AN INTERCEPTED LETTER TO G. B. S.

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THE OUTLOOK.

From the Hague to Stuttgart.

It is inspiring to turn from the futilities of the Hague, culminating in the adoption "with acclamation" of the British resolution declaring that it is "highly desirable that the Governments should resume the serious study" of the limitation of armaments to the genuine expression of international solidarity given by the Socialist Congress at Stuttgart. The Socialist movement is really international, just as the Catholic Church is international, and for the same reason, namely, that it holds certain dogmas which, if true at all, are true everywhere and always. You simply could not hold an International Liberal Congress; the effect would be disastrously comic. If once the English Liberal and the French Liberal got face to face, they would utterly refuse to recognise each other as Liberals at all. The French Liberal would seem to the English Liberal a blasphemous Atheist with intolerably reactionary views on the tariff question, while the English Liberal would appear to his French comrade a mad sectarian who wanted to take away other people's beer and force them to read the Bible. With Socialists, generally speaking, it is not so. No doubt the movement of each nation takes the colour of the national character and traditions, as it ought to do. The Socialist movement is catholic, but we have no wish to see it become ultramontane in its methods. To attempt to drill national parties into an uncongenial uniformity can do nothing but harm. Such an attempt was made at Amsterdam, with the result that, so far from human solidarity being promoted, both Jaurès and Bebel were driven to make speeches which might almost have been described as Chauvinist. Nevertheless it remains true that Socialism is international because Socialists throughout the world hold the same faith and work for the same deliverance. These International Congresses are valuable just in so far as they emphasize that fact. This year the Congress meets under encouraging circumstances. Since Amsterdam there has been a slight set-back in Germany, but a set-back implying no diminution in the party's fighting strength. Everywhere else there has been victory. In Great Britain a Labour Party thirty strong has come into being, and only a few weeks before the commencement of the Congress a Socialist *sans phrase* has been for the first time returned for an English constituency. In France our comrades have improved their already strong position; in Austria they have won a magnificent triumph; in Russia the Social Democratic Party was and is the backbone of the resistance to Tzardom. May there be yet more sensational victories to chronicle before the next Congress assembles.

What is Internationalism?

Like the Catholic Church in its earlier centuries the Socialist movement is continually being compelled to define its doctrines by the appearance of heretical interpretations of them. The heresies of Hervé are likely to be rather prominently before the Stuttgart Congress when the discussion on "International Peace and Militarism" takes place. It may safely be assumed that the Congress will ban Hervé and reaffirm the traditional Socialist policy of universal citizen service. But we think it would be well if it took this opportunity of defining more clearly the meaning of that "Internationalism" which M. Hervé has interpreted in a manner repugnant to the sanity of the movement. Internationalism does not, as we understand it, involve any repudiation of patriotism; indeed, the very word "international" implies the continued existence of nations. Internationalism is no more the negation of national independence than Socialism is the negation of individual liberty. All that the profession of Internationalism by Socialists really means is, we take it, that the Socialist movement is wider in its scope than any nationality, that a Socialist ought to regard the Socialists of other countries as his comrades and fellow workers, knowing that their victories are his and that their defeats will react upon him. We believe that such a definition would be of immense value to the movement, not merely as a warning to its recruits against being misled by Hervéan sophistries, but also for the purpose of dispelling that vague distrust of Socialism based upon a suspicion that it is anti-patriotic, which in every country has been so serious an obstacle to our propaganda.

The Old Lesson.

Last week the workers of Belfast turned out into the streets, pelted with stones the soldiers who were sent to over-awe them and plunged a great city into something very like civil war. Several men and women were killed or seriously wounded and many soldiers were injured. This week the dispute which produced this demonstration has been settled and settled on terms which constitute a decided victory for the men. That this would have happened, but for the timely violence of the strikers, no one pretends to believe; on the contrary, up till the moment of its commencement reports were circulated everywhere that the men were about to capitulate to the masters' terms. The lesson taught by the incident is one that both England and Ireland should have learned long ago. The Irish peasant shot his landlord, mutilated cattle and threatened with death any man who should take the farm of an evicted tenant; as a consequence he has now got a Land Act making him master of the soil at an expense of millions of credit to the British taxpayer and is now to receive an Evicted Tenants Bill replacing on the land the very men whose violence forced the English Government to yield. The English town-tenant on the other hand, far worse treated than the Irish farmer, but also far more patient and law-abiding, has got little or nothing from his own Government and cannot get local authorities to enforce properly even such

Acts as Parliament has passed. The Penrhyn quarrymen, an orderly and God-fearing body of men, starved for three years and then had to surrender unconditionally. The Grimsby fishermen wrecked their masters' business premises and burned the Mayor's timber-yard while he was reading the Riot Act. Within a few weeks they had won a complete victory. Nor are such victories temporary in their nature. It is a simple historical fact that concessions won by the sword are infinitely more solid and enduring than the concessions made to peaceful agitation. We in England have fought for the supremacy of the Parliament over the Crown, and Parliament really is stronger than the Crown. We have never fought for the enfranchisement of the workers; and, though power has been given to the proletariat so far as legislation can give it, everyone knows that the old governing classes still govern. We do not say that this is a desirable state of things. It is clearly ridiculous that in a country supposed to be democratically governed the people should not be able to get what they want without law-breaking. We simply state the facts, and leave them to be explained by those "evolutionary" Socialists who sneer at "barricade heroics" as "romantic," while cherishing the quite hopelessly romantic illusion that "force is no remedy."

The Responsibility of Employers.

We have called the result of the Belfast strike a victory for the men. It is true that the carters have had to waive their objection to working with non-unionists, but this is a prohibition which only the strongest unions have been able to enforce. On the other hand, they have got an immense improvement in wages and a great reduction in their intolerable hours of labour. The terms accorded to the dockers will probably be equally satisfactory. Indeed, the employers could hardly have done worse, and might easily have done better had they accepted arbitration at the first. Such action would have prevented the riots and all the loss of life and damage to property and public order which they have entailed. It may well be considered whether some penalty ought not to be exacted from employers whose obstinate refusal to assent to a peaceful settlement leads to disorder and its consequences. Compulsory arbitration, of which we are, of course, in favour, seems impracticable until the Trades Unions can be induced to see its advantages, but surely it would be reasonable to compel employers who refuse arbitration and so plunge a city or a district into civil war to compensate the relations of those killed and injured and to reinstate the property destroyed in the course of the struggle. Such a law would make employers pause before they called in the aid of the forces of the State, which both the capitalist parties are always only too ready to place at their disposal, as an alternative to submitting their claims to an impartial tribunal. If such a measure be impracticable, might it not at least be possible to insist that no military assistance should be given in any case where the employer had refused arbitration? Such a provision would probably have settled the Belfast dispute at a blow, and spared us the bloodshed which will cost Mr. Birrell as dear as the Featherstone affair has cost his colleague the Chancellor of the Exchequer.

The Land, Some Policies and Lord Rosebery.

Lord Rosebery has waited long for his "tit for tat with Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman" (to use the Palmerstonian phrase), but he has had it at last. His speech in the House of Lords on the Scotch Small Holdings Bill was not only the ablest he has made for a long time, but was calculated to damage the reputation of the Government even more than to raise that of the brilliant if unreliable orator who delivered it. From the Socialist point of view, Lord Rosebery's policy of State acquisition of land, the State promotion of co-operation among small holders, the creation of land banks, and the inauguration of large afforestation schemes, is evidently a much better one than the Government's plan of introducing into the lowlands of Scotland the Irish system of dual ownership which has long ago hopelessly broken down in the country of its original adoption. The Government has in point of fact a different land policy for each part of the United Kingdom. In Ireland it is for a peasant proprietory. In England it is for small holdings acquired by compulsory purchase and leased by the County Council. In Scotland it proposes to retain the landlord, merely limiting his power by depriving him of the right to choose his own tenant and so turning him into a mere rent-charger. The Scotch plan may be better than the Irish, but it is clearly far less reasonable and hopeful than the English one, and Lord Rosebery did well to attack it. Meanwhile, Mr. Balfour has been electrifying the country by asking in effect whether, after all, it is worth while to trouble much about settling the people on the land. Much the best quality of Mr. Balfour is his capacity (learned, perhaps, from his uncle, the late Marquis of Salisbury) for what the party Press calls "indiscretions"—that is to say, for asking quite sensible questions which all statesmen have decided shall not be asked. Now, we are altogether in favour of a thorough re-habilitation of British agriculture, and we believe that we know the only means whereby such re-habilitation can be accomplished. But we have never disguised from ourselves the fact that there is, as Mr. Charles Lomax would say, "a certain amount of Tosh" about the "Back to the Land" propaganda. It is all very well to draw a beautful ideal picture of a thriving peasantry living under their own vines and fig-trees, but anyone who has ever entered an agricultural labourer's cottage will incline to doubt whether a man would lose much by exchanging it for the vilest tenement in Hoxton or Bethnal Green. However well we re-organise our agriculture, it is certain that England has become and will remain primarily an industrial country, and we incline to the view that it is at least as well worth while to make the towns fit places to live in as to try to induce unwilling men to leave them for the not very exciting blessings of rural life.

The Swiss of Capitalism.

Labour has lost an able and dangerous enemy in Robert Allan Pinkerton, the American detective. His exploits as a pursuer of criminals have for most of us been quite overshadowed by his really astounding and epoch-making invention—the private standing army for the use of millionaires. He was a man who had thoroughly mastered the lesson of which we spoke in another paragraph. He knew that force was the ultima ratio from which there is no appeal. And he saw that force of a kind could always be had for ready money. Why should a rich man be at the trouble of exercising pressure on a frightened and squeezable Minister to induce him to send national troops to overawe his discontented workmen when he might, if his income were sufficient, buy troops as easily and expeditiously as he could buy corn or oil? Such troops Pinkerton undertook to supply. He organised a vast army of mercenaries, armed and drilled them, and lent them out to any capitalist who wanted his men shot down at a suitable price. Such a state of things could hardly have existed in the rudest years of the eleventh century, when the most turbulent baron had some sort of responsibility to the State for the use he made of his retainers. But it was tolerated in the Great Republic in the full glare of our own time. It looks, however, as if the patience of the American working classes were approaching exhaustion point. The acquittal of Haywood and the fine of £6,000,000 imposed on Rockefeller are notable signs of the times. The very ruthlessness of American plutocracy, the cynical brutality which makes such a system as Pinkerton's possible, provoke a like spirit in the workers. If those workers are once roused, hired riflemen will no more be able to save the millionaires than the Swiss could save the French Monarchy. Perhaps Pinkerton was taken away from the wrath to come.

The Industrial Outlook.

WE are beginning to cherish something like a feeling of gratitude towards the Moderate majority of the L.C.C. Their discharges of workers, attacks on Socialist Sunday Schools, raising of municipal rents, and now their weeding-out medical examination of tramway motor-men, are piling up a record which will make electors look very kindly on the Socialism these "Reformers" defeated. And we are glad to note that tramway men all over London have vehemently protested against the Council's decision to institute this examination, and are pledging themselves to refuse to undergo it. The situation presents very curious and interesting features. There is no doubt that in the abstract it is good for the citizens of London that they should be assured of the bodily health and fitness of nerve of the tramcar drivers. But there is no doubt that if the men submit to what will necessarily become a periodic examination, a number of them will be discharged because of bodily infirmities they have acquired as a result of their occupation. There is great cruelty, too, in the suggestion of making this medical examination retrospective, as this could only have the result of throwing on the scrap-heap a number of employees, the best of whose life has been devoted to their employment. What then is to be the issue of this struggle—one which is typical of the anarchy of our social conditions? On the one hand we have the question of the safety of the public, and the economy and efficiency of the service; on the other we have the fight of men for the right to earn a livelihood by severe labour. If we enforce our safety, are we to deny their livelihood? If their livelihood is to be secured, is it to be at our expense? Fortunately for the public, there is little danger of the men's humanity being so strained as to bring forward the problem in an acute form. And it is excessively improbable that the continuance at work of any motor-man physically unfit would be countenanced by his comrades or dreamed of by any individual. Nevertheless, the problem does exist in the acute form stated, and will always continue to exist until we have a complete provision for the care of the sick and convalescent and employment of the unemployed. It makes not a ha'porth of difference to the L.C.C. motor-man when he gets the sack that the capitalist who employs him is the whole body of citizens. It is just as difficult to get another job. Municipal ownership is, of course, better than private ownership, because the voters can return a Socialist and Labour majority to control its workings. Without this proviso it is not, and we shall not be at all surprised to see the Moderates, inspired by their "business" ideals, trying some strange tricks with municipal property and with the conditions of municipal employment.

But, in any case, Socialists should not lose sight of the fact that no mere extension of municipalisation will solve our difficulties. What we have got to do is to make life secure for all men, and until we can do this, we shall not have begun the serious work of organising Socialism. Until we can give men security we shall always be fighting with one another, and some vainly, to get a pittance, when by co-operation we could have an abundance for all. To the tramwav men in their present fight we wish success. We imagine their agitation will considerably clear the air. If it does not, there is the strike, and not even a "Reform" L.C.C. could permit the disorganisation of London traffic for the purpose of enforcing an arbitrary decision. But beyond this, and more powerful, there is the vote. We trust at the next election the tramway men will vote for their own Labour and Socialist representatives, instead of businesslike exploiters.

We believe that in the years of the Fabian Society's wisdom and youth it prepared a few pamphlets dealing in detail with the affairs of certain localities. "Bristol" and "London" are all we remember to have seen, but there may have been others. Why should this useful work not be again taken up on a more extended scale? Our remarks are prompted by the state of a small "railway" town near Southampton which is called "Eastleigh." Eastleigh is the headquarters of the carriage-building of the L. and S.W. Railway, and the majority of the employees live in the town. In a short time the locomotive works of the same company are to be transferred from their present site in Nine Elms, Vauxhall, to Eastleigh, and this will mean another two or three thousand operatives and their families. Up to the present time practically no preparations have been made for building houses for these people, and there is every probability that when the workers do come down from London they will have to lodge in Southampton, in outlying villages, or in probably overcrowded homes. This would seem to be an ideal opportunity for municipal building on a large scale, particularly as the extensions of the town are already planned. The town is small and compact, it is new, and there is no great poverty. All the houses have gardens, there is a pleasant central recreation green, infectious diseases are excessively rare and all apparently imported, the infant mortality rate is half that of London—in fact, the more acute problems of town life do not exist. It would, therefore, be easy to collect the necessary statistics, present them in a concise and pleasant form, and demonstrate the advantages of a bold scheme of municipal land ownership and municipal housing. Another aspect of the matter that should not be forgotten is the present-day hideous ugliness of the place. Its plan is that of a gridiron, and its long, straight streets, some containing more than 300 houses, stretch their monotonous repetition of band-box cottages over a square mile or so of country. A view of the town from a ridge a couple of miles away, where the road from Winchester to Southampton runs, shows up Eastleigh as a red gridiron sear on the face of a singularly beautiful sweep of country. A municipal housing scheme could at least avoid the more objectionable features of inferior and sanitary suburbanism, and perhaps even pay some heed to the traditions and stories of old-time England that are so thick here that one cannot stir a step without kicking up the dust of some saint or king.

Socialism and Anti-Militarism.

SOONER rather than later the Labour Party in England will have to make up its mind on the subject of the Army. The German Democrats have long ago made up their minds, and now the French Socialists in their Congress held at Nancy last week have followed suit. The extreme anti-militarism of M. Hervé and his supporters has been defeated by a vote of eleven to one (251 to 23). The significance of the decision must not be mistaken by the English Labour Party. During the discussion of Mr. Haldane's Army Bill we took occasion to point out that the Labour Party in at least one of its amendments was playing into the hands of the enemy. In place of their proper demand for a genuinely democratic Army, they were ill-advised enough to petition clamorously for a perpetuated and extended class army. They were apparently so intent upon abolishing the Army altogether that they omitted to notice that they were strengthening the worst features of the existing Army. Mr. Thorne alone had the foresight to see what he was doing, and protested against Mr. Haldane's all too willing acceptance of the Labour Party's amendment; and for this Mr. Thorne has been severely criticised in many quarters. Now, however, it appears as if Mr. Thorne was right and the rest of the Party wrong. That, at least, is the conclusion to be drawn from the Nancy decision of last week.

The discussion at Nancy was fairly shared by all the well-known French leaders, Vaillant, Jaurès, Guesde and Hervé himself. It lasted during two sittings, in the course of which some dozens of excellent speeches were made, together with the inevitable number of another kind. M. Hervé seems to have spoiled his case, as he has on more than one occasion, by imputing political motives to the Opposition. We can well understand that even in England the Labour Party might be

suspected, as the Fabian Society during the Boer War was suspected, of advocating a citizen army merely for the sake of votes. Mr. Cecil Chesterton undoubtedly enumerated among the arguments for his advocacy of a Citizen Army the obvious fact that no political party that did not maintain the Army could maintain itself. But it is also true that a Labour Party that did not support Labour would fail to support itself. A political party is not primarily a propagandist party, but an advisory and legislative body representing a number of citizens. It is right enough for an individual to decline to represent the views of his constituents; only in that case he must be prepared to be declined in his turn by his constituents. There is plenty of room, we think, for a Peace Party, and even for an uncompromising anti-war party in England; but not in the House of Commons. Proportional representation may even make an anti-militarist group possible in Parliament; but so long as the present method of election exists, members of Parliament must represent the whole body of their constituents and not merely a section.

Jaurès, who replied on Tuesday morning, defended himself and his political colleagues from the charge of opportunism. It is unwise, he said, lightly and frivolously to create misunderstandings with one's nation. Such misunderstandings were sometimes inevitable, no doubt; and "si une idée juste et une propagande nécessaire devaient tourner contre nous tout le suffrage universel, nous ne les abandonnerions pas." For him, however, nationalities were not only facts, but they had a Socialist as well as a human value. "C'est sur le chantier des nations que le prolétariat peut travailler à son émancipation. Leur originalité est nécessaire à l'unité humaine comme la spontanéité des individus." Jaurès then put to Hervé a simple question: there was, he said, a proletarian and Socialist movement in France in favour of arbitration. Since Governments are compelled to follow public opinion, suppose that in a threatened rupture between France and Germany, France was prepared to arbitrate and Germany was not—what would Hervé do? Whatever M. Hervé would do, his followers at least would declare for the defence of the nation. Finally, M. Hervé's position was exactly comparable to that of the handworkers at the advent of machinery, who broke the machines because they threatened to become their masters. "Il ne faut pas que le prolétariat brise la patrie, mais qu'il la socialise."

M. Hervé in his reply made his position clearer than we have seen him state it before. The difference between himself and the rest was, he argued, the distinction between a class war and a national war. If Socialism was a propaganda for the emancipation of the class of workers, then he for his part regarded all other classes as his enemies. And since war was always undertaken on behalf of a nation as a whole, and not on behalf of the only class Socialists were concerned with, he would not shed a drop of blood in a national war with Germany or any other foreign Power. M. Hervé made it clear, in short, that his anti-militarist propaganda was part and parcel of a pure class war.

We need not say that in England as in France and Germany, whatever wild talk may have been indulged in, the class war is confined as an active idea to a very few minds. With the crushing defeat of M. Hervé at Nancy goes another of the main bulwarks of the class war propaganda. Our business in England is to make people realise that the Labour Party, though class in name, has no intention of being class in fact. The interests of the whole nation are vastly more important than the interests of a single class, however numerous. Mighty wrongs are suffered by the wealthy because of their wealth, as by the poor because of their poverty. No man in the present barbarous economic condition of things can be more than half human. It is, therefore, for the wholeness of men that Socialists are struggling; and if a section, even the whole Labour Party, puts its sectional rights against its duties, all good Socialists will fight it as they fight the rest of the political sections. Fortunately, however, the lesson of Nancy is too striking to be missed. The Labour Party in England is Socialist at heart.

The Magic of Oxford.

THERE are only about a dozen people in England who understand what Oxford is; and not one of them has so far joined in the babble accompanying the erection of the great Tower that is going to reach from the working man to the celestial heights of Oxford graduateship. Their view simply is that Oxford is the special factory of a special sort of magic, none the less magic because few know it by that name, intended and most cunningly designed, to enshroud with awe, certain forms of incompetence and stupidity, and to ensure public respect for the same. It is difficult for one of the twelve to write dispassionately on the subject, since the spectacle of millions of men doing homage to an empty shrine arouses an iconoclastic ire that interjections alone can quell. Yet the plain truth may as well be stated now that the Workers' Educational Association has held its Conference and received the blessings of the Bishop of Birmingham and Mr. Philip Snowden.

I am quite prepared to admit that these gentlemen are as sincere as an incapacity for genuine imagination can make them. All the people who took part in last Saturday's proceedings are moved, I have no doubt, by excellent motives. They desire to see the Oxford monopoly destroyed; or, as is more likely, to see the monopoly enjoyed by members of the "working classes." But their failure to understand the nature of the monopoly would be ludicrous if it were not tragic.

Let us understand, at the outset, that in comparison with races yet unborn our own race is superstitious to precisely the same degree that in comparison with us the Australian aborigines are superstitious. Let us again understand that every single one of the superstitions of the past exists now only in a more civilised form. In short, every savage belief, ritual, dogma and practice survives at this moment in our minds even more actively, though less obviously, than the physiological characteristics that we are compelled to confess are common to ourselves and the blue-woaders.

This being admitted (and nobody with any pretensions to science will deny it) the obvious thing to do is to look round and ask ourselves what institutions exist at this moment which will be most likely to be regarded as barbaric superstitions a few centuries hence. That Oxford is pre-eminently the chief of these I have not the slightest doubt. The whole history of Oxford is already in my prophetic eye detailed in the folk-lore books of the future as a crowning example of the magical practices of the British race. We shall infallibly be classed among the Finns and the ancient Egyptians, the Australian aborigines and the Obeahites as grossly credulous in matters of glamour. The only difference will be that whereas those races named have generally had the sense to demand an ocular demonstration of the magic, we have dispensed even with that, and have contented ourselves to believe in the face of the grossest evidence. Say, if you please, that this is intellectual while the Finns were flatly material. The result is the same. We are deceived equally with them, only by our own complicity.

Few, probably, of my readers are aware yet of what I am writing; and the measure of their misunderstanding is the measure of the glamour under which they still labour. Let me repeat, then, that Oxford is and always has been the initiation-cave of the dominant Brahmins, mandarins, headmen, medicine-men of the whole British tribe. Oxford is for the British nation (tribe is a much more suitable word) exactly what the chief's pow-wow was and is for the Australian native; namely, a special mode of magical initiation into the atmosphere of chieftainship. That there is no blood-letting and blood-mingling is merely a proof that our magic is of a subtle order; but all the usual ordeals common to admission to all the phratries and castes of the savage world, are there plain enough. In place of the ordeal by fire we have the ordeal of money; in place of the blood-letting we have the ritual of family succession and nomination; in place of the naphtha mysteries of the initiation cave we have the equally

lurid ceremonies of admission, and the recitation of magical formulæ in English; in place of the preliminary disciplines we have the entrance examinations; and, not finally by any means, in place of the assembly of chieftains we have the periodical assemblies of heads of colleges, professors and tutors.

As for the ceremony itself, ours is certainly the richer in that it is so much longer. The process of converting a human being into an "Oxford man" takes at a moderate estimate some twenty-five years. To be entirely successful, it must begin before the boy is born. His father must actually enter his name on the college list before the boy sees the light of day. The early youth of the candidate for initiation must be spent in the preparatory atmosphere of Eton or Rugby. Even then, so recalcitrant and naturally free are some youths, the process sometimes fails, and the boy, to the horror of his pastors and masters (the operating magicians, you understand) grows into mere manhood without acquiring the Oxford "tone." But such cases are comparatively rare. Ninety-nine out of every hundred succumb to the "training" and become Oxonised and dehumanised.

Let it not be supposed, however, that the twelve of us desire to see Oxford abolished. Quite the contrary. So long as men are crowding to be made into Oxonians so long may the process be allowed to continue. Its suppression would be instantly followed by its resurrection. What is intolerable is not that Oxford should continue to transform youths into graduates, common sense into scholarship, brains into theories, spirit into domination, and freedom into the habit of deference—these things are well enough for a few, since the whole comedy of the world-spectacle would be incomplete without tragedy. But what is really intolerable is that the rest of men should spend their infrequent moments of contemplation in aspiring to the possession of the same defects. That Mr. Philip Snowden, himself by excellent fortune a man and not a graduate, should join in the demand—this is not the game! Does he think that the working-classes will capture Oxford? It may be that Oxford will capture the best of the working classes; but nobody who understands the power of continuous collective magic will ever dream of the other result. No, let us of the new spirit leave Oxford alone, and make, as Kipling says, a new magic of our own. What we have to do is to fight magic with magic, "atmosphere" with "atmosphere," "tone" with "tone." In the revolutionary movement there are beginning to grow all the germs of an institution and an order of men quite as powerful as ever Oxford has been. "Graduate of the Revolutionary College of Mankind" is already quite as inspiring a distinction as M.A. Oxon. In time, if we only have grit enough, we shall make it even more inspiring. Not "Oxford *and* the Nation" is our cry; but "Oxford *or* the Nation." R. M.

Reform by Force.

THERE is a smell of gunpowder and blood about some recent utterances in THE NEW AGE by Cecil Chesterton, M. D. Eder, and Sydney Herbert, none of whom will object to a little criticism on that score from a brother-Socialist. I do not say that they advocate or even foretell force, but they dally with the idea, and seem sometimes to turn despairingly away from the study and platform and peep into the armoury which bristles with sharper arguments than books and rhetoric. I should have thought the futility—the terrible futility—of armed revolt in England was apparent, but some zealots allow their commendable indignation to confuse their prospects and change their moral impatience into mental impatience; it is easier to bring in a sword to cut the knot of the problem than to solve it by sustained thought.

Now the view held by some that nothing much is ever got without physical conflict has, I think, very little historical ground and still less future hope; and in my judgment force is a delusive, impossible, and unnecessary means of obtaining the reforms we need. It is well before enlarging on these assertions to have two things understood and remembered.

First, that we are dealing with England where the suffrage, though narrow, yet gives the balance of power to the exploited class; second, that the sort of revolt we are discussing is, and is only, uprising for decent physical conditions of life; every aspect of the question must be brought to the test of this one aim which is often lost sight of.

Now as to history. I doubt whether a single revolution of this kind has succeeded; certainly no famous one has. Revolutions galore there have been, but mostly racial, dynastic, political, or intriguing, scarcely ever social like the French Revolution. And what did that achieve? Are there no slums in Paris, and is no one underpaid in that country? The strength and impatience of the Socialists there alone prove that that bloody upheaval merely asserted representative government, and left poverty almost untouched. Misery and oppression are equally poignant, whether inflicted by glittering aristocrats or black-coated capitalists.

Force is a delusive method. What good can possibly result from Cecil Chesterton, M. D. Eder, and Sydney Herbert, for instance, appearing armed on the streets in company with hooligans and criminals? I picture them in such alliance advisedly in order to compel them to ask themselves whether riots ever were made unaided by refined thinkers, who alone could give them a complexion of reasonableness. Even if all the intellectuals took the ranks (and whether they did or not it is unquestionable that most of them are utterly unfitted by temperament and training for the business of disembowelling their neighbours), they would be swamped by those out merely for loot and adventure—a sinister section of the proletariat which one gets a glimpse of on Mafficking nights—and no ordered plan of battle could be sustained with such a motley horde. But supposing it were, what possible reliance after the fighting could there be on illiterate ruffians for the stupendously difficult work of social readjustment? No such movement, however, would get so far; there would be a few hours of machine-like slaughter, in which some priceless reform brains would be lost, and then we should feel for twenty-five years the full bitterness of reaction, repression, by the old governing gang, supported by the frightened respectable class.

Armed reform is impossible. Judging from the amazing indifference of the people to all their ills, even the most intolerable, there seems not the remotest likelihood of raising them to barricade temperature. Others than Socialists see cause for revolution in our foul slums, yet most of the tenants seem content, and many cheerfully vote for their landlords at election time. Are these the folk who shall one day march out with band, banner, and strongest weapons and throbbing with the righteous fire of freedom?

Armed revolutions are unnecessary. If the people are sufficiently persuaded of their needs and their power they have only to mark their ballot papers in a certain way. Why blow a man's brains out to obtain what you want, when he is bound to accept your sight draft, which only needs the trouble of signing? If it is thought this sight-draft will not be paid—in other words, that the possessing class may resist a Socialist Government—we may leave this to the future with confidence; certainly the electoral sanction implied in such a contingency would give us a strength entirely lacking in any forced action now.

The question remains as to the moral effect of disturbances like the Belfast rioting, which though they are quelled, yet make people think. They may have their use in this way, but as they are generally accidental and unorganised, they are not very germane to this article.

In conclusion, let any burning reformer who looks wistfully at weapons read Jaurès' own and Liebknecht's quoted remarks in the former's "Socialist Studies" on the futility of forcibly attempting more than the majority of the people have agreed to. There is, moreover, great unwisdom in even entertaining the idea, because it diverts attention from the true goal—the ballot-box. We cannot consistently blame the people

for not voting for their own emancipation if at the same time we suggest a royal road to save them the trouble of voting.

Our supreme immediate aim is to convince our fellows not only by copy-book methods, but also by resolute disregard, or even outrage, of all the miserable and false conventions which gag most politicians; beyond this—into the path of violence—we go at the peril, not of ourselves—that is nothing—but of our cause.

Thousands of refined persons who (unlike Cecil Chesterton) *do* shrink from the idea of emancipation by the sword are joining us in the belief that this is an economic and humanitarian movement; don't let us give them the impression that we have lured them into a bloody conspiracy. JOHN FROST.

In Old Holland.

HERE we sit on the dyke at Volendam, looking over to the Island of Marken. It is a blue day, and we thank the lucky stars that brought us. The walk from Edam by the canal path has been exhilarating. We have seen across wide, windy pastures the coloured sails of fisher boats rising above the green verge like Arab tents. A strange Ark-like craft, bound for Volendam, came gliding past, between the reedy banks of the canal, carrying goods on her deck, and within the cabin one picturesque passenger. It is a low, grassy country everywhere—lower, probably, than the Zuyder Zee—and so one trifled with the fancy that, once on a time, the unbillowed sea, dreaming of green fields, had suffered a change and been transformed into these wide, windy pastures. As we walked along, it was milking-time, and quiet men were seated at an ancient task, musing with bent heads as the milk swished in the foaming pails to a rhythm of unbroken spondees. Those pails will have been emptied now into the wide tubs which we saw in the boat at the corner of one of many water-channels plotting out the level plain into rectangular sections. In rural Holland everything seems to move to silence and slow time, and the milk will float down to the farm to be pressed into round, soft cheeses, fit emblems of a mild, smooth-mannered people.

Yes, the walk from Edam has been exhilarating. You see, we started well. Mine host of the Dam Hotel had been interrupted in one of his whistling solos, to which he vamps an accompaniment on a guitar or some other ghost of a musical instrument. It is early May, and visitors are scarce as cuckoos in July, and he hastened to welcome us with the stored-up affection of a hundred generations of Bonifaces. There was soon spread a plenteous, homely meal, which mine host duly blessed with the words "Good appetite!" and left us to felicitate ourselves, as all honest wayfarers should when they happen on sweet, familiar food in unlikely places.

Further back, in the morning which already seems dim and remote, we had left Amsterdam in search of the Land of Otherwhere. That city had for us no lasting joys. It is true we appreciated its cosmopolitan bustle. We had fallen into the company of two good Europeans —Herr Wegener and Herr Burmeister—who plied us with Amsterdam's choicest entertainment, and whose names we would fain set down as honouring ourselves. We longed, however, for an informing glimpse of that ancient Holland which only revealed itself faintly to us when the chimes of the Oude Kerk and the Nieuwe Kerk tinkled over the gabled roofs of the town like strains from giant musical boxes. And so we set out on our quest. At Monnickendam we knew we were on the right track. At Edam the spell was beginning to work, and being fortified, as already explained, we set out jauntily for the Land of Otherwhere.

Something of what we saw on the way I have already told you, but we were not quite prepared for the quaint surprise which was ours when we reached the long, straggling street which is Volendam. One might travel round the world without seeing anything quite so otherworldly as this. Much poring over books of adventure in our youth had bred a certain familiarity with divers strange lands and barbaric peoples, with the life of jungle and prairie, and all the coloured wonder of the world in its more distant latitudes. We embarked in those days with Captain Cook on South Sea voyages of discovery, and so, when we have beheld in our authentic travels the islands of our dreams, we perceived that the straggling coco-palms which fringed the shores were bending laggardly as we always knew they bent in the times we sailed with that enterprising navigator. Dusky islanders returned our beaming recognitions, and most things appeared to us in a familiar guise. But it is not so with Volendam and its inhabitants. That place was never in our chart of adventures. Why, I really do not know. And yet Holland has been one mighty adventure, the greatest adventure in Europe. You quaint old Volendamites! An hour ago your comic-operatic appearance made us smile. We now behold in you a fading remnant of the pictorial past, and mourn the loss of all that varied life, which, changing with each town and village the curious traveller might enter, afforded everywhere the environment suited to produce unique characters. Jolly Jan van Steen! Sly old Reverend Bandello! Dear ribald Villon! Sweet rake-helly Marlowe! Where be your peers now? Sad uniformity makes tailors' models and ninepins of us all. The flood-tide of European fashion has spread like a disease from Pole to Pole, until starched linen, the monstrous English hat, and the likewise umbrella have become the signs of a vicious civilisation in the remotest corners of the earth. But here in Volendam the simple-minded fisher folk have retained their own peculiar costume in defiance of all servile modes, and with round, fur cap, close red or blue jacket, and wide, extravagant breeches the men and boys toddle along in their wooden shoes, displaying by their gait and stumpy carriage a very real identity with the clothes they wear. Lines of daringly patched trousers hang out in the sun to dry. Numbers of untenanted shoes lie on the flagstones outside the doors. Fair, brawny women in lace caps and striped petticoats stand about knitting or talking or both. Here comes an old man who gazes at us with a blank, unmeaning stare. What superlative breeches! Let us solemnly invoke him and them thus—

Tell me, Ancient of this place,
With the beardless, stubbly face,
Who did make with countless stitches,
Thy voluminous, vast breeches?

Are they some foregone creation,
Some divine exfoliation,
Long since blown upon the breeze
From the lost Hesperides?

Perhaps a comely daughter matches
Those bright-hued and orb-like patches,
Dioscuri of the spheres,
Which thy nether garment wears.

And at night, when all are sleeping,
Come the little fairies creeping,
And with tread as light as snail,
Steal the breeches from the nail,

And the full-blown, strange balloon
Sails up straightway to the moon;
But thou findst them when astir
Hanging back again up there.

Tell me, Ancient of this place,
With the beardless, stubbly face,
Who did make with countless stitches,
Thy voluminous, vast breeches?

The old man still gazes at us. The old man wants to sell "myne frouw" a striped petticoat. Let us quit Volendam! FREDERICK RICHARDSON.

A Plea for Greater "Weakness" Among Women.

SUCH a plea requires a fine despising of that section of female opinion with which latterly a shrill-voiced minority has pierced the comfortable prisons where their sisters have for so long lain indifferent. The persistent imposing of a thing, be it a tartan plaid, a crimson daffodil, or "votes for women," must be regarded as a warning by all who attach importance to their own individual significance. "Fashion" signifies the servitude of the many to the few, and "Votes for Women," with its attendant corollary of ideas, threatens to become fashionable.

Not for one moment would I have it thought that I despise the instigators of this or any movement; these prime movers, the dominant ones, they are admirable, in that they have power to force the mass to cheerfully suffer in their service. Were they but conscious of their true ends, admiration would know no bounds; but they, in their long-sightedness, have overlooked themselves. The unconscious workman will never become an artist, and great movements have always been dominated by such. Women-leaders for the cause they have at heart, feeling the need for saviours of womankind, sacrifice themselves on the altar of their own desires. From place to place they run, crying, "Wake, wake, my sisters! See the unrest that is torturing my bosom; see the tears that I weep because of your distress. Ye dumb sufferers, behold, I am your mouthpiece, through me ye shall know your wants; and the horrible darkness in which ye dwell, I will illumine it."

To blind oneself to the self-motive; to seek expression through self-negation; to die that others may live; this is an insidious form of cowardice, to be fitly paired with dram-drinking, a habit acquired through an unwillingness to face oneself. It is crafty, for it attains its end—self-satisfaction—from an outside source, namely, the populace, who are ready to superstitiously revere one who is fool enough to suffer for them; who do not fail of their duty as audience at the martyr's death! Crafty, but lacking in that conscious artistry by which the individual is alone refined.

I have said that the cry of "Votes for Women" has pierced through the walls of those "comfortable prisons" where women have dwelt until these latter days. I know what floods of rhetoric the choice of such an expression will set free to flow, seeking to wither me in the red-hot torrent of its eloquence. Imagination with me is sharper than experience. I know the ins and outs of squalid garrets, unwholesome workshops, sordid lives. I also know the contrast, from the gutter point of view, the discomfort of enforced cleanliness; the slavery of "good manners," inseparable from decent surroundings; the constraint of language before the foremen of society. To have it put that you are dirty, when dirt seems natural, is but a cunning snare to decoy the happy into a state of misery, the bait—ultimate extraordinary happiness—a skilful arrangement by which the strongly covetous side of human nature is played upon under the name of "idealism"! Every man should be the criterion of his own well-being. In seeking to impose our standard upon our neighbour is it not well to consider how far one is offering an insult to his judgment, and should one be surprised if one's tenders of soap be repaid with rotten eggs?

The difference between education and culture always remains to be considered. Education works from without, culture from within, and your efforts to impose education before an inward demand is formulated must necessarily result in a process of veneering, productive of charming surface results capable of taking a high polish, but apt to crack and reveal your raw material beneath! For centuries woman's "insincerity" has been the bye-word passed from mouth to mouth, the "bad name" given to the poor she-dog. Straightly faced, what does the accusation imply? A virtue! It credits her with a many-sided nature, with the actor temperament. Women of the modern movement pride themselves on their independence of man. They will at last assert themselves, and then he shall see! What does he see? A mirror that still reflects his own opinion.

Who but man, feeling his possessive sense outraged, condemned the many-sided temperament as "insincere"? And what woman to this day does not cripple her powers, seeking for that singleness of purpose that man has made the standard of his worth? I would have women to face themselves; to believe that what lies in them as instinct is admirable. If they are many-sided, let them see to it that each side be polished, finely facetted, as are diamonds, to dazzle and attract. They are actresses; let them study to become artists in their profession, conscious of every movement, not poor mimes, hypnotised by church tradition into despising of their craft. If women will be prison-breakers, let them first enfranchise their own minds, that for long have lain fettered in the priestly yoke. Let woman recover her joy in herself, in her beauty, the reason of her beauty; her form of attraction. I think a flower has no shame in any of her methods to attract. Scent she flings upon the air; with colours she hails her vagrant love, the shape of her entices him to enter; and this that life may be fulfilled in her as seed. We love the flowers, but mock-modesty makes us regard each daisy as an ingénue, while that we know her to be accomplished in each separate art of love! Joy has been stifled in us as a shameful thing (typical of this is the unknowable "fille de joie," the unmentionable "love child"); the Church, seeing the power of woman, how that she made her snares very strong and beautiful, so that the strong and the beautiful might be trapped by her, became afraid, and put upon her a ban; condemned her purpose as "lust"; foisted its starved morality on her back; covered her with shame both in her own and her sister's eyes. Woman was born an actress: the Church made her a hypocrite. In no one thing does she face herself to-day. Her cry for independence, for equality of opportunity with man—all this is as foam above the deep sea of her discontent, a sea into which for centuries fear has forbidden her to look.

Oh, woman, be not ashamed of what lies hid in thee! Pearls are there that shall make thee more fair than thou hast dreamed. The discontented ones among women; the repressed; those that seek to divert their own and other's purpose in the world, preferring to give birth to a "movement" rather than a child—these, the fashion makers, of them one must be wary, because their purpose carries on the slavery of the priest, the cursed inheritance that has taught woman to despise her own body as a sinful thing.

To be born a woman—shame has been fastened to that, and the taint of such shame continues to our day. What mother does not will to bear a son? In early times to produce a daughter meant to prolong the misery of one's own life of self-negation. In this, again, the priestly influence is felt. Women typified the sin of the world (their mere existence being acknowledged as unfortunately indispensable to the continuance of the race!); the sinless, that is, the unnatural mother, became adorable in the idea of the Holy Virgin. The modern movement is careful not to decry motherhood (it is not altogether lacking in humour!); but that which should lead to perfection of motherhood, the spirit of conscious joy; the fostering of power to attract; the approval of ingenuous simplicity in dealing with matters too often rendered unsavoury by elaborate discussion in dark corners; the facing of the needs of one's nature; the dropping of that veil of hypocrisy which but serves to blur our meaning to the world, and an encouragement to a frank selection of that actor's mask which best fits the occasion of our immediate need—of this I see no trace in the mottoes raised on standards in the parks; no sound of it in all the hubbub about "woman's work."

In what women have come to look upon as weaknesses in themselves, therein I would suggest they look for power! Not until women have strength to acknowledge such "weakness" as their primary inheritance, and to take a pride in it, will they be fit to speak with authority on other matters.

GWENDOLEN BISHOP.

THE NEW AGE
AUGUST 22, 1907

Review of the Session.

REVIEWING the work of the Parliamentary Session which is now about to close, we do not suppose that a single person either in or out of Parliament is likely to find much satisfaction. Not one of the parties has done brilliantly, and at least one party, the Liberal Party, has distinctly lost more ground than it can recover. Everything seems to have gone wrong with this most ill-starred majority. With drums and trumpets and the shouts of a great army, their advent was undoubtedly the signal for a good deal of enthusiasm; but as, measure by measure, they either ignominiously retreated from their proclaimed position or disgracefully yielded the battle without more than a blow being struck, the public enthusiasm began to wane, until at this moment we doubt if there is any spark of the original flame left alight. If anything can be gathered of the plans the Government had in mind, we may certainly suppose that some at least of the members of the Cabinet were in earnest in their proposals for land reform. It is hard to conceive that the various Land Bills were drawn up intentionally as window-dressing and as nothing more. We are willing to give part of the Cabinet and a good many of its Liberal followers a little credit for good intentions; but where then is the sinister element that has been able to addle every egg? For undoubtedly the destructive party in the Cabinet has been too powerful for the constructive party. With the exception of the Army Bill, not a single measure of first-rate importance has actually been carried during the session. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman is plainly the very man for the difficult task he has had. More able men would have failed where he has been allowed to succeed. More ambitious men would have rebelled against the slights that have been put upon him. On at least a dozen occasions and on as many different subjects he has expressed his "sympathy" with this reform and that reform; but all the time he has been as powerless as any John Smith of Oldham. Mr. Birrell is the child of misfortune. Everything he has touched has turned either to derision or blood in his hands. Sir Edward Grey has maintained the worst traditions of high and dry Toryism all over the world. Mr. John Morley has "ratted" on all his early professions, and only his book on "Compromise" is likely to be read seriously again. Mr. Lloyd-George has disappointed the hopes of the Tariff Reformers only to give a more severe blow to the progressive Liberals. His unfortunate speeches in the City would cost him his seat in a politically intelligent constituency. As for the rest—there is the dark shadow of Mr. Asquith upon them, and behind him, it is thought, the darker shadow of Lord Rosebery. But which of these and how many have formed the obstructive element in the Cabinet?

It is idle to pretend that measures could not be passed because of the House of Lords. With all its faults, the House of Lords is quite as competent as the House of Commons. Nobody who reads the debates in both Houses can fail indeed to be struck by the superiority of the Lords' debates over the Commons' debates. It is true that only a few Lords take part; while every noodle in the Lower House thinks it his business to bray for hours together. But what a sense of fitness the Lords must have to be willing to absent themselves so consistently. Would that six hundred of the Commons would retire, and leave the rest to carry on the business. Absolutely nobody would suffer, and things would get along just as well, and perhaps better. As it is, however, the Commons cannot complain that the Lords are incapable without exposing themselves to the same charge. Their real complaint, underlying the whole silly agitation against the Lords, is that the Lords are really too capable. House for House, we would as lief be ruled by the Lords as by the Commons at this moment. And so would the country at large. The perception of this fact has, indeed, robbed the Liberal Party of all its revolutionising zeal. We shall hear precious little of the cry "Down with the Lords!" during the autumn recess.

On the other hand, it must be granted that the Conservative Party has become hopelessly demoralised as well. If its huge majority has ruined the Liberal Party, its small minority has worse than ruined Mr. Balfour. Nothing more abjectly incompetent can be conceived than the Opposition during the ending session. With almost unparalleled opportunities of criticism and attack, the Conservatives have literally won no single point in the political game. Not a single ounce of the popularity lost by the Liberals has been gained by the Conservatives. Tariff Reform leaves England cold. The defence of the Church catechism is a lost cause. The alliance with the landowning Lords, with worldly-minded prelates and sectarian Churchmen is not popular. If the Liberals have lost their hold on the country, the Conservatives have still further relaxed their feeble grasp.

There remains the Labour Party. We need not repeat what we said last week. The session just closed has lacked both courage and deep conviction in all parties; but what courage and conviction there has been is due to the Labour Party. It must be remembered that the Labour Party is small and beset with difficulties. Even the most brilliant thirty-two men would find it hard to move an inert majority of three hundred without resorting to methods that in the long run would destroy themselves. There is not the slightest doubt that the Labour Party is steadily winning the respect and confidence of the electorate of the country. Not once during the session have they committed themselves to extreme measures or to impossible demands. Ably led and admirably self-disciplined, they have complacently and steadily resisted the temptation they must often have felt to put an end to the tragic farces they have been compelled to witness. And as a result, the country is more and more inclined to look upon the Labour Party as the practical alternative to both the Liberals and Conservatives. The victories of the Labour Party at the General Election were, as we have said before, experimental on the part of the public. But they are an experiment that has succeeded; and whatever losses have been sustained by both the historic parties have been gains to the Labour Party. We shall certainly expect to see sixty Labour members returned at the next General Election. And if the Cabinet remains as sterile in the coming sessions as it has been during this session, we should not be surprised to see the number of Labour members rise to a hundred.

Whatever may be the sinister power behind the Liberal Cabinet, Socialists have no particular need to regret it. It is true that a number of Socialistic measures are thereby being delayed; but every such delay is a thousand votes to Socialism. Lord Rosebery, or whoever it is, has only to produce a few more sessions like the latest to convince the country finally that the Liberal Party is a blown egg.

Socialism and Conservatism.

"MEN fear death," said Bacon, "as children fear to go to bed in the dark." Within this aphorism is concealed the secret of Conservatism. As the fear of death is universal, so it may be said that every human being is naturally a Conservative. The past is safe and cannot injure us; the present we know; the future is hidden from us, and is therefore to be feared. Common to all humanity is the love of settled order, of gradual, peaceful progression, the sentimental attachment to that which is old and established. The very transitoriness of human life induces in the more thoughtful a sense of peculiar kinship with those who have preceded them and those who will follow after, and this species of reflected immortality is the basis of all patriotism. What this sentiment, when rightly directed, is capable of achieving we have recently seen in the case of the Japanese nation. Even the Conservative worship of caste and rank was at first by no means undiluted snobbery; it claims a much worthier parentage. For our original nobility did in one sense literally deserve the name; they were the nearest approach the nation could at the time attain to the ideal of Carlyle's Able-men or Mr. Wells' Samurai.

Considered intellectually, Conservatism presents many points of harmony with Socialism. In both are there strongly developed the sense of the solidarity of the Empire; the outstanding conception of the State as the representative and guardian of public and private welfare; and the unyielding tenacity of the individual in demanding his liberty under the shadow of the law. As a matter of sober fact, the Socialists are merely endeavouring to carry the Conservative theory of government to its logical conclusion, and except that, instead of being satisfied with a sham Fatherland they are endeavouring to create a real one, their methods are identical. The first object of a sane statesmanship would be to see that the foundations of society were well and truly laid, the foundations consisting naturally of the nation's useful workers.

A great deal of mischievous nonsense is disseminated by those who ought to know better about the "levelling down" ideal of Socialism. The very opposite, of course, is the case. Socialists have no objections to titles and aristocrats; what exasperates them almost beyond endurance is the undeserved and helpless poverty of the "dim, unnumbered millions." The truth is that if the land and capital were nationalised, it would not matter a straw to anybody if every semi-detached villa in the country contained a duke. We begin at the bottom because no nation can hope to prosper that rests upon a democracy that remains sullen and joyless. Moreover, the working classes are by far the most important part of the nation, not only numerically, but essentially. For the working classes could easily exist without the moneyed class, but without the help of the working classes what we are pleased to call the aristocracy could not survive a week. Of all the children of Adam, these are the most helpless. Some of them cannot even dress themselves. Everything they eat, drink, wear, or consume has to be provided for them day by day by the manual workers. For their own sakes, one would imagine, the aristocracy would see to it that those who supplied them with the necessaries of life and of luxury should themselves have sufficient to eat, drink, and wear. And, to do them justice, our national drudges demand no more.

This demand hitherto has always been superciliously rejected by the Conservatives, not from any motive of malice or cruelty, but from sheer temperamental inability to perceive its relevance. For it must be admitted that along with the virtue of courage and no small degree of honesty, there exists in the Conservative temperament a colossal stolidity and impenetrability by ideas that reduces the ordinary citizen to despair. From the public utterances even of its cultured adherents one gathers that but for the landlords there would be no land; but for the capitalist the working population must inevitably starve to death, since there would be no one to "find" them employment; that it is to the interests of the working classes to toil long hours for small wages lest otherwise the "capital" of the country should fly away and be no more seen. This is the sort of reasoning upon which they are relying to consolidate the Empire and to sterilise the "virus" of Socialism.

Nothing, therefore, is to be expected from Conservatism in the shape of any progressive social legislation: *ex nihilo nihil fit.* The Conservative ruling classes still exist in the mediæval world; from mere force of habit they draw their rents and coupons, but their real self is elsewhere. Little as they may realise it, the Dames and Knights of the Primrose League are participating in a gorgeous pageant, their imagination obsessed by a sublimated idealism which regards the Throne as the great central solar constellation, with the House of Lords in intimate rotation, and the House of Commons, the Church, and Beer as subsidiary tertiary satellites, humbly revolving each at its proper distance. As the fount and inspiration of Mr. Balfour's eloquence, this symmetrical conception has its uses, but as a remedy for our national poverty, it still leaves something to be desired. The chattel slavery of feudal times may have been, and probably was, less intolerable than the contemporary slavery of our shirt and blouse makers, but both have their origin in the same institution; and for our purpose it is sufficient to know that it is the same institution which it is the chief function of the Conservative Party to maintain. Throughout history all world-movements have been originated and directed by economic pressure, the modern phenomena of Jingoism and Imperialism being no exceptions to the rule. Conservatism possesses the advantage over its twin-brother Liberalism that it makes few definite concrete promises, and thus minimises the risk of offending its supporters. It can, however, as time goes on, only hope to attain to power through the cowardice and mistakes of its opponents, or by reason of some rare national upheaval, such as was witnessed at the South African crisis.

It would be useless to attempt to disguise the fact that Socialism strikes at the root of the Conservative ideal of caste and property; and although it may seem a little invidious to rejoice in the fact that the proprietary class is small, while the proletarians are in overwhelming preponderance, it still remains true that government, in these islands at any rate, can only be carried on with the consent of the governed. We must, therefore, expect an uncompromising hostility on the part of the propertied classes with their immediate hangers-on and the miscellaneous crowd that makes a living by ministering to the luxuries and follies of the rich. Meanwhile the Conservative working-man, who is by no means extinct, is being driven by industrial necessity to unite with his brother Liberal working man; and his allegiance to his former party will soon relax to the point of disappearing altogether, except under the pressure of some dire necessity, such as the threatening of his beer or a Nonconformist suppression of betting. Our main hope lies in the fact that, as the Conservative and Liberal working men thus enter into frank relationship, they will discover that the feud which they were told must eternally divide them is either a mere crafty trick on the part of the propertied classes or else a mere illusion of their own imagination. With the realisation of this truth, our two-headed conventional political edifice will fall to pieces, a natural line of national cleavage will be disclosed, and a real and vital struggle will commence—namely, the struggle between those who own the land and the means of life and those who do not.

FRANK HOLMES.

REVIEWS.

The Russian Peasant.

"The Russian Peasant." By Howard P. Kennard, M.D. (T. Werner Laurie. 6s. net.)

DR. KENNARD has, I believe, been honourably connected with the distribution of relief during the recent terrible famine; and he is one of the very few Englishmen who have studied the conditions of Russian peasant life not merely in the towns and in villages near the towns, but in the very heart of the most desolate, God-forsaken country districts. He divides his book into three chapters. The first and most important tells of the almost indescribable misery, wretchedness, dirt and ignorance the author witnessed in these far-off hamlets. The second gives a rather hasty sketch of Russian history; and the third is a sweeping denunciation of the bureaucracy and the Church.

By the title of his book, Dr. Kennard challenges comparison with Stepniak's excellent work, "The Russian Peasantry"; and this is a bold thing to do, for Stepniak knew his subject from his youth upwards, and was quite familiar with the rich Russian literature dealing both with the material conditions and the psychology of the peasant. Dr. Kennard, moreover, treats chiefly of matter Stepniak handled when he wrote twenty years ago. The life of the peasant is now much what it was then; the historical sketch hardly carries matters beyond the point Stepniak reached; and in denouncing bureaucracy and Church both writers are at one. Stepniak's book is unquestionably the abler and more authoritative of the two; but the English writer's first-hand evidence of the present awful condition of the poverty-stricken villages is both startling and valuable. It goes beyond anything that those who know the more civilised parts of Russia would ever imagine. Indeed, I should be inclined to suspect the picture of exaggeration were it not that the worst of it—the picture of mental and moral perversion—is luridly confirmed from time to time by Russian papers, which are quite on the people's side in the political struggle now rending Russia in pieces.

Here, for instance, is a ghastly story just to hand from the little village of Sysóevo, in the Government of Mogiléf. A young peasant, Michael Koltshévsky, twenty-three years old, is very fond of prayer, and is accounted a holy man among his neighbours. He and Emelyán Gorbatshévsky, an ex-soldier, confessed to one another that, though both are married, they were impotent, as a result of self-abuse. Emelyán, however, consulted the wizards; and eventually his wife bore a son, whom, at the time of its birth, she cursed as coming from the Evil One. Michael, having heard all this from Emelyán, decided that the child was Antichrist, and must be destroyed. Accordingly, on the evening of July 29, 1907, he summoned his neighbours to his hut. When they (including two ex-elders of the parish church and three ex-soldiers) had assembled, Michael ordered his wife to fetch the remains of the holy candles left over from Passion Thursday, and invited the company to pray. Gradually, under the influence of his enthusiasm, the intensity of his prayers and the ardour of his wife, mother, and his three brothers' wives, the assembly began to yield to hypnotic suggestion, and Michael declared:—

"Our Tsar is tormented by many disorders in the State; and in the life of St. Eustathius there are verses which say that all disorders come from Antichrist."

His hearers seemed paralysed with awe; they feared to look at one another, or to look round.

"What is to be done?" asks one of them in a tremulous voice.

"He must be destroyed," replied Michael. "We, with God's help and by prayer will destroy him; then Russia will be at peace. The Lord has revealed to me that the power of the Evil One has hidden in our village; and behold, for more than eighteen months our country has been rotting. The Lord has revealed it to me . . . " and he led them from the hut. They followed him, whispering prayers, carrying lighted candles, and holding icóns and Gospels to their breasts as is done in Church processions. At the door Michael turned to Emelyán, and in a low, excited voice asked him:—

"Do you confess your sins?"

"Forgive me, and pray God for me," replied Emelyán.

Michael then called on the Lord to bless the work, and then led the procession of twenty-two men and five women, earnestly crossing themselves, through the dark and quiet village street to find the Evil Spirit and to slay him for their Faith, their Tsar, and their Fatherland. On reaching Emelyán's hut, near by, the Prophet whispered:—

"Here is the enemy of the human race . . . here is Antichrist! Emelyán, open the gate!"

In its cradle in the hut lay a pale, shrivelled baby asleep.

Michael sank to his knees, with the words, "Lord God, show me Thy foe. Reveal Antichrist, and yield him to me, that I may fulfil Thy will!" and the crowd also sank to their knees in intense excitement.

"Here is Antichrist, brothers! Emelyán! Remember that Abraham did not spare his only son, Isaac. Emelyán! I command thee in the name of the living God, take the accursed child from its cradle and hand it to its mother."

Emelyán obeyed, and the Prophet continued:—

"Thou, woman, who, infected by the Devil, hast brought forth Satan to destroy the human race, go—show us the spot where he was born, that we may destroy him where he was brought forth!"

The mother wished to resist her strange visitors, and exclaimed, "What are you doing?" But Emelyán held her back with the words, "We do not know what is in that child; one must save one's soul!" Incited and encouraged by her husband, Mary, the mother, carried the child to a ruined hut next door, and here Michael, having ascertained the exact spot where it was born, made her lay it face downwards on the earth. With a holy candle in one hand and an icón in the other, his eyes raised heavenwards, while his followers supported him by their prayers, he stepped with both feet upon the child's back, exclaiming, "Thou shalt tread upon asps and scorpions, and shalt trample upon the lion and the serpent."

The crowd swayed; the women wept. The holy man retired, crouching as in spasms, and again twice stood on the child's back, inciting the crowd to pray more earnestly. The baby uttered a few feeble cries, and died . . . Let us pass over the rest of the story: how they tried to tear the body asunder, how they chopped it up, how a horse was brought and prayers offered that the Lord would reveal the spot where it should be buried, and how Michael, riding the horse, dragged the bundle of mutilated remains tied to the horse's tail, to a ditch outside the village.

After this ceremony they all returned to the hut, a pail of water was brought, and Michael said, "As at the Last Supper the Lord washed the hands and feet of His disciples, so I must wash yours." After he had done so, the company all bowed to the ground before him, saying, "We ask forgiveness. Pray for us." Michael then took a portrait of Father John of Cronstadt, kissed it, and gave it to the others to kiss.

The sun rose, and with the dawn doubts began to trouble the peasants. They went home, and the other women of the village reproached them . . . Emelyán himself went and told the whole story to the police. When an official came to the village to make enquiries, one woman is stated to have asked to be included in the list of those whose names he was taking down.

"Why? Did you help to kill him?" asked he.

"No, daddy, I did not kill him; but I held a candle, and the rulers should let me share the reward for killing Antichrist."

In his preface Dr. Kennard speaks of "a future work." When he writes it, should he go beyond the limits of his own experience as a traveller and a doctor, it would be well if he were more accurate in details than he has been in this volume, and more guarded in his use of adverbs and adjectives. I much doubt, for instance, whether "every villian previous to his deed of

crime—be it robbery, fraud, or murder—crosses himself," though no doubt some do; and I am sure it is not an "every-day occurrence" to "be seen any day and at any hour in the streets of any great Russian city or town" for one cabman madly to chase another who has succeeded in securing a passenger, and to rain imprecations and blows upon the successful jehu. Are not the seven wives usually allotted by historians to Iván the Terrible sufficient? Why speak of them as "eight or ten"? And why ask us to believe that "Serfdom, thank God, never held sway in England"; and why treat the legends in the Chronicles of Nestor as though they were sober facts? Why, moreover, when speaking of the "sixteenth century," tell us that "Luther, Wycliff, and Calvin made their names resound"? For Wycliff died in 1384, and is out of place sandwiched between Luther and Calvin.

The book is carelessly printed. For instance, Ivan IV was born in 1530 (not in 1539) and Nicholas I. ascended the throne in 1825 (not in 1823). A great many Russian words are used, but these are as often wrong as right; nor can this be altogether the compositor's fault, for the same mistake often occurs more than once, as for instance, in the words which should be rousálki (not "roussilki") and zdrávstvouete (not "zdrazbyete"). These are small matters, but that we may rely on Dr. Kennard when he bears first-hand evidence, he should be more accurate when dealing with matters of common knowledge. AYLMER MAUDE.

Standards of Public Morality. Arthur Twining Hadley. The Macmillan Company. $1.00 net.

This is the second of what promises to be an admirable series edited by Dr. S. M. Lindsay, under the general title of American Social Progress Series. Dr. Hadley, the writer of the present volume, is the president of Yale University, and the chapters comprising the volume were delivered as lectures in New York during the winter of 1906. We can only say that if there was as good an audience as there was a lecturer New York is to be congratulated. The volume is excellent in tone, the style is absolutely free from Americanisms, and what is more the ideas are of an almost uniformly high level. We will not say that the book is the best we have read from America, but in our judgment it is one of the sanest that America has ever produced.

All this we may say without committing ourselves to complete agreement with the author. It would be strange, in fact, if we could find no points of disagreement with a writer who is obviously not an unmitigated democrat and confessedly not a Socialist. On the other hand, his criticisms of democracy and of Socialism are so fairly and reasonably stated that we find it a pleasure to meet so able an opponent. Broadly speaking, Dr. Hadley sees nothing inevitable in the failure of individualism. It is for him quite conceivable that even under the present conditions of industry there need be no gross social injustice. If individualism in industry fails it will be by reason of the failure of great and small commercial men to maintain a high standard of morality. In other words, individualism will fail on moral grounds. But also it follows that unless the morality of a people is changed, the economic system of individualism may be exchanged for collectivism without producing the least amelioration. The same rascality that transforms a private company into an engine of public plunder will transform a collectivist municipality into an even more dangerous engine of injustice. And it is useless to assert that public opinion can be trusted to secure clean collectivism, since in the corruption of even a Trust like the Standard Oil Trust every citizen of America already has some share. Dr. Hadley understands as few modern writers understand, the corporeity and universal complicity of the community.

Every man, he says, who publishes a newspaper which appeals to the emotions rather than to the intelligence of its readers, and to a less extent every man who lightly believes the statements that he finds in such a newspaper, attacks our political life at a most vulnerable point. Every man, whether a member of the majority, or of the minority, who regards the law as an enactment to promote one set of private institutions at the expense of another . . . . makes himself responsible for the dangers of growing contempt of law. Every man who admires a public officer for success in serving himself, rather than for success in serving others—who respects the man for getting the office rather than for deserving the office—shows himself to that extent unfit to be a member of a self-governing nation.

Except, therefore, as an indication that the American nation is to blame, the fine inflicted on Mr. Rockefeller is wrongly apportioned. Not Mr. Rockefeller is individually responsible, but the whole of society that offers such powerful incentives to the Rockefeller instincts. For, it must be remembered that in discussing public morality we are dealing with an entity vastly different from the individual. The individual we know and can see; but who except the most imaginative can know and see society as a whole? Yet only in the minds of such as can see society as a whole is it possible for a public, as distinct from a private, morality to be born. Hence many privately estimable men are sharks and tigers in society. They regard themselves as shut off and separate from the body politic and as entitled to prey upon the State. Against them laws and penal enactments are in most cases useless, for their number is legion. The aim of the genuine reformer is therefore gradually to instil into their minds the idea of community, the sanctity of the street, and the unity of a people.

But Dr. Hadley is not a sentimental moralist. He is beyond the illusion of supposing that a great moral uprising would or could change the face of politics. Moral revolutions are as futile as political revolutions to alter permanently the great features of social life. The prodigal expenditure of moral indignation is no less debauching than the prodigal expenditure of any other force; and in no long time the society that is thus moved resumes its original vices with renewed zest. The only remedy is the slow remedy of wisdom, the gradual substitution of "philosophical unselfishness" for "philosophical selfishness."

We wish that Dr. Hadley's book could be read and studied by every publicist and public man in England.

The Awakening of a Race. George E. Boxall. 5s. Fisher Unwin.

The present work is practically a continuation of the author's two previous books, "The Evolution of the World and of Man," and "The Anglo-Saxon." There seems no particular reason why an indefinite series of volumes should not follow; for the author is one of those writers who simply record their thoughts in a kind of diary form. Apparently his garrulity is inexhaustible; and while all of his discussion is intelligent, very little of it shows the signs of what they call in the North, "graft." Mr. Boxall's point of view is in its way interesting. He seeks a racial basis for all the modern movements, social, moral and religious, of Europe. And that basis he finds in Huxley's well-known classification of the Melanochroi or black-haired race, and the Xanthochroi or fair-haired race. Of these races the former, he supposes, is the earlier and the older; but both types have been so fused during two thousand years that the distinctions are in danger of being lost. Nevertheless, the fusion has never been quite complete, and as time goes on the tendency of the older race to die out becomes manifest. "Thus it is that the Melanochroi is now dying out in Europe and

elsewhere, while the Xanthochroi is taking its place as a world power."

In all the struggles now taking place we shall therefore be generally right in backing the fair-haired as against the black-haired. Is Christianity a product of Melanochroi character?—then Christianity is doomed to give place to a new religion, the religion of the Xanthochroi. Is Aristocracy (including the House of Lords) Melanochroic? Then Aristocracy is doomed. Accepting the Greeks and Latins as in the main typical of the Melanochroi and the Goths as the Xanthochroi pur sang, the modern intellectual battlefield sees Goths still at the walls of Rome. And as in the fourth and fifth centuries they succeeded in taking Rome; so in days to come, the victory will be perpetuated. Gothic institutions will everywhere tend to displace Latin institutions, Gothic religion the Latin religion, Gothic science Latin science, Gothic morality Roman morality, Gothic law Roman law.

Mr. Boxall is particularly concerned with the religion of the futurous Xanthochroi. The awakening of the race, in fact, occurs with the formulation of its religion. For twenty centuries the young Xanthochroi, though victorious over the Melanochroi in point of arms, have allowed themselves to be shamefully put upon in the way of religion. They have accepted a religion, namely, Christianity, which by no means suits their temperament. But with the growth of modern science, and more particularly with the birth of the theory of Evolution (a purely Xanthochroic conception) it has become not only possible but inevitable that a new religion should arise. The demand for this new religion, in fact, characterises the Xanthochroi become self-conscious; and along with that demand go other demands equally far-reaching. Democracy, for example, is pure Xanthochroism; so too are the equality of Women, the conception of Progress, Republicanism, and the Labour Party.

It is some consolation to know that we of THE NEW AGE are in the right boat, and that our preferences are Xanthochroic. Mr. Boxall, however, is not a Socialist. On the contrary, he compares Socialists unfavourably not only with the Women's Social and Political Union (here we bow our heads), but with the Chartists. The Chartists, he says, were scientific,—whatever that may have meant to Sidney Jones—whereas the Socialists are dreamers, ignorant of science, utopian, illogical, absurd, and childish. All the same, we have so many of the Xanthochroic traits that our Socialism will be forgiven us.

On the whole the "Awakening of a Race" is a stimulating work. There is almost as much evidence for Mr. Boxall's racial theory as for any other; and, in any case, his plough turns up a good deal of very fertile soil for ideas.

MARGINALIA.

The Caxton Publishing Co. announce a new edition of Justin McCarthy's "History of Our Own Times"; it will be for the first time fully illustrated, and brought down to the accession of Edward VII. This admirable history first appeared in 1878, since when it has been reissued and brought up to date on several occasions. The present edition will be in seven volumes at the popular price of 7s. 6d. per volume, and there will be 112 full-page plates illustrating the important events and personages of the period covered.

* * *

Mr. Unwin has just added "Clara Hopgood" to his shilling edition of the works of Mark Rutherford. This completes the series. The other volumes of this venture have met with a well-merited success for they are among the best-printed and bound volumes of the many popular libraries now before the public.

* * *

"The Last Empress of the French" is the title of a book by Mr. Philip W. Sergeant, author of "The Courtships of Catherine the Great," which has just been issued by Mr. Werner Laurie. This work is an attempt to deal with the ex-Empress Eugenie "as a human being who has lived a long and stirring life amid the most varying fortunes," but her claims to political notice, which always competed with her social proclivities cannot be overlooked.

* * *

"The Romance of Empire" is the title of a series of books dealing with Britain beyond the seas, which Messrs. Jack are about to publish under the editorship of Mr. John Lang. Each of the volumes will deal with one Colony, and the method of treatment will be an application of the romantic idea to history—the facts of early settlement and colonisation will become the incidents in a narrative. The volumes are to contain coloured illustrations, and the first to appear will be "Canada," by Beckles Willson.

* * *

Is the dust of dead generations generous? If so what joy must it have in the fact of the banishment of the generally ugly neolithic records of its generally virtuous mortality from the City burial grounds; for by this act the citizen who is weary and the citizen who is idle have many an oasis of green quietness in the wilderness. In one of these places behind the G.P.O., once the yard of St. Botolph's, now locally known as the "Postman's Park," the idea of G. F. Watts, the painter, of a memorial to men and women who have lost their lives in saving life has been carried out. Tablets bearing the names of these heroes of mundane life are erected on a wall beneath a covered walk. There are now twenty-four of them, and a penny pamphlet entitled "The Story of the Tablets" has just been issued by Headley Bros., Bishopsgate Without, which gives a transcription of each record.

* * *

"Ethics of the Wager" is the title of a small tract by Rev. S. R. Henry, B.A., and published by Mayne and Boyd, Belfast, which sets forth in a very handy form the chief arguments against the gambling habit or rather that part of it which can be formulated under the title "games of chance"—for Mr. Henry does not consider stock-exchange speculation under this category. "Speculation is mere sharp business practice," but this definition might also describe the professions of certain gentry of the turf and the card-room.

* * *

"Man was obviously not made for self-contemplation, but rather to look away from himself. This is apparent from his very anatomy. Man is, as to all his vital organs, practically hidden from himself." So argues Mr. Philip Mauro in his entertaining booklet, "The World and its God" (Morgan and Scott. 6d.), which is a vigorous defence of the biblical tenets of faith, or what he calls "God-consciousness." Mr. Mauro is an American lawyer, and his trenchant dialectic in the cause of the old faith reminds one at times of Ingersoll's defence of the opposite view, although the believer cannot command the same fire as the unbeliever.

* * *

Mr. Percy S. Barber has issued an excellent pamphlet on the subject of "Fresh Air" (James, 3, London House Yard, Paternoster Row), in which he sets forth the evils of contaminated atmospheres and the great need for such methods of ventilation as will supply a constant stream of pure air through our dwelling places; as well as giving some valuable information on the process of that more vital form of ventilation known as respiration.

* * *

Messrs. French announce a volume of plays by Mr. St. John Hankin; it will be published early in September under the title of "Three Plays with Happy Endings," and like the plays of Mr. Shaw it will have a preface.

* * *

"Wordsworth and His Circle" is the title of a biographical and critical study of the poet by D. W. Rannie, which Messrs. Methuen will publish in the Autumn. Mr. Rannie has drawn his details from original sources, and will devote separate chapters to such important figures of the circle as Coleridge, Southey, De Quincey, and Lamb.

* * *

Mr. Bernard Shaw's theology has been troubling the readers of "The Academy," and one correspondent sends the following amusing lines from the pen of Father John B. Tabb as a contribution to the discussion:—

A God there exists, it is stated,
But he has to be often berated;
And he says: "'Tis of Shaw
That I stand most in awe,
Though he claims we are closely related."

But all questions on this subject will soon be appeased so far as G. B. S. is concerned, for he is at work upon a book dealing with religion and its relationship with his own faith—or perhaps we should say philosophy.

* * *

Mr. Howard Williams has issued his useful essays on leading humanitarians which first appeared in the pages of the journal of the Humanitarian League, as a sixpenny pamphlet under the title "Pioneers of Humanity." The little book is a comprehensive account of all the important advocates of a saner life from Gautama down to Shelley and Robert Owen, and it should serve excellently as a handbook for all students of humanitarianism. The pamphlet is published by Mr. A. C. Fifield.

Students of currency and finance would do well to write to the Co-operative Brotherhood Trust, Ltd., 37, Newington Green Road, N., for "How to Finance Municipal Enterprises," by Arthur Kitson, which they issue as a penny pamphlet. All may not agree with Mr. Kitson's conclusions, but his book on "The Money Problem" places him in the front rank of writers on this subject, and makes him a force to be reckoned with.

DRAMA.

Shaw and Don Juan.

Without comment I submit the following intercepted letter.—L. HADEN GUEST.

Dear Bernard Shaw,—Hell is a city so much like London as to be considerably behind the times; therefore you will pardon me if I confess to only just now having seen and read your "Man and Superman." With enormous interest. As you have correctly divined, my interest in my own psychology amounts to a passion. I observe the same peculiarity in you. Nevertheless, your conclusions about me are singularly erroneous. Singularly, because in a man of your intellectual discernment one might almost have expected the miracle par excellence, the realisation of an individuality in which you have no share. Fairly enough you state your incapacities in the epistle dedicatory to Arthur Bingham Walkley. The artist is, as you say, free of the ordinary man's lot in the sex-drama. Don Juan is the man who is peculiarly not free. Indeed, as the old play has it, he is so far not free as to be absolutely compelled to defy God. And to defy God as you and I conceive Him is as reasonable as to defy the action of gravity or the turn of the tides. It happens also that what you say about yourself is true. You have the artistic temperament and do not merely brag about it.

However, to get back to my own psychology, which is, after all, the interesting question, I believe that you, so far as a philosopher may, hate the real Don Juan. You will probably call him stupid and veil his real significance with a cloak of ridicule. And as it is impossible for a dramatist to hate his children, you have not made the real Don Juan a child of your own. Your play ends, with John Tanner, my new avatar, going on "talking" amid "universal laughter." Don Juan does not talk, except in Hell, where he writes, he acts. And although you may seek to draw a specious likeness between Him, Me, and twentieth century plutocratic society, the analogy will fail you. Hell is Hell and the world the world. And in the world Don Juan acts. He lives, he embraces the world, he loves and, because he is the instrument of world purposes, creates. But just as a man cannot see his own face save distorted in a mirror, Don Juan cannot see his own motives save distorted in a work of art. Nor does he try. Don Juan is not introspective; the illusion of his introspection is caused by the occasional flow of a superabundance of energy into the creation of mind-forms out of his own mind-stuff. But he does not "explain." Nor does he fear world purposes. Not even so far as Dover would Don Juan fly from any one half so enchanting as Ann Whitefield. Not only does he effect the purposes of the Gods, but he is of the Gods, he takes the world, lives, laughs, and enjoys with the irresponsible rapture of the Gods. He is Nietzsche's Beyond-man, not Shaw's Super-man. Overburdened with conscience and responsibility, your superman merits truly the description "hybrid of vegetable and ghost." But Don Juan is no hybrid, there is no division in his personality (except in Hell) he crowns the purposes of life with laughter and fulfils the purposes of life with all his energies.

There is one Don Juan story you did not discuss in your preface. Probably it seemed to you irrelevant. It is the story dealt with by Edgar Allan Poe—the story of the Elixir of Life. The first picture shows us a glimpse of the traditional revels, fruit, women, splendour, wine, the traditional symbols of opulence, of power, through which little men strive to understand the beyond-man. How false such symbols are I need not point out. The second picture is of Don Juan's death and his dying instructions as to his rejuvenescence by means of the Elixir. The purpose of his instructions he does not mention however. And when the dutiful son came to apply the magic and revived the head and arm, the magic defeated itself. The head and the arm were revivified, but the head of the young man, and the arm of the young man, revived on the body of the old, are Don Juan's hand and arm. Therefore they must live. The eye sparkles, the arm embraces the neck of the anointer. The son shrieks with terror, drops the precious flask of Elixir, and Don Juan is doomed to death. Now a reasonable man would not have so killed himself. A reasonable, controlled, explaining superman of rationalistic tendencies would have remained still, been completely rejuvenated, and explained the process by a diatribe against all doctors, flesh-eaters, and vivisectors. Don Juan had to embrace. He is neither responsible nor controlled in the earthy-ghostly way. He is. And yet in Hell I understand your world. You are so bound and fettered that you must cry out for gravity and responsibility because only through them can you get laughter and freedom. But even so John Tanner seeking freedom would not fly away from Ann. Women don't pursue. Despite Shaw—and Shakespeare—women are afraid, and withdraw when men advance. Women fear and fly love as men fear and fly genius. Men drink, take opium, submit to moral degradation, and, in fact, do anything to avoid the agonising torture of real creative work. Rather than do the work of genius men have often starved. Women prefer marriage and genteel poverty, or amorous dalliance, or platonic friendship, or any relationship whatsoever where the man concerned will pretend there is no real reality, no real, irresponsible, awful and laughterful vision of love. And may I suggest that you also do not face these realities. You avoid the subject of children as though you were not aware they were produced by love as well as by marriage. Nor do children enter into your philosophy. Some time ago you wrote a pamphlet entitled "Socialism for Millionaires." In it you mentioned all the things that a millionaire can do and all the things that he cannot. The millionaire cannot, for instance, eat more than one dinner or wear more than one suit. But you did not mention one glaring possibility, his conversion (purely formal, of course) to Mormonism and the founding and endowing of a family of a thousand children. That is only a possibility, a very unpleasant possibility, when one considers some millionaires, but the omission of that consideration shows a great gap in your philosophy. And it is precisely that gap Don Juan's genius fills, the genius for living and experiencing and loving as a triumphant and irresponsible conquest of reality. Then you have a conscience, you are "anxiously explanatory." And this failing quite disqualifies you from being able to understand me. I am no more afflicted by conscience than an electric tremor or a moving meteor. I live, therefore I am—Don Juan. I no more explain myself than the noise of a sea-shell explains the sea. And I am only a revolutionist because on the side of youth; I am not disgusted nor dissatisfied. I am. When I get a conscience I shall be saved, received into some mystic communion which is as human as I am human and as far removed from your cold classical mind on the transcendental plane as the Don Juan from the G. B. S. humanity on the plane of every day. Pardon my abrupt ending, but the paper is beginning to scorch. I have said enough.—Yours, DON JUAN.

ART.

A Morning in Bond Street.

IT is rather unfair, perhaps, to expect much from the Galleries in August, when "the silly season" seems to spread from our newspapers in so many directions. Still the Anglo-Saxon cannot help clinging to his customs, and Bond Street does not refrain from holding exhibitions. Now, the result of my morning spent in its galleries—two hours of continuous work—is twelve catalogues and three explanatory pamphlets, which are spread upon my desk. And all the exhibitions which this litter of little-books represent (with two doubtful, and one certain, exception—which exhibition, by the way, did not have a catalogue) are made up of more or less incompetent pictures, among which the few good ones are lost.

But let me be fair!—these dozen exhibitions are not worse than such exhibitions usually are; it may even be granted that they are better. Yet they are commercial, commonplace, petty; made up, for the most part, of pictures that are ambitious of the gilt frame and the popular honours of the exhibition. And even the best among them seem to consist of "clever bits of observation"—nothing more.

Fair instances of this are the landscapes of Mr. Ernest Thesiger, in the Modern Gallery. He swims with the current, and, by this common standard of literal imitation his aims are right. But what unpleasant company this raw literalism, that screams so loudly and says nothing, would make upon the wall of a room!

There is the same trick of clever observation in Madame Péralté's pictures of India and Tibet, at the Doré Gallery; but here the execution is not, like Mr. Thesiger's, equal to the conception. There are the makings of pictures in some of these sketches—the two versions of "Sunset near Adyar" (Nos. 12 and 15) are examples—but the pictures are not made. Mr. Herbert Trevor in his Venetian pictures, at the same gallery, gives us a more precise imitation of reality, and has expressed no emotion whatever. These first pictures, the catalogue tells us, were painted *on the spot* during a tour of two years. What a paltry conception of truth in Art is uncovered in such a statement.

The same fault, though the expression it finds is different enough, meets one at the Brook Street Gallery, where are a number of very good reproductions, and a few originals, of Mr. Charles Sainton's silver-point drawings. Now the line of silver-point has a special beauty, perhaps it excels all mediums as an expression of poetry. Mr. Sainton chooses his subjects rightly—children sitting on toad-stools, ladies dancing among clouds, and such like, carry us into a poetic fairy-land. But in each case the emotion is lost, for these figures are only models. Every detail is noted with careful triviality, and this mistaken imitation of truth, without any principle of selection, results in a prosaic unreality.

We are on firmer ground at the Stafford Gallery, where little pictures, mainly landscapes, are shown in a quiet room. There is plenty of observation and some emotion in the group of landscapes by Mr. W. Lee Hankey: he is at his best in "The Dutch Mill" (No. 25), and "In the Low Countries" (No. 27). The studies of birds by Mr. Allen W. Seaby are excellent in their way. I liked, too, Mr. Tom Mostyn's emphatic "Rhudland Marshes" (No. 16); and it was a pleasure to see Mr. Dudley Hardy in two slight, but clever, water-colour sketches, "The Blue Jar" (No. 19), and "Harmony" (No. 34). Yet, I must confess, I do not think I want to possess any one of these pictures.

Only in the Dodswell Gallery—the exhibition without a catalogue, which is, as I stated, the exception—did the emotion which arouses a desire for personal possession overtake me. Here are three pictures by Mr. Byam Shaw, and a few works of the old masters—one a portrait by Ribira, the Spaniard.

For one class of picture there is no remedy—the popular Academy work. Mr. Cadogan Cowper's "The Devil and the Nuns" is now in the Fine Art Gallery. It hangs alone on a wall at the end of a small room. Exciting as an item in the Academy show, I realised now how ugly it was when considered as an ornament for a room.

Painting has lost its purpose. In how few modern pictures is there any sign that the painter understands in the smallest degree the real object of a picture—to serve as decoration for the walls of some room? And for this reason the essential quality of proportion, that finds its expression in the rhythmic use of the artist's materials, has come to be forgotten. To-day much of our art is wasted, drained of all purpose, by this absurd following of clever observation. It is not enough to have counterfeited Nature to account it Art. We are in a tangled whirl of confusion. A picture has no business to resemble life too exactly. The aspects of Nature need to be transformed to fit them for existence in the world of paint. Art must create; it must carry emotion from the creator to us. And moreover—it is really the same truth put in a different fashion—a picture should have some information to convey as to its purpose. It should speak to us, as it were, in a living tongue.

C. GASQUOINE HARTLEY.

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 GLASGOW SCHOOLS INQUIRY.

TO THE EDITORS OF "THE NEW AGE."

Your article on "The Industrial Outlook" in the NEW AGE of August 15 discusses the recent report on the physical condition of children attending Glasgow schools, and reproduces some figures, which the report itself shows to be very misleading. These are the "average" weights and heights of children "from 5 to 18 years" according as their homes have one, two, three, or four rooms and upwards. They are given as: One-roomed children, 52.6 lb. and 46.6 in.; two-roomed, 56.1 lb. and 48.1 in.; three-roomed, 60.6 lb. and 50 in.; four-roomed, 64.3 lb. and 51.3 in. These figures, as a matter of fact, are for boys only, not for "children," but as the girls' figures are closely parallel, we may be excused if, to shorten matters, we ignore them here.

Now these averages, which profess to be all "from 5 to 18 years," are nothing of the sort. There are no returns of one-roomed children for the years 15, 17, and 18; few for 14; and only one for 16. The reason is obvious: one-roomed children do not go to Higher Grade Schols. And the effect is also obvious: what the figures above really compare are the averages of one-roomed children from 5 to 13, and those of four-roomed children from 5 to 18. Naturally the latter averages work out grotesquely higher than the former. The same error vitiates in a less, yet a large, degree the averages given above for two-roomed and three-roomed children.

The highest age for which there are an adequate number of returns for children of all classes is 13, and a comparison of the averages for that age yields the most reliable result in the Report. It is as follows (for boys): One-roomed, 69.9 lb. and 53.4 in.; two-roomed, 72.3 lb. and 54.1 in.; three-roomed, 75.3 lb. and 55.1 in.; four-roomed, 76.8 lb. and 55.8 in. Here, it will be seen, the differences between the classes, although definite, are nothing like the sensational differences given in your article and set out above.

The really sensational feature of the Report does not appear in your article, nor in most of the other newspaper notices that I have seen. It is this. Even the averages for four-roomed Glasgow children fall far below the standard calculated by the Anthropometrical Committee of the British Association. By this standard the boy of 13 should weigh 82 lb. and measure 57 inches. Now, in high-rented Glasgow, workers who live in four rooms and upwards are the veriest aristocracy of labour. Even their children fall nearly as much below the standard, as they are above the average of their poorer school-fellows; and that although the human raw material supplied to this Glasgow City mill comes from the West Lowlands, the West Highlands, and North Ireland—districts whose people have the tallest and biggest physique in Europe. The conclusion surely is, that what we have to fight against, if we would save the physique of our people, is not merely the Glasgow one-roomed tenement and the special poverty associated with it, but Glasgow itself—the whole monstrous modern city and its whole monstrous manner of life.

R. C. K. ENSOR.

* * *

SOCIALISM AND THE ARMY.

TO THE EDITORS OF "THE NEW AGE."

Will you kindly allow me a little space for a few words

about military matters as seen by Mr. R. C. K. Ensor from a Socialistic point of view (vide article in your issue of the 8th August, 1907).

To begin with, the defence of our country ought to be considered from a much higher and broader standpoint than Socialism, Democracy, Toryism, Radicalism, or in fact any other narrow and fanciful "ism." The question of our country's safety is far above any political, or class, or partisan consideration. It is not only a sacred duty, but from a human and common-sense point of view it is a natural instinct; but how to prepare for and conduct the defence does not come by instinct; that requires thought, knowledge, self-sacrifice. We saw in the late South African War what comes of being unprepared, when England, aided by her Colonies, was most unpleasantly near to defeat at the hands of a small nation of farmers—brave enough, no doubt, but quite amateurs in modern warfare; and unless we largely increase our available land forces we shall be liable again to fall into a similar difficulty—and perhaps a more serious one. This is not a mere matter of opinion, but a fact; and to all thinking soldiers, sailors, and a daily-increasing number of civilians, is as plain as the dust that follows a motor.

Mr. Ensor admits that for Continental states there is danger of invasion, and that "they want the biggest army they can get to repel it"; but he thinks we are in no such danger here, and there he is mistaken.

It is true that our geographical position and strong navy render us less likely to be invaded than continental nations, so that we do not quite require the biggest army we can get; but invasion is by no means impossible. Romans, Saxons, Danes, Normans, have before now invaded these islands, when old-fashioned fleets and land forces bore about the same relation to each other as modern sea and land forces do now. Later the Spanish Armada, but for the fortunate intervention of a storm would probably, or at any rate might possibly, have effected a landing. And what is to insure our own Navy, when acting against a threatened invasion or otherwise employed, from being struck by a similar storm, or meeting with some unforeseen mishap and becoming consequently unable to prevent a hostile landing? Where should we be then if we had not a force on land sufficiently numerous, well trained and disciplined to meet the invaders?

"Primarily," says Mr. Ensor, "we want an invincible fleet." Yes, I dare say we do; but as nothing human is perfect, so no fleet, no army is invincible, no fortress impregnable. Other nations also are trying their utmost to get a fleet as nearly as possible invincible.

The French or German conscript who has been trained to march 40 miles a day for a week on end carrying from 60 to 70 lb. on his back must, indeed, be a wonderful soldier! He generally carries a rifle, I suppose, but this statement smacks of the longbow.

The National Service League does not go so far as to expect a British National home defence Army to undergo the severe training of continental regulars.

But a fairly large and fairly trained force for home defence, somewhat on the Swiss system, on their own ground, moreover (like the Boers), would not be so despicable in the eyes of continental officers and soldiers as Mr. Ensor seems to think. Nothing, however, short of compulsory service for all—rich and poor alike—is the least likely to give us either the numbers necessary or the training. That fact is daily becoming more widely recognised at home; and as for our Colonies, they are, indeed, giving us a lead and a lesson.

Mr. Ensor speaks of physical training: well, it is not only the bodily physique, personal appearance and carriage that benefit so much from a course of military training; but also, inseparable from these, are the marked mental and moral improvement, due to the habit of discipline, co-operation, and respect for authority.

This letter is getting so long that I find it impossible, and indeed unnecessary, to comment upon every paragraph of Mr. Ensor's discursive article. The general tenor and tone of it, I venture to suggest, is not such as will meet the approval of the many sensible men who sail under the flag of Socialism.

On another page, under the heading "Reviews," in the same issue of your paper, it is refreshing to see a very different opinion, viz.: that a necessary condition for the safety of this country is "that every soldier shall be a citizen and every citizen a soldier." R. ELIAS, Col. (retired).

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BREEDING A RACE.

TO THE EDITORS OF "THE NEW AGE."

In the article appearing under this title, the writer very frankly says, "What are we to breed for?" He, personally, does not desire to see a world of "Sunday-book heroes and heroines." Quite so: they would be only a shade less boring than a world of eugenic philanthropists. But why talk of "the present state of superstitious morality" until you have formulated the true and ideal eugenic morality? How do you know what is wrong, until you know what is right? Until you have a pretty clear conception of supermen, can you even discard the Sunday-book hero—who, after all, has been doing superman's duty for a long time in Sunday Schools.

As regards the encouragement to induce the fit to propagate, Dr. Macdougall does not seem to have got as far as Plato. It would be interesting if the latter could appear and speak at the next International Congress on School Hygiene; but, perhaps, the president would not allow so superstitious a person as the author of the "Phaedrus" to speak. It seems however, that some opinions were expressed at the late Congress "which belonged properly to the Middle Ages." Strange, how these exploded ideas linger on! Only recently I read in a little book on "Consciousness," published by T.P.S., that perhaps the great ways of Religion, Art and Love are also the safe and certain ways of developing superconsciousness. At this rate Mr. H. G. Wells, in his progress from the Utopia where mothers are paid by results, may arrive at the more intoxicating ideal of the Christian family!

A. H. LEE.

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CIVILISED BARBARISM.

TO THE EDITORS OF "THE NEW AGE."

The horrible vengeance executed upon the people of Casa Blanca by the French and Spaniards has aroused no indignation in Britain because the victims were Islamites. So much for the boasted Christianity of England. If the Turks had been guilty of such atrocities, this country would have shrieked for revenge as it did in 1876 after the massacre of Batak. When Muhammadans commit reprisals upon Christians they are denounced as "assassins," but when so-called civilised Powers butcher Soudanese, Dervishes, Moors, the pretended followers of Jesus rejoice with exceeding joy.

T. S. SANDERS.

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LIVERPOOL SOCIALISTS AND "BLOODY BIRRELL."

TO THE EDITORS OF "THE NEW AGE."

At a huge mass meeting held under the auspices of the East Liverpool Social Democratic Party, the following resolution was enthusiastically and unanimously carried last Saturday night:—

"That this meeting of citizens of Liverpool expresses deepest sympathy with the bereaved in Belfast, and condemns the Government-made riots, deliberate murder and mutilation of innocent men, women and little children at the instance of the capitalist class, and this meeting further protests against the employment of the nation's military forces in the interests of the capitalist class against the working class, and calls upon the working class to unite, not only industrially as trade unionists, but politically as Socialists, this being the only means whereby they shall achieve their total emancipation from the domination of landlordism and capitalism."

Reference was made to the article in last week's NEW AGE asking why the opprobrious adjective applied by the English Radicals to Balfour when Irish Secretary should not equally be applied now to the Right Hon. Augustine Birrell.

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MARXIANA.

TO THE EDITORS OF "THE NEW AGE."

I have lighted upon a little known (possibly unknown) article by Karl Marx, in the "Secular Chronicle," of Aug. 4, 1878. The "Secular Chronicle" was an obscure journal of which, for my sins, I became editor in December, 1878, just in time to conduct its funeral. The article by Marx, entitled "Mr. George Howell's History of the International Working Men's Association," is a somewhat savage criticism of Howell's article in the "Nineteenth Century" of July, 1878. It throws some interesting sidelights on the history of the "International," and may be worth rescuing from oblivion.

GEORGE STANDRING.

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