she sang. I fervently trust the Gaiety will not swallow her up, she is much too good for it. The audience did not mind in the least that Miss Russell brought on her part and read it without disguise, and if the play could only be altered so as to give her about ten times more to do it would no doubt be a great success.

L. HADEN GUEST.
The Westminster Cathedral.

The Westminster Cathedral with which probably all Londoners are nowadays familiar—the structure having been built some five or six years—was designed by the late Mr. John Francis Bentley, who died on March 2, 1902, at the age of 62 years, just as the structure was nearing completion. It is built in the Byzantine style. This style of architecture was the outcome of the linking of simple massive Roman building with Oriental ideas of colour and decoration. It reached its highest development in the Cathedral of Santa Sophia at Constantinople, which was built in the 6th century during the reign of the Emperor Justinian. That it should be necessary in describing a contemporary building to speak of the style in which it is built is strange when we come to think of it, and is peculiar to the present time. In other ages, when architecture was really healthy, this would have been unnecessary; the style would have been taken for granted, for arch—arch timbers only; the style was prae- tised. This style was traditional, and every architect and craftsman understood it. The craftsman of such time was no mere passive instrument in the hands of an architect, but was within certain limits himself a responsible artist capable of designing and executing the whole. According to such a view, any criticism of a building would take all questions of style for granted and discuss merely the degree of skill with which the architect and craftsman had expressed themselves.

But in our day things are different. Architecture as a science—art had come to an end a hundred years ago, owing to the academic influences of the Renais- sance; and though a definitely modern style is in process of formation, it has not yet reached maturity. In the meantime fashion sways first this way and then that, moulding revivals of all bygone styles in obedience to a conception of architecture which is peculiar to the present day. So that, while it is customary still to label buildings as Classic, Gothic, Renaissance, or Byzantine, such classifications are mere generalisations, since behind and informing all is an idea which is continuously growing and developing, the product of an age of comparative architecture. This idea is all the while seeking expression, but has not yet become sufficiently con- scious to dispense altogether with what may be regarded as the scholasticism of other styles. It is in this sense that the Westminster Cathedral is an attempt to revive the Byzantine style in its com- plete integrity. The architect, having graduated in the Byzantine revival, sets to work to design this Cathedral. He makes a Continental tour, visiting Venice, Ravenna, and other Italian cities which bear witness to Byzantine influence, and, without visiting Constantinople, he returns with a few notes and sets to work to design this Cathedral. The West- minster Cathedral is the best that can be got out of such conditions. In so far as scholarship, versatility, and genius can produce a piece of architecture Bentley has made a successful effort. In so far as architecture is something more than the creation of an individual artist's imagination—is indeed the product of the thoughts of innumerable craftsmen actuated by a common impulse and co-operating for a common goal—the cathedral at Westminster is remarkable for the degree of it expresses the despotism of a master mind rather than the playful exuberance of responsible craftsmen. The lay out of the plan, the scale and general proportions are simply perfect. The interior in its present skeleton-like condition, emphasise these qualities. Nothing but the piers, capitals, and the huge piers, the series of arches, barrel vaults, and vast domes compounded of bare brick and concrete, which all combine to produce a wonderfully fine effect. The streams of light pouring through the windows make a pleasing contrast with the comparative gloom between, suggesting, in spite of the nakedness of the whole, that sense of mystery which is one of the most potent charms of Byzantine architecture. How it will look when completely finished is difficult to say. Unless the decorations are carried out with a breadth equal to that of the structure the already fine effect may be nullified. The Baptistery and the two chapels upon which a start has been made are very promising; but one cannot help feeling that the whole speculative building is very disappointing. That treatment of bands of alternating coloured marbles worries me, destroying as it does all the feeling of breadth and dignity which the otherwise fine proportions suggest. The pulpit made in Rome from the design of an artist employed by the late Mr. John Francis Bentley, is a veritable abortion, the acceptance of which by the English Metropolitan See must have been as embarrassed as wedding presents are from well meaning tasteless friends.

The exterior is not so pleasing. The West Front particularly is a bit of an enigma. Though it groups brickwork full, when seen somewhat at a distance, as from the south-west, the effect of the series of low domes, turrets, gables, and campanile being to pre- sent a picture exceedingly romantic, yet on the whole it is disappointing. Not only is the exotic nature of the style felt to be entirely out of sympathy with the character of London, but the effect of these endless bands of stone alternating with a deep red brick is to utterly destroy that feeling of repose which is the charm of old English work. Perhaps you say: "the failure is because it is built of brickwork at all; it is because that material has not been utilised and built of such material." But that is not so. There is no reason why a cathedral should not be built of brickwork and yet remain at the same time dignified and restful. Many of the cathedrals of Holland and Belgium are of brick, yet possess these qualities. The cathedral at Regensburg comes to the mind as an instance. But then another kind of brick should have been used: such a brick, for instance, as Mr. Lutyens has used in building the office of "Country Life" in Covent Garden, or even the ordinary London stock brick of which the interior is built. This latter is a very good colour, and of course inexpensive, the mechanical effect of the red brick now used. Unfortunately, however, it is cheap, and that, I suppose, is against it. When people go in for "Art" they expect to have to pay for it, and in general are disposed to question the decoration of the material; but the cost is not so much, and it is disappointing. Not only is the exotic nature of the style felt to be entirely out of sympathy with the character of London, but the effect of these endless bands of stone alternating with a deep red brick is to utterly destroy that feeling of repose which is the charm of old English work. Perhaps you say: "the failure is because it is built of brickwork at all; it is because that material has not been utilised and built of such material." But that is not so. There is no reason why a cathedral should not be built of brickwork and yet remain at the same time dignified and restful. Many of the cathedrals of Holland and Belgium are of brick, yet possess these qualities. The cathedral at Regensburg comes to the mind as an instance. But then another kind of brick should have been used: such a brick, for instance, as Mr. Lutyens has used in building the office of "Country Life" in Covent Garden, or even the ordinary London stock brick of which the interior is built. This latter is a very good colour, and of course inexpensive, the mechanical effect of the red brick now used. Unfortunately, however, it is cheap, and that, I suppose, is against it. When people go in for "Art" they expect to have to pay for it, and in general are disposed to question the decoration of the material; but the cost is not so much.

In this country, for example, the unaesthetic architect imagines copper to be a more beautiful covering than lead because it costs more. American architects are safeguarded against this heresy because lead is there the more expensive material.

While the revival of the massive proportions of Byzantine interiors is to be welcomed, an attempt to revive the Byzantine style in its com- plete integrity is foredoomed to failure. One need almost have finished the Cathedral of St. John, instead of asking Mr. Bentley to design a Byzantine Cathedral, had asked him to design a cathedral which in all external details would accord with English ideas of taste and be in harmony with English surroundings and the material treatment of English architecture, the enjoyment of which is so far without success. The Church will not have it. Whether this arises from a desire to avoid comparisions with the Westminster Cathedral or from the hope- less antiquarian way in which Church parsons are accustomed to look at architecture, I cannot say. The important thing is they will not have it; and that settles the question, at any rate for the present.

A. J. Penty

May 23, 1907

69 THE NEW AGE.
BOOK NOTES.

The considerable interest aroused by Mr. Arthur J. Penty's able articles in The New Age on "The Restoration of Beauty to Life," makes a reference to Mr. Penty's book, "The Restoration of the Gild System" (Sonnenschein, 5s. 6d. net) both opportune and necessary. Whether Mr. Penty's arguments are always acceptable to the student or not, this book contains the ripest and most suggestive thought upon the urgent problems connected with the relationship of the crafts and craftsmen to the social system.

Since writing this book Mr. Penty has had an opportunity of visiting New York, where, during a twelve months' stay, he made a careful study of many of the social and architectural features of the American metropolis, the results of which we hope to publish in our columns in due course. I may add here that arrangements are being made by The New Age Press for the issue of the article on "The Restoration of Beauty to Life" in an extended form as a pamphlet.

The value of Mr. George Allen's Labour Ideal Series of books on social questions by the leaders of the Labour movement has again been increased by the addition of Mrs. Ethel Snowden's book entitled "The Woman Socialist." What Mrs. Snowden has to say on what is rapidly becoming one of the questions of the day will be read with great interest. It will be remembered that Mrs. Snowden is the wife of the well-known Socialist, Philip Snowden, M.P.; but long before his public fame was known two years ago she was well known, as Ethel Annakin, as a public speaker and worker for Socialism in Lancashire and Yorkshire.

Not only lovers of Walt Whitman, but readers of modern literature generally, ought to be thankful to Messrs. Routledge for issuing in their new Universal Library, at the price of one shilling, John Addington Symonds' fine essay on the American bard. It was Frederick W. H. Myers who introduced "Leaves of Grass" to Symonds, then a young man at Oxford, and these two, with the Messrs. Dyer, Swinhoe, the Rossettis, and William Bell Scott, were the earliest men of note to appreciate Whitman on this side of the Atlantic.

Whilst on the topic of cheap reprints, students of Ruskin will be interested to know that Mr. George Allen has in preparation new editions of some of Ruskin's earlier works, including the latest and copyright editions with alterations and additions, and these books, by arrangement with Mr. Henry Frowde, will be included as Ruskin House editions in the World's Classics. The first four volumes will be as follows:—


Mr. Henry Frowde is carrying on the excellent tradition established by Mr. Grant Richards, the originator of the World's Classics series, in, as might be expected, an able and erudite manner. Among recent additions to the series are Fielding's "Joseph and his Brethren," the draughtsmanship of which has been increased by the addition of Mr. Austin Dobson; and "Joseph and his Brethren," the dramatic poem by Charles Watts, the friend of Wells. It will be remembered that Swinhorne ranked parts of this poem with Shakespeare, and the essay in which this critical valuation appeared, which has long been out of print, will be added to the volume, together with a biographical sketch of Wells by Mr. Watts-Dunton.

Messrs. Frederick Warne and Co. have just issued popular editions of Swedenborg's "God, Creation, Man," and "The Divine Providence," together with a "Life of Swedenborg," by George Trobridge, at sixpence each. We have grown to expect such large sixpenny worths in the matter of printing nowadays that the above named productions no longer amaze us. But the last of them is worthy of particular notice. Mr. Trobridge's "Life of Swedenborg," is an entirely new work, and enters upon its career in the form of a popular reprint.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

"The Quest." By James H. Courins. (Maunsel, Dublin, 25. 6d. net.)

"The Supreme Conquest." By Rev. W. L. Watkinson. (Kelly, 3s. 6d.)


"More Official Evidence from the Congo." By E. D. Morel. (Congo Reform Association, 3d.)

"The People's Classics," 21 volumes. Selections from Tolstoy, Plato, Spinoza, etc., (C. W. Daniel, 1d. each.)

"The Woman Socialist," By Ethel Snowden. (Allen, 1s. net.)

"God, Creation, Man," By Emanuel Swedenborg. (Warne, 6d.)

"The Divine Providence," By Emanuel Swedenborg. (Warne, 6d.)

"Emanuel Swedenborg, his Life, Teachings, and Influence," by George Trobridge. (Warne, 6d.)

"TOLSTOY ON SHAKESPEARE," By Rev. W. L. Watkinson. (Warne, 6d.)

"NEW AGE LIBRARY.-MAGAZINES, REVIEWS, ETC." Bulletin dell'Ufficio del lavoro. Vol. VII (Rome, March, 1907); "Indian Review" (April); "South African News" (April 24th); "Literary Digest" (New York, May 4).

LEO TOLSTOY'S WORKS.

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TO THE EDITORS "THE NEW AGE.

The development of our great manufacturing and export trade has been made possible by the concurrent increase of our working population, whose existence could only have been induced and maintained by the importation of adequate supplies of food stuffs from other countries, which, in necessary return take two-thirds of our manufactured and other exports. These countries have, in the absence of the ability to furnish the supplies of food commodities by our own agricultural development proportionately to that increase of population, enabled the building up of our manufacturing extensions beyond our own requirements and the creation of our huge foreign trade.

The proportion of our emigration to Australia, for instance, is very small in comparison to its entire bulk, therefore the inevitable depend on the other countries for the increased population required for the vast development of its resources necessary to the great and ever-increasing production of food stuffs, etc., available for export which the Mother country needs for the maintenance of its working population engaged in manufactures, etc., that access of population from other countries must necessarily be accompanied by favourable commercial relations between the Colonies and other countries if the latter are to take a proportionate share of the increased Colonial products thereby enabled—that is to say, they must proportionately share with Great Britain the Colonial trade corresponding to the extent of Colonial produce which they receive in exchange.

The true policy of Australia would appear to be to lay herself open for the reception of emigrants from all European countries—(presuming that she proposes continuously to exclude coloured races)—and while extending her own manufactures as far as possible under conditions of sound productive economy with reference to all the interests involved, to avoid any tendency to exclusive preferential dealing with Great Britain, and thus enable the exchange of commodities on equal reciprocal terms with foreign countries. This would mean a policy as near as possible to that of Free Trade, and it would carry out to the immense advantage standing on terms of natural and equitable commercial relations towards all countries, and thus secure such permanent guarantee of peace and goodwill as would leave her (Australia) practically neutral in relation to European international complications and thereby enable her to retain her industrial and commercial relations with all European States and be the ideal Coffee for brain workers and their digestion and nerves, as it is perfect as bread can be, and combines the latest results in flour production with the highest skill in bread-making. Digestive and of a sweet, mild, warm and maintaining it. It is as perfect as bread can

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interests, while other nations, having retained theirs, have assuredly no reason to be particularly envious or jealous of her superior prosperity as thus doubly obtained. Great Britain, as a fact, has hardly incurred the latter in a greater risk, or the ever conscious sense of greater insecurity, necessitating the double naval power, which can hardly be reduced.

Our other greater Colony—Canada—is pretty safe in any eventuality under the virtual sign of Great America, but Australia is removed from any similar natural relationship of assured protection; all the Mother country can at present assure her is that she will do "the best she can" to defend her should she be invaded. There is always the possibility of even her greatly preponderating naval power proving inadequate to the effective defence of the extensive and widely disconnected territory she has annexed for herself. Australia, politically responsible, although Australia itself might do a great deal by bur- gessomeffects of self-helpful, but obviously only partially effective co-operation in that vital connection. It is, of course, conceivable that her giant ironclads may be encoun- tered by still more invincible monsters of naval warfare, or may be lost at a particular point of attack at the crucial moment—as in the case of the Jamaica earthquake, when American ships—not British—were found in nearest prox- imity on or near the spot. It happened the other day in London, when a gentleman was assassinated in his own quiet suburban street, how distressing the existence of our great and efficient Metropolitan Police Force, because there was not officer within hail- ing distance at the tragic moment.

P.S.—The most favourable consideration in furtherance of Colonial cultural development might doubtless be most ad- vantageous to the Mother country, and quite in the direction of Free Trade, with respect to several productions which are capable of immense extension under more advan- tageous conditions in relation to the home markets. Such, for instance, as dried apricots and peaches from Australia— recent products of the irrigation settlements there—the con- sumption of which in the Mother country might easily attain most considerable proportions but for the high import duty of £7 per ton; these practically new articles being classed among the old staple commodities of cotton and caviar, etc., thus preventing the new and valuable food products becoming staples of consumption in due course, like the old.

"UNION IS STRENGTH.

TO THE EDITORS OF "THE NEW AGE."

I am deeply interested in the prospect that so many of my imagination are joining the Socialists. It is, perhaps, not too much to hope that we may one of these days have a sort of monster organi- zation of all patriotic interests. If we could have a com- bination of the poet's imagination with the executive power of the business man, and the knowledge of the politician, many a difficult question in the policy of the country might easily attain most considerable proportions but for the high import duty of £7 per ton; these practically new articles being classed among the old staple commodities of cotton and caviar, etc., thus preventing the new and valuable food products becoming staples of consumption in due course, like the old.

"REAL POLITICS.

TO THE EDITORS OF "THE NEW AGE."

Under the sub-head "A Real Political Meeting" your con- tributor G. R. S. T. ironically describes a perfectly delight- ful specimen of theoretic moonshine. The writer of the "Organic" is here to mind a single name, namely, the formation of a Socialist political party at Westminster; but G. R. S. T. appears to be in love with the piety of conventicle resolutions. Let him remember the story of the man who went to heaven and found the English sitting round a table passing resolutions. Passing resolutions is the paradisaical occupation par excellence for an Englishman. I trust that G. R. S. T. wrote, as I suggest, in irony. The meeting was politically a farce.

JAMES ROBSON.

Newmarket.

ADULT AND WOMEN'S SUFFRAGE.

TO THE EDITORS OF "THE NEW AGE."

I suggest that the sound tactics for the Woman Suffragists at this moment is to come to an understanding with the Adult Suffragists, and undertake to work for Adult Suffrage in return for political guarantees of Women's Suffrage. There is not the slightest chance of the Suffragists or the Suffra- gettes forcing either Liberal or Conservative Governments by themselves. Would it not be better to employ the Labour Party to run their programme and to give the Labour Party their support in other directions? Perhaps Mrs. Wal- lington-Grey will explain her attitude to the Labour Party.

FAIRHAN.

THE RESTORATION OF BEAUTY.

TO THE EDITORS OF "THE NEW AGE."

I followed with interest Mr. Penty's able articles until the concluding section; and then I felt Mr. Penty had deduced us into the inevitable fallacy of the Arts and Crafts was convincing enough; but a more ludicrously in- adequate remedy than that proffered by him is scarcely com-
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