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 viscerally conscious of their forays 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 the Unions and another and the chance that their masters may 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 countering it, as they rather indifferently 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 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. He may be a very incompetent person. He may hold some of the views of those directors who have a right to dictate to them what faith they should hold or how they shall be "garbed." It will not be noted that our complaint against the Liberal party 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 an impossible 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, to the exploitation of Empire in the interests of Capitalism, is enough to 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. We wish that Mr. Hardie's Imperialism were noted that our complaint against the Liberals in this respect was 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 viscerally conscious of their forays 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 the Unions and another and the chance that their masters may 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 countering it, as they rather indifferently 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.

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THE NEW AGE.

October 3, 1907

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 offended by men whose own intolerance gives them no right to object. Every crusading society may have its doormats, 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 inquiry. He specially 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 indirectly, as it were, modern or up-to-date by compromising at once with all the methods and conclusions of literary and historical criticism as applied to the Scriptures—conclusions all the more wanted 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 modern "Modernists") 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 a 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 is seen in the North Caucasus. And, in exchange, we receive — let 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 despots for permission to maintain it. And thus a guarantor from any Government, we should prefer one who does not sell his power was at least three years' purchase, which is more than is given 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 neighbours, 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 inquiry. He specially 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 indirectly, as it were, modern or up-to-date by compromising at once with all the methods and conclusions of literary and historical criticism as applied to the Scriptures—conclusions all the more wanted 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 modern "Modernists") 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.

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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 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 schools, and mostly for the worse, by the authorities and public 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 problem of educational reform, and the 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 the ballot), 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 possible that the assistant teachers will be 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 new cordon sanitaire 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 of the country. If the law decrees, 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 workmanlike work 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 the elementary teacher; 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 responsibility 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 arrived for them to discuss the question whether they should not put off their ill-paid aide, abandon their hopes of professional control, and in cease 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. But thing, theoretically at least, is in their favour. Despite the unspeakable ignomy 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 the public opinion, which is moved by good as well as 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, the only people who can make their direct 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 personal advantage of the teacher. 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 honourable and respected; possibly even, their salaries will be raised to the level of a school attendance officer's.
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 referred to as one of the most encouraging for the future 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 dramatic tradition in the theatre, on whose preceding object we have been amused. The Court Theatre is the leading 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 enthusiasm 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 anti-commercialism 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 prosenium; 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 a problem. This has been done with a fixed company, but by the more difficult process of using actors under contract to other theatres, for short periods, often for matinees only. It is in this most 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 in the Court Theatre has 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 artifices of scenic design abolished. The imposing "entrance" was abolished, and the "cabinet" held within the bounds of probability. Such an attempt to create a realistic atmosphere was absolutely necessary if the drama expressing life in its 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-chosen players have not so far carried their 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 third alliance of intelligence in author, actor, and public. Each member of the alliance has made a willing response although the result 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 of the actor's best energy and intelligence, and the actor has forced the test, with the 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 is foreign. The Shaw plays represent a most encouraging standard of excellence, such as it looks as if their production almost depends upon the success of this play, whose primary object has been to demonstrate the possibility of drawing from the stage a dramatic tradition, so far as he is concerned, is a possibility. He has given a play worthy of the author's best energy and intelligence, and the actor has forced the test, with the 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.

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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, anarchistic, self-relating, the vehicle of a pitiless egoism, to the rationalist, the disciple 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 holds all progress. In last month's number of the "Albion Review," 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 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 conscious will secure the effective development of the individual, so surely and powerfully affects every strata of society, by the moral code of to-day which acts and reacts in our religious, political, legal and industrial systems is the direct outcome of the capitalistic organisation of society. The sooner an end can be made of this sort of morality the better--which under the cloak of public approval on a condition of things which it was her religious sanctions: The Church has set the seal of her social expediency based on proprietary rights and, by so doing, have established on a stronger and more formidable basis the Oriental idea of caste in 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 shall as until it is brought about the fundamental mission to shatter. Herself, the source of morality and claiming infallibility in such matters, she became the victim of exploiting feudalism, and to-day is the unfeeling handmaid of capital and temporal power. Her apologists have invented a metaphysics of social economy for which nothing else answers, and thereby, 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 Socialism today; it is a struggle to break through a stale 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 as long as the mind of the masses is not roused, it is clear that the mind of the masses would quickly grasp the implications of Socialistic teaching. But we are all so hopelessly involved in the fiction that the situation consists in something deeper and more profound than the mere struggle for bread. This something is a wound, a moral wound which has evolved slowly and with vicissitude from the economic limitations of mankind. Society imposes certain pain, indisputable laws as to how the individual shall satisfy his bodily needs without leaving him to continue to work the land and to depend for his subsistence on those who have no control of it. Such an idea of morality in the markets of the world, or to 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 obey the unalterable laws of his master and his property, and his wife, and his maid-servant, and whatsoever else is. 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 the forces the direct outcome of the calculous organisation of society. It fleshes his freedom, and then unwittingly builds libraries to educate him out of his bondage. It hurls him into dun cities, and then becomes excusively anxious about dubious feet of 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 is the coldly careful, thoughtfully building 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 noiseless, but the inevitable curse of unattained lust of 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 of money and the immoral trade in human beings, and the full development of the needful powers of the proletariat. Further, and with threats, either in the midst of the new order, and 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 due, is the special satisfaction of the era.
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 go. A large part of prosperity, I believe, is a good way of ridding the world of misery, but I do mean that we should each of us commit a kind of mental suicide at least once in our lives and face our own iniquity, however barefaced and direct. We feel that whatever our circumstances we are anxious ; if our inner life is 'peaceful, circumstances make no difference to my happiness. Whatever unpleasantness we look upon such a struggle as waste of time. We think 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 allows it to live.

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 is one of profound conservatism; in the third the man rises up within himself, as it were, and cuts the old Adam that has thickened his blood and made it run bitter in his veins. The hoary old 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; and then he will have proved himself, as he drags up his old principles and swears he will never forsake, the old shelter that has sheltered him before his soul was ripe; this is as it should be. 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: all he has to do is to keep the little family away from any sense of security 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, and whatever their efforts may be the Evil Star gives them their measure to the ounce.

So let us each recognize the truth that our first business is not 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 any other 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 cuts the old Adam that has thickened his blood and made it run bitter in his veins. The hoary old traditions that have wrenched 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 digs 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 is 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 pulling 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 them; but sooner or later it emerges, and then nothing matters anymore. 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. I was 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 are we number one, number two, number three, or number four?

THE PRAYER.

Up to the ruling gods I flung my prayer
Morning and night for many weary years,
And painted for their eyes, with blood and tears,
My innocent heart's desire: "Life's field is bare
Of flowers and bloom," I said, "and everywhere
Rude clowns 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 prayer
Come back to me: I groaned aloud and sighed—
It was the only hideous thing was there!

F. H. De QUINCY.

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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 were, 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 restrain, 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 with another, without 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 the Saxon 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 Roumanie, 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, not only moved by a base 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 the 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, 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 liberty and democracy 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 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.

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 he gave it he warned the man that any 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 the yogi, and told him his desperate case, and the yogi was willing to stake his life.

"What, my friend, I knew this would come to him were, the cosmic necessity of the House of Lords, the knots and kinks of existence are as eternal as existence itself.

"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 the moral is that there 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-witted and out-married countries, has no more the moral.

"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."

"For the moment with demanding the political and economic 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 consider the possibilities open to mankind as a race? Every great man has secretly wished himself dead more than once in his lifetime even faced by the most extravagant delusion 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 have been but an attempt to escape to the inadequacy of earth. The worse hell the better heaven must be imagined!

"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. Nothing can exceed the hatred with which the Socialist party regard the Labour Party in Parliament. They are so much a part of the political consciousness of the Labour Party, and are being satisfied. According to a good many traditions, the Labour Party in Parliament is only an legislation of the Labour Party, and the Labour Party holds that the Labour Party in Parliament 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 any human being in 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 his. 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 evil of the present is not a growing in the minds of thoughtful men require as a first condition that this obsession of poverty shall be charmed away. We expect nothing less of it, for it is a small thing of 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 cyclonian 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 have found it a good deal better than many of the other books we have 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, in full of just and significant conceptions 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, to become mothers on pain of being regarded as pariahs, the writer's ideal is a free and plain, for example, that we shall have to dissociate ourselves from all that is unchangeable. We may be confessed that we pay a high price for the distinction, but the vast majority of men and women are still unchangeable. It is utterly impossible that so intimate a relationship as is implied in the home-life should remain unchanged. And how can the machinery be subjugated and controlled so long as its evil results, for the fate of the old maid (to whom a mockery. Surely, on Mrs. Meakin's own supposition, co-education of the sexes is, we believe, sensible and necessary; but as a cure for economic inequalities or as a means of restoring the home, 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 condemned. 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 Horwitz. (Fisher Unwin. 2s. 6d. net.)

In the Mahabhārata, 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 ask his advice. 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, has the advantage of being the work of a great poet, the Mahabhārata. Not only is it an interlude in the great Indian Trojan War, but the conversation between Krishna and Arjuna is itself an interlude in the Buddhist meditation that is the great book, the Mahābhārata. In the Buddhist meditation that is the Mahābhārata, the world is conceived by the Indian genius even more dramatically, the conversation takes place in the...
The true test of all technical education lies in whether we can answer the affirmative question: Does it provide adequate mental training for the man who has no intention of professional pursuits? If we can, then, and only then, 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 disserta
tion 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 progress and the de
basement of human societies alike depend.

Every large school and University in this country can provide physical and psychological 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 revival 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 purification 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 awaken 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 Stonefields." By Wilfrid Wilson Gibson. (Sumarai Press. 2s. net.)
"Little Bear." By Mrs. Goldney. "The Doll-doctor." By E. V. Lucas. The Lilliput Library. (Allen. 1s. 6d. net.)
"A Short History of Indian Literature." By K. Horriz. Introduction by Prof. T. W. Rhys Davids. (Unwin. 2s. 6d. net.)
"A Literary History of France." By Emile Faguet. (Unwin. 2s. 6d. net.)
"Deirdre," By W. B. Yeats. (Bullen. 1s. 6d. net.)
"The Court Theatre, 1904-1907." By Desmond McCarthy. (Longmans. 15s. net.)
"William Morris and His Circle." By J. W. Mackail. (Clarendon Press. 15s.)
"Great English Poets." By Julian Hill. (E. Grant Richards. 3s. 6d. net.)
"On the Threshold." By Wilfrid Wilson Gibson. (Sumarai Press. 2s. net.)
"Toilet and 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. 6d.)
"Essays, Speculative and Suggestive." By John Addington Symonds. New edition. (Smith Elder. 2s. 6d.)

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

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I wish, by the way, the management would rechristen it the Savoy-Court Theatre, and let us keep the old name) that is no longer enough plays produced. Galsworthy must 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 the author's provision of 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 no 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 question. 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's pleadings. The mother's effort 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 suffer. And while the main 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. Perhaps I had better at once name the occasion that led into the absurdity that it is the province of the art of "Joy" 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 that Mr. Galsworthy, in the 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 portrayed 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 of us, like 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 out 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.

I. HARDY 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 why, a little while ago, an opposed, and still unirreverent, 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 eventuated in "The Silver Box" become enamoured of "Prunella's" bad temper is developed in a most amusing scene with his son-in-law. Perhaps I had better at once name the occasion that led into the absurdity that it is the province of the art of "Joy" 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 that Mr. Galsworthy, in the 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 portrayed 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 of us, like 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 out 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.

I. HARDY GUEST.
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; I cannot, of all this talk, say much by way of opinion. The one impression that stuck 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 cocksureness of finding an apology for the arts of 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.

"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 exciting and soothing the soul. 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 progressive 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 obviously 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—a chair. Without a purpose, the chair is a picture. No reformer, however exuberantly serious, would try to force a mission on a chair, no lover of beauty, however obscure 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 Renaissance. And afterwards, when painting ceased to be pure decoration, artists 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 be- wildered, 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.

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 of it very pleasing. To begin with, we had the Prelude to the third act of the "Meistersinger"; then the famous nut-cracker suite of Tschaikowsky, 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 at 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 clastic 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 Overture, and I make this clearer? Think for a moment of these same arguments being applied to an object of industrial art—a chair. Without a purpose, the chair is a picture. No reformer, however exuberantly serious, would try to force a mission on a chair, no lover of beauty, however obscure 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.

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written in the Solent or Dublin Bay or merely under the shadow of S. Mary Abbots? At any rate they are manifestly cruel and very worth avoiding 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 smartly, and gives us 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 pattering out of the music suggests? Mr. White might as well have been attempting 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.

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.

BRIDGING 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 wanted to know what morals I appeal. I would rather appeal to the House of Lords.

Mr. Lee is 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 O.E.D. Now, man is born of woman hath but a short time to live, but I thought my previous letter showed plainly enough that I am not stickler for votes for Euclid. Such a nightmare might be better if there is, as we are told, unjust, the fiction of God's presence. I would say to what I mean: "Verily, thou art not far from the Kingdom of Heaven."

EDWARD HARRISON.

MINIMUM.

TO THE EDITORS OF "THE NEW AGE."

Mr. Middleton says that what he wants to know is, wherein "minimum differs from bargurl method." Neither minimum 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 recognizing 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. What involves assertion of personal rights. I further show that the legalism obviously contemplates 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 in the minds of some Socialists. Now, in an 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 notions that punishment is that which annoys and ought to be abolished, presents that notion as being an essential part of the ethics of Socialism. Now what seems a breach of faith, so to speak, in the 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 on this point of view that the more rigid and the less by the Socialistic remedy also for everything that is, not merely the retention of just of the community, and not for the punishment of crime, but the extension of what is thus conceived as justice (is, the equitable apportioning of rewards and punishments to deserts) to the whole field of communal life, rather than to 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 one, and is hampered by the super-reasonings of the community, and not merely an aggregate of individually-responsible units. By a strange irony, however, it is just on this point of view that the more rigid and the less by the Socialistic remedy also for everything that is, not merely the retention of just of the community, and not for the punishment of crime, but the extension of what is thus conceived as justice (is, the equitable apportioning of rewards and punishments to deserts) to the whole field of communal life, rather than to the product of the community's labour.

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