SPECIAL ARTICLE by ARNOLD BENNETT.

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CONTENTS.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.......
MR. BALFOUR ON SOCIALISM.......
POLITICS AT HULL.......
FLOODING VACANCIES.......
THE LADY FROM THE SEA.......
DICKENS AS A SOCIALIST.......
THE INFANT, DEMOCRACY.......
WHY I AM A SOCIALIST.......
THE DEPUTY: A POEM.....
WILL THE LABOURERS EMBRACE? By G. Bernard Shaw...

BOOK OF THE WEEK: English Folk-Song. By Herbert Hughes...

RECENT PAMPHLETS

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—All Business Communications must be addressed to Publisher, “New Age,” 139, Fleet Street, E.C.; communications for the Editors to 1 & 2, Tooke's Court, Furnival Street, E.C.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

If it is true that Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman will be abundant recruiting his health during the early part of the next session, the question arises, Who will be deputy premier in his absence? For undoubtedly the prestige attaching to the office of deputy will be enough to make of its holder a full-blown Premier-elect. There is only one man in the present Cabinet who has proved himself capable of both conceiving and carrying through a great idea; and that man is not Mr. Asquith, whose name has frequently been conjoined with future premiership. But Mr. Asquith, though a very able man, is neither a great man nor an attractive public personality. He has neither the courage to lead nor the courage not to follow. As a pillar of Liberal Imperialism, a consistent reactionary in matters of democracy, and Home Secretary with a bad record, and a Chancellor of extraordinary timidity, Mr. Asquith has all the qualifications for a conspicuous obscurity. The selection of Mr. Asquith as deputy Premier would seal the fate of the Liberal Government.

Mr. Haldane, though an excellent party man, is singularly detainted from party. In this respect he compares favourably with Mr. Balfour himself. Moreover, Mr. Haldane has made few blunders, and none so compromising as those of Mr. Asquith. He has also scored a great success; one of the more creditable because of the difficulties which had politically ruined two at least of his predecessors. His sympathies are democratic; his attitude to Socialism is intelligent rather than prejudiced antagonism; and, above all, he possesses the power of inspiring confidence in all classes at the same time. The selection of Mr. Haldane to lead the Party in the absence of his chief would go far to rehabilitate the decaying fortunes of the present Cabinet.

Lord Cromer’s emphatic repudiation of Tariff Reform at the Unionist Free-Trade Club on Thursday last has proved to be a regular bombshell in the councils of the Conservatives. Following so closely on Mr. Balfour's recitation of the Tariff Reform Credo at Birmingham, Lord Cromer’s speech forms an interesting commentary on the general situation. Mr. Balfour himself, a consistent supporter of the Tariff Reform with Social Reform, made, in fact, the latter conditional on the former. Lord Cromer, however, expressly dissolved the proposed alliance, declared himself for plain Free Trade without social reform trimmings, and particularly denounced old age pensions as immoral. (We decline to remark that the Labour Party, on the same grounds, denounced an old age pension to Lord Cromer, who in that instance was not convinced of its immorality.) The “Spectator” is naturally jubilant at Lord Cromer's endorsement of Mr. Asquith. Henceforward Lord Cromer of Denshawai is entitled to a new distinction, “Lord Cromer of Wellington Street.”

The intervention of this triton among minnows will certainly have the effect of raising the waves of partisan controversy within the Conservative and Unionist Parties. As certainly, we may expect to see the process of internal grouping accelerated. This means, if anything, a serious set-back to the recent movement towards union among Unionists and a corresponding fillet to the Liberal Party. All the more reason, therefore, that the Labour Party should prepare to take the field on behalf of reform, and to constitute itself in the absence of a united official Opposition, the critical Opinion to the Government. This attitude will be quite consistent with a good deal of co-operation (as Mr. Balfour knows), and may serve to associate the Labour Party with orthodox statesmanship in the minds of the public. The divisions among Conservatives should prove of inestimable value to the Labour Party.

The transformation of the Labour Party from a wing of the Liberal party into His Majesty’s Government’s effective opposition is not, however, likely to occur so long as the Labour Party conceives its business to be merely more liberal than the Liberals. It is about time that they realise as a Party the fundamental and irreconcilable difference between Liberal and Labour political economies. In spite of Radical tendencies, the Liberal Party is wedded to Individualism, and opposed to all the theory and most of the practice of Collectivism. Thus the main ground of the Liberal objection to Labour reforms is precisely the fear of what they may lead to. In short, Liberals fear what Socialists hope.

Now with such conflicting aims it is impossible that there should be anything more than a temporary alliance between the two parties. One or other must be bullied or bullied to float upon the water of the other. The question is how soon will the Labour party realise its own real strength and the real weakness of its Liberal opponents. That a number of Liberals perceive the incompatibility is clear from Mr. Chiozza Money’s letter of last Tuesday in the “Westminster Gazette.” Mr. Chiozza Money is one of the ablest and sincerest politicians in England, and a critic of old-fashioned Liberalism. But he is asking for the moon in demanding that the Labour Party shall throw over its Individualism and accept the
new ideal of co-operation. In the end he will despair as so many other Liberals have despaired.

We print some extracts from Mr. Money's letter, which, by the way, has already disconcerted a good many Liberals of the old school. We only hope it may open the eyes even of the Labour men of the old school.

If the Liberal party is to oppose the co-operative ideal instead of accepting it as an inspiration, and if it really intends to oppose the extension of public ownership, there is little left for it to do.... It cannot live long on the defence of Free Trade, the 'foundation' of old-age pensions, work solutions of Henry George, one man one vote, and that sort of thing. There will be only one distinct line of cleavage between parties in the time to come, and that line will be formed by the acceptance or rejection of the principle of the common ownership of common utilities and the restriction of private property to personal as distinguished from public commodities—to furniture, clothes, utensils, books, works of art, jewels, chisels, paintbrushes, implements of handcraft, instruments of music, etc., distinguished from locomotives, coal mines, warehouses, cotton spindles, sewers, blast furnaces, gaspipes, brick machinery, generating plant, rolling mills, trams, warehousing. In the past Liberals unfortunately opposed even the regulation of industry, and left it to the Tories to pass the labour laws of 1875, and to establish the remarkable precedent of the Workmen's Compensation Act.

The "Siècle" of last Sunday contained an article on Labour in Japan. As far as is known the working man has made no move, and the Government has endeavoured to suppress it by breaking up meetings and forbidding lectures. Some Japanese papers assert that espionage is used to prevent the increase in the price of the goods produced in the mines. The strike movement, which appeared first last February in the mines of Ashio, has spread enormously during this year. In April more than a thousand men were out at Hozanai, and in June at Bassenik the strikers employed dynamite. Cause of the discontent are (1) Socialist propaganda: (a) the increased cost of living resulting from war taxation; (b) overbearing methods of mining engineers; (c) the almost complete lack of organisation among the operatives, which makes a violent outbreak necessary to procure the removal of any specific grievance. The Government proposal, not yet effected, is the introduction of officials into the mines charged with securing good hygienic and other conditions for the miners, and also with reporting such of them as are obstreperous to the police. Hardly, we should think, a method calculated to secure the confidence of the men!

The "Times" in that peculiarly objectionable "reconstruction" of the English opinion on which it knows how to assume in discussing questions of foreign policy, compares Senhor Joao Franco, who is at present acting the dictator in Portugal, backed by the King and the English Cromwell. The comparison can hardly be considered a happy one when it is remembered that Senhor Franco is relying simply on the royal favour to defy every party in the State and upset what was in theory an exceedingly liberal Constitution. The two old Portuguese parties were certainly as much out of touch with the real needs of Portugal as are the historic parties of England with English needs, but we doubt whether the dictator is a much better alternative. He holds office by a compact under which the King is to be preserved from the money-lenders, and has further bribed government employees with higher wages. That he may be a sincere reformer and have accomplished much is possible, but meanwhile his stress-gauging methods are creating Republicans by the score, and, as a French paper remarks, "Ivon est mal assis sur les balançolettes."

On Friday last the "Bustag," or "Day of Penitence," was celebrated in Germany, and the usual note of dissatisfaction appeared in the Conservative Press of Prussia to considerable heart-strings as a result of the recent scandals. The "Reichsbote" condemns the influence of Nietzsche, which it regards as no less pernicious than was that of Rousseau in the eighteenth century, and thinks especially deplorable the growth of feminist ideas, and the sight of decent women discussing free-love in public. The "Krona Zeitung" comes to the conclusion that the great men of modern Germany have come badly in a comparison with Greece and Rome! It is now definitely stated that the Public Prosecutor will proceed against Herr Harden, and the Emperor has ordered an inquiry by a Court of Honour into the charges against Counts Hobenzahl and Lynar.

On the afternoon of the Day of Penitence commenced the new Session of the Reichstag, and the Prussian Landwirte have assembled in Berlin to protest against Mr. Brailsford, in an excellent article in the "Daily News" of a week back, on German Liberalism, examined the anomalous position of the "Radicals, Free Traders, Constitutionalists, Democracy, and Socialists who have allied themselves with the Agrarians, who are arch-protectioinists, upholders of personal government, anti-popular in franchise questions, and denominationalists in education." Such an alliance, of course, an expression of the hatred of the German middle classes for the Social Democracy. In opposing it they have so far seemed willing to sacrifice any and every of their ideals in order to keep his own.

The debate on the Moroccos policy of the Clemenceau Ministry resulted in the acceptance of a vote of confidence by the enormous majority of 410 in favour of the Government. M. Jaurès did not intervene in the debate, but M. Vaillant, a Unified Socialist, advocated the internationalisation of the task assumed by France as the result of the Algerian Conference. We referred to the recent increase in the salary of members of the Chamber of Deputies from £360 to £600, an interesting situation has arisen. M. Sarrien, who will it be remembered led the present Ministry for a few months before M. Clemenceau took over the reins, has expressed his sympathy with M. Benoist's motion (which was made, however, carried), expressing disapproval of the augmentation. More cannot be said, but the House of Commons is in accord with the general reports of tightness of money and over-production which come from Germany.

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The new constitution was granted in 1906 the Shah has sworn his adhesion to it. It seems that the Persian has an Oxford degree, and was a contemporary there of Lord Curzon.

The Suffragettes have again been on the warpath, and this time they have brought home the scalp of an undistinguished member of the Cabinet. It was certainly unkind of Miss Pankhurst and her followers to interrupt Mr. Gladstone's family party (he was in the very bosom of his political constitution) — but such things will happen if there are desperate people about. We frankly admire the courage of the Suffragettes, though we deplore the necessity for it. But it is surely time some Liberal discovered a more intelligent method of combating Suffragette disturbances than by the employment of stewards. Yet reliance upon force is characteristically Liberal, and it is only the British Government that contains Sir Edward Grey and Mr. Morley. The force is always civil, of course, but force nevertheless. The worst of force is that there is nothing left when it fails, but to retire. Mr. Gladstone retired.

The Local Government Board, under Mr. John Burns' administration, reminds us of the sick lion's den. All the footprints of the visiting animals pointed inwards, none outwards. We have lost count of the number of deputations Mr. Burns has graciously received; we have never known how many reports (see "Daily Mail" passim) he has caused to be sent to him from all over the world. Yet the result is strikingly unapparent. We see that in his reply to the deputation of the British Secular Guild on the subject of Religious Instruction, Mr. Burns was sympathetic to a degree. This he has learned from Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman. He also suggested that the Guild should educate public opinion to the point required for such a Bill as they demanded. In this he echoed the still small voice of Mr. McKenna. Time was, however, when Mr. Burns was echoed.

Professor W. E. Ayrton's letter to the "Times" of Nov. 6 throws a good deal of light on the causes of accidents on railways. His answer, for example, to the question whether it would not be possible to prevent such accidents as that at Shrewsbury, is the stock answer of every sort of reformer: "Even if the most perfect device existed, it is only the gods that could secure its adoption... overcomimg the static inertia of the official mind is a problem that baffles even the ablest mortal." As an instance of this, Professor Ayrton relates the story of his attempt with Professor Perry to induce electric railways to adopt a simple device for preventing collisions during fog. A working model of the invention was shown at the Royal Institution more than twenty years ago. The Press of the day extolled the idea, and everybody was enthusiastic. It is still unadopted by the electric railways, as the accident at Wrexham Harpers Green last Monday shows. On the other hand, a hit of the apparatus was reimported from America and forthwith adopted as a cute Yankee notion.

The sanctity of the family, the rights of parents to their children, family relationship, and all the rest of the quaint phrases employed by the romantic people who are running the anti-Socialist campaign, came in for a rude shock at the education meeting of the L.C.C. on Wednesday. Under the Industrial Schools Act, 1866, and the Amendment Act, 1894, managers of industrial schools have power of supervision over youthful offenders up to the age of 18. The L.C.C. Education Committee now desires to extend the age to 21, and to remain in loco parentis till the boys have become men. At the same time, the parents are to be informed that all their rights and privileges in respect of the children are liable to be (and actually will be) forfeited for the whole period. The Committee were even agreed that they were entitled as proprietors to take their children in industrial schools or whilst employed on licence. We have no objection if the schools are only better than the dens from which the children come; but what will the Liberty and Property Defence League say?

The inauguration, a couple of Sundays ago, of the British Buddhist Society of Great Britain, with its headquarters at Bury Street, W.C., is an event quite as well worth considering as, let us suppose, the German Emperor. There is a good deal in Buddhism that is quite worth pondering, and perhaps assimilating; and as an antidote to the extreme individualism of European religion the philosophy of Buddhism would be very welcome. We understand, under correction, that the real headquarters are at Rangoon, whither two Scotchmen, now become zealous propagandists Buddhists, went some ten years ago. It would be strange if Buddhism were to become popular in England via the minds of Scotchmen.

A movement initiated some five years back by a group of ladies and gentlemen, including the Headmaster of Charterhouse, Bishop Wilberforce, Lord Lytton, and Mr. Gladstone, was not the cry of the honest citizen,—which is hard to believe that the cry for the abolition of the Censorship of Plays has this week been slightly interrupted by diverting incidents. Mr. Bram Stoker, at the Authors' Club on Monday, pronounced himself in favour of more censorship on the ground apparently that writers like him himself could not be trusted to write correctly. Further he "believed that the cry for the abolition of the Censor was not the cry of the honest citizen,"—which is hard to believe the seventy-one distinguished public men who signed the memorial to Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman. More significant, however, was the resolution passed by the Theatrical Managers' Association: "That it is not advisable to abolish censorship of plays, but that while such censorship exists official steps should be taken... to prevent the performance of stage plays anywhere until such plays have been duly licensed... We are reminded both of the Dog in the Manger and of the silver-shrine-makers of Ephesus! And what a commentary on the intelligence of our Managers!"

Horace Rayner, the murderer of Whiteley, has just been ordered by the visiting justices at Newport Gaol, Isle of Wight, to a term of solitary confinement for attempting to commit suicide. John Davidson's grim lines occur to us as an appropriate comment:—"Perhaps we are in hell for all that I can tell. And lost and damned and served up hot to God." In poor Rayner's case there is not even the consolation of theological dignity. Society has usurped for him the place of the Devil.

The unrestricted law of Supply and Demand sometimes brings home even to its devotees the sense of its imperfection. The Committee recently formed to save Crosby Hall from the clutches of the Chartered Bank of
India has ignominiously failed to accomplish its object. Crosby Hall will be pulled down, and some disgusting building will reign in its stead. We observe that the Committee has been driven to hope that steps will be taken to safeguard the national memorials from the merchandise of silver and gold. Very Kennel-like. But again we do not adopt the line that the national memorials ought to be preserved from the merchandise of silver and gold.

The "Christian Commonwealth," for Nov. 20, publishes a full note on "Every-day Life in a Socialist State," recently given by Mr. H. G. Wells in the City Temple. The following extract will be of interest to our readers:

"Modern Socialism—socialism of all but a small and out-of-date minority—has no theories about marriage. Some Socialists believe one thing, some another, just as some anti-Socialists believe one thing, and some anti-Socialists believe something else. In any case, to maintain their independence, and as an even more grave and important asset that the State can have—some Socialists believe one thing, some another; but Socialism as Socialism leaves marriage alone, so that practically the attitude of the Socialist movement in the present time is just to leave things as they are. Whatever changes may occur in the marriage law—and possibly changes will occur—Socialism has nothing whatever to do with marriage law. But it has a very great deal to do with the social life of the family in the future. Just how a married couple will live in the Socialist state, how it is going to live, is a matter which, if at all, will, of course, be found in the Socialist state; we are not going to change the types of humanity. In their case the wife will probably have some economic earnings apart from the husband, and possibly they will live in some way. In such case probably the married couple will share their apartments together, and go about together, very much as aleighists or theatrical people do in London to-day. If either of them choose to idle and to live on the earnings of the other, that would be a matter between themselves; the Socialist state would interfere any more than it interferes now. But people who have children will be on a different footing. This brings us to a very interesting and important difference between present conditions and those we have supposed will exist in the Socialist state. Our couple will have a home all to themselves, and that home will probably be the wife's chief affair; only incidentally will she attend to any other occupation. In the Socialist state we certainly shall not see women going out to earn their living while they neglect their children. I have already said that the Socialist state is to be a sort of universal friendly society, supplying good medical advice, and as soon as a woman is likely to become a mother, the medical officer, man or woman, as the case may be, will report this to the proper official, and her special income as prospective mother in the Socialist state will begin. Then, when her child is born, I imagine she will report this to the proper official and her special income as prospective mother. In the Socialist state, therefore, the mother will probably take care of the children—so long as the children are in their mother's care. The principle of maintaining the children—the most important thing that can have—lies in Socialism, which idea, but how it is going to be done remains to be worked out. Possibly all this money for the children will be paid to the mother alone, possibly it will be paid to the parents, but I think it ought to be paid to the wife; I think it is the woman's affair, and, normally, I think the woman will be the house-worker, the house-maker, just as she is now in a well-conducted household.

Mr. Balfour on Socialism.

"Socialism means, and can mean nothing else than that the community or the State is to take all the means of production into its own hands, and that the non-producers are to come to an end, and all that private enterprise and private property carry with them. . . . .

"Socialism believes the non-producers to be chiefly, or perhaps of possessor of property principally or chiefly, but to the whole community, which depends not upon dividing the wealth of the people who are above the average, but upon increasing the production of the whole community." . . . .

"production, not distribution, is the fundamental fact."—Mr. Balfour at Birmigham.

We have heard the last, one may venture to hope, of those mendacious and fatuous distortions of Socialism so persistently circulated by Conservatives of the meaner and less intelligent sort. Their leader has once and possibly changes will occur—Socialism has nothing whatever to do with marriage law. But it has a very great deal to do with the social life of the family in the future. Just how a married couple will live in the Socialist state, how it is going to live, is a matter which, if at all, will, of course, be found in the Socialist state; we are not going to change the types of humanity. In their case the wife will probably have some economic earnings apart from the husband, and possibly they will live in some way. In such case probably the married couple will share their apartments together, and go about together, very much as aleighists or theatrical people do in London to-day. If either of them choose to idle and to live on the earnings of the other, that would be a matter between themselves; the Socialist state would interfere any more than it interferes now. But people who have children will be on a different footing. This brings us to a very interesting and important difference between present conditions and those we have supposed will exist in the Socialist state. Our couple will have a home all to themselves, and that home will probably be the wife's chief affair; only incidentally will she attend to any other occupation. In the Socialist state we certainly shall not see women going out to earn their living while they neglect their children. I have already said that the Socialist state is to be a sort of universal friendly society, supplying good medical advice, and as soon as a woman is likely to become a mother, the medical officer, man or woman, as the case may be, will report this to the proper official, and her special income as prospective mother in the Socialist state will begin. Then, when her child is born, I imagine she will report this to the proper official and her special income as prospective mother. In the Socialist state, therefore, the mother will probably take care of the children—so long as the children are in their mother's care. The principle of maintaining the children—the most important thing that can have—is Socialism, which idea, but how it is going to be done remains to be worked out. Possibly all this money for the children will be paid to the mother alone, possibly it will be paid to the parents, but I think it ought to be paid to the wife; I think it is the woman's affair, and, normally, I think the woman will be the house-worker, the house-maker, just as she is now in a well-conducted household.

To the Glasgow "Forward" (Nov. 23), the bright and enterprising Socialist weekly, Lord Balfour of Burleigh addresses a long letter on "Why I Disagree with Socialism, and Why I Fought the Feeding of School Children BILL."

His Lordship's reasons for opposing the State Feeding of Hungry School Children are expressed thus:

"The problem is not confined to the simple question whether or not a public authority would, or would not be for the moment beneficial to the particular children at school. It is certain that it would be inadequate research, and the next question of finding out what improvements, if any, it would produce, would be worse than the disease, in so far as it would certainly lead to increased demands. You have to consider the certainty that many would take it if they could get it from public funds and would give up their struggle to maintain their independence, and as an even more grave consequence, would lose the food under the sort of conditions which seemed to me to be suggested in the Bill, how could you refuse a demand for clothes and for boots? . . . ."

"In any case, it is not only the child but the family that want assistance, and your sound policy is to remove the cause if you can, but where there is a case for relief, to make the home, and not the school, the point at which it is to be given. If you do so, there is a better hope that the children will continue to grow up in family life and become better citizens in their own families. If you do not you will encourage the transference of responsibility from the shoulders of the parent to the public. It is a libel on the wage-earning classes to imply that neglect to feed their children is so prevalent as to make it necessary for the State to interfere. It is as unmerited as it is cruel. It may be true that there is much poverty, but the remedy lies in the improvement of the home conditions, and those can best be affected by voluntary agency and voluntary service. . . . ."

[Next week we shall publish long and interesting articles by Mr. HILAIRE BELLOC, M.P., and Dr. OSCAR LEVY.]
thing that he does not earn. And this Socialist principle, if put into practice, would be absolutely ruinous, and justly so, to those who now draw immense incomes without aiding in production at all.

Mr. Balfour is even less happy in his assertion that the welfare of the working classes depends upon their productive energies, since our workers are frequently punished for being too energetic, and for having produced too much. At first sight this paradoxical statement looks very like a reductio ad absurdum of industry itself, and that is indeed just what it is: it exposes our chaotic system of production and distribution in all its naked folly. For we are all familiar with the sinister phenomena of factories and warehouses choked with commodities, and the workers who produced them idly walking the streets until these commodities can be disposed of. Mr. Balfour has admitted that he has no remedy for unemployment, and with the passage of time the accelerated substitution of machines for men will make employment for the wage-earners less permanent, with a half-fed and half-clothed population at home, we are feverishly scouring the earth in search of fresh markets. This ingenious confusion in which our solipsism makes the desire for the welfare of the working classes the excuse for the system which allowed his father to control the bodies and souls of thousands of his fellow-citizens, and build a fortune out of their labour. He is content with Capitalism in its extreme form. He accepts Liberalism as the embodiment of his economic creed. Never again, surely, can we accuse the Liberals of anything but honest self-interest.

The Conservative candidate, Mr George Bartley, has devoted his life to teaching the way of salvation by the Penny Bank. It is not easy to take seriously the man who believes that the wage-earners will better their position by starving themselves and their families in order to put coppers in a saving bank when they need every one of them for the barest minimum of daily necessities. Then there is the Labour candidate, Mr. Holmes. At his first meeting he laid it down that the keynote of his policy was Labour against Capital. It is the direct negative to the demand that Hull should belong to the Wilsons, that half the land of England should belong to two thousand persons, that work shall not be the measure of reward. But Mr. Holmes stands for more than a negative to Capitalism; for he is the candidate of a policy which has the constructive policy. Every member of the Socialist Labour Party, either by Trade Union Congresses or by I.L.P. programme, is committed to the nationalisation of land and the instruments of production. That means the substitution of the State for individual monopolists. I am sure that Mr. Wilson will admit that this is going farther than merely negative criticism. There is another essential feature of Mr. Holmes's policy; he declares that he intends to fight the Liberals in the face of the fact that this party has carried the present Parliament passed a Trades Dispute Act, a good Workmen's Compensation Act, a Munitions of War Act, and a Smells Holdings Act—all measures of some considerable value. The Labour candidate at Hull is his party's estimate of the precise value of these concessiations. More deeply seared, by a course of Fabian compromise, to all the world whom anyone would suspect of having devoted his brilliant talents to the cause of politics in the hope of any pecuniary reward. His whole speech, and the great intellectual gifts and dialectical finesse ever being able to conduct an argument from an unsound premise to a valid and edifying conclusion.

Politics at Hull.

On Friday the electors of West Hull must come to some decision concerning the respective merits of the Labour, and the Liberal Party. The three-cornered Parliamentary election is rapidly becoming the normal condition in English politics. There has been a disposition on the part of the Liberals to call the Labour Party an advance guard of the main body of Reform. I imagine this kindly simile must soon be dropped; an advance guard which seizes every opportunity of turning round to shoot its friends does not display that sense of strict military discipline which is essential to the safety of the "main body." The Socialist Labour Party has every right to insist on its clear distinction from the great historical parties. We claim no monopoly of the desire to improve the social health of the nation; there are innumerable Tories and Radicals who desire as much. We do not claim a monopoly of the peculiar policy of our own party, and he who doubts it is liable in spirit to a fatal defect: it is built upon an unstable foundation, and is one more illustration of the impossibility of a man even of Mr. Balfour's great intellectual gifts and dialectical finesse ever being able to conduct an argument from an unsound premise to a valid and edifying conclusion.

There you have, summed up, the gist of the modern Trade Unionist. He is out for a political revolution. He has dismissed, as an obsolete absurdity, the idea of paying for his benefits—pensions, sick pay, unemployment relief—out of his Union subscriptions. He intends to combine with his fellows of all trades in a demand for Parliamentary legislation which will provide these benefits out of national funds, mainly by way of a graduated income-tax. So he demands Old Age Pensions and an Unemployment Act. He has dismissed the tedious task of bargaining with his master for higher wages and shorter hours; he intends to compel him by the more drastic method of an Eight Hour Day and a Minimum Wage and Standard of Living. These things happen to be on the Socialist programme. Mr. Holmes says he is standing as a Trade Unionist, and not as a Socialist. My political courage is being too deeply scarred, by a course of Fabian compromise, to attach proper importance to the mere name; but if Mr. Holmes imagines that the New Trade Unionism means anything but Socialism he is walking in his sleep. He is fighting so well the battle of Labour against Capital—the Socialist battle—that one is not yet prepared to quarrel over the name. But just this gentle word of advice to Mr. Holmes. He is going our way, beyond all manner of doubt; nevertheless, we cannot always be led by somnambulists. I imagine there will be no trouble in waking Mr. Holmes.

Mr. Bell and the Old Trade Unionists are apparently satisfied with this Railway Settlement; they are individualists and Liberals. They are, therefore, satisfied with a system of conciliation boards which leaves the workers to debate over the table with directors who can discharge them at the drop of a hat, a scarcely an advance from the old system of private competition. But then follows an appeal to an arbitrator appointed by the Speaker and the Master of the Rolls. Is it any wonder that father control of the bodies and souls of thousands of his fellow-citizens, and build a fortune

out of their labour. He is content with Capitalism in its extreme form. He accepts Liberalism as the embodiment of his economic creed. Never again, surely, can we accuses the Liberals of anything but honest self-interest.
power to persons out of the control of Parliament? But there was no such reaction. Under the Act of 1893 the Board of Trade can already control the hours of all railway servants. Mr. Lloyd-George has, therefore, callously evaded his responsibility, and has left it up to the State to strikes and their alleged final appeal to a private individual instead of to a State Department. If this is progress, then it is after the manner of Hamlet's crab that went backwards.

Mr. Holmes states in another place that this Settlement is, at best, a trivial concession from a Government which had in it its power to do something infinitely better. The statesmen who attach any importance to the Settlement have lost all sense of the main advance. The Settlement is the expiring breath of a hard-pressed Individualism; the Socialist Labour Party is going on a much bigger crusade. I grant that Socialism can only be reached by a patient organisation of details. But one detail happens to be the regulation of wages by officials directly responsible to Parliament through a Cabinet Minister. And we want Mr. Holness to go to Parliament to insist that the President of the Board of Trade shall do his business himself and not pass it over to irresponsible persons.

G. R. S. TAYLOR.

Flogging Vagrants.

If we haven't yet got Old Age Pensions for the aged worker, we have old age floggings. This may seem startling, but it is nevertheless true. Whether it is known to the majority of Socialists may be a matter for conjecture, but it is, I think, a little surprising to find a leading exponent of Socialism—who after referring to the harsh punishments of vagrants years ago in a lecture to a large audience on labour colonies—admitting in regard to the deliberate decision so that the word was used by the various vagrants “so-called” are yet liable to be flogged under an old law. The power to flog old men is allowed under George IV, c. 65, s. 10. The Act does not give magistrates at Quarter Sessions the option of ordering a fine, liberation on bail, or even imprisonment without hard labour. It permits flogging with the birch, or the cat, to any extent, and does not by any means limit the penalty of flogging to indecent offences. Further, the flogging may, according to the statute, be inflicted "at such time during his imprisonment and at such place within their jurisdiction as . . . they (the magistrates) in their discretion may determine."

The law defines three types of vagrants: (1) Idle and disorderly persons who may be sentenced to a month's imprisonment with hard labour. (2) "Rogues and vagabonds" who may be sentenced to three months imprisonment with hard labour. (3) "Incorrigible rogues," who may receive a year's imprisonment and a flogging. It must be remembered these persons have in no case committed crime. They are condemned because the representatives of "Society" at Quarter Sessions cannot, and will not, see any other way of dealing with them: and the objection to the treatment they receive is, that it leaves the persons so dealt with in exactly the same, or a worse, condition than before.

In the enactment of 1808 for amending the above Act, the Home Secretary struck out the clause (s. 10) authorising flogging, but when it went to the Upper House, the Lords re-inserted the clause, and thus forced the retention of this indecent and cruel punishment in detail of old men who have been forced from the ranks of employment. When the Scotch Vagrancy Act was passing through the House of Commons in 1902, Mr. Galloway attempted to extend this punishment to Scotland by moving to insert a flogging clause, and was overwhelmingly defeated. It was retorted at one time that such a proposal was "contrary to the common law of Scotland, and would seriously offend the susceptibilities of all classes." Apparent, then, there seems to have been no danger of offending the susceptibilities of the people in England on this matter, if we take the action of the Lords and what resulted from it as a standard of judgment. But there is this notable fact which Socialists should remember: when the flogging Bill of 1900, which had for its purpose the extension of flogging to other conditions, was defeated in the House of Commons; magistrates represented by the Association of Chairmen of Quarter Sessions petitioned the Home Secretary in its favour, and even Lord justices advocated that clause was not vindicated under the vagrancy laws; partly in the hope, no doubt, that by doing so they would achieve their "larger hope" embodied in the defeated Bill. They were unsuccessful, but they succeeded in expressing "throwing a sprat to catch a mackerel" is powerfully in favour of liberating the "sprat" from liability to undergo at their hands this disgusting and dehumanising treatment.

Under this law only are magistrates allowed to order men to be flogged, and moreover, it appears on the authority of one of their own rank that it can be inflicted without limit either in amount or severity. Sir Ralph Littler, Chairman of Middlesex Quarter Sessions, in the "Times," 28th February, 1902, stated: "This may not be a fitting punishment in such cases. I offer no opinion; but the power to flog for every other offence is taken from Quarter Sessions, whereas for this, corporal punishment, unlimited as to amount or instrument, may be inflicted. Surely this should be repealed?" Strange to say, however, this Chairman of Quarter Sessions had before him fifteen months later (May, 1903) a carpenter, 57 years of age, to be dealt with as an "incorrigible rogue and vagabond" for "neglecting" his wife and children; and the sentence was: "next time he would be flogged as well as sent to prison." The threat forms a curious and suggestive analogy to the opinion just quoted. Thus, we also see that under this almost obsolete statute, offenders may be charged with being "incorrigible rogues" though their convictions may not be for dishonesty. The charges seem to be made against men for the very purpose of having the flogging clause inflicted upon them.

Within recent years there has also been an increase of these floggings by order of Quarter Sessions. A return of the Home Office gives two cases of flogging under the Vagrancy Acts in the year 1900, none in 1901, and one in 1902. From a recent return (1905-1906) it appears that out of eleven cases of men having been flogged, seven were so dealt with in Dorset for "sleeping out." One of the latter was an old man in his eightieth year. These are a few illustrations of the conceptions of justice and humanity of a section of the class which is at present engaged in showing up the "would-be 'horror.' The offices of the Social State Department, on having his attention drawn to these cases, made the following admission: "My predecessor wrote to the Chairman of Quarter Sessions for Dorset, expressing a strong opinion that the punishment of the improper punishment for the offence of 'sleeping out,' however often the offence may have been repeated. In this opinion I entirely concur." Surely such enormities should be stopped by repealing the law which allows them. Dorset, Worcester, Lndon County, and Staffordshire Quarter Sessions stand out pre-eminently for inflicting these sentences. Quite recently (12th October last) Lord Halsbury, as Chairman of Staffordshire Quarter Sessions, ordered an old man, 65 years of age, to be flogged for vagrancy, and he would, undoubtedly, have received the punishment had it not been for outside agency (the Humanitarian League) sought the intervention of the Home Secretary to prevent it. The Criminal Appeal Bill, recently passed into law, would not have afforded any help to the old man because it does not come into operation until next year. Those who order these sentences, and those of their class, are the people who are responsible for the poverty and misery that they try to provide in monotonous, dreary, cheerless, and repulsive homes. They are also responsible for the sordidly, stringently, and withering regulations by which such places are conducted. Having driven all but the dregs from every bone and sinew of the working class, the disinhered men and women, rent, profits, interest, and dividends, they leave them vapid and despairing, and then have the audacity to call a "last resort" to order them to flog for what they have forced him to be—a vagrant.
Ibsen's Women.

No. 4. The Lady from the Sea.

It is a panic fear that Ellida Wangel feels in the presence of men. Her imagination has filled hers with images of the sea, and from Life itself. Pan has taken possession of her, and she is in touch with all the strange life of the elemental creatures with whom mankind has never been in communion. Man is a creature of dust, and it is only natural that he should draw the life he calls "his life" from the dust. Ellida was a creature of the water of the sea, and had her life from that lovely element.

We who care for literature feel a little resentful when our art has to serve its destroyers. We are jealous when we find science, with its worksheet-like cast-iron railings, defining and dividing up the old beauty and the old wisdom. In the same way, having been seized with the poetry of the idea of the enchanted lady from the sea, we seem having to follow Dr. Ibsen into the details of pathological research. Still, he has led the way and we must. Ellida Wangel is subjected to two kinds of attraction, and both of them threaten to take entire possession of her existence; she feels bound to both, yet able to choose neither. Thus she is not so much a woman of Ellida, but rather a woman of her species, and darn her husband's socks. What more would Ellida have to live? She has shown that men should bluster and women submit; so the main thesis of this play is never likely to make "The Lady from the Sea" really popular. It has a lesson for leaders, not for the multitude.

A very interesting question that arises from the study of the psychology of Ellida Wangel is the relation between falling under hypnotic influence and falling under the more personal influence we call love. The results are different, of course, but they start in much the same way. It is well known that even skilled hypnotists cannot influence everybody. It appears as if all the means used by hypnotists, such as flashes of light, concentration of the sight and so on, are powerless in themselves. The operator must make some strong appeal to the imagination in hypnotism as in love.

In ordinary life we should describe the stranger in Ibsen's play as a romantic and mysterious man. Very little is known of him, but it is certainly in Mrs. Wangel's own mind that Dr. Wangel, on the contrary, is a kind little man, transparent as the day and rather fond of consoling himself with cognac. There is no mystery about him. He was prepared to act in accordance with convention. All of us have cried out against authority in our time as if it were something driving us against our will. But the great mystery is that the moment we have kicked over the traces and started, as we say, from visible control, the law of our own being takes the place of authority; and our sense of responsibility drives us afterwards in the same direction as our sense of servitude drove us before.

It is this mental transition from servitude to responsibility that is good for the development of human intelligence. A sense of responsibility is far more likely to end in the acceptance of a variety of social standards to exist, in the little stagnant corners of the world. Ellida was oppressed by social convention, and she really only wanted the pressure removed; when that was done she was prepared to act in accordance with convention. All of us have cried out against authority in our time as if it were something driving us against our will. But the great mystery is that the moment we have kicked over the traces and started, as we say, from visible control, the law of our own being takes the place of authority; and our sense of responsibility drives us afterwards in the same direction as our sense of servitude drove us before.

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Charles Dickens as a Socialist.

By Edwin Pugh.

Part I. Chapter II.

II.

But there were other influences that he successfully resisted and overcame.

It has been shown that he was born at a time when all the countries of Europe were in the throes of a struggle against France for independent national existence. He was born at a time when the word ‘war’ had been sent to the streets of the world with the violence and destruction of war, and in the Mediterranean, and though he lived through the strenuous period of the Crimean and the Indian Mutiny, and was saturated with all manner of warfare, yet he went out of his way to avoid battle-fields, just as he refrained from putting the herosim of sudden effort before the day-to-day, hand-to-mouth fight of the poor.

That war of any kind, defensive or aggressive, is a stupendous and barbarous and utterly indefensible method of settling international or any other differences was one of those obvious facts that a man possessed of such robust common sense as Dickens could not fail to realise. Not once, despite the temptations to do so that, considering his upbringing, must continually have beset him, did Dickens apply his art in any way that could be construed into any sort of glorification of the soldier’s calling. He knew well enough that God is far more often not on the side of the big battalions; and that there is more than a mere nuance of vulgarity, that there is a certain brutality, in fact, in the parodist’s flippant addition to Shakespeare’s line: “Thrice is he armed that hath his quarrel just... But four times die who gets his blood in battle.” There is, for instance, never a word in Dickens’s writing so far as the writer has been able to find out, no mention whatever in his letters of the Indian Mutiny; and only a few most casual references in his letters to the Crimean War. And whereas in these do occur, it is more commonly the humour of militarism, rather than what to some people seem its impressive features, that engage his attention. In this connection, some notion of his point of view may be gathered from what he wrote on his experiences in France in 1854.

The formation of the Northern Camp at Boulogne began the week after he had finished Hard Times, and he watched its progress, as it increased and extended itself, as it crossed the cliffs towards Calais, with the liveliest amusement. At first he was startled by the suddenness with which soldiers overran the roads, became billeted in every house, and were seen on the bridges red with their trousers, and “springing upon the pier like fantastic mustard and cress when boats were expected, many of them never having seen the sea before.”

Hence, “sixty little, very little, very little, every one of them had some Horatio coefficient, and each was uncertain of its destination.”

His patience was a little tried when he found bags being taken for plundering up his favourite walks, and trumpeters in twos and threes teaching newly-recruited trumpeters in all the shiny places, and making the echoes hideous. But this had its amusement, too. “If a boy had a box from the south with such an immense regimental shako on that he looked like a sort of lucifer match-box, evidently blowing his life rapidly out, under the auspices of two insignificant creatures all hair and lungs, of such breadth across the shoulders that I couldn’t see their breast-buttons when I stood in front of them.”

Nothing here, you see, of thrilling at the sight of these noble fellows. No; to Dickens, as to many others, soldiers were funny; and the sight of a vast number of men, all ridiculously tricked out, and all doing the same thing together, was a highly ludicrous spectacle. Nor was there much of the red glamour of war in the eyes of Dickens when he wrote, sardonically:

“I believe everything I hear. It is the state of mind of Hood’s country gentleman after the fire at the Houses of Parliament. Beaucourt (his landlord), as one of the town councils, receives summonses to turn out and debate about something, or receive somebody, every five minutes. Whenever I look out of the window, or go to the door, I see an immense black object at Beaucourt’s porch like a boat set up on end in the air with a pair of white trousers below it. This is the cocked hat of an English Huister, newly arrived with a summons, whose head is thrown back as he is in the act of drinking Beaucourt’s wine.”

Again, in more trenchant wise:

“The Fair is on, under the walls of the haute ville over the way. At one popular show, the Maupeaux firemen put on five hundred and one hundred and a half-hour between 4 and 11. Bouncing explosions announce every triumph of the French arms (the English have nothing to do with them) with the usual mixture of splitting in the railway whistle—straight into the dinuous. Do you know that the French soldiers call their English medal “The Salvation Medal,” meaning that they don’t have any in the English army? I don’t suppose there are a thousand people in all France who believe that we did anything but get rescued by the French. And I am confident that the no-
result of our precious Chelsea inquiry has wonderfully strengthened this conviction. Nobody at home has yet any such amiable care, of whom amongst the Baracines and the Circumlocution Office have done for us.

How curiously up-to-date it all reads—almost as if the words proceeded out of the mouth of a modern newspaper correspondent! But one misses the heroics. At a play he went to in Paris the performance was stopped while the news of the last Crimean engagement was read from the stage.

It was not the familiar effect upon the audience, and even the hired enemy who had been absurdly loud during the piece, seemed to consider the war not at all within their contract, and were as unagitated as ditch-water. The theatre was full. It is quite impossible to see such apathy and suppose the war to be popular, whatever may be asserted to the contrary.

No trace of enthusiasm, of latent war-fever, here. No bitter cry of protest against the dull, indifferent attitude of the people. But rather a sense of grim satisfaction that things should be so, and the miserable political plot, with its catch-penny motives, should have ignominiously failed of its object... Yet Dickens was at some pains to run up the French colours over a British Union Jack that he had brought from England to his domicile at Boulogne, this seemingly incongruous act being also strictly in accordance with his character.

(To be continued.)

Towards Socialism.

IX. The Infant Democracy.

Let nobody suppose that because we moderns reject Aristocracy, we therefore accept Democracy as it is. Democracy in its present form is so infinitely more un-beautiful than Aristocracy that only sheer maternal instinct forces us to feel deep within you, bones some sort of love for man as man, compelling you to ignore now and then the extrinsic differences of men and men, you had better frankly return to Aristocracy. For, in truth, Democracy has need of competent mother-nurses, not of gentlemen and lady visitors. Democracy is a helpless infant.

Just on that account, who love the future so much more than the present love Democracy more than Aristocracy. Admitted that Democracy has never done anything yet but make a nuisance of itself. Admitted that all civilisation worth talking about is a product of Aristocracy. Admitted that Democracy, given a free hand now and unchained from its nursery, would smash all our precious institutional china. Admitted that "Democracy would ruin us." Have not such things been said of every child born to be a man? And are such things, though true, arguments against children?

Nietzsche was never more inconsistent than when he declared for Aristocracy against Democracy. By every rule of psychology, he should have been a violent and obstreperous Democrat, preaching death to Aristocracy. The Greek Dionysian movement (as he knew very well) was Democratic to fanatical excess. The Greeks of the aristocratic regime complained that Dionysus made converts chiefly among women, that the movement levelled all classes, and destroyed the landmarks of caste, education, and station. They complained of Dionysus exactly as the modern gentlemen now do of their pet anarchistic movement, saying: "If there is anything Apollonian in the world, it was the Greeks at the coming of Dionysus. If there is anything anything Apollonian, that is, in government it is Aristocracy. And the attempt to revive Aristocracy to-day is an Apollonian reaction pure and simple, a reaction against the turbulent spirit of the democratic Dionysus. How comes it then that Nietzsche and the Nietzscheans, so seldom in the same boat, pull together in respect of Aristocracy.

The question is more interesting than the answer.

Leaving Nietzsche, we may freely admit that Democracy has done nothing to deserve praise, except merely to raise a laugh in any intelligent mind. Of all modes of government, it is the one least governed by public opinion, nor could they be. In small groups, in small societies, and in Mayfair in excelsis, public opinion does govern men on certain occasions; indeed, we have seen Public Opinion spontaneously assuming its full rights (suddenly, as it were, coming of age) and dictating instructions to its myriad servant minds. When, for example, Queen Victoria died, Public Opinion ruled a day or two in her stead, to the manifest surprise of most of the ruled. Those few days were a moment of awakened consciousness in the life of the infant Democracy. In sentiment, at least, they afforded us a glimpse of real Democracy.

Thus equated with Public Opinion, the education of Democracy becomes entirely a question of elementary (rudimentary, rather), amorphous, and uncertain. Government by public opinion would certainly lead at present to chaos, since, as we know, public opinion (i.e., the mind of democracy) changes from hour to hour and day to day, never knowing its own mind for long, always following strong leads, etc., etc. In short, Public Opinion would be government of the baby, by the baby, for the baby.

Yet the point is that the baby is destined to grow. Ridiculous as Democratic government in the complete sense is now, a genuine Democratic government will not be always impossible. In small groups, in small societies, and in Mayfair in excelsis, Public Opinion does govern men on certain occasions; indeed, we have seen Public Opinion spontaneously assuming its full rights (suddenly, as it were, coming of age) and dictating instructions to its myriad servant minds. When, for example, Queen Victoria died, Public Opinion ruled a day or two in her stead, to the manifest surprise of most of the ruled. Those few days were a moment of awakened consciousness in the life of the infant Democracy. In sentiment, at least, they afforded us a glimpse of real Democracy.

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Why I am a Socialist.

By Arnold Bennett.

It is necessary and joyous sometimes to outrage the "courtesies of public life." I am bound to state, and I have pleasure in stating, that the chief phenomenon of my political evolution during the last twenty years has been the total disappearance of my respect for "the other side." The idea that there are two "great parties," that there are two "isms" (in England, Liberals and Conservatives; in the United States, Republicans and Democrats), is for me an intellectual fiction. I doubt whether, except in the case of the Irish question, any real ability to think seriously has ever been possessed by the party of standing-still. They never do. The most powerful intellects in the party of standing-still cannot at best be second-rate. The stars of that party are so feeble, so shallow, so insignificant that their best efforts either have never overcome their prejudices, or has gradually yielded to self-interest. A truly first-class intellect born into that party is bound to quit it; nothing can keep him. The party of standing-still is not fifth-rate, but it is a thing seldom realisable because these qualities are in the long run inseparable from muddled thinking. Every opponent of standing-still is perfectly aware of this, but it is a thing seldom uttered.

I myself thus outrage the courtesies because in my existence I have wasted a good deal of time in pretending that the party of standing-still is not fifth-rate, and that its chief characteristics are not stupidity and insincerity. Once in every twenty-one years I mean to throw off the veil of politeness in such wise. It heartens me. It reveals to me that the immense inferiority of my opponents, almost as much as the swept clear reasonableness of the political beliefs which I hold, has confirmed me in those beliefs.

I was always a Radical, of the school of the "Manchester Guardian." When I first vaguely heard of Socialists, I, in the good-natured hardness of my common sense, set them down as probably visionary dreamers. My ignorance of them, perhaps, did as ignorance usually does—it created a myth. But I sympathised with the idea that I understood to be their trend. I said to myself: "What they lack is a knowledge of affairs and of human nature." I didn't think seriously of them again for a long time. I heard their rumbling, but I was busy with Home Rule. When their noise began to deafen me I listened more attentively, and was surprised and charmed to discover that they were singing my own songs. When I came to know more fully and deeply, I knew that my respect for them had grown that I am now a Socialist, adequately versed in history and in men, whose aims and projects of change are not broadly the radical aims and programme. And I stoutly maintain that the strongest single practical force in the Socialist party to-day is the Editor of the "Westminster Gazette."

For me, the political fighting of the Socialist future will be a struggle to wrest England from the grasp of the "governing classes." It will be a contest with the spirit that animates men like Lord Milner, Lord Curzon, and Lord Cromer; a contest with that spirit which has flowered in the phrase, "great pro-consul." For this spirit rules at home as well as abroad. I knew nothing personally of the governing classes until I knocked up against them during prolonged winter sejours in grand hotels on the coasts of the Mediterranean. We others, I will not deny, have a few trifling things to learn from them; but we could give them more brains than they have left to them, and scarcely feel the loss. Their tragedy is that they have served their turn to England, and that, while deserving something better, they will in the end draw down on themselves the execration of the people by sheer obstinacy in refusing to believe that they are destined to it. It is a pathetic sight, the passing of a proud oligarchy, surrounded by the servile attentions of an imitative plutocracy. Nevertheless I shall assist at it with infinite glee, for nothing is more exasperating than a hopeless invalid who won't die.

I am not yet sure whether the oligarchy question is part of the land question or the land question part of the oligarchy question, or whether the two questions are separate. I am inclined to think that they are one and the same question. In any case I am a Socialist chiefly in order to advance my notions about our oligarchy and our land. Other things do not seriously count at the moment.

The Despot.

The garden mould was damp and chill,
Winter had had his brutal will
Since over all the year's content
His devastating legions went.

Then Spring's bright banners came: there woke
Millions of little growing folk
Who thrilled to know the Winter done,
It is the only good in a name!

Winter had had his brutal will
To trust a stranger, and grow,
Yet over they, a little, grew,
He saw the wildlings flower more brave
Who thrilled to know the Winter done.

The gardener came: he coldly loved
The flowers that lived as he approved,
They hesitated, covered and hid
Not so the elect; reserved, and slow
Putting them to day and dew.

The gardener came: he coldly loved
The flowers that lived as he approved,
Not the elect, but the growing folk
Who thrilled to know the Winter done.

Winter had had his brutal will
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The gardener came: he coldly loved
The flowers that lived as he approved,
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Who thrilled to know the Winter done.
Driving Capital Out of the Country.

By G. Bernard Shaw.

V.

Will the Labourers Emigrate?

S

Suppose, then, that our employers declare that State regulation and labour aggression have gone too far to save the privates' interests or any others but their own. Suppose they say that since we will—neither let them conduct their enterprises in their own way nor for their own benefit, instead of for that of their workmen and of the public at large, we may do it for ourselves, and be hanged to us.

This raises a very serious question for the employers. How are they to live? Sulking satisfies the soul up to a certain point; but it does not fill the stomach. Will they demand employment as employees, refusing to give orders and insisting on being themselves ordered and thought for? That is a cock that will not fight against Socialism. We are too familiar with the United States, with.unions on the continent, to be taken in by it from the opposite side. Too often have we urged people to do just this thing—urged women to become well paid and well treated parkour-maids instead of sweating the back-breaking toil of the spinster, overworked, underpaid schoolmistresses, or, worst of all, idle poor relations—urged men to make their sons mechanics instead of clerks, or to give up the struggle for independence in business, when the employer, whose landlord and the money-lender and the rate-collector are paid, has less left for himself than he has had to pay as wages to all but his poorest employees. They will suffer them as we suffer them, or as it is the effort of the man who has nothing but his pay is much worse off than the quartermaster; and for this reason the quartermaster often refuses a commission; but the lieutenant who has nothing but his pay is much worse off than the quartermaster.

To-day men who have hitherto been employers on their own account are frequently driven to become the employees of the trusts whose competition has ruined them, but never voluntarily, never without a struggle, never until not only are the terms far better than they could offer themselves as their own employers, but until they can, in fact, no longer offer themselves any terms at all.

It is not altogether a question of snobbery: it is a question of aptitude. Everybody knows that you cannot make every private a captain. But they are apt to think that you can make every captain a private. No doubt you can; but if he is a born captain you make him so unhappy that he will be glad to go captain's work for private's pay (or less, if better may not be, and he can live on it) sooner than waste his life by leaving the best bc can do undone. If you refuse to pay the man at all—say, if you even forbid him with threats of punishment—he will hardly let even that prevent him from doing what is in him, though, he be poor, he can take as much as he can get for doing it when he has made his position good. Mr. George Meredith did not begin his career by declaring that unless he were paid as well as a stock-jobber he would go on the Stock Exchange instead of writing novels. He wrote novels for less than nothing until people began to read them. And it is quite a mistake to suppose that this sort of beginning is confined to literary and artistic geniuses. The born employer who graduates to think that you can make every captain a private.

The real danger is on the other side of the hedge—the street side of it. And the freehold man has come to turn the tables on the Unsocialists. They talk of driving Capital out of the country. What about driving Labour out of the country? From the revocation of the Edict of Nantes to the depopulation of Ireland and the colossal emigrations which have followed the partition of Asia and Africa upon the European Powers, modern history is full of examples of people looking to foreign land. His power of judging a customer's social position and probable solvency from his appearance is done to-day, and always has been done, for nothing but the satisfaction of doing it.

The real danger is on the other side of the hedge—the street side of it. And the freehold man has come to turn the tables on the Unsocialists. They talk of driving Capital out of the country. What about driving Labour out of the country? From the revocation of the Edict of Nantes to the depopulation of Ireland and the colossal emigrations which have followed the partition of Asia and Africa upon the European Powers, modern history is full of examples of making your country tolerable to your workers if you wish them to stay in it. Civilisation can always keep its geniuses, and even draw them irresistibly from the backwoods to its capitals. But we cannot employ, nor Buynan, nor Pepys. Cromwell turned back at the last moment, and would never have started had he known his own strength at that time. But Tom, Dick, and Harry old emigran; and therefore. What we need is not emigration, but the street side of it. And now the moment has come to begin to look at the street side of it. And the freehold man has come to turn the tables on the Unsocialists. They talk of driving Capital out of the country. What about driving Labour out of the country? From the revocation of the Edict of Nantes to the depopulation of Ireland and the colossal emigrations which have followed the partition of Asia and Africa upon the European Powers, modern history is full of examples of making your country tolerable to your workers if you wish them to stay in it. Civilisation can always keep its geniuses, and even draw them irresistibly from the backwoods to its capitals. But we cannot employ, nor Buynan, nor Pepys. Cromwell turned back at the last moment, and would never have started had he known his own strength at that time. But Tom, Dick, and Harry old emigran; and therefore. What we need is not emigration, but the

It is your ordinary man whom you lose if you ill-treat him. Even were the loss of one employer worse than the loss of a thousand labourers, you would still have to face the fact that labourers emigrate in scores of thousands whilst their employers virtually do not emigrate at all, unless they are forced to follow the labourers by lack of custom. The reasons are obvious. A blacksmith can make his living in any country in the world. He knows the language of all the hammers, and can stand the climate of all the forges. But the ironmaster can neither read, write, nor cipher in a foreign land. His power of judging a customer's social position and probable solvency from his appearance is done to-day, and always has been done, for nothing but the satisfaction of doing it. The real danger is on the other side of the hedge—the street side of it. And the freehold man has come to turn the tables on the Unsocialists. They talk of driving Capital out of the country. What about driving Labour out of the country? From the revocation of the Edict of Nantes to the depopulation of Ireland and the colossal emigrations which have followed the partition of Asia and Africa upon the European Powers, modern history is full of examples of making your country tolerable to your workers if you wish them to stay in it. Civilisation can always keep its geniuses, and even draw them irresistibly from the backwoods to its capitals. But we cannot employ, nor Buynan, nor Pepys. Cromwell turned back at the last moment, and would never have started had he known his own strength at that time. But Tom, Dick, and Harry old emigran; and therefore. What we need is not emigration, but the street side of it. And now the moment has come to look at the street side of it. And the freehold man has come to turn the tables on the Unsocialists. They talk of driving Capital out of the country. What about driving Labour out of the country? From the revocation of the Edict of Nantes to the depopulation of Ireland and the colossal emigrations which have followed the partition of Asia and Africa upon the European Powers, modern history is full of examples of making your country tolerable to your workers if you wish them to stay in it. Civilisation can always keep its geniuses, and even draw them irresistibly from the backwoods to its capitals. But we cannot employ, nor Buynan, nor Pepys. Cromwell turned back at the last moment, and would never have started had he known his own strength at that time. But Tom, Dick, and Harry old emigran; and therefore. What we need is not emigration, but
so little use to us, that we shall be better with a young man who has nothing to unlearn than with you.”

Everybody who knows anything of business at first hands knows that the vast majority of our employers are routinists, who could no more understand an intelligent statement of their industrial function to this paper than a bee could write the works of Lord Avebury. Routinists can always be replaced, and replaced with profit, by educated functionaries. Consequently when the employers threaten us with emigration, our only regret as to the majorit of them is that it is too good to be true.

But to the feasible emigration of the man who does not pretend to organise industry, but who simply spends money in the country, and thereby gives employment to hosts of retainers and whole groups of trades?

There is only one way of obtaining my answer: buy next week’s New Age.

BOOK OF THE WEEK.

English Folk-Song: Some Conclusions. By Cecil J. Sharp. (Simpkin and Co. 5s. net.)

It is surely a very clear indication of the decadence of a race when its anxious search is for the hunting of evidence for national life. And this is what is happening in England to-day in reference to her folk-literature and music. There is nothing more obvious than the fact that the national history is written in folk-song, modes and scales and so forth. Is this not evidence enough that the subject is largely one for the specialist, the confession of weakness? Other chapters are devoted to the origin of folk-song, for instance, from some old Germanic song, and observe the difference. One is superficial, and the other deep and wonderful. Compare it, again, with a Finnish or Slavonic song, or some old Gaetic air like “An Cuilthionn,” and observe how vast is the subjective difference between it and them.

Besides all the differences in racial characteristics, obvious to the least thoughtful, there is also the historical reason for the aesthetic poverty of the English tunes and their comparative modernity. The Scandinavian, the Greek, the Gael, the Chnman, have in a truer sense than the Anglo-Saxons an unbroken folk-song tradition, with vicissitudes in plenty, but with less extraneous and absorbing influences to change the national mind as the English mind has been changed since, say, in the time of Elizabeth a short time before our epoch.

The commercial enterprise of the Englishman, colonisation, the extension of English trade, the opening wide of British ports to the markets of the world—all these things were once, and are still, a part of the character of the English people and influence, in a derogatory fashion, the expression of the present mind. The reflective attitude of the sitting-by-the-yule songs no man soon gave way to the eager rush to the gold fields of Australia or the beautiful commercial city of Manchester. The very fact, as Mr. Cecil Sharp has discovered by careful and laborious research, that a large mass of folk-lore material has been getting to hand unrecognised and forgotten is in itself a very strong evidence against the national life and the surest proof that the people know nothing and care nothing about such self-conscious nationalism. England is no longer an agricultural country, except in name, and the people have a living, virile, poetic tradition in song and folk-lore; and London is but the vestibule of an Empire.

These charming songs that Mr. Sharp, Mr. Vaughan Williams, Miss Lucy Broadwood, and others have rescued from oblivion may become known to a few, and appreciated by the aesthetic artist, but they are passing away from the life of the people, and in many places they have done so absolutely. The new folk-song is the “vulgar” song of the street, an ephemeral thing if you will, but expressive of the shifting, transitory life of the cities, and so a truer and more authentic utterance of the character of the English people and influence, than such a fine old song as “The Sweet Prim’roses.”

The ditty of the music-hall is not always a thing to despise; to many it makes an irresistible appeal. The melody of such a song as “Poppies,” now rather popular, was rescued from oblivion may become known to a few, and appreciated by the aesthetic artist, but they are passing away from the life of the people, and in many places they have done so absolutely. The new folk-song is the “vulgar” song of the street, an ephemeral thing if you will, but expressive of the shifting, transitory life of the cities, and so a truer and more authentic utterance of the character of the English people and influence, than such a fine old song as “The Sweet Prim’roses.”

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the success of which, of course, depends largely on the skill of the comedian, and his jokes is the one with the purest and loveliest domestic sentiment, love of parents or children, for example, or some simple story of self-sacrifice. Next in popularity is the patriotic song about some other boy being off to the wars, with a reference to the last verse (usually done with lime-light) of a nameless grave in some foreign clime, and a weeping mother at home: or perhaps there has been a mistake in the despatches, and the boy returns home to his rejoicing family, and all ends happily. These, I insist, are the folk-songs of to-day, representative of the popular taste of the people. Certainly, the tunes of alcohol and some week of taffy does not tend to exalt the aesthetic inclinations of a music-hall audience, and the music of the countryside is purer and uncontaminated by contact with fashionable banalities. But the music of the street, as we hear it to-day, is a faithful and accurate gauge of the "national" temperament. "The Baitiff's Daughter of Islington" represents an attitude of mind that is unfamiliar and strange, and can never again become part of the national feeling, unless we are ever likely to achieve that inhuman perfection outlined by Morris in "News from Nowhere." The revival of such ballads is only possible where people actually live the simple and elemental life of which they are the outcome. I'm afraid "The Wrangle, Taggle, Gipsies" would be de trop in Tottenham Court Road.

Mr. Cecil Sharp's book is one of the most significant publications of the day, and it opens up several vital problems which I should like to hear discussed among thoughtful educationists. While Mr. Sharp is evidently very conscious of the amusing anachronisms of his subject, he must bear in mind that the Board of Education are some way behind in the use of the folk-song in primary schools, placing that the Board of Education should take the matter up.

"If a decree were to issue from Whitehall," he says, "recommending—for there is no power to compel—that English folk-songs be freely taught in the primary schools throughout the country, the problem would be more than half solved. But if the Board of Education take any action in the matter it must, to be effective, be based upon the theory that the folk-song stands in a category of its own. It is given to us from all other forms of music, and that, as such, it must be given a special place in the educational scheme. Any action which they may take, and which fails to recognize this, is, I am convinced, foredoomed to failure."

There is also the problem of the folk-song in art music, which Mr. Sharp has just touched upon. (He is never indigent. This is a momentous question, and one which I hope to treat of again, for there is much highly-respected music marching about in the guise of original stuff. It must be called faked nationalism, and Dr. Vaughan-Williams and Sir Charles Stanford are very guilty. Mr. Joseph Holbrooke has more respect for himself—and other people.

HERBERT HUGHES.

REVIEWS.

Jesus in London: a Poem. By E. Nesbit. With seven pictures by Spencer Pryse. (A. C. Fifield. 7d. net.)

We are extremely glad that E. Nesbit has reprinted her poem which appeared originally in the "Daily News." It is amusing, sincere, and strong. But in this instance the pictures by Mr. Spencer Pryse command the eye. Done in a chalk medium, and printed in two colours, they form an admirable pictorial accompaniment to E. Nesbit's verses. The price of the folio is sevenpence nett, which is the price of a single number of Cassell's "Popular Educator." But this is a popular educator of an infinitely more needed kind. We hope it may have a very large sale. Should any of our readers find difficulty in getting the brochure, we shall be happy to supply them.

Oscar Wilde. By Leonard Cresswell Inglesby. (T. Werner Laurie. 1s. 6d.)

This book is an impertinence. Mr. Inglesby has no qualifications for writing an appreciation of a brilliant man of letters. We know not what malignant deity in England pursues that ill-starred genius beyond the grave. Elsewhere artists have felt compelled to do him honour. In this country the work is carried out by an ignorant clown who discovers, all by himself, that Oscar Wilde "committed the most dreadful crimes against the social well-being." Readers are to pass judgment upon Wilde's character. Mr. Inglesby, the bank-clerk, supplying the debit and credit accounts. We should have been disposed to pass this book without comment, were it not that necrophagy is now a thriving trade. Mr. Inglesby is another of those literary jackals who is feasting upon the remains of Sir Richard Burton.

We could have pardoned the crudities of Mr. Inglesby's style—a marriage becomes "a happy one"; a young lady is "yclept Gwendolen Fairfax"—had the author betrayed any psychological insight or had he shown any measure of critical power. Nothing is added of biographical interest to Mr. Sherard's sympathetic and thoughtful books, from which Mr. Inglesby borrows (with due acknowledgment) almost the whole of the first 95 pages. There is some originality, indeed, in filling over a page with an account of Dr. Nordau, taken from "What's Who?" in printing long quotations from "Punch" (11 pages), or of mainly uncritical abuse from the "Daily Telegraph," "Truth," and the "St. James's Gazette." Mr. Inglesby

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by approaches the after-prison period in this charming
way: "It is with a sense of both reluctance and relief
that I enter upon a short account of the fourth period,
inaugurated by this or that incident during this
night upon the character of him of whom we speak."
Ignorance of our language is ill compensated by a
peppering from some French dictionary of familiar
terms: dernier cri; vieux jeu; trou de méter; bien en-
tendu; gens de méter; tournure de phrase, and the
like.
Some 130 pages are devoted to Wilde's dramatic
works; a merit is acquired by copious quotations from
his plays themselves; for instance, 13 pages of dialogue
from "The Ideal Husband." Mr. Ingleby places Wilde
dramatist alongside Victorien Sardou. He consi-
derns that Mrs. Arbuthnot's ("The Woman of No
importance") is a pleasant variant, two women and
one man. Apparently, like the Tamar Indians, Mr. In-
gleby cannot count beyond three. "The Importance of
Being Earnest" furnishes the critic with another of his
imitations of Wilde: "Even the genius of W. S. Gilbert
in the fantastic line pales before the irresponsible
frolicsomeness of the Irishman's wit. His fancy dis-
ports itself in an atmosphere of epigrams, like a young
colt in a meadow."
Mr. Ingleby's ethics are as quaint as his grammar.
Referring to the "Star Child" he assures us that:
"If one had taken up this tale and known not whose
pen had traced it, he would not hesitate to place it in
the play itself. For instance, "the dulcet passion of
Philosophy to enwive Art. How he woos her: "I will give thee the whole world --
full of this kind of joyfulness: also, to know he is there
and so generously makes allowance. Anyway, for
the calmness of this volume much thanks!
Small as it is, the book includes a satisfactory review
of practically all Nietzsche's works. Verbal economy
admirably achieves this. It is divided into clearly necessary
sections. This minimises toll for the reader. In the first
of these, on Philosophy, we get the essence of Nietzsche's
grand idea: 'There is no being behind the doing; the
doer is merely a fictitious addition to the doing; the doing is all.' All other philo-
sophy, says Nietzsche, is nihilism. The purpose of the
world-will is imperilled by philosophy's conception of
the star of final truth. The world-will, looking out
upon chaos, desired to create for itself boundaries, to
confine itself within Eternal Becoming. Philosophy
which goes further and hails Red-empting Art which
creates Being is decadent. Becoming is all.
"Let us will! For Will alone makes the reality of
duties. But this reason for willing appears like
the very veil of the will-to-will. It aesthetic and
the Nietzschean endeavour is to limit all within the
veil. Nietzsche, finding in eternity the defence, the ex-
cuse of his existence, attempted the destruction of all
that would destroy his shield. Red-empting Art, which
was not to look any further.
"The secret of a joyful life is to live dangerously." Certainly, to pretend that
your enemy is not there when you know he is, seems
full of this kind of joyfulness: also, to know he is there
and not to look! But Nietzsche hardly insists here. In
fact, he alternately cries " Beware! " with this bolder
exhortation.
Nietzsche's claim for Philosophy as precedent of Art
in consciousness of the World-Will's purpose is so em-
phatic that it seems mere wrangling to suggest that
Philosophy becomes so conscious after the accomplish-
ment of the purpose by divinely unconscious Art. It
seems the dulcet passion of Philosophy to envisage Art:
How he woos her: "I will give thee the whole world--
but, first, create it thou "--forgetful how the artist
ought to undertake the creation, breaking, burning; abandon-
ning, at best, giving it away. The proposition of
philosophy to husband art is regarded by the former as
proved; only art is coy!
In his less sensuous moments, Nietzsche seems to in-
vite us to examine solely the abstract, the ideal, and
depend upon a quality which is found slumbering in
every individual, and one which the conception of a
memonic dichotomy readily explains. This is, how-
ever, the idea is not likely to be of much influence a mob that must still be supplied with gladi-
torial shows, though Socialists will scarcely dare to
think harshly of the author of "The Soul of Man."
Concerning woman, now! If woman perceived truth in the Nietzschean, and not merely Nietzschean sentiment, this beyond-sentiment, oh! and this very-farbentsentiment, namely, that woman is the means to man—well, "Rebellion is superiority in a slave." Her only nobility could be in failure him. Does she do so? If not, why not? Now the original inhabitant of this world, this is spoken under circumstances and (assuming that it was so) She seems to have welcomed man as the joyous relief to her tragic, silent solitude. Man is more joyous than woman, not so the fortune. True! his day is as short, his end is as uncertain, and when he dies, his body decays. But he plays, notwithstanding, and he delights in banners. He laughs and skips like a ram upon the mountains. How should not woman have humoured him? But he is beginning to find her out. And the question is: Will he, like Nietzsche, "fetich his whip," or will he wreath her with the garland she has made so gladly for him? Verily, be it said, that all but this last is sin—not folly. Oh! this Zarathustra, this warning apostle of Life! Life itself recognizes no foe. And what of the Superman, after he shall have destroyed all that is not himself? He is to become as a little child. Surely we have heard something like this from our youth: "Of such are the Kingdom of Heaven." The difference is six Kingdoms away. Liberty of grace was not to be made by tooth or by claw.

La Dommostrie individualiste. By Yves Guyot. (Paris. 2d. 50.)

The Paris publisher, Giard, is offering a collection of political doctrines, which is not lacking in interest to Socialists, though it is to be hoped that the other volumes have more value than the one under consideration. M. Yves Guyot, who was for three years Minister of Public Works, has published many works directed against Socialism. Since he is never taken seriously enough in France, one of his favourite pastimes is to come from time to time to meetings in England. A certain class of Liberals appreciates him, and he should above all appeal to the Free Trade Tories, considering the aplomb with which he attempts to set forth the "fallacies" of Socialism.

In six lines and a half he dismisses Marxism, since its theories, according to his idea, have nothing real about them. In conclusion, we give a few choice passages from his book:—

"The conception of solidarity is immoral." "The more function the State has upon itself the less is it able to accomplish its task." "It is the Socialists who provoke starvation wages by their threats against capital." After having indicated that Keir Hardie should have renounced his programme of 1894, he points out as the obstacle to Socialism that "It is economic science which replaces dreams by a knowledge of laws as inchoable as the laws of gravitation."

In short, Socialism means Hell, Individualism means Paradise. But what manner of Individualism? That of Nietzsche, Stirner, Kropotkin, Bakounine, or Mackay? Certainly not. Simply and solely the very orthodox, anemic Individualism of a pseudo-Radical Monsieur Yves Guyot.


This is a volume mostly expository of the Positivist doctrine, by the late Dr. Bridges, one of the best known and most devout of the English adherents of Auguste Comte. There is a comprehensive introduction by Mr. Frederic Harrison, from which we learn that, in spite of Dr. Bridges' active professional life, he produced a literary output enormous in quantity, yet was able to write no way either miscellaneous or discontinuous, neither superficial nor literary. It was all infused into organic unity by that potent instrument of Synthesis—the co-ordination of human life and thought by the various religious doctrines by devotion to the development of Humanity under the inspiration of a scientific philosophy of Nature and Man." Mr. Harrison tells us, further, that "John Bridges, of all his colleagues, was far the first to master the encyclopaedic system of Auguste Comte, as he was the one who had most truly and thoroughly absorbed it in conception and in practice." In the present volume are collected some typical examples of his philosophical and literary labours.

The first part consists of five essays, said to give an adequate sketch of the Positivist scheme as a working propaganda. The subjects are: Prayer and Work, Religion and Progress, Man the Creature of Humanity, Love the Principle, and Some Guiding Principles in the Philosophy of History. These are followed by commemorative addresses on Heroes of Thought and of Literature, and treats of Thales, Roger Bacon, Harvey and his successors, Dante, Calderon, Cornelle, and Diderot. It is in this part, perhaps, that the author, and the reader also, find the most accomplished style.

Of Diderot he has a just and sympathetic appreciation—no less of the large, generous, emotional nature of the man, than of his energy and fine intellectual powers. In the address on Calderon, too, we find the same insight into the real dignity and nobleness of the Spanish character, despite the poor position Spain now occupies politically and commercially amongst the nations whose gospel—lay and religious—is "hustle." "Compare," he says, "a gathering of men and women listening to a masterpiece of Shakespeare, Molière, or Calderon with one of the miscellaneous gatherings of the British Association, listening to the last new discovery as to the history of the world before men came into it. You will see that this latter assemblage has really no sort of title to take precedence over the
former. Between a people educated by School Boards and a people educated by national drama, it is not the School Board but the drama to be in the happier case. We have nothing but respect for the book, and cordially commend it to "the better sort," who will appreciate its high qualities.

Little Books on Art. Miniatures, by Cyril Davenport. Constable. By Herbert W. Tomkins. (Methuen. 2s. 6d. net.)

Of the-making of books about art there would seem to-day to be no end. But the question arises whether this multiplication of little-textbooks does not bring a corresponding increase of knowledge to the public in matters relating to art. Let us hope so.

Unfortunately, the part of art mentor is not well performed by Mr. Cyril Davenport. The complex, interesting, and little known history of Miniature Art is certainly little simplified or elucidated by his method of writing. His Industry has collected an interesting mass of facts; we follow the histories of the painters of miniatures from Apelles, who Pliny says was the best artist of any time, to the painters at work to-day and exhibiting in last year's Royal Academy. His knowledge gives us much really useful information of the various methods of work, as well as many excellent hints relating to the best ways of preserving and framing miniatures; he tells us, too, where the finest examples of miniatures may be seen. But the book has much useful information. But the writer's want of knowledge of his craft, i.e., the power to write, and an entire lack of arrangement, leave a sort of nonsense? We can give praise to the illustrations. They have been well chosen, and, with the book's criticisms may be gathered from the following passages:

"A miniature must never be ugly, and, in truth, it need never be. Ugliness, to my thinking, is a mistake in painting as it is in writing. Its fault is that, with a workmanship as perfect as that of a miniature, there is a dullness, a want of life that we have missed. Yet the book repays reading. His industry has collected an interesting mass of information and opinions badly expressed, with much useless repetition, rather than a critical survey of miniatures painting. In an effort to pick the meaning out of so much pretentious writing our mind became first confused and afterwards wholly irritated by such incompetence. The work of the best miniaturists may be gathered from the following passages:

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towards " (G.P.C.K. id.) Mr. E. G. Savile complains that while the bond of race makes friends of men, the Church creed makes no such bond. He suggests parish gatherings (men only, if the Women's Christian Temperance Union will help to bring it), and the Church really needs men, and they have one in Rev. Stewart Headlam, whose address in appreciation of Bradlaugh has been admirably by Geo. Stancomb ("Charles Bradlaugh: an Appreciation," id.). If history were ever written (which it never will be) all three names on the title page of this pamphlet would figure prominently in it, and in any convenient order according to type. Mr. Headlam's address contains a letter written by him after a Bradlaugh meeting in 1873. It might very well have been written yesterday. Mr. Headlam's amazing courage during the Wilde trial is rare in England now; else we should hear less of the survival of imprisonment for debt. Such barbarities in our own day are, however, too many, and we pay for citizenship regarding our Imperial barbarities. Flogging by Mr. John Morley in India is inevitably followed by flogging by the Home Secretary in England; and the best of Hindoos must write to return reports. Except for thousands of people who have experienced it, imprisonment for debt is abolished in free England—everybody knows that. Only about 11,000 people were imprisoned for this offence during the year 1906. For more such facts, the reader may refer to the two pamphlets under the same title, "Imprisonment for Debt." (Humanitarian League, 1d. each.)—If people's memory had not been ruined by reading, they might remember the exciting debate held last May on the subject of Vivisection between Dr. Halliburton and Miss Dawson, 224, Lauderdale Mansions, Maida Vale, W.—The Rev. Francis Parker essays an "Outline of Socialism and Christianity." (Elliot Stock, 6d.)—Gulliver's Travels by the reasoning' Mr. Calvert anticipated Proudhon by a few months later the woman comes to his house to tell him "there is a danger of my having a child." Neither pretends to have loved the other; since the moment of intoxication neither has seen the other, but because of this monotonous woe lives are indubitably bound together. The revelation comes to Trebell in a moment of great national stress and prospective personal triumph, a triumph to be used for the purpose of founding an educational system of revolutionary scope. A general election is turn upon the question of disestablishment of the Church. Trebell, independently elected, and with a certain following, holds the balance of power because the disestablishment scheme he propounds is able to secure the adherence of both the Church and the Nonconformists. There is no one else to do Trebell's work. These big issues are not just mentioned, they are made clear. Trebell's scheme itself is outlined and made inspiring. It is nothing less than the transformation of the Church, financed by the revenues of the Church, into a national teaching priesthood bound by statute to teach nothing but the truth. Trebell means to endow every kind of religion to teach its truth. He would, he says, "endow the Devil himself if he would undertake to teach what he knows and all he knows." The outline of this project is given to Lord Charles Conclupe in the second act, just after Mrs. O'Connell's interview with Trebell to give her new. Trebell asks Mrs. O'Connell to wait while he talks with Lord Charles, and behind the whole scene

DRAMA.

"Waste." While still vibrating with the tremendous impression "Waste" creates, and still struggling to assimilate the new ideas and points of view with which it teems, it is difficult, if not impossible, to make anything but a quite provisional judgment on the play. To call "Waste" a great play is bound to convey a false idea of its real stature. The outline of this project is given to Lord Charles Conclupe in the second act, just after Mrs. O'Connell's interview with Trebell to give her new. Trebell asks Mrs. O'Connell to wait while he talks with Lord Charles, and behind the whole scene

LIMITED FRANCHISE v. ADULT SUFFRAGE.

PUBLIC DEBATE

AT CAXTON HALL, WESTMINSTER, Dec. 3rd, 1907. at 8 p.m.

RESOLUTION.—That the immediate granting of the Parliamentary Franchise to women on the same terms as it is or may be granted to men is the speediest and most practical way to real democracy.

Affirmative—Mrs. BILLINGTON-GREIG

Negative—Miss M. BILLINGTON-GREIG

(Ticket required for admittance).

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When you come back home at night,

oxo

Oxo hot will keep you right.

November 30, 1907

THE NEW AGE.
is the knowledge of the personal anguish of the woman and the personal peril of the man. But the project fails; all these things into the heaven of lucid romantic conceptions and takes on a poetry which makes Trebell's laughing remark, "Let us continue this conversation in prose," perfectly natural. Catelant's answer is, "Why not?" 5 "Is there no prose for God?" even more natural still. And at the end of this scene Lord Charles goes and Trebell finds that Mrs. O'Connell has not waited, but been up to the old man and made him promise not to do it. This scene is painful in the extreme. "When a man cuts himself shaving," that he means to kill himself, and struggles hard to

The catastrophe is complete. The woman judged worthless by her husband, by Trebell, even by her friends, has destroyed Trebell's strength with her lowness and his courageous life with her fear of life. The play ends on the cry of anguished anger from Trebell's secretary against the waste of a great man and a great work. "Oh, the waste!"

What his play will mean to English drama is difficult to project. Probably it will be a new starting-point at a very much higher and sturdier level than the one he has reached. It is a drama of ideas essentially, but no less one of passion. It is a drama of great action also, and the atmosphere of great licence conveyed to us making any merely violent incidents merely sensational. At the informal Cabinet meeting, Lord Hugh Cantelupe, rising formally to express his decision to resign or not to resign, produces all the feeling of tension such decisions in actual life do create. The Premier's decision to throw Trebell and his scheme over produces a sense of calamity which could not be equalled by the visualised destruction of a city full of people.

Amid the desperate stress of these realities, one thing is not quite clear, and that is the precise reasons Trebell has for shooting himself. We are told of his perfect balance, and the doctor warns him against it. But the operation is performed, the woman dies, an inquest is to be held, the husband is summoned and at last Trebell is put before him and he is urged on every ground to hold his tongue. Lord Charles Cantelupe urges that "we have some warrant for believing that the vengeance of God is visited secretly." O'Connell replies that we have no warrant "for using the name of God to fill up the gap in an argument." And the Irish gentleman, scholar and student of the sixteenth century, arranges the Ministers and the civilisation of democracy and barrenness they have produced. Into this conference Trebell is unexpectedly introduced, and the two men confront each other, the chief remark of O'Connell being "I think we see brothers in misfortune, Mr. Trebell." However, O'Connell will not promise definitely, and goes away with his purpose still vague and Trebell leaves defying them to make up their minds about him, but saying he would be informed at once. In a short while a note is brought by messenger, O'Connell has promised, but in the meantime much argument pro and con. has gone on. The upshot is that Lord Horsham, the Premier, is equalled by the visualised destruction of a city full of people.

The fourth act is divided into three scenes. In the first, at midnight the same evening, Trebell is in his study waiting for the message from the Premier. It does not come. The second scene is the same room again at nine the following morning. Trebell is still there; the message has not come, and he has been thinking all night, thinking for once about himself as a personality. At 6.30 a.m. he tells his sister he came to conclusions about himself, and since then he has "just been cleaning." The mail brings letters, and he begins to open them until the note from the Premier is reached. Trebell reads this, tells his sister, and opens another letter mechanically, which he begins to read aloud as a moment of abominable strain, and only lasts for the time Trebell takes to read two or three sentences. Then his sister crosses him, and Trebell, r'colt, poured with pain, says that the business, so far as it is finished, is finished. His sister queries that he means to kill himself, and struggles hard to make him promise not to do it. This scene is painful in the extreme. "When a man cuts himself shaving," says Trebell, "he swears, but when he loses a seat in the Cabinet he turns in upon himself for comfort. And

If he finds there is nothing—?" If he finds there something which ought to have been there but how can be? At the end of this scene his sister leaves Trebell believing and saying that "I can trust you." When he has gone, Trebell gets up, flings open the doors wide, and saying "Leave it, leave it," strides out of the room. The last scene is at eleven o'clock the same morning in the same room. The doctor is sitting writing a letter. Miss Trebell comes in agitated, and says she has taken the pistol out of his hand. Then, too, she asks the doctor heart-wrapping questions. "How long does it take for the spirit to leave the body?" when both were so strong and knit together.

Eiffel Tower

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Correspondence

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

The Railway Strike.

To the Editors of "The New Age."

The opinions expressed in your Survey of the Week have been in practical accord for many months with my own, but at last I find something to cavil at. I take exception to your statement that Mr. Lloyd-George, in dealing with the Railway Problem, has been "not so completely at fault" as has been said. It is as well to recognize that every minister's actions are bound by the opinion of the Cabinet as a whole; and it is also foolish to gloss over the limitations, which were possibly imposed by a still more potent authority than that of his colleagues. In these circumstances I submit that the President of the Board of Trade had but two courses open to him-Railway Conciliation or Nationalisation. Here I should explain in parenthesis that the course advocated in the Fabian Manifesto is not all intents and purposes means Nationalisation, for no railway company could for a moment under the present condition of strained competition afford to consent to such interference. Now, Mr. Lloyd-George and his colleagues probably believe in Nationalisation as the only true solution, but unfortunately they have looked themselves up for the next two years with other problems, which are equally impossible of solution except on Socialist lines. So far from having a "clever" hand, Mr. Lloyd-George's field of action was limited by the fact that he must prevent a strike at all costs, and at the same time take care not to force Nationalisation on the crowded shoulders of the Government. Of course, the peace was "not worth the having," but Mr. Lloyd-George's triumph lies in the fact that he persuaded the men that it was. What else could he have done? True, he might have resigned to the public the full political consequences.

No! My quarrel with Mr. George lies, not in what he did, but in his immoral, cynical explanation of his conduct. What can be more immoral than to throw aside, for the already crowded eyes of the British public! But perhaps Mr. George is himself deceived by the hypocritical catchwords of his political party. Is it too much to expect a Liberal Cabinet Minister to possess the same clarity of intellect as, say, a Fabian, or a reader of The New Age?

F. N. E.

Free Discussion.

To the Editors of "The New Age."

I enclose a cutting from the current issue of an Essex rural paper which refers to a certain article in The New Age of November 14. I endeavour to keep my Socialist outlook as broad and catholic as possible, but I can only say that in my estimation that article was unprintably filthy. By throwing open your columns to this kind of prurient madness, you can. The recent affectation in The New Age of a "clever" manner is superfluous and its development is shewn in the article I allude to, which I read with pain and horror.

Atica.

[The cutting referred to is a letter which runs as follows:—

Sir,—If any of your readers would like to satisfy himself to Socialist morals, let him procure a copy of The New Age for November 14 and read an article on the "Molotke-Harden Case" by Mr. Havelock Ellis, one of the most intellectual Socialist writers of the day. Yours truly, A Reader of The New Age."

We can only regret that there are still such intelligent Socialists who think that real politics can be discussed exclusively in the drawing-room manner.—Eds. New Age.]

The deadly Parallel.

To the Editors of "The New Age."

May I call your attention to the following figures, which show what a Government with ideas might do? Surely what Cadbury and Lever have done, a Cabinet can do!

Statistics of Bourvill, Port Sunlight, Birmingham and Liverpool.

-Death rate in Bourvill for 6 years, 7.5 per 1,000; Birmingham, 17.9.
-Infant mortality in Bourvill for 6 years, 78.8; Birmingham, 170.
-Height of Bourvill boy of 11 years of age, 4 ft. 9 in.; Birmingham slum boy of 11 years of age, 4 ft. 2 in.
-Weight of Bourvill boy, 4 ft. 13 lb.; Birmingham slum boy, 3 ft. 11 lb.
-Greater chest measurement of Bourvill boy over Birmingham boy, 3 in.
-Weight of 14 years old children in Port Sunlight Schools, 62.2 lb.; Liverpool Council Schools, 55.2 lb. Weight, Port Sunlight Schools, 108 lbs. ; Liverpool Council Schools, 71.1 lbs.

E. C.

Reference West.

To the Editors of "The New Age."

With reference to Miss Farr's excellent portrait of Rebecca West, I think she has missed one little point in her character. Rebecca is from Finnmark, the part of Lapland which touches Norway. The people of this country bear a rather bad reputation as sorcerers amongst the superstitious Norwegian peasants, and it was probably this inherited "sorcerer" blood which enabled Rebecca to charm first the unhappy Beata, and then Rosmer; and this also which rendered her supposed "madness" more susceptible to the influence of the dead woman. Coming from such a wild and uncivilized country as Finnmark, moreover, she is perhaps less to be blamed for what she did if there is anything in hereditary. Her origin, at least, adds to the drama that mystical touch from which scarcely any play of Ibsen's is entirely free.

A. Skovgaard-Pedersen.

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SPECIAL NOTICE.

What can they know of Socialism who only Socialism know? In the interests of intelligent discussion, the New Age Press has arranged with Dr. OSCAR LEVY for the sale to readers of the New Age of his book, "The Revival of Aristocracy." Written deliberately as an attack on the "Fashion and Passion of the Hour," the book may be said to represent the last ditch of aristocratic individualism. When Socialists have once got over it, they will have nothing intellectual left to fear.

Here are some of the Press Notices of the book when it appeared last year:—

MANTCHESTER GUARDIAN:—
"The ablest exposition of Nietzscheism that has yet appeared in our language."

Mr. J. A. HOBSON in the DAILY CHRONICLE:—
"There is a brightness of speech, a sharpness of thrust, and a staccato eloquence which show him a worthy disciple of his master Nietzsche."

THE STANDARD:—
"His disciples, if they endeavour to carry out his precepts faithfully, may find themselves inside a prison."

Epithets applied to the book by reviewers:—A literary shocker, brilliant, lucid, diverting, stimulating, neo-Pagan, attractive, learned, disinterested, ingenious, paradoxical, clever, stimulating, daring, tiresome, biting, charoningly frank, lively, buoyant, epigrammatic, subversive, repellant, astonishing, shocking.

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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.

PUBLIC OPINION.
A WEEKLY REVIEW OF CURRENT THOUGHT AND ACTIVITY.

The purpose of "PUBLIC OPINION" is to provide a weekly review of current thought and activity as they are expressed in the world's newspapers, magazines, and books, and to put on record the ideas and activities which make for Religious, Intellectual, Political, and Social Progress. It seeks to provide the busy man with a lucid summary of what is happening in the different fields of human activity, and to focus within readable compasses of that toning interest which comes from being in touch with many phases of life.

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