The New Age

THE NEW AGE
A WEEKLY REVIEW OF POLITICS, LITERATURE, AND ART
Edited by A. R. Orage and Holbrook Jackson

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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

The events of the week in the Railway world have made little change in the situation. Both sides, it seems, are determined to maintain their ground. The fact that there are hundreds of thousands on one side and only some thousands on the other appears to be a matter of indifference. Mr. Lloyd George, who has the opportunity of his life, may possibly be delaying his coup d'état for a more dramatic moment. At present, it is difficult to discover the effect of his intervention. The Bishop of Bath and Wells, we observe, has suggested a compromise in the form of permanent joint conferences of men and masters, without the presence of union officials. But this would lead only to the shifting of burdens from one section of the men to another. The men must act as a whole or be defeated in parts. As an alternative to Mr. Lloyd George, the Labour Party suggest a special parliamentary session. Surely that should spur Mr. George to a great effort.

The bad taste displayed by Lord Claude Hamilton in issuing his No Surrender manifesto on the eve of the meeting of the railway directors with Mr. Lloyd George may be forgiven in view of the manifest futility of the whole document. Every argument employed by Lord Claude Hamilton in favour of his case has been refuted both in theory and in practice without number. The concluding portion was a frank appeal to anti-Socialist sentiment, of which, it appears, the railway directors are proposing to make capital. Mr. Bell replied to the manifesto on the following evening:

Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman, who in twenty months made twenty peers, spoke for nearly an hour at Dumfrielines on Wednesday on the wickedness of the House of Lords. It is strange that a reader of French novels and a student of Sir William Gilbert should not see the comedy of the situation. By way of preface, he enumerated the evils which were clamouring for solution. Among them were drunkenness, depopulation, bad housing, infant mortality, and ignorance. The significant exception is poverty. Does this mean that the Liberal Party has not heard that poverty is remediable? His advice to the Suffragette deputation was "to go on pestering people as much as they could." They took his advice—Mr. Sidney Buxton certainly knowledge.

Mr. Morley prefixed his speech at Arbroath on the subject of India with an apologia, in which he confessed he had been made to wince by the attacks of his friends on his consistency. He believed, however, that though the ship (meaning himself) might swing on the tide, the anchor held. Perhaps. But to what does it hold? So far as we can see, Mr. Morley's anchorage is no different from the anchorages of despots in all ages—the profound convictions that repression is necessary, that despotism is a duty, that political dissatisfaction is race hatred, that the incompetence of rulers is due to the weakness of democracy, and finally that secrecy is essential to diplomacy. As an example of the last-named, we may reflect on Mr. Morley's significant silence on the news reported in the "Tribune," but ignored by the strictly impartial Reuter. October 17 being the anniversary of the partition of Bengal, thirty thousand Bengalis took part in a monster demonstration in the streets of Calcutta. During the whole proceedings not a single justification was given for Mr. Morley's alarmist views of the Indian situation. On the contrary, though the meeting and subsequent procession were entirely unattended by Government supervision, the Europeans present were treated with the utmost courtesy. Could we have been sure of similar order in London? The incident demonstrates the folly of the new Sedition Act, and is an admirable reply to Mr. Morley.

Mr. Asquith's speech at Ladybank last week (October 19) has been generally regarded as the speech of Mr. Asquith facing both ways. But this description fails to do him justice. There was no direction at all in his speech. First he lauded Socialism as a moral and intellectual revolt against poverty and injustice. Then he proceeded to defend the Liberal Party from the charge of cooperating with Socialism, and instanced the reduction of expenditure, the increase of profits and the security of capital during the past Government's term of office. His main point, however, was badly expressed and in consequence has been either completely missed or misunderstood. Socialism, he said, threatened positive liberty, a much more dangerous thing than the curtailment of negative liberty. In plain words, Socialism, he thought, might conceivably tell people what not to do, Liberalism only told people what not to do—the difference between the Old and New Political Testament points of view!

The financial storm which has long been foreseen at last broke in all the fury of a blizzard on New York early last week. The offices of the Knickerbocker Trust Company were besieged by militant mobs of depositors, whose ordinary respectability was thrown away with their financial security. Mr. Cortelyou of the Government Treasury speedily brought the resources of the State to the help of the distressed directors; and those "great strong silent men" (to quote the English descriptions), Messrs. Morgan, Rockefeller, etc., lent their powerful support, doubtless for nothing, to the tottering concerns. Mr. Cassandra Lawson, author of "Frenzied Finance," is naturally jubilant over the fulfillment of his prophecy that the "System" would collapse one day; but he much mistakes his world if he concludes we are all "gasping." The incident is another proof of
Socialist contention that the house of Capitalism is a house of cards.

The evidence given at the inquest on the victims of the Shrewsbury railway accident clearly showed that "making up time" is demanded at least worked at half normal speed, and in the same unenviable light. But not before the public opinion seems to be almost as unintelligent on the same subject as before long come unproven theories of psychic research. We predict that Censorship has this week done no more than temporarily settle, only a small amount of interest attached to the opening scene. The bloc of Radical-Socialist members has apparently agreed on the single point—the repudiation of Herriesism; but the question of Morocco and of the new proposals for the creation of an Income-tax are still looming ahead. The discussion of the latter has been again postponed by the Government, this time till January.

How difficult it is for English papers to tell the truth, even when they know it, may be seen from the voluminous reports which are printed in our newspapers, from the "Spectator" and Mr. W. T. Stead have named the awful name. We do not propose to do so at this moment, but will content ourselves with reminding our readers that its name on the continent is le vice anglais! Herr Harden's motives in bringing his charge against Count Moltke and Prince Eulenberg are, we arc sorry to see, in a high-falutin' strain—we have frequently observed Mr. Kipling to dry up the springs. Proof was compelled to follow unskilled occupations because of the slackness of their own trades, and in every direction the evidence was produced by several delegates that skilled workmen were being driven into. Twenty-eight drivers, it seems, had been suspended for this offence by the L. and N. W. Company alone during only two months of the present year. What, we now induce so many to take the risks of suspension; and how many drivers still continue to incur the same penalty?

All kinds of morals have been drawn from the failure last week of the Italian Railway strike that necessarily followed the refusal of the Labour and Socialist organisations to support the strikers. That a public service (for Italian railways have long since nationalised) should strike on behalf not of their own wrongs, but on behalf of the wrongs of their fellow workers in other occupations, seems from one standpoint a proof of human solidarity. Yet a double position of rail travellers may be seen from the point of view that they are, as are they are at any time, to paralyse the industry of the country, is one of numerous stringless and possible tyranny. But the boot has so often been on the other leg. We know almost of present surprise. At the same time, it is clear that a greater sense of responsibility will be needed before public services of the kind become really popular—among capitalists!

The French Chamber of Deputies re-assembled in Paris on October 22. The various Conferences of Parties having been held, and the main questions of importance temporarily settled, only a small amount of interest attached to the opening scene. The British Radical-Socialist members has apparently agreed on a single point—the repudiation of Herriesism; but the question of Morocco and of the new proposals for the creation of an Income-tax are still looming ahead. The discussion of the latter has been again postponed by the Government, this time till January.

While Mr. Kipling was recommending Canada to emigrants from the old country, the Trades and Labour Congress of Canada was deliberating the advisability of sending to England an able representative of labour, in the person of Mr. W. R. Trotter, to dry up the springs. Proof was produced by several delegates that skilled workmen were compelled to follow unskilled occupations because of the slackness of their own trades, and in every direction the evidence was produced by several delegates that skilled workmen were being driven into. Twenty-eight drivers, it seems, had been suspended for this offence by the L. and N. W. Company alone during only two months of the present year. What, we now induce so many to take the risks of suspension; and how many drivers still continue to incur the same penalty?

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A Conference called by the London Municipal Society was held at Caxton Hall, Westminster, on Thursday last to consider plans for the anti-Socialist campaign. Seventy societies, leagues, and alliances were repre- sented, in some cases by their only member. Among those present were several earls and lords, who had surely been better engaged in putting their own house in order, half a dozen M.P.'s, including one of the representatives of the Teachers' Union—Mr. Ernest Gray—and a nebule of minor enthusiasts. The general conclusions were vague, as might be expected under the circumstances, there being no single individual present, with the doubtful exception of the editor of the "National Review," capable of divining either the strength or the tactics of the supposed enemy. The resolution which was ultimately carried will prove, we venture to believe, of a boomerang. Among other things, it was decided to "watch the progress of Socialism." We shall do the same—and particularly amongst anti-Socialists.

Striking examples of the wild hysteria of the Socialist propaganda and the gentlemanly coolness of the trained politician may be seen and contrasted from the reports respectively of Mr. Bernard Shaw's lecture at University College and Mr. Sidney Buxton's meeting at Poplar. In the one case, the Socialist was interrupted incessantly without for a moment losing his temper, forgetting his argument, or calling for the stewards. In the other case...
the Postmaster General, in presence of a number of Suffragettes (who, after all, were only following Mr. Buxton's leader's advice) hopelessly collapsed, and waited until trained stewards had emptied the room of part of his audience, and then proceeded to talk about honour and respectfulness—for all the world like an incompetent and petulant governor.

Following Mr. Shaw's and Mr. Webb's lectures on Thursday evening, Mr. Harold Cox, the ex-Socialist anti-Postmaster General, in presence of a number of Suf-petulant governess. * * Y until trained stewards had emptied the room of part of his audience, and then proceeded to talk about fragettes (who, after all, were only following Mr. Buxton's leader). Written to the "Times" on Saturday (October 29) pointing out what he thought was a discrepancy between the figures given by the two Fabians. Mr. Shaw, it seems, was reported to have said, "For merely living it seems, was reported to have said, "£16,000,000 a year," but Mr. Sidney Webb had said, "In London they had to pay £40,000,000 in rent to those who did them the honour of owning the land."

The opportunity of improving Mr. Cox's economics (which he seems to have forgotten since he became a politician) was too good to be missed, and both Mr. Shaw and Mr. Webb replied, the latter at length. The apparent discrepancy was due to the difference between the ground-rent and rent inclusive of buildings. Twelve years ago the former (paid to the Dukes of Bedford and Westminster and other ground landlords) amounted to over sixteen million pounds, and it is now certainly not less than seventeen million, the average annual unearned increment being over nine million pounds. This sum, as Mr. Sidney Webb points out, implies an annual addition to the capital value of unchanged property of five million pounds—a regular Christmas box given by Londoners to their beloved landlords. The forty millions named by Mr. Sidney Webb in his lecture as the total annual rental (inclusive of ground-rent) of London is also below the mark. The net "annual value" as officially recorded on April 6, 1907, is £43,868,543.

It is evident that the era of municipal and county individualism must sooner or later come to an end. The "Times" on Saturday of last week indicated one of the defects of rural administration in the shocking supply of table water. We do not say that the rural depopulation is wholly due to bad water, but bad and insufficient water is one of the contributory causes. The remedy, however, is difficult to apply, since most County Councillors are dog-in-the-mangerish in regard to their neighbours, and would never think of combining for the control of a common water area. The "Times," we are glad to see, advocates combination, which, however, in the present state of County Council political intelligence, must be made compulsory and not optional. The example of the Grand Duchy of Baden might usefully be studied.

The news, if it is news, that Edison has discovered (or at least, we say, has had discovered?) a cheap and effective electric storage battery brings appreciably nearer in imagination at least the reign of the motor. We confess we have as little sympathy with anti-motorists as with anti-Socialists. Both, it seems to us, are blind to the signs of the times, and thoroughly stupid into the bargain. There is not the least reason why if motor cars are built for speed they should not run for speed. Only, special roads will be required as was the case with the railways. A good motor car for fifty pounds and a cheap and easy method of electric storage would compel us to construct such roads in a very little while.

An attempt has been made by Rayner, Society's instrument in the murder of William Whiteley, to kill himself in Parkhurst Prison by opening an artery in his arm. The usual official moral has been drawn, namely, that official precautions must be increased. (There's that official moral again!) Neave's Food is given strict-

Thirteen of the thirty-five survivors of the magnificent but idiotic Balaklava Charge sat down to dinner in Kennington on Friday last, the anniversary of the glorious English day. It is well to think imperially, but it would be even better to pay imperially. We are told by Mr. Roberts that of the 67 survivors in the year of the Diamond Jubilee, only seventeen were known to the War Office. Of the rest, twenty have since been narrowly saved from burial at the expense of the work-house; and nine, still living, are in receipt of the imperial pension of from sixpence to a shilling a day. Oh, the wild charge they made!

Will any of our readers who can put their hands upon printed matter referring to Free Love and Mr. H. G. Wells (anti-Socialist articles and pamphlets or reports of speeches) send it to him. Alleged quotations from his books are particularly needed. His address is Spade House, Sandgate, Kent. The printer's and publisher's names should be attached to the papers sent, and in the case of spoollers a note upon their standing in the world will be helpful. Any evidence from local booksellers or librarians tending to prove damage through the creation of a prejudice against his books will also be of the utmost value.

The Test.

But would your love endure?
How could a heart be brave?
If love should be brave,
If to your love she gave
The utmost hers could give—
Ah, then!—would yours still live?

The passionate sunset pressed
Close to the pine wood's breast;
My soul found heart to say:
"He is my own to-day—
I am my own to-night."
The sun slipped out of sight.

Now, to the sun, all black,
The pine wood turns its back.
'Tis morning, dewy-fine;
And you, you still are mine.
But you are mine in vain...
I am my own again!

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Bombastes in Fleet Street.

Being Notes of the Great Anti-Socialist Campaign.

I have just come across a case of unscrupulous reporting, which, though less flagrant than the misquotation recently exposed by Mr. Wellwood, seems to me scarcely less disgraceful, and which concerns a paper of higher standing than the "St. Helena and Prescot Reporter." The author of that paper gave a report of a debate on Socialism at Shoreditch, at which, as it happens, I was one of the speakers. The Chair was taken by Mr. Claude Hay, M.P., for Hoxton, who opened the proceedings in a hearty and exceedingly interesting manner.

Quite four-fifths of this speech was devoted to pouring ridicule on the anti-Socialist campaign, emphasizing the necessity for greatly extended state action, and outlining a very advanced social programme; less than a fifth was given up to criticizing current Socialist propaganda on two counts, firstly, its insistence on the "Class War," and secondly its alleged anti-national tone. What does the "Daily Telegraph" do? It calmly leaves out the four fifths altogether, and gives an almost verbatim report of the odd fifth! Here the aggrieved party is primarily Mr. Hay, whose position is wholly misrepresented. But no less significant is the misrepresentation of anti-Socialist methods. Mr. Hay happens to be one of the very few Tory politicians who succeed in passing a strong hold on a democratic constitution. He must therefore be represented, in spite of his own words, as an anti-Socialist.

I cannot recall this meeting without referring to the delightful speech of Mr. Arnold White. His speech has not apparently been reported in the Press—perhaps because he spoke late in the debate, perhaps because even the anti-Socialist Press realised that they had little to gain by reporting it in a so-called "bombastic" speech.

Thegist of his argument against Socialism was that he (Mr. White) had travelled all over the world and had only found two motives strong enough to move men to effective action—"the fear of death and the hope of gain." He went on to allude to Lord Charles Beresford, though he did not explain to which motive he attributed his lordship's exploits. Having, however, offered this inexplicable insult to Lord Charles, he proceeded to say that Socialism would ruin our army to the condition of the armies of the French Revolution! That would indeed be terrible! It might enable us to hold at bay and eventually to overrun the whole of Europe, instead of taking three years to subdue a handful of farmers.

By the way, Mr. Arnold White neglected to inform his hearers whether it was the fear of death or the hope of gain which inspired his own opposition to Socialism.

Our old friend Mr. Fred Maddison is giving his Trade Union ticket a rest—it must be a bit soiled and crumpled by this time in more ways than one—and has taken to writing about "Socialism and the Marriage Tie." His article on this subject in "London Opinion," in reply to Mr. Victor Grayson, is full of the old insinuations and misrepresentations, eddied out with garbled extracts from Socialist writings—mostly thirty or forty years old. Even if the opinion of the writers quoted were fairly represented, they do out, as Mr. Maddison very well knows, bind other Socialists, any more than his opinions bind other anti-Socialists. We should be very sorry, for instance, to believe that all opponents of Socialism would think it right to use the official organ of a Trade Union to frustrate that Union's policy and play the game of its adversaries. It is an unreasonable request to expect all Socialists to approve the opinions of all other Socialists, as we should be to expect all Individualists to approve the actions of Mr. Fred Maddison.

I ask somebody to tell me what it has to do with Socialism.

When the extension of the franchise created the modern democracy, Lowe exclaimed in a sentence, half bitter and half wise, "We must educate our masters." A generation has gone by, and the event has proved how much easier it is for property to defend itself by debauching the intellect of the masses than by educating them.

Mr. George E. Spear, writing in the "Daily Express" on "How Shall We Defend the Socialist?" answers "by electing to Parliament (and to Town Councils also, for that matter) men such as Jethro described: "Able men, such as fear God; men of truth and hating covetousness." It will come as a surprise to most of us to learn that such men are to be found exclusively (if we may believe Mr. Spear) in the Tariff Reform League and the London Municipal Society.

"Covetousness" is distinctly good!

Mr. McKenna, Minister of Education, says that he is "at one with Socialist ideals, but while they (the Socialists) profess they could be realised immediately, he was quite unable to see how, and they never gave him the slightest assistance in finding the method." I shall be happy to oblige Mr. McKenna to the best of my ability. Let him drop his profligate and mischievous attempts to establish Nonconformity in the people's schools, and devote the time so gained to a new Poor Law, guaranteeing the right to work to all, a Minimum Wage Law, and a Bill to provide Old Age Pensions. Meanwhile let his colleagues, Mr. Asquith, raise the necessary funds by taxing unearned incomes over 

in the pound. Now, I hope he is answered!*

From a letter to the "Spectator" signed "Senex"—

I read it some years ago in a book which described the Socialist communities of the United States. (It was a thesis presented for a degree.)

One flourishing community was split up by the question: Has a member a right to grow flowers for himself? Is it to be believed that the man who is not allowed to keep a flower to himself will be allowed to keep a wife?—Cecil Chesterton.

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UNITARIANISM AN AFFIRMATIVE FAITH. "UNITARIAN CHRISTIANITY explained (Answering) Internal Pamphlets!" (Hopford Brooke: "Answers to Pamphlets given post free—sale barens mort flesio,"

Mr. Haldane as Economist.

It is an ominous sign of the unainesness existing in the Liberal ranks that their ablest generals are being dispatched post-haste to the scene of action. And probably, of them all, that which will make a man intellectually, is the last the conqueror for War. He is undoubtedly one of the two members of the Cabinet since the formation of the Government who has suffered the least in loss of prestige. He is efficiency personified. Besides being a great lawyer, he is also a man of love of letters and a most distinguished philosopher and metaphysician. Up to the present he has carefully concealed from the public whatever his opinions regarding Socialism may have been; but now he has definitely declared himself, and with characteristic vigour has taken his courage in both hands and boldly attacked the economic basis of Socialism. This must now be a battle to the death, for if the economic position of Socialism be unsound, it would be mere folly any longer to advocate it. Mr. Haldane has declared himself in a speech, evidently very carefully prepared, delivered to an audience of working men, preceding over by an English Bishop, and the following is a faithful presentation of the main points of his argument:

"...after refuting [we are not told how] the assertion of Karl Marx that capital would always have a monopoly, and would attract more and more of the profits which he (Marx) assumed were won, not by capital, but by the labour put into the work, Mr. Haldane said, "the great discovery of our time was that it was not true that labour was the source of wealth." With labour-saving inventions it was the skilled labourer who came more and more to the front, and his position was improving because he was a man of a great deal of knowledge. When he was in Sheffield he found a class of working men with the highest wages for skilled labourers, shirt-makers and match-box makers, earning anything from seven to twenty shillings a week; and Marx's theory must be held to be untrue and true at the same time; and two things which are unequal to each other are thus shown to be equal to the same thing—which is absurd. Nor is Mr. Haldane making any mistake in his assertion that "capital to-day was the savings of the public, and some of them the working class." As to this I can only refer him to his political Chief, who has stated publicly that one person out of every four of the population is living on the verge of destitution. Twenty thousand more married men and women are being added to the working class every year. If the new financial machinery of the public, and some of them the working class..."

Mr. Haldane's ideal could be realised, and that every working man had become technically trained and highly skilled; then if all were equally trained, no workman would possess any advantage over another; and even if they did possess any advantage, then if all were equally trained, no workman would possess any advantage over another. And the acquisition of brains and the assiduous application of them to industry, however salutary in itself, can never solve the social problem. For if a man had the brains of Solomon and Edison combined, that would not enable him to make a coal mine or a field of corn; and we have people in this country who are enormously rich, not because they have brains, but because they own coal mines and fields of corn. To be sure, the people who own our coal mines have presumably more brains than the rest of us, otherwise we should not allow them to do it! Mr. Haldane must really try again, for he is utterly mistaken in his categorical imperative in the original, it would not add anything to the whole community. And when that takes place, the fruits of the earth. The fruits of the earth are being taken now, as they always have been taken, by those who are enormously rich, not because they own coal mines and fields of corn. To be sure, the people who own our coal mines have presumably more brains than the rest of us, otherwise we should not allow them to do it! Mr. Haldane must really try again, for he is utterly mistaken in his categorical imperative in the original, it would not add anything to the whole community. And when that takes place,
Mr. Haldane will be able to talk not only brilliantly, but usefully about equality of opportunity, and the advantages of possessing knowledge, not an ignorance of culture, even now, knowledge and culture, as they always have done, bring their own reward, but they do not bring the fruits of the earth; and of themselves do nothing to remove from us the stigma of ignorance and immaturity. In conclusion, let me say that the sooner our distinguished opponents openly take the field against us the better we shall be pleased, and the more of them there are the better it will be for our satisfaction. For as long as they fought us with generalities, or silence, or ridicule, we were helpless; but so soon as they resort to argument they are undone. Socialism does not depend upon the perfections of the principles of the Marxes or anyone else; if Marx had never lived, the necessity for Socialism would remain as insistent as ever. The truth of Socialism rests in the very constitution of things itself. The sooner the nation turns to the things of the mind, to knowledge and culture, so much the sooner will the Socialist ideal be realised. For the philosophers and sages of all time have concerned themselves not so much with wealth as with life. With remarkable unanimity they have reiterated their conviction that riches, honours, and possessions are not life, but only its shadow, and that in pursuing them we may throw a pearl away richer than all their tribe.

**Summary credo nefas, annam praefere pudori.**

_It proper vivam vendere perdere causa._

**How to Govern India.**

_A Letter to John Bull._

**My Dear Sir,—**

I know you are a busy man, I will be brief and sententious. I know you have many parts of your vast Empire more important than India. I know, in fact, that you think that your first duty is to fight the war. If you think it is so, and you do not want to make anything else about India, then the Government of India is a mere toy to you. I will work and take care of it; otherwise I know how to rule India. My advice is: follow him.

He discovered India for you, as I may say; at any rate, he knew what I know, what fools these fellows are at home. They cannot govern, they cannot keep their eyes in their right places—outside, at a distance. As for the India Council, John Morley ought to be ashamed of himself, to keep them without doing anything useful about equality of opportunity, and the advantages they came to the Council in London. You have gone far enough that way already. What they will do, you have got on these Councils. Governments and Members of Councils. They waste time, cause trouble, and show off. Look at Kambakonam, Sir, only last year! What a scandal that was! It shows they cannot think. I will have nothing to do with them.

**How to Govern India.**

_A Letter to John Bull._

**My Dear Sir,—**

I know you are a busy man, I will be brief and sententious. I know you have many parts of your vast Empire more important than India. I know, in fact, that you think that your first duty is to fight the war. If you think it is so, and you do not want to make anything else about India, then the Government of India is a mere toy to you. I will work and take care of it; otherwise I know how to rule India. My advice is: follow him.

He discovered India for you, as I may say; at any rate, he knew what I know, what fools these fellows are at home. They cannot govern, they cannot keep their eyes in their right places—outside, at a distance. As for the India Council, John Morley ought to be ashamed of himself, to keep them without doing anything useful about equality of opportunity, and the advantages they came to the Council in London. You have gone far enough that way already. What they will do, you have got on these Councils. Governments and Members of Councils. They waste time, cause trouble, and show off. Look at Kambakonam, Sir, only last year! What a scandal that was! It shows they cannot think. I will have nothing to do with them.
of his case is built four-square, and stands or falls, on the foundation of just these dates, 

Charles Dickens as a Socialist.

By Edwin Pugh.

PREFATORY.

Charles Dickens, beyond question or cavil the most popular of all English novelists, was born at Landport in Portsmouth, on Friday, the 7th of February, 1812.

Twenty-three years later, in 1835, Robert Owen founded his celebrated Utopia of All Classes of All Nations and the sacred cause of Socialism got itself a name for the first time in its long and splendid history. Until then the word had not been coined, though the creed itself, in certain of its aspects, was of course as old as human nature.

Charles Dickens died on Thursday, the 9th of June, 1870.

It was not until thirteen years afterwards, in 1883, that Socialism can truly be said to have begun to lay a really firm hold on the mind and heart of the English people.

And these very significant dates are set forth on the threshold of this enterprise thus nakedly and baldly, and yet with so much pomp and circumstance, because the present writer feels them to be so vitally essential to his purpose in projecting this series of articles that it would be a sin to slight him for exaggerating their importance.

Indeed the whole superstructure of his case is built four-square, and stands or falls, on the foundation of just these dates.

Part I.—THE ANTERIOR TIME.

Chapter 1. Some Early Out-side Influences.

The passing of the eighteenth century, and the opening of the nineteenth, found virtually the whole of the Western Hemisphere in a state of heavy travail.

America, having lately secured her independence, was busyiing herself in forming and consolidating her new Constitution; and in resolving her jarring and warring elements into one united nation: a task upon which she was still engaged, by the way.

The horrors of the first outbreak of the French Revolution and the ensuing Reign of Terror had convulsed France to the core of her being, had dothlified her very nerve-centres, and had now left her quaking and gasping in the throngs of a new paroxysm. The figure of Napoleon, dun and shadowy and indistinct as yet, was nevertheless beginning to bulk ever larger and more menacing on the horizon of the future. Already, in Northern Italy, he had inaugurated a fresh era in the ways of the world and the great game. His desperate triumph at Arcola, in that fierce long-drawn-out campaign against the aggressive supremacy of Austria in Southern Europe, had not only fired his passionate, insatiable ambition to the explosive point, but had also confirmed his superstitious nature in the belief that he was destined to be the food to become the Empereor of the World. The immediately following Treaty of Peace, signed at Campo-Formio, whilst it seemed to strengthen the hands of the Directory of Paris and perhaps actually did so for the time being, also marked the first step toward that non-handed military despotism, so beloved of the great Corsican adventurer, which was to raise him on the shoulders of his hapless soldiery, in a hideous reeking haze of blood and smoke, to supreme power at Waterloo.

It was an era of strange and bizarre and piquant contrasts, of most pregnant changes, most momentous happenings, and bewildering eventualities.

There, in France, out of Sansculottism and the Feast of Fives, had risen an oligarchy at the head of which the little Corporal had previously established himself over a confederation of princes, among whom the members of his own family occupied several insecure and thorny thrones. He had created a new order of nobility, had done his determined best to revive the departed splendid arbours of the ancient French Courts, squandering the public purse and mortgaging the national credit for the benefit of his tools and partisans, intriguing tor-}

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to the pitiful end which he subsequently attained by his marriage to the lovely Infanta Luisa of Austria.

And here, in England, the long reign of George the Third was drawing to its close in a welter of all manner of conflicting elements. A king, whose iron rule may have been replaced as a controller of the dastardly massacre of Peterloo which primarily was

It was not long before Rebecca's womanhood overtook her. She was at the dangerous age when women suddenly awake: when the old easy life of acceptance ceases, and they desire to choose for themselves instead of submitting eternally to being chosen. She chose Rosmer, on the contrary, belonged to the best old family in those parts, he was a student, and liked a pleasant quiet companionship. A wife with some earnestness of purpose.

Ibsen's Women.

No. 2. Rebecca West.

Over our contemporaries, a woman who has fought through every kind of slander and keenest derision, has written the words: “Do not give life to evil by remembering it.” That is the most revolutionary doctrine that can be preached. Carried out faithfully it would put such women into feeble wills and crushed-down spirits that Heaven might be experienced at any moment in the hearts of all mankind. If we could realise when we look back to put away from our memories all our grievances, all our downsfall, all our regrets, we should expend the rest of our lives in striving to control our memories and destroy the hells we each one of us has created with so much earnestness of purpose.

Rebecca West started life with a sound faith in her own capacity to keep her conscience in order. When she was a young girl she fell a victim to an old admirer of her mother’s, and she remained faithfully nursing him through two years of paralysis until she was about twenty-five. He died, leaving her quite unprovided for, and she turned her fascination to account by charming a very hysterical lady who was the childless wife of the principal landowner in the neighbourhood. Like many another woman who has an unpleasant secret of the kind, Rebecca knew other people would look upon her as an outcast if they had the chance, and she possessed all the freedom of the hopeless vagabond.

And that he was of a surety infected by the prevalent revolutionary doctrine that can be preached. Carried out faithfully it would put such women into feeble wills and crushed-down spirits that Heaven might be experienced at any moment in the hearts of all mankind. If we could realise when we look back to put away from our memories all our grievances, all our downsfall, all our regrets, we should expend the rest of our lives in striving to control our memories and destroy the hells we each one of us has created with so much earnestness of purpose.

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mer, who was the incarnation of all she herself could never hope to achieve. Of gentle blood, of assured position, of exceptional and sensitive good-taste, he was by temperament and possession all that represented to her the unattainable. She spread her nets for him; in vain--his brain was not capable of underhand action, his breed was pure, and he lived up to the ideals of his profession.

Then the battle began. She meant to win. She thought life was such a simple thing: she had only to take what she desired. She had not the smallest warning that desire fails us all at the moment of accomplishment, and leaves nothing but a vacancy in the place of the burning will and striving intellect.

The hysterical Beata irritated her at first with her passionate affection; by degrees, she took a delight perhaps in this 'immature dream of innocence' who was always demanding exuberant demonstrations from those she loved. She began to see that unhappy nature through Rosmer's eyes; she began to take warning by the example and to sympathise with his desire for quiet comradeship; but at the same time she wanted Beata away, and she hinted and hinted until she finally attained her desire and Beata drowned herself. But Beata was more powerful in death than life. Rosmer was staggered by the tragedy and Rebecca's reaction was a broken spirit. She made no attempt to capture her prey; the Rosmer view of life had generated her heart and she was content to wait and serve.

From that time her only care was to try and shield Rosmer from self reproach, and she urged him to take an active part in social propaganda. What he play believed, that the two of them together would do some good work in the world. She has realised the soul-purging effect of kindness and tenderness. She has committed a horrible and malignant crime, but all the horror and malignity have melted away in the real tenderness of her love for Rosmer. Peace descends upon her, a stillness like the stillness of the northern cliffs and quiet of the birds under the midnight sun. So it was she gave life to good by forgetting evil.

But their Revolutionary propaganda aroused all the political and social interest hand in hand with the blindness that will not see was at their doors and all their little world was in arms. The politicians took up their usual weapons and Rosmer was gagged by fear of public opinion and his passion for innocence.

A friend of mine once saw two little shimm children sitting on a doorstep playing at dolls. The doll of one of them consisted of a ginger-beer bottle wrapped up in an old stocking; the other doll was about with the remains of a flannel shirt. Goodness knows what the children saw in these objects; but it is certain that they did not see a ginger-beer bottle or a flannel shirt. Their creative imagination transformed and enlagramed to vision of things that were beautiful; and I have no doubt that if a germ of life had existed in the bottle or the brick, that same transforming imagination would have played miracles with its growth. For at the bottom of all the metaphysics that touches life is this solid fact: that imagination alone creates, imagination alone is the demurgos of the universe.

Nothing appears to me more obvious than the fact that man himself is an imaginative creation, lives in and by and for imagination. It always amuses one to meet with a geologist, a lucid economist, a grave cynic: or what not--something, in short, that is laughably human, but only as initiators into new illusions; for the man without illusions is no longer human; he is dull. I can conceive such people endeavouring to dismiss the two children about with the remains of a flannel shirt. Goodness knows the children saw in these objects; but it is certain that they did not see a ginger-beer bottle or a flannel shirt. Their creative imagination transformed and enlagramed to vision of things that were beautiful; and I have no doubt that if a germ of life had existed in the bottle or the brick, that same transforming imagination would have played miracles with its growth. For at the bottom of all the metaphysics that touches life is this solid fact: that imagination alone creates, imagination alone is the demurgos of the universe.

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CIVILISATION: ITS POTENTIALITY AND ITS ACCOMPLISHMENTS

The New Age, October 31, 1907

are that he is—not a god! No, it is not the being illusory that matters, but the being illusory by mean and paltry things. There is a hierarchy of illusion as of everything else; and the measure of the individual is his freedom from illusion, but his susceptibility to noble illusions.

Consider, if you like, man himself as an animal suscepible to strange illusions. Is there the smallest doubt that other animals regard us as wondrously moonstruck, as dangerous lunatics? Being themselves incapable of our madness, they are in relation to us sane and impartial; and their judgment (no doubt of it) is unalterable, while our judgment of all the wondrous Swift, for example; every animal is a potential Swift. Think of our infatuations for ideas, for religion, for nationality, for beauty and glory! Anybody, who has a thousandth of intellect can acknowledge them to be follies beyond apology; even the schoolmen call such things absurd, meaning devoid of logical necessity. But they are just the qualities that distinguish men from animals; it is these infatuations that make men.

I should like to remark here the tyranny of all the masters of imagination. The bearing of the fact on all souls that are observed socialism is extraordinarily close. To be quite frank, we must admit that men differ enormously in the range of their imagination. Some, for instance, are as little impressionable, educable, or responsive to digestive changes as are easily moved by gold leaf. There remain a few, a very few, who possess the power not only of being moved, but of moving, and they are the really dangerous people. For ninety-nine out of every hundred of great creative imagination have no notion of what it is like to be without imagination; they regard creative imagination as willful ignorance, as almost criminal; and by virtue of their power they often impose on the unimagination the burden of presumption. All our institutions, without exception, are the work primarily of imaginative people, who invented the State, the Nation, Religion, Love, Art, Business, and all the rest. Left to our own devices, we ask, would we ever have thought of worshipping a god? None of the other animals do it. I understand; and very few of us would have dreamed of the prevalent fast for the tyranny of some supremely imaginative individual, himself, perhaps, the victim of a greater tyranny. Similarly, as I have often had occasion to observe, the majority of people have no inborn respect, admiration, or natural affection for us, the civilized. For the majority of people, civilization is a disgusting, laborious, and useless state of affairs. A few go so far as to prefer the lives of savage. Now, plainly, civilization is the product of a great deal of organized movement by sheer downright desperation. Where the majority of people are inwardly wretched and ill at ease, and yet unrebelling, we may be pretty sure that an influence of some kind is being exercised over them; and if it is not physical force (and only very green minds believe that civilization really rests on physical force), it must be some power of mind which, in effect, is an imaginative power. Such, in fact, is it; and civilization at this very moment subsists in the minds of people who are possessed with the ideas of Religion, the State, etc., and, on the other hand, in minds that are obsessed by them.

As I have said, however, it is not so much the being open to ideas that distinguishes the civilized man from the barbarian. To be open to ideas is indeed the definition of humanity. What distinguishes one individual from another, one class from another, one nation or one race from another nation or race, is the kind of idea to which they are severally open. It is demonstrable, I believe, that every race has a given body of ideas, every class and every individual, has at any given moment the potentiality of all ideas; but the particular ideas to which they are most easily accessible differ enormously. Thus, in England at this moment, there exist ideas as exalted as those of any that India or Greece ever knew; but only a handful of people respond, as we say, to them. For the rest, their noses are so deep in the trough in response to other ideas that they are pachyderm to Greece and India. The thoughts that entered the ivory gate of Plato's mind beat their wings in vain against the portals of human minds rather than their own. As for the rest, their noses are not only in the trough but are often so much engrossed in the trough that they are not aware of anything outside of it.

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On Driving Capital Out of the Country.

By Bernard Shaw.

I.

Those who have done their share of Socialist oratory of late have noticed how often, thanks to the Tariff Reform Society, they have all been discussing the control of the country crops up in opposition to Socialism. It is, of course, easy to give the stock answer. You draw a derivative picture of our shareholders crossing the Channel with their pockets stuffed with locomotives, spinning-mules, and Blast furnaces, carrying bundles of steel rails with their golfing clubs. You add, in a graver vein, that as long as we have land, labour, and intelligence, vitality and honesty, water to boil into steam, and coal and wood to boil it with, nitrogen in the soil, oxygen in the air, electricity everywhere, and a knowledge how to set it in motion, the fear that we can either be starved or even stinted by the sulking of our reactionaries is only a nightmare.

This is obviously true; yet it is not convincing. It silences your opponent; but it is not desirable to silence an opponent who is not convinced. He should be encouraged to pursue the subject until you have secured his vote: otherwise you only add him to that large and dangerous body of obstructives who say that Socialism is all very fine in theory, but that it would not work. Let us see, then, whether this alleged phenomenon of the country can actually happen, and, if so, to what extent.

But before you try to find out how far the objector may be right, it is just as well to find out how far he may be wrong in the assumption on which he is arguing. It may be, for instance, that instead of being a thoughtful observer who believes that capital can leave the country for the excellent reason that he has seen the thing occur, and has perhaps been made bankrupt by it, he may be simply an ignorant man who believes that a capitalist is an earthly Providence who supplies the worker with wages, raw materials, and machinery out of a fund of which he is himself the original source. A man may believe this without being mad, absurd as his delusion is to an economist; for very few people look beyond the immediate source of the things that come to them; and the employer is undoubtedly the immediate source of all these things. As recently as October 24, a gentleman wrote to the "Times" a quite coherent, grammatical, and ordinarly sane letter in which he spoke of the landlords of London as "supplying land for the use of the community just as miners supply coal and bakers supply bread. After this, it is not surprising that many honest tremblers for the safety of the country's capital should believe that the capitalist is a man with the purse of Fortunatus, who continually supplies his employees with wages and salaries, and the public with commodities and services, at his own expense. It is no use losing patience, and declaring that if a man who believes such a thing must be a fool. The fact remains that people of quite ordinary intelligence do believe it. Such people have before now taken shares in companies for the explanation of perpetual motion and the transmutation of metals. Such people believe in sporting prophets with the fact staring them in the face that no sporting man who could foresee the results of our races would need to earn a precarious living as a journalist. There is nothing for it but patience and instructive explanations. Until your man understands, however roughly, that there is no profit in the country's capital simply because that the capitalist is a man who believes such a thing must be a fool. The fact remains that people of quite ordinary intelligence do believe it. Such people have before now taken shares in companies for the explanation of perpetual motion and the transmutation of metals. Such people believe in sporting prophets with the fact staring them in the face that no sporting man who could foresee the results of our races would need to earn a precarious living as a journalist. There is nothing for it but patience and instructive explanations. Until your man understands, however roughly, that there is no profit in the country's capital simply because the capitalist is a man who believes such a thing must be a fool. The fact remains that people of quite ordinary intelligence do believe it. Such people have before now taken shares in companies for the explanation of perpetual motion and the transmutation of metals. Such people believe in sporting prophets with the fact staring them in the face that no sporting man who could foresee the results of our races would need to earn a precarious living as a journalist. There is nothing for it but patience and instructive explanations. Until your man understands, however roughly, that there is no profit in the country's capital simply because

Middlesex, England benefits by a great saving in way fares at the expense of South America, he would be unable to confute you, and would perhaps even declare himself a Socialist. But, in fact, he thinks, driving capital out of the country, would effect an enormous reduction in our national expenses. It is, indeed, hardly possible to exaggerate the ignorance and confusion of mind which stands in the way of intelligent social organisation. In spite of all the criticisms of Cobden, the industrial generation of Englishmen believes for the most part that if you buy foreign horse-shoes, you take wages that might have been paid to an English workman and pay them to a foreign one instead. Mr. Chamberlain himself began his Tariff Reform career on the taut论 of the crudest of all popular economic blunders, and would probably be wallowing in it still if it were not that, with Mr. Ballour at one elbow and Mr. Hewins at the other, even Mr. Chamberlain may not violate the elementary decencies of economic discussion without a warning pull at his coat-tails. And if I were to advocate sending all contracts abroad on the ground that work is a curse, and that it would be far better for us to have a perpetual holiday and let other nations work for us, I have enough on my hands to forbid me to assert that the Daily Telegraph would think me an uncommonly sensible man. Before we can make any headway, we must knock into people's heads that workmen produce their own wages and would not be employed unless they did; that all sorts of demands are arising out of idleness, and, in fact, a good deal more than self-supporting, since they at present have to carry a huge burden of extravagant and expensive idleness; and that it is silly to argue as if self-supporting industry in South America can disable self-supporting industry in England. On the contrary, its products actually provide employment for the English workman whose products are exported to pay for the imports. If its products are not consumed in England it cannot directly affect English industry at all.

Nevertheless, we must not draw the comfortable Manchester School conclusion that all will be well with us as long as we do not interfere with trade. The existing system does permit a very great evil; and not only Socialism, but every improvement in the condition of our people, whether socialistic or individualistic, depends on something which is familiar to every Irishman. It is the evil of Absenteeism.

It may be remembered that one of the moral horrors of the Irish Famine was that at the very time when the people were starving; when peasant women who had hit on the expedient of severely feeding themselves and their children by incorporating snails with other food, they were accused of witchcraft because their bones could not be seen through their skin; when ignorant English sentimentalists were sending shiploads of cheap food to Ireland, as if money had lost its purchasing power there; at this very crisis of destitution, Ireland was steadily exporting food, and products which could be exchanged for food, in payment of rent and interest to absentee landlords and capitalists. If it had not done so, the landlords would not starve, and the people did. It may be remembered that one of the moral horrors of the Irish Famine was that at the very time when the people were starving; when peasant women who had hit on the expedient of severely feeding themselves and their children by incorporating snails with other food, they were accused of witchcraft because their bones could not be seen through their skin; when ignorant English sentimentalists were sending shiploads of cheap food to Ireland, as if money had lost its purchasing power there; at this very crisis of destitution, Ireland was steadily exporting food, and products which could be exchanged for food, in payment of rent and interest to absentee landlords and capitalists. If it had not done so, the landlords would not starve, and the people did. It may be remembered that one of the moral horrors of the Irish Famine was that at the very time when the people were starving; when peasant women who had hit on the expedient of severely feeding themselves and their children by incorporating snails with other food, they were accused of witchcraft because their bones could not be seen through their skin; when ignorant English sentimentalists were sending shiploads of cheap food to Ireland, as if money had lost its purchasing power there; at this very crisis of destitution, Ireland was steadily exporting food, and products which could be exchanged for food, in payment of rent and interest to absentee landlords and capitalists. If it had not done so, the landlords would not starve, and the people did.

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most highly socialised and consequently the safest securities available. I am, therefore, not only an Irish absentee, but a Canadian absentee, and a New Zealand absentee. I draw money regularly from all three countries which I do not spend in them, and which I do not repay to them in any way. I am also a Scotch absentee; for I have shares in the Caledonian Railway. I am a Brazilian absentee: at least I have shares in the San Paulo Railway Company; and I think I own some of the coal-fields in Brazil, though, to be quite frank, it may be in Kamchatka or Van Diemen’s Land for all I know. I feel sure about the Argentine Republic: it must certainly be a Brazilian absentee. I am also one of the proprietors of its Northern Central Railway. Buenos Ayres also pays me tribute. Japan owes me the glory it has gained from a couple of thousand pounds worth of exploded gunpowder and the slaughter of sundry Russians; so I am entitled to sign myself an absentee of that much-admired little State, and to levy bushido to the tune of 5 per cent.

(To be continued.)

REVIEWS.

The Truth About the Lords. By Joseph Clayton. (Fifield 15. and 2s. net.)

Delenda est—Why is it that in spite of the thunder of the captains and the shout of the people, very few posts have been moved by the Government’s attack on the House of Lords? Chiefly, we suppose, because, except in individual instances, the Liberal Party is quite as much wedded as the Conservative Party to the principle of the independence of the Chamber. It is useless to take off your coat, and beat the bushes, wildly pretending to look for wars, if all the time you are rightly suspecting of desiring nothing so much as peace. The Shuttlecock resolution moved by Prime Minister on June 24, carried by 423 to 197 votes, was, as everybody recognises, a perfectly futile and pious platitude. The Labour amendment in favour of the complete abolition of the Upper House was a mere rat’s nest: it is obvious from the extremely interesting and timely volume before us that the Liberals have been and still are intent upon maintaining the Upper Chamber. It would not be true to say that for every Labour and Socialist candidate returned to the House of Commons, the Liberals have made a peer of a capitalist. But as Mr. Clayton reminds us: “No prime minister within the last thirty years, or many years in so short a time,” as the present prime minister. Twenty peers in less than twenty months is a poor beginning for an attack upon the House of Lords! Moreover, it is well known that Liberal M.P.s undergo a strange transformation when they have been made peer. Of the 92 peers created by Liberal prime ministers within the last fifty years, every second peer has ceased to be a Liberal. We do not suppose for a moment either that C.-B. will stop making peers or that the peers he makes will remain Liberal. Yet even addition to the House of Lords is a new brick in the wall of intolerable obstruction. What are we to think of a Government that professes to wish to mend the Lords, and after every such expression of opinion, proceeds to strengthen the Lords in their very defects? For it is not as if C.-B.’s peers were sworn champions of popular rights, capable of holding an opinion. Ten of C.-B.’s peers are wealthy financiers and capitalists.

Nothing can be more clear after reading Mr. Clayton’s admirable summary of the situation than the fact on which we have so often insisted: that, whatever may be the limitations and atmosphere, the rank and file of the Liberal Party (most of them, we freely admit, sincere and serious), the Liberal Caucus, of which C.-B. is the unwitting tool, is as much at daggers drawn with the House as any of them could desire, as Mr. Balfour himself. Thus the queer of Socialists is not and must not be supposed to be a quarell with the led majority of the Liberal Party, but with its dominant and reactionary minority of领导干部.

Mr. Clayton’s volume will prove indispensable to the modern political reformer. As a caustic commentary on the present anti-Lords Campaign, and an arsenal of facts, it is without an equal. In one respect only do we wish Mr. Clayton had been a little more convincing. He asks: “In what respect is modern legislation?” If to prevent legislation is sometimes good legislation, the House of Lords can point to its record on the Home Rule Bill. We should like to have heard Mr. Clayton reply to this particular, and as far as we know, unique argument in favour of the House of Lords.

The Opera. By R. A. Streatfeild. (Routledge.)

This is the third edition of an important book. Probably it is the one important book on this subject we have in England, and generally speaking, it has been excellently done. It has been revised and enlarged so as to include all the most recent composers, both foreign and foreign schools. It is a difficult thing to imagine a more exacting task than Mr. Streatfeild has set himself in this history. Let him try as hard as he can, the historian can never get away from his own point of view, and all the time his desire is to give, with complete “fairness” an unprejudiced account of the subject under discussion. Indeed, it is scarcely desirable that he should ever get away from his own point of view, and if we have any advantage from Mr. Streatfeild, it is that he leaves us in doubt as to whether he has expressed any real opinion of his own anywhere in this book. His scheme is excellent, and the way he traces the development of opera through the centuries is most clear and logical. It leaves the impression that upon the matter of history, at any rate, he is master of his subject. Opera, it is shown, was the result of an attempt made by some Florentine amateurs to revive the lost glories of Greek tragedy. They failed to get back to the conditions of Athenian drama, but, in failing, they unconsciously laid the foundations of a new art form which soon worked itself into the affections of the people. The beginnings of opera must be traced to date from the year 1600, when a public performance was given in Florence of Peri’s “Euridice” in honour of the marriage of Maria de’ Medici and Henry IV. of France. This work consists almost entirely of accompanied recitative, which was the invention of these Florentine reformers, and the voices were accompanied by a “violin, chitarone (a large guitar), lira grande, linto grosso, and gravicembalo or harpsichord, which filled in the harmonies indicated by the figured bass.” It is interesting to know that in this very primitive work the composer tried to follow as closely as possible in his music the ordinary inflections of the speaking voice. Monteverde, who was a contemporary of Peri, produced some seven years after “Euridice,” made a similar effort to reconcile music with speech, and many years after Gluck, and still later Wagner, tried to do so and it is amusing, when one knows how far in other directions musical art and opera as a convention have progressed since 1600, to think that old Peri was probably closer to the Debussys and Reynaldo Halins of our day than all the great men who have come between.

The chapters about Gluck and Mozart and Weber are interesting to read, but here, when Mr. Streatfeild does come to a definite opinion—we must take it as his own for the sake of argument—we are led into some confusion. We admit, of course, that against the art of Weber, so when Mr. Streatfeild allows himself to go into wild raptures of exaggeration as to this composer’s inspiration and his imaginative power, we interrupt our reading to say “No.” The author has evidently forgotten that the fact that old Peri is more express power of characterisation was remarkable,” he says also that “in this respect he was certainly inferior to Gluck and Mozart. The present anti-Lords Campaign, and an arsenal of facts, it is without an equal. In one respect only do we wish Mr. Clayton had been a little more convincing. He asks: “In what respect is modern legislation?” If to prevent legislation is sometimes good legislation, the House of Lords can point to its record on the Home Rule Bill. We should like to have heard Mr. Clayton reply to this particular, and as far as we know, unique argument in favour of the House of Lords.

Whether this is Mr. Streatfeild’s opinion or not (and we are inclined to think it was Weber’s), the “equal success” of this composer, is a strange and peculiar. Surely the power of characterisa-
tion is the first essential in music-drama; one cannot very well have drama without character. All the other things, such as "atmosphere" or "local colour," are the merest child's-play to any clever orchestrator; but if the sorrows of Hecuba are to be expressed in a kind of tra-la-la tune, Hecuba immediately becomes a marionette. And, again, after emphatically placing Weber as the founder of the Romantic School—a fact nobody will deny—Mr. Streitfeld has a charming hesit- tation over the question whether "Faust" was produced three years before "Der Frei-
schütz," and that, therefore, "so far as chronology is concerned," the honour should be Spohr's. He hesi-
tates because he finds on examination that the "real qualities of romanticism are strangely absent from his music," and that "the breath of imagination merely animates his pages," again, in the name of common sense, why discuss the man then? If he had no imagin-
ination, why worry about his "ruined castles, midnight assassins, and distressed damsels?" Mr. Streitfeld's musical sympathies are so universal that his enthu-
siasms cover all the wide range of good and bad art, all the sublime things, and the things that bore. Here, it may be, he has done his historian's duty; but we confess to a liking for prejudice of some kind or another, for in fact there is some hope that the breath of imagination will raise the island of "human document," as it is, we can concur more or less in his remarks upon Beethoven, Berlioz, Wagner, and in fact upon most of the great person-
alities of romanticism. Of modern people, we feel he attributes too much importance to Saint-Saëns, whose "Samson et Delila" is strong evidence of middle-
class achievement. But he very cautiously steers clear of anything commital when referring to the work of the younger Frenchmen, Debussy, Dukas, and others, or to the much-discussed "Salome" of Richard Strauss, whom he describes in an apothoristic phrase as the "stormy petrel of modern music."

The book is adorned with a preface by Mr. J. A. Fuller-Maitland, whose pious platitudes sound like the tingling of a clavichord heard through all the noise in Covent Garden; it is a good little clavichord, well
played, and we listen from our place beside Debussy and Dukas, who hush us if we become impatient. For it is the voice of all the ages that comes from the little instrument; of course, we behave properly, although we go away and good Monsieur Debussy takes us again by the hand, we may turn slyly back and make faces—just, of course, for our own satisfaction, for the polite old man at the clavichord never really knows.

Memorials of Thomas Davidson. Edited by Wil-
liam Unwin. (Pp. 326. 7s. 6d. net.)

In all ages of which we have records we find men who
occupied in the minds of their fortunate friends and
associates a position analogous to that of Homer,
Shakespeare, and Dante, to the world at large; men
who exude poetry, and live in truth rather than write
it. From this interesting book of Professor Knight's it is plain that Thomas Davidson was one of these. A
rich, fervid, intensely magnetic personality, he wan-
dered into many lands, spoke with perfection many
languages of which he treats. Of modern people, we
think he associates a position analogous to that of Homer,
Shakespeare, and Dante, to the world at large; men
who exude poetry, and live in truth rather than write
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dered into many lands, spoke with perfection many
languages of which he treats. Of modern people, we

It would not, however, be fair to bring this charge
against Dr. Bousset, whose position is by no means
an altogether easy one. The scholar, the Ritschl-
Harnack school, and has already done good work in
contrasting the teaching of Jesus with the Rabbinic
thought of the day. The present volume is an attempt
at a popular outline of the origin and growth of relig-
ion; and with the admirable methods of research and
set's conclusions, he has furnished us with a fresh
and vigorous introduction to a very hackneyed subject.
It is not every writer who sees as clearly the import-
ance of the rôle of images in the transition of religion
from its savage to its national development. The image,
he says, "is not the god who is to be worshipped,
but merely its representation. Wherever the image is set
up there the god will be present. The god is by no
means present everywhere; but here, in this particular
place, he will grant favours." Dr. Bousset is, per-

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hopes, at his best in the chapter on the religion of the Old Testament prophets. He illustrates their standpoint most lucidly. We are made to feel something of the crisis which must have ensued in Israel when the prophets suddenly revealed a God who would destroy His people. "The dynamic God, a hostile external force, has overcome all the standard of worth. They did not see in the world-empires of Assyria and Babylon a blind, powerful fate. . . . Here we meet with in religion absolute conviction in face of apparent contradiction... These men, confronted with an abyss, threw themselves into it, saying, "This terrible God—the God who destroys—is our God!"

It is a little difficult to follow Dr. Bousset in regarding Plato as a religious reformer; and to class his religion as one of "redemption" may prove misleading to those accustomed to the usual ideas associated with that term. On page 141 Dr. Bousset seems to think that the Buddhist theologists fell into a hopeless dilemma in saying that the ego which has not a concrete reality can yet be reincarnated. The explanation, of course, in the presence of a doctrine which makes of illusions—unreal, compared with the Infinite Reality—real, so far as illusions are real. Buddhism does not deny the reality of phenomena as phenomena; but it does unite the thing permanent in the Reality or Nousomen hidden under all phenomena.

In the latter chapters, on Christianity, Dr. Bousset has some pregnant remarks, viz. : "He (Jesus) knew the Greek idea of the soul; he gave to woman a moral worth much which does not cost a struggle either to gain or retain. Tolstoy is perhaps the best living example of this truth. As regards Paul and the later dogmatic development of the "simple Gospel" it is difficult to say that Dr. Bousset follows the general lines Harnack has laid down. Whether the belief of the early Christians in the "soul" or "life," as our German professors may think, may be opened to some doubt. We question whether Christian civilization has any special need to embrace with open arms such men as Goethe and Bis- 
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Women are different from men: different physically, mentally, spiritually. Dr. Densmore states it not as a difference, but as an actual inferiority which rather begs the question. He does regard a woman as inferior to a man, and to a chaffinch superior to a daddylong-legs. Loth, whilst contending for equality of treatment, regards man and woman as distinct species. Is this so? Are the differences in the sexes inherent, inherited, or are they simply the products of a different environment and upbringing? In Galton's terms, are they due to nature or to nurture? Dr. Densmore views them as "the result of differences of environment and hereditary constitution." He thus believes himself called upon to prove that acquired variations are inherited; a doctrine which he owe originally to Lamarck the philosopher, not to Herbert Spencer, the Englishman. The Spencerian version to which Dr. Densmore adheres is, however, not accepted by modern biologists. The rejection of this hypothesis, far from weakening the case for sex equality, must strengthen it, because it removes any opposition that might be entertained to the freest experiment. Assuming that woman's social disabilities arise from acquired variations, mere accidents due to artificial conditions and traditions, we have but to completely remove these disabilities during one generation for woman to enter at once into her whole heritage. We shall not have to wait for the many generations that Dr. Densmore holds necessary for the differences between man and woman to disappear. On the other hand, if these be due to "nature," no alterations will permanently make any one a penny the worse or the better.

The author adopts Weismann's theory that sex is not decided by the act of fertilization, and that it may be influenced by subsequent alterations in the environment. This theory must be set aside in view of the investigations by Wilson and by Cuenot, which show that the fate of sex is determined once and for all in the fertilised egg. Better evidence is given for regarding secondary sexual characters as really accidental. The eleventh chapter is devoted to "women in business and the professions"—Mrs. Hetty Green to Mrs. Eddy; whilst chapter four has its meagre list of notable women. Here we miss the name of the abounding of all women's advocates, one who, moreover, doesn't overlook a sex disqualification which Dr. Densmore ignores: "Look at this little chin of mine, Wajdo, with the dimple in it.

Whilst we cannot accept Dr. Densmore's biological premises, we consider it an under-estimation to conclude that "it is necessary that women enter more generally the ranks of the political institutions if we are to see all women entering every sphere of activity. Not, of course, that we believe with the author that it is "the essence of democracy that one human being is potentially the equal of any other" or "that a great injustice is manifest if woman is dowered by nature from rivaling men. All flesh is not the same flesh. Democracy rests quite firmly upon the proved inequality of human beings, but, on the other hand, satisfies their varying appetites. We do not ask with the author for the same rules of conduct for the man that are invariably demanded for the woman. We do ask, however, for the placing of men and women upon such a footing as will allow us to determine what are their respective needs. If it then happens that these are different, well and good; if identical, well and better. To our island cars "thru" and "thoros" are not phonetic. The book has no date and no price, but it has some value.

Proportional Representation. By John R. Commons. (Macmillan. 3½ net.)

In this volume Professor Commons gives an interesting account of the origin of representative government, of its working as an American, and of its defects in the electoral system in vogue there; and as the initial remedy for the sinister influences exercised by the American "boss" advocates the introduction of a system of Proportional Representation. The details of the scheme will be best explained by selecting a concrete instance. In the elections in the State of Indiana in 1892 there were 15 candidates selected from the Democrats, Republicans, People's Party and Prohibitionists. The votes were as follows.}

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Party</th>
<th>Votes</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Democrats</td>
<td>3,910,390</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Republicans</td>
<td>3,868,791</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>People's Party</td>
<td>326,302</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Prohibitionists</td>
<td>192,533</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

8,494,466 + 15 = 8,494,481, which is the unit of representation. Under the above system of representation the 15 Democratic nominees would be declared successful candidates; but under proportional representation
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The individual candidates are selected by taking the seven Democrats, seven Republicans, and one Populist vote the highest number of individual votes.

Alongside with proportional representation Professor Commons advocates the adoption of the Referendum, such as obtains in Switzerland, under which no law can be passed, or any expenditure beyond a stipulated sum can be made by the legislature, without a vote of the people. Exempt as we happily are from the evils of the "boss" system, such reforms would deal a deadly blow at the automatic tyranny exercised by our modern Cabinets; for it is extremely unlikely that either Mr. Balfour's Education Act or Sir E. Grey's recent agreement with Russia would have been sanctioned by a direct vote of the people.


The Rev. R. J. Campbell has been preaching practical Christianity with singular eloquence and success. He rightly dwells in these sermons on the enormous importance of the Copernican spirit of man as enunciated in the life of the Carpenter of Galilee. We regret, however, that Mr. Campbell should even have appeared to diminish the humanity of Jesus. Why, for example, should he not believe that Jesus could have eaten in the heart of a vineyard? Yet Mr. Campbell devotes a whole sermon to proving that the Gospel describing the incident does not mean what it says. But the fundamental difficulty of Mr. Campbell's doctrine is contained in such sentences as the following:—

"The greatest atonement for all your heartburnings is to set to work to make life more tolerable for those about you. There is nothing that can break a sinner's heart so much as to let him go. Let him see love accepting his disabilities and sharing his cross, and you have done for him what no man could ever do. Love means doing the most you can for mankind; it means doing your best for the world should be treated as though he were its enemy."—The doctrine is very far from breathing the atmosphere of new theology; it belongs to the worst aspect of the old theology; and we are sorry that Mr. Campbell has not rid himself of it along with so much other ethical lumber.

Another quotation: "Remember the real life of sin is just the life of self-seeking." This comes at the end of a tirade against avarice, which is most improperly confused with self-seeking. But a worse confusion is caused by the use in this place of the word "self." Campbell has not rid himself of its subliminal and the transcendental and goodness knows what. Another is corrected, but "as time goes on, the results of what the Socialist hopes to effect." Wrixon thinks that the great crisis in the life of the Nation "gives every satisfaction, and one abuse after another is corrected, but "as time goes on, the results of what the Socialist hopes to effect."

The chief point in which this book differs from other attacks on Socialism is that its author fully realises the implications of democracy and the inevitable result of the widening of the suffrage which has been taking place in all countries during the last century, and which is still proceeding. The first two chapters show clearly, how the people are getting power into their own hands, and are beginning to use this power in the social as well as in the purely political field. Once the suffrage becomes universal, great Social inequalities will not be allowed to continue. Realising this, our author then asks what he rightly considers the vital question: "What are the poor going to do with the rich?" He then goes on to indicate how Socialism will appeal to the great majority, and quotes the programmes of the various European Socialist bodies to show what a candid and deliberate attack on property it is. What the Socialist proposes, is, not a reform only, nay, it is more than a revolution: it is a change in the basis of our civilisation." This is all perfectly true, and constitutes, in fact, a very concise statement of what the Socialist hopes to effect.

But such hopes are, Sir Henry thinks, doomed to disappointment. He takes to prove his case an advanced nation of Europe, "the Pattern Nation," which has made considerable progress in the rule of the majority by a genuine system of universal suffrage. At first the social progress of the "Pattern Nation" gives every satisfaction, and one abuse after another is corrected, but "as time goes on, the results of what the Socialist hopes to effect."

For breakfast and after dinner.

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In making, use less quantity, it being so much stronger than ordinary COFFEE.
This really is the whole case of "The Pattern Nation" against Socialism, that we are abandoning the free system of industry before giving it a fair trial, in favour of Socialism, which only offers delusions and unpractical, unrealisable ideals. The free system is full of hope, and as is the case with all the others, the transformation of wage-earners into profit-sharers and the suppression of "trusts, combines, knock-outs, and all the other machinations of lawless monopoly."

There remain the two threads without knowledge and a belief which is also called certainty. He takes exception to the common idea of certainty. All knowledge is belief, both being intelligent challenge; but it is true that most men hold certainties of all kinds without the completed scheme of Socialism. A great portion of human literature which illustrates those virtues and rally men to their reverence would become meaningless. Nay, much of the sublime Beauties of the Saviour of Mankind would be as void of purpose for the sons of men as is the idle breeze wandering over the desert." Sir Henry shows that he knows too well what Socialism is to mean this seriously; it is a delightful piece of caricature at the expense of certain opponents of Socialism much in evidence at the present time. True to their methods, it is worthy of Stiggins at his best.

The Certainty of Religion. By F Stors Turner (Sonnenschein. net.)

Mr. Turner has chosen a title which is in itself a challenge; but his position is well thought out, and it is true that most men hold certainties of all kinds without putting to themselves the question: What is certainty? He takes exception to the common idea that knowledge expresses a stronger certainty than belief. All knowledge is belief, both being intelligent apprehensions of reality. It is, however, true that there is a difference between a belief which we do not call knowledge and a belief which is also called knowledge. The fact is, we are apt to suppose that the two words must mean two things, but knowledge and belief are like a string in which two threads are intertwined; we have names for the two threads without having a name for the string. We have no absolute knowledge; all our certainties are beliefs, beginning with acceptance of the three fundamental data of the self, other selves, and the visible and tangible world.

Apart from this faith, we can have no knowledge at all. All certainty is based on experience. As facts of conscious experience our feelings and our sensations fall under that group. We are, however, under the influence of the facts of our conscious experience our religious feelings are as certain as the experience of our senses. Mr. Turner has no difficulty in deducing, successively, the certainty of the divine grace, of death, and of immortality. In support of the latter, he quotes Professor James' ingenious Ingeroell lecture; a reference to the same author. Gifford Lectures would have been useful to readers who would like concrete evidence as to the facts of religious consciousness. Catholics would question Mr. Turner's assertion (p. 99) that "ceremonial assemblies for sacraments, praise of the Deity, prayer, and dogmatic instruction hold the lowest place in true religion. The duty of social intercourse and social service is insisted on in the New Testament as emphatically as the duty of individual perfection, and the Middle Ages afford us an excellent example of communal worship inculcating almost unconsciously social ideals, imperfect as the latter may have been. Mr. Turner has given us a well-written little book.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

"The Relations of Geography and History." By Rev. H. B. George, M.A. 3rd Edition. (Clarendon Press. 3s. 6d. net.)

"Bohemia in London." Arthur Ransome. (Chapman and Hall. 6s. net.)

"New Poems." By Herbert Trench. (Methuen. 6s.)

"The Immanence of Christ in Modern Life." By F. R. Swan. (James Clark. 2s. 6d. net.)

"Esther Wynn: Emma Jane Mother." Cheap Edition. (James Clark. 6s.)

"Our City of God." By J. Brielerly. (James Clark. 6s.)

"Faith and Verification." By E. Griffith-Jones. (James Clark. 6s.)

"An English Prose Miscellany." Selected with an introduction by John Masefield. (Methuen. 6s.)

"Florence and Northern Tuscany." By Edward Hutton. (Methuen. 6s.)

"Humpty Dumpty's Little Son." By Helen Reid Cross. (Methuen. 6s.)

"How to Paint in Oil." By burke Walsh. (Fifield. 6d. net.)

"Why Your MSS. Return." By A. Good. (Fifield. 6d. net.)

"The Truth about the Lords. By Joseph Clayton. (Fifield. 18s. and 2s. net.)

"Many Mansions." By W. S. Lilly. (Chapman and Hall. 2s. 6d. net.)

"The Rise and Progress of Poverty in England." By W. G. Wilkins. (Healdley Bros. 6d.)

"Ram-tau Lahri: Brahman and Reformer." By Sir Roger Lethbridge. (Sonnenschein. 6s. net.)

"New Poems." W. H. Davies. (Elkin Mathews. 12s. 6d. net.)

"The Pocker Ruskin." F.D. Rose Gardner. (George Routledge. 2s. 6d. net.)

"Chamber Music Poems." By James Joyce. (Elkin Mathews. 12s. 6d. net.)

"The Shadow Show." By A. St. John Adcock. (Elkin Mathews. 12s. 6d. net.)

"Christian Marriage." By H. Hensley Henson. (Cassell. 16s. net.)

"The City of Pleasure." By Arnold Bennett. (Chatto and Windus. 6s. net.)

"Studies in Pictures." By J. C. van Dyke. (T. Werner Laurie. 6s. net.)

"Stokes' Cyclopedia of Familiar Quotations." Ed. E. E. Treverry. (W. and R. Chambers. 2s. 6d. net.)

"George Meredith." By M. Sturge Henderson. (Methuen. 6s.)

"Sunshine's Garland." By Nell Parsons. (Methodist Publishing House. 1s. 6d. net.)

"The Little Burmah Girl." By Nell Parsons. (Methodist Publishing House. 1s. 6d. net.)

"The New Word: An Open Letter addressed to the Swedish Academy for the meaning of the word Idealism." (Owen and Co. 2s. 6d.)

"The Divine Grace." By John Coutts. (National Hygienic Company.)

"All Moonshine." By Richard Whitelock. (Hurst and Blackett. 6s.)

"The Philosophe Mehti et l' Idée de Solidarité." By Alexandra David. (Luca and Co. 2s.)
Recent Booklets and Pamphlets.

In "The Rise and Progress of Poverty in England" (Hoddy, Blackley, 7d.), Mr. W. G. Wilkinson has compiled one of the most useful tracts ever published. Every page contains a well-authenticated sketch of the various stages through which the condition of the poor has passed. The Golden Age of the English poor, it seems, was about 1900. Four hundred years of progress have reduced the poor to the level of the negro. They are treated as mere parasites who are dangerous to the state.

The Church Prayer-Book of Edward VI. contains, it may be noted, a special prayer for orphans, agreeing to be sold in the open market. It is a little known fact that the opposition to the abolition of child-labour and manual slavery was led by lords and bishops. But in the Congo "The Congo Crown Domain" (2d.), the indefatigable Mr. Morel's new pamphlet, we find that the opposition to the abolition of child-labour and manual slavery is led by lords and bishops. But in the Congo the opposition comes from the royal house of Belgium. The indefatigable Mr. Morel's new pamphlet gives a useful account of the history of the Congo. It is only a few years since the atrocities committed at this moment with the royal assent could be staged and produced in some theatre and burned. But, more recently, a new type of horror and tragedy has developed in the Congo. The very name of the Congo is enough to strike a people to noble wrath who calmly sip their morning coffee while reading even his pamphlet. Strangely enough, not even the Congo is safe from this unscrupulous treatment. A few years ago, for example, the Royal Assent was given to a measure which would remedy them by the very act itself. In times of governmental panic, reformers become more than ever reasonable. And, as a rule, they are treated as mere parasites.

The "Ethics of Corporal Punishment" (rd.), raises the wider issue, and the placing of English prisons directly under the royal control would be widely desired. The very name of the Congo is enough to strike a people to noble wrath who calmly sip their morning coffee while reading even his pamphlet. Strangely enough, not even the Congo is safe from this unscrupulous treatment.

The remaining sixteen or seventeen millions can be raised, the number would be nineteen million pounds, to which Mr. Snowden suggests by increased taxation of large incomes. The public pensioner is reduced by Mr. Snowden to less than one and a fourth million.

Mr. Snowden suggests that the condition described by Messrs. Booth and Rowntree, the Report of 1906, makes it abundantly clear that the present Prison Commission is not fit for the abolition of the present System.

Princess whom he is about to marry, and for whose education, the nation has paid a sum of one million pounds, to which Mr. Snowden suggests by increased taxation of large incomes.

"The New Unemployed Bill of the Labour Party," by J. K. Macdonald, M.P. The proposed Unemployed Bill of the Labour Party is the most important of the three.

"Why your M.S.S. Return," they may consult the booklet under this title, published by A. C. Fifield at 6d. net and advertised in our columns. Undoubtedly MSS. do return; and since few senders ever know the reason and their friends cannot tell them, it is a plain duty to society that this booklet should be widely circulated. Besides, it is quite sensible.

"The Wongs of Woman" (Land Values Union, Glasgow), by John Orr, contains a good deal of interesting writing, but what we are to make of this: "By an unscrupulous law they (women) must regard womanhood as their special function." Motherhood, in short, is, according to Mr. Orr, woman's natural vocation. But surely that is the first wrong of which women, when they are human beings, complain. Is fatherhood the natural function of man? Until reformers can separate in their minds women from mothers as completely as everybody now separates fatherhood and manhood, the wrongs of women will continue.

"The Drama of Art" (Twentieth Century Press, 1d.). Mr. Walter Crane, who writes a brief introduction, falls into the usual error of calling Art and Drama. He says, "Art can be practised in spare time. How often must it be repeated that artists are born, not made; and, being born, must devote their best hours, not their worst., to their art work?" As Mr. Squire understands much better, this leaving of Art to leisure implies indifference if not contempt; and it is peculiarly the province of artists to strive for revenge is simply disgusting barbarity. Mr. Montgomerie publishes through the Humanitarian League his "Art" (Twentieth Century Press, 1d.).

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the "Daily Mail" with fervour if uttered by any modern dramatist. But the Greek drama is regarded as in a class by itself. Indeed, one feels inclined to say that if the Euripides on to the same stage as Bernard Shaw and Ibsen is one of the greatest services the Vedrenne-Barker management has yet rendered us. One sees that it would not be possible to write a Medea play today because, having lost the Euripidean background of gods and heroes, the mad jealousy of the woman would be merely horrifically sordid. And this really means that unless we can invent some substitute for the gods and heroes, a great many parts of life will be for practical purposes beyond the scope of drama. We have, though, attained to a substitute in the concepts of evolution, of revolutionary Socialism, and Court. The second-man. No mean happening in an alley is too mean for drama, if projected against a background of the stars. But our task is more difficult than Euripides', because our heroic world is no longer separate from our everyday world: we must mount to our Utopia not by miraculous intervention of the gods, but out of and through ourselves. A blind epileptic in a sham may have the seed of the overman in his loins, a stutterer in Whitechapel who holds within her the possibilities of a pitiless, beautiful daughter of the Sun. But the Sun will not send for her—as for Medea—a chariot drawn by winged dragons; he will send a police ambulance.

Having embarked on our experiment of democracy, our enemy is the little baseness of the world; we are woven together into a brotherhood of pettiness. Out of this, drama must educate us, and the plays of Euripides may serve to inspire us with heroic conceptions which, in a modernised form, would be merely ridiculous. All the more necessary, therefore, is it that the productions of Euripides should be above criticism, and any new production should be examined with a critical eye. "Medea" is not such a great play as the "Hippolytus," of course, but that is all the more reason for making use of every adventitious aid. In the "Hippolytus" at the Kingsway, I now understand. Miss Florence Farr, and was very effective. In the "Medea" this chanting has been discarded, and the chorus speak rhythmically in unison, producing a beautifully pleasing effect. Indeed, on one occasion, when the chorus kneel and implore Medea not to carry out her intention of murdering her children, their efforts resounded painfully like those of a Board school class saying the multiplication table.

And then the chorus did look so dreadfully modern, and as if they'd be so much more appropriately dressed in coats and skirts. The contrast, no doubt, enhanced the effect. Miss Olive, the lack of which Miss Florence Farr's performance is due to me, in Mr. Sutro's "A Maker of Men" at the Kingsway, I now understand. Miss Olive does not believe in the splendour of the mission of being the mother of a family, a "maker of men," in West Hampstead, but she does believe in justice and suffering in Colchis and Corinth; and was "in the way of pain"—most wonderful. In one of Mr. H. G. Wells' most significant, but least commented-on books, "The Stand of Doctor Moreau," the conception is elaborated of new life arising "out of a bath of pain" inflicted by vivisection. In the "Medea" Jason is throughout the merely human, more or less valiant conqueror, whose sufferings are always gentle, human sufferings, not tinged, in his anger against Medea, with moral reproach. But Medea ends exalted to the rank of goddess, having passed the line of pain "where life turns agony" and having also passed beyond any example of human conduct altogether. If the way through this "bath of pain" was the only way for the Euripidean men and women, or to our heavens of gods and heroes, perhaps it is the only way for us. Perhaps our drama too charry of pain that our weak, democracy-sympathetic nerve will not stand. But it would seem that we need more pain than Euripides, for his heroes and common folk started by being separate, the operation of getting them apart being comparatively simple. Our heroes and common folk start by being the same people; to tear them apart will mean to tear some of them to pieces.

**MUSIC.**

It was a pity that the Trauermarsch was played at the Grieg Memorial Concert on Wednesday; it does not represent him at anything like his best and it was tedious to have to stand up while the orchestra played it as an introduction to the programme. But for the delight of listening to Miss Johanne Stockmarr's playing this piece of sentiment may be overlooked. Last year when Grieg himself was in London she played in his famous piano-concerto, and on Wednesday she repeated it on the occasion of this memorial concert. Certainly she was recalled the usual twice, but it had been some long-haired violinist with well-advertised domestic affairs instead of the professional to look back upon as very precious memories. She is one of the few really great pianists of our time, and was astonishing. Not a little egotistical in her style, to feel how apathetic her audience was on Wednesday. Certainly she was recalled the usual twice, but had it been some long-haired violinist with well-advertised domestic affairs instead of the professional, artist the hall would have been a turmoil of emotional excitement. As it is, however, Miss Stockmarr isn't obvious or vulgar enough in her style to appeal to the great musical public, and those of us who can hear her playing can only expect to hear it very seldom. Herr Anton Sistermans sang a number of songs most sympathetically, including the immortal "Ein Schwarm." The pianoforte accompaniment ordinarily used in this is the merest compromise; the orchestration is one of Grieg's greatest achievements.

Since my last notice appeared many interesting things have been performed at the Promenades. The new works have been a Concerto for Flute and Orchestra by Theo, H. H. Verhey; a Concerto for Viola and Orchestra by the Russian composer, Arens; an Overture, "For Valour," by Havergal Brian, a young Englishman; a Rhapsody by Frederic Austin, the well-known baritone; a Suite for Strings by Glazounoff; and a Concerto for violin and orchestra by Miss Ethel Barns. Of these I only had an opportunity of hearing the works by Arens and Mr. Havergal Brian. Neither impressed me. The former is a piece of special pleading for the virtues of the violin which I think should be kept within the limits of the orchestral family circle. Miss Viola should be told to stay at home and not to have her playing can only expect to hear it very seldom. Herr Anton Sistermans sang a number of songs most sympathetically, including the immortal "Ein Schwarm." The pianoforte accompaniment ordinarily used in this is the merest compromise; the orchestration is one of Grieg's greatest achievements.

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Edward German's dances to "Hearty VIII." (which he wrote for Irving in 1894) just as vociferously; but these little dances are probably the best things Mr. German ever wrote and when one hasn't been sipping the liqueur of Mallarmé they are very enjoyable.

At last in the Queen's Hall on Saturday, Emil Mlynarski made his first appearance as a conductor before a London audience. His "reading" of Tchaikowski's Fourth Symphony was virile and intelligent, notwithstanding the fact that he was considerably handicapped by the brass of the "Ulster Symphony Orchestra" which were on their bad behaviour all the afternoon. Elman was, as usual, wonderful. But why, oh why, the resurrection of Spohr?

CORRESPONDENCE.

For the opinions expressed by correspondents, the Editors do not hold themselves responsible. Correspondence intended for publication should be addressed to the Editors and written on one side of the paper only.

SOCIALISM AND THE UNIVERSITIES.

TO THE EDITORS OF "THE NEW AGE."

The article which appeared in The New Age of October 17 entitled "Oxford and the Nation" impels me to write on the subject of the present policy concerning the Universities. What is the Socialist policy? Surely it is the Socialisation of the Universities. We know that the only way to abolish the gulf which now exists between the Universities and the mass of the nation is to apply the central principle of Socialism to the Universities. Oxford can become and will become a fit place for the higher education of the working classes when Oxford is owned and controlled and managed in the interests of the whole nation, and not in the interest of a class. It is quite true that the Universities are tainted with the class idea, and irreparably so as long as class ownership of the Universities continues, but when the Universities are thrown open to all classes then the class taint will disappear.

Oxford men at present do not want, as the writer of the article seems to say, "to give social polish and charm to the working classes," and we do not expect them to want to do so—they wish to retain for themselves and for their class the educational advantages of which they have control. Oxford and the Universities belong of right to the nation, and it ought to be an ordinary thing for working class people to go to the Universities in the ordinary way, and to go through the educational courses and graduate.

Surely in the future, when the Universities will have been thoroughly socialised, the practice will be for all to receive a University education. Much revision and many alterations in subjects and methods will take place, but in any case it is desirable that all citizens should pass through the same educational establishments. This cannot come to pass as long as class ownership of the Universities continues, but when the Universities are thrown open to all classes then the class taint will disappear.

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Mr. Wells and Free Love.

TO THE EDITORS OF "THE NEW AGE."

I am sorry to trouble you again about passages in my work, but the following quotation appears in the current "monthly pamphlet" of the Working Men's Conservative Association: In a pamphlet called "Socialism, Atheism, and Free Love," by J. H. Bottomley, and published by the St. Helens and Prescot Reporter, Limited:

"Essentially the Socialist position is a denial of property in human beings; not only must land and the means of production be liberate, but women and children, just as men and things, must cease to be owned. So in future it will be not my wife or your wife, but her wife."—H. G. Wells.

The last line in italics has been added. It is a simple bold lie. I am consulting my solicitor in the matter to see what remedy one has against a forged quotation, but in the meantime will Comrades in the localities affected note the state of affairs.

H. G. WELLS.

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