NOTES OF THE WEEK.

We regret that Mr. Arnold Forster's articles on Socialism in the "Standard" are proving quite as dull as we expected. Our opponents remain uninteresting because they either cannot or will not realise the genuine grounds of Socialism. They invent bogies, inflate them with personal prejudice, and christen them objections to Socialism; and all the while the real constructive proposals of Socialism go un criticised into practice. This, we contend, is the real, as distinct from the imaginary, danger of Socialism, namely, that while our professed enemies are fighting vain shadows, all kinds of concrete legislation, solid as bricks and mortar, are pushing into actual law under the garb of the Socialist movement.

Now, this is not desirable even from the Socialist point of view. On the contrary, there is nothing we less desire to see than an economic transformation for which minds have not been prepared by liberal discussion and frank criticism. Yet what are we to do if the men whose business it is to criticise and discuss spend their time in beating the air?

Nor is it the case that either Socialism or the Socialist movement is impenetrably obscure. On the contrary, the simple issues are plain enough for even Mr. Arnold Forster to see. Socialists detest poverty; they believe that poverty can be abolished; and they believe that poverty can be abolished only by socialising capital. If there is any other way of abolishing poverty we should be glad to know it. Socialising capital has no particular virtue as an end in itself; Socialism, indeed, is worth no more than any other form of social machinery, except as a means to an end. The question is: Do our opponents hate poverty as much as we do? Do they believe that poverty can be abolished? If they do not, will they tell us why, if not by Socialism, they propose to abolish it? If Mr. Arnold Forster will devote himself to that we shall be interested at once.

In the absence, however, of a governing class in England capable of tackling the problem, the only alternative for poverty-slayers like ourselves is to appeal to public opinion at large. Government by public opinion, as is large is, in fact, forced on us by the failure of government by the aristocracy and government by the upper middle classes. Neither of these, alone or together, has diminished poverty or the ills of poverty in England; nor, we freely admit, do we suppose that any one class could do the thing by itself. Hence we are driven to 'democracy or the government by all classes equally for our political solution of the difficulty. In short, our business becomes the education of public opinion, to induce it to take up responsibilities which have been successively shirked by every class which has so far had political power in England.

Consider, for example, the case that has been presented for public discussion during the past week by the respective actions of the Battersea Borough Council and the L.C.C. Education Committee. In both instances urgent distress has been revealed calling, nay, crying, for bold measures of relief. In Battersea the prospects of unemployment during the winter have become so serious that the intelligent members of the Council have decided to risk the outcry of the rate-payers and raise a special rate for the purpose of providing employment. The outcry has come, of course, and we are now face to face with the alternatives of raising the rates, leaving the unemployed to starve or starve or starve on the scale of the other rate-payers. The former course is obviously the more desirable, yet the difficulties are enormous. Already the rate in Battersea is 8s. 4d. in the £1, an amount that presses hardly on the middling classes. What is to be done? We see with regret that proposals have been made to enlist charity on behalf of the Battersea unemployed. And this brings us to the case of the London County Council.

On Wednesday the Sub-Committee on Underfed Children recommended that a public appeal should be made for subscriptions to enable the Council to carry on its work of feeding necessitous children. Now is it a dignified, not to say tolerable, state of affairs, that the wealthiest city in all the world should be compelled to send its education authority cap in hand to the charitable in order to feed a few hundred children without levying a halfpenny rate? The enormous extravagance of charity is itself a strong argument against charity. If anybody will consult one of the annuals of London charity the astonishing fact is discovered that nearly 3,000 charitable institutions operate in London alone. Their income must be simply enormous, so enormous that in all probability it is equal to a five-shilling rate over the whole of the city. Yet because of the overlapping, the inefficiency, and the general multiplication of organs, we do not hesitate to say that three-fourths of the money collected is worse than wasted so far is its object is concerned.

As a measure of bare economy, would it not be infinitely better to abolish private charity (at least, of the semi-compulsory order), and substitute public justice? The actual cost to the community as a whole would be considerably less, and if the rates were nominally higher the reduction of expenditure in other directions would...
more than compensate. In short, begging should be forbidden when practised by a public body as it is when
practised by an individual. Public bodies must take their
responsibility to the public, and if the rates press hardly upon the middling classes (as they certainly do), it is the business of public bodies to
seek a new source of income in the enormous ground-
rents which are paid in various parts of the country, and
left free. A Government with any grip of the situation
would settle the question in a single session, House of
Lords or no House of Lords.

But how timid and purblind the present Government
is may be seen from the general poverty of construc-
tive ideas in the party. We wish to be fair and
acquaint most of the members of the present Govern-
ment of actual duplicity. But the charge of incompe-
tence is surely even more to be feared! Yet what are
we to say of the official scheme of Old Age Pensions?
To be sure, the scheme is not yet official, but trial trips
of the scheme have already been made in the Liberal
papers. In place of the Universal Non-Contributory
Old Age Pension—obviously the only workable kind in
the long run—we are to be offered a Discriminating
and Contributory scheme, specially designed apparently
to reward the plausible poor. Can anything be more
fatuous, more hopelessly incompetent, more, dare we
say, if the Labour Party is worth its salt, there will be a second and an angrier Irish
Party in the House of Commons this coming session.

Mr. Haldane has been interviewed by the Parliamen-
tary correspondent of the "Daily News." We hope
Mr. Wilson was moved to it by our paragraph of a
week or so ago. Mr. Haldane hopes to be remembered
as the man who helped to dig the grave of conscription ;
but from the report of his remarks, we have hopes that
even more may be written on his memorial tablets.
Speaking of the improvement effected in the soldier by
the man of 6d. per day to pay, Mr. Haldane said: "You would be surprised at the im-
provement in morale and physique which is following
on an ampler diet. But we are not surprised at all.
On the contrary, we should be surprised if the same
improvement did not result from an ampler diet for
our thirteen million underfed. And Mr. Haldane knows
that.

Unfortunately, all the evidence goes to show that
the poor are getting poorer as well as the rich richer.
Mr. Balfour may be greatly concerned to keep produc-
tivity on the increase, but the problem of distur-

bation cannot much longer be left to work itself out
in starvation and death. The optimistic assumption
that wages are on the whole improving is proportion

to national income, which has received a double check in
the publication of the official figures for the last half-year,
and in the contemplation of the rise in price of necessi-
ties. This latter has resulted in an increase of the cost
of living for the very poor amounting at least to 20 per
cent. during the last six years. From the figures of
the Board of Trade, the wages paid during the
same period have shown a tendency to decline, and this, too,
while all the available data go to prove an enormous
growth of capital. Summarising the results, Mr. Philip
Snowden, M.P., writes in the " Sheffield Guardian "
of December 6: "'Not seven or six, but five: six in which
the foreign trade has grown by £200,000,000 a year, and
during which the wage earners have had their wages
reduced by £3,892,000 a year, the 1,100,000 persons
constituting the Income-tax paying class have had their
incomes raised by £29,933,000, or an average for each of the 700,000 persons dying of
nearly £430. The disparity is due to the starting fact
that of the total sum of nearly £430,000,000, left in 1907, over two hundred millions was left
by only 4,172 persons. Here follows the table, which
our readers should cut out for future use:

PERSONS WHO DIED IN THE TWELVE MONTHS
ENDING MARCH 31, 1907, AND WHAT THEY LEFT BEHIND THEM.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Persons who died with estates worth the notice of Somerset House</th>
<th>No. of Persons</th>
<th>Estates</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>not over £500 each</td>
<td>533</td>
<td>£10,873,000</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>£500 to £1,000 each</td>
<td>10,216</td>
<td>8,616,000</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>£1,000 to £5,000 each</td>
<td>17,098</td>
<td>61,885,000</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>£5,000 to £25,000 each</td>
<td>2,473</td>
<td>42,505,000</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>£25,000 to £100,000 each</td>
<td>314</td>
<td>506,000</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>£100,000 to £250,000 each</td>
<td>127</td>
<td>11,351,000</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>£250,000 to £500,000 each</td>
<td>159</td>
<td>19,202,000</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>£500,000 to £1,000,000 each</td>
<td>58</td>
<td>21,293,000</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>over £1,000,000 each</td>
<td>18</td>
<td>12,863,000</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Millionaires</td>
<td>10</td>
<td>24,735,000</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Totals | 82,121 | £299,331,000 |

(1) Persons who died with less than nothing, i.e., bankrupts | 1,704 |

(2) Persons who died either with few pounds or sticks not worth an affidavit or with nothing | 616,175 |

The news from Natal cannot fail to cause concern
to those of us who feared that the Imperial Govern-
ment were shirking responsibility in abandoning
the natives to the ignorance of the South African colonies.
Over the whole of South Africa the native question is acute, but in the Transvaal and the Orange Free State the Indian native problem is in-
famed; and in Natal it is to be feared that a Zulu con-
flagration is near at hand. It is useless, unfortunately,
for an Imperial Government with Mr. Morley's record
in India and Lord Cromer's Denshaw record in Egypt
entangling it to assume airs of moral superiority. Nevertheless, the fact remains that 100,000 Natalenese
cannot be allowed to treat with methods of civilised bar-
barism a whole race of Zulu natives, incomparably their
superior in every save civilisation. That martial
law has been proclaimed, the First Reserves mobilised,
and the Mounted Rifles despatched to Ginginhlovo is
proof enough of panic. The suppression of Miss Colenso merely adds certainty to the proof. Why
should she not be sent to treat with Dinuzulu?

From Portugal our newspapers have lately been pub-
lishing sensational reports of abdication, revolution,
and anarchy. A well-informed correspondent writing from Lisbon, under date November 30, the following
letter:—

I arrived in Lisbon on November 27, expecting, after what I had heard and read prior to my landing,
to find the place in an uproar and general confusion.
There is, however, nothing of the kind here. I am
writing this to inform you that the reports that have
been published in the French and English Press are,
in so far as they are at all sensational, the fabrica-
tions of certain parties here, whose personal interest
about "impending revolutions," etc., is all bosh; the only discontented people in the country are a handful
of professional politicians, whose noses have been
put out of joint and pilferings stopped by the estab-
ishment of a dictatorship with a man at its head who
is above such tricks himself and whose policy is
national economy and the purification of the fiscal
service. Commercially, things are not very good here, the high price of money and the disparity of
the Portuguese exchange are placing a lot of
people in difficulties, but politically the country is as
tranquil as ever it was.
To the "Pall Mall Gazette" of November 28 Dr. Saleeby contributed an article under the title of "Marriage and its Critics." Dr. Saleeby's main object was to defend himself from the charge of advocating a carefully-restricted polygamy; but in the course of his remedy for a curious medley of persons, including a playwright and a writer of more or less scientific fiction," he said, had started the present literary movement against marriage in part at least to "do away with their subject, or justify their own experience." This, of course, was a deliberate challenge, and Mr. Bernard Shaw replied in the "Pall Mall Gazette" of December 2nd. The following is his letter in full—

**MARRIAGE AND ITS CRITICS.**

To the Editor of the "Pall Mall Gazette."

Sir, When Dr. Saleeby begins that treatise on Marriage which he says he hopes to undertake some day, he will, I hope, be prepared to answer the objections, expecting that his book will certainly destroy it, if any of it is left by that time, unless his form improves very considerably.

Let me, for the amusement of your readers, stand Dr. Saleeby on his head, just to show how easily it can be done by any one who has given ten minutes' serious thought to his subject.

Almost every sentence of his article depends for its coherence on the assumption that marriage and monogamy are the same thing. For instance, I say that the institution of British marriage is that by which a man is permitted to marry with infant children to remain the wife of a convicted murderer, who will be let loose on the public everywhere when the children are upon their own legs. As a beginning, life for themselves, is abominable and inhuman. Dr. Saleeby does not conclude that I am an opponent of British marriage, but on the contrary argues that I am a supporter of monogamy. His third point is to the assumption that an opponent of monogamy—one of the apostles, for instance—necessarily a polygamist. His fourth is that, if polygamy is possible, it cannot mean the love that can be purchased in the streets. The plea may be valid or it may not: my point here is that the harem is a remedy for his theft if he spends her money at the public-house or with the bookseller.

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This, of course, was a deliberate challenge, and Mr. Bernard Shaw replied in the "Pall Mall Gazette" of December 2nd. The following is his letter in full—
Viscount Milner on Sweating.

Nothing could have been more admirable than the speeches delivered by Viscount Milner at the opening of the Sweated Industries Exhibition at Oxford on Thursday last. From beginning to end, there was not a single thing to which the intelligent Socialist could take exception. There was nothing of which the standard of the "reputable employer" is allowed to fix the high-water mark of wages. And it is to just this defect that Viscount Milner's scheme that we are bound to look. For if it is true that the existence of sweating means that an industry is "essentially rotten," the standard of even the "reputable employer" is too low for an intelligent State to accept. It may very well happen that an industry is of such a type that the most humane employer cannot possibly afford to pay a living wage. Yet in such a case under the Victoria Wages Board neither the sweated workers nor the State at large have any remedy. Would it not be infinitely better under such circumstances that the "essentially rotten" industry should vanish altogether? As Mr. E. R. Pease says in an article in the "International Review," "Such an industry must be destroyed in the interests of the health of the people. The minimum wage must be fixed, not by the exigencies of any trade, but by the cost of food and lodging, and the other necessitates of life. The minimum wage must not be limited by the real maximum which any man can afford, but it must be the minimum necessary to maintain the worker in health and decency."

This, in short,握 would venture to add to Viscount Milner's scheme of Wages Boarding an "essential minimum living wage." Granted that, and we should be only too glad to welcome the steps, which, as he assures us, will before long be taken to remove the national disgrace of sweating.

That is well said, and coming from such a source may do a great deal to convince the educated classes of the reality of the evil to which Socialists have so long been devoted to draw attention.

Proceeding to discuss the remedies, Viscount Milner went straight to the heart of the problem. "An increase of wages," he declared, is the primary condition of any real improvement in the lives of sweated workers. It is obvious indeed that in the matter of hours and sanitary conditions in Home Work at least, only a very little can be done. Home sweating, in fact, is the most difficult problem of the whole problem of sweats, even here the regulation of wages is within the power of the State; and as Viscount Milner said, an increase of wages would at least make the observance of sanitary regulations possible.

The problem then is: "Can we do anything by law to secure the remuneration of the worst paid workers to the minimum necessary for tolerable human existence?"

Viscount Milner answers emphatically in the affirmative:

I know that many people think it impossible, but my answer is that the fixing of a limit below which wages shall not fall is allowable, but not, however, to establish a national legal minimum.

Accepting the Parliamentary definition of Sweating as "unduly low rate of wages, excessive hours of work, and insanitary condition of the work places," Viscount Milner had no hesitation in declaring that the sweating system impoverishes and weakens the whole community, that it saps the stamina and diminishes the productive power of thousands of workers, and that an industry which does not provide those engaged in it with sufficient to keep them in health is essentially destroyed. Used-up capital must be replaced, and of all forms of capital the most fundamental and indispensable is the human energy necessary to produce in the work of production. A sweated industry does not permit of the replacing of that kind of capital. It squanders its human material. It consumes not merely the work, but the workman himself; that which it gives is capable of replacing. The workers in sweated industries are not able to keep their wages. As it is, they live from hand to mouth; they are turned out too soon, and bring up sickly children, but they would not live at all were it not for the fact that wages are supplemented directly or indirectly by numerous forms of charity. In one way or another the community has to make good the inefficiency that sweating produces. In one way or another the community ultimately pays, and it is my firm belief that it pays far more in the long run under the present system than if all workers were well paid. For if an account could be kept it would be found that anything which the community gains by cheapness and sweating does not always mean gain, but is heavily paid for by the indirect loss involved in the inevitable subsiding of a sweated industry. That would be found to be the result even if no accidents were taken into account. The loss arising from the inefficiency of sweated workers and their children, for sweating is calculated to perpetuate degeneration.

The present condition of the sweated industries, Viscount Milner says, "may be summarized in a single phrase, sweat is a measure of a social and economic failure." He then quotes as an example what he calls the "unsatisfactory statistics" of the children of the sweated industries. As the result of a minute examination of the girls of the age of nine years, he states that "there is a complete lack of the normal development of the body, and an exceptional degree of physical weakness." The Welsh and Lancashire children are described as "sickly and weakly," and "the height which they do not reach is to a great extent due to the fact that they are subjected to severe labour at an early age, and that they are employed, not by the hour, but by the piece." Viscount Milner then quotes the evidence of a skilled surgeon to show that there is great danger to the health of young children when they are forced to work in a sweatshop before they are five years old. The witness said: "I am convinced that the children who are under five years are not only under-feeding, but are being over-worked. They are not being kept strong, but are being broken down. The work they do and the hours they are required to keep "are not only injurious, but they are also fatal to the children's health."

Viscount Milner then shows that it is the work of the heart and lungs which is the most injured, and that there is not only a physical but a moral effect. He says: "The system of sweating is such as to produce disease and to lower the moral tone of society."

Viscount Milner then goes on to say that, "The wages of the worst paid workers are not adequate to keep them in health. The workers are the social sacrifice of the system, and the inducement to the sweat-shop is the poor condition of the workers."

To which the intelligent Socialist could only say "Amen."
The Irish Muddle.

We confess to having little patience with the efforts constantly put forward to make of Mr. Birrell a scapegoat for liberal failures and shortcomings. In sympathy, sincerity, and intelligence he is at least the equal of any of his predecessors in the same office, and for unctuousness he cannot be vanquished by a mere series of letters as by a reactionary aristocrat or a military martinet. Neither Mr. Birrell nor the present Cabinet are directly responsible for the distressful condition of Ireland, which would neither advance nor retard a permanent pacification of that country. Ireland is suffering from the same radical disease that oppresses England, with the added curse of an implicable, and to our mind inexplicable, religious feud. In his spirited address at Belfast Mr. Birrell rightly rebuked his audience by telling them that whereas in England religious difficulties were regarded as matters of intellectual discussion, in Ireland they were regarded very much as if they were differences between horses and cows. It is for the religious bodies concerned to determine whether these unedifying exhibitions of hatred and uncharitableness either advance the cause of religion itself, or in any way serve to secure the respect of the British people.

Ireland has indeed many reasons for resentment, the chief of which is that for years her unwilling body has been the helpless object of experiments by English quacks of different parties and of varying degree of incompetence. Disestablishment of the Church, English sweats, Liverpool, Congested Districts Boards, homoeopathic doses of self-government, these and many other expedients of pedantic ignorance have all been tried, and tried in vain. For close upon a quarter of a century Ireland has monopolised the lion’s share of the attention of Parliament, to the almost entire exclusion of British reforms; and the prospect of a settlement of the Irish difficulty seems as remote as ever. We intend to keep our mind quite freely upon the Irish question. Ireland has blocked the way quite long enough, and if she wishes any longer to retain the respect of the democracy of this country she must abandon her favourite supercilious role of the dissatisfied, spoilt child. However iniquitous the means by which the Act of Union was consummated, it has passed into history. Cromwell and Pitt are dead, and the respect of the democracy of this country she must content herself with. However iniquitous the means by which the Act of Union was consummated, it has passed into history. Cromwell and Pitt are dead, and the respect of the democracy of this country she must content herself with.

But the necessity will not arise. The Socialist movement is so widely tolerant that it is embraced by adherents of all religions and of none; it has a spirit of life that will survive even if banned by the Pope. Yet such is our faith in the un conquerable vitality of ideas that when the Socialist army at last starts out, as soon it must, nothing would surprise us less than to find the Pope blessing our cohorts, and himself speeding us on our way towards the promised land.

A Constitutionalist in the Duma.

To the question that is often asked : Have the Russian Constitutionalists any capable and practical leaders? the reply is that it has been the practice in Russia to "withdraw from circulation" any man of conspicuous ability who engages in politics and opposes the Autocracy.

A man not engaged in politics has a better chance. Tolstoy, to take the most conspicuous example, has never been banished. The story goes that when his name came up for consideration, Alexander III said: "We have had too many of our great writers in Siberia." Years later (in 1901) the thunderbolt of Excommunication was launched at Tolstoy, but it missed fire, and his "Reply to the Synod's Edict" hit that august body much harder than they had hit him.

In spite of this continual suppression, in spite of a complicated and restricted franchise, and in spite of the number of men disqualified administratively by Government prosecution, the Third Duma still contains men of conspicuous ability who—much as the chances seem for the moment to be against it—may yet live to play a prominent part in the Constitutional Government of Russia.

One of these is Theodore Izmaylovičh Roditchev, he, a graduate of Petersburg University, belongs to the untitled nobility, and is just now over fifty. He fought as a volunteer when the Servians rose against the Turks in 1876. In 1877 he was chosen Marshal of the Nobility for his district, and from that time took an active part in local government, becoming President of the Tver County Council (Zemsky O/uprava). He was repeatedly banished from home by "Administrative Order" for his ineradicably liberal opinions, and especially for declaring on three different occasions that Russia needs Representative Government.

As a chosen delegate of the Tver County Council, he
was one of those who, when congratulating Nicholas II on his accession to the throne, ventured to suggest that the time had come when it would be good if elected rather than appointed officials of the Government were under the laws by which Russia is governed; and it was to this suggestion that the young Emperor replied —

"Reap the good and throw away the bad,"

a phrase that received a hearty echo at some of the Zemsky meetings voices have been heard of men who have been carried away by insensate fancies concerning the participation of representatives of the Zemstvos in the councils of the country. Let it be admitted that the majority of these men know that I, devoting my whole strength to the restoration of the national welfare, will maintain the principle of Autocracy as firmly and infallibly as it was preserved by my late and unforfeited parent."

Ten years after that, when the disasters of the Japanese war had strengthened the demand for Constitutional Government by discrediting the Bureaucracy, Roditchef was chosen by an unofficial Congress of Town and Country Councils, held in Moscow in June, 1905, as one of the delegates they sent to address the Tsar upon the needs of the country. This time the Tsar replied in a different tone. He said:

"Abandon your doubts. It is my immovable will — the Imperial will — to summon elected representatives of the people . . . You may tell this to all your neighbours, both in the country and in the towns."

Roditchef's delegates returned home and proceeded to spread the good news. They arranged another Congress in Moscow; but by the time it met, the heart of Pharaoh again hardened. They were dispersed by the police and government servants.

It was not until some months later, when the great Railway Strike of December, 1905, had cut Petersburg off from communication with the outer world, except by sea, that the demonstration of modern democracies at their disposal more potent than swords and rifles, that a Constitution was actually signed and Russia became, at least on paper, a Constitutionally governed country.

The strike of the railway men was, however, only incidentally political. Concessions relating to pay and hours of work, as well as the confusion and discouragement produced by the differences among Constitutional Democrats, Social Democrats, and Revolutionary Socialists, sufficed to disintegrate the loose alliance that had frightened the Autocracy into abandoning the principle it had clung to so long and so tenaciously; that of ruling its people blindfold and with its ears stopped to their complaints.

No sooner was it apparent that the Opposition was at sixes and sevens within itself, that the soldiers could still be reckoned upon to shoot, and that the working classes were less concerned with political than with social grievances, than the upholders of the Tsardom discredited the right of an Autocrat to grant a Constitution includes the right to modify, or withdraw, that Constitution at pleasure.

Roditchef was elected to the First Duma by his Province of Tver. The members of that Duma were cog-nizant of the Zemstvos organized as committees at by men in official positions, protected by influences screened behind the throne, and excused by men appointed as Governors by the Tsar himself, therefore independent alike of Minister and of Duma. When the Duma in-vestigated and tried to throw light on this state of things, Roditchef addressed the Duma on the hopelessness of expecting order to prevail in Russia until the Government itself will submit to the law and abandon its arbitrary methods of government by favouritism.

His speech stung the reactionary majority to fury, and when after dwelling on the folly of refusing to allow such a woman as Madame Curie to lecture in Polish at Warsaw University, he proceeded to upbraid the Government for its exclusive reliance on brute force, and added, "So long as the Government found only one method of combating revolutionary excesses, and saw a palladium only in what M. Puriushkoff calls "a notorious reactionary" called the Moravyev collar" (the hangman-General who suppressed the last Polish insurrection) and "what our descendants would perhaps style the Stolypin necktie" — the storm burst, and many members of the Right rushed at the rostrum with uplifted hands. It seemed as though a free fight were about to ensue, but the sitting was promptly suspended, and when it was renewed Roditchef withdrew his remark, concluding his apology, however, with the words: "At the present moment I have only to insist on one thing: it was no part of my intention to insult anyone; and I think that in time you will yourselves be convinced that what I said was contrary to the self-inter-est, but also correspondent to the objective truth of the matter."

He was excluded from the Duma for the next fifteen sittings, and the forces of reaction remain triumphant for the present; but when Roditchef looks back on the history of the last thirty years, and remembers how the "insensate fancies" of 1894 became the "Imperial will" of 1905, I think he will see no reason to despair of the ultimate triumph of those principles to which he has held fast through good report and ill.

ALYMER MAUDE.

Charles Dickens as a Socialist.

By Edwin Pugh.

Part I. Chapter III. The Dark Years of His Boyhood.

II.

This is the claim, then, that the present writer would put forward: that Dickens was a social democrat with a temperment; that he viewed life from the standpoint of a man who recognises in all his fellow-mortals the same common human traits and foibles, without distinction of class or rank or wealth. Men and women were, equally absurd or fine, admirable or the reverse, according to their essential qualities of mind and character, and in no other way.

And there never was a novelist more free from the influences of any of his literary predecessors than Dickens. That, as a boy, he probably read Richardson, and certainly Fielding, Sterne, Goldsmith, and Smollett, we know; and his confidant, the hangman-General, could not be mistaken in his favourite figures in their books, had been Tom Jones (a child's Tom Jones, a harmless creature) for a week together; and had sustained his own idea of Frederic Random for a month, and in truth to show that they had taken a great hold on his imagination.

That there are traces of the influence of both Fielding and Smollett in certain passages and scenes and in the style of his earlier novels, is also undeniable. The opening of Chapter VI of "Martin Chuzzlewit" is pure Fielding, for example; and of "Pickwick Papers" and "Nicholas Nickleby" suffer considerably from their resemblance to Smollett. Still it remains that his genius was unusually and distinctively
individual, belonging to no school; and that he brought to bear on his experiences the clear vision of one who sees and judges for himself.

And, not being infallible, it may be flung to his critics that he judged wrongly, even perversely. His attitude was one of the relation between debtor and creditor, for instance, was conspicuously affected by his wholly natural sympathy with his foolish, feckless father, who would seem to have lived a life of unrestrained financial stress. To the end of his life Dickens never seemed to perceive that the creditor is, far oftener than not, more to be pitied than the debtor; or that a man has no more right to incur obligations than he has no more sure expectation of being able to meet than he has to commit a burglary. Invariably he describes the non-defrauded tradesman clamouring for his just dues in the most unfavorable light. Not, of course, out of the fact that wherever his sympathies must remain in prison until the Court granted them their discharge under certain stringent conditions or proved by the Court, could free themselves from their being that bankrupts, by paying a composition ap-

For... borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry” is a Shakespearean axiom that he had assuredly never laid to his own soul. He extracts an infinity of humorous enjoyment out of the miserable chicanery of such arch-

But the practice of herding indiscriminately together a number of dissolute and unfortunate men, and whilst denying them the joyous encouraging liberty all manner of licentious habits—in idleness, debauchery, drunkenness, and gambling—that this was altogether base and reprehensible. That so far is a constant refusal to recognise the claims of the other side. His child’s recollections of the wretched Debtors’ Prison in which it was his father’s fate to be incarcerated, and his early insight into the causes that landed him there, warped his mature judgment and blinded him altogether to the consideration that the eventual victim of that system of punishment was not the avaricious man, or even the thief, but the unfortunate few from the burden of an unjust penalty, whilst denying them their liberty encouraging them in the.ua.

One has only to study, without prejudice, the character of Micawber, who was admittedly founded on the non-trader who was unable to settle his debts in full ; but all who were bona-fide traders were for actual debt was finally done away with. Until the date of a previous Act of 1861, which abolished the distress, insolvency had been a term strictly confined to the case of a non-trader who was unable to settle his debts in full; but all who were bona-fide traders were saved out of the net. A bankrupt was defined as being a bankrupt, by paying a composition approved by the Court, could free themselves from their liabilities and make a fresh start, whilst insolvent must remain in prison until the Court granted them their discharge under certain stringent conditions or they were able to satisfy or placate their creditors in some way. It would, however, be out of place here to enter at all exhaustively into this matter; but still it may perhaps be pointed out that the then existing state of the law reflected pretty accurately the state of feeling of the majority on the general question of debt and debtors: a feeling that Dickens largely shared. So long as the debtor took a sporting chance of going to gaol for his malpractices he was reckoned a bit of a hero, a royster-

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I SUPPOSE that there is no objection to Socialism that carries more weight with the average citizen than the objection founded on the social value of competition. The present condition of society, it is said, based on the competition of its units one with another, secures the maximum of effort, energy and initiation from each and so makes for the good of the whole. So-called, by eliminating this competition, will remove the stimulus to effort, and so society will sink into a general apathy of languid inactivity.

Now, here again it is necessary to point out that the objection implies an altogether illusory view of the present social system. Competition is by no means so universal an element in that system as the argument presupposes.

First of all, we have to remember the existence of a considerable class of landlords, shareholders, capitalists living on the proceeds of rent and interest. For this class competition simply does not exist. They have no stimulus to effort, even to that minimum of effort needed to earn a bare subsistence. They have only to sit still and receive their rents, dividends, and their dividends received by their bankers. If, therefore, competition be necessary to the vitality of the race, how altogether unsatisfactory must be the condition of this pre-eminently non-competitive class! Yet, strange to say, it is this very class which is most insistent in preaching up the blessings of competition—for other people.

At the other end of the social scale you will find a huge class of submerged or semi-submerged labourers among whom competition is rife. But it is competition of a most impossible kind. There is no hope of honour, distinction, or authority to spur them to worthy efforts. There is no hope even of getting enough material wealth to make a human existence possible to them. The competition among them is a most wretched and base living. It is wholly demoralising, inducing in all a narrow baseness of view, forcing the winners to harden their hearts that they may bear the truth (if they have the courage and veracity to face it) that their getting into a job means getting a fellow-sufferer out of one, and plunging the losers yet deeper into the slough of their degradation. Those of the latter who retain some vitality and self-respect become criminals; the others lapse into that begging, cadging, loafing, black-legging class the existence of which is an infinitely anti-social, and must be discouraged or suppressed.

The competition of the middle classes is also rife. And that is exactly what they are striving for. The managership of a cotton company in Lancashire falls vacant. There will be plenty of competition for the job, but the competition will be limited to a particular class. The ideal man to manage those cotton mills (so far as natural aptitude goes) might be a large landowner. He will not enter the lists, because the community is already good enough to keep him in luxury without any effort of his own. On the other hand, the ideal man might be a dock labourer in Poplar. He cannot enter the lists, because he has neither the money, nor the education, nor the social standing which the position requires. But under Socialism all these class distinctions would disappear, leaving complete equality of opportunity. If the managership of the Government cotton mills was vacant the number of competitors would be limited only by the number of persons with a taste and capacity for managing cotton mills. The choice would be much wider, and the healthy competition much keener and more invigorating.

But there would also be the competition of trades and manufacturers benefits the public is only tenable so long as it fails to convince these trades and manufacturers themselves that they are convinced that their competition is benefiting the public (necessarily at their expense) they will leave it alone competently. And that is easier said than done. The competition of the middle classes is ceaseless to be the competition of independent employers to supply public needs, and is becoming a competition to obtain the best places under a government of capital. Of this kind of competition I shall have something to say when I come to consider the condition of affairs under a Socialist régime.

But does it follow that there will be no competition at all? First of all, there will be strenuous competition for the higher places in the public service. This competition will not only be as great as the competition for comfortable salaried positions which goes on at present, but it will be much greater, since the area of its operations will be wider.

Let me explain by means of an example. Suppose that at the present time the managership of a great cotton company in Lancashire falls vacant. There will be plenty of competition for the job, but the competition will be limited to a particular class. The ideal man to manage those cotton mills (so far as natural aptitude goes) might be a large landowner. He will not enter the lists, because the community is already good enough to keep him in luxury without any effort of his own. On the other hand, the ideal man might be a dock labourer in Poplar. He cannot enter the lists, because he has neither the money, nor the education, nor the social standing which the position requires. But under Socialism all these class distinctions would disappear, leaving complete equality of opportunity. If the managership of the Government cotton mills was vacant the number of competitors would be limited only by the number of persons with a taste and capacity for managing cotton mills. The choice would be much wider, and the healthy competition much keener and more invigorating.

But briefly, then, we may say that Socialism will abolish all that is sordid, cruel, and wasteful in competition, substituting co-operation, a much more economical method, as all who have tried it, whether workmen or trust magnates, very well know. But it will rather intensify the healthy emulation between citizens which a live civilisation requires, giving the workers the power to co-operate in this uncompetitive way, he has, by the common consent, enormously improved his position.

So also with the employing class. The doctrine that
Replies to Mr. Hilaire Belloc, M.P.

We have received so many replies from our readers to the article by Mr. Belloc which we published last week that our Correspondence page has proved quite inadequate. We therefore select from the number a few typical letters dealing with the main points of Mr. Belloc’s criticism.

1. Mr. Belloc maintained Mr. Belloc may be by evolutionary philosophy for the purposes of controversy, he shows, in your last issue, by the contumelies that he does not understand it. A certain amount of preliminary teaching is advisable as men are by nature slow to comprehend new ideas, but one would have thought it superfluous to have to champion the attempts of evolutionists to develop so much as to sacrifice the claim of Mr. Belloc’s position.

2. With his fixed environmental scheme of the divine, Mr. Belloc has to assume that Man’s nature also is fixed, an assumption possibly only to a theologian whose eyes are not on the facts, but on his dogmatic fancies. The evolutionist fails to see anything at all fixed in human life; he sees nothing but infinite diversity in kind and degree, and no single unit itself the same for two moments together. Can Mr. Belloc account for such a condition of things better than the evolutionist who describes it as representing a state of flux.

3. Recognising the utter futility of the painted environments of all religions, except in so far as they all alike point to the existence of some environment, the evolutionist concludes that it is his duty ever to advance towards the adjustment to some environment and that, in all its upward climb from the lowest forms to the highest, the same laws and the same forces have been at work. What that environment is, we do not know. We call it the Cosmos, the All, and, since we find psychic powers developing in organic life, we naturally postulate psychic powers for the purpose of adjustment to which life has evolved. Which is the more rational course to pursue—that of the evolutionist, to study the study the evolution of the birds, with all their super-reptilian beauty, who are not on the facts, but on their dogmatic fancies. The evolutionist fails to see anything at all fixed in human life; he sees nothing but infinite diversity in kind and degree, and no single unit itself the same for two moments together. Can Mr. Belloc account for such a condition of things better than the evolutionist who describes it as representing a state of flux.

4. Allow me to compliment you upon the medicinal bitters you have published last week. One must admit that it is not the sort of thing one expects to see in a journal of true progress, to grow in the steady and quiet way that organic life is. Allow me to compliment you upon the medicinal bitters you have published last week. One must admit that it is not the sort of thing one expects to see in a journal of true progress, to grow in the steady and quiet way that organic life is.

5. “The sentiment of property is normal and necessary to the citizen.” This it take it is Mr. Belloc’s criticism of Collectivism. I venture to assert that if Mr. Belloc will make this sentence a subject for his morning meditation he will find in it many startling implications. In fact, it would make a very fitting device to inscribe upon the entrance gate of any Socialist Paradise. As a Socialist, I confess that Mr. Belloc’s proposition that “To a Catholic, man is a finally developed being,” comes very near to heresy.

6. On reading Mr. Belloc’s article in last week’s NEW AGE I find reference to a statement of Mr. Belloc’s in your last issue of the NEW AGE associating himself with the as the only two intelligent critics of Socialism. As this statement may lead to misunderstanding with those who have not read my “Restoration of the Gilded Age,” I may be of service in explaining the meaning of the phrase. In the first place, the criticism contained therein was not directed against the aims of Socialism, but against the particular scheme of bringing such ends about as was then advocated. In other words, my purpose was to explain to Socialists that the means whereby they proposed to establish their Utopia would in practice have the very opposite effect to what they intended. Surely to criticize Socialists in such a friendly spirit is not to be classed with anti-Socialists who can see no good at all in the Socialist Movement. At any rate I am accustomed to call myself a Socialist, and shall continue to do so.

7. I thank you for allowing me to see the proofs of Mr. Belloc’s article, in which he does me the honour of referring to my name. He is right: Raffalovich is Raffalovich! But why is Raffalovich supposed to be a European? His geographical estimate are the qualifications for Europeanism? What, indeed, is Europe? Surely Mr. Belloc includes France in his geography of that Continent? Well, I am a Frenchman, and it is my geography of that Continent. As for my ideas of property, they sprang from the same soil as Mr. Belloc’s mine have since developed. They are now those which are professed in Europe by a large body of intelligent and sincere people, who make up the various Socialist parties. I hope we shall one day see M. Belloc among their number.

8. Mr. Hilaire Belloc asks in your last issue why “Mr. Pilcher accepts this sort of rubbish”; that is, the statement made in the anonymous book, “What We Want.” The anonymous book was written by a French Huguenot of European reputation as a protest against the religious and social environment of the time. In it one can accept Mr. Belloc’s assumption simply because the words “the ancient Cathedrals are deserted” are to be found in the book, and have been known for a long time. These words are attributed to a mysterious Frenchman. Perhaps the evidence of Mr. Belloc’s article, in which he does me the honour of referring to my name. He is right: Raffalovich is Raffalovich! But why is Raffalovich supposed to be a European? His geographical estimate are the qualifications for Europeanism? What, indeed, is Europe? Surely Mr. Belloc includes France in his geography of that Continent? Well, I am a Frenchman, and it is my geography of that Continent. As for my ideas of property, they sprang from the same soil as Mr. Belloc’s mine have since developed. They are now those which are professed in Europe by a large body of intelligent and sincere people, who make up the various Socialist parties. I hope we shall one day see M. Belloc among their number.

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10. The idea that property is a necessary condition of human life is developed from the idea that property is a necessary condition of human life. The idea that property is a necessary condition of human life is developed from the idea that property is a necessary condition of human life. The idea that property is a necessary condition of human life is developed from the idea that property is a necessary condition of human life. The idea that property is a necessary condition of human life is developed from the idea that property is a necessary condition of human life. The idea that property is a necessary condition of human life is developed from the idea that property is a necessary condition of human life.
A Voice from the Ranks.

Ever since an unfortunate episode in the Garden of Eden the greater half of the race has remained under a cloud. As human frailty must needs have had an author and a beginning somewhere, this solution of the difficulty may easily be as satisfactory as another. The contemporary evidence is only scanty, but it is some consolation to a woman's vanity to think that the first woman was led guilily by the most "subtil" of created things; which cannot quite be said of the first man. The situation as a whole has since been long accepted as at least tolerable, and in the long course of time women can be said to have fairly justified their right to existence. It is true that Milton, who had three wives and who ought to have known better, asks bitterly through the mouth of Adam what necessity there was for

"This novelty in earth, this fair defect
Of nature,"

but he was blind, and besides had his nerves racked with gout. After centuries of more or less harmonious co-operation, recent events have once more raised the question of the status of women, and I may perhaps be allowed to discuss some minor considerations as they appear in the mind of a woman

On the face of it, man cannot justly complain of our social troubles, since he made all the laws and institutions under which they have occurred. Further, for him to declaim against the thraldom of marriage is not only ungrateful but foolish, for marriage in this country is not in the least compulsory. Man's title to special consideration on account of his superior cerebration is also wide of the mark; for it was only after an unusually prolonged life of severe intellectual labour that Herbert Spencer regretfully made the astounding discovery that human beings are very largely governed by their emotions! A woman could have told him that the wonder would be if they were ever governed by anything else.

I think it will be apparent on reflection that all our foolish sex controversies have arisen from the fact that men have always persisted in treating women as women, and not as human beings. One would have thought that women were the best judges of their own nature and capacities; but men, who invented writing for the purpose of concealing what few thoughts they had, seem to know no better than we, when their sense of humour has become blunted by food and alcohol, they will declaim (usually inaccurately) about extracts concerning woman from Tennyson or Walter Scott, and when they return home look their wives and daughters in the face. They know they have been dissembling. It would be difficult to guess whom they intend to impose upon, unless it be the reporters, who cannot help themselves. In the sphere of ethics, it is just the same. Man has imposed his religions upon the rest of the world, and all his prophets and divinities are men; even Mr. Shaw, who is supposed to have swallowed all the formulas that have been, or are, or ever will be, has not ventured to discuss upon Woman and Supernumerary. One enormous exception, however, must in justice be made. Man has always respected his most sincere and heartfelt devotion for a woman, namely, Mrs. Grundy; but this only proves the rule. The truth is, each sex must remain somewhat of a mystery to the other; and if neither Charlotte Brontë nor George Eliot could depict a man, on the other hand, neither Mr. Meredith nor Mr. Thomas Hardy can depict a woman. Mrs. Poyser may have had an acidulous tongue, but she is far ahead of her time. It is an inexplicable fact that the novels of Charlotte Brontë, who is a noteworthy that Shakespeare, who in this respect is as great a sinner as any, has casually revealed the motive underlying the modern agitation among women, and, curious happenings have this in common: in Adam's mouth there is a jumble of a "What hath not a Jew eyes? hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer?" What by analogy Shakespeare means, of course, is that women are not themselves conscious of those nebulous attributes bestowed upon them by our mad minor poets; but that they are conscious of having been disdained and starvated; and if our learned Shakespearean commentators have not yet discovered this obvious fact it is time they set about it.

Regarding woman from the unaccustomed standpoint of a human being, her intrusion into the political sphere becomes quite explicable. I do not understand political economy myself, and have never yet met anybody who did; but there is little doubt that the modern domestic to industrial life has had a marked and disturbing effect upon her outlook. If the truth must be told, women have been invaded into the hitherto sacred field of politics, and while they may not have much with a view of keeping them out, much mischief, or because the rearing of children is less important now than it was formerly, but because women are cheap. They are supposed to be by nature incapable of reasoning, but what they lose in logic they gain in intuition; and the contrast between man's profession of personal chivalry and his actual practice of commercial despotism they can easily discern. I may fairly deny them the possession of a character. If it is the only sound rule in politics if you want anything done to do it yourself. This policy (which I humbly recommend to the notice of the working classes) has been successfully carried out by women from the first, for their number of things women want to have done. In other respects, too, if it be not impertinent to say so, women in the matter of tactics have been able to give points to men. For the Suffragist campaign, besides making our policemen and magistrates ridiculous, and providing a plentiful supply of cheap copy for our chivalrous penny-liners, has clearly demonstrated that women can quite easily shake off the spirit of caste which is supposed to dominate them, and that rich and poor can act together without patronage on the one side or servility on the other. Neither can any fair mind deny them the possession of the respectable virtue of courage. For, although to a philosopher, the obtaining of a vote would be the last thing in the world a sensible person would choose to go to prison for, even if convinced, they did not compound with Satan by offering him their second best toe, after the manner of the defiant law-breaking dairymaid, but might be said the tactics of the Suffragists can be improved upon. For many of them are Socialists and many more are not, which is a great pity; for it would only add to the present general confusion to confer votes upon women if the women did not know what to do with them when they had got them, as is still the case with the majority of men. Women will surely be astute enough to avoid the pitfalls which have ensnared the trade unions until the last few years, and not make themselves publicly ridiculous by voting against each other. And this they must do if they follow the bad example of the men and divide themselves into Liberals and Tories; since the game of shuttlecock, however delightful in the nursery, loses some of its vigour when played in the House of Commons, especially if the Tories keep the Tories out of office, and the Tories exist to keep the Liberals out of office; and both Liberals and Tories can be kept out of office perhaps by the simple expedient of not voting for them. It is a great comfort to the mouth of a jolly Mrs. Grundy that the knowledge that the Tories will be foolish to possess a vote and not use it, it will be necessary to discover a third Party to whom to give it, and happily this party already exists in the shape of the Socialistic party.

These remarks cannot be considered premature, because in the near future the franchise must be extended to women, if for no other reason than because no valid argument has been adduced against it. If our politi-
tician were ruled by common sense (which unfortunately they are not) they would perceive a slight absurdity in refusing a vote to a lady physician while they granted one to her coachman. The situation would be more tolerable if our politicians would condescend even to give political death to them! Socialists are only too prone to indulge. It will be altogether; but that is perhaps one of the dreams in precessions, it may seem a foolish thing to say, but although, to do him justice, he takes sufficient care that the superannuated cabinet ministers and aristocratic pensioners will cheerfully go on strike for weeks to obtain a cost considerably less than it takes to maintain our workhouses would soon be improved out of existence at slight expense.

In considering the question what Socialism has to offer women it is more than ever necessary to insist upon her being told to run away and play. Well, we are going to play; and I shall be very much surprised if our opponents do not discover that what is play to us will be political death to them! The first lesson women have to learn, if they wish to enter political life on an equality with men, is that as reasonable beings they must show some practical advantages that will ensue from it. When at election times, for instance, a Primrose Daunt puts on a costume slightly out of the fashion and drives in her motor car to visit the women and kiss the children on her estate, she is performing a political duty before which probably the braves of our. day would quail. The Liberal Party, on the other hand, are openly and contemptuously snubbed, because they think they are furthering the cause by assisting it with their ideas, and are thus public; and for the same reason, as the man composing the Liberal Party have really no use for ideas. And since man does not change his nature when he changes his politics, even the Socialists are not yet ideal enough to offer something to nothing.

If a woman does not change his nature when he changes his politics, even the Socialists are not yet ideal enough to offer something to nothing.

Other complexities may arise such as the demand for the abolition of marriage, and its replacing by a ten years' purchase system, or the like; and to all who find pleasure in such topics these will probably provide congenial subjects of discussion. These crudities will gradually be transformed under the stress of practical realities and growing intelligence. For if I must confess it, women are quite well what she was about when she made women enter political life on an equality with men, is that as conventional and therefore an utterly worthless individual. It is far saner and better to oppose the whole social order altogether than to dispose of the problem of poverty, for instance, by whispering that the poor have always been with us, and they must be content with the actual realities of life the absurd extremes of plenty and want which the state allows in our national life. She is the good angel of the poor, for the brunt of the nation's poverty falls upon her, and she knows from experience what it means. If a majority of women controlled our system of education, for example, there might possibly be less dogma in the schools, there would certainly be less confusion, and fewer half-fed, squinting, bow-legged children.

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A Trip to a Planet.

By George Raloffach.

FRIENDS, have you ever watched at night, your two elbows resting squarely on the window-sill (like the little angel in Rafael's picture), the stars which roll silent and luminous through the void of space?—Occasionally, some of these stars may be seen to have a noticeable gait; in these days of telegraphs and wireless ships we have not yet succeeded in reaching those starry uncanny places. And yet if we do not go to them their inhabitants certainly go to us?—I have a notion that if we only approached them a little they would see very clearly into our private life, and we should feel ourselves very much on display.

They know things of which we are ignorant.

One evening recently, I found myself all alone in the country. A railway train could hardly call them for children. It seemed to me as if a couple of big monkeys were scratching themselves, an empty room with a placard on which were the words: "Nada-sameyra." Further on, an empty room with a placard on which were the words: "Nothing could be a truer truism." I wandered into a room well furnished and comfortable, but grilled and window-paned, so that the outside light was cut off. The first thing they showed me was the sun in his father's place. As I looked around I was conscious of a sensation you experience for 2d. in the life of the tube. As we set off across space—without my knowing how the time passed—we were dozing in a room well furnished and comfortable, but grilled and window-paned, so that the outside light was cut off.

My new friends offered to conduct me to their companion and soon we had a sufficient number of words to begin conversation. They proceeded to question me; I answered. In turn, I manifested a curiosity which my interlocutors were pleased to satisfy. They told me that this word means " (land of people who are subject to periodical fits of madness.") I felt highly flattered, by what means they knew our history. And in the heat of the conversation, I was to hear it many times more. My new friends offered to conduct me to their country for a day and to escort me home again. Everything that was in my pockets had to be left on the ground behind me; after that they took me between them and with one bound we set off across space—without my knowing how the time passed. The physical sensation was a little like the sensation you experience for 2d. in the life of the tube. For the moral sensation, I suppose it was much the same as that felt in a small bell in my own tongue, but they did not give me time. One of them pointing to a tree said a word; I gave the English, seeing his thought and perceiving that he wanted to establish a connection with my own tongue, but they did not give me time. One of them pointing to a tree said a word; I gave the English, seizing his thought and perceiving that he wanted to establish a connection with my own tongue. After exchanging glances, one of them began to say to me, "What curious figures," I said to myself, "they look as if they had fallen from the moon!"

The word began to irritate me, but I was to hear it many times more. My new friends offered to conduct me to their country for a day and to escort me home again. Everything that was in my pockets had to be left on the ground behind me; after that they took me between them and with one bound we set off across space—without my knowing how the time passed. The physical sensation was a little like the sensation you experience for 2d. in the life of the tube. For the moral sensation, I suppose it was much the same as that felt in a small bell in my own tongue, but they did not give me time.

The pills were made for...
of the nearest planet whose passage at certain periods incommodes us by the smell it gives off. And then, on the subject of property, there is still some discussion, and the commission charged with settling the last disputes has great difficulty in making an agreement. It is customary for them to take the black death pill if they do not succeed. Then others have a chance to try, but have you nothing to say of property? Have you no wealthy classes, no masters, no gods?" "Far back in history, yes. At the time when science was only insulting to denied external matters, divines and unknown, to whom we thought it our duty to pay homage. But that was twenty centuries ago. It is the same with property. At the death of each man his landed property (for the land belongs to all) goes to all, but if he was very learned we keep his memory. No man may accumulate goods. At the time of baloons and houses, we decided that the government should assume the management and should be the public proprietor. The progress of science has changed all that; there are no longer any baloons, except at the museum. "Then there must be numbers of idlers here?" I cried. "Oh, yes! Only those who are born with the scientist's know; the others take the air, live or think, play or travel. Sometimes they accept a travelling mission, but for the most part they do nothing. They can always buy thousands of grey life-pills, which are pleasantly stimulating, by an hour's work. As for death pills -- we gave them away." "And family life -- the home no longer exists? fathers, mothers, and children are all separated?" "There are only a few males on the planet, and their children never see them. I never saw my father. "And you?" I said to one of those who had escorted me, and who had just floated back to where we were standing, "have you a mother?" "No, I have only a creator, the chemist Whatshisname." They were so tired of talking, not being accustomed to such exercise, and for my part it was impossible for me to take in any more. I felt madness rapidly coming over me. I askedleave to return, and was brought back in some seconds to where lay the contents of my pockets on the planet of interstellar madness, our good earth. All the same, I should like to see the strange planet again, and my guides have promised to return.

BOOK OF THE WEEK.

Old Age Pensions.

Two questions of Old Age Pensions is now for all practical purposes happily removed from the arena of party politics. Mr. Asquith has already ear-marked a sum of £2 millions for the purpose, and the Conservative party has so far committed itself that on its return to power it will find itself compelled to make a serious attempt to redeem its promises. The principle being granted, there remain to be decided the two important questions: (1) who is to be provided for? and (2) how is it to be effected, and how it is to be applied. Mr. Sutherland supplies us with a clear and exhaustive account of the history of the various schemes advocated up to the present time, which I shall endeavour to summarise as briefly as possible.

To the Rev. Canon Blackley, of Winchester, belongs the credit of having first publicly drawn attention to the object of the proposal, namely, the设立 of compulsory insurance. Other proposals followed, Royal Commissions were duly appointed to consider them, and eventually by a process of exhaustion, two schemes were arrived at which stood the test of critical examination, and are now practically advocated to-day. They are known respectively as the Universal Scheme and the Chaplin Scheme. The object of the Universal Scheme is to afford State assistance to all who attain a certain age. There is no attempt made to differentiate between the careful and the thrifty, between those of good character and the reverse: all who reach the age of 65 years are to share alike. This, in essence, is Mr. Charles Booth's scheme, which up to the present has secured most public approval. Every person, male and female, on attaining the age of 65 years is to be given a pension of £5. for the remainder of his or her life out of the public funds, proof of age being the only qualification required of applicants. Obviously the rich are not expected to participate in the scheme, and subtracting the saving which will be effected under the Poor Law, and adding the charges for administration, the estimated cost as follows:

- Unrequited

65 years of age and upwards ... £32,192,000
70 " " " " " £13,287,000
75 " " " " " £6,871,000

The Chaplin scheme, so dear to the heart of the Puritan, is as follows:

- Any person 65 years of age, being a British subject, would be paid a pension of 5s. to 7s. per week if he could show that:
  1. He had not within the previous 20 years been imprisoned without the option of a fine.
  2. He had not received poor relief (other than medical relief) during the 20 years prior to the application for a pension.
  3. He was resident in the district of the pension authority.
  4. He had not an income from any source of more than 15s. a week.
  5. He had endeavoured to the best of his ability, by his industry or by the exercise of reasonable providence (1) to make provision for himself and those immediately dependent on him.

The vagabonds who could successfully pass through the eye of this needle were so few that it was estimated that only 686,156 would be eligible for pensions if the scheme were started this year, the cost being as under:

65 years of age and upwards ... £10,000,000
70 " " " " " £5,731,000
75 " " " " " £2,845,000

It will be observed that these schemes are both non-contributory. The Chaplin scheme may be dismissed at once, for the conditions attached to it are not only intolerable but impossible. The nation could not if it wished institute a Day of Judgment to enquire into the antecedents of every unhappy individual who found himself destitute at 65 years of age.

Much thought must be devoted to the details of the Universal scheme before it can be considered workable and satisfactory. To begin with, it would be impossible to maintain a rigid time-limit, since one man may be more decrepit at 55 years than another is at 70. Again, if a man of 65 in receipt of a pension were not forbidden to work (and surely to forbid him would be an act of needless cruelty) how would the State prevent him from competing unfairly in the labour market with a man of 60 without a pension? In any case, some period of residence in this country must be proved, since we cannot be expected to provide for the necessitous poor of other nations. Whatever modifications of this scheme may be adopted, it is hoped that the cost will be a direct charge upon the national Exchequer and not upon local areas.

If a man, for example, had spent the working years of his life in Birmingham, it would be unfair to saddle the people of Manchester with the cost of his pension if he happened to remove there when 65 years of age. Such details would soon adjust themselves when the nation had once decided upon the methods of raising the money. As to this all Socialists are unanimous. We have egregiously wasted our time during the last 20 years if we have not made it clear that our national poverty is directly attributable to the institution of private property. Therefore the way of relief is open in land.
cient. But whatever the amount of the tax, unearned incomes must be the source from which the funds are obtained; and this reform will be in sight of practical realization so soon as the nation recognizes the simple truth that under our present conditions poverty is not so much a crime or even a misfortune as an inevitable consequence.

Obviously, the first thing to do is to clear our minds of all the remnant of confusion engendered by the Manchester and Smilesian schools of thought. For myself, I cannot suppress a natural feeling of admiration for the English workman who royally spends his pound a week irrespective of consequences. What has he to do with posterity? And, indeed, the early Victorian notion of thrift, like the other superstitions of that epoch, when reduced to a logical conclusion, defeats its own purpose. For, how would it fare with a Smilesian butcher if the world took him at his word and enunciated the frugal habits of the Japanese and lived on rice? And the attitude of the ignorant middle-class Philistine towards the poor always reminds me of the behaviour of the elder brother towards the Prodigal Son. At any rate, no dread of discouraging thrift hampers us in granting liberal pensions to our highly-paid judges, Cabinet Ministers, and civil servants; and it is time we made an end of this insufferable canard of 2s. per week to our aged poor. It may be sufficient to save our self-respect, but it is far from what the justice of the case demands. We shall never deserve the name of a nation until we gladly take the initiative in removing the disgraceful callousness which has hitherto condemned so many of our soldiers of industry to a pauper’s uniform and a pauper’s grave.

FRANK HOLMES.

TOY BOOKS.

The toy-book has developed into an art ever since a genuinely beautiful standard was set by Kate Greenaway and Walter Crane. It is true that a great many of the books issued for the younger set make a fair appeal to the adult. A great many are ostentatiously beautiful. The child is properly indifferent to such books. But the greater blunder in the making of books for youngsters is the making of them on too small a scale. The child requires definiteness above all things, both in word and picture. This end is attained more often in the latter than the former, and where it is combined with the old nursery rhymes it is near perfection. This is evident in the Dumpy Books for Children (Chatto and Windus, 1s. net). "A Dutch Dollie’s Duties," by C. Aubrey Moore, is a good example. It contains some of the old rhymes such as "Mary had a little lamb," illustrated in brightly coloured drawings, in which Dutch Dolls play a good part. "Ten Little Nigger Boys," by Nora Cane, and "Humpty Dumpty’s Little Son" (a young man with a head made of a pig’s tusk), by Helen Reid Cross, are two other examples of this series which have our unstinted appreciation. But quite the best book we have seen this season for a very young child is "The Podgy Book of Tales," written and pictured by Lena and Norman Ault (Grant Richards, 2s. 6d. net). It is a toy-book in the fullest sense of the word. Its tales have all the delightful symbolism of toyland, its pictures are excellent interpretations of the same idea; whilst its podgy for-}

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C. CANNON (Successors, D. J. RIDDELL), 36, St. Martin’s Court, Charing Cross Road.
Hen" (E. Grant Richards, 1s. 6d. net), is the old tale told by Félicité Leffère in simple and attractive language, and illustrated in colour with spirit and humour by Tony Sang. The tale, as everybody knows, is somewhat exemplary, but not so much so as to offend any worthy child's idea of the niceties of things. The volume is well printed and bound. That masterpiece of child literature, "Alice in Wonderland," has been coming into its own since it went out of copyright. Among the reprints which are, as usual, keenly sought after, and one of which the public will be grateful to have, is that issued by Mr. John Lane for one shilling and sixpence. Its bright cover design of cat's eyes and mice dominated by the fearsome head of a Cheshire cat is more like the original bird of that name and less like a draughtsmanship, place him among the leading book-illustrators of our day. We may specially mention "The Adventures of a Dodo" (Unwin, 3s. 6d.), a worthy accession to Mr. Farrow's other books. In the review of this work in our last number, we referred to Mr. K. R. Yeats. The volumes in this Library, another of which being "Tales from the Mabinogion," are very good value at one shilling each. From the same house also comes Mr. G. E. Farrow's new book. This year he has produced a few like which has taken its place alongside of Gollywog and Jabberwocky as common objects of the imagination, for the Dodo.

The sub-title of his essay is, however, a challenge to the public that teaching shall be recognised as "the most noble profession." So it is, only unfortunately nobody thinks so, except "Keridon." He demands that teaching shall be recognised as "the most noble profession." So it is, only unfortunately nobody thinks so, except "Keridon." He demands that teaching shall be recognised as "the most noble profession." So it is, only unfortunately nobody thinks so, except "Keridon." He demands that teaching shall be recognised as "the most noble profession." So it is, only unfortunately nobody thinks so, except "Keridon." He demands that teaching shall be recognised as "the most noble profession." So it is, only unfortunately nobody thinks so, except "Keridon." He demands that teaching shall be recognised as "the most noble profession." So it is, only unfortunately nobody thinks so, except "Keridon." He demands that teaching shall be recognised as "the most noble profession." 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Garvin is lamentably wrong in declaring that Socialists in the main represent the interests of the working classes. We are no admirers of Socialism, but we deplore the way in which so much time is wasted and so much talent is wasted on the thing of the kind. On the contrary, we are prepared to do business, as Mr. R. H. Pirie would say. We will give you Empire, but not upon these terms. We know that the two ideals are quite compatible, as the Fabian Society, not to speak of Mr. J. R. Macdonald, have already shown. On the whole, Mr. Garvin as an apostle of Tariff Reform for the sake of imperialism, allows himself to be carried to the falsehood of extremes in respect of a good deal of Socialism. It has always been so with the Liberalism of Christian Socialism and with Christianity. There are many Christians as well as Socialists who decline to assist at such a marriage. Also, it is obvious that unless we have a sense of community as Sir Henry Jones, for example, demonstrates in the "Contemporary Review" that Liberalism is Christianity; and it must be admitted that his is a highly persuasive argument. Good is there is difficulty in discovering in the New Testament the most approved liberal principles of liberty, equality, and fraternity. The franchise (and for men only) can plainly be deduced from St. Paul. Again, the Beast in the Apocalypse is unmistakeably Imperialism claiming worship on its own account. Professor Jones declares that he writes as a party man, but we suspect him grievously. In the same number of the "Contemporary Review" Mr. W. H. Stowe gives us his "Impressions from the Hague." What apparently most struck him was the complete absence of glad and humanitarian fervour among the "Pro" dilettanti. Mr. Stowe warmed his hands before Brazil. The "Grand Magazine" for December contains the eighth instalment of Mr. H. C. Wallis's "New Worlds for Old." In it Mr. Wallis sums up and dismisses the chief objections brought against Socialism, such as that Socialism would open the way to vast public corruption, that Socialism would destroy private life and reduce life to a monotonous dead level. This last is dismissed in three lines: "This, in a world in which the majority of people live in cheap cotages, ville residences, and tenement houses, read halfpenny newspapers, and wear ready-made clothes!" Personalities are the salt of controversy, and we gladly find room for another extract from Mr. Wallis's glittering chapter:

"Mr. K. Chesterton mocks valiantly and passionately, I know, against an oppressive and obstinately recurrent absolutism. Himself in Socialist hands, he slipped meals of a strictly hygienic description at regular hours, a fine for laughing—not that he would want to laugh—and austere exercises in several of the more menial virtues daily. Mr. Max Boeckh's conception is rather in the nature of a nightmare, a hopeless, horrid, frozen flight from the pursuit of Mr. Sidney Webb and myself, both of us short, inelegant men, but for all that terribly resolute, indefatigable, incessant to capture him, to drag him off to a mechanical purgatory, and there to have his thumbmark and his name, number him distinctly in indelible ink, and let him live (under inspection) in a world of neat round lakes of blue lime water and vistas of white sanitary tiling.

A new review, "The International" (1s. monthly), edited by Mr. C. R. F. Kell, published weekly nosily in Berlin, Paris and London in their respective languages, promises to be of value. The first number contains articles by Sir Charles Dilke, Professor Lamprecht, Sir John Cockburn, M. de Pressensé and many others. The special feature of the Review is the section of letters from expert foreign correspondents on matters of social interest. Mr. E. E. Pensee, for example, writes on the "Advent of Socialism" in Parliament. We commend the passage on Wages Boards to those who were surprised last week by the Fabian Manifesto on the recent Railway Settlement. Their surprise will be heightened. The Wages Boards in Victoria are also the subject of a well-written article by Colonel Kenny. Unfortunately we cannot share his optimistic belief that the really objectionable feature both of the Victoria Wages Board and of the English Railway Conciliation Scheme, namely, the absence of any legal minimum living wages, will be removed during the coming session either in Australia or at home. Sir Charles Dilke, however, assures us that we "may look for the declaration of a policy upon the subject by Government before the middle of the Session of next year." If the "International" can manage to keep in touch with current politics it will soon become indispensable. As an admirable guide to Liberalism, the "International" is nothing but praise for the "Lilac Magazine." The December issue is crammed full with information of all kinds, with extracts from speeches on both sides of controverted questions, and with reportorial narratives of leading articles. The most interesting article in the "Parents' Review" for December is Mr. Broadbent's review of the book published last year by the Fabian Societies, "The Social Era." Mr. Broadbent reports the book as a rule, dense and totally inaccurate in the elementary duties of motherhood. Whose fault is that?...I think you will at least acquit these poor mothers of the elementary duties of motherhood. Whose fault is that? We do not let them have the chance of staying at home and giving them the chance of learning the elementary duties of motherhood, we make them go to school, where they are taught nothing, and then, as soon as we can make them work, we make them work."

And how much time is wasted from the December number of the "Women's Industrial News," which contains a Report of the Conference recently held on the Unemployment of Women. Mrs. Israel says Mr. J. R. Macdonald, "we allow our girls to work, with an hour and a half for meals from six to six, seven to seven, or eight to eight; but (also) by last year's law they are allowed to have two hours extra stretch thirty days in the year, not more than three times a week." An admirable school of motherhood!—Speaking of schools, the December number of "School" contains its account of great public schools with the story of St. Paul's. Let us add that until elementary schools all over England are as good as St. Paul's we shall not stay our hand from mortal strife. The Editor's note on Corporal Punishment betrays the incorrigible idealists. Does it really suppose that the "Record Book" is any use whatever on punishment? Teachers who punish will probably do anything else!—We give ourselves the pleasure of reprinting, with the kind permission of the Editor, the following remarkable poem by M. U. Green from the "Theosophical Review." The idea is distinctly reminiscent of the Mabinogion and belongs probably to the same "streak.

"Mine are the horns of the deer, Mine are his nostrils; Yet am I, too, the uncared earth on which he breathes. I am the deer; and yet am I the wind. Yet am I, too, the uncared earth on which he runs. Through me and in me flows the blood of trees; Through me and in me runs his blood. Like birds, or rising sap hid in the dark, The darkened mother-womb of life and death. To the source of whose life flows, To hear the life and the death; To hear the life; and yet that life—I am the horn of the deer. I am the growing of the grass; that grass am I; In it am I cut down, dried up, and burned; By it, through it, in it, I, too I live again. I am the rain that falls in tiny drops; I am the ocean of the sky from which it falls. My fire is mine; my light my life. My Sun is darkness; and my darkness Sun. Within me is the circle of the Wheel; Without me is the centre—what am I?"

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Eager Heart and Angela.

"Eager Heart" is a modern mystery play produced in Lincoln's Inn Hall; "Angela" is a farcical comedy presented by Mr. Frohman at the Comedy Theatre. Perhaps you do not see the connection. In this you are wrong. Eager Heart, as a matter of fact, knew Angela quite well before they married, and wears the latest mode; Eager Heart walks with shoulders well back, laughs often (with the ringing of the well-fed flesh of the well-dressed Angela), and port his aesthetic ménage was never very definitely specified. His wife and daughters lived in a "simplified" environment more complex than anything since decadent Rome, and came into touch with nothing to which they did not add a touch of Liberty. And in her own fumed oak bedroom, kneeling beside an artistic bedstead, and contemplating the photogravures of Madonnas on the green wall above the tiled washstand, with its blue and white delft tiles, Eager Heart conceived the idea of the mystery play. It should take the legend of the coming of Christ upon a Christmas Eve, and tell of it in the art accents of her environment. "It is the story of Christ," he said, "this is a truly touching thing. But it must be a mystery play, because no one would stand a play of modern Hampstead culture, while medieval bookish emotions in an altered environment convey the same impression perfectly well. Thus "Eager Heart," the scene of which is laid "Everywhere" with the sublime ignorance that does not know that Hampstead runs down into the studio of Kipling Town, which are thus relegated with the rest of the world to "Nowhere." "Eager Heart" is touching. The music of Bach and the tableau of the Holy Family cannot fail to convey something of the tremendous associations of the Christ story, even when distilled through the emasculated nature of Hampstead art. But suppose someone were to intrude a real emotion upon the cultivated sentimentalism of an "Eager Heart" to Madonna, suppose an unemployed man were to cry, "Curse your Charity, give me Work," or a prostitute to cry "Give me a Love whom you have betrayed to Lust," well, the performance would only be suggestive, and not for "Eager Heart" is a dangerous neuropathy, more dangerous than utter social callousness, because it pretends, to itself, to be doing something for man while it is only fiddling on the strings of the well-fed flesh of the well-dressed Angela. After this "Angela" was quite a relief. Angela, fortunately, has never got into art circles, and is frankly frivolous. That is, after the first act, which contains too much explanation, and is somewhat tedious. For the second act, in the Station Hotel at Mackenborough, makes ample amends. To call it comedy, however, is pure Haden Guest.

Pantaloons in Architecture.

I have more than once commented in these pages on the indifference of the English public to all things appertaining to the welfare of architecture. One of its results in practice is that the really fine opportunities for architecture rarely find their way into the hands of men until they are too feeble to handle them properly. Practically all the large buildings in the centre of London which have been built during the last 30 years have been the work of old men. The architects of the War Office, the Government Offices, and Westminister Cathedral were all old men, and died whilst their buildings were in course of construction. The Piccadilly Hotel, now approaching completion, is likewise the work of an old man. Mr. Norman Shaw, its architect, is now something between seventy and eighty years of age.

The Piccadilly Hotel, like most of the buildings which have gone up in London, is in the style of the Renaissance. As such it is a dignified piece of architecture, and will be judged entirely successful by men who are satisfied with that kind of thing. For my own part, I cannot help comparing it with the work Mr. Shaw did 20 years ago, and, in comparison, it is tame and insipid. In those days Mr. Shaw's work had about it the fire of enthusiasm. It was definitely laying the base of modern architecture. But those fires apparently no longer burn. Mr. Shaw's work of late years has been as cold as the work of the Academicians of the eighteenth century. All that was dignified in Mr. Shaw's work remains; all that was vital has gone. Other men have taken up the ideas which Mr. Shaw discovered, and have carried them forward, while Mr. Shaw has joined the forces of reaction.

This would be altogether inexplicable were it not that— as I have already said— Mr. Shaw is a very old man. It is part of the tragedy that Mr. Shaw's really great opportunities should come so late, and at a time when social sets are different, but they both belong to the well-off class, their difference being that Angela is comparatively healthy and Eager Heart sick. With regard to the acting, all that can be said is that the part of Angela fits Marie Tempest delightfully, and that she scores a more than usually brilliant success.

In my notice of "Cæsar and Cleopatra" I find that I did Mr. Forbes Robertson an injustice. Thinking of the stage-management of the crowd in "Votes for Women," I had already slipped into the statement that the credit for the stage-managing of the crowds in "Cæsar and Cleopatra" was due to Messrs. Vedrenne and Barker. Mr. Forbes Robertson writes to correct me, and points out that the whole production belonged to his own property, that every member of the company was selected by him, and that Vedrenne and Barker never even saw the piece until it was done at the Savoy. The whole credit for the stage-management of the crowds belongs to Mr. Forbes Robertson, who "rehearsed, picked, and drilled" them to such excellent purpose. I can hardly pretend to a conventional regret for my error, because, in this instance, it gives me a renewed opportunity of expressing my appreciation of Mr. Ian Robertson's work, for crowds and the management of crowds are likely to be of increasing importance in drama, and the necessary draughtsmanship, if every mistake I fell into led to my receiving a kindly three-page letter of explanation from eminent actor-managers, I should soon have an MS. library, the envy of theatrical London, and the admiration of my colleagues of the Press. It is almost a temptation.

L. HADEN GUEST.
architects who are representative of the best thought of the ages should be looking in vain for commissions. Will they in their turn have to wait until they are old men before they receive the recognition which is their due? If the public remain as apathetic towards architecture as they are to-day, it is to be feared this will inevitably be so, and our important buildings must continue to remain dull where they are not actually incompetent. There seems at this moment just as much chance of a first-rate architect securing a first-rate commission as of a first-rate architect securing a first-rate Minister as of a first-rate architect securing a first-rate commission.

The greatest obstruction in England to the best getting to the top is the superstition that the best always will get to the top. As a matter of fact, no such thing really happens. No man really climbs to the top by himself. In every case it is the public who put him there. And the public always get just what they deserve. If there are fools and incompetents at the top, it really means that the public prefer such men. They prefer such men because they can have them without troubling to think for themselves. If, on the other hand, they are to get the best on the top, it will be necessary for them to think and make up their minds as to the respective merits of men and the ideas they represent.

In respect to architecture, we shall never get the best architecture into our streets until the public can be induced to think about it. Until then we shall not get just the architecture as by hook or by crook the public can be tricked into accepting. But how is the public to be made to think? Personally, I believe we shall have to ask the women to find a way out for us in England as they have in America. In America it is the women rather than the men who are actively incompetent. There seems at this moment just as much need in England as in America that people might hear singing of César Geloso's "Chanson des Oiseaux" (not a bit like birds, but no matter) and "Violettès." These are both delightful little songs, and well worth buying. I don't know if any music-seller in London has genius enough to stock them, but every woman who sings and who cares for good music and who hasn't a voice like Clara Butt ought to get them. "Habanera" is the name of a violin piece played by M. Marcel Chailly at this concert. It was quite the most amusing thing in the whole programme; no more Spanish than the "Banks of Allan Water" and an unblushing imitation of "Carmen." The immortal Bizet wasn't a Spaniard, but there is no doubt that Monsieur César Geloso is a thousand times removed from the possibility of being taken for one. Can anyone for a moment suspect Mr. Grenville Bantock of being descended from Omar Khayyam?

Cesar Geloso in Manchester.

It was worth going all the way to Manchester to hear Madame Mellot-Joubert sing. Some Manchester people have arrangements of concerts of contemporary French music, of the kind that is unfamiliar to English ears. The first of these was given last week, and was devoted principally to the works of César Geloso. Madame Mellot-Joubert was there to sing some of the composer's songs, and she did to perfection. No one can sing French songs so well as a Frenchwoman, unless it be a Frenchman. Apart altogether from the mere enunciation of words, the French art-song requires an interpretation which is physically, temperamentally, ethically, artistically impossible to the Anglo-Saxon. No one ever heard an Anglo-Saxon sing "L'Heure Exquise" like Leon Rennay (who has hardly any voice), and I certainly never heard "Bois Epais" sung until I heard Madame Mellot-Joubert sing it. The arrangement of the programme was in itself an artistic achievement. This old seventeen century song (by Lully) was followed by one of Rameau's, and "Bergère Légère," a charming eighteen century one. They were delicious in turn, and formed a striking contrast in style to Geloso's own things, which were sung later in the programme. Geloso is typical of his country and his age in music, but he will never cease to be a revolution nor invent an epoch. He seems to worship at the shrine of César Franck (a classic saint), with frivolous digressions now and again into the most amazing reminiscences of Chaminade and other café music. But the programme was in itself an artistic achievement. His "serious" work, however, is good, sound stuff, with a fine, healthy, confident optimism in it; intellectually strong and vigorous, but without any fashionable heroines or the startling effects one has got accustomed to in the work of his more famous contemporaries. What amuses me very much in Geloso, as indeed in nearly all the great Frenchmen, is the apparent can't-help-it necessity to digress—or, as some would have it, to descend—into some popular kind of humour, forgetting (simple beings) the "serious" message of their art. Debussy, Reynaldo, Hahn, Fauré, D'Indy, are all excellent instances, and I love them for it. It is charming to think that men whose art is of the highest culture, of the most delicate refinement, can write a "rippling" Waltz tune. (I must use that word; it is the only word in the whole English language that expresses the subtlety of my thought.) It is such necessity which proves the great humanity of these artists, that grand necessity to stop attitudinising for a moment and get up and shout "Hooray!" with the populace. There is a little song at the beginning of a volume of Fauré's, in waltz rhythm (I forget the name of it, but I remember the tune quite well), which would not be tolerated in certain "artistic" drawing-rooms—and by those very people who adore the same composer's "La Claire de Lune"—simply because it is obvious. It is so obvious. These dandies, professional, as well as amateur, irritate me. They affect all the newest modes and ideas, talk about Mr. Cyril Scott, enthuse about Debussy, discuss la Salome Dance, and they never know that the "Marcellaise" overthrew a dynasty.

I wish Madame Mellot-Joubert could be persuaded to give a recital of French songs in London, only that people might hear her singing of Geloso's "Chanson des Oiseaux" (not a bit like birds, but no matter) and "Violettès." These are both delightful little songs, and well worth buying. I don't know if any music-seller in London has genius enough to stock them, but every woman who sings and who cares for good music and who hasn't a voice like Clara Butt ought to get them. "Habanera" is the name of a violin piece played by M. Marcel Chailly at this concert. It was quite the most amusing thing in the whole programme; no more Spanish than the "Banks of Allan Water" and an unblushing imitation of "Carmen." The immortal Bizet wasn't a Spaniard, but there is no doubt that Monsieur César Geloso is a thousand times removed from the possibility of being taken for one. Can anyone for a moment suspect Mr. Grenville Bantock of being descended from Omar Khayyam?
A SHORT AND CHEAP WAY WITH THE ZULUS.

TO THE EDITORS OF "THE NEW AGE."

While thanking your reviewer for his interesting and helpful notice of my new book, "The Immanence of Christ in Modern Life," I wish to say that I am greatly surprised by his starting suggestion that I group "trusts and combines" with municipal undertakings. Really, I am too strong a specialist for that. I simply refer to these amalgamations as "great experiments in the method of collective enterprise and associated industry for production," in order to illustrate my point that "cut-throat competition" is being eliminated. Then I go on, "So are the many municipal works and state services." But "trusts and combines" are not, though they are experiments in collective enterprise in the interests of Capitalism. And I further add, "Monopolies may become as "great experiments in the method of collective enterprise and associated industry for production," in order to illustrate my point that "cut-throat competition" is being eliminated. The West Hull election has emphasized the fact that the next general election will be contested by at least three parties and, as the issues to be decided are of far-reaching importance, it is imperative that the result of the polls shall not be left to the chance working of present defective electoral methods.

For the opinions expressed by correspondents, the Editors do not hold themselves responsible.

CORRESPONDENCE.

The present campaign will cost Natal some cash; as the newspaper reports tell us, the time is inconvenient for many of the volunteer officers; nor will accidents or injuries to white men be altogether avoided.

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* * *

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