THE OUTLOOK.

Arrayed for Battle.

The tocsin has been sounded by Lord Balfour of Burleigh, the London Municipal Society, and the British Constitutional Association, and we are to be treated to a great Anti-Socialist campaign in the immediate future. We cannot say that our souls are filled with terror at the prospect. Indeed, if we thought the attack would be conducted intelligently, we would accord it a hearty welcome. Nothing would do the Socialist movement more good than the presence of an able and alert controversial adversary to hammer it into cohesion and coherence. Unfortunately, since Charles Bradlaugh died, no such antagonist has been forthcoming. Mr. Hilaire Belloc and Mr. Arthur Penty stand practically alone as intelligent critics of Socialism, and it is to be noted that both are ex-Socialists, and that neither could be imagined as taking part in the present agitation. Of the intellectual level of those who are taking part in it, Mr. Cecil Chesterton's unblushing assurance in another column will give some idea. It is not by nonsense of this sort that the powerful artillery which Socialism can still command will be silenced. There is no peril to Socialism in the agitation, but there may be real peril to the Tory party, if it allows itself to be captured by the Anti-Socialists. There are evidently some Tories intelligent enough to see this. Mr. Claude Hay, appealed to for his blessing on the Anti-Socialist cry, and they are backed by the intelligent and progressive elements in the party will. Indeed, the London Moderates, misled by a 'single stroke of the Anti-Socialist' and they arc backed by the Unionist Free Traders such as Lord Balfour and Mr. Hugh Cecil, who are anxious to divert the attention of the party to anything rather than Tariff Reform. It may be that these forces will be too strong, and that the intelligent and progressive elements in the party will be snowed under. It may be that we shall see the historic Tory party converted into an engine for the defence of plutocracy. We can only say that, if this be so, what we are witnessing is not merely the end of Tory Democracy, but the end of Toryism as a national force.

The Fate of Liberalism.

Meanwhile, what of the Liberal party? Its position is, perhaps, even less enviable. A party, sub- sidiary on illusions, tempestuous and hypocritical, it could hardly survive in the atmosphere engendered by a real fight like that between plutocracy and Socialism. For some time it may contrive to subsist, by telling the electorate that the only true way of resisting So- cialism is by means of "Liberal reforms," while at the same time (with doubtful consistency) asking for Socialist support on the ground that it goes "part of the way." But its best chance is probably to divert public attention from Socialism to other matters, and this the Prime Minister evidently feels. He has just delivered another of his fulminations against the House of Lords. Intellectual originality is not a preserve of Sir Henry's virtues, and we doubt if even the most brilliant thinker could find anything new or valuable to say on such a subject. We are treated to all the old rhetoric, but every time it is uttered its phrases ring hollower and electless. The truth is that Sir Henry is not the man for a crusade; his heart is not in the work. His real point of view is, we fancy, exhibited much more truly in that non-political speech which he delivered the other day expressing his unalloyed satisfaction with everything and everybody in this best of all possible worlds. There you have the real man, kindly, sociable, inaccessible to ideas, but shown enough to see through the insincerities of the party game and hardly hypocritical enough to pretend not to do so, possessed of an ample income, living a comfortable life, and quite unable to imagine what these wretched Socialists are making so much pother about. This is not an unagreeable temperament, but it is not the temperament for such a task as Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman has set himself. For that task you want a Gladstone, one who, having deceived himself, can deceive others. The existence of the Liberal party is incompatible with the existence of intellectual honesty in its leaders. And with all his faults, Sir Henry is not the man for a crusade: his heart is too fundamentally honest a man to lead it effectively at the present juncture. The reins had better be handed over to Mr. Winston Churchill, against whom no such objection can be urged.

Theology at Kirkdale.

It appears from the evidence of those who took part in the fight that the defeat at Kirkdale was due in part to other causes than those which we suggested last week. Prominent among these was the insipid use by the Tories of the accusation of "Atheism" against the Socialists. A leaflet was distributed on the eve of the poll containing quotations from certain works of Mr. [Robert Blatchford] and we are informed that its effect on the electors was considerable. Some Socialists are, we notice, disposed to blame Mr. Blatchford severely for having expressed opinions which could be so disastrously employed against the party. Such blame we think in the main quite unjust. The fact that a man is a Socialist does not and cannot prevent him from holding his own opinions on other topics, and it would be disastrous if it prevented him from saying them. Mr. Blatchford has just as much right to say that he disbelieves in Christianity as the Rev. Stewart Headlam has to say that he believes in it. If there is any person who thinks that the fact that a particular Socialist is not a Christian implies that no Christian can be a Socialist, we can only wait in patience until
we have succeeded in educating him in the elements of rational thinking. A quite different question does, of course, arise, as it can be shown that Mr. Blatchford has claimed that his particular view of religion is the Socialist view and is binding on all Socialists. We are not at the moment disposed to say, but we think that there is at present no consensus of Socialist opinion on religious questions; secondly, that Socialism can spare none of its honest and strucent advocates, be they religious or secular, and that we must therefore be ready to secure the fullest liberty to every Socialist to maintain his own views, while resolutely refusing to proscribe any other Socialist for differing from them. 

Politics at Yarmouth.

It is a curious irony that, while the electors of Kirkdale were discussing theology, the clergy and laity of the Church assembled at Yarmouth were mainly concerned with politics. The debate on Socialism contained little that was new, though it served as a landmark to show the progress made by Socialism in the Church, since Mr. Headlam and the Guild of St. Matthew commenced operations more than thirty years ago. Indeed, the peril to the cause of Christian Socialism seems now to arise less from the opposition of well-intentioned Churchmen than from the hasty acceptance of the name "Socialist" by mild philanthropists who have no right to it. To this danger the uncompromising Churchman would hesitate a moment as to his choice. The Churchman would hesitate a moment as to his choice.

Mr. Hardie and India.

We do not propose to criticise Mr. Keir Hardie for his alleged Indian utterances until we learn exactly what he said and why he said it. The reports in the English Press were clearly twisted and exaggerated, as is obvious from the fact that the Anglo-Indian papers, certainly not unduly biased in favour of either Mr. Hardie or the Government, have been tortured out of all likeness to their original form. The fact appears to be that Mr. Hardie has made no speeches at all, that he has been the guest of an eminently loyal native prince, and that such utterances of his as have found their way into the newspapers have been largely invented by the Labour leaders in this country. But to us this is no argument against Mr. Hardie.

The Protection of Labour.

Australia is the land of social experiments, and the fate of the country is determined by the success of those experiments. The question of protecting fair and honest employers against unfair employers forced on the Commonwealth Government by the Labour Party should be watched with attention. It is proposed that the tariff on foreign imports should be accompanied by an excise on home products, which should be partly or wholly remitted to those who observe fair conditions of labour. Of course the scheme implies a Protective system, a fact which probably accounts for its unhesitating condemnation by certain Labour leaders in this country. But to us this is no impeachable objection. We care nothing for abstract Cobdenite economics, and are quite willing to welcome Tariff Reform if its advocates show us that it can be used as a lever for raising the standards of life and labour. Anyhow, the tariff already exists in Australia and will continue to exist, whatever the fate of the present proposal. The Labour Party is therefore eminently wise in seeing how far it can be used for their advantage. Whether the policy will prove a success we should not care to prophesy. There are difficulties obvious at first sight; but then every step in social reform is beset with difficulties. At least this bold and interesting experiment proves that the Protectionism of the Australian Labour Party is the right kind of Protectionism—Labour-Protectionism, a very different thing from the Capital-Protectionism which is (with a few exceptions) the characteristic mark of Tariff Reformers in this country.

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Being notes of the Great Anti-Socialist Campaign.

The converts to Socialism are coming in fast. I hope I may be allowed to welcome, as the latest recruit, Lord Balfour of Burleigh, President of the British Constitutional Association, and to congratulate him on his admirable statement of the Socialist case in last Thursday's "Times." It is extraordinary to me that anyone could have imagined that that letter was intended as an indictment of Socialism; patently it is an encomium of the capitalist system. Lord Balfour begins by laying down the only possible foundation for a just Commonwealth:—

The essential condition for the progress of a community is that the incentive to efficiency on the part of its individuals shall be of the strongest possible kind. This required incentive can only be secured by the adoption of a principle that the earnings of each individual shall be securely preserved to him. The development of our system of justice has been governed by this principle, and its chief aim has been to prevent individuals from plundering one another, and to maintain intact for each whatever he has earned.

Here the phrasing may strike the student as a trifle too crudely Marxian; but in the main it sums up concisely enough the Socialist case against the present constitution of society. We have always maintained that the system of that constitution was that unless the worker did not secure intact "whatever he had earned," but had to pay out of his earnings for the support of an idle class which contributed nothing to the wealth of the country, Socialists were Atheists. Therefore Socialists are Atheists. But Mr. Robert Blatchford is a Socialist. Therefore Socialists are Atheists. Therefore Socialists are Atheists. Therefore Socialists are Atheists.

One really does not know how to deal with people who do not believe in God. Therefore Mr. Robert Blatchford says: "I do not believe in God." Therefore Lord Balfour leaves agreement with this view to be inferred. For he goes on to say:—

"Year by year Parliament makes life harder for those whose labour benefits the State and easier for those who are a drag upon it. Year by year the tribute paid by the former to the latter increases both actually and proportionately. The ground values of London alone would supply ample confirmation of Lord Balfour's contention."

The intimate connection between Socialism and Atheism is very profoundly impressed in the Anti-Socialist campaign at present booming in the capitalist Press. The syllogism (which, I am told, produced a great effect upon the intelligent electors of Kirkdale) runs as follows:—"Mr. Robert Blatchford says: 'I do not believe in God.' Therefore Mr. Robert Blatchford is an Atheist. But Mr. Robert Blatchford is a Socialist. Therefore Socialists are Atheists. Therefore Socialists are Atheists. Therefore Socialists are Atheists. Therefore Socialists are Atheists. Therefore Socialists are Atheists. Therefore Socialists are Atheists. Therefore Socialists are Atheists.

I like best the verdict of Sir Lewis McIver that "the difference of opinion. Thus the"—Sir Lewis McIver briefly—"Tariff Reform;" while Mr. Munro Ferguson, whose opinion immediately follows, replies with almost equal brevity—"Drop Tariff Reform. On the whole, I like best the verdict of Sir Lewis McIver that the best way to fight Socialism is to tell the truth about it." This is a solution which has evidently never occurred to the editors of any of the journals which are conducting the present campaign.

"London Opinion," the organ of Mr. Moreton Mandeville, publishes a letter from the Hon. Secretary of the Middle Classes' Defence Association:—"The New Age is somewhat severely censured. Its great sin is apparently that it printed a letter from Lord Esher which cannot be reproduced or even quoted here, but to which reference can be made in order to learn the depths to which Socialists—of a sort—can descend." I am glad to learn that the immediate result of this outburst was that the whole of that number of The New Age was bought up. I congratulate my friends, the Editors, but I cannot but weep over the disappointment in store for those readers of London Opinion who succeeded in obtaining copies.

The Church Congress at Yarmouth was enlivened by a speech from Archdeacon Cunningham of Ely. Out of a mass of absurdities we select the following sentence:—

"Christianity had a great deal to do with social regeneration, but had no use for social ideals bred on earth and raised uneasily in the mind of the middle classes and their so-called leaders."

This is rather exquisite, but it pales beside the rich and sumptuous folly of the following sentence, which I find printed with all the pride and emphasis of leaded type in Tuesday's "Express":—

"Under Socialism every child will be a workhouse child. If the mothers dressed them, one would be prettier than another, as Mr. P. Rose-Innes is at least as sound as that of the argument quoted above, and the conclusion appears to me, I must say, a good deal sounder."

One of the gentlemen who has favoured the "Daily Express" with a spate of observations is Mr. P. Rose-Innes. He considers that, "having unsuccessfully contested two constituencies, West Lothian and Jarrow," he has a special right to speak on the subject. This reminds me somewhat of the "failed B.A.," which Bubu students are alleged to put after their names. However, Mr. Rose-Innes has little to say except to assent to the counsel previously given by Sir Thomas Gooch—"Educate! Educate! Educate! Had he confined himself to exalting and applauding Sir Thomas Gooch he might have escaped without disaster. Unfortunately he attempts to enlist the support of a man of genius whose intellectual processes he is less able to follow. He adds "in the words of Lord Balfour's "Daily Express,"" 'the best thing we can do for the labouring classes is to find them work." Now these words undoubtedly occur in "Coningsby." They form part of the deliberately absurd and preposterous conversation of Lord Everingham, the Whig oligarch, whose views, closely resembling those of the "Daily Express" and its correspondents, are subsequently torn to pieces by Coningsby and Lord Henry Sydney, who are unmistakably the mouthpieces of the author. If this form of quotation is to become popular, I can imagine no end of developments. A representative of the British Constitutional Association may say "in the words of Charles Dickens in 'Our Mutual Friend': 'We English are very proud of our Constitution. It was bestowed on us by Providence.' Or an opponent of Trade Union wages may say "in the words of Mr. Bernard Shaw in 'Candida': 'What does it lead to but drink and upishness in working men'?"

Meanwhile the "Standard" is inviting public men to express their views as to how Socialism should be fought. Few of these public men have anything useful to say, save those who, like Mr. Claude Hay and the Bishop of Grays, tell the "Standard"—"If anyone will adduce in polite language that they are making fools of themselves, Lord Claud Hamilton recommends his friends to bring home to the minds of the community that a pronounced Socialist is devilish and unpatriotic,—"which would doubtless prove effective if it could be done. But the difficulty is to do it. On other matters there appears to be considerable difference of opinion. Thus there is a solution which has evidently never occurred to the editors of any of the journals which are conducting the present campaign.

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The September Encyclical of Pius X.

While our London Press was at the most vacuous stage of its silly season, when valuable columns were being devoted to discussions on "Is there an Antipathy between Pius X. and the Englishmen? Are Englishmen Stupid?" etc., a crisis in the Roman Catholic Church of European, even of world-wide, significance was approaching the stage of its denouement. No one can doubt that the Englishmen are still, notwithstanding all that has happened, intensely interested in everything which affects their traditional faith, especially in the direction of making it acceptable to the modern spirit; and although an Englishman was one of the leaders aimed at by the recent Papal Encyclical, the attention devoted by English journals to the Papal pronouncement which involved what will probably be the final battle between the mediæval and modern methods of thought, was almost preposterously inadequate. When will the English Press, otherwise the host in Europe, cease to deserve the reproach that it is, apart from a few exceptions—it is the worst informed in Europe on anything except immediately English interests?

On August 10, 1905, Pius X. succeeded Leo XIII. in the Papal chair. Known for his good works, he was, in the intellectual and organising sphere, an unknown quantity. For some time he preserved an attitude of semi-toleration towards the school of young priests who, under the leadership of Don Romolo Murri, were endeavouring to bring Catholic doctrine into line with modern thought, and were hoping ultimately for reforms in the direction of lay participation in Church management, the modification of enforced clerical celibacy, and an infusion of the Index and other Roman Congregations with new, young life, sympathetic to the modern spirit, rather than on purity and simplicities of life, on the Franciscan ideal, than on a career culminating in the purple and the Curia.

The early hopes of these young reformers from Pope Pius X.'s accession may be gleaned from Signor Fogazzaro's novel, translated into English as "The Saint." The new Pontiff was there made, in a secret interview with the Saint—an ardent liberal reformer—to declare his entire sympathy with the Modernists, although expressing a fear that his entourage might be strong enough to prevent the realisation of his ideals.

Any such interpretation of Pope Pius X.'s mind is more up to their heresy in certain ambiguous terms, to prepare the newly-inducted Cardinals on April 17 of this year, and, above all, to the present all, his denunciatory tone and gestures on that occasion, followed as that pronouncement has been, in the Encyclical of last month, show the Pope as a convinced adherent of the Scholastic conception of an immutably fixed Christian dogma, prepared to die, if need be, in the last ditch in his effort to entrench, and, if possible, extend the doctrine of the extrinsic, transcendent authority of the Papal See. The Modernist movement he described to the Cardinals as "not a heresy, but the compendium and poisonous kernel which the form conceals, and which, it is maintained, is the noblest and at the same time the simplest and purest expression of elemental human gropings towards the "Good and the True."

It is this attitude towards divine revelation, the inductive conception which goes for religious apologetics, to the feelings of all human instincts, instead of deriving them from general principles, the acceptance of which was imposed on individual units; this attitude which makes the basis of personal religion intrinsic, resting on consent, and not on authority, which the Pope has attacked in his latest Encyclical, to which the English Press gave so little attention and so little elucidation.

We remarked that for the most part the Pope's move was referred to liberal progress in the Catholicism of the United States. But there is, of course, no need to go so far afield for an explanation. The movement, Pius X. feels, is at his own doors, manifest in every seminary north of Naples: manifest in Germany, in France, in England, in the United States, everywhere in the Catholic world (except, perhaps, in Spain and South America) where that faith is living. Hence the Pope's condemnation of the new Inquisition, and the feeling of some members of the Cardinal's College may be gleaned from the speech of one of them the other day, in which he declared that the present Pope's attitude was the same as that of the Church, and that the Council of Ten had served to keep Venice Catholic.

Father Tyrrell's articles in the "Times" of September 30 and October 1 are a résumé of the Encyclical yet published in English, and we observe that a translation is shortly to be read to the faithful in the English Catholic churches. We regret we have not space to print the incisive, acute, and yet charitable letter addressed by them to His Holiness. We commend it to all in whom the old English love of sturdy intellectual fearlessness subsists. We cannot here quote from it at length, but such pronouncements from within the Church as that "there is no charity without faith, because charity is cleanness, fruitfulness, fullness of life lived in harmonious communion with the Universal, and these to be such great, immense, and infinite as God is great, immense, and infinite" may be treasured as examples of a tolerance which presently will make straight for the unity of all those who represent the purest and noblest kernel of the human spirit, whether within or without the Church.

This letter of protest analyses the causes of the widening gulfs between the people and the Church in Italy. Not only it says, in its conclusion, "are the ancient cathedrals deserted; not only do men no longer care to resort to religion for strength and light . . . . . but the Church is regarded as an obstacle to the freedom and happiness of peoples, the priest is insulted in the street as a vulgar and obscurantist parasite, the Gospel and Christianity are regarded as expressions of a civilisation which has become obsolete, because of its incompetence to answer to the high ideals of liberty, justice, and knowledge which are agitating and inspiring the masses." Even the minority which remains loyal is said to "showing signs of decadence and decline from the quarter of the semi-toleration towards the school of young priests who, trained in the scholastic system. Once the universal principles of the scholastic syllogism were repudiated by modern science and all human knowledge reduced to the level of something subjective and mere conjecture, the modern development of the human mind at the date of the propounding of any given theory, the validity of the religious system founded on these principles was gone. The young Liberal Catholics, escape from the quandary, as do many leaders in the English Church since the days of "Essays and Reviews," by regarding the form assumed by the Christian dogma at any given moment as of small importance compared with the kernel which the form conceals, and which, it is maintained, is the noblest and at the same time the simplest and purest expression of elemental human gropings towards the "Good and the True."

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be found in it principles that carried it beyond itself to something wider and better," his views are of singular interest, and worthy of especial notice as coming from one who "is not only a man but a gentleman" on whom the dislike entertained at Rome for his literary efforts.

His dream is of a purified Catholic system, really Catholic, containing the ruins (we use his own word) of the two opposite ways of Catholicism and Protestantism built up into one great world edifice, whose architectonics shall be the noble as the result of the bitter religious experience of Europe during the 300 years which have elapsed since the error of the Reformation.

"That still, despite the distance and the dark. What was again may be." And although our views are not those of Father Tyrrell, we feel that there is a break of life stirring everywhere in the Roman communion, and that, whatever the outcome of the pending struggle, he, with Don Romolo Murri and his young Italian friends, will fight a good fight — one worthy of the careful attention of all thoughtful Englishmen.

GEORGE PITCHER.

The Menace of the Censorship.

The latest act of Mr. Redford, Censor of Plays, makes it abundantly clear that his office constitutes a public danger. It is not merely the development of intellectual drama in England that is In peril, but what is of more concern to us, the most effective engine of moral reform is being slowly reduced to nullity. If Mr. Redford had been commissioned, instructed, and liberally paid by the Devil he would not have become a more efficient weapon of the precipice to human enlightenment.

It is only necessary to review the list of plays condemned by him. They are Ibsen's "Ghosts," Brieux's "Maternity," Maeterlinck's "Monna Vanna," Tolstoi's "War," Wilde's "Salome," and Shaw's "Mrs. Warren's Profession." Without a single exception, these plays are thoroughly moral in their influence; they discourage precisely what Mrs. Grundy regards as vice; their portrayal of immorality, so far from attracting, repels the kind; and, what is more than sad — it is tragic. Perhaps Mr. Redford is anxious to protect the British public from tragic, certainly the plays he has censored are not only moral, but they are uniformly tragic. They are calculated to stir the most hardened playgoer into a mood that might not be soothed by shallow optimism. If that is Mr. Redford's view, we can understand why he apprised the Pack of sentimentalists? And if the Mrs. Partington do only tries to sweep back from England the tide of dramatic intellect and tragedy that is flowing fresh all over the rest of Europe; but, so long as the veto remains, his ridiculous brouhaha has all the power of the State behind it.

Under the circumstances, there is only one hope for the Drama and all that Drama means, in England; it is to abolish the censorship as a thoroughly demoralising and dangerous institution. Mr. Garnett, in his outspoken preface, advocates the formation of a Society for the Defence of Intellectual Drama. But the best defence is attack. Claude Monet saw Mr. Redford is infinitely too great for mortal man; and when he is employed consistently on the wrong side (as it now is) we may suppose that mortal man has given way. If this veto on "The Breaking-Point," one of the finest modern tragedies, does not prove the obscurest tyrant of the dramatic Censorship, it can only be because the nation whom the gods are about to destroy must first be made mad.

We congratulate Mr. Garnett on his martyr's crown. He has joined the glorious company of the censored. We sincerely hope the reading public will endeavour to show in him for his loss and to console themselves by the purchase of his book for their own.

Eiffel Tower BUN FLOUR.

A 10. packet makes 15 delicious light buns with any given recipe. 10. a packet.
"The Mere Clerk" Again.

I will confess now, in public, what my Editors have known all along, that when I wrote the article to which most of my correspondents so vociferously objected, it was with my deliberate intention to rouse the Mere Clerk to just that precise pitch of fury which, judging from the things he says to me and about me, has attained. In the interest of the Socialist who can claim to have been entirely successful. But I also wanted the Mere Clerk to shake himself out of his sloth, to do something better than lie in the mud and grumble about his condition. Instead, he has surrendered to what some one have termed infinitely worse. He has scooped up the mud in his hands and flung it at me. Instead of meeting my bare assertions -for I purposely refrained from employing arguments and confuting them, he has, with a few honourable exceptions, shown himself to be an excessively ill-tempered, ill-mannered, ill-willed person. In addition, he has proved himself what no competent clerk should be-careless and perfunctory. He emulates the vile of his brother upon me, because of something (with which, nevertheless, I agree) that Mr. H. G. Wells has said about him. Let me quote evidence in support of this charge from a letter written by a resident of Ilford.

Having been informed that the Mere Clerk is such a silly, sickly snob that he renders unbearable the life of any fellow-clerk who dares to declare himself a Socialist, my correspondent proceeds: "It is ever so much easier for a fellow to start speaking or writing (and by the shadow of Shaw) some useful notority out of it [Socialism] in the public press ... I claim the right as a mere clerk and a Socialist to say point blank that an excessive use of phrases commonly heaped upon the middle-class makes a yellow holiday. Those dangerous little clerks are on an average bigger and more vigorous men than any other class of workers in the nation. No spirit, nor any dreams or lusts. What Pecksniffian snuff of neoteric gospel is this of dreams and lusts! Is the clerk to be damned because he is not more than a mere man? And so on, with the old cant about the clerks who went to South Africa, and reiterated interpellations of "These men"; and one pertinent inquiry, Don't you wash yourself? Do you think it better to allow the dirt of your occupation to agglomerate from Monday morning to Saturday night; and on again, by your dreams and lusts. What Pecksniffian snuff of neoteric gospel is this of dreams and lusts? Is the clerk to be damned because he is not more than a mere man?" And so on, with the old cant about the clerks who went to South Africa, and reiterated interpellations of "These men"; and one pertinent inquiry, Don't you wash yourself? Do you think it better to allow the dirt of your occupation to agglomerate from Monday morning to Saturday night; and on again, by your dreams and lusts. What Pecksniffian snuff of neoteric gospel is this of dreams and lusts? Is the clerk to be damned because he is not more than a mere man?"

Was I so very wrong when I wrote that the Mere Clerk is not altogether admirable? However, I am not so vindictive as to try to persuade to Editors to print even a few of these letters in full, and let the various writers destroy one another. But I will ask them to print the following letter from the Vice-Presi- dent of the N.U.C. [Mr. W. J. Read], a typical specimen—among many such that I have received—which to my mind needs no comment from me—

"THE MERE CLERK." No. 2.

"What ho! Thou son of a Mere Clerk! Dost thou know that thou canst put thy foot on the neck of the Worruld! Thuss speak we to ourselves as we sat at our desk after reading the heroics of Edwin Pugh. Nor less a dys- not speaking for a few more. What I want is to put our foot on the neck of the world, so- some or none dashes, and the notes of exclamation will make my heart ache. Mr. Printer, if you haven't got a world with a neck handy! But what says Secretary Elvin, of the N.U.C.? Do you remember that he said some time ago: 'Your midnight oil, your hours of slogging at correspondence, your holidays spent in entertaining your friends, are all no good. You're only a 'dam little clerk. You can't get to hell because you're a rabbin.' Why don't you buck up, and put your foot on the neck of the world? Edwin Pugh will tell you how to do it!"
Towards Socialism. II. By A. R. Orage.

The most unbounded optimism is thoroughly compatible with the profound conviction that human nature does not change. Indeed, human nature does not change—does not change any more than an acorn changes in its unfolding into the oak. The nature of a thing, says Aristotle, is seen only when its process of unfoldment is over. When the last change has taken place in the development of man the last word on human nature will be spoken; but until then it is utterly foolish to speak of human nature as if it were a known and definite quantity.

As a matter of fact, Man has always been the central mystery of all mysteries. He is the one thing in all the world that nobody has known, and everybody and everything has sought to know. In one sense, nature herself is only the inquisitive confines of man, and is as curious about him and his fate as he is about hers. Every student of traditional wisdom knows that the core and heart of esotericism is this very nature of man about which the wise half-educated dogmatise so freely. Whoever has not realised the mystery of man is fit only for journeyman's work in the art of human reform. It may be true, and it is true, that human nature does not change; but it is not true that anybody knows the nature of that unchanging root of the tree of Man. As St. Paul asks: "What man knoweth the things of a man? save the spirit of man which is in him?" And St. Paul's experience is the experience of every genuine dramatist and every genuine spectator of the drama of man. That is what, in fact, makes drama the noblest of the arts, and tragedy the noblest form of drama; for man is oppressed by the overwhelming sense both of his significance and his insignificance. Wretched forked radish that he is, he is also indubitably the noblest living thing in the world; on him rests the responsibility of tasks too colossal for gods, too despicable for beasts; and the struggle within him of his desires and his fears is the very essence of drama—and tragedy.

But even, in the exotericism of ordinary observation, it is not impossible to realise that human nature needs no change to become actively beneficent and manifestly compatible with the profound conviction that human nature is, first, that he does not know what human nature is, and, secondly, that he knows that there are good men who ought to be encouraged and bad men who ought to be discouraged. It is quite enough of the desire that makes Socialists exists to re-assume a paleolithic culture. If we deny openings and opportunities for efforts to our million or so of typical individuals, we shall infallibly hand their civilisation over to a lower type. Once more, the question is not of changing human nature, but the much more practical problem of providing conditions for the multiplication of the desirable and the extinction of the undesirable. Quite enough of the desire that makes Socialists exists already without having involved the least change in human nature. All that is needed is to give scope to that desire and to sterilise by inattention the belated and more primitive forms of desire which characterise the inferior types.

Thus the reply of the Socialist to the challenge that he ignores human nature is, first, that he does not know what human nature is, and, secondly, that he knows that there are good men who ought to be encouraged and bad men who ought to be discouraged. It is perfectly true that men will never be better than they are; and that man does not change essentially. But it is also true that the two-toed Eohippus has been transformed into the racer by a serious of selections, partly compatible with the profound conviction that human nature is, partly natural and partly rational. And it is also true that the time may come when the coarser forms of human passions may by intelligent selection be rendered extinct, and their place taken by forms of passion as much more beautiful than those as Hyperion is than a satyr. Intelligent selection from among existing individuals, we shall infallibly hand their civilisation over to a lower type. Once more, the question is not of changing human nature, but the much more practical problem of providing conditions for the multiplication of the desirable and the extinction of the undesirable. Quite enough of the desire that makes Socialists exists already without having involved the least change in human nature. All that is needed is to give scope to that desire and to sterilise by inattention the belated and more primitive forms of desire which characterise the inferior types.

Hence it is not a question of a radical alteration of human nature that we need discuss; but ways and means of providing conditions for the multiplication of the desirable and the extinction of the undesirable, the transformation of the existing instincts. All repression is immoral, implying a profound distrust of the virtue of life; but training and care and air are as indispensable to human nature as to nature in general. What Socialists have to demand is the conditions for the nobler activities of the instincts of man, room and air for their expansion and blossoming.

It is difficult enough for most men to realise that in sober truth every nation contains types and representatives of every phase of man. It is not only that among us there are human beings of every age from a second of time to a hundred years; it is also true that the paleolithic savage passes the neolithic man in the street, and the neolithic man dines at his club with the man of the bronze and iron ages. The childish trick of ours of counting the present as if it were different from the past and of reckoning the neolithic age as neolithic and nothing else, the bronze age as bronze in character and nothing else, and modern civilisation as containing nothing but civilised forms for any number of errors. As folklorists are beginning to discover, there never was an absolute neolithic age, there never was an absolute age of bronze, when only neolithic and bronze types of mind existed. Both of these ages had all its types of men, even as now in the animal kingdom, there are higher and lower animals existing side by side as animals. The character of any age is determined by its predominant type. The character of modern civilisation is determined by its leading and dominant individuals. Take away a selected million or so from England at this moment, and England would fall back into the comparative backwash of the Paleolithic Ages. What is more, no civilisation retains its high character without constant effort. If we breed more paleoliths than civilised men we shall inevitably re-assume a paleolithic culture. If we deny openings and opportunities for efforts to our million or so of typical individuals, we shall infallibly hand their civilisation over to a lower type. Once more, the question is not of changing human nature, but the much more practical problem of providing conditions for the multiplication of the desirable and the extinction of the undesirable.

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THE NEW AGE.

OCTOBER 10, 1907

To Your Tents, O Israel.

There appears to be some danger lest freedom of speech and discussion should be limited in the Socialist movement by political considerations. The Kirkdale election is only one of the many indications we have had that the political Socialist in his embryonic form of Labour representative is growing frightened of his own success and alarmed lest a loud word should imperil it. We may say at once that we have no patience with such intellectual poltroons. Nor are we inclined to believe that their arguments are anything more than excuses for intellectual idleness. As far as we can learn, the main objections to freedom of discussion within the Socialist ranks are, first, that such freedom, if employed as it certainly will be employed for the expression of ideas contrary to popular opinion, will endanger the prospects of Socialist and Labour candidates at Parliamentary elections; secondly, that there is no mere connection between Socialism and questions of religion, marriage, and the like; and, thirdly, that the abolition of poverty is vastly more important than the maintenance of freedom of speech. Of these three propositions we emphatically deny every single one.

The argument that political reform will be delayed by free discussion of outstanding social problems will not bear examination for a moment. On the contrary, the very condition of political reforms of any magnitude is the atmosphere of philosophic and therefore free discussion in which they are engendered. Moreover, it is historically true that the more extreme the opinions of the reforming minority in a State the more advanced have the other sections become. Already we are beginning to see the Conservative Press discussing a programme of what it calls True Socialism as opposed to the False Socialism of advanced Socialists. All that is needed to induce either the Liberals or the Tories to take up and carry through the whole Labour Programme is for Socialists to drop it as insufficient. That individual candidates may lose a vote or two from association with the free opinions of Socialists like Shaw or Blatchford is possibly true; but no amount of lying low and saying nonsense on the part of Shaw and Blatchford would prevent oppositions from accompanying every Socialist candidate with the extremist opinions of any Socialist, here or on the Continent. If the political Socialists could keep English Socialists silent they could scarcely hope to lay an embargo on free discussion in Socialist circles all over the world; and nothing less could be effective. Add to these considerations the fact that our opponents are not fools by any means; they will certainly not be duped by discreet silences and platform nudgings.

Then there is the argument that Socialism has nothing whatever to do with subjects such as Religion and Marriage. But if Socialism is a theory of the State, nothing human is alien to it. It may be true that no one of the specific theories of religion or marriage so far put forward by Socialists has any claim to be regarded as the Socialist view; but there is all the difference in the world between such an admission and the denial that Socialism has any concern with the questions at all.

Lastly, it is said that every other consideration should give way to the question how to abolish poverty. We entirely agree that poverty is the curse of modern civilization; we, of course, agree that the sooner poverty is abolished the sooner we shall all breathe freely. But poverty is not the only evil. Ignorance in the sense of unintelligence is an evil quite as great on the human side as poverty is on the economic side. Moreover, poverty is now in train to being abolished. We have at last ruminated into the mind of our generation the idea that poverty is not only a curse but a remediable curse. If all the professed Socialists were now to emigrate to Mars, that notion of poverty being remediable would remain and triumph. What we have now to do is to set in train the parallel idea that stupidity and ignorance, intellectual and moral poverty in short, is also a curse and a remediable curse. And for that task we must be prepared to swallow ancient intellectual formulas with the same appetite with which our economic forefathers swallowed ancient economic formulas. The propaganda against one form of poverty will certainly not be undermined by the propaganda against another form.

Finally, there is the question of Revolution or Evolution; and on this we may simply remark, Let the cobbler stick to his last. Some of us are revolutionaries by temperament, others are constitutionally evolutionary; but in the end it takes both sorts to make a reform. In England, where the pace of progress is not that of lightning, revolutionaries are too few rather than too many. We could do very well with more of them. The tail of public opinion is too much for the present heads to wag. The New Age, at any rate, belongs to the revolutionaries,
EXULTANT in the possession of a fortune of some £25,000, the modesty of a commonplace man, M. Chaumoux-Legrand passed his massive gold watch-chain through the buttonhole of his white waistcoat.

It was a Saturday in July, close and heavy, and the thick foliage of the trees and the resounding voices of the busy war-office contractor (military cloaks, guaranteed waterproof; breast-plates, superfine finish) a little the air of a snow-man surprised by the rain.

But whatever you may say, gold chain or no gold chain, Monsieur Chaumoux-Legrand inspired those about him with respect. His workhouse where he treated with consideration (in his own interest, certainly) had never so much as commented a strike; his wife and daughters honoured him and paid him inactively the deference due to a man who had saved whatever he had saved, inspired solely by his affection for them (it was, thus, M. Chaumoux-Legrand explained his passion for business); the Deputies for his division had with exception interested themselves in backing the demands of their infernal constituents; and war ministers (one he had seen several follow another) had finished by regarding him as the only possible caterer for the sartorial needs of the rank and file. As a fact, if the truth is to be told, M. Chaumoux-Legrand, son of M. Chaumoux, deceased, solicitor's clerk, and Jeanne Legrand, his wife, likewise deceased (as the past registers of N., duty after duty) was a character of weight, regard had either to his massive person, or to his influence and fortune.

Cham's motor was, of course, he was comfortable. No one yet had possessed the courage to cross him. Indeed, the mere sight of his blistering forehead, perturbed and confused by the very effrontery of the man who should attempt to bother him with an explanation or a new point of view, and his short, snappy, "Eh! what?" had thus for long sufficed to off, imprudent words, dangerous grounds. Never had one of his projects failed, and the ejaculated "Eh! what?" had always sufficed to secure a waverer. Never gave one the least pause: "Eh! what? Monsieur le Ministre!" was enough to make the said functionary understand him. Touched to the heart by the reproachful conducted to his hearers. And the workmen, for their part, needed but to catch this ejaculation, dry, harsh, and contemptuously inquisitive, to stop with bent, confused heads regret their imprudent words.

Comfortable, indeed! How otherwise? Wife and daughters loved him, all he touched turned gold, and nothing sufficiently worried him to ever cause him real uneasiness. As for Socialism, his closest acquaintance with it from a ruffian as the first men are, a stray article, slight touch with the heresy, which might occasionally find its way into the columns of his paper. Had he paper? Oh, yes: an instinct of conscientiousness, squalid man was, to tell the truth, an Anti-Semitic. "What?" he used to say, "let these radical Jews come and blandly take the bread out of our mouths!" He never took it lying down. And what are the authorities doing in the meantime?

What were the authorities doing? Ah, yes. As capitalist, M. Chaumoux-Legrand needed the help of the authorities. His opinion of the Jews was a commercial one and nothing else. I am a Frenchman, Monsieur le Ministre," he would say, "blood and bone. It is for you to encourage French commerce?" No doubt the minister might have replied that the "military cloaks, guaranteed waterproof," were very dear to him, and that certain Jewish firms, composed almost of French subjects, could have made them better and more cheaply. But he did no such thing, knowing the inevitable reply: "Ah, yes, but how is it possible? And if they do not do all it is with the help of foreign capital." And M. Chaumoux-Legrand would have stroked his protruding waistcoat, decorated with the massive gold chain bought in London on one of his journeys.

No doubt about it. Our war-contractor was fortunate. His small paper was on its way to a grand edition in too strong light, were guarded by dull glasses, which echoed irresistibly the gun-metal and the superior finish of the breast-plates against slight attacks. Small and short, too much suspicion, too quick exposure, too much suspicion, too quick eyesight, too quick for his purpose. Moreover, a man whose heart is truly at home in his own immediate business.

But to come back to our story—and M. Chaumoux-Legrand is now, even in the memory, on the particular July day in question, he was on his way to join his wife and daughters at Deauville, the train was in full swing a day two, days at most, the movement, the train is in motion.

Now the first inclination of M. Chaumoux-Legrand on finding himself alone was to read his paper, but he was struck by the fact that no paper was there. "Eh! what?" he ejaculated. "Nothing, so read!" But the visions before him and he was in the middle of his own reverie, with a double whistle, read the title and trembled: "The Coming Times," with which is incorporated the "Revolt!"

Immediately there followed the thought of the anarchist bomb, and he fell to groping under the seat in quest for the infernal machine, only to dimly discern the remains of two Havana cigars. Seated again, the dread production at his feet, he thought of the alarm bell. Finally, renouncing the idea, he tried to sleep. In vain. The paper at his feet assumed phenomenal proportions. Picking it up, he contemplated throwing it out of the window, but at that moment the train halted in a station for some minutes and he kept the paper by him. When he reached it, he con templated throwing it out of the window, but at that moment the train halted in a station for some minutes and he kept the paper by him. Suddenly, seized by the impulse of destruction, he relentlessly crushed the thing in his hands, and cast it forth. Then followed calm, and noon, and M. Chaumoux-Legrand was asleep and dreaming.

It was morning, in Paris. Waking suddenly from a nightmare, the reader, perhaps, of a too heavy portion of fine grocers and butchers, was struck by the fact that no paper was there, cast it forth. Then followed calm, and noon, and M. Chaumoux-Legrand was asleep and dreaming. He immediately seized a new idea, and fell to pondering what were his next steps in the world "Eh! what?" he withdrew into himself, said no more, and attended to the blinds.

Rain was falling in Paris, M. Chaumoux-Legrand got up, went down to breakfast and found his coffee-infamous. His motor was blocked at the Rond-point by a carriage accident. Heartily cursing the Jews, he at length reached the office. God! the men in his two factories had come out on strike (military cloaks, guaranteed waterproof; and breast-plates, superfine finish) a little the air of a snow-man surprised by the rain.

"The Revolt." A Story: By George Raffalovitch.

"I am a Frenchman, Monsieur le Ministre!" he exclaimed. "Nothing, so read!" But the visions before him were too much. and in his brain unaccustomed to thought during the night, and the memory of the mass meeting of the rank and file, engrossed him. And the workmen, for their part, needed but to catch this ejaculation, dry, harsh, and contemptuously inquisitive, to stop with bent, confused heads regret their imprudent words.

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M. Chaumoux-Legrand was ghostly pale. He turned towards Notre Dame, where each afternoon a short well-nourished monk-preacher inveigled against the frailties of the flesh. One single sentence did M. Chaumoux-Legrand hear, but it sufficed to precipitate him, groaning, trembling, from his church. "Woe to the rich," declared the preacher, "who neglect their duty. Woe to the society where the rich forget that the poor and they are children of a common Father; woe to the system that oppresses the weak. Our Lord said it: It is more difficult for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of Heaven than for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle?"

In truth the end of all things was at hand, and M. Chaumoux-Legrand, as the expression of his resignation, made his way along the quay, murmuring confused words in which he said, "Eh, what?" was frequently recurrent. "These people," he added, "the working-man is my brother, that man has the same right as I to wear clean and respectable clothes, to smoke Havanas, to keep an electric brougham! But did I not work to acquire this fortune? Have not come by it honestly? Have I not worked as hard as, if not harder than, they, and is not my wealth due to my intelligence alone? Theirs be the sirop, education, books, as Philonel, I read. Haven't they enough already? Don't I give an annual subscription to their old age fund? Doesn't my wife run crying for their sake? If it isn't enough to sicken one with being an employer!"

But it was in a tone of disillusionment that the words were numbered, the doubt was asserted, the self-assertion of an absolute necessity of commercial development, and commercial movement, the "eye of a needle?"

"The very garrons!" he ejaculated. How could he fail to see the foreshadowing of some imminent transformation? To the business man regarded for the brains of the good contractor, so long unaccustomed to consider anything save "absolute necessities of commercial development," and commercial movement, the "eye of a needle?"

Undoubtedly his new counterpart was the final avalanche which should crush everything. . . . His reasoning faculties grew dim, his strength left him, and there was no longer any hope. The coming evil, never stating to reflect that every ill can be divided, he resolved on death.

When at the Concords, he made deliberately for the bridge, and, with a piteous glance at the Chambres des Députés, M. Chaumoux-Legrand cast himself into the murky Seine.

To awake in his railway carriage . . . for the plunge had only thrown him against the opposite seat. But direct torments tormented his brain. Resolutions formed themselves in his mind. The sympathetic manufacturer of guaranteed waterproof overcoats decided hurriedly to go bankrupt, to sell his properties, to go to Germany, and remit annually to the municipal Council of Paris, and to his local Parish Council a considerable sum designed to maintain a school of social studies. (Naturally, the fund would bear the title: Fondation Sociale Jean Chaumoux-Legrand.) Further he resolved to endow some working men's clubs, and he would, he declared, in future read only those journals specially devoted to the working classes.

What resolutions were not formed in the mind of this new convert to philanthropy?

M. Chaumoux-Legrand had made his offering at the altar of Social Justice. His wife and daughters had looked on astonished, merely thinking that this unaccustomed generosity was well for the demand on the paternal purse which they were themselves contemplating.

Yet, perhaps, even their hopes were doomed to disappointment?

The conscience of M. Chaumoux-Legrand was already at peace.

REVIEWS.

William Blake. By Arthur Symons. (Constable. 10s. 6d. net.)

A book on Blake by Mr. Arthur Symons—at once the sanest, the surest, and the most imaginative of present-day critics of literature and the sister arts—was a thing to look forward to with some certainty of satisfaction: a thing now to look back on with gratitude. Great poets, Dante Gabriel Rossetti, Mr. Swinburne, Mr. Yeats in those two wonderful essays in the book whose title is conveyed so wisely and justly, have given of their best in the praise of one whose place is high amongst their fraternity. Mr. Symons, too, in his measure has that divine right of poets to speak of poetry; and it is with Blake as a poet that the best part of his book has to deal. But this is no disparagement of the appendix, which occupies a half at least of the bulk of the volume, and in which contemporary records—extracts from Crabbe Robinson’s “Diary,” many of which are now printed for the first time from Malkin’s “A Father’s Memoirs of His Child,” Smith’s “Life,” and Allan Cunningham’s and other interesting fragments—are presented in a compact and reliable form. With these and with Mr. A. G. B. Russell’s admirable edition of Blake’s “Letters,” which includes the “Life” by Tatham, any student can have at his command the sources for all subsequent biographies. Again, Mr. Symons has made painstaking, if not startlingly remunerative, investigations into parish registers and records in pursuit of the still elusive mystery of the poet’s ancestry. A keener disappointment comes with his success in getting sight of the jealously-guarded manuscript of the manuscript of the "Seven Days of the Created World" in the possession of Mr. Buxton Forman: for it appears that this still unprinted and practically unknown poem (which it had been hoped might throw light on some of the perplexing problems in Blake’s symbolism and system of mysticism) is a poor production in blank verse—and poor that Mr. Symons fancied for a moment that it might represent a joint attempt by Hayley and his reluctant pupil at a rendering of the actual disaster of Klopstock’s "Messiah." If the verse is Blake’s at all, it must be a late copy. The paper is watermarked 1797—of some boyish effusion contemporary with "The Passions," and of as little serious interest.

In nine pages of his introduction Mr. Symons, like some Plutarch of the spirit, gives a parallel between Blake and Nietzsche, hinted at before now, but never expressed so ably. No one who has read Nietzsche could have been struck with the similarity of their doctrine. It is a similarity which goes even further than Mr. Symons admits: for when he opposes Blake’s praise and practice of forgiveness to Nietzsche’s condemnation of pity he could have added that Blake himself wrote that “pity would be no more if we did not make somebody poor,” and again that “pity divides the soul”—the same fruitless, self-satisfying pity which Nietzsche curses. Blake, like Nietzsche, was too confident of his inspiration to be afraid of this sort of self-contradiction: for if consistency is a virtue within the reach of the humblest, it must be bought at a price. The wildest tree can be lopped and pruned into the best fruit comes to ripeness. The conscience of M. Chaumoux-Legrand was already at peace.

If just a moment longer, perhaps, he might have written:

"Deauville! All change!" the porters are crying, and as his man mechanically opens his door, M. Chaumoux-Legrand resumes his accustomed bearing, passes his hand across his eye, as if to clear away the nightmare, and puts on his hat. Then he slowly gets out, relieved by the station superintendent, and walks firmly out of the station. Outside in the motor, his wife and daughters are awaiting him, and their greetings, kisses, affection, pleasure at sight of him, the elegant tastefulness of their costumes, all combine to half-divest him of the memory of his hideous dream, and of his desperate resolutions.

As they are starting, three loafers come M. Chaumoux-Legrand, he makes deliberately for the bridge, and, with a piteous glance at the Chambres des Députés, M. Chaumoux-Legrand cast himself into the murky Seine.

What resolutions were not formed in the mind of this new convert to philanthropy?
morality of slaves, the narcotic miasma that is denounced in "Antichrist"? Words, symbols as they may be of things, are an uncertain coinage for the deep traffic of the soul; and even here there are points of contact in plenty to be found which may hint at a possible underlying unity. "It is we, essentially," said Nietzsche, half ironically, perhaps, in a fragment of the great work which the tragical disaster of his life left unfinished, "we, the learned" - the intellectuals - "who today are best fulfilling the teaching of Christ"; and Blake, in that marvellous preface to the fourth book of "Jerusalem," which is at once the simplest and the profoundest expression of his theology, "what is the Divine Spirit: is the Holy Ghost any other than an intellectual Fountain?... Can you think at all, and not pronounce heartily, that to labour in knowledge is to build up Jerusalem, and to despise knowledge is to despise Jerusalem and her builders?" They would have understood each other, surely, better than we can understand either of them.

Turning from the content to the form, Mr. Symons touches in a particularly interesting manner on the question of the versification of the Prophetic Books. Like Professor P. Berger, in his recently-published and extremely able book, "William Blake: Mysticism et Poésie," he is practically of opinion that the later books, "Jerusalem" and "Milton" in chief, are to be read as prose, prose "with a fine Biblical roll and swing in it, a rhythm of fine oratory." It is dangerous to differ on such a point with a critic who has the science of English verse so wholly at his command; but though in certain cases the length of the line is undoubtedly controlled by the available space, and though the metre is handled with the utmost irregularity, there is, after all, an unbroken connection between "Jerusalem" and the "Book of Thel," with its exquisitely flexible and musical fourteen-syllabled line, derived no doubt from the long roll of Chapman's "Iliad," but unhymned and treated with the freedom of ieu-syllabled blank verse. When, in the later books, Blake was pressed by an urgency of explanation, when he was confronted with such intractable stuff as his list of counties and so forth, he wrote frank prose, bad prose, even, in lines that would reach across the page. But when the inspiration was a poetic one, the line automatically and that would reach across the page. But when the inspiration was a poetic one, the line automatically and

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of a state of affairs shameful to Christendom," etc. This has, in fact, become the generally received view in England, and to merely suggest that it lacks reality would be dangerous in any company priding itself on a modicum of humanism.

Now the author of the little book before us first became interested in the Congo question, he tells us, when viewing the British Empire (which contained a group of Congo natives) at the St. Louis Exposition. As a consequence, accompanied by a photographic assistant, he made the voyage to the coast of West Africa, and proceeded on an examination up the Congo and its two main tributaries. Unfortunately, he never visited the Domain of the Crown (if we interpret aright those thrice-recurring mystic letters, A.B.D.R.--which are the uninitiated left thus mystified?) and this tract is, of course, precisely, if we may believe the Congo Reform Association, the scene of the worst atrocities. But none the less, as the dictum of one of the few Anglo-Saxon travellers who ever troubled to visit the country and of one moreover who passed 53 weeks there and learned at least one of the native dialects, Mr. Starr's opinion deserves consideration from those who seek to know the whole truth.

He flatly denies the charges, in so far as they accuse the administration of gross and unnecessary cruelty, and contradicts Mr. Morel's "Red Rubber" all along the line. While opposed, on humanitarian and political grounds, to the exploitation of native races for commercial purposes, and the consequent civilisation of the areas occupied by them, he maintains (1) that the benefits accruing to the Congo Free State from the settlement of 1884 have been, and are, increasingly extensive; (2) that the supposed enormities are of very rare occurrence, and only similar to those common enough wherever the superior races develop the inferior for commercial ends (he instances the French Congo, German South-West Africa, the Portuguese, and even the English colonies, especially Uganda, and the Philippines and Cuba, where his own Government is responsible); and (3) that the present agitation is a "got-up" job, maimed English "Cape-to-Cairo Railway," interest being the motive. What of evil does occur he regards as a natural consequence of the isolation of Europeans in a malignant climate, with no white female companions (combinghere between the black women and the white officials is the rule), and very inadequate nutrition. A process of brutalisation sets in, which rapidly breaks down the European disguise for inhuman practices, and the white resident finally adopts them (modified, perhaps) from the pre-existing social conditions. Even the missionary, he says (and here we quote his own words) "becomes amnic and nervous; becomes irritable; the slightest provocation upsets him, and he magnifies every little grievance, as do his white neighbours in other lines of work."

That we do not accept Mr. Starr's diagnosis of the causes of the agitation—namely, his reference of them to Imperialist hopes of a Cape-to-Cairo railway, and the facilities afforded for their realisation by the partition of the Free State and the assignment of its eastern reaches to the English Government—hardly need be said. Sufficient reason for the rejection of this hypothesis would be found in three facts (to mention no more).

In the first place, the agitation in England has come from those who at the time of the war would have been pronounced "pro-Boers," rather than from those who nursed the Imperial ideal, while the Chamberlain wing of the Unionist Party has (so far as we can call to mind) left the whole subject severely alone. Secondly it may be conceded that the "Nonconformist conscience," which has been so much relied on the subject, is whatever else it may or may not be, at least sincere—that is to say, it has no arrière pensée, such as an Imperial railway project. In the third place, since the letters which comprise the book were written last January, the debate in the Belgian Parliament has occurred to reveal the strength of Belgian disgust, which, of course, be the outcome of any English political sentiment.
leaked from the Free State into the Royal coffers as the result of the concession.

The debates of each session in the Belgian Parliament resulted in the appointment of a Commission to consider the advisability of transferring the administration of the whole Free State from the King to the Belgian people, with a special injunction to ascertain whether the proposal resulted in the appointment of a Commission to consider whether the proposal is not like so many Socialists, obscurantist and profoundly sceptical of free trade. On the whole, Mr. Wells seems to have continued his*' intellectual habit. In the civilization of the East possession as the end of life, has not acquired the dominance it exercises in the West, where it may be said without exaggeration that the idea of possession might be no mistaking his benevolent intentions to us, he adds the verse:

Thudding and bursting
In torrents, in waves—
Carrying and shouting
Over tombs, amid graves—
See! on the cumber'd plain
Clearing the stage.
Scattering the past,
Comes the New Age.

The concluding lines are too flattering to our writers to be quoted safely.

The quarterly "Hibbert Journal" still remains at the high-water level of English intellectual discussion. The Editor's contribution opens, we are glad to see, a series which promises a feast of reading. He has repeated his舸 of the Universe as Philosopher. "The idea of possession might be claimed with CL The idea of possession might be claimed with CL in the West as an ultimate category of thought. The question is, does he take this belonging?" or "Whose is it?" occurs as inevitably to the student of Socialism as to the child who has captured a stray kitten. . . . Here we may find an interesting passage from Mr. Hobson's latest work: "In the civilization of the East possession as the end of life, has not acquired the dominance it exercises in the West, where it may be said without exaggeration that the idea of possession might be no mistaking his benevolent intentions to us, he adds the verse:

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return thicker from the structure of our thoughts. . . . The rich man's difficulty in entering the kingdom of God is ours in an aggravated form; for riches are not so much the means of our forgetting God, as the form under which we try to remember him. We cannot rid ourselves of the obsession of the possessive case." Other articles of importance are "Naturalism and Humanism," by Professor F. J. E. Woodbridge; "Progress and Reality," by G. F. Harbourn; and an exceptionally interesting discussion and part endorsement of Nietzsche's criticism of Christian Morality, by Professor James Seth. "The Theosophical Review" for October contains a profoundly interesting, if mystical, discussion of the nature of Superman by its scholarly editor. Mr. G. R. S. Mead suggests, the "Hero" as the most appropriate adulation of the Superman nature; though, in this suggestion, he would certainly have lacked the support of Nietzsche. "The Optimist" (a literary magazine, and the organ of the Church Socialist League) contains excellent articles by G. W. E. Russell, Francis Street, George Lansbury, T. Summernoll, M.P., and others. Mr. Lansbury's article on "Unemployment" is a noteworthy contribution.

DRAMA

At the French Plays.

I must regretfully confess that I do not understand French on the stage. The rapid conversation and the occasional low voice in which the talk was carried on left me hopelessly gasping here at a phrase, there at a word, but chiefly at the synopsis of the play ("Le Duel") thoughtfully provided. I hope sincerely that the performances at the "New Royalty" will be duty productive, because it is exceedingly interesting to have the opportunity of comparing English with French acting without going outside London; but while no doubt my inability to follow stage French is my own unique and pitiful ignorance, I did not notice any great rank of my compatriots to fill the theatre. Nevertheless "pour encourager les autres" the stalls were 12s. 6d. From the point of view of criticising acting, not understanding a language is positively beneficial. If an actor can convey anything when his words convey practically nothing, that actor is doing his business well. With Duse, for instance, it would be a matter of unimportance if she chose to act in Sanskrit or in Cheokraw. Language might confer a grace and a subtlety upon her, but could not make clearer the parts which she interprets. With the French actors one could hardly expect so much, and I was, particularly in the case of the atheist doctor, very glad that some of the pronouns up and down were made intelligible by a familiar phrase here and there. The story of the play, too, does not make it easier for any of us in this country to understand it. The conflict of two brothers, one a priest and the other an atheist doctor, the one for a woman's soul, the other for the woman herself, is not a conflict in which we can take anything but a foreign interest. Our atheist doctors are members of the Church of England and our clergies are for the most part sporting fellows. Fortunately for the preservation of our English character, even those of us who do not belong to the Church are before all things ethical.

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that is going to sleep. But the eminent dramatic critic who informed me that he only got through his work by regularly missing half the piece in too eminent a desire to invite imitations. Besides which, sleeping in a theatre stall, with head erect and no snore heard, is an art that can only be acquired on the heavier daily press. To my English eye the French acting is too mannered and too elaborate, but it is difficult to dissociate this from the corresponding differences of Frenchmen and Englishmen off the stage. M. le Bargy, as the priest, appeared to over-emphasise detail and lack in force, while it did not mean the same to the audience when the actor took advantage of a chance of rolling his eyes to look very canny round the house. One felt very much the personality of M. le Bargy doing something rather well, but only for one or two moments did I get the sense of real vitality. On the other hand, the acting of Mlle. Pieret as the Duchesse was singularly free from mannerisms, and, although the part does not give much scope, it was impressive.

But to see a representation of human life through the medium of another language is like looking at the domestic affairs of ants and bees through a glass screen. To the question, "Can men reason, or do they act by instinct?" a philosopher from Mars who was present in one of our theatres would be extremely likely to answer "No" and "Yes." The atheist doctor wishes in "Le Duel" to marry the already married Duchesse. The Duchesse wishes in her heart to marry the doctor. These two persons therefore stride about, gesticulate, get red in the face, shout, become faint, and in general indulge in whirling of emotion because they cannot decide whether they will allow themselves to love one another or whether they will not. Of course, we all make a huge business of our emotions all through our lives, but while we do so, the striking differences between civilised men and African savages jabbering round their ju-ju are hardly worthy of serious consideration. That completely emotionless logicity is what should be aimed at is by no means the solution of the dilemma, but perhaps instinctual hypothesis of conflicting systems of emotion we can find an indication of the way out. To banish emotion would be to banish not only life but intelligence, but to train emotions and to kill one of two contradictory emotions is plain revolutionary common-sense. It ought not to be possible for men to oscillate in their choice from the emotions of slave to those of master morality—one or other of these systems should be predominant. As far as drama is concerned, this would abolish not only a good deal of the ordinary pseudo-sexual stuff, but a good many of our most interesting problems. The problem between a tiger and a deer does not have that long drawn-out agony which appeals to us. We prefer to have two emotional moral systems, tiger and deer contending in one person, for example, in Major Barbara. We prefer positively nowadays not to have solutions of problems, but only suggestions of fresh problems. We are set, not upon finding a method of living, but a method of explanation. Our curiosity stretches out towards the antenna of insects, towards the canals of Mars, towards the vague "psychic" world, towards every eerie and strange possibility of life. We are afraid not of darkness but of definiteness, but of definitions; we recoil not from mystery, but illumination. All of which is essentially part of the vastly proliferating democratic world, with its million multiplying villas, its railway lines, its houses, its innumerable human lives; a world preparing for exploration, a world looking for new things, a world which will be one day ready for selection, the field over which we shall range to choose what to preserve. An interesting speculation in this connection (I really must, for the sake of my critics, bring the discussion back to drama) arises with respect to the possible emergence of a new type of play not of problem conflicts, but of life conflicts. A drama of which at the present day we have only a very few indications. Too much Wagner drove Nietzsche to "Carmen," too much problem may drive us to a drama in which ideas shall be embodied in individuals, as was never appear, as in the Shavian play, as ideas at all, but only as sharply conflicting personalities.

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