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OXFORD
AND THE
NATION.
By OXON.

THE NEW AGE

AN INDEPENDENT SOCIALIST REVIEW
OF POLITICS, LITERATURE, AND ART

Edited by

A R. ORAGE and HOLBROOK JACKSON

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N^o. 684 [New Series. Vol. I. No. 25.] THURSDAY, OCTOBER 17, 1907. [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.] ONE PENNY

THE OUTLOOK.

Liebknecht and the Kaiser.

Dr. Liebknecht, the son of one of the mighty prophets who made European Socialism, has just been prosecuted for saying about the German army much what we have many times said about the British army—that it is an instrument used by the Kaiser and the governing class to secure the complete subjection of the workers. Dr. Liebknecht's language is stigmatised as "unpatriotic," surely an extraordinary epithet to apply to a German so proud of his fatherland that he is unable to bear the thought that her arms are being used for vile purposes. It is rather the Kaiser and his tools who are unpatriotic in that they care so little for Germany that they will willingly see her power made to serve the sordid ends of cosmopolitan finance, just as Sir Edward Grey cares so little for England that he is willing that she should become bottle-holder to the Russian autocracy. It is quite time that the democratic forces of the various European nations combined to counter-act the intrigues which are continually going on between their respective ruling classes. Sir Edward Grey concludes an agreement with the Russian Government which will give to that Government a freer hand for the oppression of the Russian people. The Kaiser, in his turn, makes it clear that he is prepared, if necessary, to use the German army for the suppression of Russian liberties. Finally, that there may be no doubt about the completeness of the agreement between our several oppressors, the Kaiser is to visit this country as the guest of the British sovereign. Doubtless he will have a polite reception. The British people have the instinct of hospitality, and in social matters the word of their King is law. But we do not think that there will be much warmth in the greeting. It will be more in the nature of the welcome which a ladylike hostess extends to visitors to whom, had it been possible, she would have preferred to give the message—"not at home." Certainly Socialists can take no part in acclaiming a man who is persecuting our comrades abroad, and herein we think we shall be more in sympathy with the English people than are the governing classes which misrepresent them. The people have not forgotten the Kruger telegram and the anti-British policy which the Kaiser has pursued ever since he ascended the throne, and if they join in welcoming him, it will be from politeness and not from enthusiasm.

Paris and London.

Very differently do we regard the visit of the Parisian municipal councillors to London. Just as nothing can be worse for the cause of progress than the fraternising of despots and oligarchs, so nothing can be better than friendly intercourse between the chosen representatives of free cities. We hope that the Parisians enjoyed their visit to London and the welcome (quite heart-

felt this time) which they received, and we trust, moreover, that they were not unduly shocked by some of the things that they must have noticed. Evils arising from poverty and greed are common to all modern cities. But there are a good many things in London which must astonish an intelligent Parisian, and impress him with a sense of the meekness of the English people. There is our English Sunday, for example, with its closed theatres and restaurants; there is our iron law of closing whereby all places of refreshment must stop business at the stroke of twelve thirty. These are things which must strike the eye at once, but there are other matters which we hope were mercifully kept from our guests. We shudder to think what they would say if they heard that we had prohibited Living Statuary! Is it not time that the Nonconformist Conscience entered its protest against these international amenities? Who knows but that our County Councillors may be corrupted by contact with wicked foreigners, just as Mr. John Burns feared we might all be corrupted by the appearance of a miniature Paris at the bottom of Kingsway? It would, indeed, be a terrible thing for British morals if the intervention of Continental guests were to infect us with something resembling ordinary horse sense!

Is Peace Possible?

Before the whole industry of the nation is disturbed and arrested by a railway strike, it may be just as well to enquire whether there are any terms upon which an honourable peace can be concluded. The answer to this question depends entirely upon the directors of the great railway companies, who have so far refused to conclude it upon any terms such as self-respecting men can accept. Lord Claud Hamilton, who is so anxious to "bring home to the mind of the public that the pronounced Socialist is devoid of honour, principle and patriotism," is himself apparently so lacking in the last of these qualities that he is willing to see the trade of the nation imperilled rather than concede to his employees the elementary rights of citizenship. With him it is practically impossible to argue; but there must surely be among the directors some who are open to reason, and it is to them that we appeal. We ask them to pause before they put themselves hopelessly in the wrong, not only with their workpeople, but with the country at large. After all, the present demands of the men are exceedingly reasonable. They only ask that they may be allowed to represent their grievances by persons qualified to represent them. The reasonableness of this last condition and the unreasonableness of the demand that the representative should be of necessity himself an employee would be self-evident to anyone not blinded by class-prejudice. There is not one of the directors who would tolerate the suggestion that in a legal dispute he should forswear the help of a solicitor. Yet a solicitor is not more necessary to a rich man engaged in a law-suit than is the trade union secretary to the workmen engaged in an industrial dispute. To suppose that the "paid organizer" (why

not the "paid director," by the way) foments such disputes is to misunderstand utterly the facts of the case. Why, indeed, should he do so? They wear him nearly to death with extra work, and do not add one penny to his income. The fact is that, when a strike occurs, it is almost invariably forced on an unwilling executive by the men concerned. This is notoriously the case with the railway servants and Mr. Bell, and the sooner the directors realize that fact and all that it implies, the better for their own sakes as well as for the sake of the community.

To the Sea in Ships.

We are naturally proud to think that the "Lusitania" has succeeded in breaking the record of the "Deutschland." But, as patriotic Britons, we should be still prouder if the "Lusitania" were really a British ship—that is to say, were the property of the British people. As things stand, it is a company's ship and the property of a group of shareholders, most of whom, for all we know, may be Germans or Americans or Japanese. That is the worst of trusting to private enterprise; wherever you may look for patriotism, it is quite useless to look for it in the realms of cosmopolitan finance. It is generally admitted that the "Lusitania" owes its triumph largely to a Government subvention. We make no objection to such a subvention under existing conditions, but it would be obviously more satisfactory if the nation reaped the profits of the speed and efficiency to which it has contributed. The problem of our shipping and its inevitable nationalisation is becoming a pressing one; and if anything could make it more pressing it would be the international combination of ship-owners, reported this week, pledged to resist the demands of "Socialists"—that is to say, the demands of their work-people for fair conditions of labour. The capitalists of the whole world are to unite, having "nothing to lose but their dividends," so that wages may be everywhere forced down and the trophies of the great dock strike and other labour victories may be retaken. The conspiracy is an ugly one, and we do not under-rate the danger that it involves. The presence of such a danger should cause international labour to present an equally united front, and make such scandals as the Antwerp exportations impossible. But it should also strengthen the demand for the creation of a national fleet to break the ring of cosmopolitan capitalism.

Your Ride Will Cost You More.

It may seem a far cry from the gigantic "Lusitania" to the tubes and motor omnibuses which ply between London and its suburbs. But the same problem is presented in both cases. In the case of London transit, however, private enterprise seems to have come almost to the end of its tether. The companies which have strangled London are fast strangling each other and themselves. A typical case is that of the motor omnibuses, which, having killed the old horse 'buses, now find themselves unable to live. In their despair they are trying to get out of the impasse at the expense of a long-suffering public by means of a general agreement to raise fares. But it is doubtful if even this device will save them; it is certain that the embarrassments of the "Twopenny Tube" have rather increased than diminished since it ceased to be "twopenny." The fares for London transit are preposterously high as it is, yet even so they cannot be made to yield a profit to private capital. Apparently, almost the only service which is paying is the despised municipal tram. The motor 'bus, which was to have driven it off the road, finds it difficult enough to keep its own feet—or should we say wheels?—in the struggle. The moral of all this is, of course, simple enough. The competitive system has hopelessly broken down in transit as elsewhere, and we are faced with only two practicable alternatives, plutocratic monopoly or socialisation. If we are not to be systematically exploited by some trust or combine, the whole system, tubes, trams, and 'buses, must be handed over to some public body, constituted

on the lines sketched out by the Fabian Society in its "New Heptarchy" tracts. It may here be pointed out that the community, being able to draw social profits, need not bother about commercial ones. Indeed, profit-making by municipal undertakings, though often practically expedient, is theoretically indefensible; it means that the citizen who makes use of the tram or what not is paying an unfair share of his neighbours' rates. There is no reason why the municipality should not run its trams and the like at a loss, provided it gives the public a handsome profit in the shape of cheap, swift, and comfortable carriage. Indeed, there is no reason why it should not, if it chooses, make the trams as free as the roads, paid for, like them, out of the public revenue. We make a present of this suggestion to the "Daily Express," which will doubtless exhibit it in lurid colours to an "apathetic" middle-class.

The Welsh Revolt.

The discontent of their Welsh supporters is, we would wager, giving the Ministers an uneasy quarter of an hour. Their educational proposals caused widespread disappointment among English Nonconformists, and now the promise of an Education Bill next year, involving as it does the indefinite postponement of Welsh Disestablishment, has driven the Nonconformists of the Principality to mutiny. Mr. Lloyd George has been trying to soothe the ruffled plumage of his fellow-countrymen and co-religionists, but without much success. His cool reception is perhaps accounted for by the fact that he assured them that they had a Government which was "in earnest" about Disestablishment. These were ominous words, for when a Government proclaims itself "in earnest" about anything it always means that that particular thing will not be done. The present Government was "in earnest" about social reform—before the election. The result is before us. Altogether the situation of the Ministers is by no means enviable. They are pledged to re-introduce an Education Bill and to carry a Licensing Bill next year, as well as to formulate their plan for dealing with the Lords. It is difficult to see from whence the necessary backing is to come. With the Irish estranged, with Labour disappointed, if they cannot count upon the Nonconformists, on whom can they count? At present it looks as if the timidity of their education policy, together with the neglect of Disestablishment, would alienate the Dissenters, while the Licensing Bill alienates everybody else. Under these circumstances, there does not seem much chance of raising the "Peers v. People" cry with success.



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Being Notes on the Great Anti-Socialist Campaign.

REALLY, I had no idea we were so powerful! Our latest feat has been, according to the "Daily Express," to reduce the British Navy to scrap-iron, or, at any rate, that is what we are going to do unless Mr. C. Arthur Pearson can save it at the last moment. It appears that though our "fatuous and fantastic theories have no effect upon the average seaman," the stokers are all class-conscious Social Democrats, so that all discipline has been destroyed, and it is no longer possible to call the men dogs and make them kneel to their officers with impunity. The "Express" is most indiscreetly frank on this point. "Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity," it says, "would be very excellent ideals in an ideal world, but they have no place in a force like a navy or an army." Yet I seem to remember that there was once an army which had those three words for its war-cry, and which didn't do so badly, all things considered. I also remember that there was an army sent to South Africa—but that is another story.

"Atheism and Free Love" being somewhat played out, we are now being treated to a great deal of talk about the "idleness" which Socialism would foster. Thus a correspondent of the "Telegraph," signing himself "Worker," encloses a cutting descriptive of Arthur Chilcott, the "laziest man in England," who has just been sentenced to a year's imprisonment as a rogue and vagabond, and adds—

I suppose this is the type of gentleman who under a Socialistic régime will be provided with a pension of 5s. per week when he reaches 65, at the expense of those who have worked hard all their lives to earn their own living.

Now, it does not seem to have occurred to this sapient gentleman that we already have to support men of the Chilcott type in prisons and workhouses; that we also have to support thousands of men willing and able to work, condemned to idleness by our insane economic arrangement, and gradually dragged down by our infamous Poor Law to Chilcott's level; lastly, that we have to pay life pensions of considerably more than 5s. per week to landlords and shareholders, whose services to the community are about on a level with Chilcott's—save that Chilcott has probably had to do some work in the course of his life. Personally, I should be inclined to dispute Chilcott's right to the title of "the laziest man in England." I should think men could be found in Mayfair and Belgravia who could give him points. Anyhow, "Worker" may rest assured that under Socialism there will be no easy life for the man who will not do his share of the world's work, whether he be Arthur Chilcott—or another.

By the way, there is one question which I want to put to the accredited spokesmen of the Anti-Socialist campaign, and that is: "How can you have Divorce without Marriage?" I ask this because we Socialists are accused of proposing to "abolish marriage," and in the same breath of proposing to "extend divorce." This seems to present some difficulties. Again, I find the "People" heading a column "Free Love," and then chronicling a speech of Mrs. Snowden, in which she says that under Socialism the religious ceremony will probably be abolished, and a declaration before a civil magistrate substituted. I confess I do not see why people should not have a religious ceremony under Socialism, if they want one. But surely the "People" does not mean to imply that marriage before a registrar is merely a form of concubinage.

The Duke of Rutland is evidently ambitious to compete with Lord Claud Hamilton who, it may be remembered, wanted "to bring home to the public minds that the pronounced Socialist is devoid of honour, principle, and patriotism." In the course of a long letter to a Conservative association, his lordship observed that "when Englishmen realised that the Socialist pro-

gramme was one of undiluted atheism, theft, and immorality, they would make a clearance of the Graysons and the Keir Hardies." This appears to me quite incontrovertible. But is the Duke of Rutland prepared to wait for that rather remote contingency?

The Duke further refers to "the loathsome Socialist objects" and "the vilest of political creeds." And yet we are told to abhor the scurrility of Socialist writers and speakers.

So far I have left the Liberal Press alone, because its utterances are less piquant than those of the Pearson organs. But I really should like to be told whether I am to support the Liberal Party because its policy will lead to Socialism or because it forms an obstacle to Socialism. As Lord Melbourne is reported to have said on a similar occasion: "It doesn't much matter which we say, but we had better all say the same." The "Daily Chronicle" and the "Westminster Gazette" both urge that Liberalism is our only bulwark against Socialism. That is intelligible enough, and may be quite true, but, if so, it is obvious that the Liberals have no right to expect Socialist support. Yet, when a three-cornered fight takes place, these two journals are the first to cry out against "dividing the forces of progress." Similarly the Master of Elibank, who also claims for Liberalism that it is the only safeguard against Socialism, adds that he does not see what the Socialists have to gain by letting in the Tories. But, if the Master of Elibank is right and Liberalism is the only obstacle to a complete Socialist triumph, their gain is patent and undeniable.

The "Standard" ties itself into rather complicated knots over the relations between Socialism and Imperialism. It says:—

Mr. Bernard Shaw has a better conception of Imperialism, and believes that British rule is beneficial to coloured races, but he does not carry the Fabians with him; their views on Empire are those of Karl Marx (!) re-expressed, with the approval of all the Socialist leaders, by Mr. Quelch.

This passage raises some interesting problems. To begin with, one does not quite gather whether the quotation which follows is from Karl Marx or from Mr. Quelch or from the Fabians who refuse to be "carried" with Mr. Shaw. Further, the only Fabian pronouncement on Imperialism is "Fabianism and the Empire," which Mr. Shaw himself drafted. Moreover, since when have the Fabians become disciples of Karl Marx? And since when has Mr. Quelch become their mouth-piece?

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Oxford and the Nation.

THE speech of the Bishop of Birmingham in the House of Lords, followed by the conference in the Examination Schools at Oxford, on the subject of the relation of the University to the working classes, has, together with Lord Curzon's energetic demand for funds, once again temporarily focussed public attention on the old problem of the gulf which at present divides our premier university from the mass of the nation.

The most liberal, and not the least loyal, of the sons of Oxford claim that she should become a reflection of our national life, and a series of capable articles in both the "Times" and the "Westminster Gazette," while drawing attention to the question of ways and means, have given much inspired information as to the difficulties facing any solution of the problem. There still, however, remains a side of the question comparatively little considered and one on which we propose to make a few comments.

To our mind the crux of the situation lies in the answer to the double question: Is Oxford—John Bright's "home of dead languages and undying prejudices"—a fit place for the higher education of the working-classes, and even if it is fit, do they want, or better, ought they to want, to go there?

Now as to the fitness of Oxford to receive and educate our working-men, let us first make quite clear what we really mean by Oxford, and what we do not. We desire to point out that the Oxford whose praises are sung by her loyal sons, the Oxford which excites feelings of almost romantic tenderness, the Oxford which "by her ineffable charm, keeps ever calling us nearer to the true goal of all of us, to the ideal, to perfection," is not the mere place itself. It is rather the men in it. True, the old city may be itself "steeped in sentiment," may "spread her gardens to the moonlight" and "whisper to us from her towers the last enchantment of the Middle Age," but this is all of small importance when compared with the type of man which inhabits the colleges, with the spirit which dominates not only the undergraduate members of the University, but a very large proportion of the teaching staff as well. If possible, it is good to be educated here where the long cavalcade of the English great has passed, to be surrounded by traditions of the fearless English independence of Whitefield, and of Gibbon; by the rhythm of Addison's prose, and the haunting beauty of Shelley's poetry; but if it involves for all but the greatest of us—and the present writer maintains that it does—the danger that many of our finer susceptibilities may be blunted, that our enthusiasm for human progress and our love for human beings simply as human beings, may be dulled, then it is worth while considering a little before sending our working-men there.

We maintain that the whole life of Oxford is irremediably tainted with the "class" idea, and that, as a consequence, even were working-men to go there, except in so far as they were specially sought out and their society cultivated by a few better spirits, they would practically be outside the world which the word Oxford recalls to us when we have "gone down." There is no need to labour this point. The experience of the non-collegiate body will be enough to give some idea of our meaning. With all the efforts made by a succession of wise and devoted Censors of Non-collegiate Students, nothing has been done to really remove the disadvantages of the non-collegiate's position. So much is this the case that this body finds it almost impossible to keep any man of real talent whom it gets for the early part of his career. Though its men are drawn from a class which is comparatively well-to-do, they are almost never met in college rooms, and it is only under disadvantages that they are allowed to participate at all in the refining influences which should result from sharing on equal ground the ideas and impulses naturally generated from some 3,000 minds, all of them trained in circumstances which at any rate might have made for their development.

If these men are unable to penetrate to the real heart of Oxford, how much worse would be the position of

working-men? The average Oxford man instinctively forms his friends among those possessing "tone" and refinement and any others he leaves strictly alone. A striking instance came under our notice while "up." A colonial student, whom we knew intimately, and whose "people" were a generation or two back members of the English landed class, and who had himself had an honourable career in his Colonial University (and this despite almost super-human obstacles), was on account of mere lack of social distinction, cast into outer darkness. During his whole time in Oxford he hardly made half a dozen friends, and his mental powers remained entirely unappreciated by the average undergraduate.

The truth is that if working-men go to Oxford with the idea that they will find it all that its dutiful sons have found it, they will be bitterly undeceived. If an attempt is made to absorb them into the old college system, they may be hospitably treated for a week or two, but eventually they will infallibly be left to themselves. They will see the worst of Oxford and of the English upper classes—become familiarised with the horrible orgy of a college "drunk" and hear in "the J. C. R." the filthy language derived from the public schools,—without fully understanding all the beautiful which lies behind and which prompts the frequent and sincere eulogies of Oxford life. The social gulf will in consequence be deepened and a bitterness may arise which at present hardly exists.

If, on the other hand, the Ruskin College precedent be followed, and a separate institution be founded at Oxford for working-men, then we maintain that the whole movement will be as mistaken as the alternative we have already discussed. The foundation will certainly be in Oxford, but its sons will be in the position of mere step-children of the Alma Mater. Far better let London or one of the new universities develop the collegiate system of Oxford without the inherited traditions of extravagant expenditure and exaggerated social distinctions which are her bane. Then gradually the working classes will be able to raise their standard of intelligence and culture, and will themselves eventually react on the older universities and cleanse them of some of their faults.

Even supposing, for a moment, that the Oxford social atmosphere were suitable to the working-classes, what can be said for her examinations, for her tutorial system, and much else? Oxford refuses to abandon the tradition which she follows in forcing everyone who enters her doors to acquire what is, in the majority of cases, a ridiculous smattering of Greek. Can Responsions and Pass Moderations be said to have any purpose at all? Can they be regarded by any unbiassed mind as in any sense educative? And what of the Final Schools? Literæ Humaniores, the premier one, is of course only within the scope of those who have read Greek and Latin all their days, and although the School of Modern History would form an excellent basis of study as a preparation for practical life and the performance of future civic duties, what is to be said of the methods which are employed to teach it? The much-vaunted tutorial system is, of course, whatever it may be for Greatsmen, most often a failure in Modern History. The good Modern History tutors in Oxford can be counted on the fingers of one hand. When Essays are taken, the tutor is often neither well-acquainted with, nor in the least interested in, the subject under consideration. When a man commences to read the School, his psychology, his mental capacity, his previous history are rarely taken into account. No effort is made (except in the case of one or two exceptional tutors) to stimulate thought or give help in the acquisition of one of the most difficult of arts, that of reading well and quickly. The system results in hazarding the whole success of a man's single university career on his chance of getting one of the few good tutors. If he fails in this one thing he is undone, for, as to the lecture system, not only is it wasteful, but it fails almost completely to stimulate and encourage, and surely stimulus and encouragement are the only justification of a system of lectures such as that pursued at Oxford in these days of cheap and reliable text-books in every depart-

ment of knowledge. Though almost every college has its lecture or lectures a tutor will frequently remark at the beginning of term, "I am afraid there is no one I can really recommend you to go to," and, in fact, except for courses by a few outstanding tutors, such as Mr. Fisher of New College, and Mr. A. L. Smith at Balliol, there is hardly one in history worth attending. The lecturers are rarely specialists—we have attended a course on Anglo-Saxon England by a lecturer who was at the moment correcting proofs of a work on Europe during the Napoleonic era—and are almost never enthusiasts. And yet the process is perpetuated year after year. . . .

That Oxford could, if her men wished, give social polish and charm to the working-classes, we have no doubt, but that Oxford men in general do not care to we are equally certain. Nor, as we have said, do we think that her present educational system is capable of developing the minds of our working-men as they need developing. Keen as is our affection for Oxford, and much as we should like to see her become truly national, we feel impelled to express our opinion that the present movement springs from filial sentiment alone, and has no relation to the real needs of the masses. If London be chosen for this special development, our new seekers after knowledge will have the great world about them as a school of character, and incomparable opportunities of many-sided development. If our successful business-men will but emulate the example of their confrères in the United States, a national university on modern lines, and one forming the real apex of our educational system, may be built up here where no harassing traditions will need to be respected; and the teaching staff, as at Paris and the great Continental universities, can be appointed by a process of careful selection from among those of known capacity to stimulate and instruct minds in accord with the principles of modern psychological and pedagogic research.

OXON.

Ibsen's Women.

By Florence Farr.

No. 1. Hedda Gabler.

THERE is a wonderful music in the name of Hedda Gabler, an almost magical music. It is one of the best remembered sensations of my life driving rapidly down the Knightsbridge Road after the first epoch-making performance of the play on April 20th, 1897, with the words of the name wailing and singing to me and crowding my mind with all the tragedy of a woman who is not quite enough a woman.

Hedda Gabler's nerves are set on edge by the mere facts of middle-class life. She dreams of men in livery and riding-horses, because she wants to put a stately retinue between herself and natural necessities. She feels acutely the agony of the ideal in the presence of the real; the disgusting contrast of animal functions with the outward beauty of flowers and birds, and the contrast of the genteel poverty which she has fallen into, with the social ideals she believed would mean escape from the boredom of facts.

The background Ibsen has provided for her is perfect. She stands out from it as the woman who failed to find the vine crown of Dionysus and bound instead the purple fillet of her own life blood upon her temples. Tragic and beautiful, yet linked to her surrounding by an inexpressible meanness of outlook, we perceive in her a never-to-be-forgotten picture of the under-sexed woman. She is there among the fussy well-meaning little family so content to shed tears and laugh and accept death and birth and marriage in the regular course of things without thought of impossible wonders which the rich imagination can enjoy and the poor imagination can only crave. For imagination and its creations, the great potencies of art, of oratory, of invention, of empire are the heritage of the childless more often than of the fathers and mothers of our race.

Hedda is especially described as a cold type, a morbid curiosity taking the place of any kind of interest in passion as passion. On the stage I have never seen

Ibsen's idea of Hedda Gabler, restrained, thin-haired, a little anæmic, with her steel grey eyes and deadly whisper as she thrusts Lovborg's MSS. into the flames: "Now I am burning—am burning your child; you woman with beautiful hair." I have seen Elizabeth Robins and Eleonora Duse, but both of them are full to overflowing of a kind of power which it was Hedda's tragedy not to possess. They can feel life, but Hedda cannot. Nothing short of death really, thrills her—nothing short of the Dionysus of her imagination with vine-leaves in his hair could have stirred a real pulsation of passion in her heart; anything short of that bores her.

Anyone who has a moderate amount of brain can perceive the incongruities, the gross absurdities, the impossible pretensions of human life—we have to become a little blinded by the light of our life-work before we can really forget such facts. Hedda was clever enough to see through the illusion of the things that are apparent, but she had not enough force to dig into them and to seek the heart of the mystery. She played at life a little while—long enough to hurt her self-respect—then killed herself rather than contemplate her own incompetence, her own lack of vitality.

The physiology of the sexes appears to be undergoing extraordinary modifications. Co-incident in time with the over-population question there have arisen in our midst women who hate motherhood. These beings are filled with emotional ideals. They are eloquent and clever; they are often the most conspicuous members of their families; they go through life exciting strong enthusiasms and strong antipathies; they look upon average men and women as indecent swine. Hedda Gabler is the great type of this transitional womanhood. The curiosity which Hedda displays about the extravagant details of passion is a curiosity which is tinged with disdain as she wonders at the strange vagaries of human nature. She herself finds nothing to tempt her to join in the throng. She is bored by marriage and driven to desperation by the ignominy of losing her looks and of passing through the other unpleasant details of motherhood. Her position is so logically sound that those who sympathise with it cannot understand how any woman can be found willing to help to increase the population. And it is to be hoped that before long it will only be those women who really hear their unborn children crying imperatively to them that will be expected to become mothers of a generation that may surpass in quality if not in quantity this generation of unwilling wives and un-mated mothers. If there were not in Hedda Gabler's tragedy this background of the tragedy of the transitional woman it would be mean enough. To listen to the aspirations of a young woman who wants to ride in the Row with a liveried servant and a fashionable habit would be futile indeed—but that is the mere blind expression of the needs of a highly-strung woman who cares neither for sex nor for motherhood. She has dim yearnings for an intellectual comradeship with men; but she has not learned to stand up to life enough to succeed. When a woman's social ambition is bounded by suburban ideas she must be very careful to keep within the bounds prescribed by suburban opinion. To be mixed up in any kind of scandal, to have to appear in any public capacity, let alone in a law court, to have to take a part of any kind in a matter that is likely to be commented on by the newspapers is a thing not to be thought of by a real lady in Suburbia. And up to a certain point that is all poor Hedda Gabler is; she is a real lady of the suburbs. Then comes the quaint touch of poetry that justifies her beautiful name, that almost makes her of one kin with the goddesses who demanded not love but great deeds from their heroes: the goddesses created in an age before woman had learned to be abject and amorous, when instead she was half-mother, half-lover, with a touch of the patron saint. Hedda dimly feels that some such relation is possible between a man and a woman. The despised Thea, with the beautiful hair, has achieved something of the kind in her own little trembling way. Somehow her very weakness has been

an inspiration to men. Hedda longs for a more positive influence, and she invokes Dionysus and his vine-leaves. But Dionysus and the mighty huntress of men, the red-haired Diana, are too over-coloured for Hedda's taste. Just as so many others have done who sought ecstasy and found drunkenness, sought illumination and found darkness, Hedda sought excitement and found hideous dissipation. Her romance, her cold savagery, when she destroys the great book written by the man who loved her, and confided in her his love for other women, redeem her character from meanness. She shoots herself finally for many reasons, but chief among them was probably the abiding sense that women of her temperament must have of the mediocre ugliness of the only life they know.

Matthew Arnold has put the case of Hedda Gabler in a haunting quatrain:—

"An aching body, and a mind
Not wholly clear, or wholly blind,
Too keen to rest, too weak to find,
Are God's worst portion to mankind."

The very meanness of this tragedy of Norwegian Suburbia is the thing that cuts us to the heart. We know that thousands and thousands of girls in every part of the world are being trained into just these little purposeless grooves of thought. They are realising the unpleasant details of motherhood; they want to imitate the fine ladies they see driving in the park; they want to amuse themselves by flirting with a dozen men; they want to escape all that touches the disgusting aspects of life; they want to keep the hem of their skirts white. In pursuit of these ideals they harden their hearts until they are like dead things without sympathy or understanding, harbouring the strange perverted jealousy of the dog in the manger and the aimless conceit of a foolish tradition which tells them perpetually: "My dear, people don't do these things." Hedda's case makes us realise the futility of conventionality, for she was conventional in all her ideals; only her selfish instincts broke through and shattered her system of morals. She would not hear of "any kind of unfaithfulness"; she was ready to flirt and lead men on; but some innocent critics have even gone the length of supposing that she "preferred death to dishonour." Why Hedda really preferred death is, I believe, simply because she was proud enough to feel the ignominy of the situation which was forced upon her by Brack's knowledge of her secret. She was ready to commit any crime that amused her if she did it of her own free will and was sure it would not be found out; but she was not willing to be forced into a mean intrigue. That was what surprised Brack, who had not reckoned on the pride of General Gabler's daughter.

Pride is a very effective substitute for virtue, and has much the same effect on our actions; but if the nature has innate nobility it will remain noble, however much it may outrage social standards; so, perhaps, Hedda's chastity was rather a poor affair after all.

A Socialist's Note Book.

I HAVE just come across an interesting example of the value of machinery from the workers' point of view. The trade of box-making is largely carried on in Lambeth by home-workers, who earn about 2s. 3d. a gross for making boxes for boot polishes and similar small articles. The home-workers provide their own glue and manage to make about 8s. or 9s. a week. The price for the different kinds of boxes varies; thus those for "Nugget" boot polish are paid at the rate of 2s. 9d. a gross, but on the average the weekly sum mentioned represents the wage a worker can expect to gain. On the other hand, however, a large number of boxes are made in the same district by machinery, and for these boxes for soap and candles the workers get paid 1s. 5d. a gross, all the materials being provided. The machine production is more rapid than that of the home-worker, but the smaller price paid per gross averages out the weekly wage at the same level as before, namely 8s. to 9s. Both the machine trade and the home-work trade are liable to be very "slack," and are quite casual, that is to say, quite demoralising

for the workers. The machine production increases productivity and presumably the profits of the box-making industry; the level of the worker's standard remains precisely as before.

I notice that cables from the Cape state that Mr. Merriman, the leader of the Bond, has made the nationalisation of the sale of alcohol a plank in the program with which his party is appealing to the country. The significance of this move on the part of what in Cape politics is considered the reactionary and Conservative party is very much greater than it would be in England, but once more illustrates the entire freedom from the hampering of tradition which is the conspicuous mark of the South African Dutch. There can be very little doubt that the progress of the consolidation of capitalism in South Africa will drive the Dutch party, which is essentially the people's party, more and more into the arms of Socialism. The policy of Het Volk in the Transvaal, coupled with this new move of Merriman's, may mean that this movement towards Socialism is going to be very rapid indeed. At the Cape, too, the nationalisation of the sale of alcohol may have an important bearing upon the nationalisation of the land, as a very large and very valuable part of the country is used for the cultivation of vines and the production of wines and brandy.

That the excessive modesty of the demands of the working classes is one of their chief sins is clearly substantiated by the White Paper just published on the hours of railway servants. What they are now, through the mouthpiece of their officials, demanding, is not too much, but too little, and if it be a fact, as the Companies' directors allege, that to accede to the men's demands would reduce railway dividends to 1½ per cent., this can only be construed as a very excellent reason for nationalisation. For even according to Col. von Donop, it must be admitted that the railway servants have other duties than those of making profits for the companies, and must be allowed some time to discharge the duties of human beings and citizens. And these other duties cannot be discharged without a very great change in hours and conditions of service, even greater than the men demand. It is, however, time that the low standard of wages and conditions that the workers set up as the value of their own lives should be swept out of existence. What the organised workers ought to demand is not a minimum wage of 30s. a week but a minimum of £3. Why should there be the vast differences between what the middle class man requires and what the worker requires? At the present prices of housing, food, clothes, service and the necessaries of life, it is impossible to bring up a family adequately on less than £3 a week, and only barely on that. If the workers are content to accept the conditions of inferiors for themselves, let them at any rate refuse to accept them for their children, and insist on the abolition of the present vast discrepancies between the children of the middle and of the working classes,—differences which can every one be resolved into questions of £ s. d.

Mrs. Mackirdy's book on "Baby Toilers," with its plain tales of the sufferings of child toilers, brings to my mind a story which I got the other day on excellent authority, and which has reference to one of the most generous of English tailoring firms. It is sometimes assumed by well-off people that they avoid the danger of employing sweated labour, with its consequent risk of conveying infection, by only dealing with the best-known and most expensive concerns. But in this particular case, His Majesty the King of Siam ran considerable risk of catching any zymotic disease that happened to be prevalent, although his Royal order was being executed by a firm (apparently) above suspicion. His Majesty probably knows nothing about the risks he ran to this day, and the outside world would have known nothing either but for an inopportune fire somewhere at the back of Regent Street where in an overcrowded sweater's den some clothes got burned. These clothes were sent out from the aforesaid famous tailoring firm,

and were destined for His Majesty Chulalongkorn, being probably used at night as bed coverings. It would indeed almost appear that the only way to avoid infection and sweating is to buy cheap machine-made clothing made by Trade Union labour under reasonable conditions. Perhaps someone in the tailoring trade will give us instruction?

* * * * *

A matter arising out of this question of the King of Siam's clothes has an interest of its own. So far as I am aware, the matter was never mentioned in any journal except strictly trade journals, and one wonders why? Any journalist, one would imagine, could have got up a nice little scare headline on Chulalongkorn's clothes, but no one did. The question is were the reporters bribed? It is possible to bribe some police court reporters to keep things out of the paper for about 10s. a time. Did Messrs. ———, the illustrious tailors, pay the reporters who "smelt them out" not to put anything in their newspapers? It is, at any rate, interesting to note that a reporter may be able to make more by not inserting news than by doing his ordinary work. It is a sidelight on capitalism not unallied to the refusal of every London paper to expose the labour conditions of Sir T. Lipton's workers at the time of his first yacht race some years ago on the simple ground of fear of losing valuable advertisements. SCIPIAN.

"The Mere Clerk."

Final Reflections.

ON reflection, and on yet another re-reading of Mr. W. J. Read's letter respecting my article on "The Mere Clerk," I am inclined to reconsider myself and to allow that my ebullient correspondent may after all have raised a point or two that it is worth while to deal with.

To begin, he falls into some very usual errors which seem to me to be in urgent need of dissipation. He says: "It is useless to ask: 'Does the Mere Clerk know his power?' The Mere Clerk has no power at present, and therefore cannot know it." Here Mr. Read commits a fault in dialectics which is as common as it is clumsy, and as foolish as it is (I admit, with regret) ordinarily effective. By implication he denies a statement that his opponent has never made, puts the denial into his opponent's mouth, and then gives the signal for the cheering to begin before he has scored even a Pyrrhic victory. Does he not see that a man may be very strong and yet be unaware of his strength, just as a hound may have the power to leap a high fence if only it had nous enough to retire a few paces and take a run before jumping? He does not seem to know that power, like matter, is an immutable and indestructible quantity. Force is not created out of nothingness, but can only be generated by an accumulation or combination of other forces. The clerk has the power now, or he will never have it; and the pathetic spectacle that Mr. Read conjures up of the long-suffering Secretary of the N.U.C. burning "the midnight oil," putting in "hours of slogging over correspondence," and spending his holidays in organising—this spectacle waxes even more pathetic because, granted Mr. Read's assumption, it is all puerile.

The power of the clerk lies in his ability to strike: just that. Mr. Read says: "Why is it that no sooner is Trade Union mentioned than the majority of people—Fabians, too, though their motto is 'Light rather than heat'—think of strikes, picketing, brickbats, broken bottles, broken heads, and the rest? Surely it is time that Fabians at least should recognise that the strike is a blunderbuss, which wounds the firer more often than the fired-at. It is time that the damage to the community should also be considered by the combatants. If and when it should come to a fight for 'extra pence' per week, or whatever else may be involved in a higher standard of living, the National Union of Clerks must find or invent some more modern weapon than the clumsy strike."

That is so. I agree, heartily. No doubt it would be better to have power, if one had never to use it; for that is a limitation of power. Nevertheless, the power

—such as it is—remains. And in the ultimate resort, pending the discovery of any new weapon, we must fall back on the strike as our last line of defence against the aggressions of greedy and tyrannical capitalism . . . until we have a Board of Trade which troubles to understand its business and earn its salary, or a legislature that can see further beyond the tip of its nose than the last page of its pass-book. And since it is sometimes well to be quite obvious, I will remind my correspondent that the best way to prevent war is to prepare for it. And there I will leave that particular point.

But there is another point that is not so particular, in that it is persistently raised against all manner of men, in all manner of disputes, everywhere and everywhen. The point consists in charging your opponent with a love of rhetoric. (Mr. Read does not use that precise word, but other of my correspondents do.) Well, well! Mark Antony's speech over the dead body of Cæsar was more than faintly rhetorical. Was it any the less effective on that score? I may be told that Mark Antony never used the words that Shakespeare puts into his mouth. A sufficient retort to that objection would be that neither does the actor on the stage use a real corpse.

For the life of me I cannot understand this objection to the decorative, the ornamental aspect of things. It is not Socialism. On the contrary, it is Utilitarianism. And Utilitarianism is the manure of life: of considerable service in the right place, of course, but not the sort of thing that one wants to have under one's nose all the time. Nuttall—perhaps my favourite author—defines "rhetoric" as: "The science or art of persuasive or effective speech; the art of speaking with propriety, elegance, and force; the power of persuasion or attraction."

So that when next my enemy goes out to meet me in the gate, I would recommend that he first looks up his references.

EDWIN PUGH.

From "Fame and Eternity."

Hush!

Of great things—(great things I behold)—
We should be silent
Or else speak greatly:
Speak greatly, oh ecstasy of my wisdom!

I gaze aloft—

There seas of light are rolling,
Oh night, oh stillness, oh sound that is silent as
death!

I behold a sign,

Far off, how far!

Slowly there sinks, twinkling before me, the
shape of a Star.

Star, of all Being most high,
Table of the eternal imagery,
Comest thou to me?
Thy speechless beauty,
Which none hath beheld—
Shrinketh it not before my gaze?

Shield of Necessity!

Table of the eternal imagery!—

But thou knowest it now:

What all men hate,

What alone I love,

That thou *art* eternal,

That thou *art* of necessity!

For at Necessity alone

My love is kindled into eternity.

Shield of Necessity!

Star, of all Being most high!

That no wish can attain,

No Nay can stain,

Everlasting Yea of Being,

Ever thy Yea am I,

For I love thee, O Eternity!

Translated from Nietzsche by E. M.

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THE NEW AGE.

OCTOBER 17, 1907

EDITORIAL NOTE.

In view of the exaggerated statements now being made by opponents not only of Socialism but of intelligent and free discussion, the following letter addressed by Mr. Wells to the NEW AGE may be, as he says, of service to our readers. What is even more detestable than the habit of misrepresentation of the views of Socialists is the argument of moral shock that as a rule inspires the misrepresentation. We can confirm from close reading of Mr. Wells's writings that no definite handle has ever been given by him to the people who charge him with specifically advocating the abolition of the family. But we cannot see, even if he had advocated the most revolutionary doctrines, that there is any other reply open to intelligence than reason. In the present heated atmosphere of public opinion, a little ice would be an advantage.

—EDS. NEW AGE.

Mr. Wells and Free Love.**A Personal Statement.**

WILL you permit me to make a personal statement that may be of service to your readers who are actively engaged on the defensive side in the present anti-Socialist campaign? My name is frequently given by the Anti-Socialists as an advocate of “free love,” as one who wants to “take children from their parents,” etc., etc., and sometimes these assertions are supported by minutest rags of quotation from my writings. Now a great number of Socialists have never read any of my books, and probably none have read all—they have other things to do—and as I am not quite the ordinary type of Socialist writer, they don't precisely know what to do about me. Some accept the opponent's lie and disavow me, which is perhaps the silliest

thing possible under the circumstances; others send the lie along to me, which is sensible of them but troublesome to me; some take a risk and disavow the alleged opinion as mine. Well, I want to say that they are quite safe in denying the lie. I have never advocated “free love,” nor the destruction of the family. They may boldly challenge the opponent for evidence and then denounce him as a liar. There is nothing anywhere to support these statements, and there is a mass of my writing to prove the contrary.

Of course, I have written about the relation of Socialism to the family, and it is almost impossible to write upon such a topic without at times writing phrases that in unscrupulous hands and torn from their context may “look bad” in their discussion. I discuss these points in my “Modern Utopia,” but there I really never made the ghost of a slip, and it is never quoted, and in a pamphlet, “Socialism and the Family” (Fifield, 6d.). In the latter I have to confess to careless writing. I speak once or twice of the “family” when I ought to have said the “patriarchal family,” that is to say, the family in which the mother is regarded not as a citizen but as the property of the father. My meaning is perfectly clear, and only in such absolutely unscrupulous controversy as the present Anti-Socialist campaign will it have been distorted. If the pro-Socialist will bear that in mind and read “Socialism and the Family” before replying, he will have no difficulty in tackling the antagonist upon this particular point. It is all he need read of me for that purpose. But in my forthcoming book, “New Worlds for Old,” now appearing in the “Grand Magazine,” I believe I have got the Socialist position in these matters stated in absolutely unambiguous language, and the portion relating to the family is already available for quotation.

There is, however, a second point upon which attacks were made for which the pro-Socialist must be prepared. A romance by me called “In the Days of the Comet,” presents the world as altered mentally and spiritually by a comet. The inhabitants of the earth become changed and exalted, they become “above the law”; like the early Christians, they have all their goods in common, and they develop towards a state where, as in the kingdom of Heaven, there is no marrying nor giving in marriage. The book is a dream, is intended to be a beautiful dream, and it ends with an epilogue that makes that intention perfectly clear. If the book is immoral and indecent, then the New Testament is equally so. The story has just as much to do with current politics and ordinary social relations as Michael Angelo's Last Judgment or the well-known picture of “Love and Life.” So far as I know, no one has been fool enough to say Mr. G. F. Watts wants young people who are not married to stand together in exposed situations without clothes because of that picture, and it is quite equally foolish to treat “In the Days of the Comet” as a Socialist tract. A fellow Fabian (bless him!) saw fit in the course of heated controversy to treat this book as my Socialist Utopia, and the misrepresentation has been caught up by the Anti-Socialist writers. In the interests of Socialism I have done all I can to stop this mischievous and silly perversion. I have written letters to papers and articles, and I have dragged the point into everything I have since written about Socialism. It is quite possible, however, that those who are busily fighting “at the front” have not heard anything at all about that, and it may be useful to tell them what to say if “In the Days of the Comet” is suddenly flung in their faces.

Apart from these books, I do not think there is the minutest possibility of misrepresentation in my writings in relation to these matters.

I must apologise, Sirs, for the apparent egotism of this letter, but my daily bundle of Press cuttings makes it clear that Socialism is being frequently attacked through me upon these points, and my correspondence shows that our side finds these attacks at times extremely inconvenient to deal with. This letter may save one or two good men the bother of a hunt through my books.

H. G. WELLS.

Towards Socialism. III. By A. R. Orage.

ONE of the most difficult conceptions for the Western mind is the conception of Solidarity. Most Socialists employ the word as if it were a blessed Mesopotamia. Plainly it is a rhetorical word; and its prevalence amongst Socialists would alone assure the future historian of the zealous oratory of primitive Socialism. That the word means anything in particular to the majority who use it is perhaps improbable; but it does stand for a certain flow of sentiment which may easily be mistaken for a genuine emotion. I would not, indeed, deny that the flow may be a genuine emotion. After all, we none of us can be always certain that our emotions will give light as well as heat! The point is, however, that the sentiment of solidarity is the distinguishing feature of the Socialist movement. Not to be able to respond to the idea in some form disqualifies to my mind anybody from the name of Socialist. A man may be, and often is, convinced of the economic desirability of abolishing poverty as well as of the political possibility of doing so for no other conscious reason than that he cannot tolerate disorder and economic waste. But while such a man may be an efficient servant in the cause of economic emancipation, I can hardly conceive him arousing any human enthusiasm.

Many people have protested, and will protest still more, against the association of what they call Socialism with plans for the emancipation of the soul of man; but I confess that if Socialism were no more than the abolition of poverty, if it did not imply a parallel desire to abolish ignorance, and an underlying purpose in abolishing both—which purpose alone justifies all the pain likely to be caused by both propagandas—I should hesitate to call myself a Socialist. Unless in some way the souls of all men are knit in a single unity with my soul, why should I be moved by things that do not concern me? But the underlying conviction of Socialists of my sort—and there are many—is that the souls of all men are so knit, that, in truth, whatever happens to others happens also to oneself, and whatever happens to oneself happens also to others.

It is, however, just this doctrine of the solidarity of souls that is so difficult to grasp and realise. We are yet so gross in our psychology that we still labour under the heresy of separateness, which permits us to believe that one individual is really insulated from all others, that, as it were, each soul exists by itself in a tower of solitude, surrounded by a moat which he may bridge or unbridge at will. Yet, as psychologists know, there is no real evidence for the theory; as moralists know, the theory is the fruitful parent of every sort of immorality, comprising most of our current morality; and as artists of all kinds understand, and prophets in all ages have announced, the truth is the very reverse, namely, that the individual in himself is nothing, means nothing; in short, is as inconceivable apart from Mankind as an apple is non-existent but for a tree.

All this, however, is not only compatible with what we call individuality, but demands individuality in greater and greater degree. Individualism is no more than the theory that each separate anatomical structure in the kingdom of man is complete and self-sufficient. Individualism, indeed, whether in politics, in ethics, in philosophy, or in religion is merely a dark shadow of the real individuality. It presupposes an atomic structure, an infinite multiplicity, a congeries of persons, without the necessary addition of the unity amid the diversity. Individuality, on the other hand, while even more emphatic in its claims to uniqueness, yet recognises that its uniqueness is conditional and privileged. True individuality is not a claim to possess so much as a claim to give. Being itself complete as a ripe fruit it demands no more than to be allowed to scatter itself. Giving is its responsibility, but taking and possessing are at best no more for individuality than necessities—conditions for new giving.

We need, perhaps, to guard ourselves against an

even worse conception of Solidarity than the mere denial of it. Individualism may be bad, but so long as it is sincere, it is far better than the simulation of the feeling of Solidarity, which is the sentiment of most altruism. Nothing, in short, can be worse from every point of view than the fixed intention of an individual to go about doing good merely because the fact of Solidarity implies such service. To be altruistic from logical motives is to be as nearly devilish as man can well become. Any of us would rather a man were honestly our enemy and took every occasion to harm us than that he should batter himself into the belief that he should love us and do us good. The alliance of mere kindness with the sense of solidarity is due to false sentiment; for, in truth, the sense of solidarity may as easily lead a man to slay his brother as to keep him alive. In short, we need to be on our guard against the tendency of all of us to want to be comfortable and nothing else; and to employ the theory of Solidarity to extort from our neighbours a feather bed for our own most detestable weaknesses.

Again, it is necessary to protest against the association of the idea of Solidarity with much that passes current as Socialist, not to say Philistine, ethics. I can see very well that many Socialists are as far from understanding Socialism on its ethical side as the ordinary politicians are from understanding Socialist economics. And, naturally enough, such Socialists are the very first to protest loudly that the genuine Socialist ethics are either not Socialist or are not ethics at all. It would be amusing if it were not stale by this time to contemplate the spectacle of professed Socialists clinging with all their might to the ethical planks of the old individualist boat, when all the time they have half shares, and might have both shares, in an entirely new Socialist boat. For instance, it is perfectly plain that the doctrine (or let us call it the sense) of solidarity makes the idea of punishment impossible. You do not punish your lungs for catching cold, nor condemn your foot to penal servitude for allowing a brick to drop on it. Doubtless you suffer for both "offences," but only naturally and not by the addition of a penal imposition; although, of course, you do all you can to avoid the pain either of the original injury or of delay in recovery. But being no longer human infants mistaking the parts of the body for aliens in the community, none of us associate punitive with remedial measures. Yet there are still Socialists who indignantly deny that punishment is anti-Socialist, and protest against the association of the doctrine with the doctrines of economic justice.

Well, but it was not so long ago in the history of the world that the mind established its unity in the presence of the diversity of the body. When one thinks of the astonishing tour de force of the intelligence in welding all the myriad sensations and impulses of the body into a single whole, and in achieving the final creative act of naming the whole the Ego, or I—thereby, of course, not destroying the multiplicity, but, as it were, comprehending it, and handling it as a craftsman—thinking of this great act of intelligence, one is encouraged to believe that the multiplicity which we now call ourselves and others may one day be welded by the imagination into a single whole, and thereby comprehended and handled. But we shall necessarily abandon therewith the idea of punishment, of punishment of others as well as of ourselves. And who ever does not realise this is still far enough from comprehending Socialism.

We should do well, I think, to make this question of Punishment decisive in matters of Socialist ethics. The practice, of course, is a very different affair. Even the realisation that punishment is incompatible with the sense of Solidarity is only an occasional visitor to minds still imprisoned or wandering as our minds are in the caves and jungles of individualistic modes of thought. The practice will only come with constant watchfulness. Let nobody suppose that Socialist ethics, involving the abolition of the idea of punishment, is

either easy to grasp or easy to maintain when grasped. The Kingdom of Heaven is taken and held by violence only. But, on the other hand, the more I think of it and the more I compare my experiences with those of men like Carpenter and Shaw, Whitman and Shelley, the more convinced I am that we may have all the effects of economic Socialism without being a single sentiment the better off so long as those radical, time dishonoured, and most damnable beliefs remain that the individual belongs to himself alone, and that "punishment" is the proper penalty of "crime." So much at any rate the sense of Solidarity destroys.

(To be continued.)

REVIEWS.

Sociological Papers. Vol. III. Published for the Sociological Society. (Macmillan and Co. 10s. 6d.)

"The successful flight of Nulli Secundus brings in its train a revolution in human ideas and in human conditions. We are watching the dawn of a new age." Thus my newspaper of this morning. The birth of a new age invariably elates me; I really don't know why. On this occasion I had certainly taken no steps to compass it. Feeling immensely puffed up, my eye wandered to another column—a cable from New York: "Mr. James R. Duke had presented his wife with a magnificent pearl necklace valued at £40,000. The pearls are all flawless and perfectly graduated; and it is doubtful if the necklace could be matched in the world." I recalled the cannibal Uitote Indian who consented to pilot me on the Ortegua River for some weeks against a magnificent bead necklace, not to be matched in the whole of the Caqueta. The dawn of a new age! Perhaps. My newspaper is inexhaustible in interest this morning. "The National Council of the Independent Labour Party at its concluding meeting . . . repudiates the charge that Socialism is antagonistic to the family organisation." Revolution in human ideas? Perhaps. On investigation, I find that the National Council is made up of twelve men and one woman. As a man, I am immensely pleased with the pronouncement of the Council. As a Socialist . . .

Does this third volume of the Sociological Society's papers bear promise of a "revolution in human ideas?" Sir Francis Galton, the founder, claimed as the main work of the Society the "introduction of Eugenics into the National Conscience, like a new religion . . . The improvement of our stock seems one of the highest objects that we can reasonably attempt." By what method are we to breed this new race? This is exactly where the Society should step in. This is exactly what it does not attempt, thus justifying to some extent the scepticism Professor Pearson expressed as to its power to do good work.

Dr. G. Archdall Reid leads off with a paper on "The Biological Foundations of Sociology." Here he simply repeats the speculations already made familiar at greater length in volume form. Is it really worth while telling a Sociological Society that heredity is really a very important subject. It is the facts about heredity that we are anxious to know, and Dr. Reid has nothing to tell us. Vague scraps of history and crude ethnological guesses no longer suffice for biological speculations. Dr. Reid must learn that Biology is being reconstructed from the experimental side by physiologists like Loeb, zoologists like Herbst and Morgan, or in this country, Bateson and Lock. The era of Haeckel and Spencer, from whom Dr. Reid dissents, but whose methods he follows, belongs to the astrological period of biology—all very excellent in its day. The interminable discussions between Dr. Reid and his opponents are always futile, because both sides start out with an equally profound ignorance of recent work.

Dr. Reid, who knows all about heredity, considers that Sociology is entirely a biological problem. It is interesting to turn from the views of the physician to those of the biologist. Mr. Darbishire, who announces himself as a biologist pure and simple, confesses "that we know very little of heredity." Professor J. Arthur Thomson, who is likewise a pure biologist, though certainly not a simple one, enters a protest against

"pretending that sociology is merely a higher department of biology." He regards it as an independent science. This recalls Driesch's famous pamphlet, "Die Biologie als selbstständige Wissenschaft," where he stands out for biology as something other than a matter of physics and chemistry. Of course, Professor Thomson is right. We have some real knowledge of men living in societies; we see them at work under varying conditions, so that it is not difficult to eliminate the factors that give rise to different civilisations or non-civilisations. Experiments in sociology are always being carried out.

In the same paper, "The Sociological Appeal to Biology," Professor Thomson deals in a masterly fashion with the illogical reasoning that would protest against "interfering with natural selection." Much of the weakness and disease is, as he points out, not inherited, but purely accidental. Many of the unfit are simply persons who do not happen to fit in with some academician's scheme of life. In many cases it is not the individual but the environment which is unfit. Withal Professor Thomson would not disagree with my view that there is in a very literal sense an aristocracy of birth, but he becomes absurdly cautious when he approaches anything eugenic.

In "A Practical Eugenic Suggestion," Dr. McDougall makes a kind of suggestion that we might expect from a University Lecturer. He admits that "much can be said in favour of a restricted polygamy (not the harem)." Seeing that polygamy in some form or other is the rule nearly the whole world over, it would be strange indeed if something could not be said in its favour. But Dr. McDougall will admit no changes that destroy the institution of the family, since every great civilisation can only be based on a sound family life. He gives no reasons why we should not regard this conception of a sound family life as a mere figment of the imagination, nor does he tell us what great civilisations have been reared upon it.

Dr. McDougall believes that women will come to realise that maternity is their highest and only career. This seems a quite unnecessary assumption. Indeed, until women realise that all careers are open to them on the same terms as to men, no eugenic advance will be made. Maternity is an excellent profession, but many women capable of other excellent work are as unsuited to be mothers as many men are to be stokers or dramatists. There will be no dearth of mothers when once the economic handicap is removed, which now forces civilised woman into monogamy.

Dr. McDougall's practicable suggestions takes the form of the modest proposal to increase the offspring of our Civil Servants, who are selected from the ablest youths of our Universities. He suggests that the married Civil Servant be paid on a sliding scale according to the number of his children—with one child £675, rising with six children to £1,050 per annum. As Dr. McDougall favours polygamy, I presume the word married is not to be legally interpreted. I take it that any first-class clerk who can prove himself to be the father of six children will be paid a salary of £1,050. One objection to this proposal is that it is the mother that should be endowed, and not the father. She bears the child. There would be less danger of fraud. Another objection is that the class of persons whom it is proposed to endow is not the one I am anxious to see increased. The university-reared Civil Servants form a wretchedly stereotyped class, representative of the intellectual sluggishness of the country. I should have preferred to see the experiment begun with the able artisan or the alive commercial classes.

However, those who feel as keenly as myself the necessity for making a start, and thus helping to form public opinion, will not cavil at the proposal. At all events, no harm will be done. We can produce nothing worse than the actual conditions.

I can but just mention some of the other papers. Dr. J. L. Tayler's on "Individuology" is ingenious, and merits an article to itself. Professor Geddes elaborates his plan for a Civic Museum. I don't understand a word of it. Mr. H. G. Wells is seen at his worst in "The So-Called Science of Sociology." He

wishes the Society to engage in framing Utopias rather than in building up a science from a knowledge of the present and past. But Mr. Wells' own efforts in Utopiadom are certainly not written "pour encourager les autres."
M. D. EDER.

Beyond Good and Evil. By Friedrich Nietzsche.
Trans. Helen Zimmern. (T. N. Foulis. 5s. net.)

Nothing vexes our patriotic soul more than the reflection that in France, which is only a few hours' distant from London, one can buy a cheap and complete translated edition of Nietzsche, while in all the British Empire a man, unless he reads either French or German, must content himself with five expensive translations of only five of the sixteen or so books written by the greatest humanistic philosopher of modern Europe. The present volume is the fifth of the English edition; and even its appearance is only due to the public-spirited generosity of Dr. Oscar Levy and the enthusiasm of Mr. Thomas Common. It speaks volumes for our intelligence that the works of Nietzsche should remain so long inaccessible, since in insular England we cannot console ourselves with the belief that many of our fellow-countrymen have read him in the original or in the French translation.

This being the case, we may as well congratulate ourselves that the interrupted publication of Nietzsche translations is now resumed with the definite promise that it will be continued till there is nothing left to translate. The present volume is not, in our opinion, the most opportune, being in some respects the most difficult of all the writings of Nietzsche, with the single exception of his last and unfinished work. "Beyond Good and Evil," in fact, was a sort of flaming nebula cast off from the luminiferous ether out of which Nietzsche was creating his magnum opus. It belongs to the series which includes "The Genealogy of Morals" and "The Case of Wagner," and is, like them, a completed study for a single section of his contemplated work, "The Will to Power."

As the title suggests, "Beyond Good and Evil" contains the Nietzschean doctrine of super-morality; together with a good deal of metaphysic and sociology. Of metaphysic proper Nietzsche had, it is true, very little, since his curt dismissal of all absolutes disqualified him from the communion of the logomachers. On the other hand, he may be said to have revived an older metaphysic than any of the modern schools propound, if we except the mystics whose doctrines hark back, as they believe, to the foundations of the world. For, in truth, Nietzsche was an intellectual mystic of the highest order, and his forerunners were less Kant and Schopenhauer than Heraclitus and the Buddhists whom he thought he despised. The primacy of the will, the world as an aesthetic phenomenon for the delectation of the soul, the tragedy of life, the affirmation of Becoming and the denial of Being, the eternal wheel of recurrence, all these are doctrines easy enough to be found in Indian teaching, and not indiscoverable in the meagre remains of the aphorisms of Heraclitus.

What, then, is Nietzsche's contribution to thought? Certainly not a philosophy, since he was the first to deny the absolute value even of his own philosophy. Nor again, was his contribution a contribution to Morality, much as he believed himself to be the very first to ever burst into that silent sea. As a matter of fact, the repudiation of absolute morality in the terms of Good always and everywhere, Evil always and everywhere, is a common-place of the Old Testament which informs us that God made both good and evil. And if God made both good and evil, evil becomes, on every teleological principle, as purely relative to an end as good, and both lose their absolute value. We

need no more than mention India again, where for at least three thousand years, the Nietzschean doctrine of Beyond Good and Evil has been taught more or less explicitly.

The fact is that Nietzsche's merit lies almost altogether in his dramatic representation of some of the oldest doctrines in the world. Like Socrates, he revealed the mysteries to those without. Moreover, there is a flame in his style and ideas which easily communicates itself to imaginative minds, and just as readily alarms the pedants who dislike nothing so much as heat, even when it is luminous. Hence Nietzsche will always appeal to the Latin more than to the Teutonic temperament. The latter, indeed, will probably never understand Nietzsche; or, understanding him, will become obsessed after the faithful Teutonic way.

Unfortunately, however, there is not much danger of an obsession of Nietzsche in the mind of England. When so tropical a nature as Mr. G. K. Chesterton utterly fails to grasp the elementary distinction between the relative Bad and the absolute Evil, there is little wonder if the majority of his contemporaries, temperate in mind and almost frigid in the climate of drama, gape with horror at the bare suggestion that Good and Evil are only relative terms after all, and in the absence of any defined aim in life mean nothing more than that Mrs. Grundy has usurped the throne of Jehovah. We write perhaps prematurely. The appearance of this volume may mark a turning-point in the history of popular discussion. It is even conceivable that Nietzsche may begin to be read in England. We hope so.

A Literary History of France. By Emile Faguet.
(Unwin. 12s. 6d. net.)

Monsieur Faguet has the reputation of being the most prolific of contemporary French authors of the first rank. His responsibility must be considerable in preparing for the public an incessant stream of criticism, *essais psychologiques*, studies in literary history, and even efforts in political journalism. But when the quality of the output is always maintained, as is the case of M. Faguet—whose "studies" are masterpieces in miniature, whose critiques almost always exhibit a safe and penetrating judgment, whose essays are masterly, and whose historical efforts are equal to the best—the literary public can only rejoice.

A limpid style, charming in its ease and simple elegance—and we may add, only in consequence the more difficult to reproduce in translation—clothes our author's carefully-considered and perfectly-arranged ideas. "Pourqu'on lise Platon" is a typical example, and is bearing its happy fruits. "En Lisant Nietzsche," the last word on the subject in the French, and perhaps the best in any tongue, would well repay translation into English. As for M. Faguet's "petit dernier," "Amours d'hommes de lettres," is a delicate and piquant morsel of psychological study.

But to cite all that M. Faguet has done well were a long story. We have already said that he is prolific. The book before us is a translation of his "Literary History of France," which appeared in Paris a year or two back in two volumes.

The author here departs a little from his normal method of pleasing dalliance with somewhat minor matters, but we are compensated by a series of brief, telling characterisations of authors, their works, and of the literary atmosphere of periods or centuries, which light up almost every page of the work. The book is well stocked with names, dates, private judgments, general ideas. Though no one is compelled to accept M. Faguet's standpoint, at least there is no

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doubt what that standpoint really is (for ourselves, we should like to cross swords with him on the subject of Zola).

It is regrettable that so little space could be allowed for the "origins," and for the Carolingian and Arthurian cycles (regrettable, too, that the translator has adopted the discarded and unscholarly form of "Carlovingian"). But with what charm does M. Faguet treat Louise Labée, la belle Cordière, the precursor of the *Pléiade*! How penetrating his simple characterisation of Ronsard's penchant for classical imitation, which he remarks that we must reach "in order to understand the half Pagan soul which is to be found occasionally in his writing—and was not his! This was Ronsard's chief fault: that he sought to absorb in some way the most diverse and the most alien imaginative expression, Greek, Latin, or Italian." (We quote from the translation). This chapter is quite one of the most suggestive in the book.

But to pass on, let us notice his dictum on Voltaire, one of M. Faguet's own masters:—

"He never really knew what he wanted. It is impossible to reproach him seriously on that account, for the number of people who have known what they wanted is very limited in the whole of history. But he knew well enough what he did not want."

And then, to quote for a third and last time, approvingly, let us take the following short passage on Renan, whose recently-published correspondence with Berthelot has revealed the greatness of heart of these two men of genius. Renan, says M. Faguet, "was an amazing writer and disconcerted criticism by the impossibility of explaining his method of procedure; he was luminous, supple, naturally pliant, yielding; beneath his apparently effeminate grace an extraordinary strength of character would suddenly make itself felt; he exercised a caressing influence which finally enveloped the reader." (There, as always, the translation is halting and imperfect, and fails to do the French credit.)

We should like to have seen reproduced the beautiful engravings of the French edition, but it would, of course, have involved great outlay, and resulted in a very expensive book. But we may fairly ask: Why so many French quotations in an English translation? We do not forget the somewhat cryptic note on this subject which the translator prefixes to the volume, but we can hardly forbear to wonder whether, if a student could master the comparatively idiomatic French of these extracts, he would not be equally capable of appreciating M. Faguet's work in its original form, and certainly with far greater enjoyment than he could hope to expect from a translation.

Finally, by way of criticism, may we ask what induced M. Faguet to allow such a preface to appear above his initials? We allude to the very bad English rendering, from which we quote a sentence, not by any means the worst contained in it. "We shall not cease," it runs, "to maintain that French romantic literature au fond is essentially original, essentially French; and that, on the other hand, in her (sic) evolution towards self-recognition, self-detachment, and finally self-consciousness, she has been materially aided by the practice existing at the time among the French of constantly studying the works of Shakespeare, Ossian, Byron, Young, and Walter Scott, is surely no incontestable fact" (sic).

Surely M. Faguet's priceless reputation gained in France should not be thus lightly endangered in England, where he is, at present, comparatively unknown.

Socialism and Economics. An Inquiry into Socialism. By Thomas Kirkup. (Longmans, 4s. 6d. net.)

It has always seemed to us most deplorable that books on Socialism should usually be so prodigiously dull; as though dullness were always synonymous with wisdom. It really need not be so. We have ourselves gained a firmer grasp of Socialist economics from Mr. Bernard Shaw's Fabian Essay than from anything we had read before or have read since. It is too late for most of us to become witty Irishmen, but then there is no necessity for us to write books. Now Mr.

Kirkup thought there was a necessity for him to write a book, and that is why we venture mildly to quarrel with him; for he has nothing of much importance or novelty to tell us. His book is constructed on the usual lines. In the opening chapters he traces the rise of the present system out of feudalism; he subjects the present system of capitalism to an examination by no means sufficiently comprehensive or severe; and follows this up by a chapter of current views on Socialism. In any future edition of his book Mr. Kirkup will be well advised to delete this chapter. Current views on Socialism are out of place in a serious treatise; they should be left to the columns of Liberal and Tory newspapers. Much more to the point is the chapter describing what Socialism is, and this is the part of his subject in which Mr. Kirkup is most at home. Socialism in "its essence is an economic change. Questions connected with it as to religion, ethics, politics, and as to the methods of realising the theory, may be and are of supreme importance; but they are not Socialism." This is excellently said; but why, then, should Mr. Kirkup devote the next chapter to discussing the "Moral Aspects of Socialism"? The book concludes with the respective difficulties and prospects of Socialism.

Mr. Kirkup writes throughout with conspicuous impartiality and conscientiousness, and his book can be heartily recommended to that numerous class which is beginning to regard Socialism as a subject of pressing importance. The more advanced student, we are afraid, will resent a certain looseness of thought and construction, displaying itself in useless and irritating repetitions, and occasionally in self-contradictions, even in essentials. We will give two examples. "Competition is and must always be a potent element of human progress, but it should be conducted on reasonable terms. The principle of competition should be subordinated to moral principle." These sentiments are unimpeachable, but to find them solemnly introduced into a philosophical discussion is more than disappointing. Again: "The evils of society are not dependent solely on economic causes," while a dozen pages later on he tells us "the evils of the competitive system are felt throughout the whole of society, resulting too gener-

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ally in demoralisation, etc., etc., and has perverted our moral judgments and debased our moral ideas." Now if a man have clear ideas on Individualism or Socialism it matters little which side in the controversy he chooses to take; but he is trifling with his readers when he calls the same thing black and white at different stages of his argument. We should not think it probable that Mr. Kirkup has an enemy, but if he has he would be well advised to let him edit the book before the next edition appears. He concludes with the hope that a future generation, having outlived the enmities of our own day, will "place the wreath of laurel on the tombs of Robert Owen and Lord Shaftesbury, of the Emperor William I and Bismarck, as well as of Lassalle and Karl Marx, of Cardinal Manning and General Booth; as well as of the poor weavers of Rochdale and Ghent, who made the Co-operative Movement live." We cannot see any objection.

The Limit of Wealth. By Alfred L. Hutchinson. (Macmillan. 5s. net.)

It would really seem as if History, after all, would finally decide that the Socialists were on the wrong tack. For in the beginning of 1942 there assembled at Paris a committee consisting of the President of the French Republic, as chairman; the King of England and Emperor of India, the Emperor of Germany, the Sultan of Turkey, the Shah of Persia, and the Mikado of Japan (with power to add to their number). On the 4th March, 1913 a great revolution occurred in the administration of the Government of the United States, which had enabled that fortunate country so to "outrank all the other nations in power and material prosperity" that the aforesaid committee was called to take such steps as would even advance their nations to the rank of the Great American Republic. It resulted in a very voluminous document, consisting of no less than 25,000 pages of typewritten matter. By a happy chance Mr. Hutchinson came to be the official stenographer, and with the exception of occasional footnotes he has been good enough to supply us with a narrative which "follows strictly the verified statements contained in the original report."

The glaring inequalities of wealth had long disturbed and alarmed all genuine patriots, but up to the year 1913 no satisfactory solution had ever been offered. There had, of course, been theories; "theories which appeared beautiful in the extreme, and which were honestly advocated; but beautiful only as theories, and absolute failures when put to a practical test." Among these must be included Henry George's Single Tax System, which when put into practice meant "the confiscation of all landed property, which would have led to a serious revolution." The Socialists were unqualified failures; for "while they were never able to put their theories to a complete test, there were local tests made to such an extent as to prove the inefficiency of the theories of Socialism."

It fell "to the lot of a young pedagogue to first enunciate the doctrine" that was destined once for all to reconcile the conflicting interests of society. Being a pedagogue it was quite natural that he "had seen the evil effects of vast accumulations of wealth"; and his proposals, which we append in a condensed form, rapidly secured the support of all classes, save the very rich. These proposals are:—

The creation of a Department of Public Wealth; an income tax graduated to apply to all persons whose income exceeded 1,000 dollars a year; to limit the amount of wealth a person might dispose of without restriction; to collect from every person at death all accumulations of wealth beyond the amount permitted to be held by the estate; and to inaugurate "such public work as would not compete with existing indus-

tries, but which would help all existing industries and increase the wealth of the nation." The wealth a man might dispose of during his lifetime was limited by the number of his family; while at death all property exceeding a million dollars should pass to the Department of Public Wealth. It would be a fascinating pastime to describe in detail how these proposals were carried out in actual practice, but in justice to the author we must refer enquirers to the book itself. We might perhaps whet the reader's eager curiosity by mentioning that in the case of marriage, for example, "it was deemed necessary that every couple starting in life should have at least 5,000 dollars"; and how by an ideal and original arrangement all friction in the industrial world was avoided by a declaration of Congress that "Whereas it is the purpose of the Government to deal out justice and equality as far as human needs and demands may permit, yet it will not sanction a strike or lock-out for any cause." But we think we have said enough. Besides, there is not only a limit to wealth, but a limit to our space.

DRAMA.

Irene Wycherley.

Miss Lena Ashwell has opened the Kingsway Theatre with what I hope is going to be a triumphant success. For Miss Lena Ashwell is aiming high—at a success like that of the Court Theatre, although a success of a different genius. And Mr. Anthony P. Wharton's play is a very courageous beginning of that success. "Irene Wycherley" is a very powerful play, a very real play, possibly almost a great play; it presents life as it is, it is free from many conventions, and, as is usual, it raised the actors to its own level, and was very well acted. The story of the play is that Irene Wycherley, having been separated from her husband for several years on account of his general conduct and personal violence, goes back to him when he is blinded and dangerously wounded by an accidental explosion of his own gun. Irene is partly driven to do this by the accident and her Roman Catholic conscience, and partly by the discovery that her platonic friendship for Harry Chesterton is love she cannot fight against.

The first act brings us to this point, and the second displays Philip Wycherley, six weeks after the accident, horribly scarred, blind, raging and brutal, cursing those around him, loathing his wife, and desiring only drink and one of the women who have fascinated him, Lilly Summers. Lilly Summers has been intimate with Wycherley before her present marriage to the Colonial, Summers, her first husband having shot himself on this account. And in the third act, Summers, who has lived in wild places, discovers the whole business, and the play ends with two shots heard outside and the knowledge conveyed to Irene and Chesterton that Summers has killed Wycherley and then himself. It transpires at the same moment that the "accident" to Wycherley was Summer's previous attempt. This outline of the story perhaps conveys a more bloodthirsty impression than the play itself, which deals not so much with the incidents as with the personality of Irene and Wycherley. The study of Irene, her love for Chesterton, her control of that love, her detestation of her husband, and her jealousy of Chesterton is the best part of the play. That this owed very much to Lena Ashwell goes without saying, the contrast of temperament between husband and wife being obvious not only in the words and gestures, but in a horrible void of words and gestures. Irene's Catholic conceptions compel her to consent to act dutifully to Philip, so she forces herself to walk towards him frozen with repulsion; she determines to make overtures to him, and does so in negatives.

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He curses her, and she endures him with a monumental passivity which would have steam-rollered the fury of an elephant. Just as powerful was Mr. Norman McKinnel's acting of Wycherley, stumbling and damning against chairs, fumbling in the grate for a light and burning his fingers, fearing the pain, "I, who thought not to fear the fires of Hell itself," and bursting out into wild, hysterical fury at his shackling blindness. All of which is real, primitive, horrible, all of which has something of an Elizabethan flavour about it, a thunderstorm glamour. But is it all good enough? Mr. Wharton may reply that he has accomplished the artist's work in putting reality into his drama. That one cannot deny; the play stands by itself, it grips not because of its subject, but because of the genuineness of its men and women. It confutes argument by existing. But have we not the right to demand something more of the artist than this, some kind of beauty, some bringing of small things into relation with big things, some star shine reflected on muddy waters? "Irene Wycherley" is a whirlpool of desires, passions, violence, and all the turgid, hot humanity of little people. It is real as a dramatisation of the murder of Emily Dimmock in Camden Town would be real. But I hold that in all presentment of life there should at least be some chink-hole through which we may look upon things greater than those immediately brought before us. Art must be a key to unlock life, not merely a picture of some phase of life, and this is particularly the case nowadays when realism is infinitely easier to us than at any previous time. Our wider psychological knowledge enables us to play tricks with men's emotions with almost the certainty of a physiologist stimulating a monkey's brain with an electric current. Even Hall Caine has found this out in "The Christian." I do not demand that every play should show to a greater way of life, or open vistas of thought and speculation, as does "Major Barbara." But no play ought to deliberately shut off men's relations with big things, as does "Irene Wycherley." It is clear that even in the author's mind Irene's Catholicism is a determining fact in her existence, but except as a name it does not come into the play at all. It has to be assumed, just as we should assume it if we knew Irene Wycherley in private life, but it is the business of art to introduce us beyond the barriers of mere acquaintanceship, else why do more than selectively edit the police news? The fact that you and I do not perhaps believe in Roman Catholicism does not affect the question. Catholicism is a human, as opposed to a merely personal thing, it is an idea through which we can meet and understand our fellow-men, as we cannot either by shaking hands, embracing, hanging, or dissecting them. Perhaps Mr. Wharton's achievement is that he brings us to the discussion of these matters. Negatively at any rate, it is no small thing to have got free of the worst traditions of the English stage. And this is only one play. No doubt Mr. Wharton will write more, not less realistic and more human.

L. HADEN GUEST.

MUSIC.

Some new works at the Promenades.

The new violin concerto by Sibelius performed on Tuesday was in every way disappointing. From the author of "Finlandia" one is led to expect great things. It may be that his country is his only subject; at any rate in this, which belongs to the category of what has become known as abstract music, he has failed ingloriously. As a friend remarked, it was rather more interesting when the solo instrument wasn't playing; certainly Mr. Verbrugghen could not infuse any meaning into the stuff at all. It may, or may not, have been beyond his powers of execution to start with, but—let him attribute it if he likes to the heat of the room—he scarcely ever seemed to be playing in tune. This, with Elgar's colourless "Sea Pictures" (sung with good intention by Miss Gladys Roberts) and Mendelssohn's "Midsummer Night's Dream" music played by Mr. Wood for all the world like the automatic music of a

merry-go-round (even Stanford is less ponderous), and Mr. Lloyd Chandos failing to excite any interest in Lohengrin's dreadful narration—all this seemed to knock the whole evening out of joint. Perhaps I am unduly captious about the concerto after a first hearing; but it inspired me with only one wish: that Elman or Kreisler might play it one day. Then we should know whether it has to be finally relegated to the limbo of unachieved things.

On Wednesday evening a new concerto for piano-forte and orchestra was performed for the first time. It is by Mr. Edward Isaacs, who played the solo instrument himself. It was a great pleasure to listen to this new music, fresh from the Midland of England, from the place of smoke and noise and perspiring labour, from Manchester of all unideal places. The music suggests to me the hard, persistent struggle of a man for that which he has a right to possess—his own soul. It is virile, vigorous, emphatic, ringing with all the brightness and romantic ardour of youth. And yet it is not a self-conscious essay in optimism, but something inevitable, something strictly human and impulsive. Therefore it is valuable. But apart altogether from any "independent spiritual mission" or from any metaphysical explanation of its message (and, after all, no one but the composer can know its real purport; it is a conceit to try an interpretation), it is a work of classic musicianship that will please anyone but the most decadent trifler in neurotics. Mr. Charles Warwick-Evans played the 'cello in Tchaikowski's Variations on a Rocco Theme for that instrument excellently, and thoroughly deserved the ovation he received. He is one of the most "promising" of our younger 'cellists, and should yet do good work. I should like to hear him play Hugo Becker's solo part in "Don Quixote"; it is enormously difficult, but its wayward, half-cracked, irresponsible upside-down-ness should suit his humorous fancy.

On Thursday evening yet another new work was performed for the first time. This was a Symphonic Poem, called "Isabella," written by Mr. Frank H. Bridge. It is a creation in the height of fashion. It is clever, skilful, tricky, brilliant, vulgar, with a kind of Madame Tussaud's chamber-of-horrors scene thrown in for sensation; it is everything in fact which John Keats would have loathed. Master Frank Bridge evidently saw in this divine poem a glorious opportunity for the display of all the fantastic tricks suggested by that arch-demon, Richard Strauss, and which practically every young musician has learned before he leaves the nursery. We feel it is not the moment for an exhibition of all this silly stock-in-trade, but when he, to vary the emotion, piles on the agony with a still more banal exhibition of shoddy sentiment, picked up anywhere between South Kensington and the "front" at Brighton, we are revolted and disgusted. The literature of English music is better off without this greasy sentiment.

X.

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SOCIALISM AND NATIONAL DEFENCE.

TO THE EDITORS OF "THE NEW AGE."

Until the Hague or some such universal tribunal can prevent war, disarmament is not to be thought of, but if then it be necessary to have an army for defence, that army should be the best obtainable and a national Socialist undertaking, for the days of mercenaries—the capitalist armies—are gone.

Your correspondent, Mr. F. Cochran, quotes General von der Goltz on the probabilities and chances of an Anglo-German war; the German general wrote in the year 1900 at a time when we had our hands very full in S. Africa, but I myself a few days ago heard the opinion of an admiral in command of our most important fleet on the subject. He said that the most responsible men in Germany openly declare that their warlike aims are directed against this country and that even were Germany to land 30,000 men in England the effect would be deplorable and disastrous, whatever the final result. No one can tell what would have happened had Hoche disembarked in Ireland with the 18,000 he intended, a portion of which force did land under Humbert. When Napoleon sat upon the cliffs by Boulogne with an army of 170,000 around him and below him a great flotilla strong enough to repel Nelson and his boat attack with heavy loss. Pitt already moribund was engaged in drilling 3,000 volunteers at Walmer and all along the coast there was marching and counter-marching, patriotism at boiling point, more than 500,000 men in arms through England; but patriotism is no match for military training and the discipline necessary for fighting battles.

A retired British N.C.O. holding a commission in an Australian contingent told the writer in Cape Colony that they (the Australians) were good horsemen, good shots, and good scouts, and he added, "but they would not take a position, sir."

What he meant was the steady advance under fire, an advance only known by, and possible to, disciplined men; no mad rush with its excitement, neck or nothing, but a slow walk between the bullets, chilling, unpleasant, the calmness of despair almost.

We require efficient mobilisation of regulars and auxiliaries and the railways which have not been laid strategically, only for dividends.

Mr. Cochran is quite correct in saying that the Army Service Corps was in charge of all the transport service in South Africa: ox and mule waggons were hired and purchased from private sources and the drivers were generally coloured men, but the organisation and command were in the hands of the A.S.C.

If war is wrong and abnormal, there is nevertheless an art of warfare which the nations study rather more than the arts of peace.

WILMOT VAUGHAN, Major.

* * *

"THE CONFUSION OF ART."

TO THE EDITORS OF "THE NEW AGE."

It is a lecturer's business to make himself intelligible, and your correspondent's remarks on my lecture given at the Fabian Summer School fill me with humiliation, for I evidently failed completely to show Mrs. C. Gasquoine Hartley what I was driving at. Next time I have the honour of making any remarks on the subject of Art in her presence,

"I'll write 'em out; and so avide all jeal'sies
'Twixt nonsense o' my own an' some one's else's."

My subject was the Relation of Socialism to Art, and my proposition was a very simple one, that as laws and institutions depend for their stability and efficiency on the feelings of the population, art—which sways, forms, guides and deflects our feelings—is of greater social importance than is generally recognised.

To discuss "the Ruskinian theory" of "the justification of art," of which Mrs. Hartley imagines me to be "the new apostle" was not my aim; but my critic's head was full of that matter before she came to my lecture, and I never managed to get her to see that I was talking about something else. Or, perhaps, she saw it well enough, but wishing to have her say on a well-worn topic, she attributed to me nonsensical notions in order to knock them down again.

But what really interests me in Mrs. Hartley's article is not what she attributes to me, but what she herself has to say on the matter. She tells us that "a chair is art as much as is a picture," which suggests the inquiry, "What is Art?" or what, at least, does she mean by Art? Is a factory chimney as much Art as Westminster Abbey? And if not, why not?

I cannot even agree that a chair has no "mission." I believe that (unlike me) its mission is to be sat on.

It is particularly interesting to be told (1) that "Art concerns itself with ugliness as well as with beauty," and (2) that the proper use of painting is for decorative purposes, and that "it is just this lost purpose of decoration that painting has to re-find if it is to live under Socialism." Will Mrs. Hartley, when she has got a house duly decorated with ugliness, invite the Fabian Society to view it?

Some passages, however, in her article compel my cordial assent: as when, speaking of her own set, she says, "In truth, we were in the deeps of confusion; and the trouble is we have not found a way out"; and also when she adds, "It is time that this folly of talking about pictures should be put a stop to."

AYLMER MAUDE.

* * *

TO THE EDITORS OF "THE NEW AGE."

Your article on "The Confusion of Art," with its illuminating onslaught on the rival theories, "Art for Art's Sake," and "Art, the Handmaid of Morality," dashed my hopes by the impotence of its conclusion. Let us think of the moderns. Let us take four representative names, Velasquez, Whistler, Monet, Rothenstein. Will such men serve the Socialist State of the future merely in the capacity of wall-decorators? God forbid! They are the eyes of Society. The great painter is a master-seer. His power of perception is far beyond that of common men, an impassioned vision that recognises first and then reveals the outer semblance and inner nature of the visible world. Not beauty, not ugliness, not virtue, but the mighty visible world is what the artist teaches us to see. Velasquez shows one the glory of the lighted spaces of a great room. Whistler, the subtleties of half-lights and low tones, Monet, the transfiguration wrought by dazzling sunlight; Rothenstein, with a passion of racial sympathy that illuminates like a flashlight, helps our blind eyes to recognise the ancient majesty of Judaism in the neighbouring synagogue.

All these things we can see when they have been shown to us, and not before. The Artist is the Herald who leads us into our Kingdom.

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