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 unconscious 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 Tsarism. 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 doctrine 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 easily 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 made the 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 its adherents may hint, imply 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 very 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
As acts at Parliament has passed. The Penrhyn quarrymen, an orderly and God-fearing body of men, starved for three years and then had to submit. The Newry 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 by any means rare. It is a simplest 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 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 them the power toActionBar legislation can give in 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 championing 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-unions, but this is a prohibition which only the strongest unions have been able to enforce. On the other hand, they have got an 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 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 asent to a peaceful settle- ment leads to disorder and its consequences. Compul- sory 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 re-instate 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 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- operations 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 is proposed to restrict the power of limiting his power by depriving him of the right to choose his own tenant and so turning him into a mere rent-charge. The Scotch plan may be better than the Irish, but it is clearly far less reasonable and hopeful than the English. Lord Rosebery's policy of State acquisition of land, the State promotion of co- operations among small holders, etc., is the only policy possible to insist that no military assistance should be given in any case where the employer had refused arbitration. 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.

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The Industrial Outlook.

We are beginning to cherish something like a feeling of gratitude towards the Moderate majority of the L.C.C. Their discharge 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 elementary history. If we look kindly on the Socialism these "Ref- formers" 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 pleading themselves to refuse to undergo it. It is still to prove a very curious and interesting feature. 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 are to 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 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 comrade 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 have the fight of one another, and some vainly, to get a pitance, when by co-operation we could lustily an abundance for all. To the tramway men in their present fight we wish success. We imagine their agitation will considerably clear the road for what does not, there is the strike, and 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, 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 work 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 N. 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 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 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 the relics of the old, 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 set 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 handsome dividend on the tracts 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 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, Guésde and Hervé himself. It lasted during two sittings, in one of which some dozen discussions 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. Of course if 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 voicing 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 that it should be the Labour Party that 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 the case must he be prepared to be declared 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 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 are sometimes inevitable doubt; and "si une idée juste et une propagande nécessaire devaient tourner contre nous tout le suffrage universel, nous ne les abandonnerions pas." For he maintained, nationalities were not only facts, but necessary devaient tourner contre nous tout le suffrage universel, nous ne les abandonnerions pas." For he maintained, nationalities were not only facts, but political entities were not only facts, but had they 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 de l'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, something must be done to prevent a 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, Mr. 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 mere instruments. "Il ne faut pas que le prolétariat brise la machine. " Il ne faut pas que le prolétariat brise la machine. "Il ne faut pas que le prolétariat brise la machine. "Il ne faut pas que le prolétariat brise la machine. " Il ne faut pas que le prolétariat brise la machine. " Il ne faut pas que le prolétariat brise la machine. " Il ne faut pas que le prolétariat brise la machine. 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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 a 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. 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. M. Hervé made it clear, in short, that his anti-militarist propaganda was a part and parcel of a pure class war.


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 green of the cloisters to the sky." 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 folklore books of the future as a reviving example of the magico-religious barbarism. 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. You tell us, 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 their glamour under which they are 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, that is to say the tribe which has been a multitude, is, will be, the monopoly would be ludicrous if it were not tragic. But their failure to understand the nature of the monopoly would be ludicrous if we were sure 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 interdictions 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 seen, i.e. the Oxford to which they are 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. You tell us, 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.

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in my judgment force is a delusive, impossible, and because it diverts attention from the true goal—the necessary means of obtaining the reforms we need. It ballot-box. We cannot consistently blame the their thought. quoted remarks in the former's "Socialist Studies" on cut the knot of the problem than to solve it by sustained wistfully at weapons read Jaurès own and Liebknecht's zealots allow their commendable indignation to confuse and unorganised, they are not very germane to their use in this way, but as they are generally accidental should have thought the futility—the terrible futility—are quelled, yet make people

Let it not be supposed, however, that the twelve of us desire to see Oxford abolished. Quite the contrary. For long it may no longer be made in the Oxonians so long may the process be allowed to continue. Its suppression would be instantly followed by its resurrection. What is intolerable is that Oxford forces us to raise young men to great heights in a hurry, 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 whose world-view is small and whose world-spectacles 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 it. To be possessed of some 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 in the 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," "tone," and "tone." In the revolutionary movement there are beginning to grow all the material of an institution and an order of men quite as powerful as ever Oxford has been. "Graduate of the Revolutionary College of Manking" is already quite an apt designation as M.A. Oxonian. In time, we only having grit enough, we shall make it even more inspiring. Not "Oxford and the Nation" is our cry; but "Oxford or the Nation." R. M.

Refuge Force by Force.

There is a smell of gunpowder and blood about some recent ceremonies 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 fear a general war. In fact, they daily warn us against it, and 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 furtherance 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 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 coercion, is held by some 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 exploiters class; second, that the sort of revolt we are discussing is, and is only, a temporary revolt 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 first in history; and what did they 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 not the game! Does he think that the working-classes however, would get so far; there would be a few hours of machine-like slaughter,—in which some priceless reform will capture Oxford? It may be that Oxford will capture of machine-like slaughter, in which some priceless reform

As for the ceremony itself, ours is certainly the richer physical conditions of life; every aspect of the question

then, of the most intolerable, there seems Mafficking nights—and no ordered plan of battle could be sustained with such a motley horde. But supposing there 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 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 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 accepted, it is only in the remotest likelihood 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 Berlin rioting, which though they are quelled, yet make the 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 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 coercion, is held by some 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 exploiters class; second, that the sort of revolt we are discussing is, and is only, a temporary revolt 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 first in history; and what did they 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 not the game! Does he think that the working-classes however, would get so far; there would be a few hours of machine-like slaughter,—in which some priceless reform...
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 fellow men that merely because some 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 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 the lie conviction that we have lured them into a bloody conspiracy.

**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, wintry pastures the coloured sails of fisher boats rising above the green and grey like 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 local street—everywhere—happier 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 those wide, wintry 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 loaming pails to a rhythm of unbroken spondees. The canal will have been emptied now into the wide tubs which WC 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 mills will float down to the farm to be pressed into round, soft cheeses, fit emblems of a mild, smooth-sounding 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 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 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 the unbillowed sea, dreaming of green 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 loaming pails to a rhythm of unbroken spondees. The canal will have been emptied now into the wide tubs which WC 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 mills will float down to the farm to be pressed into round, soft cheeses, fit emblems of a mild, smooth-sounding people.

Further back, in the morning which already seems dim and remote, we had left Amsterdam in search of the...
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 indifferently. The persistent imposing of a thing, be it a tartan plaid, a criticism, a demand 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 uncivilized ideas, threatens to become fashionable.

For not 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, so that they have had the will 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 them. The modern women who have 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 savours of woman-kind, since once 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 dis- tress, what those tearers, behind me, piece, 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 of the self-attraction; may live this is an insidious form of cowardice, to be fitly paired with dram-drinking, a habit acquired through an un-willingness to face oneself. It is crafty, for it attains its end—self-satisfaction—from an outside source, namely, the populace, who are not of the self-sufficing 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 ask what flaws of ethics is the choice of method; an expression will set free to flow, seeking to wither this is an insidious form of cowardice, to be fitly paired with dram-drinking, a habit acquired through an un-willingness to face oneself. It is crafty, for it attains its end—self-satisfaction—from an outside source, namely, the populace, who are not of the self-sufficing 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.

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In what women have come to look upon as weaknesses lies in them as instinct is admirable. If they are many-sided, let them see to it that each side be polished, finely cultured, but apt to crack and reveal your raw material out, culture from within, and your efforts to impose to his judgment, and should one be surprised if one's tenders of soap be repaid with rotten eggs?

To be born a woman—shame has been fastened to that, and the taint of such shame continues to our day. Who but man, feeling his possessive sense outraged, wills to become a woman? Not until women have strength to acknowledge their source, will they be fit to speak with authority on other matters.

Oh, woman, be not ashamed of what lies hid in thee! Pearle are there that shall make thee more fair than thou hast dreamed. The discontented ones among women, the unrepressed; 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—thee, the fashion makers, of them one must be wary, because with their purpose carcases the slavery of the priest, the cursed inheritance that has taught woman to despise her own body as a sinful thing.

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In this, again, the priestly influence is felt. Women typified by 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 she has fallen with prostituting self.

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behind him, it is thought, the darker shadow of Lord Rosebery. But which of these and how many have 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 to find 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 Stнесен the Lords must have of what is going on around them. Were they to continue to do 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 of 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 revolutionary ardor. 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 demoralized 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. From the very beginning they have placed themselves in a position of extreme weakness. They have only begun to discover that reform; but all the time they have been distracted from their principal object by their own internal dissensions. Sir Edward Grey has maintained the worst traditions of high Toryism all over the world. Mr. John Morley's book on "Compromise" is likely to be read seriously on both sides of the House. Large numbers 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. For as the rest—there is the dark 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
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 convincing, the present is known, 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 unalloyed 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 claiming the right to the free exercise of 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 its result, 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 exacerbates them almost beyond endurance is the refusal of the liberal conscience to acknowledge the shadow of the law. 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 succeed whose youth is eaten up by the idle, or whose manhood is directed, is capable of achieving, is the case. Socialism and Conservatism.

The demand hitherto has always been superciliously rejected by those who do not. Conservatism possesses the advantage over its twin-brother Liberalism that it makes few definite concessions to the working classes or else a mere illusion of their own imagination. 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 supporters. It can, however, as time goes on, only hope to attain 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 Conservatism 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 proprie-

ty-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 interest of caste and property; and although it may seem a little invidious to rejoice in the fact that the proprie-
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CHARLES E. LESSE, Managing Director,
The Russian Peasant.

By Howard P. Kennard, M.D.

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 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 tale misery, wretchedness, 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 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 ablest 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 is better than 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 Syssevo, in the Government of Mogiléf. A young peasant, Michael Koltšhěvsky, twenty-three years old, is very fond of prayer, and is accustomed to hold holy prayer meetings in his hut, while the people lay prostrate before the old holy candles left over from Passion Thursday, and in the middle of the meeting a child was born. Michael ordered his wife to fetch the remains of the horse's tail, to a ditch outside the village. Let us pass over the rest of the story:

"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 bearers 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, for twelve 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 icons 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, shivering baby asleep.

Michael sank to his knees, with the words, "Lord God, show me Thy face. 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?"

Michael ordered 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 there, 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 icon in the other, her eyes raised heavenwards, while her husband supported her 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 then 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, lifting the horse's tail, 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, and the company all bowed to the ground before Michael, "As at the Last Supper the Lord washed the hands and feet of His disciples, so must I 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 up to the hut, and the 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 procession.

"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? I do not think so. 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 villain previous to his deed of
crime—he it robbery, fraud, murder—crosses himself; then we do some time; and I am sure it is not an "every-day occurrence" to "see 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 Ivan the Terrible sufficient? Why speak of them as "eights" then? Why ask us to believe that Serfdom, thank God, never held sway in England"; and why treat the legends in the Chronicles of Nester as though they were sober facts? Why, moreover, when one of the "thousandth centuries," tell us the "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 cardboard 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 also 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 rousâlî (not "rousâlî") and zdrâvstvouete (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.


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 lecture 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 conservative. 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, and 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 rationality that transforms a private company into an engine of public plunder will transform a collectivist engine of public plunder will transform a collectivist to the emotions rather than to the intelligence of its readers, and to a less extent every man who lightly believes the corporeity and universal complicity of the com-

ity.

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 the same splendid 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 perhaps the chief of his: discussion is intelligent, very little of it shows the signs of what they call in the North, "graft." Mr. Bozall'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 Xantochroi 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 complete, and the efficiency of the older race to die out becomes manifest. "Thus it is that the Melanochroi is now dying out in Europe and

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elsewhere, while the Xanthochroic 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 Melanochroic
thought?—then Christianity is doomed to give place to
a new religion, the religion of the Xanthochroic. Is
Aristocracy (including the House of Lords) Melanochroic? Then Aristocracy becomes
Agnosticism. Accept the Greeks and Latins as in the main
typical of the Melanochroic and the Goths as the Xanthochroic
thus sang, the modern intellectual battle-field were the 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 future Xanthochroic. The awakening of the
race, in fact, occurs with the formulation of its
religion. For twenty centuries the young Xanthochroic,
though victorious over the Melanochroic 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
nationalism and anti-German feeling with 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 Xanthochroic 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 the sexes, the conception of Progress, Republicanism,
and the Labour Party.

It is some consolation to know that we of this 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 number,
and there will be 112 full-page plates illustrating the
important events and personalities of the period covered.

Mr. Unwin has just added “Clara Hopgood” to his shil-
leting edition of the works of Mark Rutherford. This comic
plays 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 Emigrants of the French” is the title of a book
by Mr. Philip S. Barber, author of “The Courtiers of
Catherine the Great,” which has just been issued by Mr.
Werner Laurie. This work is an attempt to deal with
notable events in human history in the life of a human being
as a human being; a human being who has lived a
long and stirring life amidst the most varied 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 attempt to give a history of
the Empire from the beginning to the present day—historical
accounts of the fact of early settlement and colonization 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 enormous? or what so
just must it have in the fact of the banishment of the generally
ugly needless records of its generally virtuous mortality from
the City burial grounds for by the walls of Rome; and the
weary and the citizen who is idle have many an unquiet" and
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 entitles, “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 learned 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 or public under-
this category. “Speculative and Sharp business pract-
tice,” but this definition might also describe the professions
of certain geniuses 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 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
course 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,
Putney, London, 3d. 8vo), in which he sets forth the evils of contamin-
ated 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 pro-
vable information on the process of that 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.

“Worldworth 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 gives much
important and interesting information of the work of some
of the most significant 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:—

“Scuffing is the method of treatment which Messrs.
John Shaw are in the main adhering to, and their
advocates of a saner lift from Gautama down to Shelley and
Robert Owen, and it should serve excellently
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.
Students of currency and finance would do well to write to the Co-operative Brotherhood Trust, Ltd., 35, Newtoning Green Road, N., for "How to Finance Municipal Enterprises," a pamphlet which they issue as a penny pamphlet. All may not agree with Mr. Nisso'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.

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 considered the same 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 so far failed. Fairly enough you state your own errors in the epistle dedicated to Mr. 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 artist's temerity 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, silly, and his real significance with a cloak of ridicule. And as it is impossible for a dramaticist 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. Acts. And you may seek to draw a special likeness between Him, Me, and twentieth century plutocratic society, the analogy will fail you. Hell is Hell and the world of the living has no likeness to it. 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 because he cannot see his own face 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 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 the responsibilities and responsibilities of almost the whole world, 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 book. It was, probably, irrelevant to you, and therefore you did not discuss it. 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, wins, 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 dead man, the magic defeated itself. The head and the arm were revived, 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 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 be real. 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 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 something real of real creative work. Rather than do the work of genius men have often starved. Women prefer marriage and gentle poverty, or amorous dalliance, or platonic friendship, or any relationship whatever where the man concerned will pretend there is no real reality, no real, irresponsible, awful and laughter favored vision of love. And may I suggest that you also made the real Don Juan of the real 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, for instance, cat 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 of a family and the giving to children. You did not mention the gap Don Juan's genius fills, the genius for living 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.
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 little survey represents (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, is 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 Ferdinand's pictures of India and Tibet, at the Dürer 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 Near Adyar (No. 12) 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, too, of his subjects, but our senses cannot be satisfied with the figure of the girl, of the little children sitting on toad-stools, ladies dancing among children, and the other more or less ideal features of poetry. Mr. Sainton chooses his subjects rightly—some things are clearly beyond his power. His Venice and his figure of a maid, and his children, are 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, affects the landscapes of Mr. Charles Sainton's, his 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, little girls playing, 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. His The Banks of the Clyde, his The West of Scotland, and The village by a Loch, are good examples. Mr. Douglas Hardy's is emphatic. There is a real sense of the free play of nature, and this can be seen, if not everywhere, in the West Highland landscapes, of which the West of Scotland, is the best. Mr. W. Lee's work in these pictures is very good, but I must confess, I do not think I want to possess any one of these pictures.

Only in the Dowdwell Gallery—the exhibition without a catalogue, which is, as I stated, the exception—do I meet with personal possession. Here are three pictures by Mr. Byam Shaw and a few works of the old masters—one portrait by Ribera and the Spaniard. For one of these pictures there is no reason to expect much from the Academy work, Mr. Cadogan Power'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 fancy, and we 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 into something more or less symbolic. It should speak to us, as it were, in a living tongue.

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 condition of children attending Glasgow schools, and reproduces some figures, which the report itself shows to be very misleading. There are those who, with an empty literalism of truth, without any principle of selection, results in an reproduction of the figures, are closely parallel, we may be excused for, 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 14, 15, and 16; for 20 and only one for 15. The reason is obvious: one-roomed children do not go to Higher Grade Schools. And the effect is also obvious: what the figures above really compare are the averages of one-roomed children from 5 to 12, and those of four-roomed children from 5 to 15. Naturally the latter averages work out grotesquely higher than the former. The same error vititates, in a less, yet a large, degree the averages given above for two-roomed and the three-roomed cases.

The highest age for which there are an adequate number of returns for children of all classes is 15, and a comparison of the averages for the different ages yield hardly anything. The conclusion is obvious: one-roomed Glasgow children fall far below the standard calculated by the Anthropometrical Committee of the British Association. By this standard the boys of 10 should weigh 82 lb. and measure 57 inches. Now, in high-rented Glasgow, workers who live in four rooms and upwards are the veriest aristocrats of labour. Even their children fall nearly as much below the standard, as they are above the average of their poorer schoolfellows; and that although the human frame bad material supplied to this Glasgow City, 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, little girls playing, 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. His The Banks of the Clyde, his The West of Scotland, and The village by a Loch, are good examples. Mr. Douglas Hardy's is emphatic. There is a real sense of the free play of nature, and this can be seen, if not everywhere, in the West Highland landscapes, of which the West of Scotland, is the best. Mr. W. Lee's work in these pictures is very good, but I must confess, I do not think I want to possess any one of these pictures.

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

BREEDING A RACE.

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 Sunday-book heroines.” Quite so: they would be only a shade less boring than the present state of superstitious morality 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 Inter-Congress of the Working School teachers; but, perhaps, the president would not allow so superstitious a person as the author of “Plato’s “Phaedrus” to speak. It seems, however, that some opinions were expressed at the late Congress “which belonged properly to the Middle Ages.” But there is another side to this subject; that how those 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 unexpectedly confronted with the fact that 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. Essor 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 require such an army as we can get; but invasion is by no means impossible. Romans, Saxons, Danes, Normans, have before now invaded these islands, when probably the least probable thing to do 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 other force 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? We should not have and not if we only had not a force on land sufficiently numerous, well-trained and disciplined to meet the invaders?

Primarily,” says Mr. Essor, “we want an invincible fleet.” Yes, rather, they want it first; 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. Other nations also are trying their utmost to get a fleet as nearly as possible invincible. The French or German concept who has been trained to march and under a gun, a week or 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 a fear of footmen.

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. more-than 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.

To 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 deep 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 land, capital, and wages.

Reference was made to the article in last week’s New Age asking why the opprobrious adjective applied by the English statesmen to Balfour and to the British Government and to the British in its relations with the Soudanese, Dervishes, Moors, the pretended followers of Jesus rejoice with exceeding joy.

LIVERPOOL SOCIALISTS AND “BLOODY BIRRELL.”

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MARRIANA.

To the Editors of “The New Age.”

I have lighted upon a little known (possibly unknown) article by Karl Marx—to give us encouragement to induce the fit to propagate. The article was entitled “Mr. George Howell’s History of the International Working Men’s Association,” and was written in 1878. The “Secular Chronicle” was an obscure journal of which, for my sins, I became editor in December, 1875, just in time to conduct its funeral. The article by Mr. Mow, 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, 1874.

It throws some interesting sidelights on the history of the “International,” and may be worth rescuing from oblivion.

**CIVILISED BARRIRAS.**

To the Editors of “The New Age.”

The horrible vengeance executed upon the people of Casa Blanca by the French and Spaniards has excited so much indignation in Britain because the victims were Islamists. So much for the boasted Christianity of England. If the Turks had been guilty of such atrocities, this country would have shrunk for revenge as it did in 1857 after the massacre of Bataclan. When Muhammadans commit reprisals upon Christians they are denounced as “assassins.” But the recent murder of a British civilised Powers butcher Souderne, Derviches, Moors, the pretended followers of Jesus rejoice with exceeding joy.

T. S. SANDERS.

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