THE OUTLOOK.

The Fifty-five Members.

The Duma is dead. We shall not say "Long Live the Duma !" for the Tzar's manifesto is a declaration of war against liberty so explicit as to make all thought of constitutional compromises impossible. It is not the slightest good for the Russian people to keep on electing assemblies which are at the mercy of an arbitrary power, and are dissolved as soon as they show the smallest inclination to enquire into grievances or to defend their constituents against tyranny. The immediate cause of the monarch's action was apparently the refusal of the Assembly to exclude and deliver up to his vengeance fifty-five Social Democratic deputies whom he chose to judge without a trial to be guilty of conspiring against him. Had the Duma submitted to such a demand it would have abandoned all claim to public respect. It went as far as it could (much further than it should, we venture to think) in offering an enquiry. The answer was a peremptory dissolution. The Tzar has fixed September 14 as the date for the election of a new Duma." He hopes, apparently, by dint of jerrymandering the electoral system, disfranchising certain constituencies, and excluding certain classes from the vote, to get an Assembly after his own heart—one that will protect his tools, oppress his people for him, and turn a blind eye towards " pogroms" and Riga tortures. He will fail. The Russian people has made up its mind and will not be seduced from the straight path of enfranchisement. Nothing remains to the Tzar but to call on his bayonets and try coercion and massacre. But how if the bayonets fail him? Or if the bayonets are still steady, how if a wronged people finds darker and more secret means of just defence? "We must put our enemies in fear!" said the great Danton. There are plenty of Russians who will be ready to translate that word into deed.

What hast Thou to do with Peace?

We are glad to read the protest, which we print in another column, against the suggestion of an "understanding with Tzardom. The rumours of such an understanding are unpleasantly persistent, and Sir Edward Grey himself admits that negotiations have been going on, though he declares that they are concerned only with questions relating to the Central Asia frontier. We confess that the less our Government negotiates with that of Russia on any subject the better we shall be pleased. Nothing is to be gained by the Tzar's manifesto. The presence of the saries of Nicholas at the Hague turns the whole Peace Conference into a cruel and hypocritical farce. There is no peace possible with such men. And if we cannot help the Russian people with our blood and treasure, at least let us refrain from helping their oppressors with our countenance and support. That such would be the true description of any friendly advances made at the present moment is shown unanswerably by Mr. Hubert Bland in this week's " Sunday Chronicle." The last rag of an excuse for such a policy is destroyed by the dissolution of the Duma. It is idle now to discuss what are the views of the Constitutional Democrats. The events of this week have made "Constitutional Democracy" in Russia a contradiction in terms. We repeat, we no longer say: "The Duma is dead: long live the Duma!" We say: "The Duma is dead: long live the Russian Republic!"

"A Miner's War."

The appeal of the Miners' Association of South Africa to the British Labour Party will, it is to be hoped, rouse not that party alone, but every Englishman who cares more for his country than for the dividends of wealthy cosmopolitans. Now is the time to test the quality of our Imperialism, the sincerity of the motives with which we entered into the South African War. If we really care for Democracy, as we said we did, we shall stand by the democracy of the Rand against its capitalist masters. If we really care for the Empire, as we said we did, we shall fight against the attempt to drive Englishmen out of an industry which English energy has created and to replace them by Dutchmen and Chinese. All the motives that made such men fight the Boer War, and all the motives that made such men oppose that war are now on the same side. On the other side are the pocket interests of a handful of foreign moneylenders and their parasites. We are glad to see that General Botha has decided that the Chinese shall return at the end of their contracted term. If he had said that they should return at once, he would have had the support, we believe, of the vast majority of Englishmen both at home and in South Africa. Boer and Briton have had a stiff fight for supremacy, but they are friends and equals now, and we suggest that they might do worse than cement their friendship by joining hands against the Hebrew speculators who use and despise them both. We do not imagine that Messrs. (or should it be Herren?) Wernher, Eckstein, Albu and Co. will make a very distinguished appearance on the field of battle.

The Mistakes of Rhodes.

Much of what Lord Rosebery said of Cecil Rhodes at Oxford was just and needed saying. Rhodes was the stern, silent, imperial-looking Pharisee of usurer of the latter. He was, as his will very clearly shows, a thorough romantic, with immense force of
character and vehement passions, fond of fame, of power, and of success, but with intense faith in his own political ideals and an almost schoolmarmish confidence in their ultimate triumph. He made one disastrous mistake, from the consequences of which we are still suffering. This mistake was not the Jameson Raid; though that still ranks as a trivial matter by comparison. His most serious error was his conviction that he could use stock-jobbers and money-lenders to forward his dreams of Empire without any danger of their using him to forward their corrupt and pernicious aims. No one can believe that he did not see through and through the mean souls of his Johannesburg allies. He had no intention of handing South Africa over to their tender mercies. He is reported to have said that he would not change President Kruger for President J. B. Robinson. But for a moment their interests seemed to coincide with his policy, and he sought to use them as he had formerly used the Dutch in the Cape. He did not, until after the last general strike, tolerable the exclusion of British miners from the Rand. But the men who inherited his power inherited nothing else of his. Mr. Albu is not troubled with dreams.

Empire and Native Races.

We are glad that the Orange River Colony is to have a free constitution, and we hope that there will be no unnecessary delay in bestowing it. Racism among the Kaffirs was never so marked in the Free State as it was in the Transvaal, and there seems every reason to hope that the new régime will work smoothly there. At the same time we trust that the Ministers will not give way to the protests which are being made against the reservation of control over native affairs to the Imperial Government. We wish to make no accusation against the humanity of the colonists, English or Dutch, but a native can only expect justice from colonists who have accustomed themselves to treat him as an implement. One of the strongest arguments for Imperialism is that it gives the native a Court of Appeal against the prejudices of his white neighbour. All the best Imperialists have felt this. Cecil Rhodes himself was much more humane and enlightened in his views on native questions than are most South Africans, British or Dutch, and in the educated Kaffirs of the Cape owe their enfranchisement. We have bound ourselves by treaty not to enfranchise the natives in the new colonies, and we can hardly, therefore, refuse to make ourselves responsible for their protection.

Dooming with Faint Resolutions.

One wonders what the Government seriously supposes it is going to gain by the launching of its much-advertised "resolution" against the Lords. That the Lords will take the slightest notice of the resolution is not very probable. That they will pass a Bill embodying its principle is still less probable. And that the electorate will support the Government in enforcing its will on the Lords is least probable of all. For it must be noted that the effect of the resolution, if it were carried into effect, would be to strengthen the House of Commons not only against the House of Lords, but against the electorate. At present the Lords can practically force a plebiscite whenever they have reason to think that the people are not behind the Government. Under the system outlined in the resolution this power would disappear. We have already said that we are in favour of getting rid of the Lords. But it may be a question whether their abolition ought not to be accompanied by some machinery so as would enable the people to pronounce upon the important and highly-contentious measures, such as the Education Bill and the prospective Licensing Bill, before they pay and the alleged necessity for them to be raised. The House of Commons were a really democratic assembly this might be unnecessary, but with our present machinery, our two oligarchical parties, and our absence of the strong popular pressure found in more consciously democratic nations, we are by no means disposed to trust the House of Commons beyond measure.

Irish Nationalism and Democracy.

Mr. Redmond's declaration of independence was only to be expected after the Irish General Election. There can be little doubt in the mind of any reasonably acute observer that Mr. Redmond had intended to accept the Bill, and was only forced into opposing it by the pressure of Irish opinion. The truth is that the Nationalist Party has altogether ceased to represent the people of Ireland. In their desperate struggles to maintain a hold on their constituents, its leaders are busily painting themselves as vivid and uncomplimentary as they may be. Their latest exploit in this direction has been to send down an unknown Nationalist to contest the Jarrow Division against the Liberal, Conservative, and Labour candidates. This can only be regarded as a definite declaration of war against British democracy. The declaration is all the more specific because Mr. Pete Curran, the Labour candidate, is, as everyone knows, an Irishman and a uncompromising Home Ruler. It will be remembered that he protested against the action of the L.R.C. in putting up an Orange Labourite for Belfast. Herein, we think, he was wrong, but it might surely have been counted to him for righteousness with his fellow-countrymen. We do not blame the Nationalists. We have never been under any illusion concerning them; they are just as much a capitalist party as are the Liberals and Conservatives. But we are inclined to blame those Socialists who have thought it good policy to expose the cause of men whose deliberate and unswerving policy is to take all that they can get and give nothing in return.

The Peasants' Revolt.

The agitation now going on among the wine-growers of Southern France may prove an extremely important event in the history of Europe. The externals which catch the public eye, the monster meeting of half a million peasants, the marches, the resignation of mayors—all these only illustrate the genius of the French for political demonstrations. The real significance of the movement lies deeper. When we Socialists attempt to demonstrate the inevitable breakdown of individualism, the tendency of wealth to accumulate in the hands of a few, and the ultimate necessity of the fusion between Socialism and plutocracy, we are often met with the standing example of France. "Here," we are told, "is the thing which you pronounce impossible. Here is a people, living on their own land, reaping the fruit of their own labour, unexploited, industrious, prosperous, free. And all this not under a collectivist, but under an individualist régime." Now, it seems quite clear that, while the immediate distress of the peasants may be due in part to adulteration and other incidental causes, the fundamental evil is over-production. The very virtues engendered by peasant proprietorship, the industry, the thrift, the resolution to make every inch of soil productive have recoiled upon the heads of their possessors. The market is glutted with the products of their labour. They starve because their produce is too plentiful. Jacques's proposal to nationalise the vineyards holds the field as the only solution that cuts down to the root of the problem. We commend his analysis of the situation to those Liberals who are looking to a "peasant proprietorship" as a remedy for the distresses of our own agriculture.

The Music Hall Award.

We are sorry that Mr. Asquith's award is not more favourable to the music-hall strikers. It almost looks as if they would have done better to refuse arbitration and fight to a finish. Still, they have secured recognition, and that is something. The Irish Nationalists have marked the beginning of a new era in industrial organisation by proving that an artistic profession, despite the difficulties anticipated from the varying rates of pay and the alleged necessity for them to be raised, can make at least as good a fight against its employers as any union of ordinary workmen. We trust that the performers will stick to their union, and keep their powder dry for the next tussle.
The “Servant Question” and the “Service Question.”

The servant question is seldom discussed in so lucid and interesting a manner as it was by Dr. Lionel Taylor at a recent meeting of the Sociological Society. Domestic service, according to Dr. Taylor, is the last surviving remnant of the feudal system, and is probably destined to disappear at no very distant date. Dr. Taylor gave a novel turn to the subject by showing that the institution of personal service is being undermined on both sides, inasmuch as the majority of the working classes dislike it as an occupation and the younger and more educated of the employing class dislike receiving into their houses on terms of such close intimacy previous whose habits in regard to cleanliness and other important matters are inferior to their own; and he laid especial stress on the serious objections to entrusting children to the care of servants.

There is a great deal of wisdom in Dr. Taylor’s remarks, but he seemed to treat the subject rather too exclusively from the upper or middle class point of view. Taking it more broadly, from the point of view of society as a whole, it is evident that a great deal of service must be personal; it is not merely a question of the fine lady’s maid or the gentleman’s valet; there is the case of the old, the sick, and, most important of all, of children, all of which involve personal service. And, tragically enough, the need for personal service is greatest where there is least chance of obtaining it. There is no servant question among the working classes, for they cannot afford servants; but no one needs a little help or to have her leisure energies relieved so much as the mother of a working class family, who may often have the tending and training up of three or four little creatures to think of, together with nursing a baby or expecting one, besides doing her own housework, and perhaps cleaning or industrial work as well, if her husband is out of work or badly paid.

No one can have read Lady Bell’s touching account of the poor women at Middlesbrough, in “At the Works,” or other books of the same kind, without feeling that there is the real service problem, in comparison with which the mere “servant question” is a small affair indeed. Of course, it may be said that these difficulties are no worse than they ever were. But until recently the population has been kept up by a high birth rate and a very high infant death rate, a process involving a waste of human life and suffering. But, also, until lately, a much larger proportion of the population lived in the rural districts, and however bad their housing and conditions might be, they had at least fresh air to breathe. Now the birth rate is slackening year by year, the proportion of the population born or living in the country is steadily diminishing, and a much larger proportion of the population is being arranged between our Foreign Office and the Government of St. Petersburg.

The Proposed Anglo-Russian Agreement.

The following letter appeared in the “Times” of June 12th:

Speaking on behalf of ourselves and, we believe, a large body of public opinion, we desire to express to you our apprehension that at the report that an agreement is being arranged between our Foreign Office and the Government of St. Petersburg.

We regard any alliance, understanding, or agreement with the present Russian Government as equivalent to taking sides against the Russian people in its struggle for constitutional rights and freedom. We think any such support is more likely to diminish our prestige as the supporter of liberty throughout the world, and to prejudice the Russian people against us when they are strong enough to offer us the national alliance to which we look forward.

For this reason we regard any arrangement now concluded as dangerous and insecure, and, even if the Russian Government succeeds in suppressing popular liberties, we are unable to place confidence in their pledges for the future, judging from their disregard of past pledges in the case of the Black Sea and Manchuria. Nor does an agreement with regard to Asia only appeal to us as a matter of utmost importance when we consider how unlikely any hostile movement on the part of Russian forces must necessarily be for some years to come.

We consider that the proposed agreement will have the effect of strengthening the Russian credit and enabling the Government to appeal successfully to Europe for another loan over which the representatives of the Russian people will have no control, and which will be employed only to strengthen the position of the autocracy against them.

We also fear that, relying on this improved credit and closer relations between the Governments, the English people may be tempted to invest largely in Russian Government stock—an investment likely to influence our political attitude towards Russia and other Powers, as it is already seen in the case of France.

We protest against maintaining any but the most distant diplomatic relations with a Government which is, with good reason, suspected of connivance at the recent massacres of Jews, the devastation of the Caucasus, the Crimean and Baltic provinces, and the prison tortures in Riga. In all these cases, if the atrocities were not directed by the St. Petersberg Government, it is certain that the Government officials who carried them out suffered not personally, but in many cases were rewarded by promotion.

On these grounds we cannot but condemn an arrangement which, for a very dubious and temporary advantage, places this country in a false position with regard to the future, is likely to exert the highest influence in Riga. In all these cases, if the atrocities were not directed by the St. Petersberg Government, it is certain that the Government officials who carried them out suffered not personally, but in many cases were rewarded by promotion.

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The Nairobi Flogging Case.

Recent papers from East Africa make it plain that the native flogging incident of last March, in which the military Captain Grogan played the leading part, was, in some respects, more serious than people in England realised. It will be remembered that the affair arose out of an alleged assault by three Wakikuyu nativericksha-boys on Captain Grogan's sister and her lady friend. The day following the alleged assault Captain Grogan and his friend brought the three natives to the steps of the town hall at Nairobi, and in the presence of some hundreds of Europeans, in public, made what was in effect a public confession and much more. As they could induce by any means to attend, administered twenty-five lashes to each of the three natives. The flogging was all the more offensive, because, in the first place, no kind of inquiry was made as to the nature of the alleged offence, and, secondly, because the protests of the resident English officials against its illegality were brutally ignored. Later on Captain Grogan and his two most active supporters were tried by the British judge and were sentenced to various terms of imprisonment. Captain Grogan himself was put into the compound bearing a memento of their misdeeds written in legible characters on their skins. The crowd then quietly dispersed after assuring Capt. Grogan with hearty cheers, of his intention to stand by him whatever happened.

The article proceeds then to "stand by" Captain Grogan and to warn the British Government that they are living on the brink of a volcano; the volcano being, not at all the possible spread of European fanaticism out of the Grogan type, but the spread of native "excesses." We should be inclined to think that the latter was greatly rendered highly probable by the former. If Captain Grogan and his gang were rejected in need of an outlet for their passions of cruelty that the law could not satisfy them, it would scarcely be wondered at if the native reaction were the same. Public contempt of the law by Europeans is the most powerful of inducing contempt of the law among natives. And while we congratulate the British officials on their courage in dealing with Captain Grogan after the event, we are genuinely sorry that Captain Grogan should be permitted to remain amongst a native population whose civilisation is manifestly superior to his own.

Back to the Middle Ages.

The article on "Politics for Craftsmen," which Mr. A. R. Orage has contributed to the current number of "The Contemporary Review," is a very notable sign of the renewed vitality of the Arts and Crafts movement, and deserves the careful attention of Socialists who have hopes beyond the mere "victory of Labour." A number of the London Socialists will be surprised to hear that "the main political demand of the craftsmen is for nothing less than the re-establishment of the medi eval guild sys-
tem." To many this may appear a somewhat extravagant, not to say fantastic proposal, but Mr. Orage assures us that unless we embark it as part of our Socialist programme all our efforts to reorganise Society at least at best to a state of things nothing short of revolutionary.

He contends that the craftsmen in the early days of their movement entrusted their political interests to the Socialists, only to find themselves neglected, derided, and, finally, betrayed; and that therefore now the need is acute for a political culture compatible with the last part of the contention seems justifiable enough in view of the wide divergence which, according to Mr. Orage, exists between the demands of the craftsmen and the demands of labour; but that Socialists have betrayed the interest of the character of the problem as it is called forth by the need of finding some scapegoat to bear the blame of past failures. True, the Restoration of the Guilds does not appear as an item on any existing Socialist programme. But has it ever done so? And if not, why should it be so? A body of propagandists who ingeniously hand over their political interests to another body without exacting definite promises of attention and without maintaining an active campaign of their own, deserves the confidant and diluted political movement that it has attained. As well might the I.L.P. hand over its interests to the trade unions and then complain that the principles of true Socialism were being neglected.

It is not possible here to discuss at any length the economic difficulties which beset this proposal to restore the guilds, but certain assumptions which underlie the movement demand special attention. First of all there is the assumption that there is, or will be in the future, a great and increasing demand for individuality and "true articles of art," which belief the proposal rests upon. As well might there be a demand for individuality and "true articles of art," which belief the proposal rests upon, and yet one can conceive that there are limits to the advantages gained from the massing together of workers in large factories. In economic language, the law of diminishing returns has wider application than many Socialists suppose. It is not good for the individual or the group that Mr. Orage so keenly detests that one of the conditions of production requires the centralisation of industry which Socialists so often inclined to favour is emphatically a necessary evil.

From the national point of view it is undeniable that there are limits to the advantages gained from the massing together of workers in large factories. Economic language, the law of diminishing returns has wider application than many Socialists suppose. And if not, what ground is there for talking about better organisation of machinery? Is it conceivable that such a one recognises that women suffer as his inferior, and it is not good for woman to be regarded as her inferior. " For all our logic Mr. Penty would continue to long for the mechanical simplicity of the Norman period; and, equally, the majority of mankind would continue to revel in their increasing power over nature, whether in the matter of labour-saving devices or the arts. But again, there is an assumption behind all this which is worth noting. And that is the demand which, by the way, Mr. Orage formulates specifically—that production shall be considered from the point of view of the producer rather than the consumer. Of course every Socialist will admit that the conditions of production require the most careful attention and regulation; but to say that the moral and aesthetic effects of production upon the individual are to be regarded, rather than the character of the thing produced, is merely another way of stating the old superstition, that some forms of labour are nobler and finer than others. It will not be worth while to treat such an attitude seriously until we have made up our minds that we produce merely for the sake of production.

It is very unfortunate that the Arts and Crafts movement, which has an invaluable function of its own to perform, should be side-tracked and rendered helpless by this grafting on to it of a reactionary and practically impossible notion of "private-mindedness" which Mr. Orage so keenly detests. It is possible to regard production with sound and suggestive criticism of the simple Collectivist position. His protest against the modern mania for the centralisation of industry which Socialists are often inclined to favour is emphatically a necessary evil.

And if not, what grounds are there for talking about better organisation of machinery? Is it conceivable that such an attitude is merely a symptom of an anti-social mania for the centralisation of industry which Socialists are often inclined to favour? It is not only conceivable, it is true, that there are limits to the advantages gained from the massing together of workers in large factories. In economic language, the law of diminishing returns has wider application than many Socialists suppose. It is not good for the individual or the group that Mr. Orage so keenly detests that one of the conditions of production requires the centralisation of industry which Socialists so often inclined to favour is emphatically a necessary evil.

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monopoly is the greatest bulwark the monopoly of capital possesses. The men who, without protest or effort, allow themselves to be reduced to virtual serfs while the unpaid life-indentured, servile labour of married women, forced motherhood, the social banning and police-hunting of the horde of despised street women, whose ranks are in fact unceasingly being augmented by payment, because of sex, of women workers of all grades and the exclusion of women from the majority of well-paid employments, are not capable of instituting a state of social justice. Arbitrary sex-inequalities have tainted their life-blood, and produced in them an unhappy condition of partial mental blindnesses. These things being so, the immediate establishment of sex-equality is essential to human progress, to economic reconstruction, and to racial health and morals.

The Socialist of the second type, though fired with the enthusiasm of the reformer, is at heart an autocrat. It is not principle by which he judges, but expediency. Like the land-owner and commercial man in past times he demands that measures of liberty shall be drafted so as to suit his personal party interest. If it was proved to him that universal enfranchisement would endanger his industrial pancreas he would have none of it. Only one who is in a position to stand in agreement with him are entitled to liberty. This, of course, is the extreme case, and is not voiced by many. But a large section of men Socialists advocate that the right given to men is the right of saying what terms women shall vote. Are they incapable of seeing that women have an indisputable right to vote precisely on the same terms as men, whether those terms be good or bad, and that only by making the principle into law can women be secure in the future from the danger of exclusion or special limitations? Women are entitled to equal recognition now, not only when the millennium is reached. They are not entitled to the greater or less measure of freedom which men may be willing to give, they are entitled to equal freedom with men. Only by putting this principle on the Statute Book are they secure. Once there it will stand as all other facts for the future. But a special measure instituting a new basis of suffrage for women can only stand alone. Every further step will have to be won by a further fight. Such a course will establish no principle, and would only establish the precedent of voting, not of equal voting rights. It would be a case of men allowing certain women to be voters, and would therefore continue in men's minds the idea of sex-preference.

I am fully convinced that the establishment of sex-equality is the first issue with which women should concern themselves. Moreover I feel justified in claiming the support of Socialists and Democrats for the course, for sex-equality is an absolutely indispensable preliminary to the reorganisation of society which they seek. I hold that Sex-Equality—not Women's Suffrage, as the Reformers imagine—is more important to women than Socialism or Democracy, for without it they cannot benefit by either. I believe that as the road to full democracy is barred by two obstacles, one of which is belief of incapacity and the other of principle into law can women be secure in the future from the danger of exclusion or special limitations? Women are entitled to equal recognition now, not only when the millennium is reached. They are not entitled to the greater or less measure of freedom which men may be willing to give, they are entitled to equal freedom with men. Only by putting this principle on the Statute Book are they secure. Once there it will stand as all other facts for the future. But a special measure instituting a new basis of suffrage for women can only stand alone. Every further step will have to be won by a further fight. Such a course will establish no principle, and would only establish the precedent of voting, not of equal voting rights. It would be a case of men allowing certain women to be voters, and would therefore continue in men's minds the idea of sex-preference.

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But the Adult Suffrage opponents, and those who approach their position, are apparently not concerned with the security of women's future, but only with the immediate gain. Moreover it is not a question of voting, but of principle by which he judges, but expediency. Like the land-owner and commercial man in past times he demands that measures of liberty shall be drafted so as to suit his personal party interest. If it was proved to him that universal enfranchisement would endanger his industrial pancreas he would have none of it. Only one who is in a position to stand in agreement with him are entitled to liberty. This, of course, is the extreme case, and is not voiced by many. But a large section of men Socialists advocate that the right given to men is the right of saying what terms women shall vote. Are they incapable of seeing that women have an indisputable right to vote precisely on the same terms as men, whether those terms be good or bad, and that only by making the principle into law can women be secure in the future from the danger of exclusion or special limitations? Women are entitled to equal recognition now, not only when the millennium is reached. They are not entitled to the greater or less measure of freedom which men may be willing to give, they are entitled to equal freedom with men. Only by putting this principle on the Statute Book are they secure. Once there it will stand as all other facts for the future. But a special measure instituting a new basis of suffrage for women can only stand alone. Every further step will have to be won by a further fight. Such a course will establish no principle, and would only establish the precedent of voting, not of equal voting rights. It would be a case of men allowing certain women to be voters, and would therefore continue in men's minds the idea of sex-preference.

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characteristic of human struggle is that it results in a paradox. The gardener can exercise care and foresee a result; the human gardener can only prophesy a surprise. I do not deny that education produces results which are quite calculable, for much of the human mind can be regulated up to respond automatically to stimulus; but the saving grace of human activity does not lie in the characteristic it has in common with animals and vegetables. That is the truth of the matter we need to tell, the truth that is behind the war of sex and the war between the artist and the philistine.

We feel instinctively that our acquired qualities are the valuable qualities.

One of the first discoveries of Luther Burbank, the Californian master-gardener, is that the acquired qualities and not the innate qualities of both parents are reproduced in the offspring of cross-breeding; to look for a human parallel, let us suppose an Englishman goes to live in Dublin and brings up his son in the Irish atmosphere; let us suppose an Italian woman brings up her daughter in a Parisian atmosphere; finally, let us suppose the son and daughter married. The child of that marriage should be a Parisian-Irishman and not an English-Irishman. If some adopt in the art of breeding, such as Luther Burbank, had charge of an undertaking to produce a fine Irish-French breed, he would use numerous parents who had been bred and brought up in Ireland and France; not the Irish from Ireland and the French from France, but with right strangers in their lands. He would collect the children, and select the most favourable specimens, marry them to each other, and after a generation or two would present the world with a race which he would guarantee to possess the best characteristics of the Irish and the French. We all know, of course, that this process cannot be carried out in this way; it would require the co-operation of too many waysward, impatient human beings. Nevertheless, changes have come about because we move from country to country now, and apparently the various peoples that land in America, for instance, combine to produce a race peculiar to the climate and circumstances. The perfecting of a race cannot be hurried artificially unless a superior race has risen above it. Breeds of horses are being perfected because there are stud farms in which horses are imprisoned and controlled.

Human beings can only be perfected when a race of magicians hypnotise the innocent young into willing their own enchantment; be they themselves are perhaps enchanted by Olympian supermen. The divine enthusiasm of the Muse of Dionysus and Eros, perhaps, selved them, and they are helpless instruments in the waves of feeling sometimes called the life force. The forces are varied, but we have seen the young, under their influence, leaving their homes to follow art, love and music, and making themselves the willing instruments of the influences they worship with dim understanding. Imagine horses gravely proposing to better themselves by the exercise of virtue and sacrifice! Such austerities can only be practised by the rigid control of a superior and unsympathetic race, or the creation of overwhelming enthusiasm by the Olympians, who, as I suggest, may even now guide the young and fill them with the outrageous courage which purges from all fear. The young will kill themselves to bring forth the fruit the gods demand from them; under the glamour of enchantment all reason fades. These Olympian supernmen that see that the purposes of our race are fulfilled would seem to act through the power of glamour. They set before us some image of desire, such as money, ambition, women, or immortality, and in order to attain the image we achieve their purpose and are cast on one side, worn out and used up. These Olympian supernmen do not sympathise with us any more than a horse can. The life is within the Olympian, who has the bond of passion between himself and a horse. To care for us while we serve their ends; then let us destroy ourselves or lie as mud in the street, clogging the wheels of youth as it passes over us to fulfil another dream—not ours—and to produce other fruits for the Olympians to devour.

Sometimes it seems as if some splendid and relent-
THE NEW AGE.

JUNE 20, 1907


By a dramatic coincidence the dissolution of the second Duma occurred on the very day of the formal opening of the second Hague Conference. How strange it is that within a few hundred miles of each other, and in the same Europe, two such startlingly different events should synchronise. We cannot conceive the nature of the mind that fails to be moved by the spectacle of a world gradually formulating in its blundering fashion the terms of a more potent missive, nor have we invented a more tragic chorus.

Yet, strangely enough, impartial observers in England have remarked more than once the apathy with which, on the whole, the Russian tragedy is being witnessed in England. The letter which we reproduce in another column from the 'Times,' the pathetic appeal of Russians and the Friends of Russian Freedom in England, the recent visit of members of the Duma, the speeches of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman have all been received almost without a sign of genuine recognition. Not a single mass meeting independent of party has been held; not a single statesman has made a Midlothian campaign, not one great newspaper has taken up the case of Russian freedom. Instead of that, portly, statesman, papers, and people go about their daily affairs without much perturbation. How strange it is that within a whole colony of their species is being exterminated no more than a hundred yards away. What is the reason? Where is the quick response which England felt when France was struggling to be free? Is the spirit of Midlothian England dead, that she should be indifferent to the fate of hundreds of millions of men?

Nobody, we believe, has attempted to answer the question, and perhaps it cannot be answered at the moment. But there are explanations more or less plausible and more or less injurious to our national vanity. It may be that the deadly fear of Russia, which has weighed like a foolish nightmare on the minds of France and pot-boy in England, now finds itself relieved by the reflection that Russia is at last rendered impotent by internal disease. Does anybody doubt that the victories of the Japanese were not popular in this country for the same reason? Or that, with all our cant, the spread of some enormous plague among our enemies would not fill our minds with a great rejoicing? It may be that the spectacle of a nation struggling to be free gives us pleasure only when we perceive some advantage to be gained, some respite from fear, some hope for the future. Suppose one could know Sir Edward Grey's mind now, and realise, as perhaps he does, that his mind is the mind of England, should we not find it joyfully fishing for diplomatic advantages in the troubled waters of Russian affairs? The writers of the letter to the "Times" accuse him of just that.

But also it is possible that England is apathetic for a better reason. For what has the revolution done for France? What has a political revolution done for anybody? Nobody knows better than Socialists that every purely political revolution is incapable of lightening a single economic load. We in England, for example, have got all that Russia is immediately fighting for--a purely free political institutions and a Government controlled by an English Duma. Yet what does it avail? Twelve millions of our fellow-countrymen are perpetually on the edge of starvation, while factories are idled and wheat fields are being converted into grass lands and shooting coverts. Can we be expected to glow with emotion at the prospect of a freedom such as this? The spectacle of a nation pouring out blood like water in the vain cause of political freedom is enough to drive the most optimistic to the depths of gloom. "Take (our twelve millions might say), take our political liberties, our franchise, our institutions, our House of Commons, our right to speak in Hyde Park, take them all, but where shall we look for bread? Oh, splendid foolish Russians, we too have fought; but the fruits of victory are a vain shadow."

It is conceivable, we say, that the apathy of England is due to some such feeling as this, though even this does not account for the official well-fed apathy of our middle and upper classes. For that, perhaps, we can only point to the slow degeneration of imagination in England. The penalty, says Matthew Arnold, of hardness is dulness. And the penalty of uselessness is hardness. What is wrong, says Mr. Shaw, with our wealthy classes is their uselessness; and out of their uselessness grows their hardness, and from their hardness dulness. Dulness for dulness, the dulness of the poor is less noble than the dulness of the rich. Their uselessness grows their hardness, and from their hardness dulness. Dulness for dulness, the rich is less noble than the Dulness of the poor are in touch with realities, while the rich move among phantoms. We had rather trample the name of England abroad to our poor than to our rich. And if the slumbering conscience that has been aroused on Russia's behalf, we are certain that the first stirring will arise in the hearts of our proletarians.
The Need for a Socialist Party.

I must confess that I rubbed my eyes in some amazement when I had finished reading Mr. Wells's article in last week's New Age. The cause of my astonishment may be indicated by a reference to a tract called "This Misery of Boots," which was published by the Fabian Society only a few months back, and on the title-page of which Mr. Wells's name appears as author. The passages to which I wish to direct attention are two:—

"You will find Socialists about, or at any rate men calling themselves Socialists, who will pretend that this is not so, who will assure you that..." "Permutators," the name given to some of these Socialists, both a profitable and a fascinating one. But I have to confess our faith openly and frequently. We must refuse to be called Liberal or Conservative, Republican or Democrat, or of any of those ambiguous terms. The problem in which Mr. Wells seems to stand at some crossroads in the division between Conservative and Liberal (is) the way to the millennium.

Now contrast these sentences with the following from last week's article:—

"They (the new recruits of Socialism) are Conservatives or Liberal or Labourites by habit, or because they think that such immediate good can be done by Conservative or Liberal ideas. They deny, and deny very properly, that Socialism supersedes these associations of theirs or that there is any fundamental antagonism between these associations and the temperamental and social backgrounds of the established parties to which they belong..."

I must confess that I rubbed my eyes in some astonishment. Meanwhile, let the economic problem suffice for us; to solve that will require all our brains, all our energy, all our powers of self-devotion. But more I appeal to the action of all of us, and especially to the unions. The problem of poverty will solve themselves. But, if the economic problem is the one with which a Socialist party ought to concern itself, shall we not, it is asked, rest content with the Labour Party? There was a time when I was myself disposed to take that view. I will endeavour briefly to indicate the reasons that have led me to the opposite conclusion.

First of all, let us remember that the Labour Party is not Socialist. It is primarily a Trade Unionist party; it owes its present strength in Parliament and in the country to the conviction, forced on the trades unions by the Taff Vale decision, that they could not be safe unless they were represented in Parliament by men independent of existing parties. But there is no fundamental antagonism between its interests and the interests of the unions their first object. But the conversion of a trade unionist to independent political action is quite a different thing from his conversion to Socialism. It may co-exist with certain opposition, both to abstract Socialist doctrine and to many parts of the practical Socialist programme. I will say that Mr. Shaw has pointed out, the first section of the trade union world which was mobilised by the Labour Party was naturally the most advanced and most socialist, the middle classes. As other unions affiliate, the position of the Socialists will become less and less secure. Already there are difficulties with the textile workers. What will happen when the Durham miners, with their strenuous individualism and their opposition to the legal eight hours day, join the councils of the party?

Further, even if the Labour Party were thoroughly Socialist, it could hardly muster the whole available strength of Socialism in the country. The problem with which the Fabian Society is especially concerned is the conversion of the middle-classes to Socialism. At present the division between the governing classes and proletarians in corduroys and the mutual suspicion (carefully fomented by the governing classes) which subsists between them are potent obstacles to Socialism. The middle classes, who will make up the Labour Party; the Labour Party would not, I fancy, very readily accept them. A Socialist Party, created by the Fabian propaganda, might tap the sources of recruiting at present quite untouched. Again, it is essential that the best brains of the Socialist movement should be available for the direction of its Parliamentary warfare. At present middle-class Socialists, amongst whom some of the best brains are to be found, are practically excluded from public life unless they choose to enter it as Liberals or Conservatives. Men like Mr. Bernard Shaw, Mr. Sidney Webb, Mr. Hubert Bland, and, indeed, Mr. Wells himself ought certainly to be in the House of Commons. Yet, if they attempt to enter it as "Labour" members, they lay themselves open, both to the sneer of the ordinary citizen who conceives a "Labour" man as "a handson foul," in corduroys and minus a collar, and to the resentment of the trade unionist, who asks, not altogether unfortunately, why trade union money should be used to send a man to Parliament who cannot "show his ticket" to represent him in Parliament.

Lastly, the present constitution of the Labour Party excludes the Social Democratic Federation. I know that in the past there has been much friction between the two bodies, and the Fabian Society, in the course of which many hard things, just and unjust, have been said on the title-page of which Mr. Wells's name appears as author.
both sides. But I ask Fabians not to take their conception of the S.D.F. from those veterans who draw their remembrances and recollections of the 'eighties. The "Impossibilist" movement and the secessions of the "Socialist Party of Great Britain" and the "Socialist Labour Party" have purged the Federation of its least compromising of its present leaders. I believe, quite ready for a policy of conciliation. I myself have always received from the members of the S.D.F. the most tolerant and fraternal understanding, though by no means see eye to eye with them on all others. They have their faults; but those very faults are largely aggravated by their isolation. Fused in a Socialist party, which contained Fabian and I.L.P. ingredients, their energy, their concentration, and their laconic hold on doctrine would be a very useful corrective to the opposite defects, visible enough in some other sides of the Socialist movement.

Let me add, to correct a common misunderstanding, that I, at least, am not aiming at a "middle class" party. I want a party open to the middle-class Socialist and congenial to him, in a way that the Labour Party is never likely to be. But the very idea of such a party would be to emphasize the solidarity of brain and hand workers, and it would, I hope, be as open to the Socialist worker, as distinct from the mere trade unionist, as to a Socialist peer, if such a person exists.

One word in conclusion. Let no one suppose that the desire to create a Socialist Party implies the renunciation of hostility to the Labour Party. The Labour Party has done excellent work already, and has much more excellent work to do. But I submit that its hands, and especially the hands of its Socialist adherents, should be strengthened by the presence in the House of a more advanced body of Socialists, prepared to do the necessary pioneering work. Such a body must needs be independent of the Labour Party, for it must be free to press forward matters, like the provision of education, for its own account, and of free meals for school children, about which the enthusiasm of the typical trade unionist world to a minimum wage law. It must be free to press forward matters, like the provision of education, for its own account, and of free meals for school children, about which the enthusiasm of the typical trade unionist is comparatively tepid. It must be free to formulate a policy on military questions which will bring it into line with International Socialism without being met, as Mr. Thorne has been, by embarrassing repudiations. But when all this has been said there are a hundred questions upon which the two parties could cooperate for everyone which might profit them. It would be quite easy to arrange terms of alliance both in the House and in the country, so that at elections each wing could have the support of the other without compromising its own principles. I believe that in this way the two closely allied groups might work together with far less friction than would result from an attempt to cram middle-class Socialists and non-Socialists into a single party with the inevitable attempt to cram middle-class Socialists and non-Socialists into a single party with the inevitable attempt to cram middle-class Socialists and non-Socialists into a single party with the inevitable attempt to cram middle-class Socialists and non-Socialists into a single party with the inevitable attempt to cram middle-class Socialists and non-Socialists into a single party with the inevitable attempt to cram middle-class Socialists and non-Socialists into a single party with the inevitable attempt to cram middle-class Socialists and non-Socialists into a single party with the inevitable attempt to cram middle-class Socialists and non-Socialists into a single party with the inevitable attempt to cram middle-class Socialists and non-Socialists into a single party with the inevitable attempt to cram middle-class Socialists and non-Socialists into a single party with the inevitable attempt to cram middle-class Socialists and non-Socialists into a single party with the inevitable attempt to cram middle-class Socialists and non-Socialists into a single party with the inevitable attempt to cram middle-class Socialists and non-Socialists into a single party with the inevitable attempt to cram middle-class Socialists and non-Socialists into a single par

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**JUST PUBLISHED.**

**THE SIMPLE LIFE ON FOUR ACRES.** By E. A. Moore, with photos of author and cafe by himself. Post free 7d. Cloth 1s. 2d.

Six acres by hand labour.

**THE DIMENSIONAL IDEA AS AN AID TO RELIGIOUS CONSCIENCE.** By A. C. Fifefield. An unusually stimulating and suggestive essay on the application of the idea of the fourth dimension to the religious problem. London: A. C. Fifefield, 44 Fleet Street, E.C.
The effect produced by this book. Mr. Svenske argues seriously and moderately with Norway, and points to the unity of the whole commune; and it is by reading such books as Mr. Gomme’s that we can realise that London was once a unit of measurable capacity, which has grown out of the sense of union, and it is altogether a hard thing to have a collective ideal. It is clear that Mr. Svenske has reached this necessary wide conception, and therefore he is an instructive writer. There is a touch of humour, as well as deep thinking, when we find the chief clerk of the London County Council—the new London—lecturing the old London—the City—on an utter downfall from its greater past, "allowing itself to fall back municipally without an ideal," for he adds, "it sins against all principles of local government. It disregards the doctrine of general utility upon which all government must be founded, and the doctrine of the greatest good of the greatest number upon which alone government by power is justified." It is by this almost passionate reiteration of communal rights and communal responsibility that Mr. Svenske takes the great message of a time when it is sadly wanted; a time when "the greatest self-governing local community in the world has still to solve the problem of its development and utilisation." It is impossible to glance at all the varied points of interest which arise in this book, but there are several facts which come to the mind as illustrating particularly well a law of social progression which the ardent reformer would forget if he could—I refer to the extraordinary pertinacity of local habits and customs, which so often resist change of circumstances which would seem to make such an amiable process possible, for example, Mr. Gomme’s statement that "the large block of ground without carriage way about Austin Friars is a consequence of the Roman walls affording no passage." Again, he notes that on the spot which is still known as the Bear Garden in Southwark, and just where the Tudor theatre stood, there were found gladiators’ tridents. Again, houses are arranged, not on a convenient but on the old-fashioned spade plan which were probably set out in the time of the Anglo-Saxons. Westminster Hall is probably built over the stock upon which the Danes placed their elected king; and so forth. In fact, the truth of the story which attaches each spot to its older purpose and arrangement. And when Mr. Gomme points out that the boat of a Danish pirate was dug up on the land of the East London Water Company—one almost suspects dark quirk on the reforming movement; a few hundred years, "Woe to us, woe to us," wrote the citizens of London by power is justified. "The Quest." By James H. Cousins (Mansen and Co., Dublin. 2s. 6d. net.)

"The Quest." By James H. Cousins (Mansen and Co., Dublin. 2s. 6d. net.)

"The Quest" is a very beautiful book. It contains two narrative poems, in blank verse, "The Going Forth of Dana," and "The Quest." By James H. Cousins. It is a guide book to one of the most difficult realms in modern literature. It is excellently printed and bound, and mention must be made of the delightful impressionistic portraits of Ibsen, Bjornsen, and Bernard Shaw, by Mr. Joseph Simpson.

"Ibsen: the Man, his Art, and his Significance." By Hal dane Macfall. (E. Grant Richards. 3s. net.)

Ibsen is no longer a vogue, but that does not mean that he is a thing of the past—rather does it mean that he is the more or less silent character of our time, which obscures rather than enhances the fame of prominent men is over, and that the time has arrived for a broader and deeper study of his work. Ibsen is the father of the modern problem play, and it may be granted that a literature will sooner or later spring up around his plays. In fact, this is already happening, for it leaves out the growing number of actual plays which bear marks of his direct influence, a quantity of volumes dealing with his work in an expository way—some of them like the genealogical essays of Brandes, are modern classics, and others, like Bernard Shaw’s "Quintessence," are among the more suggestive books of our day. Mr. Haldane Macfall has also written a notable Ibsen book, but it is notable in another sense; it is a straightforward interpretation of a drama largely pre-eminently upon the reader to such an extent as to destroy the useful, as distinct from the interesting, side of his essay. The volume should serve as an introduction to the study of Ibsen—a guide book to the modern problem play, and deeper study of his work. Ibsen is no longer a vogue, but that does not mean that he is a thing of the past—rather does it mean that he is the more or less silent character of our time, which obscures rather than enhances the fame of prominent men is over, and that the time has arrived for a broader and deeper study of his work. Ibsen is the father of the modern problem play, and it may be granted that a literature will sooner or later spring up around his plays. In fact, this is already happening, for it leaves out the growing number of actual plays which bear marks of his direct influence, a quantity of volumes dealing with his work in an expository way—some of them like the genealogical essays of Brandes, are modern classics, and others, like Bernard Shaw’s "Quintessence," are among the more suggestive books of our day. Mr. Haldane Macfall has also written a notable Ibsen book, but it is notable in another sense; it is a straightforward interpretation of a drama largely pre-eminently upon the reader to such an extent as to destroy the useful, as distinct from the interesting, side of his essay. The volume should serve as an introduction to the study of Ibsen—a guide book to the modern problem play, and deeper study of his work. It is by this almost passionate reiteration of communal rights and communal responsibility that Mr. Svenske takes the great message of a time when it is sadly wanted; a time when "the greatest self-governing local community in the world has still to solve the problem of its development and utilisation."
BOOK NOTES.

Some few years ago there appeared in one of the monthly reviews an essay from the pen of Mr. W. H. Yeats on personality and art. The subject of personality is always interesting. "It is a familiar realm yet ever new, and in spite of the really abundant oratory and prose, the new confine remains speculative for the intellect. Treated by a great literary artist, who is also one of the most interesting personalities of the day, the subject will be doubly interesting. Readers of Mr. Yeats' books will be glad to know that he has decided to reprints. They will be listed under the title "Discoveries," by Mr. Bulen in the autumn.

Those who were wise enough to visit the Queen Street Theatre during last week, when the National Theatre Company of Dublin was presenting selections from its repertory of Irish plays, will be still sadder if they read over some of the plays witnessed on the stage, particularly the dramatic poems of Mr. Yeats, the beauty and subtlety of which cannot be grasped from a single stage performance, despite the really admirable way in which they were staged and performed by the Irish players. "The Shadowy Waters," and "On Baile's Strand" are included in the volume called "Pathos."

The "Pot of Broth" in Vol. IV of the Abbey Theatre Series, published by Maunsell, Dublin, at 1s. net; they will find it in a tragi-comic idea which was entirely lacking in the stage representation. By the way, Mr. Synge's "The Pot of Broth" is to be published this autumn a play called "The Tinker," which has not been performed—nor is it likely to be at present, for what might be called "playboy reasons.

The "Times" Book Club has a powerful ally in Mr. Bernard Shaw, who not only is in the position to snap his fingers at the publishers, but actually does snap his fingers from time to time. "Pathos" (Maunsell, 1s. net), and the series by the same author now appearing weekly is a desperate attempt to get at a real untouched growing bit of language; supple with new idiom and sprouting out old-new words. What we lose by our conventional educated English is difficult to calculate, the ordinary idiom and the whole idiom of the stage. In the "Playboy" the whole action of the piece takes place in the small country public-house; the principal characters are Christy Mahon, the murderer, and Pegeen Mike. Others are the Widow Quin, who "has buried her children and destroyed her man," Shaw Keogh, a farmer, and other peasants, men and women. And the peasant atmosphere is very real. The Widow Quin, for instance, says at one point to Christy Mahon, who is talking exalted of Pegeen, "There's poetry talk for a girl, you'd say it was my coming up and also with a stale stink of poten on her from selling in the shop." This language will go some way to cure the anemia of refinement from which we are all more or less suffering. If Mr. Synge really did mean to deal with this interesting problem, he has completely failed, as far as an English audience is concerned. Emigration itself was barely hinted at; the causes that drive men to emigrate were not touched upon; and there is only the barest suggestion that the men and women dealt with are in any way abnormal. It is, however, probably not worth while taking seriously the Irish Theatre's pronouncements on its own plays, because their immediate interest on her baby may be interesting, but it is not necessarily valuable. Whatever Mr. Synge imagined he was setting out to do, what he has succeeded in doing is sufficiently plain, and it is making alive a very arresting peasant life. The title of the play means, apparently, "The Play-acting Man of the West of Ireland," and this "Playboy" is the least real and least developed person in the play. The fate of the man who is his own murder exploit goes.

A realistic account of the revolution in the Baltic Provinces, and the measures of repression taken by the Russian Government to stamp out the Socialist movement in the district will be found in a new volume of the "Socialist Library" to be published in a few weeks by the Independent Labour Party. The writer of the book is one of the founders of the Lettish Social Democratic party. "The Shadowy Waters," and "On Baile's Strand" are included in the volume called "Pathos."

The "Pot of Broth" in Vol. IV of the Abbey Theatre Series, published by Maunsell, Dublin, at 1s. net; they will find it in a tragi-comic idea which was entirely lacking in the stage representation. By the way, Mr. Synge's "The Pot of Broth" is to be published this autumn a play called "The Tinker," which has not been performed—nor is it likely to be at present, for what might be called "playboy reasons.

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dear, the psychology of murder is not gone into, and Mr. Yeats' method of treatment. In order to extricate himself from the dilemma, Mr. Synge is obliged to make the second attempt ineffective and bring old Mahon back again and send him and Christy off on their travels together. The proof of the pudding is in the eating, and had Mr. Synge made us sympathise with Christy's point of view we should have felt for him when, on Peggeen's orders, the peasant soldiering Christy in a rope in order to carry him off to the publican. As it was we knew something would happen to extricate him and were not surprised at old Mahon's second resurrection. For my own part I should like a further chapter in the life of Christy, for he is so much alive that I doubt not he is living in some wild and windy place on the hills to this present hour.

To turn from a play of peasant life in Mayo to W. B. Yeats', plays of heroic life, "On Beulie's Strand," on "The Shadowy Waters," or with "Cathleen-ni-Houlihan," is to go to what is apparently a quite new world. But that is mere superficiality. Mr. Yeats' "Forgael," seeking love "beyond what seems to be the limits of the world," is built of the same stuff as Mr. Synge's or Lady Gregory's peasants. Mr. Synge and Lady Gregory are trying to get at the real wonder and splendour of man one way, Mr. Yeats another way. Both ways are like to shock men and women of our "dirty deed" in a very vigorous and genuine way. Indeed. But poor old Christy doesn't get a chance and hasn't a real word to defend himself at all. At any rate, in order to extricate himself from the dilemma, Mr. Synge is obliged to make the second attempt ineffective and bring old Mahon back again and send him and Christy off on their travels together. The proof of the pudding is in the eating, and had Mr. Synge made us sympathise with Christy's point of view we should have felt for him when, on Peggeen's orders, the peasant soldiering Christy in a rope in order to carry him off to the publican. As it was we knew something would happen to extricate him and were not surprised at old Mahon's second resurrection. For my own part I should like a further chapter in the life of Christy, for he is so much alive that I doubt not he is living in some wild and windy place on the hills to this present hour.

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elections thought that tariff reform was as silly as Mr. Chamberlain in the cartoon. I think it was Lord Rosebery who said that "F. C. G." was the chief asset of the Liberal party; and the judgment was rather a truism than a paradox. As the authorised exposition of Liberalism, the "F. C. G." cartoons now on view at the Brook Street Galleries (14, New Bond Street), are worth careful study. They are a revelation of the political sense of the community. One hears them mistaken for serious political arguments; whereas they are no more profound than the music hall singer when he gives his lay devo. "F. C. G." is on the surface or nowhere at all. He lacks the sense of dignity which is essential in a great cartoonist. His thought is no deeper than the trivial trickery of the party catchwords. He is only in the most modest sense of the word an artist, if you compare him with Charles Keene and Mr. Raven Hill and such masters of pen and ink. And yet he is worth fifty votes to the Liberals on a division. If I were organiser of the Tory party I would offer "F. C. G." fifty thousand a year and a peerage, and cheap, too. If he were only a little more intelligent and a better artist he might have an offer from the Labour party. By the bye, we await our cartoonists: we shall never build a great party on a merely rational policy.

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.

TOLSTOY AND THE WAR.

TO THE EDITORS OF "THE NEW AGE."

If someone writes to you to say that ice is hot, or to express another "reverse commonplace" (as Tounjent calls such statements) I shall hardly feel called on to argue the matter with them; nor (especially as I have dealt with a similar matter at some length in this month's "Millgate Monthly") do I feel called on to join issues with Mr. Daniels, who informs us that "corporate selfishness is what constitutes the whole of our judicial and political institutions!" The familial felony of anarchism will hardly become more dangerous because it pleases Mr. Daniels to repeat it, without giving any reason for the faith that is in him.

A.Y.A.M. MAIDIE.

SOCIALISM AND PATRIOTISM.

TO THE EDITORS OF "THE NEW AGE."

As Mr. Cecil Chesterton admits that, nowadays at any rate, patriotism is the first of Socialist duties, I will meet him half-way and allow that we may occasionally feel a sort of more diffuse (and rather vague) devotion to the larger alliance of communities to which our own belongs. But, in using the word "alliance," does not Mr. Chesterton rather give away the Imperialist case? "Alliance" and "Empire" to say the least, are not exactly the same thing; and one feels that the ordinary Imperialist would not at all accept Mr. Chesterton's idea of Empire. Besides, Imperialism nowadays almost always implies depreciation of nationality. For example, the "Yorkshire Post," which really is an honest and a patriotic journal, always refers to the Irish Parliamentary Party as "the Patriots": the suggestion being that patriotism is a played-out affair and Imperialism is the true brave road. Whatever we may think of the Irish question in particular, I maintain that empires and alliances are transitory, while, on the other hand, country and fatherland are permanent, ideals. Man is only at times an imperialist animal. He is only in rare cases a humanitarian animal. Taking him as such, we must prove to him that his nationalism will not hurt by being socialised; but that in the Socialist continent or World nationality will act as a protective against that fear of everybody being made equal, on which the enemies of socialism are for ever harping. A. H. LEE.

AN AGRICULTURAL SUGGESTION.

TO THE EDITORS OF "THE NEW AGE."

I have read with great interest your able article on model cottages and model labourers. I must like to know is it a fact that in wealthy England, you have not long
 ago instituted such competitions? We in "poor" Ireland have had such competitions in full swing for many years past, for the labourer, his family, his animals, his house, and himself.

Most beneficial such competitions have proved. I am glad to find that Ireland shows the lead in this matter, as she has done in so many others.

In Cork and Limerick, Exhibitions we had model labourers' cottages with garden plots attached. Not only do committees go round the country inspecting the labourers and their cottages, but in the cities there are prizes given for best kept rooms in tenement houses.

R. GIBSON.

TO THE EDITORS OF "THE NEW AGE."

The suggestion in your issue of the 13th June that the Royal Agricultural Society should open a new class of live stock and offer suitable prizes for the best pen (or cottage) of agricultural labourers is a very interesting one. Its authority is another matter. Nothing is said, however, about the proposed standard of excellence, or "points," as to which some possible divergences of opinion is not inconceivable. The question of appointment of judges would also possess attractive features and the awards of a representative combination of the men like Berhard Shaw and Mr. Sandow would be eagerly looked for. A better and more impartial plan would be to offer these positions to ladies, and some of the women of the Fabian movement might be advantageously tapped for the purpose. These charming creatures would, I am sure, be quite prepared to pass unequivocal judgment on sheep and cattle—especially if competition was restricted to voters—and the experience they already possess of a certain "fine body of men" might be turned to good account.

G. B. HOLROYD EDWARDS.

TO THE EDITORS OF "THE NEW AGE."

I am indebted to your correspondents and to Mr. Clifford Sharp for so much illumination. If only the illumination could be extended to voters—and the experience they already possess of the custodians of Socialism they have all the responsibility: and the rest of the political world is indifferent. If the Fabian Society ruins itself by political entanglement, I can distinctly rejoice in the Liberal and Conservative camps. That would be playing the enemy's game. On the other hand, the fate of the Fabian Society is scarcely a matter of public concern. A free platform must exist, if not restricted to voters—and the experience they already possess of a certain "fine body of men" might be turned to good account.

FRANK BREWER.

A SOCIALIST PARTY.

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