SPECIAL ARTICLE by HILAIRE BELLOC, M.P.

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


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NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—All Business Communications must be addressed to Publisher, “New Age,” 139, Tool’s Court, Furnival Street, E.C.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.
As the date for the opening of the third Parliamentary Session draws near politicians on all three sides are beginning seriously to consider their words. We hear less vapourings about general principles—generally wrong—and more discussion of proposed legislation. If we are to believe that the various Ministers speak after some general consultation, the number of Bills to be introduced during the coming session will satisfy the most strenuous Radicals. It is, however, their quality that concerns us, and about that there is unfortunately a good deal of room for anxiety.

It is, for example, almost certain now that the Old Age Pension Bill promised by Mr. Asquith will belong to the usual order of Liberal measures—that is, it will be small and, except in principle, almost worthless. Trust a Liberal Government for principle, but a Conservative Government for courage. In fact, Conservatives have generally possessed the courage of their opponents’ principles. However, the Labour Party may be trusted to keep the public aware of what is being done; and we should not wonder if the Government came to grief over the Old Age Pensions Bill.

If they manage by the sid of Mr. Morley’s compromise to steer clear of Old Age Pension dangers, it is almost certain that a mauvais quartre d’hiver awaits them on the Right to Work Bill drawn up by the Labour Party. So far, we see, has joined the ranks of Stiggins and Chadband in lecturing the working classes on their extravagant habits; but even he, we fancy, will finally make or mar what is left of his reputation when the Unemployed Act comes to be discussed. At present, judging by the record of the members of the Cabinet, the only three persons likely to listen with intelligence to the Labour Party’s proposals are the Premier, Mr. Haldane, and Mr. Lloyd-George. We would add Mr. Birrell if he had grit enough to lose his temper on occasion; but his humour is to remain unruffled whatever happens—which means that he may be ignored with impunity.

By the way, Mr. Walter Long’s article in the “Saturday Review” (November 30) on Ireland is a frank appeal for the resumption of coercion in Ireland. It is true that Mr. Birrell has glossed over the facts of cattle-driving, but he has done so because, in the first place, he, unlike Mr. John Morley, is convinced that force is no remedy (in Ireland, that is), and in the second place, because he has never discovered the real cause of cattle-driving, and therefore, like a well bred animal, to act. Mr. Long, on the contrary, appears to suppose that the only cause of cattle-driving is the sheer devilry and malice of the Irish peasants, egged on by Nationalist Members of Parliament. His remedy is therefore coercion; but, after all, Mr. Long never did anything but muscle. Because mussling succeeded with hydrophobia, he thinks, like the quack statesman he is, that mussling will succeed with everything else. He should join Mr. Morley and Sir Edward Grey.

Then there are the Licensing proposals of the Government. As might be expected, both sides are arming for the fray already, and manifestoes are being issued in cartloads. We have as little patience with teetotallers masquerading as the Temperance Party as with brewery directors masquerading as defenders of liberty. The sheer humbug and cant of both sides to the beery squabble are enough to disgust the genuine temperance people who believe that Beer, like Patriotism, should neither be abolished nor left to individual enterprise, but socialized as a national need. We hope the Labour Party may intervene effectively in the discussion and speak for pure and national beer.

* * *

It is strange that the Fabian Executive should have thought it necessary to issue a belated explanation of the Railway Settlement, particularly an explanation that itself needs a good deal of explaining. If anyone will take the trouble to compare Manifesto Number Two (printed elsewhere in this issue) with Manifesto Number One (printed in our issue of November 7), the discrepancies between the two Philips will be apparent. Our contributor, Mr. G. R. S. Taylor, replies at length to the second manifesto in an article on another page. Here we need only remind our readers that, with the exception of the Fabian Executive, no Socialist organization, no Trade Union, and no prominent Labour leader has found anything in Mr. Lloyd-George’s Settlement to thank either him or the King or anybody else for. On the other hand, the business of the Fabian Society has so often been like the business of Bohun in Mr. Shaw’s “You Never Can Tell.” Right when everybody else is wrong, that we admit there must be something at least to be said for their present point of view. At the same time, we confess our inability to discover that something in the manifesto itself. The “Times,” we observe, discovered its merit, and printed the document in full.

* * *

Regarding the failure of the Railway Association to secure “recognition” from the directors, the Manifesto says: “Fine words butter no parsnips.” That, of course, is true, but nevertheless words, as every pub-
licious knows, do a great deal more than butter parsnips. A good two-thirds of our politics depend on a few phrases. For example, Mr. Birrell has recently been equalled in Nationalisation with a State Purchase; and in the latter form the proposal, he says, sounds business-like. After all, the Socialist proposal to nationalise is the proposal to State-purchase, and if Mr. Birrell prefers the word, we could objectively be a serious confusion arises when Socialism is equated with Social Reform. Socialism is Social Reform—but Social Reform with a definite end in view. Ordinary Social Reform of the Liberal and Conservative types is episodic, haphazard, and quite likely to deform in order to return. But Socialist Social Reform is a calculated and orderly progression towards a perfectly definite end.

That is why (to return for a moment to the Railway Settlement) we deplored, and still deplore, Mr. Lloyd-George's method of averting the threatened strike. His settlement, we contended, is a temporary settlement only. So long as collective bargaining is made impossible (and that was what "recognition" really implied), so long will the Damocles sword of dispute be hung over us. We wanted a settlement that not only settled the immediate issue, but took a step towards obviating such issues not for seven, but for seventy times seven years to come.

Any doubt that the railwaymen themselves had had their "wildest dreams" fulfilled by Mr. Lloyd-George must be impossible after the result of the Hull election. Mr. Henry Colvile, the Labour candidate, a prominent railwayman, yet he fought against a nominee of the Government that had fulfilled his "wildest dreams." The course, of course, would be blind ingratitude if it were not obvious political sense. Defeated in the industrial arena, Trade Unionists, like Mr. Holmes, are necessarily driven into politics, and, as we have often said, into Socialist politics. It is true Mr. Holmes did not run as a professed Socialist, but, as at Jarrow, the Labour candidate had the enthusiastic support of all the local Socialists. The result of the election, while a nominal defeat for Labour, is another proof that the Socialist tide is still flowing.

We are glad to see that the worm has turned at last, and both the Primrose League of Ladies and the Women's Liberal Federation have passed strong resolutions in favour of Woman Suffrage. This fact alone should undeceive those silly people who profess to believe that the recent Suffragette methods have damaged the cause. As a matter of fact, in spite of declarations to the contrary, Women's Suffrage is nearer now than it has ever been. We should not be at all surprised to find the Liberal Government making its exit bowing to the ladies!

We cannot refrain from commenting on the conspiracy of silence on the part of the whole Press regarding the most creditable incident in the career of Major-General Sir Henry Colvile, who was killed in a motor accident on Sunday of last week. Without, so far we can discover, a single exception, every account of the deceased soldier omitted to state that it was Sir Henry Colvile who planned and carried out the capture of the famous Boer general, Cronje. Public memory is notoriously partial, but in this instance it proved singularly unjust. The Press had less excuse for inaccuracy since the story of the capture of Cronje is accessible in the "Times" "History of the Boer War" (Vol. III., pp. 482-3).

The first of Mr. H. W. Nevins's letters from India appeared in the "Daily Chronicle" of Friday last (November 22). Writing of what he calls the "Keir Hardie myth," Mr. Nevins says:

Mr. Keir Hardie left Bombay the day I arrived a week ago. Noticing the large number of native police among the Damocles sword of dispute he said it was like Russia. And in private conversation with friends he said India might begin to look forward to some kind of colonial government. These statements differ entirely from the interpretation put upon them by the telegraphic reports, which represented him as saying that India was ready for a Canadian Constitution, and that the British Government was guilty of worse than Russian methods and Armenian atrocities. Such are the misrepresentations which have one to understand these gaps among the natives, that the clubs and Reuter are the worst enemies of the Indian people.

And of the so-called "reforms" made by Mr. Morley, Mr. Nevins writes:

I have not heard a word said in favour of the new scheme for Advisory Councils of Notables, nor for the proposed enlargement of the present Legislative Councils. On the other hand, the whole Moderate party, as I have known it, protests its anxiety to maintain the British rule in spite of our present errors and bureaucratic ways. Their right feeling is intense disappointment that under a Liberal Government Indian criticism and demands are answered by a Sedition Bill which places freedom of speech at the mercy of the police, by the Russian method of flogging students for political opinions, and by the imprisonment of popular leaders without trial. In their protest against methods like these they are at one with the Extremists, whose influence and numbers they otherwise rate very low.

Under the title of "The Bitter Cry of the Middle Classes," Mr. Chiozza Money contributed a useful article to the "Daily News" of November 28. Defining the middle classes to include manual labourers on the one hand, and all those with upwards of £100 a year on the other hand, and taking the population as 44 millions, Mr. Money constructs the following table showing the distribution of the national income:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Class</th>
<th>Number of People</th>
<th>Average Income</th>
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</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>(a) Rich</td>
<td>1,250,000</td>
<td>£600,000,000</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>(b) Middle Class</td>
<td>5,750,000</td>
<td>£475,000,000</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>(c) Working Class</td>
<td>33,000,000</td>
<td>£550,000,000</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
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Total about £1,725,000,000

Another table given by Mr. Money shows the number of employees, Government, company and private, whose income exceeds £160 a year.

EMPLOYEES IN THE UNITED KINGDOM WHO PAID INCOME TAX, 1907

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<tr>
<th>Class</th>
<th>Number of People</th>
<th>Income Exceeding £160</th>
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</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>(a) Government Employees</td>
<td>85,572</td>
<td>£32,300,000</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>(b) Corporation and Joint Stock Company Employees</td>
<td>32,031</td>
<td>£70,000,000</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>(c) Employees of private firms</td>
<td>100,572</td>
<td>£23,400,000</td>
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Total: 190,077 £156,500,000

From both tables some interesting deductions can be drawn.

That we are not too revolutionary for one good Liberal is evident from Mr. G. K. Chesterton's reply in the "Daily News" (November 30) to Mr. H. G. Wells's lecture at the City Temple, some extracts from which we printed last week. Mr. Chesterton plainly says that if he were a Socialist (and we wish he were) he would be nothing less than a revolutionary Socialist. Mr. Wells, on the other hand, being a Socialist, assured his audience that Socialism would not be a sudden revolution, the success of which would be announced "with trumpets from Tower Hill." At the word trumpets Mr. Chesterton is off like a dog at the word rats. If, he says, Socialism is the best human solution of our hideous modern problem, if Socialism can really make men comfortable without making them comfortable slaves, if it really is a human answer to an inhuman riddle, if it really sets all our consciences the unbearable burden and waking nightmare of human poverty, if it will do this without interfering with any necessary human freedom or material prosperity, why then in God's name fight for it, and blow from those trumpets from Tower Hill which you can find. I shall not blame you if you blow trumpets from the Tower, but I hope you blow your trumpets from the Tower for such a fulfilment as that. You have blown trumpets and fired guns for much meaner things.

Mr. H. G. Wells endeavours to win over the mass of men sitting in the City Temple by saying that he does not
mean to blow trumpets of revolution from the Tower. I beg to assure him with tears in my eyes, and with the pathos of a perpetual and perpetually renewed admiration, that he will never again see me anywhere unless he is prepared to blow trumpets from the Tower.

The following appeal has just been issued by the National Council of the Independent Labour Party. We print it here in the hope that readers of The New Age may make a practical response:—

NATIONAL CAMPAIGN FUND.

The Anti-Socialist Campaign has greatly stimulated the activities of the Independent Labour Party. All over the country battalions of Labour men are marching marching. They demand for our literature is phenomenal. Our meetings everywhere are crowded and enthusiastic. New branches are being started every week. Our propaganda is now pushed even into the remotest agricultural districts.

Socialism is the most discussed question of the day. Now is our opportunity. We must use it to the fullest. We have twenty-two Special Organisers at work. The cost of this is divided between the Head Office and the Localities in which the work is done.

But the call from every part of the country is for speakers and literature. We must meet this demand. The Anti-Socialist Campaigners have their press, the Trend Organisations, the Gramaphones and the Cinematographs.

We can meet them and beat them if we can get speakers and literature right in contact with the people, and our literature in the people's hands.

We want funds. We do not limit the amount of our appeal; we can spend all we get; and spend it to give a magnificent return.

We believe that every Socialist is ready to do his or her duty.

Meanwhile, we want the nucleus of a Fund. Will you do your best to help us? There never was, in the history of the movement, such an opportunity.

(Signed) For the National Council of the I.L.P.

Campaign Fund Committee,
J. RAMSAY MACDONALD, Chairman
T. D. BENSON, Treasurer
PHILIP SNOWDEN,
FRANCIS JOHNSON, Secretary

23, Bride Lane, Fleet Street, E.C.

The following letter from Mr. G. Bernard Shaw appeared in the "Westminster Gazette" (Nov. 25) —

THE GOVERNMENT AND OLD-AGE PENSIONS.

Sir,—There are moments when Governments are execrable with blindness and made the instruments of their own dest- ruction. At the last General Election I was in Lancashire. In that county I saw a report of some meetings in which Mr. Balfour, or Mr. Gerald Balfour, or Mr. Lyttelton had just devoted all their powers to their own defeat and the defeat of the movement. I saw the introduction of Chinese labour to South Africa, encouraging themselves by the lurid- ity, the commercial soundness, the unanswerability of their own position, the shadow of the starling fact was that their hearers were thinking of was that all this logic pointed just as straight to the employment of Chinese in the Lancashire factories as in the Bagd缎 mines. From the point of view of electioneering tactics, Mr. Balfour was then talking like a madman, because, with all his talent and experience, he could not see the situation from the point of view of the man with less than a hundred a year, and the electoral majority in Lancashire could not see it from any other point of view. To this day he has perhaps not found out why the election upset him so violently; but at least he does know that it went against him, and that he must get his majority back. And he has very wisely decided to get it back on a programme of social reform.

Social reform means, among other things, Old-Age Pensions. I am the first to say that it is a great thing; but it is, at the same time, a great delusion. It is a great delusion because it has been done in a way which is quite contrary to the Socialism which was the original idea of the Socialists; and it is a great delusion because it is the first step towards the most dangerous of all possible things, the State Socialism.

The Government, in order to carry out its policy of social reform, has to spend enormous sums of money. It has to spend enormous sums of money, and it has to spend them in a way which is quite contrary to the Socialism which was the original idea of the Socialists. The Government, in order to carry out its policy of social reform, has to spend enormous sums of money, and it has to spend them in a way which is quite contrary to the Socialism which was the original idea of the Socialists.

The supplementary pension is the key to the friendly society position. The societies can do no business in supplementary pensions whilst there is nothing to supplement. When there is a five shilling State pension to supplement, the more "bacca" pension of a few pence a week will become a practical business proposition. There will also be the provision from sixty to sixty-five, when old age and strength are failing and a job is desperately hard to get. A very considerable number of workers are still living on the boundary of poverty for that five years through a friendly society if the State should come to the rescue at the other end of the bridge. Here is a huge accession of sound insurance business waiting for the friendly societies when Old-Age Pensions come. But there must be no doubt that the pensions will inevitably come at sixty-five. They must be as certain as death itself to secure the societies and give confidence to the insured. That is why all nonsense about deserving cases and the like must be dropped, even by people who are too stupid to see its moral absurdity. If you come to that, we none of us deserve pensions. All have sinned and fallen short of the glory of God. The murderer whom we condemn to penal servitude for life has his five shillings' worth of food and lodging, and more to boot. For what extremity of unmercifulness, what cruelty, would our Pharisees deprive the worn-out labourer of as much?

But the cry of the middle-classes has reached Mr. Balfour. Hitherto he has stood between Lancashire, and the movement, to have its social reforms and its pensions and the like expensive advances in civilisation, and his own class, which reluctantly refuses to pay for them. And the two classes between them have complete control of the House of Commons. There is only one class that is totally unrepresented there, except, perhaps, by the Irish Party; and that is the middle-class.

That unhappy class is the respectable rate-paying middle-class with a net income per family of less (most probably less) than a thousand a year. By net income I mean what they have to spend on their own needs, comforts, and tastes after paying ground values and incurring those expenses which are necessary to keep up their position involved by their occupations. On them, through the rater, the House of Commons has hitherto mercilessly thrown all the cost of social reform; and the only comfort they get is the assurance that only Atheists and Free Lovers would be guilty of proposing that the cost should be thrown on the big incomes.

Happily the mention of Atheism and Free Love (whatever on earth Free Love may be) has made the middle-classes move to the contingency between the Socialists and the plutocrats; and they have learnt at last that it is not an unavoidable law of nature that they should pay for everything; nay, that it is a sin to try to pay for anything. The middle-class has a right not to be a necessary fund only not only touching their pockets but by a process which will actually lighten their existing burdens. They now say very sensibly, "We will support any party that proposes to carry out social reform simply at their expense. And the Labour Party still says, also very sensibly, that social reform is only possible, is that somehow, no matter who pays for it, and that the middle-classes and the plutocracy may settle the bill between them as best they may.

Thus it has come about that the one great need of the moment for the plutocracy is some method of raising the rich for Old-Age Pensions without touching plutocratic incomes or coming on the rates. Mr. Balfour faces the situation, and rues in on platform after platform the need for a fresh source of revenue.

We all know what that fresh source is to be. Tariff Reform!

Never was a situation more clear. Mr. Balfour knows what he is up against.

But do the Liberals know it? Until Saturday last it was possible to assume that they did. But on Saturday appeared the "Westminster Gazette": a leading article, lessing apparent marks of official inspiration, which has made the hopes of all intelligent Liberals wither within them. That is the end of the joke. The Liberals are, in any case, its recipients or any possibility of evasion under pretences of unsatisfactory moral character or the like. It is true that some pensioners will have their pensions spent for them and by the successors of our present worthy Guardians, instead of getting the money into their hands to be spent forthwith at the nearest public-house; but they shall have their pensions all the same, in meal or in malt.

The only strong practical reason for this that does not rest in full on the supplementary pension is that the friendly societies, whose first hearty op-
The Larger Unionism.

With an optimism born of semi-blindness the Conservatives have already discounted the effects of their failures, and are complacently anticipating an early return to power. The various sections composing the party, the old Conservatives, the Unionists, the Free Trade Unionists, and Tariff Reformers are closing up their attention to the purpose of a combined assault upon their adversaries. While we have never concealed our opinion that the numerical strength of the Parliamentary Opposition does not represent the strength of Conservatism in the country, we are far from thinking that the nation wishes to reverse the decision-announced at the General election. Of far more interest to us is the fact that the Conservatives are at last making serious efforts to formulate a real programme of constructive social reform. Whatever shortcomings may be placed to the account of the Labour Party, its advent has at least produced one result which the House of Commons and elsewhere, vital issues are being substituted for abstract propositions as subjects for discussion and legislation.

After several months of cogitation, Lord Milner has definitely taken his place with the Tariff Reformers, and with all the fervour of a new convert has formulated his programme and endeavoured to define the outline and duties of what he calls the "larger Unionism." This new party may be briefly described in his own words as one of "constructive Imperialism, and of steady, consistent, unhasting and unremitting Social Reform." With much sympathy and acuteness he exposes the two greatest social curses of our social system—irregular employment and unhealthy conditions of life—and of all the various causes which lead to them. Equally excellent and enlightened are his references to the subject of Old Age; and he says that it is not only a just demand his enthusiasm, since he would rather attack the causes that lead to the irregularity of employment, and the under-payment of the many, but that he is in this easy manner also dismissing Socialism itself, or that he is in this easy manner also dismissing Socialism remedies as dangerous and subversive, that he is in this easy manner also dismissing Socialism itself, or that the growth of Socialism will be arrested because he prefers more modest aims.

For the rest, we fully share Lord Milner's optimism for the future of our race, but for different reasons. In character the English people are as great as they ever were, but the nation is slowly dying of poverty. The call for Imperialism should rightly come from our Colonies, for in all the elements that make nations truly great they are far ahead of us. We, of the Mother Country are still groaning under the thraldom of mediæval institutions, which, pending their removal, depress our vitality, and must in the end asphyxiate us. Yet a beginning has already been made. Henceforth every proposal of reform, under the name of the House of Commons or of other bodies, should be presented to us. But if Lord Milner seriously wishes to attack the vital issues which lead to low wages he must join hands with the Socialists and attack competition and private property, and then he will succeed, and his doubt correct in asserting that for the Conservatives Tariff Reform is at present the only alternative to Socialism; but he must forgive our reminding him that he is totally incorrect in supposing that he can begin to disarm Socialistic remedies as dangerous and subversive, that he is in this easy manner also dismissing Socialism remedies as dangerous and subversive, that he is in this easy manner also dismissing Socialism remedies as dangerous and subversive.

Thus, on another page a majority of the Fabian Executive express their mature opinion of the Railway Settlement. On page 104 of this number of THE NEW AGE, Lord Milner says that he does not expect that, as the railway workers have been bound by the Railway Act, they must not be derived from any exclusive taxation of the rich, but by duties upon foreign imports, to which all may contribute.

Thus, in point of fact, Lord Milner's Unionism is no larger than Mr. Balfour's, and since Mr. Balfour will not tax raw materials the only possible sources of revenue open to Lord Milner are those derived from the taxation of manufactured commodities. The result of his practical policy is in the fact that its weight always bears more heavily upon the poor than upon the rich, since it absorbs a greater proportion of their incomes. Lord Milner's idea of relieving the poor is to tax them still more heavily during their working years in order to give them back in their old age part of what he has previously taken from them. We cannot imagine that any policy of this description will induce the workers of the country to hasten to place the Conservatives in power. We do not expect to see the lion and the lamb lie down together in this idyllic manner; the lion, indeed, is willing, happily the lamb is not. Lord Milner thinks otherwise, and is enamoured of his policy that he advocates the candidature of Labour Unionist members of Parliament to popularise his aims and intentions. So do we; for a welcome element of comedy would be introduced into our already sufficiently drab political atmosphere by the appearance in the House of Commons of a score of Unionist bricklayers fervently upholding the interests of the railways. But if Lord Milner seriously wishes to attack the vital issues which lead to low wages he must join hands with the Socialists and attack competition and private property, and then he will succeed, and his doubt correct in asserting that for the Conservatives Tariff Reform is at present the only alternative to Socialism; but he must forgive our reminding him that he is totally incorrect in supposing that he can begin to disarm Socialistic remedies as dangerous and subversive, that he is in this easy manner also dismissing Socialism remedies as dangerous and subversive, that he is in this easy manner also dismissing Socialism remedies as dangerous and subversive, that he is in this easy manner also dismissing Socialism remedies as dangerous and subversive.

Their Wildest Dreams.

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The events which called forth this manifesto are notorious, and need not be repeated here. The result has been that the railway workers have been bound by
keep our superlatives in reserve; they are precious. and felt my perspective if the onlooker is to understand it. We not muddle these tinkerings with our "wildest dreams." They have gone out to seek their father's ass. They had found a kingdom." You will note that, by delicate art, the Executive's enthusiasm is put into the mouth of the men; it is obvious that the writers are subtly conveying their own emotions; it is the Executive's own kingdom of dreams that has been reached. Let us dwell on this interesting revelation of the night-watchmen. First consider the full meaning of that expression: "conferences on equal terms"; six directors and managers on one side of the table and six of their weekly-waged men on the other side. I cannot understand a Liberal democrat calling for equality; but I thought that we Socialists had given up measuring equality by counting heads. I thought it was the men with the banking account who had the choice vote in the international world. But that passes.

Again, the conciliation boards will split the men into small groups, and company by company. That scarcely seems the quickest way towards the unity of the workers, which we have hitherto preached as their hope of survival against concentrated capital. Let that pass, also. Then comes compulsory reference to the arbitrator. Here there is something substantial; the movement of social organisation cannot even be stayed by a Liberal Cabinet Minister. It hardly needed the Fabian Executive to point out that the Speaker's nominee will be probably more impartial than Lord Cland Hamilton. It is the appearance of this arbitrator which has made these Fabians ride forth with vine leaves in their hair, and make festival to welcome him. He is not the ass that Mr. Bell was seeking (here I agree with the Executive, though I have an uneasy feeling that I'm being rude to somebody), but a "kingdom" of possibilities. He has never disturbed the men's "wildest dreams." He is the beginning of a new earth with almost the gimmer of a new heaven.

Is it possible that the Executive have foreseen that there is already on the statute book the Act of 1893, which empowers the Board of Trade to fix the hours of railway servants without waiting for the tedious process of conciliation? The State control of labour is pure Socialism. The Executive congratulate Mr. Lloyd-George on evading his responsibilities, on going back to the worn-out system of Trade Unionism. But if the Executive like their private arbitrator better than the Board of Trade, let him pass also.

And now, given their conciliation boards, which are pure Trade Unionism; given their arbitrator, who is practically the surrender of the Act of 1893, given their first wages-board; given all these things; now will the Executive of the Fabian Society of Socialists tell us by what right they have the audacity to couple these fragile "wildest dreams" with "kingdoms" of "wildest dreams"? No wise Socialist undertakes the imperative importance of working out the precise details of administration; he appreciates the importance of the transition period. But who loves for the factory system yet another tremendous pain in the drafting of Factory Acts. We altogether dislike the system of master and servant, yet we welcome the Workmen's Compensation Act. We urge spending wages in devising schemes for making the capitalist system tolerable—by wages-boards, for example; we tinkered it that life may be a little more endurable while that system lasts. But we have no illusions about what we are doing; we do not indulge the sentiment we have with our "wildest dreams"; we know we must keep our picture in proper perspective if the onlooker is to understand it. We keep our superlatives in reserve; they are precious.

There is some extraordinary misunderstanding if the Fabian Executive imagine that within a thousand miles of what the men are seeking, the letter says that the advances in wages which will be gained thereby will demonstrably have been secured in the transition period, through the trade union organisation, by the trade union representative, and finally, in the argument before the arbitrator, by the ability of the trade union secretary. All of which is, of course, true. But besides, I did not know there was such virtue in Trade Unionism: I thought Socialism had been invented because the other was such a tedious method of reform. One would almost imagine that the Executive had not met a Labour leader for the last ten years; they never write of the characteristic trade union weapon of the strike. By the soul of Rip van Winkle, is it possible that the Fabian Executive do not know that there is scarcely a Labour leader of repute, except their hero, Mr. Bell, who does not regard a strike as a childish absurdity? The workers have discovered that Trade Unionism is a failure; they have lost all confidence in strikes and bargains with the employers, and the saving of benefit funds out of their wages. They have determined to proceed henceforth by Parliamentary action. Their characteristic weapon—is it possible it has escaped the notice of the Executive of the political candidate. And at this moment, the pity of it, the Fabian Executive preface the virtue of Trade Unionism: the trade union leaders are discussing the nationalisation of land, the State organisation of insurance. Meanwhile the Fabians are away back in the early seventies. The people who conceived wages-boards and wildest dreams must not delude themselves into thinking that they are leading the Socialist movement. They may be working out useful details, but not leading. Twenty years ago their amendment advance against Capital for the sake of some uncertain scraps of reform? If so, the sooner they are with their friends, the scrap-throwers, the better. The Labour Party will be stronger without waverers in its ranks.

Charles Dickens as a Socialist.

By Edwin Pugh.

Part I. Chapter III.

The Dark Years of His Boyhood.

I.

At the risk of being charged with egotism, the present writer would like to say, before proceeding further, that he thinks he possesses at least one unusual and undeniable qualification for the task he has taken in hand, in that his own experiences in early life were very similar to Dickens's. He, like the author, was brought up in poverty, and started work on his own account at an age when more fortunate children are seriously beginning their education. He has known what it is to be perpetually hungry and go to bed at night without the worst pangs of secret shame which Dickens describes so poignantly in one of his few fragments of autobiography and in "David Copperfield."

"No words can express," he says, "the secret agony of my soul as I sank into this companionship; compared these everyday associates with those of my happier childhood; and felt my early hopes of growing up to be a learned and
distinguished man crushed in my breast. The deep
remembrance of the scenes of which I had been utterly
now; of the shame I felt in my position; of the misery
it was to my young heart to believe that day by day what
I had learned and thought was raised to the
fancy and my emulation up by, would pass away from me,
like the little, and, as I brought back any notion, could
be written. My whole nature was so enveloped with the
grief and humiliation of such considerations that even now
... It was to the atmosphere of
Dickens, this was unaffectedly true of Charles
ance they have preserved from their childhood.” And
(as Forster adds) “applicable as it might be to David
propriety be said not to have lost the faculty than to
have
think the memory of most of us can go farther bad
strong memory of my childhood, I undoubtedly la;
child of close observation, or that as a man I have
in “David Copperfield,” “it should appear from
anything I may set down in this narrative that I was
the part they played before him, was, each one, to his
regard than the trained observation of many a sophisti
whilst others worked or played. And the grave, watchful
own age and condition. Thus he early became a
joining in the sports and pastimes of other boys of his
both frail and weakly. A distressing nervous affection
ated man. He was a lonely child, too; and there is
not-over-particularly-taken-care-of-boy.” He was indeed
described himself as having been “a very small and
character.
And, though it may read like arrogance, the present
writer dares to add that only a man who has suffered in
the same way can hope properly to appreciate Dickens’s
character.
In a letter to Washington Irving Dickens once de-
dermed himself as having been “a very small and not-
over-particularly-taken-care-of-boy.” He was indeed
both frail and weakly. A distressing nervous affection
to which he seized his priceless, unique oppor-
stances are completely comfortable and happy. Had
Dickens approached this most sensitive, shrinking child,
which he made to yield up, first to himself and then to
a world of readers halting between delight and super-
liciousness and incredulity, all the homely manners
of its homey manners and customs, in their varryingly
droll and sad, comic and tragic, aspects: had he approached
them from any side but the inside, then he would of a
quity have failed to paint a picture of, or even as a
picture of them, as every other writer, before or since,
his own. To have lacked that indispensable subjective
knowledge. And only a child, as he would have
been permitted by them to see so much of uncumbersome
intimate self-revelation. His Kenwigges and his
Toodles, the Marchioness and the Micawbers, the
Pninishes and the Snagsbys, Jo Gargery, and the Willers
—these, they are, strange, bizarre, early-initiated, and impossible as they may be declared by the
journals, stand as eloquent witnesses of the extent to
which he seized his priceless, unique opportunities.

(The to be continued.)

The Blind.

(Later French of Baudelaire.)

Look at them, Soul! They are horrible; lo, there,
Like shrunken dwarfs! vaguely ludicrous; yet they keep
An aspect strange as those who walk in sleep,
Rolling their darkened orbs one knows not where.

Their eyes, from which the god-like spark has flown,
Stare upward at the sky, as though to see
Some far thing; never droop they dreamily
Those eyes toward the barren pavement-stone.

Thus cross they the illimitable dark,
That brother of eternal silence. Mark,
O frenzied city, as thou roarest by,
With crawling feet! but ask, more dull than they,
“What seek they, all these blind men, Not to the Sky?”

JACK C. SQUIRE.
On the Tracks of Life.*
By Dr. Oscar Levy.

I know a terrible story which, as I am a man of pure thought and habits, I may be allowed to tell. In the year 1814 a French nunnery was taken and ransacked by Cossacks. These staunch warriors made their captured victims pay for their defeat in their usual manner. After the dreadful deeds the poor nuns fled to the nearest Bishop, and with tears in their eyes related their fearful experiences; their indignation was so great that they spared the Bishop no details. They called it “souffrir le martyre.”

Public opinion nowadays could well complain of the same misfortune. There is a class of literary Cossacks springing up who deliberately and wilfully try to violate her. Now, “opinio publica” is a poor, detenace woman, much weaker than a nun, a woman that will endure anything and everything and even forget to complain to a Bishop about it—a woman that will inspire pity in any right-minded man. So I sometimes think one ought to stand by her and help her. For it is the deliberate habit of this new literary school to violate that woman as often and as thoroughly as possible.

Signor Leo G. Sera does the thing well and “con amore.” There is nothing and nobody he has not conscientiously contradicted in his book, “Sulle Tracce Della Vita.” He shocks the Aristocracy by telling them that the Aristocracy is no more, because they have forgotten “what is noble.” He shocks the Democracy by reproaching them for their disbelief in good blood, brave forefathers, inherited wealth, and the use of leisure. He shocks Christian and Rationalist, Workman and Sportsman alike. He shocks the Scientist by telling him that science is only “democratic,” and that only an additional dash of an artist will make a man of him. He shocks the Artist by telling him that without science he is a nobody. He shocks the Puritan by his remark that a strong sexuality is at the bottom of all good artistic creation, and he shocks the Free-Lover by bringing to the Church of God great services to his repression of these feelings; for he makes out that without some chastity literary and artistic creativeness is impossible. He shocks the Northerner by telling him he is a man of phlegmatic and somewhat barbarian character, over-obedient, and therefore Socialistic. He shocks his own countrymen by bowing before the Darwinian School who set out to kill the Dragon of Supernatural Religion. True, the poor knights killed the dragon, who was indeed sleepy and senile, and desired nothing better; but behind that dragon was a fearful rock, and upon that rock stood, firm as ever, the vanquished faith, the Church of God. This is, according to Signor Sera, our virtue is the cause of our weakness. Did you ever? Poor public opinion! A whole chapter of the book is dedicated to the psychology of genius. Here also the current ideas of the production of genius are nearly all contradicted, and the importance of all art, the will to domination, is pitilessly exposed. Signor Sera draws a line between talent and genius. The man of talent is the man who does ordinary things better than the others, but the man of genius discovers new values and new ways. The man of talent gets all the rewards of the man who is known to his time. The man of genius, however, is the true hero, but he who loves danger and is the pioneer in the icy regions of thought is very often quite out of sight. His contemporaries, the geniuses of different nations, although each have a peculiar flavour of race and soil, are very similar to each other, while the talents of different countries differ to a much greater degree. The artistic and cosmopolitan, talent is national, adds Signor Sera. And then follows a description of the artistic nature which might have been copied from Diderot’s “Contarini Fleming” or Goethe’s “Werther.” Wilhelm Meister—the stupidity, the trifles, the doubts, the timidity, the sensibility, the triumph, the creation, the fatigue, the melancholia, the breakdown— in short, the whole pathology of genius (which, according to Goethe, is a physiological pathology)—all this we can read here, and a most dangerous stuff it is, because all our little sickly and visionary Bohemians, none too strong upon their legs, may think themselves inspired and chosen. Did not people after reading Goethe’s “Werther” think themselves Werthers and commit suicide? Well, after reading Sera, they will think themselves geniuses, which is worse, because they go about telling you!

The worst of it all is this: that the whole thing is done in such a detached and philosophical manner. Certainly, Signor Leo G. Sera is a man of thought and his work is an example of a thinker and an artist. I have not the pleasure of knowing Signor Sera personally, but some passages in his book lead me to suppose that he is also a physician. It will not do, for all that. We all know what happened to the physicians and the natural scientists and thinkers of the Darwinian School who set out to kill the Dragon of Supernatural Religion. True, the poor knights killed the dragon, who was indeed sleepy and senile, and desired nothing better; but behind that dragon was a fearful rock, and upon that rock stood, firm as ever, the vanquished faith, the Church of God. This is, according to Signor Sera, our virtue is the cause of our weakness. Did you ever? Poor public opinion! A whole chapter of the book is dedicated to the psychology of genius. Here also the current ideas of the production of genius are nearly all contradicted, and the importance of all art, the will to domination, is pitilessly exposed. Signor Sera draws a line between talent and genius. The man of talent is the man who

* Sulle Tracce Della Vita.” By Leo G. Sera. (Roma: Bernardo Lux Editore. 1907. Life 4.)

FABIAN ARTS GROUP.

THURSDAY EVENING, Dec. 5th, at 8 p.m.,
In CLIFFORD’S INN HALL, Fleet St. E.C.
A LECTURE by
Mr. G. K. CHESTERTON, on
“THE FOLLY OF DR. STOCKMANN,”
ADMISSION TO NON-MEMBERS, SIXPENCE.
Thoughts about Modern Thought.

By Hilaire Belloc, M.P.

The people who write The New Age, since they are used to writing, and since many of them I suppose live by writing, will sympathise with me when I say that it is great trouble to write an article; at least, to try to make it something definite. It is easy enough to write at random, and then give the thing a title, but when you have to write on a set subject it is the devil.

The only way I know to do it without inordinate fatigue is to take your subject and deal with it as though you were writing a letter: bit by bit.

Come, let me take The New Age, and since it is much less trouble to be practical and detailed than to generalise, let me take The New Age of October 30th* and write upon it, for that is the issue which I have taken as typical not only of your newspaper itself, but of a very great deal that it stands for in England to-day. The difficulty our society is in which might be relieved in many ways, the particular way in which the younger generation is going to try to relieve it, and the kind of things which go with that way of thinking are so thoroughly expressed in this issue that I have a right to make it my text.

Let me first say with what things I agree, and then with what things I disagree; and if anybody calls this method bombastic or egotistical I call him in return a fool, for all judgment and criticism whatsoever, if it is done with a charitable object, is a conflict between "the modern spirit" and Catholic societies reject the beastly economies of industrialism in its beginnings; in a word, the moral health of the century of Industrialism, leaves the Catholic the only healthy solider in Western Europe, makes him perceive the divorce of personality from production is human, and of itself just in any way, must be that of the person emitting it.

The mere assertion is of value; the assertion backed by reason is all that there is and all that there can be of human opinion on anything.

Well, then, I agree unreservedly with the thesis on which the whole of that issue and every other issue of The New Age is based, that the present condition of society, especially in modern England, is intolerable. I take it that the proposal to remedy it in a particular fashion is but secondary to this main thesis. I have, indeed, known men who are so enamoured of collectivism that they made its propagation a business by itself, dependent upon no motive but blind worship; and though you should have proved to them that they were going to make people thoroughly unhappy, though you should have showed them that the state of society they wanted to modify was already a perfect Heaven, yet their pedantic and theological lust after a more economic system would have blinded them to their evil deed. I say I have known such men, but those who write in The New Age are not of them. The main thesis, I repeat, is that modern English society must be transformed, and transformed quickly, if England is to survive. I agree.

Then, again, I very much agree with Mr. Cecil Chesterton's article on page 371. It is witty and true, and to the point. The ordinary arithmetical type of man who, being very rich, attacks collectivism, does so from the standpoint and with the ultimate dogmas of the collectivist himself; but with this difference, that the collectivist informs his erroneous philosophy with a bungled and thirst after justice, whereas the common or garden rich Atheist or Jew informs the same philosophy with a dirty avarice and a dirty, selfish greed. The sentence with which I agree most in this article intellectually, is that which describes one of the anti-Socialist speeches as "a trifling too crudely Marxian"; the sentence which gives me most aesthetic pleasure is that applied to the speech of the Archdeacon of Ely: "out of the mass of absurdities we select the following." That is very good.

Now I come to the points on which I differ, and I will take these historically in their order, because by such a method the reason has less work to do, and my reason to-day is rather tired. I find in the first column the remark that Mr. Penty and myself are the only intelligent critics of Socialism. I do not agree; and I think the sentence betrays a habit which I shall point out in other parts of the paper: a fault, it is true, common to most discussion in this country, but a very grave one; it is the fault of ignoring all but one's immediate circle; the fault that made an old man with a beard tell me in a cold railway carriage the other day, that if the new Licensing Bill abolished barmaids "it would have the country behind it." It would, though only in the sense of a pursuing arm.

The criticism I offer to collectivism is offered by the whole weight and mass of Catholic opinion; in other words, it is the criticism offered by all that is healthy and permanent in the intellectual life of Europe; it is a criticism which has been repeated a hundred times in the French Parliament, and a thousand times in the Irish pulpit throughout the world. The sentiment of property is normal to and necessary to a citizen; it is the same thing as makes Catholic opinion as a whole to-day, and Catholic countries in the past, the enemies of the rich, of landlordism, and the rest, exactly the same instinct which in the Middle Ages, by the self-preserving sense as made Catholic societies reject the beastly economies of industrialism in its beginnings; in a word, the moral health of the century of Industrialism, leaves the Catholic the only healthy solider in Western Europe, makes him perceive the divorce of personality from production is human, and of itself just in any way, must be that of the person emitting it.

The New Age is not in any way to be understood as a projected newspaper. It is not a newspaper at all; it is a project to have a newspaper. It is not a newspaper but an idea. It is a project of a particular fashion is but secondary to this main thesis. I repeat, is that modern English society must be transformed, and transformed quickly, if England is to survive. I agree. 

I next disagree with the statement that Mr. Churchill would free others in a political speech. I have listened to him, and I don't think he could.

I next, as you may easily imagine, disagree with Mr. Pilcher's article about the Papal Encyclical, but I differ with it for a definite reason; I differ with it on the point of the double criticism that his conceptions are not clear, and that he takes too much for granted something which he happens to have been merely told. Both those faults, the troubled thinking, and the swallowing whole of what I shall apply to several other parts of this issue, the double criticism that his conceptions are not clear, and that he takes too much for granted something which he happens to have been merely told.

I denote the commotion of a particular type of Catholic (the one that has a great deal of trouble to be practical and detailed than to generalise) as people who thought exactly like the minority of the modern world. I should doubt whether the notions of certain Catholic propositions. Now it is perfectly true that there are to-day a very large number of educated men who (for instance) doubt the existence of a personal God, who are rather puerile than otherwise; whose philosophy is determinist, and whose conception of certitude is an analogy from the daily sequence of experience. But these men do not constitute the modern world; they are a very small minority of the modern world. I doubt whether they were of much influence (they are certainly not as much in number) as people who thought exactly like them in the transition between Paganism and Christianity, or in the high intellectual life of the twelfth century, or in the hot moment of the Renaissance.

Neither is there a conflict between mediæval and modern methods of thought; you might as well say there was a contrast between mediæval and modern methods of breathing. Indeed, it would be reasonable to say that, for breathing, being a material act, can be slightly different with different men; but thought which concerns the pure idea, and is outside time, cannot change in its method; certitude is certitude, proof is proof, deduction is deduction, in all times and all places.

* Copies of this issue can still be obtained. Price 1½d post free.
The allusion to Fogazarro’s novel, “The Saint,” is unfortunate. It is a tenth-rate book, about which no one reads, and it is a dump of Roman Catholicism, which the author is trying to demn it, whereupon it attained popularity, and sold widely among Protestants. The one interesting thing about the whole matter was that poor old Fogazarro, on being notified by the ecclesiastical authorities that his book did harm, at once suppressed it; at great loss to himself, and with fine humility and common sense. This point is always sturred over or omitted when the incident is described to one not conversant with the Catholic Church.

Next the article reproaches the Pope’s words with violence, saying ironically, “surely they are words in the mouth of Christ’s Vicar. Our Lord has had not a few strong speakers, but in the whole line of them not one, so far as I can remember, who was not sufficiently in touch with our Lord’s own character to be violent when violence was required. The faith is a military thing; the Gospel are not gentle, but to put it bluntly; even in the fragmentary record which the Church has preserved of the actual sayings of our Lord, there are denunciations so passionate that they will stand the bail of the modern club—I mean a modern club of rich men on their way to Hell.

Next the author quotes an anonymous book, called “What we want,” purporting to be written by a group of Italian priests. This book was not written by a group of Italian priests, but by a man who called himself Mr. Pilcher. There is no evidence at all that Mr. Pilcher has swallowed even the assertion, simply because he saw it made in print. I cannot subpoena witnesses, and where people hide their names and work in the dark, conjecture, however strong, remains nothing but conjecture. But it is evident that evidence goes for anything, this book was written or inspired by a French Huguenot notorious in Europe for his fanatical hatred of the Catholic Church. There are sentences in it on the Blessed Sacrament in which I have recognized his actual phraseology, and the remark that “the ancient Cathedrals are deserted” is one he himself has made, word for word, upon perhaps a million occasions in a rhetorical fashion. He makes it because he never goes into a Catholic Cathedral, and because, being now an elderly man, he is thinking of 50 years ago. I was upon three successive Sundays in the Cathedrals of Bordeaux, Paris, and Rouen a month ago. They were packed to overflowing, and when I got back to London the Cathedral at Westminster, which certainly is not ancient, but is pretty big, was filled three-quarters of the way down the nave with the swarms of people who come to but one of the many masses celebrated on Sunday morning. Why does Mr. Pilcher accept this sort of rubbish?

Again, why does Mr. Pilcher accept this sort of rubbish? The universal and principles of the scholastic syllogism were repudiated by modern science. The validity of the religious system founded on these principles is gone. In plain English, this means that one who remains in denial of the reality of life will play with a baby tiger, but I will not play with the Father tiger, and I shall maintain my reserve in his regard till death do us part. It is a law of nature. The differences observable from the earliest recorded time till now are not differences which the modern man finds the least difficulty in appreciating. We are quite obviously of one kind with the same moral and physical nature and change as the humanity which historical record exists, and to play with that truth is to play with all that is sensitive and all that is sacred about us. If you make experiments, even to find out whether that truth is true or no, you will find yourself perpetually coming across a nerve.

Again, I disagree with the sentence “all repressors are immoral, implying a profound distrust of the virtue of life.” This sentence is meaningless. It is as though I were to say that all outlines were Immoral. You are repressing hundreds of things in your day long. You cannot act or move without repressing something. But if you apply it to moral things alone it is equally true. A man who did not properly repress his inclination to speak his mind in railway trains would be perpetually suffering from a thick ear, and rightly, for the duty is mutual. Life
would fail to pieces but for self-repression. Why not, then, the repression of others where the common good requires it? From the rest of the paper I take out only two points; first, that the article by Mr. Raffalovich is by Mr. Raffalovich, and that I don't think he understands how Europeans feel about property.

Secondly, I would note the paragraph about Mr. Steer's book. He has rushed the thing through in the face of a lethargic public, and the answer to them.

First: On what occasion, and upon what dates during the last four years has a white official of the Congo committed a specific and proved atrocity, such as the mutilation of the dead, the forcing of women and children into concentration camps; the denial of nutriment to women in child-birth, and the torture of their husbands; the torture of natives (and especially of women), and so forth. I do not say that white officials have not been guilty of such action, but I think it would do writers on the subject a great deal of good to find out exactly who did what, when and where in the last four years, the character of the witnesses, and whether the State punished the delinquent or no. It is necessary to ask this question, because, whether from passion or for worse reasons, atrocities are continually being quoted in a manner to leave the impression that they are recent when they are really too old. There is a story in the record of our misfortunes has been that the hushing up of the Congo will call a halt, and there will be an attempt to put that fire out, for they have a better grip on our military defences in their present state we can understand their playing with this question without criticism, and an apparent ignorance of what will happen if the tables are turned against ourselves. It is an article written with judgment and reserve, but those two vices run through it. I would beg the writer of the article and the Editor of the paper to consider the two following questions, and the answer to them.

The next question which I think the writers on the English Press should ask themselves is this. Who originally furnished the money, the necessarily very large sums of money, for starting this Congo Reform Association? I can understand old men who remember the days when a group of merchants could have rushed the thing through, but the younger men, if they have any regard for their country, ought to try to put that fire out, for they have a better grip on the present position in the world.
Driving Capital Out of the Country.

By G. Bernard Shaw.

VI.
The Parasitic Proletariat.

We have now got back at last to the social function for the sake of which we tolerate the idle man of property, nobility and cunning. Everybody recoils from this proposition with a sense of fundamental fallacy somewhere. The fallacy is not very recondite: it lies in confusing two quite different things: employing a man and supporting him. A man may employ a man as a caretaker, housekeeper: he does not support him. A factory employs the husband of a woman; he does not employ her. The idle man of property is like the lunatic: he employs a great many keepers; but he does not support them. He does not even support himself, though he employs himself as butcher, can, in shooting, hunting, racing, motoring, or as an amateur in the arts and sciences. Both he and all his keepers have to be supported by the labour of those who make the food they consume, the clothes they wear, the houses they live in, etc., etc.

And we find that what the idle man of property does is to plunge into mortal sin against society. He not only withdraws himself from the productive forces of the nation and quarters himself on them as a parasite: he withdraws also a body of propertyless men and places them in the same position, except that they have to earn this anti-social privilege by ministering to his wants and whims. He thus creates and corrupts a class of workers—many of them very highly trained and skilled, and correspondingly paid—whose subsistence is bound up with his income. They are parasites on a parasite: a second class of property, an institution of private property with a ferocity which startles their principal, who is often in a speculative way quite revolutionary in his views. They knock the Class War theory into a cocked hat by forming a powerful conservative proletariat whose one economic interest it is that the rich should have as much money to spend as possible; and it is they who encourage and often compel the property owners to defend themselves against the onward march of Socialism. Thus we have the phenomenon that seems at first sight so amazing in London: namely, that in the constituencies where the shopkeepers pay the most monstrous rents, and the extravagance and insolence of the idle rich are in fullest view, no Socialist—nay, no Progressive—has a chance of being elected to the municipality or to Parliament. The reason is that the shopkeepers, more than any others in the rich, fly by flinching the poor. The millionaire who preys upon Bury and Bootle until no workman there has more than his week's subsistence in hand, and many of them have not even that, is himself preyed upon in Bond Street, Pall Mall, and Long Acre.

Some day a poet will arise to do justice to the amazing system of hypnotic brigandage by which the rich are compelled to burden their lives with all sorts of horrible discomforts and superfluities so that their plunder may be shared with the tradesman and the flunkey. A lady has a pretty dress, made of expensive materials, comfortable, and as good as new. She is forced to take it off and buy a new one of uglier and less convenient shape by a tradesman whom she despises as her servant. A gentleman who has paid £1,200 for an automobile and an efficient chain drive, is compelled to discard it and pay £1,500 for a new car with a leaky high tension magneto and a wasteful and dangerous live axle, by a salesman whom he thoroughly mistrusts and whom he knows to be engaged in mechanising him as he is himself. This lady and gentleman, as man and wife, have the worst services foisted on them which they do not want; and the moment they accept them, a caste system of more than Indian strictness is developed in their houses, and compels them to employ a separate servant for every separate service. The motor car has hardly made its way into the stable when it is discovered that the chauffeur cannot possibly clean the car; so another man must be retained for that job. Scullerymaids, maids, footmen, housemaids, cooks, young housemaids, footmen, cooks, young footmen, maids, cooks, young cooks, are ordered into their houses as a matter of course, and similarly compelled to employ a separate servant for every separate service. The motor car has hardly made its way into the stable when it is discovered that the chauffeur cannot possibly clean the car; so another man must be retained for that job. Scullerymaids, maids, footmen, housemaids, cooks, young housemaids, footmen, cooks, young footmen, maids, cooks, young cooks, are ordered into their houses as a matter of course, and similarly compelled to employ a separate servant for every separate service.
virtuose, so much that is Needless ornamentation, like
the loops and flourishes of a writing master, must be
obstructed across the projected image, blurring the
outlines. Taking them in their order you picture Mr.
Ficke, after reading the poems "From the Isles," is
being very sensitive to sounds, able to perceive the
silence within a silence by a subtle sense of hearing not
common to ordinary folk.

"And not heard of ear, but wholly

Felt in breath and silt;

As on hills at night some feeling
Of faint music, lifted through
Moon through heaven, and a stealing
Dream drifts over by.

There you have the man of hearing. Such a one must
either write high-sounding verse, or paint out his un-
rest in the metaphysics of music. And yet you feel that
in his loud-tringling, eloquent verse he is not telling the
true truth about his inner self. He is verse-making
uncommonly well, and that is just all.

And Pan is gone! Although we cry
There is no piping voice to make
Glad answer from the river-brake;
No thundering hoof-beats give reply
To us who linger for his sake
Along the vale of Thessaly.

This is really excellent, is it not? But does Mr. Ficke
really worry about the good god Pan? I think not.
Then let him tell us of the things he really worries about,
and his verse will begin to reveal the man within the
clay.

Of Mr. Harold Monro’s two essays, “The Evolution
of the Soul” and “The Soul of Christ,” there is little
to be said. In the first he develops a thesis "that the
survival of the soul after bodily death is a matter of
vocation"; in the second he seeks to place Christ "with
Plato and Emerson among the philosophers," and
neither idea has any clear progressive value. He un-
fortunately overlays his own ideas with a number of the
unassimilated platitudes which stand for wisdom in the
mouths of less capable men, and unless he can learn to
eliminate which is commonplace in his writing, he
must go through the world without discovering himself
to other people, except as a somewhat dull person,
which I am quite sure in my own mind he is not.

"The Dust which is God," by Ralph Straus, is a
hold and interesting experiment. If all the imaginations
were left in, and most of the esoteric philosophy left
out, there would remain a residue of real accomplish-
ment, which would place the writer amongst those men
who can light up the obscure chambers of the mind
with visions of other states of consciousness, ultimately,
perhaps, more relative than the present state. At his
best he displays a flexible style, adequate to all the
moods and conditions he describes, and Mr. Straus
can bring himself to give us a longer work of imagina-
tion, in which he will develop his idea of the Third
World, a world where the law of friction has been
overcome, there will be no lack of appreciation. But
pray, let him not be quite so serious! He should oc-
casionally hold his tongue in his cheek in the manner
of Mr. Wells or, better still, of Mr. Arnold Bennett.

What has already been said of Mr. Ficke’s poetry
also applies to “Songs of Exile,” by Mr. Maurice
Brown, but in a different degree. There is the same
verbal melody and acute sense of hearing, the same
well-mouther eloquence of line. Listen!

No wild-foot Dryad haunts this leafless glade
With woodland lures, old world lures clouted long.
No nightingale thrills dusk’s embalmed shade
As on hills at night some feeling of faint music, lifted through
Moon through heaven, and a stealing
Dream drifts over by.

Of wild sylvan music and soundless sensual delight.

No wild-foot Dryad haunts this leafless glade
With woodland lures, old world lures clouted long.
No nightingale thrills dusk’s embalmed shade
As on hills at night some feeling of faint music, lifted through
Moon through heaven, and a stealing
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No nightingale thrills dusk’s embalmed shade
As on hills at night some feeling of faint music, lifted through
Moon through heaven, and a stealing
Dream drifts over by.
admirable. Yet, most of all, one appreciates the self-revelation in the opening verse:

"Summer in England, winter in my heart:"

For, though all, I love you, and you and I have a world apart.

It is one thing to be fluent and melodic—it is a much finer thing to express inward passion with a sense of profound conviction; and although Mr. Maurice Browne goes further than Mr. Fickie, he has still to travel some way before he has, to use my earlier metaphor, projected an image of his authentic self against the mind of the world. At the best it can only be an image, for the final expression of the human spirit is not yet, but the complete image of one individual self is always something to hope for, being the one supreme accomplishment in literature, or any other medium.

The other volumes, "The Stonefolds" and "On the Threshold," are on a much higher level of achievement than any of these foregoing. Mr. Wilfrid Wilson Gibson has written six little peasant dramas which, for poignancy of feeling and simplicity of expression, deserve to be ranked with the best of that narrow range of English drama that deals with the simple and sanctified lives of common folks. Mr. Gibson's shepherds, however, are by no means "common," excepting that they share the lot of common poverty, and in recognising this, without any sentimentality, the writer apart from the mere characteristics of the class to which they belong, he does credit to his own good sense. It is true he must guard against the danger of depicting lowly people as being in perfect harmony with their station in life, for, because of this, much of the poetry of writers like Crabbe and Wordsworth is merely childish in its naive tone. When it is understood that each individual has essential differences, but not essential class differences, it becomes useless laboured a psychology which has become ancient and outworn. The poor are not in harmony with their environment, and that is the greater tragedy of birth for the larger proportion of the race, and to be born, as most are, into a world not prepared as a fit habitation for the sons of men, is to be cursed and blighted at the very threshold.

One final word as to the Samurai Press itself. It is producing work by men who have pledged themselves to strive for the best, and the measure of their accomplishment is not adequately conveyed if it is not made clear that there have struck a distinguishing note of high seriousness and praiseworthy ideal. The books are far published naturally vary in merit, but none of them sinks for a moment towards the level of that weather-cock literature which veers towards every breath of public opinion. The format of the earlier volumes leaves something to be desired, but Mr. Gibson's two works have been beautifully produced, and as specimens of good hand-printing will increase in value. But you had better buy them for the sake of your own good sense. It is true we have pursued this line of thought further, instead of filling so many pages with a vague attempt to identify the Church with humanity. Those who cannot wield the sword of Achilles had best not try, and Mr. Swan does not possess the philosophical divinity of men like F. D. Maurice. We cannot, however, help admiring the chapter on the "Immanence of Christ and the historic Jesus." Mr. Swan keeps his temper admirably in dealing with Schmiedel's well-known onslaught in the "Encyclopaedia Biblica," and, without wasting time in complaining of the arbitrary methods of German critics, shows how much of the House of Doctrine remains, even on the texts, which Schmiedel calls the "nine foundation pillars." As regards non-Christian faiths, our author pleads for Christianity not as a competing, but as a completing, religion. He recognises and emphasises the need of social reform, but we think it misleading to speak of combinations and trusts as "great" experiments in the method of collective enterprise, or to class them, as he seems to do, with municipal works and State service. Mr. Swan is a little too fond of printing his favourite sentiments in capitals. Methinks, he doth protest too much.

Readers of the "Christian World" and the "Commonwealth" are familiar with the names of Mr. Brierley and Mr. Dearmer. Amongst enlightened Free Churchmen and Anglicans, "J. R." and "P. D." are "bright particulars stars." The volumes now before us afford excellent examples of the grandiose spheres in which they shine. The difference between their theological camps ought not to blind anyone as to the deeper likeness between them. It is true that Mr. Brierley cannot see the inner meaning of ritualism, while puritanism is an abomination to Mr. Dearmer. To the former, life is a philosophy; to the latter, it is a ritual. One finds his "new theology" in a spiritualised science.
L. the other finds it in a social catholicism. But wisdom is just as hard to define as love, and particularly when it happens to be such breezy writers. The medieval Church gathered under her wing men of such different calibre as Francis of Assisi and Dominic; the modern Church has perhaps an equal variety of opinion based on the same unity of impulse. In "Our City of God" Mr. Brierley outlines more systematically than in his previous essays the scientific treatment of theology, in which he sees salvation for the Church. As might be expected, he is always charming, even when he does not convince, and nothing could be more definite than his comparison of radium, as a "break" in the history of matter, to the Gospel story, as a "break" in the history of spirit; or his demonstration that you cannot argue about the will in the terms of the material world. It may be questioned whether the "modern mind" is quite so infallible as Mr. Brierley would have us believe on the validity of dogma; but, of course, he is right in saying that every discovery in science tells, sooner or later, upon divinity. The social essays in the book converge upon the same fundamental principle of life and thought. Just as you cannot have a boat of either an inch or a mile, so the State—as a fellowship—must not be so large as to prevent the supervision and management necessary to the highest commercial life. This has been ignored by the megalomania of the present day; with the result that "in our huge swarms the individual counts for less and less. In London ten thousand of us might disappear to-morrow, and the human tide would roll on as before." Mr. Brierley has something to say of the need of constructing new moralities from day to day to meet the exigencies of modern life. He raises more problems than he answers, but very wisely he insists on the ethical value of cheerfulness. Here we may take leave of Mr. Brierley, and assure his readers that—"that, into the best we receive from Fate we are actually but two persons. But even were

Mr. Jones' sermons call for no special criticism, and we cannot quite see the necessity for their publication, unless it were to assuage the sermon-hunger of the English Public. They are actually but two persons. But even were it otherwise Vernon Lee would be acceptable. There are exceptions, however, as is proved by the work of Vernon Lee—unless, indeed, what is more than probable, the Meredithian conditions are observed between author and reader, in so far as they are actually but two persons. But even were it otherwise Vernon Lee would be acceptable. There is a philosophic element in her most sentimental passages which has a saving grace. But after all, objections are purely sentimental, and very often a kind of cowardice. What one really dislikes is demonstrative sentiment, colloquially—gush. Vernon Lee is never demonstrative, her sentiment is too deep for that; besides, she is a philosopher, and knows the things she loves so well, those old Italian gardens with their formal walks and mossy walls, those twilights in the Apennines full of the sound of sheep-bells, or the vivid white-washed walls of the ancient monastery. But beautiful as these are, they were not so beautiful robed of the glamour she herself brought to them. She is a priestess of the Genius Loci, invoking the spirit of the place by a charming magic which she shares with Robert Louis Stevenson and one, or two other initiates of the same order. In the present volume she theorises upon this very theme. Surely, she says, "that, into the best we receive from Fate there should enter somewhat of our own making; that the perfect sweetness of any sort of love, for places or for creatures, be due to faithful wishing; Rachel growing in grace during the years of Jacob's service." And as one would expect, the sentimental traveller does not retell the story of the familiar places of the pilgrim's way—Bruges, Rouen, Paris, Kona, Naples—these are beautiful already. As time goes on, she takes you to forgotten or unknown places wherein the Genius Loci has to be charmed into actuality by the magic of her pen. Her method, however, is not to tell you of beautiful things; she knows they are beautiful already. She tells you about the things she ilkes, and why. Her style is that of good conversation. It is well-polished and deliberate, yet it has the free idiom of interesting talk. Unlike, say, a Stevenson, who moves from one picturesque place to another, she finds her theme in the life of one person. She takes you to Gruyères by night. First there is the argument against the possibility of losing the beauty of the first impression of the little town by the light of the one electric lamp by the washing-trough. Then comes a challenge in the conversational manner, "Lose it! Did we lose it?" Afterwards the description of the darkling way culminating in this picture, "Entering the village street of high medieval houses, the light of the one electric lamp by the washing-trough was thrown up against the white walls, showing the scarlet and rose of the geraniums; thrown up into the immensity of the vaulted roofs, it made a sound! The scent of the grass, the sound of cow-bells seemed to have followed us; and, between the houses, the heavens were hung close with stars. Were those mountainous oppositions, or roofs of distant dark masses in the darkness. Only one had a sense of being high, high up. This was Gruyères: and shall be." The Sentimental Traveller is full of such delightful pictures in which the spirit of place seems suddenly to flash before the reader's mind. Individually each separate essay has its own charm, according to personal taste; but in every essay there is the same quick perception of the essential nature of not only places, but persons and things. The latter is brought out well in "Goethe at Weimar," with its tragedy of the dust-ridden house of "God Wolfgang," the less grandson of the sage, the plaster casts and stuffed birds! And also in "The Petit Picus," where lie the thirteen hundred who were guillotined at the Barrière du Trône "from Prairial to Thermidor." As for the sentimental traveller, he is justified in the initial chapter, wherein his nature is set forth by example of

Cadbury's Cocoa is unequalled for nourishment, purity, and strength. An invaluable food; a delicious and healthful drink.
Wagner in music, Walt Whitman in poetry, and Ibsen in academic parochialism, giving it an intellectual impetus which has extended its influence in all directions by an insistence on the relation of man to the universal scheme of things. Rodin's work is almost curiously the outcome of the conditions and thought of modern life. Each of his works carries the mind beyond the object actually represented—it seeks through the strength of the work for the idea which waits behind. So new an influence is it has of necessity attracted strongly, and at the same time repelled. Rodin's works Rodin has fashioned have provoked discussion, anger even, as the profound affairs of life provoke anger! It is this which makes the writing of any estimate of Rodin's work and life so extremely difficult. Mr. Frederick Lawton, who has already won recognition by his larger biography published last year, if he does not bring the whole matter to light, comes near to the work in a similar admirable essay. He has with commendable, and unusual restraint held his own personality and opinions in the background. He relates the facts of Rodin's life, gives the history of his works, and then retires and calls the great artist to speak for himself. We thank him for this avoidance of rapid criticism. And for many readers the most interesting chapter will be the one at the finish of the book in which Rodin speaks of the Gothic and the Antique. And though no quotation can give a full idea of his striking sayings—only we may hope are a foretaste of a book that Rodin himself will write—we quote a passage wherein he gives his belief as to the artist. He says:

"The artist is the seer. He is the man whose eyes are open, and to whose spirit the essence of things is made known. He does not create, he only retrieves what God has already created. That which he does is to represent, but with a few elements, not with all. He is no magician, and cannot in variety repose. It is an illusion so fine a reality that he makes. The better he sees, the more perfect the illusion his representing will be. He can give it solidity, and can give it the equivalent of voice and movement; and, if his vision is deep enough, he can give it the illusion of soul and sentiment."

We can cordially recommend this little book to all who do not already possess Mr. Lawton's larger biography.

**THE MAGAZINES I.**

A new, A new magazine, "The New Quarterly," (2s. 6d. net), has just been issued by Messrs. Dent under the editorship of Edmund McCarthys. We sincerely hope that it will attract intelligent people in England to make a new first-class magazine pay, but we doubt it. Swift calculated the number of the elect in his day as something under ten thousand; and with the increase of education, the number has decreased. Our readers, however, will do well to see that the "New Quarterly" is "at any rate placed in the public and semi-public libraries." The first number contains articles by Lord Rayleigh, Max Beerbohm, Hon. Bertrand Russell, Arthur Symons, Sturge Moore, and others. The main interest of the magazine is scientific and literary; much to our relief, the number of political articles is not desired. But the Daniels of the social reform, Arthur Symons', triptych of poets is Mrs. Hosman, George Darby, and Thomas Hood. But perhaps the best thing in this number is the article from Samuel Butler's Note-Books. If Butler had only been a Frenchman we should have had a Butlerian school in England. As it is, the school is in France!

We have received several numbers of "The American Journal of Eugenics," which commenced publication last July under the present title Mr. Moses Harvey is a fighter from Away back. He promises to tell the readers of the journal why he has come to place "the chief responsibility for the crime and misery, the irregularities and slaveries, of our so-called civilization upon our oldest, most cherished, most revered social institution." Most of the articles are declamatory and exhortatory, perhaps a little crude in thought and style. We think the journal may better serve its purpose in compelling attention and stimulating ideas. Exact statistics and rigid knowledge will come in the present desideratum. The sex problem is frankly and fearlessly discussed, hence to shock the professed libertine nor to amuse him. The subscription is one dollar a year, and cheap at the price.

The second (October) number of the Colonial Office Jour-
nal more than maintains the promise of the first, and we think the Editors have succeeded in avoiding the two pitfalls of dullness and the insouciant revelation of official secrets. The Editors make some interesting comments on the recent Imperial Act for re-adjusting the relation that the provinces of Canada by the Dominion Government in support of their legislatures, on Lord Selborne's Memorandum on South African Federation; and also the three Englishmen in their information. It is in showing (and we think it does so successfully) the difficulties which underlay Mr. Duckmesther's proposal for a permanent secretariat to the Colonial Office. The centrifugal and centripetal tendencies at present manifesting themselves in the Empire are analysed, and the immense difficulty with which attempts at a more elaborate organisation will be confronted, by reason of the fact that the centrifugal force is mainly one of sentiment, while the centripetal one is that of local interest, is well brought out. The net result of the Conference discussions on this subject shows (as to Canada) that Imperialism is concerned seems to be a division of the Colonial Office into two geographical sections, the one concerned with the self-governing Colonies, of which there were to be two, and the other with the Crown Colonies; while in addition there is the new Secretariat charged, under the control of the Colonial Secretary, with obtaining information and drafting correspondence. The need for such a co-ordinating body is well brought out in the very interesting paper on the difficulties which delayed, but indeed which pronounced, the establishment of the Pacific Cable. We have neither the space nor the ability to discuss the paper, but we may note that the using of this cable (which was opened in 1902), by establishing an "alliance" with Australia, New Zealand and London, and thus competing with the Eastern Company's system, has been largely influential in lowering the rates of transatlantic traffic. Further, the charge of force at the present moment. Other papers on the Emigrants Information Office and on British Manufactures in Canada are short but bright and useful. The contrast between the semi-military methods of French colonisation in W. Africa and the English habit in the same district of encouraging a gradual growth of the legislative habit by means of Legislative and Native Councils is noted in a report by Mr. H. H. S. Alexander of Jamaica. We are inclined to agree with the reviewer in preferring the British expedient. Mr. Hutton's paper on the degree of mercantile receptivity already attained and attainable by Canada in the future is also useful. And this is indeed the note of the whole review. It is eminently practical, and we can commend it not only to the Colonial Administration, but also to students of imperial development, Imperial commerce, and Imperial ideals.

The R.P.A. Annual for 1908 (6d. net) has an attractive list of contributors, among them the Hon. John Collier, Mr. Blatchford, and Mr. Edwin Phileps. Mr. Collier's reminiscences of Cæsar, his daughter, he married, are short but of great interest. The great scientist and protagonist of Agnosticism was eminently human, although overwork and solitude were in his case not easily to be avoided. Mr. Collier tells an amusing story of how he "got his own back" on one occasion from his father-in-law. "I was reading a portent of my wife," he says, and I represented her asleep in a big chair, having dropped on the floor the book she had just been reading. Huxley came in and, chuckling at the situation, mischievously suggested that I should put the title of one of his friend Herbert Spencer's works on the volume over which my sister had fallen asleep. I welcomed the suggestion, but objected that the book had a title already. On his bending forward to inspect it, he read on the back, "Huxley's Lay Sermons." Mr. Blatchford, on "How I became an Agnostic," is eminently readable. He did not experience the subversion of his old ideas until he was some thirty years of age, and apparently it was the thin argument of a volume of Christian apologetics which made him settle the question in his own mind once and for all. "I was quite convinced of the falsity of the whole number seems to us to offer bright and attractive reading to all interested in educational problems.


drama.

Cæsar and Cleopatra.

When Mr. Bernard Shaw calls his play a "history" it is perhaps unfair to complain that it is not more of a drama. No doubt the incidents are true enough (you stand referred to Manetho, the Egyptian monuments, etc., etc.), and a good deal of the conversation might perhaps have been taken down on a phonograph, but the play would be none the worse for some development of incident. As it is, the play unravels, beautiful and majestically, but it does not develop. Then, too, Cæsar and Rufo and the rest of them have an irritating Shakespearian habit of passing at some crisis of action to comment on themselves and things in general, while Time and Fate stand obediently in the wings. But these are mere superficialities after all, the history is of Caesar, and achieves a portraiture of remarkable vividness.

I wonder if Mr. Shaw was ever taught Cæsar at school, and had to "construe" De Bello Gallico; has he had to escape from those old conceptions? For my own part, the deadly school distillation of boredom dropped by drop out of abominable school editions (with notes on subjunctives) has for practical purposes destroyed my power of being interested in Latin literature for ever. If Mr. Shaw has had to escape from traditions of old desks, the aroma of stale ink, and the memory of scarred notes penned by diseased grammarians, his creation of Caesar is a vaulting feat past all praise. Until I read "Cæsar and Cleopatra," I shuddered to think of Shakespeare being equally damned by the associations of school teaching. I never had a feeling for Cæsar as a human being of any kind at all. I figured him as some species of bloodthirsty melodrama invented by Wild, "Kim," and even "Jason," are read to the boys and sometimes left unfinished at a critical juncture, seems a splendid idea. The school treated this month is Rossall, and we are sure its members will appreciate a very good plate. The whole number seems to us to offer bright and attractive reading to all interested in educational problems.

For the most part, the dead school distillation of boredom dropped by drop out of abominable school editions (with notes on subjunctives) has for practical purposes destroyed my power of being interested in Latin literature for ever. If Mr. Shaw has had to escape from traditions of old desks, the aroma of stale ink, and the memory of scarred notes penned by diseased grammarians, his creation of Caesar is a vaulting feat past all praise. Until I read "Cæsar and Cleopatra," I shuddered to think of Shakespeare being equally damned by the associations of school teaching. I never had a feeling for Cæsar as a human being of any kind at all. I figured him as some species of bloodthirsty melodrama invented by Wild, "Kim," and even "Jason," are read to the boys and sometimes left unfinished at a critical juncture, seems a splendid idea. The school treated this month is Rossall, and we are sure its members will appreciate a very good plate. The whole number seems to us to offer bright and attractive reading to all interested in educational problems.
naturalness. Shaw paints a man who acts spontaneously and simply as a great man might have acted, who has his little points of vanity and his points of principle, and that is a different matter. In the case of Caesar, it is not necessary to relate stories of him to prove him capable of great actions; all that is taken for granted with the name. But G. B. S. does something more with Spare; he shows Caesar greater, not by what is related of him or by what he does, but by what he does not do. Indeed, this is in another way one of the defects of the play. Everything is subordinated to the drawing of Caesar; even Spare is used only to provide light and shade. In the most enchanting scene of all—where Caesar comes across the Sphinx in the desert by night, and speaks his invocation to it, not knowing what Spare is up to—all the charm of Cleopatra's childishness is only used to show up Caesar's power and strength. All the play gains enormously by being acted, but this scene, perhaps, more than all the rest. The fresh delight (as of some escapade from "Alice in Wonderland") of Cleopatra's enquiries for the sacred white cat which has run away from her on the call of a black cat, would be difficult to match in any play, and can hardly be paralleled, its quaintness is so entirely modern; while the sound of the trumpet at the end of the scene, which Caesar calls "Caesar's voice," has a suggestion of false notes and carries one off to the regions of the Hyperboreans. This scene, this trumpet, and for the matter of that, all the other scenes, demanded very excellent stage-managing; but one is getting so accustomed to the stage as to be in danger of neglecting it. Only when one reflects what pains must necessarily be taken to produce the perfection of illusion and realism (even to a moving Roman galley for Caesar's departure) is it possible to estimate their value. Most stage crowds shout vaguely and foolishly; when the Roman soldiers of Messrs. Vedrenne and Barker cry "Hail Cæsar!" we are thrilled. It is a history, but a true and beautiful one.

"Cæsar and Cleopatra" is a history, a fantasy, and a second quite different history. Shaw has — I say it again — carried his passionate thought into the "Athenæum." One may find, of course, various influences in these drawings — what painter is not "influenced"? Blake, Beardsley, Watts, Goya, and many others, all seemed to speak to me from one and another of the drawings. Yet I hesitated to fix the common label of imitation, the easy resource of critics. I saw that the drawings that reminded most strongly of Goya resembled works of the Spaniard which I was certain Mr. Spare could not have seen. Afterwards I found that I was right. Goya's wonderful art is unknown to Mr. Spare, and he told me his own designs were made before he had seen any work of Blake or of Beardsley; even more, he knows only a few drawings of these masters. It has seemed necessary to clear up this error at some length. The truth, I think, is that imagination exalts, men to express themselves in the same forms. Certainly the splendid, irrepressible egotism of Mr. Spare has — I say it again — carried his passionate thought into definite, if sometimes imperfect, expression.

**THE NEW AGE.**

**ART.**

Two Interesting Exhibitions.

A Young Socialist Painter. Mr. Austin Spare.

To the jaded art writer who regularly frequents the galleries more of doubt than anticipation attends the visit to a new exhibition. It is an unknown painter. I had been told of a new Blake, and, with distrustful curiosity, I set out for the Bruton Gallery hoping that possibly I might find what would bring a new tingling to my tired pulses. And I was not disappointed. Here, revealed in these drawings, was a force of passionate character — an imagination that had compelled expression.

Now, I am quite conscious that about new work one must always be somewhat diffident in expressing too definite an opinion. Yet surely it is possible to know and recognize the really vital qualities of any art. The astonishment is that Mr. Spare is so young—nineteen years, I believe. Then he has learnt his art by himself in the hard environment of poverty and opposition. But it is a fact surely of real significance that Mr. Spare is a Socialist. May not just this account for all his search for expression? Yes, it is safe to say that this young painter will go far. What I felt most in his work, and especially in such imaginative drawings as "The Resurrection" and "The Creation," was the imprint of a man's personality. This explains, I believe, Mr. Spare's really remarkable brilliancy of execution in whatever medium he uses. For imagination is a driving force — imagination alone creates, and if an artist has a definite thing to express, then he will find somehow the best means of doing so.

Let me say here that I shall not try to describe Mr. Spare's work. Frankly, it refuses description. From such pictures we gain just what we bring. For I am sure proportion to its true imagination are the various ideas a work will give to different minds. What I want to make clear is that the insult in this work is from within; that a finely imaginative mind has trained the skilful hand.

And this brings me to the supposed defect which some critics have found in Mr. Spare's art. His originality has been judged "a parade of imagination, not quite convincing, because it is largely an affair of reproducing the subject matter which more original disguises have brought into the field of art" — I quote the "Athenæum." One may have his various influences in these drawings — what painter is not "influenced"? Blake, Beardsley, Watts, Goya, and many others, all seemed to speak to me from one and another of the drawings. I hesitated to fix the common label of imitation, the easy resource of critics. I saw that the drawings that reminded most strongly of Goya resembled works of the Spaniard which I was certain Mr. Spare could not have seen. Afterwards I found that I was right. Goya's wonderful art is unknown to Mr. Spare, and he told me his own designs were made before he had seen any work of Blake or of Beardsley; even more, he knows only a few drawings of these masters. It has seemed necessary to clear up this error at some length. The truth, I think, is that imagination exalts, men to express themselves in the same forms. Certainly the splendid, irrepressible egotism of Mr. Spare has — I say it again — carried his passionate thought into definite, if sometimes imperfect, expression.

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Mr. Dulac’s Arabian Nights Illustrations at the Leicester Gallery.

It is just this egotism of a personality that I missed in the work of Mr. Edmund Dulac, illustrating stories from the “Arabian Nights.” He has adopted an Eastern convention in which to express himself. Each of his designs is perfect; he has known exactly what he wanted to do, and has done it. Technically Mr. Dulac has all the equipment of the illustrator who understands design, and he uses his knowledge like a skilled workman. Yet the very exquisitenesses is a little wearisome and the pictures by picture one has come to the conclusion that Dulac was merely amusing, his aesthetic sense and his capacity for design beautiful in all its details and as a whole, and curiously, though he has spun these patterns with the dexterity with which a conjurer spins a plate, we wonder, dissatisfied, at the limited expression in his effort.

Then, after looking at about a dozen of the designs, we realise that the emptiness comes because here an artist has worked out his own ideas in an adopted and foreign convention.

MUSIC.

The Salome Dances.

No music has been so eagerly discussed in recent years as Richard Strauss’s “Salome.” As soon as the opera is offered in England, and, of course, the music is a great Spanish gentleman; that he was merely amusing; that he was only playing with his audience, caring nothing for their offended. (The Mozartians go out, and the “Times” proper, authentic reporters of the Queen’s Hall concerts, and when the bleating of sheep is described, the staid, windmill episode in the orchestra one laughs outright, music ever heard. When he describes the wonderful story in music; it is the wildest, maddest, terriblest has made an extraordinary commentary on Cervantes’ thought the old Don an awful ass. Richard Strauss and I was delighted with Sancho Panza, although I did not appreciate such a gift; the story amused me, charitable pity of Jesus and the Christian saints. When I was still in my early ‘teens I remember receiving a present of Don Quixote from my father. Of course, I did not appreciate such a gift; the story amused me, and I was delighted with Sancho Panza, although I thought the old Don an awful ass. Richard Strauss has made an extraordinary commentary on Cervantes’ story in music; it is the wildest, maddest, terriblest music ever heard. When he describes the wonderful windmill episode in the orchestra one laughs outright, and when the bleating of sheep is described, the staid, proper, and the Queen’s Hall concert don’t know whether to laugh or leave the room offended. (The Mozartians go out, and the “Times” raves behind a carefully gloved hand.) When I listened to this composition I felt that Strauss was playing with his audience, caring nothing for their classic susceptibilities or their sentimental regard for the great Spanish gentleman; that he was merely amusing himself at their expense, and entertaining the audience. When it came to the death of Don Quixote, however, he made you realise the wonderful, tragic pity of the hero’s life and the pathos of his death, utterly disarming the critic and turning all that was scorn and unbelief into complete and abject acceptance, if not approval. A friend who was with me at the time of the last performance described the final episode as the most beautiful epiphany in music ever written. There were moments during the performance when one fancied one was listening to the old remarks of a clown, and when one thought of Euripides or Shelley, and at other times one felt completely out of court. But I certainly know nothing in the whole literature of art-music that has expressed sorrow with such dignity, and pathos with such beauty, as the “epiphany” at the end of this overture. Here he forgets for the moment that he is the scourging critic of life and compels our love by this cadence of marvelous tenderness and brilliance. The motives are like some wonderful burst of golden light; it is not a fierce light, but its very purity dazzles and blinds, and almost annihilates; and one cannot help thinking of Dante’s vision of Beatrice in the Paradiso and his sense of annihilation got by looking once upon her peerless beauty and splendour. In the dance music to Salome, however, the genius is entirely different. It is shocking in its perversity. The thrills that run through it are electrifying; it is abnormally intense; the hysteria is almost unbearably; the fierce, wayward sensuality of the music is the most remarkable thing of its kind ever heard. Yet I was tremendously surprised at the beauty of it. On looking over the score beforehand I felt convinced that there were only parts that would sound beautifully, the rest being intentionally hideous, as I thought, and bizarre. But at the recent performance (under Fritz Cassirer with the New Symphony Orchestra) the whole thing was an amazing revelation. I could not help thinking of Robert Farquharson’s playing of Herrad at the last performance of the play itself, and noting how similar was the note of hysterical intensity he suggested to the emotional idea Strauss has expressed in his music. Wagner never could have caught this mood, never have understood it even. I have thought sometimes that these were only parts that would sound beautifully, the rest being intentionally hideous, as I thought, and bizarre. But at the recent performance (under Fritz Cassirer with the New Symphony Orchestra) the whole thing was an amazing revelation. I could not help thinking of Robert Farquharson’s playing of Herrad at the last performance of the play itself, and noting how similar was the note of hysterical intensity he suggested to the emotional idea Strauss has expressed in his music. Wagner never could have caught this mood, never have understood it even. I have thought sometimes that I discerned a note of inverse passion in the Lohengrin music, but after listening to Salome such little notions are laughed at in other people’s music. And one is more than ever convinced of the simplicity of Wagner’s soul.

There was also a first performance of Frederick Delius’s “Apallachia” for chorus and orchestra. Mr. Delius is a strayed Yorkshireman and an excellent musician with a good Continental reputation. I do not know, from listening to this new work, how long it will take him to arrive at the same reputation in England.
CORRESPONDENCE.

For the opinions expressed by correspondents, the Editors do no hold themselves responsible. Correspondence intended for publication should be addressed to the Editors and written on one side of the paper only.

FABIANISM AND THE RAILWAYS.

TO THE EDITORS OF "THE NEW AGE."

In view of prevalent misconceptions of the character and probable results of the industrial treaty which Mr. Lloyd-George has imposed upon the railway industry, I am directed by the Executive Committee of the Fabian Society to ask you to insert the following comments:

What the Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants asked for was "recognition," in order to be able to put up a fight on behalf of the men. In view of the scandalously long hours of many tens of thousands of them, and of the socially unjustifiable wages of many more, it was impossible to regard this action of the Trade Union as unreasonable. But in the case of the nation's principal means of land transport, resort to the characteristic Trade Union weapon of the strike would have been such a national calamity that no responsible statesman could nowadays treat it as a private matter. The nation can no more afford to let the railway industry be interrupted by the claims (however just) of the railway workers than by the obstinacy (however dignified) of the railway directors.

What the President of the Board of Trade has done is, under the guise of a complicated Conciliation Board, to take the hours and wages of the railway men for seven years out of the sphere of private bargaining, whether individual or collective; to deprive the directors for that period of their power of fixing either wages or hours; and to vest this power in an impartial arbitrator, who will occupy practically the position of a judge.

Mr. Lloyd-George is, in fact, to be congratulated on having set up in England the first "Wages Board," and what he has done in the railway industry will now, it is to be hoped, be promptly done in all the "sweated trades," and done by Act of Parliament. The railway industry is to be congratulated in not having had to wait for legislation to get its Wages Board and its fixed hours and wages. For in the case of employers in the position of the railway companies, the formal award of the arbitrator will be as genuinely compulsory as a law. Not even Lord Claus Hamilton—not even the London and North-Western Railway Company, will dare to disobey it. And notwithstanding all the parade of "conciliation," reference to the arbitrator, is, from this point of view, automatically compulsory in every case in which the parties do not come to agreement. All that the men have to do is to bring forward, in their several sections, in each company, the demands already formulated for each section in their "National All Grades Programme," and if and when these are not wholly or substantially conceded by the representatives of the directors, to let them go to arbitration which cannot be refused. The arbitrator will then fix for both wages and hours with all the authority of law.

It is unnecessary to discuss the details of the scheme, some of which are probably to be found to require amendment. But in its broad principle of substituting an authoritative expression of the national will for the arbitrary decision of the capitalists; employing of organised war and the chances of the fight, by the deliberately formulated award of a judicial person—this railway treaty seems (pending complete railway nationalisation) to demand the support not only of all Socialists, but also of all those Trade Unionists who (like the coal-miners and cotton operatives) believe in the method of legal enactment rather than in the crude and old-fashioned strike.

Mr. Bell and the Executive Committee of the Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants have been blamed for acceding to a treaty which does not in set terms accord "recognition" to the Trade Union. But fine words butter no parsnips. The fullest possible "recognition," as many a baffled Trade Union has found, does not in itself, raise any man's wages or shorten any man's hours. Lloyd-George made the Directors concede instead, what had scarcely ever entered into the men's wildest dreams, not only formal conference on equal terms between the Directors and the men, but also Compulsory Arbitration on all issues of wages and hours, on every railway, in every part of the Kingdom. The A.S.R.S. Executive rightly recognised that they were securing, for the hundred thousand men whom they represented, a vastly greater boon than "recognition." They had gone out to seek their fathers' asses. They had found a kingdom.

It is feared by some that, as no distinction is made between members of the London and North-Western Railway Company, the railway workers will desert their society. If they do, they will deserve the Nemesis that they will be curtailing. But this has not been the experience of Arbitration Boards in the coal and iron industries, where, equally, no distinction is made between Unionists and non-Unionists, and where the men's representatives are those who have been employed in the industry. The very dispersion of the several sections of railway men will inevitably result in the election of the candidates who are standing for the organisation. The men's demands can be formulated only in the Trade Union branch meetings. When the cases finally go to arbitration, the men will be free to choose Mr. Bell or Mr. Barker as their representative and spokesman. And (seeing that any worsening of the present conditions is quite unthinkable) the advances of wages and reductions of hours which during the next seven years the arbitrator cannot fail to award, in company after company, will, in the opinion of the line as well as for those in the busy centres—though these will naturally not come up to the men's claims—will demonstrably have been made by the Union leaders, through the Trade Union organization, by the Trade Union representatives, and finally, in the argument before the arbitrator, by the ability of the Trade Union secretary.

On behalf of the Fabian Executive Committee.

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Clever Women and the State.

TO THE EDITORS OF "THE NEW AGE."

Mr. Granville Barker compresses the whole philosophy of Weinsinger into one sentence: "I never met a clever woman yet, who was worth calling a woman." Some time ago I wrote an article saying that women were practically divided into two classes: women pay to give them pleasure and women pay to bear them children; but Mr. Barker has called my attention to a third class of women: women who do not expect particular service of men but who do expect the service of intelligence and understanding; women who do not exist for the service of men but who do exist for service of society; women whose intelligence is never taken into account in any schemes of social betterment. The one cry of the State to women is: "Give us sons; give us food for powder; give us such millions of intelligence and understanding as we require for the continuance of the species they may soon learn to set a value upon human life. They may think it worth while this very year to see that the little children of the poor do not become incapable of future usefulness for that is what is happening everywhere in this great over-crowded city of tortured lives.

[FOINCE PARKE]
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.

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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 line.

Yours faithfully,
R. B. HALDANE.

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

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