Absenteism and Tariff Reform, by BERNARD SHAW

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 threatened railway war has entered upon its penal- tum phase, and the impressive meeting in the Albert Hall on Sunday last was a fitting conclusion to the preliminary stages. Thirty thousand persons were present, either inside or outside the hall, and nobody who listened to the speeches and watched the eager, anxious faces, or heard the thunders of applause that followed the declaration of the result of the ballot, can doubt that the railwaymen of England are not only deterred by these unfortunate events, but are soon to be united in their determination to struggle the dimensions of which threaten to exceed any labour dislocation in the history of this country. Twenty years of trade union organisation and agitation have not been without their effect upon the sentiment of solidarity among the workers; and we should not be at all surprised to see a practically universal strike arise from the present situation. Imagination fails at the prospect, and we can only hope that the Directors will either abandon their monstrous contention, or frankly declare to serve the community, and allow themselves to be superseded by the State.

* * *

The net result of the municipal elections seems to be that the Conservatives have steadily gained ground at the expense of the Liberals, the Socialists remaining practically stationary. We are not surprised at this. We have never concealed our opinion that the result of the General Election was not a faithful or accurate reflec-
tion of the political leanings of the nation, otherwise the electors lay themselves open to the charge of a deplorable fickleness. The Liberals succeeded to power, it is not for us to attempt to minimise or explain away our defeat, but to understand it. We never expected the walls of Jericho to fall this year or next. We sincerely hope our re-

tatives in the House of Commons will use with levity. On Wednesday afternoon of this week Mr. Lloyd-George may meet the officers of the men in conference, to lay before them the suggestions received by him from the Directors, which may in great measure be due to the effects of the anti-Socialist campaign. The people will never be won over to Socialism until they begin to think about it, and we had much rather be opposed than ignored. The swing of the pendulum, if not absolutely needed, must equal apply equally to the Socialist as to other parties. We rather think, on the whole, that we have lost ground has been not through having been over-bold, but by not having been bold enough. In a word, Socialists must without delay formulate a policy not only for national, but also for local affairs; they must show the electorate what they mean to do and how they propose to do it, since indiscriminate denunciations of capitalism will no longer serve. With the exhaustive and admirable publications of the Fabian Society so easily available, we trust this omission will be rectified in the near future.

The proceedings in Count Kuno Moltke's libel action against Herr Harden were concluded on Saturday (Oct. 26); and judgment was delivered on Tuesday. The Court found that although the statements in the "Zukunft" were libellous in themselves, Herr Harden had proved the truth of his assertions, and was, therefore, not guilty of libel within the meaning of the penal code. It was expected that Count Moltke would appeal against the decision of the Court, but to everybody's surprise the Public Prosecutor intervened, and the case will be reopened later with Count Moltke as sworn chief witness on his own behalf. It is probable that the political features will be less in evidence during the second trial, and the moral features more deeply displayed. We venture to hope that Dr. Hirschfeld will not again betray his trust.
We are extremely sorry that it has been thought necessary to pass the Sedulius Meetings Bill for India. Of the twelve members of the Legislative Council it is significant that five elected members were utterly opposed both to its spirit and its letter. Henceforth any provincial authority in India may proclaim an area within which public meetings without written permission are forbidden under penalty of fine or imprisonment. With a prospective famine affecting some forty million people, a thoroughly discontented and long-suffering population of inconceivable poverty, it is hard that appeals at any rate should be unsanctioned.

Lord Minto's assertion that the Government would be blind if it shut its eyes to the awakening wave which is sweeping the Eastern world looks very well in print; but obviously it is no more than a pious platitude served up for European consumption.

It is to be hoped that the son of Sir John Gorst may not prove in all respects the spiritual successor of Lord Cromer in Egypt. At a private meeting of the British officials in the service of the Egyptian Government, Sir Eldon Gorst is reported to have said that Great Britain's mission in Egypt was "not to rule the Egyptians, but to teach them to rule themselves." These are excellent words, but, if we remember rightly, they are remarkable not for the five years ago by Lord Cromer himself. In the interval, we ask, that twenty-five years hence, some successor of Sir Eldon Gorst will be using the same words? The British Government has made the subjects of another race of those foolish parents who are always training their children for responsibility, but never giving them responsibility. The simple truth is that nations and men learn not to be ruled, but to rule. We sincerely hope that Sir Eldon Gorst will remember this axiom and apply it liberally.

Mr. Lloyd-George may be forgiven for becoming a "little Welsh lad" on his native heath; but what on earth happened to Mr. Asquith? On Tuesday last he beat the drum at Newport on behalf (almost) of the complete abolition of the House of Lords. "Some people," he said, "seemed to think a Second Chamber was part of the order of nature, and as essential, to a democracy, as the Ten Commandments or the multiplication table..." But all reasonable disputants would now admit that the necessity for a Second Chamber and its naming and its functions would be a pure question of political expediency. Quite so, but its expediency depends obviously on the purposes it can be made to serve. Mr. Asquith is not a revolutionary, and Second Chamber is an invaluable barrier against the too rapid progress he dreads so much.

On Monday of last week Lord Cromer was presented with the freedom of the City of London, and took occasion to make a speech, none the less violent because expressed with urbanity, depressing freedom in any but an official sense. Despite his own maxim, Lord Cromer wandered into areas for which, fortunately, he has not been responsible. Amongst other things, he pleaded for a return to secrecy in diplomacy. "It is well known that with Lord Asquith he is the chief obstacle to the abandonment of the enfranchisement of women; and his interview with Mrs. Pankhurst previous to his meeting was therefore a quite unnecessary piece of treachery;" remarked Old Age Pensions were tolerably unambiguously, but we shall be curious to see whether his approval goes to the length of making pensions universal and non-contributory.

On Thursday last Mr. Lyttelton made a speech to which we should not allude but for the illustration it affords of the contempt in which we hold some orators hold English audiences. The occasion was a mass meeting of the Conservative Association of Warrington, and the subject was Socialism. We venture to say that even Mr. Lyttelton has never descended to lower levels of intelligence than when he told his audience that Socialism proposed to make an equal division of unequal earnings. His remedy for the poverty of twelve millions of our people is, "the more the merrier", those who hold property should deal with it generously.

The extraordinary shifts to which Labour is driven in pursuit of a living were exemplified at the fifteen annual congress of the National Free Labour Association, held on Monday and Tuesday of last week. The Press, we observe, has learned by this time to suspect the bona fides of a union against union, as against the farce to cheer. Strange to say, too, no Peer was present at the deliberations of the poor fellows. Mr. Collinson's calculation of their number grows more impressive with every sign of public indifference. The membership, it seems, has now risen to 680,000. Omitting most of the ciphers, we try to believe that there are employers stupid enough to prefer a democratic man (in the extent of some hundreds) willing to do any dirty job, to first-rate men who draw the line at treachery to their own class.

It is surely about time that the Education Committee of the London County Council had learned that their corporal punishment regulations are not worth the paper on which they are written. "Two canes of approved pattern are to be used; on official occasions! The face and head of a child must not be smacked—if anybody is looking! All punishments are to be entered in a record-book; except those which can safely be kept out!—Any breach of these regulations may entail dismissal; if not discovered, they will probably entail promotion! How absurd it all is! The cure for corporal punishment is not regulation: but reduction of the size of classes..."

No one who read Father Tyrrell's articles in the "Times" on "The Pope and Modernism" will be in the least surprised at the news of his excommunication. The excommunication has been decreed by the Bishop of Southwark, but Father Tyrrell's letter on Saturday makes it clear that the distinction was purely nominal. No privilege is left him that he either "heeds or values." Elsewhere the heresy hunt is being pursued with all the courage and zeal of a fanatical and disciplined army. In Italy the Modernist writings are being sought out and burned, just as in earlier days the writings of the Gnostics were destroyed. Elsewhere, the printing-press has made extermination in these days...
impossible. Even the Holy See cannot sweep back the tide of enlightenment when it is composed of printer's ink. The ultimate software development for the benefit of all the human race every man shall be priest and king in his own household.

Lord Robert Cecil in a letter to the "Times" (Oct. 25) makes it very clear to the Conservative Free Traders at any rate are not inclined to social reforms of any magnitude. He objects in particular to Mr. Watson Rutherford's bold programme of social reforms, which the Prime Minister has identified with the programme of the Independent Labour Party. As our readers know, Mr. Watson Rutherford advocates amongst other things, nationalisation of railways and canals, payment of members' salaries, woman's suffrage, abolition of the law of land values, State employment, non-contributory universal old age pensions, State education and State feeding and clothing of school children. Certainly the programme is pretty advanced; and Lord Robert's complaint that Mr. Rutherford should still be counted a Conservative while he (Lord Robert) is hounded out of the party, is strictly just. But what does it all matter? The estimated cost of these reforms is 40 millions a year, which Mr. Rutherford proposes to raise by import duties. Lord Robert proposes, as a Free Trader, to raise nothing by import duties; but have does he propose to get the money? Is the Free Trader to raise the money by import duties; and as a Conservative he will not raise the money by a progressive tax on unearned incomes, the only conclusion is that he will not raise the money at all. The only political ghoul who will walk this stage at this moment the hollowest is surely the Conservative Free Trader.

Mr. Sidney Webb's letter to the "Times" of October 28 may be commended particularly to Socialists who have been in the habit of confusing the active employer with the idle capitalist. But an even more interesting point is what Webbe says in the statement of the statistician fact that whilst the wealth-productivity of the United Kingdom amounts to over £200 a year for every family in the land, working or idle, the average wage of all the manual-working families, who comprise four-fifths of the whole, is certainly not more than 30s. a week. The surplus, consisting of over £120 per annum per family, goes to the owners of capital.

On Tuesday, October 29, there appeared in one of the leading dailies the following letter signed by seventy-one of the best known literary and dramatic writers of the country in favour of the abolition of the Censorship of Plays.

Sir,—The Prime Minister has consented to receive during next month a deputation from the following dramatic authors on the subject of the censorship of plays. In the meantime next month a deputation from the following dramatic authors may be commended particularly to Socialists who have been in the habit of confusing the active employer with the idle capitalist. But an even more interesting point is what Webbe says in the statement of the statistician fact that whilst the wealth-productivity of the United Kingdom amounts to over £200 a year for every family in the land, working or idle, the average wage of all the manual-working families, who comprise four-fifths of the whole, is certainly not more than 30s. a week. The surplus, consisting of over £120 per annum per family, goes to the owners of capital.

On Monday, October 29, the inaugural meeting of the Social Progress Society was held at Westbourne Park Chapel, and the Hon. Secretary of the new Society from Mr. Bernard Shaw:—

Dear Sir,—You could not possibly start anything that is worse wanted in your district than a Social Progress Society with the constitution you have sent me. What is happening in the present moment is that Labour and Plutocracy, being in complete possession of the House of Commons, are calmly throwing the cost of every social improvement on the rates of the middle-class. There is no such operation as the middle class yet is; and everything that it extorts from the ratepayers to exist on the bare soil of London, and the sum extorted annually by the same classes from the industry of the whole country, annually interest six hundred millions, is Socialism. They are then told that Socialism means Atheism and Free Love, and left to infer that Doctor Clifford is an Atheist and a Mormon, and that Charles Bradlaugh and Herbert Spencer, the initiators of the campaign against modern Socialism, were enthusiastic members of the Church of England. They are therefore urged to use all their efforts to reduce the rates, and cripple our public authorities in their fight with dirt, disease and poverty, so that the lairds may have the advantage at the next opportunity by the amount saved on the rates.

It only needs one evening's intelligent discussion of this monstrous state of affairs to make a beginning of a really sensible and independent organisation of the middle classes for their own defence, and for their escape from between the two mill-stones of organised Labour and organised Plutocracy which are at present grinding the last penny in the pound out of them.

Hitherto the public-spirited members of the middle class have given all their time and political energy and enthusiasm to the poor—that is to Labour. But Labour is now on its feet in Parliament, far better able to take care of itself than the middle class yet is; and everything that it extorts from the plutocracy will be paid for by the middle class until they too learn to help themselves, and to make newspaper proprietors understand that papers which are nothing but the lying trade circulars of the most ruthless plunderers will not be taken in the future.

I think that with such a President and such a Committee as you have secured there is no demand of justice that need be felt for yourself, denounced in "The Daily News" as a hideous conspiracy for spreading the pernicious doctrine of Atheism and Free Love in the western post stations districts, with its headquarters in Westminster Park Chapel.

Yours faithfully,

J. H. RADFORD,
Hon. Secretary.

G. BERNARD SHAW.

51, Porchester Road, W.
The Municipal Results.

There is not the slightest reason for Socialists to be discouraged by the results of the municipal elections. On the contrary, the signs in some respects are distinctly encouraging. To be quite frank, we may at once conclude that the centre of gravity for Socialists has shifted from municipalisation to nationalisation. It was well over fifteen years ago to regard municipalisation as the ultimate issue of collectivist action; but Socialists rapidly recognised that even though their whole municipal programme were carried through, the consummation of Socialism would still be intolerably remote.

As a matter of fact, it is not only Socialists, but plain municipalisers as well, who have been driven to seek the solution of their problems in nationalisation, or at least in the federation of County Councils. The artificial boundaries of County Councils have over and over again proved fatal to effective municipal action; and in the matter of a water area, for example, and especially in rural districts, the inconveniences of the borough boundaries have been as great in their way as the inconveniences of the boundaries of sovereign States. Again, as the recent taxation of Land Values Bill demonstrated, most municipalities are coming to the end of their tether, and are on the lookout for new sources of income. With the perpetual fear of rising rates staring them in the face, it is scarcely likely that municipalisation will go much faster until Parliament has sanctioned new schemes of taxation and rating. Everything, in short, points to a slump in municipal politics; not the least indication being the remarkable lack of interest shown in the results by the people at large.

Now, we may as well say that as Socialists we are by no means disposed to regard this failing interest in municipal elections unfavourably. Socialism is a theory not merely of a municipality, but of the State; and sooner or later the problems of the State as a whole must be squarely faced from the Socialist standpoint. Municipalisation has served its turn, has demonstrated the silliness of most of the practical objections to collectivism, and has perhaps taught us the wise limits of collectivist ownership; and though we are still far enough from the accomplishment of the Socialist municipal programme, the nation is experienced enough to be willing to try its hand at nationalisation.

As evidence of this, the results of the present municipal elections, coupled with the fact that Socialist Parliamentary candidates have lately been so successful, are conclusive. We do not believe ourselves that the absurdities of the anti-Socialist campaign have had the slightest effect upon the elections. What on earth have the questions of municipalising milk and trams to do with the practical problems of marriage and religion? On the other hand, we are quite certain that in the national sphere such questions will have to be discussed at length; and we may quite expect that for a few years at least the genuine Socialist Party will meet with strong, if stupid, opposition.

Meanwhile, however, we may safely rely upon the wave of opinion that is flowing now in the direction of nationalisation. The next ten years will inevitably see nationalisation of industry carried to the point municipalisation has already reached. The "Socialist rout" in the recent elections is the signal of their coming triumph in the House of Commons.

The Railway Crisis.

We have pleasure in reproducing here the manifesto issued by the Fabian Society on the subject of the Railway Crisis. The views we have hitherto expressed, namely, that the situation is one that will either make or break the reputation of Mr. Lloyd-George, if not of the Liberal Party, have been brought out in the speeches of Mr. Pease. Apart from the terrible and unimaginable effects of a strike upon the industry of the country, it is certain that a great political party is being weighed in the balance. If ever Cabinet and Minister had an opportunity of demonstrating the reality of their progressive sentiments that Cabinet is the present Liberal Cabinet and that Minister is Mr. Lloyd-George. We are glad to see that Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman has personally consulted with the President of the Board of Trade; but we are still doubtful of the issue. It is too late to make of Trades Unionsists the demands of four years ago; and we are not confident that the action will be permanent that does not explicitly, as well as implicitly, concede to the railway men the recognition by the Directors already given them by successive Governments.

A FABIAN MANIFESTO.

The Fabian Society invites the attention of the public to the position to which private ownership of the railways has brought the nation.

One hundred thousand railway operatives complain — some of them of unduly long hours, others of insufficient wages, and others of particular injustices. The Railway Directors, acting strictly within their legal rights, combine among themselves to refuse to their servants the right to combine. The men, also acting on their legal rights, decide to withdraw their services. Neither party is under any obligation to consider the interests of the travelling public, or the misery which a railway strike would bring upon the country. The men depend either on the purchasing power of the railway employees or on the uninterrupted daily working of the railway system.

In the face of such a calamity, the Fabian Society venture to remind the Government and the public that the means of averting it are in their own hands. Reckless as Parliament and the nation have been in aban- doning to private capitalists the country's principal means of internal locomotion, the Government has nevertheless powers and control sufficient to enable it to cope with the present emergency. The Railway Directors themselves actually make these powers an excuse for denying to their employees the ordinary right of combination. That right has long since been conceded in our manufacturing industries to such an extent that capable practical employers now insist on dealing with their workmen through responsible Trade Union officials instead of wasting time by listening to individual complaints made by men who are no more able to state their own case properly than the Railway Directors are to plead their own Private Bills at the Parliamentary Bar.

Fortunately the law, though it cannot compel the Railway Directors to recognise the Trade Union officials, does not leave them idle. Nobody, more than anybody themselves. They must recognise the nation, which is represented in this matter by the President of the Board of Trade. He possesses exact statistics as to the tens of thousands of signalmen, drivers, firemen, guards, and shunters now working ten, twelve, and even sixteen hours a day, and, in the case of the men employed in the shunting yards, being maimed and killed by preventible accidents more frequently than soldiers on active service. He can at once, by a stroke of the pen, order every Railway Company to submit for his approval a revised schedule of working hours for every man now working for more than forty-eight hours per week. He has also an official record of the slaughter among shunters, and can, by another stroke of the pen, require the Companies to fit every truck with improved "either side" brakes, which would save hundreds of men from preventible mutilation and premature death.

This being the constitutional situation, it is clear that if a railway strike is to come it will be at once the Board of Trade (with the Prime Minister and the Cabinet behind it) does not dare to put fully in force those powers of protecting the railway servants and the public from overwork and murder, which Parliament has placed at its disposal. Not only will the ability of the nation to regulate and control the railways under private ownership have demonstrably
Socialistic Forces at Oxford.

A week or two ago we had occasion to note some of the difficulties which must confront any attempt to make the older Universities really national by the introduction into them of members of the working-class in any considerable body. It will not perhaps be out of place to now consider briefly the progress which has already been made towards the democratization of the Oxford atmosphere.

There can be no doubt that the new current in political thought which is beginning to make the old party divisions and the old party game at Westminster a mere anachronism is affecting the undergraduate minds of our older Universities. In other words, Socialism has arrived, and has become a force in Oxford. The feeling that the era of Orthodoxy has emerged from its somewhat anemic condition, and a glance down its card reveals the fact that it now numbers among its members some of the best names in the world of undergraduate politics, and at least two among the most brilliant acquisitions which the Senior Common Rooms have made in recent years. Nietzschean and Shawian enthusiasts are becoming comparatively common phenomena, and the tone which catches the ear of the Union has undergone a manifest change. Mr. F. E. Smith, who is a typical exponent of the old Oxford Union style, plainly wearied the atmosphere of the House of Commons by the new President's chair, some three years back, the race of Oxfordmen who adopted the forceful methods which secured his success at Manchester, never flagged. The President's chair, some three years back, the race of Oxfordmen who adopted the forceful methods which secured his success at Manchester, never flagged. The interest in Mr. Churchill, his opponent of the Union atmosphere.

With regard to Ruskin College and its relations to the University much might be said, but a little must suffice for the present. This institution is not, of course, affiliated in any way with the University, simply a college in Oxford where some fifty members of the working-class are maintained for the most part by their Trade Unions for a year or two years. While the interest in the work of the college is no longer the custom to find a senior member of the Union has undergone a manifest change. Mr. F. E. Smith, who is a typical exponent of the old Oxford Union style, plainly wearied the atmosphere of the House of Commons by the new President's chair, some three years back, the race of Oxfordmen who adopted the forceful methods which secured his success at Manchester, never flagged. The interest in Mr. Churchill, his opponent of the Union atmosphere.

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We have dwelt thus at length on the Oxford Union for the reason that, firstly, its doors being open freely to all who can afford to pay its subscription, the note of earnestness which it was so apparent in the House of Commons as a force in Oxford politics is distinctly more discernible here in the Oxford debates than formerly, as also are the cross divisions. Here, too, since Mr. Temple occupied the President's chair, some three years back, the race of giants seems extinct, and instead there is a wealth of mediocre but really earnest talent which is genuinely interested in social problems. Indeed, the parallels which might be drawn between the change wrought in the atmosphere of the House of Commons by the new movement and those apparent at the Union are striking.

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THE NEW AGE.

Nonconformity Again.
An Apology and an Explanation.

The saying is dark, but true: Let the cobbler stick to his trade, the lawyer to his, and the artist to his. Of this Review, commenting on a sermon of the Rev. R. J. Campbell, I discussed in a somewhat desultory way the relations of Nonconformity and Socialism. My views were in no wise novel, and the artist, moderately and fairly expressed, and for them I seem in some quarters to have given great offence. I am ashamed of that while some former contributions of mine to this Review on economics have been rejected, yet I am not bound to be advised for the future to leave religious subjects alone, seeing that this style and knowledge generally, are quite unfitted to cope with such important topics, and seeing that my opinions are merely frivolous and academic. These criticisms need not detain me long. My critics are not alone in finding fault with my style. I detest it myself, but it is the only style I have. Even so, it possesses one virtue which might with great advantage be imitated by my critics, and even by Nonconformist pastors themselves. It is this: that my style enables me to express exactly what I mean, and enables my readers to understand exactly what I mean. What I said and meant was that the Nonconformists could not fairly be accused of Pharisaism, but that they suffered from a confusion of ideas; and that under a system of competition and desire, that which formerly was held to be a virtue or religion was and would remain totally impossible. And I say it again now. And so far from my interest in this topic being merely academic, it is intensely practical, and much as I might wish, cannot be evaded so long as I retain the use of my five senses.

For the city in which I live is everything that a city really ought not to be; it is just one of those cities which have increased in prosperity and size at the expense of human sense and sagacity which its clumsy critics mistake for foolishness, suggested could best be improved by being incessantly burnt down. It is abominably dirty and hideous. If I were to mention the evils connected with this industrial idyll, Capital is increasing, fortunes are being made, and the fittest are surviving by rapidly leaving it. It contains thousands of human beings of both sexes who are being deprived of the privilege of attaching themselves to a machine, and this being granted, they are paid (like slops, which is the technical term used to denote them) for nothing, and therefore must submit to being employed.
How to Govern India.
A Letter to John Bull.

II.

If I have not already said enough, Sir, I should like to say a little more; for this great subject moves me as no other subject does. I will deal with Land and Agriculture. We must find a way to upset the Bengal Tenancy Act of 1793, a bad system, and worse than the famed but needed "Deportation" Regulation of 1818, which has caused so much fuss lately. The Bengal Settlement was a big blunder, one of the very few that Englishmen have made in India. Of course, Cornwallis acted shamefully, but the Act was passed, and our work is to overcome it. Think of the rich revenues you have lost, Sir, these 115 years, and no one the better for it but the zemindars. That year 1793 is a bad memory. Yet foolish "friends of India" would make us believe they like the Settlement, and say: If the zemindars have gained too much, that is a defect in the Act, not in its principle. They say that the Bengal Tenancy Act of Lord Russel has taken away most of the evils of 1793, and, anyway, that those defects do not belong to permanent Settlement at all, which could have been enacted without giving too much to the landlords, or with Government as landlord. This is sheer digression. So shall we allow the 1793 Tenancy Act to remain? I hope not; likely enough they are friends of these native sedition-mongers. The Bengal Settlement has caused a foolish and wicked waste of revenue and the Secretariat of State must see to its circumscription.

Then, too, Sir, you should see that the Assessments come oftener in provinces without a Permanent Settlement. The rayats like as often as possible to get the chance of a reduction of their rate. It gives them something to hope for. I would advise, Sir, that all assessments be revised uniformly every five years. Then we should know where we are, as we do not at present. And the absurd old village system should be broken up more. Those village councils are only training schools for the debates in the Viceregal Council; there is too much talk and too little work alike in the villages and in the circles round the Viceroy. The villages should not be recognised by the Revenue Officers; each man must personally deliver up his taxes and cease on his conciousn, as they must do in some provinces already. If the Revenue Officer takes the total from the village and not the single tax from the rayat, there is dodgery of all sorts. Perhaps a man cannot pay; the others pay for him; it is immoral. Besides, this old village system teaches the people how to hang together, which the law allows, it is true, but should not, because the final outcome of it is so extremely dangerous to British rule. We have insisted on the native regiments in all parts of the country talking just like Englishmen of "Nationality," "Unity," "Our Country," "The Indian Nation," "Patriotism," "Motherland," and the like, not suitable at all for a country in the stage that India has reached. All this may have come from the village councils, where the people have not only learned to talk, but also to act together, as Oriental people have no right to do, and where the democratic principle in these simple but harmful little "village republics," as someone has called them, has taken root and grown into the dark and spreading deadly nightshade of seditionary patriotism. What right has a native to be a patriot? I have seen it coming on for yr yrs, Sir, and now I can only hope once more that my warnings are not too late. Other measures must be taken to break up the village and clan ideas; they must be uprooted everywhere, even if we tear the country to pieces. Our duty is to separate each rayat from his fellows, so we can get at him and hold him. I cannot imagine a more truly Imperial opportunity than this will afford. And caste itself must be attacked somehow more effectively before we can hope to stop other matters not mentioned from springing up beneath the broad, poisonous principle of "Our Indian Motherland!" Motherland, forsooth! Bahutland!

You will have gathered, Sir, what I would advise as my remedies for the present unrest, but I will now put them together for your convenience:

(1) Close the chief schools and colleges for five years, say.
(2) Forbid public meetings throughout India, and arrest wico two or more Hindus are seen talking together in any public place. If one man be seen or heard talking to himself, be sure it is treason. Let him be taken before a European Magistrate and questioned closely. If a Hindu be seen talking to a Muhammadan send both to the Andamans. This is the most dangerous symptom of all.
(3) Hang Lajpat Rai and Ajit Singh where they are; they are costing us forty rupees a day each alive. This can be saved.
(4) Deport all the native members of the various Councils till the storm is over; they will only talk. These need not be hanged at present, only suspended from their respective posts, or
(5) Give all the agitators plenty of rope and let them hang themselves.
(6) Proclaim the next Indian "National" Congress. Follow Forster and Ballour in Ireland and the District Magistrate in Eastern Bengal, who last year promptly and gallantly arrested that arch-agitator, Bannerganj, when he arrived in Barisal for the Bengal Provincial Conference of nothing of no name. We must not let the names of these fellows do in for those twisted assemblies!; and prohibited that gathering. Make membership of the Congress a penal offence, or else make illegal the present system of electing delegates in local public meetings. Let them be nominated by Government, and appropriate or confiscate, whichever is the most suitable yard, all Congress funds.
(7) Supress all native newspapers, in English or the vernaculars, which are a threat to the British race. There are too many. It is time to be serious. Natives, Sir, are not more to be trusted with newspapers than children with a man-of-war. The Anglo-Indian Press is, of course, an honour to us, but during recent years the native editors seem to have been copying London, New York, and Chicago rather too much. The Yellow Press is quite enough—a Black Press!—good Morley, deliver us!
(8) Stop all famines and plagues at once: they only give the people something to grumble at and the agitators a grievance to agitate themselves with. Let us have in India rather a famine of talk and a plague on Congresses.
(9) Put restrictions on natives travelling from one province to another. If Bengal once sets the Panjab on fire there will be a mighty blaze. If the Maharrattas form a junction with the Bhils there will be a real Mutiny—the 1857 affair will look like a game of polo to it.
(10) Above all, follow the example set by Sir Henry, at least 250,000 men, and ask Japan to be ready for serious work against our terrible Babus, who are burning for a bloody fight. Scheme some other Alliance—perhaps, in case of need, with France or with Turkey. Quietly relieve all native officers of their commissions, and find some reason to station most of the native regiments near the Khaibar Pass, or anywhere else between us and Afghanistan; or they might be sent on another expedition to Tibet, and some to the Sudan, Central Africa, Somaliland, Egypt on some pretext.

Some of these ten points of advice may not be uncompromising enough for the present Secretary of State for India, Sir, but I do not think he will reject any of the Principles of Indian Government—he is great on principles—which I will now lay down in conclusion as principles to be planted in the minds of all the British candidates. Our duty is to separate each rayat from his fellows, so we can get at him and hold him. I cannot imagine a more truly Imperial opportunity than this will afford. And caste itself must be attacked somehow more effectively before we can hope to stop other matters not mentioned from springing up beneath the broad, poisonous principle of "Our Indian Motherland!" Motherland, forsooth! Bahutland!

(H. V. STOREY, (To be continued.)
Charles Dickens as a Socialist.

By **Edwin Pugh**

Part I. Chapter I.

But later on, as a member of the staff of the "Mirror of Parliament" and as a reporter attached to the "Morning Chronicle," he began still further to enlarge his scope as a reporter. And his reporting of public life, evincing a certain comprehensiveness of the political life, but in other far wider and more spacious fields of activity.

The following passages are taken from Forster's "Life of Dickens," and are quoted by him as evidence in a preposterous plea in the old House of Lords, where he used to be huddled together like so many sheep—kept in waiting, according to the manner of vehicle known in this country. I have been, in my time, belated on my road, towards the small hours, early if necessary, in a wheelless carriage with exhausted horses and drunken post-boys, and have got back in time for publication.

And so on. Now it can be said that such experiences as these must infallibly have left an indelible mark on the mind of such an impressed young man as Dickens, serving as nothing else could have done to connect up the line of his memory into one strong unbroken chain and conducing to that warm interest in all political and social matters which it will be shown Dickens evinced in after-life.

Then there is the independent testimony of James Grant, who was himself in the gallery with Dickens, and who states that "among its eighty or ninety reporters he occupied the very highest rank . . . for accuracy in reporting . . . And accuracy in reporting (the present writer himself can vouch) is not to be attained in any perfection by dint of mere verbal dexterity, but in itself argues a certain comprehensive knowledge of the matter reported upon.

Again, there is the testimony of Vincent Dowling, for many years editor of the famous "Bell's Life," to whom Dickens writes "on a Tuesday morning in May, 1835, from Bristol," the occasion that has taken him to the West, connected with a reporting party, being Lord John Russell's Devonshire contest above named.

"He expects to forward the dispatches as soon as the Bath dinner . . ." by Cooper's Company's coach leaving The Bush at half-past six next morning; and by the first Ball's coach on Thursday morning he will forward the report of the Bath dinner. His colleague is to be at Marlborough the Bar next morning. "He is himself to come back by the mail from Marlborough; he has no doubt, if Lord John makes a speech of any ordinary dimensions, it can be done by the time Marlborough is reached."

Here is further proof, if any more be needed, of his prodigious labours along these lines, all going to show how intimately he was in touch with the political possibilities of that time. And lastly—not to labour the point unduly—may be cited that anecdote of his reporting days which tells how the Earl of Derby, when Mr. Stanley, had "on one important occasion . . ." had all the reporters found it necessary greatly to abridge; that its essential points had nevertheless been so well given in the "Chronicle"—"as only shows himself something of a politician could have given them, in fact—" that Mr. Stanley, having need of it for himself in greater detail, had sent a request to the reporter to meet him in Carlton House, where he could hardly have been sent to in the entire speech: that Dickens attended and did the work accordingly, much to Mr. Stanley's satisfaction; and that, on his dining with Mr. Gladstone, a month or two before he died, and finding the room strangely familiar, he discovered afterwards on inquiry that it was there he had taken the speech.

(To be continued.)
Towards Socialism.

VI.

The Meaning of Liberty.

Without something like a definite philosophy of life, it is intellectually impossible to have a definite conception of liberty. One may have prejudices, either or both temperamental and acquired, and thus belong to the throng of the conventioners, who aimlessly and incompetently give a little head and restrict a little liberty there for no other reason than whim, unless it be stupidity. But for anything resembling a lucid attitude towards liberty in general, of a kind of measure in liberty, it is essential that there should first be a philosophy.

In practice one philosophy is as good as another so long as it be definite. For example, it does not matter to your idea of liberty whether you presuppose the end of life to be happiness or goodness or love or intelligence, so long as you presuppose some end. Of course, the quantity and quality of the modes of liberty that follow from the postulated end differ considerably. On the assumption that happiness is the proper aim of life, just so much individual liberty, and of a particular type, can be allowed and so much of another type forbidden. But in every case where the end is defined all the means, including liberty at their head, can be defined as well.

Now the question is, what have we to answer as Socialists—and not merely as Socialists, but as intelligent beings in the twentieth century—is this: what end do we postulate as properly the aim of man? We need not suppose that Nature herself has any aim as far as I can learn, every suggested far-off divine event to which the whole creation is supposed to move has proved in the long run purely personal and idiosyncratic, and not shared by many races, classes, or individuals, so many far-off divine events. It follows, then, that the utmost we can do is to pretend that our end and Nature's end are one and the same thing. In actual fact, there is no end in Nature that we do not give to her. On the other hand, it is manifestly true that there are conceivable ends that are not, as it were, permitted by Nature. Nature in this respect as in so many others, is Jehovistic, and irresistibly true that there are certain conceivable ends that are possible, then, that the utmost we can do is to pretend that our end and Nature's end are one and the same thing. In short, Nature is a kind of circumstance outside which we are not permitted to pass, but within which we are expected to create our own diversions, which we call aims. . . . The senselessness of a particular type, can be allowed and so much of another type forbidden. But in every case where the end is defined all the means, including liberty at their head, can be defined as well.

Lastly, we may frankly admit that we cannot play any game we like, however seriously. With the best will in the world, we cannot become what we are not. There are limiting conditions of unknown extent that say: No to us in innumerable directions. Some we have discovered by experience, some we vaguely guess at, others we have not yet even suspected. But in every human enterprise must be prepared for a seemingly impossible thing. Shall not of Nature. There are, as we say, things natural and things unnatural. In the majority of cases, the unnatural things are merely unconventional or unfamiliar. But, it is to be understood that there are anti-natural things as well. These last are from my standpoint alone immoral, and they are immoral only because they are in the long run impossible. We can, in the latter case, evade the question; but if it be played well, it must be played seriously: and if the end is played for high stakes, even though the receipt or forfeiture is purely imaginary. The postulate, in short, of any serious philosophy is that postulate of high stakes; and since, as we have seen, the stakes offered by Nature are either quite all or, at best, unknown, the duty devolves upon man of setting his own stakes and playing his game accordingly.

I have not taken pains to make myself intelligible to everybody: but my readers at any rate will understand the relation of the foregoing to what now follows. Liberty as the will of the individual, the nation, mankind, to be responsible for itself; to dispense with every divine purpose; to fix its own ends, within the limits imposed by Nature's no purpose; and all for the sake of experience! For to my mind it is inconceivable that man should voluntarily and inwardly propose for himself any other aim than that of the fullest possible personal experience. And this aim is manifestly incompatible with the assumption of a divine purpose, which is not also personal experience. In short, every soul that adventures through life for no other end than experience (guided therein entirely by his greatest pre-existing interest; sex, desire, passion or what not) does, whether he recognizes it or not, play the game of life according to a different from and incompatible with a defined and superimposed purpose other than his own. Such a man, though more strictly bound by his own purpose than most men are by any external divine purpose whatever, and though still limited by the 'Ring Pass Not' of Nature's negative injunctions, is nevertheless free in the only sense in which man can be free. And unless all that is called political, conventional, and other liberty, conduces to this sort of individual freedom, such liberties are of little value, being no more than evolutionary changes in the reproductive process of fate.

(To be continued.)
The Quintessence of Anti-Socialism.

A Final Note on the Great Anti-Socialist Campaign

SOMEONE has sent me a small pamphlet in a chocolate-coloured paper cover inscribed "A Dozen Good Reasons Why the Middle Classes Should Combine to Oppose Socialism." And the document appears to contain the distilled essence of "Daily Expressism," I think I can hardly do better than conclude this series of articles with a brief examination of its contents.

The first reason is set forth as follows:—

Because Socialism is an artificial attempt at "levelling" all classes, and as society at present constituted, this means a "levelling down." I confess that I find some difficulty in following this. The munsuration seems rather mixed. Moreover, what would happen if "levelling" were attempted "as society is at present constituted" may be an interesting problem; but, since Socialism implies a different constitution of society, I do not quite see its application. On the whole, the verdict seems to be against society "as it is at present constituted," rather than against Socialism.

Reason Number Two:—

Because Socialism is the cloak under which those who have nothing seek to despoil all those who have something.

This, of course, is the doctrine of the Class War in its crudest form—quite wrongly and unscientifically stated, but still perfectly recognisable. Yet I have heard Anti-Socialists of this type accuse Socialists of attempting to stir up class hatred and prejudice.

The writer develops his doctrine in the Third Reason:—

Because Socialism, as at present practised, means the exploitation of all classes for the benefit of one class.

This, of course, is a description not of Socialism, but of the "society as at present constituted" which the writer seeks to define. What Socialism really means is the expropriation of the one very small class which lives idly upon the labour of others for the benefit of all who work for the community, whether by brain or hand.

Reason Number Four is a welcome variation, because the writer has contained in it happenings, by some odd oversight, to be quite accurate:—

Because Socialism aims at the complete overthrow of the present social system.

This is very true, but I do not see that it need have any terrors for the middle classes. "The Middle Classes Defence Organisation," which is apparently responsible for this pamphlet, is always telling us that under "the present social system the middle classes are being crushed down and fleeced and are in imminent danger of extinction. And, to an extent, this is true, for, when the governing class is forced to make concessions to the labouring masses, it always makes them at the expense of the middle classes rather than at its own.

In the Fifth Reason the writer leaves the level ground of commonplace, and begins to soar:—

Because Socialism repudiates law, order, religion, and morality, whilst its extreme exponents repudiate humanity itself— with dynamite!

To the charge of repudiating "law, order, religion, and morality" we Socialists are used. But the accusation of using dynamite in the present reform movement is new to me. The image of Mr. Ramsay MacDonald hanging about the lobbies of the House with a bomb in his pocket "crosses my mind"—as the late Lord Salisbury used to say.

Reason Number Six is an old friend:—

Because Socialism aims at abolishing the marriage tie, and advocates what it is pleased to term "free unions!"

I think it is hardly necessary to comment on this. I will deal with it when anyone can show me a single Socialist Society which puts the abolition of marriage in its programme.

So with Reason Number Seven:—

Because Socialism repudiates the "family" as a social unit, and would tear children from their parents, and bring them up in "State Barracks."

Here the same criticism applies, but with increased force. For, though the abolition of legal marriage is no part of Socialism, some Socialists (like many Anti-Socialists) have advocated it, while I do not believe that any Socialist outside an asylum advocates the "State Barracks" doctrine.

Reason Number Eight:—

Because Socialism means the abolition of all private property, beginning with land and ending with labour.

Socialism certainly means the abolition of private property in land, and the consequent liberation of both middle and working classes from the control of the land-owning class. What the writer means by the abolition of private property in labour I don't quite know. At present the working class and an ever-increasing section of the middle class have no real property in their own labour, since they are always obliged to sell it for their keep to the monopolists of land and capital, who can, if they choose, forbid them the right to earn a living at all.

Reason Number Nine is another old friend:—

Because Socialism is based on the self-evident falsehood that all men are born equal or can be forcibly made so.

Of course, Socialism is not based on anything of the sort. It is based upon the principle that every citizen of a free State should be equal as regards his citizenship, and it adds the rider that this cannot be, so long as some are dependent upon others for permission to live.

In the Tenth Reason our author returns to generalities:—

Because Socialism in operation would be the most dire tyranny it is possible for man to conceive.

I do not know how this statement is to be reconciled with the assertion in Reason Five that Socialism "repudiates law, order, etc." Socialism cannot be Anarchy and Despotism at the same time.

Reason Number Eleven:—

Because Socialism denies all personal liberty of action and freedom of Contract or Labour.

It is remarkable how anxious we are about other people's liberty. But in this case there is no danger. Any contracts entered into under Socialism will be free contracts. They will not be contracts entered into with the rope of starvation round the neck of one party and in the hand of the other.

Reason Number Twelve sums up the whole with delightful inconsistency:—

Because Socialism aims at the impossible, and in its attempts to achieve it will stick at nothing and spread ruin broadcast.

Well, if Socialism is impossible, we needn't bother about it.

This closes my series. After the privilege of commencing with the mind of the author of these "Dozen Good Reasons" it would be presumptuous to turn to the criticism of lesser spirits. But next week I hope to begin an examination of some of the arguments against Socialism which can be offered by and to intelligent men. For there is a case against Socialism, and if the anti-Socialists will not state it, I must state it myself.

Cecil Chesterton.
Absenteeism and Tariff Reform.

By Bernard Shaw.

Last week I established two important points. First, that our landed, anti-Socialist system driven my capital out of the country, just as it has for years driven millions of other people's capital out of it. So, even if we admit that Socialism would drive capital out of the country, it is easy as between Socialism and Anti-Socialism. Second, the imports which represent the interest on my foreign capital are not balanced by any exports, except the original export of my capital sunk out to the San Paulo Railway a brace of locomotives or a few thousand tons of Welsh coal to start with; but that contribution is large since consumed and done with, whereas the revenue from it is being continually produced by the daily renewed labour of the inhabitants of San Paulo, and is being exported to England and handed over to me and my fellow-shareholders without any daily renewal of production on our part. Thus the Manchester school and its Free Trade optimism has no locus standi in my case, because my case is a case of imports in excess of exports; that is, unearned imports.

It is a conceivable thing that the entire country, in the ordinary Manchester course of free exportation of capital, should finally become a country of absentees, without any productive industry whatever. This phenomenon already exists in our own area. I have shares in Brunner, Mond and Company. I do not know where their works are or what they work at; and, speaking as a private person, I do not want to know. Among the effects of that are: first, that they remain insolvent. When I go to Barmouth or to Bournemouth, I am not only an absentee as regards the dominion of Brunner, Mond and Company, but I am practically one of a whole community of absentees and their parasites. The Isle of Wright, the Principality of Monaco, are examples of absentee communities: they absorb and consume: they produce nothing, not even amusement for one another; for their efforts in that direction end, on the whole, in boredom, so that they are obliged to hire professional entertainers to make life endurable. They appear to give employment to these entertainers and tradesmen; but clearly it is the Messrs. Brunner, Mond and Company and the labourers and organisers of South America and other places who give that employment. The absentees only intercept a good deal of it. They see that the discouragement of foreign investments is a division of the world into East End nations and West End Nations. They see that the logical consummation of Socialism, or Anti-Socialism, or Christianity, or decency, or honesty, or anything else that is capable of a logical consummation. They see that as the consummation of Manchester Capitalism the thing is a division of the town into an East End and a West End; so the consummation of Manchester Capitalism in the World is a division of the world into East End nations and West End Nations. They are ready to snatch at anything short of downright Socialism that promises to checkmate this; and so it is with the Tariff Reform, they will probably try it before they allow us to convince them that Socialism is the only real alternative to Industrial Individualism. However zealous a Free Trader you are, you cannot get out of the fact that if all imports were taxed, that taxation would act finally as an additional income-tax on my revenue from foreign investments, and would give me a solid reason for preferring English investments to foreign ones, instead of, as at present, preferring foreign investments to English ones. In vain will the Cobden Club demonstrate that this is an error, because the consuming would pay a lot more. I reply that I myself am the consumer of my own dividend.

And if this is too subtle for the rough and ready economists of the Club, they will at least admit that you cannot raise your prices without restricting your market, and you cannot restrict your market without affecting your profits. If Tariff Reform would not damage me it would not damage anybody; and then what would become of all the arguments against it? If Free Trade does not benefit me, it does not benefit anybody, and then what becomes of the arguments in its favour?

The Socialists, of course, regard the Tariff Reform remedy for absenteeism as burning down the house to roast the pig. To us it is a conceivable thing that the entire country, in the ordinary Manchester course of free exportation of capital, should finally become a country of absentees, without any productive industry whatever. This phenomenon already exists in our own area. I have shares in Brunner, Mond and Company. I do not know where their works are or what they work at; and, speaking as a private person, I do not want to know. Among the effects of that are: first, that they remain insolvent. When I go to Barmouth or to Bournemouth, I am not only an absentee as regards the dominion of Brunner, Mond and Company, but I am practically one of a whole community of absentees and their parasites. The Isle of Wright, the Principality of Monaco, are examples of absentee communities: they absorb and consume: they produce nothing, not even amusement for one another; for their efforts in that direction end, on the whole, in boredom, so that they are obliged to hire professional entertainers to make life endurable. They appear to give employment to these entertainers and tradesmen; but clearly it is the Messrs. Brunner, Mond and Company and the labourers and organisers of South America and other places who give that employment. The absentees only intercept a good deal of it. They see that the discouragement of foreign investments is a division of the world into East End nations and West End Nations. They see that the logical consummation of Socialism, or Anti-Socialism, or Christianity, or decency, or honesty, or anything else that is capable of a logical consummation. They see that as the consummation of Manchester Capitalism the thing is a division of the town into an East End and a West End; so the consummation of Manchester Capitalism in the World is a division of the world into East End nations and West End Nations. They are ready to snatch at anything short of downright Socialism that promises to checkmate this; and so it is with the Tariff Reform, they will probably try it before they allow us to convince them that Socialism is the only real alternative to Industrial Individualism. However zealous a Free Trader you are, you cannot get out of the fact that if all imports were taxed, that taxation would act finally as an additional income-tax on my revenue from foreign investments, and would give me a solid reason for preferring English investments to foreign ones, instead of, as at present, preferring foreign investments to English ones. In vain will the Cobden Club demonstrate that this is an error, because the consuming would pay a lot more. I reply that I myself am the consumer of my own dividend.

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And if this is too subtle for the rough and ready economists of the Club, they will at least admit that you cannot raise your prices without restricting your market, and you cannot restrict your market without affecting your profits. If Tariff Reform would not damage me it would not damage anybody; and then what would become of all the arguments against it? If Free Trade does not benefit me, it does not benefit anybody, and then what becomes of the arguments in its favour?
MR. TROWBRIDGE'S WORK OF PRAGMATIC STATESMENSHIP WAS LIMITED TO THAT DONE IN HIS CAPACITY AS REPORTER ON FOREIGN AFFAIRS, WHICH WE HAVE ALREADY ALLUDED TO. IT IS IMPOSSIBLE IN THE SPACE AT OUR COMMAND TO GIVE ANY IDEA OF THE WORK ENTAILED, OR OF THE MAGIC SPELL WHICH MIRABEAU'S ORATORY CAST OVER HIS HEARERS. TO APPRECIATE THE LATTER THE SPEECHES IN M. AUCLAIR'S WHICH THE SELECTION GIVEN BY MR. MORSE STEPHENS MAY BE STUDIED, AND WILL WELL REPAY THE STUDENT OF MIRABEAU WHO WILL TAKE THE TROUBLE TO REFER TO THEM. IT IS ONLY, WE REPEAT, FROM A CAREFUL STUDY OF THIS PORTION OF HIS CAREER THAT A JUST ESTIMATE OF HIS POWERS AND SERIOUS PATRIOTISM CAN BE FORMED.

TO MR. TROWBRIDGE'S WORK, WE MAY SAY AT ONCE IN EXTENUATION OF WHAT WE HAVE CHOSEN TO REGARD AS ITS FAULT, THAT PERHAPS IT WAS MEANT RATHER FOR THE BOUDOIR THAN FOR SERIOUS STUDENTS OF HISTORY. AND YET SUCH A VIEW WOULD SEEM AN UNJUST ONE IN MANY WAYS. MIRABEAU'S AMOROUS ADVENTURES ARE SO WELL AND JUSTLY SET OUT THAT WE DO NOT THINK THEY CAN BE FORMED.

WE SPEAK UNDER CORRECTION.

MR. TROWBRIDGE'S STYLE IS CLEAR AND NATURAL, ALTHOUGH IT LACKS A LITTLE IN VIVIDNESS. SUCH ADVERBS AS "ANIMATEDLY" AND "AGITATEDLY" MIGHT PERHAPS BE AVOIDED.

Pages 26, 148, 279, and 314 EACH CONTAIN A DOLENOUSLY, SCARCELY INTELLIGIBLE SENTENCE. ON PAGE 334 MIRABEAU IS MADE TO SAY: "AND WHETHER IT WAS ME OR ANOTHER." THE FORM "MADMOISELLE" IS SURELY NOT GOOD FRENCH? WE SPEAK UNDER CORRECTION.

FINALLY, THE VOLUME IS VERY HANDSOMELY PREPARED, AND DOES THE PRINTERS AND BINDERS GREAT CREDIT. THE REPRODUCTIONS OF OLD PRINTS OF REVOLUTIONARY SCENES ARE EXCELLENTLY DONE, AND ALTOGETHER THE BOOK SHOULD MAKE A VERY ATTRACTIVE PRESENT AND SERVE TO PASS MANY PLEASANT HOURS.

MR. TROWBRIDGE'S WORK, WE MAY SAY AT ONCE IN EXTENUATION OF WHAT WE HAVE CHOSEN TO REGARD AS ITS FAULT, THAT PERHAPS IT WAS MEANT RATHER FOR THE BOUDOIR THAN FOR SERIOUS STUDENTS OF HISTORY. AND YET SUCH A VIEW WOULD SEEM AN UNJUST ONE IN MANY WAYS. MIRABEAU'S AMOROUS ADVENTURES ARE SO WELL AND JUSTLY SET OUT THAT WE DO NOT THINK THEY CAN BE FORMED.

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A BOOK OF SAINTS AND WONDERS. By Lady Gregory (John Murray. 5s net.)

Three books of Saints and three of Wonders. Bright, the Mary of the Gael. Columcille, the friend of the angels of God, and of the Blessed Patrick. His voyages and the beautiful book of wonders make up the latest volume Lady Gregory has collected from the old writings and memory of the people of Ireland. Far the most striking part of the history of these early months is one of the gradual growth, in the teeth of tremendous obstacles, of Mirabeau's parliamentary influence.
tains a beautiful cosmogony telling how in the old time people were to be looking round at the world, but it was all like a dream; . . . until the time as Philip the Apostle told the whole story . . . .

of the great gathering in the east of the world." He tells us that around the earth are the seven seas and the three seas, and the four wells, and the four precious stones and the four trees that have a life like angels, and the four strange races and the valley of pain, and the journey of the sun through the twelve plains that are under the body of the earth, which reads for all the world like the old Theban Egyptian Book called the Book of the Journeys of Ra through the underworld. But passing these lapses, there are several really effective descriptive passages, showing that Mr. Scott has been most properly moved by the spectacle of Mersey Dock birds, one of the most beautiful passages in the Revelation of Philip. It runs as follows:—

The birds of the island of Naboth, it is a pleasant work they are doing; they give a welcome to the heat and to the colours of the summer; at midnight they awake and sing the sweet string music; there never was seen upon the floor of the world any colour that is not upon their wings.

The birds of Sabae, their wings shine in the night-time like candles of fire; sickness is turned to health under the shadow of their wings; and if they fall into a sleep of darkness it is only a cold time of the winter; at the first of the summer they awake. They sing in their sleep a high pleasant song, that is like the thunder of wind.

The birds of Abiss in the east between Africa and the sky, their feathers have lasted on them from the very beginning of the world; there is not one bird among them; there is no increase in their numbers. The sweet smell of the flowers, the taste of the seven wine-rivers of the plain whereas the King of Kings is dwelling, that is their lasting food.

If men could but hear these birds without fault giving out their pleasant singing, and ever to part with that music again, we should have frett's about it.

There is a lovely song called the song of the Old Woman of Beare, crying out in lament for her old age:

The summer of youth which we ever have been spent with its harvest; winter age that shows everyone, its beginning has come upon me.

Amen, great is the pity: every acorn has to dry. After bearing with shining candies to be in the darkness of a prayer house!

I once was living with kings, drinking mead and wine: to-day I am drinking whey-water among withered old women.

Such a passage can take its place among the immortal passages of the greatest literature. On the whole, however, the book is not so stirring as the same translator's "The Story of the New England Indians," with its real tragic tale of the extermination of the aboriginal race, and its sad picture of the dying Beare, where the cold time is the only hermitage of the old woman. The book is excellent.


If Mr. Dixon Scott had observed Liverpool as carefully as Mr. Hamilton Hay has, this book would have been irresistible. As it stands, it is most unequal. In fact, the balance is so much in favour of the painter as to throw the writer quite out of perspective. This is a pity, because Mr. Scott's prose is not hopeless; on the other hand, to over-dry -- to the general format of the volume is good, and the process of eliminations makes the book less of the ordinary type, though his economy take him no further than a fatalistic belief in the inevitability of that casual labour which is so fruitful a source of the typical poverty of Liverpool. As for Mr. J. Hamilton Hay's share in the volume, we have nothing but praise.

His pictures are with the best of the many admirable "colour books" issued by Messrs. Black. These drawings are alone worth the money asked for the volume. No other painter has caught the spirit and colour of Liverpool as Mr. Hay has done. Of the twenty-five full-page Illustrations, fully half are little masterpieces of delicate colouring and subtle drawing. If we were to make a choice, the "Black Dock" might take first place. It is followed by the "Herculaneum Dock," with its fine treatment of cranes, masts, and electric light standards, and "The Little Shop in Mount Pleasant," with its luminous water-colours and the gay "Park Lane" scene. But passing these lapses, there are several really effective descriptive passages, showing that Mr. Scott has been most properly moved by the spectacle of Mersey Dock birds, one of the most beautiful passages in the Revelation of Philip. It runs as follows:—

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There are one or two things we find to criticise. On page 37 it is stated that Lagrange, in 1776, completing Laplace's investigations, and including all the terms of the mathematical expressions involved, established the important result that all the planetary perturbations are periodic, thus proving the stability of the solar system.

This is, of course, Lagrange's celebrated theorem de l'invariance de grandes axes, which is only true for the first approximation, and is made of Poisson's extension of the theorem to the second approximation, or of the great efforts made to prove the theorem general, efforts which M. Sulpiz-Haretu put an end to in 1824, by showing that non-periodic terms are found if the approximation be pushed far enough. In connection with Dynamical Astronomy, we regret to find no mention made of Hamilton's great name. Again, the account given of the Planetary Hypothesis is very good, but why "Moulton and Chamberlin" and not "Chamberlin and Moulton"? The former must surely be considered as the originator. The author seems of opinion that this Planetary Hypothesis is destined to take the place of Kant's and Laplace's Nebular Hypothesis as an explanation of the origin of the solar system, to which we incline. But why, with regard to the Nebular Hypothesis, does the author—like most scientists—refuse to take account of Kant, after all, anticipated Laplace almost completely in the more essential points. (Can it be because he was a metaphysician?)

THE NOVEMBER MAGAZINES.

The "Fortnightly" for November is distinctly the best of the Reviews in point of brightness. Mr. Colquhoun is given the place of honour with an article on the Emperor of Austria, which in its last paragraphs still shows clearly that it was prepared to celebrate that monarch's demise Mr. Zimmern, one of New College, Oxford, makes some penetrating comments on the Rector of Exeter's article on the subject of Oxford Reform, published last month. He says:--"Hart Hall, Manchester, and the new Warting Hall at Reading, while adopting the residential system in vogue at Oxford, can yet afford, with the help of endowments, to make an inclusive scholarship system are made to correspond with the education given in the secondary schools all over the country.

Mr. St. John Hankin has a bright idea for making the training of the future clergy full of happy gains and spiritual humour—really sometimes we could have closed eyes and thought we were listening to Mr. Shaw talking—

In an article full of happy quips and shillings they will give a dress circle seat for 'The Return of the Prodigal,' and the problem will be solved. Finally, Mr. Laurence Jarrold on the subject of Socialism in France deserves mention. His theme is that Socialism is a power in French politics but not in French life, and its consequences as to the future of the Socialist ideal across the Channel are very interesting. The Unified Socialism movement is, he says, estranged from the men who are creating the ideas of to-morrow. These put man first and society last, and although the statute tradition may tend to draw France towards a system of State Socialism, on the other hand there is the rock-like steadiness of French life to be reckoned with, or possibly the "Shavian humour" of French politics. The French instinct of acquisitiveness and proprietorship will always bear a lion in the path of the social ideal.

Mr. Gladstone said in 1878:--"Mr. G. W. E. Russell tells us that the soul of the public mind which the Editor of the 'Nineteenth Century' guides his contributors, usually draws them thitherwhereover he will." All we can say is we hope he may never will to draw them exactly where he has done them all this month. For the November number is dull. Mr. Cairns has something to say on the subject of the House of Lords. Mr. W. E. Addis on the subject of the Empire. Mr. Russell discusses Disestablishment in the light of the Church Congress at Yarmouth. There are two Indian articles and a number dealing with such problems as the current state of the Village School, the County Council, and the Library, the Training of Midwives and Foreign Remedies for English Poor-Law Debts (the latter a very suggestive paper). There is, however, a single reference to any problem of Foreign Politics, although much has been happening abroad in the last six weeks, and the number is disappointing. Mr. J. A. Spender on Mr. Shaw's prefaces in the volume containing "John Bull's Other Island? and Major Barbaresque, is of great interest, especially as political criticism of Mr. Shaw, who makes his political appeal largely through the drama, is now comparatively rare. Mr. Spender repeats the suggestion that Drouetism is a typical middle-class Liberal: he is, he says, "rather the literary man's idea of what a middle-class Liberal ought to be." His advice to Mr. Shaw is contained in the phrase: "Let us sooner or later get some sort of concession in avoiding superstition, there is also a cant of anticlass, and a worse kind of illusion which may come from a too desperate effort to avoid illusion. Mr. Shaw's realism is the isolation and abstraction of single factors which lose their reality when dissociated from other factors equally real. Poverty is a great evil. It is going to be cured by a gradual humanising of rich and poor. . . . and by the doing of such things as the cultivation of a more sensitive conscience about the making of money."

The "Contemporary," like the "Fortnightly" and the "National," has its Oxford article (why is it always Oxford, and never Cambridge?), and also a contribution by the Rev. W. E. Addis on the subject of the Encyclopaedia. Perhaps the most important feature of the November number is the first of two articles by Professor Henry Jones in which he takes up the cudgels on behalf of Idealism in the political sphere against Mr. Hobhouse's attack. This is perhaps the most important article in the number, for it is the first of two articles by Professor Henry Jones in which he takes up the cudgels on behalf of Idealism in the political sphere against Mr. Hobhouse's attack. Perhaps the most important feature of the November number is the first of two articles by Professor Henry Jones in which he takes up the cudgels on behalf of Idealism in the political sphere against Mr. Hobhouse's attack. Perhaps the most important feature of the November number is the first of two articles by Professor Henry Jones in which he takes up the cudgels on behalf of Idealism in the political sphere against Mr. Hobhouse's attack.

"WHAT WOULD SOCIALISM DO WITH ALCIBIADES?"

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The "National Review" for November is perhaps not quite up to the usual standard. The Editor's notes are, as always, penetrating and capable. On the subject of Socialism he quotes with approval Mr. Ariford Pickersgill's article which maintained that for the realisation of the Marxian ideal all men will have to become "living exponents of an ethical code at least equal to that inculcated by the Sermon on the Mount." The Editor adds that although Mr. Keir Hardie maintains that Socialism is only a variant of Christianity, Mr. Hardie does not make much progress towards realising his lofty ideal. This is surely hitting below the belt and hardly, we think, worthy of Mr. Maxse. The "Contemporary" and the "National Review" are unanimous in condemning the Bishop of Carlisle has a word to say on the Church and the Nation.

In the "Fleet Street," Mr. Lowes Dickinson is impelled by the Anti-militarist movement and the Hague debacle to a philosophic consideration of his own real ideas on the subject of peace and war. He states the case of the Germans and other sublime virtues nourished by the best military atmosphere, and then does the same for the peace ideal, his object being "to clear minds of the illusion to which this question a peculiarly thick cloud. . . . If we can con-
BOOKS RECEIVED.

"The Gospel of Grace." By J. D. Jones. M.A., B.D. (James Clarke. 3s. 6d. net.)

"A Working Woman's Life." By Harriett A. Arabin. (James Clarke. 3s. 6d. net.)

"The Spirit of the People." By Ford Madox Hesper. (Alston Rivers. 6s. net.)

"The Prodigy Book of Tales." Written and pictured by Lena and Norman Ault. (E. Grant Richards. 2s. 6d. net.)

"Rodin." By Frederick Lawton. (E. Grant Richards. 2s. 6d. net.)

"A Book of Saints and Wonders." By Lady Gregory. (Murray. 2s. net.)

"Vergil's "Eneid." Three Studies by R. Major, W. Warde Fowler, and K. S. Conway. (Murray. 2s. 6d. net.)

"Over-Sea Britain." By George Madden. (Methuen. 1os. 6d. net.)

"In Memoriam -- Saladin." By Lord Ronaldshay. (Maunsel. 3s. 6d.)

"My Double Life." Memoirs of Sarah Bernhardt. (Heinemann. 3s. 6d.)

"New Theology." By James W. Marston. (A. Owen and Co. 10s. net.)

"New Worlds for Old." By H. C. Baring. (New English Library. 6d.)

"Deuteronomy and Joshua." By H. Wheeler Robinson. (M.A. The Century Bible. 15s. net.)

"The Mission of the Cross." By L. B. St. John Hope. (Brockhampton. 3s. 6d.)

"The Charm of London." By Alfred H. Hyatt. (Chatto and Windus. 2s. 6d.)

"The Prayer Book." By Ford Madox Hesper. (E. Grant Richards. 2s. 6d. net.)

"Pamphlets, etc. -- 'Clericalism and Education in Ireland.' " Part I. By J. H. D. Miller. (Maunsel. 15s. net.)

"The Podgy Book of Tales." Written and pictured by Lena and Norman Ault. (E. Grant Richards. 2s. 6d. net.)

"The Ghosts of Piccadilly." By G. S. Street. (Constable. 10s. 6d. net.)

"The Power of Concentration." By Eustace Senhouse. (Murray. 1os. 6d.)

"Spiritual and Ascetic Letters of Savonarola." Ed. by D. D. (Mowbray. 15s. net.)

"The Mission of the Cross." By L. B. St. John Hope. (Brockhampton. 3s. 6d.)

"A Working Woman's Life." By Harriett A. Arabin. (James Clarke. 3s. 6d. net.)

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their career is begun, or if they persist, find their reward in disappointment and broken fortunes. The theatre at present is a very hot-bed of mediocrity; all things within its sphere are damaged by the fact that the big valuable hits are not allowed to enter. Dramatists are mediocre because those who dare be anything else dare not be dramatists; managers are mediocre because the profession of gambling for money with prudence or glitter for the sake does not attract others; and actors and actresses are mediocre because they never get a chance of sufficient training.

L. Haden Guest.

The I.O.P., with some further remarks on the Confusion of Art.

I went to the Institute of Oil Painters to see the beautiful decorative work of Mr. Cayley Robinson. Now I do not wish for a moment to suggest that there are no other pictures of equal, perhaps of greater, merit. The exhibition this autumn, though as usual overcrowded with commonplace stuff, cheap work that is either unconsciously or deliberately futile, has a few pictures of a very high standard. Three distinguished honorary members, Sir James Guthrie, Sir George Reid, and Mr. Sargent, all exhibit pictures—two are fine portraits, one a superb landscape—and these alone go far to get rid of the incubus of art trash. A new member, Mr. Charles Sims, has three pictures which I, as a critic, find clever as he always is in his two studies—a "Art Critic" and a "Fishwife." The best of the exhibition is in its landscapes, and in this department Mr. George Reid and Wetherbee has given us a sunlit scene of every-day sentiment; very beautiful, too, is his small landscape entitled "A Little Pastoral."

But I do not want to speak of these pictures. The art of Mr. Cayley Robinson is so distinctive, so delicately different, apart, that there is fear of our pleasure being lost by viewing pictures of more vivid hues and starting themes. His two pictures—"Dawn: The Little Child Found" and "Youth,"—were not painted for exhibition purposes. They seem to be in their present position by a grave error, and they suffer from the juxtaposition of other, and uncongenial, canvasses. What words away they are from the modern types of pictures which jostle them, with their insistent theories, crude literalism, and multifarious triviality of themes. These panels of severe lines, flat tones, and delicate, low keys of colours ought to be part of the mural decorations of some new temple of worship.

I shall not try to describe the pictures, for it seems hopeless what they express in their exhibition under the title of "The Confusion of Art." Now, this naturally brings me back to the thoughts which prompted me to write. For, in the past, the science in the planning of the designs, the reserve and refinement—it is really the filling of a space with beautiful things beautifully wrought. Nor shall I attempt to discuss whether or not in this painting to-day in a manner which recalls the fresco painters of the thirteenth century, is a retrograde movement in art: though I might well point out how paltry is the conception of advance that seeks always in its expression for something starting, something new. What I want to speak of is the decorative purpose which this art expresses. There is one point I must make clear. These pictures may mean little or much to the spectator—that will depend on his temperament, but they look beautiful things!

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A genuine high-class beverage of absolute purity, having the greatest strength and finest flavour.

Made under ideal conditions of labour in an English Factory amidst a pure and healthful surrounding where the well-being of the workers receives the constant care of the firm.
am asked (by Mr. Aylmer Maude in your issue of September 26): What I mean by art, and if I consider a factory chimney as much art as Westminster Abbey. And because I say that art concerns itself with ugliness as well as with beauty, I am accused of wishing to decorate my home with ugliness, and am invited to ask Socialists to come to view it! But what is more serious—for such juggling with my meaning may be laid to answer itself—is the statement of another correspondent, Mrs. Townsend, who bewails "the impotence of my conclusion," and calls upon God to forbid that great painters "should serve the Socialist State of the future in the capacity of wall-decorators."

My critic speaks of (Velasquez) and of the exquisite art of this painter. I can claim a special knowledge. I would assure her that it was just in this capacity of wall-decorator that Velasquez served the Court of Philip IV. of Spain. This unerring remembrance of the purpose of his art, directed not only the shape, the size, and the composition of his pictures, but the actual manner of their painting. Take one instance; in the pictures of his second period, the incomparable battle-scene of La Lanzadera, the great series of portraits, the three portraits of hunters, and the hunting scenes, we find noer brush-work, an increased vivacity of colour, and greater transition of tone, with more demonstrative action in the figures, as was suitable in the pictures destined, as these were, to decorate the wall-spaces in the King's new palace of pleasure, the Buen Retiro, and in his hunting lodge, the Torre de la Parada, in the deer park of El Pardo.

But what follows? Why this; that having fulfilled perfectly the purposes of decoration which called them into existence, the pictures, therefore, live to-day by virtue of their visible art, i.e., how they look.

And here I reach again the point of difference between myself and my critics; they want pictures to mean something. I want them to look something. Let me not be misunderstood. I do not intend to say that giving a meaning and attributes of inspiration to a picture hurts its art. Indeed, it helps the picture to mean something. But the significance of such meanings changes from age to age, from person to person; few pictures mean the same to us as they did to the generation for whom they were painted. But the art in the pictures lives—the beautiful and the fitting things which they look. And it is the deathless spirit of art which is our real quest.

C. GASQUOINE HARTLEY.

MUSIC.

Pan and the Pianist.

Quite the most important new thing performed recently was the Symphonic Montagnarde of Vincent d'Indy. The annual Promenades are, of course, the only concerts where one hears much that is worth hearing, and during the concluding week there were performed a Piano Concerto by Fritz Delius, a Poème for Violoncello by Victor Vreuls, an Overture "Karelia" by Sibelius, and a Comedy Overture by Mr. Hamilton Harty. Of Delius many people speak highly, but his works are performed rarely in England—although he is a native—and I have not heard any of them. M. Vreuls's work I did hear, and was not unimpressed, although admirably played by M. Jacques Renard. Of Mr. Harty's work I know very little, and that little I do not in any way admire. "Karelia," the Overture of Sibelius, which was heard in England for the first time, is a characteristic piece of writing, better than the Violin Concerto heard a few weeks ago, but it lacks the cohesion of idea one feels in "Finlandia"—that synthetic cohesion which one seeks and finds in the best art. But it is of d'Indy's Symphonic that I feel most anxious to say something enthusiastically, even something unscientific. For his music is of that order which makes people say or think, not quite extravagant things, but queer things. Technically he has all the equipment of the advanced musician, and he uses his knowledge of materials like a skilled workman. I had, however, a curious feeling that with all his scholarlyunction and circumspect morality there was just a suggestion of something perverse and un-

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usual in his music. I should hardly say this, perhaps, for it is a kind of secret thought at the back of my mind. But when by D'Indy's magic one is transported on some summit of some remote mountain, and hears, through all the soughing of the wind among the trees, the tinkling of a piano close at hand, one is reminded of Aubrey Beardsley's drawing of a charming pensive girl who, with one hand on her waist and the other on her head, looks back at some figure like a demon on a morrow. I would almost say outraged. Yet when there is a programme given with the score of some wistful evasive echo from the pipes of Pan, a kind of meander of music into the melody of the piano in such a way that one's sensibilities are set on edge, I would almost say outraged.

Now that I have written this I feel rather different about writing it to press, it is incoherent. I am afraid, but so is the music. One does not want to know exactly how many trees there are in Cheyne Walk or the particular height of Mont Blanc. Likewise, it would be an unnecessary piece of foolishness to ask M. D'Indy for his "programme." For of course, "programme music" is just a kind; it is just to label a musical composition "abstract" in specious contradiction to "programme music." I don't think it is possible for music to become more definite than it is in Haydn's "Toy Symphony" or Strauss' "Tiefling," and I admit these into both categories; and yet when there is a programme given with the score of modern music it immediately ceases to be abstract. Personally I hate all these "programmes"; a title is all I would add, some name by which one would know it again. The absence of the composer's explanatory programme obviously cannot make the music (if it is good music) mean nothing, any more than Mr. Frank Bridges' suggestive detailed explanation of his absurd symphonic poem "Isabella" can make it appear as good or important music. As a matter of fact, all programme music is one kind; and music will never be less programme or more abstract than it is to-day.

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MR. H. G. WELLS AND AN ANTI-SOCIALIST PAMPHLET.

TO THE EDITORS OF "THE NEW AGE."

I see that Mr. Bottomley has written to prove his good faith in the matter of the forged quotation of which I complained. The forgery, he states, was due to an accidental displacement of the inverted commas. The value of his good faith, however, may be better gauged by my restoring the immediate context of his quotation:—

"Essentially the Socialist position is a denial of property in human beings; not only must land and the means of production be held as of little merit, but a share of the produce of the labor of all, distributed, to the general injury and inconvenience, but women and children, and the means of production are the possessions of a few who should cease to be owned. Socialism indeed proposes to abolish altogether the patriarchal family amidst whose things one man goes on to say..."

"...also what Mr. Blatchford replies:—

"Yes; I say all those things."

UTUARITARIANISM AN AFFIRMATIVE FAITH. "UNITARIAN CHRISTIANITY EXPLAINED" (Armsworth). "UNITARIAN CHRISTIANITY EXPLAINED" (Armstrong). "UNITARIAN CHRISTIANITY EXPLAINED" (Stopford Brooks; Owen). "UNITARIANISM AN AFFIRMATIVE FAITH." "UNITARIAN CHRISTIANITY EXPLAINED." "UNITARIAN CHRISTIANITY EXPLAINED."


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THE NEW AGE. NOVEMBER 7, 1907

Ere to work you daily trot
Drink some OXO piping hot.
The argument against punishment may therefore be put into syllogistic form thus:

(a) (Utilising a sentence from Mr. John M. Robertson's "Modern Humanists":) "Clearly, in terms of Materialism, all our thoughts and actions are the outcome of all our antecedents, and it is literally true that what we do we cannot help doing."

(b) (In Mill's words, quoted above): "It is unjust to punish any one for what he cannot help." (c) Therefore, it is unjust to punish any one for anything.

I agree that what is expressed in each of the two premisses is true; but I deny that the conclusion (c) follows. I deny on the ground that the phrase "cannot help," in the one premiss, is used in a different sense from that of the same phrase in the other premiss. When we say it is unjust to punish any one for what he cannot help, we use the phrase in its every-day sense, which implies blamelessness for an injurious act by virtue of its implying that the act was an intentional. "He couldn't help it" is merely another way of saying "he didn't intend to do it"; and Mill's "admitted principles" is neither more nor less than the principle that it is unjust to punish any one for an act that was unintentional, but when the Determinist, speaking of human action universally, says, in the words of the other premiss, "it is literally true that what we do we cannot help doing," is he using the phrase in the same sense? If so, his proposition is exactly equivalent to saying "it is literally true that all acts are unintentional," which is only one step from the sublimine. But if the Determinist's "cannot help" is used as above, and it is literally true that all acts are unintentional, then there is no logical connection whatever between the two premisses, and hence no argument at all. Only these two interpretations of the argument are possible, and they are the two horns of a dilemma. When the anti-punishment advocate argues that the criminal is no worse than the criminal, his misdeeds than the consumptive for his ill-health, because, since "all our thoughts and actions are the outcome of all our antecedents," it is literally true that he cannot help committing them," this phrase "cannot help" either is, or it is not, of courses used in the other premiss. When we say it is unjust to punish any one for an injurious act by virtue of his proving that the act was an intentional. If the opponent of punishment is using it in this sense, he is asserting the absurd proposition that all crime is unintentional. If, on the other hand, he is not using the phrase in its ordinary sense, implying exoneration from blame for an injurious act because it was an unintentional act. If the opponent of punishment is using it in this sense, he is asserting the absurd proposition that all crime is unintentional. If, on the other hand, he is not using the phrase in the same sense, then it does not imply blamlessness at all, and the whole argument falls to pieces.

RUSSELL THOMPSON.

[Is not "intention" also an outcome of our antecedents?—

"SOCIALISM AND ART."

TO THE EDITORS OF "THE NEW AGE."

In your notice of Mr. Squire's pamphlet, "Socialism and Art," in your journal for October 31st, the writer contrives to say little, while he successfully maintains the drift of his argument. When or where did I dispute the truth "that artists were born, not made," or that artistic work did not imply leisure, and faculties? Surely a man who has given the best years of his life, and still gives the greater part of his time, to art is the last to undervalue its cultivation. I expressly say that it takes a lifetime to produce a work of art, and that I am in entire accord with Mr. Squire and believe art to be an "irrepressible instinct. The misunderstanding probably arose out of the use of the word "leisure." Well, to get to the bed-rock, I suppose no Socialist would dispute that the arts of life must arise out of leisure, that is to say, the time the community can allow (or the individual service it can spare), over and above the work necessary for the support of life and comfort, which, I contend, in a Socialist State—where co-operation and self-sufficiency would be ample. I left the question of the maintenance of a professional artist. At present, under capitalism, an artist often has to produce "pot-boilers" in order to live, and trusts to his "leisure," or overtime, to do his best work. In that case his leisure would be his "best hours," and of course the "best hours" are the only ones that count as art. An artist had better make pots than "pot-boilers." Nothing in art is of any worth unless done for love. Man is only man when he plays, and not when he is the finest sort of play, though it is play involving (like many sports and games) the hardest work and the use of our best faculties—the whole force of a man's nature, in short.

"WALTER CRANE."

[The passage in Mr. Crane's introduction which we specially had in mind was the following: "Supposing that a certain art form is considered unnecessary by a great many people, the work of service to which it is required of all able-bodied citizens, each would still have a large margin of spare time which might be spent in the pursuit of Art by any who developed talent and taste in that direction."—EDS. NEW AGE.]

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