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MARIE
CORELLI
AND THE
MODERN
GIRL.By
FLORENCE
FARR.

THE

NEW AGE

AN INDEPENDENT SOCIALIST REVIEW
OF POLITICS, LITERATURE, AND ART

Edited by

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SOCIALISM
AND
LIBERALISMBy
FRANK
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THE OUTLOOK.

Staggering Humanity.

Mr. Victor Grayson, M.P., must be a proud man when he reads the letters, interviews, and articles concerning himself and his victory which have been flooding the capitalist Press ever since. The feat of staggering Consols, which he claimed credit for at Crofton Park on Friday, sinks into insignificance compared with the achievement of throwing hardened journalists and experienced politicians into a state of panic bordering on lunacy. The most acute case is that of the "Daily Express," which has been treating its readers to two or three columns a day on "The Menace of Socialism," columns which we heartily commend to any of our readers who wish to sample the rich possibilities of human idiocy. Out of so much that is delightful, we hesitate to choose samples. But we think we like best the list of "concealed Socialists" in the Liberal Party. This list contains the names of such well-known champions of our cause as Sir Randell Cremer, Mr. Byles, Mr. Arnold Lupton, Mr. Richard Bell, and Mr. Henry Vivian. There can be no doubt about the "concealment" in these cases. We can only imagine that the name of Mr. Harold Cox was omitted by an oversight. And what about Mr. Balfour? He seems to us to be far more open to suspicion than any of the gentlemen referred to above. His exposition of the social character of all value, given under the mask of opposition to the Land Valuation Bill, appears quite in the character of the Jesuit-Socialist who harrows Mr. Pearson's imagination. Another exploit of the "Express" was the discovery and publication of a "secret document" issued by the Fabian Society. To the naked eye it appears to contain nothing more alarming than an appeal to members to increase their subscription. The Fabian Society (having no peerages in its gift) is obliged to raise its funds in this comparatively sordid manner. But the clearer vision of the Editor of the "Express" sees unutterable things in this somewhat prosaic document, and he endeavours by a copious use of headlines and leaded type to convey his dark, if rather vague, suspicions to his readers. Of course, we are also treated to the hardy annuals, "Atheism" and "Free Love"; but we doubt if even the readers of the "Express" are so silly and ignorant as to be impressed by this sort of rubbish.

The Liberal Panic.

But great as is the alarm of Mr. Pearson and his satellites, the alarm of the Liberals is not less marked. That a mere Socialist, unsupported even by the Labour Party, should, in a constituency traditionally Liberal, defeat the official Liberal candidate—and that candidate the son of the great apostle of Free Trade and Child Torture, John Bright—was really dreadful. In vain had Mr. Sherwell undertaken in public debate the defence of the Government; the electors were apparently not impressed. In vain did Mr. Maddison produce and

wave in the air the inevitable "ticket." The workers of Colne Valley had seen that ticket before—and perhaps they knew something of Mr. Maddison and his record as a trade unionist. Anyhow, the Government candidate was badly beaten, and the Liberals, like the Conservatives, are in an anxious mood. The Liberal papers are full of voluminous letters, from which it is difficult to gather whether Liberalism ought to be supported because it is identical with Socialism, or because it is opposed to Socialism. Not only do the writers contradict each other, but they contradict themselves. The same correspondent will say first that the best security against the extravagant revolutionary schemes of the Socialists is the adoption of a sound Liberal policy of reform and the maintenance of our glorious heritage of Free Trade, and the next moment that the progressive forces ought not to be divided, but should unite against a common enemy. It occurs to one that, if Liberal legislation and Free Trade are obstacles to Socialism it is a little unreasonable to ask Socialists to unite in their support. The most interesting contribution to the discussion comes, however, from Dr. Macnamara, himself one of the organisers of defeat at Colne Valley. Dr. Macnamara gravely informs the world that the Socialists have no grasp of economic facts! They have, on the other hand, a compensating advantage in their taste for speaking at street corners. This taste Dr. Macnamara earnestly advises the Liberals to cultivate. We hope they will take his advice, for the spectacle should prove an interesting one. And the problem which principally interests us is this: When the young Liberal enthusiast has taken his stand in the market-place, nailed his colours to the mast, and collected a reasonable-sized crowd of listeners—what, in the name of Heaven, is he going to say to them?

Lord Cromer.

On Tuesday next the House of Commons will take into consideration the proposed grant of £50,000 to Lord Cromer. That the proposal will be carried may be taken as a foregone conclusion, nor do we think that many grants of a similar character have been better earned. The hand of the bond-holder may have been a little too much in evidence in the events which led up to our occupation of Egypt, but for the policy then pursued Mr. Gladstone and not Lord Cromer was responsible. During the long years of Lord Cromer's rule there have been "regrettable incidents," like the Den-shawai affair, and much of the friction which the conflict of our civilisations always produces, but against this must in fairness be set the splendid work of social and economic reorganisation, which has, so hostile a critic as Mr. Blunt being witness, increased out of all recognition the material prosperity of the Egyptian peasantry, and for this work Lord Cromer undoubtedly deserves most of the credit. Doubtless there is a good deal of discontent in Egypt, and a formidable Nationalist movement which is attracting more and more of the intelligent Egyptians to its ranks. With this movement

Sir Eldon Gorst will have to deal, and we hope that he will deal with it with judicious sympathy as well as with firmness, remembering that there is no Empire-breaking force so potent as panic. It is not in the nature of things that a people should be content to be permanently excluded from the government of their country, and, as the good work of Lord Cromer bears fruit in the improved conditions of the Egyptian people, and therefore in their increased vigour and self-confidence, the demand for a larger measure of self-government is certain to become more urgent. The business of the British representative is not to set himself blindly against such demands, but to find for the new-born national energy an outlet consistent with the maintenance of the Empire. In this way he will best complete the task which Lord Cromer has begun.

Arms and the Bondholder.

At least one decision of the Hague Conference will meet with general approval from Socialists, the provision that no nation shall use armed force to collect debts until the matter has been referred to arbitration. No one can think without shame of the manner in which the arms of great European Powers have been used in the past, not to protect the interest of the peoples whom they represent, but avowedly to serve the quite sordid purposes of international bond-holders and financiers. To prostitute the sword to the service of gold is always the first step in the downward path of empires. Whether the veto will be effective is quite another matter. For our part, we do not believe that anything will be done for peace until the nations of the world are prepared, not merely to pass pious resolutions, but to turn their armies into an international police force to suppress any nation that defies the general will. After all, private war was not put down by sentimentalising about love and brotherhood, and mutually agreeing not to carry revolvers. It was put down by erecting a power, called the State, whose business it was first to define the rights of every citizen and then to guarantee their defence. So it must be in international affairs if universal peace is to be more than a benevolent aspiration. But, since many worthy people are talking about establishing peace on the basis of the status quo, it is as well to add that peace never can be secured, and never ought to be secured, on the principle of stereotyping injustice. While Poland is under the heel of the Tzar, while Alsace and Lorraine are subject to a power they detest, "there is no peace, and shall be none."

A Labour Victory.

The most hopeful sign about America is that, though the governing class appears to be even more rotten than ours, the working class often shows a virile fighting spirit that ours too often lacks. The Labour wars of the States have an epic character which is not easily to be paralleled in the Old World, and surely there never was so melodramatic an episode as the persecution and liberation of Haywood, the leader of the Western Miners. All the resources of the American plutocracy were put out to crush this man. Money was poured out like water. Perjured witnesses were suborned or intimidated into traducing him. President Roosevelt intervened to condemn him in defiance of all traditions of public decency. Whether the crimes confessed to by Orchard were really committed by him or were, as has been suggested, the work of the capitalists themselves, we cannot tell. No one who knows anything of the commercial methods of American Trusts will regard the latter suggestion as inherently improbable. The fact is that, with the exception of Russia, there is no country so pregnant with revolution as the United States. There the fight between capital and labour is a real fight; it is not veiled by any kindly feudal traditions on the one side or by any sentimental snobbery on the other. It is open war, like the struggle between the Tzar and his people. The acquittal of Haywood, in spite of the efforts of those whom his counsel described as "the vipers and vultures of Wall Street," is the first blast of the trumpet under the walls of Jericho.

The True Unionism.

We know of few recent events more encouraging than those connected with the Belfast strike. It is true that the struggle is by no means over, and no one can tell for certain how it will end. The Irishman, whether Orange or Green, has more than the common human measure of pugnacity, and is not likely to yield without one of the sharpest struggles in our industrial history. Even the police have caught something of the infection, and have embarrassed the authorities by threatening a strike and something like a mutiny on their own account. But these are incidents. The really hopeful feature about the affair is the cordiality with which Orange and Nationalist labourers appear to be working together in defence of their common interests and rights. This is the real solution of the Irish problem; this is the true "Union of Hearts." Let the Irish people once realise that their oppressors are not the democracy of England, but the capitalists and landlords, who are also the oppressors of England, and all the bitterness will be taken out of the relations between the two peoples. Let the Protestant Orangeman and the Catholic Nationalist once understand that capitalism cares nothing for either loyalty or patriotism, for either Protestantism or Catholicism, but will oppress and exploit both with perfect impartiality, and the long feud between North and South will be over, and, in a better fashion than romantic Nationalism dreamed, "Orange and Green shall carry the day!"

Closure and Obstruction.

The discussion on the proposal to closure through the Evicted Tenants' Bill was exactly the same as many previous debates. The Conservatives made the speeches the Liberals used to make, and the Liberals made the speeches the Conservatives used to make. In circumstances such as had arisen, the Government always accuses the Opposition of obstruction, and the Opposition always accuses the Government of stifling free discussion. For those who are not impressed by the continual repetition of this ancient ceremony, the real question is: why is it impossible for the collective brains of the Commons to devise a method by which Bills shall be adequately discussed without permitting them to be killed by talking? What we clearly ought to have is an arrangement by which every part of a Bill shall have its fair measure of consideration and no more. What we actually get is a system whereby obstruction is allowed to run riot over the first half-dozen lines of a Bill, and the rest is closed through almost without debate. No board of directors or parish council would tolerate such a state of things for ten minutes. But the men, who are entrusted with the direction of our Empire, are apparently incapable of performing efficiently the ordinary routine of a Vestry Clerk.

For a Citizen Army.

The Lords have modified their amendment to the Army Bill so as to avoid a conflict with the Commons on a question of privilege, and the Government has promised to do its best to persuade the other House to accept the amendment as amended. So watered down, the proposal becomes almost infinitesimal; but so far as it goes it is a step in the right direction. Meanwhile, we note that the National Service League has arranged for a mixed Committee of Enquiry to visit Switzerland and study the system of citizen service practised there. The Committee is to contain three members of the Labour Party, Mr. O'Grady, Mr. Macpherson, and Mr. Kelley. We can only hope that they will return with minds fully made up, and will be able to convince the whole party of the necessity of falling into line with the Socialist movement of all Europe, and support the only really democratic solution of the problem of defence. The anti-militarist movement in France seems to be dying a natural death, and its recent and explicit repudiation by Jules Guesde, the most revolutionary of French Socialist leaders, will probably complete its extinction.

HOLY RUSSIA :

THE HYMN OF THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTIONIST.

A PROTEST AGAINST THE IMPENDING AGREEMENT WITH THE RUSSIAN GOVERNMENT.

By GERALD KINGSTON.

FOREWORD.

THE following poem was penned immediately after the massacre of "Vladimir's Day." Something like eighteen months have passed since then, yet who cannot recall the thrill of horror which convulsed all thinking Europe at the deed? One looked for some concerted boycott of the Russian Government by the other Powers; some protest against the wanton devilry of the deed. Surely there was such a thing as "Higher Politics"! Such an outrage on Humanity could not pass unchallenged! But nothing followed. No ambassador was withdrawn. No effectual protest entered. Even Britain—who broke off political relations with Serbia on account of the murder of two (not wholly innocent) persons, and continued that breach longer than any of the other Powers who had followed her action—Britain remained inactive. Nothing was done!

To-day the situation in Russia remains unchanged, aggravated the rather by the lapse of time. The same short-sighted, self-seeking cruelty on the part of the rulers—the same brutal callousness to the sufferings of the people—the needs of the nation—continues. The murderers remain in power, and the British Government is in the act of entering into an agreement with them!

Happily, it is not yet too late to withdraw. The writer, therefore, joins his voice to theirs who are endeavouring to awake the national conscience to protest against "any agreement whatever between the British Government and the inhuman despotism" which still usurps the name of Government in Russia.

I.

From city, hamlet, hovel,
From steppe and frozen sod,
From fortress, mine, and prison,
Our cry goes up to God.
They take our lives, our labour,
The very grain we sow,
But shall they fleece us ever?—
Up, brothers, answer "No!"

Chorus.

Who'll stand to-day for Russia?
Each hour a People die!
And louder, fiercer, clearer,
Rings out our battle-cry—
For Russia and for Freedom,
Strike! Strike! Nor sheathe the glaive
Till Russia, Holy Russia,
Become the tyrant's grave!

II.

We sought our "Little Father,"
We sought him in our need;
We came defenceless, starving,
As broken men who plead.
He left his drunken soldiers*
Our unarmed ranks to mow;
But shall they slay us ever?
All true hearts answer "No!"

Chorus.

Who rules to-day in Russia?
Not he, the coward slave!
Who skulked within his palace,
And let his bullies rave!
We have our God-sent leaders,
Hearts brave in deed and pen;
For Russia, Holy Russia,
Her rulers must be men!

III.

We fought their battles for them,
We saw our comrades slain;
They died in countless thousands,
To serve their lust for gain.†
For traitors and for tyrants
We watched our heart's blood flow;
But shall it flow for ever?—
All Russia answers: No!

Chorus.

Who'll fight to-day for Russia?
You fought like heroes then,
To weld the gyves that gail you
Upon the wrists of men,
Who strove like Gods for freedom,
As you must strive to-day,
If Russia, Holy Russia,
Would be the thing you pray!

IV.

To save our sick, our dying,
We gave our last poor groat;
The "Red Cross" that we paid for,
Hangs round a woman's throat!‡
To keep their worthless wantons,
Our hard-wrung treasures go:
Shall we be slaves for ever?—
All Russia thunders: No!

Chorus.

From city, hamlet, hovel,
From steppe and frozen sod;
From fortress, mine, and prison,
One cry goes up to God.
For Russia and for Freedom,
Strike! Strike! Nor sheathe the glaive,
Till Russia, Holy Russia,
Has proved the tyrant's grave!

† That this was the true motive of the Russo-Japanese war has been clearly shown by the late Mr. Carl Joubert.

‡ The misappropriation of public funds in Russia was never more callously instanced than in the case of the subscriptions which poured in from all classes of the population towards the Red Cross Fund. One evening, at the time when this scandal was at its height, a popular actress, *amie* of the Grand Duke Serge, appeared on the stage, wearing an ornament composed of magnificent rubies, in the shape of a cross. Instantly a cry of "The Red Cross! The Red Cross!" arose, which was echoed from all parts of the theatre. So hostile was the demonstration, that the actress was obliged to retire from the boards, and did not appear again during the remainder of the run.

* The night before the massacre, the benefit of Madame Balletta, the mistress of the Grand Duke Alexis, took place at the theatre. After the performance, this lady gave a supper at her rooms, at which the Grand Dukes were present, and danced the "Cake Walk." It was from this scene of revelry that Vladimir, a rough soldier and hard drinker, went to head the troops, and gave the order to fire on his defenceless countrymen.

The Industrial Outlook.

ONE aspect of Socialist propaganda that is not laid sufficient stress upon is the series of disastrous breakdowns of individualism in the business world. We have just had a notable example in the report of a great Motor Omnibus Company, in which it is stated that motors have been running at a loss, and must be withdrawn from the streets. What will actually happen, of course, is that the shareholders in the company will be compelled to sacrifice a large part of their capital, that a new company will be formed, taking over the old assets on a new valuation, and that the money "lost" having been comfortably sunk out of sight into the pockets of business men, the new company will be able to go on and pay interest on its new capital. Compare this state of things with the finances of the L.C.C. electric trams. Motor bus companies, with relatively high fares, fail; the L.C.C. trams, with exceedingly low fares, succeed. And the L.C.C. does not come into contact with that elaborate financial machine, the Bankruptcy Court, while without this machine, modern industrial enterprise would, to be successful, need another foundation than it has at present. Another fearful commentary on our present world is the stream of sordid revelations about money-lenders. That men should be reduced to such terrible straits that they are willing to pawn the whole of their future for an instant of temporary relief (for that is what a money-lender's loan usually means), is rather a severe reflection upon our social conditions. And that the evil is great we all know well enough, although its importance is now accentuated by the formation of a Money-Lenders' Victims' Defence Association. We know ourselves of cases where men have borrowed a small sum and been compelled to continue payments for interest and interest upon interest, year after year. The case of a widow who, having borrowed £30 on the security of £100 worth of furniture, repaid £40 and was then sold up for the remainder, is typical. Another case we know of was that of a home-working tailoress in the East End, the furniture of whose room was sold up for arrears upon a sewing machine while she lay in bed with a one-day-old baby. Such is the security of private property under Individualism, and such the sacredness of the home.

The British Constitutional Association, assembled in Annual Conference at Oxford, has been discussing the Provision of Meals for School Children, Old Age Pensions, and other urgent topics. The Association laid great stress on the undesirability of weakening the feeling of individual responsibility by State aid and upon the necessity for protecting the home against Socialist designs. We wish the Association an extended membership and frequent meetings, because even the kind of mind attracted to its deliberations cannot fail to be a little informed by discussions. The only weak point in the Association's plea for individual responsibility is that our present system, by making a man's chief desire that of obtaining an income, takes away from him the possibility of allowing his individuality and responsibility any scope at all. Productive efficiency is what business requires, not individual responsibility. This latter is indeed a stumbling block; our present system is only carried on by men refusing to take responsibility and fulfilling their small function without regard to the whole process of which it is part. For instance, honest editors refuse the responsibility for excluding lying advertisements, honest workers refuse the responsibility for refusing to manufacture shoddy houses, lyddite bombs and big guns, honest landlords refuse the responsibility of refusing to let their property for brothels. Why does not someone compile a list of the eminent ones in the British Constitutional Association with a list of their holdings in companies and their other property, make a schedule of the labour conditions and home conditions under which these eminent ones' incomes are made, and then forward it to them with a little note on social solidarity?

We do not know whether the vote the Association passed against the Feeding of School Children will have much effect; the refusal of the L.C.C. to apply the Provision of Meals Act is more serious. On an ex-

ceedingly moderate estimate £30,000 will be required, of which there is no prospect of raising more than £19,000 by private effort. Curious it is that people do not object to interfering with the sacredness of the home when it is a case of starvation, only when it is a case of good feeding. We wonder, too, whether those who so bravely talk of parental responsibility have ever sat down seriously to consider the body and soul value of good food and drink? The starving child of a staunch member of the British Constitutional Association would grow up a weakling in body and mind despite his father's responsibility, the well-fed child of an S.D.F.-er will have a solid mind and body fit for responsibility, despite his father's views. And do those who oppose feeding know the actual state of the parents of many town children? A large proportion have no right to be trusted with the responsibility of sick rabbits, quite apart from children. How the parents got into this state is no matter at present; it was not by living in a Socialist Utopia anyhow; but being in it, they are a danger to all, their children especially, for nothing is more dangerously infective than poverty of body and soul. The remedies are isolation for the diseased and good feeding and nurture for the "contacts."

In this connection we may mention that a most important Congress on School Hygiene will take place at London University from August 5th—10th. The discussions will be of especial interest to all Socialists. One paper which will be read deals with a project for the rational use of our town open spaces for the purpose of open-air schools. It is merely lack of enterprise that prevents our using the squares and small recreation grounds to a very much fuller extent than we do now, and Miss Sewell, a lady gardener, has put the matter into practical shape. Miss Sewell believes that any recreation ground can be converted at a small cost, and has constructed a large 24 feet model of the Fulham Recreation Ground to show this. This model can be seen now at the Whitechapel Art Gallery, and every Socialist ought to make a point of seeing it. In the model there are open-air baths and beds, and a fascinating suggestion of what our schools might be even at the present time.

Socialism and Liberalism.

It has become quite a conversational commonplace that we are all Socialists now. So far has the Socialist propaganda of the last twenty years permeated that it has survived the first obstacle to its progress—that of ridicule. It has already secured a small but firm foothold in the nation, and has even established itself in our Legislature itself. That it should find itself in open antagonism to our two orthodox political parties is perfectly natural, and that the Liberal Party especially should resent its appearance was to be expected. If in moments of impatience Liberals are often heard to confess their inability to understand what Socialism is, on their part Socialists are equally at a loss to understand what Liberalism is; for if the Socialism of Mr. Sidney Webb, for instance, be not quite the same as that of Mr. Keir Hardie, neither does the Liberalism of Lord Rosebery correspond with that of Mr. Arnold Lupton. In the heat of debate many bitter and unjust taunts have been flung at each other by Liberals and Socialists alike, and it must be confessed that the last thing the combatants appeared to desire was to intelligently understand each other. Now that the Liberal Party, after the banishment of a quarter of a century, finds itself in a position of unexampled supremacy, it may not be considered ungenerous to point out in a perfectly candid and friendly spirit what are the obstacles that preclude the hope of reconciliation between the two parties.

The first and most obvious obstacle in the way of union is the fact that Liberalism is now existing upon its past traditions; that whereas during the last 50 years our methods of industry, the conditions of our national and social life generally, have changed almost beyond recognition, Liberalism has stood still. Capitalism has practically wiped out entire classes of workers, such as the small master craftsman and artisan; machinery has displaced the sometime prosperous home-worker; our railway system and factory system

have created a new order of things quite unique in the history of the world. The triumphant economic revolution wrought by capitalism naturally created the necessity for new legislation, for which the Liberals, both by tradition and experience, were peculiarly unfitted. A cursory glance over the history of the last 50 years is sufficient proof of this.

The Liberals of 50 years ago were largely justified in contending that the only way of promoting material progress was through the private capitalist employer. No other means were at the time available. The whole working population owed its prosperity (such as it was) to these captains of industry; and it was accepted as a proposition requiring no proof that if a man were to do his best in any business he must have a direct pecuniary interest in it. On the other hand, the country could point to no official enterprises that could inspire any confidence; these were nearly always by comparison inefficient and extravagant, even if they were not actually corrupt. The enormous expansion of our trade, for which our captains of industry claimed the whole credit, naturally created the impression that State interference or management was synonymous with everything that was inept, bungling, and costly. The Liberals of that day, therefore, could declare with a large measure of justice that they had performed their whole duty by enabling the working population to vote. It is, moreover, manifestly unfair to sneer at the Liberals of that time for their inability to foresee the inevitable failure of Free Trade, under private property and capitalism, to provide a worthy existence for the masses of the population. The Liberalism of that day did actually represent something; the Liberals were working for genuine reforms which the circumstances of the moment rendered necessary, and if the future was hidden from them that is the common lot of all mortals.

Some philosopher or other has remarked that eventually our troubles either kill us or themselves. No sooner had capitalism come into its kingdom than a new conception of government began slowly to emerge, generated partly by abstract scientific speculation, and partly by a humanitarian revolt against the horrible excesses and cruelties of the factory system. For long this new gospel of Socialism struggled almost in vain against the innate conservatism of the nation, but the more vehemently it was opposed the more rapidly it spread. To the doctrinaire individualist Liberals its appeal for State control appeared to be something resembling political blasphemy, while its proposals concerning land and capital were denounced as unadulterated robbery. Contemporaneous with the rise of Socialism was a growing feeling of unrest on the part of the working classes. Our workers are not given to abstract theorising about politics, but by the force of circumstances they found the theories of the Socialists translated into present facts before their very eyes. During the great miners' strike, and again during the engineers' strike, they found their Tory and Liberal employers sinking their political differences and acting harmoniously together in the interests of their order. Indeed, the working classes have been for long gradually coming to perceive that what they vaguely understand as "Capitalism" has begun to threaten their very existence. Specialised machinery not only displaces large numbers of workers, but makes the lot of those who remain in employment infinitely more arduous and monotonous, and at the same time precarious. It is unfair to lay the blame for this upon the employers, since they are as much victims of competition as their workmen. But what is of ominous import to the Liberal Party is the fact that the workers are now declaring that the "system" itself is at fault, and must be superseded. And this change of attitude is really the beginning of the end, since the only alternative to capitalism is Socialism. The Liberals of to-day are at the very crisis of their fate; they dare not go forward, they cannot go back; while to stand still is impossible. Mental habits are notoriously difficult to change; and its innate distrust of State interference, together with a constitutional inability to see to the root of things, has resulted in our Liberalism offering cures which are no cures, and remedies which remedy nothing.

This is not a political article, but an allusion to the methods of the Liberal Party as illustrated by the Home Rule controversy may be allowed. For 20 years the Liberal Party has been remembering Mitchelstown, in total oblivion of the fact that England also merits a little remembrance. Even had it granted to Ireland the fullest measure of Home Rule, the lot of the Irish peasantry would not have been improved so long as the land remained the property of rack-renting absentee landlords. This particular evil is as rampant here as in Ireland. Indeed, its proposals for land reform itself are equally futile. The structure is not to be repaired by applying a little putty here and there to its gaping joints. It is of no use merely facilitating the "transfer" of land, or granting to a casual ambitious individual a few acres and half a dozen geese. The cultivation of the land will have to be taken up seriously and in a scientific manner by the State; as much care will have to be devoted to it as is now bestowed upon the Army or Navy. Among the Liberals are great numbers of sincere land reformers and social reformers; and it is for them to decide how much longer they are to allow their aspirations to be damped down by those in high places, otherwise, politically, they will soon be squeezed out of existence. For so far is the Socialist Party from justifying the taunt that it is composed mainly of unpractical dreamers, it is not too much to say that the only constructive policy at present before the nation has been advanced by the Socialists.

This brings us to the very crux of the question, and reveals the true reason for our implacable hostility to Liberalism. In short, our quarrel is not with Liberals as Liberals, but with the Party machine. It would be the height of folly to pick a quarrel with individual Liberals, since the majority of them in the natural course of events are destined sooner or later to come over to us. But with the Party machine it must be war to the knife, and for this declaration of war individual Liberals are wholly responsible. Unlike the Socialist Party, the rank and file of the Liberal Party will not pay for their politics themselves, with the result that their candidates and policy are imposed upon them by the wealthy landlords, plutocrats, and capitalists who bear the expense and run the show. This is why the cup takes such an unconscionable time to fill, and why (in the absence of earthquakes) the sands must continue to be ploughed till the crack of doom. Hope deferred maketh the heart sick, and unfulfilled promises have a habit of coming home to roost. Sooner rather than later will come a peremptory demand for a more equitable distribution of the resources of the nation. That day will mark the demise of the Liberal Party as we know it. When the omelette is at last ready to be prepared and the time comes for breaking the eggs, we may look forward to a precipitate scuttle on the part of the contemporary Lord Roseberys and others who profess and call themselves Liberals, to the ranks of the Tories, to whom they rightly belong. What of the Liberal rank and file? Of these many are still the salt of the nation. And painful as it will be to them to witness and assist in the rapid disruption of a once great historic party, the rank and file will not flinch. They who through good and evil report have steadfastly espoused the cause of political freedom, will justify their best traditions, and throw in their lot with the only party possessing the sincerity and courage necessary for the economic emancipation of the nation, and to whom alone the future belongs.

FRANK HOLMES.

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A 4½d. bottle makes
2 gallons of
delicious home made
Lemonade.
Health in every
sip, refreshment
in every drop.

ZION'S WORKS contain explanations of the BIBLE, which free mankind from the charge of sin. Read the "Dialogue," Vol. IV., and first Letter, Vol. IX. In the principal Free Libraries.

Marie Corelli and the Modern Girl.

MISS CORELLI'S books form the reading of thousands of middle-class young girls, and it is very necessary that we should recognise the great importance of such an influence upon the coming generation. Both in England and America her novels are read with ardent appreciation, and now she has issued a special message to her sex in her preface to "Delicia," which runs as follows:—

The true intention of woman's destiny has not yet been carried out. She is fighting towards it—but, if I may venture to say so, she is using her weapons wildly and in various wrong directions. It is not by opposing herself to man that she can be his real helpmeet—neither is it by supporting him on her money, whether such money be earned or inherited. And it is not by adopting his pastimes or apeing his manners. It is by cultivating and cherishing to the utmost every sweet and sacred sentiment of womanhood—every grace, every refinement, every beauty; by taking her share in the world's intellectual work with force, as well as with modesty, and by showing a faultless example of gentle reserve and delicate chastity. When man begins to understand that woman is not meant to be a toy or a drudge, but a comrade—the closest, best and truest that God has given him—then the clouds will clear; and marriage will be a blessing instead of (as it too often proves) a curse.

In order that this advice may be followed, let us examine it in detail. The sentiments, graces, refinements, and beauties of womanhood are, Miss Corelli says, delicate chastity, gentle reserve, modesty, and intellectual force. These things constitute the ideal equipment of young ladies, for one sees at once that when Miss Corelli talks of women she means ladies, and does not include the common crowd of women, to whom modesty and refinement are impossible through circumstances over which they have no control.

Now chastity is the most important of the ladylike virtues in the eye of any law made by a patriarchal society. Under patriarchal law in England, for instance, a man may get rid of his wife if she is unfaithful; but he cannot divorce her for being a drunkard, a thief, a liar, bad tempered, or dirty. But we should expect Miss Corelli to be above patriarchal law and to consider these things; for, after all, what value is chastity without temperance, honesty, truth, good temper, and cleanliness? In the eyes of our law chastity, like charity, covers a multitude of sins, although in other respects it is the exact opposite of charity. For charity is a generous outflow of abundance to the poor and needy; chastity the secure guarding of a treasure. The ideally chaste woman is like a beautiful princess in the circle of fire whom none but the greatest of heroes may attain. But it is also necessary to remember that all chastity is not ideal. A woman may be chaste from a variety of causes, and the value of "delicate chastity" depends largely on the beauty of the casket containing it. The virtue that exists in absence of temptation can hardly be counted for much; neither can the virtue that arises from an innate dislike of the present methods of reproduction. Taking these things into consideration, we find that the virtue of chastity belongs by pre-eminent right to the really beautiful woman married to some man to whom she is not passionately attached. Further, she must be a mother-woman, and when the man has become the father of her child she must transfer her affections to her child. Otherwise "delicate chastity" is apt to vanish in marital tenderness, often anything but chaste. This state would seem then to embody the ideal chastity, and those who are only chaste from necessity or inclination must come as near the sublime example as they can. That chastity should be encouraged under patriarchal conditions is economically necessary because chastity is a most valuable asset, and marriage is a profession in which the amateur commands a higher price than the skilled artist.

We must now consider "gentle reserve." I will suppose "delicate chastity" to apply to acts, and "gentle reserve" to apply to conversation. Women must not reveal their thoughts and feelings too freely in conversation. Now this is very difficult, because there are two marked tendencies in these matters.

Some women do not care what they say, but are very careful what they do; the rest do not mind what they do, but are very careful what they say. But if a woman is neither to talk nor to act freely, I am afraid she will find it very difficult to attain the intellectual force which Miss Corelli demands from her.

We now turn to the last paragraph. It is difficult to understand how women can help being "toys or drudges" and become "comrades" to men if they are not to talk to them intimately. Human friendships are expressed through the intelligence and the affections, and the essence of friendship is freedom in one of these relations. In advocating a union of reserve and comradeship Miss Corelli is uttering a "hard saying." I will not call it a counsel of perfection, because I think it is imperfect; for it is evident that a woman must either sit alone in her ivory castle and allow heroes to struggle for her until the bravest wins, or she must give up the attitude altogether. But castles and entrenchments mean warfare, and men treat the captives of war very differently from the way Miss Corelli wishes to be treated. Hence the old tactics must be abandoned if the war of the sexes is to be exchanged for comradeship. It is war that begins with reserves, modesties and exclusions, and ends with self-abandonment, neglect, and drudgery. If a princess desires to be treated as a comrade and not as part of the spoils of war, she must become a republican and abandon her royal behaviour; so women must abandon reserved gentility and cultivate a decent respect for manhood, as well as womanhood if they want to become companions of men in any real sense. Mr. Clement Scott raised the cry of true womanliness years ago. Miss Corelli echoes his exhortations, but she knows too much to believe in them. Therefore she mixes her rosemary and lavender with flowers of wilder growth. It is interesting, by the way, to observe that our middle-class young ladies are already carrying on her mission of modest comradeship, and it will be gratifying to discover that they can develop intellectual force in the process.

These questions are puzzling everybody who has anything to do with the training of young girls; for the present is a period of transition. On the one side there are the mothers who are keeping their daughters under the most careful chaperonage in order that they may come upon the market innocent of all knowledge of a physiological nature that might prepare them for the amazement of the marriage day; on the other side we are constantly discovering that numbers of carefully-brought-up young girls set no price of any kind upon their favours, and ask in return neither marriage nor fidelity from the men they prefer. They do not realise until it is too late that there is an extraordinary difference in the psychology of the affections of a man and a woman. It seems most important in these days, when so many thinking women are revolting against the tyranny of the home and the patriarchal law that girls should realise that Alexandre Dumas spoke the exact truth when he said: "There is always one thing a man can do to console a pretty woman who loves him." That "one thing" is the very act which a woman would never willingly allow unless she was passionately attached to a man. Countless wives no doubt endure the horrors of a loveless marriage, and there are other women who can bear the disgust with the aid of wine and luxury in order to avoid worse miseries; but no man will ever understand the disgust a woman feels in contact with a man she does not love, because nearly every woman is too polite to tell a husband or patron in brutal words the real state of the case. The fact is women can be friends with many men and love very few; men can love many women and be friends with very few. Until this fact is clearly acknowledged the sexes will continue their mutual deceptions. Women will lament because they cannot convince men their love is a great gift, and men will regret that women cannot learn that love is a burning torch to be put out as quickly as it is possible, in order that they may set about the real work of life. Every man knows that perhaps there is only one woman in the world to whom he can give his intimate friendship; every woman knows that probably there is only one man in the world to whom she can give her passionate love. Each sex

keeps this secret to-itself, and women pretend to love and respond to the love of a man because they know that if they could feel such ardour as his appears to be, it would be a matter of life and death to them. They have pity on this assumption, they are polite on this assumption; and pity and politeness have led many girls into serious difficulties, and ruined many reputations. The old game of flirtation was the expression of women's innate consciousness that the light love of a man should be responded to by insignificant rewards; but flirtation is becoming a dangerous game under the latest conditions in the relations of the sexes, and it seems more than ever important that women should realise how proud a thing it is to win a man's confidence and how fatally easy a thing it is to rouse his passions.

FLORENCE FARR.

All S is P.

WHEN philosophers divest themselves of their swaddling clothes, the True, and the Absolute, and the rest of the cloudy Transcendental Metaphysic, small wonder that we fail to recognise these gods coming to us in the guise of mere mortals; really living statues without the statuesque pose. When, furthermore, they condescended to write with wit and humour, and so as to be understood of all men, we dared not believe that they were describing to us the Elysian mysteries—pure philosophy herself. Explorers went groping around in German Poland, in Ancient Greece, in Russia, in Norway. And yet it was all to be had in good plain English, to be found at Oxford, hitherto the home of lost causes, and at Chicago, the city of dead swine. Is Socialism true? What is Truth?

The truth is that there is no such Terewth. According to Mr. F. C. S. Schiller, of Oxford, truth is a form of value, and the measure of its value its practical consequences. Professor Dewey, of Chicago, assures us not only is the conception of a universal truth, solid, stolid, standing as it were four-square to all the blows of critical endeavour, a mere chimerical superfluity, but it is something we could have "no use for" were we to meet it accidentally at the cross-roads of our enquiries. Do we wish to discover whether an assertion is true or false? The Pragmatic answer is to interpret each notion by tracing its respective practical consequences. This is the famous principle of Peirce, first enunciated in 1879; it lay buried twenty years, until William James exhumed and revived the principle in his own inimitable way, making pragmatism current coin in the philosophic world.

Modern Socialists have all along been talking pragmatism although they were, probably, no more aware of it than M. Jourdain was of his own efforts in prose. The Fabian Essayists, for instance, all insisted upon a dynamic sociology, as against the milestones few and far between of the old static radicalism. Mr. Belfort Bax protested years ago against such blessed words as Liberty and Freedom, Equality and Abstract Morality. "Socialism is the great modern protest against unrealities," he said. The famous seven, who in 1888 held the fort against all comers, said never a word about rights or duties, expressly repudiated any desire to exhibit "the foundation of formal Socialism in the idea that informs the universe." True we have had others who insisted more strongly on dogma; for instance, Messrs. Hyndman and Quelch; but, on the whole, the "tender-minded," to adopt James's classification, have been worn down by the "tough-minded"—Shaw, Olivier, Webb, and Wells. (The "tough-minded," according to James, are empiricist, sensationalist, irreligious, sceptical, etc.; the "tender-minded" are rationalistic, idealistic, religious, dogmatical, and so on.) This classification must not be applied too rigorously; for example, Mr. Hubert Bland, who has never shaken himself quite free of his "Hegel and stuff," would probably be best described as a "tough" idealist.

In another direction pragmatism spreads its protective mantle over certain Socialists' views. Belfort Bax and Kropotkin and Bernard Shaw have dwelt with almost damnable reiteration upon the uselessness of

knowledge for the sake of knowing, regarding "pure" science, and "pure" art as pure fiddlesticks. This is all the very essence of pragmatism, which declares for "a systematic protest against all ignoring of the purposiveness of actual knowing." In other words, knowledge must be tested by its cash-value for practical and human purposes.

All Socialism is Pragmatism. All S is P. This is the meaning of those symbols that Formal Logic (Keynes, Venn, and Co.) had contrived to leave void of meaning but full of mystery. S and B I knew, but what were S and P? That also I know to-day. Mr. Shaw (pardon my King Charles' Head) recognised in the Fabian Essays that the only possible alternative to his program was "general insurrection and militant organisation of the working classes." It is twenty years since. Our plight is more miserable than ever, our despair grows deeper, the working classes more ignorant, the upper and middle classes more stupid and blatant. Is not a time-limit warranted in the name of all that's pragmatism? We will give ten years more to this propaganda, to this quiet, dull, soul-destroying process of conversion. Then, if we have reached no real measure of Socialism, let us lay aside peaceful or political persuasion as futile. No revolution has been unsuccessful, although none has ever been thoughtfully worked out. This the Fabian Society could do just as well as the work it has hitherto made its own. Every revolution establishes a permanent change of outlook; Socialism must be established by force of arms if Jarrow and Colne Valleys are too few and far between.

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BOOKS

THE NEW AGE

AUGUST 1, 1907

Paupers and Old Age Pensions.

WE hope that Mr. Sidney Webb's article on the above subject in the August number of the "Albany Review" will receive the attention it deserves. Every Socialist administrator and propagandist, at any rate, should make himself acquainted with its contents. As most of our readers have realised, there is considerable danger that the Old Age Pension scheme promised by Mr. Asquith will prove lamentably short of the hopes that have been raised. The age for Old Age Pensions, for example, has been mentioned tentatively as 75 years, at which age it is probable that most people will be either dead or indifferent. Again, the amount of the actual pension appears in conversation to have varied no more than a shilling more or less from a sum absurdly inadequate. An Old Age Pension of five or six shillings per week would be scarcely worth living to 75 in order to enjoy. If there were anything impossible in the demands of Socialists that pensions should be universal and sufficient and payable at the age of 45, we might compromise with some show of moderation. But anybody who takes the trouble to examine the tables of figures given by Mulhall and other statisticians, and admirably condensed by the Fabian Society in its tract, "Facts for Socialists," will realise at once that the wealth of the United Kingdom would permit not only a universal pension of at least ten shillings a week, but a life pension for everybody all round of quite that sum. Thus it is scarcely likely that the measure promised by Mr. Asquith will arouse much enthusiasm except as a first instalment of a State-endowment of enormously larger proportions and extent.

But even as a first instalment, it is highly probable that Mr. Asquith's Bill may prove unsatisfactory. With his differentiation of taxes on earned and unearned income we, of course, heartily agree. It is the recognition of a principle which in time will bear a good deal of Socialist fruit. All the more reason, therefore, that if the Old Age Pensions Bill is to be unsatisfactory as to figures, it should contain principles of expansion. In short, we demand of the Bill that it shall contain germs of growth as well in its principles as in its figures.

Now, according to the proposal of the Select Com-

mittee on the Aged Deserving Poor of 1899, which was reported on by the Departmental Committee of 1900, one of the conditions of eligibility for an Old Age Pension should be the "non-receipt of Poor-Law relief (other than medical relief) during the twenty years preceding the application for a pension unless under circumstances of a wholly exceptional character." By this condition, it was estimated that the number of persons over 65 years of age who would be excluded from pensions would amount to about a quarter of the total number otherwise eligible (515,000 out of 2,016,000 in 1901). On the face of it, such a proposal seems from the ordinary standpoint not unreasonable; but Mr. Webb is at pains to prove, and to prove conclusively, that the proposal is not merely unreasonable, which nobody in England would complain of, but practically unworkable.

Setting aside the fact that the injustice would be very great of first encouraging the aged poor to accept Poor Law relief and then in penalising them for doing so, it is certain that the exclusion of the present 600,000 aged paupers from an Old Age Pensions scheme would not, in the aggregate, reduce its national cost. At present the expenditure on aged paupers is borne entirely by the Local Authorities out of the rates, and at certainly not less a cost than would be involved by the proposed Pension. If, in addition to the existing rates, a national tax is to be levied, we may be sure that the Local Authorities will be the first to protest. Again, it is important to inquire whether the twenty preceding years' freedom from disqualifying Poor-Law relief shall be reckoned from the first operation of the Act; or whether, as seems unreasonable, the first operation of the Act shall require such a condition of all applicants under it. Whatever the period of such qualification is made to be, the condition ought at any rate not to be enforced till the same number of years from its promulgation.

But even supposing that the proposed disqualification shall not be made to apply until twenty (or whatever may be the number) of years from the promulgation of the Act, the difficulties of its enforcement are still considerable. Poor-Law relief is given separately by each of the 646 Unions in England and Wales and by each of 159 Unions of Ireland. No collated and complete records of the cases of Poor-Law relief exist at this moment; nor could such records even be obtained without enormous and quite disproportionate expense. Moreover, the chaos of our whole Poor-Law system is such that there are a dozen of different systems of registration in as many different Union areas. What is regarded as Poor-Law relief in the technical and disqualifying sense in Brighton, for example is regarded as medical relief in Bradford. In Bradford, therefore, an aged pauper would be disqualified on grounds which did not disqualify at Brighton. Supposing, again, that these different practices could be reduced to uniformity all over the kingdom, still the difficulties of discovery would remain considerable. Wives, for example, become paupers in their married name; but what is to prevent them from re-assuming their maiden name when applying for a pension? There is the further justification for such a course, namely, that in all probability it is their husbands who made them paupers in the first instance. Then there are the difficulties presented by widowhood, to which, Mr. Webb tells us, not less than 30 per cent. of all pauperism is due. A widow, it is obvious, may change her name once, twice, and even again, and finally present herself in her maiden name for a pension. How are the authorities to enforce the disqualification amid such bewildering transformations?

The conclusion from these considerations is, in Mr. Webb's words, that the proposed exclusion from a pension scheme of paupers is "politically impossible and administratively unworkable." Their inclusion, on the other hand, would involve no more than an annual expenditure on Old Age Pensions of £20,000,000 (less than the nation spends on tobacco); and even of this sum, nearly a third is already being spent by Local Authorities on the maintenance of existing aged paupers.

A MARKET-PLACE IN MOROCCO.

By EDWARD CARPENTER.

II.

ON all sides this market-place presents a show of inexhaustible interest and variety—a picturesque movement and life which mocks description. Now, at once, there is a sound as of bag-pipes, and looking round, lo! it is a marriage procession coming along. In front a well-caparisoned mule led by a man bears on its back a queer box or cage of considerable size, and covered with embroidered cloth or muslin; it is followed by men on foot, relatives of the bride and friends of the bridegroom, making music on reed-pipes (*ghaitahs*) and drums, while others ride horses and fire off their muskets at intervals. They are taking the bride, in fact, to the bridegroom's house. Within that cage she sits, poor little thing, with hands and feet dyed orange-red with henna, and painted eyes and cheeks, worn and weary with the importunate visits and preparations and ceremonials of female relatives for eight days previous, and trembling and, perhaps, in tears at the thought of the unknown fate that awaits her and the husband she has never seen. By her side is a loaf of bread, a candle, a few raisins, and a piece of loaf-sugar to console her—relics of some ancient usage. Soon she will reach the door of the bridegroom's house, and, passing in under his outstretched arm (or sword) for a sign of submission, she will become his wife. There is no religious ceremony; but the social conventions and customs, the presents and counter-presents, the dressings, receptions, and formulas, both before and after the conveyance of the bride, are endless. Notaries take down and register all the circumstances—the dowries, the dates, the donors, and values of all the gifts, etc.; and so the contract is safely concluded. The affair, indeed, seems to be as much one of property as any Hanover Square wedding, with its lawyers and settlements and trustees. Nevertheless, the husband can if he likes dismiss his wife the very next day (though this, of course, would be a great scandal), or at any later time, provided he returns a due portion of her dowry with her and sees to the maintenance of the children, if any. He can, indeed, divorce her twice, and take her back again; but if he divorces her a third time, then he may not take her back until she has been married to another man and divorced from *him*—when all will now be quits and as it was at the beginning! On the other side, the woman can only attain divorce by painful and laborious process of law, which she hardly ever ventures to set in action. Thus everything, as usual, is in favour of the man; and the whole is founded on and in accordance with the Koran.

There, again, skirting along by the city, goes a funeral procession: an open, wooden shell carried on the shoulders of men, with the body within, and covered with a white haik. If it is a female, her yellow sash is generally bound round the bier. The male relatives walk alongside or behind, chanting a monotonous but solemn dirge, which they continue at the graveside.

The ordinary grave is much like ours; but with the sensible regulation that it is only three or four feet deep, and that only one person is buried in each grave. The bier being an open shell, the "dust to dust" and resolution of the body into its primal elements must proceed very rapidly and cleanly. One sees, however, scattered about, both in towns and in the wilds of the country, solid, square, and white-washed tombs, which are the graves of saints. Saints, or marabouts, as they are called, both living and dead, swarm in Morocco. Everyone propitiates or seeks the patronage of some saint; and many of the tombs are visited for special diseases, cures, good luck, or miracles of one kind or another that they are renowned for. The theory is, much as it is in India, that Divine inspiration comes to folk here and there—the wind blowing where it listeth; but that chiefly it comes through sitting at the feet of one already inspired. And as Mohammed is looked upon as the original source of all revelation and inspiration, the saint generally traces, or pretends to trace,

his spiritual lineage in this way back to Mohammed. If he should happen also to be a Shereef—that is an actual descendant of the prophet—his claim to saintship is, of course, much strengthened. As in India, and as, I suppose, it was in Europe in the Middle Ages, dirt, outré conduct of any kind, and even sheer lunacy are regarded as some of the signs of sainthood; and the number of idiotic and fraudulent saints is great, and the really wise and genuine are but few.

In the market-place here there is a saint—a most pimpled and unpleasant-looking old humbug, some 60 years old—who is constantly in evidence, dressed in flowing robes of red and green, with a red turban on his head and a sort of tinsel trident in his hand, like a Father Neptune. As he passes about, with an air of importance and a patronising smile on his face, one recognises by his cunning eye that he is after all but an ill-disguised beggar. As he passes a group of men seated on the ground he stretches his hand for them to kiss it. Some are evidently impressed, and run forward to do so with fervour; others with difficulty conceal a smile; yet they, too, do not omit the homage, since there is no knowing exactly what evil might befall them if they did. One day I saw him talking to a group of three men; one of the men was apparently complaining of some ailment. The "marabout" immediately put his open hand full against the man's face, pressing hard, and muttering words; he then bounced off, saying "Arbaa, Arbaa" (four) as he went, to where a man was selling sweets, and took four pieces of white candy off his tray (of course, without paying); returned and put one piece, laterally, in the mouth of the man, one in the mouths of each of his two companions, and kept one himself; then, as if this bit of nonsense was the completion of a great work, careered off on other quests. No doubt sometimes saints are useful. Just as the Kadi represents the religious side of the law, as against the Kaid, so the Saint represents the religious influence in daily life. When village tribes are at war with each other or there is a quarrel between two or three men, the Saint not infrequently steps in as peace-maker; and to his decision questions are often submitted. Nor would it be right to suppose that the marabout is always an ignorant and common type of man. The worst is that in representing the religious side, they sometimes become extremely fanatical, and stir up strife and bloody deeds instead of allaying them. The Saint of whom I am speaking lives in a little hut in the market-place here; and probably when he dies this will be turned into a tomb, and become a memorial of him.

Among the many feasts of the Mohammedan year the Eid-el-Kebir, as the name implies, is one of the most important. It entails the slaying of rams or sheep in remembrance of Abraham's sacrifice of the ram in place of Isaac—or rather, as the Mohammedans contend, in place of Ishmael—and so corresponds to the Jewish Passover and the Christian Easter. For the ram sacrificed by Abraham has always been taken by the Christian Church as a type and prefigurement of the Paschal Lamb and of the Saviour upon the Cross. Probably all these feasts have a very ancient root in the natural symbolism of the year, the dedication to the gods of the first-fruits of spring, *i.e.*, the he-lambs, and the simultaneous presence of the Sun-god at spring-time in the sign of Aries, or the constellation of the Ram. Mohammed was always very anxious in founding his institutions to keep them quite distinct from the Jewish and Christian institutions—so as to avoid all danger of Islam being lost in either of the other religions; and just as the Christians have been very careful to arrange Easter Day so as not to fall on the Jewish Passover, so doubtless Mohammed arranged with the Eid-el-Kebir. But whatever precaution he adopted has been rendered unnecessary by the fact that the Mohammedan year, now still in force in Morocco, is only 354 days, or twelve lunar months, in length—that is, eleven days shorter than ours—so that all the feasts and holy

days are continually shifting their position with regard to our year and with regard to the actual seasons!

When I chanced to witness the feast, in 1903, it occurred on the 10th of March, or about a month before our Easter. The chief ceremony consists in the cutting of a sheep's throat by the local Kadi on a hill outside the town; when immediately, a signal being given of the act, a gun is fired from the Kasbah. This in turn becomes a signal to all the householders of the place, who having previously purchased their sacrificial sheep, slay them at once before their own doors. At an early hour the market-place was full of spectators, and by 8 a.m. the Kadi of Tangier, attended by several hundred soldiers and a band, was seen going up the slope. The crowd collecting was most picturesque. Countrymen and villagers massed themselves in groups according to their tribes, and certainly on the whole gave the impression of fine bodies of men. Brown jellabs prevailed, and among the Arabs white haïks; but red, yellow, and purple were also in evidence, especially on the children. Very pretty was it to see children, girls and boys, in little hooded cloaks of brightest colours, seated on horseback in front of their fathers (for, of course, every man who has any claim to a horse rides it on such a day), the father circling the child with one arm, while with the other he holds the reins; and a musket, of course, is slung behind his back. Then the Kaid, or elders, of each tribe or village made a pretty show—generally fine, calm-looking greybeards on handsome horses of more or less Arab strain with coloured saddlecloths, effectively chosen. There, for instance, was the Kaid of the Rifian Berbers, a very dignified old man on a spirited chestnut with brown and yellow cloths—seven, I believe—beneath him, the brown and white of his face and beard, the ruddy tinge of the horse, the coloured cloths, and the white flowing garment forming a wonderful harmony. A kaleidoscopic crowd, indeed, passed to and fro or stood at gaze, when suddenly one or more guns announced the performance of the sacrifice, and a few seconds later two men carrying a limp grass-wove basket between them, in which was the dying sheep, came rushing down the hill. It was not a cheering or edifying sight, the wretched creature, bleeding profusely and with its head lolling out of the basket and fairly bumping at times against the stony road. But the idea is that the bleeding, dying victim must be carried with all haste to the Kasbah Mosque, and then, if it is still living when it arrives, why, the omen is good for the coming year.

So the men rushed by, and then the Kadi and the soldiers returning and the Kaid and tribesmen and townspeople forming a very irregular procession, crowded back into the town and up the steep, narrow streets to the Kasbah. Leaving the main route, which became too thronged to be very tolerable, we passed up less frequented alleys, and there, sure enough, were scores and hundreds of sheep lying, their throats cut, their eyes already glazing, men with gory hands skinning or preparing to skin them, while streams of blood ran down, as it were, from house-door to house-door. A gruesome sight! but it made one realise what in old times some of these feasts must have been, with their fanatical rites and mad butchery, not only of beasts, but, on occasions, of human beings. The funny thing is that all this slaughter of sheep at the Eid-el-Kebir—like our corresponding butcheries at our own Christmas time—is meant for a symbol of Peace and Goodwill. Everyone who can by any means afford a sheep sacrifices one, and prepares a feast for friends and relatives; and it is considered right that one-third of the provision should go to the poor. Moreover, there is endless handshaking and "pardoning," as it is called—that is, having grasped the hand of another, you afterwards kiss your own, as a sign that all is charity between you (whatever it may have been before).

Thus, arriving at the Kasbah, we found the open space there, or square in front of the Treasury, lined with soldiers, a somewhat ramshackle crew in their zouave dress. In the centre were the various smaller Kaid assemblies on horseback, and a good deal of movement going on, as on these occasions they gener-

ally pay their respects to the Governor, hand in their accounts, and even get thrust into gaol if their remittances to the Government are not considered adequate! All the same, everybody was handshaking and kissing hands—the soldiers with each other, the people the same and the Kaid with the people. The sun shone down, children played pegtop under the horses' feet, young men wrestled with each other in play, and on the tops of the walls overlooking the great courtyard rows of what appeared like flour sacks were seen to be the women of the Governor's house looking on at the entertainment. Presently the Kadi of Tangier, who had been the chief figure in the sacrifice, dressed in white and riding on a fine mule, came out from the square, kissed hands with the soldiers—who broke rank when he passed—dismounted from his mule to pay the same compliment to a beggar by the wayside, and then rode away with a few attendants to his own home.

THE END.

REVIEWS.

The Industrial Drama.

Collectivism and Industrial Evolution. Emile Vandervelde. Trans. by R. P. Farley. (Independent Labour Party. 1s. and 1s. 6d.)

The fifth volume of this excellent and now indispensable "Socialist Library" is a translation, thoroughly well done, of the work of Emile Vandervelde, the well-known Belgian Socialist. As the title implies, the subject under discussion is the industrial evolution of society towards Collectivism. This process is European, or rather world-wide, in its application, for wherever capitalism has passed out of its early stages, the tendencies to one or other form of collectivism inevitably appear. The case for collectivism is not, therefore, based upon a utopian desire for something that ought to be but cannot be. On the contrary, it is the plain goal towards which every step in industrial evolution has pointed with a sort of finger of fate. While, of course, it would be absurd to declare that collectivism is always and everywhere the actual blossom of industrial expansion, it is nevertheless true that given mathematical conditions, collectivism is the logical conclusion involved in the first germ of the division of labour. A learned professor has said, Tell me the nature of the land tenure of a given people and I will write the history of that country. That, perhaps, is too large a boast; but other things being equal (which they never are) and the stages of society's development follow each other with the order of any other evolution. "The whole movement of capitalist production in the sense of the socialisation of labour," says Mr. Vandervelde, "prepares and necessitates the socialisation of property." This is an important point to seize, since from this view the Socialist plays no more and no less than the part of scene-shifter in the staging of the industrial drama. At every great phase in the unrolling of the story, various types of men come forward and play their part. At one stage it is the small employer, next it is the large employer, and next the wealthy capitalist. Semi-finally there appear the various types of companies, culminating in Trusts. With each of these the socialisation of labour is pushed to cover a wider area; and then begins to appear the definite movement in favour of the corresponding socialisation of property. In this admirable book, Mr. Vandervelde traces these stages with lucidity and even with dramatic feeling. His purview is wide enough to include all the existing capitalist societies; and he is able to point out identical features in the various systems of Europe and America. As a Socialist programme and synopsis of industrial evolution we do not remember to have read anything better. Particularly useful is Mr. Vandervelde's analysis of the system of combines perfected in the great American trusts. In America, it is plain, capitalism has reached its most developed stage, and in that country, perhaps, we may look to see the most interesting economic changes in the near future. Mr. Upton Sinclair has promised us the next great event for the four years following the

Presidential election of 1912; but even in America things are not likely to move quite so fast.

The concluding chapters of Mr. Vandervelde's volume contain some convenient arguments against the stock objections of anti-Socialists, as well as some useful criticisms of existing partial collectivist enterprises. His suggestion regarding decentralisation and the splitting up of States into autonomous administrative functions is well worth Fabian consideration. Indeed, the whole book bristles with facts and ideas; and is a worthy companion of the volumes that have preceded it. The I.L.P. is to be heartily congratulated upon this cheap and excellent European Series.

Professor Petrie's Excavations in Modern Society.

Janus in Modern Life. W. M. Flinders Petrie.
(Constable. 2s. 6d. net.)

Professor Petrie has a deservedly high reputation as an Egyptologist; and we do not suppose that as a sociologist his reputation can be much increased. Nevertheless, there is a good deal in this volume to gladden the hearts of the opponents of Socialism. While commendably free from specific political bias, and, indeed, full of a fine philosophic impartiality, we cannot but realise that Professor Petrie is scarcely as well versed in Socialist economics as in the economics of the palæo-Darwinian school of Manchesterism. A fine impartiality is all very well when you have both sides of the case in your mind; but when it happens that one side has been comparatively ignored, the fine impartiality becomes remarkably like a definite bias.

The fact is Professor Petrie belongs to an obsolete school of sociology, the school of Spencer and Darwin. He sees human society as a species exactly comparable to a species of vegetable or animal in the jungle; and in his genuine zeal for human progress, he is disposed to echo the old cry of Spencer and the individualists that without competition it is impossible for the race to progress. If one points to the terrible fact of poverty, Professor Petrie replies, quite in the old tone: You must have poverty; poverty is inevitable because the very same artificiality which gives scope to the capable to rise equally gives scope for the incapable to fall. In other words, poverty is one of the necessary conditions of progress; nature's means for weeding out the unfit humans.

Unfortunately, however, nothing is farther from the truth than the Professor's optimistic assumption that the conditions of modern civilisation put a premium upon capacity. If we had a genuine jungle and an ideal mobility of the human units, perhaps the movement of capacity would be comparable to what the Professor has in his mind, the descent of the incapable and the corresponding ascent of the capable. But even in the jungle there is no such fluid condition. The phenomenon of mutual aid on which Kropotkin has laid such useful stress is fatal to free competition of units; and in human society it is obvious that mutual aid plays an increasingly important part. So much is this the case that Huxley was driven to pray for a "Society to facilitate the descent of the Incapable." In other words, the present organisation of Society tends quite naturally to maintain entrenchments about the classes that once no doubt won their privileges, and to preserve them in spite of the incapacity of the units so entrenched. Anybody who realises the inevitable effect upon the privileged classes of their inherited privileges will certainly agree with Professor Petrie that competition would be a good thing for them. But that is just one of the objects of the Socialist; to facilitate the development of capacity. Of course, a good deal of discussion arises upon the meaning and use of the word capacity. Capacity for what, or in respect of what? Admitted that a Society is valuable to the extent it permits the development of capacity, we have yet to enquire what the most useful capacity is. Scarcely the capacity for greed and gambling, which is the only sort of capacity modern commercialism appears to favour!

We have read many explanations of the fall of Rome, but Professor Petrie's explanation strikes us as the most ludicrous. In effect, he attributes the decadence of the Roman Empire to Trade Unionism and Socialism! As,

however, the former at any rate, is a protective movement against capitalism, it can only at worst be regarded as a symptom of decline. The cause of the disintegration of Rome is the same cause that has disintegrated other empires, the Egyptian among them. Did Babylon fall because of the machinations of a Labour Party, or Assyria, or Greece? Really, Professor Petrie had better re-read his economic history of Rome—Mommsen's, for example.

Once over such prejudices, however, "Janus in Modern Life" has some profoundly interesting and valuable suggestions. Many of Professor Petrie's "Lines of Advance," for example, are well worth practical consideration. He is by no means a partisan, and his hint to the governing classes that they must prepare gradually for changes if they do not want a violent revolution is wise and timely. On the whole, the book is a real contribution to thought, and deserves to be widely read by Socialists as well as by students of public affairs.

The Rights of God.

Did Christ Condemn Adultery? H. Croft Hillier.
(Published by the Author. Didsbury. Manchester. 1s.)

We hasten to say that Mr. Hillier's "Hamlet" might have been omitted from his book without spoiling the play. The whole discussion of the subject of the title, though it occupies the major part of the book, is no more than an illustration of Mr. Hillier's position, which in every respect is worth careful attention. Unfortunately, Mr. Hillier's presentation is marked by other oddities which do not attract the reader. Nevertheless, he is a first-rate thinker and can write vigorously what he thinks. Briefly his claim is that he has thoroughly understood the profound practical significance of Christ's command, "Resist not evil." Tolstoy, it is true, claims a similar understanding; but Mr. Hillier shows Tolstoy's interpretation is impossible. The excellence of Mr. Hillier's view of the text consists in its sanity; and, as we venture to think, in its applicability to the general Socialist propaganda. For, as certain also of our own writers have said, Socialism will never be possible in this country or in any country unless the enormous forces of religion can somehow be harnessed to it. Failing the support of religion—by which, of course, we do not mean theology—even the victory of Socialism would result in a state of things

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little better, if any, than the present. The present propaganda of Socialism, in Mr. Hiller's view, is predominantly atheistic, in the sense that it affirms the rights of man and consequently denies the right of God. Whether we name Nature by the term God or the Life-force, it is certain that all the arguments of Socialists against private ownership of land and capital are equally applicable against human ownership of the ultimate source of all wealth, namely God. If it is true that in relation to the individual, the community alone produces all wealth, it is equally true that in relation to communities, God alone is the wealth producer. And the dispossession of the individual by the community for the community is plainly just only on condition that the community dispossesses itself for the sake of God. This, in short, is Mr. Hiller's contention that the assertion of personal rights, whether in the individual or in the communal sense, is equally selfish and sinful. All rights belong to God alone, and any assertion of rights apart from God is immoral. Thus, while Mr. Hiller vigorously condemns existing society as grossly immoral, he has nothing but condemnation for reformers who assert *their* rights or the rights of the many, against society. He is, however, no passive Tolstoyan resister, and he is prepared for a good deal of bloodshed. But the war must be carried on not on behalf of human rights, but on behalf of God's rights. We need not say that this makes all the difference in the world. Men who would not kill a fly to save themselves will cheerfully fire a gun to save a city; and, be it said, the men who will not even vote for the abolition of poverty for the sake of the poor, might easily become awe-inspiring soldiers in a religious war. Mr. Hiller has, we think, discovered a great truth, and perhaps a great idea. It is not in the name of the suffering that we shall abolish suffering; but in the name of God we can murder, slaughter, hang, draw and quarter all God's enemies. Mr. Hiller's book is really worth a dozen ordinary books; and with the warning that readers must not shrink from the prickly husks of his doctrine, we commend it to their attention.

The Court of the Tuileries. 1852-1870. Its organization, chief personages, splendour, frivolity, and downfall. By Le Petit Homme Rouge. (Chatto and Windus. 7s. 6d. net.)

The author, behind the ghostly pseudonym *Le Petit Homme Rouge*, is an unabashed gossip—and in a sense not unlike the familiar sprite whose title he assumes for the purpose of anonymity; for the Little Red Man, the ill-omened ghost of the Tuileries, was a gossip as well as a prophet of evil, as indeed the haunting spirit of a palace should be. Particularly should this be the case in reference to such a palace as the Tuileries, for surely no more ill-fated a habitation ever existed. There was something like prophetic intuition behind the impulse which caused so many royal personages to neglect the Tuileries, except in the most fitful way, as a place of abode; and those interested in the "evil chance" will find food for thought in the fact that as the Little Red Man reminds us, none of the princes born within its walls ever assumed the throne of France. The four possible heirs to this throne who were born in the Tuileries were the King of Rome, son of Napoleon I; the Duke of Bordeaux, heir of the Bourbons; the Count de Paris, heir of the Orleans; and the Prince Imperial, the hope of the Second Empire. All of these died in exile. With such matters does this engaging ghost entertain his readers. The introduction to the book is an account of the origin and history of the palace itself up to the Coup d'Etat which heralded the birth of the Second Empire, which in turn, eighteen years later, came to a disastrous end beneath the ruins of the palace itself. Like the princes born within its walls, the Second Empire seemed to come under the evil spell of the place, dying with its zeal unrequited and its hopes unfulfilled. This book is the story of the leading social episodes and personages of the Second Empire, whose imperial chief, in spite of all his superstition, had the temerity to make the Tuileries his abode.

If the book had been named "Tittle-tattle about the Tuileries" its title would have been descriptive of its contents. The book is really a gossiping history of the

Second Empire, but none the worse for that; for in spite of much that was ambitious and even noble in that period, its main details are more matters for small talk than for profound consideration. One always feels inclined to cast the "oblique ray" of Meredithian comedy upon the vain endeavours of Louis Napoleon's reign. It was an age of gilded futilities and peacock vanities; scandal was substituted for ideas, diplomacy for truth, and intrigue for generous actions—and the result, as *Le Petit Homme Rouge* must have anticipated when he walked the hilarious nights of the era, was Sedan and the Commune.

The author of the present book is, however, no sympathiser with these inevitabilities, more particularly with the last; the Communards for him were a pack of idle vagabonds and ruffians who looted the Tuileries, carousing on its wines, afterwards wantonly destroying it by fire. But he is a better judge of less far-reaching things. He is a master of personalia, a keen observer of manners, and a magnanimous recorder of morals, or rather the lack of them, especially when they are those of eminent persons. There is a chapter entirely devoted to the love-affairs of the Emperor, and another detailing the court festivities. In this last there is much matter that will be of value to more serious students of history, not the least of which is the salary lists, inventories, and other details of the culinary department of the Tuileries.

The wardrobe of the Empress, the fashions of the day, the art, graces, and frivolities of the Second Empire are recorded at great length, and it is safe to say that future historians will thank *Le Petit Homme Rouge* for his detailed account of an historical period which, whilst being based largely upon short-sighted idiosyncrasy, succeeded in becoming one of the most civilised eras in the history of society—and we need hardly say that we use the word civilised in the sense in which Edward Carpenter used it, in that suggestive essay devoted to the cause and cure of that particular social order.

Seen and Unseen. E. Katherine Bates. (Greening. 6s.)

There has recently been a slump in spiritism. Either the phenomena are becoming rarer, or investigators have become more reticent. The Society for Psychical Research seems to have passed its zenith with the death of Myers, whose "Human Personality" is, perhaps, the only first-rate book on the whole subject. We are by no means inclined to scoff at spiritism, nor could any fair-minded reader dismiss a book like the present with contempt. Miss Bates writes sanely, cheerfully, and with unmistakable sincerity. She records her experiences with considerable care, and with every apparent effort to be accurate. Moreover, she wisely refrains from entering into supposititious explanations; and frankly leaves her remarkable stories to anybody to make what they can of. During her life she seems to have been singularly catholic in her friends, both seen and unseen. Among the former are Dr. Lankester, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Sir Arthur Hodgson, Lady Caithness, Mr. Myers and Mr. W. T. Stead. Among the latter are General Nicholson and George Eliot. George Eliot's answer, by the way, to a very natural question was distinctly reassuring: "Certainly, we are one here as we were on earth." Miss Bates has also travelled a good deal; and we shall be glad to hear of her third visit to India if it should ever take place. Most of her stories belong to the types already known to students of Myers; but they have the advantage of being for the most part new. People interested in psychism would do well to procure this volume, if only for its spirit of sanity and humour.

Sixty Years in the Social-Democratic Movement. By Frederick Lessner. (Twentieth Century Press. 6d.)

This little book should prove very popular among Socialists on account of its value as a contribution to the history of Socialism. It has, besides, great interest as a narrative. Frederick Lessner, its author, and the G.O.M. of the revolutionary movement, was born on February 27th, 1825, in Saxe-Weimar. He became a tailor, and in the course of his wanderings, established himself at Hamburg. Here he first came into contact with Communists, and after reading Weitling's "Guarantees of Harmony and Freedom," adopted Communism as his political creed for life. In 1847, he came to London to escape military service, and joined the "Communist Labourers' Educational Association," which was a branch of the international "League of the Just," afterwards called the Communist League. He first saw Marx and

Engels when they came as delegates to the conference of the League at which the famous Communist Manifesto was drawn up. He himself carried the proof-sheets of this historic document to and from the printers.

After the 1848 rising in Germany, he returned to his native country to assist in the revolutionary propaganda. In 1851, he was arrested, and after a detention of 15 months, was tried at Cologne, and sentenced to 3 years' imprisonment in a fortress. When this was concluded, he returned to England, which has been his home ever since.

Mr. Lessner gives an exceedingly interesting account of the work of the "International," and also of his relations with Marx and Engels. When the much-needed biography of Marx appears, the author will owe no light debt to Mr. Lessner.

In conclusion, it may be safely said that this little book is among the most valuable and interesting of the publications of the Twentieth Century Press, and its small price should secure a large sale for it among Socialists and those interested in the Socialist movement.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

- "The Religion of Consciousness." By F. Reginald Statham. (Kegan Paul. 2s. 6d. net.)
 "Songs of Exile." By Maurice Browne. (Samurai Press. 2s. net.)
 "About Women, Verses." By Charles Weeks. (Maunsell. 1s. net.)
 "Where Shall I Live?" (Guide to Letchworth.) (Garden City Press. 6d. net.)
 "The Moral Ideal, A Historic Study." By Julia Wedgwood. (New and revised edition.) (Kegan Paul. 10s. 6d. net.)
 "The Career of John Ball." (Kegan Paul. 3s. 6d. net.)
 "The Awakening of a Race." By George E. Boxall. (Unwin. 7s. 6d. net.)
 "The Cost of Competition." By Sidney A. Reeve. (McClure Phillips. New York.)
 "In the First Watch." By James Dalziel. (Unwin. 6s.)
 "By Veldt and Kopje." By W. C. Scully. (Unwin. 6s.)
 "A Fatal Dose." By Fred. M. White. (Ward Lock. 6s.)
 "New Theology Problems." By Rev. R. R. Rodgers. (Frederick Warne. 1s. net.)
 Reviews, etc.:—
 "Sunday at Home." "Boys' Own Paper." "Girls' Own Paper." "The Albany." "The Contemporary."
 Official Papers, etc.:—
 "Official Organ Congo Reform Association."

DRAMA.

The Pocket Miss Hercules.

THE silly season in the daily papers has now become an institution; the same trouble seems spreading to the theatres. It is no use raking up old sorrows, but those whose memories are unfortunately retentive will remember last summer's farces. "The Pocket Miss Hercules" is more so. But I do not wish to be abusive; I can only say in carefully weighed language that the play is very bad. Not of course that there are not negative virtues. The play is not licentious and not voluptuary. The plot is so trifling as to be inconspicuous, the dialogue —; but with a desire to avoid adjectives I pause. The "Farce in Three Acts" takes place in one afternoon in the Hall of Dyderdown Court. The heroine is an heiress who has suddenly inherited her money and is coming to marry the impecunious son of the broken-down Lord Dyderdown. By a mistake the young lady, who has in reality been a sempstress, gets mistaken for a strong-woman Samsonia, and on finding this out trades on her reputation to any extent. Now I have no objection *per se* to fun made out of trivialities or to the fun of a rough and tumble knock-about, but for a whole play something else is very badly needed. And the "production" of Mr. Herbert Druce has practically nothing else. It is a pity the author (Mr. T. Storer Cloutson, described as the author of "The Lunatic at Large") has not taken advantage of his own plot. Bret Harte, treating a similar theme in his condensed novel, "Guy Heavystone," gets a really brisk effect, and it is about time someone went for the Health and Beauty culturists a little. A really athletic young person introduced into an aristocratic family might be received with an adulation of the highest comedy value, the "Pocket Miss Hercules" merely pulls things down that have been over-elaborately loosened before one's eyes, and very feebly pretends to

horsewhip the butler. The question is—Where were the Police?—and the question, unfortunately, is never even raised. With so very little scope the actors could not be expected to distinguish themselves, and the only ones who had anything serious to do were Fred Wright, as the impecunious son of Lord Dyderdown, Mr. Hubert Druce as Meakin, the butler, and Miss Esmé Hubbard, as the counterfeit Samsonia. Mr. Wright, as the Hon. Ferdinand Falarope, was able to make up in a funny way and to mope about the stage amusingly, but he never had anything to say at all, and got laughs by the good old expedients of falling out of windows, carrying glass and all before him, and similar high jinks. Meakin, the butler, had one or two amusing moments, and ordered the footman about in a way that was quite hopeful; indeed, the opening scene between the Butler and the Footman was the only promising part of the performance. After this the author evidently got tired. Whether the part of Daisy Faye, the heroine, would have been amusing without Miss Esmé Hubbard's acting I really cannot say. With it there were moments of intermittent mirth, and Miss Hubbard herself acted most vigorously to bring out any suggestion of farce that there might be.

Nevertheless, it is time that farces of this type should cease. The artificialities of impecunious high life are not a good material for the dramatist to work upon. Farce essentially demands broad, human effects, Falstaffian effects, and no artificially convention-cramped kind of life can give enough scope. Successful farcical effects at the "Halls" are practically always gained in "low life," and it is here that dramatists must be content to work also. Of course, the dramatist's task is a really difficult one; the actor on the "Halls" depends almost entirely on himself, and catches inspiration in flashes; the dramatist has to move about in the world and solidly observe a life that, in all probability, he does not understand. But the abominable atmosphere of social snobbery, bluff and bunkum, in which all things theatrical move and have their being, will probably prevent farce dramatists ever doing anything of the kind. It is notable, indeed, that any emancipation we have achieved from this theatrical atmosphere, has been achieved at the sacrifice of a good deal of excellent theatricality. The other night, for instance, I witnessed a "triple bill" at the Coronet Theatre, Notting Hill Gate, and got more genuine illusion in an hour and a half than one gets in many West End Houses in a solid three hours. Whereas the effect one receives at the Court Theatre is of another kind altogether, an effect on another plane, as it were. Probably the change is on the whole a good change, but if it leads to the entire abandonment of "dramatic" situations and dramatic expedients, then we shall have lost something really valuable. All drama is not interior soul struggle, and there is a place for light and bright frivolity as of "La Mascotte," but there is no reason why Shaw and the other Olympians should leave all other dramatists wallowing behind. There is a place for them also—even for farces, if the authors will only take the trouble to get out of their frock-coat, stiff-collar prejudices and limitations and ride in County Council tramcars and lounge in public-house bars, and do other disreputable things which will bring them into contact with the vulgar and the real.

L. HADEN GUEST.

The New Co-operation.

THE Co-operative Granite Quarries,* the projection of which was discussed in THE NEW AGE some weeks ago, are now definitely in being. The property, a splendid estate at Aberdaron, North Wales, has been acquired, and men are already at work on the fourteen and a half million tons of granite which the rock contains. A great part of the capital asked for has been subscribed, and further applications are pouring in every day. The readers of THE NEW AGE will, therefore, be interested to learn more of the principles upon which the enterprise is to be conducted, and of the success which promises to attend them.

The aim of the undertaking is nothing less than to create an industry from which the capitalist shall be eliminated, an industry which shall belong to those who work, and not to those who exploit the labour of others. Since this is also the

* Address: The Secretary, 59, Great Ormond Street, London, W.C.

aim of Socialism in regard to all industries, it may reasonably be supposed that all Socialists will give the project their goodwill and support. The ideal arrangement would undoubtedly be for the Quarries to belong to the whole Nation, but since the Nation has so far shown a rooted objection to owning its own property, and has flung the people's heritage to be scrambled for by financiers and plutocrats, the next best thing is that the workers in the Quarry should have a proprietary interest in it, pending the time when the Democracy shall be induced to claim its rights. And that is what the projectors of the present scheme are driving at.

Of course, as things stand, capital has to be raised, and that capital has to be paid for. But let none confuse the scheme with the various profit-sharing devices which have sometimes been resorted to by capitalists for the purpose of keeping their workpeople contented. In all these systems, the dividend to capital is unlimited, and labour merely receives a small percentage of the extra wealth it creates. Not so with the Co-operative Granite Quarries. Instead of hiring labour, it is purposed to hire capital. The capitalist will be paid a fixed dividend of five per cent., after the payment of which the workers will have the first claim on all profits. Moreover, the Directors have formulated a scheme by which it will be possible for them to use their share of the profits for the purpose of buying out the capitalist altogether, thus making the industry wholly their own.

Further, the rights of the men, as regards combination and the like, will be jealously safe-guarded. Their Union will be recognised and they will treat with the Board through their official representatives. Should any point of difference arise it will be referred to a Board of Arbitration consisting of delegates of the workmen and of the directors with an impartial chairman agreed upon by both! A minimum rate of pay, equal to the best paid by any employer, will be guaranteed to all workers independent of the profit they will derive from the industry. So that apart from the warrant afforded by the known opinions and records of the directors, there will be ample security against any such abuse of the profit-sharing arrangement as has sometimes occurred in capitalistic ventures.

It may be urged that even at its best, Co-operative production is not Socialism. Perhaps not, but as Mr. and Mrs. Webb have pointed out, it is its necessary precursor. In this connection a special appeal may be made to the Socialists in whose Socialism Democracy is implicit. To transfer industries to the State, as the State exists at present, may merely mean to transfer them from one section of the capitalist class to another. The newly-published report of the Post Office Committee suffices to show how little the workers gain from a State monopoly, so long as the State itself is a monopoly of the rich. If labour is to control the State, and so to get effective control over national industries, its sons must be trained to understand industrial organisation. And this can only be done, if they are encouraged to accept the responsibilities of proprietors and enabled to discharge them.

The Bethesda strike and the gallant struggle of the Penrhyn quarrymen, who for three years endured a long-drawn agony to maintain the rights of combination are still fresh to the public memory. The support the readers of THE NEW AGE so ungrudgingly gave to the strikers will surely be extended to the Co-operative Quarries, the definite expression of labour's challenge to capital. This towering mass of virgin granite must and shall be owned by the hewers of stone and the drawers of water, who work therein, and who shall hold it in trust for the nation until the day when the people come to their own. Each ton of granite the quarry puts out brings that day nearer.

JOHN K. PROTHERO.

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.

THE SOCIALIST PARTY.

TO THE EDITORS OF "THE NEW AGE."

As a Social-Democrat I think it absolutely necessary that a Socialist Party—a United Socialist Party—should be formed independent of the Labour Party. The glorious victory at Colne Valley presents us with an instance of the restraining influence of the Labour Party. The leaders of the Labour Party would have been infinitely more satisfied with the result had it been a mere "Labour" victory. They do not like the distinct "redness" of Mr. Grayson's views, nor did they like the distinct "redness" of the fight.

As a Socialist I am after Socialism. As a Socialist I think that the best way of obtaining my desires is the creation of a Socialist Party—not the creation of a Labour Party. A Labour Party that has for its leaders Mr. Shackleton, who believes in children being sent to toil earlier than they are at present; Mr. Henderson, who devotes his whole attention to "Temperance Reform," and Mr. Ramsay Mac-

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Donald, who seems so very anxious to claim every Socialist victory as a victory for "Free Trade," is hardly likely to be the means—the via media—to Socialism.

A united Socialist Party need not necessarily be antagonistic to the Labour Party. It would simply act as a driving force. It would help the Labour Party in all its efforts to come our way, and oppose all its efforts to go the other way. It would be independent; could act as it chose; and would not be committed to a policy not distinctly Socialistic. Above all, it does seem a trifle quixotic for Socialists to prefer mere Labourism, when Socialism is possible. The Colne Valley result should have proven to the most "practical" that it is just as possible to win on a straight Socialist ticket as on a Labour ticket, and that now is the supreme moment when all Socialists should come out in the open and fight and win.

A united Socialist Party is possible. The Social-Democratic Federation, the large majority of the Independent Labour Party, and, I believe, the Fabian Society, present us with the nucleus of a party, which, if united, would bring about the Social Revolution.

T. QUELCH.

"JUVENILE OFFENDERS."

TO THE EDITORS OF "THE NEW AGE."

I read in your issue for last week an article on "Juvenile Offenders," by L. W. I do not object to the article; indeed, judging it from a journalistic point of view it is an admirable article, but I am compelled to ask if the writer can seriously expect to be regarded as a Reformer. Here is fire from the pen of a Socialist, dealing with an urgent, scalding question, yet after reading it through a number of times I can find no other interpretation than that child offenders are treated rather more roughly at present for minor offences than they ought to be, that the birch is employed a great deal too much, that magistrates forget the social environments of the child, and that Chief Constables should be encouraged to deal personally with young offenders, without subjecting them to the mercies of the magistrates at all; and this padded out with dismal platitudes about class distinctions which at the best could bring us no nearer to the solution of any social problem than the eating of a banana can bring us nearer to Jamaica.

Is it not time that we grip hold of the self-evident, and consequently blankly invisible, truth that reform of any sort is to be arrived at most rapidly through children? And of all reforms, of all the crying needs in the land, next to the reform of the land itself, surely Socialists must put the need of altering our present attitude towards "criminals" in the very van. Until we have abolished Wormwood Scrubs we shall never abolish the House of Lords, and the nation that can tolerate the first needs and should have the second. One cannot better Mr. Bernard Shaw's description of "crime" as "weakness of character," and while the present interest is abroad in the question of how to treat child offenders an opportunity is offered of making a beginning with the moral invalid idea, which we must presently come to—yet L. W. can, as a Socialist, advocate merely less of the birch, or else, presumably, more of it for the sons of the magistrates. The truth is that the word "children" is one which ought not really to exist. There are no children. Children are an optical illusion. They are simply men and women in the one stage in which they can be helped; moreover, the one stage in which their fellow beings are willing to help them; yet so transient is it that they have grown out of it long before their fathers have finished talking about themselves and their grandmothers. No. Let all Socialists accept the moral invalid theory as the only basis of a change of attitude towards child offenders which they will tolerate. Let every bad little boy be sentenced summarily to seven years' penal servitude in a bright and happy home, and if he is a particularly bad offender let him receive a life sentence. Put down reformatories and remand-houses as you would put down the plague. And all this we may accomplish a whole generation before the standard of happiness in the homes of the workers has reached a stage that will give their children an equal chance with the children of the rich.

As for the Chief Constables who invite parents of juvenile offenders to meet him, that he may deal with the children himself, I advise L. W. very earnestly to keep a sharp eye on such gentlemen, who can extract the promise of a thrashing—as merciless as any magistrate's—from the said parents—whether the offender be boy or girl—with an insidious insistence highly dangerous to the community.

CHARLES MCEVOY.

TRAFALGAR COSSACKS.

TO THE EDITORS OF "THE NEW AGE."

I should like to express my admiration at the behaviour of the crowd on July 14th. The sudden, entirely unprovoked police attack might have easily led to a panic-flight. The crowd stood its ground well—how differently from former days those can remember who, like myself, took part in the

1887 Trafalgar Square Demonstration. Then no real resistance was made, nor any attempt to rescue the injured.

On this occasion, the crowd was good, but the "women were splendid," to adopt the classic term. Indeed, I attribute this fine spirit entirely to the example set us by the militant suffragettes in their own campaign. We had several of these ardent champions of liberty with us, and their conduct influenced us all.

As one who is convinced that, sooner or later, the property-owning classes will resort to force, the new valiant spirit of a London crowd, all British (foreigners were conspicuously absent), brought tidings of great joy.

M. D. E.

LIVING STATUARY.

TO THE EDITORS OF "THE NEW AGE."

Kindly allow me to say in reply to Mr. Bell, that the accepted standard of the home can be made, and ought to be made, the accepted standard of the music hall. To allow a lower standard in the hall, would ultimately debase the home.

J. S. GREENWOOD.

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