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TOWARDS SOCIALISM.

By A. R. ORAGE.

THE NEW AGE

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THE OUTLOOK.

The Shadow on the Lines.

The matter of the railway strike is still in suspense, but it cannot be said that the prospects of industrial peace are any brighter than they were last week. Everything depends on the directors, and, while some few of these seem disposed to adopt a reasonable attitude, the great majority have evidently learned and forgotten nothing. In spite of the appeals of their own wiser friends, in spite of the warnings of papers which cannot be suspected of Socialist leanings, of the "Daily Mail" and the "Daily Express," for example, they continue to talk as if the working of our great lines of communication were entirely their private affair, for which they owed no responsibility either to the community or to their own workpeople. So long as this attitude is persisted in, there can be no tolerable settlement. The men cannot go back on their demand for recognition, and there is no sign as yet that this demand will be conceded. Meanwhile the workers are wisely concentrating their forces for the struggle. All the different Unions are to meet and concert a common policy. This is most excellent news, and should strengthen the hands of their spokesmen a thousand-fold. The possibility of friction between one Union and another and the chance that their masters might avail themselves of these divisions to secure a victory was always the most serious danger of the situation. The directors knew this very well, and were counting on it, as their rather indiscreet public utterances show. We trust that the approaching Conference will render such tactics impossible. If the men are firmly united, we are confident that they will win.

Liberal Intolerance.

Some of the citizens of Manchester are apparently much alarmed at the prospective election of a brewer to the post of Lord Mayor. This is such a typical example of Liberal illiberality that it deserves a word or two of comment. We may say to begin with, that we know nothing about the merits of the gentleman in question. He may be a very incompetent person. He may hold very foolish views on municipal politics. He may be quite unfit for the post to which he is to be raised. He may, on the other hand, be the ideal person to fill it. About all this we know nothing, and it would seem that the gentlemen who have been deluging the "Manchester Guardian" and other Liberal journals with letters know nothing about it either; at any rate, they say nothing about it. What they do say is that it would be disgraceful to elect Mr. Holt because he makes beer. Now, we would say in passing, that if Mr. Holt really makes beer, we think him worthy of almost any honour that could be bestowed upon him. In these days of tied houses and chemical "substitutes" the accomplishment is a rare one, and should be sedulously fostered. But, apart from the merits of Mr. Holt's beer (upon which we are also uninformed) the naked intolerance and injustice of denying a man a public position because he is carrying on a perfectly legal trade, is enough to make the great Liberal thinkers of the nineteenth century turn in their graves. Nor is this the only recent example of the inability of Liberals to apply what are still supposed to be the principles of Liberalism with ordinary justice and intelligence. The outcry raised by the "Protestant Alliance" and echoed by the Liberal Press against the presence in a L.C.C. school of two teachers "garbed as nuns" is another case in point. We understand that the great Liberal demand was that there should be no religious tests for teachers. If, of course, it can be shown that the two ladies in question were inefficient in the discharge of their duties or were not qualified to carry them out, there would be an excellent case against them. But this is not alleged. And, if they were efficient and properly qualified teachers, who has a right to dictate to them what faith they shall hold or how they shall be "garbed"? It will be noted that our complaint against the Liberals in these cases is not of the same character as that which we have often urged, and shall continue to urge. We are not complaining that they are not Socialists; we are complaining that they are not Liberals. Liberal principles are, in our view, inadequate, but such as they are, Liberals might at least be expected to live up to them.

Mr. Hardie as Imperialist.

We wish that Mr. Keir Hardie's speech at Winnipeg had been more widely and fully reported in the English Press, for it was an admirable exposition of that Socialist Imperialism which we have always endeavoured to preach in these columns. The passionate sympathy with all victims of oppression, which is one of Mr. Hardie's finest qualities, has helped to create an idea among the thoughtless that he is hostile to the Empire. That idea the Winnipeg speech should finally destroy. He is hostile to the abuse of Empire, to the exploitation of Empire in the interests of Capitalism, to the attempt to make Empire an engine of slavery, but he is quite clear-sighted and imaginative enough to see the vast possibilities of Empire as an instrument for good. Nor is Mr. Hardie's Imperialism merely rhetorical. He has very definite practical proposals for the realisation of his vision, the chief of which is an Imperial Minimum Wage. Such a proposition is by no means Utopian or even without precedent. Already we do, in theory at least, insist upon a certain minimum standard of labour conditions, the minimum represented by the suppression of slavery. To place sweating alongside of slavery as one of the things which the Empire will not tolerate within its borders would merely be an extension of the same principle. Its application would doubtless require careful consideration, industrial slavery being a more complex (as well as a more dangerous) thing than the chattel slavery formerly practised in Jamaica. But the benefits to the Empire, material and moral, would be well worth the time and thought bestowed upon it. It

would be a most important step in the direction of the Co-operative Empire which we are seeking to create.

Roma Locuta Est.

The Pope's Encyclical on "Modernism" will come as a shock to many who are fascinated by the splendid ideal of the Catholic Church. It is true that the objection to the Encyclical is often stated wrongly and often offered by men whose own intolerance gives them no right to offer it. Every crusading society must have dogmas, and those who do not accept the dogmas have no place in the society. The Fabian Society has a basis which unless a man well and truly believe he cannot be a Fabian. Similarly the Church of Rome has a basis, which she has a perfect right to demand that her members should accept on pain of being declared heretics. But that does not offer any defence for the new Encyclical. In that document Pius X. does not confine himself to condemning heresy; he condemns enquiry. He specifically condemns any attempt to reconcile the Catholic faith with modern philosophy and science. He condemns even the use of "new words," that is to say, he condemns any attempt to make the faith even intelligible to modern men. He condemns at one sweep all the methods and conclusions of literary and historical criticism as applied to the Scriptures—a condemnation all the more wanton because Catholicism, unlike Protestantism, does not rest its authority upon the Bible. He condemns the idea of development in theology (an idea which forms the basis of all the ablest Roman apologetics) and Newman seems to fall under his anathema no less than Loisy. In a word, the Encyclical is a wholesale declaration of war against freedom of thought, that freedom of thought by means of which the Catholic theology itself was built up. For it must be remembered that the Schoolmen to whose authority the Pope appeals were the "Modernists" of their day. St. Thomas Aquinas would have been as much embarrassed by such a declaration as Father Tyrrell. For the days when the Catholic Church was triumphant were the days when it was free.

Our Honour Cheap To-day.

A few weeks ago we accused Sir Edward Grey of having sold our national honour. We wish formally to withdraw that accusation, which the event has proved to be unfounded. Our honour has not been sold. Apparently it would not fetch anything! So it has been given away—with a pound of graceful concessions. That this is no exaggerated statement of the fact a glance at the Russian Agreement will prove. By that Agreement we have gained nothing and lost much Russian predominance is recognised over about two-thirds of Persia, and this vast region is handed over to Russian influence. What the character of that "influence" is likely to be let Poland and the Caucasus bear witness. We have handed over a peaceful people, among whom progressive ideas are just beginning to stir, to the ravages of Cossacks. And, in exchange, we receive—what? The recognition of our position in Afghanistan? That position was won by the swords of Englishmen, and we do not see why we should be asked to apply to a foreign despot for permission to maintain it. But, if we wanted a guarantee from any Government, we should prefer one whose own lease of power was worth at least three years' purchase, which is more than we should be disposed to allow to the Government of the Tsar. Or is our own share of the plunder of Persia the price for which we have surrendered our traditions? If so, will Sir Edward Grey please explain why our portion of the swag is less than half that which the Tsar receives. If we are to go in for robbery, let us at least see that we are not cheated by our accomplices. For it should be noted that the Russian Government gives up nothing that it really wants. The "neutral zone" gives access to the Persian Gulf, and this zone will, of course, be annexed by Russia as soon as she has swallowed the northern portion—unless a revolution should overthrow the Tsardom in the meantime. It is one of the many disadvantages of negotiating with a criminal Government that its word is worth rather less than the paper on which it is written. All this concerns merely the commercial aspect of the bargain. If the terms were as favourable to us as they are to the Tsar, we should still consider the Agreement an indelible stain upon our national honour. It would still entail the strengthening of despotism and the countenancing of outrage; it would still be an intolerable affront to the Russian people, and would still lead them to regard Great Britain as their enemy. It would still be both wicked and in the long run impolitic. But, if England is to sell her soul, it is a little too insulting for an Englishman to be told that it is not worth paying for!

A Check at Kirkdale.

Our readers will be familiar with the manner in which the Party Press deals with by-electoral defeats. On the eve of the poll Eatanswill is told that the eyes of all England, nay of the Empire and the World, are upon her, and that the fate of the nation's interests and honour is in her hands. When the result is unsatisfactory, it is immediately discovered that the opinion of Eatanswill is of no significance, that local considerations always dictate its decisions, indeed, that its judgment is always the exact opposite of the judgment of the country. We have no wish to talk any nonsense of this sort in regard to Kirkdale. Kirkdale is a check, even a serious check. It is true that the Conservative majority is only a little greater than it was at the General Election, and that the Labour poll has actually increased. But, after Jarrow and Colne Valley, the smallest set-back is a severe disappointment. Our business is not to find excuses or explanations, but to look our misfortune in the face and see what we can learn from it. The first lesson to be learnt from Kirkdale seems to us to be that a Labour candidate has a better chance in a three-cornered fight than in a straight one. The first and most obvious reason for this fact is that class interest is generally stronger than political bias, and that in a straight fight between a capitalist candidate (of whatever colour) and a Labour candidate, the capitalists and their parasites will vote solid against Labour. But there is another reason, less frequently noticed, but not less important. In a three-cornered fight the Labour candidate is patently at issue with both political parties, and the discontented workers from both camps flock to his banner. Where the issue is between Conservatism and Labour, there is a tendency, fomented by the Liberal Press, to identify Labour with Liberalism, so that the Tory workmen hold aloof or vote for their party. This danger is intensified by the temptation which naturally besets the Labour candidate to conciliate the party which has no candidate of its own in the fields. Such a policy is, of course, short-sighted; but in the heat of electioneering it is very difficult to avoid it. Mr. Hill does not seem to have avoided it altogether at Kirkdale. He pledged himself to the foolish and reactionary project of Local Veto and to the "Open Bible" in the schools, in the evident hope of conciliating the Liberals and Nonconformists. He does not seem to have conciliated them, but he probably alienated thousands of workmen of Conservative politics and thousands of workmen of no politics who yet have the strongest objection to anyone taking away their beer. Nor, we should imagine, did Mr. Redmond's blessing do him any good with the Orange workmen in whose hands the issue ultimately rested. The moral seems to be that the path of uncompromising independence is not only the path of honour but also the path of safety.

Ought Teachers to Form a Trade Union?

NOT one newspaper-reader in a hundred will do more than cast a glance at the report of the annual Conference of Elementary Assistant Teachers, held in Leeds on Saturday last. The long neglect of the public generally of the worst treated profession in the country is a perfect reflection of the neglect showered upon elementary teachers by governments and educational experts alike. In all the discussions of the last ten years on the subject of education, we scarcely remember a single serious mention of the key to the whole position, namely, the quality and status of the assistant teacher. It is as well, therefore, that the assistant teacher should begin to make himself heard. Since public shouting seems to be nowadays the only method of catching public attention (unless you happen to commit a romantic atrocity, such as murdering your uncle, or, if you are a Union, threatening to go on strike, or, if you are a Member of Parliament, advocating the use of broken bottles) the assistant teachers are well advised in forming a separate Union from that of the National Union of Teachers (a well-nigh useless body, by this time), and in speaking up loud and clear. For when all is said and done, it is precisely upon the assistant teachers that the whole brunt of the educational tumult eventually falls. Every proposal that is adopted by fanatical educational experts to "improve" the education of elementary scholars has to be carried out by the assistant teacher. Every compromise engineered by wrangling politicians between secularism and religion finally falls to him to administer. There is not a single change made in the Code since 1870 which has not for better or worse, and mostly for the worse, affected the assistant teacher in ten times the degree that it has affected anybody else. The assistant teacher stands as the single executive of the whole elementary education machinery of England. My Lords decree, the Education authorities instruct, the inspectors command, the headmasters supervise; but the spade work of the whole system is the work of the assistant teachers.

If there were any honour and glory in the work, or if there were any decent salary attached to it, we could strike our bosoms and ask the world to admire our magnanimity. But the plain facts are that there is no more despised profession in England than that of elementary teaching; and there is no profession which is insulted by such infamously small wages. We first injure assistant teachers by offering them salaries that mere clerks of the same skill would scorn to accept, and then add insult to the injury by ostentatiously neglecting the whole profession. The average salary at this moment of trained certificated elementary assistant teachers is no more than a hundred pounds a year; and their position in the social scale is somewhere between that of the bricklayer's labourer and the city clerk.

Under these circumstances, it is scarcely to be wondered at if the Assistants' Conference at Leeds seriously debated the subject of forming themselves into a Trade Union. Flouted by professionals of the rank of druggists and accountants, and hitherto cursed with a sense of respectability that would not let them join a Trades Council even as an affiliated body of semi-professionals, they have at last concluded that the time has come to discuss the question whether they should not put off their ill-paid pride, abandon their hopes of professional recognition, and in ceasing to aspire to be gentlemen have at least the satisfaction of being men. The resolution to this effect was, of course, defeated, though only by a comparatively small majority; but the question is bound to arise again, and perhaps in the Conference of a year or so hence the majority may be the other way.

Now we may as well confess that we shall be sorry when the day comes for the assistant teachers to form a Trade Union. Infinitely better as it would be for teachers to frankly face the present situation and to recognise their neglected and derided position, it will be more to their credit and more valuable to the cause of education if they insist upon professional recognition, and refuse to remain what at present they virtually are—Trade Unionists ashamed of the name. Everything, theoretically at least, is in their favour. Despite the unspeakable ignominy to which they have been subjected, and the consequent contempt into which the whole question of elementary education has fallen, there is not the slightest doubt that sooner or later public opinion, which is moved by good as well as by bad impulses, will come round to their side. When the present craze for Utopia by Act of Parliament has run its course and men begin to discern once more that people over twenty are past praying for, let alone legislating for, they will begin to turn their attention to the only hopeful section of the community, namely, children, and consequently, to the only people who directly and personally affect children in our schools, namely, the assistant teacher. And in that day there will be no doubt about teachers; their profession will be honoured and respected; possibly even, their salaries will be raised to the level of a school attendance officer's.

But it must be remembered that the one distinction that separates a Trade Union from a profession is responsibility. A Trade Union makes itself responsible for nothing except the economic welfare of its members; but a profession makes itself responsible not only for the economic welfare of its members, but for the discharge of its duties as a profession. We have suggested more than once that the Trade Unions, if they are to command moral as well as political respect, will have to organise themselves for the sake of their work as well as for the sake of themselves. A plasterer's union, for example, that went on strike, not simply for higher wages, but because their employers were demanding of them shoddy work, and thereby defrauding the public, would command the support not merely of the fighting political sections of the community, but of all the best elements in society. So, too, any Union whatever that is formed to maintain a standard of workmanship as well as a standard of pay becomes by that very fact something more than a Trade Union in the accepted sense; it becomes a guild, when its work is craft-work, and a profession when its work is intellectual or moral. Now, it is clear from the discussion at the Assistant Teachers' Conference that there is at least an equal recognition among teachers of their duties and of their rights. In other words, they have at this moment the elements necessary to make themselves into a recognised profession. Resolutions, for example, were passed in favour of raising the school age to fourteen; of reducing the size of the classes; of medical inspection; and of increased efficiency of the teachers; and these are all resolutions concerning the welfare not of the teachers themselves, but of the children entrusted to their care. Hence they differ essentially from such resolutions as were also passed demanding better pay, larger grants, abolition of dual control, and the like—all designed primarily for the personal advantage of the teacher.

If, then, the assistant teachers are to become a genuine and recognised profession, it is the former type of resolutions that must be kept well in view. There is every necessity in the present state of affairs that the latter type should not be neglected, but, as we have said, it is upon the teachers' recognition and insistance upon their public duties as a profession that their hopes of commanding respect must be placed. To neglect these will infallibly lead to the position of modern Trades Unions, when the question of name will be a matter of complete indifference.

One caution to the National Federation. We see that they are demanding the recognition by the authorities of the right of certificated teachers to administer corporal punishment. That is an extremely ill-advised demand. Let them insist upon the conditions which make corporal punishment unnecessary for most teachers, and then purge from their Federation the teachers who cannot do without it.

The Court Theatre: by Holbrook Jackson.

The publication of a critical commentary upon the Court Theatre emphasises the fact that the first chapter in a new volume of the British stage has closed. It has been a chapter of such remarkable promise as to leave us full of happy anticipations as to the rest of the volume. For there is no doubt that the Vedrenne-Barker performances represent a dramatic event of the first order, comparable, without any imaginative strain, to the dawn of a new era in the theatre. And that era is nothing less than the establishment of a permanent drama of ideas on a stage whose primary object has been amusement. The Court Theatre is the lineal descendant of the propagandist theatres of the last few years of the nineteenth century. It has centralised and given a professional basis to the splendid enthusiasms of the Independent and New Century Theatres and the Stage Society. But apart from this its precise work has been largely in the nature of demonstration and experiment rather than actual accomplishment.

Of course, it is too early yet to look for any influence on the ordinary commercial stage. The immediate effect has been intensive and individual rather than general, and one must recognise that so far, in spite of the financial success of plays just off the beaten track of popularity, no other managers have been inspired to follow the lead of Messrs. Vedrenne and Barker. The two and a half years of their enterprise leaves the stage practically unmoved. This in a way was to be expected. But at the same time, putting aside the possibility of a sudden change in dramatic taste, one might have been excused for anticipating some influence from the stage side of the proscenium: because the Court Theatre has been in effect an evangel to players as well as playgoers. It has demonstrated the possibility of drawing from the ordinary stage, actors capable of sinking the traditions of popular acting, and realising the point of view necessary for the dramatic interpretation of problem. This has been done without resort to a fixed company, but by the more difficult process of using actors under contract to other theatres, for short periods, often for matinees only. As time goes on this must result in the production of a new type of actor whose training will make it as difficult for him to feel at home on the old stage, as his present training makes him feel on the new. The actor who went to the Court Theatre had to unlearn much. He found in the first place a complete break with the actor-manager tradition; and secondly he found most of the stage conventions in gesticulation and articulation in severe disapproval. The imposing "entrance" was abolished, and the "curtain" held well within the bounds of probability. Such an attempt to create a realistic atmosphere was absolutely necessary if we were to have a drama expressing life in any terms above the capacity of a sixth-form boy or a high-school miss. The Court Theatre went a long way towards establishing this new environment, but its carefully-drilled players have not so far carried their new learning very far afield.

Again, the actors have been robbed of the popular aid of elaborate scenery, for with the exception of Mr. Charles Ricketts' scenery for "Don Juan in Hell," the Court Theatre has, from the point of view of decoration, led the simple life. The aim has been to establish a theatre on the postulated existence of a triple alliance of intelligence in author, actor, and public. Each member of the alliance has made a willing response although the response has been markedly unequal. The author has done well, proving beyond doubt that a dramatic renascence, so far as he is concerned, is a possibility. He has given plays worthy the actor's best energy and intelligence, and the actor has striven hard to meet the test, with a result that leaves some memorable acting for almost every performance. As for the playgoer, he has shown a partiality for one author, quite explicable and excusable, but at the same time unworthy of the aims of the Court Theatre.

In Mr. Desmond MacCarthy's admirable commentary there are some tables of performances which give a good idea of both the work of Messrs. Vedrenne and Barker and of the public taste. Mr. MacCarthy says most truly that "no other modern managers have given so many memorable performances in so short a space of time." Of these performances there have been 988, covering thirty-two plays by seventeen different authors, all of whom, with the exception of five, are British, and only one other than modern. The exception is that most modern of the ancients, Euripides. Although these plays represent a most encouraging standard of excellence, it looks as if their production almost depended upon the success of one playwright, Mr. Bernard Shaw, whose sudden leap into popularity has been the feature of the management, and who wrote eleven out of the thirty-two plays produced. This is a serious consideration, for whilst it is most important that the plays of our first dramatist should be adequately performed and properly appreciated, he would be the first to admit the necessity of a more general taste on the part of the playgoer. It is, of course, fortunate that Messrs. Vedrenne and Barker have been able to hang so successfully to the coat-tails of Mr. Bernard Shaw, but such emphasis of one dramatist as this implies is not conducive to the speedy vitalising of our stage with the plays of the younger generation. Shaw overshadows the Court much in the same way as he has taught us that the Shakespeare tradition overshadows British drama. With the exception of Mr. Shaw, the representation of plays is fairly distributed among the other sixteen playwrights, most of whom are of the younger generation. But if we are to gauge the public taste by the number of performances recorded of each play, it will be quite evident that there is no immediate possibility of a revolution in the theatre. This is all the more marked when we consider that the next most successful play to a Shaw play was "Prunella," a delightful thing in itself, but at the same time the nearest approach to what is popular attempted at the Court Theatre.

Of the 988 performances no less than 701 were Shavian; and of the separate performances six Shaw plays head the list with representations ranging from 176 to 50, the first three being the three of Mr. Bernard Shaw's plays which are the most likely to make an appeal to the general public. After these comes "Prunella," with its still greater appeal to popular tastes. It is only after we have disposed of these popular elements that we come to any indication of a rise in the taste of the playgoer; and in the consideration of the taste of what must be accepted as the minority of Court Theatre patrons, there is some small encouragement in the fact that the best two plays of the younger dramatists come first in number of performances. These are Mr. Granville Barker's "The Voysey Inheritance" and Mr. John Galsworthy's "The Silver Box." And there has been quite a fair support of the plucky experiment made of producing three of the plays of Euripides. But, this said, there is a balance on the other side. There have been only twenty-six performances of the delightful comedies of Mr. St. John Hankin and eight of Mr. John Masefield's masterly tragedy, "The Campden Wonder."

It is therefore obvious that even in this aristocracy of playgoers there are very few who have anything like a fine enthusiasm for good drama. We are, in fact, forced to conclude that the Court Theatre experiment rather than representing a triumph for the drama, represents a triumph for Mr. Bernard Shaw. This triumph has incidentally given Mr. Granville Barker an opportunity — which he has boldly taken — of using his own fine sense of a good play in ministering as far as possible to our theatrical needs. If the results prove anything, they prove the serious need of still further propaganda on the same lines. This, of course, will be given in the new home of the experiment —at the Savoy. And for so long as the popularity of Mr. Bernard Shaw's plays continues, or popular successors be found for "Prunella," those who have hopes of the British theatre may feed their hopes—at matinees. But what if the Shaw boom fails and the Pru-

nellas are no more? The question gives one pause. There is danger ahead of the dramatic renascence even in the move to the Savoy, for here, with the increased financial responsibilities of a central theatre, there will be a constant economic tendency towards producing what will fill the house—an indication of which we have had in the revival of "You Never Can Tell," Mr. Shaw's most popular play, for the opening of the Savoy. All this shows the folly of looking upon the Court Theatre experiment as a permanent success. It is nothing of the sort. It is an experiment which demonstrates what can be done if only there were sufficient supporters. It has shown that we have players and playwrights, and it demands a larger audience. But the dramatic renascence will not be complete until we have a Court Theatre in every large centre, with an audience (not confined to Mr. Bernard Shaw's "pit of philosophers") eager for the true thought, the fine idea, expressed in the best imaginative terms by players and playwrights who, besides knowing and loving their business, have a lively sense of the greatest demands of the intelligence.

Suggestions Towards a New Morality.

THE future basis of ethics is a subject which has attracted minds of diverse parts and been fruitful of much fantastic speculation. From the Superman of Nietzsche, anarchic, self-reliant, the vehicle of a pitiless egoism, to the rational postulate of thinkers like Mr. H. G. Wells, of a citizen whose fearless social consciousness will secure the effective development of the community, there lies the recognition that current morality is bankrupt, stagnant, and the greatest force that chokes all progress. In last month's number of the "Albany Review" there is an impressive and suggestive article on "Morality Under Socialism," by Edward Carpenter. He, at least, has not lost faith in the true democracy of things, and is therefore able to face with a certain amount of calm that Nihilism which contemporary literature explains and lauds as English society. But the habitual mould in which the average man's thought is cast is so inimical to any clear and clean discussion of moral problems that it is an exceedingly difficult thing to arouse public opinion on such matters.

The moral code of to-day which acts and reacts in our religious, political, legal and industrial systems is the direct outcome in combination with certain natural laws over which man has no control, of that economic development of society which critical Socialism has discovered and laid bare. It is a strange and demonstrable fact that this evolution of industry from savage communism, through feudalism, to the régime of capitalism has been secured, step by step, by means of religious sanctions. The Church has set the seal of her approval on a condition of things which it was her fundamental mission to shatter. Herself, the fount of morality and claiming infallibility in such matters, she became the victim of exploiting feudalism, and to-day is the unctuous handmaiden of capital and temporal power. Her apologists have invented a metaphysic of social expediency based on proprietary rights and, therefore, on force, and, further, they have carried the dogma of spiritual submission into the secular realm, and by so doing, have established on a stronger and more formidable basis the Oriental idea of caste in modern society. It is no mere economic question that confronts the Socialist. If it were, one might reasonably suppose that the dull and indolent intelligence of to-day would be best left to follow its huge interest in feats of strength and to be held in a state of blissful delusion by Harmsworth journalists and the outpourings of the puritanical Liberal Press; for attention could be turned to the children, whose responsive minds would quickly grasp the implications of Socialistic teaching. But we are all so hopelessly involved in the fictions of to-day that we are apt to forget that the situation consists in something deeper and more profound than the mere struggle for bread. This something is a worn, effete morality which has evolved slowly and with vicissitude from the economic limitations of mankind. Society imposes certain plain, indisputable laws as to how the individual shall satisfy his bodily needs. It demands of him that he shall sell his labour, *i.e.*, "his ability" (that curious touch of humour) in the markets of the world or die, or become a criminal, or by some precious miracle become a gentleman of landed estate. Further, and with threats and great parade of pomp and ceremonial, it commands him to respect and to offer a servile obedience to his master and his property, and his wife, and his maid-servant, and whatsoever is his. It takes him aside, so to speak, and confidently tells him that all the great relationships of life are subject to economic conditions. Birth, marriage, death—these devastating incidents of life—are in the world of to-day the sport and play of forces the direct outcome of the capitalistic organisation of society.

It filches his freedom, and then unwittingly builds libraries to educate him out of his bondage. It herds him into dim cities, and then becomes excessively anxious about cubic feet of air and sewerage and pure water. In its tyranny it half murders him, and behold! are there not hospitals and surgeons to minister to him? It allows him the most astonishing laxity in sexual relations in order that domestic servants may be plentiful and slaves ever willing. And when death is near, it takes him carefully away and puts him in a workhouse so that he may enjoy the privilege of a pauper funeral. This is not the horrid and heartless result, or rather method, of monsters whose private lives are noisome, but the inevitable curse of unrestrained lust for wealth and power. And the Church—the great moral middleman—exists in virtue of the sustenance offered by plutocracy in order to inculcate her shabby platitudes about thrift, obedience, and submission to superiors, to an angry and discontented proletariat.

Now, as surely as a craft or occupation produces a certain strain of morality in the individual, so surely is a moral consciousness evolved, which permeates and powerfully affects every strata of society, by the manner in which wealth is distributed. It may seem facile and lacking in seriousness to suggest that the moral rejuvenation must come by overturning the social system existing at present. But, emphatically, there is no other way. "Where miracles are needed, miracles will happen." The miracle Socialism demands is nothing less than the eradication of the vile gluttony for money and the immoral trade in human beings, and that the fulfilment of the necessities of life be removed from the prey of chance and competition. Whether this be accomplished by a highly-developed bureaucracy, whether it happens in America in 1912, as Mr. Upton Sinclair prophesies, or slowly and with travail, matters not, but until it is brought about the fundamental question of population and of sex-relationships must remain in the sphere of speculation; the attitude of Western civilisation towards the lower races will continue to be the attitude of the employer towards his workers; and the obstinate problem of crime and degeneracy and the responsibility of the State will be as far removed from solution as it is now. The urgent, paramount duty of Socialism to-day is her triumph on the economic issue. Edward Carpenter's plea for a morality without formula, emanating from and expressing the common life is no flimsy dream, but demands a robust optimism in the face of the social evils and renegade Christianity of the present time. He says, speaking of the moral code in which we are shut up: "The sooner an end can be made of this sort of morality the better—which under the cloak of public advantage or benefit is only thinking about self-promotion and self-interest, either in this world or the next, and which truly is calculated not to further human solidarity, but to destroy it." It runs and trickles through all modern society, poisoning the well-spring of affection, this morality which, having paid its domestic servants their regular wages, is quite satisfied

with itself and expects them to do *their* duty in return, but is silent about their needs and welfare; which treats its wage-workers as simple machines for the grinding out of profits, and lifts its eyebrows in serene surprise when they retaliate against such treatment,' which can only regard a criminal as a person who has broken a formula, and in return must be punished according to a formula; and a pig as an animal for which you provide reasonable provender and a stye, and which in return you are entitled to eat. Pharisaical, self-centred, self-interested, materialistic to the last degree, and really senseless in its outlook, this current morality is, indeed, and very seriously, a public peril."

It is, therefore, to be expected that this makeshift morality which holds the fabric of society together should find its most devoted adherents in the historic Tory and Liberal Parties. The great reforms which have been wrung from them have been essentially a narrowing down, to use a rather vague expression, of the morality in which they implicitly believe. They have been forced by the gradual awakening of a new consciousness to prescribe the conditions under which a man may exploit his fellow. But they have legalised the employment of women and children in factories. The drink bill, and its association with crime, has nerved them to indulge in gloomy reflections, and to say that "something must be done." But to-day the brewer and the publican are allowed by law to demoralise humanity and to reap handsome fortunes for doing it. Moral cupidity finds its fullest expression in the attitude of the great parties towards social problems. A Government which condoned the horror of Denshawai is as morally oblique as the Government of Tsardom, which complacently invents plots in order to get rid of undesirable persons who happen to possess ideas which we would regard as commonplace. The popular superstition that politics have nothing to do with morality is a prejudice that has grown with the breaking of corrupt pledges and false promises until there exists to-day a political cynicism which must be crushed before a single step of progress can be made.

The necessity for a new morality, then, is as primary and urgent as the necessity of a new organisation of society. There can be no real advance until the latter is within measurable distance of being achieved. To replace this artificial moral code is implicit in Socialism. But its enemies are manifold. They have grafted on, as it were, the commands and sanctions of religion to what they call "individualism." They have succeeded so well in assuring mankind that their system is an ordinance of Nature, or Providence if you like, that they have grown fat and heavy. But the signs of unrest in every department of life is best evidence of a crumbling and decaying morality. Discerning detachment might discover dimly the shaking of the new forms of the future. The supreme virtue for the Socialist to-day is to grasp the truth—sometimes hard to balance—that beneath the outward anarchy and chaos there lies the deep, common life of the people, with its needs and demands, out of which shall arise the morality of the future.

R. L. GRAINGER.

Our Evil Stars.

By Florence Farr.

IT is quite pathetic to read week after week all the external remedies for misery and sickness and poverty proposed by ardent young men and women, when the only real remedy for an ineffectual life is to kill it and let it be born again. I do not mean that suicide, however judicious, is a good way of ridding the world of misery, but I do mean that we should each one of us commit a kind of mental suicide at least once in our lives and face our own subjective consciousness so as to try to see clearly how much of our inefficient wretchedness is due to our own mental habits. We must kill the force in us that says we cannot become all that we desire, for that force is our evil star which turns all opportunity into grotesque failure.

The world is full of victims willing to sacrifice themselves for each other, but hardly one in a million will become a sacrifice for himself. The mystery of the second-birth of the mind remains a mystery because the mind prefers to struggle with matter instead of going to the root of matter and struggling with itself. We look upon such a struggle as waste of time. We think we know in our hearts that our temperaments are fixed at birth. We feel that whatever our circumstances we shall endure precisely the same proportion of joy and sorrow. If our outer life is easy our inner life will be anxious; if our inner life is peaceful, circumstances will be disagreeable. This is the philosophy of all who, not having attained the second birth, have lived long enough to profit by experience, and it makes them cynical in the presence of adventurous youth.

When some bold spirit longs to free the world from the bonds of matrimony and preaches the doctrine of free-love, and an ardent flock of young devotees offer themselves as the first martyrs in the cause, incidentally making themselves useless to any cause by doing so, the elderly person shakes his head. He knows very well that if the practice of free-love were likely to have an evangelising effect, the world would have been evangelised long ago. On the other hand, it is well known that the sight of other people's excesses is the strongest stimulus to puritanism. One hideous little drunkard teaches us sobriety more effectually than a thousand solemn persons who look as if they had drunk water until they had become pools of stagnation. One openly promiscuous lover teaches us the beauty of reserve more than all the indignant fathers in Clapham. We see those things from the outside, and we are revolted by their extravagance and bad taste; but if we discuss them vigorously and candidly we gradually discover that in the end it is not the circumstances that make for happiness or unhappiness, but the temperament and mood of the individual. Whatever the customs of my country may be, I am I and they make not the smallest difference to my happiness. Whatever unpleasantness I may have freed myself from on my way through life, I still have my fixed proportion of sadness and gladness.

The young are wretched at home and long for freedom; if they get it they long for love; if they get love they long for slavery; and so on round the wheel back to another home. There is no denying that the home is a powerful institution, calculated to bring out evil as well as good instincts in each one of its members. Still, the destruction of the family ideal will not make evil instincts die out; the tyrant will still tyrannise; the martyr will still martyrise, and the horrid drama of mutual disrespect be practised wherever two or three are gathered together.

I think that the habit of self-martyrdom is the Evil Star which we in England should fight more than any other thing. It is inveterate. Tell an Englishman not to be a martyr; inspire him with the idea of encouraging a vigorous growth of his own soul, and he will martyrise himself and make himself unpleasant in the very act of freeing himself. From about a century before the year when Mr. Grant Allen wrote "The Woman that Did" a certain number of earnest young persons have seen fit to make law-breaking a duty. They argue that no cause can be won without martyrs, and they deliberately set out to outrage the feelings of their relatives by attempting to convert the older generation, which is superfluous, and in their own persons sacrifice name and fame and fortune in the vain hope that they may in time get the marriage laws altered.

This is all nonsense. Hundreds of women have been "ruined" body and soul, but the marriage laws remain the same, because public opinion remains the same. The unfortunate are still unfortunate and the illegitimate are still illegitimate. Public opinion stands solid as a rock against those who practise what they preach. The only people who can hope to awaken the public to a sense of the danger of the present state of the marriage law to the public health and the general well-being of the race are people who are living decently within the law and have no personal object to serve. Personal violence is supposed to have an enormous effect in forcing political changes; so young and ardent

women think that by deliberately "losing their characters" they will help the cause of reform. But there is no use in attempting to endure this kind of martyrdom; in fact, any kind of voluntary martyrdom is abject folly. Keep the law yourself as long as it is the law; then you are in a position from which it is possible to appeal to rational humanity, and there is nothing which public opinion worships so much as it worships cool, clear-headed reason. Any strong rush of public opinion consists entirely of unreasoning sentiment, so public opinion naturally sets up reason as its god and worships it.

Mankind as a whole does not care to look itself in the face; instead it persists in the struggle to alter circumstances. But we who have done so find the core of the Evil Star in our own hearts. For many years I have had an opportunity of observing the circumstances of a little family living on the very edge of life. Often the husband is out of work for weeks at a time and the mother keeps him and her two children alive on about 10s. a week by charing and so forth. Both father and mother are well educated people, and can write and speak correctly. A few years ago the woman's hands were so soft and delicate that it seemed absurd to ask her to hold a scrubbing-brush. All the time I have known them their average of misery has been uniform. If the husband is earning two pounds a week the children are the victims of every kind of sickness or accident; the moment the family is starving again life on the whole seems to flow pretty smoothly. I have compared notes with many philanthropic people who all know of instances of the same kind. Always enough misfortune to keep the little family away from any sense of security and always enough luck to keep it alive just one day longer! The Evil Star has shed its ill-omened beams over these doomed creatures, and whatever their efforts may be the Evil Star gives them their measure to the ounce.

In money we find a useful example of the absurdity of trusting to circumstances for happiness. A woman struggling to live on a pound a week always lets her eyes wander over the things she may not afford. It is exactly the same with the woman who has a pound a minute; she wants many things her position makes impossible. Desire hovers always over the edge of the income, for we are all ingenious enough to find cause for discontent.

So let us each recognise the truth that our first business is to change ourselves, and then we shall know how to change our circumstances. We see clearly there are three stages of growth in the human race. When a man first ceases to be a non-entity he is like an ardent boy ready to put the world to rights in a week: the second stage is one of profound conservatism; in the third the man rises up within himself, as it were, and strangles the old Adam that has thickened his blood and made it run bitter in his veins. The hoary old convictions that have wrought themselves into the very fibres of his sense and into his half-conscious actions, are dug up by their roots. He makes a grimace as he drags up his old principles and swears he will know them for what they are or die. This mental suicide may seem madness, but if a man's life is to be of any real use to him he must go through with it; he must break this husk of prejudice and conviction that has sheltered him before his soul was ripe; this chrysalis that was a refuge and has become a prison.

Such is the rebirth which I believe is the purpose of experience, and it is the result of the voluntary putting to death of all the delusions which have helped us in our growth. The human soul is very solitary; outer circumstances sweep over it and it disappears into their depths; but sooner or later it emerges, and then nothing matters any more. It becomes a great lamp on the highway shedding its beams because it is its nature to do so, not because it is its duty to do so. I remember once looking over the gateway of a field in Breconshire. Four sheep were walking up the hill. The leader simply knew where it intended to go and went there; the second was evidently telling the third what a splendid way it was, and the third was becoming enthusiastic and hurried on; the fourth lagged behind and followed simply because it didn't want to be left alone. So we humans move from circumstance to circumstance, all passing over the same ground. And the ground doesn't matter in the least; the only thing that really matters is are we number one, number two, number three, or number four?

THE PRAYER.

Up to the ruling gods I flung my pray'r
  Morning and night for many weary years,
  And painted for their eyes, with blood and tears,
My inmost heart's desire: "Life's field is bare
Of flowers and bloom," I said, "and everywhere
  Rude clamours and strange discords shock my ears,
  And, thro' it all, the clicking of the shears
Of Death;—say wherein, then, is life made fair?"
And long I waited, but no voice replied;
  And then I cast a deeper eye within,
  Where struggling lay my spirit in the gin
That held it fast, and then I saw my pray'r
Come back to me; I groaned aloud and sighed—
  It was the only hideous thing was there!

F. H. DE QUINCEY.

THE NEW AGE.

OCTOBER 3, 1907

The Anglo-Russian Convention.

WE confess ourselves unable to join in the chorus of approval of the terms of the Anglo-Russian Convention. With scarcely an exception, the Liberal and Conservative Press both in England and on the Continent have regarded the affair as a matter of business, and, on the whole, as a matter of good business. The three outstanding possibilities of friction between the two bureaucracies have been more or less disposed of; absolutely no mention is made of the internal affairs of either nation; and, in short, the Convention has been obviously drafted to secure the smallest advantages with the least offence. And yet, while we fully admit the negative merits of the Convention from the standpoint of the common sense commercialist, we deny on entirely other grounds its positive value either to the people of England or to the people of Russia.

It would indeed be strange if Socialists should find themselves in complete agreement with a Convention still radically anti-Socialist, or with Liberal or Conservative points of view which belong, for Socialists, to the unilluminated past. The fact is that the Socialist movement represents the emergence into practical life of a conception which is destined to destroy, or at least to recast, all the political ideas of the past. Thus, in discussing the Anglo-Russian Convention, we are bound to proceed upon assumptions foreign for the most part to our orthodox Press. The only question for us is whether in any political proposal of this kind we can discern a Socialist advantage, or whether, as in the present instance, we can discern no such advantage.

We see, for example, that the common assumption in regard to the Anglo-Russian Convention is the old individualist assumption that no nation has any concern with the internal or domestic affairs of another nation. England, we are told, must remain politically indifferent to the internal atrocities of the Russian Empire on condition that Russia as a political entity remains capable of entering into and carrying out political agreements. In brief, the governing power of one State may ally itself or otherwise with the governing power of another State regardless of the actual relations between the respective governors and governed. Now, it is precisely this assumption that we challenge and deny. And not only is it we who challenge and deny it, but the same assumption has over and over again been virtually denied when the governors of one State have been in a position to do so. In the case of Servia, for instance, it is well known that our Ambassador was withdrawn on account of the internal affairs connected with the murder of the late king. During the French Revolution, again, this country took up a malevolent political attitude towards the internal affairs of France; and, again, in countries like Macedonia and Roumania, Turkey, and the Balkan States generally, we have more than once intervened with the other Powers as the police of civilisation. Plainly, then, there is only one reason why the assumption of non-interference is maintained in the case of Russia and repudiated in the case of Servia and Macedonia; and that reason is the obvious reason that Russia is strong while Servia and Macedonia are weak.

This, we contend, is humiliating, not because it demonstrates that the governing classes of England are, like most governing classes, mortal cowards at heart; but because the attitude is entirely incompatible with any sense of the responsibility of great civilised Powers. Unless it can be demonstrated that the possession of power is accompanied by a sense of responsibility for the exercise of that power, we see no human value whatever in the glorification of the British Empire. Surely the great moral argument in favour of power is the enormous potential efficacy in civilisation that great power gives. But if our most powerful nations refuse to use their power for higher civilisation, not merely in their own territory, but all over the world, the argument for Empire becomes no more than a disguise for an ignorant and boundless selfishness. The famous letter written by the German Emperor to President Kruger just before the Boer War was, we conceive, inspired by this sense of responsibility. And it is just such a sense that we discover to be entirely lacking in the whole discussion of the Anglo-Russian Convention.

But it will be urged that such a "superior" attitude is both unwarrantable and dangerous. Who are we and what is England to take upon ourselves the task of maintaining and raising civilisation all over the world? Besides, our first business is self-preservation, and we ought not needlessly to run our heads into affairs that are not our concern. In reply to the first, it is only necessary to quote the axiom which M. Triana recently enunciated at the Hague Conference. As England was alone among the nations in supporting M. Triana's proposition, we have reason for believing that our delegates at the Hague, at least, do not object to taking a "superior" attitude. "La force," said M. Triana, "la force comme la noblesse oblige." That sentence, we hope, may become historical and mark the beginning of a new epoch. For, if nobility and aristocracy have failed in their great attempt to create a world-wide civilisation, it is clear that we must transfer their obligations to their substitute, which is power. The same duties belong now to the nation with the biggest battalions as belonged once to the nations with the noblest-minded men.

On the question of danger there is no denying that the interference of one sovereign State with the internal affairs of another State is fraught with peril. But if we are only going to fight in self-defence, and never for the defence of others, we must expect our army to become more base and more useless with every increase of our power. Wars of aggression, even, are more stimulating to national life than wars of mere defence. But war on behalf of civilisation, on behalf of great ideas, is twice blessed. Such wars alone are holy wars.

Towards Socialism. By A. R. Orage.

I.

THERE is an ancient Hindu story of a man who went to a great yogi and asked for a formula for raising a devil. The yogi was quite willing to give him the spell, but before doing so he warned the man that the devil when raised up must be kept constantly employed or he would turn upon the man and destroy him. However, the man was adventurous, and took the formula and called his devil; and for some time managed to keep him fully occupied. But at last he had no conceivable desire left, and he was in momentary peril of destruction at the hands of the unemployed monster. So he went to the yogi, and told him his desperate case, and the yogi said: "Well, my friend, I knew this would come to pass. But do not despair. Take this dog to your devil, and ask him to straighten its curly tail. That will keep him busy for ever." Hindu-wise, of course, the story had a moral; and the moral was expressed, if I remember rightly, in these words: "This world, O my friends, is the dog's curly tail; and what men call progress is no more than the attempt to straighten it."

This, I suppose, is the conventional Hindu attitude towards life in general. Life, they say, is an irremediable ill; all progress is illusion; the world is a prison, and men are chained to the wheel of becoming. Things will never improve, and there is no salvation; for the knots and kinks of existence are as eternal as existence itself.

But the belief is not Oriental only; such an attitude towards life is common enough even in the West; for the distinction of East and West and the theory that never the twain shall meet till earth and sky stand presently at God's great judgment seat, is nothing more than a misapplication in bad verse of geography to psychology. As a matter of fact, England herself, not to say the out-Western West of America, is full of Oriental temperaments, to whom the assumption of the curly-tailed nature of the world is as easy and unconscious as breathing. Even so energetic a statesman as Lord Salisbury assumed this cosmogony in a famous speech at the Guildhall; when he told the Conservatives that all they had to do or could hope to do was to keep things pretty much as they are. Driven to their last defence, the Conservative Party as a whole is based upon the Hindu assumption. All the extraordinary theories of the irremediability of poverty, the fixed nature of the British constitution, the solidity and, as it were, the cosmic necessity of the House of Lords, the English squire and parson, and the static nature of man, all these are based on the same belief; and if I were asked to name the greatest service of Christianity to the West I should point to the contrary doctrine which Christianity is only now beginning slowly to create, the doctrine, namely, that the world is not a curly-tailed world, but a world on whose redemption a divine being was willing to stake His life.

However, we need not pursue the doctrine of Salvation, since it is certain that Socialists, at any rate, are temperamentally disposed to believe that the world and man can be indefinitely changed. The point is that the philosophic basis of conservatism in every case is the assumption that the world cannot be changed; an assumption which in actively conservative natures is transformed into the allied belief that the world and man can only be changed for the worse. Now Socialists, on the other hand, believe in change, and believe in change for the better. They deny, in the first place, that the nature of the world is fixed as it is, and, in the second place, that the world can ever become worse than it is. The world for the Socialist is an everlasting becoming, a perpetual process of generation and regeneration, a continual mounting of life up the ladder of becoming. Hence it follows that the Socialist has illimitable vistas for the future of man. There is no bound to his imaginative demands. If he is satisfied for the moment with demanding the political and economic rights of man, it is only as a step towards other and more lofty demands. As Heine said: "We contend not for the human, but for the divine rights of man." And it is not the hopelessness of our demands that appals us, but the intolerable slowness with which they are being satisfied. According to a good many traditions, man has now a past of eighteen million years; but how little he has done in that time! We cannot reckon the numbers of millions of men who have lived their lives during this inconceivable period; but we know from folklore that every civilisation has had some great men attending its birth. Whether we name them culture heroes or mythical divine kings or regard their now large dimensions as due to the magnifying glass of oral tradition, the fact remains that every nation has had its human pantheon of great souls. And not only its originating pantheon, but every nation in every age has produced great men, so that even in England at this moment we are not wholly without them. But what have they been able to do, in comparison with the possibilities open to mankind as a race? Every great man has secretly wished himself dead more than once in his lifetime when faced by the impenetrable stolidity of his contemporaries. Most great men have had to build for themselves an imaginary heaven in the skies as a retreat from the condition of men on earth. All the angels and isles of Avilion conceived by poets and philosophers are no more than a tragic testimony to the inadequacy of earth. The worse earth the better heaven must be imagined!

But, at last, our great men are venturing to fix their heaven upon earth. We desire, said one of them recently, that the heaven which men expect after their death shall be attained on earth during their life. Once more the genuinely Christian impulse is beginning to stir in men's minds, and it is to-day and here that men intend to be in paradise. Thus we come naturally to formulate our remotest demands. We demand impossible and incredible things. We demand things of which all previous races have only dreamed. Nothing less than complete satisfaction must finally be given us. Since the world and man in some intimate way groan and travail together, we demand that they shall rejoice and play together. Men must redeem themselves, and they must redeem the world. The most daring enterprises are opening before the eyes of men—the conquest of the irrational forces of nature, the subjection and transformation of all the devils and titans of earth and water, air and sky, the re-creation of Eden, and the return of man to the primeval garden. That, at least, is the aim that Socialists have. And we are intolerant of anything less. We have hitched our waggon to a star, and that star is the earth; and nothing in the long run will stay the course of our progress.

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At this point, if not long before it, I imagine many of my readers have asked: What has all this to do with the Labour Party in Parliament? What has this to do with Socialism? I reply that there is no inspiration in social reform, even of the most radical order, without passion for a remote end. Without extravagant demands we shall never have the force to obtain our moderate demands. Not until the abolition of poverty is realised as a means to a desired end shall we seriously set about abolishing poverty. Why should any man stir a finger to change conditions whose change promises him no gain? Why should poverty be abolished? Why should not the poor be ever with us? Only because they get in the way of our plans, only because they obscure our sunlight, and wreck our best intentions. If the poor had not managed to obtrude themselves upon our notice, if slavery had remained what it once was, a condition no more intolerable to contemplate than our enslavement of horses and oxen, if they had never risen into the conscience of man, we could comfortably ignore the problem of poverty and go on our æsthetic ways like the ancient Athenians or the Italians of the Renascence. But the poor have made of themselves an intolerable and disgusting spectacle, unfit for humane eyes; they are a running sore that will not be hidden, a disease too ugly to forget. Nothing can exceed the hatred with which the Socialist

hates the poor. Indignation seizes him at the very thought of the foul slums in which people are content to dwell. Not at all that he admires the poor for their endurance or is blinded by his sympathy into forgetting that they are mean enough to be willing to live lives worse than dogs. On the contrary, they disgust him, he turns from them with loathing. But equally he is intolerant of the gross materialism of educated men and women to whom the same spectacle is not abhorrent. The truth is that the celestial plans now a-brewing in the minds of thoughtful men require as a first condition that this obsession of poverty shall be charmed away. We expect nothing great at once; it is a small thing that we demand. Only, before our larger hopes can be entertained, except by stealth, it is imperative that these small demands shall be satisfied. Abolish poverty for us, and our men of genius will then begin their cyclopean task of building a civilisation worthy of the conquerors of titans.

(*To be continued.*)

REVIEWS.

Woman in Transition. By Annette M. B. Meakin. (Methuen. 6s.)

We have read this book with considerable interest and pleasure. Mrs. Meakin has travelled a good deal, read all the accessible writers on the Woman's Movement, and apparently conducted an almost Imperial correspondence with women all over the world. The result is that her book is full of interesting comparisons of girl life, womanhood, and the woman's movement generally, drawn partly from observation, partly from literary sources, and partly from her correspondents. Mrs. Meakin's view is that the Woman's Movement is not confined to the Western races, but is practically universal. It is not a local or temporary revolt, but a definite phase through which woman as a sex is passing. The title of her book, in fact, clearly indicates her view that Woman is in transition and not merely in revolt.

A well-known Bishop used, however, to ask of people who talked of progress and transition: "Yes, my friends, but progress and transition towards what?" If we ask Mrs. Meakin what kind of a butterfly (to use her own simile) is coming out of the present caterpillar, we do not get a very definite answer. But we see clearly enough that the writer's ideal is a free and healthy woman, capable of comradeship; and to this end Mrs. Meakin has some useful advice to offer. It is plain, for example, that we shall have to dissociate in our minds motherhood from womanhood. Not only Canon Knox Little, whom Mrs. Meakin quotes to condemn, but the vast majority of men and women are still under the malign conviction that a woman who is not a mother is not and cannot be a true women. But as Mrs. Meakin observes, there are many kinds of motherhood, some of them being immoral, and some of them even criminal; and a universal obligation on all women to become mothers on pain of being regarded as pariahs would result in a terrible state of affairs. We may admit, indeed, that this superstition has already had evil results, for the fate of the old maid (to whom a sympathetic chapter of the book is devoted) is in England at any rate, not far from tragical.

Again, it is painfully true that the English superstition of the home is responsible for a good deal of unhappiness among women, not to say amongst men and children. We pride ourselves on being the only people to have the word in our dictionary; but it must be confessed that we pay a high price for the distinction. It is utterly impossible that so intimate a relationship as is implied in the home-life should remain unchanged amid the change that has come over our economic system. Socialists are too apt to speak of abolishing home and marriage as if these things were not already virtually abolished in hundreds of cases. The ideal conception of the home with its father, mother, and children is doubtless an admirable institution; but the fact that has to be faced is not that Socialism or Suffragism threatens to destroy the Home, but that capitalism has almost destroyed it already. Mrs. Meakin has not studied economics deeply enough to enable her to grasp this fact; and, in consequence, her diagnosis of the disease points to machinery as the prime cause of the trouble. "Not Socialism, **not** the woman movement," she says, "is breaking up home life among the people, but the invention of machinery." Machinery, however, is only an instrument of capitalism, and capitalism, even without machinery, is quite capable of breaking up any natural relation.

Inadequate as is her analysis of the causes of the degradation of woman, Mrs. Meakin's remedy is no less superficial. Practically, her only remedy is co-education of the sexes. Unfortunately, however, it is not the case that men are economically free any more (or much more) than women. If women are the slaves of men, men are the slaves of the capitalist system; and so long as the capitalist system remains, so long will it be comparatively useless to emancipate women from dependence on men alone. Another slavery lies in wait for them when they have left the "doll's house."

With Mrs. Meakin's economic analysis, therefore, we cannot possibly agree; nor with her suggested remedy. Co-education of the sexes is, we believe, sensible and necessary; but as a cure for economic inequalities or as a means of restoring home-life or marriage, it is a mockery. Surely, on Mrs. Meakin's own supposition, co-education is no efficient remedy against machinery. If it is machinery that has broken up home-life, then it is machinery that must be subjugated and controlled before home-life can be restored. And how can machinery be subjugated and controlled so long as its use and direction are in the hands of private persons intent on making profits at any sacrifice?

However, we need not discuss Mrs. Meakin's erroneous economic theories too ponderously. Their presence in her book is, after all, an indication of the direction in which women need to search for a solution. Moreover, her book abounds in acute observations, and is a sincere contribution to a serious subject.

Short History of Indian Literature. By Ernst Horrwitz. (Fisher Unwin. 2s. 6d. net.)

In the Mahâbhârata, one of the two great epics of India, we are told of a remarkable choice made by Arjuna, the hero of the story. Being about to engage in battle, it happened that Arjuna and his enemy, Duryodhan, went to the divine Krishna at the same time to appeal for help. Krishna refused any personal assistance, but offered to lend his soldiers to one party and his advice to the other. And Arjuna, having the first choice, chose Krishna's advice. The incident is typical of the Indian tradition from the very earliest times. There is no lack of the clash of battle or the noise of romance in the early epics of India; but underneath and round about the battle and the romance is the atmosphere of wisdom and contemplation. We feel always that India has consistently chosen the counsels of the Lord rather than the big battalions. Nothing, perhaps, brings this home more strikingly than the incident described in the Bhagavad Gita or Lord's Song. This profound treatise, or rather dialogue on high philosophy and ethics, occurs as an interlude in the great epic, the Mahâbhârata. Not only is it an interlude in the great Indian Trojan War, but the conversation between Krishna and Arjuna is itself an interlude in one of the fiercest battles of the whole epic war. Indeed, to make the contrast between the eternal principles of the world as conceived by the Indian genius even more dramatic, the conversation takes place in the

presence of the assembled armies between Krishna and Arjuna seated in their respective war-chariots. Thus on the very field of battle, and in the sight of the opposing forces, the dialogue of wisdom takes place. Now we may, if we like, dismiss as fanciful the numerous symbolic interpretations which have latterly been put upon many of the Indian doctrines in the West; but the main intentions of the authors of the Mahâbhârata and the Râmayâna cannot be ignored. It is impossible to read these epics, and still less the famous Upaṇishads, without realising vividly that Indian literature is intentionally and deliberately symbolic. Always there is the double meaning, the outer and the inner doctrine, the earthly story and the heavenly meaning. Always in the very midst of the battle, whether physical or intellectual, we are compelled to recognise the presence of the still small voice speaking of the things of the soul. This all-pervading atmosphere of spiritual pre-occupation constitutes, in short, the soul of Indian literature; and we may be pretty certain that all we have learned of comparative Mythology, Philology, and Philosophy from India will remain husk and shell unless this spirit is caught along with them. Priceless as are the gifts awaiting us in Indian literature, it is nevertheless true that we in the West are still far from understanding their value. The revival of the Greek spirit in Renascence Italy was possible because the ancient Greek was accessible and might be readily learned. But there is small chance of Sanskrit ever becoming for Europe what Greek or Latin has been. Consequently, the majority of readers will have to depend upon books such as the present, and upon translations for their knowledge of the earliest traditions of the Aryan mind.

Mr. Horrwitz's "Short History" is very admirably done. The main types of Indian literature are clearly defined, and we are enabled to grasp the broad outlines of the Indian mind. The author is obviously in sympathy with his subject, though nowhere does he allow his sympathies to carry him to extremes. We could wish with Professor Rhys Davids, who contributes an introduction, that Mr. Horrwitz had given us a longer section on the Upanishads; and a list of good available English translations of the works referred to in the text would have been useful. Minor points aside, however, Mr. Horrwitz's volume forms the best brief introduction we have seen to the precious storehouse of Indian literature.

FROM RECENT BOOKS.

Scope and Importance to the State of the Science of National Eugenics. Karl Pearson. (Oxford University Press. 1s. net.)

The tendency nowadays to replace apprenticeship by professional instruction in College or University is a fatal one.

* * *

I can conceive a great University for the training of Mind, in which the whole teaching force should be devoted to the manufacture of problems, calculated to exercise and develop the youthful mind, without any regard to their bearing on real knowledge.

* * *

The primary purpose of statecraft is to ensure that the nation as a whole shall possess sanity.

* * *

There is need, I venture to hold, of a more conscious recognition of the existence of a school of statecraft, and that recognition must involve a fuller study of what can make and what can mar national life and racial character.

* * *

The true test of all technical education lies in whether we can answer in the affirmative the question: Does it provide adequate mental training for the man who has no intention of professional pursuits? If we can, then, and then only, may we assert that it is a fit subject for academic study.

* * *

It is because every University has a duty in the creation of new knowledge, as well as a duty in education, that it seems desirable that our mental training should take as its problems those which are actually demanding solution in practical life.

* * *

The nation must have the instruments and the training needful to protect itself and its enterprises—it must have traditions and ideals so strong that the prejudices of individuals and the prerogatives of classes will fall before urgent national needs.

* * *

Permanence and dominance in the world pass to and from nations even with their rise and fall in mental and bodily fitness.

* * *

Statistics as to the prevalence of disease in the army of a defeated nation may tell us more than any dissertation on the genius of the commanders and the cleverness of the statesmen of its victorious foe.

* * *

I myself look forward to a future when a wholly new view as to patriotism will be accepted; when the individual will recognise more fully and more clearly the conflict between individual interests and national duties.

* * *

Those who fear to know humanity in its degradation, as well as in its nobler phases, will scarce reach the standpoint of knowledge from which they can effectively help the progress of our race.

* * *

The mind must be led through each of the ascending stages of science—till it is able to measure accurately and to describe in fitting words those fundamental biological factors on which the progression and the debasement of human societies alike depend.

* * *

Every large school and University in this country can provide physical and psychical material for the student of Eugenics if he will set to work and observe. Every medical officer in asylum and hospital is in charge of a great Eugenics laboratory if he would only realise it.

* * *

One factor—absolutely needful for race revival—sympathy, has been developed in such an exaggerated form that we are in danger, by suspending selection, of lessening the effect of those other factors which automatically purge the state of the degenerates in body and mind.

* * *

I demand that sympathy and charity shall be organised and guided into paths where they will promote racial efficiency, and not lead us straight towards national shipwreck.

* * *

The time is coming when we must consciously carry out that purification of the State and race which has hitherto been the work of unconscious cosmic process.

* * *

The higher patriotism and the pride of race must come to our aid in stemming deterioration; the science of Eugenics has not only to furnish Plato's legislator with the facts upon which he can take action, but it has to educate public opinion until, without a despotism, he may attempt even the mildest purgation.

* * *

No nation can preserve its efficiency unless dominant

fertility be associated with the mentally and physically fitter stocks. The reprieve is granted, but let there be no heritage if you would build up and preserve a virile and efficient people.

* * *

To produce a nation healthy alike in mind and body must become a fixed idea—one of almost religious intensity, as Francis Galton has expressed it—in the minds of the intellectual oligarchy, which after all weighs the masses and their political leaders.

* * *

The average number of crimes due to the convicts of His Majesty's prisons to-day is ten a-piece.

* * *

In highly-civilised States the growth of the communal feeling—upon which indeed these States depend for their very existence—has not kept step with our knowledge of the laws which govern race development. Consciously or unconsciously, we have suspended the racial purgation maintained in less developed communities by natural selection.

* * *

There is no hope of racial purification in any environment which does not mean selection of the germ.

* * *

There is no sovereign remedy for degeneracy. Every method is curative which tends to decrease the fertility of the unfit and to emphasise that of the fit.

* * *

The duty of the scientist is to find out the law, and if possible waken the conscience of his countrymen to its existence. It is the function of the statesman to discover the feasible social remedy which is not at variance with that law.

* * *

May not a source of racial greatness lie in a national spirit, like that of Japan, which demands the healthy, able child from fitting parents, and looks with sinister eye on those who provide the State with the halt and diseased?

* * *

I have often heard false pride of ancestry condemned, but I have not seen the true pride of ancestry explained and commended.

* * *

The time seems upon us when the biological sciences shall begin to do for man what the physical have done for more than a century; when they shall aid him in completing his mastery of his organic development, as the physical sciences have largely taught him to control his organic environment.

* * *

Eighty years ago there were no physical laboratories in the Universities of this country, sixty years ago there were no physiological laboratories, thirty years ago there were no engineering laboratories. To-day there is only one laboratory for National Eugenics. I believe that every University twenty years hence will offer its students training in the science that makes for race-efficiency and in the knowledge which alone can make a reality of statecraft.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

"Proportional Representation." By John R. Commons. 2nd edition. (Macmillan. 5s. net.)
"The Stonefolds." By Wilfrid Wilson Gibson. (Sumarai Press. 2s. net.)
"Little Bear." Mrs. Goldney. "The Doll-doctor." By E. V. Lucas. The Lilliput Library. (Allen. 1s. 6d. net.)
"A Short History of Indian Literature." By E. Horrwitz. Introduction by Prof. T. W. Rhys Davids. (Unwin. 2s. 6d. net.)
"A Literary History of France." By Emile Faguet. (Unwin. 12s. 6d. net.)
"Deirdre." By W. B. Yeats. (Bullen. 3s. 6d. net.)
"The Court Theatre, 1904–1907." By Desmond McCarthy. (Bullen. 2s. 6d. net.)
"William Blake." By Arthur Symons. (Constable. 10s. 6d. net.)
"What is Religion?" By Prof W. Bousset. (Unwin. 5s. net.)
"An Inquiry into Socialism." By Thomas Kirkup. (Longmans. 4s. 6d. net.)
"Woman in Transition." By Annette M. B. Meakin. (Methuen. 6s.)
"Studies Historical and Critical." By Prof. Pasquale Villari. (Unwin. 15s. net.)
"William Morris and His Circle." By J. W. Mackail. (Clarendon Press. 1s.)
"Great English Poets." By Julian Hill. (E. Grant Richards. 3s. 6d. net.)
"The Opera." By R. A. Streatfield. With an Introduction By J. A. Fuller-Maitland. Third edition. (Routledge. 6s.)
"On the Threshold." By Wilfrid Wilson Gibson. (Sumarai Press. 2s. net.)
"Tolstoy: a Study." By Percy Redfern. (Fifield. 1s. net.)
"Alladine and Palomides." By Maurice Maeterlinck. Translated by Alfred Sutro. (Gowans and Gray. 6d. net.)
"Sir Gawain and the Lady of Lys." Translated by Jessie L. Weston. (Nutt. 2s. net.)
"A Soul from the Pit." By Walter M. Gallichan. (Nutt. 6s.)
"Essays, Speculative and Suggestive." By John Addington Symonds. New edition. (Smith Elder. 7s. 6d.)
"The Truth about the Congo." By Frederick Starr. (Werner Laurie.)
Reviews, etc.: "The Literary Digest" (New York). "Indian World" (Calcutta). "The Captain." "Fry's Magazine." "The Wide World Magazine." "The Open Road." "Contemporary Review."

DRAMA.

The Relapse of Galsworthy.

The Vedrenne-Barker management has taught us to expect such a high standard of dramatic excellence that neither management nor dramatist can reasonably complain if we insist on criticising up to that standard. From any ordinary point of view, and for a play appearing at any ordinary theatre, Mr. Galsworthy's "Joy" would be accounted almost a masterpiece, and is, indeed, worlds removed from such superficial stuff as, for instance, the "Hypocrites." But at the Savoy Theatre

(I wish, by the way, the management would re-christen it the Savoy-Court Theatre, and let us keep the old name) that is no longer enough; plays produced there must if not surpass at least keep up to the standard already attained. Despite its merits, "Joy" fails to do this. Its merits are many, the first and foremost of them being that it provides a very delightful two hours' entertainment. But I doubt whether that is precisely the kind of appreciation Mr. Galsworthy desires. And beyond its most obvious qualities it has the real charm of being, so far as it goes, real and life-like. The people are genuine. But it does not go far enough. For as soon as one begins to trace out the interaction of the personalities and the meaning of their motives, one finds not illusion, romanticism, and sentimentality, but the inconclusiveness of life; which is very clever of Mr. Galsworthy, but not drama. The incidents of life which are selected for dramatic representation must not only be real incidents happening to real people, but they must be illuminating incidents displaying something of the meaning and significance of those people. For instance, it would be perfectly realistic to have an act on the stage which should display a man snoring in bed. But if the curtain went up on the snoring and down on the snoring without any other incident whatsoever, we should be no nearer to a comprehension of the man's hidden individuality or of the wonder of sleep. If a dramatist should desire to inform us of the wonders of sleep he would need to find some other way to do it. It is not sufficient merely to cinematograph life and not sufficient merely to hew out a chunk of raw experience. For if life is inconclusive drama cannot afford to be. It must either answer questions or ask them; it must be inside the individual significance of things, not the outside "scientific" spectator. I do not mean to suggest, however, that Mr. Galsworthy is allowing himself the luxury of being merely a cinematograph. All the people in "Joy" are moved from within, but the incidents selected are not sufficiently illuminating, and questions are neither asked nor answered with sufficient emphasis. It would almost seem as though Mr. Galsworthy had gone out of his way to avoid either asking or answering. A great deal of trouble has been bestowed on minor scenes that only serve to show the artist's craftsmanship, but do not advance the play at all, whereas much that ought to be in is, apparently deliberately, left out. The main theme of the play is the contest between mother and daughter, on the mother's side to keep her daughter's (Joy's) love and that of her own lover, Maurice, at the same time, and on the daughter's to keep her mother to herself, and free from the shame and disgrace her lover must bring her. And while this theme is left as inconclusive as an afternoon call, the comparatively irrelevant matter of Joy's uncle's (Colonel Hope's) bad temper is developed in a most amusing scene with his son-in-law, Ernest. To me at least, there seems little doubt but that Mr. Galsworthy has deliberately left the main theme inconclusive. He brings mother and daughter alone face to face with the issue of their love and the mother's "shame" to decide between them, and leaves the scene as inconclusive as in all probability it would be in 99 cases out of 100. The unfortunate thing is that the common real inconclusive case is uninteresting; it is the hundredth illuminating case, that enables us to read willingly into all the rest, which is worth dramatising. In "Joy" Mr. Galsworthy makes the mother turn a deaf ear to her daughter's pleadings and go back to her lover. But it is obviously not a final departure, and, besides, her lover is only in the ballroom. Joy would have a great deal more to say; and might not be so easily consoled by her boy lover in a moonlight scene, as Mr. Galsworthy makes her. But I have not called my article "The Relapse of Galsworthy" for nothing. "Joy" I am seriously afraid is the result of a bad attack of "Prunella." The realist of "The Silver Box" became enamoured of "Prunella's" drama "of a soul," and set out to write a Prunella-like fantasy himself. The very name of the play ("Joy") backs up my contention, for there is little doubt but that Mr. Galsworthy, in the first instance, desired Joy to be a beautiful symbol of youth and freshness to herself and her boy lover and a hard symbol of the aloofness of the "untouched thing" (as her mother calls her) to her mother. And of course it was impossible for the realist, with all the stored-up observation that eventuated in "The Silver Box," to produce the Pierrot fantasy. All he could do was to hark back to the minor poet emotions of his youth (I assume Mr. Galsworthy had these, the only difference between minor poets and others being that they publish and we don't) and relapse. Only on some such supposition is it possible to account for the realistically pourtrayed people in the play and the extraordinarily fantastic inconclusiveness of their actions. It is all the fault of Prunella; it is a dangerous malady. We cannot stand its sweetness; many another besides Mr. Galsworthy relapsed under its spell. I only trust to be able soon to congratulate the author of "The Silver Box" upon his convalescence. Of the Savoy acting it is hardly necessary to speak, although Mr. Galsworthy owes all the actors a good deal for pulling one or two things through. Miss Dorothy Minto's Joy was fascinating, and the last love scene between Joy and her boy lover so naively touching that I will not attempt to characterise it.

L. HADEN GUEST.

ART.

The Confusion of Art.

THE Ruskinian theory, so dear to the self-confident and self-conscious Victorian generation, that art is a kind of serving-maid to piety—its aim to improve mankind—is odious; and like most untruths it dies hard. It is so clearly a ridiculous and intolerable proposition that the temptation to write violent things is very strong. Of necessity one is forced into a position of Shavian revolt. And this explains how but a little while ago an opposed, and still untrue, theory came among us, with its absurd watch-cry, "Art for Art's sake." At best this studio-talk of beauty as the ultimate aim of art was a confession of weakness—of poverty of idea; hardly had it more truth than the old theory of missionary service. For what it means really is "Art for Craft's sake"—that the aim of art lies solely in its statement. Nothing could be more ridiculously false. Blind to the truth that art concerns itself with ugliness as well as with beauty, with the agonies of life as well as with its laughter, we were told that art is the expression of the beauty which is in the world. And in the blindness of revolt, we were led into the absurdity that it is the province of the art of painting to say Nothing very beautifully. In truth, we were in the deeps of confusion; and the trouble is we have not found a way out.

Perhaps I had better at once name the occasion that has prompted these two trite observations. I have just come back from the Fabian Summer School, where Socialists gathered in comradeship, tried the result upon

one another of various expressions of opinions. We talked among many things about art and what is to be its place under Socialism. Much was said about what art is, and what it is to become in a happier and juster society; much of all this I cannot speak of now. But the one impression that stung my mind was the prevalence of the old mistake that the justification of art rests in its fulfilling a mission.

The new apostle of the Ruskinian theory was Mr. Aylmer Maude, who like Tolstoy, his late master, is doctrinaire. Mr. Maude is an idealist, fired with missionary enthusiasm and exuberance, which forces him into the cock-sureness of finding an apology for the art which his Puritanism fears. He would have us believe that a picture should be a kind of Fabian tract to lead men to the righteousness of communal life. If art has not some such aim, Mr. Maude finds it objectionable to the deepest feelings. But some pictures are alive to their great opportunity. A picture of a life-boat, for instance, is justified, for it incites men to heroic deeds. Millet's great pictures, and especially such a work as "The Man with the Hoe," hold the vast lesson of the dignity of labour. Again, landscape art may be great because a beautiful representation of Nature has the power of inciting and soothing men. A sort of amiable improvement of man is the purpose of pictures according to this wretched missionary theory. I can only say that if this is a forecast of the end pictures are to serve under Socialism, my hope rests in the present degeneracy of art—for pictures will cease to be painted.

The whole confusion is that modern pictures have lost their purpose. The fine art, so-called, separated as it has been from the industrial arts, is suffering the fate of all privileged things, which is to drag out a useless life. To-day pictures are painted at large for no certain reason. And because of this the zealot of reform rushes in and finds for them a mission, while others, quite equally mistaken, deny to them any purpose at all. Can I make this clearer? Think for a moment of these same arguments being applied to an object of industrial art—say to a chair; and a chair is art as much as is a picture. No reformer, however exuberantly serious, would try to force a mission on to a chair, no lover of beauty, however obscured his common sense, would set out to demonstrate that it should exist for art's sake alone. It is time that this folly in talking about pictures should be put a stop to; this meaningless moralising, whereby art is degraded, stripped of its use, and made ridiculous.

The art of painting began as a decorative art, and remained so until its culmination under the great masters of the Renascence. And afterwards, when painting ceased to be purely a decorative art, painters still designed their pictures to be a beautiful object upon some wall. But as painting became separated from life, this purpose of the beauty of decoration diminished, with a result that the force of expression in painting diminished. Harmony was lost. The level of art was lowered. Painters left without a purpose grew bewildered, and their power for expression left them. They were in the position of a craftsman set to design a piece of furniture without knowing to what use it was to be applied. It is just this lost purpose of decoration that painting has to re-find if it is to live under Socialism. Again I say morality is no more the aim of a picture than it is the aim of a chair.

C. GASQUOINE HARTLEY.

MUSIC.

He who would cavil at the programmes of the Promenade Concerts must be very blasé indeed. The present season has been rich in new things as well as old, and on Thursday evening last, in particular, I found much to attract me there. To begin with, we had the Prelude to the third act of the "Meistersinger"; then the famous nut-cracker suite of Tschaikowski, and two new songs (with orchestra) by Mr. Ivor Atkins; then the great Brahms piano-concerto in D minor, followed by Stanford's "Songs of the Sea"; a new Overture by Mr. Felix Harold White, and Elgar's new Military March of the Pomp and Circumstance series; and the first item of the second part (when the fastidious person has generally fled) was Strauss' "Tiel Eulenspiegel." Really, Mr. Wood has done wonders in the arrangement of his programmes, and the orchestra is as near perfection as is humanly possible. I think it is probable that the Prelude to Act III. of the "Meistersinger" suffers something by isolation; it requires the contrast of its own moment as it occurs in the opera, that moment of extraordinary quietude after the noisy squabble of the street scene, which Wagner makes so effective by sober, respectable, decently-behaved music. But playing it as a concert piece deprives it of its value as drama-music, and, away from its setting, it loses its real significance. This, at any rate, has been my impression every time I have heard it in a concert-room. I don't think Wagner meant to apologise for the preceding scene, yet by itself this music sounds quite absurdly, academically sorry. Of course the drama matters very little, and any emotional excitement one receives is created solely by the music, for the story is as dull as ditch-water, as are most of Wagner's stories. His great genius played pitch and toss with our emotions; but often he got tired and had to write level, placid stuff, which we understand and accept as contrast—the lowering of the lights, so to speak, or, should I say, the lowering of the voltage? Anyhow, I feel that this Prelude, so often praised by imperfect Wagnerites as sheer music of the most chaste and delightful kind, is only such by contrast, and was really a concession on Wagner's part to our Nonconformist nerves. I do not go so far as to say that it is horribly dull, but, like the curate's egg, its excellences are purely local.

On Mr. Ivor Atkins' new songs I am afraid I have no definite opinion—they merely represented a tiresome interval between the performance of two great works of art: the Casse-Noisette and the Brahms Concerto. Mr. Willibald Richter played in the concerto with true understanding of its beauties, fleeting though they be. Mr. Robert Burnett was quite good in Stanford's vigorous "Songs of the Sea." I wonder were these

written in the Solent or Dublin Bay or merely under the shadow of S. Mary Abbots? At any rate they are marvellously open-air things, and very well worth hearing again. Mr. Felix White's new Overture on the subject of Shylock was given a first performance, and shows promise of better things to come. The composer is only 23, which may explain his tendency to wallow in psychological analysis. He uses his orchestra well, and gives us occasional glimpses of beauty, but he should not be so chary with it. The construction of the overture is puzzling, and, as we are not provided with a "programme," perhaps we may be forgiven for not getting hold of such an involved piece of writing. At the end of his Overture Mr. White doubtless desired to portray the state of Shylock's mind as Shakespeare leaves him to us at the end of the play, but surely Shylock's mind was not so devoid of idea or emotion as the petering out of the music suggests? Mr. White might as well have been describing the collapse of a favourite writing-desk for all the emotion he squeezes out of this subject. I can't understand this lack of feeling. And he says he was never at the Royal College.

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 A RACE.

TO THE EDITORS OF "THE NEW AGE."

I have just got over the holiday epidemic to find that I ran away from a challenge from Mr. Lee. He cannot admit that I answered his question, and wants to know to what morals I appeal. I would rather appeal to the House of Lords.

As a deprecator of what he calls Eugenic Marriage, Mr. Lee—in common with advocates whose tongues are unloosed since they misunderstood Mr. Shaw—is hampered by the superstition that the initials of Superman are Q.E.D. Now, man that is born of woman hath but a short time to live, but I thought my previous letter showed plainly enough that I am no stickler for votes for Euclid. Such a nightmare might well make Mr. Lee see the streets "run red with blood," and I offer him my warmest sympathy; but the plaint that men and women "cannot deprive it of its power to make them the most miserable things on earth" is enough to make a cat laugh and a poll parrot ask Mr. Lee why he's a Socialist and where THE NEW AGE comes in.

And in the name of brotherly and sisterly love, why does he treat me to Shandy-gaff about Tristram and Isoud! If Mr. Lee suspects that the freedom that engenders reverence may bind faster than the familiarity that breeds contempt, I say unto him: "Verily, thou art not far from the Kingdom of Heaven."

EDWARD HARRISON.

* * *

MINIMAX.

TO THE EDITORS OF "THE NEW AGE."

Mr. Middleton says that what he wants to know is, wherein "minimax differs from burglar method." Neither minimax nor any other method of assailing what passes as property-right, is, in itself, moral or immoral. What gives character, as honest or dishonest, to any method of assailing property-right, is the law deciding rightful ownership. The most fundamental law at present operative is the law recognising the full right of the individual to what he acquires, subject to precedent and consent constituting the law, by his own exertions. This law is really the Jewish law: thou shalt not steal. Whatever a man possesses, conformably with this consent and precedent, prevailing for ages, is, according to Jewish legalism (our present legalism) his "own," and those who forcibly deprive him of such property, perpetrate robbery. This legalism obviously contemplates rights as exclusively a contingency between man and man. I contemplate a contingency between man and God. The question I raise is the validity of the Jewish law constituting property-right. I show that this law involves robbery against God, because it involves assertion of personal rights. I further show that the only practically possible law, for this epoch, involving honesty to God, is exaction of Christ's law, resist not evil, in its intellectual aspect, involving exaction of rights as exclusively God's, and, accordingly, the administration of God's property, human capacity-output, for the greatest practicable equality of enjoyment by God's creatures.

H. CROFT HILLER.

* * *

SOCIALISM AND PUNISHMENT.

TO THE EDITORS OF "THE NEW AGE."

Although most of the fallacies concerning Socialism are entertained by its opponents, there are some illusions about it in the minds of some Socialists. For example, in your issue of September 19, there is an article entitled "Socialism and Capital Punishment," the writer of which, not content with expressing as his own opinion, and supporting by argument, the notion that punishment is worse than useless and ought to be abolished, presents that notion as being an essential part of the ethics of Socialism.

Now what is the characteristic feature of the Socialistic conception of morality—the feature by which it is distinguishable from the ordinary conception of morality? The difference is this: Socialism implies the extension of justice and equity to the economic and industrial sphere, so that a man's whole life, and not merely his lawsuits, shall be governed by these principles, instead of by the accident of birth and the random revolutions of the wheel of fortune. The Socialist desires not merely to make the punishment fit the crime, and to have outstanding acts of merit rewarded, but to make every citizen's entire social existence coincide with his deserts. So far from being a reversal, this is obviously but a further application of our present standard of ethics. The whole moral inspiration of the Socialistic movement is nothing other than a sense of the injustice of the social conditions under which certain individual men and women get so much more than they deserve, and others so much less. The conception of justice here involved is identical in kind with that of the universal belief that men ought to be punished for wrong-doing: in both cases the essential feature of the conception of justice is the idea of individual rewards and punishments on the one hand, varying in direct ratio to individual deserts on the other. True, the Socialist ideal is a community whence punishment along with most other evils has disappeared. But then, among those vanished evils is the evil of crime; whereas the main point of the article under discussion is that, given the existence of crime in a community, there ought still to be no punishment according to Socialistic ethics. The foregoing argument shows clearly that what Socialism especially stands for in the sphere of ethics is, not merely the retention of just punishment of crime, but the extension of what is thus conceived as justice (that is, the equitable apportioning of rewards and punishments to deserts) to the whole field of communal life—in other words, the just apportionment of the product of the community's labour.

The writer of the article seeks to support his curious theory of Socialistic ethics by arguing from that point of view (I agree it is distinctively a Socialistic point of view) which regards Society as an organism, and not merely an aggregate of individually-responsible units. By a strange irony, however, it is just from this point of view that his advice to reformers to denounce the idea of punishment is seen to be futile. If Society *is* an organic unity, if criminals are *not* an isolated class of moral lepers, but are, together with the judges on the bench, part and parcel of a community characterised throughout by a certain general level of morality, must we not then suppose that the more or less vindictive desire to punish criminals is the inevitable manifestation of average human nature under one set of circumstances? And if the Socialistic remedy for the ugly result, Crime, is not to "drive at" it directly, but to transform the social conditions which cause it, then that is obviously the Socialistic remedy also for everything that crime brings in its train, including the ugly result, Punishment. So that even if punishment were, as we are told, unjust, the endeavour to abolish it by directly denouncing and "driving at" it would still be a typically non-socialistic remedy, exactly similar to the endeavour to abolish crime by preaching virtue.

RUSSELL THOMPSON.

[Does Mr. Thompson regard Sanatoria for consumptives as penal establishments? Why not Sanatoria for so-called criminals with the punishment idea left out?—EDS.]

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