SPECIAL ARTICLE by HAVELOCK ELLIS.

THE NEW AGE

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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

FOLLOWING on the monster meeting in the Albert Hall two Sundays ago, the negotiations between Mr. Lloyd-George acting on behalf, as it appears, of the Cabinet, and the Railway Directors and Mr. Bell, resulted on Wednesday night in the publication of the terms of agreement which had been accepted by all three parties to the dispute. Of the three parties involved we have no hesitation in saying that the railwaymen have come off worst, the Government and Mr. Lloyd-George next worst, and the Directors best of all. As devotees of hollow phrases, the Liberals are delighted with so high-sounding a substitute for recognition as Conciliation; the British public knows nothing whatever about the matters under dispute and is glad enough to have peace with or without honour; the Railway Directors have saved their face by a clever device in which Mr. Lloyd-George has unwittingly been their tool; and finally Mr. Bell, with a positive passion for moderation which has made him immoderately moderate, sucks consolation out of the fact that though all he fought for has been lost, he still lives to fight another day.

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So impotent and futile a conclusion after the breathings and threatenings of war is all the more deplorable because Mr. Lloyd-George had really all the cards in his hand. We see that the "Saturday Review," now almost reduced to senility, explained that Mr. Lloyd-George would never become Premier because he was not an Oxford man. Our reason for dismissing Mr. Lloyd-George is a more serious one. He has been tried in a unique crisis, and has pitiably failed. Everybody knows that Mr. Lloyd George had not merely the Railway Directors, but the whole Railway system of this country in the palm of his hand. For the matter of that, he has it so still. But at the last moment, his Welsh courage oozed out of his shoes, and he patched up a compromise of which, had he been fighting for Welsh Disestablishment, he would have been heartily ashamed.

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What is the one argument in favour of the recognition of the Union? Simply this, that the interests of the men of various grades are one, and require concerted action for their preservation. Under the existing system, as Mr. Bell has complained over and over again, one grade has been benefited at the expense of another grade, solely because no one was present at the interviews to represent the whole service. The stokers, for example, might petition to have their wages raised, only to discover afterwards that higher wages for them meant lower wages for another set of men. It was to prevent this robbing of Peter to pay Paul that the Association was mainly formed, and has rightly demanded recognition as an Association. Yet the most careful reading of the agreement fails to discover that this particular concession has been made. It is true that there is a hierarchy of appeals open now to the men, but the ladder must be climbed by each grade singly; and there is absolutely nothing to prevent one grade from being pushed down while another is climbing up.

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Mr. Lloyd-George must have been aware of this. He must have known that the peace he offered the men was a peace not worth the taking. But he also knew that the men's refusal of any terms whatever would put them wrong with the public and therefore ruin their cause. He preferred peace on the Directors' terms to peace on the men's terms; and he has been astute enough to have his way. We venture to say that Mr. Lloyd-George has lost more than he has gained in reputation as well as in fact by this contemptible surrender of the game just when he held all the trump cards.

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Of Mr. Bell we need not say much. His flapdoodle about the king on the very night of the agreement was sad enough to listen to. At the Hotel Cecil he is reported to have said: "He was not one who believed that they could exterminate capital and capitalism. He believed that only by working harmoniously together could capital and labour accomplish the best results." The Trade Union leader who in the twentieth century can believe that is a ludicrous anachronism.

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Before the recent railway crisis passes into history and is forgotten we should like to emphasise one aspect of it which, so far as we know, has generally been completely ignored. Speaking with his usual sagacity Mr. Sidney Webb said that it was nothing short of a national scandal that thousands of workers serving the community should be in receipt of less than a pound a week in wages, and if the men had not asked for better pay themselves it would have been the duty of other people to ask for them on behalf of the community. That is the true Imperial note. We shall never really deserve the name of a nation until every individual feels himself personally responsible for such preventible evils as sweating, over-crowding, and excessive hours of labour.

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As to these on the railway system Mr. Bell's figures are enough, we should suppose, to convince anybody of the Imperial failure of private enterprise on a national scale. Here are tables of wages and hours

affecting nearly a quarter of a million railway men :—

TABLE OF WEEKLY WAGES.

Under 12s.	6,460
12s. to 15s.	11,560
16s. to 18s.	33,390
19s. and 20s.	29,920
21s. and 22s.	32,820
23s. to 25s.	44,320
26s. to 30s.	36,610
31s. to 33s.	8,400
34s. to 40s.	6,630
Over 40s.	11,580
Total	221,690

HOURS OF LABOUR.

8 hours per day ...	15,700 men ..	7.4 per cent.	
10 ,, ...	149,060 ,, ...	71.5	,,
12 ,, ...	43,600 ,, ...	20.6	,,
Over 12 hours per day	1,080 ,, ...	.5	,,

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How far from understanding Socialism the Trade Union forces of Italy are may be seen from the resolution just passed by the Congress of Workmen's Organisations assembled at Parma. The resolution, as published in the "Messaggero," runs as follows :—

"The representatives of more than 200,000 organised workers declare that the conduct of the General Confederation of Labour is not in consonance with the conduct and sentiments of the proletariat, inasmuch as its directors, in violation of its statutes, have caused the confederation to become dependent on a political party, the Socialist Party, which is striving to make it a centralising organisation with conservative aims. Consequently, the Congress denies the General Confederation of Labour the right of pronouncing itself to be the legitimate interpreter and the representative of the proletariat. The congress affirms that the workmen's organisation ought to be independent of all political parties."

After the recent decision of the Socialists not to support the railway strike in Italy, the course of the Congress can scarcely be wondered at. At the same time, we should like to know what other political party, if not the Socialist party, stands for the proletariat of Italy.

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In a timely letter to the "Spectator," "Scotus Viator" takes occasion from the recent riot at Czernova in Hungary, in which thirteen Slovaks were killed, to advertise the scandalous methods of political oppression pursued by the dominant Magyar race towards the minor non-Magyar peoples of Hungary. These include the systematic suspension and boycott of Slovak schools and the persecution of children for the crime of merely using their native tongue ; an attempt to crush Slovak literary aspirations by the suppression of the Slovak literary academy and the confiscation of its buildings and funds ; the persecution of the Slovak Press ; and, finally, the employment of any and every dodge to prevent the return of Slovak deputies to the Hungarian Parliament. Fortunately, these methods of barbarism pursued by a people which had the sympathy of Europe in its own struggle for racial independence, are attracting at last the attention they deserve from those who desire to see preserved and developed to the utmost extent possible the products of the peculiar process of national variation. M. Bjornson is taking the case up, and will entitle his next book : "The Chief Magyar Industry : the Making of Magyars." The Czechs, too, have received with sympathy the suspended Czernova priest, and their radical deputies have been asking questions on the subject in the Reichsrath. We wish well to any efforts which will place the real character of modern Hungarian political "patriotism" in the light of day.

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An economic experiment of surpassing interest and significance is outlined in the recent speech of Sir William Lyne to the Commonwealth House of Representatives, of which a full report reached London last week. Should these proposals become law and be successfully put into operation, a system of State Socialism will be inaugurated in Australia under which the State will make itself responsible not merely for protection of the manufacturer, but for a living wage to the workers and for a fair price and good quality to the consumer—indeed, for everything except actual production. Such a system is of course the logical consequence of the tariff system adopted in Australia, unless the manufacturers are to have all the pickings at the expense of the consumers and workers ; and Sir William Lyne confessed that his motive was to obviate this defect in human contrivance which has been magnified and distorted by the "classical" political economy into that ogre-shape, an economic "law." The means adopted consist of an excise on home produce half as large as the tariff on similar commodities which come into the country through the customs. This excise will be payable by such home producers as have failed to procure the Commonwealth Trade Mark on their goods. This Trade Mark will be granted by a Board of Excise, but only if the conditions of employment are satisfactory, and the Board will also watch the markets with a view to protecting the consumer from Trust prices. Any such tendency will result in a recommendation for the lessening or rescindment of the abused tariff. The "Times" thunders, as well it may, for how does such a scientific system tally with the Imperial Preference ideal?

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In Thursday's papers appeared a stirring appeal to the nation, on the subject of the Congo, signed by representative men of almost every class, among them Labour leaders of the type of Mr. Ramsay Macdonald and Mr. Steadman. This new manifesto is occasioned by the fact principally that the proposals of the Belgian Government are now seen to perpetuate all the worst features of the European capitalistic system of exploitation which has grown up since 1892. The autocratic control over the black population vested in the companies to whom Leopold II has made over large tracts in fee simple is to be retained by them under the proposed arrangement, and these companies—many of them only Leopold himself under another name—will become absolute proprietors, free from the financial control of the new Government. By the Berlin Act of of 1885 England, with the other co-signatories, undertook responsibility for the political freedom of the inhabitants of the Congo State, and every possible expedient must be employed by every individual self-respecting Englishman possessing any shred of humanity, to compel the British Government to act decisively with a view to terminating the hideous methods of extortion and extermination now being pursued in the interests of absentee European money-makers. Whatever the "Indépendence Belge" or anyone else may assert to the contrary, the movement in England is purely humanitarian, and we must see to it that it is completely effective.

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Doctor Morrison's address to the China Association on Tuesday of last week is remarkable for his conviction that the movement for reform and the signs of awakening in China are both real and extensive. He considered that the development of the national spirit, the spread of education, the growth of the native Press, and the new movement for economy and efficiency in military administration were all full of promise for the future. He suggested that it was time the English and Indian troops, posted in North China as a guarantee against the renewal of the anti-foreign outbreaks of 1900, should be recalled, as have been the American troops sent to Tientsin for the same purpose. His quips at the expense of our ridiculous English self-righteousness were very happy. "It was natural," he said, for example, "that the system of the purchase of rank in China should be condemned by those nondescript capitalists of alien origin whose entry into their ranks was adding so greatly to the dignity and prestige of our hereditary aristocracy." As he pointed out, "Australia for the Australians," and the keeping out of goods made by the odious foreigner are popular enough cries in the mouths of the very people who condemn the old Chinese spirit of isolation. However, according to Dr. Morrison, even that is becoming a thing of the past.

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Mr. Hearst's fusion with the Republicans for the purpose of the New York elections has ended disastrously

to himself and to the best interests of New York, for it means the re-intrenchment of Tammany. He has now fought independently, allied with Tammany, and allied with the Republicans against Tammany, and on each occasion his defeat has been more decisive. The present occasion has been heightened in its interest for English people by the fact that Mr. Hearst returned to the old precedent of twisting the tail of the British lion with a view to securing the Irish and German vote in America. In a letter to the London "Times" on the eve of the poll, he said: "The deeds of England had always been detrimental to this country (the United States), and the intelligent citizens of this nation know that England would be as ready to encourage Orientals to make war on this country to-day as she was to incite the Indians to murder . . . in the days of our struggle for Independence." The importance of the general results of the election lies in their indication of the weakness of Mr. Hearst's Independent movement, the strength of which it was feared might have enabled him with the aid of a shrewd tactical move, to force himself on the Democratic Convention next year as Democratic candidate for the Presidency by threatening to run independently if he were rejected, and so ruin Democratic prospects. As things are these may possibly be enhanced by the preference some of the great financiers would feel for a Democratic President fettered by a Republican Senate, as compared with a Republican backed by Congress.

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The economic situation in the United States remains as difficult as ever. Although the influx of gold from Europe, with its consequent effects on the European bank-rates, has eased the panic in New York, wages in the great industrial centres are being paid by clearing-house cheques (not payable at sight), workmen are being dismissed wholesale, and orders for raw material are not being given. The proposal to call an intermediate Session of Congress to legislate on the methods of "high finance" which have contributed to the present crisis, has fallen through owing to the extreme difficulty of acting hurriedly in an affair possessing such wide ramifications. Mr. Maurice Low, writing to the "Morning Post," attributes the trouble to the old causes far more than to any special local ones. It is the tactics of the real-estate promoter and the mine speculator, and the fictitious raising of railway dividends with a view to encouraging speculation in their shares, which produces eventually and inevitably a collapse when holders and investors alike realise that the culminating point has been reached. It is these people who prey on the world of real workers who have caused the trouble which unhappily must affect, and indeed is already affecting, the European labour market. As Mr. Blatchford pertinently remarks, when the next depression comes, to what will Mr. Lloyd-George attribute it now that he has no war to fall back upon?

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The French Yellow-book on the subject of Morocco, distributed to members of the Chambers on Thursday last, contains further evidences of German hostility to France in the matter of the terms of the Algeciras Convention, and of the meticulous care with which the French Government has endeavoured to keep within the sphere allotted to it by that agreement. It would also seem that the anti-European sentiment in Morocco, of which the murder of Dr. Mauchamp last April was one of the fruits, was in that particular instance fomented by the jealousy felt by the German Consular Agent towards the French scientific mission. Latterly the German pin-pricks have ceased, but perhaps the most important consequence of the recent defeat of the Eulenburg camarilla will prove to be the resumption of his old influence by Herr von Holstein, whose policy of irritating France the camarilla opposed. And with success, for it secured his removal and substituted its own conciliatory methods for the Bismarckian tradition pursued by Holstein. The result of the Harden-Moltke case may conceivably be the restitution of the Holstein influence, but of course German foreign policy cannot at present be forecasted. The English Foreign Office having abandoned laissez-faire completely, the old German tactics of divide et impera are no longer applicable. We imagine that the same motives which resulted in the Anglo-French entente largely influenced our recent understanding with Russia. It is what the Germans call the British policy of isolating Germany. In effect it is rather the abandonment by England of her old policy of splendid isolation.

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Evidence is to hand already of the lessened respect with which the Clemenceau Cabinet intends, in future, to regard the Socialist Left. On Friday last M. Caillaux proposed at the meeting of the Financial Committee to push forward at once a Bill for the amendment of the Napoleonic Law for the taxation of unemployed land. On M. Jaurès protesting that this would retard the introduction of the Income-Tax projet, the Finance Minister yielded and promised that this latter measure should have first place. We are informed now, however, that the Cabinet over-ruled this decision and that the Bill for Taxation of Unemployed Land will be taken first. The fact is, of course, that the Cabinet is not really in earnest over the Income-Tax proposals. The proprietary accumulating instinct of the French bourgeoisie and peasantry is up in arms, and M. Clemenceau is engaged at present in nothing so much as in holding on. Presumably the Session will be chiefly engaged in settling the details of the Separation measure, and in marking time. The phenomenon of great professions unrealised through pusillanimity is not peculiar to the world of English politics, as a glance across the Channel sufficiently well indicates.

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The elections for the new Duma are almost completed. They cannot but result in the return of a flexible assembly, ready to bend to the will of the Tsar's camarillas. Meantime the birth-throes of the Russian democracy are terrible to behold. A correspondent of the "Daily Chronicle," writing from St. Petersburg on Nov. 2, says: "Without exaggeration, one can say the French Revolution was child's play to what has happened in Russia during the last five or six years." And not only what has happened, but what is happening. Not a day passes but several persons are hanged or shot in some part of Russia. The prisons are overcrowded, though there are 13,000 exiles in the north of Tobolsk alone.

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Isn't it about time that some of the Imperialists formulated a policy regarding the treatment of British Indians in Natal and elsewhere? The Japanese and Chinese may conceivably be left to look after themselves, but the British Indians are in a regular quandary. Apparently they are regarded in South Africa as more objectionable intruders than the Chinese. We are perpetually hearing of the game of battledore and shuttlecock being played between India and South Africa, the shuttlecock in every case being some poor devil of a British Indian, fleeing from plague, famine, and Anglo-Indians and finding himself brutally returned thereto by even worse enemies in British South Africa (we assume South Africa is still British?). We appeal particularly to the blue Imperialists to make up their minds whether British Indians are really members of the Empire or not. To be neither white nor black appears to be a curse all over the Imperial earth.

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Mr. McKenna's reply to the deputation that waited on him on Tuesday praying for the abolition of the half-timer in elementary schools and the raising of the school-age to 14, was characteristic of a cautious man, though not of a statesman. It is surely ridiculous that our abominably inefficient education system should not at least have a fair trial; yet with over 300,000 children at work before the age of 14, elementary teachers may well complain that they never have a chance of proving what they can do for civilisation. Mr. McKenna was non-committal in his phraseology. On condition that the proposed Bill was reasonable, it should have his utmost support; but he did not define the limits of the reasonableness beyond which an unprecedented Liberal majority dared not go for fear of public opinion. Mr. McKenna is not adding to his reputation as a legislator.

A Call to Arms.

EVEN as we write the Conservative Party are deliberating with their generals their future plan of campaign. A defeat of almost unprecedented magnitude cannot but leave behind it a sense of unreality and lassitude. It is not for us either to taunt the Conservatives with their misfortunes or to assume the superior rôle of advisers; but there are certain features of the situation so novel and piquant that we cannot altogether pass them over. The difficulties confronting the Conservatives seem to us no less insuperable than those that threaten the Liberals. We do not intend to anticipate the results of the conference now proceeding, but it is safe to say that the outcome of the deliberations cannot possibly be unanimous. Many Conservatives are totally opposed to Tariff Reform in any shape; many more are opposed to any vital measure of social reform; while all are solidly and unalterably opposed to any interference with the rights of private property. The resolutions are before us, and as resolutions they are all excellent and persuasive; but the Conservative Party, from past experience, know very well that if there had been any potential virtue in resolutions, both the House of Lords and the Established Church would have ceased to exist years ago. They are labouring under the further disadvantage, of which they are continually accusing us, that their policy is chimerical and unattainable. They are committed to expensive measures of social reform, such as Old Age Pensions, and they must raise the necessary funds without laying the burden upon anybody in particular. If they propose to tax commodities, they must either begin or end with taxing corn, and they will thus be under the unpleasant necessity of evading the operations of the economic Law of Rent. Everything will depend upon the attitude of Mr. Balfour, and what his attitude will be nobody can say, except that it cannot please all sections.

Mr. Balfour is without doubt the most interesting personality in public life. He possesses in a greater measure than any other public man that most valuable of all qualities in a politician, the gift of detachment. His objectivity is such that he is able to look at all questions through the lumen siccum of intellect alone. This is the real explanation of his supposed hesitancy and inconsistency. We are doing him no injustice by saying that he could argue equally ably both for and against any policy that is at present agitating the public mind. He could even provide us with unanswerable objections against existence itself. If he were a Liberal he would brilliantly expose Conservatism as the petrified mummy it is. If he were a Socialist, he would knock the heads of Liberals and Conservatives together with infinite relish. He remains a Conservative partly from family tradition, but chiefly, we imagine, for the reason that since the adherence to any party involves the same intellectual objections, it is equally satisfactory and much less troublesome to remain as he is. Goldsmith's playful rebuke to Burke that he was surrendering to party gifts that were intended for mankind in general applies with special force in the case of Mr. Balfour. That is why his annual performances before the Primrose League fill his admirers (among whom we reckon ourselves) with such uncomfortable feelings of resentment. In a word, the Conservatives do not deserve Mr. Balfour, and even he cannot leaven the whole lump. So long as he retains the leadership, therefore, the disintegrating forces at work in the Conservative Party will be controlled by Mr. Balfour's superior tactics.

It is no concern of ours, but we cannot help thinking that the Conservatives are making a mistake in strategy in forcing so prominently to the front the question of Socialism. For a gentlemanly party, their methods sometimes disappoint us a little, but their intellectual outlook never does; and we confess to being a little doubtful how the rank and file will fare when suddenly called upon to bear the burden of two ideas simultaneously. To be sure, if (as they are bound to do) they confound in their minds Liberalism with Socialism, or vice versâ, it will be most unpleasant for us, and perfectly disastrous for the Liberals; yet at the same time the destruction of the Liberal Party would eventually favour us rather than themselves. However, that is their affair. Seeing that we cannot possibly lose anything, we intend to enjoy to the full the humorous spectacle of our opponents opposing both each other and us for the same reasons.

Nothing, therefore, could be more congenial to our purposes than for our opponents of all shades of politics to openly expound their policies. One kind of competition we fervently believe in, and that is the competition of ideas. Liberals and Conservatives must really excuse us if we decline to believe in their solicitude for social reform until their measures are actually before us. Our ideas are perfectly well known, and our methods of realising them, whether immoral, predatory, or whatever else, are at least intelligible and practical. We intend gradually to nationalise economic rent; in other words, we propose to tax the owners of unearned incomes to consolidate a fund which we intend to apply for the benefit of the most necessitous in the nation, such as the aged poor, etc. Our opponents are also pledged to measures of social reform which will cost large sums of money; and we are curious to know, and we have a perfect right to be told, where the necessary funds are to be forthcoming. To this question must be applied whatever constructive statesmanship there may be in the Conservative and Liberal Parties.

The Railway Problem.

BY what may pass for a miracle in these sceptical days we have been spared a Railway War. The unseen powers (I express no views as to their geographical position), ably represented by Mr. Lloyd-George, have intervened. The Directors have shaken hands with Mr. Bell on the doorstep of the Board of Trade; there were mutual avowals of eternal peace, slightly qualified by a time limit of six years; and the stocks and shares expressed their pleasure in the only way open to such unemotional documents. Every editor, with the printer's boy at his elbow, hastily described the total result as a "Settlement." It is altogether a loose use of that word; and if editors will insist on writing hastily, someone else must think at leisure. I pass over the supreme madness of a "settlement" which leaves the organisation of transit, the key to our national trade, in the hands of persons whose first object is the earning of dividends. Imagine the horror of the cautious Socialist when he realises that his reckless fellow-countrymen are content to allow the railways to be managed by the whims and fancies of Lord Claude Hamilton, even when assisted by the more statesmanlike wisdom of Mr. Bell; a condition not one whit less insane than it would be to leave our army as a private trading company conducted by Sir Thomas Lipton, with Mr. Rudyard Kipling for the soldiers' friend. Indeed, the army as a factor of the national safety is somewhat insignificant. If a rumour slipped out that every private intended to lie in bed until Mr. Haldane promised them decent trade union wages, it might pass as a frivolous episode when compared with the dangers of a railway strike.

But the matter immediately in hand is to find a way of bringing the wages and hours of the railway workers nearer the standard of civilised living. Twenty-three shillings a week and twelve hours a day are the problems which face us; and it was their solution which set the Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants thinking and acting. Under the leadership of Mr. Bell, the first act of the drama closed with the "settlement" of last week. In brief outline it has established a series of conciliation boards and arbitrators to settle the questions of wages and hours. The railway workers are to be split into groups of men of the same or allied grades. These groups are to elect representatives to form a sectional conciliation board with the representatives chosen by the company. The men can only select from among their fellow-workers, while the company has practically a free choice. If there is no agreement before this sectional board, the case proceeds to a central board of conciliation chosen from the sections. If still no agreement, the dispute goes for final decision

before an arbitrator chosen by the combined economic and social wisdom of the Speaker of the House of Commons and the Master of the Rolls. We are asked to believe that the men have now a reasonable hope of redressing their urgent grievances; we are even asked to believe that this conciliation system is a triumph for Socialism. Of course, there is some truth in this statement. All organisation of society by rules is an advance; if you insist on punching another man's head, it is more decent to do it under the Queensberry rules than in the less organised manner of Whitechapel. Mr. Rockefeller is advancing Socialism when he builds up his Trust. But, in a world which is racing towards Socialism from every side, we must distinguish between the runners. Is Mr. Lloyd-George's Conciliation Board the quickest way to our goal?

Just consider a few points. If there is one gospel which we Socialists must preach above all others, it is that the workers must be a solid mass before their enemies. Under this proposed system, not only will the railway men struggle in isolation from other trades, but they will be divided into innumerable groups of drivers, signalmen, platelayers, and so on; each group fighting a guerilla warfare for its existence. Redress must be gained group by group, company by company. Again, since the non-unionists are to have the right to vote for the delegates on the boards, they will have the less reason for joining the unions; and the delegates will have no coherent policy behind them, being chosen by an incoherent body of men who only meet at the ballot. In so far as the workers are divided, they will find it harder to reach their goal; in so far as they succeed, they will be tempted to desert their less successful fellows. Again, the final arbitrator of legitimate hours and wages is to be a person chosen by the Speaker and the Master of the Rolls. The sublime impertinence of the idea! Neither of these gentlemen is a member of any recognised Socialist Society—which implies that they support the capitalists. If the choosers were Lord Rothschild and Mr. Bernard Shaw, or the Duke of Westminster and Mr. Keir Hardie, there would be sport; as it is, the workers are asked in polished language to walk into the spider's parlour. But we may suspect that the choice of the arbitrator will, in fact, lie with the Board of Trade. In other words, it will be the choice of such a man as Mr. Lloyd-George, who has power under the Act of 1893 to order the railway companies to bring all hours to reasonable limits, but cares so little for the workers' interests that he maintains the placidity of the Sphinx and does nothing.

There seems little ground for congratulating the railway men on their settlement. It leaves them almost exactly where they were before; face to face with their masters in an arbitration which is not even legally binding when decided. There is one thing, and one thing only, which can protect the wage-earner from the crushing hand of capitalism, and that is the greater hand of the law. There is only one place where the laws are made, and that is Parliament. The way to Socialism is through the House of Commons, and all other paths are blind-alleys. Mr. Bell, by a course of stubborn folly, has led his men to the verge of a disastrous strike; as an instrument of industrial war it would have been as effective as a blunderbuss against a Gatling gun. He has persistently endeavoured to break the vitality of the new political policy of Socialism, and eternally harped on the antiquated policy of the old Trade Unionism. And now there are some who would congratulate him on avoiding a strike; I would as soon congratulate an Anarchist on not being blown to the sky by his own bomb. There is one railway man who has grasped the key to the position. On the day following the "settlement," James Holmes, the organiser of Mr. Bell's own Union, offered himself as the independent Labour candidate at Hull. He has been accepted, and within a few days will be seen the somewhat dramatic spectacle of the railway workers at open war with the nominee of this Liberal Government which has just wrung from the Directors this "settlement." Is that ingratitude or commonsense at last?

G. R. S. TAYLOR.

The Moltke-Harden Case.

THE recent trial of a prominent Berlin journalist on the charge of libelling a distinguished functionary of the Prussian Court had in it more elements of serious interest than usually belong to scandals in high places. It is true that the issues of the case were singularly confused, more especially for the German public, by the conflicting political, moral, and personal considerations involved. On the one hand we see a small group of aristocratic and influential persons, believed by many to constitute a Court "camarilla," and to exert an undue influence on the Imperial mind, but yet an influence that was definitely on the side of progress, peace, and enlightenment; these persons are accused of practices violating a law of the Prussian Code, which law, however, in the opinion of many high legal and scientific authorities, ought to be repealed. Thus Prince Eulenburg and his associates represented a tangle of opposing ideas which it was difficult or impossible to focus together. On the other side, also, there was scarcely less difficulty. An extremely clever and brilliant Polish journalist, who has changed his name and settled in Berlin, comes forward to vindicate public morality and to purify public life. Such an enterprise was certain to meet with enthusiastic admiration. But, on the other hand, it was noted that this courageous moralist had carefully refrained from undertaking his purificatory mission until a season when it fitted in with his political aims. Moreover, his political aims were those of an out-of-date Bismarckism touched, but by no means pervaded, by Socialism; his attack on his opponents, also, was marked by a reckless crudity, an almost hysterical violence, which could not fail to alienate the sympathies of many. It is thus scarcely surprising that while Herr Harden was the hero of the mob, and though his victory may be said to be complete, since the men he attacked have, as the result of his action, been politically disgraced by the Kaiser, he has hardly succeeded in winning the approval of thoughtful Germans in general.

For us outside Germany, however, these conflicting political and personal points of view, which have so complicated the case for the Berlin public, fall away as of comparatively unimportant and local interest. The social and moral questions that remain are not more interesting and significant in Germany than they are in England, where—however carefully our modesty or our hypocrisy may seek concealment—exactly the same problems exist. The special importance of the Moltke-Harden case is that it publicly presents these problems not merely among persons of higher social position than is usual, but in a more precise and intelligible form. This aspect of the case will no doubt be still further accentuated when it is tried over again, but in the meanwhile it is sufficiently clear and sufficiently significant to deserve our attention.

The exact nature of the social and moral problems at issue is well brought out in the report which Dr. Magnus Hirschfeld, as an expert in this matter, was called upon to present to the Court. It is worth while to quote a portion of this report, not from the garbled summaries in the Press, but from the full and authoritative version published by Dr. Hirschfeld himself since the trial concluded:—

> "We understand by 'homosexual' a person who experiences feelings of real love for individuals of the same sex; whether or not he acts in accordance with this homosexual feeling is, from a scientific standpoint, beside the question. Just as there are normal persons who live chastely, so there are homosexual persons whose love is psychic, ideal, and 'platonic.' The objective diagnosis of homosexuality is not always easy; it rests chiefly on three points: (1) The attitude towards persons of the opposite sex, (2) the attitude towards persons of the same sex, (3) the general psychic and physical characters which in homosexual men have a feminine impress, and in homosexual women a masculine impress . . . Homosexual love can be as pure as normal love. *To be abnormal is not to be unnatural.* On the basis of my own observa-

tions, which extend to five thousand homosexual persons, I have reached the conclusion that homosexuality—which is not to-day more prevalent than at any previous period, nor in upper more than lower social circles, nor in Germany more than in France or England—is just as much within the sphere of Nature as normal love."

There are certainly many students of sexual inversion who would prefer to state the matter in a distinctly more guarded and qualified way. Still, it has to be recognised that we have here the statement of a man who knows more of this particular question than any other medical expert; and as editor for the past ten years of the "Jahrbuch der Sexuelle Zwischenstufen," he has placed before the world the largest and most comprehensive body of scientific material bearing on this abnormality which is to be found in any language. It is a significant fact of the Moltke-Harden trial that the Court practically accepted Dr. Hirschfeld's contention, and declared that Count Moltke was an abnormal person, although he had not been proved guilty of any offence against the law—a law, it must be noted, almost as severe and comprehensive as our English law.

We are, indeed, faced in England by exactly the same difficult problem in all its manifestations. In both countries alike it is estimated that the proportion of innately homosexual persons in the population is from one to five per cent., varying with occupation and environment. This abnormality is found in all social classes and among persons of all degrees of culture; genius is no protection against it, nor yet is imbecility. It is at least as common among women as among men, though, strangely enough, whatever actions it may give rise to, it is not in women regarded as a crime in England, nor, indeed, in any other country except Hungary. It is an instinct that within certain limits may be developed or restrained, but in the main it is inborn, and as impartial in its visitations as colour-blindness or any other similar abnormality. To some extent this fact is becoming recognised in European legal codes. In France, where, almost up to the Revolution, the sexual invert was devoted to the flames, the Code Napoléon introduced a new state of things, in which homosexual attraction *per se* was not regarded as coming under the ban of the law. Since then Italy, Belgium, and Holland have followed in the path of France. In all these countries, it is scarcely necessary to say, the law protects the young and safeguards public decency, but adults are left to accept the moral responsibility of their own actions in so far as these actions do not injure the community. Sexual abnormality, though untouched by the law, is by no means unusually prevalent in these countries. It is, indeed, considerably less conspicuous than in England, and especially Germany, where an active propaganda is maintained by and for the sake of this abnormal section of the community. In France it is not possible—as it has been found possible in England—for a vicious sexually abnormal man to receive the sanctifying halo of martyrdom without in moral character standing a single degree higher than the large body of his fellow-countrymen who are vicious in more conventionally normal ways.

It has been well said that there are few laws so futile as those that profess to seek out and punish acts—normal or abnormal—done in secret, and by mutual consent, between adult persons. There are also few laws more unjust when the acts thus branded by law are the natural outcome of inborn disposition, and not directly injurious to the community at large. The Moltke-Harden case brings these considerations clearly before us afresh, and compels us to ask ourselves whether it would not be possible to amend our laws in the direction not only of social purity and sincerity, but of reason and humanity.

HAVELOCK ELLIS.

How to Govern India.

A Letter to John Bull.

III.

Principles of Indian Government.

I. India does not belong to India, but to England. It follows that all talk of self-government is Sedition or Treason, and must be suppressed, Barisalled, or Mandalayed. India belongs to England, plainly enough. Providence has disposed of India's destiny so, once for all. We found the country the hell of the world, and made it the paradise of the universe, the pivot of an Empire at which the sun never winks. In any case, the Pax Curzonica is a thousand times more useful to India than any Pax Congressica, Self-Development, Swadeshi, Swaraj, or other such airy nothingness. If there is such a thing in an Empire as a short cut to the top of the palm tree, we have given India the secret of it, and in return we claim that India belongs to us. She is an integral and preferential part of our great Empire and we must have, and will have, the first and last word in her future, her aspirations, her agitations. We've got her up the tree, anyway.

It is true that sentimental politicians like Gladstone thought and said that England ought to hold India somewhat loosely, with the idea of leaving her some day to rule herself; but he said the same about Egypt. We know now that we shall never, never, never leave Egypt, Gladstone or no Gladstone, Dicey or no Dicey, Blunt or no Blunt. And we know we shall never leave India, Tilak or no Tilak, Pal or no Pal, Banerjee or no Banerjee. The key of Indian policy, then, Sir, is that India is England's, that India is England's for ever!

II. India is a great congeries of nations, an irregular Tower of Babel sort of thing on a broad scale. Your "Times," which in the days of the great Nimrod was a mighty newspaper, has told us: "It is a platitude that India contains more numerous and more divergent tribes, languages, customs, animosities, and religions than the whole of Europe," and the "Times" ought to know, because it is the largest platitudinarian authority in Europe. Yes, Sir, alas, it is hopelessly true! India is fearfully divided. India will never be a nation like Austria, for instance, and ("the "Times" again!): "Until India is a nation with a national feeling and national aspirations, there can be no United India." What are the facts? as Mr. Chamberlain used to say. They are these: (1) India is disgracefully divided up among three European Governments — Portuguese, French, and English—and once the Dutch had their share, to say nothing of the Greeks, Græco-Bactrians, Indo-Scythians, Arabs, Turks, Afghans, Tartars, Moghuls, Persians, with Russia, Tibet, and Japan in prospect. (2) It may be said there are no less than thirteen British provinces, having fourteen animosities; (3) seven nationalities among the European officials, fifty-two animosities; (4) seventeen castes in the native army, with ninety-seven customs and five animosities; (5) nine degrees of civilisation; (6) nineteen degrees of skin-colouring and nineteen animosities; (7) twenty-seven Hindu ways of tying the hair-knot; (8) over fifty Native States, one thousand two hundred animosities and ten thousand customs, more or less; (9) forty languages, if you like, and hundreds of dialects—in this case the animosities have not yet been counted; (10) twenty-five kinds of village systems, 152,000 customs, animosities uncountable again; (11) four gauges of railway, with only four animosities; (12) dozens of religions, ten thousand customs, ten million animosities; (13) scores of tribal denominations, seventeen thousand customs and, strange to say, seventeen thousand animosities, and much more, Sir, but I am getting tired of it. I will only say further that the country is so big, the mountain ranges so long and high, the rivers so broad, the climates so many, the people so ancient, deadened, and backward that unity is simply impossible and nationality not dreamable. You might as well imagine the nation of Africa, with its capital at Zanzibar, Timbuctoo, or Mafeking, as an

Indian "nation" capitalised at Benares or Delhi, Calcutta or Hyderabad. Again, the Hindus hate the Muhammadans, the Parsis despise both. The north is quite different from the south, and the south different from the north. Bombay is not at all like Bengal and Kashmir is not Travancore. All this is very sad and very true, and the facts we must have, anyway.

Of course, it has been said, perhaps, that England, too, is a congeries—full of counties and County Councils, parishes and Parish Councils, and other varieties, with many dialects, from Scottish to Billingsgate, and hundreds of religions or sects, and countless millions of animosities, and yet is called a nation. That America as well is so, only more so. That much the same anti-national objections apply to all countries more or less. But some so-called thinkers will say anything to prop their tottering arguments. Such mean comparisons are scarcely even annoying to all right-minded and duly pachydermous Englishmen, and smell strongly of disloyalty, disunion, and Little Englandism. The days have come for Britons now to be no longer slaves mentally; they must think Imperially—and surely that India may become a nation is not an Imperial thought. If the sentimentalists shriek the opposite, 'tis their nature to. How, Sir, can England rule undivided countries? Let us use our commonsense as men of the world. What should we do in India, among her "polyglot millions" (see the "Times," passim) if Hindus and Muhammadans, Parsis and Sikhs, Bengalis and Tamils began to embrace each other, and became, so to speak, one people with All-India their "Motherland" and English or Esperanto their mother-tongue? How long should we be in India after that? Think, you Little Englanders, think, I would say to them, Sir, if they can think! Even Lord Curzon could not hold the Indian Empire together then, pivot or no pivot. Let us be wise. Let our sense be common. Let us have the facts, as the "Daily Mail" said before the last L.C.C. election, and face the ringing music of them. The natives of India are "a people who make light of logic and can shut their eyes to facts," we have been told. We must not be like that. Above all, let us be Imperial; it pays.

(To be concluded.)

H. V. STOREY.

Charles Dickens as a Socialist.

By Edwin Pugh.

Part I. *Chapter I.*

III.

FIRST, as regards the French Revolution.

The motto: Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity was about as good a battle-cry as any army of oppressed people going into action against the forces of merciless tyranny and unrighteous privilege could hope to raise. It was one to appeal to friends of freedom all the world over. Moreover, the avowed objects for which the people fought were unassailably just and right. The scandal of that foul régime, which touched its nadir of shame under the sovereignty of Louis XV.—Louis the Well-Beloved!—had stank in the nostrils of even the most corrupt Courts of Europe for the greater part, at least, of the fifty-nine years of his nominal reign. His death and the accession of Louis XVI. as a mere lad of twenty had come only just in the nick of time to save the rotten French Government from immediate overthrow. But even so, the signal for its doom had been given, and its appointed hour could only be postponed a few years longer. The fiscal acrobatics of the cynical Calonne, who sought to quench the fires of universal discontent with oil, and who "while the world held out its hands, held out his hat"; the darkly mysterious affair of the Diamond Necklace, so tragically compromising to the fair fame of the innocent Queen Marie Antoinette, for whom the people had still retained some feelings of sentiment; the heartless, barbarous jibes of innumerable, unspeakable human echoes of that grinning Foulon, who bade the starving rabble eat grass, and who himself ate of the same with his hoary old head on a pike; and side by side with all these blatant and whispered iniquities and infamies the ever-increasing misery and degradation of the mass of the French people: these things, working together in a simmering stew of agonised revolt against intolerable conditions, at last had burst off the lid of apathy and despair which hitherto had covered its unsightliness in, and at the promise of one small initial advantage to be somehow gained by means of a new Parliamentary dispensation, had suddenly overflowed and fired the hearts of the poor—who were the Nation, indeed!—and kindled them to a new glow of hope that was soon to blaze up into such a pillar of fire as only seas of blood could quench.

Behold the same on that bleak January day which was to mark the first stage of the people's complete emancipation.

"How the whole People shakes itself, as if it had one life; and, in thousand-voiced rumour, announces that it is awake, suddenly out of a long death-sleep, and will thenceforth sleep no more! The long looked-for has come at last; wondrous news, of Victory, Deliverance, Enfranchisement, sounds magical through every heart. To the proud strong man it has come, whose strong hands shall no more be gyved; to whom boundless unconquered continents lie disclosed. The weary day-drudge has heard of it; the beggar with his crust moistened in tears. What! To us also has hope reached; down even to us? Hunger and hardship are not to be eternal? The bread we extorted from the rugged globe, and, with the toil of our sinews, reaped and ground, and kneaded into loaves, was not wholly for another, then; but we also shall eat of it and be filled?"

There is a picture of the haggard, hungering people; and it was all that they asked: To Be Fed. No; to be allowed to feed themselves. But again and again were their demands—almost absurd in their pathetic, meek reasonableness—denied. Again and again were they forced, wantonly and perversely and wickedly, to taste the pangs of hope deferred which maketh the heart sick. Again and again were their aching longings for some small measure of justice, even for some slight recognition of their claims, gainsaid and baulked and thwarted. Promises and cajoleries, cajoleries and promises! . . . until, the limits of their patience being exceeded at long last, maddened, tortured, cheated, divided, they arose in their blind, insensate fury against their mocking oppressors, leaped at their throats and dragged them down and worried them, with ensanguined jaws, as a dog worries its dead prey. That was the People's fault, which is still remembered against them. But the provocation that stood as the justification of their rage and cruelty, that excuses the worst of their excesses, is forgotten or ignored or slurred over or disregarded.

For the fact stands that the truth concerning the causes of the French Revolution are even yet only emerging slowly from the thick clouds of misrepresentation and misunderstanding in which they began to be shrouded before the *First Year of the Republic* was officially announced: clouds that ascended unto heaven out of the smoke and dust of the Reign of Terror, and are not entirely dissipated to this day. Consider how, at the beginning of the Twentieth Century, popular opinion regards the names of some of the best-known leaders of the Revolution: such men as Marat and Robespierre. There is a grotesque chamber of horrors reserved for these patriots in the hearts of the vast majority of the British people which finds its apt and concrete expression at the waxworks show in the Marylebone Road. One would imagine, if one did not know better than to heed current historical verdicts, that Marat and Robespierre were little removed from homicidal maniacs.

Carlyle himself, by every trick of melodrama in his bag, aided and promulgated and embroidered these misconceptions; which, however, he did not of course originate, but had only been brought up to believe in, and so did believe in them, like the good filial Scot that he was.

See how he delights to hold up Robespierre to derision and contumely! He is always "the sea-green Incorruptible—most consistent, incorruptible of thin, acrid men"—to Carlyle. And there is ever on tap a

dose of the same fierce, rather clumsy, raillery for the figure of Marat also: Marat, who must always be derided by Carlyle as "the horse-leech: a moon-struck, much-enduring individual . . . one squalidest, bleared mortal, redolent of soot and horse-dung . . . Renovator of Human Science, Lecturer on Optics . . . remarkable Horse Leech, as thy bleared soul looks forth, through thy bleared, dull-acrid, woe-stricken face, what sees it in all this? Any faintest light of hope; like dayspring after Nova Zembla night? Or is it but blue sulphur light, and spectres, woe, suspicion, revenge without end?" But Charlotte Corday, who killed him, she is of "stately Norman figure, of a beautiful still countenance . . . cruel-lovely, with half-angelic, half-dæmonic splendour; to gleam for a moment, and in a moment be extinguished: to be held in memory, so sweet complete was she, through long centuries! . . . " Confronted with her, Marat "croaks," "clutches" his tablets, writes "with bare, shrunk arms", and then, as the knife of the fanatical maiden pierces his heart, his life "with a groan gushes out, indignant, to the shades below!"

And that was precisely how the majority of people in England looked at these events for fifty years and more after their occurrence.

But the verdict of that time, as of to-day, was and is in direct opposition to the verdict of Marat's contemporaries. The news of his assassination was received by the masses with a wail of bitterest regret and sorrow, of sincere and profound grief. It was he, and not the fair, devoted girl, whom the common people elected to hail as a hero and a martyr. It was the poor whose blood and tears had gone to enrich the soil and prepare it for the revolutionary harvest who mourned in him the friend and champion who had shed a first bright light of hope upon their dreary path and opened up for them their first prospect of liberty. Many young men of that day changed their proper names for the name of the beloved dead demagogue: among them, Murat, who afterwards occupied a throne under Napoleon. And Robespierre was equally a favourite with the common people, who, it is no exaggeration to say, adored him as their saviour, and after his death at the instigation of treacherous false friends and jealous rivals, went far to canonise his memory. To their intimates, to those whose cause they had espoused, to their personal friends and—best proof of all—to the members of their respective families, these two men (among others like them), whose names have been held in public abhorrence for a hundred years since, were inexpressibly dear. They were not merely popular. Their success was not one of mere salvation, or of admiration, or even respect. They were regarded with the deepest affection by all who knew them best.

But these and other similar authentic circumstances connected with the French Revolution, its leaders, its causes, and its aims are facts only just beginning to be made manifest. Charles Dickens, along with millions of his countrymen, was not only born, but died in utter and total ignorance of them; in worse than ignorance, because he shared the delusions of his contemporaries. Later on, when we come to con over "A Tale of Two Cities" together, it will be shown from what points of view he regarded the French Revolution in all its various phases and aspects as he knew them. For the present it is enough to insist on this:—

That the mighty social phenomena of that terrific upheaval and the distorted construction put upon them for seventy or eighty years at least had their inevitable effect—hardly calculable, indefinite, but indisputable—upon Charles Dickens, as they have had effect upon every other being who has ever given consideration to them since. Indeed, in the light of what has since been thought and uttered and written upon the subject of that amazing epoch, I am inclined to think that the French Revolution was one of the worst things that has ever happened to the cause of Socialism. But it might have been one of the best . . . if its lessons had been taken to heart instead of its horrors; if the fair side of the people's will had been allowed its full weight in the balances against the foul side of the people's passions—passions engendered of generations of intolerable cruelty and oppression; or if only Mirabeau had lived. As it is—*pace* Dickens—the French Revolution remained, for nearly a century after it took place, perhaps the one example in history most readily quotable by opponents of progress against the democratic movement. Even to-day it is no uncommon thing to be asked, in the course of desultory discussion: What about the French proletariat when they got into power?

Herein, then, is the reason why the present writer has, maybe a little inexplicably to the reader up to now, ventured to deal at some slight length with this subject.

(To be continued.)

Ibsen's Women.

By Florence Farr.

No. 3. Nora Helmer.

EVERY man, woman and child among us is Nora Helmer. Many critics have written about that play as if it was possible to go out of our front doors into a world that will reveal us to ourselves. Yet who among us has learned that secret? Did Ibsen himself see it with his eyes like gimlets peering out at men and women, peering into his own heart, peering into the hearts of others and noting down the psychic and physical symptoms of his patients? What is the greatest among us that he should say: "I know myself. I have found myself?" We are all dolls, puppets, and toys, and he who thinks himself wisest is the greatest fool.

"Know thyself,"—the everlasting riddle dangled before us all by the Principalities and Powers that they may laugh at our efforts and make merry on the fruit we bring forth.

Once in a dream I stood with those Principalities and Powers before the Tree of Life. One of the branches was dead, with five, ripe, beautiful fruit still hanging to their exhausted stalks. And the Powers whispered to each other, "Let us cut off the dead branch and cry aloud that we take it away to plant it in the earth so that in its turn it may become a Tree of Life." And they said those words as they cut through the wood and carried the branch away. Then they ate the fruit and threw away the branch. I said: "Why did you utter those words?" and they replied: "In order that the other branches may do likewise. The fruit brought forth at the price of the death of the bringer is the fruit we eat with most relish." Perhaps the vision is cynical, but such it was, and it is a symbol of man's hope.

Poor little Nora Helmer goes out into the world full of hope; she is going to face facts for herself; she thinks that if she makes up her own mind about religion and facts she will be nearer the truth. She feels she must go outside the ready-made ideas of her husband and father—outside the region of unjust law—outside the region where abstract principles, such as justice and order, are called in to justify the majority, and put the thoughtless, or rather, those who have trained themselves to think for their own advantage, in an unassailable position of authority and trust. But the truth is that at the beginning of the play she knows and sees far more clearly than Helmer. She is as wise as Omar Khayyam, who was only second in wisdom to the author of Ecclesiastes. She sees laws are man-made, morals are man-made, convention—good taste, is man-made; and that the prestige which all of them have borrowed from religion and divine right is vanity of vanities. She sees nature is cruel as the grave, exacting in retribution, shedding sunlight and punishment alike on the just and the unjust. But she thinks she will discover new secrets; she thinks there is some master-key to the mystery, and she desires liberty and loneliness that she may find it.

Here, of course, she agrees with all the great sages of the world. One and all have declared that the first step in the degrees of wisdom is to fast in the wilder-

ness; to acquire some sense of our own instincts, our own tendencies, apart from the stimulus of attractions and repulsions. Even the least-loved member of a family cannot know himself until he has gone out from the hatred which surrounds him. We are influenced through hatred even more powerfully than we are influenced by love; because hatred is a cutting off, a concentration of malignity; and love is only a kind of expansion of tenderness. It acts in every direction, while hatred focuses itself in one direction. But Nora Helmer was loved by everyone, just as a pretty kitten is loved by everyone because it is young and merry and full of little guiles and tricks to keep ugly things out of sight. It will never gobble up its food like a puppy; it is discreet and charming from the first, and does not require the whip to teach it good manners.

Every man has an impulse to act the father to his beloved, just as every woman wants to pet her lover as if she were a mother cossetting a baby. I cannot see that Helmer is to be blamed for his attitude towards his wife; the only thing that one can say about him is that he is an intolerable prig. He is a man of principle, and it seems a very difficult thing for a man honest enough to merit an appointment as bank-manager not to be a prig; any business man is brought up in such an atmosphere of cheating and bribery that it is quite natural he should take a pride in a probity which in his private capacity would be a matter of course. We have not enough mercy on people who struggle to be good and do their duty. It seems such an absurd attitude—still, we must remember that society is a ladder, and those at the bottom who have set out to climb to the top have to cheer themselves after each toilsome step by a complacency which amuses those who have abandoned the social ladder in favour of the ladder of the intellect or the ladder of the emotions.

After all, in spite of Ibsen's special pleading for Nora, she has been mothering Helmer quite as much as he has been fathering her. She has deceived him for his good, and indulged his foolish prejudices against sweetmeats and his prudent prejudice against debt. He has deceived her into thinking him a very fine fellow, ready to risk his honour and liberty in defence of helpless woman; just as readily as she was ready to risk her honour and life in defence of helpless man. The family was a particularly merry one under this system of mutual illusion, and it is possibly the only way to hope for merriment in family life. The husband and wife that respect each enough to keep up each others' illusions have a better chance than the frankly brutal couple who respect neither each other nor themselves. Without illusion no one but That which understands everything can forgive everything. And what man or woman can be sure of having attained to That?

Ibsen wrote the "Doll's House" early in his career. At that time, no doubt, he himself was playing the part of Greger Werle in "The Wild Duck,"—the apostle of the ideal and of Truth. Later on Ibsen saw that family life must be founded on mutual forbearance, that is to say, on mutual deception. No human being can live in the presence of Jehovah, and no human being could live in the presence of Truth or any other absolute abstract principle. It is a condition of manifest life that it should be concrete and limited, one-sided, full of prejudices and convictions. When these fail, desire fails, and the grasshopper is a burden and man goeth to his long home and the mourners go about the streets.

Half the misery of a young man and woman arises from a pathetic belief in the absolute. All the inspiration of life arises from the faith that we may attain to it; to some clear, bright state when all things shall be as verifiable as mathematics. This faith is ours, side by side with the knowledge that in our hearts we love charm and fascination and glamour, taste and discrimination, choice, and a power to do good or evil. When we realise the joy of the absolute, the changeless Seer, it may, as an experience, be known as the supreme ecstasy. Yet it is only an ecstasy because we contrast it with the ever-flowing panorama of manifest existence.

Nora has lived in the ebb and flow of life; she has set up Helmer as her ideal of the absolute. He has appreciated the position and taken the place of the Almighty in her cosmos with the utmost complacency. But, after all, a bank-manager has his limitations, just as any other man has; and in spite of St. Paul's exhortations to the contrary, women are beginning to find out that men are not altogether satisfactory representatives of absolute deity.

Against the general atmosphere of mutual flattery in the Helmer household I have nothing to say; it is one of my quarrels with the home as an institution that it makes those who are happy satisfied with a very low standard of social brilliance. No public society could endure the jokes of a happy and united family any more than they could endure the quarrels of an embittered family; although any permanent body of people, such as a theatrical company or a committee, either quarrel a great deal, like the House of Commons, or do not attend sittings, like the House of Lords.

As far as one can tell, an ideal social state would be one of permanent impermanence. The social units constantly subject to change, like the drops of the ocean purified by the perpetual motion of the waves, would keep a more vivid existence than if, like the drops of water in a stagnant pool, they are left in their corners to breed disease and ague. It is coming to this, and the little stagnant pools, beautiful as they are in their drowsy way, are being swept out into the ocean just as Nora Helmer was swept out into the open jaws of the world away from the little corner she thought so beautiful and found such a hideous mockery of her ideal. The life of a family in the true sense, bound to the soil, inheriting land from generation to generation, was an attempt to stem the savage tides which tear through human beings just as surely as they tear through sea and ocean. But we are beginning to see a new kind of family—the father slaving that the son may spend; the son springing from the gutter becoming the master of men. And the children who will conquer the world lie in the heart of that braver life.

Towards Socialism.

VII.

Sacrifice to Society.

THE ease with which people reconcile themselves to doing what they don't want to do always strikes me as a masterpiece of acquisition. Nothing in any other living creature is comparable to this magnificent but emphatically not warlike self-abnegation. The penalty of not doing what you like is so obviously the doing of what you don't like that we rightly suspect the existence of some mystery in the means of restraint. Call it, if you please, conscience, fear, prudence, what you will, the fact remains that for some unfathomable, though quite nameable, reason, men not only do not do what they like, but they do not even try to do what they like.

Speaking now with absolutely no policy in my mind, and perhaps with extreme rashness, I submit that the one desire of each of us is nevertheless precisely to do as we like. Not to do as we like is so naturally odious that we give all sorts of flattering reasons for our failure. We, in fact, proceed immediately to demonstrate that in doing what we do not like we are really doing what we like; an argument that makes matchwood of our pretensions to self-sacrifice, and demonstrates finally our inveterate attachment to our own desires.

If this is true, we may be pretty sure that any form of society that does not either frankly allow us to do what we please, or provide us with excellent reasons for not doing as we please, is doomed to perish amid a universal absence of human regret. I can conceive a society existing on a basis of individual volition broader and deeper than any of the Utopists (saving the Anarchists) have conceived; a society in which the precious thing would be desire; desire so precious, because desire is the impulse to life itself, that all sorts of tragedies would be tolerated for its sake. For a nation in which desire began to fail might profit enormously

by adopting customs which in robuster ages would be licentious, customs which, in sum, involved a wholesale repudiation of duties, laws, and regulations of all descriptions.

Failing, however, a Rabelaisian world, the alternative and substitute is a society in which, when sacrifices are demanded, they are at the same time recognised as worth the making. Here, in fact, is the point at issue between Socialists and Anarchists on the one hand, and Socialists and non-Socialists on the other hand. The Anarchist explicitly demands the Rabelaisian world of complete individual freedom; obviously the very reverse of the present state of affairs in which every man is theoretically at least and most of us practically the servant or slave of another. He demands no less than his complete spiritual rights here upon earth, the right to the indulgence of his whims and caprices, the right to the exercise of his will at any cost to the universe at large—a proper enough demand if we were not as fragile as glass and consequently most horribly afraid of each other.

But the individualist of to-day (who, as I have shown in a former article, is exactly a real individual standing on his head) replies: "No, my Anarchist friend. You may do what you please only on condition that in so doing you destroy nobody else's power of pleasing themselves equally. Do what you like, by all means, only see that what you like is also liked by a majority of your fellows." This, however, is to introduce an incalculable element into our personal satisfactions. Having no other guide than our own desires as to what we want or what we do not want, we perforce, in accepting the caution of the Individualist, sacrifice some part of our personal liberty. Consequently we become slaves of another will than our own.

The worst of it is that the slavery of to-day is worth so little, and is indeed so ignominious, that the sacrifice of even our most destructive passions must necessarily be grudged. Writing, I hope, with due restraint, I plainly say that except for its promise and prospects I see nothing in existing society to justify its demands of self-sacrifice. I can understand sacrifice gladly offered on behalf of a nobler life, on behalf of ideas, on behalf of something beautiful before which the very thought of self fades into nothingness. But I cannot and will not acknowledge the right of ignoble life, stupidity, and ugliness to demand sacrifices on their behalf. Their fulfilment with the idea of self is the very stimulus to selfishness in their beholders. It is impossible for us to make sacrifices for a society which does not know the meaning of sacrifice, or to offer ourselves as anything less than resisting victims on the bloody altars of modern Mammon. Hence it is that selfishness abounds in the individual to-day, and rightly abounds. To be anything less than wilful, rebellious, and revolutionary is the mark in modern society of people with not sufficient imagination to hear the rattle of their own chains, or insight enough to discern the Beast that devours them.

Midway between the Anarchist and the Individualist stands the Socialist (and not only politically, but psychologically within the mind of everyone). To the Individualist he says: "My misguided friend, don't you see that the society you have created is not worth a sacrifice? Earn your right to demand the sweat and lives of men by creating for them a civilisation that not merely promises, but bestows life. Only the State that gives life may demand life; only the State that gives life needs to make no demand, since life will always be given for life. Show men that your country must be died for as their beloved must be died for, because she is so surpassingly beautiful in their eyes that her glamour hides the terror of death. You will not need a hangman's rope to scare men then to lay down their lives. We needs must love the highest when we see it."

Then turning to the Anarchist, the Socialist says: "You, my friend, are right in our day and generation; but you will change when society has been changed. No man can expect you to lay down your spiritual rights for the bowls of dirt society now offers you. That you scorn society's offer is indeed your claim to virtue. But you, too, when the glamour of life is shining upon things will desire to sacrifice yourself, not as a martyr or as a higgler with Fate or Man for ounces of Salvation, but as an outpouring of your life to Life's greater life."

Yes, if a race is not dead or dying, for every Individualist there will be an Anarchist; demon est deus inversus. But the kingdom of man is neither celestial nor demoniacal, neither Anarchist nor Individualist, but a State in which personal desire is poured out like wine in offering to the great lords of life. All other sacrifice than spontaneous, voluntary sacrifice is a degradation of man, degrading him that gives and him that takes. All other liberty than the liberty to lay one's liberty where one chooses is merely a mockery and a sham. The nation that forces service is unworthy of service; only the nation that commands service by the excellence of her institutions, the manifest justice of her public ways, and the beauty and purity of her life, deserves the sacrifices that men are so willing to make.

A. R. ORAGE.

(To be continued.)

FRAGMENTS AND PARABLES.—I.

These are the songs of Zarathustra, which he sang to himself in order that he might endure his last loneliness.

(3)

I am at home on high places,
After high places I have no longing.
I do not lift up my eyes:
I am one that looks downwards,
One that must bless—
All they that bless look downwards . . .

(5)

All things I gave away,
All my goods and my gear;
I have nothing left to me now
But this great Hope of mine.

(7)

My happiness to come!
What is now my happiness
Casts a shadow in the light of it!

(12)

Dust of shattered stars:
Out of this dust I built a world.

(13)

Not that you overthrew idols:
That you overthrow the idol-worshipper within you,
In this your courage lay.

(14)

There they stand,
The heavy cats of granite,
The values of the old days:
Alas! how will you overthrow these? . . .
Scratching cats
With muffled paws,
There they sit
And look—poison!

(67)

Cast your burden into the deep!
Oh man, forget! Oh man, forget!
Divine is the art of forgetting.
Do you want to be at home on high places?
Cast your burden into the sea!
Here is the sea, cast your Self into the sea:
Divine is the art of forgetting!

Translated from Nietzsche by E. M.

Driving Capital Out of the Country.

By G. Bernard Shaw.

III.

Abandoned Capital and Transported Capital.

WE have now got clear on a cardinal point. It is possible to drive income out of the country; and so, as all Capital begins as spare income, it is possible to put a stop to the application of fresh capital to British industry, and thereby reduce the country to stagnation.

What is more, the capital which has already been applied to our industry, though it cannot be carried away across the Channel in the Gladstone bags of our capitalists, can be abandoned by them. Abandoned capital is as common a spectacle in England as dead cities are in India. The ruins of a mill, the shaft of a disused mine, a pair of rotting lock-gates on a ditch full of weeds which was once a canal, an obsolete martello tower, a windmill without sails: these may be met with on most walking tours; and they are all cases of abandoned capital, skeletons of dead industries. The capital was not driven out of the country; but it was killed, which is a still graver matter. Capital, then, is mortal. In point of mere physical possibility, if one mill, one canal, one mine could be abandoned and left to perish, all our mills, all our railways, all our mines can be abandoned and left to perish. How far are we in danger of this happening?

The risk is obviously not so great as the risk of sending newly-accumulated capital abroad, because you can export spare income without losing any of it; but you cannot abandon your fixed capital and have it too. No man will turn a thousand pounds' worth of machinery into fifty shillings' worth of scrap iron as long as it will bring in its bare upkeep; but he will export fresh capital that might bring him in four per cent. at home if he can get five per cent. for it from Japan. Thus we see enterprises that have never paid—Thames Steamboats and Kentish railways—struggling on because the only alternative was to abandon the capital already irrecoverably sunk in them. Dividends are better than mere hope; but even hope is better than despair and dead loss; so the capitalists will struggle on without dividends as long as the concern will pay its working expenses. Not until a reduction of profit to zero is followed by an actual deficit on the working expenses, and the capitalist must either abandon the enterprise or throw good money after bad, does he leave his capital to perish. Indeed, he so seldom recognises the situation at first that he generally does throw some good money after bad before he faces the fact that he is beaten.

Thus we see that there is a very effective check on the abandonment of fixed capital which does not apply to the export of floating capital. A very slight rise in wages or shortening of the working day beyond the point at which better conditions for labour mean greater efficiency and increased product may drive floating capital abroad, or drive it from the town to the country; but fixed capital is tied to the stake, and must put up with the worst that Socialism can do to it short of making its working expenses greater than its takings.

However, before dismissing the threats of exporting fixed capital from our minds as impracticable, let us make a note of the fact that the derisive picture of the capitalists taking the railways and mines across the Channel as part of their luggage had better not be drawn before a popular audience unless the orator is prepared for the retort that a good deal of modern industrial plant can be so exported. Much of our electric lighting plant has come from Germany; and there is no physical impossibility in its going to Jericho if its proprietors choose to take it there. Many of our internal explosion engines have come from France, and could drive themselves back there easily enough. The Lusitania could ply between Buenos Ayres and New York as easily as between Southampton and New York. Even buildings can be mobilised when it is worth while. Industrial plant, when it is movable at all, is sometimes more easily movable than men and women, because it has no sentimental local attachments. If it has been possible for capitalism to drive three-quarters of the population of Ireland to America, what is there, except the American tariff, to prevent Socialism from driving three-quarters of our power-looms, steam-hammers, and electro-motors thither?

We must admit, then, that there is no physical impossibility in taking movable industrial plant out of the country if the operation is worth while. But movable plant is small and short-lived compared to the capital sunk in preparing the actual earthly body of the country for its use. It is not much satisfaction to the makers of a dock that they can take their cranes to Peru, when they must perforce leave the pier on which the crane stands and the breakwater which protects it. Many costly enterprises result in nothing movable at all. Brooklands motor racecourse, for example, though it was made for the accommodation of the most movable form of machinery in the world, is itself immovable. Mines, roads, waterways, shipyards are all immovable; and this immovability involves the immovability of many other businesses which depend on them. You must either work them where they stand or abandon them.

Do not forget, by the way, that abandonment is a familiar commercial operation. Our manufacturers have been trained to face it in that form which they call scrapping. Machines are often rendered obsolete by improvements or new inventions before they are worn out—sometimes before they are even finished; and the abandonment of plant is therefore by no means so unfamiliar and deterrent a sacrifice as members of a popular audience can be led to believe. Plant, in short, is not only more easily transported, but more lightly abandoned nowadays than people think. The taking over to Holland of all the machinery in a woollen mill or the selling of it as scrap iron are both of them operations which the modern employer is quite prepared to consider and to carry out, if necessary, without turning a hair.

But all this leaves the Socialist withers unwrung. The capitalists cannot export more plant than we can replace; nor do they at present save one-third as much as they waste. Our actual saving of capital is about £200,000,000 a year; our unearned incomes amount to £630,000,000 a year. As far, therefore, as the question is merely one of capital, the country stands to gain by Socialism more than the capitalists can possibly take out of it. If the capitalists ship a machine to Holland, and the Socialist Administration which has driven them to do it buys another machine from Germany, or makes it at home—in either case at the capitalists' expense through an income-tax on their dividends—the laugh is clearly with the Socialists and not with the capitalists.

But when we throw off our pre-occupation with machinery and money, and come down to the actual realities of the export problem, all these arguments seem little better than quips. The real question is, what services are the employers rendering to the country? And can they take these services to Holland or South America? How far are they in a position to say to us: "You can keep our mines and yards and railways and all the land we have reclaimed from waste. You can replace every machine we take abroad with a newer machine paid for by the money you take out of our own pockets by confiscation disguised as taxation. Much good they will be to you without our brains and knowledge of business! Your Keir Hardies and Pete Currans can manufacture talk on the largest scale, and produce gas enough to fill all the gasholders in Wandsworth twice over; but you cannot eat their talk or wear it; and their sort of gas will not burn anything except their neighbours' houses. Your Mr. Sidney Webb knows all about how wealth is produced: can he produce it? He can employ a few secretaries; can he employ a thousand workmen? and if not, what is to become of the thousand workmen when we have all gone to countries where workmen are reasonable and are content to remain in that state of life to which it has pleased God to call them?"

The capitalist might refine a little on this. He might point out that though he employs a thousand men, he does not do so single-handed, but through a system which involves the application of a great deal of slave labour of a very abject kind: labour of clerks, for instance. He might remind us that Socialism may not only deprive us of his services by driving him abroad, but of the services of all the men who are doing their daily drudgery now only because they are virtually his slaves, and who, once set free, will positively refuse to waste their lives and narrow their chests in making uninteresting memoranda of uninteresting transactions in uninteresting ledgers. Every year millions of separate entries are made in commercial books, not one of which separate entries will ever be required again. If one of them by chance were wanted, the inconvenience caused by its absence would be as nothing compared to the frightful waste of human life represented by its presence. Except for statistical and historical purposes, few accounts are worth keeping; and I am convinced that it will be as impossible under Socialism to find a man willing to undertake the work of an ordinary office book-keeper as it is now for the sweep to find a climbing-boy. What, then, is to be the fate of England if her employers go abroad and her counting-houses are left without clerks?

To some extent the two difficulties dispose of one another; and I have juxtaposed them purposely to bring out the fact that even if our employers all remain patriotically with us and help us to organise our industry Socialistically, they will be more of a hindrance than a help, because the means of carrying on their old routine will no longer be available. They will be rather like that familiar and pathetic sight, the retired Indian Civil Servant struggling with English democratic institutions, and discovering that his well-learnt art of autocratic government is useless and impracticable under home conditions. I am persuaded that if the hundred most successful English and American employers of the nineteenth century could be resuscitated in the twenty-first and put into harness again, not one of them would be worth his salt, except perhaps as a park constable. Our feudal magnates on City Boards, our retired colonels in counting-houses, are less at sea than such ghosts would be. Many noted men of business who have been made railway directors and chairmen because of their experience and knowledge of the industrial world, are already so pitiably behind the times that if they left their country to-morrow they would leave it for their country's good much more than any criminal we ever sent to Botany Bay. Their experience is all to the bad: what is to the good is only what is left of their native wit and character; and England's fund of that cannot be exported. But the question remains, will the inheritors of that wit and character work for Socialism as they do for Unsocialism, when the bait of profits and dividends no longer dangles before them? That is the question I shall tackle next week.

G. B. S.

(To be continued.)

BOOK OF THE WEEK.

A National Theatre. By William Archer and H Granville Barker. (Duckworth and Co.)

I have read this book with enthusiasm, and I commend it with enthusiasm to all who care or think about the theatre at all. The book contains a detailed scheme for the establishment of a National Theatre, with facts and figures enough to satisfy the most voracious statistician, but treated also sufficiently broadly to absolve any quantity of figures from the charge of dulness. It is, indeed, truly remarkable how the authors have managed to make the project one of inspiring and spacious possibilities while making it so entirely definite. It is as concrete as a Fabian tract with the enthusiasm, which the Fabian leaves out, left in. The real duty in connection with the book that lies with the readers is that of presenting it to all their wealthier friends. No (millionaire's) home should be without it. Try it when you're bored. Christmas is coming, and the book would make a neat and effective present for millionaires embarrassed by the accumulation of their surplus capital.

The scheme consists of two parts, the first an estimate of the cost of a site, building, preliminary equipping and provision of a guarantee fund for a national theatre, the second of a plan of how that Theatre would be carried on, with specimen repertory for the first season, and an estimate of the running expenses. It might, in another country or another age, be possible (as it is desirable) to look to Parliament for the funds required to set the National Theatre on its feet, but Messrs. Archer and Barker wisely look toward private munificence. The endowment of such a Theatre would at least be a perpetual monument to the donor or donors, and a monument only great wealth could build up; it would certainly confer greater distinction than a party-purchased title, not to mention being more original. The expense, if the thing is to be done properly, is considerable; the authors' estimate the site at £75,000, the building and equipment at £105,000, and the guarantee fund £150,000. On this reckoning the sum required to set the Theatre afoot would be £330,000, or even if a miscalculation has been made and the site and building cost £50,000 more (a very improbable event) the whole cost would only be £380,000. As the authors ask, "is that a sum which should have any terrors for the wealth and public spirit of England?" After all, it is less than one-half the cost of a single battleship. And if it is impossible to look for an actual monetary grant from the Government, is it not at least possible that they should present the site? The site would remain national property and part of a national possession of continually increasing value. The guarantee fund, it is proposed, should be subscribed by a number of individuals, in sums not less than £150, so that in this case all that would be left is £105,000, which is about the sum Mr. X and Sir YZ are currently reported to have paid for their peerages. Probably such a donation for the purposes of a National Theatre would secure a peerage in any event; if the distinction were desired the nation could hardly do less. And when one considers these dazzling social possibilities there does not seem to be really any reason why the scheme should not be begun at once.

The part of the book dealing with running expenses goes into considerable detail, both as regards these and as regards methods of management and organisation; it also gives a full repertory for the first season, with casts of actors and actresses with fictitious names, representing, however, we are told, real people obtainable at the salaries specified. The particular repertory given excludes Shaw, Ibsen, Hauptman, D'Annunzio, and some of the more recent modern playwrights; it does so in order to demonstrate that the Theatre is to be in every sense a national and not an "advanced" theatre. The book was originally written three years ago, and as Granville Barker says in a preface, there does not now exist any reason for the exclusion of these names. But even without them there can hardly be an "advanced" person in the three kingdoms who would not sigh with relief were such a repertory presented him amid all the barren deserts of the commercialised drama. Imagine for the first time being able to see Shakespeare neither overlaid with obtrusive scenery nor done dowdily by earnest students. One could get, too, a chance of seeing other Elizabethan drama and drama of periods and fashions now extremely difficult to get any notion of at all. But apart from this most obvious advantage to the playgoer, the taste of every variety of whom is consulted, the indirect effect of a National Theatre would be of almost incalculable benefit. Even without the Dramatic Training School the authors envisage, the Theatre would necessarily set a standard of artistic efficiency which would go a long way to leaven the theory and practice of the mere profit-making venture, while on the other hand the regularised conditions under which the actors and actresses would be engaged would do much to steady the catastrophic fluctuations of the professional life. The conditions of repertory production at a National Theatre would have also most important reactions upon dramatic authorship; much that it is now hopeless to write might then be written

with the surety of an adequate reward. The average level of the National Theatre play would at least be equal to the average level of good novels, and would tend constantly to rise instead of, as now, constantly to sink. Almost every motive now impels the dramatist, either not to write at all or to write stuff which shall be acceptable to the average managerial intelligence. The market demand is all for second-rate plays with star parts guaranteed to secure a long run. If the dramatist wants money and the gratification of his egoism more than he wants real vital art, he will succumb to the temptation. If he is too much of an artist to do so (and he may be unable, even does he wish, for lack of the necessary store of observations at a low imaginative level) he will probably turn from the stage to the novel. But the repertory theatre would at once provide such a writer with an opportunity, and it is probable the opening of the National Theatre would correspond with a perfect cascade of quite excellent plays upon the head of the Director.

According to the authors' calculations, the running expenses of the theatre, which amount to about £70,000 a year, would be considerably more than covered by the receipts, and they could apply any surplus to the creation of a sinking fund of £150,000 to take the place of the guarantee fund. But in case this was not so, and there were a deficit on a number of years' working, there are suggested a variety of possibilities, including a final "winding-up," that appear to be exhaustive. They appear, indeed, to be too exhaustive, for it is highly improbable that, once started, the National Theatre would ever be allowed to die from inanition.

Only on one matter have I any adverse criticism, and that concerns the rates of wages calculated to be paid to some of the theatre employees. These are too low; if the theatre is to be loyally supported by all grades of workers, they must be adequately paid.

With regard to the book as a whole, the highest praise that can be given it is that it goes a long step forward to provide the National Theatre. We have plenty of money in our country, and will enough to raise it for realisable objects. The difficulty is always the means. These Messrs. Archer and Barker have simplified; their plan seems as complete as such a plan can be, before it gets actually started, and as the only obstacle to its fulfilment is now money, it should not be long before we have a National Theatre in our midst.

L. HADEN GUEST.

REVIEWS.

Oscar Wilde: Art and Morality. A Defence of "The Picture of Dorian Gray." Edited by Stuart Mason. (J. Jacobs, London. 6s. net.)

A year or so ago Mr. Stuart Mason translated an interesting study of Wilde's later career from the pen of André Gide. In the present volume he has collected together certain reviews of "Dorian Gray"—mostly unfavourable—and journalistic correspondence arising therefrom. The reviews (with the exception of the "Speaker" article, and the criticism by Walter Pater) certainly furnish us with significant illustrations of the ineptitude that marks so much of the literary criticism of the day. But was it worth while filling up so slight a volume with the correspondence that ensued, in several cases, between the Editor and Author? The gross unfairness of the article in the "Daily Chronicle" and the "St. James's Gazette" moved Oscar Wilde to protest, and Mr. Mason has made use of the letters to point the attitude of the Philistine and the artist. Mr. Wilde's letters were written reasonably and temperately on the whole, but they provide us with no contribution of importance towards the problem of Art and Morality of which Mr. Mason has something to say in his brief introduction. And they seem to us scarcely worth republishing. Several serve rather to obscure the issue, and certainly do not make for a just appreciation of "Dorian Gray." Take, for instance, Wilde's reply to the charge of the "Chronicle" that his book is "poisonous." "It is poisonous if you like," retorts the author, "but you cannot deny that it is also perfect, and perfection is what we artists aim at." Now this sentence, written in the spirit of devilry, gives an entirely wrong impression of Wilde's real attitude towards his book. He did not—as he has said elsewhere—account it poisonous, and as for holding it perfect, no one was more alive to its artistic defects than Wilde himself. The best statement of the artist's position as Wilde conceived it may be found in his "Intentions."

In reading this volume we are reminded afresh of the unfair attitude of the Press generally, from first to last, towards Oscar Wilde's works. His brilliant perversities exasperated them in somewhat the same way as did the paradoxes of Mr. Bernard Shaw in the remote past. That Bernard Shaw is now accounted among the elect and that Wilde's work is still ill-appreciated, is partly due to the fact that Wilde is first and foremost an artist, and that Bernard Shaw is above everything else a moral reformer. And the Saxon temperament that will not tolerate paradoxes from the artist, will forgive the reformer even such a terrible enormity as a vivid sense of humour. There are, no doubt, personal considerations also that have weighed heavily against Wilde. We English cannot dissociate the artist from the man. Moral questions are invariably bound up with our æsthetic judgments. Apart from this aspect, however, it is clear that from his earliest publication Wilde never received a fair hearing.

Take, for instance, the book under consideration: "The Picture of Dorian Gray." It is a book with many artistic blemishes. The style is often garish and overcharged with ornament; as a story it lacks artistic unity—there are too many brilliant excrescences: most important of all, perhaps, it is not, what it purports to be, a true study in Epicureanism. But to denounce it as many of our leading papers did as "leprous" and "poisonous," "vulgar," "immoral," "stupid," and "dull," is quite inept. Whatever Wilde's literary sins may have been, he was never dull nor stupid. Indeed, a reasonable complaint we might bring against both this book and the plays, is the often tiresomely obtrusive cleverness. The fault, however, is not common, and on the whole the literature of to-day provides numerous antidotes to this poison.

As for the charge of immorality— that dear, old nebulous charge that has been brought from time immemorial against almost every original writer—all we can say is that, even in the conventional sense of the word, a "moral" has never been more relentlessly emphasized in any modern work of fiction than in "Dorian Gray." In its general trend the book is painfully moral, and beside many current fictions devoured eagerly by Mudie's respectable clientèle, it reads like a Sunday school story. There are passages here and there open to criticism, on the grounds of good taste—in short, signs of immaturity in the writer's artistic development, of which he would assuredly at a later date not been guilty. But when the most peddling criticism has had its say, it remains a book of extraordinary merit. A novel that contains such a storehouse of brilliant wit, as the "Table Talk" of Lord Henry provides; so exquisitely restrained and delicately written an idyll as the episode of Sibyl Vane and Dorian: so finely dramatic a *leit motif* as the picture which remained the given visible symbol of the man's gradual moral decay: a novel, in fact, of so many and diverse excellences as "Dorian Gray" is a book to be thankful for.

"Dorian Gray" is not the best thing which Wilde

has left us: there is an even fresher and more whimsical humour in "The Importance of Being Earnest"; deeper intellectual power in "The Soul of Man under Socialism"; a finer artistic feeling in "De Profundis"; a higher imaginative insight in "The Ballad of Reading Gaol." But in no one of his works are his many gifts so well illustrated as in "Dorian Gray." In that volume we can see Oscar Wilde, the artist, in miniature, with all his merits and all his defects as a writer.

Pictures of the Socialist Future. By Eugene Richter. (Swan Sonnenschein. 1s. net.)

Nietzsche used to complain that there was too much beer in the German intellect. And German beer is not unlike German humour. It is not particularly exhilarating, and it is somewhat thin. Indeed, one might be pardoned denying the gift of humour at all to anybody who ventured to cut capers in the German language. We hasten to add that we have no wish to display any ingratitude, since we have greatly enjoyed reading this book. It is pleasantly and even brightly written, entirely free from rancour, lighted up at times by quite merry little gleams of wholesome fun; and the Socialist would be thin-skinned indeed who could be angry at being made the butt of such genial laughter. Herr Richter was the leader of the Liberal Party in the Reichstag, and probably he has received sufficient exasperation at the hands of the Socialists to inspire him with the idea of consummating a glorious revenge; and he has succeeded. And to succeed in an enterprise of this kind requires great gifts; it requires not only literary ability, but also imagination, an exquisite sense of proportion, and the rare virtue of self-restraint. Of all the graces of literature, irony is perhaps the most difficult to handle, for it is always accompanied by its remorseless shadow, dulness. The strain obviously proves too great for him at times, but we have been able to read the book without weariness.

One or two defects should be pointed out, since in a work of imagination the writer is bound by no rules, and has everything his own way. It is a little hard on his victims for Herr Richter to assume the Socialist revolution to have occurred in a single day; and that the Socialists should forthwith proceed to rob each other of their "savings." There may not be much honour among thieves, but without a certain infusion of intelligence into its methods, robbery could be no more remunerative than honest labour. Worse still, he proves himself to be ungallant; for the women "vie with each other in girding at the new State magazines. Show-windows, puffing and advertising, sending out lists of prices: all that sort of thing, it seems, has entirely ceased. There is an end to all talk, they complain, of what novelties are to be had, and also to all gossip about prices." Who could restrain a smile at the writer's adventure with a doctor, who told him that his "maximum working-day had just expired, and that such being the case, he was unable, much against his will, to give any more medical advice on that day"? It appears that under such circumstances, if they give advice in urgent cases after the prescribed working-day doctors are heavily fined for over-production! His picture of the State cook-shops is less happy, and shows traces of flogging. "Opposite to me to-day sat a miller, and his neighbour was a sweep. The sweep laughed at this more heartily than the miller. The room at the tables is very cramped, and the elbows at each side hinder one much. However, it is not for long, the minutes allowed for eating being very stingily measured."

On the whole, the reader will do well to procure this little book. Unfortunately for our national credit, the choicest specimens of humour are furnished by our own Press, the "Spectator" ponderously announcing that "as a matter of fact there could be no other end to Socialism than that which he (Richter) sets forth"; while another review assures us that "Socialists will gnash their teeth with exasperation as they read this book." Well, we did not gnash ours!

Christian Marriage. By H. Hensley Henson, D.D. (Cassell and Co.)

This little book is the first of a series which is designed to set forth the practical duties which belong to all who profess the Christian faith. We are told that each volume will be brief; in this at all events Canon Henson succeeds. In a preface he points out that the institution of marriage is bound up with the interests of property and with the sexual minds of the community. The problem is not to be solved, admits the Canon, by "direct appeals to the Bible or to the Church." This teaching must be interpreted historically; we are not to search the Gospels for actual directions, but to discover what are the principles which Christ would inculcate. We are to remember that the Apostolic injunction referred to a people still theoretically polygamists, among whom women held a position of inferiority, or to converts with pagan presuppositions in their minds. Modern conditions are different: "Never in the history of mankind has there been such a situation as exists to-day." It is painful to witness a humane man struggling with a creed he has outgrown. Observation has taught Canon Henson that adultery is not the sole reason for dissolving unhappy marriages; he instances drunkenness as possibly another. But if marriage be—as he asserts—a spiritual union, surely something much less material than the instance he cites should be sufficient to dissolve that union. It is a fallacy to suppose that the relations between men and women are more complex to-day than at some earlier date. It is incorrect to state that man did not begin with monogamy; but has entered into it gradually. More correctly, man began with monogamy, and has gradually attained our present unregulated system of promiscuity. How far the Church should or should not recognise the action of the State is a matter that does not especially interest us. Canon Henson thinks all the Church should do is to recognise the action of the State, but to see that it is gradually raised to the Christian ideal; an ideal which we were told was inapplicable to-day; an ideal upon which he states "the moral philosopher, the social student, the physician, the physiologist" must also have their say. Canon Henson's reasons for thinking that the Jews of Christ's time were monogamists are quite unconvincing. At all events, polygamy was not expressly prohibited until the beginning of the eleventh century by the Synod convened by the celebrated Rabbi Gershom ben Juda.

The Marble Sphinx. By St. John Lucas. (Elkin Matthews. 1s. 6d. net.)

This book belongs to a type which has come into prominence of late years, a type born of the literary movement which traces its origin to Gautier and the other members of his school in France, and which has not lacked supporters in our own country; a movement towards a greater care in the choice of words and phrases, not with a view to clearer expression of ideas or arrangement of facts, so much as to show the importance, and, especially, the beauty of words as æsthetic instruments of the first importance. Hence we have in all work of this kind a subordination of matter to manner, a lingering sweetness in the rhythm of the sentences, and a large number of epithets and adjectives suggesting colour. A sentence or two from Mr. Lucas will illustrate the last point. "The sun set in a wild splendour of scarlet and amber, and with the purple shadows that stole down from the hills came silence, and the silver cresset of the moon gleamed through the gaunt pines." Or again: "The crimson

flower at her breast gleamed like an immense jewel. The drought of some terrible passion had made her scarlet mouth grow pale." It is this insistence on the word as a thing in itself, this distilling from it all its power of moving the emotions, which makes the style of such books as this so very seductive, but which at the same time leads us not to care greatly what is expressed, provided only that it be expressed beautifully. And there is another influence to be seen just as clearly as the last in the whole structure of the work. It is a recognition of the larger and more occult forces which seem to sway man and his destinies, a feeling for the mystic in thought and the symbolic in style, a belief, as Shelley expressed it, that everything in being itself is at the same time suggestive of something greater. It is largely inspired as to form by the Moralities and Mysteries of the later Middle Ages, with their realism of detail, their note of mortality, and their religious spirit all combining to produce an effect somewhat langorous and dreamy, but wonderfully attractive to certain temperaments, and curiously akin to some of our modern modes of thought and feeling. It is the spirit which makes much of Mr. Laurence Housman's work so attractive, and which is one sign in the realm of art of that revolt from the crudely materialistic outlook of the Victorian epoch which is such a striking characteristic of the most representative work of the present day. With this basis of symbolism, coupled with a select choice of words, Mr. Lucas has given us in "The Marble Sphinx" a little book of great beauty and profound emotion. It is an allegory which, with a background of the minor figures of classic mythology, nymphs, fauns, satyrs, and the like, deals not ineffectually with the old idea of the triumph of love over everything, even death, culminating in the figure of the Christ as the supreme embodiment to the world of love, superior to the older deities because He is a man as well as God. The author has managed the end with considerable skill, and the final consummation is described in a couple of pages which contain perhaps the best writing in the book.

The Convert. By Elizabeth Robins. (Methuen. 6s. net.)

We are by no means convinced of the utility of employing fiction for the purposes of propaganda. There is always the initial danger that the opposition may go one better, and the further peril that any crude presentation or clumsy workmanship may react adversely upon the cause advocated.

We hasten to say that we are entirely in sympathy with Miss Robins, and cordially agree that the denial to women of the ordinary rights of citizenship and of their share in making and administering the laws under which they live, cannot be justified by any consideration of justice, expediency, or common sense. We have never seen the arguments for Woman Suffrage presented so lucidly and convincingly, and, we may add, at such length. A large portion of the volume is devoted to realistic descriptions, obviously inspired by personal observation, of the Suffragist meetings in Hyde Park and elsewhere, introducing the women leaders of the movement and Mr. Keir Hardie, and though unduly protracted, these descriptions form the most interesting portion of the book. We rather regret that Miss Robins should have overcrowded her canvas with personages drawn from fashionable London society; they do not much help her story, while their opinions and prejudices upon vital subjects are worth rather less than nothing; and as expounded here, they do not contrast more than favourably with the ebullitions of the average Cockney crowd.

We are afraid that Miss Robins herself has not sufficiently clarified her ideas upon the subjects she is dealing with. The heroine of the story, a beautiful, high-minded girl in good society, suffered while very young a sexual mishap, the partner of her misfortune being a politician, since risen to eminence, and on the way to becoming a Cabinet Minister. In the meantime the heroine has become a convert to the Suffragist movement, and the politician has become betrothed to a beautiful heiress, to whom the story has been accidentally revealed. In an admirably dramatic episode the three personages are thrown together, and the

heiress demands, as a condition of the engagement, that her lover shall make amends for the wrong inflicted in the past, the reparation demanded by the heroine being that he shall devote his gifts and influence to forwarding the Suffragist movement.

Now, with all respect to Miss Robins, we submit that this is not in the least convincing; this is merely the puritanical notion of rewards and punishments served up in another form. What is wanted to solve our sexual problems is to alter men's (and especially women's) point of view, and to give them fifty votes would not necessarily do that. To give votes to women is good, and to hold worthy views upon sexual morality is also good, but the two things are not mutually related as cause and effect. With these reservations, and even without them, we heartily commend this story, for Miss Robins writes with sincerity and distinction.

The Need of the Nations: An International Parliament. (Watts and Co.)

We are grateful to the author of this little book because he has made us think again on the old subject of war and militarism. What do these huge European armaments really mean? Are they indeed the result of an extraordinary capacity inherent in the governing classes of all the progressive races of all time for hoodwinking their uneducated masses, and of a reciprocal something in the latter which makes them delight in being hoodwinked; or are they indeed merely the expression of that national sentiment which is a tenacious product of the revolutionary process in the highest of all organic types, the national group? Of course, the clearer vision of the better minds of all ages has seen the illogical character of the argumentum ad baculum in the international sphere as in every other. "Swords into pruning-hooks," "peace on earth, goodwill to men," and the little book before us are instances separated from one another each by a space of some two thousand years, and yet we are where we were. Or are we only worse than we were, and how are we going to get out of the imbroglio? How are France satiated and England possessed of quite as much territory as is good for her going to convince Germany and Japan and the other comatose, but presently to be revived, peoples that the methods they themselves once employed are simple international immorality? We fear our author does not fully realise the difficulty of the situation. His horror of war needs tempering by a less insular outlook, and we find—what indeed we should have suspected a priori—that this scheme in 65 short pages for the future regulation of international conflict shows a ludicrous incapacity for diagnosis in the sphere of international pathology, and suggests a remedy which would create more ills than it would cure.

Essays and Addresses. By F. Henderson. (The "Norfolk Review" Office, Norwich.)

We wish every civic and parish councillor would read this little unpretentious book; some that we know are sorely in need of the good it would do them. As Mr. Henderson says, "in a fairly wide experience of public administrative work, it has been more and more borne in upon me that the defect of our English public life is the lack of any definite purpose in the work of those who participate in it." And again, "What we want, if our civic life is to become intelligent, is to multiply in the community the number of those men who habitually think and reason about things, deliberating men, as against the hypnotisable and ignorant element." A truth old and familiar enough, but not sufficiently acted upon. Most of these short essays have appeared before in the "Norfolk Review," and are suggested by local events and affairs, but they are nationally applicable enough. As this, for instance: "Much of our work in the elementary schools is a mere laying of foundations upon which we know no edifice is to be raised." And in the essay suggested by some remarks in a sermon by the Dean of Norwich, we find: "They (the clergy) to-day are more ingenious. They do not burn and torture those who preach the Gospel of Jesus. They take possession of the pulpit themselves, and deny the hope of human brotherhood in the very name of Him who gave that hope to the world." There is admirable religious fervour in Mr. Henderson, albeit he overrates the value of the Christian ethics. Yet he perfectly realises the fact of the organic unity of life; that we are all responsible for all the evils of society. This book, we take it, is the outcome of his realisation of this truth, and may the good seed it sows yield a rich harvest.

Major Vigoureux. By "Q." (Methuen. 6s.)

There is a kind of book which is altogether desirable. In these books things happen just as they happen in rare and lovely dreams, just as one wants them to, quite easily, and quite obviously. There is no strain on the imagination, but the imagination seems to take fire and glow with a pure and clear shining. Life is not twisted and altered, but all things are transfigured and become more kind and fair than one ever thought they could be. Very few books have this magic, very very few, some of George Macdonald's have it; all W. H. Hudson's have it; all Morris', and nearly all the old story tellers'—otherwise their stories would have died and been forgotten long ago. "Major Vigoureux" is this kind of book, and surely one of the best "Q." has ever written. The old major with his two sergeants is stranded on the Island, forgotten by the War Office. He is deprived of everything but his pay, to which he unwillingly must stick—though his conscience most grievously afflicts him. The islanders pity and deride him. The Lord Proprietor, with the best purpose in the world, insults and humiliates him unendurably. The whole situation could scarcely be worse, in fact, when at its most hopeless worst Vashti comes to the Islands in the great fog, and without effort everything comes right. Miss Gabriel and Mrs. Pope see Jezebel, as well as a new scarecrow decked in Miss Gabriel's antimacassar and the Lord Proprietor's trousers. The children see a mermaid. The Lord Proprietor hears a siren and topples over a cliff straight into its clutches, and that is the end of his aggressive career. Altogether "Major Vigoureux" is a delightful book. Even without its great charm for the imagination it would still be delightful for the sake of the people in it. They are all real and human and worth knowing.

"Barbara Goes to Oxford." Barbara Burke. (Methuen. 6s.)

Miss Barbara Burke scatters her pages with Americanisms (are not, "Were I to commence author"; "Mr. Enderby and I made conversation"; the cataloguing of lady participants in Oxford lunch and river parties as "women," and "young women"—to give only a few specimens—"quite too terrible"?); she travesties the Oxford landlady; is often—generally we think—a little insincere in her descriptions of natural scenery (the sun has a rather annoying habit of setting before 7—in time for dinner—during July; and what is "a sky of chrysoprase green"? What, too, are "apolaustic park-dwellers"?); and sometimes goes laughably astray in her presentation of some typical Oxford social functions.

But despite these and other faults, the general effect of her book is, we may fairly say, delightful. The chronicle of the three weeks spent in Oxford during a long vacation by two romantic and intelligently inquisitive girls (we imagine the ages of both fell somewhere between 20 and 25) may be recommended to all who love the old place, and we can promise a pleasant afternoon's diversion to the idle puntsman who takes Miss Barbara with him on the river. Her information on "brekkers," "footer-bags," "divvers," and the like, is encyclopædic.

Nor is her knowledge limited to undergraduate slang. The real charm of the book lies in the happy mingling of the mildly romantic with a really intelligent appreciation of Oxford's best charm. The young enthusiasts, not content with falling in love (literally) with fellows of Oriel and Balliol respectively, read Antony à Wood, Hearn, and J. R. Green, while Arnold, Mr. Godley, and other singers of the charms of Isis are quoted. Nearly everything in and around Oxford worth seeing, and visible, is touched upon; and when Miss Burke is quite natural, her style can be charming.

The sixteen illustrations are excellent, and would, of themselves, justify the appearance of the book.

DRAMA.

Ethel Irving in "Lady Frederick."

IT is a regrettable fact that the Court Theatre in Sloane Square is already beginning to feel a long way off. In the Vedrenne-Barker days it used to be quite near; one thought nothing of going there for an hour or so of matinée in the afternoon. And this is none the less so because the present management are making faint efforts to follow in the pathway of the pioneer, or possibly to trade on the reputation of the pioneer. The Vedrenne-Barker management used to give us good drama at matinées. The present Court management have deliberately set about the lowering of this tradition all the way round, and while devoting the evenings to Mammon, make, in the afternoons, some half-hearted offerings to God. The matinées a little time ago were of Brieux's "Incubus"; now the burnt-offering is a play of Mrs. W. K. Clifford, "Hamilton's Second Marriage." This play is essentially a study in the proprietary passions of women; embodied in those of Sylvia Callender for her fiancé, Maurice Hamilton. Maurice has been married years and years ago in India and had to divorce his wife; Sylvia knows of this, and in the abstract recks nothing of it, but, being accidentally confronted with the late Mrs. Hamilton, whom she has known under an assumed name, has a revulsion of feeling and declares that marriage is now impossible. Naturally this emotion is ascribed to moral feelings, and Sylvia says she knows marriage would not be "right." In this portrayal of the heartless cynicism of women's abuse of moral terminology to cloak their own savage proprietary passions, Mrs. Clifford has created a type of great interest, but, unfortunately, the upper-class atmosphere of the drama does not allow Hamilton to exhibit his emotions on the matter adequately, and in the play he does not exhibit anything but an impossible acquiescence in Sylvia's point of view. Mrs. Clifford, in fact, has left out an act of her play, the act in which Hamilton "reconciles" himself to existence in an atmosphere neither so refined nor so "moral" as Sylvia's drawing-room. With Sylvia's refusal of Hamilton the play really comes to an end, but Mrs. Clifford in a fourth act develops the soi-distant Mrs. Hamilton's character in what becomes the most interesting part of the performance. In this act it is borne in upon Hamilton that his wife bolted with another man all because she loved him, and he was not sufficiently attentive and demonstrative. The act consists in a long confession by the wife of what her love was and still is, Hamilton and she finally deciding to start life again together. The reality of the two women's characters in this play is the undoubted achievement of the piece, but I do not know whether it is politically advisable that Mrs. Clifford should so clearly show her hand in the matter and demonstrate so irrefutably that women regard man merely as a pawn in their game. The part of Sylvia was acted by Miss Alexandra Carlisle, and that of the late Mrs. Hamilton by Miss Frances Dillon. Both acted exceptionally well, and I was once more struck by the horror of the present system, which gives no actor or actress a chance. Miss Alexandra Carlisle I have seen in "The Morals of Marcus," in "A Royal Family," and in "The Earl of Pawtucket"; in each of these plays her part was fitted to her, and in none of these plays did she act, she Alexandra-Carlisled. In Mrs. Clifford's play I was for the first time made aware that Miss Carlisle can act, as the part is neither cut to fit her personality nor particularly suits it. And yet here is this actress launched upon a career (termed successful) of long runs in cheaply popular pieces which must inevitably stereotype her mannerisms and render her style mechanical.

The evening bill consists of Miss Ethel Irving in "Lady Frederick." No one else in the play gets a look in in comparison, nor should I imagine anyone in the audience desired it. But a star part, be it never so well suited to the actor or actress, and be it never so well acted, as in Miss Ethel Irving's case, does not really give the actor or actress the chance they need. Every drama with a star part is a feat of juggling; all kinds of impossible balancings and adjustments are necessary to produce the requisite effect. Or at least this applies to all but dramas of the very highest type, but these again do not create star parts in the same way. Mr. Somerset Maugham's "Lady Frederick" is a quite delightful creation, with something of Barry Lyndon about her, but she does not essentially and necessarily stand out from her surroundings by virtue of her personality, and while the play is light and amusing, some of the scenes are too obviously clever. This applies particularly to the scene where Lady Frederick bets her old lover a hundred louis that she will make her dressmaker, who has come to dun her for £700, refuse a cheque. Lady Frederick succeeds; it is obvious she must succeed, but the scene is not convincing, because not an integral part of the play. The whole of the last act, where Lady Frederick "makes up" in her dressing-room, in front of her boyish lover, and in order to undeceive him, is equally unconvincing. Of course, it is clever, and in a sense well-done, but having seen it once, one does not want to see it again. It really is becoming a very long way to Sloane Square. And this kind of cleverness, while depending too much on the actress's personality, does not give that actress's personality a chance. I imagine that Miss Ethel Irving not only got all there was to be got out of Mr. Somerset Maugham's play, but put a good deal in that the author did not dare to hope for. But at the end what has one attained?—a rather conventional conception of a charmingly impecunious lady touched by the humanity of Ethel Irving. One might almost imagine that the actress was endeavouring to convey to us the real woman the author has only dimly indicated. And this is the pity of it. It is the business of a first-rate actress like Miss Ethel Irving to convey real humanity to us across the footlights, but, of course, if it's not there the actress cannot convey it. Lady Frederick Berolles was acted from the crown of Miss Irving's head to the sole of her feet; it was all Lady Frederick for all she was worth, and a bit more. But the necessities of cleverness and of the star part constantly intervened and destroyed the illusion of humanity that Miss Irving was with such graciousness building up for us. What we need is more pioneer theatres to create a public which will demand real plays and actors and actresses who will be able to refuse to interpret second-rate plays. When the second-rate plays have to be acted by second-rate people, they will soon show themselves at their true value, and sink to their proper position in our artistic economy. At present they are heroically supported by enormous sacrifices of artistic talent.

L. HADEN GUEST.

ART.

Two Exhibitions of Modern Pictures.

The Goupil Gallery Salon.

This is an interesting exhibition. On the whole, it represents the better side of the modern art movement of England and France. It is a good sign that the cleverest, especially of the English painters, are becoming less anxious to seem clever, for cleverness and greatness seldom go hand in hand.

Nevertheless, it is certain that the majority of these pictures—all, indeed, if we except the two landscapes of "Evening" by Mr. Aumonier and Mr. Spenlove, and among the portraits Mr. Henry's "Reverie" and Mr. Orpen's "Night"—contain an element of experiment. This latter has a merit of its own; we are wholly free from the plague of the commonplace. For these painters have something to say and the faculty of saying it.

But there is another thing that has to be taken into account. In this everlasting observation of something unusual the element of beauty seems too often deliberately excluded. As a result, we have pictures emptied of all truth that does not accord with the mood of the painter. What can be said, for instance, of Mr. Koopman's "In a Venetian Trattoria," except that it is an interesting experiment in a special effect, well observed and skilfully stated?

And this applies to quite half the pictures, while sometimes the effect aimed at is only partially obtained. Mr. Peppercorn's "Path by the River," among the English painters, as M. Simon Bussy's "Meules sur le Givre" among the French—both brilliant pieces of work—may be taken as examples out of many landscapes that impress one, not as nature, but as exercises to prove something—in most cases, something unusual. The latter painter is even more self-assertive in quite a different direction in his "Interieur"; it is a study in pigment that astonishes you the first time you look at it and bores you the second. Mr. Nicholson, again, in "The Group of Statuettes," shows splendid skill in his rendering of different textures, but the picture is painted as a display in favour of this quality rather than for its own sake.

Among the figure pictures M. Besnard's "Avant le Bain" is not important as coming from him; the fine modelling of the woman's neck and shoulders does not compensate for the really crude chromatic painting of the face and background. M. Aman-Jean's "Le Vase Bleu," though admirable in colour, is also unsatisfactory in the rendering of the face. Then, there is M. Laurent, also, who, in his "Jeune Fille," gives us a leaf out of Renoir's note-book—one of the most unpleasant, spottiest leaves; while M. La Touche, in "Le Baiser"—which seems painted as an imitation of Fragonard—is too obviously clever. The result of it all is that these pictures are not beautiful.

Once only did I quite believe in cleverness. Mr. Brangwyn's magnificent decorative picture, "The Tinker," contradicts all that I have said. However, this does not matter; it is the prerogative of masters to silence critics.

The New English Art Club.

At this exhibition I was much more unpleasantly conscious of that element of experiment in special effects, with its results of clever observation and no beauty of which I have spoken. The average of the pictures is lower than at the Goupil Salon, for though most of the pictures here show as clearly as those do what they are aiming at, they are not so successful in reaching their aims. Volumes might be written upon the conditions of modern art, taking this exhibition for the text. Fortunately I have not space even to enumerate the titles of the pictures. One instance must suffice. "The Fountain" and "The Brook," two of three pictures that Mr. Sargent exhibits—the other is a fine Swiss landscape—seem to have been painted to make us believe that something new and bizarre may be said about the play of sunlight—in the first picture on the masses of white, and in the second upon a medley of garish colour. The tyranny here is an empty realism. Both pictures are statements of casual effects that rely for their interest upon brilliance of execution, and care nothing for that inward reality of beauty that comes from the exercise of choice. Yes, those astonishing exercises in pigment are almost shocking in their ugliness. Does Mr. Sargent ask us to take such frivolities seriously!

C. GASQUOINE HARTLEY.

CORRESPONDENCE.

For the opinions expressed by correspondents, the Editors do no hold themselves responsible.

Correspondence intended for publication should be addressed to the Editors and written on one side of the paper only.

SOCIALISM AND SEX-RELATIONS.

TO THE EDITORS OF "THE NEW AGE."

The discussion of sex-relations is one which you often permit in your columns. I hope therefore you will extend your courtesy to a Socialist who believes, after listening to a recent spontaneous debate among Socialists, that certain apparently obvious things are at the moment forgotten.

The general conclusion one drew from the somewhat inconclusive discussion was that the first step is woman's political enfranchisement, the second is her economic enfranchisement; that after these are accomplished, we shall have a body of men and women fit to decide to what forms of regulation the community will submit, for the welfare of its members, and of posterity. At present to advocate any particular plan for regulation or removal of regulation is mere academic discussion, and therefore many Socialists refuse to waste their time by being "drawn" on it. The subject has been shrouded for many generations in the confusion between what one feels, and what one is supposed to feel; and, further, by the tradition of extreme reticence on at least one sex. With such acquired characteristics, it will take a long time for the average man and woman to learn to speak openly and surely. Yet more time will it take for there to be any definite result of such interchange of thoughts and feelings. To make any generalisation about the normal feelings of men and women requires an abundance of this frank interchange for which there has not yet been opportunity. This was clearly the impression in a meeting where everyone distrusted every one else's generalisations as partial. In particular the distinction drawn between a woman's desire for a husband and her desire for maternity seems short-sighted, when it is perfectly possible and normal for the two desires to be merged into one and indistinguishable. The last word on most antitheses is the advice to abandon them.

Thus Mr. Hobson on Ethics and Economics. In the discussion of the desire for maternity no mention is made of the desire for paternity; no doubt weaker, subtler, but not to be denied as a factor in civilised life. Consciously or unconsciously, Socialists are especially tempted to neglect it, because it seems an impulse on the side of Individualism instead of Socialism (yet another sinister antithesis), to be the mainspring of selfish rather than civic activity; and also because they may feel with some bitterness that the failure of the family as an institution is often due to the father's abuse of his power even when acting in accordance with this impulse. Yet does one not receive, side by side with the confidences of the women who long for children, occasionally a confidence from a man who also desires children, even in the abstract?

The man who wants to sing his baby to sleep is always with us. Indeed, there are many men now who would welcome relief from economic pressure just as an opportunity of caring for their children instead of making it exclusively the woman's business. This instinct to cherish and protect would no doubt be more developed as a sentiment towards children in proportion as the wife is treated less as a child. It may be urged that this feeling is entirely separate from sex emotion; but just as there are women with whom the love of a husband includes the desire to bear him children to the exclusion of any general wish for children, so there are certainly men whose love for a wife includes the desire to be father to her children. The aspect of affairs for such is wholly personal.

A state that truly represents its members will legislate generously for those who announce frankly and without cant that they have no desire for the care of children. It will do so the more because the healthy community, the one we have no experience of, will be able to prize the happiness of the present generation as at least comparable with the future of the race. But, in spite of the evils arising from family life as we know it, it will still be obvious that the community with the best promise for permanency will be the one in which the paternal and maternal desires are encouraged and directed.

M. McK.

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SOCIALISM AND PUNISHMENT.

TO THE EDITORS OF "THE NEW AGE."

It seems to me a mistake to argue about this matter as if the aim of punishment were, or ought to be, the propitiation of Justice. The worship of Justice seems as foolish, and as likely to bring evil results, as any other superstitious practice. We do not base our deeds generally on a belief in the righteousness of following the rules of pure justice, and I do not suppose anybody really believes that laws to-day are based on abstract ideas of justice at all.

The framing of laws in a socialistic state will, surely, continue to be a purely utilitarian matter. If the punishment of criminals should have the result which the community wishes it to have (that is to say, the lessening of deeds hurtful to the community) punishment will most likely continue to be an institution sanctioned by the community, be the latter socialistic or not. If, on the other hand, we ever get lawmakers who find out that punishment is not putting an end to crime, very likely they will try some other way—without questioning at all whether Justice is propitiated thereby or not.

LEONARD J. SIMONS.

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TO THE EDITORS OF "THE NEW AGE."

Your interrogative comment on my last letter ("Is not 'intention' also an outcome of our antecedents?") is seemingly meant to imply that, with respect to the justice or injustice of punishment, there is no difference, in Determinist ethics, between intentional acts of injury (crimes) and accidental acts of injury, because both are alike the inevitable outcome of antecedent conditions.

Does our awakened perception of this abstract point of resemblance between the two classes of human action annihilate the hitherto apparent distinction between them? On the contrary, it leaves that distinction entirely unaffected; an act of the will is an act of the will, an involuntary act is an involuntary act, whether the will is free or not. And this distinction between the voluntary and the involuntary, which is thus entirely unaffected by our perception that they possess a characteristic in common ("necessary outcome of antecedent conditions"), is precisely what constitutes the criterion of moral judgment by which we discriminate between the injurious conduct which does, and that which does not, deserve punishment. Unless Determinism denies the distinction between voluntary and involuntary acts of injury—unless, that is to say, it declares that the so-called voluntary acts of injury (crimes) are really involuntary, how does the acceptance of Determinism involve any change in the moral sentiment of blame which is rooted in that distinction? It is absurd to suppose that the feeling of indignation, the desire to punish (along with the accompanying sense that such feeling is right) which arises spontaneously, automatically, in presence of conduct that is at once injurious and wilful, is dependent upon a belief in the metaphysical doctrine of the freedom of the will: absurd, because with the exception of one type of mind, and that an uncommon one, the whole human race passes from the cradle to the grave without ever thinking about the ultimate nature of the human will. And what is the alternative? Mankind in general holding no theory about the ultimate nature of the will—its presence in the one case and its absence in the other, must we not conclude that, whatever forces may in the future modify human nature in respect of its sentiment towards wrongdoing, this moral distinction between blamable and blameless acts of injury must exist as long as the psychological distinction between voluntary and involuntary acts remains uncontradicted by our knowledge of the will?

RUSSELL THOMPSON.

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SOCIALIST WOMEN'S BUREAU.

TO THE EDITORS OF "THE NEW AGE."

A preliminary meeting, called together by a Committee of the S.D.F. Women's Circles, was held at Chandos Hall, Maiden Lane, on Friday, November 1st., with the object of starting a Socialist Women's Bureau to affiliate with the Socialist Women's Bureau of Germany and other countries, on the lines laid down at the recent International Conference of Socialist women at Stuttgart. Delegates were present from the Fabian Society, the Committee of the S.D.F. Women's Circles, and the Adult Suffrage Society. It was decided that the proposed organisation should be called the Socialist Women's Bureau (British), and that the object of the organisation should be "The establishment of regular communications between the organised Socialist women of all countries." Mrs. Hendin was appointed Hon. Sec., for the convening of meetings, etc., and Mrs. Montefiore Reporter, for getting into touch with Socialist Women's organisations abroad. A letter was read from the Secretary of the I.L.P. in response to the invitation to send delegates to the preliminary meeting, declining to be represented. It was decided to approach other Socialist organisations, such as the Women Clarion Scouts, etc., so as to make the Bureau as representative and as useful as possible. Through the Bureau, information from all affiliated countries on the subjects of Unemployment, of Factory Legislation, of Municipal and Political Rights, of Education and the feeding of school children, of Prison Reform, of State Maintenance for mothers, and the treatment of illegitimate children, will be exchanged; and Socialist women of many countries will be kept in touch with each other through the organ of "Gleichheit" (Equality), which will be published in French, English, and German. After some discussion it was decided that Comrade Clara Zetkin, of Stuttgart, at whose suggestion the Bureaus are being formed, should be written to, asking her for more definite information as to the bases of possible affiliation, in relation more especially to the Woman Suffrage Resolution passed at the International Women's Conference.

DORA B. MONTEFIORE.

MR. R. B. HALDANE AND "PUBLIC OPINION."

THE Right Hon. R. B. Haldane, M.P., Secretary for War, has addressed the following letter to the Editor of PUBLIC OPINION:—

WAR OFFICE, 1st October, 1907.

Dear Mr. Parker,

I think that in the new form of "Public Opinion" under your editorship, you do well to make prominent what is concrete and living in the shape of the opinions maturely formed of men who are trying to do the work of the nation and of journalists the standard of whose criticism is high. What interests people is that which is expressed in a concrete form and has in it the touch of humanity. The views of strenuous spirits and the criticisms of really competent critics given in their own words comply with this condition. Your paper will succeed if it can only keep up to this standard, and I think you have brought it on to the right lines.

Yours faithfully,
R. B. HALDANE.

Percy L. Parker, Esq.,
Offices of "Public Opinion,"
Temple House, Tallis Street, E.C.

TO READERS OF THE NEW AGE.

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