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THE MONEY STROKE.

A SHORT STORY.

THE

NEW AGE

AN INDEPENDENT SOCIALIST REVIEW OF POLITICS, LITERATURE, AND ART

Edited by

A. R. ORAGE and HOLBROOK JACKSON

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Occasional Reflections.

By EDGAR JEPSON.

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THE OUTLOOK.

The Bath Congress and Liberalism.

The Government must be not a little disquieted by the cold comfort they have received from the Trades Union Congress. It is true that a resolution was carried for the abolition (not the Bannermanisation) of the House of Lords, but as it was accompanied by speeches expressing utter disbelief in Ministerial professions, it will hardly serve the Liberals very effectively. Had not Mr. Knee's amendment been ruled out of order, we doubt if they would have achieved even this inglorious success. For the rest, the damaging criticisms directed against Mr. John Burns were evidently acceptable to the greater part of the delegates, and even the right honourable gentleman's defenders could find little to say on his behalf, save that we ought to wait and see what the promised Housing Bill would be like. For our part, we think that Labour has waited quite long enough for Mr. Burns to do something. Nobody can say that he has not had a perfectly fair chance. He has in the main been most leniently criticised by those who were under some temptation to treat him with severity. Had he justified or made any attempt to justify the hopes which his appointment raised, we believe that much would have been forgiven him. But his record as Minister is so far—*nil*. Not a single legislative measure of social or industrial reform stands to his name. Even in administration he has been rather behind than in front of his Tory predecessors. We quite agree that it is foolish waste of time to indulge in empty rhetoric about "a lost soul." But it is mere business-like common sense to write him off as a lost asset as far as the Labour movement is concerned. It was noticeable that such qualified apologies as were offered for him came from the moderate wing of the Labour Party. The Liberal Labour men have evidently become almost a negligible quantity at the Congress. Their cohesion to the Labour Party would not much strengthen that body. It would only strengthen the hands of those who are asking for a Socialist Party. For, while we may accept the present Labour Party as the best instalment for Socialism we can get, the case would become very different if we were asked to accept a party diluted by old-fashioned Liberal trade unionists such as Mr. Burt, and corrupted by the presence of persons like Mr. Fred Maddison.

Thorne and Herve.

As regards militarism and the army, the conditions of the International Socialist Congress were almost exactly reversed. At Stuttgart it was M. Hervé who stood up alone for his own Anarchist anti-militarism against the unanimous voice of Socialists throughout the world; at Bath it was Mr. Thorne who made a most able, though almost unsupported, defence of the sane Socialist view against the massed forces of Liberal traditionalism and pseudo-Socialist sentimentalism. That the old-fashioned trade unionists should resist the policy of the Armed Nation was only what one expected; that opposition is part of the Liberal heritage of which Labour is but slowly and imperfectly ridding itself. It is the wholesale desertion of Mr. Thorne by the Socialists that strikes us as a very deplorable spectacle. We wonder how many of those who joined in denouncing Mr. Thorne had been to Stuttgart and heard his views endorsed by the whole International Socialist movement. If there were any such, what are we to think of men who can give their vote for a resolution (or at least allow it to pass unchallenged) at an International Congress and then return to their own country only to harry and assail an honest Socialist for endeavouring to carry that resolution into effect? Mr. Thorne, however, need not despair. Though he stood almost as much alone as Hervé, there was this incalculable difference, that Hervé's cause was unmistakably a losing one, while Mr. Thorne's is gaining every day both arguments and converts. Even the Bath Congress bore witness to this. It passed from the question of militarism to that of the private wars of capital and labour. Speaker after speaker denounced the use of the military at Belfast and elsewhere, and demanded the liberation of the people from such tyranny. Mr. Thorne is much too good in debate to lose such a chance of scoring. He pointed out to the Congress that had just rejected his amendment by an overwhelming majority that every speech delivered that day was in reality a speech in favour of a citizen army. A few more of Mr. Birrell's "pogroms" will convert the whole Labour movement to that view.

Some Industrial Problems.

Every Socialist will rejoice at the unanimous declaration in favour of the establishment of Wages Boards, with their obvious corollary, the legal Minimum Wage. This is not merely a victory for the Anti-Sweating Crusade; it marks a most important stage in the conversion of the trade unions to a broader view of the social problem. In the past the attitude of the unions towards the sweated and the submerged has often been almost contemptuous. The idea of a statutory Minimum Wage has been resisted from the very ill-founded fear that the better-paid workmen in the skilled trades would have their wages brought down as the wages of the unskilled rose. The doctrine of the Wages Fund dies hard, but, so far as trade unionists are concerned, it seems to be sprawling at last. They have come to see that, apart from humane and patriotic considerations, nothing is more dangerous to the position of the trade unionist than the creation of a vast unskilled and unorganised class with a low standard of life. A lift in wages such as a Minimum Wage would produce would be a lift all round, and the engineer and cotton-spinner would benefit scarcely less markedly than those directly effected. This the unions have perceived, as their unanimous endorsement of Miss Macarthur's resolution shows. Their attitude on the

question of arbitration and conciliation in trade disputes appears to us less satisfactory. That Compulsory Arbitration would be rejected was a foregone conclusion, and, although we think the principle a sound one, we can quite understand the objection which many trade unionists feel to what does to some extent involve the curtailment of the right to strike. But what valid exception can be taken to Compulsory Conciliation? It leaves the right to strike unimpaired; it reserves to the workers the power to reject a finding that they regard as monstrously unfair. On the other hand, it would be an unspeakable boon to the smaller and weaker unions, and it would amount to a compulsory recognition of trade unions by the employer, and would stereotype the system of collective bargaining for which the unions have fought so often and so long.

Labour and the Woman.

The Bath Congress will always be notable for the part played by the representative of the Woman's Trade Union League, Miss Mary Macarthur. Never before has a woman borne so brilliant a part in the deliberations of Labour. Her account of the work done by her League was listened to with whole-hearted admiration, most of all by those who knew what Miss Macarthur was too modest to avow—how entirely its success has depended upon her self-sacrificing devotion and splendid administrative capacity. Hers was far and away the best speech on the House of Lords; her plea for Compulsory Conciliation was the ablest and clearest addressed to the Congress. It was by her initiative that the most important resolution of the Congress—that dealing with Wages Boards and Sweating—was carried. Miss Macarthur is altogether the best type of woman's leader. She has worked hard for the interests of her own sex and laid women workers under obligations to her which can never be repaid. But she has consistently refused to confuse the issues of the class struggle by an attempt to graft a sex struggle on to it. She has recognised that the women workers are the natural comrades and allies of the men workers, that they are exploited by the same enemy, and that the same deliverance awaits them. Accordingly she has devoted her energies, not to getting votes for ladies in South Kensington, but to organising women workers industrially, removing from them and from her sex the reproach of "black-legging," educating them politically, so that when Adult Suffrage comes it may find the women of the exploited classes ready to take their places beside the men in the liberation war of humanity.

Guilty—Without Extenuation.

The inquest on Mr. Birrell's victims at Belfast has ended in a disagreement of the jury. To anyone who knows how much pressure the Executive, especially in Ireland, can exert without going outside the law it will be apparent that such a conclusion involves a damaging blow to the Government. The counsel for the defence asked for a verdict of manslaughter against those responsible for the shooting, and narrowly failed to obtain it. We have not the slightest doubt that the democracy of Great Britain and Ireland will bring in an unofficial verdict of "Guilty, without extenuating circumstances," against Mr. Birrell "and others." The evidence produced at the inquest fully justifies the worst that we have said of the affair in these columns. It is clear that the military, so far from being there to suppress the riot, were there to cause the riot, and that they did so very effectively. The disorder only began when they appeared and ceased as soon as they had gone. The stone-throwing, which was made an excuse for the order to fire, was in part at least the work of the soldiers themselves, the lead being taken by a magistrate whose ideas of his official duties seem to be of the most astounding description. Altogether it is quite clear that a riot was actually provoked by the authorities presumably with the idea of breaking the strike by armed force. Whether this was done with Mr. Birrell's deliberate connivance or was the result of unpardonable weakness and want of statesmanship on his part, we will not now enquire. We will give him the benefit of the more charitable construction. But, even so, all we can say is that a gentleman so lacking in elementary foresight and capacity is even less fitted to govern Ireland than he proved himself to be to reorganise our educational system.

The Antwerp Blacklegs.

This is a gloomy week for patriots. It is bad enough that Sir Edward Grey should disgrace us by endeavouring to engineer an *entente* with Tsardom. But at least we could claim that Sir Edward does not speak for the British democracy. That a Whig politician should betray the cause of liberty was bad but understandable. It is almost too horrible that British workmen should betray their class, and should shame us all before the world by voluntarily assisting the Belgian capitalists to crush the Belgian workers. Of course, the curs who have gone to Antwerp are not typical British labourers. They are our off-scourings, and it is some consolation to hear that their employers find them very bad workmen. Nevertheless, it is shocking to think of how the Antwerp dockers must be feeling towards the land which once had the honour of setting the example of effective combination to all Europe. We notice that the exporters of this human refuse have adopted the plan of marking them on the hands that they may be more readily recognised. Some Labour leaders have objected to this operation. We have no objection to offer. It appears to us quite right and appropriate that they should be branded like the slaves and dogs that they are. We should like to see the process carried further. We suggest that their coats should be marked in some conspicuous place with a large black T, and that they should be made to walk through the docks so adorned that all men might know those who have brought this black shame upon our fatherland.

The Price of Shame.

We have received several protests against the language we used last week in regard to the Russian Agreement. The gravamen of the case against us is that we have condemned that Agreement in advance without knowing its precise terms. An answer to this is simple—indeed, we answered it in anticipation. The precise terms are a matter of indifference to us, because in our opinion no terms, however favourable to ourselves diplomatically, could justify what we regard as a betrayal of a people. We quite agree that the Agreement probably contains no reference to the internal affairs of Russia; that is just our case against it. If we had insisted upon the Tsar setting his house in order before we consented to negotiate with him—as we did in the case of the Sultan—much might be said for us. But nobody supposes that we have done anything of the sort. We have negotiated with Tsardom as it exists, we have come to an agreement with Tsardom as it exists, and that agreement will be used to prop Tsardom as it exists and to help it to continue to exist. Our view is that the Russian Government is a disgrace to civilisation and a menace to progress, and should be boycotted by civilised Powers. We cut off diplomatic relations with the little State of Servia, because of the unavenged death of two persons. For decades, we and all the other Powers have been bullying Turkey on the strength of disorders not comparable to the atrocities which are of daily occurrence in Russia. We are now embarking upon a similar crusade against the Congo Free State. How can we do this with any pretence of consistency, if we regard a Government, stained with darker crimes than any of these, as a proper object not merely of diplomatic intercourse but of friendly negotiation merely because it happens to be that of a great Power? Such a sacrifice of our honour appears to us dear at any price, and we therefore regard the exact terms of the agreement with comparative indifference, more especially as the Russian Government has never been known to keep to a bargain when it suits its interests to violate it.

Concerning Morality.

NOT to realise that the transformation of the social state by Socialism must involve at its very outset the transformation of morality is a serious drawback for any student of Socialism. Whatever may be our opinion of what Morality is or of what it can or ought to be, there cannot be two opinions about its place. Morality is the foundation of every society, past, present, and to come. And not only is it the foundation, but Morality is likewise the bond and almost the material of the superstructure itself. The whole character of a society and a state is to be measured by its morality, which in turn reacts upon the society to make or mar.

It is very certain, however, that the modes of morality differ with every latitude, so that the moral codes of the North differ from those of the South, and those of the East from those of the West. It is also certain that the characters of people differ in the same degrees, making one people's moral meat another people's poison, a code beneficial to one people fatal to another people. Hence there is need for a very wide divergence in matters of morality, and for an almost suspended judgment regarding moral offences.

But there is also, it is plain, an intimate relationship between the social system of any given people and its morality. The code of morals which goes along with a system of communism, for example, differs very widely from the code accompanying the system of peasant proprietorship. It is a well known fact that the various communistic colonies which have had their little experiments in sociology in England and elsewhere have differed amongst themselves on many things; but on the need for a new morality they have generally been in astonishing agreement. All kinds of practices condemned as immoral by English public opinion, have been tried with more or less common approval among them; and we remember seldom to have heard of any backsliding into the old morality.

The fact that such experimental colonies base their procedure upon a new dogma, from which they pragmatically draw conclusions, is perhaps their condemnation. No morality is worth living that proceeds upon hypothesis or has to be reasoned out. Rationally determined conduct is the most sterile of all conduct, and is a curse to him who does and to him who is done. On the other hand, it is obvious that some dogma must underlie all conduct, since without a generous assumption, we could not continue to take the trouble to live at all. There are, however, dogmas and dogmas. The dogma of Brotherhood, for instance, on which many of the communist colonies have founded their logical morality, is in the majority of cases a dogma of the purely intellectual, and therefore sterile, order. A man may batter his mind into the belief that he ought to proceed on the assumption of Universal Brotherhood without being able to feel its truth for a single moment. Such a reasonable dogma, as distinct from an instinctive dogma, is, as we have said, a curse to everybody. The victim of the battering process begins to put his theory into practice by first arguing out the logical deductions of his assumption, and then proceeding to apply them. But at every step it is his head only which acts, his feelings remain quite cold and unconvinced. So, too, are the feelings of his unfortunate subjects of experiment. To receive fraternal attention from the brother's theory of fraternity is no better than to receive an empty pomp. One feels chilled by that sort of brotherly love. On the other hand, there is a dogma of Brotherhood which is not an intellectual, but an emotional thing. My "brother" may possibly, nay, even probably, deny the dogma intellectually. Nevertheless, he practises it as naturally as he breathes. And this, of course, is the only kind of dogma that is really tolerable.

Strangely enough, it does not much matter in our judgment of the man whether the native and unconscious dogma on which he acts is fruitful of good or bad. So far removed are our genuine judgments from utilitarianism that we get almost as much satisfaction from a sincerely mischievous man as from a sincerely beneficent man. We do not, of course, derive any advantages from him, but as a spectacle to contemplate he is a genuine pleasure. It is to be doubted, for example, whether as a spectacle Mr. Gladstone or Jack the Ripper gave more æsthetic satisfaction. The conclusion is that we admire sincerity, whether it takes the form of good or bad to ourselves.

On that conclusion it is possible to construct quite a number of useful principles; for instance, that it is better if you are a child of the devil to be a child of the devil than to try to be an archangel; that, apart from service to us, the only merit of others is their likeness to themselves; that, probably, the sincerity of one man varies in an entirely different manner from the sincerity of another man; that, for good or for evil, we are what we are, and may as well admit it; all of which principles lead us back to the subject of Morality in general.

To venture a definition, morality is no more than the sum total of our irrational approvals and disapprovals. I say "irrational" because the moment you can give a reason for your conduct it ceases to be moral and becomes merely rational. A scientist does not conduct his laboratory on moral laws, but on rational laws; and, similarly, a man who conducted his life on grounds of strict and reasoned adaptation to ends would be neither an immoral nor a moral man; he would be, in the current phrase, beyond morality.

The area of morality, therefore, begins just where science in the strict sense leaves off. Science can tell us that a week in the country will probably do us good; it cannot tell us whether we would like a week in the country at the price of borrowing the money for it. That choice is left to us; and, since, in the last analysis, choice is always irrational, super-rational, choice is the very essence of morality.

Every civilisation is, therefore, the sum and expression of the choices of its constituent persons. A people whose instinctive approvals are given on the whole to ugly things and foul things will call their approvals moral in exactly the same way that a people whose approvals are given to the opposites of these will call *their* approvals moral. Thus it may easily happen that fair is foul and foul is fair; one civilisation may regard the morality of another civilisation as gross immorality.

But we talk too much of community and too little of individuals. In reality, there is not, and never was, a "people" in the strict sense. Every "people" has at every moment every morality. There are in England at this moment individuals whose morality is identical with the morality of the hairy Ainus; they approve and disapprove instinctively of similar things; given an island in which their actions were allowed to be sincere, they would create a society of the hairy Ainu type. There are also in England individuals of the morality of Socrates, who in the society of their equals would doubtless create a Platonic Republic. Between these poles of temperamental approvals and disapprovals the rest of us have our being. We do not approve of all the approvals of the hairy Ainus, but neither do we of all the approvals of Socrates. The hairy Ainus we call relatively to ourselves immoral, because of their difference; and equally we call Socrates in some respects immoral and a "corrupter of youth."

The everlasting conflict in society is between the tables of laws of the various types. Each type, being naturally desirous of expressing itself, fights for the victory of its own table of values; in England at this moment Ainu and Socrates are always at strife; and our civilisation is transformed as the battle proceeds. Now the question is, which morality is to prevail? Whose table of values is to be ultimately triumphant? There is not the slightest doubt that so far the victory is on the side of the hairy Ainus. A walk down the slums of our cities, a visit to our gaols and workhouses, a single glance at the proceedings of our criminal courts, convinces us that the hairy Ainu is in an overwhelming majority. Poor Socrates still shelters himself behind the wall of philosophy, waiting for the cloven hoofs of the multitude to gallop by. A few dozen, a few hundred, a few thousand are almost

of like mind with him. Their tables of values are almost like his. But what can so few do against so many? "We approve," they say, "of an England fair with orchards and gardens, of a land of noble men and splendid women, where poverty is not, nor the cry of children for bread. We hate squalor and disease, poverty and greed, the ugly-thoughted, the base, and the dull." And then comes the answering challenge from millions of throats, raucous and shrill: "And we, we millions, hate your England emptied of poverty, emptied of factories, emptied of greed and dulness. We love England as it is; yes, as it is."

It remains, however, to be seen which side in the long run will win. One thing is certain, that the prevailing morality of to-day will not and cannot be the morality under Socialism.* A Socialist State created to-morrow by Act of Parliament would leave men exactly what they are. On the other hand, a Socialist State cannot be created to-morrow; since the forces that could create it are yet in their childhood. To gather together the people of like approvals and disapprovals, and to impress their "superior" values on the "inferior" is the work of the moral reformer. Every Socialist worthy the name is such a moral reformer now. His task is greater than the creation of an economic revolution; it is to create in men's minds the burning desire to transform England into a paradise, where the Lord of Men may walk in the cool of the day.

R. M.

Socialism and Fiscal Reform.

II.

EVEN the cursory examination we were able to give to the proposals of the Tariff Reformers and Free Traders was sufficient to expose their inadequacy to solve the problems for which they were advanced. In now suggesting the Socialist solution the exigences of space forbid anything in the nature of a full exposition; but even at the risk of being wearisome a little economic analysis is necessary. There is nothing essentially dismal or complex about political economy; it merely informs us that from certain conditions we may expect certain results. What we are concerned with is the production and distribution of the national wealth, and for our purposes we may define wealth as consisting of commodities. Money as such does not concern us here; for if all the bullion and scrip were to vanish altogether, after a little inconvenience we should go on living much as before. Neither need we trouble about exports, imports, or foreign trade. If we exchange equivalents, we do not produce any wealth. Neither does the exchange of non-equivalents produce any wealth, any more than wealth is produced by gambling, whether on the race-course or Stock Exchange. When we analyse commodities we find they are all produced in the same manner, by the application of human labour to the resources of nature, or land and raw material. Therefore no limit could be set to the wealth of a nation possessing these gifts in abundance. We have previously seen that our nation has been so favoured by nature that she has some of the most fertile soil in the world, has immense supplies of coal and minerals, and has the most efficient workers. Obviously, if our nation controlled its supplies of raw material, if the land, coal and minerals, for instance, were national property, it would be almost impossible to set any limit to our individual wealth measured by commodities. And all our troubles have arisen, and until we alter it will continue to our ultimate ruin, because our forefathers have allowed these national resources to be held as private property by a small section of the community. All our poverty, our squalor, our unemployment and degeneracy, can be traced unerringly to this source. The bulk of the population are outlaws, they have neither part nor lot in their own country, they are here on sufferance, like the Liberal Labour Party. The inherent wickedness of the situation is only equalled by its simplicity. For however thrifty and industrious a man may be he cannot live without land to live upon, he cannot labour without material to work on, or a place to work in; and since the land and material he requires already belong to somebody else, under whatever political or fiscal system he may happen to live he will always be at the mercy of those who own the land and raw material. Now, if one class possess the land and all that therein is, it is quite a sufficient explanation of the poverty of the other class that they possess nothing, seeing that there is nothing left for them to possess. And it follows as a matter of course that so long as the average pay of what is called unskilled labour offers certain advantages above starvation, there must always be plenty of applicants for such labour. This is the meaning of that luminous phrase "the iron law of wages," which the Cobden Club so complacently accepts as the fate of millions of its fellow creatures.

We have dwelt somewhat at length upon these most elementary truths of economics, not from any motive of disrespect for the intelligence of our readers, but because only by emphasising them can we understand the impatience of the Socialists towards the quack remedies of the Free Traders and Tariff Reformers. If the only result of the intellectual attrition of our statesmen for the past few years be a scheme for the increase or decrease, as the case might be, of twopence weekly in the budget of a workman earning 20s. or 30s. a week, then our case is parlous indeed. Merely to state these considerations is surely to point the way to the only genuine "fiscal" reform. We are aware this reasoning is far too simple to satisfy the members of the Cobden Club, who will not be happy without a few statistics. We will oblige them with some of the simplest:—

THE NATION'S INCOME.

	Million £.
Rent	290
Interest	360
Profits and Salaries	460
Income of Manual Labour Class, numbering 15 millions... ...	690
	£1,800

	Million £.
Government Revenue	153
,, Expenditure	150

	Million £.
Derived from Customs	34
,, Excise	35
From Income Tax	31

These simple figures, which seem to have escaped the notice of the Cobden Club, are pregnant with meaning to the plain citizen. They show that we are paying £650,000,000 annually for permission to use our own country! Four times the whole national expenditure is being absorbed by those who toil not neither do they spin, and who in the main do us the signal honour of legislating for us. While our statesmen are complacently swallowing the camel of this £650,000,000 of rent and interest they are straining at the gnat of allowing the working classes an odd million or two on the taxation of their sugar, tea, and tobacco. And while for every sixpence taken from the proprietary class by way of income tax, a shilling is taken from our manual workers in taxation of the necessaries of life. So that it can only be by using language in a peculiar and restricted sense that Mr. Russell Rea can declare of Free Trade that "in the sphere of ethics it is the path of humanity, honesty, and commercial purity." Now the more faithfully we follow the conclusions of economics the more plainly emerges the solution of all our difficulties, and here, even the Cobden Club itself, in a most unexpected manner, comes to our assistance. For the mere owners of our land, coal mines, quarries, etc., do not in the slightest degree aid in production; in point of fact the nation would be far better off without them; even their apologists are constrained to allude to them as "drones in the hive, gorging at a feast to which they have contributed nothing." Let us now apply to this analysis the celebrated dictum of the Cobden Club that taxation should be imposed upon those best able to bear it. Nobody has even ventured to hint that the owners of our coal-mines, for instance, ever made the coal, or attempt to dig up the coal them-

* See an excellent article by Edward Carpenter under this title in the "Albany Review" for September.

selves, or do anything else than lay predatory hands upon the produce of other men's labour; to talk of any moral right in this connection is an outrage upon the intelligence of the nation. A legal right they certainly have, so long as the State chooses to recognise it, and under whatever conditions and limitations the State chooses to impose. Unfortunately, this unholy tribute, so far from diminishing, rapidly increases as time goes on in a beautifully automatic manner. For our landlords are absorbing another enormous amount of wealth technically termed "economic rent." It arises in this way. We have seen that since life would be impossible without any land to live upon, the value of land will increase exactly in proportion to the number of people demanding it; other things being equal, the more populous the site the more valuable the land, and the greater the amount of rent it yields. This is the real cause of slumdom. Everyone knows the shameless way in which the rents of the business and residential parts of our large cities are being increased; the "tyranny" of Trade Unions is perfect liberty in comparison. This increased rent is social wealth; it has not in any way been produced by the owners of property; it has been made entirely by the community, and to the community it should belong; its present absorption by the owners of property being practically a species of blackmail levied upon the industry of the nation. This is the weak place in the armour of the Cobdenites, which no amount of reduction in armaments will repair. It was quite easy to trace the high price of corn in the old days to excessive rents; but what with all their logical apparatus they failed to see was the impossibility of evading economic rent. And now, since we import our corn and pay for it with our manufactures, behold! the rents of our factories and "hell-holes" are increasing by leaps and bounds! And Mr. Harold Cox becomes purple with indignation when it is pointed out to him that although, according to his theories, this state of things ought not to exist, nevertheless, in spite of him, it does!

The remedy for our troubles, therefore, is entirely in our own hands. Not only our necessities, but morality and common sense demand that these enormous sources of wealth, which have for so long been diverted into private hands, shall be restored to the nation, to whom they rightly belong. The political economists, who ought to know, can find no excuse for the institution of private property except that it exists, and that it would be an act of gross injustice to dispossess the landlords without compensation. This we readily allow, but the same reasoning cannot logically be applied to the proposal to gradually increase the taxation upon wealth which has never been earned.

The British are notoriously not a logical people, and are only willing to make any change when necessity compels them. In the matter of Fiscal Reform, that time cannot be long postponed. The next cycle of trade depression will find us less prepared than ever to cope with it. The unemployed are doubtless a great nuisance to everybody, themselves included; but the law of England has decreed that no man shall starve outright. To feed large bodies of men in order to perform unproductive task-work is not only degrading but expensive, besides being a gross outrage upon our common sense. It is quite certain, moreover, that the middle classes, upon whom the expense largely falls, are overburdened already, and cannot bear any further taxation. Indeed, it is only the short-sighted policy of the Labour Party in constantly preaching a class war that has prevented Socialism making converts wholesale among the middle classes, who find themselves defenceless between the devil of landlordism and the deep sea of taxation. When the Death Duties were imposed the landlord class threatened to die in the last ditch, but they have evidently not yet reached it; while the change from taxing a man after he is dead to taxing him while he is still alive is not sufficiently revolutionary to overturn society. Mr. Asquith, who poses as the Sandow of politics, and who is popularly endowed with the invaluable gift of being able to see through a brick wall, has now a unique opportunity. It is true he has repeatedly asserted he is not a Socialist; but with the advantages of his legal and forensic training he could easily convince such a House of Commons as we have at present that the drastic taxation of unearned incomes was not Socialism at all, but only Cobdenism. Then the Liberal Party would discover that in reality such had been its policy all along, but that under the stress of having to deal with the House of Lords it had forgotten to mention it; and thus all would be well.

In conclusion, it must not be supposed that these proposals, important as they are, exhaust the Socialist ideal. So long as production is carried on by private individuals for profit we shall never be able to escape our recurring periods of crisis and bad trade, with their accompanying unemployment and pauperism. As we have so often pointed out, the obstacles in the way of the State production of commodities are chiefly theoretical. At present we build our own ships, make our own ammunition, manage such enormous undertakings as the Army, Navy, Post Office, and Telegraphs, and by a stroke of the pen our railways could be transferred to a State Department to the immediate advantage of the community. Nothing is more remarkable than the rapid change that is coming over the average citizen in regard to these things. Although our politicians fail to see it, the stage ghosts and villains of yesterday, Home Rule, Disestablishment, compulsory teetotalism, abolition of the House of Lords, seem, like Gladstone's speeches or the philosophy of Herbert Spencer, to belong to a dim and distant past and to have no life in them. The Prince of Wales on a memorable occasion exhorted the nation to wake up; and Lord Rosebery, an obedient echo, like the naughty boy in the story, immediately shouted Efficiency! and then ran away. Well, in the case of Germany and Japan, soon our most formidable competitors, we have got efficiency with a vengeance. We are still merely talking about it. And it will no longer do to allow the problem of education, for instance, to resolve itself into a duel between the Archbishop of Canterbury and Dr. Clifford as to whether our half-fed school children shall or shall not be initiated into the mysteries of the Athanasian Creed. The two most pressing problems of the hour are our treatment respectively of the young and the aged. If we were wise we should spend money without stint on our school children and our aged poor: on the former for the sake of the national welfare, on the latter for the sake of the national honour. Our two monuments of disgrace removed, we could then with a lighter heart proceed further to lay the foundations of an equitable life and of a worthy civilisation. FRANK HOLMES.

THE END.

The Money Stroke.

An Impossible Story. By H. Wright.

MANY strange things had of late been happening in the world. Earthquakes were plentiful, and the strange thing was that with plenty of open spaces where they might have made old Earth quiver harmlessly, they almost always hit large towns with awful effects.

The superstitious began to think that the tapping of electricity and other "scientific" proceedings on our part were being resented by other powers, that in fact we were invading other folk's dominions, and that we must therefore expect retaliation. Flying machines were slowly but surely coming on and that meant a further invasion of the outside ether. Man himself began to have queer brain turns and to think himself only a passenger from one star to another and from one form of existence to another. He began in fact to see visions and dream dreams.

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It was a strange affair! A dinner party was proceeding at the house of Mr Alvensleben of Park Lane, one of the mightiest of the financial magnates of the day. The dinner party was at its height. It was, truth to tell, deadly dull, as sometimes happens when high finance dines with high finance. So Sir Charles Mainspring was fain to lean back a little in his chair, with a hand unconsciously thrust into his pocket, while he mentally calculated the value of the diamonds on the neck and bosom of the lady sitting opposite. As Sir Charles' hand sank a little deeper into his pocket, he became conscious the pocket was empty—totally empty. Yet he felt sure some odd silver was in it when he left home. A nuisance, for he had told his coachman not to come for him

after dinner, intending to walk round to his club and cab home afterwards.

The dinner was over, the ladies retired and then the interest began, for the men could talk of the markets wherein their souls were absorbed. They lounged and sat at ease, hands sunk deeply in those pockets from whence came their strength. And every man found his pocket empty!

Friend began to whisper to friend, "I'm awfully stupid, but I've come out without a shilling. Lend me a sovereign, will you?" And each had to confess himself in the same plight. There was not a shilling in the pockets of the company! A huge joke!—and they went off to the drawing-room a little earlier just to tell it to their wives. Possibly the ladies might have been more thoughtful than their lords and brought their purses. But not a shilling, not a sovereign, not a bank note could be found. The host went to his desk. Nothing there. Then to his safe where a roll of bank notes was usually to be found. But the safe was emptied of cash, though full of gems and plate. The house steward was summoned and the situation explained. But his usually good supply of small change had gone too. The company began to feel a strange sensation come over them. It was felt like an unpleasant nightmare, in which the one thing needful was unattainable. "Go across to Lord Mason's, explain the situation, and borrow ten pounds," said Mr. Alvensleben to the steward. With a rather white face the latter returned with "Lord Mason's regrets, but he had no money in the house." That nightmare feeling became oppressive! "Confound it, there must be money somewhere," quoth Mr. Alvensleben; but amazement grew to alarm when there came a message from Sir Simon Strauss, who lived in the next door palace, asking the loan of a few pounds "as his dinner guests had all come without money and he also found himself without any!" Try the banks! The guests could command several. The resident managers were rung up. One and all replied they found the safes empty! The steward had rushed round to the nearest with a cheque. The manager would be glad to oblige—but there was no coin on the premises. "Wha-at," said Mr. Alvensleben, "not cash to meet a £20 cheque?" "No, sir, the manager's terribly upset, the safes seem all right, but the gold and silver is all gone. He's called in the police." The nightmare sense was complete. Were they all out of their senses or had the world come to an end? As the night went on it became known that not a coin or a bank note or anything in currency was left in all London. Any medium of exchange had ceased to exist. Cabbies "charged" their fares at police offices with "bilking" them. Restaurant diners were given into custody for ordering and eating expensive dinners without the wherewithal to pay for them. For a few hours every kind of dispute raged—but before morning it became recognised that something quite beyond belief had happened and that mankind was left without a medium of exchange. Money of every kind had disappeared from the earth. Who was the gigantesque thief?

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Sol laughed as the gold, silver, copper, tokens of all kinds, bank notes, scrip, and even the shell currency of the savages fell into his flames, melting and frizzling up at the first contact. "Perhaps this will stop those impudent humans from trying to draw more than their fair share of my rays with their confounded scientific instruments. I shall have them here next with their flying machines, wanting to show me how to heat the Universe on a new plan. I believe they call these bits of metal and paper their "sinews of war." Well, now I will teach them to appreciate the strength of the 'sun's attraction,' and that two can play the game of conquest." And Sol laughed again as the earth's coinage, like a flight of locusts, unceasingly poured itself into the flames and perished. But what was happening on earth?

II.

A memorable night on earth. There was confusion dire. Capital had, indeed, "fled" at last. Whatever in the shape of jewels, clothes, or valuables of any kind you dared to convert into a "medium of exchange" mysteriously disappeared the moment you tendered it to your fellow man. Not only was there "no money about," but if you tried to create an equivalent you were at once baulked by the mysterious power which had issued a new commandment to humanity, "Thou shalt not pay." Society was at its wits' end. No man could influence another by a payment. No man could "serve" another. The conditions were beyond the dreams of anarchy. You could not buy your dinner from the butcher. If you attempted payment of any sort in any shape, the mysterious power snatched it away. You and the butcher could not strike a bargain. Either he must give you your dinner or you must go dinnerless! So with every business transaction from the smallest to the greatest. If you tried to do business, either on fair or unfair principles, on the old lines of exchange, you failed, because your "medium of exchange" vanished, to feed the sun's flames.

There was just one form of exchange the mysterious power did not interfere with. A man might offer personal service to his neighbour. If he did a good turn, of which the latter stood in need, there might be a mutual exchange for a mutual want. If, for instance, a tailor made a coat for his butcher, it might be in the sure and certain hope that the butcher would supply dinners in return! If you saw your neighbour had need of anything, and he was equally alive to your need the conditions of life became fairly tolerable! But this did not carry business on the old lines very far. For if either coats or butcher meat were set up as of recognised "values" and mediums of exchange and so offered—away they vanished into thin air! That large percentage of the world's population which "produced" nothing, but were either "middlemen" or lived on their means found themselves badly off, while the relations of masters and servants came, of course, very suddenly to a dead stop.

But man is not easily beaten! Luckily for him the tyranny of old Sol stopped at depriving humanity of "currency." Used for what Sol considered legitimate purposes, food, drink, clothing, or any other of earth's products were safe from the flames. Even gold itself could be used for any purpose other than as a token of value and exchange. There was enough jewellery to go round! So it soon came to be joyfully recognised that while the tokens which formerly represented the world's wealth were prohibited, the wealth itself remained. The trouble was to settle the distribution. But the solution proved to be unexpectedly simple. It was found that to accumulate goods became an almost totally useless task—seeing that what a man could not use he could not sell or exchange. Large houses or estates, except on a strictly co-operative basis, could not be kept up, because "service" could not be paid for. The relentless Sol detected all and every attempt to exchange labour for goods, by confiscating the goods!

The ruling passion which had carried man forward to exercise his ingenuity, and to work hard to accumulate to the individual the wealth of the world, was taken away. It was now impossible to get anything out of his fellow man except what he chose to give. But as desire of achievement and pre-eminence is inherent in mankind, it soon grew clear that he who would rise to eminence must now be the one who gave most, instead of the one who acquired most. The higher grades of human activities had, indeed, before the arbitrary interference of Sol, been moved more by the passion for work and fame than by the acquisitive faculties. Statesmen, authors, discoverers and artists of all kinds were not primarily actuated by desire of pelf. Now the only road to pre-eminence lay through work which would interest and be of general benefit to the race. As a result idle people sunk into worse repute than ever and the common pressure of society was more forcibly felt against them than even under the old rules of competitive life. An idle person became a marked man and the gifts of the industrious were turned away from him. The natural result of a world filled with willing workers actuated by a desire to give and not to acquire, was that the needful work of the world got itself done in half the time. There was no useless money-making labour to perform, nor any out of works, poor or rich. Production was the test of all work. The enormous surplus energy left by time no longer being wasted in competitive fighting for the products of the few who formerly did the world's productive work for "wages," was now turned to the beautifying and embellishment of the world. The ingenuity of mankind, the discoveries of mankind advanced more rapidly than ever. The conquest of the air went forward at redoubled speed.

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"Perhaps I made a mistake," murmured Sol as he detected a fresh loss of power ingeniously subtracted from him by "those earth worms." "Perhaps I made a mistake and it would have been wiser to leave them to play with their little metal discs. They have found out they can do better without them. I fear it will end in taking me captive after all."

Occasional Reflections.

BY EDGAR JEPSON.

THE failure of monogamy to satisfy the domestic instinct of the wealthier Turk, and that illuminating monograph, "In the Days of the Comet," set me reflecting deeply, and at length, on the matter of Free Love. It is a dangerous thing to do, or at any rate to admit that you have done it, for this is a free country; and in it free thought and free love are in natural ill repute. Now that cream of civilisation, the man behind the sovereign (£1) always practises free love and always has practised it. So, if she chances to be suffi-

ciently attractive, does his overdressed wife. They practise it with, to all seeming, unnecessary recriminations and occasional dashes to the temple of Western civilisation—the divorce court. This is so not only in England, but even in France. In Mayfair free love has been the custom ever since the Restoration. Whenever I reflect on Mayfair I blush: so I have to do it at night. During the last fifty years polygamy and polyandry, tempered by discreetness, have grown more and more the practice of upper middle class circles and middle middle class circles; and the assiduity of the reporters of the Sabbath papers has long led me to believe that freedom in love is the only kind of freedom the proletariat enjoys. Morality is the monopoly of the lower middle class.

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I use the word morality in the strict Anglo-Saxon sense. That imperial strain, with its passion for abstraction, has, by degrees, abstracted from morality such virtues as courage, honesty, kindliness, justice, and truthfulness, all the virtues in fact except monogamy. In the British Empire, and in the United States of America, when you speak of a moral man, you mean a man who preserves always the appearance of being a strict practising monogamist. He may also be a thief, a usurer, a sweater, a perjurer, and a murderer; but as long as he is an apparently earnest monogamist, that is neither here nor there—he is the moral man. Were you to suggest to his staunchest, bitterest American assailant that Jawn D. Rockefeller was not a moral man, that assailant would blush, and with tears in his eyes and voice assure you that Mr. Rockefeller's morality had never been impugned.

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Morality is a good thing, but when it is carried to this excess there is bound to be a reaction; and out of this reaction has sprung all the absurd fuss which is nowadays made about love. Herodotus, the Father of History, in his casual, perfunctory, but illuminating fashion, said the last practical word on the matter several hundred years before Christ. The perverted preoccupation with sex matters from which the Western world has suffered so long was really a dirt disease contracted in the desert by the early uncles of the Pauline churches. I have never been able to make out why they were called fathers; the official Christianities, the Churches of Rome, England, Knox, Luther, and Calvin had only one father, as was merely decent; and he was St. Paul, a very epileptic man. Tertullian and Co. were only uncles, and generally wicked ones. This perverted pre-occupation with sex matters has done an infinite deal of harm, and is doing an infinite deal of harm; it produces all the unhealthiest curiosities, the most dangerous hysterias, and most appalling wastes of human energy. How much healthier and holier are the Japanese, who do not suffer from it. They maintain a practical, common-sense frankness in sex matters; and how much more quickly they get on. Japan will be a Socialist country before we have reached the nationalisation of railways.

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Soon after my attention had been drawn to this matter of Free Love, by accident I got in touch with one of the leading American free-lovers; and I have enjoyed a long correspondence with him. The upshot of it is that I have made up my mind that the one word which cannot be rightly applied to these lovers is free. In their interesting free-love communities they enjoy a freedom, or rather a publicity, of action, unknown outside our governing class; but really they are as much slaves of the sex-preoccupation as were the leading ladies of the Vigilance Committees of the 'nineties. They are practically puritans upside down; and they suffer from a strong tendency to become pedantic erotologists, protesting all the while that what is wanted is a frank and sane treatment of sex matters. The chief thing they have really gained, they assure me, is the elimination from their midst of that most painful and devastating of the human proprietary passions—jealousy. Also, they have got rid of the nasty secrecy which attends the polygamist and polyandrist practices of our middle classes. Like all puritans, however, upside up or upside down, they tend to fanaticism. It is the inevitable result of letting yourself become a sufferer from a fixed idea. At present they are rather martyrs in the sacret cause of promiscuity. But let them get the upper hand, and I can quite conceive their enthusiastically jailing people for the horrid practice of secret monogamy.

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Now I always consider love a most valuable intellectual and emotional stimulant; and I am content to let it go at that. I am quite sure that monogamy is the ideal thing. Unfortunately, like all ideals, it is far beyond the reach of the average man, or woman. That is why the average man and woman do not as a matter of cold fact practise it. You only get free monogamy—monogamy, that is, unenforced by the claims of respectability—when two human beings of an exceptionally high type are married to one another. Polygamy or polyandry is a confession of failure, of a failure to feel or to inspire genuine passion. A man or a woman enjoying this high passion is not susceptible to the attraction of anyone in the world but the object of that passion; there is certainly no room in them for that curiosity which is the beginning, and ending, of so many passions. Someone—of a low type—is sure to raise the objection that passion wanes. Not at all: it is very far from proved that genuine passion does anything of the kind. But if it does, it is just as easy for a woman to inspire a series of genuine passions in the same man as a series of genuine passions in different men; and so with a man. It is, in fact, continually happening among the higher of the defective types of human beings who struggle up under individualism. It is merely a question of his or her quality and power of attraction and of feeling passion. We should try to bear in mind that love is not wholly of the body.

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It follows, then, that under Socialism there will be a great deal more free, unforced monogamy than there is at present under individualism. The one thing Socialism is going to do is to produce higher types of human beings. If it does not, it is not the right path of progress of the human race; and that much harried body will find another path. But it is the right path. All its clamour against the present systems of education, in which the general modern discontent with those systems finds its best expression, means that it is on the way to work out better methods of cultivating the human emotions and intellect. It will find them; and those methods will give us by degrees higher and higher types of human beings, supermen and superwomen, by no means of the selfish, detestable kind beloved of Nietzsche. By virtue of their finer quality of attraction and their greater power of feeling passion these higher types will be more and more monogamous until free, unforced monogamy becomes the general practice of the human race.

A LAST DESIRE.

Even so to die,
As once I saw *him* die—
My friend, who like a God
Cast lighting glances into my shadowy youth,
Wanton and profound,
A dancer in the battle.

Among warriors the gladdest,
Among conquerors the saddest,
Building upon his fate another fate,
Hard, looking forward and backward:
Shuddering, *because* he conquered,
Exulting, that in conquering he died.

And as he died, commanding,
Commanding that we should *annihilate* . . . .

Even so to die,
As once I saw him die,
Conquering, annihilating . . . .

Translated from Nietzsche by E. M.

THE NEW AGE

SEPT. 12, 1907

The Future of Trades Unionism.

No serious student can have followed the discussion at the Trades Union Congress at Bath without asking himself the question: What is to be the future of Trades Unionism? It is very evident that the political centre of the industrial world has passed from the annual congress to Westminster; and with the arrival of an efficient body of Parliamentary Labour representatives the political needs of industrialism may be said to be in safe hands. The fact is all the more significant therefore that the present Congress failed entirely to recognise that with new conditions new duties and responsibilities have arisen. The agenda and discussion of the Bath Congress have differed singularly little from those of the Congresses of ten years ago, in spite of the fact that the political situation has been totally transformed. We suggested last week that the Congress of this year should settle on at least two points of policy; on a minimum Labour Programme, and on a working attitude amongst its various political sections. So far as we have been able to discover, neither of these two points was even seriously discussed. Instead of this, we had the usual interminable list of resolutions, most of them identical with the resolutions of previous years; and the usual bickerings amongst the political fanatics of every section.

Well, let us repeat that the Trades Union Congress which, in conjunction with the Socialists, has given birth to the Labour Party at Westminster, has no longer any claim to political precedence in industrial affairs. Its main business on the political side is to maintain its interest in a well-devised programme, to concentrate upon the really important measures, and then to see that its Parliamentary representatives force these measures through the House of Commons. And all this it can do without confining itself, as at Bath, to political wrangling. For it must be remembered that the problems of industry in any modern community are vastly greater than political problems. It is utterly unworthy of two million workers to commit themselves to the belief that Parliamentary action is the only action open to them, or political reforms the only reforms they should demand. On the contrary, as we have insisted, the political necessities of the organised workers are comparatively few in number, while their industrial necessities are almost legion.

It is perfectly true that there are certain conditions of labour which are rightly demanded by the Trade Unionists; but surely when those conditions have been set in motion, the time is ripe for putting forward still further demands. Given a high rate of wages and security of employment, are trade unionists, we ask prepared to work at any job, however useless, or to produce any commodities, however shoddy or injurious to the community? What guarantee under existing conditions has any good workman that he will be given good work to do? What guarantee has the public that the work of politically and economically emancipated workmen will be the best work possible? We are touching here upon the crux of the whole position. We recognise that to talk of fine and honest workmanship to a community of economic slaves is mere beating the air. From slaves we can expect only the works of slavery. But now that the economic pressure is beginning slowly to be lifted, we confess we should like to see signs that the demand for conditions not merely of work but of good work was being recognised. It is still true, and will always be true, that the public generally cannot tell good work from bad, and, moreover, cannot even tell what conditions are necessary to good work at all. Such questions belong properly to the Trade Unionists themselves, and theirs is the responsibility for finding an answer.

Looked at from the broad point of view, the Trades Congress may be said to represent the demands of the workers of England. We who are members of the public, have the right to ask of those demands: first, what is their purpose; and secondly, for guarantees that the demands when satisfied shall involve corresponding privileges. At present the Congress has formulated its political demands; we now know exactly the conditions our artisans require for the proper exercise of their crafts. The question remains, what further changes do they demand in the organisation of the workshops in order to be able to guarantee to the public excellent work in return for economic security?

Finally, we suggest the idea that in future the Trades Congresses will do well to devote more attention to what may be called the craft side of their demands. They have in the past made clear their political necessities; let us now know what in their expert view are the best modes of efficient production. Ought the nation to continue the factory system or to return to small workshops; are we getting the best work out of ourselves by our open market, or should we adopt measures of protection; is the unlimited use of machinery good for industry as distinct from capital; ought prices to be fixed or subject to incalculable fluctuation; should workshop control be in the hands of commercial travellers or of master-workmen? These are the real problems of industrialism, and problems, too, which no mere Socialist can solve. For their solution the nation will have to depend upon the experience of Trades Unionists; and, in our opinion, the next Congress would be more usefully employed in their discussion than in the discussion of political questions long since committed to the charge of an efficient Parliamentary party.

A Socialist's Note Book.

PORTSMOUTH at the present moment presents an interesting spectacle of the inner workings of a municipality. There exists in the town a definite body of anti-municipalist feeling. This is voiced by the "Property Protection Review and Ratepayers' Journal," the backers of which are unknown. Ostensibly, quite apart from this, a petition is being promoted to get an inquiry into the cost and business management of the new Technical Institute, recently erected at about three times the original estimate. This petition is set afoot in the interests of "municipal purity," but if it is possible to discredit municipal undertakings, then, of course, that will be all to the good. The question is who is behind the petition and the "Ratepayers' Journal." This organ supports the National Telephone Co., which has received a severe blow by the competition of municipal telephones; it is even asserted that the only reason the N.T.C. keep going in the town is to avoid advertising a municipal victory. Further, not a hundred miles from the town, a land syndicate is desirous of developing its property. Before they will allow this the Corporation insist on an expensive scheme by which the ground would be raised 9 feet. It is difficult to get any clear view of the financial interests at work, but a "municipal purity" campaign might convert some councillors to a more businesslike way of looking at schemes brought up for their approval. What interests, then, are behind the petition?

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The unemployment resolution unanimously passed by the Trade Union Congress once more emphasises the essential Socialism of the working-class organisations. Labour is not now, and never can become, anti-Socialist; so soon as theoretical Socialists are prepared to translate their theory into practical proposals which can be dealt with here and now, those proposals, however revolutionary, will be adopted by Labour. The difference of view between Trade Unionists and Socialists is that Trade Unionists are living from week to week and Socialists from quarter to quarter. The Trade Unionist is only rarely able to escape the immediate tyranny of a weekly subsistence wage, the Socialist is comparatively often able to do so. I am perfectly well aware that the Trade Unionists who are Socialists form an overwhelming exception to my antithesis, but the antithesis expresses the truth for all that. The difference means that while numbers of Socialists are prepared to comfortably wait hundreds of years for Socialism Trade Unionists want to get "Salvation here and now," and look askance on schemes that do not begin this week or this year.

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I have culled a few items which indicate the significance of our national prosperity. The imports for August last were £49,296,588, the exports £37,355,044, these being £407,448 and £3,862,430 above the figures for August last year. In Whitechapel a girl of 21, a fancy box maker by trade, has died from starvation. A young fancy boxmaker can nicely earn 8s. a week. The Coroner, however, was glad to notice that the girl had kept free from the temptations of vice and drink. Query: Is a dead boxmaker better off than a live prostitute? In London last year (1906-7) 26,821 school children were fed by charity. Dr. Eicholtz estimated the number of underfed London children as 120,000. Congratulations to the parents of the odd 90,000 children who maintain the privilege of their responsibility by starving their offspring. In the hop-fields thousands of slum dwellers, delusively attracted to the gathering, are starving. Last year 48 people died of starvation in London. But the catalogue becomes wearisome.

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I note that the Protection of Infant Life Congress, to be held in Brussels, is under the patronage of their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess Albert of Belgium. Does the jurisdiction of the Congress extend to the Congo, and will they devise measures for preventing the acute loss of limbs and ears which is an endemic disease there? There is a new Congo Company starting now, by the way; how soon will it be before the rubber and the population are exhausted? This new company will ingeniously defeat any reforms by annexation as it makes a large part of the country private property of the King's own friends.

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All Socialists should keep one eye open upon South African affairs. The game of the exploiters of labour there is only beginning. And now comes news of "unrest in Zululand," coupled with the information that the Imperial garrison in Natal is to be strengthened by the removal thither of the garrisons of Harrismith and Standerton in the Transvaal. Should the unrest flare up into another campaign and the Imperial Government attempt to interpose, we shall of course be told that we have no locus standi, and that our garrison in Natal stays there by an act of grace of the Colonial Government. The white population of Natal is about equal to the population of the town of Portsmouth, but Natal can carry fire and sword over a vast territory with impunity, whereas if the Mayor and Corporation of Portsmouth attempted to harry Hampshire there would be ructions. To the Socialist it appears that Imperial garrisons and Imperial responsibility should be paid for by some measure of Imperial control.

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In strong contrast with the policy of Natal, which is predominantly British, appears the policy of the Transvaal under the Het Volk government. The "reactionary Boer" government, for all its traditional policy of severe treatment of negro races, is proposing to foster the substitution of black labour by white in the mines. It is further adopting a scheme of education, the cost of which is to be borne by the central Exchequer. It would appear, then, as local taxes and taxes on land are practically unknown there, that in the Transvaal the Boer Government is deliberately setting to work to make the gold industry pay its fair quotum towards the development of the country. This is not Socialism, though the Boer has no prejudice against Socialism. It was President Kruger who threatened to confiscate the mines if they attempted to avoid taxation by ceasing work, and there is no long tradition of laws and customs to prevent the Boers doing anything in which they can see a definite human advantage.

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During the Trade Union Congress debate on Housing Mr. Fred Knee mentioned the important suggestion that the cost of housing schemes should be thrown upon the Imperial Exchequer. It is certainly difficult to see how any large measure of reform is to be carried out by means of the rates. In London alone the amount of rehousing necessary is colossal; the present schemes no more than touch the fringe of the subject. And if anything effective is to be done we require not only rehousing but an ordered redistribution of dwellings with due regard to health necessities, and any such schemes will certainly traverse many municipal boundaries and become accordingly of necessity Imperial. But why not couple the solution of the unemployed question with that of housing? Provide work for all by great schemes of the rebuilding of cities. The work might be as immediately remunerative as any other suggested work, and would within one generation improve the health of the community 100 per cent.

SCIPIAN.

REVIEWS.

The Socialist and the City. By F. W. Jowett, M.P. (Allen. 1s. net.)

This little book is the latest addition to the admirable Labour Ideal Series which Mr. George Allen has issued with so much success, and we may safely say it is one of the best of the series. Mr. Jowett is eminently practical. He accepts the basis of the modern city as the ground plan of the city of his dreams: but what this dream city is like he deliberately avoids telling us. It is enough for him to indicate the immediately practicable remedies for the primal needs of town life. Mr. Jowett does this ably and modestly but as one having the authority of a long and useful experience as a municipal administrator in Bradford. The pervading note of his book is practicability; in fact, it is so practical that there is little that might not have come from any earnest member of the Radical party. This should make the book most valuable as a propagandist tract among the timid. It shows with much lucidity the possibility, in civic affairs at least, of revolution by evolution. For the Socialist, however, the book has no new message. That is not its purpose. Mr. Jowett comes not to bring the righteous but the sinners to repentance. However, we may without being unreasonable, lodge one complaint against the book; and that is that in his zeal for what is practical and immediate its author has quite overlooked the possibility of changes in the fundamental governance of the cities of the future. He has not paid that attention we think the subject deserves to the coming necessity for the redistribution of municipal areas, so as to prevent the waste of overlapping services which occurs everywhere to-day. This is one of the problems the Socialist citizen will have to face; and the views of an experienced municipal administrator like Mr. Jowett would have been a valuable contribution to the question. Apart from this Mr. Jowett neglects none of the pressing questions of civic eugenics, and he shows how easily the cities even of to-day might be made more habitable if only the citizens would see to it that the powers already existing were properly used. "For the building up of the city of the future," he truly says, "most of the machinery is ready to hand. It is locked up in certain of its parts by restrictions placed upon it by Parliament, but there is still great scope for further development, if, and when, the people care to act."

In The First Watch and Other Engine-room Stories. By James Dalziel. (Unwin. 6s.)

Human beings devote a considerable amount of time telling each other stories, and among Englishmen there is nothing so popular as a tale of the sea. The sea is our great highway to everywhere outside our own boundaries; it is also our main avenue of supply. The importance of this need has made of us a great maritime power. So it is not remarkable that we who are landlubbers, love to hear the yarns told by or about sailors. Mr. James Dalziel knows well how to spin a yarn of sea-faring men, particularly of them that go down to the sea in merchantmen, and his tales have that salt-water flavour which reminds one here and there of the masterly sea-tales of Joseph Conrad. At the same time they are stories with an originality all their own expressing itself both seriously and humorously. The title-story is a really fine piece of psychology, showing how an almost imperturbable nature can be so worked upon by an external irritant, an intolerant captain in this instance, as to become frenzied, with the tragic result narrated in this tale. Mr. Dalziel knows his engine-room well, so well indeed that certain passages in his book read like touched up photographs. But he never destroys our faith in his characters, we can even believe that that colossal yarn-slinger, Mr. Saunders Maguire, "chief" of the "Druid Hall," actually existed, as he probably did. "In The First Watch" is decidedly one of the books to slip into your bag before you leave town for the moors or elsewhere.

About Women: Verses. By Charles Weekes. (Maunsel. 1s. net.)

Mr. Charles Weekes writes society verse—with a difference. Instead of chanting with beaming ecstasy the amiabilities of dainty rogues in porcelain, he cocks a knowing eye, and twangs his lyre as one who has information, as one who has entered into the psychology of a woman, observed what was going on, and then returned, rather blasé and cynical to be sure, but with wisdom nevertheless. These poems tell of women and love—and men, with quite an unusual flavour; they are cynical and well balanced, they have wit; but they entirely lack the purple patches of minor verse or the large passion of major. They are urbane and occasional, but possess an enduring note; for much that at first sight seems finally cynical, on closer acquaintance proves to be just the contrary. The love sung in these songs is no trivial thing. It is a modern unsentimental love laughing because it is free. There are several poems of quite deep feeling in the book, but none of passion; the passion is controlled and ordered like the tinkling verses in which it is contained:—

So, if you like me,
You love like this—
Come, light-o'-love,
Who clean can see
An inch above
A woman's kiss.

Again there are several poems of the opposite feeling, as for instance the pretty lines entitled "In Brittany":—

In Brittany I lost my way.
Ah, happy girl-child of sixteen;
Whatever my strange tongue might mean
You knew not, nor the thing to say,
Till a sad kiss fell on your lips,
When, unconfused, you ceased to smile,
And answered: "Up the hill a mile
Stands fair 'Our Lady of the Ships':
We pray there for our folk at sea,
And then they are not wrecked nor tossed,
But come back safe, and are not lost
—And you may pray there, sir, for me."

All those who are interested in modern verse should certainly procure this little book.

Life and To-morrow. Selections from the writings of John Oliver Hobbes. (Unwin. 6s.)

Wit is a rare thing. It is rare among men as well as women, and most of us are disposed to welcome any indications of it in our literature. We have humour in abundance, but that special mental quality which denotes the quick recognition of the association of ideas and facts, is the outcome of an intelligence so unusual as to have all the appearances of the unique. That, indeed, is the effect wit should convey; it should impress one as being the brief, inevitable, and final expression of an idea. John Oliver Hobbes had this gift in no small degree, and those who know her brilliant novels, as well as those who do not know them, but who like felicity of thought and expression, will welcome Miss Zoë Proctor's excellent selection of wit and wisdom. It would not be possible to take this book as the epigrammatic expression of Mrs. Craigie's philosophy, for the selections, although examples of the wit of perhaps the wittiest woman of her day, are generally the opinions of the people of her novels who merely did their creator's bidding. This, perhaps, is an advantage, for the multi-personality of view coupled with a charming individuality of expression, whilst leaving the reader free of the dominance of a philosophic personality, also leaves him in the happy position of being able to form out of the selection a philosophy of his own; or, if he already possess this, he may select for himself what blends readily with his own thought. The chief quality of Mrs. Craigie's wit is a certain common-sense, reminding one at many points of Meredith, yet it is nowhere quite as deep as his wit, and it has a devotional note altogether lacking in him. It is a wit that gives an elusive rather than a clear light; it is the sheet-lightning of the intellect, the feminine of Meredith.

Me and Myn. By S. R. Crockett. (London. T. Fisher Unwin. 6s.)

This is surely the worst book Mr. Crockett has ever written. Buying, selling, begging, and hunting for rare stamps in the wonderful days of stamp-collecting when collectors were few and treasure trove lay neglected in any old correspondence file surely ought to be pleasantly interesting. But the hero, a pupil-teacher, writes in the first person. His style is that of the small boy who is "showing off" before some grown-up whom he considers green enough to be taken in by his "dogginess." And worse than that, the trail of a love-interest drags its treacly way through the book. Can anything be more lamentable than a boy and girl love-affair treated with a mixture of dogginess and "pawky humour"?

MARGINALIA.

"The Turn of the Balance" is the title of a novel announced for immediate publication by Mr. Alston Rivers which should be of peculiar interest just now. It is a story of exceptional power and forms a searching arraignment of the methods of administering the law in the United States. The author, Mr. Brand Whitlock, has an intimate knowledge of the misery inflicted by oppression and a corrupt legal system.

* * *

Messrs. Jack announce a new volume by Miss Amy Steedman whose "In God's Garden" has become so popular. The new volume is entitled "Knights of Art" and consists of stories of the Italian painters, including twenty-four reproductions (sixteen of these in colour) of their works copied by Miss Mary Steedman.

* * *

A second edition of Mrs. C. C. Stopes's little book, "The Sphere of 'Man' in relation to that of 'Woman' in the Constitution" was issued on September 9 by Mr. Unwin. It seeks to show by historical evidence that it is only a modern verbal quibble which robs women of enfranchisement.

* * *

Sir Isaac Pitman and Sons, Limited, announce a book which should be of value to propagandists of ideas as well as business men. It is entited "The Theory and Practice of Advertising," by W. D. Scott, Ph.D., and deals with the subject from the psychological as well as the practical standpoints. There are interesting chapters on "Suggestion" and "Association of Ideas."

* * *

Mr. John Lane will publish on September 12: "The True Story of My Life. An Autobiography." By Alice M. Diehl, Novelist, Writer, and Musician. Demy 8vo. 10s. 6d. net. "The Son of the Bondwoman. A Novel." By Emilia Pardo Bazan. Translated from the Spanish by Ethel Hearn. Crown 8vo. 6s. "Travels in England." By Richard Le Gallienne. Crown 8vo. 6s. New edition. "The Book of Fruit Bottling." By Edith Bradley and May Crooke. Crown 8vo. 2s. 6d. net. A new volume in Handbooks of Practical Gardening. "Toledo. An historical and descriptive account of the 'City of Generations.'" With 510 illustrations. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d. net. A new volume in "The Spanish Series," edited by Albert F.

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Messrs. Williams and Norgate will be publishing on September 17 a carefully selected volume of "New Theology Sermons." These sermons are a practical demonstration of the way in which the principles of the New Theology are expounded by the leader of the movement. Some of the sermons were delivered during the animated discussion on the "New Theology," while others have not before appeared in print.

* * *

A lectureship was recently founded in memory of the Australian Episcopate of the late Right Rev. James Moorhouse, D.D., who was Bishop of Melbourne from 1876 to 1886. The first series of lectures was delivered by the Right Rev. J. Edward Mercer, Bishop of Tasmania, under the title of "The Soul of Progress." The aim of the lectures is to show that the Christian religion can meet the deepest social need of the individual and of the race, and to make the social movement conscious of its soul. "It is time that religion should recognise the power of social science, and it is time that social science should recognise the power of religion." The volume will be published by Messrs. Williams and Norgate at 6s.

* * *

"New Theology and Applied Religion" (Christian Commonwealth Co., Ltd., Salisbury Square, E.C., 6d.) is a report of the proceedings at the Summer School of Theology, which, like the Fabian Summer School, is situated in Wales. It is composed of a series of excellent papers on The New Theology by the Rev. R. J. Campbell and others, leaders of the movement, each of which is authoritative, so that no one interested in this question can afford to dispense with this booklet.

* * *

Among the Autumn announcements of Mr. E. Grant Richards are "The Heritage of Dress: Being Notes on the History and Evolution of Clothes," by W. M. Webb, 15s. net; "A Pocketful of Sixpences, A Collection of Essays," by G. W. E. Russell, 7s. 6d. net; "Oscar Wilde: A Bibliography of his Poems," with Portraits and Facsimiles, by Stuart Mason, 6s. net; and a sixpenny edition of "Essays in Socialism," by Belfort Bax.

* * *

"Esperanto" has had a fine advertisement in the Cambridge Congress just concluded, and the need of a universal language has been brought home to the Socialists who attended the International Congress at Stuttgart. There need be no excuse however for those who desire better acquaintance of the only universal language which has ever received anything like success, for a "Primer of Esperanto containing Grammar and Exercises," by J. C. O'Connor, M.A., is now on all the bookstalls, price one penny.

* * *

The book of "Attila," by Laurence Binyon, which was so successfully produced at His Majesty's Theatre last week, is published by Mr. John Murray, price 2s. 6d. net.

* * *

The first volume of The World's Classics edition of the works of Ruskin containing "Sesame and Lilies," and "Ethics of the Dust," is just to hand. This edition, as we have already announced, is issued by arrangement with Mr. George Allen, and it will have an advantage over other cheap editions of Ruskin in so far as it will contain all his works and alterations that are still copyright. The price of the series is 1s. net.

* * *

"Competition v. Co-operation," by Sir Oliver Lodge, is the title of a well-printed pamphlet whch the Liverpool Fabian Society has just published at the price of twopence. The argument is well reasoned, lucid, and convincing; all this, coupled with the high authority of its authorship, makes the essay one of the best propaganda tracts we have seen.

DRAMA.

What is "Attila"?

IT is very easy for a poet to be hypnotised by great names and great themes, so as to be tranced beyond the possibility of any normal and cold-blooded criticism of his own work. And to this state of poetic catalepsy Mr. Laurence Binyon seems to have come. The disadvantages are obvious. With lips muttering in rapt ecstasy, any ordinary observation of life is impracticable. With brain fired by old tales, any application of twentieth century experience is almost vulgar. And Mr. Binyon has not applied to his play any serious observation of life or any experience of twentieth century life. I do not really imagine that he tried. Quite probably Mr. Binyon holds the view that the eternal things of humanity are eternal and are the same, overlooking the fact that the deeper, wider, and higher life of to-day gives us an insight denied to previous ages. Quite probably Mr. Binyon means by this belief that old time legends present eternal humanity as it really is. But whatever the psychology of the matter the net result at His Majesty's Theatre is that we have a story set in an old-fashioned framework and working upon old-fashioned conventional points. There is no objection to old-fashioned frameworks as such, nor even to the artificial medium of blank verse: a dash of genius can overcome these things. But when the old pattern is allowed to impose itself entirely on the modern mind, we get not reality but a pallid reflection of something that is alien to us. And for all its colour and beautiful language Mr. Binyon's "Attila" is such a pallid reflection of old days. Mr. Binyon has allowed himself to be obsessed by the blank verse form of play and by the rhythm of words. In writing it he has called to his aid associations of many beautiful poems, not associations of many vivid personal experiences. I even venture to assert that the modern type of Attila, men like Sir Thos. Lipton, Messrs Lever, Carnegie, and Rockefeller, is a type antipathetic to the poet. And yet Mr. Binyon would have got more insight into the ways of greatness by studying Lipton or some successful East End sweater than by all his profound steeping himself in the stories of a thousand and more years ago. In the play there is talk of Attila's greatness, but Attila does not appear great; there is the hinting at great deeds, but there is no showing of great deeds done. Attila, for Mr. Binyon, is a large powerful barbarian, around whom legends cluster, and who is in some inexplicable way powerful and commanding. However, if we are to have Attila on the stage it is just this inexplicable power that must be made plain. And if we had this one essential thing then all the elaborate scenery and costumes designed by Mr. C. S. Ricketts, and all the blank verse penned by Mr. Binyon would only be super-

added ornaments instead of very essential and important parts of the production. The author has not, indeed, done more than touch the fringe of greatness. He has heard rumours and caught a chance word here and there, he has dressed Mr. Oscar Asche fiercely and Miss Lily Brayton beautifully, but with punctual regularity; both are enabled to escape from the expression of anything but the most conventional sentiments. This is so even in the love scene between Attila and Ildico (Oscar Asche and Lily Brayton respectively); Attila makes love fiercely and Ildico responds with trembling beauty, but not once does Attila says a single word of penetration and significance. I was driven to compare this scene with that in Mr. W. B. Yeats's "Shadowy Waters." There, in a short space, Yeats has compressed most of the psychology of love; in Mr. Binyon's scene there is nothing which could not have been observed out of any one of a thousand novels.

What Mr. Binyon really ought to do is to write us a play called "Attila in Mile End" and put nothing in it but the most brutally direct language and the most simply observed character, or if this is too much, write an Attila play with Sir Thomas Lipton as the hero. Naturally, any such effort would knock the structure of the present Attila play into smithereens, but inasmuch as this type of thing stands in the way of real dramatic development that is a result greatly to be desired. What is wrong with the art of the present day is that we are becoming so stereotyped in our lives as to be incapable of any fresh and vivid observation outside of a ludicrously narrow range. We shall not right this wrong by any attempt to return to old forms of drama, whose only place nowadays is on the scrap-heap. The beauty of our day is a beauty we have yet to synthesize out of the infinite confusion of our democracy. The terror and pity of our world are vaster and more profound things than any terror and pity of the days of Attila. Except, therefore, as an historical exercise for the instruction of young persons entering for the London matriculation, any historical Attila play must be useless. If Attila is to be any use to widen and heighten our knowledge of our lives, then Attila must come out of blank-verse shades into modern prose lime-light, and endure modern humour too. Mr. Binyon does introduce humour into his play. But it is of the painful kind gained by the exhibition of a Moorish dwarf. None of this kind of thing helps us. All the beautiful scenery and the carefully thought out dresses and the fine acting are being thrown away on something which we have gone past. "Attila" as a fantasy has much beauty, but it will not help our English drama one inch forward. Despite all of which, and for reasons it would take another article to explain, I would advise jaded playgoers to go and see "Attila" themselves.

L. HADEN GUEST.

ART.

The Unity of Art.

A speech delivered by M. Anatole France at the Porte Saint Martin, April 14, 1900, on the occasion of a lecture by Jaurès. Specially translated for THE NEW AGE with the kind permission of the author.

Comrades,

If I speak now it is only to call upon Jaurès. I am not less impatient than you are to hear him. He is going to speak to us of the future of art under democracy; and the subject is one which could not fail to attract a mind like his, occupied, as it is, with justice and beauty. For a strong yet subtle bond, imperceptible at times, but never really broken, connects the idea of justice with the idea of beauty, and thus it is out of the very constitution of a community that its art springs, just as the sap of the tree which goes to feed the trunk and branches gives us also the cool freshness of the leaves and the splendour of the blossoms. But before listening with you to our great orator, who will disclose to us the profound harmonies which unite the topmost boughs of society with its roots, I should like with your permission, to say a few words by way of preparing your minds to cenceive of Art in its unity and plenitude. It will, perhaps, not be useless to bring before your minds the idea of Art as a whole, more especially as we have so long dwelt upon a mutilated image of it, and have severed Art into two fragments, each incapable of living by itself. For we have divided Art into the superior and the inferior, the Fine Arts and the Industrial Arts—meaning by the latter phrase those material arts which could not aspire to the heights of pure beauty. As if all beauty whatsoever did not necessarily grow out of fitness and harmony, and did not depend upon matter for its only means of expression! That is a distinction founded on a false metaphysic of caste; it is one of the many unhappy inequalities which have been systematically introduced among men, and do not spring directly from nature. This separation has been no less harmful in practice to the arts which it elevated than to the arts which it degraded. For if the industrial arts have been impoverished and debased, if they have fallen from the stately elegance of Art to the coarse caprices of luxury and lost thereby all taste and feeling for beauty in the common necessities of life, the fine arts, though set apart and privileged, have been exposed to the perils of isolation, and threatened with the fate of all privileged things, which is to drag out an importunate and vain existence. And thus we are threatened with those two monsters, the artist who is not a craftsman, and the craftsman who is not an artist.

Citizens, let us efface these meaningless distinctions, let us abolish these wretched barriers, and let us realise the indissoluble unity of art in all its varied forms. For there are not two kinds of art, the industrial and the fine; there is only one Art which is use and beauty together, and which is employed in giving charm to life by surrounding us with beautiful forms of beautiful thoughts. Artist and craftsman work at the same splendid task; they work together to make the home of man pleasant and attractive, lending an air of dignity and grace to the house, the town, and the garden.

Yes, artist and craftsman have the same purpose, they are collaborators. The works of the jeweller, the potter, the enameller, the metal-worker, the cabinet-maker, and the gardener belong to the fine arts quite as much as do the works of the painter, the sculptor and the architect. Who believes that the jeweller Benvenuto Cellini, the potter Bernard Palissy, the enameller Penicaud, the metal-worker Briot, the cabinet-maker Boule, the gardener Le Nôtre — to speak only of the past—have not achieved works which may rank as fine art? Not you, citizens, you know that the artist who has found the curve of a cup or obtained the transparency of an enamel is kith and kin of the artist who conceives the lines of a statue or chooses the tones of a picture.

Come, then, you by whom the objects of use are clothed with beauty, come as a friendly throng, engravers and lithographers, moulders of metal and clay and plaster, type-founders and typographers, printers upon stuff and upon paper, decorators, jewellers, goldsmiths, potters, glaziers, wood-turners, embroiderers, tapestry-workers, bookbinders: craftsmen and artists, delighting us with the joy of happy forms and pleasing colours, benefactors of mankind—come with the painters, sculptors, and architects. Hand in hand with them set out towards the city of the future.

That city promises you a little more justice, a little more joy. You shall work in and for it. From a happier and a juster society than ours will spring a more wonderful and beautiful art. Artists and craftsmen, unite in fellowship, study and learn together, let your experiences be shared in common. May there be a thousand thousand manual thoughts among you, and a thousand thousand thinking hands, and may you work together in peace and harmony.

MUSIC.

England and Edward Grieg.

IT seems only a few short weeks ago since we listened to Edward Grieg playing his own delightful music on the piano. Now he has passed away beyond all human intercourse, and for a little time we will talk and talk, and squabble perhaps, about his worth as a composer, praising or defaming his genius as an artist, and striving to decide, with all due assertions of our individual right, where his place is to be amongst great immortal men. About contemporary art of any kind one is always somewhat diffident in expressing too definite an opinion upon the vital question as to whether this poem will endure or that sonata be appreciated by succeeding generations; and we generally wait until the composer or poet dies before committing ourselves. We have agreed to forget certain paintings and certain poems, to forget certain symphonies and oratorios that had vogue enough in the time of our grandfathers, and we are not sure that things we applaud to-day with some vehemence will not in their turn be forgotten by our children. Yet, surely it is possible for a man to know and recognise the really permanent qualities of any art, intellectual and emotional qualities that are of no time or place: those qualities which, in a Connacht love song or a Japanese fan, raise them, above all that is purely local and temporary, to the fervent appreciation of the whole world? We are really more confused by cleverness than anything else in our estimation of art. Fashions change, and when a particular style or manner has been brought to perfection in any one man's work, we are so often carried away by our delight in the technique that we forget about the art. Probably in music, more than any other art, one is more likely to be bewildered in this way, for the advance in orchestral methods and the technique of musical composition has been amazing, even within the memory of the youngest of us. So rapid has been the development in orchestration, so strange and novel have been the effects produced by recent demonstrators, that we have come at last to look only for fresh sensations and excitements, for some new tingling of the pulses; and the more exotic the style and the more bizarre the effect upon our ears the more do we acclaim the man who can give us these sensations. Doubtless posterity will think of our period as a period of conceits and experiments, just as we, who say we are "the heirs of all the ages," look back and laugh at the foibles and vanities of the eighteenth century and sneer at the sentiment of the early-Victorians.

Those of us who love the music of Grieg feel in it more than the passing interest of fashion or the *éclat* of a school, for in the pages of his score we recognise the true imprint of a man's personality. And the literature of music is the richer for what he has given of his real self. His thoughts were worth expressing, for he had the honesty to give us his own thoughts and not those of other people. This, I think, is what eventually decides the worth of any art: that a man has said really and truly what he thinks and not what other people think, or what he thinks other people think. I would far sooner hear the opinion of a bargee upon a Nocturne of Whistler than the opinion of a student in the Royal Academy of Arts. From the former, if he were in the least degree intelligent, one would get an unprejudiced opinion; from the latter, unless he were a remarkably emancipated person, one is much more likely to get the opinion of the Academy. Eclectic art is bad art, but the greatest art in the world has an unmistakable human appeal. The appeal may be remote, it may be abnormal, it may be a broad appeal to the emotions, like the Symphonie Pathétique, or it may be a delicate evanescence like a song of Gabriel Fauré; but the appeal is always human. The opinion of the man in the street is generally someone else's, in politics, in art, in religion—it is all the same. And our English professors in music are the men in the street with other people's opinions, and their art is the art of the doctrinaire's. If you ask the average student why he likes Stanford's music or certain dull things of Brahms, he will be surprised that you can ask him such a silly question. His training has been strictly within certain bounds: form, construction, technique, and he has been so completely engaged upon these things that the raison d'être is forgotten. Consequently, Grieg has become passé to him, for his work was not always cast in the latest fashionable mould; neither does he find in Grieg the sheer formalism of an earlier school which it is "right" to admire. This, indeed, has been the general attitude of musicians in this country. Grieg satisfied neither the conservative nor the anarchist; he was himself too honest to be either.

Yet I hope the day is not far distant when people will realise that Grieg was one of the great musicians of the nineteenth century, and that his setting of Ibsen's lyric "Ein Schwan" is one of the most beautiful of all modern songs: strange, remote, wonderful, symbolic in itself of all the mystery and darkness of the unknown magnetic North.

X.

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 THE SUPERMAN IN AMERICA.

TO THE EDITORS OF "THE NEW AGE."

The question of breeding the Superman has attracted a good deal of attention on this continent for the last sixty years or so, and in my opinion the leading American thinkers on this question are far ahead of anything in Europe; so perhaps you will not mind my making a few remarks on it. Nearly all on this side who have carefully studied the matter are satisfied that any system of official breeding or state interference with heredity would lead to utter disaster. The first thing that the state would do would be to sterilise lunatics, criminals, drunkards, etc. Bills for such purposes have already been before several American legislatures, and have not been defeated by large majorities. Such measures would be very apt to weed out genius, which Lombroso and many others have shown to be closely connected with "degeneracy." Mr. H. G. Wells has somewhere pointed out that a criminal marrying into a stolid, commonplace family might greatly improve the breed. Moreover, "criminal" is a very arbitrary term. It includes Socrates, Bruno, Galileo, and nearly all the great reformers of the world. Sterilising criminals would simply be a new way of intimidating the pioneers of all progress. But anyway criminals and lunatics are only about two per cent. of the population, and how would state officials proceed with normal people? The great principle followed by breeders of animals is to breed the whole of each generation from a small number of males. One bull is employed for many cows, one stallion for many mares, and so on. But do you think the human race would ever submit to have the state forcibly limit fatherhood to a few males? The strongest government on earth could not limit paternity to the best 80 per cent. of the males.

Another important method of breeders is the infanticide of the inferior, but our low birth-rate would make that out of the question except in very bad cases. At present the heavy infant mortality is to some extent a selective agency, but humane persons like the Fabians want to abolish even that. Under all these conditions I cannot see how official breeders could exercise any selection which would raise the general level of the race. Of course they could pair very intellectual people together, athletic people together, and so on, and in that way produce a lot of special breeds like the different breeds of dogs. But this woud be very pernicious. Special breeds of animals are good for human uses, but very bad from the standpoint of the animals themselves. Highly bred animals are very delicate, and tend strongly to become sterile, as shown by Darwin in "The Variation of Animals and Plants under Domestication." Moreover, they do not willingly breed with one another, but prefer to cross with mongrels and other animals not highly bred.

The only sensible thing that breeders could do would be to put opposites together, so that extreme might cancel one another, and the general balance of human nature be maintained. But that is what nature already does much better than official breeders could do it. As Schopenhauer and many others have pointed out, the very tall and the very short, the very fair and the very dark, the very ethereal and the very fleshy, strongly attract each other, and nature has by millions of ages of natural selection fixed these attractions far more accurately than any official breeder could do. Advanced American thinkers are therefore unanimous in rejecting official breeding such as Wells and Shaw seem to favour. But they thoroughly believe in the Superman. The way they propose to get him is by the automatic action of free sexual selection. They say that every woman should have unlimited liberty to choose the best father for her child on every occasion, and that by this means there would be a continuous improvement in the quality of the race. The average woman decidedly prefers superior to inferior men. She prefers tall men to short ones, strong ones to weak ones, healthy men to sickly ones, lively men to dull ones, optimists to pessimists, men of strong will to the irresolute, brainy men to stupid ones. There is not a single valuable quality which does not attract women, nor a bad one which does not repel them. Therefore leave the woman perfect liberty to choose the father, and you get a rigour of selection which even H. G. Wells has never dreamed of.

Our present system of breeding is the absolute negation of the principles of scientific breeding. The scientific breeder uses the best males for as many females as possible. Our marriage system says that every woman shall have her children by a different man from every other woman. Probably at least a thousand women would wish to have a child by Roosevelt, yet public opinion permits only one woman to have her wish, and the other women have to take what they can get—often worthless trash. The monogamous system is what Ruskin called "Utopian on the side of evil instead of good." Whoever really wants the Superman must begin by attacking monogamy tooth and nail. Its grave is already dug in America, where a constantly increasing number of women are refusing to bear children except by the best man they can find to undertake the office. A few months ago a man I know was asked by a very fine woman to beget a child by her, on condition that he should pay for its maintenance. She already had an illegitimate child by another very superior man. There are now so many such cases in the United States that they are hardly noticed.

It is astounding how men will try anything rather than the simple plan of individual freedom. A few centuries ago every human being considered it self-evident that if freedom of speech or Press were permitted, or if each man could go to what church he pleased, society would be in a state of chaos. Even Bacon got hysterical over the awful horrors of freedom of conscience. Now we are going through the same idiocy as regards free love. While free love is being practised by thousands of quite normal people in America, with the most absolute success, we hear otherwise rational persons like Bernard Shaw and H. G. Wells talking like a couple of dodderers. Of course there cannot be perfect freedom in such matters without suitable economic adjustments. But with state maintenance of children and payment of mothers, there is nothing to hinder every woman being absolutely free in her sexual relations, and if men like Wells and Shaw do not want to be remembered as the most stupid pedants in history they will be wise to wake up to the fact.

R. B. KERR.

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SOCIALISM AND THE FAMILY.

TO THE EDITORS OF "THE NEW AGE."

Re "Mr. Shaw's New Socialist Party," there is a sentence which appears to me very new: "The family, in our opinion, is only one of a dozen forms of human community, and by no means the best." Could you recommend a book dealing with the best forms of human community"? I should like to have further knowledge of such forms. I desire to do the best for my children in all "forms" of life. Happiness is the end of all things with me.

J. THOMAS.

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THE RITES OF ASTAROTH.

TO THE EDITORS OF "THE NEW AGE."

If your excellent translators, when they have finished with M. Anatole France, would devote their attention to Miss Farr and turn her interesting article on "The Rites of Astaroth" into plain English they would, I think, give a wholesome shock to some of the less clear-headed of your readers. For this pagan loving cup is so exquisitely blended and contains so many admirable ingredients that its concealed poison is likely to be swallowed by the unwary before they realise what they are taking. The spirit underlying the whole thing is so different from that of the excellent article contributed by Miss Farr to your paper a few weeks ago that one doubts whether Miss Farr herself is really aware of the true nature of her own argument.

In the absence of a better analysis, I venture to submit the following:—

It is one thing to recognise the inevitability under present conditions of a certain amount of prostitution and to deplore our hypocritical and immoral fashion of condemning the unfortunate women who are the victims of the institution instead of removing the conditions which produce it. But it is entirely another matter to follow the example of those worn out nations who are (under the influence no doubt as Miss Farr explains of a more enervating climate) making a virtue of a very doubtful necessity by stimulating the evil with all the ecstatic artifice of debased religion.

It is true that Miss Farr points out that "the really degrading part both of marriage and prostitution is the endeavour, on the part of one or the other, to rouse passions by artificial means," but this saving clause is so entirely opposed to the ideas underlying so much of the remainder of the essay that it must not be held to excuse but to condemn the arguments between which it has been so skilfully wedged.

I am not one of those prudes who object to plain speaking, and can view with equanimity any experiments in polygamy, incest, or even free love in which pioneers of a new sexual morality may think fit to engage themselves; but we must not lose sight of the test—"By their fruits ye shall know them," and with all his philosophic virtues the Hindu is

still so far removed from the Superman that one would hesitate to pay him the compliment of saying that as compared with ourselves he has chosen the lesser of two evils. Even so, we should refuse to follow any such base expedient as submitting to choose the lesser of two such appalling evils as our own and the Hindu systems of prostitution. Of two evils a progressive race should choose neither.

P. R. BENNETT.

* * *

MINIMAX.

TO THE EDITORS OF "THE NEW AGE."

Mr. John B. Middleton shows his fine sense of the moral nuances by implying that the State's exaction of God's rights, and the individual's asserting rights imputed by the State, would be tantamount to the State's and individual's assertion of rights against God, so stultifying the proposition that human rights do not exist; and who objects to minimax on the grounds that it would entail more "government" than the "wildest dreams of Collectivism"; deprive a man of his "lawful earnings," and so be "burglar method"; would not improve the state of "the poor." If Mr. Middleton had only read my letter in your issue of August 29, and had not seen "Did Christ condemn Adultery?", I might account for his present letter on the ground of lack of information and over-eagerness to air his own views. As he has my book, I can only account for his letter on the assumption of his lack of capacity to apprehend what I propound, or his blind zeal to distort for some partisan end. In itself, his letter has no point, as criticism, but as it may mislead your readers unfamiliar with my positions, perhaps you will allow me space in which to comment on it.

I should hope that any normally intelligent person who had read my book would clearly distinguish between what I urged as intellectual demonstration of moral principle, and what I merely suggested as expediency. I suggest minimax merely as what appears to me the easiest and most effective method of attaining the intellectually demonstrated moral object of the greatest practicable equalisation of enjoyment by God's creatures, of God's property, human capacity-output, as what we call wealth and property. If Mr. Middleton or anybody else shows me what I can apprehend as a better method than minimax of attaining the moral object, I am quite ready to reject minimax and advocate the other method.

It will probably be obvious to most readers of my book, that present "lawful earnings" are, as involving assertion of personal rights, demonstrable fraud against God, and that my attack on people who contemplate "earnings" as does Mr. Middleton, is to the end of compelling them to surrender plunder from God. Mr. Middleton implies, as granted, the very point which I deny: that present "lawful earnings" are lawful. He implicitly dogmatises about rights; I intellectually demonstrate them. Not only do I intellectually demonstrate them, I show that Christ completely confirms my demonstration. I suppose that Mr. Middleton calls himself Christian. If being Christian means anything, I hold that it means following Christ's teaching. Then, if Christ confirms my demonstration of rights, and Mr. Middleton is Christian, he must sink down to the uttermost depths his present notions about "lawful earnings," and must come along with me to eradicate rogues to God, whatever burgling that may necessitate. We want the rightful Owner in possession, whatever happens to "lawful earnings."

It will also be obvious that the State's authority and force as exacting rights, as God's, would no more constitute assertion of rights by the State, than would like action by the individual. Of course, if the State tried to filch rights of its own, under guise of exacting God's rights, the State would be as much fraud to God, as would the individual, under like circumstances. It would be the business of the community to see that "the State" toed the moral line. My State would be merely government by experts, at dire peril to themselves for moral inefficiency. On my conditions, guarantee against sharp practice by the State, would be humanly perfect.

My State, though as devoid of rights as the individual, would have moral status to apply whatever confiscation ensured the greatest practicable equalisation. What disparities in individual rewards for service were consistent with the equalisation would, of course, be determined on expediential grounds. The higher the moral stage of the community, the nearer would be the adjustments to absolute equality, which would be the ideal of aim. So long as the great majority of people needed special bribes to apply their capacities as God's property, it would be necessary, in order to ensure the greatest common advantage, to offer the bribes, as departure from equality. So, at first, the great object would be to abolish the most glaring inequalities, by confiscating the superabundance of the affluent. I hold that institution of the new State-motive would at once react on individual motive, ensuring a totally different type of citizen to that now prevailing.

I suggest a universal limit of private appropriation, say £50,000 per annum income, beyond which, all would be confiscated. I also suggest sub-limits as maxima to be applied to the various master-vocations, professions, taking into consideration, in regard to permitted maxima, value to the community, difficulty of achievement, rarity, of the particular service. All within permitted maxima would be the individual's imputed "own." The product of confiscation would be applied to State purposes, as in the case of present taxation, and to ensuring general old-age pensions, and subsistence-minima, when economic conditions precluded adequate minima, for the hand-workers and other "servants." These minima, like the maxima, would be fixed on the principle of attaining the greatest practicable equalisation. If, for revenue purposes, more than minimax were required, ordinary taxation would supply the deficiency. The peculiar end of minimax is moral handicapping; equalisation, easing Lazarus and enabling Dives to die comfortably, by disabling him from living damnably.

H. CROFT HILLER.

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