purely a matter of immediate expediency. It is pretty for the present whether the Labour Party accepts or rejects the name and profession of Socialism. It is people themselves are in a perpetual state of political swither, sometimes thinking and calling themselves Socialist; the Conservatives known and universally feared. The Liberals are slow for reasons of Tariff Reform; and the Labour special interest. It is not, even in the Labour Party, the fiction that the Labour Party is not Socialist in the eyes and minds of the public to the existence of the Labour Party than the importation of one or two strikers. We have said before that the Labour Party has been, and for some time will be, wise in anticipating; it did not strike the country as it should. And we can conceive nothing better calculated to draw the people to the head of the Labour Party in place of Messrs. Keir Hardie, MacDonald, Shadwell and Barnes. These latter do stand for the principles of the class war much more emphatically than even Mr. Hyndman, who for all his doctrines to the contrary is quite without real class antagonism. On the whole we think the Labour Party has been, and for some time will be, wise in refusing to change its name and profession, even for our name and profession of Socialism. Sooner or later the time will come when the change must be made if the Labour Party is to become national in the complete sense; but we agree that the time is not yet. And perhaps the best thing the Conference can do is to dismiss the resolution on the subject with as brief a discussion as possible.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.
The Labour Party Conference which is to be held at Hull on Monday promises 'many points of exceptional interest.' It is not, except in the Labour Party, an every-day occurrence for an accession of a dozen members to take place; nor is it always likely to be the eve of the final absorption of the whole Trade Unionist movement in its ranks. The year 1907 has in some ways been a triumphant year for the Parliamentary Labour Party. It has made singularly few mistakes, and without being too closely identified with its dissatisfaction. We have said before that the Labour Party has suffered during the last Session from a defective imagination; it did not strike the country as it should. And we can conceive nothing better calculated to draw the eyes and minds of the public to the existence of the Labour Party than the importation of one or two striking Socialist personalities. Undoubtedly such importations would be difficult to deal with, as they are, to cast-iron discipline. Yet we venture to believe that they would lift the Labour Party off its knees on to its feet in the House of Commons; and without being too closely identified with its discipline, act as admirable intellectual sharpshooters and conservatives. Undoubtedly such importations would be difficult to deal with; the whole we think the Labour Party has been, and for some time will be, wise in refusing to change its name and profession, even for our name and profession of Socialism. Sooner or later the time will come when the change must be made if the Labour Party is to become national in the complete sense; but we agree that the time is not yet. And perhaps the best thing the Conference can do is to dismiss the resolution on the subject with as brief a discussion as possible.

It must be frankly admitted that a certain amount of policy has been necessary. Everybody knows that the majority of the Labour Party are Socialists; everybody knows that if the Socialists were taken out of the Trade Union ranks the movement would resume its ignominious feebleness of thirty or forty years ago. On the other hand, the rank and file of an army can easily be overmatched; and it was necessary for the Labour leaders to appear to move only a little ahead of the army they were leading. And this has been on the whole accomplished. Only rarely, for example, is the fiction that the Labour Party is not Socialist in intention allowed to be dropped, even by the ordinary Press. The secret is well kept by being universally known and universally feared. The Liberals are slow to name their late allies Socialist; the Conservatives are slow for reasons of Tariff Reform; and the Labour people themselves are in a perpetual state of political swither, sometimes thinking and calling themselves Socialists, sometimes stricken with panic at the idea.

Now we may as well say that we are quite indifferent for the present whether the Labour Party accepts or rejects the name and profession of Socialism. It is purely a matter of immediate expediency. It is pretty certain that while the Labour Party remains in name and profession Labour, and not Socialist, out and out Socialists will hesitate to join its ranks with much publicity. A certain amount of snobbery may be at work in this, or it may be conviction and principle. In any case, only rarely will middle-class and cultured people identify themselves wholeheartedly with the Labour Party of the present moment. On the other hand, the loss of these intellectuals may be more than compensated by the accession of the Trade Unionists; an accession that might not have taken place had Messrs. Hyndman, Shaw, Webb, and others been at the head of the Labour Party in place of Messrs. Keir Hardie, MacDonald, Shadwell and Barnes. These latter do stand for the principles of the class war much more emphatically than even Mr. Hyndman, who for all his doctrines to the contrary is quite without real class antagonism. On the whole we think the Labour Party has been, and for some time will be, wise in refusing to change its name and profession, even for our name and profession of Socialism. Sooner or later the time will come when the change must be made if the Labour Party is to become national in the complete sense; but we agree that the time is not yet. And perhaps the best thing the Conference can do is to dismiss the resolution on the subject with as brief a discussion as possible.
**THE NEW AGE.**

January 18, 1908

Meantime it is obvious that the other Parties are having troubles without number. The Conservatives in particular are more hopelessly divided than ever. It is a case of Free Trade and Individualism should go hand in hand, but we confess we see no reason for calling the creed Conservative. Lord Cromer's pronouncement in Scotland, for example, was a case of early Victorian Liberalism without the shadow of a Conservative principle, still less of a modern economic principle. And his rallying of the Unionist Free Trade section which had been temporarily discredited by Mr. Balfour's speech at Birmingham, is a disservice to his Party which they are not likely to forget. We repeat what we have often said, that if Fiscal Reform goes hand in hand with Social Reform, we are prepared to discuss radical measures. What we cannot tolerate is the absurd attitude of the Unionist Free Traders, who are the Luddites of to-day. Yet apparently they are gaining adherents; and hence the prospect of a strong Conservative opposition grows fainter.

Unfortunately the trade returns for the year give an appearance of support to the Free Traders. We say unfortunately because there is precious little reality in the market prices and values are so divorced to-day that bounding statistics of the one give no certainty of the other. Mr. Strachey, continuing his letters on Socialism, urges that our business is to increase production and to let distribution take care of itself. Well, it appears we have increased production (at least in figures) enormously, but distribution is growing relatively worse instead of better. The fact is that Trade Returns ought to be read with the returns of Pauperism and Unemployment in order to be properly understood. Read thus, our national position affords no room for complacency.

The agitation against the pressure of British Indians in South Africa reached a climax this week in the arrest and sentencing of several Indians, with Mr. Gandhi among them. A protest meeting was held in the Gaxton Hall on January 9th, under the presidency of Lord Amphilth, and some excellent resolutions were passed. We are amazed, however, that on the whole so little has been said in England on a matter which presumably occupied men's minds exclusively only a few years ago. Among the excuses for the Boor War, Lord Lansdowne explicitly mentioned the treatment of Indians by the Boers. But that treatment was not so bad as the treatment meted out to them with the approval of Lord Elgin. The sacrosanctity of the man on the spot and the official power is a positive obsession of the present Cabinet, which does nothing but appeal to the President of the Board of Trade against the action of the London and North-Western Railway Company in exercising undue influence on the ballot for the men's representatives. The appeal, we venture to say, will be useless. By the terms of the Settlement, the men are practically pledged not to strike for the next seven years. In other words, they have submitted to having their teeth drawn. The result is that the Directors have nothing to fear; and in the absence of an intelligent public genuinely interested in the matter they can safely proceed by strategy in setting up the men to any extent. The non-recognition of the men's Union was of more value to the Directors than most people suppose. The men can now be dealt with in detail. We should be sorry if Mr. Lloyd-George's Settlement became the model of future Settlements.

The "Daily News" leader writers. Yet race, we hold, to his friends, but he will be no partisan for wife and family more have the impertinence to pet and pamper her, to keep her "shied" from the responsibility of political and social work, than he will to make a Chinese toy of her and bind her cheaply than white labour, nothing in Liberalism condemns the employer who makes use of it. But plainly the white labourer is placed in an impossible position. Hence we find the latter passing resolutions at Johannesburg in support of the expulsion of their Indian competitors; a perfectly natural course, and an inevitable course so long as economic freedom is denied them.

Mr. Lloyd-George's wonderful Railway Settlement appears to have settled nothing except (in a different sense) the men. Mr. Bell was driven last week to appeal to the President of the Board of Trade against the action of the London and North-Western Railway Company in exercising undue influence on the ballot for the men's representatives. The appeal, we venture to say, will be useless. By the terms of the Settlement, the men are practically pledged not to strike for the next seven years. In other words, they have submitted to having their teeth drawn. The result is that the Directors have nothing to fear; and in the absence of an intelligent public genuinely interested in the matter they can safely proceed by strategy in setting up the men to any extent. The non-recognition of the men's Union was of more value to the Directors than most people suppose. The men can now be dealt with in detail. We should be sorry if Mr. Lloyd-George's Settlement became the model of future Settlements.

M. Jaurès has, like many Socialists, lain under the imputation of anti-patriotic sentiment. "Journal des Débats" will perhaps have the effect of rehabilitating his reputation as a statesman. Of course, we never doubted that he had been deliberately misunderstood for party purposes, precisely as Socialists in England are wilfully misunderstood at election times. M. Jaurès makes it plain that he is in favour of an army of citizens for defence only. He opposes the idea of an army created to be prolonged by aggression, aggression being no part of a genuine patriot's psychology. Moreover, he expounds at length and with impressive learning, his scheme of national Settlement became the model of future Settlements.

"Everybody's Magazine" for December contains a symposium on "What is a Good Man?" From Mr. Wells's reply to the conundrum we make the following extract:—

To describe that ideal modern citizen now is at best to make a guess and a suggestion as to what must be built in reality by the efforts of a thousand minds. But he will be a very different creature from that indifferent, well-behaved business man who makes for a good citizen. He will not be neither under the slave tradition, nor a rebel, nor a tyrant, but a man. Essentially he will be aristocratic; aristocratic not in the sense that he has slaves or class inferiors, because probably he will have nothing of the sort, but aristocratic in the sense that he will feel that the state belongs to him and he to the state. He will probably be a public servant; at any rate he will be a man doing some work in the complicated machinery of the modern community for a salary and not for speculative gain. Typically, he will be a professional man. I do not think the ideal modern citizen can be a person living chiefly by buying for as little as he can give and selling for as much as he can get; indeed, most of what we idolise to-day as business enterprise, I think he will regard with very considerable contempt. But then as a Socialist and look forward to the time when the economic machinery of the community will not be a field for private enrichment but for public service. He will be good to his wife and children as he will be good to his friends, but he will be no parian for wife and family against the common welfare. His solicitude will be for the welfare of all the children of the community; he will have got beyond blind instinct, he will have the intelligence to understand that an economic creation can be mitigated as a cause of strife by economic means. Is the "Daily News" prepared to advocate an Imperial standard wage, below which no labourer in that country shall be reduced; as such being only a superior slavery, our object should be at least to see that it is paid well. If in the British dominions efficient native labour can be bought more...
In England we have no Anti-Semites; we have Zionists instead; and I am a known friend of the Zionists. The way to create interest in a man here is to claim for him that he is a Jew. On every April 19th the Zionists, our Court party, make a pilgrimage to the statue of the only Prime Minister of England who was a Jew, and heap its pedestal with primroses, because our Court party is composed of thin ennobled ones, and cannot be considered good citizens, any more than dirty or verminous people. He will be the first to assert that the Zionists are more likely to be enobled from vanity and self-assurance, but to be pleasing and agreeable to his fellows. The ugly dress and ugly bearing of the "Gentile" may have swept England like a landslide, but you would not bet that he is a bimetallist. Liberalism may have won a wild victory at the polls; it may have swept England like a landslide, but you would not bet that he is a bimetallist. However, I am not going to kill you again in England and America. My essay will be reprinted close to the title of "The Sensity of Art": the reason you are introduced to my readers is that you have a few of those subjects; as you tour outside Baker Street Station you may strike the millionth man. If you have forgotten to take your hat off to the Bearded Lady. He is not a minority: he is a monster. And the only way of keeping this distinction is to keep a clandestine man. Secretiveness and secret planning are vulgar, and men and women need to be educated, and he will be educated out of them. He will be intensely truthful, but more serious sense of misleading facts when pressed, but truthful in the manner of the scientific man or the national poet. He will become conscious of concealment as the truth is that you are, as the expression of a ruling desire to have things made plain and clear, because that so they are most beautiful and life is at its finest.

In the "Daily News" of January 11 Mr. G. K. Chesterton makes an impassioned attack on the prosecution of Mr. H. G. Wells by Professor, Mr. W. Howells, to whom we shall refer later. But perhaps the significant paragraph of Mr. Chesterton's article is his explanation (the clearest he has yet achieved) of his type of Democracy.

Readers of his article in The New Age of January 4th will be glad of the following extract:

"Now, if there is anyone who thinks that my distinction between public opinion as a whole and the mere triumphant majority, as a fallacy in inclusion, I am willing to provide him with what may be called a working test. If you want to know whether a thing is a matter of majority accidentally in point of numbers, and can, if the people as a whole, simply judge by everybody; judge by anybody. Fix your eye on the man who wears a silk hat. Always look at the man who wears a silk hat. Judge about him. Bimetallism may have won a wild victory at the polls, but you would not bet that he is a bimetallist. Liberalism may have swept England like a landslide, but you would not bet that he is a liberal. Christianity may be unconquerably entrenched and enthroned, it may have its Scriptures in all the schools, its public prayers in all the Parliament. But you would not bet a button that that man believes in preserving a certain reticence about sex in the presence of girls or children. Of course, he may happen to have a crude in that subject; as you tour outside Baker Street Station you may strike the millionth man. If you do you must treat him as something more than an exception, you, if you, have not a hat off to the Bearded Lady. He is not a minority; he is a monster. And the only way of keeping this distinction is to keep a deep and vigilant reverence for Anybody.

The following letter from Mr. Bernard Shaw appeared in the "Frankfurter Zeitung" 1; and fragments have appeared in the "Jewish World." AN OPEN LETTER

To the Editor of the "Frankfurter Zeitung." AN OPEN LETTER

Dear Dr. Max Nordau,

The letter you have addressed to me in the columns of the "Frankfurter Zeitung" is partly founded on a misunderstanding which has caused me sincere regret. You are addressing me to my readers, I mentioned that you are a Jew, I had no intention of appealing to Anti-Semitic prejudice to discredit you. It never occurred to me that you could be otherwise than proud of being a Jew.

In England we have no Anti-Semites; we have Zionists instead; and I am a known friend of the Zionists. The way to create interest in a man here is to claim for him that he is a Jew. On every April 19th the Zionists, our Court party, make a pilgrimage to the statue of the only Prime Minister of England who was a Jew, and heap its pedestal with primroses, because our Court party is composed of thin ennobled ones, and cannot be considered good citizens, any more than dirty or verminous people. He will be the first to assert that the Zionists are more likely to be enobled from vanity and self-assurance, but to be pleasing and agreeable to his fellows. The ugly dress and ugly bearing of the "Gentile" may have swept England like a landslide, but you would not bet that he is a bimetallist. Liberalism may have won a wild victory at the polls; it may have swept England like a landslide, but you would not bet that he is a bimetallist. However, I am not going to kill you again in England and America. My essay will be reprinted close to the title of "The Sensity of Art": the reason you are introduced to my readers is that you have a few of those subjects; as you tour outside Baker Street Station you may strike the millionth man. If you have forgotten to take your hat off to the Bearded Lady. He is not a minority: he is a monster. And the only way of keeping this distinction is to keep a clandestine man. Secretiveness and secret planning are vulgar, and men and women need to be educated, and he will be educated out of them. He will be intensely truthful, but more serious sense of misleading facts when pressed, but truthful in the manner of the scientific man or the national poet. He will become conscious of concealment as the truth is that you are, as the expression of a ruling desire to have things made plain and clear, because that so they are most beautiful and life is at its finest. . . .
You are, I notice, a little bewildered by the extraordinary suddenness of your demolition. But the secret of it is very simple. My knowledge of art is derived from the study, and also the production, of works of art. You find it more convenient to prefer to go to Lombroso, and ask his opinion. He, having studied nothing at first hand but criminal lunatics, has made the discovery that genius and madness go together. You have the discovery that men of genius are human beings also. Therefore, because things that are equal to the same are equal to each other, you conclude that men of genius are criminal lunatics. You are so convinced of the soundness of your argument that you take it for granted that I apply it to Wagner. Christ was accused of being a Jew; Dr. Nordau is one of the Jews; therefore Dr. Nordau is a murderer. You say that I must have meant this when I said that you are a Jew. But why should I not argue the other way? Jesus Christ was a Jew; he called those who disagreed with him Vipers and other hard names: therefore Dr. Nordau is a reincarnation of Christ. I told you in my essay that I could prove you to be an elephant by the same logic that has convinced you that Wagner was an inattentive dreamer. I have been better than my word, and proved you to be the founder of the logic you have taught them!

This reminds me that you have given up your contention that Wagner was not a practical man. You admit in his place the force of this contention that he could have built the Royal Opera and the Bühnenfestspielehaus if he had been the imbecile you thought he was. You have therefore completed a new syllogism: 

\[
\text{Mann, der eine Kathedrale baut, ist ein Impostor}; \\
\text{denn Sie haben gesagt, Wagner baut Kathedralen}; \\
\text{also ist Wagner ein Impostor.}
\]

What a brain you have, Doctor!

Oscar Wilde was a sexual pervert: his Lieblinge were necessarily his contemporaries: therefore his contemporaries were sexual perverts; therefore Bertrand Russell, who was a contemporary of Oscar Wilde's, is a sexual pervert. In fact, the entire population of London during the eighteen-nineties was sexual perverts. How horrible! You may raise the cry of Ersatz. And how fortunate that you were not living in Berlin during the recent scandals! What if even then they have not been able to prove your falsehood? You shall have your logic you have taught them! Nay, are you quite sure that your absence from Berlin really proves your innocence? Oscar Wilde spent a good deal of time in Paris. We are all mathematical Japs, as Voltaire said of Habakkuk, "ce gai-blanc, qui étudie la haute science de la philosophie."

Out of [remaining text illegible]

A Barren Outlook.

The approaching opening of the third session of the present Parliament is being awaited by politicians and the nation generally with feelings of mingled impatience and hope, for the present Government, elected as it was to resist the policy of Tariff Reform, never promised anything heroic in the way of legislation; while the composition of the Cabinet, over-weighted with the brains and ideals of the old Whigs, precludes the hope of the realisation of any vital reforms. We shall deal with the programme of the coming session in due course; meanwhile a casual glance at its contents will not suffice to arouse any enthusiasm in our minds. We do not look during the session for any serious attempt to deal with the pressing question of Unemployment; a system of Old Age Pensions cannot be inaugurated with the pitiful sum of £2 million; and we may trust the Liberal captains of industry to frustrate any legislation that would relieve the working classes at their expense. Never was there greater need for unremitting vigilance and opposition on our part, especially as our policy is still so ignorantly misinterpreted. We had ventured to entertain the hope that our principles were clearly understood by our opponents, and that for the future we might therefore fight them with cunning and intelligence; but we are still met with the objections which we have been combating for at least a decade. Judged by his latest utterances, even Mr. Haldane, probably the most intellectual of them all, cannot or will not understand us. He refuses to see any difference between the insignificant changes which he calls social reform and the immense fundamental change which we call Socialism. He therefore laments in quite the orthodox style that the Labour voters should not have been seduced into voting for progress by running candidates of their own against Liberal and Conservative alike. He has already forgotten the lessons of Jarrow and the Colne Valley. Yet were he not for the fact that he is so flagrantly in error, nothing could better serve our purpose than to witness the conspicuous impotence of our Liberal opponents to justify their existence as the party of progress.

Now that Liberalism has reached the very crisis of its fate, there is an element of tragedy in the fact that its destinies should be entrusted to the hands of such reactionaries as Mr. Morley, Mr. Asquith, and Mr. Herbert Gladstone.

We have often commented upon the welcome renaissance of the Conservative Party, although our satisfaction would be increased could we be sure that the views of such men as Lord Milner were shared by Mr. Morley and Mr. Asquith. The Conservatives naturally possess the tactical advantage of being the attacking party, and they may be trusted to make the most of our usual winter distress and unemployment. This, of course, is one of the rules of the political game as played by both parties, and deceives nobody. In spite of a considerable weight of opinion to the contrary, we do not think the Tariff Reformers feel so confident of success as they would have us believe. They are far from having converted the bulk of the Conservative Party, and we cannot recall anything that has transpired since their defeat at the polls to indicate that the nation has changed its mind. Even so lucid a master of exposition as Mr. Chamberlain did not succeed in presenting a workable and consistent policy of Tariff Reform, and what proved to be beyond his powers will certainly not be accomplished by those who have succeeded him. We believe that public opinion is quickly ripening upon this subject, but not in the direction Tariff Reformers desire. It seems certain that domestic reforms as Old Age Pensions, better wages, and constant employment, so fiercely opposed by the Conservatives, can only be secured by means of Tariff Reform, then Tariff Reform will be ultimately accepted by the nation, and the immediate necessity for Socialism will disappear. We were assured that Tariff Reform would not bring in its train greater evils than those it is intended to cure, but we support it ourselves. But no such assurance is forth-
It is the advent of Socialism into politics that is causing the two orthodox parties to bid against each other for popular support, and it is for us to expose the hollowness of their promises and the impossibility of witnessing their fulfilment. We notice that timid suggestions are now and again put forward that the State should take steps to increase the difficulties of their opponents and rehabilitate themselves in public favour by supporting the Women's Suffrage movement. Certainly the Liberal outcry against the House of Lords for thwarting the wishes of the people comes with an air of politics from politicians who, contrary to their promises, oppose the disfranchisement of the great half of the nation.

Such tactics reveal the explanation of the extreme bitterness of present-day politics. Both parties are now frankly opportunist: they are merely living from hand to mouth, with no higher ideal than a common-place expediency. In pursuing this policy, even for the benefit of one or the other, they are grossly mistaken. Whatever their limitations, the British working classes have never been lacking in chivalry. It was the working classes, not the well-to-do, who mainly supported Gladstone's Home Rule; it was the working classes, again, who were revolted by the introduction of Chinese labour into South Africa. To preach idealism in politics is still unhappily to preach a hopeless gospel; but it is gratifying to see that the age of Puritanism is passing away, with its grotesque ideas of rewards and punishments. The enlightened spirit of the time will no longer consent to the punishment of children for the faults of their fathers; we have discovered the cause of our national poverty, and are invoking the powerful aid of the State to bring about its removal. We are convinced that the future belongs to the genuine Imperialists, to those politicians of whatever name who receive the British nation in reality great and splendid, even "the joy of the whole earth." That is the only justification for troubling ourselves about politics at all, and the ideal will be realised when we determine that the claims of property shall no longer be allowed to override the higher claims of human life.

Expediency has been the rule, and is even now proving to be the nemesis of the orthodox parties. This indeed constitutes one of the issues of the argument for Socialism. Expediency can produce nothing but confusion, since the institution of private property resulting in our system of competition sets the interests of the landlord and tenant, producer and consumer, employer and employed live in a state of continual feud, and what one class gains another loses. If by some miracle, for example, Mr. Lloyd George could secure justice for railway servants, either the shareholders would resort to some insidious and indirect method of sweating labour, or would make the railway servants suffer or, what is more probable, the companies would set in the framework of an Empire as well as in that of an Industrial Republic. 

The general view of the Socialist could hardly be better expressed, but there is more to follow. "I am not myself a believer in Socialism, though there is much to admire in the Socialistic idea. The work of the Socialist, I can see no reason why my ideas should not be set in the framework of an Empire as well as in that of an Industrial Republic. In the past I have been as a rule evolved out of political and economic conceptions. But it is certain that if the Empire of the future is to continue, it must rest upon a democratic basis, and must satisfy democratic ideals. I decline altogether to believe that this is an impossible aspiration. Incidentally they (i.e. democracies) will find it an invaluable antidote to the parochialism which is the bane of domestic politics, and the insularity that hampers smaller States.

All this is excellent, and seems to indicate an insight into modern political tendencies and a sympathy with democratic ideals which we are not wont to expect from Imperial ex-Viceroys. Lord Curzon may not be a Socialist, but the more people he can inspire with his ideals the better we shall be pleased. For his "moral basis" of Imperialism can only lead his disciples one step at a time. Give him a high sense of public duty and a truly disinterested regard for the central idea, as such and he is already more than half a Socialist. To complete his conversion is a comparatively easy matter, for the conscious subordination of individual ends to the idea of national unity necessarily involves a Socialist attitude in domestic politics.

Of course, it may be said that this argument is mere
barren logic, and that Lord Curzon and his school are quite capable of thinking in watertight compartments and of Imperial morality to home affairs. But we shall remain sanguine, at all events in the case of Lord Curzon himself, until he has been tried and found wanting. In the meantime we must have no militarist and no Internationalist. And this at least we may say for the present, that when Lord Curzon tells us that in the Empire we must find "not merely a key to glory and wealth, but the call to duty and the means of service to mankind," it is impossible to doubt his sincerity.

Japan's Road to Ruin.

Tis not in mortals to command success, but the Japanese Government assuredly think that they at least deserve it. Mr. Haldane has recognised the merit of their army organisation by despatching some of our staff officers to study their system. We wish he would prevail upon the whole Cabinet to take up its residence for a year or so in Tokio so as to thoroughly investigate the business methods of Japan. After Mr. Haldane's return with his Prime Minister and his Cabinet fortified by some exact knowledge, we would pray him, go and do otherwise. They would have learnt that bounding trade returns may be coincident with a waning civilisation; they would be convinced that efficiency untouched by the democratic spirit of humanity, by justice, by sympathy, by the endurance of the weak, and the heavy-laden, is but the twentieth century spell of tyranny.

Japan has an efficient Government. How clever, subtle and palming it is we slow-going Westerners hardly yet realise. Japan has accepted from Europe just that material civilisation which we shall require a revolution—a revolution in ideas—to overthrow. Japan has remade the country by use of that coal civilisation yet to be found in Europe. The pugnacious historians of the Victorian age rejected the doctrine of the natural rights of man. And we of the twentieth century dimly see that if these do not exist we must invent them. Without Diderot and Rousseau we should still be repeating with Locke that there where is no property there is no injustice. Japan, unfortunately, has never had an eighteenth century.

The current issue of the "Heiminshinbun," the Socialist newspaper which has lately reappeared after its suppression by the Government, has a cartoon which exactly depicts our own treatment of our own soldiers. On one side, a smart, active, young, well-equipped soldier; the companion drawing presents the ragged, shoeless, diseased, half-starved veteran. Yet the Japanese know how to preserve the health of their people. According to Special-General Kokura, Director of the Japanese Army Medical Service, while the casualties in the war totalled 220,812, the total sick list was but 236,223. Major Seaman, of the United States Medical Service, declared that: "History will never again furnish a more convincing demonstration of the benefit of a medical, sanitary, and demonstration of the benefit of a medical, sanitary, and commissary department thoroughly organised, equipped and empowered to overcome the silent foe." But the machines have accomplished their work, and if the "Heiminshinbun" may be credited, the exhausted soldiers are thrown on the scrap-heap. To medical science Japan has contributed some of the most brilliant investigators, and their teaching has been so far followed that a medical officer is attached to every school.

If you count civilisation by advancing percentage leaps in the Trade Returns, Japan is the most progressive country in the world. Her figures outstrip those that bring sighs of glad joy to our Liberal Press. In 1891 the value of Japanese exports to China were under £60,000; in 1904 they were over £6,000,000. The exports of tobacco to China have increased from £50,000 to £1,067,000. The tobacco trade is a Government enterprise. The annual revenue from the industries carried on by the Government now amounts to £8,000,000. Besides tobacco, it controls the cannab plant, now cultivated in Formosa, it has a monopoly in salt; matches-manufacturing is coming and perhaps silk. The railroads are being nationalised, the companies having been bought out at the cost of their construction with a small extra compensation, the shareholders receiving national stock in exchange.

Agriculture remains the orux of Japan's economic difficulties. The country is sparsely populated. The area of cultivated land is 161,000 square miles, is no index to the population it can support; at least, not until the present agricultural methods have been radically changed. About 83 per cent. of the land, including almost the whole of the northern mountainous island of Yezo, are uncultivated. Dr. Plehn asserts that the Japanese agricultural implements are scarcely to be distinguished from those used by the Egyptians under the Pharaohs. Still geologists are convinced that there is a large area of land incapable of bearing produce as is now under cultivation, but capital and indomitable energy will be required to bring the land fully under culture. Here also we are thoroughly believing in Japanese enterprise; Japan is making giant strides. The Government is establishing experimental farms, agricultural schools with travelling teachers, importing pedigree stock and plants, teaching an intensive method of agriculture hitherto unknown. We do not forget that its population is increasing at the rate of 500,000 annually, while the density is already 500 to the square mile—which means, of course, some enormously congested areas. There must be an extensive emigration for some years to come, to Korea, to Manchuria, and possibly to some parts of Australia. Calgary, Alberta, we are told in a cablegram, desires cheap Japanese labour. Our opposition to this last aspect of our Government's treatment of the emigration question, was touched upon by us in last week's columns last week, and we shall make no further reference here to this subject.

Judged, then, from the material side, Japan appears to have nothing in view but boundless prosperity as the years unwind before her.

We pretend to no special inner knowledge of Japanese character, and if we are somewhat chary of accepting Lafcadio Hearn's pessimistic judgment, made by an artist-psychologist, on intimate information, we shall so be on inadequate apriori grounds. We distrust all absolute conclusions about any race or people. We prefer to assume then that Japanese women are all adorable—some more so—whilst the men are generous and mean, sincere and susceptible, heroic and contemptible, much like ourselves. Nor need we fear that the cultivation of a gross material prosperity as the only sign of national well-being—the road to ruin—to Japan is not significant that Japan finds it necessary to have a doctor to every school? Worse still, German methods of education have been introduced into the country and—fatal symptom—Japan rejoices that 96 per cent. of the children attend the public schools.

Mr. Colquhoun, a sympathetic critic, does not question "that in artistic line Japan has degenerated as regards quality and design... The days of the old cherished art production, when an artist only worked when he had the inspiration, alas! those days are gone."

The Japanese are extremely responsive to suggestion. The Chauvinistic patriotism of the twentih century is another. Count Okumura's recent speech is another. The authorised version which is favourably commented upon by the Press, runs: "India offers Linnen lasts longer, and will keep much longer clean when washed and in a foam lather of Hudson's Soap. Hudson's will not fray cuffs or jag collars. Hudson's always deals gently with the linen, but firmly with the dirt. A penny packet will prove this!"
The Labour Party Conference.

The affiliated associations of Trade Unionists, Socialists, and Co-operatives, which together make up the Labour Party, are about to hold their eight annual Conference at Hull. The delegates who attend this meeting will represent about one million members on the rolls of their societies, of whom over 900,000 are Trade Unionists and about 25,000 are Socialists. The common object which binds together this somewhat varied collection of persons, whether gas-workers and railwaymen, or cotton-spinners and shop-assistants, is the determination to maintain in the House of Commons a separate political party which will be independent of the Conservative and the Liberal Parties. This object has attained the substantial numerical success of 31 members in Parliament. Therefore the decisions of the delegates are awaited with interest which naturally attaches to the determination of the programme of the most pregnant party in English politics. Socialism has reached the stage in its development when it is the most talked-of thing in the land, except horseracing and football. A rumour has spread abroad that this Conference will set the seal upon heretofore unavowed aims of the Labour Party and is or is not a Socialist Party. The published agenda paper of the forthcoming meeting has been eagerly scanned for indications of the probable course of events. The lay politician, who gets the beginning and the sanction of his information from the daily papers, seems a very large one to make of men who have not yet quite understood, the future of English politics. Of course, this hard division between Trade Unionists and Socialists is a fiction of the imagination. There is a real division, and a clear-cut one, too, between those who think that Trade Unionism alone will solve the social problem of poverty, and those who think that Socialism alone can solve it. But a man may be a sound Socialist and yet have a temporary shelter until Socialism comes. That such is the attitude of the vast majority of the Trade Unionists within the Labour Party is proved by the fact that 21 of the 31 elected Members of Parliament are avowed Socialists, while of the 13 members of the Labour Party Executive, at least 9 are Socialists. In the face of these figures, it is idle to talk of internecine war within the party ranks. If the Trade Unionist opposed to Socialism, he would not choose his enemies for his leaders; at least, I hope that is not a rash deduction from the ordinary facts of human psychology. If there was ever a war on this question, apparently the Socialists have won their battle in fact, if not in theory.

But I do not want to evade the fact that important issues for Socialists may be decided at this coming Conference. There are on the agenda two resolutions which in substance will ask the delegates at the Conference, on the same plane as the previous one, whether the leaders of the affiliated Trade Unions are willing to answer this question by a vote in the affirmative. The request does not seem a very large one that the affiliated Trade Unions should already chosen Socialists in an overwhelming majority to lead them in the House and on their party executive. Trade Unionists who have already passed, in their own Trade Union Congresses, resolutions in favour of the nationalisation of railways, mines, the liquor traffic, "and the whole of the means of production, distribution, and exchange," are not the men to be afraid of the word Socialism. When the Scottish miners last month were asked to declare in favour of State maintenance of all children, that is the wise word they talk in the S.D.F. That is the word they declare with the utmost precision, that if the leaders give the word, the resolutions in question will be passed by the Conference at Hull. Will the word be given? Here we reach the real issue. Has the moment come when the causes of the S.D.F. is found united with the Labour Party, will gain more than it will lose by a hard and fast committal of the Party to academic theory? It is argued that if the lines are left loose, the weaker members of the Labour movement may come into the fold, and will then quickly be convinced by the sound logic of their Socialist comrades. And, in any case, to detach the Liberal-Labour members from the Liberal Party is clearly a step in the right direction. On the other hand, it is argued that the declaration of pure Socialism will not frighten away anyone worth having; that it will even gain over supporters whom we would otherwise have to do without. The problem is not a theoretical one; it is one of fact. It must be decided on the grounds of a practical expediency. The Labour Party's business is to strengthen its ultimate position in the House of Commons. That is the necessary aim of a political organisation. That aim requires two things; theories to preach on its platforms, votes on election day and in the Division Lobby in Parliament. Frankly, the problem at Hull will be the balancing of these two aims. Whether the Labour Party is or is not a Socialist Party. The published agenda paper of the forthcoming meeting has been eagerly scanned for indications of the probable course of events. The lay politician, who gets the beginning and the sanction of his information from the daily papers, thinks of the matter as a struggle between a million Trade Unionists and a few thousand Socialists; his dramatic sense visualises the situation as a kind of prize-fight, in which the stakes are, in some vague way he does not quite understand, the future of English politics. Of course, this hard division between Trade Unionists and Socialists is a fiction of the imagination. There is a real division, and a clear-cut one, too, between those who think that Trade Unionism alone will solve the social problem of poverty, and those who think that Socialism alone can solve it. But a man may be a sound Socialist and yet have a temporary shelter until Socialism comes. That such is the attitude of the vast majority of the Trade Unionists within the Labour Party is proved by the fact that 21 of the 31 elected Members of Parliament are avowed Socialists, while of the 13 members of the Labour Party Executive, at least 9 are Socialists. In the face of these figures, it is idle to talk of internecine war within the party ranks. If the Trade Unionist opposed to Socialism, he would not choose his enemies for his leaders; at least, I hope that is not a rash deduction from the ordinary facts of human psychology. If there was ever a war on this question, apparently the Socialists have won their battle in fact, if not in theory.

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in this particular case. The bare facts all seem to com-
peL every Socialist in the Conference to vote for the
resolutions which we are considering. In this year of grace
1908, the Trade Unionist who means business is usually a
Socialist. Further, there is not a constituency where
the voters at large would distinguish between a Labour
candidate and a Socialist. The Tory Press has made
that quite clear, and we owe it many thanks. Socialism has
its forces for the British empire, as we have seen.
But if Mr. Shackleton and Mr. Henderson can show
that this proposed amendment of the constitution would
mean the breaking away of their Unions from the Labour
Party, then, there is no such question as to their view.
We have to break up Liberalism and Toryism before we
shall get real Socialism. The Socialist in the House
could draft Bills to nationalise the railways, the land,
and everything else; but the Liberals would not discuss
them. They would simply vote them down. The sum
total is that the Socialists must press their resolutions
with the utmost force; stopping short only of a result
which would be unacceptable number of the Trade
Unionists out into the bleak political world, where they
may once more fall a prey to Liberalism from which
they rescued themselves so cleverly by the formation of
the Labour Party. Nevertheless, the temporary loss of
some support would be amply compensated by the
clarifying of the political atmosphere which would
follow the formal acceptance of the Socialist basis.
That there is a quarrel between the two branches of the
Labour Party is evident enough; but that is, of course,
only one reason why they should make their unity
clear at the earliest possible moment. The
exact time is a question of fact rather than of law.
There occurs to me one way of expressing this unity
which would be of very practical value, as well as of
symbolical interest. Why should not the Labour Party
place at the disposal of the foremost Socialist in Eng-
land, Mr. H. M. Hyndman, the nest available constitu-
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he must sign the party's constitution; but just as an
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Socialism and Labour are firm allies against a common
enemy. And let every member of the Labour Party
break the rules and go down to work for the man who
has done as much for Labour as he possibly can.
That wise act would need no resolution in the Con-
ference; and would interfere with no laws of political
expediency.

G. R. S. TAYLOR.

Charles Dickens as a Socialist.
By Edwin Pugh.

Part I. Chapter IV.
His Schooldays and Youth.

It is always true that the general level of society is
higher than that of the individual. But there had ever been any tendency in Dickens's nature
to associate gentility with the class that consists of
"gentlemen" and "ladies," his experiences in Mr.
Molloy's and Mr. Blackmore's offices must assuredly
have disproved him of it. One can hardly appreci-
ate at its true value the goodness of the Haves-not
until one has traded in the badness of the Have-Nots.
It may be urged that a lawyer's experience is confined
solely to the worst and not necessarily the most typical
cases. That notion falls to the ground, however, when
one remembers that the whole fabric of the law is built
upon the principle of mutual mistrust. Every clause,
every stipulation and condition; every enactment, rule,
and precedent is drafted and re-drafted and re-drafted
again, and rough-copied and fair-copied and
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G. R. S. TAYLOR.
familiarly of books and things would have suspected the
to the manner of his education, however, almost entirely
sufficiently. The secret consisted in this,
that whatever for the time he had to do he lifted himself,
there and then, to the level of; and at no time
degraded. He has since replied to another
"Well, I have tried to do in life, I have tried with
all my heart to do well. What I have devoted myself
myself to, I have devoted myself to completely. Never to put
one hand to anything out of which I could throw my whole
strength. Of course, I have a great depreciation of my work, what-
ever it was, I find now to have been my golden rules."

Of the difficulties that beset his shorthand studies, as
well as of what first turned his mind to them, he has
told something in "David Copperfield," and has given
that many men distinguished in various pursuits had
begun life by reporting debates in Parliament, and he
was not deterred by a friend's warning that the mere
attainment of a mechanical excellence might take some
years to achieve thoroughly, "a perfect and entire com-
mand of the mystery of writing and reading shorthand
being about equal in difficulty to the mastery of six
languages. Undeterred, he plunged into it, self-teach-
ing in this as in graver things, and having bought Mr.
Gurney's half-guinea book, worked his way steadily
through it. And even when he had subdued to his will in
marvel-

The Legitimate Drama.

You will note the nicety of the Editorial judgment in
refusing to allow the Drury Lane Pantomime to be
discussed in the column of ordinary theatrical news. It is
just as high above the level of the sordid dramas which
poor Dr. Haden Guest has to endure every week, as
Nelson's hat is higher than the lions in Trafalgar
Square. It was Wagner who saw what a situated thing
the modern stage had become, who realised that it is
not possible to portray great passions by dialogue in
Belgravia drawing-room scenes. So he built himself
a new drama which was compounded of all the arts,
of speech and song, music and dance. And the only
theatrical manager in England who has taken Wagner's
advice is Mr. Arthur Collins, of Drury Lane. He pre-
sents to us the Universe: not the sickly souls with
their catalogue heroes, if he please. They are introduced to the Squaggapug, "with a face
at each end and fireworks in the middle": they are
captured by rabbits and put in a cage, where Reggie
repentently vows "I'll never keep rabbits any more,
I'll keep eelworms." Their tour through Lollipop Land
and reach the realms of the Demon Indigestion. Fairies
and giants drop from every cloud. Any second-rate
dramatist can write of fairies and giants and rabbits and Queen
Evans and wildest romance and delicious imagination. Mr.
Walter Passmore as Reggie and Miss Marie George as Gladys. . . . well, they are
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and giants drop from every cloud. Any second-rate

The Trial of the 169.

The trial just concluded of 169 members of the First Russian Duma brought to a conclusion, whatever we may say of it, a milestone on that country's road to freedom.

The disturbances of the Japanese War brought forth a persistent demand from all sections of the Russian people for a change in the bureaucratic system that was strangling the nation. Many illegal things were done which have not only been condoned, but which admittedly led up to the Imperial Manifesto of 30 October, 1905, granting a Constitution for Russia. That Manifesto begins with the statement that disturbances throughout Russia had caused the Emperor to grant political rights to the nation in order to pacify the country; and in the address submitted by Count Witte to the Emperor, and published simultaneously with the Manifesto, the causes of these disturbances are indicated, and it is explained that Russia has outgrown the clothes in which she had been confined, and now demands new ones.

By the time the first Duma assembled, in May, 1906, Goremykin (who had succeeded Witte as Premier) had determined to limit its competence and to reduce Russia's Parliament to an entirely subordinate rôle. The idea was to prepare Bills for the consideration of the Duma, and scornfully rejected those the Duma itself drew up. So far was this contemptuous treatment pushed that after keeping the Duma working for some time the Ministry culminated in a dissolution under extraordinary circumstances. No notice of it was given to the deputys, nor even to the President of the Duma, but one Sunday morning the Ministry arrived at the Palace of the Parliamentarians with soldiers, and the Palace, where it had met, was closed, and closely guarded by soldiers; so also were the Clubs where the Constitutional deputies met. A large number of troops had been concentrated in Petersburg; and an exceptional position, answering approximately to a state of siege, had been proclaimed in the city.

At the same time the Government set its repressive Select Committee to work to denounced the Duma's "lack of capacity to work." After the Duma had existed for ten weeks, the friction between it and the Ministry culminated in a dissolution under extraordinary circumstances. No notice of it was given to the deputys, or even to the President of the Duma, but one Sunday morning the Ministry arrived at the Palace of the Parliamentarians with soldiers, and the Palace, where it had met, was closed, and closely guarded by soldiers; so also were the Clubs where the Constitutional deputies met. A large number of troops had been concentrated in Petersburg; and an exceptional position, answering approximately to a state of siege, had been proclaimed in the city.

To these appearances of a coup d'etat were added the fact that the decree of dissolution was not countersigned by the Premier, nor was the date of the election of a new Duma fixed, though both these things were demanded by the Constitution. More than this, the dissolution, and the postponement of any fresh election involved depriving the Duma of its cherished privilege, that of criticising, and to some extent modifying, the national Budget.

That same Sunday some 200 deputies, being unable to find a meeting place in Petersburg, betook themselves in Vihburg, the nearest town of any size across the Finnish frontier, in order under the protection of the Finnish Constitution—to discuss their future plans. On the Monday, while still discussing the position in which they found themselves, they learned that the Russian Government demanded that their meeting should be stopped, and that the Finnish authorities were not in a position to resist this unconstitutional demand. On the advice of the Duma they therefore had to take on the spur of the moment. The considerations weighing most strongly with them at the time were these:

(1) The purpose of the Japanese War must be made against the coup d'etat which had occurred, or was impending (the chief violation of the Fundamental Laws by a sweeping restriction of the franchise did not follow, as a matter of fact, till several months later).

(2) That whatever was agreed on had better be done as unanimously as possible, even if it were not, in itself, the best possible course.

Under these circumstances the deputys who have now been tried signed a proclamation "To the People from the People's Representatives," calling on the Russian people to pay no taxes and to furnish no recruits, until a new Duma was called. Having to choose between signing this, or appearing to acquiesce in the unconstitutional action of the Government, a number of the deputies signed it who had themselves argued in favour of adopting some other course. They all dispersed without having time to discuss how the proclamation was to be disseminated; a work which, to some extent, was done by the newspaper reporters who had followed the deputies to Viborg. The Public Prosecutor wrote to the Governor of Finland to procure "the original proclamation, which is essential" to the prosecution.

This essential document, containing the actual signatures of the 169 deputys, was not forthcoming, nor was there any evidence to show that most of them had ever had anything to do with its publication. The prosecution was therefore unable to convince the Government of the fact that the decree of dissolution was not connected with their desire that the Duma should be dissolved under extraordinary circumstances. No notice of it was given to the deputys, nor even to the President of the Duma, but one Sunday morning the Ministry arrived at the Palace of the Parliamentarians with soldiers, and the Palace, where it had met, was closed, and closely guarded by soldiers; so also were the Clubs where the Constitutional deputys met. A large number of troops had been concentrated in Petersburg; and an exceptional position, answering approximately to a state of siege, had been proclaimed in the city.

The trial itself was begun in the last week of June, 1906, and lasted over seven months. It was conducted on the same lines as the trial of the 129 deputies, and in the same way. When I was last in Russia, in October, 1906, I met Mouroumstef, President of the First Duma, the leading figure in the present trial; and learned from him that the accused had the same excuse to offer as before, that they had been doing the work of the Government, of course, immediately prohibited the publication of the proclamation in the Russian papers.

The trial was kept in suspense for nearly a year and a half, which, from the Government's point of view, had this advantage, that it was not only the 169 men who were being prosecuted, deprived these 169 men of their political rights, and prevented any of them from being elected to the Second and Third Dumas. This was in accord with the customary policy of "withdrawing from circulation" men of political competence.

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The Faith I Hold.

By Hubert Bland.

(Being a paper read before the Fabian Society in December, 1907.)

I regret extremely that when I recall to memory those of my experiences which accompanied my inquiry into, and my acceptance of, the Socialist view of life, I am wholly unable to trace in them that coherent and connected movement, that inevitable step-by-step movement forward, in short, that strictly logical progression which seems to have marked and distinguished the advance from darkness into light of most of my predecessors in this course of lectures.

When, for example, at the first of them, I sat here and listened enthralled to Mrs. Sidney Webb, I seemed to be following the progress of some disembodied spirit moving serenely through an unresisted ether; some moving serenely through an unresistant ether; some pure intelligence free of all emotions, untrammeled even by the prepossessions and prejudices which hamper and hinder the development of the ordinary human intellect.

Sarcastically less envious was I of the other of my fellow members who followed Mrs. Webb, and who seem to have been gifted in their cradle by a Fairy Socialist god-mother with temperaments and intelligences that unerringly disposed them to turn from error and to pursue truth, to pursue it without misgivings, without any lookings and longings back. Indeed, one effect of this course of lectures upon me has been to incline me towards a belief in the doctrine of Election and Predestination, and to force upon me the disturbing conviction that I one of the six confessors was born with the usual amount of original sin, and without the more than equivalent set-off of divine grace, or whatever may be the neo-theological or Socialist synonym for it.

My own progress to Socialism, then, 25 years ago, was not that of a fair ship sailing before favourable winds, under a cloudless sky, to the islands of the Benthamite, with temperaments and intelligences that unerringly disposed them to turn from error and to pursue truth, to pursue it without misgivings, without any lookings and longings back.

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that they lived in conditions that, had oneself been in}

that the world was bad; one knew of no way of making

realise, as yet, that it was

forces at work

similar conditions, would have rendered one's own life

empirical. That is to say, it was the result of obser-

I dramatised myself as that "weariest river."

bed-room, these merry lines of Swinburne's--

aged and acidulous maiden

Such was our theory—in point of fact, I believe

our lives were in every way as correct as those of all

the other Phillistine folk outside our coteries. The

trace, by reason of our aloofness, felt our-

ourselves so immeasurably superior in manners, tastes, and

intelligence to those same Philistines that we thought

a world delivered over to them, and evidently for ever
to be under their domination, a world not worth

us, and we pretended to ourselves that we should be

glad to be rid of it. Mark, we began by pretending.

Then I saw that who had a turn for verse used to

songs to Descartes of whom we thought as a deeply

desired and longed for lover. I well remember going
to call one afternoon on a young man, who is to-day, I

believe, a member of the Fabian Society, at his chambers

in an Inn of Court not far from this Hall. He lived on

the third floor, and when I arrived at his flight of stairs

I found those stairs carpeted by a number of young

women in greenish and yellowish velvet and silk

drapery, all curled up in sinuous poses, and looking for

all the world like a lot of dear little caterpillars. I

mounted no higher... for I was told that the rooms

were full already and that their owner was reading

aloud from James Thomson's "City of Dreadful

Night." The young ladies on the stair were an over-

flow meeting. Now that episode did not strike me as

in the least humorous or odd. On the contrary, I went

away congratulating myself on the thought that there

was still some love of truth and beauty left in Askelon.

Then there happened a strange thing. I said that

we affected a disgust with life that we did not alto-

gether feel; and although it is extraordinarily difficult
to reconstitute a mental process after twenty-five years,

I think that that is true. But the pose, if pose it were,

was slowly transformed into a reality. The result of

this deliberate search after a sort of aesthetic comfort,

of this detachment from popular interests and the

affairs of the workaday world, of this attempt to escape

from the insistent sordidness, the blatant ugliness of our

surroundings, to create as it were, an interior realm of

art and poetry, of rehabilitated romance, was a deep

and a malign pessimism—so far an empirical, not a

philosophic, pessimism, but a pessimism of conviction

all the same. Not even the robust masculinity of our

female friends was potent to help us. We extolled

his art, but we flouted his ethic. The poem of James

Thomson's that I have just mentioned, "The City of

Dreadful Night," was for me a sort of message, an

evangel of the Real Truth of Things. I do not mean

for a moment that I was always miserable—I do not

know that I was ever that exactly—there were, of

course, purple moments, rose-pink hours, and even the

rest of the time was not given to tears and lamenta-

tion. But I felt that I ought, as a reasonable man, to

be miserable, that there was nothing in the world to

be cheery about. It was just at this time that I had,

written in beautiful script, framed in ivy-leaves, decor-

ated with a skull, and hung over the mantel-piece of my

bed-room, these merry lines of Swinburne's—

That dead men rise up never;

That no life lives for ever;

From too much love of living.

Winds somewhere safe to sea.

From hope and fear set free,

Winds, gods may be,

That life lives for ever;

That dead men rise up never;

From the nauseous river

Winds somewhere safe to sea.

I dramatised myself as that "weariest river."

I have said that the pessimism of this period was

empirical. That, it is true, was the result of obser-

vation. One saw that the greater part of mankind

were, and always had been, wretched, or at any rate

that they lived in conditions that, had oneself been in

similar conditions, would have rendered one's own life

wretched. One looked in vain for any forces at work

that promised to improve those conditions. One saw

that the world was bad; one knew of no way of making

it better. One did not realise, as yet, that it was

necessarily bad; that there could be no way of things

be no way of making it better. That conviction

experience can never give. This time I

I have grown tired of the old measures wherein I beat

my song.

And as the sounds on the hill-top where the winds and

sea-birds throng,

And longed for the great and broad-browed song of the

ever-singing sea.

In heart-arpeged rhythms my song henceforth must well

from the soul of me.

I have lived in a city, far from the sea-birds keen,

And horded with the sordid, the low-browed, and the

mean,

And I have tasked with the dreariness of all its poverty,

And loathed for the great and broad-browed song of the

ever-singing sea.

And I have loved a woman there, in fierce and angry

wise,

And saug the old measures to her, enchanted with her

lies;

Ah! let me break from the memory of all she meant to

me.

And beat my verse to the broad-browed song of the

ever-singing sea.

F. S. Flint.
BOOK OF THE WEEK.

The Literature of Roguery. By Frank W. Chandler. (Constable. 13s. 6d. net.)

If literature is to fulfill its natural function as a delineation and criticism of life the rogue must of necessity fill a not inconspicuous place in it. From the beginning of light, who in his last moments babbled green fields, down to the creation of Sherlock Holmes, the rogue and his anatomy have attracted the genius of such dissimilar types as Fielding, Dece, Smollett, Lever, Dickens, Thackeray, and Reade. Professor Chandler defines the type as being distinct from that of the villain and habitual criminal. The rogue is hardly vicious; he regards rascality with humour, or explains it as the result of social environment; and although never escapes from his obsession of poetic justice, and none of his villains prosper. Since his time literature has never wanted for rogues, although we doubt whether even now the supply equals the demand. Our illustrations represent mere samples from the mine. The bibliography of the subject by Professor Chandler must have devoured whole libraries; a mere compilation of the books referred to would almost fill an issue of The New Age. Yet he bears his weight of learning lightly, he writes lucidly, and he does not simply wish to give his enemy the coup de grace whilst smothering him with flowers.

The Claims of French Poetry. By John C. Bailey. (Constable. 7s. 6d. net.)

Every sincere student and friend of French "belles lettres" owes a great debt of gratitude to Mr. Bailey for the various essays which he has collected in this volume. It represents an impartial criticism as well as an eminently straightforward and well-timed attempt at rehabilitation. Without pausing either to consider the beauties of the book (which is decidedly a good book, and must be read) or to compliment Mr. Bailey, who may indeed be proud of his achievement, we would like to bring out a point which would have served him better in the proving of his proposition. We hope at least it was that proposition which he set himself to prove and that he did not simply wish to give his enemy the coup de grace whilst smothering him with flowers.

If the author set himself to show that French poetry was not merely rhetoric in verse, but that both the thinker and the mystic may find pleasure therein, why did he not select better examples, examples from poets who would have completely justified the reproach of inanity? Prof. Bailey, who in his last moments babbled of "The Deadly Parallel," one penny, has never wanted for rogues although we doubt whether even now the supply equals the demand. Our illustrations represent mere samples from the mine. The bibliography of the subject by Professor Chandler must have devoured whole libraries; a mere compilation of the books referred to would almost fill an issue of The New Age. Yet he bears his weight of learning lightly, he writes lucidly, and he does not simply wish to give his enemy the coup de grace whilst smothering him with flowers. The type is plentifully illustrated in the "Canterbury Tales," and the legendary rascal makes his appearance in the history of Robin Hood, Friar Tuck, and Little John. It was left to Shakespeare to take the lead in the invention of rogues, as in all else. Life is realistically detailed in the two parts of "Henry IV," and in the "Winter's Tale," and roguery is not forgotten in his other plays, being exhibited in the two surprising types of common rogues, Falstaff and Autolycus. Sir John himself is no threadbare rogue, living at enmity with a world that had used him ill, and that he hoped to requite with interest: he is a seasoned, deliberate rascal, evading megalomania and genius; a victim to his own gross flesh and appetites if you will, but human, almost lovable even in his decadence and unrepentance. But the most convincing examples of roguery Professor Chandler naturally turns to our two great sentimental satirists, Fielding and Thackeray, who employed the same gift of irony in order to make virtues shine and vices blush. Although in "Joseph Andrews" Fielding had already formulated his theory of what a comic epic should be, and although it contains one immortal figure drawn after the manner of Cervantes, and assisted by translations, the delineation of the master satirists, Fielding and Thackeray, who employed the same gift of irony in order to make virtues shine and vices blush. Although in "Joseph Andrews" Fielding had already formulated his theory of what a comic epic should be, and although it contains one immortal figure drawn after the manner of Cervantes, and assisted by translations, the delineation of the masters, satirising their personal faults, as well as their trades and professions. It possesses, therefore, two poles of interest—ones, the rogue and his tricks; the other, the manners he pillories.

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BOOKS
justice which he levels at the à priori detractors of French poetry? Ronsard is quite French, that is true, but there is another side to the French mind. Does not Mr. Bailey ignore somewhat the real importance of the mystical and deeply serious tendency of modern French poetry? Is there any influence of the 17th century in Emerson? But perhaps we are wrong, and Mr. Bailey is already at work on his second volume. If so, he would do well to add an index to it to facilitate reference to the charming passages of which his book is full. If he is preparing a fresh volume, we feel sure that he will include a full dissertation on Corneille, Lamartine, and especially de Musset, perhaps the most sincere, and for many Frenchmen, the most practically human of all. Among modern writers, if he will forgive Francois Coppée for having ever written a line, Mr. Bailey is well fitted to analyse carefully the new and rich poetry of Henry de Regnier and also of Sully-Prudhomme, over whose mortal remains the grave has barely closed.

Apart from Shakespeare, who is king even for most French people, and apart from Shelley, whose sincere ideas are perhaps better appreciated by lettered men of Latin race than by the English, the authors we have mentioned are quite as worthy as those who find a place in Mr. Bailey's book. They arouse the same enthusiasm and arc as good as the greater number of the English poets who are revered by the public here, to whom he wishes to give the palm over the foreigners, without always quite knowing who these foreigners are.

But Mr. Bailey says all that. His criticism is as sound as his book is good, not only as regards his remarks concerning French men of letters, but also by reason of his subtle comparisons with English literature. He says to himself "an Englishman cannot judge from the French point of view." Perhaps he could, however, push his study deeper and realise that these "symbolists" are different poets, too, all of them—those he has named (especially, perhaps, Viole Griffen, the direct disciple of Walt Whitman, only with a more delicate touch) and those he has not mentioned—A. Dorchain, de Bouchard, Richepin, and the others. Mr. Bailey has made such a masterly study of Ronsard, Victor Hugo, Le Conte de Lisle, and Heredia, so that he would do justice to the above.

In short, there are no mistakes in this book, only omissions, and any Frenchman will forgive them for the sake of this judgment on "le bon La Fontaine: "His figure is one of the most lovable we know. He is never angry, he is never insincere, he is never prosy, he is never dull. He stands for ever over Mollière, as one of the greatest pleasure-givers of all time and all countries.


This is a book of extraordinary value to all who would watch the development of education and politics in India. It has been translated into English by the son of its subject (Mr. S. K. Lahiri, the well-known Calcutta publisher), and it may be said at once that an unusual feature is that the reader will find it difficult to decide whether the appendix is not more interesting than the rest. The appendix is a series of brief lives of Bengal leaders in the nineteenth century who were friends of Ramtanu Lahiri, and a wonderful Plutarchian series it is. There are Rammohan Roy, the famous Tapan Singh, the famous Krishnasagar, A. K. Dutta, Keshab Chandra Sen, Ishwar Chandra Gupta, Michael Dutt (poet and dramatist), Bankim Chandra Chatterjee (Bengal's great historical novelist), and many others: poets, dramatists, statesmen, lawyers, politicians, all the intellectuals of Bengal for a hundred years. And some of them were men indeed, perhaps together equal to the great men of the period during the same period. Those who still say that India has not produced men fit to rule India had better not dare to read this book: it might convert them. Mr. John Morley, for instance, I fancy, will find the language of shame, surely, as he recalls the contempt he poured on Indian statesmanship this year in our commonplace House of Commons. And yet these fine men were merely "Reformers," all of them believers in British rule; Liberals, who had no other view of the future of their native land beyond that of various quiet, constitutional improvements. They and their successors, the more determined agitators of today, have their counterpart in the English Liberals as compared with the new Socialist Party. The parallel is almost exactly true. Lajpat Rai, Chandra Pal, Surrendra Nath Banerji, Tilak of Poona, and the others, are probably as able as their Liberal forerunners, but they are controlled by a new idea, a new hope, a new inspiration, while subjected to that contemporary belittlement so well understood by the philosophical historian. And so, like British Socialists, the new men in India are more forceful and independent, more despised and ridiculed, than the old Liberals of the past century ever were or ever will be. Still, we must honour the men of the past, for they fought well and did much. Most of them sprang from poverty to large social positions, some of them lived adventurous, dramatic lives. A forgotten aristocracy, as the Lahiris were, and all of them were devotees of progress. Some were calm devotees, a few in youth were rash, and lost their respectability, their moderation. Some of the stories of this process are very amusing. Ramtanu Lahiri himself was a Brahman of the highest sphere, and his fathers held well-paid offices under various princes of Bengal. But under the influence of David Hare, of Calcutta, and later of H. L. V. Derozio, a young Eurasian schoolmaster, the real hero of the book before us, he became a Reformer, practically a member of the Brahmo SramaJ (the New Theology movement of the time, still 'going strong'), an advocate of widow marriage and of the abolition of widow burning, and even became a man bold and bad enough to cast away the sacred thread worn round the body by all Brahmans. For this he suffered great persecution, but he never put on the thread again. His life's work was teaching, and he did his duty in such a way that he was and is still called the Arnold of Bengal. As a schoolmaster, he in his turn influenced scores of his contemporaries all their lives, and was almost idolised, as young Derozio was, by a large circle of disciples. He was really a big man, a great force, though he does not know it, and perhaps no country but ours could remain so ignorant of such a man's work, and that of his clever friends, especially of young Derozio, the man who insisted upon the free discussion of ideas, new and old, and taught his Bengali pupils to do the same.

Ramtanu Lahiri was born in 1812, when our Gladstone was three years old, and died in 1898 (Gladstone's death year). In that time Bengal found herself, but England does not know it; and this book is a record of the discovery, in English, for an Imperial people to read. Will they read it, these Imperialists now preening? Perhaps the India Office will present copies of Lahiri's life to the public libraries of the Empire.

The book is well written, and contains a number of portraits. The translation is excellent. But a book so full of historical facts and large personalities ought to have an index, though without this aid, in one case at any rate, every line of it has been read with an interest increasing to the end. Of course, the book has its faults, but we have not noticed them: its excellences are too impressive.
BOOKS RECEIVED.

"Royal Guide to London Charities." Edited by John Lane. (Lane. 6d. net.)

"Great Musicians." By Ernest Oldmeadow. (E. Grant Richards. 3s. 6d. net.)

"Religion and Historic Faiths." By Otto Pfeiderer, D.D. Translated by D. A. Huebsch, Ph.D. (T. Fisher Unwin. 5s. net.)

"Essentials of Economic Theory." By J. B. Clark. (The Macmillan Co. 8s. 6d. net.)

"Aphorisms and Reflections from the Works of T. H. Huxley." Selected by Henriette Richards. Translated by A. Black. (Macmillan Co. 3s. 6d. net.)

"Women and the Wise." Paragraphs collected by G. F. Monkshood. (Greening. 3s. 6d. net.)

"The Gilly of Charity." By Somach Mac Cathon Naoil. (Maunsel, Dublin. 1s. net.)

"The Awakening." By James H. Cousins. (Maunsel. 1s. net.)

"The World and Its God." By Philip Mauro. (Morgan and Scott. 1s.)

"Wild Earth." By Padraic Colum. (Maunsel. 1s. net.)

"Johannes Valsgard." By Alfred Eutro. (Samuel French. 2s. 6d. net.)

"West Ham: A Study in Social and Industrial Problems." Compiled by E. G. Howarth, M.A. and Mona Wilson. (Jent. 6s. net.)

"American Finance." By W. R. Lawson. (Wm. Blackwood and Sons. 6s. net.)

"John Bull and His Schools." By W. R. Lawson. (Wm. Blackwood and Sons. 2s.)

"Sheaves." By E. F. Benson. (Wm. Heinemann, L.t.)

"The Stage Census: An Historical Sketch, 1541-1907." By G. M. G. (Sampson Low, Marston and Co. 1s. 6d. net.)

"Handy Atlas to Church and Empire." By G. H. S. Walpole, D.D., and Rev. C. Barton, M.A. (Elliot Stock. 1s. 6d. net.)

"Wild Honey." By Michael Field. (Fisher Unwin. 5s. net.)

"The Blue Lagoon." By H. de Vere Stacpoole. (Fisher Unwin. 6s.)

"Euphues the Peripatetic." By Parker Woodward. (Gay and Bird. 5s. net.)

"William Clark: A Collection of his Writings." Edited by Herbert Burrows and J. A. Hobson. (Swan Sonnenschein. 7s. 6d.)

"A Sovereign People." By Henry Darnest Lloyd. (Double-day, Page and Co. 81. 50.)

"Memories and Music." By Anon. (Ekin Mathews. 3s. 6d. net.)

"The Her's Comedy." By Arthur Dillon. (Ekin Mathews. 3s. 6d. net.)

DRAMA.

"Arms and the Man." The production of "Arms and the Man" at the Savoy inspires me to ask the not altogether irrelevant question, "Why does not Bernard Shaw write a fairy play?" After all, the production of "Arms and the Man" at the Savoy was a fairy play, and it is a paradox that the man who wrote "Arms and the Man" should not write a play of fairyland and not write a play of fairyland. In "Arms and the Man" all the characters are touched up with just that stroke of fantasy which belongs to second-sight or the fancy imagination. They are all a little more true than real, which is the exact quality dividing fairyland from King Edward's land. And in this play, too, one of Mr. Shaw's earlier plays, there is more humanity and less explanation; indeed, educated as we now are by the Venereal-Barker management, we must realise that there is too little explanation. Particularly was this noticeable with regard to Major Sergius Saranoff. This soldier, who is six men in one, and who proclaims on the 'higher love', while embarking a servant-girl, is one of the most complicated of Shaw's characters. There is an almost Dostoevsky touch about him. To a certain extent his actions explain him, to a certain extent he remains incomplete; it is our knowledge of the Shaw psychology of the later plays that enables us to read something into him that is not there. No doubt Shaw saw this as well as we, and made up his mind not to let it occur again. Unfortunately, Shaw's method of correcting was to increase the verbal explanation of personality and decrease the explanation in action, a method tending to produce purely the play of words, the conflict of sentences, not persons, of verbal expressions of emotion and not emotions. In this, of course, Shaw follows the practice of many modern people, who find in the intelligence a mechanism for escaping from reality, instead of coming to closer grips with it. A detailed consideration of the most depressing problems of the poor, for instance, may be only a refined method of escaping from the necessity of tackling one's own responsibility on the matter. As this, however, is a painful subject in Fabian circles, I am too much of a gentleman to discuss it further. There is in Saranoff the promise of something that Shaw has never justified, the promise of a drama of realism touched by the fantasy of fairyland and brilliantly illuminated by the light of imagination. This drama could only realise itself through a whole series of Saranoffs and super-Saranoffs, men observed in real life and laboriously re-oriented for the stage. For this observation Shaw has had neither the tactu
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H. EDEN GUEST.

MUSIC.
was given the same afternoon of a new orchestral suite, "Funn," and this was delightful. It is of the modern dance-hall order, but evidently the work of a man who cares little for the bubble reputation of the sensationalists. These are the parvenus of music, and France is rich in them. English musicians are not, as a crowd, clever enough to achieve the success of the parvenus; they are merely stupid and bourgeois. But even the work of the clever, third-rate French composer has a certain fascination, vulgar although it may be. It is like the art of the thimble-rigger of Hampstead Heath or the music-hall juggler, generally exciting and always a little amusing, and for the skill and technique of which one has the passive admiration and respect of the accomplished layman who cannot do it. But, as I have said, Proust, the most skilful of all the admired; he does not play to the gallery, he does not try to deceive the simple-minded and unawary. He cares for beauty; he will join the immortals and take his place near to César Franck and Vincent D'Indy, and some little distance away from Debussy. At first hearing, and just after the Beethoven symphony and an aria of Gluck, it sounded dull rather, and conventional. Doubtless it was the composer's purpose to commence with a prosaic motto. Gradually, however, with the insistence of a little tune, which I am sure the ladies and gentlemen in Gligione's "Fêtes Champêtres" are going to dance to, one is wooed to conviction and charmed by the grace and culture and beauty of the whole thing. There is no chauvinism in Forcigui's dream-world, no vulgaritv; no fashionable heresies, for there is no creed to be disbelieved in; no fashionable excitements, for nobody is ever bored or blasé. And all who listen to this magical music go dancing back to the age of gold, where life is beauty and love and grace and exquisite harmony.

I am afraid I have committed myself to another indiscreeatime. The circumstances, however, were enough in themselves to encourage immoderation. To begin with, the performance of the Pastoral Symphony which I have spoken of was the most perfect thing imaginable. Then a lovely singer, Madame Jacqueline Isardard, sang the aria from Gluck's "Iphigénie en Tauride" in a most charming and intelligent way, just as if she believed it was not all nonsense. Then the name of M. Jean Poneigh was quite new to me. (This is an awful confession, and I am ashamed.) And when, after the sauerkraut and hot sausage of Oxford Circus and Bond Street, were forgotten for an hour, and Henry J. Wood became a figment of an unacademies, South Kensington and the Albert Hall, was disturbed and disarranged, and nobody was re-operating in an endeavour to find some neutral territory for the development of a free Jewish State.

Shall Lord Rothschild authorize a dental of my statements, rather he substantiates some of them. The main charges I made were (1) the action of the Rothschilds in plunging this country into war with Egypt to save their monies; (2) their action as citizens of London; (3) the refusal of Lord Rothschild to co-operate with us to a mild a committee as the Jewish Board of Delegates in seeking some amelioration in the Aliens Act. It is no answer to these charges to lay me down a course of reading in economics. For Mr. Brodsky's benefit, may say that I have long ceased to indulge in merely frivolous literature; when I wish to understand any point in banking, I study the poets and the philosophers. In reply to some of Mr. Brodsky's queries, I should certainly hold the printer responsible for lead-poisoning among his work-people; I have not invited six million Jews into Eng- land. On the contrary, for some two years I have been co-operating in an endeavour to find some neutral territory for the development of a free Jewish State. Doubtless it was the composer's purpose to commence the action of the Aliens Act threatened the Rothschilds' position in Society. The position of the Russian Jews is too tragic for any sympathy; were my protests against England's late legislation to foment an Anti-Semitism that should drive me and the rest of my race in this country out into the wilderness, I could still not keep a cowardly or diplomatic silence. Be it noted, however, that there is not a single Socialist or Labour Association (I speak not of individuals) which endorses the Aliens Act. Every democrat understands that such a measure at this time furnishes Russian autocracy with yet another weapon against a people already suffering much too sober for any really sensible purpose. Mr. Brodsky and myself differ as to the meaning of the word charity; it happens that in the "Notes of the Week" he will find the condemnation which I would give to that much-abused word. (Ruskin's "Fors," in one of the early chapters, is also to the point.) I should be the last man in the world to decrate true charity, for I have been too frequently the recipient of it. We do badly want some term other than charity to express the transactions which Mr. Brodsky favours and which I deplore whereby we are going to divide France or Portugal to be "given largely to the poor of London."
There is no difficulty in establishing his claim to the part. He marked, you how grandly—how relentlessly—how damming a catalogue of crimes strode on, till Retribution, like a poised Hawk, came swooping down upon the Wrong Doer.

Denunciations such as his can invariably be traced to a trivial difference in basic propositions. Your reviewer’s whole case turns on this in his third paragraph. In this he objected to my “examination of the circumstances which led up to Phidias and Michael Angelo” on the ground that it was likely to form a stupendous mental attitude.

I cannot regret differing from “a trustee for Beauty” who holds so extraordinary a view of the relation a genius bears to his work. I cannot doubt that the artist by the use of the phrase “he arose” and “Phidias arose” and “Michael Angelo arose.” Such an early-Victorian explanation can be of value to none except an “Apostle of Simplicity.” Men and women who really feel and think know that an artist’s power to sum up and express the feelings of his age is his finest endowment. The characteristic of the most vital art is that it represents no individual experience. It reflects thought and feelings which are communal rather than personal. The Farbenhain can only be understood in the light of the historical and social circumstances which “led up to Phidias.” This is the examination which is regarded as “detracting from the stupendous mental attitude of a great sculptor.”

In view of this basic difference your reviewer’s opinion of my treatment of individual sculptors is unimportant. I will only correct him upon errors of fact. He speaks of my air of doubt as if I stood without stating that I devoted a chapter to proving the very point he makes—that Gothic sculpture always occupies a secondary position to Gothic architecture. A Haiti Square is placed among the dozen leading English masters of the last century. How much higher could a reasonable judgment set him?

As to the criticism upon my choice of illustrations I can only ask you to picture the uplifted palms which would have followed the acceptance of your reviewer’s advice. “Has Mr. Sherrin taken from the ‘Laocoön Group’ and the ‘Dying Gaul’? Of course, in illustrating a History of Art one does not confine one’s choice to one’s personal favorites. Typical examples have to be found for every school.

Finally, your reviewer is in error in his belief that I offered any apology for Mr. Alfred Gilbert’s work. It needs none. A critical comparison with Michael Angelo is proof of nothing except the deepest and most sincere regard.

WHY MR. GILBERT CHESTERTON IS NOT A SOCIA LIST.

To the Editor of the New Age.

I have been reading Mr. Gilbert Chesterton’s decalogue of humanity. But shortly it is—

1. An Englishman’s house is his castle, and he demands ceremonial rites from his guests;

2. That marriage is a real bond, and its natural consequences are jealousy and revenge;

3. That to eat fruit and sympathise with the pain of an enemy is proof of nothing except the deepest and most sincere regard.

Also, we like to embroider our conversation with appeals to the Lords of Heaven and Hell. We do so involuntarily in moments of surprise and anguish. It is natural that we, with our infinite range of ideas, should feel our fellow creatures insufficient audience. We appeal to the invisible without our really wishing to bring down immutables or curses on anyone.

Above all, we love pretending. We enjoy following out with logical consistency any particular mood and making our friends believe it is our immutable, irrevocable faith, the foundation of all our actions, the source of all our ideas. It makes us feel solid as if we were really quite tangible and worthy of confidence. It gives us the sensation an actor gets when he has given a good performance. It has been so true to nature; it has affected our audience so profoundly. It may even have turned a friend into an enemy.

Then the awful Nemesis we hate. Our lovely work of art; our act of power; our impersonation of a mood has consequences. We find ourselves involved in some dreadful promises. We find the sincere expression of one mood of our nature is cutting us off from other moods and other ties. Life ceases to be a delightful game, other people make it a reality. Then we want to do away with promises and compacts, and every kind of obligation.

I have not time to delve in my own heart for any more of its fundamental wants, but from these summary observations, made in the space of twenty minutes, I should say that a more popular decalogue than Mr. Chesterton’s would run as follows:

1. My home is wherever I am at the moment;

2. My wife is whoever I love at the moment;

3. My food is whatever I fancy at the moment;

4. My funeral doesn’t matter as long as I don’t know the moment when I die;

WEARING WELL AND LOOKING WELL.

Clothes washed with Hudson’s Soap always look well because they are spotlessly clean and sweet when they come from the washing-tub; and it goes without saying that they wear all the better for it.
January 15, 1908

THE NEW AGE

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MR. G. K. CHESTERTON AND DEMOCRACY.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

Mr. Chesterton objects that after his wife and family have given him a jolly funeral, they will not, under Socialism, be absolutely homeless and hungry. This objection must have more force in it than Socialists have hitherto allowed, for it is shared by many of the intellectual aristocracy to which G. K. C. belongs. An artist-slimmer protested that Socialism would abolish all picturesque contrast of rich and poor, hovel and palace; a bazaar-opener complained that life would be absolutely impossible for her, there were no respectable poor to whom she could minister.

The poor will be in no hurry to check Mr. Chesterton's delight in patronising them. It is so jolly good of him "to believe very strongly in the mass of the common people." An out of work carpenter to whom I showed the passage assured me he would starve with a light heart after this touching tribute to his class; the starving children defied their caps to the gentleman who proposes to fill empty bellies by repeating delightful generous remarks, coupled with a universal custom of standing Sam.

FLORENCE FARR.

THE PUBLISHER'S ANNOUNCEMENTS.

Out of Print Again.

When I spoke so proudly, last week, concerning the increase of our circulation, I certainly did not anticipate that we should go out of print again. Yet so it happened. We had not a single copy left in the office by midday last Thursday, in spite of our having largely increased the number of copies printed.

I must admit we are not seriously put out about it, but I am sorry that many of our regular readers were unable to obtain copies.

Especially was this the case in London, for no sooner were we O.P. than an enterprising London newsagent—who by the way sells hardly 50 copies of THE NEW AGE every week—for hearing the news went round and bought up copies wherever he could. Having made a small corner he sold his copiesycopied and sold them on.

This is really very flattering to us, nevertheless we would rather be in a position to supply all requirements in the usual way. Until a few weeks ago the circulation increased steadily every week, and we were thus prepared to cope with the demand. But recently the circulation has gone up by leaps and bounds and has taken us by surprise.

Back Numbers.

I must apologise to those readers who have not yet received copies of January 4 issue. We are filling orders for these as fast as we can obtain copies, but it is very evident already that the returns of this issue will be very few.

As some of our readers are not quite clear as to the increase in price of our back numbers, let me repeat that all the numbers comprised in Volume I. (new series), viz., Nos. 1 to 26 inclusive, will in future be charged at 20pence each. The price of number of volume two, viz., No. 27 and onwards, remains as before, though, the supply being very limited, we shall be compelled to raise the price of these shortly.

Bound Volumes.

At the request of many readers, we have bound up a few copies of Volume I. Orders should be placed at once. Price 5s., post free.

A Reader's Suggestion.

With regard to my suggestions, last week, for pushing THE NEW AGE, one very kind friend has found another method, and that is to send a copy of the paper, for six months, to various Reading Rooms, after which, he suggests, the subscribers would certainly not allow it to drop out. But our friend is also practical. He recognises that we could not afford to do this very extensively; and he therefore suggests a cheque to pay for six such subscriptions. He thinks his example is certain to be followed by other readers. I accept his suggestion with equanimity and sound results.

THE PUBLISHER.
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