Thanks to the Tsar!

The representatives of the civilised world, duly assembled at the Hague, adopted unanimously a resolution that the following message should be telegraphed to the Emperor of Russia:

At the commencement of its labours, the second Peace Conference lay at the feet of your Majesty its respectful homage, and expresses to your Majesty its profound gratitude for having taken the initiative in continuing the work begun in 1899. The Conference begs your Majesty to believe in its sincere desire to work with all its strength to accomplish the delicate and at the same time arduous task which has been confided to it.

We print this remarkable communication in full, for we would not have a word of its shameful servility and nauseous hypocrisy missed by Englishmen who care for the traditions of their country. Though the sovereign treated to this exhibition of "profound homage" and "respectful gratitude" was at that very moment declaring war upon the representatives of his people and preparing for them a regime of fire and sword, which they are only too familiar, no minister and say that permanent peace was only possible on a basis of justice. On the contrary, the Tzar's ambassador to the Hague dared to rise and an international police force to keep order and see that justice was done between nation and nation. And, if such a force existed, it would clearly be obliged to suppress as our public burdens ought to be more equitably adjusted, he appeared to plead merely for a reduction of expenditure, though he must know (or at least if he does not, many of his colleagues do) that there are more than £600,000,000 of unearned rent and interest going yearly to support the idle rich, all of which ought to be available for public purposes.

How unfortunate for the cause they have at heart is the tendency of democratic politicians to think about how they shall oppose "militarism," when they ought to be thinking about how they shall oppose oligarchy, is shown most strikingly by one little incident in connection with the Army Bill. It will be remembered that Mr. Haldane was induced, largely by the pressure of Radical and Labour members, to provide that the County Associations, in the exercise of their powers to encourage cadet corps and rifle clubs, should give no assistance in respect of any person in a battalion or corps in a school in receipt of a Parliamentary grant. But for the rest he talked vaguely about "militarism" like any Byles or Lupton, and does not seem to have said one word as to the necessity of democratizing the army —the one point on which the Labour Party ought always to be insisting. What a pity that the party did not select Mr. Thorne for their spokesman!

A Class Trick.

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Labour and the Army Bill.

Well, if the Peace Conference is to prove nothing better than a dull and somewhat immoral farce, we must see to our own weapons of defence. The Army Bill has passed its third reading in the Commons by an overwhelming majority, and, though the Lords may amend, they are not likely to reject it. The most unfortunate feature of the third reading debate was the intervention of Mr. Arthur Henderson on behalf of the Labour Party. It is most regrettable that the representative of that party could make no more valuable contribution to the debate than a feeble echo of Radical negations. Mr. Henderson said, quite truly, that it was "the poor who felt most heavily the tremendous increase in our military expenditure," but instead of drawing the obvious moral that our public burdens ought to be more equitably adjusted, he appeared to plead merely for a reduction of expenditure, though he must know (or at least if he does not, many of his colleagues do) that there are more than £600,000,000 of unearned rent and interest going yearly to support the idle rich, all of which ought to be available for public purposes.
And they are only too glad when the Labour Party plays a game for them. It is a foregone conclusion that the only really democratic contribution to the debate came, not from a Labour member, but from Mr. George Wyndham.

**Held Up.**

Lord Robert Cecil is to be congratulated on having scored very effectively against the Government by blocking their House of Lords Resolution. Nor can it be said that the fate of the Ministers was undeserved. Lord Robert and Mr. Balfour between them made out an answerable case against their activity, if not against their good faith in the matter of "blacking motions." As long ago as March 27 the House unanimously passed a resolution condemning the practice, and Mr. Asquith pledged himself that the matter should be dealt with as soon as possible. Yet, though three months have passed, nothing has been done. The Premier's plea that Mr. Asquith only promised to see what could be done by negotiation is rendered nugatory by the fact that no negotiations have been entered into or even attempted. It was only on the day before Lord Robert Cecil's coup was discussed in the House that the Government Whip approached the Opposition Whip on the subject—a very obvious repentance under duress. However, having struck his blow and kept the Government in suspense for forty-eight hours, Lord Robert was merciful and withdrew his obstructive Bill. But nobody can pretend that the prestige of the Ministry is raised by the incident.

**A Bad Fall.**

Thursday was an unlucky night for the Ministers. Scarcely had they got out of Lord Robert Cecil's hands than they were confronted with a much more damaging exposure. A contract for supplying beer to the Navy had been placed with Meux and Co., and several Opposition speakers were unkind enough to point out that the largest shareholder in Meux and Co. was Lord Tweedmouth, the First Lord of the Admiralty. Mr. Austen Chamberlain naturally recalled the attacks made upon him and upon his father in connection with Kyknos, attacks which culminated in a resolution supported by the whole Liberal Party, a resolution which clearly condemns Lord Tweedmouth no less than Mr. Chamberlain. Mr. Haldane's attempt to draw a distinction between the two cases was a futile failure, and only served to bring out the fact that Lord Tweedmouth held more than half the ordinary shares in the company, and could practically control its policy. We cannot attach extravagant importance to the operation. The phrenotrophy and the indirect corruption which are too real a feature of our political system do not arise from any particular Minister holding shares in any particular company, but in the fact that practically all Ministers belong to the shareholding class. Still the principle for which the Liberals contended when in opposition seems to us a sound one, and even if we thought it an unsound one, we should protest against it as certainly prove ineffective. We suggest that, before the Moderates enter into a "Dodd Street" war they should make enquiries at Scotland Yard and take the advice of experienced police officers. They will probably hear of something to their advantage.

**Moderate Futilities.**

Really the Moderate majority on the L.C.C. must be careful if they do not want to make their party the laughing-stock of London and of the world. The Progressives extinguished themselves in the schemes for protecting our morals by examining Zeebo's needle and compelling the ladies of the Empire promenade to wear hats, but they were never guilty of any action at once so monstrous and so grotesque as the exclusion of "Mary Barton" from the school libraries. Still more serious in some ways is the threat that the parks will be closed against Socialist speakers. This would, of course, be nothing short of shameless persecution—none the less disagreeable because it is quite certainly prove ineffective. We suggest that, before the Moderates enter into a "Dodd Street" war they should make enquiries at Scotland Yard and take the advice of experienced police officers. They will probably hear of something to their advantage. Meanwhile do not these petty tyrannies and follies suggest to "progressive" persons the desirability of respecting liberty a little more strictly when they are in power?

After all, if a municipal body is justified in blacking out our betting news in a public library because it thinks it demoralising, it is not a very big step for another to exclude a book or suppress a speaker because it thinks it demoralising. For ourselves, we confess we prefer English to Russian methods of government.

**Medical Inspection.**

The International Conference on School Hygiene, which is to meet under the presidency of Sir Lauder Brunton, will bring prominently before the public the pressing need for medical inspection in our elementary schools. There is hardly a country in Europe save ours which has not made some provision in this respect, and the Continent has therefore at least the satisfaction of knowing exactly how bad things are with it. We, on the other hand, have no facts to go upon, only guesses and estimates. The great disadvantage of such guesses is that they often create an impression of exaggeration, although examination generally proves that they fall short of the truth. We want "a stream of facts," ascertained, indisputable, given without the intentional coldness of a Blue-Book, to make us realise how we are wasting and corrupting the young life of the nation.

**The Vineyard War.**

The struggle between the vine-growers and the Government shows no signs of abating. It isalia result of the alleged "democratic sympathies" of the Irish Party is very natural, and it found expression in their successful support of the Bill for the inspection of convents. Meanwhile, even the proceedings of the Directory of the United Irish League show signs of the unrest which is being felt within the ranks of Irish Nationalism. A very significant motion of Mr. O'Donnell, practically demanding the recall of the Irish contingent from Westminster, was defeated, but it foreshadows a policy of which we shall certainly hear more. The fact is that the Nationalist Party has never had any real vitality since its betrayal of Parnell. It has gone on by the momentum which it gave it, and now that momentum is all but exhausted. Hence the "something-must-be-done" mood which is clearly overtaking the Nationalist leaders, the "something" turning out to be, it would seem, a quarrel with English democracy, carefully fomented to prevent the Irish democracy from coming by its own.

We do not know precisely how many candidates are standing for Jarrow at the present moment. They come and go daily. But if every Socialist and trade unionist will vote straight for Mr. Pete Curran, the one candidate for Jarrow and Its Consequences.

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Doctors as Dictators.

We understand easily enough why doctors have always been regarded with a certain distrust and suspicion in the Socialist ranks. Medical men belong to a "mystery" and make their livings by preserving that "mystery" from the general public. But if this suspicion is carried so far as to engender a fear of the dictatorship of doctors and an opposition to them, then it has gone beyond the bounds of common sense. We must not lose sight of the fact that medical men at the present time are as much the victims of the economic system as coal miners or dock labourers. To be really successful a doctor must have his patients among the wealthier classes, and to succeed in this implies a more or less marked parasitic relationship with those classes. Socialists often complain that doctors are reactionary or indifferent in their politics; it would save much trouble if it could be recognised that doctors have the politics of the servants' hall. Essentially the doctor nowadays is an upper servant. As long, therefore, as we have a system which makes success in the medical profession a matter of very delicate social tact it is impossible to expect any very great degree of help for Socialism. But it is not medical science that we should seek for fervent support of school doctors, but must emanate from the social parasitism of their surroundings. The way of emancipation is fortunately plain, it lies in the creation of positions in the public service where the only call on the doctor will be a call for the best use of his knowledge for the public advantage. It is unnecessary to go into the question of correspondence in the "Labour Leader," this proposal is likely to be construed as an attempt by the classes "to create new positions with vested interests, and it is necessary to point out that this is about as intelligent as the aristocrat's objection to Socialism that it will make "soft jobs" for the working man on very good pay. "Under Socialism" very much fewer doctors will be needed, but that will be because everyone will have a great deal more knowledge of their own bodies than they have at present. What our children need is better food, better housing, better clothes, and better air; we know that because medical science has pointed it out. But we shall not get these things unless we are able to clinch the argument by the absolutely overwhelming statistics and that the doctors of school children will not place at our disposal. It must not be forgotten that if we create a large number of school doctors we are taking a considerable step in the direction of nationalisation of the medical profession. Any large degree of nationalisation will not only place the medical profession more readily at the disposal of the public, but will go a long way to emancipate the scientific mind. The whole training of a doctor nowadays is scientific and commercial. The whole training fits him to give service because it is good service and for the love of so doing. But when he becomes qualified the doctor finds he must learn another kind of thing altogether, viz., how to get money from people in return for giving them scraps of his knowledge. No doctor likes doing this, every young doctor feels more or less ashamed to take a fee, but it is forced upon him. If, however, we emancipate the doctor from the commercial system by making him a public servant, we allow the grandeur of the scientific mind and the scientific spirit to go on unchecked. It is the scientific spirit applied to mechanical inventions that has in the hands of capitalism changed the whole world; it will do so if not controlled. It will be the scientific spirit applied to the life of human beings that will again change the whole face of the world in the next 50 years. But this time, not in the hands of the capitalist, but in the hands of and for the benefit of every community. Under emancipated economic conditions there need be no fear of a dictatorship of doctors, for the spirit of science is essentially the spirit of service, and is opposed to the spirit of gain.
The Nationalisation of Mothers.

Social axioms are always misleading, but it is safe to admit that the State which survives best is that which devotes most care to its women and children. This is not charity but economics; for with the degradation of the mother comes the neglect of the child, and no State can be securely built out of a people who are the degenerate outcome of an uncared-for infancy and ado-

clescence. This question is so vital that it is amazing to anyone possessed of even the barest imagination, that it does not stand in the very foremost place of social endeavour. The question is without doubt both complex and difficult; and it is entrenched behind all the outworn traditions and fossilised faiths in history. But this should not prevent us doing our utmost to bring it up to the point of intelligent discussion, so that we may expect two excellent results from the growth of public sentiment at the hands of the community than that meted out to men. But when we deal with mothers the case is altered. Then it is not only the present that is involved, but the future. The women who are to bear the next generation, and who must not only give it birth, but form its mind during some of the most im-
 pressible years of its growth, should be entirely free of all those petty yet, in effect, monstrous cares incidental to the competitive struggle upon which our society is built. If we do not make some provision for them, a provision which they must be able to take by right of motherhood without any stigma of pauperism, we are not only breeding again in a more degraded form the dulness and incapacity which are the characteristics of modern populations; we are gradually determining the political existence of the race, as well as its physical and mental balance, in a far more expeditious and effective way than any amount of volitional regulation. The addition of Mr. Bernard Shaw's excellent suggestion that women, particularly domestic women, should strike for a proper recognition of the wage rights of the home is perhaps too good to expect for the present. The social consciousness of women is too primordial for the fine conceptual action required to be effective in a successful issue. But in the meantime women who are already conscious of a desire for greater freedom might easily be worse employed than in formulating schemes for the adjustment of society towards the fullest economic freedom for mothers.

Back to Manchester.

Mr. Sharp* tells us, 'the more we progress in intellec-
tual and aesthetic culture the less we shall care whether the things which belong to us are unique or not.' This is 'back to Manchester' philosophy and its serenity—and like all the Manchester philosophy is based upon a fallacy. Its weakness lies in the fact that the best standards of beauty and utility have always been unique. There is in handicraft a substratum of tradi-
tional forms for simple things which do not admit of a variety of shapes. A dinner plate or a tea-pot will serve as illustrations. The shapes of these will perhaps always remain very much the same as to-day. But within the limits of their more or less fixed out-
lines infinite variety is possible in the treatment and decoration of them. The point therefore is not that the individuality of the worker shall be allowed to a successful issue. But in the meantime women who are already conscious of a desire for greater freedom might easily be worse employed than in formulating schemes for the adjustment of society towards the fullest economic freedom for mothers.

E. H.

* New Age, June 20th.
The Great Unborn.

He is quite a common type,—the Great Unborn; undoubtedly the commonest type of all. He is to be found in every walk of life. He belongs to every rank and station. He sits in the drawers of the village pothouse. His presence pervades very work-shop, every office, every drawing-room, every assem-
blage of whatsoever kind. You meet him in the train, in the street, in the theatre and music hall and art gal-
lery and museum. And in the bosom of your family. You can no more hope to escape from him than to shake off
your own shadow. Sometimes indeed he bears more than
a shadowy resemblance to yourself. He preaches at you
from the pulpit, harangues you from the platform, argues with you in the chamber of your heart, charms your ear in the concert hall and your eye on the wall of Burlington House. He is everywhere; and there are as many varieties of him as there are shades of light and darkness. He is sometimes a gentleman, sometimes a sage, sometimes a fool, sometimes a man of
intelligence. He is rich and poor, and strong and weak,
and agreeable and obnoxious, a pleasant companion and
an mitigated bore, a boor and a man of the world, a
Socialist, an Individualist, a Whig, a Tory, a Christian,
an aristocrat. Agnosticism, socialism, anarchism, receiv-
ing the value of machinery is the very essence of pro-
eressivism. Progressivists talk about the need of con-
trolling machinery, but they are very jealous of any
one who would be definite on such an issue. Any sug-
gest of machinery should be side-tracked by its neglect of the political and economic
issues. The Arts and Crafts movement is awaken-
ing to this fact, and is claiming to-day that the So-
cialist shall respect the craftsman's opinion on a ques-
tion of which craftsmen have made a special study. It is forced upon him in new proportions.
It has been said of the average man that he is
forced to deal with this and kindred subjects which are
troubling him. Because on such a question as sweating every man's ordinary humanity
is forced upon him. The Socialist as such must
have a valuable function of its own to perform, should
be allowed to continue drifting. I apprehend, how-
ever, that this appeal to evolution is only a bluff, and
that the real issue is the future of machinery. When
we are compelled to ask what the真正 is, we are
alas! always interpreted as a desire to abolish machinery en-
tirely. Yet it is the craftsman who will have to deter-
mine its rightful application, because no one else has
the requisite knowledge. The Socialist as such must
force craftsmen into politics at this moment. He would
have the artist and craftsman stick to art. Thus, he tells us: "It is
unfortunate that the Arts and Crafts movement, which
ought to have been side-tracked and rendered helpless by this grafting on to it of a reactionary and practically absurd political
programme." What this valuable function is, apart
from those ideas the usefulness of which he emphati-
cally denies, I should very much like to know. When
Mr. Sharp says that "the movement is being side-
tracked and rendered helpless by this grafting on to it of a 'political programme'" he is simply talking non-
sence since, as a matter of fact, the very reverse is true.
The Arts and Crafts movement had already become
side-tracked by its neglect of the political and economic
implications of its position. Commencing as a protest
against the dependency of art upon luxury, it gradually
became one of its feeders. It was a growing conscious-
ness of failure on the part of the movement to achieve
its central purpose of bringing art back to the lives of
the people which forced upon it the necessity of politi-
cal action. One would have thought that Socialists
would have welcomed the light which specialists can throw on an important side of our social
life, and endeavored to extend our knowledge of the
attacks on positions which are fortified by knowledge and
experience. But we are not without hope for Mr. Sharp's salva-
tion. He admits that "there are moments when the
benevolent influence of the social movement is working
in the world."

A. J. Penty.
usually dies of a failure to adapt himself to new conditions; or does the best he can in the way of piecing together the broken fragments again, and covering himself with them. But radically it happens that his modifications are broken from the outside; but this is a very painful process of emancipation. A better way is to tap the mind gently—as I am doing in this article—and thus to rouse the prisoner within to a consciousness of the world outside, which is so full of beauty and adventure and the means of joy. Then he may emerge by dint of his own exertions.

And when he has emerged, and has stretched his limbs in the light of day, and has looked around and seen that the world is good and fair, then we may expect him to begin to do something worth while. He will surely want to enlarge himself. He will look down on the common methods of that form of art which wondered how it contained him. He will marvel that he should have been content to sit in that narrow cell whilst all the world belonged to him. And very likely he will be filled with an exagerration of this, and try to attack all the other unbroken shells which strew the ground on every side with the first weapon to his hand, even though the weapon of his choice may be woefully inadequate to the task, or that he has not the power to make use of it effectively. But if he is another kind of man, he may be filled with fear at finding himself naked and unarmed in a new, strange universe, among giants of a strength and stature such as he has hitherto never suspected of. But he will find these giants quite willing to be friendly, to play with him—perhaps a little roughly; but he will get used to that—and then to instruct him, and finally to work with him. By that time he will have survived his birth, and belong to the race of the giants himself.

EDWIN PUGH.

Nationality in British Music.

Of late years much has been written and talked about the British School of musical art, the conception of a handful of living composers being sufficient, in the opinion of the Press, to designate a school—Wales, Scotland, and Ireland giving each her representatives to the "British" company. The combining of genius of the four countries has resulted, however, in scarcely more than this—that one is able confidently to place Great Britain last of the great nations of the world in the culture of music. In the works of the more eminent living writers the subject matter is always time-worn and threadbare, and the manner academic and prosy to a degree; what is lacking of the divine fire is made up by noisy rhetoric and by a careful and punctilious style in the saying of serious platitudes. Vulgarity is generally absent—nobody in England has the courage of Tchaikowsky's exuberant convictions—and the snobbery of the polite Englishman incites him to follow the fashion set by his leaders in the continental schools, absorbing, with his inordinate love of etiquette, the externals of their art, but copying these and failing to comprehend the essential qualities of their genius, their true-born divinity, their personality. Great art is never, can never be, impersonal. And much of what is accepted as valuable art in England is devoid of personal expression. The most striking exception to this is to be found in the work of Edward Elgar, where, in one of his Military Marches, you discover the finest expression of Democracy in all modern music (for the "Meistersinger" overture is rather than than deme the external divinity, their personality. Great art is never, can never be, impersonal. And much of what is accepted as valuable art in England is devoid of personal expression. The most striking exception to this is to be found in the work of Edward Elgar, where, in one of his Military Marches, you discover the finest expression of Democracy in all modern music (for the "Meistersinger" overture is rather than deme

This great English people is so heterogeneous that it is impossible to say where the true nationality is to be found, and how we are to know when it is expressed. To take London into consideration is to include the scrapings of all the ends of the earth—good, bad, and indifferent, from every country in the world. A "national" spirit means a cosmopolitan mob. Possibly it is this very cosmopolitanism which the alleged British "school" seeks to proclaim; at any rate, the song, such as it is, is seen andavored in the war whoop and playing the local tom-tom, as many of our distinguished academicians fancy when they employ an odd folk tune or two, and, when in an Imperial mood, a bare a folk-tune. "Britishness," here you will find real melody, my boy; here you will find simplicity and beauty, limpid and clear as the purest mountain brook. But is it not a cheap way out of the difficulty? Is it not a poor thing to have to build your symphony upon a quotation—"to gain a reputation as a philosopher and wit by repeating what someone else has said? It is obviously the same token, desires to hand on "Bonnie Dundee" to posterity like a patent medicine. I do not plead that it is a particularly vicious thing to orchestrate a folk-tune, or that it is often quite useful (except in the case of the old Irish and Scotch Gaelic airs composed in an untempered scale, when it is merely stupid), for it gives the student an opportunity of inventing variations when he possesses no natural creative gift. The Theme with Variations is an art form that cannot be a truism. Now is when he began to write, but he may find no school here when he began to write, but he may

he found no school here when he began to write, but he may may leave one behind him.

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Engineers and Art.

It is sufficiently obvious, even if it were not proclaimed on all sides by the engineers, that engineering is work demanding a high degree of intelligence. The engineer, his draughtsmen, his superintendent engineers, his foremen, the mechanics—all must be shrewd and intelligent men, with all their wits about them. As I say, this is sufficiently obvious, and it is idle to deny it. It may also be allowed, for the sake of argument, though this is much more open to doubt, that even the lowest grades of unskilled engineering workmen are, and should be, a manifestation of the best feelings of the English race. But what, on the other hand, is, or should be, quite equally obvious is the fact that modern engineering not only does not demand that every individual workman shall be an artist—in any sense of that word—but, on the contrary, sees to it very thoroughly that he shall be no such thing.

I am not denying that the engineer-designer (as distinct from the men who work for him) may himself be an artist in the sense that his work is in a large degree self-expression, and therefore of the nature of art. Neither do I deny that engineering work is often a work of extraordinary beauty in the living sense that beauty is power made visible and, for that matter, in the formal sense also; but I do deny that the individual engineering workman is an artist, that he is more than an intelligent living tool. I deny that he is an artist because his work is not, and cannot be, the expression of himself.

Now, I do not propose, in this paper at any rate, to claim that it is a bad thing for men, however intelligent, to be merely tools. I do not propose to claim that all men should be artists. Those claims must wait. What I do propose to attempt here and now is to make it clear, as little as other people, can afford to pass over the fact that in every detail of human life something more than mere utility, something in the nature of art, in fact, is demanded.

What I do propose to attempt here and now is to make it clear that engineers and machines cannot supply, though engineers and machines make the same demand for them, in their homes and elsewhere, as other people.

But perhaps it will not be obvious to everyone why machines cannot produce art—why they cannot satisfy the demand for art. It will be said—I know it will be said—have we not the pianola? Have we not the gramophone and the machine wood-carver—to say nothing of the men who, by their bickering critics, are disarmed. If an artist is not allowed to be an egoist what is he to be? It is really in egotism, i.e. in personality, you have the help possible chance for nationality. Just as in the ideal community anarchy is the supreme state of social order, consisting of perfectly controlled individualism, so in Art, by perfectly expressed personality, will be attained something approaching a well-ordered and truly musical nation, a system that will voice the best characteristics, the best traditions, the best thoughts, and the best feelings of the English race.

The engineer-designer is not by making nationality to order, at so much a ballad; nor by meanly delving for inspiration in other people's collections of folk-tunes; nor by being sentimental about "Sally in our Alley," or patriotic about the "Absent Minded Beggar." But by playing the game like men.

Ornamentation, decoration, colour—these things, it would seem, are part of the nature of man. Good or bad—have them he will. And yet it is just these things that engineers and machines cannot supply, though engineers and machines, in order to do so, must produce art. In the second place it does not produce or reproduce ornament, and it is to ornament and decoration that I am more particularly referring. So we may safely dismiss the pianola from the discussion.

What of the machine wood-carver, whether of flesh and blood, or metal? Well, the root mistake is this: that beauty is assumed to be a matter of form. Beauty is not entirely a matter of form. Beauty is first and foremost the expression of life. It is only with this fact is thoroughly grasped that it can be understood why it is impossible to produce beauty by machinery, and that it is because modern work is hopelessly dead and hopelessly dull that most modern work is hopelessly bad and hopelessly ugly.

Modern work is dead because the men who do it are mere cogs, mere machines, without any individuality or souls that they have any right to call their own.

Modern work is dull for precisely the same reasons.

Whether or no engineering methods will, or can, so far change the future that, while the same amount of thought and care is given to the science of construction, it is also possible for the individual workman to produce beauty by machinery, and that it is because modern work is hopelessly dead and hopelessly dull that most modern work is hopelessly bad and hopelessly ugly.

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Ah love! among the throng of risen dead
With you has wept and with you broken bread;
Would that your love to me made consecrate
Myself debarred from that most happy state,
Doomed in some alien land of barren ice
To wander, or in Pluto's realm to wait.
Until my tears God's anger should suffice—
You would not see the glory for your tears.

If That Your Love
If that your love to me made consecrate
Should shrink before some awful sacrifice,
As 'twere decreed by unrelenting Fate
That you alone should enter Paradise,
Myself debarred from that most happy state,
Doomed in some alien land of barren ice
To wander, or in Pluto's realm to wait.

In heat and cold together, joys and fears?
Remembering him who shared your earthly years,
Until my tears God's anger should suffice—
You would not see the glory for your tears.

FREDERICK RICHARDSON.
Socialist Imperialism.

Upon no subject of public discussion is there displayed such an amount of loose thinking and unbalanced opinion as upon that of Imperialism, and upon none is it more desirous to see the doctrine delivered intelligently and sincerely; especially as the question of the permanence of the Empire has been dragged into the arena of party, and made the unhappy sport of Tweedledum and Tweedledee, whose incessant disputes have deluded the members of a family who in an era of Capitalism hope to abolish war and its horrors altogether; nevertheless they are entitled to our fullest respect. It must be admitted, however, that there is no logical answer possible to the contentions of Tolstoy, just as there is no logical answer to the precepts of the Sermon on the Mount. All that can be usefully said here is that mankind cannot be persuaded to love them out. The reason for this must be supplied by the theologian, not by myself. And Imperialism is just one of those things that are not amenable to logic; the Empire is here, and the British nation has no mind to relinquish any part of it. This situation and all it implies must be frankly accepted by the Socialist Party, since no Socialist Government would survive a week that proposed to surrender any part of our possessions. And if the Imperialists were to have a chance, if not for defence, at least for defence; and greater sacrifices than any we now endure would be necessary, for reasons that will be mentioned presently. Meanwhile, it is clear that our criticisms of existing Governments and policy are not made merely at random, but are the expression of a fixed and consistent attitude.

To the lover of peace the prospect is far from hopeless. War has now happily become such a ruinous business financially that few nations will enter upon it with a light heart. Nor is it there in every century a springtime of grace to settle the great questions of humanitarian grounds, but of more importance still, not alone in this country, but in Germany, France, Italy, Austria, and soon, we hope, in Russia, a growing body of Socialists which can be trusted to impose a salutary and efficient check upon any wilful schemes of military glory and economic exploitation. For the Socialists are not in the least perturbed by the imputations of disloyalty so freely and ignorantly urged against them; they are as devoted to their country as any other class. "This precious stone set in the silver sea" is as dear to them as to the most patriotic patriot. Indeed, the only genuine Imperialist is the Socialist, since he alone has an enlightened conception of what Imperialism should really denote, and the courage to conceive and work out its ideals. The only Empire worth fighting or working for is that of a community of free men working in harmony for the highest possible development of each individual capacity, both physical and intellectual.

On general grounds it cannot be seriously contended that the Anglo-Saxon race is destined to dominate the rest of mankind; a single glance at the map of the world would be sufficient to dispel any such illusion. Neither can it be truthfully said that success in arms is any adequate measure of the value of the respective combatants. Battles are now, and in the future must increasingly be, won by science and money. In this domain, as in most others, the longest purse will win. It must be objected to a consideration, but the practical ones are equally formidable. If our colonies and over-sea dependencies are to be called upon in the defence of the Empire, they will rightly demand to be consulted in all matters of Imperial policy, and will, moreover, claim to be represented in our Houses of Parliament. Such a claim none of our statesmen in their present temper would seriously consider; but the time may come when it could easily open up a vista of future trouble that might well appal us. Even now our relations with Japan are not likely to be improved by the evident desire of Australia and the United States to exclude our allies from these countries as undesirable aliens. And just as parental control becomes gradually relaxed as the members of a family approach manhood, so our dominions are less likely as time goes on to take their cue from the Mother Country. But the vital Socialist objection to current Imperialism is that England, so far from realizing her ideal of a great nation, is in reality a mean nation of impoverished men; and however rapidly the expansion of the Empire on present lines might proceed, that would bring it into an amalgamation of the countries known as the "Cable Club," from which we annexed the whole of Europe that would not appreciably improve the lot of the match-box maker, the shirt maker, and the casual million workers receiving under 20s. per week. We are too mean ever to decently pay the prices for the tools we are employing in the process.

Lest this language should appear extravagant, let us consider for a moment our attitude towards the army, upon which in the last resort our very existence depends. However else Liberals and Tories differ, they show a remarkable unanimity in this, that, to employ a vulgarism, they are resolved to run the Empire on the cheap. Our attitude as a nation towards the army is a disgrace to any intelligent patriotic community; our occasional fits of caressing appearing as mere futil gleams of sunshine in a black waste of neglect and indifference. For our soldiers are not regarded as citizens at all, but as outlaws: they are herded together apart from the rest of the community; we do not allow them to vote or take any part in the welfare of their fellow combatants. As a matter of fact they are subject to a retrograde metallic system of discipline, and their pay is an exact illustration of the classic "iron law of wages." A man who risks his life for the defence of his country is not保卫 than a coal heeler, a footman or a groom; but where the supply of workless men is superabundant and the demand for honourable treatment practically non-existent, any political economist can forecast what will happen.

Neither, after centuries of Whig and Tory rule, can we honestly commend our country as an example for other nations to follow, nor wish to see the conditions prevailing here reproduced elsewhere. The population of a little over 40 millions 12 million workers who habitually do not get enough to eat, and at least 12 millions more who are uncertain whether in six months' time they will have enough to eat. Many of them are wretchedly housed; they are so miserably paid that they cannot possibly save; and their plight when pushed out of employment by younger men cannot be described in language of moderation. These facts are perfectly well known to the responsible statesmen of both parties. Even if this poverty were irremediable (which it is not), we could forgive our statesmen for ignoring it if they were using any intelligent means of alleviating it. But they are wickedly neglectful. The Party, bound hand and foot by abstract propositions, is attempting to consolidate our Imperial race by assisting the stupendous of our rural-born population to emigrate, while encouraging the immigration of aliens, whose sole recommendation is that they are pay a dollar a day for a job which in an era of Capitalism hope to abolish war and its horrors altogether. Nevertheless they are entitled to our fullest respect. It must be admitted, however, that there is no logical answer possible to the contentions of Tolstoy, just as there is no logical answer to the precepts of the Sermon on the Mount. All that can be usefully said here is that mankind cannot be persuaded to love them out. The reason for this must be supplied by the theologian, not by myself. And Imperialism is just one of those things that are not amenable to logic; the Empire is here, and the British nation has no mind to relinquish any part of it. This situation and all it implies must be frankly accepted by the Socialist Party, since no Socialist Government would survive a week that proposed to surrender any part of our possessions. And if the Imperialists were to have a chance, if not for defence, at least for defence; and greater sacrifices than any we now endure would be necessary, for reasons that will be mentioned presently. Meanwhile, it is clear that our criticisms of existing Governments and policy are not made merely at random, but are the expression of a fixed and consistent attitude.

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hands devote ourselves to the welfare of our own race
in other parts of the world. In the long run this will
tend towards the improvement of our own material
difficulties; a loyal union of these peoples with ourselves
upon the basis of unfettered self-government under
equitable economic conditions. These were granted
not long since in South Africa, and the result
would cease almost immediately. It is economic pres-
ture that threatens Imperialism now, and may in the
end prove fatal to it. For since we are too nigarily
to pay an equitable price for the protection of our Empire,
anxious eyes are being cast in the direction of the only
alternatives—conscriptation and a citizen army. But conscriptation is as enthusiastically opposed by the working
classes as Imperialism is enthusiastically supported by
the capitalist. The real alternative—the ideal system
—the system which every sane nation would adopt,
would be the creation of a voluntary democratic citizen
army, freed from our present reactionary and stupid
system of caste. But the obstacles in the way of realising
this ideal are at present insurmountable, for, as Mr. Balfour
says, there are limits to the forbearance of human
nature. And it is not in human nature to expect that
a free man will deliberately offer to be shot for the
purpose of protecting the property of another person.
Now the average British citizen has at present no
country to die for. It is not in any sense his. Before he
can even sleep in it he is obliged to pay rent to some
body else. The high roads, it is true, are partly his:
but if he sleep there he will be arrested as a vagabond.

Under Socialism, of course, the provision of a citizen
army would present no difficulties, neither would the
provision of forces for active foreign service, were they
ever required. Even now the difficulties of Mr. Hal-
dane and his advisers would disappear if they would
approach the subject in the spirit of generous men and
not as misers. The Duke of Westminster, for instance, could
easily afford out of his ground rents to maintain a whole
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ing to school, and starving to its grave; we have in our hands absolute guides to the removal of poverty for ever from our midst; and yet—the nightmare!—the world will not, apparently cannot, stir. Is there anything that can save England from fatal lethargy? Is there a clarion voice that can awaken these half-dead, altogether stupefied brains and hearts? Play to them the revolutionary music of Wagner, and they flinch in their hundreds to Bayreuth—to hear more. Pour upon them the thunder of Carlyle, the organ pealing of Milton, the exorcisms of Ruskin, the passionate reproofs of Shelley, the dramas of Ibsen, and they shiver like school pupils. Organise a revolution, and the revolutionaries quarrel among themselves; plot and plan in a Fabian Society, and the progress made is at the pace of the glacier; democratise institutions, create Progressives, Labour Organisations, and the present result is—the status quo.

As we have said, Mr. Shaw's second preface is his apologia, or at least his resolution. For in the section "Barbara's Return to the Colours" we have what may be called "Shaw's Return to the Colours." There, if we mistake not, we hear the voice of a profounder, more serious Shaw than ever has been heard before. Not that is heard that day's Shaw has been anything but what it was before; but he has come at length to a seriousness which cannot fail to be apparent even to the dullest with. Revolutionist Shaw has always been; but we warn the reader that it may concern him that Shaw was never a more dangerous revolutionist than when he wrote the preface to "Major Barbara."

The Small Holdings of England. By L. Jebb. (John Murray, 10s. 6d. net.)

I have at the back of my mind the story of a German scientist who once climbed a tower, by the Heligoland spiral, and on the top he sat down to write the history of the giraffe. I don't really believe the tale; but had it been told of English politicians discussing the matter of small holdings then I should have been inclined to accept it as gospel. Indeed, this rural subject of agriculture is mainly debated in all sorts of urban haunts, by committees who would not be prepared hastily to draw fine distinctions between turnips and mangolds. A grimy intrusion, the inner consciousness, is a comparatively harmless literary adventure; but abstract small holdings may lead to quite serious waste of energy and confusion. However, Miss Jebb's extraordinarily valuable book is not even on a tower. It is a close study of the facts which face the man who seeks a living from a small holding; the facts of rent, markets, soils, climate, local custom, and the various conditions which make agriculture possible or impossible on the small scale. Every important group of small holdings in England has been visited and described in this book by a wonderfully clear statement of the essential characteristics of each group and illuminating comparisons with others. It is a book of which the value can only be appreciated when one has grasped what a storehouse of information is opened to the reader who desires to have an intelligent opinion on this matter of small holdings and the wider agricultural problem which lies beyond. There are a few books which it is so necessary that the citizen shall read if he wishes to be more than an automatic voting machine when this question is decided. Rightly or wrongly, the small holder has become one of the chief pieces of the political board, and we have to estimate his importance and place in a wise community, and vote at the polls accordingly. The book, the whole book, undoubtedly; but there are some points which must be especially considered with the Socialist bias. For example, Miss Jebb's facts are, if small holding a successful business concern; it is already in existence in many places. But whether it be the best form of agricultural existence in the best of possible communities is another matter. The Socialist is not prepared to admit that there is any better prima facie case for individualist agriculture than there is for individualist industry and commerce. To maintain the small holder against the large farm will apparently lead to a stern struggle, and we must be quite sure that it is worth the fight. To deal a blow at the capitalist landlord by buying his land under compulsion may be so far good; but, remember, we are seeking a sound agricultural system. The small farmer is not an end in himself. Unless it can be shown that the small holder is a happier craftsman and more productive than the worker on a large farm, then, probably, there is no place for an agricultural system as an ultimate necessity. But it is also probable that we must accept them as a transition; if only as a concession to that rather vulgar craving to call a plot of earth one's own. Miss Jebb says that the Board of Agriculture and the local Councils must have drastic powers of buying land and leasing it to the holders; but she scarcely seems to realise that the poor man must have working capital as well as the bare land. He must have live-stocks, implements, and seeds. The County Councils should provide these for exactly the same reason that they provide the land. Now the Bill before Parliament which is really based on Miss Jebb's arguments, allows the Council to lend money to credit banks and co-operative societies; which is a step in the right direction. But to lend money to a private bank is little better than leasing the municipal tram lines. Why should we go through the stages of private co-operation if we can organise it through our County Councils? This, of course, means that we should have public colonies of agriculturists under the control of public officials. That means that we must capture the Councils from the hands of short-sighted councillors, and find expert officials. Both of which things we must ultimately do; and the sooner the better. Perhaps the first advantage of public farms would be the opportunities they would offer for agricultural education.

The Industrial Republic, a Study of America Ten Years Hence. By Upton Sinclair. (Murray, 1s.)

It was not Mr. Upton Sinclair's fault that "The Jungle" missed fire as a piece of Socialist propaganda, but he has taken care that there shall be no mistaking his meaning in his new work. "The Industrial Republic" is not an attack upon any specific phase of industrialism, therefore there is no opportunity for the smugly inclined, among those who are not attacked, to be complacent. It does not deal specifically with the commissariat department, therefore the serious questions involved cannot be shelved by such self-denial as absence from canned beef or sausage. Everybody is involved in this book. It is an indictment of the entire

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To which is added a Criticism of Tolstoy's book, "The Relation of the Sinner," sent to the writer by Tolstoy's representative, Mr. V. Tchertkoff.


The author contemplates publishing the above book himself. Before arranging about quantities, he makes an experiment by asking readers of "The New Age" to send him applications on postcards, addressed H. CROFT HILLER, Dissbury, Manchester.
commercial system which Mr. Sinclair analyzes with unrelenting logic and despitches with a prophetic faith which is almost like a fate. He sees in the commercial machinery, the tendency working towards Collectivism, and working with such certitude that he is able to fix the exact date at which the transformation from competitive to collective commerce will take place. "I believe," he says, "that the transformation process is whirling on with terrific momentum toward the crisis; and I look to see the most essential features of the great transformation accomplished in America within a year or two after the Presidential election of 1912"; that is to say, that in five or six years from now America will be a collectivist republic. It is a good thing for the Socialist to be sanguine, but such conclusions are he treated largely as a curiosity. It is also a pity, yet inevitable, that it should have come from America. Yet Mr. Upton Sinclair is no mere tab-thumper, his statements are by no means blatan; they are based upon an actual study, a keen power of observation, and set forth with convincing logic. "The Industrial Republic" is one of the most thoughtful and informative Socialist books that have appeared, and it will rank high among propaganda books on this subject. The quality of Mr. Sinclair's Socialism will not make quite the same appeal in Britain as presumably it does in America. The British Socialist has fired his imagination at the shrine of Ruskin and Morris, and the departmental dolts of the followers of Bellamy leave him unmoved. The difference between the Socialism of America, so well set forth in "The Industrial Republic," and our Socialism, lies in a faith in political and bureaucratic institutions. Mr. Sinclair has this faith also; he believes that Socialism will be born of a financial crisis; whereas we believe that the financial crash, which we agree will of necessity come, will not necessarily bring about Socialism, but that it will make Socialism a more imminent possibility. This is a vital question which the reading of "The Industrial Republic" will not at least partially bring about Socialism, but that it will make Socialism a more imminent possibility. This is a vital question which the reading of "The Industrial Republic" will not at least partially bring about Socialism, but that it will make Socialism a more imminent possibility.

"Israël in Europe." By C. F. Abbott. (Macmillan. 10s. net.)

The above volume will be found a singularly useful guide to those interested in that Jewish question which, at present merely in its infancy, is destined to be one of the complex problems of the twentieth century. The value of the book lies not only in its able and lucid exposition of the recent situation, but in its vivid and efficient narrative of those preceding nineteenth centuries in the light of which alone that situation can be clearly realised. Starting with the Jew at the time of the early Roman Empire, we find that until the supremacy of Christianity he enjoyed considerable prosperity under the toleration of that facile polytheism and divine freemasonry which admitted with complacency outside deities into its ever-widening circle, though viewing, no doubt, from the fixed standpoint of its wide anthropomorphism the highly abstract Hebrew Jehovah with no small amount of suspicion.

With the accession of Constantine, however, the Jews enter on that period of almost chronic and universal persecution which to the present day has served but to whet the edge of their intellect and to stimulate their consciousness of their race. Speaking roughly, in fact, the cardinal features of medieval are the cardinal features of modern Jewry—the pre-eminence of the Jew in finance, the isolation of the Jew in society, and the detestation of the Jew by the Gentile, due to his superior efficiency in the struggle for existence. It is, however, after the period of so-called emancipation and pass into the nineteenth and twentieth centuries that we come to the most important chapters in the book, which deal with Russia, Roumania, Anti-Semitism, and Zionism.

We would point in particular to the following quotation from the reply of the now executed De Prieve to a Jewish deputation in 1904:—"If free entrance to the high places be accorded to you, you would obtain, although by worthy and honest means, too much power. It is not just that the minority should overrule the majority." This invisibility of Jewish competition is the key to both Anti-Semitism and the Jewish retort thereto, Zionism. Both movements are in their origin essentially economic. In both cases religious and national ideals are merely the poetic veils employed, as in the case of Imperialism, to cover the nakedness of crude prosaic facts. With regard to the peculiarly interesting problem of the Jewish relation to Socialism Mr. Abbott says little. In regard to Zionism, in fact, the Jews' position is given usually paradoxical: on the one hand they form the blood and brain of the Bund in Russia and the Social Democrats in Germany; on the other they represent with equal efficiency that individualist and capitalist system which it is the Socialist ideal to displace. Be then the victory with the angels or the devils, they are equally saved and equally damned.
BOOK NOTES.

Among the books in the press, or on the eve of publication by Mr. T. Fisher Unwin, are "The Marionettes, A Puppet-Show in Two Acts," a volume of poems by John Presland; a number of the "Numismatic Guide" series, on the World and Numismatics, by F. M. C. Cash; "The Problem of Western Civilization," by Julian Huxley; and "L掀ernov, the Meteoric Poet of the Romantic School; Koltsov, the Poet of Revolution; and Nadson, whose work is to be reviewed in the next number of "The Shanachie," to which Mr. J. M. Synge (author of "The Playboy of the Western World") contributes an article on "The Shanachie," to which Mr. J. M. Synge (author of "The Playboy of the Western World") contributes an article on the Blasquet Islands, by Mr. J. M. Synge. The new volume of the popular "Stars of the Stage" series is published by Mr. John Lane, and includes "The Tragedy of Macbeth," by William Shakespeare, and "The Great Divide," by Sir Hubert von Herkomer. The same firm also announces for immediate publication "The Dimensional Idea, an Aid to Religion," by W. F. Tye; "Alfred Bruneau," by Arthur Hervey; "Living Masters of Music Series," Lane, 2s. 6d. net; "The Court of the Tuileries (1852-1870)," by Le Petit Homme Rouge. (Chatto and Windus, 7s. 6d. net.)

BOOKS RECEIVED.

"Sweden's Rights." By Anders Svenske. (Unwin. 6s. net.)
"The Licensed Trade." By Edwin A. Pratt. (Murray, 5s. net.)
"Small Holdings." By L. J. Jubb. (Murray, 10s. 6d. net.)
"John Bull's Other Island and Major Barbaras: also How He Lied to Her Husband." By Bernard Shaw. (Cassell, 6s.)
"Pioneers of Humanity." By Howard Williams. (Humanitarian League, 6d. net.)
"Economics for Irishmen." By "Pat." (Maunsel, 1s. net.)
"The New Ireland." By Sydney Brooks. (Maunsel, 1s. net.)
"A Literary History of India." New edition. By R. W. Fraser. (Unwin, 12s. 6d. net.)
"Life's Pilgrimage." By Edwin H. Elsand. (George Allen, 2s. 6d. net.)
"Dr. Gordon." By Mary E. Wilkins. (Unwin, 6s.)
"Swords and Plowshares." By Ernest Sydney Evans. (Stockwell, 1s. 6d. net.)
"Memoirs of Miles Byrne." Edited by his widow. Introduction by Stephen Gwynn, M.P. (Maunsel, 2 vols. 15s.)

Review, Magazine, etc.--"Hindustan Review." (Allahabad); "Indian Review" (Madras); "Literary Digest." (New York);
"The Samhain." (Dublin, 6d. net.)
"The Shanachie." (Dublin, 6d. net.)
"The Crank." (June, 5d.)

DRAMA.

"Divorcons" and Grace George and the Municipal Theatre.

A dreadful suspicion begins to dawn upon me. A desperately regular attendance at the theatre begins to sap my belief in our only modern belief, that in the struggle for existence and the survival of the fittest. On the stage, at least, while there is some struggle everywhere, everything survives. Old words and passions and ideas that ought to be all decently interred persist in romping about in the most malignantly active manner. The Comic Theatre has been created, the founders even are to be publicly dined, but other theatres remain and prosper more and more. Progress in the drama does not kill the lower species, any more than the evolution of man kills monkeys. And the question becomes: is it possible to progress without progress? Is there any possibility of a Socialist paper, perhaps it is as well to explain that I have no designs on individual actors and actresses. In the case of Miss Grace George, for instance, I should very much like to see Mr. Cash's "Our Slaughter-House System, to England, and the state regulated systems of the Continent, particularly of Germany, in reference to whose form should read Mr. Cash's "Our Slaughter-House System, which are now peculiar to England, and the state regulated systems of the Continent, particularly of Germany, in reference to whose methods we are some thirty years out of date. SC SC *

HUMANITARIANS and sociologists interested in sanitation reform should read Mr. Cash's "Our Slaughter-House System, a Plea for Reform," with which is included "The German Abattoir," by Hugo Heus, published by Messrs. Bell and Co. L.P. Cash analyses the manner in which the sanitary system of private abattoirs, which are now peculiar to England, and the state regulated systems of the Continent, particularly of Germany, in reference to whose methods we are some thirty years out of date.

Messrs. Maunsel and Co., of Dublin, will publish on the 26th inst. the summer number of their illustrated quarterly, "The Shanachie," to which Mr. J. M. Synge (author of "The Playboy of the Western World") contributes an article on the Blasquet Islands. This is the first of a series which will describe the people of this district and the adjacent Blasquet Islands. Mr. Synge has already written about island life in his recently-published "Arran Island," but we understand life on the Blasquet is even more primitive. Amongst the other contributors to this number are George A. Birmingham, J. B. Yeats, R.H.A., and Professor Horwitz.

"The Simple Life on Four Acres." By F. A. Morton. (Fifield, 6d. net.)
"Six Acres by Hand Labour." By Harold Moore. (Fifield, 6d. net.)
"Six Acres by Hand Labour." By Harold Moore. (Fifield, 6d. net.)
so represent them pays. And so I come back to my suspicion. Is there to be a permanent place on the stage for this kind of the drama? Can we somehow of the day? Let us see how it is another sweep it off? It certainly affects the honour of women. Have not the W.S.P.U., the rebel women, any suggestion to offer? It is really dangerous to us to allow this kind of play to continue. It is a bitter thing, it is a thing which might ruin women should be sweet and sugary. I am quite convinced that after a performance of "Divorçons!" every stall-holder who escorts a lady puts on her cloak for her with a more tender, more courteous, and more contemptuous bearing. And I doubt every woman looks a little more adorably trustful.

To say that Miss Grace George acts the part of the wife very well is not really a compliment. It could be very much more so if Miss George found it impossible to act the part at all. The wife is so much less an individual than any person ever was that it is only necessary to have a few technical accomplishments—to walk in a certain way, and speak with a certain clearness—and everything that can be done with the part is done. To make a display of superficial moods, of vanity, affection, and petulance is all that is required. Not to act the part would require a certain amount of artistic independence, a certain degree of depth of feeling, and a certain study of life at first hand. But then not to act the part would quite probably mean not to get the chance of acting at all. So once more the dead wall of economic necessity.

Both from the point of view of the public wanting good plays and the actor wanting good parts, it is fairly clear that present theatrical conditions are against them. The theatre now is in the hands of the commercial manager, who is compelled to put as his first consideration that of profit. He dare not try experiments, because they might land him in the workhouse. Where experiments, like the Court Theatre once was, have succeeded it has been because they have been altogether exceptionally backed against failure. And this all means that plays which are quite hopelessly out of date and out of touch with modern people will go on being produced because their like have succeeded in the past, and the habits of playgoers may make them succeed again in the future. For not every manager can have the luck to get properly backed from private sources, and if we want good plays we shall have to back the managers in our corporate capacity as citizens. If we want good plays we must have a Municipal Theatre, a strong trades union of actors, if they took it into their heads to strike against inferior plays, could materially assist us to get good plays. But they could not emancipate us from the necessity of theatrical trusts, and compelling us to take the business over in self-defence. I have been searching lately in quite curious places to find the real drama, and what I have found everywhere is excellent acting burlesquing itself in extraordinary plays. Mr. Martin Harvey swaggered before me as Rat Resheby in the "Breed of the Thames," Mr. Cyril Maude has waved his slippered foot from under the bedclothes at me as Toddlies, and I really refuse to believe one or the other can wish to do these things. Give either one or the other a free hand with a municipal theatre, let him only by the obligation to produce good plays, and the more artistic delight in producing good things will prevail. The trust is not apparently going to give him any such opening, for, of course, Mr. Frohman is at the back of "Divorçons!" Production on a big scale is apparently no more a guarantee of excellence in a theatre than in a Chicago packing company, which reminds me that a correspondent from the North has been trying to slumber this week without pricking me in the drama. At this point I can only say I do—rather severely. I shall keep my correspondent's letter for use on a future occasion. Meanwhile let me suggest that excellent theatrical critiques are purveyed in quite a large number of the other weekly and daily journals.

L. Haden Guest.
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.

A NOTE ON METHODS OF CONTROVERSY.

TO THE EDITORS OF "THE NEW AGE."

I hesitate to understand the controversial standards of Mr. Chesterton. He has written an article in which he does not so much as hint at the new Socialist creed which he desires to ascribe wanton inconsistency to me. I do not think his method of doing so a justifiable one. He puts together climactic articles in which he expresses his views of history which was addressed to convinced Socialists and concerned party politics only, with passages from my propaganda tract "This Misery of Boots," addressed to the unconverted, he twists the necessary difference of tone between these two into an apparent contradiction and works his way laboriously to the imputation of bad sense—bad faith. He accuses me of going over "bag and baggage" to persecution, and he does this in the face of an article in which I insist, as plainly, if not as rhetorically, as I do in my tract, upon the supreme need of outspoken statement and open confession of our Socialist faith, and in which there occurs such a passage as this—

"Now you may say this is the old doctrine of persecution. I do not think so. The conception of persecution carries with it the implied thought that there is a power which I must think to many other minds, a flavour of insidious substitution, a suggestion of wire-pulling and trickery, and what I propose is the open and triumphant imposition of ideas."

I ask you, I wonder what do they make of Mr. Chesterton's device of avoiding this passage altogether in his reply to my article? The whole of his argument against me is in fact a strained attempt to make out that my exhortation to all thought of the nucleus of the General Social, which he calls himself Socialists, was an exhortation to separatism in party politics. I find it hard to believe, and I school myself with difficulty to believe, that Mr. Chesterton is capable of such extreme clumsiness of apprehension. But his clumsiness of apprehension becomes still more difficult to credit when he drags in my book, "In the Days of the Comet," as a book advocating polygamy. That issue had been discussed I had hoped sufficiently fully, and I find it difficult to suppose that Mr. Chesterton is unaware of that discussion. But he must be unaware of it, or otherwise this new attack would throw and behaviour would be hard-throwing. I imagined when I published "In the Days of the Comet," that even without discussion no intelligent person could mistake the idealised representation of my comet-struck world for the general practical world structure. But Mr. Chesterton, Mr. Shaw, and the Anti-Socialist expert of the "Daily Express" disillusioned me. Let me, therefore, repeat that not only was the book written without any suggestion of the kind of confusion which is the destruction of the present system of industrial slavery in the name of Socialism, but that does not mean that I would incite people to destroy the present system of industrial slavery in the name of Socialism. I do not mean that I would incite people to destroy any system of industrial slavery, but I do mean that I would incite people to destroy the present system of industrial slavery in the name of Socialism.

To THE EDITORS OF "THE NEW AGE."

NEED FOR A SOCIALIST PARTY.

TO THE EDITORS OF "THE NEW AGE."

How can Mr. Chesterton expect to organise a middle-class Socialist Party without a Socialist programme for the middle classes? As a matter of fact, Socialists have nothing at all to do with the "middle-class" idea. The "middle-class" idea is ameans by the statement that "the present constitution of the League to members of the Church of England, but we are formed to at least as wide as the accredited theologians of the historic church in our interpretation of Churchmanship. We, therefore, open the door to all christened people, whether they be very regular churchgoers or no, so long as they wish to claim their rights and do their duties within the Church, and are in general agreement with its creeds rationally interpreted, and its Socialist aims. Further particulars on application to:

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To THE EDITORS OF "THE NEW AGE."

NEED FOR A SOCIALIST PARTY.

TO THE EDITORS OF "THE NEW AGE."

It would be interesting to know what Mr. Cecil Chesterton means by the statement that "the present constitution of the Labour Party excludes the Social Democratic Federation." One would have thought that a man of common knowledge among Socialists that the "exclusion" of the S.D.F. is quite voluntary, and that it is just as eligible for affiliation under the present constitution as are the T.U.C. or the Fabian Society. It is true that there is still some suspicion of the "middle-class" Socialist in the minds of the older trade unionists, but this is dying away more rapidly than might be expected, and it is only the Fabian Society which is still in dispute, and is especially the Fabian Society which is actually a "middle-class" party of Socialists, separate from and in dependent of the Labour Party. It can only lead to its revival with greater force than it even possessed before. On the other hand, Mr. Chesterton’s pamphlet in which he says that Mr. Chesterton seems a trifle superfluous, because the Social Democratic Federation already is such an one, and there is nothing to prevent any Fabian sharing his view from joining the

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