WILL EMPLOYERS EMIGRATE? by BERNARD SHAW

THE NEW AGE

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF POLITICS, LITERATURE, AND ART

Edited by A. R. Orage and Holbrook Jackson

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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Reuter, telegraphing on Nov. 13, announced that Lajpat Rai and Ajit Singh, the two Hindus deported to concentration camps in the Punjab last May, have been released. This is the best news we have heard from India for a long while. And, as everybody knows, there was need of some good news to counterbalance the monotonous stories of blunders upon blunders upon blunder and official stupidity followed by official stupidity. We congratulate Mr. John Morley on the return of his philosophic spirit; and sincerely hope it may have returned for good.

At the same time, we cannot help observing signs that Mr. Morley has not completely recovered. His recent refusal to interfere in the illegal sentence of Lajpat Rai and Ajit Singh. Moreover, the extremely foolish thing he has made for his native solicitors to the India Council show him to be without imagination, if not definitely cynical. Of the two Indian gentlemen appointed to represent the rising tide of Indian nationalism, Mr. K. G. Gupte frankly admits he has "no idea" of the nature of his new duties, and the second, Mr. Bilgrami, takes quite the English official view that all this Indian agitation is no more than "theatrical attitudinising." We need hardly say that this is an unfortunate spirit with which to begin the infinitely difficult task of allaying the just fears and warning voices of Socialists and reformers of all types, when everybody else knows us to be right just because we almost necessarily believe ourselves to be right.

If Mr. Morley had possessed some imagination—as much, even, as Mr. Balfour showed when he persuaded Lord Roberts to go out to South Africa in the very blackest period of the Boer War—we might have seen Lajpat Rai recalled from exile in order to serve on the India Council. That would have been a stroke of genuine statesmanship, which would have gone further than "theatrical attitudinising." We need hardly say that Mr. Morley has permitted himself to accept.

The visit of the German Emperor and Empress to England has been the occasion of a good deal of perfectly genuine demonstrations of mutual goodwill. The Teutophobes have temporarily ceased from their baying, and, even the Social Democratic Federation failed at the last moment to carry out its original proposal to hold a counter demonstration. The nearest approach to this was an unemployeed procession, under the leadership of the indefatigable Mr. Jack Williams, which came into collision with the police, who, as usual on such occasions, were made almost hysterical by the sight of starving men. It is fortunate, perhaps, that the German Emperor did not see our slums. He might have concluded that the conquest of England would be the interests of humanity as well as of the German Empire.

Mr. Balfour's speech at Birmingham on Thursday may not have elucidated his position on the subject of Tariff Reform, but with rare perspicacity he put his finger on what we may be permitted to regard as a defect in the exposition rather than in the nature of Socialism. Discussing the subject at an altitude beyond the reach of most of our opponents, Mr. Balfour urged that the more pressing problem of society was always production rather than distribution. He foresaw that under Socialism the sum total of production might be reduced, with the result that however equitable the distribution, the standard of living might be generally reduced. His remedy for the present evils of poverty was to drive always at production, and at the same time by Socialism and education to reduce the more glaring effects of competitive distribution. The point is well taken, and we shall have pleasure in discussing the subject in succeeding numbers of The New Age.

It will not be for lack of warning that Sir Edward Grey remains stubborn on the subject of the Denshawai prisoners. Doubtless he thinks it a fine noble English trait to keep a stiff upper lip and to ignore almost universal criticism. We English are so constructed that we almost necessarily believe ourselves to be right just when everybody else knows us to be wrong. To the warning voices of Socialists and reformers of all types, Mr. G. K. Chesterton, the ardent apostle of Democracy, has added his powerful support in the pages of The New Age.

For us the great fact is that our English history has been suddenly blasted by a quite extraordinary crime. I cannot suppose that anybody doubts what is the crime to which I refer. The fact is that men in the Denshawai affair were fogged and hanged, the fact that some of them still remain in prison. 1s by far the blackest fact that can definitely be proved from English history against the English people.

We are continuing a piece of open injustice literally because we are too languid to stop it. Sir Edward Grey and Lord Cromer do not really pretend, that those dead peasants ought to be dead; that those tortured peasants ought to have been tortured. Everybody knows now that the thing was the very best a brutal mistake, a case of error far clearer than the Beck case. Yet the British Empire goes on imprisoning precisely because...
the British Empire is too weak and unwieldy to make a second decision; it has exhausted all its energy in getting the wrong men into gaol, and has (apparently) none left to get them out again. This is the strange and quality that separates this wrong from most of the wrongs alleged against great nations. The terrible fact is that no accusation is so that its defenders are lukewarm. Denuwah is worse than indefensible: it is undefended.

* * *

The annual outbreak of "ragging" on the occasion of midsummer Rites seems the year, both at Oxford and Cambridge, to have resulted in some detestable scenes. We are not in the least moved by the "ragging" itself, but by the utterly superficial, if not baseless, stories that seem to have inspired it. Seldom or never has it happened that the young bloods at Oxford or Cambridge have "ragged" anything or anybody on behalf of a generous idea. Everywhere on the Continent it is expected as a matter of course that students should be on the side of great ideas. At Oxford and Cambridge they appear always to be on the side of the House of Lords in its most reactionary moods. It is this that keeps Oxford and Cambridge in the eyes of the intellectual revolutionaries on a level with the Johns University, whose students had the chivalrous notion of sprinkling a Suffragette meeting with cayenne pepper. The courage of the proceeding is, of course, prodigious.

Writing of Suffragettes, we observe that both Mr. McKenna and Mr. Asquith, as well as the Magistrate at Bow Street, have come in for some well-merited Suffragette opposition. At Nuneaton it is pretty certain that the defence of Mr. Asquith by a hundred or so brawny miners, officered by stewards apparently trained in Sir Edward Grey's Denuwah spirit, was as brutal in its overturesation as无效的. Mr. Asquith has the reputation of frequenting the company of the "Smart Set"; and we should have thought that his fastidiousness might have hit upon a more ingenious device for preserving order than the employment of male bullies. As it turned out, his speech when delivered was scarcely worth killing a fly to hear.

* * *

The return as to the proceedings of distress committees under the Unemployed Workmen Act, 1905, during the year ended March 31, has just been issued. We merely note that statistics are notoriously the superlative degree of misinformation. Doubtless the figures are correct, but nobody who has had his eyes open during the last twelve months can believe that things are as rosy as the return states them to be. Of the sixty thousand persons who applied to distress committees, rather more than half were provided with work of some kind. In many cases the work was for as long as a week, sometimes for two days, and were worked for less than sixpence an hour, or almost 13s. a week. Twice thirteen are twenty-six, and twenty-six shillings for a whole season's income may be regarded as the reductio ad absurdum. At West Hartlepool, we observe, took no action whatever under the Bill. That was not "practical," but it showed a proper contempt.

* * *

We desire to draw particular attention to the following circular letter issued by the Trade Union Congress Parliamentary Committee on the subject of the fair wages resolution of the House of Commons:

It will be remembered that in our report to the Trade Union Congress at Bath we drew attention to the fact that the Lords Commissioners of the Treasury had appointed a committee to consider the working of the fair wages resolution of the House of Commons of February 15, 1894, as embodied in Government contracts, and to report whether any administrative changes, especially with a view to the prevention of evasion, the enforcement of the rate current in the district, and the uniformity of interpretation and working, are desirable in order to enable the objects of the resolution to be more effectively attained. We now wish to point out that the committee is desirous of taking evidence from representatives of trade unions. All trade union officials, therefore, having any complaints to make against the working of the fair wages resolution, and desiring to give evidence, should apply at once to writing to Mr. J. C. Wills, Board of Trade, Whitehall, London, who is secretary to the committee. In view of the urgent need for amending the fair wages resolution on the lines laid down at the last Trade Union Congress, we sincerely trust that all who have had experience of the unsatisfactory working of the resolution as it now stands will avail themselves of this opportunity of giving evidence on the subject.

A Committee has been formed to consider a scheme for the useful employment of vacant land within London. In several American cities such vacant land has been lately devoted to the propagation of vegetables, mainly by the unemployed; and it has been found actually to pay. Allotments in the heart of London sound attractive but hollow; yet the uniformity informs us that 500 acres of available vacant land are to be found within a 'bus ride of the Bank.'

* * *

On Friday evening Sir Alfred Keogh, Director-General of the Army Medical Staff, read a paper before the Incorporated Society of Medical Officers of Health in which he suggested the formation of a National Medical Corps for the Territorial Army. The Corps should consist of Volunteer Medical Officers of Health, who should superintend and control all the sanitary arrangements for the new civil Army. They would have nothing to do with the work of the Army, but be supplied to such work as they are now performing. The idea is excellent. Medical Officers of Health may by such means acquire one day a sufficient status to enable them peremptorily to order the abolition of poverty and slums.

Dr. Macnamara's experience as an elementary teacher stands him in good stead as a political speaker (we should not think of calling him an orator). His speech of Monday last, at Reading, must have cost him an unusual effort of sentiment. "C-B.!, should find twelve million poor still remaining! We suggest that Dr. Macnamara might give himself a lesson in the difference between such amelioration and downright cynical neglect. The latter could scarcely have produced worse results than it has done.

* * *

The crisis in the American financial world is distinctly less acute. The abuse to which hoarders have been subjected, high prices for bullion, and the fact that these currency have sufficed to restore some measure of currency have sufficed to restore some measure of confidence, and considerable deposits are now being again made in the savings banks. The curtailing of business is decidedly less general than in the earlier American crises. The refusal of the Banque de France to ship gold on the sole guarantee of the American Government has aroused some resentment in the States, and the "New York Herald" threatens a re-
though twice repeated failure and the arbitrary "making" of the elections by the Government have almost discredited the system of the free Assembly, much is hoped from it in some quarters, where it is declared that the period of revolution is now giving way to one of construction. It is impossible to speak thus boldly in regard to the censures which the new Assembly, but three parties are clearly outlined, and the policy of each can be stated with more or less certainty. On the Left are the Constitutional Democrats, supported by the distinguished publicists, M. Milukoff, well known in England. They stand for the jealous preservation of the rights of the National Assembly, as conceded by the Tsar in his original agreements with the Diet. On the Right agree to regard the Duma as something more. The Duma as an instrument of administration, his attitude to this country has changed, and he is now prepared to regard the Duma as something more than a merely consultative body, and the Octobrists concede something in the matter of concessions to the Jews, whom they have hitherto regarded in the reform of education. If the Right agree to regard the Duma as something more than a merely consultative body, and the Octobrists concede something in the matter of concessions to the Jews, whom they have hitherto regarded in the reform of education. If the Right agree to regard the Duma as something more than a merely consultative body, and the Octobrists concede something in the matter of concessions to the Jews, whom they have hitherto regarded in the reform of education. If the Right agree to regard the Duma as something more than a merely consultative body, and the Octobrists concede something in the matter of concessions to the Jews, whom they have hitherto regarded in the reform of education. If the Right agree to regard the Duma as something more than a merely consultative body, and the Octobrists concede something in the matter of concessions to the Jews, whom they have hitherto regarded in the reform of education.
through the Press, have failed to induce editors to allow me to describe the Particulars. I have also the well-known protest from the judicial bench cited above. The inevitable conclusion drawn by the man in the street is that the theory is impossible. If they were licensed these indescribable and unmentionable plays, he must have produced something quite hideously filthy. But I care not for the theory, only for the smallest offence. and, with Mr. Barker’s permission, I will.

Waste is a play about the disestablishment of the Church. The author was a clerk in an Irish land agent’s office. The floor of the House from the Radical side to the Conservative, because he has induced the Conservatives to make the same alluding to the Church themselves. One can quite conceive Mr. Sidney Webb getting round Mr. Balfour in this way (after all, the Irish Local Government Act is the least likely of the two). If Mr. Balfour would give Mr. Webb the revenues of the Church for some of his Collectivist projects—which, by the way, is just as much as recommending a church in the service of the man who devised it are wasted. Hence the title Waste.

And here you have the effect of the Censorship in a nutshell. It pleases you that way, at least do not give yourself a respect his courage and inspiration. So whilst you stone you license public houses or music-halls. License me from the market value of my time is probably ten times that of the salaries of its officials a waste of money. Should be given the job. I am too busy as an author to be removed and put in his place. It IS just as if the scheme for disestablishing the Church is wasted. The political statement of the man who devised it are wasted. Hence the title Waste.

The “Saturday Review” suggests that Mr. Redford should be removed, and put in his place. It is just as if the testing of watches at Kew had been complained of, and it were suggested that the Astronomer Royal or the Secretary of the department should be given the job. I am too busy as an author to spend my life reading other people’s manuscripts; and the market value of my time is probably ten times that of the salaries of its officials a waste of money. The Censorship admits that it cannot prohibit both. To do that would be to wipe the theatre out of existence, and to reduce the adult population to the status of children in the nursery. To allow both would be to allow everything that public opinion will allow; that is, to confess that the Censorship is of no use, and the salaries of its officials a waste of money.

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It does not forbid vice: it only insists that it shall be made attractive. It does not forbid you to put the brothel on the stage; it only compels you to advertise its charms, and such publications. One can quite conceive Mr. Sidney Webb getting round Mr. Balfour in this way (after all, the Irish Local Government Act is the least likely of the two). If Mr. Balfour would give Mr. Webb the revenues of the Church for some of his Collectivist projects—which, by the way, is just as much as recommending a church in the service of the man who devised it are wasted. Hence the title Waste.

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similar number of epithets as incontrovertible, unmistakable, perfectly plain, and perfectly precise. They are these: in broadening the basis of taxation, the duties on raw material they should not touch raw material, and they should not alter the proportion in which the working classes contribute to the cost of government. During the delivery of this baleful lecture, he Licensing Bill, they thought he had been wishfully turned to his ablest lieutenant, that once alert and intrepid figure now by an untoward fate disabled and silent, who was wont to measure neither his words nor his promises. Yet we cannot say that Mr. Balfour is right. He is at once too wise and too ignorant to play fast and loose with his own intelligence. And the dilemma is not of his making, it has been created by fate. The Conservatives are pledged to provide Old Age Pensions, and to raise ample funds for necessary measures of social reform; and to give to the poor with one hand what they take from them with the other be rightly conceives to be both insulting and impossible. The only method of raising revenue without increasing the burdens already oppressing the working classes is to tax unearned incomes. Mr. Balfour will not accept that alternative, and there is no other. While disagreeing with his decision we cannot but admire the courage with which he has met a difficult and graceless situation, and thereby justified the reserved reputation for intellectual honesty. His followers also deserve commendation. They are condemned to live from hand to mouth on a policy upon which they were so signally defeated two years ago. No other policy is open to them, and as a means of averting the people from contending for independence, the Empire, the passage of time can only accentuate its unreality and incapacity.

The Next Parliamentary Session.

Somewhere within the Liberal Party crypt it has been decided that Parliament shall meet a fortnight earlier this year. Hence the Labour Party conference at Hull has been antedated by some two weeks in order to give its members an opportunity of being present at the opening of Parliament on January 29. It may be that the special circumstances requiring the earlier date have arisen as the result of the Labour protest against dismissing Parliament for the autumn. Or, again, to judge from the programme of the Cabinet, it may be that the Liberals foresee a strenuous session. Whatever be the cause of the decision, there is no doubt but the coming session is going to be both interesting and important.

Of the Conservative Party it would be unnecessary to speak at all. The Tariff Reformers are inclined at the moment to sympathise with Socialism, but the rest of the party appears to attach little importance to the question of the House of Lords, on which we are assured that something or other will certainly be done this session. Now, we may as well say in advance that so far as we are concerned the House of Lords is an obstacle to Liberalism, but not an obstacle to Socialism. It may be galling that Liberals should find their measures returned from the House of Lords in such an unsatisfactory form, but the fact is that most of the Trade Unionists are ready for a bold Socialist lead at this moment. Mr. Macdonald is a Socialist, and he has already given the Labour Party his complete support. Hence, the Labour Party is threatened with death by dullness. While we entirely agree that Old Age Pensions and an Unemployed Bill are matters of first importance, we are not of the opinion that the Labour Party will this session attempt at any rate to look at political and social questions from a larger point of view.

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The Newfoundland Fisheries.

The influence of “the land of cod, fogs, and dogs” on the early development of our sea-power has been very important, and we are justified in saying that the fishermen have been one of the great factors which have contributed to the growth of our navy.

It is well known that the Newfoundland fisheries have been of great importance to our commercial and naval interests, and that they have played a prominent part in the development of our sea-power. The fisheries have provided employment for many thousands of people, and have been a source of wealth and prosperity to the country.

The fisheries of Newfoundland have been regulated by various treaties and agreements, and the rights of the fishermen have been protected by these treaties. The most important of these agreements is the Treaty of 1783, by which the United States agreed to refrain from regulating the fisheries on the French coast, and to allow the French to catch fish in the Newfoundland waters.

The Treaty of 1783 was followed by several other agreements, and the rights of the fishermen have been protected by these treaties. The most important of these agreements is the Treaty of 1818, by which the United States and England agreed to divide the fisheries between the two countries.

The rights of the fishermen have been protected by these treaties, and the fishermen have been able to continue their work without interference. The fishermen have been able to continue their work without interference, and have been able to provide employment for many thousands of people.

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How to Govern India.

A Letter to John Bull.

IV.

Principles of Indian Government.

III. It follows logically, Sir, from I. and II. that the British government of India rests, in the last resort, upon its military strength, as the great "Quarterly Review" reminded Lord Ripon in 1883; or, as it has been put by the Indians, in a possessively manner which we have won by the sword, and which we must make up our minds to hold in the last resort by the sword, if we are to continue to hold it at all. Again she is our sword, and nothing else, which stands between peace and the chaos of warring nations. And what we have conquered we have rights over, and we may keep it in the way we conquered it. The sword is the instrument of Imperial progress, and again I say, Sir, what that flaming scimitar has won in the past it must and shall keep in the future. What it has conquered it shall not aquire, if needful. What logic is like sword logic? I came, I saw, I conquered: you had, I took, you have not, and there's an end on. How simple the process! What is more gloriously decisive than military conquest? It is the great final argument that India understands better than any nation, or rather congeries, on earth. Show a Bengali a sword, and he will turn white. Point a machine-gun at a gang of Panjabi pleaders, and they will run behind Mount Everest. At the head of a regiment of Highlanders are all the villages of India tremble. These are the facts, as press agencies say. No wonder we subdued India with the magic flash-flash of our steel. Of course, there were a few poor, trembling natives at treasurcy on our side, and I suppose two or three Sikhs ran down to help our Nicholson at the siege of Delhi; but these were special privileges. We have a native army of 150,000 now; but we have to keep 70,000 British soldiers to look after them, and we pay the native soldiers, any way, recruit them, and drill them, and discharge them at pension-time to become the victims of all the sedating April Brights in the country. All India our big military arm is made ready here for ruddy action. We know the price of Imperialism, and Lord God, we mean to pay it in full. A swift, hard blow will fall upon us, if misguided fanatics who dare to shake helm or spear in our men's fateful blow will fall upon all misguided fanatics who shall dare to shake helm or spear in our men's fateful Imperial countenances.

IV. The native people of India are an inferior race compared with British superiority. The simple truth is, they are different, that is all. They cannot be compared with us: the very colour of the European—at least, if he be an Englishman, is superior, apart from all sentiment. How nice and clean and gentlemanly he looks in the dirty streets of Bombay, Calcutta, Lahore, against the background of the sun-darkened, lower-faced creatures of the East! Yes, Sir, Providence, who might have done worse, has given India, as her overlords, a nation of men, the elite of the proud West itself: Noble, Upright, Large, Dignified, Vigorous, Daring, Masterful, Military, Kingly, Imperial, in a word, Superior. The young Civil Servant must always remember this: a moment's forgetfulness may lose him a lifetime's influence and cut him off from the sublimities of his race. He goes to rule an inferior race, then: to raise these low people, teach them, help them, encourage them to do the fearful cane, for they know well enough after all that the hard, stern face of the Englishman amongst them, and they will lick your hand as naughty children do the feet of the Government. They do not know India, Sir. If they were thrown up against the Facts like "the men on the spot," they would now see necessary and dangerous. I believe it is true, Sir, that nearly all these "agitators" were first inspired by misused words of sympathy spoken to them by some thoughtless Englishman. Some European official, with his prejudices, was mistaken or experimentally kind to them, and in that way flattered them into setting up as politicians, in time to become mere agitators. It is a remarkable fact that the Mutiny of '57 took place at a time when English officials were notoriously closer in touch with the people and more sympathetic than their successors are now; we are always being told, Sir, that in the old days, when England was nine or twelve months' distant, the Englishman made India his home and its people his people: then the Mutiny. If these natives were like English people it would not matter, but as they are different, that is all, we cannot really compare with British superiority. The simple truth is, they are different, that is all. They cannot be compared with British superiority, any way.

[Charles Dickens as a Socialist.]

By Edwin Pugh.

Part I. Chapter II.
the current English judgment. Published twenty years before Dickens was born, its influence extended unto his day and beyond. And though Tom Paine's "Rights of Man," which fell upon its fiery eloquence like a douche of icy well-water, had had a sale of which, even in this country of colossals, the publishers would be dubbed by the publishers "colossal," and which had furthermore achieved a veritable success of scandal—what one might call an Unpopular Success—from which no sensational elements of publicity were wanting, the name of that most unfortunate and harshly treated man of genius was held in such abhorrence by the vast majority of the populace that they were entirely lacking the responsibility in their skill and intellect to understand that it is doubtful if any of his writings ever came Dickens's way at all. And, indisputably, Burke's highly-coloured views of the social crisis created by the French Revolution were far more likely to appeal to any spirited young man than the coldly-reasoned analysis of the great Radical—as Tom Paine was then called, among other things, in default of a worse—or better—name. And indeed, to this day one still finds an overmastering witchery in Burke's book of "Lamentations," which has a power to play upon the heart-strings, of the romantically-minded as the fingers of the skilled musician play upon the chords of a harp. His rhetoric is so full of a passionate cadence that it woos you like sweet singing heard through a murmur of sighs, a veil of unshed tears.

... the age of chivalry is gone," he cries. "That of sophisters, economists, and calculators has succeeded, and the glory of Europe is extinguished for ever. Never, never more shall we behold that generous loyalty to rank and sex, that proud submission, that dignified obedience, that subordination of the heart, which kept alive, even in servitude, the spirit of an exalted freedom. The unbounded grace of life, the cheap defence of nations, the nursel of manly sentiment and heroic enterprise is gone! It is gone, that time, that chasity of honour, which felt a stern like a wound, which inspired courage whilst it mitigated ferocity, which ennoble whatever it touched, and under which vice itself lost half its evil by losing all its grossness.

What had poor Tom Paine, with his fustian common-sense, to set against these captivating sentiments? Only that "so far is it from being true, as has been pretended, that the organization of any formal government is the obdiction of society, that it acts by contrary impulse, and brings the latter the closer together. All that part of its organisation which it had committed to its government devolves again upon itself, and acts through its medium. When men, as well from natural as artificial motives, reciprocally habituate themselves to social and civilised life, there is enough of its principles in practice to carry them through any changes they may find necessary or convenient to make in their government. In short, man is so naturally a creature of society that it is almost impossible to put him out of it.

Inevitably, public opinion scorned the rationalist in favour of the sentimentalist.

And, thanks to a most opportune intervention, public opinion was enabled to do still better for its own ease of mind than that. It was enabled absolutely to ignore all that had immediately preceded the appearance of Napoleon on the world's stage. For half a century, at least, the gorgeous pageantry of his deeds and his times when England had twittered with apprehension before the rumour of a new invasion of our coasts such as she had not been threatened with since the days of the Great Armada. There was no need to travel further back into the past of mind than that. It was enabled absolutely to ignore Napoleon's election as First Consul, Nelson had been promoted Vice-Admiral of the Fleet, and had formally entered upon that brilliant unbroken series of victories which finally, at Trafalgar, shattered the Corsican upstart's four dreams of establishing France as a first-class naval Power. In Dickens's early days a man had only to be in the prime of life to recall those parlous times when England had twittered with apprehension...
The Problem of Equality.

The task which I have set myself is to discuss and meet the principal popular arguments against Socialism. I shall try throughout to state these difficulties as fairly as I can, and I shall then do my best to remove them.

Let us first take the objection based on the natural inequalities of man, and the alleged refusal of Socialism to recognise these inequalities. It may, I think, be stated thus:

Men are born with widely different physical, mental, and moral capacities. Socialism seeks to impose on them an artificial equality. Therefore Socialism is fighting against nature, and must fail.

Before considering the application of this argument to Socialism, it will be well to note the implication underlying it. That implication is, that the present inequalities of fortune result from and correspond to inequalities of natural capacity—that the rich man and the able man, the poor man and the inefficient man are respectively interdependent terms. Now, this is quite patently not the case. There are the same height!

Nor did they think that all men had the same brains neither did they think that all men had the same brains as if the great philosophers, who at the end of the anti-egalitarians are always telling us that some men are cleverer than others and will always succeed better to demonstrate the dependence of consciousness on operations on the brain—as if the medieval theologians

But, though the case is here clear and overwhelming, it does not, for we all that we wish to prove. The present organisation of society may be manifestly unjust, but it does not follow that Socialism is just. In order to prove that we must return to the doctrine of equality and ask what it really means.

It is a common trick of modern controversy to assume that your opponent's position involves the denial of some quite self-evident truth, and then with immense weight of logic and illustration to prove that truth to be true. Thus many modern materialists seek to demonstrate the dependence of consciousness on material phenomena by giving accounts of complicated operations on the brain—as if the medieval theologians did not know that if you beat a man's brains out with a battle-axe he usually died! In the same way the anti-egalitarians are always telling us that some men are cleverer than others and better to demonstrate the dependence of consciousness on operations on the brain—because the medieval theologians did not think this; neither did they think that all men had the same brains or the same character. What they really held was that consciousness is dependent upon the superintendence of the State.

Now this equality is a human product. We need not deny the assertion of our opponents that it is unnatural, provided that they are prepared to say the same of all other purely human products—property, for instance, and law. But it is perfectly natural in the sense that men discovered it because it suited them, because it seemed to them just, and because they could not found a tolerable State without it. It is obvious that, if a man whose house has been burned down could not recover any damages because the man who burned it was a Duke, he would soon discover from his own sense of galling injustice how absolutely human is the need of equality. Nor would his feelings be much milder if it impotence resulted from the fact that the offender was a Duke, or a very clever writer, or a man who had rendered some service to the community. When Lavoisier, the great chemist, was convicted of conspiring against the French Republic, one of the leaders replied to the plea for mercy based on the offender's scientific attainments, "The Republic has no need of chemists! This was a silly way of putting it, but what I take it he wanted was to lessen fatal to kill a great man of science than to kill the idea of an equal law, that the discovery of Human Equality was more important to men than the discovery of oxygen.

The equality, then, which Rousseau preached and Danton and the other leaders of revolutionary France endeavoured to realise was a political equality. But it soon became obvious that real equality of citizenship could not be obtained by any merely political machinery so long as the economic system was based on a denial of equality. In spite of political democracy, the old oppression returned. In France, thanks to her powerful bureaucracy and her instruments of government, some shadow of equality before the law persisted, but America, with even freer political institutions, soon became frankly plutocratic. It is this discovery that has convinced many of us that the consciousness of citizenship cannot be attained except upon a basis of economic equality.

New economic equality does not imply that all men shall receive the same wages, but that if a man should receive the same wages, any more than political equality implies that all men shall possess an equal measure of political power. There has never been and never could be a State in which one man was not more powerful than another. At the height of the French Revolution Danton had obviously more influence on the destinies of his country than a peasant in Gascony. And no one ever thought that this involved a violation of democratic principles, because Danton's power was not the result of any special privileges conferred on him by the State, but was the natural consequence of his superior ability to serve it.

So with economic equality. The true doctrine of equality as applied to matters of work and wages appears to me to be this: That no one should be suffered to live partly or wholly upon the labour of another, but that every man should receive from the Commonwealth a fair equivalent in payments or services which the Commonwealth receives from him.

I know, of course, that exception has often been taken to this (sometimes even by Socialists) on the ground that it is not possible to say exactly how much each citizen has contributed to the wealth of the State, and that absolute economic justice is therefore impossible. This is quite true, and in the same way it is true that absolute justice between man and man is impossible. No court of law is infallible; no tribunal can say with full confidence that its decisions are just. Yet we are all pretty well satisfied that even a defective tribunal gives better justice than we should get by reverting to anarchy. In the same way it is reasonable to suppose that the decisions of a State attempting to carry out the rule defined above would approximate more nearly to economic justice than the haphazard results of the industrial anarchy which now prevails.

At least, under such a system, certain glaring injustices inseparable from the present system would disappear. The monstrous spectacle of a class rendering no services at all to the State, while the fruits of labour more plentifully than their hard-working fellow-citizens, would become impossible. Those whom the State treated best would be those whom it believed, at any rate, to have saved to the State, but the case is not clear and overwhelming.

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CECIL CHESTERTON.
Towards Socialism.

VIII.

The Fallacy of Aristocracy.

Or all the subtle ideas brooding on the face of the Socialist waters, none is more subtle than the idea of Democracy. Only a few people grasp it at all, many violently espouse its cause through sheer misunderstanding, and millions are on the perpetual lookout for a practical one. The more self-conscious descension or deep demotion is not to be wondered at, since the sophistries of history, the institution of the state, the theories of government, the ideas of liberty, the essence of institutions of men, as well as the inspired nonsense of the greatest literary artists of the world, have conspired to stamp the notion of aristocracy into our very being.

It is easy enough to see how history, as interpreted by aristocrats, is made to exemplify nothing else but aristocracy. You cannot write a story of a people or the true story of a single-minded community. There must be points round which your records must be grouped; and such points are most serviceable when in the form of personages. Hence every historian with imagination must either discover such points or persons or invent them. More conveniently the latter. The more convenient it is to invent the fiction of a superior, the more convenient it is to invent the fiction of a superhuman, or to say the least, of one of suspended animality. This little device of the father of history, descendants of the ancient Hebrew patriarchs, was far from contented in case of emergency, as was instanced by Bacon's choice of King Henry VII, or Mommensen's choice of Julius Caesar. That such persons really did rule and govern, in the sense, at least, of their control, their respective peoples is of course pure myth. Their only value to us is their exemplification or the reverse of the prevailing manners of their day. It is as if one should draw out of the sea a bucket of water by way of sample. Such buckets of water are the historical personages that figure in the pages of history as not only the whole sea of humanity, but as the tides and currents of the sea as well. The mere exigencies of verbal narrative and vivid story-telling have been responsible for more fictitious heroes of history than ever were created in mythology.

But the institution of the family, it must be admitted, brought the error still nearer home. Of all the stupid theories regarding the family, the most stupid is the belief that it is natural. On the contrary, the institution of the family, as we know it, is either self-conscious condescension or secret despotism. The misunderstanding is not to be wondered at, since the sophistries of history, the institution of the state, and the theories of government, the ideas of liberty, the essence of institutions of men, as well as the inspired nonsense of the greatest literary artists of the world, have conspired to stamp the notion of aristocracy into our very being.

It is impossible for the democrat (that is, the Christian) to be one whit more satisfied. I equate democracy and Christianity in the peril of misunderstanding: misunderstanding that is not at all likely to be rectified by rectifying; misunderstanding explicitly that current Christianity is the antithesis of Christ's Christianity. Carlyle, however, thought he had discovered the weakness of the hereditary system whereby the sons have been responsible for more fictitious heroes of history than ever were created in mythology. He thought that the institution of the family, it must be admitted, brought the error still nearer home. Of all the stupid theories regarding the family, the most stupid is the belief that it is natural. On the contrary, the institution of the family, as we know it, is either self-conscious condescension or secret despotism. The misunderstanding is not to be wondered at, since the sophistries of history, the institution of the state, and the theories of government, the ideas of liberty, the essence of institutions of men, as well as the inspired nonsense of the greatest literary artists of the world, have conspired to stamp the notion of aristocracy into our very being.

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It is, however, Plato and Carlyle who are the typical European aristocrats—the one with his Guardians, the other with his "blessed aristocracy of the wisest"; or, in recent phrase, the aristocracy of intellect, the aristocracy of talent. Plato, at least, had some sort of the truth when he made his philosophers rule only because they were afraid they might be ruled. The only excuse, in short, for governing anybody is a strong dislike of being governed. But Plato forgot his own observation, and, as is obvious in the Republic, his Guardians are allowed positively to revel in their benevolent tyranny. On the condition that the Guardians were obeyed (as if they were laws of nature!) everything was forgiven the governed—their gross idleness and cowardice, their shrinking of responsibility, their willingness to be served on every occasion. Plato's Guardian caste was a huge contrivance for keeping the few in a state of moral alertness at the cost of the demoralisation of the many.

And with the aristocratic doctrine of Carlyle it is impossible for the democrat (that is, the Christian) to be one whit more satisfied. I equate democracy and Christianity in the peril of misunderstanding: misunderstanding that is not at all likely to be rectified by rectifying; misunderstanding explicitly that current Christianity is the antithesis of Christ's Christianity. Carlyle, however, thought he had discovered the weakness of the hereditary system whereby the sons have been responsible for more fictitious heroes of history than ever were created in mythology.

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Driving Capital Out of the Country.

By C. Bernard Shaw.

IV.

Will the Employers Emigrate?

Having now got the matter into something like a true Socialist perspective, let us consider what our employers actually do for us.

They take the land, capital, and labour of the country under their direction, and produce from them commodities which make life and civilisation (such as it is) possible. That is not only a very considerable service, but an indispensable one. If we are dependent on them for that, we are dependent on them altogether, body and soul. The Social-Democratic Federation asks whether there is a single service performed by them which the people, organised, could not perform for themselves. This begs the question, because though the answer may be in the affirmative, the difficulty remains, who is to organise them? It is no use asking whether the land, or if organised, could do without organisers. It is like asking whether a man can do without food if you give him a good dinner.

Nor is it any use to point out that the employers distribute the product unfairly. For the moment, that is not the point. Granted that they allow the landlords and capitalists to take a huge share of the product without helping them to do it, and that their reason for submitting to this apparently intolerable oppression is that they intend to become landlords and capitalists themselves, and quarter their descendants on future employers, which can only be done by keeping up the system of private property in land and capital. Granted also that the rest of the product is divided between the employer and his employees as unfairly as he can possibly divide it. That does not at all lighten his contention that he performs an indispensable service, and that if you drive him abroad without making other provision for that service, our industry will collapse like a cart when the linch-pin is pulled out.

Note also, if you please, that the employer not only claims that this service cannot be done without him, but that it cannot be done at all from Socialist motives. He tells you that though his particular incentive happens by a strange chance to be simply the golden rule of our Saviour, yet the incentive of all the other mediocrities nor sweaters, but simply lacked the particular sort of charlatanism which attracts capital and the confidence of hank managers, or the narrowly greedy competitive ruffianism or the wide and powerful everlasting Factory Inspector, he very soon finds out that it is no use to declare that he must have this or that, or he will not play, or go under. If the conditions are made more onerous for him he must play harder, or reorganise the game. If he has to surrender more of the product, he must increase the product (or adulterate it) by new methods. Even since the war the Factory Legislation has never yet failed, although it is usual to say that the greedy competitive ruffianism or the wide and powerful everlasting Factory Inspector, he very soon finds out that it is no use to declare that he must have this or that, or he will not play, or go under. If the conditions are made more onerous for him he must play harder, or reorganise the game. If he has to surrender more of the product, he must increase the product (or adulterate it) by new methods.

The process, however, has its limits in the case of certain individuals, if not of the nation at large. There is a point at which the pressure of State regulation from above, and of the acquisitiveness of organised labour from below, will squeeze an employer out of business through the doors of the Bankruptcy Court. Many a mediocrity and many a sweater has gone that way already; and others have gone it who were neither mediocrities nor sweaters, but simply lacked the particular sort of charlatanism which attracts capital and the confidence of hank managers, or the narrowly greedy competitive ruffianism or the wide and powerful everlasting Factory Inspector, he very soon finds out that it is no use to declare that he must have this or that, or he will not play, or go under. If the conditions are made more onerous for him he must play harder, or reorganise the game. If he has to surrender more of the product, he must increase the product (or adulterate it) by new methods. Even since the war the Factory Legislation has never yet failed, although it is usual to say that the greedy competitive ruffianism or the wide and powerful everlasting Factory Inspector, he very soon finds out that it is no use to declare that he must have this or that, or he will not play, or go under. If the conditions are made more onerous for him he must play harder, or reorganise the game. If he has to surrender more of the product, he must increase the product (or adulterate it) by new methods. Even since the war the Factory Legislation has never yet failed, although it is usual to say that the greedy competitive ruffianism or the wide and powerful everlasting Factory Inspector, he very soon finds out that it is no use to declare that he must have this or that, or he will not play, or go under. If the conditions are made more onerous for him he must play harder, or reorganise the game. If he has to surrender more of the product, he must increase the product (or adulterate it) by new methods. Even since the war the Factory Legislation has never yet failed, although it is usual to say that the greedy competitive ruffianism or the wide and powerful everlasting Factory Inspector, he very soon finds out that it is no use to declare that he must have this or that, or he will not play, or go under. If the conditions are made more onerous for him he must play harder, or reorganise the game. If he has to surrender more of the product, he must increase the product (or adulterate it) by new methods.

Some of us, like our friend Livsey, are willing to introduce profit sharing, provided the worker produces his share in addition to his own and something for us into the bargain; but a step beyond this will drive us out of the country. Many of us do not approve of profit sharing on any conditions, as it leads working men to form an undesirable habit of looking at profits as if profits were their business, instead of wages. However, leave that aside for the present. The thing to grasp is that if you take away the incentive of gain, the work will not be done. That may be sordid, but it is human nature.

But here the employer, by implication, does Socialism too much honour. There is really no reason to suppose that under Socialism men will be less sordid in this sense than they are at present. Only, let us be quite clear as to how sordid they are at present. Sordid enough, certainly, not to do a job for five pounds if they can get six, but also generous enough to do the same job for four if they cannot get five. Milton took £6 for Paradise Lost because he could not get any more. I should ask £5,000 for the same quantity of pen-and-ink work because I need not take any less. The employer to-day is emphatically a man who, like Milton and myself, has to take what he can get. Whether as lessee to a landlord, debtor to a capitalist, employee to a big company or trust, employer to a powerful Trade Union, or slave to an inexorable Factory Inspector, he very soon finds out that it is no use to declare that he must have this or that, or he will not play, or go under. If the conditions are made more onerous for him he must play harder, or reorganise the game. If he has to surrender more of the product, he must increase the product (or adulterate it) by new methods.

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A Spring Meeting.
By George Raffalovich.

A recent crime, committed in Sweden, has revealed to us the existence of a boy for whom five senses did not suffice; over and above he had the gift of second sight. Happy child!

But there is no need to go to the country of Ibsen to hear of a wonder of a man, who, in speaking to you, could do (without boasting) altogether astonish you. Not that I have more than five senses, but with me the sense of taste (I have not a nose, but I am not cut off by the faculty of hearing) and the speech of voiceless things. Last Sunday, while still very tired from a rapid flight across space, in the company of two infinite and culinary dinner, I was determined to listen to the most curious conversation I had ever heard. My watch, placed on the table where I was drowsing (every man speaks where he can) became suddenly phosphorescent, and each separate wheel became endowed with personality—and personality, you must know, of necessity brings with it the Power of Speech.

The mainspring, in its capacity of chairman, opened the meeting with a long-winded speech, pronounced in the best French of Switzerland. (To which dialect of Birmingham could I compare it without hurting anybody's feelings?) This mainspring was certainly possessed of a highly religious and rectitudinous soul, and appeared not to be disturbed that the chairman, speaking in the voice of a god, had omitted to mention his name. I was touched by his naive stupidity. But the meeting which followed assumed a very different tone. A small wheel, with a menacing air, spoke next, and began attacking the chairman (the devils do nicely enough for their price, but they cannot change without incurring inconvenience). There is neither god nor devil around nor above you—you wouldn't pay for their upkeep. As I possess the bill of purchase, I am your lord and master. The good, as the evil, which is done to yourself on your intelligence.

The last speaker alone had his wits about him; as for the rest, they were collected and put together by a watchmaker, who shut you in this case and sold you to me who bought you, in a moment of extravagance. There is neither god nor devil around nor above you—you wouldn't pay for their upkeep. As I possess the bill of purchase, I am your lord and master. The good, as the evil, which is done to you, results from causes external to my will, either on account of time and place, or by reason of the attitude of other beings similar to myself, and possible, of watches with springs and wheels similar to you.

Enough of prayer; my treatment of you will not change, because it cannot change without incurring inconvenience and harm to myself. If external causes of your want of goodwill bring about a too frequent repetition of your strikes of a few minutes back (causing me to miss an appointment, perhaps) I shall consider you as worthless and send you to a watch manufacturer, who would stick his knife into you and split your sides for ever.

One way or another, the day will come when you will cease to live, and be broken up and recast into something useful, for me or for one of my kind. You have spoken of loving me, but you ought to love me more. As for my lost speech, perhaps I shall find an audience for it some day at Hyde Park—speaking to men.
BOOK OF THE WEEK.

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

Whatever else Mr. Ransome's new book is, it is eminently readable. He has chosen a subject which he knows thoroughly, and which suits him down to the ground. His presentation is acute and unflagging; his method of presentation vivid to an unusual degree. Anyone who knows the world of which the author writes will recognize it instantly. Anyone who does not know it will be able to form a very fair idea of its main features.

The world in question, which Mr. Ransome calls "Bohemia," is that section of the intellectually conscious class which does not obey the social conventions of what we Socialists used to call the "bourgeoisie." Now, there are many reasons that may lead people to reject these conventions, and it is, I think, a possible criticism of Mr. Ransome's book that he lumped together under one title two circles which are not only different, but markedly incompatible. He describes both, I think, admirably, but it is true. Nothing could be richer in humour and observation than the description of a Chelsea evening in the earlier, or of the young poets of Hampstead in the later, part of the book. Nothing again could be more painful than the sight of the new arrivals of Fleet Street passages. But Mr. Ransome does not quite clearly show how alien is the world of the first from that of the second, how little at home the inhabitants of either would feel in the other.

There are a certain number of people born into the fairly comfortable middle-class who dislike the sort of people with whom they are thrown in contact. Disliking the bulk of their fellow-creatures, they naturally dislike their conventions. They therefore usually seek each other out, form little "advanced" sets, and frame conventions of their own, differing in many ways from those of their neighbours. These people have often small independent incomes. Sometimes they are clerks under the L.C.C. Sometimes they follow some minor artistic craft—metal work or book binding. Hardly ever do they practise painting or writing as a trade. You must not confuse them with the other class with which Mr. Ransome's book deals.

Those who paint or write for a living are generally people of quite a different type. I know very little of the studio world from within, but I should say that the professional artist had more in common with the journalist than with the artistic amateur. With the worst of the middle-class, he is not as much at home as the journalist is. He has seen the two sets mixed in certain "advanced" clubs, and the meeting was a curious one. Sometimes the idealists of the new movement despised the journalists as parasites who had sold their souls to pander to the base instincts of the public, while the journalists regarded the idealists with feelings compounded of the contempt of the skilled worker for the amateur and the hatred of the trade unionist for the blackleg.

By their clothes ye shall know them. The typical journalist has no eccentric aspirations in the matter of attire. If he is shabby, it is probably because he has no money. It may be because he is removed from feminine influences, and has developed a barbaric disregard of externals. It is quite possibly because he does not know all that is happening in the shadows of Fleet Street, and which shocks the possessors of regular incomes, who do not realize that, under the conditions described, this rough communism is practically an economic necessity. It leads incidentally to that characteristic which everyone must have noticed in most journalists—that they are always late for appointments.

This is something of a digression from Mr. Ransome's book, but that very digression is a compliment. Bohemia is one of the few classes of books which start a dozen hares of thought in every page, and provoke us to follow each to its lair. I have not time and space to follow them all. I must therefore leave the young poet or the artist who wrote in his diary: "Eighteen to-day—and nothing done!" I must leave all the glorious drinking songs and the exquisitely-improper song which the author heard from the lips of a model. I must leave the reminiscence of the great Belden of London's past. I must return to Fleet Street.

Mr. Ransome's descriptions of journalistic life are so entirely delightful that I hesitate to suggest another criticism. Yet the criticism will inevitably occur to the mind of anyone who knows Fleet Street well. There is something lacking in all these pictures of jolly evenings, drinks and smokes and talks, accurately as they are painted. And that thing is the background—the background of darkness against which they are received, the abyss that yaws always under the feet of the man who lives precariously by his pen. Mr. Ransome has hardly hinted at that abyss, and I am glad to leave it undescribed.

But let me give one example to illustrate my meaning. Mr. Ransome tells a delightful story of Belden, the editor, who paid his staff in cheques, only two or three of which could be honoured, and whose contributors consequently raced in cabs to the bank to secure their money. Now, I knew Belden; I knew the story: "Eighteen to-day—and nothing done!" I knew the story as accurately as the author. I knew Belden as accurately as the author knew him. Mr. Ransome's book leaves the man as a comic figure, but as a tragic figure. Yet a tragic figure he was. He was a man whose life, full of mean shifts and daring frauds, was a long fight to keep off the poverty he hated and dreaded. Poverty caught him at last. The winters closed over him, and I do not know if he is alive or dead.

Mr. Ransome spares us the dark underside of Belden; he spares us the dark underside of Fleet Street. He touches lightly on it in the last chapter, and passes it by. His book is avowedly written from the point of view of what we Socialists used to call the "bourgeoisie." He does not know all that is happening in the shadows of la Rue des Pas Perdus.

Cecil Chesterton.

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To-night, at 8 p.m., in CLIFFORD'S INN HALL, FLEET STREET, A LECTURE BY Mr. FREDERICK K. KEELING, on "THE MEDIEVAL GUILD SYSTEM IN ENGLAND." ADMISSION TO NON-MEMBERS, SIXPENCE.

Cecil Chesterton.
REVIEWS.

Nach dem englisch-japanischen Bundnis. By Dr. Hans Plehn (Karl Curtius. Berlin.)

The rapid appearance of this second edition is a well-merited testimony to the value of the author's "studies and observations made during a three years' stay in England and Japan on the way to the foundation of a leading German newspaper. The title quite fails to do justice to this remarkably impartial book, of which more than one-third is devoted to a very comprehensive treatment of the social, and political factors upon which English foreign policy is founded. The book comprises very searching analysis of the international policies of the Powers in the East, in particular of England and her neighbours. Throughout, the attitude adopted is that of almost too strict an impartiality; the author might be an inhabitant of Mars studying our institutions from the strictly objective and positive point of view.

Welt-politik (world-policy) is a term that has given rise to much misunderstanding. Dr. Plehn complains that, as in Germany, where the word was first coined, it is often used as implying that German policy must be directed to the dominance of some one supreme world-State like that of the Roman Empire. The tendency, indeed, was towards that of the Concert of the Powers, a world-Power since centuries, strive in vain for a kind of negative Monroe Doctrine outside Europe. Dr. Plehn, "has one State and no Society; England has one Society and no State." The whole political life which is practically identical with Society is centred in London, the London is the only true capital, the Parliament in London, and the Press is the means by which Public Opinion expresses its desires. But whose opinion rules, what classes form public opinion? Politically, Public Opinion expresses its desires. But whose opinion rules, what classes form public opinion? Politically, Public Opinion is ruled by the plutocratic governing class out of sheer snobbery. We have no official, subsidised Press in the Continental sense. Of course not! A world-politique in the Continental sense, but we should still more like to see an English Public Opinion. London society lives on its unearned increment. London artisans are not organised as they are in the great industrial towns. The industrial organisation, but as Dr. Plehn is content to act as the mouthpiece of a plutocratic governing class out of sheer snobbery. We should like to quote further from this interesting survey, but we should still more like to see an English translation.

Tolstoy: A Study. By Percy Redfern. (Fifield. 1s.)

Mr. Percy Redfern is a man who has been through Tolstoy and come out at the other side—unscathed. More than this, he has come out at the other side with the ripened judgment of the disciple who, though no longer wholly of the old cause, yet in intellect, culture, and feeling the South American Republics really stand much nearer the "good European" point of view than does the United States. Dr. Plehn recognises that the countries have never willingly submitted to be regarded as protégés of the Northern Republic.

To our readers probably the most interesting sections of the book are those devoted to an examination of the "Foundations of English Foreign Policy." Dr. Plehn, has one State and no Society; England has one Society and no State." The whole political life which is practically identical with Society is centred in London, the London society lives on its unearned increment. London artisans are not organised as they are in the great industrial towns. The industrial organisation, but as Dr. Plehn is content to act as the mouthpiece of a plutocratic governing class out of sheer snobbery. We should like to quote further from this interesting survey, but we should still more like to see an English translation.
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telling us by the way the tales of their rise and fall, "or the fragrance of the sea, the perfume of the blossoms, and, above all, Beauty that, as a night in spring, came to Kit as an apparition that is said to have appeared in the vineyards before the vines had budded." Although the pages are crowded with illuminating and critical appreciations of the great architects, sculptors, and painters of the Renaissance, particularly of those who lived and worked in the first half of the fifteenth century, it is neither in these nor in the history of the towns that the charm of the book lies, but in the vivid and beautiful descriptions of the old country life in the hills, where the ancient ways still persist, and where they "still reap with the sickle and sing to the beat of the fall." In the cities, picture galleries, and museums the author grows a little weary at times, and we with him, but once outside, in the shadow of the Tuscan hills, he abandons himself to the delight of picturing the cities seen from afar, of the peasants and muleteers at their labours, of the piping of a shepherd on the hills, of the song of a girl in a garden, and of the mountains in shadow and sunshine, visualised in language reminiscent at times of the Bible. We get glimpses, too, of the everyday scenes of men as they worked in their various trades and crafts, with beauty that is never pre- served: Professor Baldwin Brown, M.A., has described the interior of a Florentine painter's workshop, and Mr. Edgar Sumner has just lately written a valuable history of the guilds in Florence, but these do not fill the gap. What is wanted is a series of ordinary everyday scenes of men as they worked in their various trades—all the reality and romance of the arts and crafts depicted with passion and truth. This Mr. Hutton might well have done. He at least leaves no doubt in the reader's mind of the truthfulness of his lurid and convincing description of the conditions of labour in the Carrara marble quarries. In some striking passages he sums up his hatred and contempt for a period which has made Beauty an outcast and transformed its manufacturers into the prostitutes of craft and industry.

**Kit's Woman.** By Mrs. Havelock Ellis. (Rivers. 3s. 6d.)

It is frequently asserted on good authority that novels dealing with extreme examples of sex psychology and morality are not by women, but certainly we should not expect to find a story like this written by a man. For the theme is one that is alien to his traditions, and the solution one that is slightly unhonourable to his instincts. Mrs. Havelock Ellis enlivens her story so skillfully that she has a perfect right to do, even at the risk of losing unfavourable comparisons. Let our readers judge for themselves.

Kit Trenoweth, a miner in a Cornish village, after a varied experience, weds a physically luxurious Lancashire maiden. Two years afterwards, as the result of a mining accident, the lower part of his body becomes paralysed, confining him to his couch, and leaving him to the constant torments of his own thoughts. The natural relations of husband and wife are thus reversed, Janet by name. Two years afterwards, as the result of a mining accident, the lower part of his body becomes paralysed, confining him to his couch, and leaving him to the constant torments of his own thoughts. The natural relations of husband and wife are thus reversed, Janet by name. Two years afterwards, as the result of a mining accident, the lower part of his body becomes paralysed, confining him to his couch, and leaving him to the constant torments of his own thoughts. The natural relations of husband and wife are thus reversed, Janet by name. Two years afterwards, as the result of a mining accident, the lower part of his body becomes paralysed, confining him to his couch, and leaving him to the constant torments of his own thoughts. The natural relations of husband and wife are thus reversed, Janet by name.

**BOOKS RECEIVED.**

"The Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood," by Ford Madox Hueffer. (Duckworth. 2s. 6d. net.)

"Rembrandt," by Baldwin Brown. (Duckworth. 7s. 6d. net.)

"A National Theatre," by William Archer and H. Granville Barker. (Duckworth. 3s. net.)

"La Démocratie Individualiste." Par Yves Guyot. (Gard et Brière. Paris.)

"The Municipal Manual." By A. E. Lauder. (King. 2s. 6d.)

"Abraham Lincoln," by Henry Bryan Inns. (The Temple Biographies.) Dent. 2s. 6d. net.

"Nineteenth Century Prose." Selected by Mrs. Laurence Binyon. (Methuen. 3s. 6d. net.)
Mr. Alfred Sutro's "Barrier."

Imagination cannot be acquired, it is a matter of natural rank; one is born with access to the great ideas or the small ideas as a question of natural and social heredity. And upon imaginative rank the place of a writer ultimately depends. Miss Corelli might warble never so sweetly, her style might be very much more expressive and restrained than it is, yet she could never escape from her pre-occupation with the "delusions of grandeur," as the alienists say, which cling about her. Precisely upon what qualities this access to great ideas depends is an answer story; it is enough for the moment that all the expressed ideas of men do wait, like a great hierarchy of priests, for Mr. Bourchier's heroic efforts to be consolidated. The Lancet can be trusted to contain an article on the moral and mental fatuities, which his mind is capable, yet the alternative is not merely tolerable; a play needs more individuality than that. And this individuality will not be attained by putting a realistic coat of paint on the stock lords, ladies, street and magistrates, which is popular mind, and making these aforesaid persons use a realistic dialogue. And that is what "The Barrier" amounts to. It is really extraordinary how limited are the materials to which dramatists confine themselves. They very barely interpret a few ideas about a small clique. With all the various world of wondrous humanity tossing tumultuously from Wimbledon to Watford and from Ealing to East Ham, the dramatist confines himself to the life of a few thousand people in the centre. Mr. Sutro's most adventurous excursion, I believe, has been to West Hampstead, and even then the author was careful to assure his audience that the dramatic persons belonged to their world, but had chosen a species of voluntary exile and a mitigated poverty. At least, the husband and wife in "A Maker of Men" were both very nicely dressed, and real poor people of the middle-class are, I regret to say, shabbily. Even in this high flight, how anxious the wife was to run away from the expression of her real ideas! Even when expressing one of his cardinal ideas— the nobility and dignity of woman's function as a mother, Mr. Sutro was careful to make the wife say, "Let us never speak of this again." Discussion of this kind is certainly likely to put a strain on tea-table conventions. But it is time those conventions were revised, if we wish to involve the necessity of dramatists leading different lives, and sweeping from a semi-fashionable existence into the real life of the nation. The possibilities this escape opens up have been indicated by Bernard Shaw's dramatisation of the Salvation Army, but Mr. Shaw did not get his knowledge of the Army by reading the "Daily Mail."

To ask a dramatist to abjure the conventional dramatic types is not to ask him to get out of touch with his audience. A real drama of a suburb would be actually much more in touch than a drama of Belgravia and Scotland. And a drama of Herne Hill by a dramatist of moderate imaginative rank would stand for something, and would remain, whereas "The Barrier," acted for all it is worth by a quite extraordinarily good company, may make some money, but doesn't matter.

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ART.

The Tragedy of Lost Opportunities.

When last year I first planted my feet on American soil, the first thing which, as an architect, excited my wonder and envy was the skill with which the most important American buildings are designed. How had it all come about? In England I had taken it for granted that important buildings would be badly designed, and that capable architects would have to content themselves with the smaller commissions. Here the reverse appeared to be true. The largest and most expensive buildings (as many of the skyscrapers) were invariably the best designed. There seemed no reason to suppose that the whole of the best buildings were designed by the best architects in America, so little attention had been given to smaller work.

On reflection I came to the conclusion that the cause was to be found in the difference between the English and American character. The average American, whatever his faults may be, appears to be very much more alive to the necessities of architecture than the average Englishman. If you were to tell an American that the house he had just built was ugly he would blame himself for selecting the wrong architect; the Englishman, on the other hand, would probably answer: Yes; everybody knows that architects are rotters. He would be altogether unconscious of any responsibility in the matter.

I do not suppose that the average Englishman feels any responsibility in the matter of South Kensington Museum now approaching completion. Yet all the same I am convinced that such a building should be allowed to be built. Especially am I constrained to say this when I remember that in the competition from which the design was selected one of the designs submitted would have given us a building second to none in London, and certainly one of the finest Renaissance buildings in Europe. Who is responsible for this? Is the assessor, or the Government of the day, or is it public indifference which permits such matters to happen?

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many songs of Strauss and Wolf and a host of imitators are like silhouettes of house-tops and chimneys -stacks: interesting, but not what we understand as graceful. It is only occasionally, during some aberration of honesty, that they write songs which are perfectly vocal; their lieder are generally the reverse and all impossible to sing. But Schumann, Brahms, Grieg or Dvorák never made this mistake, and certainly neither Schubert, the pioneer of the modern art-song, nor their contemporaries. These understood the capabilities of the voice just as Reymond Hahn, Fauré and Debussy do to-day. For felicitous vocal writing no young composer can have a better model than Brahms, a man whose music appeals to the ear in a way that certain other write songs which are always comprehensible from the vocal point of view. And I insist in face of all the wonderful music of "songs" Strauss and Max Regn and Woll have written, that unless a song is lyrical and possible of performance, there is no use in calling it a song. I am far from pleading in favour of the obvious in music—I have a strong penchant for the incomprehensible, but I do object strongly to such songs as the last one in Mr. Agate's volume, for instance, not merely because the music is definitely ugly to listen to (I don't even mind ugliness), but that it is an unsingable ugliness. What I may call the harmonic sense is very highly developed in Mr. Agate, and although live of these six songs are, as I have said, unlyrical and nasty to sing, the music is never quite dull, and the harmonic "resolutions" often arresting in their originality. It is, however, as the composer of such a charming trifle as "Bauernregel" never quite dull, and the harmonic "resolutions" often arresting in their originality. It is, however, as the composer of such a charming trifle as "Bauernregel" that Mr. Edward Agate is entitled to consideration amongst modern English writers.

I am longed forward eagerly to Mrs. Franz Liech's book on Claude Debussy, which I hear John Lane is to bring out shortly in his "Living Masters of Music" Series. Mrs. Liech has an intimate knowledge of this most wonderful of all wonderful modern music, and I believe she will be the first in English on the great Frenchman's life and work. Debussy is coming to London in February to conduct two or three things of his own with the Queen's Hall Orchestra.
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War Office, 1st October, 1907.

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Yours faithfully,

R. B. HALDANE.

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