"A MURDER IS REPORTED—," by W. R. Titterton.

NOTES OF THE WEEK

The net effect of the recent outcry against Socialist extremes has been an enormous impetus, not merely to Socialism, but to the prospects of reform in general. We have said before that if the declared Socialists became revolutionary to-day the practical politicians would become at least evolutionarily to-morrow. Well, to-morrow has come, both in the Labour Party and in the Unionist Party; in other words, in the two political parties with a future. We have only to turn to the "Morning Post" of the last few weeks to realise the renaissance of Tory Democracy in English politics; a Tory Democracy as much more enlightened and thoughtful than Lord Randolph Churchill's as his was than that of Beaconsfield.

The "Economist" of last week had an article, "What the Working Man Wants," the "Morning Post" has been practically laying the foundations of a new policy for Unionists. And we shall be much surprised if Mr. St. Lee Strachey and his flock of belated individualists do not go on and find their noses out with the constituencies. Whatever else may be said of the extreme and logical individualism professed by Mr. Strachey, Lord Balfour of Burleigh, and their like, it is not popular, and it is not political. Even as a theory, individualism has been exploded long ago; and in practice a thousand Acts of Parliament arise to declare it ridiculous. In the face of the Factory Acts, individualism pure and simple is becoming extinct as the dodo; and not even the "Spectator," which seems the special asylum for disappearing species, can preserve it from final destruction.

More interesting, therefore, are the signs of life among the Unionists themselves. As we have said, there are distinct signs of a revival of Tory Democracy, chastened, it is true, by fifty years of exile, and wise by half a century of popular education. Everybody admits now that Tariff Reform in the extreme sense to which Mr. Chamberlain was a political martyr, is hopeless; everybody of any importance admits, however, that there is something in the idea. In plain words, we are prepared, and the country is prepared, to try experiments; far more hopeful state of mind than prevailed five years ago. For our part, we are not unwilling to try Tariff Reform on the two conditions that we have stated so often, first that whatever measure of protection is adopted, it shall protect what is worth and needs protecting; second, that Tariff Reform shall not be employed as a substitute for a graduated income tax.

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As a matter of fact, none of the Tariff Reformers so far has realised the problem clearly. The assumption they make that the sole purpose of Tariff Reform is to increase the total of trade is mere commercialism; with which most of them profess at any rate to have no sympathy. The real value of Tariff Reform as a weapon of civilisation (the only view worth serious discussion) is its possible effect upon raising and maintaining a standard of living among the workers. We care nothing about profits, nothing about finance, and all the rest of the false coinage of life. Our only concern is to examine the principle on which the course of a friendly criticism of Mr. Shaw as Tariff Reformer, Mr. Shaw is called a "Socialist millionaire." We should be glad if it were true. But the point is that Mr. Shaw, like ourselves, is a Tariff Reformer for the sake of Socialism. Let there be no doubt of that. If Socialists support Tariff Reform it will be for Socialism, not for individualism. Unless we can see in Tariff Reform an instrument for the economic reconstruction of society, wild statistics will not drag us into it. On the other hand, if Tariff Reform goes along with vigorous and radical social reform, we are open to discuss.

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We are, of course, glad that the propaganda of Socialism has at last had the effect of bringing into politics the idea that poverty is remediable. We are even more glad that the Labour Party, if we may take Mr. Snowden as its spokesman, is abandoning the old narrow ideas of Liberalism and frankly accepting the British Commonwealth together with a Citizen Army as at least not anathema. In an interview reported on Dec. 17, Mr. Snowden said, "I believe there is the possibility of great world good in a Federated British Empire, united in leading other nations along right lines." That is the sound point of view. We want the British Federation to be a vast engine of civilisation in the best sense of the word, and a synonym for a people intent on making the best of themselves and the world they live in. As such, Imperialism may become an incalculable power for good; and we should be the last to wish to destroy the germs of such a possible power.

Speaking of the Army and Navy, Mr. Snowden said: "We are not opposed to the maintenance of an effi-
cist Army and Navy." Good again. And compare this with Mr. Gladstone's bold and statesmanlike proposal to the Australian Commonwealth on Friday last to create an Australian Citizen Army 800,000 strong for the defence of that part of the empire. The proposal, which was received with enthusiasm, and even with enthusiasm, and even with acclamation, seems even more surprising in the present situation. With a democracy, as Mr. Lloyd-George seems to maintain all that aristocracy has hitherto maintained (at vast expense and with so much inefficiency) there should be no difficulty in entrusting democracy with a great deal more. In plain words, democracy is quite as patriotic as aristocracy, and the last fear of the blue Imperialists may now be put to death.

But we are always being pulled up sharply by the survivals of old-fashioned Liberalism in our own administration. There seems some doubt still left whether the Cabinet will make its Old Age Pension scheme universal and non-contributory. We are glad to see that the Conference convened by the London Trades Council was emphatic in its endorsement of the Labour view. The probable defection of fifteen Liberal local members from the Liberal benches will not numerically ruin the Government, but the spirit which induced the defection is very real. As though it were not sufficient for the Government to ignore the bankruptcy of Wages Boards, woe is the result, if, after O'Grady's admirable speech, the Labour view is not more clearly understood. We understand that Mr. O'Grady approves of the Wages Board set up by Mr. Lloyd-George, but that Board has not been so successful as to induce Mr. O'Grady to recommend a Minimum Living Wage as a condition of the efficiency of Wages Boards. We venture to say that its worst would be a still greater triumph for the Liberal Government.

We urged last week the need of imagination in politics. May we now add boldness? What politicians really suffer from is fear of their critics. The Liberal Party, we know, is stuffed full with excellent intentions. A Party of better intentions has never been known. But they are like mice who have not realised their strength or the weakness of their enemy. Boldness, we are told, is the summit of statesman-like wisdom. It is, of course, not enough to make promises; in politics they are as fragile as eggs. But we are certain that a couple, or let us say three, bold measures during the coming Session, would put the Liberal Party on four legs again. The country wants an Old Age Pensions Bill, and defy the Opposition to do its worst at the polls. We venture to say that its worst would be a still greater triumph for the Liberal Government.

Lord Balfour of Burleigh sends another letter to the Scots Socialist paper, "Forward" (Dec. 21), in reply to the Editor's criticisms. Noblesse oblige; but we wish the obligation had been discharged more concisely. We find quotation difficult, and must confine ourselves to the single question of Lord Balfour of Burleigh's objection to the State Feeding of Hungry Children. Addressing the Editor, he says:

"Is it not fair to use as describing the attitude of the mothers towards distributing food for their children?" No, indeed, the cat is out of the bag; do you really mean to use as describing the attitude of the mothers towards watching over and providing for their children. But let it be that there are mothers who have fallen so low that the preparation of food for their children is a burden to them, do you really suggest that those mothers are proper objects of

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Lord Balfour of Burleigh sends another letter to the Scots Socialist paper, "Forward" (Dec. 18), to support your views you say "there is the additional worry and work taken off the mother's shoulders." Now, indeed, the cat is out of the bag; do you really mean to suggest that the average woman is not capable of the feeding of her children in the light of worry and work? Surely that is not a fair expression to use as describing the attitude of the mothers towards watching over and providing for their children. But let it be that there are mothers who have fallen so low that the preparation of food for their children is a burden to them, do you really suggest that those mothers are proper objects of
for wholesale support and encouragement, or that it is for the good of the community that such support and encouragement should be given without the most careful, and, if you like, unanswerable, inquiry into the means which they brought about such a result? I could wish for no stronger argument against the State feeding of children than that it would displace the poor women from the sweatshops, in which they are employed, and which they mostly feel in feeding their children themselves, but that you should use the argument the other way, that State feeding should be advocated and as an instrument of its support, is more likely to keep the mothers from worry and work, and seems to me to take me to a view of human nature which is little short of barbarous. We on the other side have always contended that Socialism would break up the family. We understand you to say that it would not, but you will have some difficulty in maintaining your contention after the use of this argument. It seems to me at least that the view of the family is very different from what has prevailed in the past, and from what would certainly prevail in the future, unless the country is to be prevented from sinking to a very low ideal of civilisation.

To the many distinguished English novelists who are Socialists must be added Mr. Morley Roberts, whose reply to Mr. G. R. Sims was refused by the "Tribune" and published in the "Clarion." From Mr. Roberts's interesting and able letter we print one of his extracts: "The Socialists so far are the only people who are not almost frankly hopeless when they look on the present and long enduring state of affairs. The re-"mainders offer pills for earthquakes, fire-engines as a remedy for volcanoes, tar-water for cholera, and more ladies in by the heels and the head, as they are dragged with horror how near they are to it themselves. They dwell in the majority of English homes, and know their own wretchedness." * * *

Nicholas Tchaikovsky, who recently went to Russia after a life-time of exile in England, has been arrested in St. Petersburg on some trumped-up charge, and is now in all probability awaiting "trial" in the fortress of St. Peter and Paul. Mr. Tchaikovsky has not been concerned in any revolutionary proceedings; he is too prostrate to think of them. Individually his sufferings may have, but as a party it is blind. It still tinkers sorrowfully with symptoms, and, talking at large about Liberty, will not even enfranchise the women. Again, I protest that I do not drag the ladies in by the heels and the head, as they are dragged out of Liberal meetings. The very question in hand is a woman's question: it is a question of the home and the race. I fear, on the whole, that the Liberals are likely to dish the Liberal Party by attending to the real business of the world, which is pre-eminently their business. One is at least certain that they would not decide that the cause of all their miseries was drink, whereas their miseries drank and they. They would (and they do) drink methylated spirit. They would (as they do in the North of Ireland) drink ether. They would (and they do in London now) take to noodles and opium. While the conditions exist, they will be created. They are a symptom as much as Red Wing Anarchists are. I wish I could say that I thought the Liberal Party had the slightest knowledge of the masses. Individually the masses of its members may have, but as a party it is blind. It still tinkers sorrowfully with symptoms, and, talking at large about Liberty, will not even enfranchise the women. Again, I protest that I do not drag the ladies in by the heels and the head, as they are dragged out of Liberal meetings. The very question in hand is a woman's question: it is a question of the home and the race. I fear, on the whole, that the Liberals are likely to dish the Liberal Party by attending to the real business of the world, which is pre-eminently their business. One is at least certain that they would not decide that the cause of all their miseries was drink, whereas their miseries drank and they. They would (and they do) drink methylated spirit. They would (as they do in the North of Ireland) drink ether. They would (and they do in London now) take to noodles and opium. While the conditions exist, they will be created. They are a symptom as much as Red Wing Anarchists are. I wish I could say that I thought the Liberal Party had the slightest knowledge of the masses. Individually the masses of its members may have, but as a party it is blind. It still tinkers sorrowfully with symptoms, and, talking at large about Liberty, will not even enfranchise the women. Again, I protest that I do not drag the ladies in by the heels and the head, as they are dragged out of Liberal meetings. The very question in hand is a woman's question: it is a question of the home and the race. I fear, on the whole, that the Liberals are likely to dish the Liberal Party by attending to the real business of the world, which is pre-eminently their business. One is at least certain that they would not decide that the cause of all their miseries was drink, whereas their miseries drank and they. They would (and they do) drink methylated spirit. They would (as they do in the North of Ireland) drink ether. They would (and they do in London now) take to noodles and opium. While the conditions exist, they will be created. They are a symptom as much as Red Wing Anarchists are. I wish I could say that I thought the Liberal Party had the slightest knowledge of the masses. Individually the masses of its members may have, but as a party it is blind. It still tinkers sorrowfully with symptoms, and, talking at large about Liberty, will not even enfranchise the women. Again, I protest that I do not drag the ladies in by the heels and the head, as they are dragged out of Liberal meetings. The very question in hand is a woman's question: it is a question of the home and the race. I fear, on the whole, that the Liberals are likely to dish the Liberal Party by attending to the real business of the world, which is pre-eminently their business. One is at least certain that they would not decide that the cause of all their miseries was drink, whereas their miseries drank and they. They would (and they do) drink methylated spirit. They would (as they do in the North of Ireland) drink ether. They would (and they do in London now) take to noodles and opium. While the conditions exist, they will be created. They are a symptom as much as Red Wing Anarchists are. I wish I could say that I thought the Liberal Party had the slightest knowledge of the masses. Individually the masses of its members may have, but as a party it is blind. It still tinks...
assuredly sub-divide into a dozen Republicans. Of course, for purposes of transit and the like, these countries will be one, just as Europe is largely one to-day for such purposes.

Historians are notoriously incapable of judgment. Here at all events Dr. Emil Reich makes a claim, which he deems is recorded as an historian. To avoid a conflict between Britain and Germany, he advises the United States to hand over the Philippines to Germany. This would cause the Philippines to be governed by the centralised and paternal methods of the Germans. "What kind of people? Dr. Reich says, "The Philippines have over eight millions of people, of whom half have never had the pluck to promise half that you have promised. You have summed up your aspirations in these two words—"right to sing, as it were, a carol on your doorstep; but surely, I have no singing voice, perform I must put down what I have to say in unpolished prose. It may be of interest, or even of value to you; for it is just some thoughts which many other insignificant people are thinking. You will forgive me saying that we feel sometimes that you pay undue attention to the opinions of great persons and the "Times" newspaper, for these are often out of touch with that vague, but necessary, institution, the great "majority." You have chosen this nation as its servants (you will pardon this unavoidable reference to the Class War) to carry on the important business of governing us. As you were well aware when you took office, you had a mighty task before you. As you truly pointed out, there were many years of Tory misrule to set right. There were also, though you overlooked the fact, about as many years of Radical failure. Indeed, during the last hundred years (we will not go into early history), you and your political rivals have ruled this country of ours is being governed (by you, my lords and gentlemen) for purposes of transit and the like, these countries will be one, just as Europe is largely one to-day for such purposes. You went into power because the country was bored with Conservatism. You certainly promised to settle the sectarian squabbles in the schools (you seem rather at a loss how to do it, by the bye); you promised to settle the Temperance problem (you have not ventured to begin); above all, you swore on the ashes of Cobden and Bright that, come what may, you will not intend a Provision of Meals Act to feed anybody. To think that your own papers give you away like that.

I want to be quite fair to you; so let me say at once that we do not accuse you of disregarding the mandate given at the General Election. You received no particular mandate. You went into power because the country was bored with Conservatism. You certainly promised to settle the sectarian squabbles in the schools (you seem rather at a loss how to do it, by the bye); you promised to settle the Temperance problem (you have not ventured to begin); above all, you swore on the ashes of Cobden and Bright that, come what may, you will not intend a Provision of Meals Act to feed anybody. To think that your own papers give you away like that.

A Christmas Carol.

My Lords and Gentlemen of His Majesty's Government,—Nothing would overcome my reluctance to intrude into your presence, had I not learned, on the authority of certain wise theologians, that for a few brief hours round this central moment of Christianity, the authority of certain wise theologians, that for a few brief hours round this central moment of Christianity, the commercial classes will be strong enough to think of such mad schemes, which, moreover, would assuredly be opposed by Japan.

Germany and England are both subject to fits of mental aberration; yet we do not believe in the likely hour between them. The commercial classes have discovered—it won't pay!

The German Socialist Party would be strong enough to think of such mad schemes, which, moreover, would assuredly be opposed by Japan.
"Times," it gives weight to the argument; for what the "Times" says today everyone else knew a quarter of a century ago. Then what are you going to do? We do not ask you to attempt real Socialism; you have told us repeatedly that you do not believe in it; and you will forgive me saying that we suspect you do not understand it. We do not believe it is advisable that you should draft Socialist Bills than we would think it advisable to send Haeckel to convert the heathen to Christianity. But we do expect you to act as men who have adopted the ideals of Imperialist and Patriotism—I add, of ordinary humanity. Do you imagine that you can grow a great people in slums and feed them on air? My lords and gentlemen, it cannot be done; and if you allow even as much as affluence to be insufficient, must get to work on the rudimentary job of abolishing poverty. That is not work for philosophers; it's only national housekeeping. Surely you are capable of that.

I have already said that you were not elected on any great mandate; but, gentlemen, have you no spirit of adventure? Do not worry what your electors will think. Imagine the wild joy of taking the bit between your teeth and bolting towards a genuine Reform, just for once. Have you no imagination of the dull picture you will make in the history-books if you cannot think of anything more exciting than a Small Holdings Act? Think of the great statesmen, the Gracchi, the Gorbals, the Nazi peasants, the Gracchi, all sadly impulsive gentlemen. I doubt not, who did not stop every moment to consult the electorate. Not that I would have you play such parts—keep within your limitations. Let us fancy the Chancellor of the Exchequer who could put by only two and a half millions last year for Old Age Pensions would stutter and stammer if he had a Marat. For heaven's sake, do not make yourselves ridiculous. But do something for this national middle of poverty and misery is getting on our nerves. The country may grow impatient at the next election. I have heard of a little boy who once prayed, "Dear God, please take away Auntie quickly; I can't stand her much longer." But I am afraid I may spoil the restfulness of your Christmas festivals if I tell you all that some people think. Good night.

G. R. S. TAYLOR.

**Would Socialism Lessen Production?**

The material well-being of the community is fundamentally and essentially built upon the productive energy and efficiency of its producers. The material well-being of the community is fundamentally and essentially built upon the productive energy and efficiency of its producers.

Many Socialists of the timid sort have been perturbed by the material well-being of the community is fundamentally and essentially built upon the productive energy and efficiency of its producers. There is nothing in the main those who do not work possess the whole of nature's resources, while those who work possess nothing but their ability to work. Besides being inherently wicked, this peculiar arrangement has been so disastrous to the majority of men that it would be a perpetual muddle of poverty and want. That is not work for philosophers; it's only national housekeeping. Surely you are capable of that.

I have already said that you were not elected on any great mandate; but, gentlemen, have you no spirit of adventure? Do not worry what your electors will think. Imagine the wild joy of taking the bit between your teeth and bolting towards a genuine Reform, just for once. Have you no imagination of the dull picture you will make in the history-books if you cannot think of anything more exciting than a Small Holdings Act? Think of the great statesmen, the Gracchi, all sadly impulsive gentlemen. I doubt not, who did not stop every moment to consult the electorate. Not that I would have you play such parts—keep within your limitations. Let us fancy the Chancellor of the Exchequer who could put by only two and a half millions last year for Old Age Pensions would stutter and stammer if he had a Marat. For heaven's sake, do not make yourselves ridiculous. But do something for this national middle of poverty and misery is getting on our nerves. The country may grow impatient at the next election. I have heard of a little boy who once prayed, "Dear God, please take away Auntie quickly; I can't stand her much longer." But I am afraid I may spoil the restfulness of your Christmas festivals if I tell you all that some people think. Good night.

G. R. S. TAYLOR.
Charles Dickens as a Socialist.

By Edwin Pugh.

Part I. Chapter IV. His Schooldays and Youth.

I.

As an improvement in the fortunes of the Dickens family at last plucked Charles out of his usual state of drudgery, and he was taken away from the blacking factory, never to return. In his own words: "My father said I should go back no more, and should go to school... I do not write resentfully or angrily, for I know how all these things have worked together to make me what I am; but I never afterwards forgot, I never shall forget, that my mother was warm for my being sent back."

In this brief reference there is matter for consideration, indeed! First, in Dickens's own frank acknowledgment of the debt that his successful career owed to his early experiences of hardship and poverty and suffering; and again in the revelation it affords of the sort of woman his mother was.

Now there is extraordinarily little known of the elder Mrs. Dickens. The many books written around her illustrious son contain only the most cursory mention of her name. But this force, bitter allusion to her (for Dickens's natural protest may be ignored; he doth protest too much) throws a vivid sidelight on her character. It explains a strange deficiency in all Dickens's books: a deficiency in the sense that whereas most men recall throughout their lives a feeling of intense love and duty and gratitude toward their mother's memory, Dickens's work is strikingly free from any expression, definite or implied, of this feeling. There is not a real mother in all his crowded gallery of immortal figures.

David Copperfield's mother is just an insane, pretty-pretty abstraction, and that to the lack of a wife and disabilities, we are at present still able to produce more than we require for our own consumption, otherwise how do we account for our export trade? The idea that with Socialism, under which every adult male would be a potential producer, we should suffer from an insufficiency of production, is so infantile that it must, as I said, have been conceived in a nursery. If Mr. Balfour were to object that under Socialism the people, after having supplied their material needs, would still find some mischief for their idle hands to do, he would be intelligible; but the particular objection he has adduced shows that he must have passed his life among the clouds of metaphysics. Into that region I must respectably and seriously as a possible explanation of the insufficient production, is so infantile that it must, as I said, have been conceived in a nursery. If Mr. Balfour were to object that under Socialism the people, after having supplied their material needs, would still find some mischief for their idle hands to do, he would be intelligible; but the particular objection he has adduced shows that he must have passed his life among the clouds of metaphysics. Into that region I must respectably and seriously respect him. The subject does not appeal to me, since I could never derive any amusement from watching a bird endeavouring to escape from a closed cage.

The question remains to be considered the question of foreign trade, since under Socialism we should still be dependent upon other countries for the supply of such commodities as tea, tobacco, cotton, silk, etc. If other nations could hereafter by some means be induced to produce them; and in the case of all commodities, the waste entailed by their distribution is enormous, and it is an eloquent proof that so many of our middle-men are not required that they are driven in such great numbers to bankruptcy. Struggling under all these disabilities, we are at present still able to produce more than we require for our own consumption, otherwise how do we account for our export trade? The idea that with Socialism, under which every adult male would be a potential producer, we should suffer from an insufficiency of production, is so infantile that it must, as I said, have been conceived in a nursery. If Mr. Balfour were to object that under Socialism the people, after having supplied their material needs, would still find some mischief for their idle hands to do, he would be intelligible; but the particular objection he has adduced shows that he must have passed his life among the clouds of metaphysics. Into that region I must respectably and seriously respect him. The subject does not appeal to me, since I could never derive any amusement from watching a bird endeavouring to escape from a closed cage.

Meantime, since Mr. Balfour has already discussed the problems of Free Will, Free Trade, Fair Trade, Preference, Bimetallism, and Tariff Reform with a stubbornness of illumination, we may content ourselves with placently consigning his peculiar dreads of the slow but sure starvation of the Socialists to the limbo of exploded fallacies.

FRANK HOLMES.
The reader is referred to that chapter in "Reprinted Pieces" entitled "Our School," for a fuller description of this remarkable academy of learning which, if it be not substantially true in detail (as one of Dickens's schoolmates alleges in a letter herewith quoted), is worth reading for its own sake, and especially for the fleeting glimpse it gives of the schoolmaster:

The master was supposed among us to know nothing, and one of us was supposed to know everything. We were all inclined to think the first-named supposition perfectly correct. We had a general idea that its subject had been in the habit of hard bought us—meaning Our School—of another proprietor who, was immensely learned. Whether this belief had any real foundation we are not likely ever to know now. The only branches of education with which he showed the least acquaintance were ruling and corporally punishing. He was always ruling cipher-books with the same diabolical instrument, or viciously drawing a pair of pantaloons tight with one of his large hands and caning the wearer with the other. We have no doubt whatever that this occupation was the principal solace of his existence.

And now for some extracts from the schoolfellows' letters which, it will be seen, directly contradict one another, as reminiscences by different hands untrained in the accurate representation of bygone events and scenes are very liable to do. The first, Mr. Owen P. Thomas, writes:

"You will find a graphic sketch of the school by Mr. Dickens himself... entitled 'Our School.' The names, of course, are disguised, but allow me for slight colouring persons and incidents described are all true to life and easily recognisable by anyone who attended the school at the time. My recollection of Dickens... is that he was a healthy-looking boy... and so on. 'I cannot recall anything that then indicated he would hereafter become a literary celebrity; but perhaps he was too young then.'

This is delicious!

And the other correspondent, a Dr. Henry Danson, is just as beautifully Victorian, and displays exactly similar misconceptions as to what are the signs of budding genius. He says:

Wellington Academy... was considered at the time a very superior sort of school, one of the best indeed in that part of London; but it was most shamefully mismanaged, and the master was his own little prince. The lively account Dickens gives of it... is very mythical in many respects, and more especially in the compliment he pays it to himself. I do not remember that Dickens distinguished himself in any way or carried off any prizes. My belief is that he did not learn Latin or Greek there, and you will remember there is no allusion to the classics in any of his writings. Depend on it he was quite a self-made man, and his wonderful knowledge and command of the English language must have been acquired by long and patient study after leaving his last school.

There are some loose statements and some looser reasoning that these facts ought to be set straight. Dickens certainly studied Latin; for in a letter written when he was thirteen he refers to "my Clavis"; and the notion that only a man familiar with the classics ever alludes to them is one that any office-boy, writing to the papers on The Mutability of Human Life and the office stationery, could quite easily confute. Further, that a knowledge and command of the English language is to be acquired by long and patient study is a simple fallacy that the thousands of unreadable books written by Oxford dons and Professors of Literature have exposed again and again. And then it leaves quite a number of masterpieces unaccounted for being written by Oxford dons and Professors of Literature.

However, Dickens left this school at the age of fifteen; and that finished the period of his formal education. It is a period on which we have very little clear or trustworthy information; and altogether it seems to have covered not more than three years, much of which time was wasted on a most haphazard and altogether unsatisfactory course of instruction. But that it had its one value clear and plain to the boy himself, we may gather from the next day on which he was stricken down unto death.

(To be continued.)

Towards Socialism.

X.

The Education of Democracy.

It is not ideas that become, as Coleridge said, bedridden after a brief life, but the words which stand for them. Take, for example, this very word democracy. Ten years ago democracy certainly meant something to the Socialist and Labour movements. To-day it means much less than nothing. As for Liberals like Mr. Chesherton, the word has become so corruped in meaning that practically it can only waddle ridiculously through a speech or an article.

In the circumstances, I tried in my last article to substitute for democracy a more up-to-date term, namely, government by public opinion. But now I find that the phrase public opinion is almost as objectionably obscure as democracy. There is, however, this to be said for it, that no one of us can claim a public opinion all of our own; nor can we sit in an ivory tower and pretend that our own opinion is not part of public opinion. In other words, public opinion is like humanity, it is something in which we must share, something we must hold in common, even though our share be a negative or a silence.

In discussing the education of democracy, then, we necessarily have to put away the notion that any one of us or any group of us, however clever or well-informed, is able to sit apart, and pretend that our opinion is not part of public opinion. This is delicious.

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(To be continued.)
particularly if you are rather doubtful about it. Speech is a sort of intellectual sunlight in which rank ideas either grow sweet or die. Similarly, the intellectually healthy public opinion is the intellectual sunshine in which the infant, democracy, can alone flourish. I am convinced that supposition of the whole abominable truth about the thing seems to me a weak concession to stupidity. The non-adult has quite as much common sense as the adult—very often more; and is even less likely to be taken in by sophistries which it is fortunately not corrupt enough to understand. So, too, public opinion, though non-adult as yet, will put up with a great deal of truth; with much more truth than it is likely to get! For ninety-nine men in every hundred think it their duty to tell lies on every public occasion in deference to public opinion; exactly as most parents and teachers think it their business to lie to children. For the sake of the experiment, at least, let us try the reverse plan and tell the truth, or, at least, be prepared to tell it. Of course, it would be unfortunate to be like George Washington, who couldn't tell a lie if he tried; but I suspect that what was meant was that he was never afraid of telling the truth. He did tell a lie if he was not from fear of hurting either himself or anybody else.

It is true that anybody who speaks the truth nowadays is supposed with derision to be either because he puts it badly, in other words, is not understood; or because somebody or other thinks he ought not to tell the truth. The public doesn't suppress people who tell it the truth. But you can always find a group of people who will try to prevent you from telling a truth which they already know to anybody else. It's all very well, they say, for people like us to know and discuss these things, but other people are not fit for it! To this the only reply is: 'My good sirs, either you flatter yourselves ridiculously, or regard other people, with inhuman contempt, when you suppose that the opinions you freely discuss in private are unfit and dangerous for public discussion. Whatever you have the honesty to discuss and think in private have the honesty to discuss and think in public if need be. This public is as little likely to be corrupted by your thoughts as your own mind is—infinitely less so, in fact; for it may be that what ruins the individual to think and discuss is meat and drink to the large round-about public opinion."

If there is to be a revolution, and I sincerely hope there is, the first step is the awakening of this sense of fact in public life; a sense of fact so acute that writers and speakers on the one hand and readers and hearers on the other will not hesitate to criticise to death every evasion or careless expression. Such a fastidiously critical public opinion is quite possible, and, indeed, is indispensable if there is to be any real change. For apart from the look of the thing, a shameless liar is as detestable as he is well-fed as when he is ill-fed. If even we abolished poverty and left public opinion in its present condition, such that even our most truthful persons instinctively lie in public exactly as your ordinary male ensembles before children and pretty women, the spiritual gutters would be nil. No! It would certainly abolish poverty whatever might happen; but I refuse to delude myself into the belief that the abolition of poverty is the most important merely because it is the first. One things for certain, unfortunately, is true, that the Socialist Movement which began by a campaign of fact, is entering now on a campaign of criminal licentiousness, and particularly in regard to our national curse of indurated morality. If the campaign continues, I can see Socialists, as the great anti-Socialists of the immediate future.

A. R. ORAGE.

(To be continued.)
although their cost of production here is greater than in Germany!

I dwell on this case merely in order to show how paradoxical is the subject of Foreign Trade, and what a mistake it is to be led away by cheap arguments which are really of a very superficial and delusive character.

You will find a careful exposition of the above subject in J. S. Mill's "Principles of Political Economy," Book II., ch. xvi., § 2, from which I may as well give some extracts. Quoting his father, Mr. James Mill, he says: "If the cloth produced with 100 days' labour in Poland was produced with 150 days' labour in England, while the corn produced in Poland with 100 days' labour could not be produced in England with less than 200 days' labour;—then an adequate motive to exchange would immediately arise. With a quantity of cloth which England produced with 150 days' labour, she would be able to purchase as much corn in Poland as was there produced with 100 days' labour; but the quantity which was there produced with 100 days' labour would be as great as the quantity produced in England with 200 days' labour."

Then he continues: "By importing corn, therefore, from Poland, and paying for it with cloth, England would obtain in 50 days' labour what would otherwise have cost 200, saving a saving of 50 days' labour on each repetition of the transaction, and not merely a saving to England, but a saving absolutely; for it is not only the expense of Poland, who, with corn that costs her 100 days' labour, has purchased a cloth which, if produced at home, would have cost her the same. Poland, therefore, on this supposition, loses nothing; but also she derives no advantage from the transaction, the imported cloth costing her as much as if it were made at home. To enable Poland to gain anything by the interchange, something must be abated from the gain of England—the corn produced in Poland by 100 days' labour must be able to purchase from England more cloth than Poland could produce by the amount of labour; more, therefore, than England could produce by 150 days' labour, England thus obtaining the corn which would have cost her 200 days at a cost exceeding 150, though short of 200. England, therefore, no longer gains the whole of the labour which is saved to the two jointly by trading with one another."

I would say in conclusion that though I am in favour of the institution of Wages Boards, etc., I think all this legislation generally are very obvious: Interference, Inspection, Expense, officialism; and it is only because they are a cure for worse evils that we must endure them for a time. We have got our social system and we shall have to go through a painful period of social drill and discipline and interference with individual liberty before better and more human ways of treating one will have the equivalent of less than two or three hundred. There will be no idle class supported by the labour of others; all will have to do their share of the necessary-work. But that work will have to be done tolerably well for the employed, and because folk will have ceased to care for Wealth which has been obtained through the misery and degradation of others.

My Utopia.

By Cecil Chesterton.

I trust that my fellow-Socialists will not read arrogance into the title of this article. They should rather credit me with humility, for that title is in some sort a personal recantation. Hitherto I have always been in the habit of maintaining that Socialism is concerned—primarily, at any rate—with the production and distribution of wealth. I have thought that the task of reconstructing Society on a new economic basis, in the teeth of the powerful vested interests which profit by the present system, must in any case prove hard enough, without introducing questions of morals, art, and religion, which only slow dispersion in our ranks and give a handle to our enemies.

But my friend Mr. Orage, and others, whose opinion I respect, have urged on me a view for which, I readily admit, there is a good deal to be said. They argue, firstly, that you cannot know what is a good economic foundation for a Society till you know what sort of Society you wish to build. Secondly, they hold that men cannot be moved by mere economic considerations to the measure of energy and self-devotion which a social revolution necessarily and probably require of them. They can only be inspired, it is suggested, by a vision—the vision of a perfect state. "Where there is no vision the people perisheth." Now, I, like others, have such a vision. It involves that economic foundation which I call Socialism and Mr. Orage calls Collectivism. But, of course, it does not stop there. I shall try to set down here, as fully and honestly as I may, my conception of what the world, and especially my own country, may be like when the transformation of society is achieved.

I see, then, a nation living under just economic conditions, owning the land and the great means of social production—all things, indeed, which are necessary to the life of the people. In consequence, the glaring contrasts of riches and poverty have disappeared. There will still, no doubt, be inequalities of wealth, but no man, I expect, will have an income equivalent to much more than a thousand a year, while certainly no one will have the equivalent of less than two or three hundred. There will be no idle class supported by the labour of others; all will have to do their share of the nation's necessary work. But that work will have been reduced to a minimum. The wheels of industry will run smoothly, and men and women will have time to look about them, to think, to enjoy, to "loaf and invite their souls."

With these changed conditions men also will change. But they will remain men. I quite agree with the innocent objection to Socialism that you cannot alter its human nature. That is to say, you cannot alter its fundamentals. You can make the worst of human nature (as we do) or the best of it. But under all conditions the private desires, instincts, qualities of will

The New Age

Neave's

Food

Assists Teething;

consequently promotes the healthful sleep, so essential to the well-being of the infant.

Purveyors by Special Appointment to H.M. the

Empress of Russia.
with which men are born will remain. Analogies from cosmic evolution (as in Mrs. Stetson’s clever but mislead- ing book) will not be valid in human nature, by killing the unfruit and breeding from the fit. If we substi-
tuted artificial for natural selection, doing our work with sufficient thoroughness, killing or sterilising those who were thought unpliable and penuriously, the types we thought desirable by a careful system of selec-
tive breeding, we might effect a much more radical change in human nature. We might produce a race of beings who would be no longer men. They might be Supermen. But it would be unfortunate if, as I sus-
pect, we found at the end of the process that what we had produced was a very fine and rare breed of devils.

Men will remain men. I do not mind this, because, unlike most humanitarians, I rather like humanity. Being men, they will refuse to allow their Collectivism to be pushed to inhuman lengths. They will want to possess property—that is to say, they will want to sur-
round themselves with things which each man can con-
*rol at his own will and upon which he can impress his personality. The fact that the great means of produc-
tion are owned collectively will not prevent this; on the contrary, it will give all men the chance of obtain-
*ng possessions worthy to be owned. But even in the realm of economic and social tragedies relating to it. Also we can, perhaps, get back to a saner view of sexual roles, and especially to a realisation of its comedy—even of its farce. Men of healthier ages knew the sacramental beauty of transfigured passion, and saw something openly comic in the animal within them. That laughter also will return, and a few low-class music halls will no longer be the only refuge of a mighty human tradition which goes back through Fielding and Sterne to Rabelais, to Aristophanes, till it loses itself in the mists of our origins. That then is my vision. How, I wonder will my fellow-Socialists like it? I think, perhaps, after all, we had better stick to economics!

Unreality.

I was thinking this evening, surrounded by my books, in a dull, drab room, in a drab, noisy street, that the woods are still there, with their intimate nooks, and the bloom on the bramble and wild rose is sweet; and there in the darkness—indefinite—still; but to me in my drab room they seem but a dream. To me in my drab room they seem but a dream.

Do you not feel the stillness of the feet-unhaunted glade, and see the bats a-flying in the glimmer of the moon, and, underneath the holly and the wilderness unfra
died of bracken and of bramble, know the black earth’s cryptic rune; and there, where rush and mallow grow, and hide a brackish stream, the frogs weirdly croaking, and the light wind sighing low, in the overhanging branches of the forest of my dream, Where tree and bush come creeping round and toward me sure and slow and slow?

In my dull, drab room, in a drab, noisy street, the bloom on the bramble and wild rose is sweet.
"A Murder is Reported......"

"He must be a horribly cruel fellow," said the timid man, with the retracing chin, eating the words languidly.

The bar-parlour murmured agreement.

"And so horribly mean!" said the bulldog between puffs at his big meerschaum. "Killing such an old chap! And then robbing him! Why couldn't he tackle a young 'un?" (As he, the bulldog, would have done, you understood.)

"There's no safety in the woods now," said fat chops, wiping the beer from his lips with a crimson handkerchief. "My missus is afraid to venture as far as the Bushes. Aren't you, dear?"

"Not a particle!" said fat chops.

"It's my opinion they don't try," said the timid man, with his eyes on the fog signals.

"Wot's the matter?" queried fat chops of the timid man casually.

"The fox is absolutely no good," said the bulldog, and thumped the beer-stained deal table.

"Not a particle!" said fat chops.

"That's a curious fact you'll find it hard to believe, perhaps. He is sufficiently human and intelligent to read the papers. And he sees your two-column account of him—spattered with horrible villains! bloodthirsty cruelty! utmost severity of the law! I don't wonder you turn cold when you read it, madam. He turns cold; he doesn't recognise the portrait. But what's this? These events—they all happened to him. Yet somehow they're all wrong. Here he stood, that alien, twisted, that out of them, of the shrieking lines of type—stares a horror, a devil! It's all lies, lies! So horribly true, so horribly false! He's not this grinning devil, stained with blood. If only he could tell them, explain it all! Surely they would understand. He goes and looks in the glass, or in the next brook, or a shop window, and then looks again in the paper. No, no, they are not the same!

"But this other man clings to him. His horrible presence wraps him round like a mantle. He fears that the next time he looks in the glass it will be so other he will see. That the passers-by will see it, and shout out the thing that he is. . . ."

"This man goes in daily fear of all the world. For all the world after him. One poor, shivering man after him! After him! All your cruel, indignant, sport-loving world. After him! After him! Holy! hollo! The blood of us up... And down the black streets he can hear the dogs sniffing upon his trail.

That is what the man feels.

"The police has several good clues," said the "Daily Page." You know what clues are. You read all about them in the detective tales. They are so clever and pretty. Do you see what they mean to him? Clues! Clues to his name. Footprints between that ghastly thicket and his huddled hiding-place. All round him are figures creeping on him. Figures that merge in one—merge in the terrible, huge, raised hand of the law which is to fall and crush him. And so he sits and shivers, or runs and shivers, until one day a policeman raps him on the shoulder, and he goes to prison to be hanged.

"Not a very formidable person, ladies and gentlemen! He's aching for a kind word. And he knows that all your hearts, your timid, cruel respectable hearts are closed against him. Because you are afraid! And so you want to grip him in your engines, and squeeze his life out.

"You may torture and kill a dog and praise God with a clean heart and a stiff collar. We aren't dogs. You may torture a child almost to death and do your six weeks' hard labor. You may murder men and women with phosphorus and white lead, with long hours and low wages, and go to Parliament for it; but stick a knife in an old man's gizzard (a very reprehensible practice, of course), and we close on you, howling!"

"Madam, he has no fear. Murder is like marriage. A man barely does it the second time. He's not such a fool as that red moment apart, he may be a very kind, gentle soul. Your hard, cruel man is usually cautious, and finds his poison just as certain beneath the sugar of the law. And there are always the dogs and cats to kick at.

"Yes, madam, a very kind, gentle soul, who loves animals and children. A nervous, timid man who starts at a shadow, and would be very, very much afraid if he met any of you stalwart gentlemen away back in the woods.

"Now, just imagine how that man feels! He reads the newspapers. That's a curious fact you'll find it hard to believe, perhaps. He is sufficiently human and intelligent to read the papers. And he sees your two-column account of him—spattered with horrible villains! bloodthirsty cruelty! utmost severity of the law! I don't wonder you turn cold when you read it, madam. He turns cold; he doesn't recognise the portrait. But what's this? These events—they all happened to him. Yet somehow they're all wrong. Here he stood, that alien, twisted, that out of them, of the shrieking lines of type—stares a horror, a devil! It's all lies, lies! So horribly true, so horribly false! He's not this grinning devil, stained with blood. If only he could tell them, explain it all! Surely they would understand. He goes and looks in the glass, or in the next brook, or a shop window, and then looks again in the paper. No, no, they are not the same!

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him lurking behind trees. Or if you do, say "Shoo!" and he will vanish.

"Mourner is usually like the French Revolution. It comes because of the corveé; has its little hour of bloodstained and broken, and leaves behind a very mild and inoffensive man."

The stranger finished his beer, took up his hat and stick from the bench, and buttoned his coat.

"Good night, ladies and gentlemen. Pleasant dreams to you—untroubled by my gentle murderer. I trust you and your policemen will not trouble his dreams."

He walked out into the bar. They heard him exchange greetings with the landlord. Then the noise of his footsteps on the pavement went by the window.

The bar-parlour woke from its stupor.

"I'm a tender with a more than feminine patience and guerite Gautier gradually took shape. "I'll swear it."

"We ought to call the police," said daffydowndillies.

"I hope he'll be all right."

"Arrive " at this didn't mean a thing."

"Perfect despite the lapse of years—have as much in the power of thus perfectly intermingling the woman and the artist is told in a characteristic story. It was in August, 1874, during her second term at the Fransis, that Sarah was forced by Perrin, the then Director of the house of Molière, to play Zaire when the piece was a tremendous success, and from that time Sarah never looked back. Till then she had performed some great achievements, notably in a "Le Passant " of Coppé (in which she was commanded to play before Napoleon III. at the Tuileries in 1869), and as the Queen of Spain in " Ray Blas " (a triumph which secured her second invitation to the Comédie Française), she had been admired for little else than her slightness of figure, the grace of her motions, and her exquisite voice, that voice of which Mr. Symons has said: "It carouses and excites like a touch; it has a throbbing, monotonous music, which breaks deliciously, which pauses suspended, and then resolves itself in a perfect chord. Her voice is like a thing from herself, a thing which she takes in her hands like an instrument, playing on the stops cunningly with her fingers."

"That was him!" said fat chops. "I'll swear it."

"My Double Life: the Memoirs of Sarah Bernhardt," covers the life of the incoparable Sarah from 1846 to 1881, the year of the first American tour. It is a piece of coquettishly ingenious autobiography of double interest as portraying not merely the development of an extraordinary genius, but the unceasing efforts of that genius to escape from the toils of the process commonly described as education, but which, when analysed, resolves itself too often into a conspiracy of the older generation to stamp its impression indelibly on the younger. More particularly does the process assume this character in the world of the Conservatoire and the Théâtre Français at Paris, and what her heroine, Adrienne Lecouvreur, had done for the French conception of the dramatic art in the eighteenth century, Miss Bernhardt set herself to accomplish for that of the nineteenth. From first to last, she has been herself, and has made it her mission in life to perfect the expression of her own peculiar genius. When three she fell into the fire; when five she broke her arm in two places. For her first examination at the Conservatoire she took the unheard-of course of reciting a fable of La Fontaine. She herself terminated her first engagement at the Française after boxing the ears of an influential senior, and when at last she secured her first success at the Gymnase, she broke off her contract as suddenly as she had the first by an early morning departure for Spain. Always the unexpected happened, and only the possession of private means, and the determination to "arrive" quantitatively, coupled with the possession of original talent, enabled her to survive the hostilities which she so often aroused. Vain to a degree, yet with mystical and possessing the humility of a mystic, tender with a more than feminine patience and sweetness, and yet invariable and at times even displaying a strain of cruelty; impulsive, yet with superhuman application; the Sarah we know and love as Adrienne Lecouvreur and as Marguerite Gautier gradually took shape.

For the perfect Adrienne and the perfect Marguerite—as seen in the New Royalty only a few weeks back—perfect despite the lapse of years—have as much in them of Bernhardt as they had of Scribe and Dumas respectively. An actual story of how the actress acquired this power of thus perfectly intermingling the woman and the artist is told in a characteristic story. It was in August, 1874, during her second term at the Fransis, that Sarah was forced by Perrin, the then Director of the house of Molière, to play Zaire when she was already much out of sorts and badly needing a holiday. After some remonstrances, she made up her mind to play the part and play it so effectively as, if possible, to revenge herself on Perrin by making him the cause of her death. "I was determined to faint, determined to vomit blood, determined to die, in order to enrage Perrin. I played with the utmost passion... Then fell panting, dying, on the Oriental divan. I had meant to die reality, and suddenly there came that strange sense as I was that I was in my death agony, and somewhat afraid, I must admit, at having succeeded in playing such a nasty trick on Perrin. But my surprise was great when the curtain fell and the audience was the blaze of applause; and I got up quickly to answer to the call and bow to the audience without languor, without fainting, feeling strong enough to go through my part again if it had been necessary. And I marked this performance with a little white stone—for that day, I learned that my vital force was at the service of my intellectual force..."

She also tells of the possibility of the longed-for future.

The piece was a tremendous success, and from that time Sarah never looked back. Till then she had performed some great achievements, notably in a "Le Passant," of Coppé (in which she was commanded to play before Napoleon III. at the Tuileries in 1869), and as the Queen of Spain in "Ray Blas," (a triumph which secured her second invitation to the Comédie Française), she had been admired for little else than her slightness of figure, the grace of her motions, and her exquisite voice, that voice of which Mr. Symons has said: "It carouses and excites like a touch; it has a throbbing, monotonous music, which breaks deliciously, which pauses suspended, and then resolves itself in a perfect chord. Her voice is like a thing from herself, a thing which she takes in her hands like a musical instrument, playing on the stops cunningly with her fingers." Heartbroken every side which she took seemed to be transformed by her genius, and the struggle began which eventually resulted in her final severance with the Fransis on her return from the first English experiment in 1879. These years saw the creation of her Mrs. Clarkson in "L'Étrançère" of Dumas Fils and of the Doña Sol in "Hernani."

The story of the English trip makes fascinating reading. Some more or less unpleasant incidents had contributed considerably to the advertisement of Bernhardt before leaving Paris, and when she reached Folkestone "several thousands of people" (if the Autobiography is general at this point) were waiting to receive her, and she heard for the first time the cry of "Vive Sarah Bernhardt." Turning her head, "she saw before her a pale young man, the ideal face of Hamlet. He presented me with a gardenia. I was destined to admire him later on as Hamlet played by Forrester."

"I was determined to faint, determined to vomit blood, determined to die, in order to enrage Perrin. I played with the utmost passion... Then fell panting, dying, on the Oriental divan. I had meant to die reality, and suddenly there came that strange sense—"

"Then I saw the possibility of the longed-for future."
REVIEWS.

The New Word. (A. Owen and Co.) 5s.

According to the will of Alfred Bernhard Nobel, maker of dynamite, one share of his bequest is to go to the person who shall have produced in the field of Literature the most distinguished work of an idealist tendency, being awarded by the Academy in Stockholm. The book before us is an open (and anonymous) letter to the said Academy, apparently with the object of clearing their minds of rubbish about the word "idealism." The author sets about his task by describing his intellectual adventures as a sort of quest of the Sacred Name—Idealism. He is nothing if not anonymous.)

Books, grafts given us of Hugo, Gambetta, Napoleon III.; the Empress Eugenie, and the many other notable characters whom it has been Madame Bernhardt's fortune to meet. The whole volume is fresh, unconventional, and charming, and although sometimes the narrative appears a little highly coloured, makes fascinating reading. We are eagerly looking forward to the second instalment, covering the flowering of the actress's genius, and our only regret is that there should be such a disparity between the price of the French edition (7 francs) and that of the English (15s. net). Does this policy on the part of the English publisher really pay?

GEORGE FISHER.
put the cart before the horse; he has assumed the three dimensions of space in telling us that his point has none. While as for Arithmetic:

"The Great Life."

The children would have told Kant, if he had stopped to ask them. When they are going to rob a bird's nest, they excuse themselves by saying that, if they leave one egg in the nest, the bird will not know your sense of right and wrong to sleep with words: and the grown-up people have told them that birds have instinct instinct; but the nest, the bird will not know; it has been robbed, because birds cannot count. Of course they do not think the bird is so stupid as that; really: but they have learned from the grown-up people that you can't learn your sense of right and wrong to sleep with words: and the grown-up people have told them that birds have instinct instinct.

Another interesting sidelight on education occurs on p. 138:

"No one would dream of locking up the 'Chemical Theory for Beginners.' It is perfectly respectable. Its contents are taught to the sons of bishops, ... and yet they are not one word less materialistic than what we have been reading. (Story of Creation.) The schoolmasters have dealt with the boy fairly, according to their lights. They have treated him mentally as if it were a badger's pit. You put in the badger, and you put in the dog, and you wait to see which comes out first. They have thrown in the Catcheck, and they have thrown in the chemical theory, and now they are waiting to see whether the boy will turn out a Christian or a Atheist!"

Our author finds salvation in a doctrine not unlike this. His Life Progresses on the six conceptions of "soul" and "God" he would read the Man Inside and the Man Outside. All life is the reaction of one upon the other. The Great Life could not gain an "eternal style" unless the Man Inside and the Man Outside could not know himself except by turning one half of his strength against the other half; Life (or the Universe) is One Strength eternally turning into two, by turning inside out; and the Twin Wrestlers of the whirl-swift (our author's new name for the Cosmos) are both God.

The New Church is the Club, Exclusive instead of Catholic, and the Book of Etiquette is its Bible. Its theology and ethics are summed up in two words: Good Form. The author pleads that the child—the true heir to the Nobel prize—shall be taught Idealism, the science of hope, learning the will of Heaven from the voice within, as in Materialism he learns it from the voice without. Between the two Nobel sought, not contradiction, but collaboration, like that of the centripetal and centrifugal forces which are supposed to guide a planet.

Altogether a thoroughly interesting and provoking book: the author has done his best to turn his own, and his readers', brains inside out.

The Daily Mail Year Book, 1908. (Daily Mail.)

The eighth year of issue sees the 'Daily Mail' 'Year Book still the most extraordinary publication of its kind. There is nothing seriously to compete with it. From end to end it is crammed with information, generally of the most reliable sort. The current issue contains in addition to the usual digest of excellent articles by writers like Archibald Colquhoun, L. G. Chiozza Money, and Major Baden Powell. There is an admirable impartiality in its treatment of Socialism, Harold Cox, C. W. Sailsbury, and E. R. Pease writing respectively on the various aspects. As a pocket companion in debates and discussion and a friend in time of statistical trouble, the 'Daily Mail' Year Book is incomparable at the price.

The Liberal Year Book, 1908. (Liberal Publication Department.)

We have so often had occasion to censure the Liberals that a peculiar pleasure is experienced when we are compelled to praise. Such a work as the present (now in its fourth year) reflects the greatest credit on the Publication Department of the Liberal Party. Anybody who is disposed to be interested in politics must secure a copy, and the fact that 'Liberal' is written large on the cover of the book must not be taken as an indication of bias. On the contrary, with characteristic generosity, the Department supplies even the figures for its own destruction. In short, the 'Liberal Year Book' is as indispensable to Socialists and Conservatives as to Liberals.

The cold weather beverage

Towne's Elect Cocoa
by regular and frequent visits of inspection, the whole system has developed with one end in view only, the securing for these children such normal conditions with respectable families as should fit them for normal activities in adult life. Fourteen years later the work of the Society had become too extensive for a private body. The South Australian Government, acknowledging the worth of the entire work of Mr. Padraic Colum, authorised the State Children's Council of South Australia, and the work proceeded on the same uninterrupted lines both in South Australia and, by degrees, in all the other Australian States.

Miss Spence's book, though badly put together, and dealing unnecessarily with the personnel of the various Councils, shows very clearly both the humane and practical attitude the Australian communities have taken up, as well as the success that has accompanied their determined abolition of institutional life, their maintaining of supervision till eighteen, their separation of the children's from the ordinary police courts, their care for illegitimate children and unmarried mothers, and, probably most important of all, their development of a humorous view of the relationship between "boarded-out" child and foster parents.

Great English Poets. By Julian Hill. (E. Grant Richards. 3s. 6d. net.)

This is a volume which will help to supply the constant demand of parents, guardians, and other well disposed persons for gift books of the "improving" order. It was conceived, as its author says, "as a homely spirit," and admirably fills such a homely need. There are nineteen studies of the most popularly accepted poets from Chaucer to Browning, and generally Mr. Hill says the correct thing about each of them. Here and there he is critical, but it would be unfair to treat his volume as a contribution to criticism. It is, of course, nothing of the sort, and Mr. Hill is at his best as an unexacting reviser. If he had been content to treat the works of each poet in the same spirit as he has treated their lives, the volume would have made quite an admirable gift book. As it is he has here and there lapsed into valuations which, although quite harmless, hardly add to the value of the volume. For instance, it is rather late in the day now to be astonished at the genius of Blake; and one feels that Mr. Hill's predilection for what is lyrical and sensuous in poetry, has led him to treat Browning with less discrimination than he otherwise might have done. But with these exceptions the book should prove very useful for the purpose named. It is illustrated with thirty-three portraits and reproductions of prints of places connected with the biographical passages.

Studies. By Padraic Colum. (Mannin. 2s. net.)

This is a worthy addition to the Tower Booklet series which started so well some eighteen months ago. Mr. Padraic Colum will be remembered as the author of "The Land," one of the best plays produced by the Irish National Theatre Society. This little book contains two short prose sketches and a miracle play in one act entitled, "The Miracle of the Corn." What strikes one in reading these studies, and the same applies to the reading of the whole of Padraic Colum's work, is the truth of the material, the skill with which it is treated. For instance, in his "Little Ireland" the author shows that there are many elements which fail to find expression in the more popular poetry of the day. This is a volume which will help to supply the constant demand of parents, guardians, and other well disposed persons for gift books of the "improving" order. It was conceived, as its author says, "as a homely spirit," and admirably fills such a homely need. There are nineteen studies of the most popularly accepted poets from Chaucer to Browning, and generally Mr. Hill says the correct thing about each of them. Here and there he is critical, but it would be unfair to treat his volume as a contribution to criticism. It is, of course, nothing of the sort, and Mr. Hill is at his best as an unexacting reviser. If he had been content to treat the works of each poet in the same spirit as he has treated their lives, the volume would have made quite an admirable gift book. As it is he has here and there lapsed into valuations which, although quite harmless, hardly add to the value of the volume. For instance, it is rather late in the day now to be astonished at the genius of Blake; and one feels that Mr. Hill's predilection for what is lyrical and sensuous in poetry, has led him to treat Browning with less discrimination than he otherwise might have done. But with these exceptions the book should prove very useful for the purpose named. It is illustrated with thirty-three portraits and reproductions of prints of places connected with the biographical passages.

State Children in Australia. By Catherine Helen Spence. (Vardon and Sons. Adelaide. 1S. 3d. net.)

Australia has had two great advantages in developing her system of dealing with the children thrown on public charity: destitute, neglected, unaccommodating, or suffering from some defect. In the first place, the work has been national, not philanthropic, the cost has been a charge on the general revenue (and not on local rating, as it is here). In the second, this was a new country. There were no old-established expensive costly industrial schools, orphanages, and the rest which had to be made use of—so practical a folk are we!—because there they were, and see what thousands they had room for. From its first modest philanthropic beginnings in South Australia in 1874, when the "Children's Boarding-Out Society" secured permission to board out destitute children in country homes, where their welfare should be secured...
RECENT PAMPHLETS.

WHO is Mrs. Grundy? What is she that all the swains condemn her? Mr. Meldens' "Mrs. Grundy and Popular Customs" (Brighton, 6d.) fails to explain her charm, since what she has was not, all along, the result of hard work, and her appreciators are only two of her ancestors. Moreover, he keeps well on the harmless side of the lady's character, and thus everybody is pleased and nobody shocked. If one wants, however, to see Mrs. Grundy with all her quills up, turn to the Annual Report of the Central South London Free Church Council. Apparently the main-source of pride of this body is in the fact that "upwards of two-thirds of the prosecutions of street-opportunists" have been "initiated by Mrs. Grundy." But what have they done in "move off" as well as "move on" these pitiful parasites? Have the Fact merely dog holes for foolish ostriches to hide their heads in?—The fact is we are growing desperately afraid lest the Socialist Movement should effect an economic change in order to hold in any form a worn-out sorcerer—Mr. H. W. Hobart. We view with positive alarm the accession of Siggins and Chadhams to the Socialist ranks. Lord Melbourne said of the late Queen's propensity for having reputable moral people about her: "this morality will undo us all." Of our queen, we feel sometimes inclined to say the same. Here, for example, is the Rev. J. Stitt Wilson in a couple of pamphlets demonstrating the identity of Socialism with the kingdom of God. Of course they are idealistic; but not, oh not, as Mr. Wilson would have us suppose! His intentions are good, but that does not mean—In "How I Became a Socialist" Mr. Wilson is interesting quite; we particularly admire the sentiment: "Capi tally, the people believe the doctrines of all lands will unite to ignore most of them." The Possibility and Philosophy of Anarchist Communism." (By G. R. Doran.) is the first to be ignored. In "Religion and Economics of Sex Oppression" (gd.), however, Mr. Aldred is a little better because he is less anxious to regard woman of twenty-four or twenty-five as still a "young girl." Except for such touches, the pamphlet is without merit.—The S.P.G. has issued a penny reprint of Morris's "Art, Labour, and Socialism" (Henderson's, 1d.). The reprint unfortunately is marred by a discordant foreword signed by the S.P.G., and this is how Mr. Walkley opens his criticism: "The stupid foreword of the S.P.G., which so style alone disputes their claim. Did each member contribute a parenthesis to the foreword we wonder? If so, we are sorry. Still, the question of women is our concern. Having done so, we note one sentence: The dominant class "have their parasites and sycephants, their lice and scabies, and their lice and scabies are a higher emolument. We will bless them with unctuous praise, and belittle every effect of the workers to break away from the slumber which oppresses them. The dome of Arch, why haunt you the pages of a pamphlet?—We get far enough away from Marble Arch in "Social Tracts for the Times" (1d.) Numbers, to say "Socialism and Our Welfare System," by S. E. Keeble, and "Character and Democracy," by J. R. Macdonald, M.P. Both tracts are extremely good, and this is how Mr. Walkley ends: "It is possible to read Mr. Walkley's criticisms and never get beyond his chevau de frise of erudition. The pages of "Drama and Life" bristle with quotations, allusions, and anecdotes. The thought has been associated in our minds with "the idiotic refrain of his song still lingers in my ear:—"Fai choisi, donc, le celibat Le celibat est un bonheur."

Drama and Life. By A. B. Walkley. (Methuen and Co. 6d.) It is possible to read Mr. Walkley's criticisms and never get beyond his cheveaux de frise of erudition. The pages of "Drama and Life" bristle with quotations, allusions, and anecdotes. The thought has been associated in our minds with "the idiotic refrain of his song still lingers in my ear:—"Fai choisi, donc, le celibat Le celibat est un bonheur."

That is the case of Hippolytus in this tragedy of Euripides. It is possible to read Mr. Walkley's criticisms and never get beyond his cheveaux de frise of erudition. The pages of "Drama and Life" bristle with quotations, allusions, and anecdotes. The thought has been associated in our minds with "the idiotic refrain of his song still lingers in my ear:—"Fai choisi, donc, le celibat Le celibat est un bonheur."

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...
thinking when he wrote that "assuredly in piano-playing, as in acting or singing, the nature of the artist counts for everything." This discovery emblazons the second page. In the third page Baughan, with his usual flights and states that "the word artist has become vulgarized that it has lost its meaning, and we are inclined to separate technical ability from innate musical genius, and to judge performers rather by what they can do than by what they think and feel." I am not aware that the word artist has lost its meaning among intelligent people. Nor is it, I believe, held by all people, or unintelligent people, ever forget that an artist can think and feel like themselves. But Mr. Baughan is not satisfied with uttering these profound reflections. In a perfect paradox of intellect Baughan feels it is a "curious point... that the great artist, the musical executant who can think his own thoughts, compels our admiration, even though we may criticise his playing in technical detail." The subtlety of this is amazing when you think of it. And, not content with wallowing in platitudes himself, he quotes other people's with ardent sympathy. For instance, he selects Mr. Henry C. Kabyte (an American, I think) for his remarks on Leschetitzky, the famous piano teacher: his "method is that of sound common sense, and is based on keen analytical faculties... he has his own ideas of how to train the hand and all that it requires, but he never trains the hand apart from the ear"; and then adds himself that "no teacher and no method can produce the pianist of genius. The platitude is excusable in the face of the absurd things which have been written concerning the effect of Leschetitzky's teaching." I do not think it is at all excusable on the ground that certain people have said it.

Perhaps the most fulsome chapter in the whole book is that on Paderewski's "debut" in London, in which Mr. Baughan holds a brief for the many silly Press criticisms which appeared at that time. He says: "The statement that the London critics did not recognize Paderewski's greatness is often made to their discredit.
but a close examination of all that was written at the
time does not bear out the accusation. It was rather
that the criticism was a trifle too guarded, and that to
some extent the journalists were prejudiced against the
pianist through no fault of his own, but because he had
been described as 'The Lion of the Paris Season.'
Also, although this may seem a trivial reason, the re-
cital took place on one of those pleasant days of our
May when rain and wind make conditions in London
anything but merry. At any rate, all who were present
at that first recital agree that the audience was coldly
critical. We do not accept the verdict of Paris in
critical. We do not accept the verdict of Paris in
musical matters, and the average Englishman is apt to
suspect charlatanism in a musician whose 'wonderful
aura of golden hair' had been so sedulously adver-
tised. It would be much better for us if we did not
accept the verdict of Paris in musical matters, and think
less about a man's hair or the cut of his coat. I have
no patience to go into the chapters on Paderewski in
America and his later tours. They are unspeakably
vulgar, giving details of financial receipts, how Mr.
Paderewski travelled, and the kind of food provided for
him on his journeys. The chapter on Personal Traits
reads like 'Ti-Bits,' or some literary journal of that
kind; here, no doubt, we get a clue to the sort of
public Mr. Baughan caters for.
The truly sad thing about the book is the number of
stupid things he credits to the great pianist with having
said; "If I were asked," said Paderewski to an inter-
viewer (probably after the excitement of some recital)" to
name the chief qualification of a great pianist, apart
from technical excellence, I should answer in a word-
genius." And again, referring to the celebrated paradox
of Diderot, he was "firmly of the belief that the pianist,
in order to produce the finest and most delicate effects
must feel what he is playing, identify himself absolutely
with his work." Clever people have often their aberra-
tions of obviousness, but surely it is a pity to immor-
talise a man in this fashion.

This brochure certainly adds no lustre to that now
famous series, "Living Masters of Music," issued by a
famous house. The story of Paderewski's interesting
early life is coherently told, and there are some good
portraits, particularly a photograph of the pianist at the
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age of twenty, which is a keen one. Here, no doubt, we get
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as preferred by the public to-day. To tear the old Greek forms away from their historic background is to destroy their justifying relation to place and time. The old orders amalgamated impurely with construction are indeed painful. The architecture, factually constructive and frankly ornamental, purged of all sophistry. Yet the orders can be pleasingly used if we have confidence in their constructive, frankly constructive and frankly ornamental, purged of all sophistry. The two facades of the Piccadilly Hotel itself afford an example of the use and abuse of an order.

To rouse an appreciation of architecture is necessary to the New Age, for if from the first small things cannot be accomplished, how then shall great things be done? The concrete is ever more admired than the abstract; if folk do not love beautiful things, how shall they love beautiful acts? A knowing one has said, "life is only justifiable as an aesthetic phenomenon," so well may The New Age preach a gospel of joy from a text of beauty.

A. M. FEART.

MEDICAL EDUCATION.

To the Editors of "The New Age."

I have been reading Mr. Shaw's letter in criticism of Dr. Saleeby's views on Marriage, reprinted in The New Age, for December 14. I am in no way concerned to defend Dr. Saleeby, who seems indeed to have sinned against good taste, if not against science, nor am I blind to the obvious fact that legal monogamy is not necessarily the same as physiological monogamy. But I wish to protest against Mr. Shaw's unwarrantable and purely dogmatic assertion that "not a shred of initiatory interest in the medical profession." Such loose talking may well prove to be a London blue sky is to see one of the remaining legs of Nelson on his column, the lineal descendant of this ancient enemy. Alas! it is the lineal descendant of this. The genuine grounds of Socialism, you should in another hypothesis; as, in other words, the casting of deliberately and undeniably, and indeed to the whole of class controversy, but they know their own value, know, too, that the community in general, and in particular the "working classes," are parasitic upon them to the extent for religious bigotry, I see as much of it here in England as I have ever seen in Ireland and will give you instances if you like. You cannot realize, can you, that there is exploitation of one human being by another, just as Socialism is a protest against the exploitation of one human being by another. You cannot realise, can you, that Ireland objects quite as strongly to being exploited by England as the Irish themselves do to being exploited by an England mainly inhabited by Liberals and Conservatives? If England has any good intentions towards Ireland, why should she not let her neighbours try to adopt the phrase of Mr. Griffith—first of all taking her one hand away from Ireland's throat and her other hand out of Ireland's pocket. In the present circumstances, to call upon the democracy of Ireland to unite with the democracy of England "in fighting for a common deliverance from a common enemy" sounds just a little hypocritical. It is as if the highwayman were to explain to his victim that their interests were fundamentally the same, and that the important thing for both to way out set on an anti-consumption crusade immediately. Let us fight capitalism, and consumption, and the rest of the world's evils by all means, but let us fight as equals, and with clean hands. Before we begin, however, I wish to insist that England shall be given a position in the ranks from which she will not be able to pick Ireland's pockets on the way to the battlefield. If you had read and understood Mr. Shaw's preface to "John Bull's Other Island," you would scarcely have written about Nationalism as you have written. If you will pardon me for saying so, you seem to be unable to realise that any sort of freedom required except social freedom: you do not see that national freedom is quite as necessary and desirable as the idea of marriage. Socialism seems to be freedom, but freedom seen from different points of view. Nationalism says that you must have a free nation. Socialism demands that, having got a free nation, you shall make it a nation of free men and women. Both movements are necessary, but in the case of a subject country like Ireland the Nationalist movement must come first.

I am now for one or two other points. You say that "a nation cannot live forever on the memory of its past wrongs." Believe me, in saying this you are flattering yourselves. It is not our past wrongs which have won the help of some thirty thousand armed men, and who are bleeding the country to death by your system of taxation. Your previous errors in Ireland you do not denounce; you do not curse. A knowing one has said, "life is only justifiable as an aesthetic phenomenon," so well may The New Age preach a gospel of joy from a text of beauty.

In conclusion, let me assure you that we Irish Nationalists do not care twopence for "the respect of the democracy of this country." The English democracy has proved quite as hostile to the liberties of Ireland as the English aristocracy or the English plutocracy ever did. In dealing with us, none of you has shown a spark of honourable feeling. When you do so, you may win our respect. Until then, Ireland can only see in England her most immediate and implacable enemy.

ROBERT LYND.

THE IRISH MUDDELL.

To the Editors of "The New Age."

In case you really want to understand the Irish question, perhaps I ought to drop you a line in reference to an article called "The Irish Muddle," which appeared in your last issue. It is curious that, while in one part of your paper you discredit Mr. Arnold Forster and the other anti-Socialists as "uninteresting because they are difficult to understand," the genuine grounds of Socialism, you should in another part of the paper put yourselves so completely out of court as critics of the Irish situation by showing that you "either cannot or will not realise the genuine grounds" of Nationalism.

You say that "a nation cannot live forever on the memory of its past wrongs." Believe me, in saying this you are flattering yourselves. It is not our past wrongs which have won the help of some thirty thousand armed men, and who are bleeding the country to death by your system of taxation. Your previous errors in Ireland you do not denounce; you do not curse. A knowing one has said, "life is only justifiable as an aesthetic phenomenon," so well may The New Age preach a gospel of joy from a text of beauty.

In conclusion, let me assure you that we Irish Nationalists do not care twopence for "the respect of the democracy of this country." The English democracy has proved quite as hostile to the liberties of Ireland as the English aristocracy or the English plutocracy ever did. In dealing with us, none of you has shown a spark of honourable feeling. When you do so, you may win our respect. Until then, Ireland can only see in England her most immediate and implacable enemy.

ROBERT LYND.
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