OUR SHAME COMPLETE.

It is difficult for a patriotic Englishman to speak or write of the disgrace which Sir Edward Grey has brought upon the name of his country. The shameful agreement between our Liberal rulers and the Tsar—an agreement repugnant alike to the people of England and to the people of Russia and carefully withheld from us till Parliament had risen—has been signed. Doubtless the people of these islands have largely themselves to thank. We believe that they are as little disposed to hold out the right hand of friendship to the torturers of Maria Spiridonova as we are. But their minds move slowly, and it was apparently impossible to convince them of the imminence of the danger or the need of such prompt and effective protest as would have made the Foreign Secretary pause. Now that the evil thing is done it is but a poor consolation to think that it will probably cost the Government dear at the polls. Indeed, though the Ministers must bear the greatest responsibility, no party is quite free from participation in their shame. The Tory party, whose traditional hostility to the Russian Government was one of the few redeeming points in its record, appears to be acquiescent where it is not enthusiastic. Nor can we acquit the Labour members of blame for not having made their indignation visible and audible to all as soon as they knew that such a project was in the air. But, whatever may be the effect upon British politics, nothing will prevent the agreement being used by the Tsar to prop the tottering fabric of his ‘Tyranny.’ On the strength of our friendship he will raise money; by our aid he will buy arms; the blood of every Russian patriot slain, of every Russian woman tortured and outraged by the agents of despotism, will be required at our hands. And, unless the nation, by one signal and unanimous protest, repudiates the action of its rulers, we shall have forfeited for ever the friendship and respect of the great Russian people soon, one hopes, to come to its own. The terms of the agreement are not yet published—but they do not matter. They cannot soften our shame, and nothing but idle curiosity would make us enquire into the exact value of the thirty pieces of silver for which we have sold a people rightly struggling to be free.

LOOKING BACKWARDS.

It is amusing to compare the inflated King’s Speech which opened the late session of Parliament with the very modest oration which closed it. Such a contrast between resplendent promises and trivial performances has seldom appeared. The Licensing Bill has never seen the light—for which relief much thanks! The Irish Council Bill was still born; the Scottish Land Bill is abandoned; the Scottish Valuation Bill has suffered death by violence. The Army Bill, the English Land Bill and the Evicted Tenants Bill are the only measures of serious importance for which the Government can claim credit, and of these the last has been badly mutilated, while the two former were but timid attempts to realise the ideals announced by their progenitors. The Government has but a poor record with which to face the electors, and but weak materials out of which to manufacture a case against the Lords. They have lost much in power and prestige during the Session, and would have lost more but for the stupidity of the official Opposition. The political bankruptcy of the two traditions has brought the extinction of the Party of the Labour Party, which should largely increase its numbers at the next election. Its prospects would be even brighter if it had taken full advantage of its opportunities. Unfortunately it has been so laudably anxious to prove itself businesslike and practical that it has hardly made the running in opposition to the Government which it might have made. The danger of a policy of compromises and mutual concession is that the electorate may come to regard the Labour Party as a section of the Ministerial majority, and that it may in consequence inherit some of the discredit which the Ministry is so busily accumulating. Already Mr. Sherwell and others have exploited the Labour support of the Government in Parliament to the detriment of Labour and Socialist candidates in the country. Such an argument may be quite unfair, but it is the sort of unfair argument which a party must expect in politics, and against the possibility of which it must be on its guard. We think that what the Labour Party needs at the present moment is a stronger infusion of uncompromising Socialists to stiffen its back.

THE LORDS AND LAND VALUES.

The rejection of the Scottish Land Valuation Bill by the Upper House gives the Government the first chance it has had so far of getting up a bona fide agitation against that body. Liiherto the Lords have played their game with remarkable skill, accepting such measures as the Trades Disputes Bill, which the country really wanted, and reserving their veto for those like the Education Bill, which nobody of importance cared a dump about. But the rejection of the Valuation Bill was a false step. We have already admitted to the full the broad justice of Mr. Ralfour’s criticisms, echoed, it will be noted, from another standpoint by Mr. Chiozza Money. It is quite true that the taxation of land values touches little more than the fringe of the problem of unearned increment. It is quite true that the capitalist no less than the landlord draws tribute from the labour of the whole community. But it is possible for the most sceptical critic of Georgian economics to recognise that the present incidence of rating is grossly unfair to the small ratepayer, and to wish to see him relieved at the expense of the ground landlord. The fact that the great municipalities, Conservative and Liberal alike, are almost unanimous in demanding the change, is surely one that ought to make the Upper House pause. The ideal way of raising all revenues both national and local would be by a tax or rate on unearned incomes, graduated according.
to taxable capacity, but without any distinction between incomes derived from land and those derived from shares and holdings in capitalist enterprises. But, pending such a solution, we must accept the proposition that, whilst the incomes derived from land are taxable, the incomes derived from shares and holdings in capitalist enterprises are not.

The Fiery Cross.

Meanwhile the Prime Minister has been sending his vassals "East and West, and South and North," to summon the electors to a holy war against the Peers. Mr. Aneurin Bevan in Wiltshire, Mr. Haldane in Perthshire, Mr. Churchill at Manchester, and Mr. Birrell at Bristol, all preached from the same text—the impeccable nobility of the Ministers and the sinister iniquities of the House of Lords. None of these gentlemen appeared to have anything especially new to say on either of the above subjects. Mr. Churchill might lay some claim to originality in crediting the Liberal Party with having won the battle of Bannockburn. But, then, Mr. Churchill has been a Liberal for nearly two years and is naturally something of an enthusiast. Mr. Birrell waxed pathetic about Ireland, but made no reference to the women shot by his agents in Belfast. Mr. Asquith and Mr. Haldane talked somewhat less nonsense than their two colleagues, though it may be doubted if they talked any more sense. All four statesmen agreed that "the will of the people must prevail," and that the Lords must soon surrender to the righteous anger of the democracy. It was an unkind fate that selected the same day to record the victory of the Opposition candidate at Bury St. Edmunds by a record majority nearly double that secured at the General Election last year.

Mr. Birrell's Apology.

The Appropriation Bill gave the House an opportunity of discussing a number of topics which the Government had heretofore succeeded in burking—among them the disorders at Belfast. Mr. Peter Curran availed himself of the clause offered him, and made a vigorous speech, which, however, we think, let the Secretary for Ireland off too easy. It is contrary to the whole spirit of our Constitution and fatal to its tolerable working that a Minister should be able to evade personal responsibility in such a matter. If the charge and that which led up to it are due to the unauthorised acts of subordinates, let these subordinates be repudiated and adequately punished; but in the absence of such retribution and punishment we must needs hold Mr. Birrell personally responsible for every drop of blood shed under his administration. Otherwise it is clear that the democracy can have no real control over the armed forces of the nation, and we may any of us be shot down by the soldiers for whose upkeep we pay without being able to fix the blame on anyone or to secure any redress. For the rest, Mr. Birrell's apology was a very lame one. That the presence of the military was necessary to preserve order is conclusively disproved by the fact that, as soon as they were withdrawn, order was restored. Mr. Birrell's pretty compliments to the Labour Party on its "moderation" make rather sad reading. We do not say that the insult was deserved, but it is regrettable that it should be possible for it to be offered to the people's party by a man whose hands are stained with the people's blood.

The Unrestful Island.

It seems as if Mr. Birrell's troubles would not end with the end of the Belfast strike. There are signs of discontent in other parts of Ireland fully as menacing as those which the Ulster capital has witnessed. The attempt to blow up the house of an Irish nobleman, whether the work of agents provocateurs or of genuine conspirators, is significant of the growing unrest, as is the outbreak of cattle-driving in Connaught. The garrison, with every extravagance of real or assumed panic, are calling loudly for Coercion. It would be an ironical conclusion to Mr. Birrell's various abortive policies if the last of them were to be a new Crimes Act, yet more unlikely things have happened. It is clear, as Socialists always prophesied, that the Land Act has been no solution at all of the Irish Land question. Meanwhile the official version of the law is swelling itself more and more insupportable, and will soon be as little respected in Ireland as the Liberal and Conservative Parties are coming to be in Great Britain. It has gone on for nearly twenty years by force of the momentum which the genius of Parnell gave it, but it has produced neither new ideas nor new men. Its leaders are still the men of the 'eighties, the men trained under Parnell's leadership, and their influence is fast waning. Such a state of things may fill thoughtless Englishmen with satisfaction, but they should remember that the discredit of Parliamentary action in Ireland has always been the precursor of revolutionary agitation. Nor are signs wanting that history will repeat itself. It is but a short step from the policy recommended by Sinn Fein to the policy of Emmett and Mitchell. Unless the Irish problem is settled soon and settled in a statesmanlike manner, we may be driven back before we know it upon the recent expedient of Coercion.

Labour at Bath.

Carnages are the order of the day. From the International Socialist Congress at Stuttgart we turn to the British Trade Union Congress at Bath. Even the Anarchists are apparently holding together. One has heard comparatively little of it. Perhaps M. Hervé, isolated and overwhelmingly defeated, first at Nancy and subsequently at Stuttgart, might find a more sympathetic welcome at Amsterdam, for the doctrines of which he is an exponent are really Anarchist and not Socialist doctrines. M. Hervé, however, has at least the courage of his preposterous convictions, which is more than can be said for the so-called Anti-militarists of this country. We trust that the Trade Union Congress will complete the work of Stuttgart by refusing the vague platitudes about peace and disarmament proposed by some Unions, and accepting the resolution of the Gas Workers to be moved by Mr. Thorne, who has already done such yeoman service in defence of the ideal of the Armed Nation. We also trust that the proposed vigorous propaganda on behalf of Old Age Pensions will be pushed forward, and that the Congress will prefer such really useful activity to the passing of abstract resolutions condemning the House of Lords—resolutions unobjectionable enough in themselves, but only too likely to be exploited in the interests of Liberal hypocrisy. We suggest that any resolution passed in condemnation of the Upper House should be accompanied by an expression of distrust of the bogus agitation engineered against it by the Government.

Neave's Food

Assists Teething
consequently promotes the
healthful sleep, so essential
to the well-being of the
infant.

Purveyors by Special Appointment
to H. M. the
Empress of Russia.
A Cautious Step Backwards In India.

The India Office, aged survivor of the wreck of 1857-8, has spoken once more with a voice so feeble, so suggestive of mortality, that we may safely prophesy the end is near. This India Office has issued a Paper recommending the formation of an Imperial Advisory Council and of Provincial Advisory Councils in India; the Enlargement of the Imperial and Provincial Legislative Councils; and so forth. The priceless documentation of the Constitution of India to the Provincial Governments, and is dated Simla, August 24, 1907.

The object of the measures outlined at Simla and approved by the Secretary of State is to satisfy the "constitutional requirements of the Indian Empire"—very much accent on "constitutional"—and to give the "people of India" wider opportunities of expressing their views. The scheme itself is approached slowly through a shady avenue of select facts and principles. The ruling chiefs and the landholding and commercial classes, possessing a material stake in the country, and representing the "public," and then the great Indian society have now qualified to take a more prominent part in public life, and to render a larger measure of assistance to the Executive Government of the Federal State, and to include twenty ruling chiefs and various other classes, possessing a material stake in the country, and history would praise them as heroes. But they are not Empire-wreckers only fools are. But we do say that the Government of India has little wisdom and no strength. It seems to us like a shabby giant without intellect, or like a vast machine made of tin. It is plain enough that in a panic of fear the Government of India intends to provide itself with a bulwark against the National Congress. The classes, the interests, the wealthy, the landlords are to be "cautiously gerrymandered" so-called, mostly lawyers, as it happens, who say what they know and demand certain remedies in public meetings and congresses assembled. The situation is so serious a new sort of men and of measures to meet it, and yet we put John Morley into the India Office and let him fiddle at reform while an Empire is burning, in the old Nero way; with apologies to Nero, who is said to have ruined a city only, while our India Office, in refusing to grasp the Indian problem, allows a whole Empire to lie burning in the hell of an unparalleled poverty.

Then, again, these proposals are tinted all over with a degrading appeal to class interests, and always, upper class interests. There is no vision of India whole. Once the phrase "people of India" is used and they are "used to it," and then they will not utter the word against it or it will fall on you. The Calcutta "Statesman" has put it well thus: "The hyper-sensitiveness of the official world of this country . . . this extreme delicacy of constitution necessitating almost enclosure in a glass case. But our dear old "Times," London, sees in these proposals "evidence of Mr. Morley's determination to handle grave problems of Oriental polity," whatever that is. All this talk about people with a stake in the country is bare bunkum. When people with a stake in their hands, so to speak, rise up on the side of the people, they are arrested and deported, stake or no stake. Lajpat Rai, for instance, had a stake in the country; he now languishes at Mandalay because he championed the people. People with a "stake in the country" may be expected to defend the Government; that is why they are now "qualified" to lead and to be fettered with the empty sound of "Imperial Councillor." The Government of India seems to have decided that there shall be no progress, however much eddying there is, and so "national leaders," representing the most powerful and stable elements of Indian society, "are to be invited into the castle to defend the besieged chief, and the ordinary people are to be shut away behind the walls. If these chieftains would only go outside the gates, face the hungry crowd, and see what they mean by their loud demands and history would praise them as heroes. But they, bang the gates and shout "Sediton!"

Are we then against the Empire? The Stuttgart Congress says no and so do British Socialists. We arc not Empire-wreckers—only fools are. But we do say that Empire must justify itself, and to do this it must be a sacred area wherein justice and progress may flourish. We say that if an Empire exists it must be taken seriously, and we must put all our strength and wisdom into it. We say that the Government of India has little wisdom and no strength. It seems to us like a shabby giant without intellect, or like a vast machine made of tin. It is so weak that you must not touch it or you will be Mandayed. You must not breathe a word against it or it will fall on you. The Calcutta "Statesman" has put it well thus: "The hyper-sensitiveness of the official world of this country . . . this extreme delicacy of constitution necessitating almost enclosure in a glass case. But our dear old "Times," London, sees in these proposals "evidence of Mr. Morley's determination to handle grave problems of Indian policy with sympathy as well as with firmness!" Our only newspaper has justified its title. The old twentieth century, that age of contaminating commercialism, but the twentieth, the new age, full of life and joy, when the East itself is awake and England is half Socialism; Japan, China, and India are creating...
entirely new situations and setting fresh problems, and until the old Liberal Government does not know it, but is looking as the East in just the sleepy old way, as if nothing had happened or was going to happen. Wake up, gentle sirs and masters, for Socialism is upon you, and if the new difficulties are not faced in a new way with new measures the people of England will demand new men. There is a cry already for men with a fresh outlook, men determined to march, men of power and vision to lead England to their goal—the new Imperialists, the Socialists.

H. V. STOREY.

Socialism and Fiscal Reform.

When the present Fiscal turmoil subsides, there will emerge two startling illustrations of the British temperament: its stubborn dislike of ideas, and its essential incapacity to apprise itself along without. For what is the situation? Briefly it is this. The Tariff Reformers, led by Mr. Chamberlain, declare that the prosperity is declining, and that our out of every four of the population is living below the “poverty-line,” this decline being directly attributable to our antiquated system of Free Trade. The Free Traders, led by Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, who are unable to deny the existence of the poverty, declare that any return to Protection, so far from relieving it, would, in fact, intensify it by increasing to the poor the cost of commodities. It is quite obvious that Mr. Chamberlain and Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, holding such fundamentally contradictory views, cannot both be right. But it is quite possible that both may be wrong. If we can once demonstrate that the Fiscal controversy is only sound and fury signifying nothing (as indeed it is), then we shall be at liberty to seek the real cause of our present troubles.

The problem itself can be expressed in a sentence: how to utilise the resources of the nation to the greatest welfare of all its inhabitants. We do not intend to follow our opponents into the byways of statistics and general obfuscation. The road to Heaven is paved with statistics and few there be that find it. The principles of national wealth and taxation should be worked out. To proceed by reduction, as our economists would have us believe, is not only to commit an outrage upon the English language, but is also to pass a final sentence of condemnation upon our civilization itself. And yet, side by side with this overwhelming plenty, we have, as both our Liberal and Tory opponents confess, over twelve millions who cannot eat or eat and wear; and, in addition, another million who are anxious to offer their labour, in return for food and clothing, and who offer their labour in vain. Such a condition of things, it is safe to say, is not the new problem created in the world before. This is the problem our statesmen are chosen to solve. How are they attempting to solve it? They are madly contending before Heaven as to whether it would be better to raise an additional percentage of revenue by taxing the working man’s bread, tea, or sugar, or by taxing his pot and pans.

Before applying the Socialist remedy for our troubles, let us first examine the alternatives of our rival opponents. No intelligent person wishes to curtail the national expenditure; on the contrary, as time goes on, all genuine reformers and socialists are coming to the conclusion that the immense outlay upon objects of public welfare, such as the feeding of necessitous school children, a State Insurance against accidents and death, Old Age Pensions, and the like, are an essential part of the national necessary of a true reform, the necessary funds will have to be raised, and taxation must increase rather than diminish. Now the subject of taxation is one of the utmost difficulty, and it there is involved in it no question of morality or ethics; from first to last it is a mere matter of convenience and expediency. There is nothing more sacred about it than about hats that affect the State are, briefly, that the taxes should produce as much revenue as possible, should be easy of collection, and should arouse the least possible amount of direct opposition. Since the average of our present proposals nothing so much as direct taxation, and will, in preference, submit to almost any amount of extortion it obtained from him indirectly, the State naturally favours the taxation of commodities. It is beyond the wit of man so to tax commodities as to lay the burden equitably upon each class of the community. It is grossly unfair that the bricklayer, for example, should pay a large ratio of taxation upon his beer as the wealthy solicitor or physician does upon his. Our strict Nonconformist friends, again, who resource solvent, can question only the ethical “reward of abstinence,” but incidentally shift the burden of maintaining our Army and Navy on to the shoulders of their less virtuous brethren. The near-intellectual scheme of taxation, therefore, must leave some portions of the community dissatisfied.

The whole question agitating the Free Trade and Tariff Reform camps is as to what commodities shall be taxed and what exempt. As between the Socialist, who would abolish indirect taxation altogether, can keep an open mind and judge these proposals on their merits, and the Fiscalist, who renounce alcohol and tobacco, not only enjoy the additional revenue, to be devoted to objects of social importance, but feel that the burden of maintaining our Army and Navy on to the shoulders of their less virtuous brethren. Before applying the Socialist remedy for our troubles, let us first examine the alternatives of our rival opponents. No intelligent person wishes to curtail the national expenditure; on the contrary, as time goes on, all genuine reformers and socialists are coming to the conclusion that the immense outlay upon objects of public welfare, such as the feeding of necessitous school children, a State Insurance against accidents and death, Old Age Pensions, and the like, are an essential part of the national necessary of a true reform, the necessary funds will have to be raised, and taxation must increase rather than diminish. Now the subject of taxation is one of the utmost difficulty, and it there is involved in it no question of morality or ethics; from first to last it is a mere matter of convenience and expediency. There is nothing more sacred about it than about hats that affect the State are, briefly, that the taxes should produce as much revenue as possible, should be easy of collection, and should arouse the least possible amount of direct opposition. Since the average of our present proposals nothing so much as direct taxation, and will, in preference, submit to almost any amount of extortion it obtained from him indirectly, the State naturally favours the taxation of commodities. It is beyond the wit of man so to tax commodities as to lay the burden equitably upon each class of the community. It is grossly unfair that the bricklayer, for example, should pay a large ratio of taxation upon his beer as the wealthy solicitor or physician does upon his. Our strict Nonconformist friends, again, who resource solvent, can question only the ethical “reward of abstinence,” but incidentally shift the burden of maintaining our Army and Navy on to the shoulders of their less virtuous brethren. The near-intellectual scheme of taxation, therefore, must leave some portions of the community dissatisfied.

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in business primarily "for their health." Let us suppose a revenue tax of say 10 per cent. is imposed upon foreign manufactured goods competing with our own, the inevitable result would be a rise in price of 10 per cent., if not more, charged upon the home consumer. But this rise of 10 per cent. will also affect the same class of goods manufactured here, because even under competition there cannot be two different prices for the same article in the same market. The value of goods manufactured here greatly exceeds the value of those imported. So that the new Tariff and the new taxation would be a net gain to the Revenue of 10 per cent., and a net loss to the home consumer of considerably more than 20 per cent. We do not wish to impute motives; we do not say that this consideration influences our capitalists in their advocacy of Tariff Reform; but we do say this is what would happen. We place these arguments unreservedly at the disposal of our Free Trade friends, merely reminding that we intend to present to their opponents others equally formidable. Now the case against Free Trade does not require formulatizing; the mere existence of our deplorable poverty after sixty years of it is sufficient condemnation. Neither can we hope that as time goes on our condition will improve. We cannot recall a single economist who holds out any hope in this direction. Free Trade has already in its hospitable bosom our country as become the cinder-heap of the world, and our large centres of population to be degraded into what that devout Radical, Cobbett, pathetically calls hell-holes. This truth is slowly permeating the minds of the inhabitants of our cinder-heaps (as evidenced at Leeds, Glasgow, Manchester, Jarrow, and other places), who are beginning to seriously doubt, with Swift, whether God ever intended life to be a victorious Cobden Club, with all its logical apparatus, admits that "we are not satisfied with the existing state of things, and with the future prospects of the country." We then, with its enormous Liberal majority does the Cobden Club propose in the way of remedies? A minimum living wage, Old Age Pensions, or a genuine Unemployed Bill? Nothing of the kind! Nothing but the weary clap-trap about limiting our naval and military expenditure, platitudes that have been worn indiscrately threadbare during their prolonged stump work in the country.

Mr. W. S. Rea, again, after stating that "every trade produces not only its own employment, but its own unemployment," with becoming unction, informs us of Free Trade that "in the sphere of ethics it is the practice of honesty, integrity, and commercial purity," and that as a nation we have found the old word true that "Whosoever will save his life shall lose it," etc. This truth is slowly permeating the minds of the inhabitants of our cinder-heaps (as evidenced at Leeds, Glasgow, Manchester, Jarrow, and other places), who are beginning to seriously doubt, with Swift, whether God ever intended life to be a victorious Cobden Club, with all its logical apparatus, admits that "we are not satisfied with the existing state of things, and with the future prospects of the country." We then, with its enormous Liberal majority does the Cobden Club propose in the way of remedies? A minimum living wage, Old Age Pensions, or a genuine Unemployed Bill? Nothing of the kind! Nothing but the weary clap-trap about limiting our naval and military expenditure, platitudes that have been worn indiscrately threadbare during their prolonged stump work in the country.

Mr. S. M. Mitra is more cheerful still. As an expert economist, in pleading the cause of India as against the Colonies, he completes our joy by unbolting this alluring prospect: "In no distant future England will have to face the competition of cheaper yellow labour, worked by intelligent Japanese heads and nimble fingers, and under the regulation of "honesty and commercial purity," and must be replaced by Indian brown hands lest the Empire fall to pieces! Indeed, the full ideals of Free Trade never will be realised until some future Edison shall construct a machine for the production of commodities that shall dispense with human labour once and for all; and then white British hands and brown Indian hands and yellow Chinese hands will be able, with what gratitude they may, to chant their Nunc dimittis. This is the fate that threatens us as a nation. Food we must have, but it by no means follows that the commodities we offer in exchange will always be required or accepted by other nations. The present standard of living, secured only after years of conflict, will not be abandoned by our workers without a desperate struggle; yet it will improve. We cannot recall a single economist who holds out any hope in this direction. Free Trade has already in its hospitable bosom our country as become the cinder-heap of the world, and our large centres of population to be degraded into what that devout Radical, Cobbett, pathetically calls hell-holes. This truth is slowly permeating the minds of the inhabitants of our cinder-heaps (as evidenced at Leeds, Glasgow, Manchester, Jarrow, and other places), who are beginning to seriously doubt, with Swift, whether God ever intended life to be a victorious Cobden Club, with all its logical apparatus, admits that "we are not satisfied with the existing state of things, and with the future prospects of the country." We then, with its enormous Liberal majority does the Cobden Club propose in the way of remedies? A minimum living wage, Old Age Pensions, or a genuine Unemployed Bill? Nothing of the kind! Nothing but the weary clap-trap about limiting our naval and military expenditure, platitudes that have been worn indiscrately threadbare during their prolonged stump work in the country.

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The Rites of Astaroth.

The contrasts of the moral idea open before us one of the most absorbing studies; one that is bound to have a marked effect upon public opinion. That "climate makes morals" is almost a truism and now that we inhabitants of a chilly-island in the North Sea have penetrated many latitudes and established our Eastern pilots in so many different regions of the earth, it stands to reason that our moral codes should be as diverse as our habits.

In the tropics of Africa we hear of dark-skinned ladies who only put on clothes as an alluring artifice and by no means out of a sense of shame; and some extraordinarily modest refuse to wear them because it makes them feel so shy. In the north of Sweden, there are women who are supposed to be most attractive to men because they possess themselves as a garment and that very shamefulness is part of their attraction. The perversities of civilization are wondrous and it has come about, apparently as an effect of the nonconformist conscience, that men have found shame delightful and actually take a deliberate pleasure in manufacturing a public opinion in order that they may outrage it.

In the old days of merry England, there were many outspoken classes; and only one reason had the aristocracy for its non-conformity of conduct with ideals; that it considered disgusting, for in some legitimate unions there was no possibility of children, whereas the taboos and taboos which were imposed on legitimate unions were considered disgusting. This is the crux of the whole subject. It is almost a truism and now that we inhabit a chilly-island in the North Sea...
none of them offer up their prayers to "the Master of Men. God has been defined as the relation between a man and the Absolute. Love alone is the relation between a man or woman and Absolute Love. Like all gods he has many illusionary manifestations, but are not the Hindus wiser when they offer their prayers to Brahma the All? But here comes the twist to be the relation between a man or woman and Absolute Love. Euphrates has chanted a fine chorus in "Hippolytus" telling of the terrors of this unassuaged divinity. We see the Saxon women in every land, women are laid waste like sacked cities because of the fester ing conscience which has made unclean that which might naturally have been clean. In the day of her power the church made a sacrament of war and called it chivalry. Now in the day of her weakness could she make a sacrament of love? Perhaps—but it is not to be expected that the church could risk her prestige on such an alliance; for love, desire, and lust are extravagant things which it has been her business to discourage.

Great as the Catholic Church is, foremost among the aristocratic religions of the West, the East has a serener past and its religions a longer pedigree. Chaldea, Egypt, and India have one great message for the modern world. It is the message of the most complete self for the Ministers of Pleasure that they should dance within the temple-walls; that they should drift in painted masks through the profane discord of a city.

A Socialist's Note Book.

The Conquest of London for Socialism is a campaign that until now has never seriously been entered upon. There are, however, signs that the matter is now being taken in the right way. No doubt the lack of attention which London has received has been in part due to the continued victory of the Progressives on the L.C.C. and the continued victory of a progressive policy in London generally. Now that is over. Another factor is the curious detachment from any sentiment of local life which is the mark of all Londoners, and particularly of all advanced Londoners. As a general rule, the degree of advancement of a man's politics in London is in inverse ratio to his interest in the locality where he lives. The local factory owner is very interested in local affairs and is a rank Tory, the local Socialist speaks all about the country lecturing, or secludes himself in his room writing, and hardly knows his next door neighbour to speak to. And until this order of things is reversed Socialism will never get a grip on the people. London is the key to the south and the south is the key to the nation. The situation of London localities must be made a study. In this respect East Ham sets us a good example, and as a matter of actuality East Ham is, of course, a part of London. The Socialists there run a weekly paper, the "Eastern Chronicle," which contains a number of light articles and a well-selected series of useful news items. My only fear, in fact, is that Harmacworth may get his eye on the paper and want to buy it up. Among the subjects discussed last week is the question of a "Program to Win With." A political program, that is, which, by being a proud unit all Socialists, trade unionists, and labour men at the next election. The selection of items is significant. They are three only: (1) Work for the Unemployed, (2) Food for the Child, and (3) Pensions for all. A week at the age of 55 years. This is probably quite a good program for the next general election, but in essence it is a better program for the local and County Council elections. The bourgeoisie give a great deal of little attention to these people with an elaborate series of proposals for municipalisation of this, that, and the other. The only thing these people require is money, and work to enable them to get money, therefore, which will have the simple aim of providing work at a minimum wage of 30s. a week for all unemployed applicants will rally the vast mass of the workers of London to its cause. But here comes the twist to be the relation between a man or woman and Absolute Love. The Tory factory-owners, the sweating contractors, the shopkeepers, and the speculative builders who support reactionary politics live in the districts the advanced Progressives and Socialists live in Hampstead or other cheerful and airy places. And to come to the workers of Lambeth or Bermondsey with a fine Socialist program concocted in Hampstead is a reaction worse than that which is represented precisely by all the value of local life, local ties, and personal association. If Socialists want to capture London they must find some means of getting into touch with, and inspiring confidence in, the people who live in the worst areas. Otherwise a valuable proposal for the abolition of unemployment would stand considerable chance of being lost through personal mistrust. The method of providing work, I suggest, is by some gigantic scheme of rebuilding, a scheme which in its details would probably require Parliamentary sanction and involve the expenditure of a vast sum of money. Nothing less at any rate, will help us with London. During the last election I canvassed for a Socialist candidate. There was great apathy amongst all voters and a general sense of disqualification, except that the I.L.P., and does not really to the Progressives. I indicated that the Socialist was a New kind of man to vote for, and got in one or two cases a grudging consent to do so. But I several times, when explaining the value of the Socialist and Progressive policy and how that would be of more marked benefit under Socialist administration, got the reply, "Well, it ain't made much difference these ten years in our street." And it hardly is possible to capture London, as London can be captured, we must have a policy that will make a difference in every poor home and every poor street, and a difference which can be expressed terms of 5 6.

Like everyone else, I have, of course, read Bernard Shaw's articles in the "Clarion" with great interest. And like every Socialist, I feel the value of his articles to the same thrusts against the gentle instincts of man. But I do not must emphatically fear a general relapse into gentility on the application of the minimum standard of wages of 30s. a week all around. People are gentle manly now for the very excellent reason that to be so pays. A "gentleman" gets a job he is just quite fit for when an uncoarse revolutionist triply qualified for it stands no chance. A gentlemanly shopkeeper gets more customers, a gentlemanly waiter more tips, a lawyer more clients, even a journalist more work. In consequence, gentlemenship is worshipped on all hands because it is masculine. The Socialist, on the contrary, is for that reason, and not for any original sin, that men aspire to be gentlemen. But if you establish an all-round minimum of 30s. a week you will so entirely revolutionise society by giving everyone the same insecurity which has made unclean that which might naturally have been clean. In the day of her power the church made a sacrament of war and called it chivalry. Now in the day of her weakness could she make a sacrament of love? Perhaps—but it is not to be expected that the church could risk her prestige on such an alliance; for love, desire, and lust are extravagant things which it has been her business to discourage.

Like everyone else, I have, of course, read Bernard Shaw's articles in the "Clarion" with great interest. But like a good many other people, I am surprised to notice how much out of touch with the present living Socialist movement G. B. S. is getting. I fear that absorption in plays and refraining from lecturing is dis qualifying him for expressing opinions on Socialist policy. For instance, G. B. S. is always mixing up the Labour Party and the I.L.P., and does not really or this day know what "independent" means. He seems to think the revolutionary organisation of the Labour Party means. Considering how much the Socialist movement and the Fabian Society have fought the B. S. and how far wrong a good many people will certainly get under his own leadership, would it not be possible for the playwright to forget his craft for, say, a year and take up street-corner and general propaganda work, and get the sense of the live movement back again?
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THE NEW AGE
Sept. 5, 1907

A Labour Charter.

representing as it does close upon two million men, and represented in Parliament by forty members, it is extraordinary how ineffective on the whole the Parliamentary Committee of the Trade Union Congress has been. Totalling nearly a quarter of the electorate of the country, the members of the Trade Unions should have been able to obtain a considerably greater proportion of their demands than they have so far managed to win. The five Acts named in their Report represent a small result for the enormous expenditure of time and money involved in Unionism; and while, of course, the legislative fruits of the Congress are not its only fruits, its members might be pardoned for thinking the rate of progress slow. It is probable that one of the knottiest points of the Congress will, in fact, turn upon the utility of the existing Parliamentary Committee. Comparatively efficient as that body has been in the past, it can no longer claim the first place in industrial legislative activity. The whole of its functions have passed over to the Labour Party, which is now firmly established at Westminster; and there would seem no need for keeping alive an organisation which has served its purpose. On the other hand, the position of the Liberal Labour members is far from presenting an easy problem. Doubtless they will fight for the maintenance of the only Committee where their freedom is unchallenged. To admit them into the councils of the official Parliamentary Labour Party would probably involve either compromise or a surrender, for neither of which contingencies the parties are prepared.

Despite the fact that the Congress Parliamentary Committee has lost its original necessity, we are glad to note their emphasis on the need of a Labour Programme. Undoubtedly the Labour Party in Parliament has suffered a good deal from the want of a clear statement of its intentions. At this very moment it is difficult for anybody to say what the Labour Party intends to do and what it does not intend to do. A simple and definite programme would be required, and leave the new party of Socialists to formulate their specific programme. As it is, no loyal Socialist who has co-operated with the Labour Party cares to risk an antagonism that may prove ruinous to Labour. All his criticisms are met by the reply: "Wait a little while, and the Labour Party will move in your direction." But there is no sign that the Labour Party is moving in the Socialist direction with very much haste. On the other hand, there is plenty of evidence that the opposition to the Labour Party is largely due to the prevailing suspicion that it is Socialist.

We have every respect for the Labour Party; and we may safely say that they are a body of men of whom any country might be proud. Further, we are distinctly aware that most of them are Socialists as good as the Fabians. But the question is whether they can afford much longer to drag behind them the Liberal-Labour tail, and allow themselves, in fact, to be wagged by it. The wise course in our opinion is for the Labour Party to formulate a definite Labour programme, to pledge to it all members of the Party, and as many Socialists as may succeed in getting into Parliament, meantime leaving the outstanding problems to be settled by avowed Socialists. The Socialists, it may be remembered, largely popularised their demands by their simplicity. A six point charter was something fixed and clear for everybody; but while the Labour Party is endeavouring to run with the Socialist hare and hunt with the Liberal-Labour hounds, there is little prospect of clear issues being discovered.

As a basis for such a Labour Charter we would suggest the following five items: Minimum Wage, Eight Hours' Day, Old Age Pensions, Sick Pensions and Unemployed Pensions. Nothing less, in our view, is needed to make the Labour Programme complete. There need be no talk of Socialism to frighten Liberal-Labour men, nor any compromise with Socialism to disgust Socialists. A party of forty Labour members might be Socialist or not, but if they kept their Socialism in their pockets, and fought for the minimum programme outlined above, there is no reasonable doubt that in a very few Sessions their demands would be successful.

If the present Trade Union Congress succeeds, therefore, in clipping the wings of the Socialist Labour members, we shall not be sorry. Those wings do not properly belong to a party that has not yet constructed a framework on which to hang wings. Socialists know very well that what they mean by Socialism not only involves but presupposes the accomplishment of most of the Labour programme. The fact is that we cannot properly get to work until the Labour Party have done its Labour work. Once present Socialists with the Labour charter as an accomplished fact, and the task of revolution really begins; but without a fulcrum it is impossible to overturn society.

We hope that the present Congress Parliamentary Committee may be the last of its kind. As its dying bequest, it will hand to the Labour Party a simple political and economic programme. On that programme Liberal-Labour members may join with Labour members, and Labour members with Socialists.

And as one by one the steps forward are taken, the point of attack will move until it centres in the Socialist Party itself. Then, at last, we shall come to grips with the genuine problems of society: the problems of poverty and labour are elementary in comparison with the tasks yet ahead of Socialist reformers.
Pour la Paix, Pour la Liberté.

A speech delivered by M. Anatole France at a Peace meeting organized by a group of artists, and held in the Trocadero Banqueting Hall, Paris, February 12, 1905. Specially translated for THE NEW AGE with the kind consent of the author.

Comrades,

We are dangerous characters; we are odious persons. We are saying what everybody is thinking. We are saying to-day what everybody will be saying to-morrow, when the state of peace is in order. For that is the state of peace. Why? Because a change has come over Germany, a change has come over Europe. Because during the last forty years the progress of industrialism has brought about the development of a new order of economic phenomena and the admitted facts of economic history.

The intelligence of the nations is not yet trained sufficiently to assure the common welfare of all mankind, and put an end to the misery and desolation caused by the barbarity and rapacity of Tsardom in Europe and in the whole world.

But the human race, there are not two Tsardoms. And very soon there will not be one. Tsardom, thenceforth is condemned, made that war. But Tsardom is dying of it. The Russian people, so patient, so courageous, so great-hearted, struggling at this moment for freedom—these workers, these scholars, these students, these merchants, these noble heroes, so many innocent martyrs, listen to them: it is to the cry of 'Vive la paix!' that we are making the revolution.

Tsardom, and colonial folly are still to be feared. In France we have to fear gross and ignorant nationalism. Comrades, believe me, we must beware of Doumerism. Doumerism is ridiculous, no doubt, but it is dangerous. It is sometimes little men who cause great catastrophes. Let us be on our guard against Doumerism. Let us beware of vast financial and military enterprises. Let us beware of eighty years of victories and catastrophes. Let us be on our guard against Doumerism.

But the human masses have not yet found their equilibrium. The intelligence of the nations is not yet sufficiently trained to assure the common welfare of all by means of liberty and the freedom of exchange. The world during so many centuries, will trouble it still. The human masses have not yet found their equilibrium. The intelligence of the nations is not yet sufficiently trained to assure the common welfare of all by means of liberty and the freedom of exchange; man is insufficiently trained to assure the common welfare of all by means of liberty and the freedom of exchange.

William has the soul and moustaches of a corporal; he has been born to birth and education to make war. For fifteen years he has reigned; has he made war? He has made poetry and pleasure cruises. He has composed music and orations, he has practised gymnastics, sculpture, theology, and dancing, everything, except war. Why? Because men will have become better (it is not permitted to hope that), but because a new order of things, a new science, new economic necessities will impose on them the state of peace. So in summer days the same conditions of existence placed and maintained them in the state of war.

* M. Paul Doumer, a Radical deputy, and formerly Governor-General of French Cochin China. Was at one time expected to become a second Boulanger.
By prolonging into the future the curve already begun, we can forecast the establishment of more frequent and more perfect communications between races and peoples, the organisation of labour, and the establishment of the United States of the World. No, that is not an empty illusion or a dream that the day will dissolve!

On the contrary, it is they who dream, they who are definite because they live in an age of capitalism and brutal colonisation, believe that the existing order or rather disorder will last for ever... But do they believe it? No! They know well that this will not last eternally. They know how war will be slain, and will slay it. They know that the proletariat of the nations will soon unite and form a single world-wide proletariat, and that, in the words of the great Socialist phrase, the union of the workers will be the peace of the world.

REVIEWS.

Bernard Shaw. A Monograph by Holbrook Jackson.

"It is hard to excuse a biography of a man who is still alive, unless it be an autobiography. For if there is anything about him that must needs be told to the world, he himself is the person who should choose the time and the manner of the telling. The better the biography the more inexcusable it is; for the test of a good biography is either absent from you the permanent reality of the man, the essential value which is not apparent in everyday incident, but which emerges when all the incidents of a life are viewed as a whole. And this consistent picture has no right to exist until the human personality which inspired it has effectually ceased to live and develop. If it appears prematurely the effects may be disastrous. The public having once got its fixed and complete image of the man, will laugh at any attempts which the unfortunate original may make to modify that impression, attempts which savour rather of treachery or sensibility. Perhaps, however, these generalities do not altogether apply to the case of Mr. Shaw. An exposition of his philosophy easily accessible, and written in the language of the "uninitiated," was really needed. As Mr. Jackson puts it in a prefatory letter:"

"It was my constantly expressed irritation at the incapacity of the people I met and those who expressed themselves in the Press, to comprehend a writer who was as clear as day to me, that prompted you one day to suggest my writing a Shaw monograph—and here it is."

That paragraph would perhaps have been sufficient excuse if Mr. Jackson had contented himself with writing an exposition of the Shawian philosophy, but this book is more than that. It contains four sections: The Man, The Fabian, The Playwright, and The Philosopher; and for the first and longest—"G. B. S., The Man"—there can be no forgiveness unless Mr. Jackson seeks an early opportunity of killing the subject of it. The British public may require to be told what the "Life Force" is, but they certainly do not need an exposition of the Shawian philosophy, concluding with a monograph of the "uninitiated." Mr. Jackson answers this question—more by virtue of his personal acquaintance with Mr. Shaw than by virtue of any literary employment."

"His Socialism is the conscious nationalisation of human service in the cause of a fuller and deeper life; a life based on power and ability, rather than on the consciousness of the creation of a state in which the freedom of the individual shall be coincident with the desire for the greatest social conclusions and the largest human potentialities."

Mr. Jackson is by no means extravagant in his estimate of Shaw "The Playwright." One would gather that he regards the plays, not as great artistic masterpieces, but rather as great experiments—dramatic moments of his plays thrill with a difference. It is the thrill experienced by those who come in contact with a reality which is familiar but strange... The great surprises of Shaw's drama are the sincere actions of more or less ordinary people.

Finally, we are told that the real Shaw here is the incarnation of self-expression rather than self-suppression, the sign of the Sword as distinct from the sign of the Cross.

But it is the last section of the book which one would expect to find the most interesting, and on the whole it is not disappointing. Shaw "The Fabian" we know and Shaw "The Playwright" we ought to know, but Shaw "The Philosopher" is a mystery to all except, possibly, a favoured few. If, as Mr. Jackson says, he has a clear and ordered conception of life and the relationship of its various parts he has never told us what it is. Fragments of a philosophy are to be found here, there, and everywhere in plays and in prefaces; but the piecing of them together would be an impossible task without the key which Mr. Shaw has hitherto kept to himself. Perhaps the most important clue he has given us was when he said "Art and Life are one," and "Art and Mystic," but there still remained wanting certain corner stones, without which the structure was too nebulous even for criticism. It seemed probable that somewhere or other Mr. Shaw is keeping the key, and that therefore he was not free from the common human necessity of accepting some sort of dogma. The point of interest was as to where exactly he began to dogmatise. Mr. Jackson answers this question more..."
or less completely, but we cherish hopes that his answer is unauthorised. For the philosophy which he expounds is not worthy of Mr. Shaw. One of the most remarkable things about Mr. Shaw is his capacity for making things hang together, and this philosophy does not hang together. It is interesting, but it is not logical.

The central feature, of course, is the "Life-Force"—a steady and expressed expression by instruments of greater certainty and power. It is "as if no such entity could exist without organisms," for it "can only have its will when these beings are able to take their will."

Up to the present, or at all events until man appeared on the earth, it has been a law of nature to create a being that would be able to carry on her work with intelligence and power. But before man can do this he must realise that he is "no more final in this series of experiments than the starfish or the ape were final." He must learn to bow himself before the world with humility.

For when he commenced to think and self-consciousness was born, the Life-Force as exemplified in the mind of man became a mirror in which man saw himself. The vision pleased him so well that he has done practically nothing ever since but gazed and admired himself as an obsession. Civilization, instead of being an aid to the creation of newer and greater forms of life, has simply been an expedient for taking the humanity to live up to its self-creation.

It may be, even, that man is "an evolutionary cul-de-sac," and will have to be scrapped by the "Life-Force" as a worthless experiment. And Mr. Shaw "views this possible failure and extinction of man with complacency. For this seems to be a piece of quite legitimate speculation, but when Mr. Jackson goes on to say that the Life-Force must not be imagined as standing apart from ordinary things. It is not an outside and independent deity nor a metaphysical toy. On the contrary it has for Mr. Shaw no other existence than that of living things;"

"The Life-Force is not a metaphysical toy, what, in the name of philosophy, is it? And, second, if it is not an outside and independent deity and can have no existence other than that of organisms which may all conceivably be worthless experiments, how can it be said to have good intentions?"

"That as the touchstone of the worthiness of our Leeds friends will when these beings are able to take their will."

The whole question of the relation of the sexes is treated most interestingly, and the little wife who uses her newly-acquired art of writing love letters to her husband that would make the most abandoned women of the north blush, gives us a new insight into the effect of climate on the moral idea. The Life-Force as exemplified in the mind of man became a mirror in which man saw himself. The vision pleased him so well that he has done practically nothing ever since but gazed and admired himself as an obsession. Civilization, instead of being an aid to the creation of newer and greater forms of life, has simply been an expedient for taking the humanity to live up to its self-creation.

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The whole question of the relation of the sexes is treated most interestingly, and the little wife who uses her newly-acquired art of writing love letters to her husband that would make the most abandoned women of the north blush, gives us a new insight into the effect of climate on the moral idea. The Life-Force as exemplified in the mind of man became a mirror in which man saw himself. The vision pleased him so well that he has done practically nothing ever since but gazed and admired himself as an obsession. Civilization, instead of being an aid to the creation of newer and greater forms of life, has simply been an expedient for taking the humanity to live up to its self-creation.

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ship of the goddesses. It results in a philosophy rather than a religion, and its source is an ardent faith in the static nature of supernatural power; the sacred religious sentiments, customs, and practices in which they have themselves been reared. The descriptions of caste and the position of women in India are exhaustive; and the book well repays a careful study.

MARGINALIA.

Maurer, Bell have decided to re-issue their popular series of Handbooks of the Great Masters in Painting and Sculpture, at the price of 3s. 6d. net per volume. They will be issued at the rate of four volumes a month, starting with this month, when the following will be brought out at the new price: "Bernardino Luini," by G. C. Williamson; "Leonardo da Vinci," by Ed. McCurdy; "Giotto," by Herbert Cook; and "Raphael," by Malcolm Bell. The same house also announces a welcome addition to their "Cathedral Series," in "The Temple Church," by Mr. George Worley.


The number of books about Napoleon still increases; the latest contribution to the apparently enormous appetite for conclusions in the form of an essay which is both historical, Scotch municipal systems; he presents his another type of book with an apparently insatiable appetite for agitate and cogitate."

That vigorous and watchful organisation, the Leeds Art Club, grows more useful every year. Its two latest subsidiary groups are a Playgoers Society, with the object of inducing a better dramatic and operatic product on the local stage, and "A League of Beauty" for the preservation of what is worthy and beautiful in the many old villages in Yorkshire. A great work lies before each of the groups, the one by ringing in the new, and the other by preventing a tasteless and tactless capitalism from the best of what is old. Any of our readers in the West Riding who are interested in this work should communicate with Mr. W. F. Irving in reference to the "Playgoers Society," and to Mr. A. W. Waddington, general secretary of the Arts Club, in reference to the "League of Beauty," both at The Arts Club, 18, Park Lane, Leeds.

M. Anatole France, the distinguished French writer and socialist, has courteously given The New Age his permission to translate and publish extracts from his volume of collected speeches and addresses, entitled "Vers les Temps Meilleurs." The incomparable charm of the original is already the despair of our translators.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

"The Dangers of Municipal Trading." By Robert P. Porter. (Routledge. 6s. 6d. net.)
"The A B C Annotated Bibliography on Social Questions." By S. E. Keeble. (Kelly. 1s. net.)
"Industrial Day-dreams." By S. E. Keeble. New Edition. (Kelly. 2s. 6d. net.)
"Wayward Fancies." By R. T. Manson. (Lymecum Press, Liverpool.)
"The Revolution in the Baltic Provinces of Russia." (J. L. P. 1s. 6d. net.)
"Studies of English Mystics." By William Ralph Inge, D.D. (Murray. 6s. net.)
"Standards of Public Morality." By Arthur Twining Hadley. (Macmillan.)
"Socialism before the French Revolution." By William B. Gorrie, Ph.D. (Macmillan.)
"Socialism: Its Fallacies and Dangers," Edited by Frederick Millar. (Watts. 6d.)
"The Socialist and the City." By Frederick W. Jones, M.P. (Allen. 1s. 6d. net.)
"Essays and Addresses." By F. H. Matthews, M.A. (Cambridge University Press. 3s. 6d. net.)
"Liverpool." Painted by J. Hamilton Hay, described by Dixon Scott. (A and C. Black. 6s. 6d.)
"The Soul of a Priest." By the Duke Litta. (Unwin. 6s.)
"Bernard Shaw: a Monograph." By Holbrook Jackson. (Allen and C. Black. 6s.)
"The British Democracy." By Fred. C. Howe. (Unwin. 7s. 6d. net.)
"The Patters Nation." By Sir Henry oxon. and edition. (Macmillan. 3s. net.)
"The Scope and Importance to the State of the Science of National Eugenics." By Karl Pearson. (Frowde. 1s. 6d.)
"Wise, Women, and Songs." By John Addington Symonds. (Chatto and Windus. 1s. 6d. net.)
"The Wrongs of Women." By Harriet Beecher Stowe. (Us. Land Values and Free Industry Union. 9d. net.)

Reviews, etc.---
The Hypocrites.

I have very little doubt but that "The Hypocrites" will be a success at the Hicks Theatre. But is it not time Mr. H. A. Jones laid himself out for something more than this? With such a command of constructive power surely there is no insuperable reason against introducing real characters on to the stage. In "The Hypocrites" the characters are marionettes, very good ones, very naturally wire-pulled, but marionettes for all that. The story of the play, such as there is of it, apart from the situations, is very simple. The son of an impoverished Squire has a liaison with a girl he meets accidentally in Scotland. The two separate thinking to separate for ever, and after their separation the girl discovers she is about to become a mother. (That, I am sure, is her precise thought as she communicates the intelligence to her lover later as "the worst possible news.") While ignorant of the girl's condition, the man becomes engaged to a wealthy heiress who adores him, and who appears to be a first cousin of the heiress in "A Woman of No Importance." The heiress has exalted views on purity and obligation, and taxes her fiancé with concealing something in his past life. This the fiancé stoutly denies. At this juncture the first girl, Rachel Neve (Miss Doris Keane) turns up to give her news to her lover, Leonard Wilmore (Mr. Vernon Steel), and is heartbroken on learning of the engagement. She agrees, however, to keep silence on understanding that unless Lennard marries money the family will be ruined, and on an undertaking that she is to be provided for. But here enters the Rev. Mr. Linnell, the local curate, a man of prodigious rectitude, who accidentally learns the true state of affairs, and won't let the matter rest. All the Wilmore set, including Rachel Neve, band themselves together to deny Linnell's story, and assure the heiress, Helen Plugenet, and her father that it is only a "bee in the curate's bonnet." This situation worked out with great skill comes to a head in the third act, where Linnell and all the others are confronted and all stolidly deny everything, until at the last moment Linnell turns on them all and castigates them with his holy indignation. This causes Rachel to nearly faint, and she falls on to Lennard, who has denied anything but a casual acquaintance. Lennard with her arms round him cannot stand the deception, and embraces her, crying: "Rachel, Rachel." Certain on fury of Helen Plugenet's father and general indignation. There is also a fourth act, in which, after more of Linnell's ministrations, Mrs. Wilmore is reconciled to Rachel, and a curtain on general embracings. From the theatrical point of view the third act is excellent, the tension being gradually worked up to a frightful pitch, so that the cry of "Rachel, Rachel." is positively demoralising. But it is not drama. The actors do not represent people. The real problems of the play, the question of whether Helen Plugenet's puritanical views are right or wrong, is not touched upon. Squire Wilmore is a neat caricature of a Squire, not the real thing, the local Doctor and his wife are conventional types, and only in Mrs. Wilmore (Miss Marion Truitt) and in the Rev. Edgar Linnell (Mr. Leslie Faber) are there any serious attempts at character drawing. And I doubt whether the seriousness of these characters caused Mr. H. A. Jones any loss of sleep at nights. In fact, the necessities of the construction do not allow the marionettes to have character; it would be in the way. Mrs. Wilmore goes on her appointed clock-work way, getting in an occasional bit of self-revelation here and there, but the major part of her utterances are to help on the situations, and do not come from a real person. Then Mr. Edgar Linnell is such an embodiment of fixed principles that it is difficult to credit with reality. The real artistic achievement of the play, in fact, being the pseudo-reality with which Linnell is invested, as the acting triumph of the play was Mr. Leslie Faber's impersonation. Linnell was certainly not objectionable and not mawkish, but he was not less emphatically not living. To carve a marionette on these lines is a good theatrical game, but that ought not to be the business of the dramatist. Even from the point of view of construction, the pure situation aspect of the play is weak. Thus in the second act it is necessary there should be a large number of separate interviews with Linnell on the part of the various characters, in Linnell's own house. Therefore the various people come and knock at the door one after the other, and whisk in and out in an almost continuous procession. There are altogether too many knockers; in a real play one feels sure the local police-officer could have poked his head in to see "what was up." When subjected to even a superficial analysis, all the characters fall to bits. There is no real conviction in Rachel Neve's self-abnegation. Motives are stated, lines of conduct and consequence are indicated, but there is no attempt to show these things at work in a living human person. It must be said Miss Doris Keane made up for a good many of Rachel Neve's deficiencies, although as she has a pronounced limp from a strained ankle in Act III it is very miraculous that it is altogether gone in Act IV. And why in Act III does Rachel, who has come from the village, not wear a hat? I don't suppose Miss Keane had anything to do with the hat business, and she must be congratulated on having made a singularly conventional marionette into a real person.

One understands, of course, why Mr. H. A. Jones prefers the marionette to the reality: Act III would be impossible with real people, something else would have to be invented, and possibly something not so theatrically thrilling. But it is a weeping pity that when an author gets so near to writing drama he should not go on. Perhaps Mr. Jones will give someone the right to adapt his plays from the theatre for dramatic representation.

L. HADEN GUEST

AMONG ENEMIES.

(From a Gipsy Proverb.)

There's the gallows, here's the halter
And the red-beard hangman, see!
Round me, crowds with poisonous glances—
Laughing in your face I cry—
What's the use for you to hang me?
Kill me? Why, I cannot die!

You're the beggars, for you envy
What your life has never won.
True, I suffer, yes, I suffer,
'Gainst you! but you! you're dead and done!
After myriad hateful ventures,
Light and cloud and breath am I—
'Wt's the use for you to hang me?
Kill me? Why, I cannot die!—

Translated from Nietzsche by E. M.
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.

BREEDING A RACE.

To THE EDITORS of "THE NEW AGE."

As THE NEW AGE is evidently thirsting for blood over the marriage question, one may be forgiven for continuing the discussion.

I cannot admit that Mr. Harrison has answered my question. We feel that something is wrong when we find, as he says, that our breeding conditions are (very often, I admit) better than the Middle Ages, but we cannot justify the ideal conditions of breeding, positively as well as negatively. Here my point is that of the writer of the article in"The New Age" of August 15, "With the prospect of life as it is, what inducement is there to exercise the discipline and the cruelty necessary to vigorous breeding? . . . . Where among the eugenists is there the ghost of an ideal comparable to the Messiah? (Where, indeed?) A vastly more intoxicating ideal than money will have to be created." THE NEW AGE puts its faith in something! (I translate from the "special knowledge of the science")—that is, in a new priesthood—whose timidity, however, it deplores. Meanwhile, the old priesthood continues to uphold Christian marriage, and this, being the only possible ideal on the topic, more or less holds the day.

Mr. Harrison says "Moralise superior conditions!"; but to what morals does he appeal? Nowadays we are told that "the golden rule is that there is no golden rule;" yet the "Religion of Socialism" is still unbegotten, like superman. Why talk of the Will of Life—our old friend the Life Force? To obey it oneself and make others obey it is only a new dispensation. We feel that something is wrong when we find, as Mr. Shaw has found this out; and it accounts for his strange antipathy to all romance. Others knew it before him: but not being bitten, he says, that our breeding conditions are (very often, I admit) better than the Middle Ages, but we cannot justify the ideal conditions of breeding, positively as well as negatively. Here my point is that of the writer of the article in "The New Age" of August 15, "With the prospect of life as it is, what inducement is there to exercise the discipline and the cruelty necessary to vigorous breeding? . . . . Where among the eugenists is there the ghost of an ideal comparable to the Messiah? (Where, indeed?) A vastly more intoxicating ideal than money will have to be created." THE NEW AGE puts its faith (one must have faith in something!) in the "special knowledge of the science"—that is, in a new priesthood—whose timidity, however, it deplores. Meanwhile, the old priesthood continues to uphold Christian marriage, and this, being the only possible ideal on the topic, more or less holds the day.

One has always a certain sympathy for Tristram—revolter as he was against Christian Marriage; but how much more vehemently one would side with future Tristrams against Eugenic Marriage!

A. H. LEE.

THE CITIZEN ARMY AND BREEDING.

To THE EDITORS of "THE NEW AGE."

You extract from Vandervelde's speech on the Militarist Resolution at Stuttgart, but you omit the following passage:

"The most interesting to English people: "In our demand for the Will of Life—our old friend the Life Force! To obey it oneself and make others obey it is only a new dispensation. We feel that something is wrong when we find, as Mr. Shaw has found this out; and it accounts for his strange antipathy to all romance. Others knew it before him: but not being bitten, he says, that our breeding conditions are (very often, I admit) better than the Middle Ages, but we cannot justify the ideal conditions of breeding, positively as well as negatively. Here my point is that of the writer of the article in "The New Age" of August 15, "With the prospect of life as it is, what inducement is there to exercise the discipline and the cruelty necessary to vigorous breeding? . . . . Where among the eugenists is there the ghost of an ideal comparable to the Messiah? (Where, indeed?) A vastly more intoxicating ideal than money will have to be created." THE NEW AGE puts its faith (one must have faith in something!) in the "special knowledge of the science"—that is, in a new priesthood—whose timidity, however, it deplores. Meanwhile, the old priesthood continues to uphold Christian marriage, and this, being the only possible ideal on the topic, more or less holds the day."

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Now on behalf of the truth of the masses (and my own) it may be said that however you arrange the rules, or arrange of rules, of the sex relation, you cannot make the sex relation anything but tragic. You cannot arrange the people's loves so as to be sure of rational breeding; if you try to, the streets will run red with blood. Mr. Shaw has found this out; and it accounts for his strange antipathy to all romance. Others knew it before him: but not being bitten, he says, that our breeding conditions are (very often, I admit) better than the Middle Ages, but we cannot justify the ideal conditions of breeding, positively as well as negatively. Here my point is that of the writer of the article in "The New Age" of August 15, "With the prospect of life as it is, what inducement is there to exercise the discipline and the cruelty necessary to vigorous breeding? . . . . Where among the eugenists is there the ghost of an ideal comparable to the Messiah? (Where, indeed?) A vastly more intoxicating ideal than money will have to be created." THE NEW AGE puts its faith (one must have faith in something!) in the "special knowledge of the science"—that is, in a new priesthood—whose timidity, however, it deplores. Meanwhile, the old priesthood continues to uphold Christian marriage, and this, being the only possible ideal on the topic, more or less holds the day."

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bored me to death, and remains unread. I have never ceased to think that these two were effectively performed with less delight than those dealing either directly or indirectly with pedagogy. Therefore, sir, be merciful—these leaves lived too! N.B. Useful for showing us the vindex darkness and making us eager for the primary intelligence who shall synthesise for us our childhood studies, our psychology and methods in some world-interesting way.

F. KETTLE.

TO THE EDITORS OF "THE NEW AGE." I should like, as a practical teacher of many years' experience to express my appreciation of the remarkable insight shown by your reviewer in his revolutionary article "The Principles of Intellectual Education," in last week's issue of THE NEW AGE. Notwithstanding the galvanised activity, based on political, sectarian, or commercial considerations at the time, the numerous educational theories propounded by well-meaning ideologists lack vitality, because they do not spring from the "Roots of Reality," only to be discovered, and promote a myopic view of the present and actual environment. As experienced teachers are aware, the "average child," for whom the theories are made, and the elaborate and expensive educational machinery set in motion, has yet to be discovered.

But, seeing that the wisest of philosophers are not agreed as to the nature of the mind, or the aim of life, I would suggest that the only secure basis for educational reform rests on a sympathetic as well as experimental study of the individual child who actively participates in this. This, of course, can only be done by skilled persons who know the children—hence the crux of the whole question in an ideal state of society rests in the personality of the teacher.

This fact is practically ignored by educational experts and theorists, who apparently know little, and care less, about the life, on the preparation for which they theorise so glibly. Hence the fading away of the enthusiasm of the teacher who realises the futility of his utmost efforts—unless, indeed, the Hope of Socialism has been born in his soul. S. A. FOSTER.

SOCIALISM AND NATIONAL DEFENCE.

TO THE EDITORS OF "THE NEW AGE." A Socialist need not be an absolute anti-militarist of the Hervé type. Here in England, unlike France and Germany, a bourgeois army is not a purpose except for schemes of capital exploitation abroad, which schemes are most favoured by an aristocracy who see in a larger army enlarged opportunities for appointments and promotions, pay and pensions. A democratic army is as likely to be realised as a democratic landed aristocracy. Physical force is the basis of both aristocratic and democratic. Whenever physical force is active, moral force is passive. It is inherent in a standing army that it should be disciplined and obedient to orders, or it would not be an army at all, but an anarchic mob. "Their reason why: theirs but to do or die." To "do" means to do devastation. A large standing army is likely to remain an instrument of physical force at the disposal of sovereigns and of those who stand nearest to sovereigns. For the common welfare of the common people our army should be less considered in number than now.

That tragic blunder, the South African War, was not made a blunder by the fewness of our men, but by the upsurge of statesmanlike which irritated the Boers into action before we were ready; also by our lack of a good general, and by the dishonesty rampant in our staff services. One part of the campaign alone was effectively performed, the transport service, and that was carried out by trading companies, not by the army. The larger the number of troops, the more harmful the opportunity for embezzlement and maladministration.

We were never so secure from invasion as now. With the National Service League of England, there is no need for a "dangerous" type of education. They do not wish to see how enormously modern resources have improved our power to resist invasion. Railways and telegraphs have made it easy to quickly concentrate at a threatened point all the troops within our borders. If our defensive forces be insufficient in numbers, and only defence be the concern, the lazy and nonchalant have some 100,000 picked men in our police and fire forces who could be drilled enough to help. Convicted army training is productive of "marked mental and moral improvement." Will the conclusion or delusion that army training contributes to "marked mental and moral improvement." W. PARMENTER.

THE MINIMAX TAX.

TO THE EDITORS OF "THE NEW AGE." Mr. H. Croft Hiller's scheme for the regeneration of society would require more "government" than the working out of the wildest dreams of Collectivism. He says personal rights do not exist, and at the same time would empower "the State to confiscate all beyond a certain maximum of income." What about the horror of public ownership? He establishes a right to that, it seems. How good Mr. Hiller is to provide a certain amount of his minimax tax to the material uprising of the lower social strata. "The poor" will be very grateful for his grandmotherly care. To those who do not understand Mr. Hiller's peculiar philosophy, it must be a matter of amusement how he works out the hypothesis that a minimax, which would tax away from a man his lawful earnings, is any other than the "burglar method." He falls altogether to distinguish between land which no man produces and wealth which the labourer produces by the sweat of his brow, and therefore has a moral right to retain, minimax tax notwithstanding.

JOHN D. MIDDLETON.

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<td>T. W. Rawson, 96, Market Street.</td>
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<tr>
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<tr>
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<tr>
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<tr>
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<tr>
<td>Cambridge, Cam.</td>
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<tr>
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<td>A. A. Kingston, Station Road.</td>
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<td>Hull</td>
<td>S. Cuthel, 3, St. Passage Street.</td>
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<td>Ormskirk</td>
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<td>Penrith</td>
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<td>&quot;Boulevard Newsagency.</td>
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<td>Penrith</td>
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<td>Penrith</td>
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<td>Penrith</td>
<td>F. Butterworth, 17, Dewhirst Rd., Syke.</td>
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<td>J. C. Hill, 80, Marslands Road.</td>
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<td>Penrith</td>
<td>J. Owens, 79, Rawson Road.</td>
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<td>Mrs. Gregson, Brightton Street.</td>
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<td>The Ferry Bookstore.</td>
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<td>Penrith</td>
<td>R. Thomas, Stationers Hall.</td>
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<td>Penrith</td>
<td>Wm. Roscoe, Holyo.</td>
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<td>Penrith</td>
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