THE OUTLOOK.

The Irish Fiasco.

Nothing could be imagined more humiliating than the fate of Mr. Birrell's Bill. It has not yet been read a second time, and everybody knows that it is already dead. It is hated by Unionists both in England and Ireland, while it is rejected with contempt by the Nationalists, who refuse to regard it as even an instalment of their demands. Mr. Healy pours upon it the acrid poison of which he is the greatest living master in the House of Commons. The Redmond and his friends dare not defend it to their countrymen, while the Nationalist Corporation of Dublin describe it, very justly, as "an insult to the Irish people." To proceed with a Bill which pleases nobody, and indeed excites in equal measure the anger of all parties, would be merely to give the House of Lords the chance of earning a little extra popularity, and we may confidently predict that the Irish Council Bill will disappear. We are sorry for Mr. Birrell, who seems to be in constant requisition to do for the Ministers the sort of work from which neither he nor they can emerge with credit. Last year he prepared and piloted through the House of Commons an elaborate Education Bill, which the House of Lords immediately tore in pieces. For this the Peers were threatened with all sorts of reprisals, but they have escaped with contempt only because they are afraid that any attempt to excite popular agitation on the subject soon made clear even to the Ministers themselves that nobody cared a damn about their Bill, and that the failure of their attempt to establish Nonconformity at the expense of Anglicans, Catholics, Jews, and Free Thinkers had in no way disturbed the public equanimity. This year Mr. Birrell is even more badly left, for it has not even been necessary to wait for the House of Lords to destroy the fabric he has reared. It has collapsed of its own topheaviness. Next year we suppose Mr. Birrell will be passed on to the Home Office to deal with the Licensing Bill. We are sure we hope so, for after Mr. Herbert Gladstone anybody would be welcome.

Criminal Appeal.

We hope that the project of a Criminal Court of Appeal will be saved from the wreckage of the present Government's legislation. Every day brings fresh evidence of its necessity. The latest example is the Committee's report on the Edalji case, one of the most post-posterous documents we have ever perused. The conclusion apparently is that he was innocent, but that he must endure imprisonment. Of course, the police are exonerated and the judge and jury and everybody else. The only person in fault was Edalji himself, who, so the apologist Committee informs us, wrote anonymous letters accusing himself of crimes. So Edalji is to have a free pardon for a crime he did not commit, but apparently no compensation for the two years' imprisonment he has already undergone. All this injustice and absurdity points to the urgent necessity of reform in the law. In murder cases, again, a Court of Appeal would be a great improvement on our present system of retrial by newspapers, which we have to accept faute de mieux. For, though the public instinct is, we think, generally pretty healthy in these matters, it is undoubtedly extremely capricious in its action. To take a concrete case, we think that the Home Secretary was right to respite Rayner; he was not the kind of murderer whose capital punishment can be defended, if it can be defended at all. But it is impossible to deny that if Rayner's victim had happened to be an unknown man and the case had in consequence attracted no general attention, the assassin would almost certainly have suffered the extreme penalty. All these inequities might be remedied by two simple reforms: the establishment of a Court of Criminal Appeal and the division of the crime of murder into degrees, as in France.

The Moderates in Power.

The Moderates on the County Council are finding the fruits of their recent victory almost as inedible as the fruits of theirs. Both parties came into power by dint of lavish promises, and both are finding the promises rather difficult to fulfil. We note that the "Daily Express," in its campaign for the resignation of Mr. Robinson, the Moderate leader, because he cannot make any profit at all. If it makes a profit on its tramways, for example, it is clear that the users of the tramways are paying an unfair share of the Government's rates. In practice it is doubtless often convenient to bribe the unintelligent ratepayer into acquiescence in an advanced municipal policy by giving him a little subsidy in aid of rates, but anything like large profits on municipal enterprises would be a flagrant injustice, and ought to be resisted. The true profits of municipal trading are not commercial but social, and are paid in the form of better housing, quicker and cheaper transit, a lower death-rate, and a higher standard of living. On the whole, the Moderate rates seem to be shaping better than might have been expected: they are having the good sense (pace the "Daily Express") to trust the permanent officials and not to be moulded by a crowd of lavish promises, and both are finding the promises rather difficult to fulfil. We note that the "Daily Express" is clamouring for the resignation of Mr. Robinson, the Moderate leader, because he cannot make it with an "independent commercial audit" of the Council's undertakings. Of course he cannot; nobody can. You cannot apply the ordinary principles of commercial finance to municipal trading, for the simple reason that municipal undertakings are run for the benefit of the consumers and not, like commercial undertakings, for the benefit of the shareholders. The test of the success of a private company is the profit it makes, but a municipality ought not in strict theory to make any profit at all. If it makes a profit on its tramways, for example, it is clear that the users of the tramways are paying an unfair share of their neighbour's rates. In practice it is doubtless often convenient to bribe the unintelligent ratepayer into acquiescence in an advanced municipal policy by giving him a little subsidy in aid of rates, but anything like large profits on municipal enterprises would be a flagrant injustice, and ought to be resisted. The true profits of municipal trading are not commercial but social, and are paid in the form of better housing, quicker and cheaper transit, a lower death-rate, and a higher standard of living. On the whole, the Moderate rates seem to be shaping better than might have been expected: they are having the good sense (pace the "Daily Express") to trust the permanent officials, and London is being governed much as if there had never been any great "Reform Movement." Fabians may perhaps detect a parallel nearer home.

The Rand Strike.

War has broken out once more in the Transvaal, a
war less sensational in its incidents than that which raged there six or seven years ago, but fortunately much clearer in its issues. Good Socialists were to be found on both sides in the disputes which centred round the South African War, but we venture to think that no Socialist will hesitate an instant about choosing his side in the present contest. The fact is that the strike of the miners on the Rand is the direct result of the policy which the mine-owners have been pursuing for the last ten years or more—the policy of freezing out white skilled labour, and replacing it, whenever possible, by the cheap labour of less developed races. Chinese labour was only one move in this game ; it has been followed by a deliberate attempt to reduce the proportion of white to coloured labour by putting a white miner to oversee three drills instead of two, as has been the custom hitherto. That this would entail the gross overworking of the miners affected is by no means its most sinister feature. Its really appalling wickedness consists in the fact that it is obviously part of a well-concerted scheme which has for its object the virtual exclusion of British labourers from the mines, which we spent so much blood and treasure to defend and secure. The object of the mine-owners is twofold: firstly, to provide for their " instruments " at the lowest possible price, and, secondly, to guard against the rise of a British proletariat on the Rand, possessed of British ideas of economic and political organisation. It requires nothing less than to the Eckstein and Schumacher that this policy must needs be fatal to the " British Supremacy," to which (at convenient seasons) they profess so much attachment: Indeed, the men who, seven years ago, were urging the British to attack the Dutch are now using the Dutch as blacklegs to replace the British strikers. We earnestly hope that General Botha and the better type of Dutch Aficanders will use all their influence with their fellow-countrymen to prevent their accepting so degrading a task. But, on the whole, we doubt if the Boer landowner has much sympathy with labour than the Semitic mine-owner. The last hope for the working classes in South Africa is the growth of a large and well-organised white proletariat in the towns. And that, of course, is just why the "Imperialists" of Park Lane are determined that it shall not come into existence if they can help it.

In Memory of '71.

This week the Socialists of France are commemorating the martyrdom of the Paris Commune, ten years ago. In this country it is the custom of some Socialists to speak rather slightingly of the leaders of that abortive insurrection, and doubtless they were altogether unripe for the task they had set themselves, even if they had been allowed (as it was hardly possible they could have been) to carry it on without interference from without. Nevertheless, it is a mistake to treat the Communist movement as having been entirely a failure. If it did little for Socialism, it did a good deal to stem the tide of reaction. The revolt of Paris, followed by similar movements in other French cities, probably gave the Orléanist restoration, which was undoubtedly contemplated by many of the foremost Parliamentary statesmen of France at that time. Anyhow, the French Socialists, even those of the more moderate school, are by no means ashamed of acknowledging the Communards as their spiritual ancestors. In "L'Humanité," M. Jaurès has done them honour in one of the finest articles he has ever written, an article containing one passage so instinct with the finest kind of patriotism that every Socialist ought to learn it by heart. "Like them," he writes of the Communards, "whose souls detected at once Pétain, Céard and Versailles, and who, in the face of the whole world, sacrificed everything, and even their lives, to the cause of the Commune," the Socialists will assent to it. If we are to ally ourselves with the German Emperor will probably produce repressive measures equally sily and very nearly as immoral. Artistically it would be an anti-climax to assassinate the German Emperor; he is too good a character to be deprived of a tragic ending. Morally, we hasten to add for the credit of Socialist ethics, it would be an act of which we should feel bound to disapprove. In Russia the Government and the Duma are said to be so alarmed that it is rumoured that the second Assembly will share the fate of the first. It may be so; Cardan has, we fear, by no means yet filled up the cup of its iniquities. But, perhaps, the most interesting fact of the day is the result of the Austrian elections. The whole situation is paradoxical. A sovereign forcing Constitutional measures on an unwilling Parliament; compulsory voting intended to strengthen the extreme parties by the adhesion of the mugwump, result- ing in the victory of the two extreme parties, the Socialists and the Clericals—one does not know how it will all end. One cannot help wishing well to Francis-Joseph, who has shown not a little courage in his experiment. Incidentally, the result of the polls may perhaps have the effect of preserving his Empire from dissolution after his death. For one can hardly fancy that the German Emperor will be anxious to include more Socialists and Catholics among his subjects.

Who Sups with the Devil.

One hopes that there is no truth in the persistent rumours of an entente with Russia. One would imagine that even a Liberal Government would stop short at that degree of infamy. The pretence that Russian reforms and Liberalism are identical is as absurd as it is revolting, and an entente which would enable the Ministers to raise a fresh loan wherewith to crush the liberties of their country, such as they are, is too absurd to permit of serious consideration. Mr. Asquith Napier, who has shown not a little courage in his experiment. Incidentally, the result of the polls may perhaps have the effect of preserving his Empire from dissolution after his death. For we can hardly fancy that the German Emperor will be anxious to include more Socialists and Catholics among his subjects.
sulted by complicity in the soul work. If this is an
entente, we can only hope that the Ministers have pro-
provided themselves with spoons of an adequate length!

Lord Amphil and Lord Curzon.

It is not only in India that Indian officials are losing
their heads over the present troubles. Even so far
away as London is and even at a quiet annual meeting
of the National Indian Association, held in the Imperial
Institute last week, booting words must needs be
spoken by Lord Amphil, lately Governor of Madras
on Rs.120,000 a year. This Association is not at all
political, but his lordship (the Chairman) was reported
by the "Times" to say that "the sedition which was
causing such grave anxiety in certain parts of India
was as much due to deliberate encouragement from our
own people in this country as it was to any causes in
India." He warned the Association against British
diavolest and sedition-mongers "in the cities and
universities." He spoke of "malice" and "enmity"
in India. The gentle Hawthorne says somewhere that
"in the infinite malignities and those who take upon them-
theselves to be leaders of the people are fully liable to all
the passionate error that has ever characterised the
maddest mob. Again, here is Lord Curzon giving us an
other example of tactics-like and passionate error.
It is a more pressing forward his scheme for a memorial
in Calcutta to Lord Clive. The memorial fund is going
slow, because people think now is hardly the best time
to devote our money to the memory of Clive and Plassey ;
but Lord Curzon thinks no better time could be to flash
the sword of the conqueror Clive over the heads of the
excited Bengalis! Let us imagine Clive to have been a
perfect English soldier, a plucky soldier of fortune, who
decided the fate of France in single sword of the con-
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dem. The official British historian
admits that "under the double government created by
Clive embezzlement, corruption, and oppression
flourished as in a hot-bed. Not only was there no
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sion." Rivers of gold and silver flowed away to En-
gland. Chiefly with this money we gained the industrial
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Military and Industrial War.

Nobody can read the most advanced magazines of to-
day without realising the existence of enormous dif-
fences among reformers on the subject of War and Peace.
The correspondent of the New Age has written to point out the inconsistency of Socialism
with War; and more than one has protested against the
assumed relationship of Socialism with Peace.
Plutocrats and industrialists have both objected to this fringe and frank discussion. Meanwhile, it is certain that, from
a practical political standpoint, some decision will have
to be made by Socialists very soon. In fact, the general
crisis is to be avoided. On the one hand, the present Government apparently con-
tenlates dissolution in two years' time; and, on the other, the activity of the Imperialists and Tariff Re-
formers, which has been a whole object in the latter, is
likely to gain political strength at the next election as
a party that has decided for peace. In plain words,
the social reformers of to-day, having, of set purpose
and with their eyes open, abandoned the favour of direct political action, must be prepared to
discuss every question as it arises, and to satisfy the
demands, not merely of fervent propagandists, but of the
actual electors.

We say this with the more emphatic because, in
many respects, we sympathise with the advocates of Peace,
who have just held their annual meeting.

The New Age, May 30, 1907, published by the Peace Society, at a quiet annual meeting.

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But how many of the members of the Peace Society
may be termed the advocates of Peace? In their view, everything including the
whole programme of social reform must be temporarily
foreworn for the sake of universal peace. It is true
that universal peace is as remote an event as the ab-
sorption of the Solar System in the constellation Her-
cules ; but, nevertheless, these excellent idealists would
have reformers work for Peace and nothing but Peace.
For them, as Drink for the idealist Teetotallers, War
is not something occasionally right and mostly wrong;
War is never right, and Peace is never wrong. To
hear them talk, one would suppose that War is the
only ill, the master devouring passion, the original sin,
and the arch crime of the human race. To contrary,
however, as every Socialist knows, Peace hath her
horrors, though less renowned than War. The
main business of Socialists at this moment, in fact, is
the publication of the horrors of peace. Remembering
that eleven million of our fellow countrymen are in
a perpetual state of famine and economic siege, that
thousands are slain annually in our factories and on
our railways, that whole battalions are cut up and
perish in our asylums, prisons, workhouses, and hos-
pitals, it is scarcely common sense to praise peace as
peace alone were Utopia.

If the mere cessation of War guaranteed any sort of
real Peace, every Socialist would oppose War with
all his might; but since the cessation of lyddite war
merely shifts the scene to the renewal of a more de-
vastating industrial war, the choice of the Socialist must
plainly be between two evils. At the same time, it is
unfortunately true that lyddite war by no means all-
vites industrial war. On the contrary, the industrial
war is aggravated by military war. Hence the choice
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industrial plus military war and industrial war alone.
But how many of our fellow countrymen really recognise the industrial war at all?
Among Socialists there are, we know, many in favour of the abolition of milita-
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ned opposition to certain clauses in the new Army Bill.
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world of compromise it is inevitable that compromises should be necessary. Socialists and the Labour Party are perpetually being besought to remember the claims of this and that section of reformers. But we are less clear that any political return is invariably made. When the woman and the man are two separate people we are even more convinced advocates of industrial peace; for ninety-nine times out of every hundred, military war is the direct outcome of industrial war. To prevent all civil wars is a work so useful and certainly honourable; but the establishment of industrial peace is a more radical remedy than a thousand Hague Conferences.

Woman Suffrage in New Zealand.

Interview with Sir Joseph Ward.

"WHOLLY beneficial! In my opinion, the results of enfranchising the women of New Zealand have been wholly beneficial," the Right Hon. Sir Joseph George Ward, K.C.M.G., Premier of New Zealand, spoke deliberately and with conviction. I had sought him out at the Hotel Cecil, and despite all his multifarious engagements, he was kind enough to spare time to touch on the burning question of Woman Suffrage.

Sir Joseph has been brown-eyed, a strong, kindly face, and a certain air of self-reliant strength and resolution behind his diplomatic, tactful exterior. He laughed cheerfully when I asked him how it was the women of New Zealand had secured that for which we in England were striving so earnestly.

"New Zealand," he said, "has solved many problems which are vexing the spirit of the wise people here. You see, women with us had for years taken an active interest in local affairs; indeed, the very atmosphere of the country seems to encourage co-operation between the sexes, and it was an easy step to complete the enfranchisement. It must have been nearly 14 years ago—oh, yes, in September, 1893—that the Houses of Parliament of New Zealand passed the Bill conferring the franchise on women. I was myself in the House when the measure became law. Of course, there had been opposition. In every community there are fearful spirits who see danger in innovations, but the ladies availing themselves of a favourable political conjuncture secured the necessary support, and gained what we unquestionably believe to be right theirs, the power to directly influence the legislation of the country in which their homes are.

"When you tell us here," I said, "that politics are outside the sphere of women. Will you not let us know whether the women of New Zealand have proved themselves incapable of appreciating political issues?"

"By no means," was the answer. "The State is but a larger house and the problems in managing its affairs are much the same as those encountered in the household. They differ rather in degree than in nature, and our women have shown themselves keenly alive to political issues, exhibiting common sense at least equal to men."

"Has the possession of the vote," I asked, "produced any antagonism between the sexes?"

"I have certainly observed none," said Sir Joseph, smiling. "Indeed, there are some who tell us that it is useful to provide in this way intelligent topics for men and women to talk about apart from their own private affairs. It enlarges their mental horizon and inculcates toleration. The statement that the power to vote renders one incapable of appreciating political issues, exhibiting common sense at least equal to men."

"And has New Zealand become accustomed to the idea of Woman Suffrage?"

"A proposal to now establish a sex line in politics would be laughed at, and to the majority of the people of New Zealand the disfranchisement of one-half of the population because they are women would appear as ridiculous as to arbitrarily withhold votes from a section of the men, say, those with red hair."

"Yes, most decidedly the women care for the vote and use it. You will find particulars here which will not be conclusive on this point." And with this Sir Joseph handed me the "New Zealand Official Year Book."

"You will see that in 1895, when women were enfranchised, 89 per cent. of those entitled to vote went to the poll, whereas less than 70 per cent. of the men voted. It appears, however, that this awoke the men to a sense of their duty, and the percentage of male voters has consistently risen, until at the last election, in 1905, approximately the same percentage of male and female voters went to the polls, viz., 84 per cent. and 82 per cent."

"Do women push any pet reforms?"

"I cannot say," replied Sir Joseph, "that they have shown great activity in initiating special legislation. Indeed, they appear rather to constitute themselves an examining board, and their influence is undoubtedly felt in all legislation. It is a mania, it seems, which makes for purity in politics, and while mainly democratic in spirit and devoted to the protection of public interests rather than private privilege, it is a balancing force."

"Then you do not find evidence of hysteria in politics?"

"No, no; our women are not unduly swayed by emotion in politics. In fact, should I say they show considerable political acumen."

"With such an object-lesson of the practical working of this reform granted to women of the British race," I urged, "do you not think it would work equally well here?"

"But on this point Sir Joseph, while acknowledging that the inference was not unfair, smilingly declined to commit himself to an opinion.

"Tell your friends," he said, when, at parting, I pressed for a message to the Suffragists of England, "tell your friends to keep up their courage. Political enfranchisement came to the women with dramatic suddenness, and in fact they secured it by a majority of only two votes."

"And now?"

"Now, if the question were voted upon it is doubtful whether in the whole House there would be two to oppose it."

B. BORRMANN WELLS.

The Labourer's Hire.

Way is it that, whilst you may not receive any remuneration at all for doing superfluously good work, without laying yourself open to the reproach of doing that work solely for the sake of the reward, you may be quite frankly out for profit—and for nothing else—and never a word is said against you, no matter how exorbitant your gains may be? " He is making a rare fine thing out of it, you may be sure! " Is what the man in the crowd invariably says of the man on the platform. Indeed, you have only to express a desire to devote yourself to the service of your fellow-men to be instantly suspected of wishing to enrich or glorify yourself in some way. There is never any shame attached to selling a cheap thing at a dear price; but to offer all you have and to expect anything more is for you to cover yourself with obloquy. If you give eight-hours a day and only half your thoughts and none of your heart to your work you are entitled to be paid as much as you can get and a bit more; but if you give your whole life and mind and soul to any high cause and dare to look to the people you are helping for even the means of subsistence then you may confidently count on having the basest motives imputed unto you.

I confess that this is a point of view which puzzles me. Of course, I can see that one does not look for dis-
interestedness in any man so lacking in self-respect that he can prostitute himself to the level of a mere money-getter. In the first place, let us remember that it is to be taken into account the man of exceptional talents and ability, who is obviously taking a tremendous lot out of himself, and is putting back very little into his pocket by his efforts—infinitely less than he could earn if he turned his abilities to ignoble, instead of noble, uses. Yet, he is frequently accused of doing and suffering all this for what he can make out of it, though surely it should be pointed out to all that on a feckless creature, carried away by an intense, overmastering enthusiasm, could ever be so blind to his own material interests.

One of the peculiarities of a man does make a considerable income out of some sort of public work for the common weal. He is, if you like, a Socialist. He writes articles and books, or delivers lectures, on Socialism, and forwards a scheme for so doing. Well—why not? If he were selling you beer at so much too much a pint you would not remunerate him that he was living in several castles and had a seat in the House of Lords, and that his beer must be bad. No! His wares being admittedly worse than worthless, you concede his right to exact a price for them. But when the enterprising propagandist comes along and offers you his wares at any rate worth a trial, should he lose a trial will cost you nothing at all and cannot hurt you, you refuse even to look at his wares and wave them loftily aside, because—forsooth—you suspect him of making money out of it. And people will say: "What's all very well, my good man, but you can't make me believe that you do this sort of thing for nothing, you know!" The enterprising propagandist would consider such a remark irrelevant and silly. And he might reply: "Never mind what I make out of it. Will you try my turnips?" Which is exactly what the paid agitator should say, and could say, with even greater force, seeing that those who pay him are usually the last to impugn his good faith.

But worse, perhaps, than this imputation of mere self-seeking is a kind of subtle insincerity such as is contained in the following paragraph taken from what is probably the most widely-read of all Socialist organizes in this country. It is a letter from some recent candidates for admission to the Fabian Society, and runs thus:—"If there are any famous men anywhere who are not yet Socialists, they will have to advertise to make their names known. This is the function of the Editor of which has himself been so beset by exactly such veiled aspersions as those that he has had to refer his critics and traducers to the books of the newspaper company for which he once worked in order to confute them. Now, having happily delivered himself out of the hands of his enemies, he must surely pray to be saved from his friends. For you cannot join the muckrakers without getting splashed. And if you refuse to believe in others' sincerity, then you must not be shocked if your own sincerity is doubted. Again, if after much pains and thought and argument you have succeeded in converting an opponent, and when he is at last persuaded to your views, you turn and rend him savagely for having changed his opinions, you had better get out of Socialism yourself, or keep quiet about it. That sort of animadversion may very well be left to the enemies of Socialism yourself, or keep quiet about it. That is exactly what the paid agitator should say, and could say, with even greater force, seeing that those who pay him are usually the last to impugn his good faith.

The Art of Womanhood.

This week I have seen Miss Wynn Matthaisson as Viva in "Votes for Women" and Mrs. Patrick Campbell as Magda. Both Viva and Magda have been through the great tragic crisis society has prepared for nature. They have both mated but not married; the first was induced to destroy her child, the second became a great artist, brought up her child, and emerged from the tragedy triumphant. Another interesting contrast in the plays was the attitude of the woman towards the men who had been the instruments of nature and in their repentant middle age offered to become the instruments of society and make social reparation. Viva almost has an insane resentment against men; she is a leader in the great sex war of the twentieth century. Magda, who has been an outcast and become the most celebrated slinger of the time, Magda, who imposes the law of her being upon her surroundings, has nothing but an amused contempt for the man whose career depends upon the approval of the bourgeois. The artist woman is in a secure position; she is unique and cannot be replaced. The man who depends upon the approval of his political supporters is altogether in her hands. How good tempered Magda can afford to be in circumstances that turn Viva into a vixen! One woman is like the rich Malvoinane wine that is produced by the vines growing on the slopes of a volcano; the other like vinegar that is produced by good wine turned sour.

In fighting for existence women like Viva do not realize how necessary it is to them if they are to get the better of life. They think it is enough that they should go through the ordinary functions of life in an incompetent way and expect the rest of the world to inconvenience themselves on their account. The womanly influence of a Viva is the kind of influence they are content to exercise; they make themselves so disagreeable that men give them what they want; instead of making themselves so important that they get what they want whether men give it them or not. Why will not more women try the experiment of becoming artists? It is not enough that a woman should have children. If she wants to rule us on that account she must have the most wonderful children that can be produced; she must be an artist-mother and sacrifice all other considerations in order to get the best possible result. The whole spirit of the artist-woman is summed up in the words sacrifice and selection; the spirit of woman as a sex is preservation of all our children.

Luther Burbank is famous all over the world for his new creations in plant life. He has transformed the vegetable world. In his gardens at Santa Rosa, California, miracles are brought about because he is free to sacrifice and select. If the human race is to be improved women must learn to overcome society and become artists in their own lives. They must learn to sacrifice and select. Why should the whole progress of the world be at a standstill in order that women may pay each other afternoon calls and invite each other to sc-
lect dinner parties? Why don't they devote them- 
tselfs to something that matters more? Why not try 
to get a new social conscience, a new artistic emulation?
The only interesting way of living is to treat nature 
as she could be controlled. In our gardens we 
saw the result of controlling nature; in our slums we see 
the result of letting nature struggle unaided. When 
women learn to select and sacrifice in life as some of 
them have learned to select and sacrifice because they 
are artists, they will see that they can carve out the 
future of the race as effectively as the Californian gar-
dener carves out the future of his fruit trees and 
flowers.

Indiscriminate pity is the danger that threatens the 
race and women ought to remember this when they 
start life as innocent enchantresses. It is the innocent 
enchantresses, Magda and Viva in their teens, that 
control the future of the race more than any other force.

The proposal, therefore, to build and furnish specimen 
houses is not recommended as a means of revivifying 
the economic failure of the Arts and Crafts does not 
mean that the movement is dead, but that, having 
come into collision with an artificial barrier! it will 
be unable to enlarge the area of its activities until 
ways and means are found of removing this obstruction.

A LETTER

The Restoration of Beauty to Life.

Answers to Criticisms.

A LETTER appeared in last week's New Age signed 
"E. L. Loder," questioning the sufficiency of building 
and furnishing specimen houses all over England as a 
remedy for the economic failure of the Arts and Crafts 
movement which he assumes is dead.

I, however, said no such thing. My reference to 
the economic failure of the Arts and Crafts does not 
mean that the movement is dead, but that, having 
come into collision with an artificial barrier, it will 
be unable to enlarge the area of its activities unless 
ways and means are found of removing this obstruction.

The proposal, therefore, to build and furnish specimen 
houses, is not regarded as a means of revivifying 
the movement until the workers, and it might be expected that craftsmen with 
ideas of design would be found in the trade in the 
course of a generation or so. When once the eyes of 
the masses had been opened to the vulgar life and the joy of 
creative handicraft, it would be possible to do something in 
the direction of the regulation of machinery to bring it into 
subordination to the ideals of craftsmanship.

And economic evolution is with the crafts. The 
increasing pace of competition is necessitating a 
general rise of prices. It is not reasonable, therefore, to 
suppose that a point will at length be reached when 
good craftsmanship, sold direct to the public in local 
markets, will be no more expensive than commercial 
wares sold on a wholesale market. At the present 
day, in many branches of production, the saving ef-
fected by machinery is swallowed up by the middleman, 
and an organisation could be created which would 
find a market for the craftsman's wares. Viewed in 
this light it looks as if commercialism in the crafts 
was destined to destroy itself. All that remains for the 
Socialist to do is to bring a better state of things into existence.

A. J. Penty.
THE BOOK OF THE WEEK.


The authors of this book write very sconifully of that benighted eighteenth century which was so incominiuous to forget us adequate materials for a statistical study of the child-labour of its time; so that, they with a craving for exact science, "have to be content with literary and more or less blasted inns of court. In the face of this avowed它是 the determination to be unreadable and impartial, one hesitates to announce that this book gives us both good literature and political passion. To that somewhat limited sense of the laws of impartiality which forbids the misrepresentation of facts and figures, these authors pay all possible attention and respect (their book, indeed, is a monument of accurate historical research). But as to the far wider question, what all these facts and figures mean, what is the ultimate conclusion to be drawn from their perusal, the writers have apparently no deep interest whatever. They show the stubborn bias of an unshakable conviction. There is not a doubt that they are on the side of the overworked and underpaid people who make the national wealth. Whether it be labourers, labouring towards social homelessness, and the public health is, unfortunately, still an open question, if we may judge from the strict impartiality so generally shown in Royal Commissions, Cabinet Committees, and our best writers of intellectual life.

The history of our factory legislation is a vast drama, on the national scale. If anyone imagines that this is the dry history of the multiplication of Parliamentary Bills he is entirely mistaken. In the hands of our authors, at least, it appears in the true light of an absorbingly interesting and vitally important part of the history of civilisation. It is the record of the struggle between the growing power of the community of a civilised country to share in that civilisation. We are shown an unorganised crowd of somewhat inarticulate people, untrained in the use of political instruments and often without the elementary right to a vote, face to face with the men who have fastened their hold on the machinery of Parliament. The people are so dependent on the brains of a few wise leaders, their opponents are so safe behind their banking accounts.

What appeals to me so forcibly is the fact that the case for reform was put in a wholly conclusive way from the very beginning, in 1784, a committee of Manchester medical men reported that "the scene of human degeneracy in the growth, the vigour, and the right conformation of the human body. And we cannot excuse ourselves, on the brains of a few wise leaders, their opponents are so safe behind their banking accounts.

I recommend this book to him, and to all who mix their wines of pleasure, thought, and pain. I have said that this book is the story of a national drama. It is, indeed, the history of an unceasing struggle between those who have merciless strength and those who are too weak and yielding; a fighting between human beings for the mastery of one another, which is, after all, the essential problem of the orthodox stage. Only, in the play we are considering it is not the fortunes of one or two people that are at stake; it is the endurable existence of huge multitude of people, and the plot becomes multiplied a thousandfold.

It is no sentimental desire for the dramatic which discovers how closely this economic question of factory legislation is bound up, at every turn, with the everyday follies of human nature. This search after an efficient factory code has been spun out over all these long years just because there has been gross selfishness on the one side, which has been met by dull weakness on the other side. We are told that when Richard Oastler, in 1830, wrote his series of letters to the "Leeds Mercury" on "Slavery in Yorkshire," no manufacturers ventured to contradict his terrible facts of indictment against them. The cotton-spinner stood firm, because he had no intention of allowing his profits to be touched. And, on the other hand, the workers passed a resolution which began with the memorable words, "That the conditions of the working men of Manchester should not be maimed, crippled, or impaired in any degree whatever."

All through this history we are confronted with the fact that stubborn resistance on the part of factory owners: they are not even careful to be original in their methods of defence against reform. When driven into a corner they demand that a Commission shall be appointed to consider the facts; it was their determination to be unreadable and impartial, one hesitates to announce that this book gives us both good literature and political passion. To that somewhat limited sense of the laws of impartiality which forbids the misrepresentation of facts and figures, these authors pay all possible attention and respect (their book, indeed, is a monument of accurate historical research). But as to the far wider question, what all these facts and figures mean, what is the ultimate conclusion to be drawn from their perusal, the writers have apparently no deep interest whatever.

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THE MINERS’ EIGHT HOURS DAY.

The terms of reference of the Committee being limited to the consideration of the economic effect of the eight hours limit, the main findings of the Committee are as follows:

1. That the establishment of an eight hours working day from bank to bank would reduce the output underground, in a week of full-working, by 10-47 per cent.; the average length of the present working day for all classes being 9 hours 3 minutes.

2. That on the assumption that coal production will be in exact arithmetic proportion to the reduction of hours (the contention of the miners), the loss of production would be 25,783,000 tons annually.

3. That the foregoing assumption, however, is unwarranted, since a certain portion of the time now lost would be utilised under a legally restricted day.

4. That nevertheless an immediate advance of prices, wages, and demand for labour would be the inevitable consequence of a legal limitation of hours which involved an immediate reduction of output.

With these findings it is, of course, impossible for us to disagree, more especially as they are precisely the discoveries made long ago by the Fabian Society and printed and published in scores of places. The practical certainty that a rise in prices would follow the reduction of hours is so far familiar to the Socialist that his concern is less with that than with the certainty that the demand for labour would be increased. This and the consequent rise of wages might fairly be set off against the general rise in the price of coal, an occurrence which has frequently been with any such compensating advantages. On the other hand, as we have already observed, the intimate relationships of coal-production with the eleven or twelve thousand trades of England make any open enquiry upon Incurring a considerable amount of popular life more tolerable. Yet upon what is likely to be done. It is difficult to believe that the present Government will abandon their intention of introducing some sort of Eight Hours Bill; but it is still more difficult to believe that they will do the only and just and round fair thing. While we are strongly in favour of an eight hours day for miners, we are proportionately in favour of an eight hours day for everybody; and a Government that grants an eight hours day to miners at the expense of other trades may rely upon incurring a considerable amount of popular odium.

The sensible remedy for the difficulty is that put forward by the Fabian Society in its Tract No. 48. Briefly, the proposals there formulated were for the establishment of a permanent Eight Hours Commission, capable of being extended to include such as the Blue-book (Cd. 3352). As the present Government is under promise to introduce an Eight Hours Bill for miners, the report will not fall to be of interest; since we may confidently predict that the Government will go mainly on the lines there laid down. It is plain enough in general theory that an economic expedient of the first importance. On the other hand, it is difficult to move in an industry like coal-mining without seriously disturbing the hundreds of industries that depend upon it. It is perfectly true—and the fact should be remembered—that the most serious dislocations of the dependent industries are constantly being brought about by the individualism of the coal-owners, who lose no opportunity of raising their rates of wages to their own advantage, in perfect disregard of the widespread economic effects of their action. In this respect, therefore, the present report is somewhat of a farce; for it presupposes in the reader that the task of solving the economic consequences of an eight hours day for miners would be avoided, and are already avoided. Quite the contrary, of course, is the actual truth.
For Sex-Equality.

The Editors of The New Age have not acquired complete knowledge of the Suffrage movement. I am forced to this conclusion by the paragraphs dealing respectively with the Wimbledon bye-election and Adult Suffrage. In the former we are told that a "Suffragette" Liberal candidate stood for election at Wimbledon. Yet this is not true. The Women's Social and Political Union, of which we are distinguished as "Suffragettes"—could not be guilty of the inconsistency and folly of running a Liberal candidate. The older Suffrage Societies alone were responsible for the candidature of Mr. Russell, which was neither endorsed nor approved by the rebel body. We would not be pledged to protest against, and, if possible, to block, every piece of legislation until this object was achieved. Such a candidate, and a constituency enlightened enough to elect him, are not easily to be found. But such an independent, anti-Government, Adult Suffrage candidate alone would satisfy us.

The paragraph on Adult Suffrage is refreshingly youthful to a veteran. To me the controversy with the "all-or-nothing" democrat is old and grey. I have reasoned and explained and investigated in connection with it for a long time, its appearance of a much-dissected and multi-labelled corpse, and it is possible, to block, every piece of legislation until this object was achieved. Such a candidate, and a constituency enlightened enough to elect him, are not easily to be found. But such an independent, anti-Government, Adult Suffrage candidate alone would satisfy us.

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Socialism and Nationalism.

Or all the pestiferous notions in men's minds to-day none is more fatal to progress than the notion of nationality. At this very moment Europe—and not only Europe, but Asia—appears to be in for a recrudescence of the superstition in its worst forms. We say nothing here of the extreme lengths to which Irish nationalism carries the imagination. On that subject we shall have a good deal to say in future numbers of The New Age. At present our concern is with the idea of nationality in general. Concerning nationality, it is unfortunately true that the great body of English opinion is frankly fetishistic. There is astonishing little difference between the mumbo-jumbo of Australian totemism and the patriotism of the average commercial Britisher. Exactly the same unreasoning, violent, and pachydermic belief in names characterises both; and the impulse to punish for every offence against the totem is equally strong in both instances. Socialists in opinion in England and all over the world has, on the contrary, been marked by a deliberate challenge of nationalistic sentiment; so much so, in fact, as to lay Socialists open to the charge of republicanism. In this respect, however,Socialists well afford to smile; since, on the same grounds, every international movement of any and every character is equally open to the same charge. As everybody knows, there are hundreds of societies of various kinds which include members from all parts of the world, make no distinction of nationality or colour, and legislate impartially and universally. The mere fact that the international Socialist desires to improve the conditions of the democracy all over the globe, and means not his affections for his nation by that nation's treatment of its workers, is, from one standpoint, unpatriotic; since such a free love may find in another country than its own a nation to be loved in the higher degree. It might be, for example, entirely consistent for an English Socialist living in England to love Germany more than England; on the ground that the civilisation of Germany was superior to the civilisation of England. That is hardly likely to be the case at this moment; since both countries are equally capitalist-ridden; but an impartial thinker can easily conceive the day when, out of very affection for men of his own nation, he may desire to see his country incorporated with, or, even subjected to, another superior country.

The fact is that nationalism and patriotism are very often incompatible. It is possible, under certain circumstances, to be nationalist and unpatriotic; it is still more often possible to be patriotic and anti-nationalist. If patriotism means anything at all, it implies the desire to do well by one's own country; and doing well by one's own country may sometimes mean the will to see her conceit pricked, her complacency disturbed, and her dogmas destroyed. On the other hand, simple unconditional nationalism may be the most unpatriotic thing in the world; may amount, in fact, to the dementia of being willing to sacrifice every solid good for the sake of unsubstantial shadows. Such nationalism will cheerfully see a nation perish of famine, disease, and stupidity; rather than admit the right of any other nation to intervene. It is exactly comparable to the absurd stubbornness with which one has known parents treat offers to help their children. Little Johnny is being for want of something, but not for the world will the parents' so-called patriotism permit a stranger's gifts. Perish little Johnnie, rather than that the family pride should be sullied! In modern Europe wherever the idea of nationality is strongest, there the little Johnny's are most numerous and most sick. Violent nationalism, in fact, is nothing more than the shout raised to drown the cry of the helplessly oppressed. It is a curious reflection that nationalism should be strongest precisely where internationalism is most needed; yet the spectacle of the nationalist nations at this moment makes the reflection inevitable.

Plainly the business of Socialists, as the custodians of the hopes of man, is to abolish the conception of nationalism and substitute for it the idea of humanity. Doubtless that is a difficult task, and a good many years will have to be spent in teaching people to discriminate first between nation and patriotism. Even patriotism in its geographical sense is something of an anomaly in an intelligent man's mind; but a genuine patriotism that is severely concerned with the welfare, not of that man-made nation, the State, but of the flesh and blood individuals living on a particular soil, is infinitely preferable to the worship of England as England, France as France, Germany as Germany. In actual fact, England, France, Germany, and the rest, are the purest ghosts of a crude imagination. There is no such thing as England, but only some forty millions of human beings; no such thing as France, only some forty more millions of human beings. To suppose that beyond and outside these millions of breathing living beings there are entities called England or France is sheer anismism of the most primitive order; their worship is as ancient as the hills; and the British or French chauvinist shares the same faith with the Jehovistic Jews of the Old Testament. The proper kind of patriotism includes, first, the will to do one's best for one's own people; secondly, to do one's best for the people of every race; thirdly, to abolish in one's mind the last traces of nationalism and to do one's best for men as a single race; fourthly, to find in another country than its own a nation to be loved in the higher degree. Every genuinely international society is in its way a human institution; while every nationalistic society is in its way an obstacle on the path of humanity. Since the main concern of Socialists is with the actual welfare of men, it is obvious that their nationalism is conditional and their patriotism progressive. "Show me," the Socialist might say, "a nation that is really superior, and I will respect it; show me a nation that has solved its own problem of creating a happy people, and I will gladly submit myself to it; but while not a single nation in the world has anything better to show than a hideous amount of poverty and disease, I reserve my respect and my obedience." R. M.

The New Dionysos.

Soon will dawn the day of wonder,
When, with many-footed thunder,
Comes the fresh God, trampling under
All the dead and withering, and
Hark, the little leaves are shaking,
With the breath of his awaking,
And his strength will soon be breaking
KINGDOMS AND THE HUSBANDS' KINGS!
Here a word and there a word
Has been whispered, has been heard.

Lo, the grapes upon the vine,
Bursting with a richer wine,
Juice immortal and divine,
From the veins of Earth distilled;
Round his brow the leaves aslant,
He will lead the cosmic dance,
Snap the sword and break the lance,
Till his glory is fulfilled;
Here a word and there a word
Has been whispered, has been heard.

God of wild exultant song,
He will win the lithe and strong,
Till the wilful passionate throng,
Down the world's side streaming after,
His all-conquering shape will follow,
And in some far gloomy hollow
Will confront the sad Apollo
And consume the Gods with laughter!
Here a word and there a word
Has been whispered, has been heard.

FREDERICK RICHARDSON.
DRAMA.

The Last of Wilde.

What malign fate was it ended Wilde's career with the scandalous imprisonment and the Ballad of Reading Gaol? Had his life begun that way, perhaps he might have achieved only a magnificent bluff, his gifts were used in irony and contempt of his fellow-creatures. Had Wilde's exposure taken place at the University and had he subsequently emigrated to America or to Whistler's club, the world might be the richer for a great poet. As it is, we have only a few plays, one or two beautiful poems, and a star flower or two of perfect language. This "lord of language" and master of dramatic form used his lordship to galvanize utterly unreal and essentially melodramatic plots into a fictitious life. His people are marionettes, his drama is not the essential drama of great events and clashing of personalities, but the stagey drama of mechanically juxtaposed persons. Wilde's marionettes perform certain evolutions because they have been labelled to do so, not because their characters make it necessary. There is no necessity in his drama at all in the sense in which Aristophanes or Ibsen might use it. This painful fact is largely concealed by a wonderfully woven network of words that dazzle so that one can hardly see the marionette wires. But as soon as any attempt is made to analyse the play, to value the characters, and to conceive them in any other relationship than that in which the play displays them, the whole structure is exposed.

For my part, I bitterly resent this. The man who could write Illingworth's speech on the "Problem of slavery which we seek to solve by amusing the slaves," the man who could write one or two of the poems, that man knew quite well what he was doing in shackling his talents within the mesh of conventional society. Nothing can be uglier than this conventional society, for while it shuts off the candid world of narrowness, meanness, and ugliness. And Wilde knew this as well as any Socialist to-day—Wilde, the apostle of beauty! Yet in a certain sense "A Woman of No Importance," its beauty, the perfection of the mechanism, the absolute precision of the click and sweep of the complicated evolutions of this mechanism: these things are in themselves fascinating to watch. It is like watching the gossamer that the engines would have the enginemen used to turn a child's paper windmill. It is like watching the stealthy stepping of a panther—a panther spending hours stalking a butterfly. If Nietzsche thought "everything beautiful runs upon light feet," then Wilde's plays have this light claim to beauty. But as essentially the beauty of a play must be the appeal it makes to our humanity, then Wilde's play is not beautiful.

The meeting of a "betrayed" woman, her former lover, and their twenty-year-old son is a theme from which a great deal might be extracted. Wilde extracts nothing but a few artificial situations. None of the actual incidents in the play are in themselves incredible, but they are incredible in the relations set forth. The scene at the end of Act 3, where at the moment when Gerald Arbuthnot is going to spring at his father's throat, it is revealed to him that Lord Illingworth is his father, is the purest melodrama. It is first inconceivable that a man of wit and fascination like Illingworth should be so awkward as to kiss a girl in a moment instantly facing an accusation of "insult"; and it is, secondly, inconceivable that Gerald Arbuthnot should behave like a homicidal maniac. "You are the nearest approach to a hero," is his mother's "He is your father" to restrain him. The real drama of the situation, the wonder and curiosity of the young man and the breaking open of old wounds of the mother, are all lost. Illingworth does display varied series of emotions, but they are obviously quite fresh and green, not old emotions reawakened. Mrs. Arbuthnot, as Wilde conceives her, must have been a narrow, mean-souled woman nursing her luxury of misery because she had nothing but her old sorrows and her shames to put into her life. She could not decree herself the generosity of forgetfulness; on top of which Wilde specifically tells us, to gain sympathy for the character, that Mrs. Arbuthnot was a woman of generous nature and wide interests. In the meeting of a "betrayed" woman, Gerald, however, might be used as a real person, he would insist on doing something when his mother says "He is your father"; as Wilde has carefully refrained from creating him, he is passive in the hands of the plot.

But, after all, what stuff and nonsense all this business of Mrs. Arbuthnot's agony of mind is! (I notice Miss Marion Terry agreed with me, as she did not try to indicate more agony than that inflicted by a touch of toothache); a woman of that sort meeting her lover after twenty years might quite likely have some difficulty in recognizing him at all. Her chief interest at any rate would be to insist on his being the rational thing, and settling two or three thousand pounds on her on herself and her son. The real drama would be the relation of the son to the father, his wonder and curiosity, the unsettling of his ideas, and the broadening of his outlook. Compare the meeting of Lord Illingworth and Mrs. Arbuthnot with that of Magda and her lover in "Heimat," with that of Mrs. Brandon and her husband in "Lady Windermere's Fan," and with that of Vida Levering and her lover in "Votes for Women." Despite the differing values of these plays, the corresponding scene from any of them written into "A Woman of No Importance" changes, of course, would cause the whole structure to fall to pieces. "A Woman of No Importance" is an insignificant piece of bluff, the success of which depends on audience, actors, and the noticing of Wilde's genius. When the hypnotic spell is broken all that remains is a wonderful bit of dramatic construction and some beautifully polished sentences, the human appeal is that of the bitterness and savagery of a future life, an appeal for pity—on which drama cannot be founded.

Perhaps one of the worst things future ages will say of us is that our time was so rotten, our life so impossible that all we could do was turn him into a jester of the Savoy. The best thing to do with the plays is to leave them in the obscurity into which they are naturally falling, and let Mr. checkbox do with them what he will. Lord Illingworth's character gives him. Let us hope so. The only proper place for Wilde's plays is at a school of dramatic authors; not yet I believe established. This reminds me that earlier in the week I saw "The Last of His Race" at Drury Lane, a play all about Indians, love, murder, mortal combats, and the "law of the Ockockeess." There is no white person in the play, the Chief's daughter, Aduloula, the Lily of Namehin, a half-caste, being the nearest approach. The costumes, the scenery, and the wild, eerie music produced a very marked and long-to-be-remembered impression. But why does Mr. Ronald Macdonald make his Ockockee tribe, in the region of the Great Lakes in 1756, talk like perfect gentlemen in Bloomsbury in 1907? Savage races have their vices, no doubt, but they do not make big things in a telling manner. I cannot believe that Indians were either so noble or so well nourished as we have to suppose. The dramatic races. There is plenty of material.
ART.

The Chenil Gallery.

The two small rooms of this gallery in Chelsea hold more that is important in the world of art than can be found in all that imposing suite of rooms in Buckingham House. I merely mention the fact; I offer no explanation. It is another of those wayward fits of Providence all of which are long ceased to worry about. Here are a score of pictures by three artists, each of whom shows us work which must not be measured against the passing standard of the year. We are not interested in discussing what the Hanging Committees at the annual exhibitions would have included with their pictures. One is anxious to know how they will be valued by a much more permanent committee which sits through the centuries. I venture to think that Mr. Orpen's "The Painter" (2) challenges comparison with portrait painters whose reputations have been settled after a few hundred years of debate. There is that firm grasp of the man as a whole; there is no attempt to rely on a trivial victory over a correct outline of the features of the face. The united effect of the whole physical being is balanced into a single conception. There is not a stroke of the brush which stands by itself to worry with the unity. Even the background is part of the picture; and when I mention that the painter is in pure white against a dark ground, then you may judge of the masterly skill with which Mr. Orpen makes his picture together. The certainty of the brush work is an intellectual pleasure. "The Idle Girl" and "The Passing of His Lordship" are almost as interesting; the latter, perhaps, the cleverest of all. Mr. Orpen does not hesitate to paint a black robe with white paint, if so be it looks blacker thereby; that would never occur to a Royal Academician.

Mr. William Nicholson's chief picture here is "Nancy in Charade"; with its strangely fascinating wealth of low-toned colour, which grows, as one looks, into luminous depths, which are the more lasting because they close the first glance. The pose is a triumph of the natural and the majesty of the piled up head dress has the magnificent certainty of success. I scarcely think that Mr. Nicholson's small pictures of shipping are so good. Of course they are fine; nevertheless, I doubt that he is capable of lighting which the open air seems to demand, on the sea, at least. Mr. Nicholson's rich tones seem more suitable for the repose of an interior, where quietness, and his picture together. The certainty of the brush work is an intellectual pleasure. "The Street Scene" (3) is a creation of brilliant light. The white houses, the sky, the trees, are all blended into a single impression of atmospheric and rich shadows. You may say you have never seen Nature just like that. Perhaps not; so now you can understand why Mr. Pryde was born for your edification, to show you all sorts of beauties you might have overlooked.

G. K. S. T.

MUSIC.

Around Mr. Mark Hambourg's Recital.

(Scene: Vestibule of the Queen's Hall. The audience are streaming out after the recital in varying stages of appreciation.)

The usual British Matron (to her little daughter): Well, you've had a wonderful treat this afternoon, Minnie. You have heard one of the greatest pianists of the age—never mind that organ grinder, listen to me! The Little Daughter: Yes, Mamma. (After a brief reflection.) I wish I could rush about on the piano like that—it would make Sylvia mad; she fancies herself frightfully, even since she played in the duet from "Zampa" at the breaking-up concert. The opportunity (sincerely) to improve the occasion: Ah, you see what can be done by constant practice! I've heard it said that Mr. Hambourg practiced eight hours a day for—er—ever so long a time. Of course, you've got your other work and couldn't do that—but with an hour a day you might do very well, you know. And you know how Papa likes music after dinner.

The L.D. (lately remonstrant): But he always goes to sleep.

The U.B.M.: If you played well enough he would keep awake.

(The Little Daughter wonders if such a consummation is to be desired.)

Brown (of the Bristol Musical Society): Searcely at his happiest to-day! (Sets his pince-nez with a Zeus like finality.) Too much hurry in those opening phrases of the Mazurka, eh? A greater breadth, the thought was—er—wanton.

Smith (of the Hoxsey Orchestral Society): There was lack of inspiration at times, I agree; but it wasn't the Mazurka I found fault with. That seemed a very fair reading. Yes, it was the adagio of the sonata that disappointed me. Too woolly—lacking that haunting sweetness which Pachmann gives it—to some extent. I was quite surprised in passing over a few bars the other day to find out what enormous effect can be gained by a pause on the F sharp in the fifth bar—

Brown (who is not interested in other people's readings): Shall we turn into this A.B.C.? A Feminine Admirer: Splendid, isn't he? The way he throws his head back; did you notice?

Another Feminine Admirer: Lovely. Only I wish he hadn't brushed his hair before he took his encore. After the "Funeral March" thing, you know. He didn't look half so picturesque.

An Ordinary Man: A fine performance; but, somehow or other, he didn't get hold of me as I thought he would.

His Friend: It was the fault of the programme. These pianists are so inordinately fond of exhibiting their technique. I'm tired to death of these uninspired pieces of musical "fireworks." His previous recital was quite another matter.

An Ordinary Man: I agree. That's what I felt. I have often wished these big men wouldn't imagine that a piano recital meant a gymnastic performance. Of course, it's jolly clever and impressive.

His Friend: Yes; but the value of music lies in expression, not in impression. Beyond their exhibition of technical difficulties cleverly mastered, there's nothing behind this type of piece.

An Ordinary Man: By the way, I wonder how it is there are so few fine pianists.

His Friend: Well in any art the great artists are precious few. But there are hundreds of really fine artists who never get a chance.

An O.M.: How's that?

His Friend: Want of the necessary. You know Gerald Grey.

An O.M.: Rather. He's a splendid player. Can't make out why he's never given a recital.

His Friend: My dear chap. He's poor; that's why. Unless a man can plunk down a hundred pounds he has no chance. He's tried all the agents. And it's been the same story. Can you afford a recital? Have you a "backer?" If so—and with friends and the Press—well, they might get a chance.

An O.M.: That seems hard lines. However, it's the way in everything. Business, the professions, when you come to think of it. Can't be helped, I suppose.

His Friend: Oh, yes; but it can, you old fatalist! An O.M. (vaguely): Yes, in the long run, it means survival of the fittest, I suppose.

His Friend: Rot! Survival of the wealthiest. However, we're tackling a very big economic problem there, and as I see my bus over this solution must be postponed till we meet again.

An O.M. (suspiciously): You're for State interference and municipal meddling aren't you, and that sort of thing? Well, you can't make everything right by Act—

(Friend rushes off to avoid the well worn formula.)

ARTHUR RICKETT.
BOOK NOTES.

One of the notable forthcoming literary events is the publication of Mr. John Galsworthy ’ s play " The Silver Box. " The large number of playwrights who have enjoyed the eminently fine drama at the Court Theatre will look forward with interest to renewing its acquaintance in book form. I understand that Mr. Galsworthy had written a preface à la G. B. S., but has since decided to omit this, owing to the length to which it grew. It is to be hoped that he will issue this essay to the public in some other form.

Nietzscheans, remembering Mr. A. R. Orage ’ s essay on " Nietzsche in Outline and Aphorism, " will be glad to know that the same writer has another book in the press, which Mr. Fouls will publish under the title of " Nietzsche in Outline and Aphorism. " Mr. Orage has collected some six or seven hundred of the aphorisms of Nietzsche and arranged them in sections, to each of which he has added a prefatory note. Together, these introductory notes make a comprehensive philosophy of Nietzsche which should prove valuable to students and enquirers.

The price of the book will be 2s. 6d.

Mr. A. C. Fifield has some interesting books in hand which will issue almost immediately in that cheap and handy form for which his publications are notable. One of these is by a latter-day Thoreau, Mr. F. A. Maron, who has felt the need of a new guide to the woods. His experiences are told in a book entitled " The Simple Life on Four Acres. " Is it too much to expect another " Walden ?"

Among Mr. Fifield ’ s other forthcoming books are:-

" Six Acres by Hand Labour, " by Harold Moore, who will be remembered as the author of a book entitled " Back to the Land: " " Pioneers of Humanity, " by Howard Evans, author of " Ethics of Diet ; " and one with the somewhat forbidding title of " The Dimensional Idea in its Religious Aspects, " by W. F. Tyler. All of them will be issued at the easy price of sixpence and a shilling.

Mark Twain has again launched into practical politics: this time as the champion of the long-suffering natives of the Congo. One wonders how the enterprising monarch, who has already done so much for the Congo, will be moved by the swarming he is sure to receive at the hands of Mark Twain. The book in question will be "on the market" by the time this appears. It is entitled " King Leopold ’ s Soliloquy, " and will be published by Mr. Unwin, price one shilling.

One of the most interesting biographies of this biographical season is undoubtedly M. Edmond Lepelletier ’ s " Paul Verlaine: sa Vie, son Œuvre, " published by the Société du Mercure de France. M. Lepelletier, as the intimate friend of the poet, is peculiarly fitted to write his life, particularly as he is in a position to refute much of the defamatory romance that has so recently assailed the memory of the bizarreness of the greatest of modern French poets. A detailed account is given of the famous quarrel between Verlaine and Arthur Rimbaud, which throws much light on Verlaine ’ s connection with this affair, and some side-light on the morbid and mischievous genius of Rimbaud.

Since our native conventions do not permit us to hear " Strauss ’ Salome, " and as the majority of us find trips for the purpose of the Continent or America somewhat inconvenient, we shall have to stay our hunger with literature. Mr. John Galsworthy has issued a volume entitled " Strauss ’ Salome: A Guide to the Opera, " by Lawrence Gilman. The price of the book is three shillings and sixpence, and it is illustrated with musical quotations.

The Compleat Rambler.

I go a-walking in the Trees and Meadows."

I go a-walking through the Woods. " Published by T. N. Fouls, Edinburgh and London.

One wonders whether these two books with the captivating title of " I go a-walking " owe their being to the beautiful photographic illustrations of wild British birds and animals by Charles Reid, of Wishaw, or to the text of the Rev. C. A. Johns and others. Probably both. After all, there is no real reason why the pictorial artist should not sometimes deserve the first place in the making of a book, and in this case the Rev. C. A. Johns could have no reason to complain. It is worth considering, by the way, how often the safe haven of a comfortable benefice in the Church has enabled many quiet, studious men to engage in mild Nature research, and to give in quality fields a little after-harvest of things learned and recondite.

These welcome books may remind us that the love of natural scenery and of our native fauna is comparatively a modern emotion, in spite of exceptional instances to the contrary. Anyone making a bird- anthology would cull but a scanty posy before the time of Gilbert White, whose prose, followed at a later date by the incomparable verse of Burns, struck the well-spring of an emotion which more than anything else has contributed to make British people the Nature-lovers, par excellence, of the world. Therefore, the pensive rambler in rural England, as he walks by hedge and thicket, is quick to lend his ear to some unfamiliar sound, and to wait in quietness for a glimpse of the creature which has betrayed itself. But not the rare movements only when the all-seeing eye captures new images of things seen, but at all times the familiar world of field and wood, of bird and beast, brings a privilege of content to those who are ready to receive it, and because of this we cannot have too many books like these to foster the love of country sights and sounds ; and in towns, or when we are weather-bound, to revive faded but beautiful impressions.

F. R.

" French Poems for Children and Beginners. " By A. Thirion.


This is a new and enlarged edition of a little book of delightful poems which I have just read. They are within the compass of children under twelve. I have tried them. It was a happy thought to include Dr. George MacDonald ’ s poem " Baby," but it has lost none of its charm in translation. I hope the poet will be paid.

J. F. M.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

" The Route of Reality. " By Ernest Belfort Bax.

" The Infant, the Parent, and the State. " By H. Llewellyn Heath, D.P.H. (Cantab). (P. S. King. 3s. 6d. net.)

" The History of Factory Legislation." By Miss B. L. Hutchins and A. Harrison. (P. S. King.)

" Historic Notes on the Old and New Testaments." By Samuel Sharpe. (Stock. 6s. net.)

" The Discovery of the Future. " By H. G. Wells. (Fifield. 6d. net.)

" The Reasonable Life." By Arnold Bennett. (Fifield. 6d. net.)

" The Rustic Renaissance." By Godfrey Blount. (Fifield. 6d. net.)

" Things more Excellent." By Honnor Morten. (Fifield. 6d. net.)

" Continuation Schools from a Higher Point of View." By I. R. Paton, M.A., P.D. (James Clarke & Co.)

" Red Rubber." By E. D. Morel. Popular Edition. (Unwin. 1s. 6d.)

" The History of Thomas Champness." By Eliza M. Champness. (Kelly. 5s. net.)

" Poems." By Hartley Coleridge. (Wellwood. 1s. 6d.)

" Of Our English Dogs." Written by William Harrison, with drawings by Hay Hutchinson. (Wellwood. 6d. net.)
CORRESPONDENCE.

For the opinions expressed by correspondents, the Editors do not hold themselves responsible. Correspondence intended for publication should be addressed to the Editors and written on one side of the paper only.

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I hope THE NEW AGE will be well supported. I subscribe for 15 copies, and one for my own use. Many of your other readers might be induced to do this, sending the paper to out of the way villages, where it could be well read, and it might lead to others taking it in.

J. S. TROTTER.

CHURCH AND STATE.

To the Editors of "The New Age."

If you wish to damn the Roman Catholic Church in Ireland thus ally her to the State. Harley wrote from Rome to his son: "She (the primitive Church) was a simple maiden enough, and vastly more attractive than the bedizened old harridan of the modern Papacy, so smothered under the old cloths of Paganism which she has been appropriaed to for the last fifteen centuries, that Jesus of Nazareth would not know her if he met her.

This was the result of State alliance. The fact is you can no more ally that which is spiritual to the State, than you can ally the south wind to the dome of St. Paul's.

J. S. GREENWOOD.

THE DIFFICULTIES OF TEMPERANCE.

To the Editors of "The New Age."

If the writer under the above heading had added "to your loss" to the quotation from Sir Toby Belch, it would have been more fittingly stated.

RECHAB.

ABATEMENT OF STYLISH LIVING.

To the Editors of "The New Age."

The annual income of the nation being equal to about £200,000 for each family, would Socialists of the richer sort do this: and let their supposed self-denial be made in homes no more pretentious than are occupied by families compelled to live on about £250 a year? Rich Socialists who would do this: and let their supposed self-denial be made in homes no more pretentious than are occupied by families compelled to live on about £250 a year?

W. PARMENTER.

"WHAT IS MILITARISM?"

To the Editors of "The New Age."

Your article on this subject needs a little careful thought before we can accept its conclusions. The writer tells us that "militarism" means "the usurpation by a military caste of the powers of civil government" but that "no such danger could be apprehended from a militia which consisted of the people themselves." Cromwell's army is indicated as an instance of the bad kind of militarism, but if ever an army consisted of "the people themselves," surely it was Cromwell's. Our present army, which is said to be "a great system of outdoor relief for the aristocracy," also consists of "the people themselves." Cromwell's army is indicated as an instance of militarism, and if he has evoked, his fellow countrymen will soon discover that however strong the fighting spirit " grow out of the ranks of the army itself, and the people also; of outdoor relief for the aristocracy, also consists of "the people themselves." Cromwell's army is indicated as an instance of militarism, and if he has evoked, his fellow countrymen will soon discover that however strong the fighting spirit " grow out of the ranks of the army itself, and the people also;

Thomas Raymond.

KN Avery or NAVY?

To the Editors of "The New Age."

Lieutenant-Colonel Pedder's article on "Knaves or Navies?" in your last issue is pleasant reading; but what conclusion does he wish us to draw? Surely not the conclusion that knavery is superior to a Navy? And for keeping them alive.

THURETHRE.

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never been based on grounds of economy, and cheapness has never appealed to any nation. On the contrary, the more expensive the method of defence the more attractive it is. Simple intelligence costing nothing and shrewd diplomacy costing little have always been neglected in favour of huge armaments. I suggest that a course of reading and study actuated by a desire to delay the granting of Votes to women, and, in order to qualify under the lodger franchise, it is necessary to prove sole control of a room for which a rental of 4s. weekly, unfurnished, must be paid, and to inhabit that room for at least one year before claiming the vote. How many working women are there who are sole occupiers of a room of the above-mentioned rental value, and what becomes of the large number of shop assistants (both men and women) who live in and who, of course, pay no rent whatsoever? The Limited Bill would leave 12,000,000 of people in this country still without the right of representation, and I believe it is a retro-grade and undemocratic measure, and likely to prove a block in the way of any really progressive Bill.

Those in sympathy with our views are asked to write to the Secretary, Adult Suffrage Society, 122, Gower Street, W.C.

L. M. ENGALL, Assistant Secretary.

RESTORATION OF BEAUTY.

To the Editors of The New Age.

Whether Mr. Pepny's suggestion is good or bad, your correspondent, Mr. Penty, is not put in a position to suggest a dump to the workman whether these articles, or bread, are taxed.

The NEW AGE is surely aware of the difference between taxes which put into the national exchequer the whole amount collected (less cost of collection) and taxes on articles part of our supply of which is produced at home. In the latter case the price not only of what is imported but also of what is produced at home, is increased by the tax. Besides the money that reaches the exchequer, the consumer has to pay an extra amount which ultimately goes to the home producers, or, in case of corn, to the landlords. John Bright's contention that we are in a position to tax the most necessary item of the people's food in such a way as to transfer money from their pockets to those of the landlords, remains valid, and of by much greater importance. Moreover, on purely dietetic grounds, I prefer to see stimulants (such as tea, coffee, and beer) taxed, rather than bread; for bread is a "staff of life" necessary even to the poorest and most temperate.

AVYLER MAUDE.

FABIAN POLICY.

To the Editors of The New Age.

Can any of your readers inform me as to the nature of the new policy of the Fabian Society? Here in the provinces we are frequently at a loss to discern the outlines, no doubt clear enough to Londoners, of the proposed Socialist party. I may say that considerable uneasiness exists amongst the members of the Labour party here. Rightly or wrongly, they suspect that important changes are in progress in Fabianism, changes which they would be glad to understand. Will any responsible member of the Society kindly explain?

Leeds.

J. L. P.

SEX - DEMANDS.

To the Editors of The New Age.

Mrs. Billington-Greig appears to be like all the rest. From her outspoken articles, I gathered that on the subject of sex-domination she would really have something more to say than the majority of women. But she has really less. She confines herself to dark innuendoes and vague hints about the disillusionment awaiting men; but I cannot gather from her article the real nature of her grievances. No doubt men have a great deal to learn, but how will they learn if women refuse to teach? In a paper like The New Age, there is surely no need for mock-modesty. The "non-adult person," I presume, is scarcely likely to be a reader. What exactly are the demands of women?

H. H.

Southampton.

ADULT SUFFRAGE.

To the Editors of The New Age.

Mrs. Billington-Greig's article appears to suggest that Sir Charles Dilke, in bringing forward an Adult Suffrage Bill, has no sincere attachment to that reform, but is merely actuated by a desire to delay the granting of Votes to Women.

Does she sincerely intend this? If so, can she give us any concrete facts to support the contention?

W. M. GREEN.

To the Editors of The New Age.

My attention having been drawn to the article on Adult Suffrage which appeared in the last issue of The New Age, I should like to place before your readers the views of my Society on the questions suggested in that article. The Limited Bill lately before Parliament would, as Mr. Keir Hardie himself confessed, enfranchise only 1,250,000 out of the 10,000,000 women in this country, and of these the majority would be members of the propertied classes. The addition to the Bill of a clause extending the right to vote to married women whose husbands have the necessary qualification would not remedy the case of the vast army of unpaid working women and the 4,000,000 of men who, under the present franchise laws, are excluded from the vote. It is obvious that comparatively few women could qualify as householders or service voters, and, in order to qualify under the lodger franchise, it is necessary to prove sole control of a room for which a rental of 4s. weekly, unfurnished, must be paid, and to inhabit that room for at least one year before claiming the vote. How many working women are there who are sole occupiers of a room of the above-mentioned rental value, and what becomes of the large number of shop assistants (both men and women) who live in and who, of course, pay no rent whatsoever? The Limited Bill would leave 12,000,000 of people in this country still without the right of representation, and I believe it is a retro-grade and undemocratic measure, and likely to prove a block in the way of any really progressive Bill.

Those in sympathy with our views are asked to write to the Secretary, Adult Suffrage Society, 122, Gower Street, W.C.

L. M. ENGALL, Assistant Secretary.

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