

THE SOCIALIST VOTE AT HULL, by E. R. PEASE.

# THE NEW AGE

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## NOTES OF THE WEEK.

DURING the past few days there has been a great deal happening in the political world. The air has been full of party programmes, party denunciations, and fighting party speeches. Almost every politician of note has visited his constituency to obtain that tonic of cheers from his supporters which is to brace him for the work of the coming Session. But amidst the babel of it all there emerges one event which is beyond dispute the most important political event of the week. We refer, of course, to the already almost famous resolution which was passed on Wednesday at the Labour Party Conference. The overwhelming rejection of a resolution in very similar terms on Tuesday was understood by the Press as an emphatic repudiation of Socialism on the part of the Labour Party; and Wednesday's vote has therefore given rise to an extraordinary amount of irrelevant criticism and semi-hysterical discussion in the various party papers.

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The two resolutions are dealt with and their mutual consistency explained in another column by Mr. E. R. Pease, who is the Secretary of the Fabian Society and a member of the Labour Party Executive. But we cannot refrain from adding something to his comments on the way in which the matter has been treated by the Press. All the daily papers and the weekly political reviews, with possibly one exception, have shown a complete misunderstanding of the situation. The "Spectator," for example, has a special article on the subject which one might suppose would be written by someone not entirely ignorant of Labour politics. Yet here is what they say: "No one can say that the Labour Party adopted Socialism by a snap vote which took the Conference by surprise, or, again, that it light-heartedly gave its adhesion to a series of abstract propositions to which the members attached little practical importance. On the contrary, Tuesday's debate made the delegates realise what they were about, and each side rallied its full force for the final trial of strength on Wednesday." These profound remarks, if we are to take them seriously, suggest incredible activities on the part of the Socialist delegates during Tuesday night. They conjure up for us visions of wonderful midnight propagandist meetings in hotel smoke-rooms. We see Mr. Philip Snowden converting crowds of honest Trade Union delegates by the seductive eloquence of his ap-

peal, and drawing them to the Socialist penitent form by the hundred; Mr. Ramsay Macdonald conducting a house-to-house visitation throughout the lodging-houses of Hull; and Mr. Quelch preaching blood and fire in the streets. But, seriously, we would point out that the passage quoted, which is typical of most of the criticism which has appeared in the London Press, wholly ignores two things: the fundamental difference between the effects of the two resolutions, and the fact that the total poll on the second was less by some 60,000 votes than the total poll on the first.

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Again, the "Times," in their leader on Thursday, remarks that "the Labour machine is now fairly captured by the Socialists," quite oblivious of the notorious fact that, whatever may have been the opinions of the rank and file of the Labour Party, the "machine" has never been in other than Socialist hands from the very beginning. The cry for an independent party was raised in the first place by Socialists. The organisation was built up almost exclusively by Socialists. And Socialists have always had a controlling voice on the Executive. There is only one way in which the Labour Party can become more definitely Socialist than it has always been, and that is by adopting a constitution which would exclude non-Socialists. Such an exclusion was the purpose of the Paper Stainers' resolution on Tuesday, and it was rejected by a majority of more than ten to one. This is the really significant fact, indicating, as it does, the determination of the party as a whole to stick to those principles of catholicity and tolerance which have so largely contributed to its past success.

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Here, we believe, is to be found the secret of the leader writers' bewilderment. They cannot understand such political tolerance, and the very incredibility of it has caused them to lose their bearings altogether. In the past they have seen anti-Home Rulers driven out of the Liberal Party, and more recently they have seen Free Traders boycotted and practically excluded from the Tory Party. In both cases it has seemed to them the inevitable and natural thing that this should be so, and that the opinions of the minority should be thus forcibly suppressed. Hence their incredulous attitude on the present occasion. They are confronted with the spectacle of a party of political propagandists, in possession of a clear majority, and yet refusing, almost unanimously, to make use of their party machinery to further their own opinions and crush those who are not whole-hoggers. They cannot believe their senses. The thing is impossible, inconceivable, or to use the old phrase, "contrary to human nature and the instincts of Englishmen." And so they scent a plot somewhere, and go off on half a dozen false trails. The "Daily

Express" actually attributes the so-called "volte face" to its own stirring leader on Wednesday morning, and claims to have appealed successfully to that love of fair play and open dealing which is inherent in the breast of every British working man—even apparently when he is a Socialist. The implied tribute is a great concession in its way from the "Daily Express," and so we will not complain nor even laugh over long at its ridiculous pretensions. We have only referred to the matter as an example of the state of imbecility to which the Press has been reduced by an exhibition of political tolerance which was without doubt immediately understood by every working man connected with the Labour movement.

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This question of political tolerance is an extremely interesting one at the present moment, in view of the position inside the ranks of the Labour and Tory Parties. In each case there is a section with strong political convictions, which has practically absorbed all the real vitality of the party, and which has got control of the party machine. And in each case there is another section of more moderate and cautious men who are prepared to "come along" if the other section do not make the pace too hot, but who will leave the party rather than openly commit themselves to new principles at the present moment. Besides these there are, of course, a certain limited number who are resolutely opposed to Socialism or Tariff Reform, as the case may be, in any form whatever, and who will inevitably find themselves in an isolated position sooner or later. As will be seen, the two cases are remarkably analogous, and it will be interesting to watch developments. We have little doubt as to which of the two parties will conduct its negotiations with the greater diplomacy and to the more satisfactory conclusion. Anyone who has ever come in contact with working men inside their trade or political organisations cannot have failed to observe their superiority as a class in the matter of political controversy. You have only to go and listen to a debate at an ordinary middle or upper class meeting, and then attend a discussion at a Trade Union lodge or a Labour Party branch, and you will realise the striking contrast. The fair hearing which the working man gives to his opponents, the deference which he pays to their opinions, and the impartial fashion in which he considers the arguments on both sides of a case, render him a worthy model for men who regard themselves as his superiors. And it is certain that his ingrained habit of demanding and observing tolerance and good fellowship among opponents will be a great factor in preventing untimely divisions in the near future and ensuring the final consolidation of all the forces of Labour in pursuit of a common ideal.

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One more word about the "Times" leader. After uttering the comment previously quoted, the writer proceeds to point out that the working classes of this country can never be attracted by the chimerical notions of Socialist dreamers, "for what the ordinary workman wants is more money for himself, his own children, his own home." We heartily congratulate the "Times" on having discovered at last what is really wanted to improve the position of the working classes; more money, that is to say, a larger and more equitable share of the nation's income. And perhaps it will pardon us if we point out that we Socialists made that discovery some time ago, and that that is why we are so determined to get more money for the working man and the working man's home and the working man's children. It only remains for us to express the pious hope that the "Times," with its unquestionable sympathy with and concern for the interests of the working man will turn its great discovery to account, and join us in helping him to get what he wants.

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To return to the subject of the Labour Conference. We do not wish to be understood as attempting to minimise the importance of the Socialist resolution. On the contrary, having once emphasised the point that

it does not affect the constitution and will not have the effect of excluding anyone from the party, we are inclined to make as much of it as possible. For although, as we stated a week or two ago in these columns, we do not wish to see the Labour Party accept the name and profession of Socialism until the time is ripe for such a change, yet we naturally welcome any and every indication that that time is fast approaching. It is quite true that abstract resolutions in favour of Socialism have been passed before both at Labour Party and at Trade Union Conferences, and that they have meant very little. But the passing of this particular resolution at this particular moment, and in face of such strong opposition as it received, cannot really be compared with the passing of similar resolutions in the old days when there was no party in the House of Commons and the proceedings of Conferences did not attract the public attention they do now.

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The significance of the resolution lies in the fact of its publicity. Every leader and every delegate who voted for it knew that the attention of the country was rivetted upon him and that he would have to account for his action to the men who sent him to the Conference. He was aware, moreover, of the great anti-Socialist campaign which has been waged on platforms and in the Press throughout the country during the past year, and of its effects on the working men whom he represented. And yet in the face of all this knowledge 514 votes, each representing a thousand individuals, were cast in favour of declaring publicly that the aims of the Party are Socialistic. This at least indicates that the great mass of Trade Unionists represented at the Conference are not afraid of the word Socialism, and have been encouraged rather than subdued by the Yellow Press campaign. Of the direct consequences of the vote it is impossible to speak with certainty yet. We do not believe that it will have any perceptible effect on the result of the Miners' Ballot, but even if it should, it will only mean that the accession of the Miners to the ranks of the Labour Party will be temporarily postponed. The obvious advantages of Labour men belonging to the Labour, instead of to the Liberal, Party are too great to allow any long delay in the amalgamation. In the meantime, we are glad that the issue has been cleared, and that people who attack Socialism will know for the future that they are attacking the acknowledged policy of the Labour Party. As a final comment on the subject, we would say that, while we heartily agree in the main with the letter which Mr. Hyndman addressed to the "Times" on Friday last, we do not quite understand his jubilation, in view of the fact that this resolution, if it means anything, means the death-blow of the political hopes of revolutionary Socialism in this country; in so far as that expression stands for the difference between the S.D.F. and the other Socialist and Labour organisations.

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There is little else that need be said about the proceedings of the Conference. All the usual resolutions were passed and many useful suggestions were adopted, but nothing particularly unexpected was done. In refusing to formulate a national programme the Conference merely emphasised its policy of doing nothing to exclude any shade of Labour opinion from the party. Independence of other parties continues to be practically the only dogma to which Labour candidates are bound to subscribe. The resolution affirming the principle of Wages Boards and the Legal Minimum has somewhat of a special interest at the moment, in view of the recent Railway Settlement. In spite of the speech which the Secretary of the Party made on the negative side, it was passed *nem. com.*, and we are of opinion that this attitude was the right one to take. However much Mr. Macdonald's opinion of Wages Boards may be justified by his observation of how they work in Australia, the fact remains that there appears to be no alternative method of attacking the sweating problem. Moreover, we may point out that Wages Boards in Australia are not combined with a national Minimum Wage, and that, in

any case, their comparative failure, if indeed they have failed, is a question of machinery and not of principle.

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Next in importance to the Labour Conference comes Mr. Balfour's address to the City of London Conservative Association on Thursday last. It is without doubt the most striking speech which the late Prime Minister has delivered since he resigned office. The Mid-Devon victory would appear to have given him back most of that confidence and self-respect which he has never quite regained since his defeat at Manchester. He referred to it exultingly, and claimed it as a victory for Tariff Reform, Tory organisation, Tory unity, and Tory policy generally. But the most interesting portion of his speech was his reference to Socialism and the Labour Party. During the previous thirty-six hours the Labour Party, he said, had hoisted the red flag. "They have announced themselves as advocates of a scheme of social reconstruction . . . which would not only destroy our commercial, financial, and manufacturing position among the nations of the world, but which would, in my opinion, be the greatest calamity that has ever happened in the world not to the rich, but to the poor." It is not our intention to comment on the absurdly superficial character of such a general statement as the above. We only wish to point out that Mr. Balfour has deliberately set the seal of his approval upon the anti-Socialist campaign, and has committed himself and his party to a barren policy of negation in the matter of Social Reform. We are far from complaining that he should have done so, but we should have given him credit for more political perspicuity. It would seem that the Tory victory in Mid-Devon is likely to remain an isolated phenomenon.

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This brings us to the most striking passage in the speech. Having given the anti-Socialist battle-cry, Mr. Balfour proceeded to call upon individualist Liberals to rally to his standard. We are greatly surprised that so important an utterance has received very little notice in the Press, and we think it worth while to quote the passage in full from the "Times" report:—

I myself believe that there is little room now in the political constitution of this country for the old-fashioned Liberal who, in his time, has done great service for the State. The Liberals were a leading power in an important period of transition; but the course of events has practically destroyed all the differences, never perhaps very great, which separated them from the party to which we belong, and we are now tending towards a different arrangement of political forces, a rearrangement of political forces in which the Unionist party must indeed be the leading element and member upon one side, though not the only one; and in which our Socialistic friends, who have just hauled up their flag, will doubtless be the militant force upon the other. Between the two ideals of social reconstruction which those two bodies of opinion represent is to be the great fight in the future.

Of course there is nothing really new in this. Everyone who is in the least in touch with the politics of to-day, has long been aware that the Liberal Party contains two quite incompatible sections, and that we are on the eve of another secession from the Liberal to the Unionist ranks. But it is one thing to know that such a change is inevitable sooner or later and quite another to hear that change publicly predicted, nay even urged, by the responsible leader of a great party. The fact that Mr. Balfour has thrown out this suggestion now instead of four or five years hence tends to show that the coming rearrangement of political parties is nearer than we had supposed. Indeed, it seems to be on the cards now that something of the sort may happen at the next General Election. We shall be interested to see what will happen to those Tory Democrats who are making Social Reform on collectivist lines the chief plank in their platform.

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Among other political speakers of the week, Mr. Austen Chamberlain has been somewhat prominent. As the Junior Prophet of Tariff Reform, he sticks to his duties with admirable perseverance, and always comes up smiling and voluble, with the same old "illustrations."

One thing, however, he has said this week which is worth noting. He attacked the Government programme, not on the obvious ground that it fails to deal in any adequate fashion with certain immediately pressing social problems, but on the ground that it is too big and proposes a quantity of legislation which ought not to be attempted in less time than three or four sessions. A Liberal Government is bad enough and slow enough in all conscience; but may we be preserved from ever having a Chamberlain Government which would spend four sessions over an Education Bill, a Licensing Bill, and a scheme of Old Age Pensions. It is not often that a party leader gives expression so naively to the besetting weakness of his side.

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We were inclined at first to regard the Mid-Devon result as a blessing rather than otherwise; inasmuch as the blow appeared likely to spur the Government forward to a more radical programme of Social Reform during the coming session. But recent Government speeches have tended to dispel that hope. Mid-Devon has merely created a scare in the Free Trade camp. Liberal leaders have discovered that Protection was only scotched and not killed at the last election; and so, instead of discussing the things that really matter, they have been spending all their energies in reopening the barren campaign which we had hoped was at an end, at all events until the next Imperial Conference. For ourselves we do not want Protection to be discussed, because it wastes time. We are not bigoted Free Traders, and are quite prepared to deal with any case of dumping or unfair competition on its merits, but, on the other hand, we are not foolish enough to think that Protection will benefit the working classes or reduce poverty and unemployment.

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A few months ago a great deal was being said about the prosperity of Protectionist Germany and the enormous demand for labour over there. But now it appears the boom is at an end, and there comes news from Berlin which shows that the unemployed problem is even more serious there than it is in London. According to Reuter's correspondent, there have been serious collisions with the police, in which sabres were mercilessly used and "pools of blood were afterwards left on the pavement." We suggest to the Liberal Party Publication Department that they should get out a poster vividly depicting the scene in order to show the free and enlightened voter how unemployment is stamped out in protectionist countries. And underneath might be reproduced the resolution passed by 12,000 unemployed German workers demanding "that all duties on food-stuffs shall be abrogated."

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At the meeting of the London County Council on Tuesday last Dr. Salter presented a petition on behalf of the Social Democratic Federation, signed by 20,000 persons, urging the Council to put the Feeding of Children Act into operation. The petition was referred to the Education Committee, and will doubtless never be heard of again. The next business was the question of flagstaffs on the schools, and the Progressives made full use of their opportunity of discussing the two matters together and exposing the futility of the Moderates' proceedings.

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The situation is an extraordinarily anomalous one. It would be Gilbertian were it not for the grim reality of starving children in the background. On the one hand we have the spectacle of four men, two of them ex-Prime Ministers of England and two of them men who could feed all the hungry children in England out of their own pockets without feeling it, appealing for £20,000 to save the children of the wealthiest city in the world from starvation. They appeal in the sacred names of Charity and Anti-Socialism, and they fail to obtain half the minimum they ask for. On the other hand we see a party of Councillors refusing to use their powers over the public purse even to make up the deficiency which private charity has left, and pleading in justification of their action that they are pledged to

strict economy. And the next moment we see the same party proposing to spend £10,000 or thereabouts in putting flagstaffs over the children's schools. A further happy touch is provided by an individual named Mr Whitaker Thompson (M.), who announces in the Council Chamber (vide "Times" Report, 22/1/08) that he, personally, fully realises his responsibilities towards those who are less wealthy than he, and hints that for his part he has responded substantially to the appeal of the Four, but threatens that, if he is forced to pay a halfpenny rate, he will for the future "ignore his voluntary responsibility." Finally, we have the official figures, which can at least be relied upon to put the case in the most favourable light. They show that out of 36,000 "necessitous" children, only 30,000 have been given food. And these 30,000 have each had on the average 2.9 meals per week.

Comment seems needless. But we should like to make one thing quite clear to our opponents in this matter. And that is, that we are prepared to grant them their paltry contentions about the true beauty of Charity, the danger of pauperising the parents, and the inevitable rise in the rates. We are not concerned to dispute these things while the children remain hungry. Our position is: that there are no possible evil consequences which, in their aggregate, count for anything as against the evil of having starvation going on in our midst. Even if it were true that Charity is good for the giver, and that State maintenance of children tends to pauperise their parents, it would still, we hold, be the first duty of the Government to ensure the physical and mental fitness of the coming generation quite regardless of the merits and characters of the parents and of the fact that the well-to-do may thereby be deprived of some of their opportunities for anarchic altruism.

*Apropos* of the ethics of starvation, we cannot do better than quote a passage from Mr. Victor Grayson's speech at East Ham on Sunday last. The passage has been received with horror and indignation by the anti-Socialist Press, and we are glad to take this opportunity of heartily endorsing every word of it and thanking Mr. Grayson for having so completely and so forcibly stated the Socialist attitude. "As a Socialist," he said, "I have no hesitation in saying to-night that it is more moral, more manly, infinitely more preferable to steal when you are starving than to die of hunger. I can have nothing but the profoundest and completest contempt for the man who allows his wife and children to starve and accept this as being according to the supposed will of God."

[NEXT WEEK.—Hilaire Belloc's "Not a Reply" to Critics; E. Nesbit, "The Dog-Dream"; Hon. Sir Hartley Williams, "Divorce Law Extension"; M. Herve, "France in Morocco—I."]

## The Socialist Vote at Hull.

THE professional journalist is generally supposed to be a gentleman whom no situation can puzzle and no problem daunt. And in fact he usually is a man with some political insight and knowledge of affairs.

Therefore it is surprising that the leader writers of both sides should vie with each other in expressions of astonishment and perplexity at the absence of "any show of coherence" in the Labour Conference votes, as the "Westminster" puts it, or at its "consistency in inconsistency" on which the "Pall Mall" dilates. Have these journalists quite forgotten the year-long controversy as to whether Home Rule, approved by a majority of Liberals, was to be a test for membership in the party or the more recent and successful attempt to keep the peace between its Imperialist and pro-Boer wing? Did none of them see the "Westminster" cartoon of a week or two ago, representing the Tariff Reform Ruffians ready to assassinate the

Free Trade Tories? Why is the Labour Party to be denied that liberty of indecision which the other parties have so often exercised?

Happily there is scarce one of the million members of the Labour Party who does not fully understand a situation which confounds the wise men of Fleet Street. The Labour Party has a constitution which every candidate is by rule required to accept before he can be officially adopted and can claim his quota from the Parliamentary Fund. The demand for such a pledge is unusual in English politics, but at present it contains not a word which the most squeamish Labour candidate can object to, since it merely demands loyalty to the party in the full sense of the words. The Socialist proposal which was defeated at the Congress by 950,000 to 91,000 was an amendment to this constitution: if it had been carried every Member of Parliament who was not a Socialist would have been driven out of the party. It was proposed and supported by members of the Social Democratic Party, attending, of course, as delegates of the London Trades Council and other affiliated bodies, who would not regard the break up of the Labour Party as a calamity. Last year the tactics of the wreckers were even more obvious, since they first proposed to exclude the non-Socialists, and when this was beaten (by 835,000 to 98,000), they endeavoured to drive out the other section, the non-Trade Unionists, and on this line were considerably nearer to victory.

There was, in fact, no change of policy, no "volte face," as the leader writers pretend to think. Everybody knew that the wrecking amendment would be defeated, and from the moment that the Engineers' Society put forward its Socialist resolution, all who understood the temper of past Congresses and the feeling of the country were aware that it would be carried. But in form it was only one of nearly 30 abstract resolutions expressing the opinions of the Congress, and was no more binding than the resolution "pledging" the party to support compulsory Sunday closing for hairdressers or condemning the employment of "special canvassers" in industrial life assurance. The objection taken to the resolution by the non-Socialist M.P.'s was due to a lively anticipation of the policy of the wreckers. In every constituency there is a little group of extremists, who go round worrying the non-Socialist Labour man, like yapping dogs at the heels of the placid elephant. It is unpleasant to a party leader to be forced to say in public that he does not agree with the majority of his party on an important question. When the questioner belongs, shall I say, to the "Socialist Party of Great Britain," he is pretty sure to be skilful in the gentle art of heckling. The secret of Mr. Shackleton's opposition to the resolution was not any intense dislike of Socialism, but a very excusable objection to a certain type of Socialist.

For the rest there is little to be said. The Conference expressed its dislike of Suffragette tactics a little more emphatically than before, and all the eloquence and popularity of Mr. Macdonald were only able to evoke the faintest shadow of opposition to the practical unanimity of its approval of Mr. Henderson's Wage Boards Bill.

The Press professes to reckon up the Socialists on the new Committee and the old, and I suppose they would regard it as of the utmost significance if they knew that Mr. Walker, a member of the I.L.P., had been replaced on the Executive by Mr. Glover, who probably is not a Socialist. The delegates do not know and do not care. They elect the man they prefer or the representative of the society whose claims they consider just.

After the event both wings of the party ought to be satisfied. The Socialists have proved that they possess a majority amongst the delegates, as well as in the party in Parliament, whilst the non-Socialists have been shown that the majority are firmly resolved to respect the opinions of the minority and to maintain the alliance which has done so much in the last few years to popularise Socialism and to benefit Labour.

EDW. R. PEASE.

## The House of Bondage.

"And Pharaoh hardened his heart at this time also, neither would he let the people go."

HISTORY never repeats itself; but the fables of the prophets and the poets are ever being repeated with the grimmest fidelity. Whether the Jews ever fled from Egypt, whether they ever inhabited the land of Ra, whether there were ever any Jews at all, is a triviality which troubles us not. But the story of the Pharaohs is eternally true; despots are still slow to loose their hold on a subject people—which pays its interest on the bonds with becoming punctuality. Let plague and famine and unseemly people stalk through the land. In fear the Pharaohs of England may relent. Lift but the cloud, and their hearts become hardened. Pharaohs, English or Egyptian, are cowards and bullies.

The tale of our occupation of Egypt since 1881 is not to be told without bringing a flush to the cheek of every Briton. The part played by the mere bagmen like Rosebery and Rothschild, has recently received some attention in our columns; they played the part we should have expected from them. It is when we read of how politicians who professed to be governed by high ideals became engaged in dubious intrigue and petty chicanery that we commenced to feel faint-hearted, almost to losing our belief in political method. It was Mr. Blunt's experience of the shuffling Gladstone and John Morley that disgusted him for ever with politics. He was aghast at their baseness in crushing the Egyptian National awakening simply through their inertia to work out a policy consistent with that movement.

Mr. Gladstone the ecclesiastic, Mr. Morley the Atheist, how often will they not have read the early chapters of Exodus. And what did it profit them when they stood in the place of Pharaoh? Morley, in the "Pall Mall Gazette," egging on the Cabinet to violent action (of course in the interest of Egypt), had forgotten his own words: "The substitution of force for persuasion, among its other disadvantages, has this further drawback, from our present point of view, that it lessens the conscience of a society and breeds hypocrisy." Gladstone, with that shameless self-deception, his most remarkable trait, could write to John Bright: "I am sorry to say that the enquiry is too likely to show that Arabi is very much more than a rebel. Crimes of the gravest kind have been committed; and with most of them he stands, I fear, in *presumptive* (that is, unproved) connection."

However, if the past and the present are black enough, there is one aspect of the Egyptian question which has at least a shade of greyness. We have in these columns dwelt on the difficulty of forthwith abandoning those of our colonies possessing a civilisation alien from our own, because we have so often destroyed the bulwark of the native civilisation, replacing it by the crudest conception of what was good for natives. This is not a consideration that applies to Egypt.

We have been so short a time in possession of the country—we prefer to call things by their real names—that were we to go out to-morrow we should not find that the Egyptian national character had suffered or altered much during the quarter of a century we have been attempting to transform Egyptian patriots into British hypocrites.

Some damage has naturally been done. As Heine said, *das Regieren ist so schwer*, both sides. The Denshawai affair, symptomatic of our rule, has been dealt with by the masterly hand of Mr. Shaw and needs no recapitulation at this place. We are pleased to remind taxpayers, however, that they are now paying for the sport of the officers and gentlemen who were engaged. The British army of occupation was raised in 1907 from 2,906 to 4,758 men, to the cost of which England contributes the lion's share.

It is often placed to the credit of our rule that the Sudan has been reconquered. The Sudan is practically a British Colony; it is a mere fiction that Egypt is

jointly with ourselves concerned in its government. An expensive fiction, however, for the Egyptians, who derive practically no profit from the Sudan, and pay about £1,000,000 annually towards its upkeep, including four-fifths of the cost of the army. Moreover, the battalions serving in the Sudan are composed of men who are engaged for ten years' compulsory service,—a form of slavery in a distant inhospitable land to which the Egyptians strongly object.

We are not blind to some of the advantages that have been claimed for British rule. It is said that the fellaheen is better off, unmolested by tax-gatherers; that we have established a peaceful rule throughout the land, that our hospitals are affording much wanted treatment to the people—and that Egyptian ophtalmia is disappearing. The truth is that until lately there was some slight material increase in the lot of the fellaheen, but lately the old-time misery is reappearing. If we are curing blindness of the eyes we are attempting to impose a far more fatal blindness of the spirit. To quote the eloquent words of Moustafa Kamel Pasha, in the great speech delivered last October at Alexandria: "Of what value are wealth and fortune compared to personal liberty, and public liberty, the predominance of the Egyptian in his government, and his independence in his own country? And where is the Egyptian who would not prefer to be the poorest of men and have a just Government than to be the richest with the threats of the punishment of Denshawai?"

Before we proceed to give the programme of the National Party in Egypt—there is growing up a strong party—we have something to say on the general question of personal liberty and material welfare. We must do this because the position of Socialists has been entirely misrepresented by people in this country, who have never understood that a benevolent bureaucracy is even more intolerable to the ordinary man than the most tyrannical absolutism. If everyone can hold office it will often be mere accident that Jack lords it over Tom—the difference of merely a letter; and that makes him at once a Jack in office to all the Toms. Very different is the feeling that Tom has towards anyone who claims to rule by right or might. Political, personal, social liberty for every subject is, then, we contend, the prime requirement for every individual in the State; the right to appoint their own tyrants if they will—the right to throw off if they can all dominion by a strange Power, however it may be shown to be materially to their advantage. (In the case of Egypt it is the British merchants, manufacturers, and international Bondholders who have of course reserved the pick of such Egyptian material prosperity as has been recreated.) We should not tolerate the rule of a German Chancellor, however efficient;—why expect the Egyptian, with the oldest civilisation in the world as his record—to tolerate a Lord Cromer?

The programme of the National Party is a peculiarly straightforward and clear one. It is curious that we who so constantly accuse Oriental people of political intrigue never formulate anything definite and above board. To quote some of the aims from Moustafa Kamel Pasha's speech:—

1. The autonomy of Egypt (or her internal independence) as established in 1840 by the treaty of London and guaranteed by imperial firmans.—(This autonomy guarantees the throne of Egypt to the descendants of Mohamed Ali, and the internal independence of the country; it comprises all the countries given to Egypt by the Imperial firmans). This autonomy England has officially promised to respect.

2. The institution of representative government, so that the governing authority may be responsible to a Parliament possessing authority like that of European parliaments.

3. The respect of treaties and financial conventions which bind the Egyptian government to pay its debts and to accept a financial control like the Anglo-French condominium, so long as Egypt remains the debtor of Europe and Europe demands this control.

7. The enlightenment of the minds of the Egyptians regarding the present situation, the propagation of the national spirit, the inculcation of union and harmony between the two elements of the nation, the Mussulmans and the Copts, the indication of the duties incumbent on all towards their



country and the accomplishment of these duties while taking care to assure peace and security in every nook and corner of Egypt.

9. The development of the bonds of union and friendship between Egyptians and the foreign colonists, the effacement of all misunderstanding, and the judging of foreign criminals by the Mixed Courts.

10. The strengthening of the ties of friendship and of attachment between Egypt and the Ottoman Empire, the development of the relations of friendship and confidence between Egypt and the European Powers, the refutation of all accusations framed against Egypt, and the winning over to the national cause of partisans everywhere, so that they may constitute a super or moral force, helping the nation to gain recognition by others of its legitimate rights and to foil the attempts made against its interests to hide the truth.

We draw special attention to clause 3, which respects the rights of the bondholders with greater consideration than we should be disposed to show, and to clause 9, which allows the formation of mixed courts in the case of foreign criminals.

Were this programme but attempted to be accomplished there would assuredly return something of that light-hearted gaiety which Herodotus tells us was the characteristic of the Egyptians of his time. Then, again, in these words that he preserved for us, "'Twill be well to have lived spurning injustice and sin; for he who has loved the right, in the hour which none can flee, enters upon the delight of a glad eternity."

## The Death of German Liberalism.

LIBERALISM in Germany has breathed its last. For years it has been slowly dying of cowardice—afraid to fight for its life against the reactionary Junkers and terror-stricken at the growing intelligence and demands of the working classes. Twelve months ago it sold its shrunken soul to Prince Bülow and ranged its feebleness with the strong cohorts of Conservatism to ride down Social Democracy at the polls. It was content to wait for the reward of its treason to its principles. Humble and patient in its emasculation it made no stipulations when it entered into the service of the adroit Chancellor. Like a willing lackey, it was content to hope for a little kindly consideration from its master; perhaps be allowed to influence slightly the plans of the Government with regard to changes in the iniquitous franchise system of Prussia and the outrageous laws relating to political organisations. A year has gone by and at last the reward has been received—a well-deserved and well-placed kick from the boot which it has been so assiduously licking. Too weak to resent the insult, Liberalism has died of it. Its corpse is still above ground, but the next election will be its burial.

The leaders of the three little groups which stood for the last remnants of political Liberal thought in Germany—the Freisinnige Volks Partei, the Freisinnige Vereinigung and the Süddeutsche Volkspartei—have followed the same road as the National Liberals, who, beginning as stern and unbending opponents of the Junkers are now their sworn friends and allies. To the masses in Germany it is now clear that there is only one party, the Social Democrats, upon whom reliance can be placed in the fight for political enfranchisement.

The justification given by the three Liberal sections for joining the anti-Social Democratic *bloc* and thereby securing a temporary triumph for Prince Bülow, was that the Chancellor in return for electoral support, would give a progressive tinge to his home policy. The tinge it was admitted would at first be a slight one, but it would nevertheless indicate the faint dawn of a future splendid Liberal era. How the subtle and ironic Bülow must have laughed in his sleeve when in January, 1907, the Liberal leaders, intoxicated with this self-created illusion, commanded their followers to vote on the second ballot for the most reactionary of Conservatives in order to keep out the Social Democrats; and again, when, as the election returns came in, the Freisinnige mob demonstrated before his and the Kaiser's palaces in ecstasy at the outcome of the voluntary degradation of Liberalism!

The signs of the anxiously awaited dawn of the new time were very slow in appearing. The new Reichstag

was informed by the Chancellor and the Ministry that the most important questions to be considered were new sources of revenue and increased taxation; no mention was made of Liberal measures either political or social, with the exception of a mean little amendment of the law of association. Sincere and wise Liberals, as for instance Herr Dr. Barth, poured scorn upon the contemptible attitude of their sections and left them in disgust. But the leaders maintained the courage of their servitude by talking in loud tones and vague phrases of the proposals to amend the Prussian electoral system which would be brought forward by the Government through Liberal influence. These proposals would be introduced in the Prussian Landtag, the stronghold of the Conservative forces of Germany.

The Prussian electoral system is, in the words of Bismarck, the most wretched in the world. It is a three class, indirect system. The classes are arranged in order of wealth and each class elects one third of a college of electors for each constituency. The voting is open. It is obvious that the third class forming the overwhelming majority of the people must be practically without representation in the Prussian Landtag. The Freisinnige, with the help of the Social Democrats, have indeed been able to secure the return of a few members to the Chamber, and from them the demand for the anticipated reforms was expected to come. No move was made in 1907. Patience on the part of Liberalism was the order of the day. The Session of 1908 opened. Still no promise from Count Bülow. The Freisinnige parties began to feel uncomfortable. Had the Chancellor been playing with them? The ever active Social Democrats were continually lashing the flabby Liberal leaders for their betrayal of the people, a betrayal all the more disgraceful and foolish because no price had been secured. At last, stung to action, the Freisinnige members of the Prussian Landtag placed an interpellation on the order paper. Would the Government bring in a Bill for giving equal manhood suffrage and voting by ballot to the people of Prussia in the election of their Parliament? The Social Democrats backed up this question by holding great indoor and open-air demonstrations, the latter being in some cases dispersed by the police with great brutality. With the answer from Prince Bülow the illusion of a Liberal era was completely destroyed. In the tone of a military commander, far removed from his usual suave manner, the Chancellor refused to consider the granting of either manhood suffrage or vote by ballot to the Prussian masses. Nor did he deign to suggest that any less drastic modification of the franchise law would be made. The surprised protests of the Liberals were drowned by the enthusiastic cheers of their Conservative allies.

The Social Democrats replied to Prince Bülow's contemptuous treatment of the interpellation by further demonstrations on a still larger scale. The Berlin workmen defied the police and marched through the streets singing their Socialist songs and cheering for and demanding universal suffrage until driven back by the gendarmes with drawn swords. In every town in Prussia great protest meetings were held under Socialist auspices and a fresh impulse given to the cause of Social Democracy.

And the Liberals? True to their traditions, they have taken the insolent rebuff with meek resignation. A few of the less prominent of them urge that the three Freisinnige sections should break from the *bloc* and join the opposition, and by thus upsetting the balance of parties in Reichstag to place the supporters of the Chancellor in a minority. This advice, however, the leaders decline to follow. They still pretend to believe that something will be done to democratise Prussia providing Prince Bülow is given sufficient time. In their pusillanimity they have killed all belief in German Liberalism and insured a tremendous increase in the strength of the Social Democrats who by sheer weight of numbers will soon be able to force from the Government those measures of political reform which the Chancellor has refused to his befooled and despised Liberal allies who are now awaiting their political funeral.

WILLIAM SANDERS.

## The Trial of the 169.

### II.\*

ON the 25th December the trial began. The Court in which it was held was much too small and terribly overcrowded, so that it was very difficult for the accused to consult with their advocates. At an early stage in the proceedings one of the ex-deputies complained that less air was allowed them than is allotted to convicts. The advantage, from the Government point of view, of holding the trial in such a Court, was that the lack of space put a strict limit on the number of spectators and reporters present. The latter were, moreover, packed away in a gallery where it was extremely hard for them to hear what went on. Thus, while professing to try the prisoners in open Court, some of the advantages of a trial in *camerâ* were obtained.

The prisoners were charged with having conspired to draw up the Viborg manifesto, and with having distributed it themselves or through others, in order to incite the people to disobey the law. In support of these charges the prosecution had the admissions of all but one of the accused that they had signed the manifesto, and with reference to thirteen of the accused there was evidence to show that, after returning from Viborg to Russia, they took some share in publishing it. The Public Prosecutor demanded conviction under Paragraph 129 of the Code of Laws, which carries with it the loss of all political rights. This demand threw light on the Government's real object in instituting the prosecution, and as the trial proceeded, it became obvious that while pretending to give the accused a fair trial, the Government had decided, by the aid of docile Judges and in the absence of a jury, to exclude from political life these 169 deputies of the First Duma, among whom were numbered a majority of the ablest and most experienced Russian Constitutionalists.

The chief effect of the trial was one the Government certainly did not foresee: it brought into striking contrast the fine intellectual and moral endowments of the Constitutionalist leaders and the mean duplicity of their persecutors.

Petrunkévitch, Professor of Constitutional Law, one of the best known and most highly respected of those who for some decades past have laboured to obtain for the people of Russia a share in framing and administering the laws, was the first of the accused to speak.

He dwelt on the fact that in recent years Russia has passed through a transition, and that the purpose he and his nearest colleagues had in view at Viborg was not to upset the law, but to strengthen and enforce the new reign of the law, which they hoped was replacing the old arbitrary *régime*. The judgment to which he appealed was not that of the Court before which he stood: "For us there is another, a higher tribunal—that of the nation and of history." As members of the First Duma they had felt the weight of all the hopes placed in them by a suffering people. "That weight no Russian citizen before us had ever felt, nor, perhaps, after us will any know it again . . ." "We wished to take part in an act which would make Russia a free Constitutional State, where the law would be above all; where from the highest ruler to the lowest citizen, all would be subject to the law." The conduct of the Ministry during the seventy days' existence of the First Duma convinced him and his colleagues that they could hope for no co-operation from that quarter, but, on the contrary must expect attack; and the blow fell on July 21, when the Duma was dissolved and the people's representatives were deprived of the possibility of examining the year's Budget. "A Constitutional order is one which includes a guarantee for the defence of each of the powers which form part of that Constitution," and both in Western Europe and in the present Fundamental Laws of Russia the guarantee for the representatives of the people consists in their right to sanction the annual Budget and to fix the numerical strength of the army. In an extreme case, when that

right is violated, the resort to passive resistance has never been regarded as a crime; not, for instance, in England, nor in Prussia in 1848; for "the citizen who refuses to pay taxes at an exceptional moment, and refuses in order to defend rights which he considers to have been violated, is a better citizen and a healthier social element, than one who pays taxes and obeys the call to conscription from blind and slavish submission to the demands of those in power."

Nabókof, another Constitutional leader, followed on the same lines, and without naming which of the surviving members of the party had disapproved of the manifesto, and only signed it under the pressure of the circumstances previously alluded to, he illustrated the fact that this variety of opinion had existed, by mentioning that Herzenstein, the economist, and Jollos, the editor of the "Moscow Messenger" (both of whom have since been assassinated by members of that Union of Russian Men which is so highly favoured by the Emperor and by his most influential *entourage*) had argued against it, and signed it only because an immediate and unanimous decision was imperative.

Space allows the mention of only a few of the speeches delivered. While Ramishvili, a Social Democrat deputy, who had been long in prison, was delivering his defence in the close atmosphere of the overcrowded Court he fainted and had to be carried out. The proceedings were suspended on another occasion because the police had arrested one of the accused, and in the confused and overcrowded condition of the Petersburg prisons, when the Court demanded that he should be produced, some time elapsed before the police could find him.

After several of the accused deputies had spoken, the Public Prosecutor gave an extraordinarily lame address which added nothing but insinuation and rumour to the indictment with which the proceedings had commenced. Then came the turn of the counsel for the defence, who, in a series of masterly speeches, among which that delivered by Maklakóf was specially remarkable for its scathing analysis of the motives and procedure of the prosecution, showed that there was no evidence of conspiring to secure the infringement of the law. The accused met in Finland because they could not do so in Petersburg. They arrived at Viborg at different times, expressed different opinions, and then signed a document which did not infringe Finnish law and did not concern the Russian courts. Why were they being tried in Petersburg? And why, in spite of the fact that they belonged to different parties, held different views, were actuated by different motives, and had acted differently, were they all being tried collectively? The only excuse for prosecuting them at all was the assertion that they had circulated the manifesto in Russia; but only with reference to thirteen of the accused had the prosecution attempted to prove that this was the case; and no attempt had been made to show that any agreement existed among the accused on this subject. The thirteen cases referred to had occurred in various parts of Russia, and had occurred after the prosecution had been commenced! These cases should have been tried in the courts of Kazán, Kief, and Moscow, where the offences were committed, but not in Petersburg. The method of the prosecution indicated that the motive of those who instigated it was political revenge, and it raised the question whether "Our laws still have any defender."

Last of all spoke Mouromtsef, and in a speech which created a profound impression, he mentioned a series of facts that had come to his knowledge as President of the Duma, showing that the Goremykin Ministry and the reactionary influences which to-day still control the destinies of Russia, had deliberately aimed at wrecking the First Duma and not allowing it to bridge "the gulf separating the people from the Government." He went on to show that the prosecution had preferred, instead of impeaching certain individuals, to make a systematic attack on the party which formed the majority and supplied the executive of the First Duma. The trial had thus become an indictment of that Duma. "The fact," said he, in conclusion, "will never fade

\* Part I. appeared in our issue of January 18.

from the people's memory that in December, 1907, the Crown Court judged the First Duma. It is for those in power to decide how this will affect the prestige of the State; but in so far as it affects the reputation of the First Duma, that assembly—like the hero told of in Russian folk-lore—will gain from the effect of each blow aimed at it; and we thank those who have undertaken this prosecution for enabling us in these depressing times so vividly to recall to popular consciousness the idea which actuated the First Russian Duma."

Not to spoil the effect produced by Mouromtsef's oration, no further speeches were made for the defence, and it became necessary for the Judges to formulate the questions, upon the reply to which (given by the jury when there is a jury, or by the Judges themselves when, as in this case, there is no jury) the sentence depends.

The weakness of the prosecution now became glaringly obvious. The Judges had been shamed into abandoning the untenable charge of conspiracy to incite the people to infringement of the law by means of the manifesto, and by the distribution of the latter by themselves or by other people; and to get some semblance of legality into the proceedings, they alleged against each of the accused separately the offence of distribution. Counsel for the defence pointed out that with reference to all but thirteen of the defendants there was no evidence at all in support of this charge. The Judges retired in some perplexity; and after a long consultation, rearranged their questions so as to charge the accused with being "privy to and consenting to" such distribution. Counsel for the defence again pointed out that neither the Public Prosecutor nor any witness had attempted to prove this. But it had become pretty obvious that the Judges were under orders to find the accused guilty of an offence which would entail loss of political rights; and had therefore to cling to a palpably untenable accusation. They found the defendants guilty, and (with the exception of two who were acquitted) sentenced them all to three months' imprisonment with loss of political rights.

The trial had lasted a week. On the conclusion of the third day's proceedings, an address expressing the sympathy and admiration of eighty members of the Duma now sitting was presented to Mouromtsef, and he met with an enthusiastic ovation on leaving the court. At the conclusion of the trial many flowers were thrown to him by spectators in the court and yet more plentifully by those who had been unable to obtain admission and awaited him outside. AYLMER MAUDE.

## A Dip into the Past.

WHAT a tragic fate has befallen Carlyle! It is not matter for grief that a man should cheerfully offer to the world his little hoard of knowledge, and should then pass quietly into oblivion. But it is surely of the very essence of tragedy that a writer who in his lifetime assumed the tones and gestures of a prophet, and whose message, eagerly awaited, was to transform the nation, cannot, a quarter of a century after his death, even be regarded seriously. In mental power and capacity he will not suffer from comparison with Bacon, Milton, or Swift; and yet upon no subject of first-rate importance has he left any contribution that we can reckon an intellectual asset. His religious creed, or no creed, has definitely passed to the rubbish heap; his grotesque theory of history, with its corollary of heroes half-inspired, half-demented, has been exploded by the progress of evolutionary thought. His philosophy, a strange distillation of Calvinism and scepticism, stoicism and pessimism, offers no resting-place for any intelligent modern. His political opinions, or rather passions, can best be described by saying that Conservatives, Radicals, Socialists, Individualists, and Absolutists derive inspiration from his writings, and invoke his great name in support of their principles.

Voluminous as were the subjects he wrote upon, contemporary interest was most strongly excited upon the question which we now sum up in the phrase—The Social Problem; and it was with considerable curiosity

that I recently, after a considerable interval, turned to his volume of "Latter Day Pamphlets," now over sixty years old. I may say at once that as a whole it is distinctly disappointing. It was evidently written in a hurry by a writer who was certainly in a temper. The style is irritating, the rhetoric unusually turgid and indigestible, even for him, and as frequently as not degenerates into downright rant; and quite justified the mistaken contemporary rumour that "Thomas had taken to the whisky." His humour is there, of course: that is his very skin; but it is not the humour of "Past and Present" and "Friedrich." Nevertheless, behind all the extravagance and over-emphasis, we can discern the sagacious, canny Scot, distrustful of visions, severely practical. The first impression of the book, as I said, was one of disappointment; the second was the discovery how amazingly little we have advanced in the sixty years since it was written. Ireland in distress, sweating, meetings of unemployed, Cabinet Ministers distributing wisdom, Church Conferences and Nonconformist Congresses distributing platitudes—it is all surprisingly modern. For example, this might have been written yesterday:—

"Reader, did you ever hear of 'Constitutional Anarchy,' the consecration of cupidity and braying folly and dim stupidity and baseness in most of the affairs of men? Slop-shirts attainable three halfpence cheaper by the ruin of living bodies and immortal souls? Solemn Bishops and high dignitaries debating meanwhile with their largest wigs and gravest look upon something they call 'prevenient grace'?"

But, as I said, with all his wilfulness, his practical sagacity never deserts him, and the spectacle of crowds of fellow-creatures reduced to beggary and starvation because society cannot find any use for them fills his frugal mind with anger and horror. Although he does not recognise the full consequences of it, he insists that in a rich country there shall not be any unemployed and paupers, and that it is just here that all reforms must begin; and his remarks may be commended to the notice of Mr. John Burns:—

"We may depend upon it, where there is a Pauper there is a Sin; to make one Pauper there go many sins. The Idle Workhouse, now about to burst of overflowing, what is it but the scandalous poison-tank of drainage from the universal Stygian quagmire of our affairs? Workhouse Paupers; immortal sons of Adam rotted into that scandalous condition, subter-slavish, demanding that you would make slaves of them as an attainable blessing! I perceive the quagmire must be drained, or we cannot live. And, further, I perceive, this of Pauperism is the corner where we must begin."

It is strange that after sixty years we are still at the same point, we have not advanced an inch. It is true we have had the benefits of the results of the findings of Royal Commissions, and of annual resolutions from the Trade Union Congress, but practically as a nation we have stood still. Carlyle has all the modern sociological remedies at his fingers' ends, and he puts them into the mouth of a supposed Prime Minister addressing the unemployed. The rôle would admirably befit his fellow-countryman, our own respected Premier, whom we can easily imagine acquitting himself thus:—

"My indigent, unguided friends, I should think some work might be discoverable for you. Enlist, stand drill; become from a nomadic Banditti of Idleness, soldiers of Industry! I will lead you to the Irish Bogs, to the vacant desolations of Connaught, now falling into Cannibalism; to mis-tilled Connaught, to ditto Munster, Leinster, Ulster, I will lead you; to the English fox-covers, furze-grown Commons, New Forests, Salisbury Plains: likewise to the Scotch Hill-sides, and bare, rushy slopes, which as yet feed only sheep—moist uplands, thousands of square miles in extent, which are destroyed to grow green crops, and fresh butter and milk and beef without limit (wherein 'no Foreigner can compete with us'), were the Glasgow sewers once opened on them, and you with your Colonels carried thither. In the Three Kingdoms, or in the Forty Colonies, depend upon it, you shall be led to your work!"



Carlyle was an authority on quacks, though I am afraid he was not always able to heal himself. No nation can be saved by the emigration of its able-bodied sons and daughters, for they are the strength of every nation. Emigration has not saved Ireland, and cannot save us. The real problem is far simpler. We have, Carlyle showed, huge areas of land waiting to be cultivated, and huge armies of unemployed waiting to cultivate them. What could be simpler? But the land does not belong to the nation, whereas the unemployed do. And Mr. Balfour tells us that to reclaim our waste lands would not *pay*, meaning, I presume, that to support our paupers in workhouses does pay.

But enough of criticism! Before closing the Volume let us conclude with a glimpse of the real Carlyle as he was, in his sound-proof room, free from bores, illuminating the past with flashes of irresistible humour, and uniting with himself in bonds of personal friendship every genuine lover of literature.

"Reading in the dim old Books, one finds gradually that the Parliament was at first a most simple Assemblage, quite cognate to the situation; that Red William, or whoever had taken on him the terrible task of being King of England, was wont to invite, oftenest about Christmas time, his subordinate kinglets (barons, as he called them) to give him the pleasure of their company for a week or two: there, in earnest conference, all morning, in freer talk over Christmas cheer all evening, in some big Royal Hall of Westminster, Winchester, or wherever it might be, with log-fires, huge rounds of roast and boiled, not lacking malmsey and other generous liquor, they took counsel concerning the arduous matters of the kingdom. Thus, for a fortnight's space, they carried on, after a human manner, their grand National Consult or *Parliamentum*; intermingling Dinner with it (as is still the modern method); debating everything, as Tacitus describes the Ancient Germans to have done, two times: once sober and once what he calls 'drunk'—not dead drunk, but jolly round their big table—that so both sides of the matter might be seen; and, midway between rash hope and unreasonable apprehension, the true decision of it might be hit."

We have an uncomfortable saying to the effect that a living dog is better than a dead lion. Carlyle's lot was cast in the very darkest of days for those who desired to live in the spirit; it seemed as if the dawn would never break. Materialism, if not in name yet in essence, dominated the black days of the early Victorian era; its shadow envelops us still. If he did not quite know what he wanted, yet he knew he did not want *that*; and he inflicted wounds upon the Radicalism of his day, the scars of which it will carry to its grave.

FRANK HOLMES.

## The Faith I Hold.

By Hubert Bland.

III.\*

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

I SHALL not attempt to retell here the story of the early days of the Fabian Society—that has already been written by a better pen than mine—all I need to do is just to record the effect of the early meetings of the Society upon myself. At those early meetings we discussed anything and everything the most ill-regulated imagination could picture as having any bearing whatever upon social regeneration. We spent one evening, I remember, in listening to a lady who held that the human race would speedily be redeemed if only every member of it were outfitted with an iron bedstead supplied by the State and stamped with an official stamp as a warning to pawnbrokers. We spent many even-

ings, indeed a part of most evenings (for the subject was always cropping up) over the controversy of physical force *versus* peaceful permeation. Then there were the Utopians, the people who desired to live in communities and on apples. They gave us a deal of trouble. We had a fair percentage of currency cranks, too, people who wanted to abolish money and who never could answer the ever recurring question, mostly asked by myself, how they proposed to settle with their cashmen.

The mental process some of us went through during those years was a process of definition, of definition in the true sense of the word, for all definition, says Kant, is determination, and all determination is negation. We were always cutting away top-hammer, always throwing something overboard. When I first called myself a Socialist I had all sorts of hopes and aspirations, there were all sorts of changes, changes in all directions, that I desired; and all these aspirations and hopes, and all these changes that I desired, all these, some of them merely personal predilections and presuppositions, I hitched on to Socialism. Socialism I seemed to think was a widely inclusive term which embraced anything I particularly wanted. And what was true of myself, was, I noticed, true of others. The younger members in the movement to-day can have no idea of the wild imaginings and queer phantasies which were supposed to be implied in Socialism. It was by some held to be unSocialist to travel in anything but a third-class railway carriage or to wear any other head gear than a soft hat. Of course, all this was natural enough, inevitable, I suppose, to the early stages of any revolutionary movement. Such a movement attracts to itself all who are in revolt against society for any and every reason; all who desire to break through some restriction that society imposes, or to gain something that Society withholds. The Socialist movement has suffered perhaps more than any other from these irrelevant adherents, these persons in whose hearts and will Socialism, in any generally accepted or easily recognisable sense of the term, Socialism as defined in the Fabian basis say, is subordinated to some other revolutionary aim. We are always gaining recruits of this sort, but most fortunately, most blessedly, we are always losing them too. Were it not so we should long ago have been smothered by them, and the "pure milk of the word" would by this time have been so adulterated as to be an unspeakable, an unimaginable mixture.

Of course, a man may be a Socialist and have all sorts of views on all sorts of questions unconnected with Socialism—I suppose most of us, all of us in fact, are in that case—but if he insist upon violently connecting any of these views with Socialism, upon making them an integral part of Socialism, upon denying the right to the name Socialist to all such as do not hold these other views, then he is doing incalculable harm to the Socialist cause, and he becomes a powerful hindrance to the Socialist propaganda.

I have often seen a Socialist speaker, who was getting a quiet, and even a sympathetic hearing, suddenly turn his whole audience against him, and against Socialism, by introducing, quite unnecessarily, quite irrelevantly, some opinion which had no more to do with Socialism than with the Milky Way.

Well, it was the existence and the persistence of this sort of loose-thinking, loose-lipped person that rendered imperative the formulation of the Fabian Basis in its first and second states; just as the existence and persistence of the various heresies made necessary the several creeds of the Christian Church.

That work was not the work of an *ad hoc* committee appointed for the purpose of drawing it up and called upon to produce something or other by a given date. It was a natural development, evolved, not suddenly created in response to an outcry. It was the final outcome of a long and clarifying experience. It was at once a minimum and a maximum. Anyone who was a Socialist could accept it. Anyone who could not accept it was not a Socialist. It contained all that was needful to salvation. It rejected all that was superfluous and inessential. Whatever views a man might hold

\* The inadvertent interpolation of "The End" in the second instalment of Mr. Bland's lecture robbed our readers of the pleasure of anticipation.—Ed.

which were not either explicit or implicit in the Fabian Basis were neither implicit nor explicit in the faith of Socialism.

It was not, of course, the last word upon the subject, but anything that may be added to it must come by development and not by accretion.

If I must state in a short and convenient form the Faith I hold, my Faith as a Socialist, I offer the Fabian Basis as a full and sufficient statement. I could wish that it were offered in a more attractive form; that it were more like a hymn and less like the condensed syllabus of an economic lecture. Above all, I could wish that it contained certain damnatory clauses, similar to those in the Athanasian creed; but still, even as it is, dry, prosaic, matter of fact, 'twill do, 'twill serve.

I accept it unreservedly, with all that it implies and all that it involves. Whatever changes, political, moral, religious, may follow logically, and inevitably from the economic revolution contemplated and advocated in the Fabian Basis, those changes I accept and welcome. But unless they can be proved, logically and inevitably, to follow upon the economic revolution, however much I may accept and welcome them, I am not going to have them forced upon me as part of my Faith as a Socialist.

Let me give an instance or two of certain changes that are held by a good many Socialists to follow necessarily on the economic revolution; but which I find reason—I will not say to disbelieve, but at any rate to doubt, will follow necessarily on the economic revolution; as a consequence of that revolution.

A great many Socialists, I find, take it for granted, assume it as something not worth arguing, much less worth proving, that the economic independence of women will consequentially follow on the economic revolution.

Now I suggest to you that the increasing economic independence of women, I mean the increase in the number of women who are earning their own livelihood, is due to the very causes that the economic revolution seeks to remove. The stimulus to the economic independence of women to-day is not a moral but an economic stimulus. The Northern factory girl who spends her ten hours a day amid the whirl of machinery, the London "general" the whole of whose waking hours are passed in slavery to another of her own sex, the mother who wins her own and her children's dinner from the wash-tub, do so, not from any newly-developed desire to escape the chains of matrimony, but to avoid the pangs of starvation. Their object is not economic independence, but daily bread. They are not thrusting themselves; they are being thrust into the ranks of labour by sheer economic necessity.

The economic pressure which compels the women of the middle class to work is neither so great nor so obvious as is the case with the women on a lower social level. With the middle class woman, married or unmarried, it is not a question of keeping soul and body together, but it is a question of maintaining a certain not very lofty standard of comfort. During the years which followed the establishment of Free Trade and the development of railway enterprise the middle class standard of comfort went up like a rocket. Now it is well known that when a class has once raised its standard of comfort, it is extremely reluctant to see it lowered again. Parents work hard and practise thrift that their children may be reared at a certain level of material well-being. This level is the children's standard of comfort. They will do most things rather than fall short of it. It is a common saying, and like most common sayings it has a core of truth, that sons and daughters nowadays expect to begin where their fathers and mothers left off. The increasing competition has rendered it impossible for the heads of families to maintain by their own earnings adult sons and daughters at the standard of comfort to which they themselves have been accustomed. Then either the standard must be lowered or the income supplemented by the children's earnings—and the latter is the alternative adopted. So we have the daughters as well as the sons extruded from the home to the office, the counting house, and the room where the typewriters tap.

Of course, there are other causes subsidiary to the economic cause which are inducing women to abandon domesticity for active work in the world. Higher and fuller education is giving to middle class women a wider outlook and ingeminating a certain discontent with the restrictions and limitations of the home. But these are subsidiary causes only. The chief cause, the cause which counts, is the economic pressure of the capitalist system, the very system which Socialism is, *ex hypothesi*, about to destroy.

Well, now, one of the effects of that large transference of industrial capital from private to public ownership proposed in the Fabian Basis will be to increase the earnings, the real wages, of the wage and salary earning classes. That is, to make it easier for husbands and fathers to support wives and daughters. That being so it seems to me a great and an unwarrantable assumption, and little more than an assumption, that the daughters and wives will, in greater numbers and more vehemently than they do now, insist on supporting themselves.

It may be that the economic independence of women will come. I think probably it will come. But that it will come as a necessary consequence of Socialism is a wholly unsubstantial hypothesis. The same sort of criticism will dissolve many similar hypotheses which have been tacked on to the Socialist creed, but which are in no way implicit to it. Such a phrase as "the abolition of property in women and children" turns out to be a mere rhetorical flourish. Judging *apriori*, and we can judge in no other way, it were surely safer to assume that better economic conditions, more and more widespread well-being, will tend rather to reintegration than to further disintegration of family life. But there is another and a more potent cause already at work which will do more than any economic change can do to secure the family against dissolution. Hitherto children have come into the world almost by accident, as it were. Unnumbered millions of them have been born to parents who had no desire for them, for whom they were little but inevitable nuisances. With the spread of physiological knowledge and the growth of the practices that have already brought about the steady and continuous decline of the birth-rate, it seems almost certain that in the not far future children will be born only to those parents who desire them and in whom the parental instinct is strongly present and highly developed. That will put the great child question in an altogether different aspect. That sort of parent, I suggest to you, is likely to make short work of any undue interference or pragmatic encroachment on the part of the State.

But I will trespass no further on your patience by any longer seeking to define the faith I hold by negation, though I am not unconscious that in the present phase of the Socialist propaganda it is as needful to tell the world what we do *not* as it is to tell it what we do believe; and that negative are as urgent as positive assertions if Socialism is to be cleared of fog and muzziness, of mire, mist and moonshine.

The limitations of my Socialist credo will, I fancy, bring me into Mr. Hobson's category of economic as contrasted with ethical Socialism. In point of fact, neither of these categories is of itself adequate. Both are conventional only; and there is no sharply limned and exclusive frontier to either of them. The impulse to change the economic conditions is itself a moral impulse. If I appear unduly and unnecessarily to have narrowed the issues it is because I am convinced that concentration makes for strength and diffusion for weakness; because I deprecate the strategy that would spread the Socialist attack over too wide a front. I am as fully convinced as ever Mrs. Webb, Mr. Campbell, or Doctor Coit can be, that economic improvement of itself is no certain prophylactic against moral decay, and that if the material changes be not the outward and visible signs of an inward and spiritual grace; if a finer social adjustment be not due to and accompanied by a finer will consciously working towards finer spiritual ends; then, once more in humanity's long history the realisation will be as bitter as the hope was bright.

THE END.

## How to Get Elected.

### A Study in Tactics.

Scene.—The general room of the Lighthouse Club. Large windows look out on the Farringdon Market, which occasionally announces its presence with discordant cries. The ceiling is distempered white above red—a poor feeble little single line of chequers running between, but the general effect of the plain wall with its punctuation of steel engravings in dark wood frames is refreshing.

Along the left wall and under the windows is a frieze of sofa, in the angle a migratory round table frothing with literature. To the right, a large fireplace blazing. Round it, cavernous armchairs, most effective of fire screens. Dotted about the floor, little groups of men and women and chairs and basket-tables busy with talk and tea-things. From behind the screens comes a recurring tap!—tap!—now and again an exultant voice cries "Check!" The upper air is hazy with tobacco smoke.

The observer is in a smaller room, capable of being shut off from the larger by means of folding doors. He is alone there—seated under a shelf of periodicals, and he eyes by turns a large tree framed in the back window—a night piece of two children and a Chinese lantern on the wall opposite—and life in the front parlour. Principally the latter, and especially a group of tea-drinkers in the middle of the room.

Infrequently a door directly before our observer lets through a person in evening dress bearing crockery on a salver.

After the custom of solitaries in clubs, our observer feels bored. The newspaper he lets fall on his lap is empty, the waving tree looking through the window is monotonous, the picture is crude, the conversation is insipid. Gradually he falls into a sort of grey trance, but the voices of the speakers float through it insistently.

"And so you never gave Crashwell these, after all?"

(Tap!—tap!—tap!—very pretty!)

"No, the rehearsal was too much for us."

(Tap!—check!)

"How?"

"Well, if these fellows don't mind hearing of their evil pasts, I'll tell you all about it."

"Ha! ha!"—a fat laugh—"not in the least, dear boy.—Take some more tea first."

"Thanks!—two lumps."

(Tap!—tap!—tap!)

"You know Thompson?"

"The spruce cocksparrow commercial traveller man?"

"You are unjust. Well, he liked the play so much when we gave it at the club here, that he went about London like a raving lion, seeking whom he might beguile into yielding up his drawing-room to a repetition of the piece.

"In his course he fell against a person who aspired to Parliament or the County Council or something, and wanted to enlist the advanced movement in his forces. In particular, he wanted to enlist the esteemed author of our play.

"You know how Thompson wheedles. He wheedled the little man into believing the one means to his object was to have the club mummers in action at a grand reception of politicals, and invite the dramatist and the advanced movement to attend. Our candidate had read the ordinary plays of this excellent author, and found them pertinent to his electionary desires. He had not read Crashwell, which, perhaps you know, is a mad sermon against hero worship and respectability in blank verse and bombast. Also, I must believe that Thompson, in his lust for Crashwell, had left the Candy in the delusion that we were a sort of working-man's beer and billiards society, which could be turned on at the proper moment and put away in the box when the clapping was over. . . .

(Tap!—tap!—tap!—Check! . . .)

John! a soda and whiskey! Yes, sir. . . Tap!—tap!)

"This is surmise. The facts are that Thompson rushed us with the news the dramatist wanted to see our play, and a place had been found for the playing."

"You were the first perpetrators, then?"

"Yes, we made history."

(Tap.)

"So we went down to Shepherd's Bush. Candy wasn't home, but Mrs. Candy condescended us into the mysteries of the place."

(Check! That leaves your castle undefended. Tap!—tap!)

"There was no stage, and the floor was polished. My lady explained upon protest that we were the overture to a dance. We came on after the coffee."

(Tap!—tap! . . . You can't move that, it leaves you in check.)

"Upon being warned of the probable weird and original effect of acting on a skating-rink, she yielded us a carpet.

(Tap!—check!)

"She introduced us en bloc to a few neighbours who had come to inspect the puppets. Semi-detached people who thought literature so sweet, you know, and progress too delightful."

"Oh, come now, some of those girls were not half bad."

"Not in the least bad,—that's my point. Have a cigarette.

"Of course, our stage-manager had to cling to her ladyship while the piece was on. A shivery business! Her ladyship was at zero. How did she put it?"

"Hoped the performance wouldn't take more than an hour."

"Not very horrible."

"Ah! You wait a moment. It was the sort of thing, she suggested, one would like to get over quickly."

"Himmel!"

"That was after the blank-verse boxer had woo'd the Shakespearian new-woman, and smitten the blank-verse trainer in the diaphragm. I think she had expected a housing pamphlet."

"How would the semi-detached have stood Political Economy?"

"As they do Christianity—by not understanding it."

"And with a similar purpose, eh?—to make election sure."

(Tap!—check!—that pins knight and bishop.)

"You comforted the lady?"

"I endeavoured. Assured her the play was warranted to expire in less than sixty minutes. But the third act broke her heart. After that she talked about the weather."

"Third act? The great sparring scene.—Where these two fellows behave so disgracefully?"

"Yes. I knock my man out with a well-timed blow at the end of my speech and the tip of his chin-bone. When I came off at the conclusion of the scene, she asked me if I couldn't make the business a little less rowdy. I said I would try, but boxing scenes were apt to be rowdy."

"Of course. She was right, you mustn't be vigorous in a Shepherd's Bush drawing-room. Fit your voice to your acoustics."

"Nonsense, my dear fellow, all middle-class people speak loudly. Anyhow, when she escorted the women to the dressing-room, her face was a brown study in scarlet, if you know what that means.

"("I don't think any of you—a high-pitched falsetto diving suddenly into a gurgling bass—realise the tremendous political significance of pigs.")

"I learn she told our principal lady that, speaking as one who had done it, our acting was not good."

"Crushing! And your principal lady?"

"Smiled and hoped we should do better at the next rehearsal."

"A humorist.—Meanwhile the candidate, who had been back since the beginning of Act III, talked seriously with the males. Did we think that sort of thing would go down? Would it take? This subtle manager of ours admitted his doubts. At the club the play had been a bumper of success, but the club had one of the most intellectual audiences in London."

"Excellent! And my lord shrivelled?"

"Not he, he took up the cudgels. Intellectual audience, indeed!—*There would be several M.P.'s present.*"

"Indisputable!"

"We felt it so. Mr. Manager gravely kow-towed. But in any case, added Candy, it was too late now to alter the programme—the function being for that day week. Mr. Manager gravely commiserated." . . . . (Yes, she's going to dance the cake-walk in a djibbah and sandals.)

"The two devils were very kind when they shook us good-bye and told us our times and seasons.

"To arrive at 7.45; Play from 8-9; 'So you will be able to catch the 9.15 train back to town,' quo' she."

"But you're romancing. She didn't cut you off from all hope of dancing like that!"

"On my honour as a Lighthouse. It's gospel, isn't it?"

A murmur of assent.

(Tap!—tap!—You ought to have taken his pawn.—Shut up you silly old Russian, this isn't your game.)

"There was no opportunity to confer in the house, but in the street we added up the insults, and foamed at them. At the next rehearsal we revolted, struck."

"You went down again?"

"No; it was at the club here.—Our secretary was a woman, and a worshipper of Duty. She said we had promised, and we must act. Threw the Moral Code at us. Certain idiots obsessed with democracy (these two among them), asked for a vote, which in such circumstances is only an intricate kind of tossing. Then did I and three others like unto me hold up the right hand, and testify that we would *not* act, though they voted their arms off.

"Instantly, the wobblers, safe from disaster, made the best of both worlds, and went over to the secretary; while my fat friend here talked morality from a hilltop."

"Nonsense, my boy,—you were damned inconsiderate."

"Bosh, look at the sequel! Aren't you glad we were inconsiderate?"

"Perhaps; but that doesn't excuse. . . ."

"O, skip the moralising. What *did* happen? Of course, you didn't act. Wasn't that the end of the comedy?"

"No, and it wasn't a comedy. It was either a tragedy or a farce. I'm not sure which. What do you think?"

"A farce."

"I suppose so; if you regard Crashwell as the hero; but take Candy as the centre.—What then?"

"O, hurry up. I'm dying with impatience."

"Well, we don't come on in the last scene. The stage is left to Mr. and Mrs. Candy and their function. How to pad out the programme is the problem to be solved. John, I'll take a piece of tennis cake. Don't cut off the ice. They were stark mad at having their time-table upset, though I can't believe they regretted the play. However, a few telegrams put things right, and the function was *quite* successful."

"The dramatist didn't turn up, and there were only a few stragglers from the advanced movement; but five M.P.'s, six County Councillors, 10 Borough Councillors, and two millionaire jam-makers put in an appearance; while the gentleman who padded out the programme proved very instructive and amusing."

"A reciter?"

"Not exactly, though he does a lot of orating in the course of his turn. No, his principal duty is to make pennies grow out of his features, and to balance billiard balls, tall hats, crockery, kitchen-tables, and so forth on the small of his back."

"Good Heavens!—a conjurer!"

"He calls himself something beginning with 'prest' and ending with 'expert.' I suppose it's the same thing. He quite captured the intellectual M.P.'s both with his financial operations and the balancing. What would have become of them faced with Crashwell it is terrifying to imagine. You will agree that Crashwell himself had a narrow escape."

"The candidate won his election?"

"A thousand majority. He makes an ideal member, —says nothing, and votes as straight as a sweet machine. They talk of knighting him."

(Tap. . . . Tap! Tap! Mate! Is it? Yes!

. . . If you'd moved your rook—I couldn't.—Why didn't you shift?—Because it was ——. This was the position—. Tap! . . tap! . . tap!!

"Oh, isn't it about time for rehearsal?"

"Yes, let's adjourn to the back room."

"Excuse me, Sir, but we must ask you to move. For the next two hours this room is sacred to the dramatic section."

"Cæsar! the man's asleep!"

"Pinch him!"

"Tread on his toes."

"Blow in his ears!"

"Burn a feather under his nose!"

"Shut up, you fools! *Sir!* SIR!! SIR!!! WE WANT THIS ROOM FOR A REHEARSAL!!!"

The observer, sleepily: "Yes, go on, how did he pad out his programme? Did he shift the knight?"

W. R. TITERTON.

## BOOK OF THE WEEK.

Le Philosophe Meh-ti, et l'idée de Solidarité.  
Par Alexandra David (Luzac. 1907.)

Such is the title of a small book published in French last year; and for Socialists the book ought to be interesting, for the sentiment of Solidarity, so fundamental to Socialism, has been publicly taught in China for centuries and centuries. The Chinese have indeed an extraordinary gift for association—a perfect genius for the formation of societies of all kinds, founded on the mutual help principle—and their educational system is penetrated by the same principle. And this fact possibly affords some explanation of the remarkable social stability of the Chinese Empire.

Meh-ti was apparently one of the first teachers to insist very strongly on the precept, "Do unto others as ye would they should do unto you." He lived in the fifth century B.C., or thereabouts, that is somewhat *after* Confucius and about the same date as the great Mencius. Like Confucius, Lao-tze, and other teachers, he left little or nothing of his own writing; but his sayings were reported and edited by his disciples and followers. The book which we are now reviewing is founded on some rather fragmentary material, which has thus come down the centuries, but which, notwithstanding its scantiness, is certainly interesting.

It would be incorrect of course to give to Meh-ti all the credit of the Golden Precept. We know that it was taught by Confucius, as well as by earlier authorities. "Tsze-Kung asked 'Is there any one word which may serve as a rule of practice for all one's life?' The Master said, 'Is not Reciprocity such a word? What you do not want done to yourself, do not do to others.'"<sup>\*</sup> Still it remains true that the Morality which bulks so largely in Confucius and the others is founded on the idea of Special Duties—duties to parents and to the State—rather than on that of general helpfulness and love for one's neighbour. And, according to Alexandra David, there seems to be little doubt that Meh-ti's teaching—not unlike that of Jesus of Nazareth—met with some violent opposition and attack just on account of its excessively democratic and equalising tendencies and of its refusal to recognise class and

\* "The Wisdom of Confucius." (New York. 1901.)

### LINEN LASTS LONGER,

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other distinctions. Thus Mencius is reported to have said, "The sect of Meh loves everybody equally. It does not recognise kinship. But not to pay attention to kinship is to be like the brutes and the wild animals." (Meng-tse, Bk I., ch. vi., 9).

To understand the force of this charge, and the prejudice against the doctrine of "loving everybody equally," it must be remembered that the whole primitive society of China, as of Japan, rested upon ancestor-worship. That was the root out of which the social life of most early peoples sprang. The ancestors were sacred, and in a sense still living and guiding the family or clan; and everyone owed duties to them, duties which must never be neglected. Then brothers and sisters and kinsmen were sacred, because they sprang from the loins of the same ancestors as one's self; and one owed duties to them. Finally, when many clans joined into one nation, and the patriarchal king became the representative of the general ancestors, the duties to ancestors and kinsmen widened out into duties to the King and the State. But the root in kinship remained. To pass beyond this and say that every man, merely because a human being, demands respect and reverence and equal consideration, is a tremendous step. It almost amounts to a revolution; and history in many instances has shown that this is so.

Meh-ti seems even to have meant to apply his doctrine to all the world, for he points out how wars would cease if it were followed. At any rate, he certainly meant it to apply to the relations of all Chinese to each other, irrespective of family or rank. He says, "It is the business of the Wise to secure the good government of the world, and to combat disorder." But what is the cause of disorder? It is the want of mutual love. "When a son cares for himself and not for his father, he will injure his father in seeking his own advantage. When a younger brother cares for himself and not for his elder, he will injure the elder in seeking his own advantage." The same with a Minister and his Sovereign; the same with neighbours. "If everyone considered the person of his neighbour as he considers his own, who would do violence? Robbers and brigands would vanish!" Here we see Meh-ti building in a deeper solidarity than could be got out of the mere formula of kinship or of ancestor-worship.

Unsociability or want of mutual love is, he says, the root of crime—and he gives a long list of cases in point. Every man wishes to snatch something from others. But if only his doctrine of solidarity is followed, then "he who has power at his command will be anxious to help mankind; he who has riches will wish others to share in them; he who possesses knowledge will teach those who have it not." "Above all," he continues, "we ought to inculcate the doctrine of mutual help." "To love one's neighbour is to love oneself."

It is interesting thus to find at so early a period two Chinese teachers—Confucius in a small degree and Meh-ti in much greater degree—insisting on a doctrine which we look on even now as the germ of some future democracy, and the root of a civilisation higher than any we have yet seen. Yet it would be a mistake to suppose that either Meh-ti or Confucius founded their doctrine of reciprocity or mutual love on any mystic basis of belief. They did not, like Buddha, refer to a Universal Self, present and demanding recognition in each person. They did not, like Jesus, teach that all men were children of one heavenly Father. They did not, like the Sufis, insist that love was the suffusive and creative principle of all things. No; in conformity with the curiously direct, practical, commonsense temperament of the Chinese race, they passed lightly by all these superior sanctions, and simply founded their teaching on plain facts and obvious expediency. If you

help others, others will help you. If you injure others, others will injure you; and you will lose more by their injuries of you than you will possibly gain by injuring them. If you teach and spread by example the practice of mutual help, then the whole community or State will be prosperous and at peace, and you will share in the prosperity. And so on.

Meh-ti is now one of the Chinese Classics. And the result of his teaching, and the teaching of those who preceded him, is that the Chinese nation to-day, of all the great nations of the world, is perhaps the one in which the ideas of solidarity and mutual help are most active and most generally accepted; and in which, as I have suggested, voluntary associations and societies for mutual advantage are most numerous. Beyond that, every child at school is instructed in these ideas. The Chinese school education is from the general Western point of view—that is, the point of view of intellectual knowledge and science—simply ridiculous. Until quite recently, and with the influx of Western customs, no attempt has been made to teach the Chinese child the simplest matters of fact or of scientific information, and the ignorance hitherto prevailing on such subjects has been truly celestial! On the other hand, from their point of view, our methods of education are simply ridiculous. For, whereas the Chinese child from the first is grounded and drilled in the ideas of citizenship, and of his moral and social relations to his kinsmen and neighbours, and whereas habits of solidarity and mutual help are worked into him till they become his second nature, in these Western countries such matters—though really the most important part of education—are left to chance and casual influences of the most uncertain kind, and, anyhow, are given quite a secondary place in the order of instruction. It is not difficult to see how powerful and formidable a nation the Chinese may one day become, when on this splendid root of social education and general citizenship the technical powers and knowledge of the West are grafted. Nor, on the other hand, is it difficult to see that if the Western nations want to preserve their power and place in the world, they will have to build in beneath the somewhat insane brain-activities and individualisms of to-day a strong foundation of social instinct and solidarity in the great masses of the people, rich and poor. We have to thank Mme. David for an interesting book.

EDWARD CARPENTER.

## REVIEWS.

**Love Poems.** By W. R. Titterton. (New Age Press. 1s net.)

It is rarely that one can acclaim the coming of another poet with other than forced pleasure, but in this little volume one is brought to realise a new note. Mr. Titterton has genuine passion, his book is not packed with poems distilled from poems, little bewildered ghosts of poetry for ever uttering their tame passions and negligible dreams in polished verse. His verse, of course, does not lack a certain polish, but one feels that the emotion and the idea are the main things. Mr. Titterton has few of the defects of the minor poet; he is never precious or soulful, or merely literary; his verse has few conceits. But his sense of the tragedy of passion has qualities that remind one of Ernest Dowson. Like Dowson, he can sing of a love that is submissive yet strong, that is abandoned and degraded, yet pure. But Mr. Titterton lacks that unfortunate poet's musical gift of words; not indeed that this is in itself a fault, for it is quite obvious that his aim is to convey his feeling in rougher form. But although he sings of a submissive love it is not because he is "desolate and sick of an old passion," as in Dowson's case, but rather

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because he is compassionate and quietly joyful. These poems sing the sufficiency of love:—

O come, love, come: in what shape it may be;  
Angel of heaven, or devil of the pit.

If you are good, 'tis well.

If you are bad, 'tis well.

Let but the light of the covenant our souls have sworn

Shine from your eyes;

O, love, I will not waver.

The love of Mr. Titterton's poems is a passion that does not consume itself by yearning or abandonment. It combines patience with a great capacity for forgiveness. The things we call vice, and sin, and lust, are nothing to this overwhelming love, which can pass through the fiery furnace of scorn, contempt, and degradation, and yet remain triumphant:—

"Therefore we crown her queen,  
And sing her praise who suffered and rejoiced,  
Fair-bodied, gentle-souled and angel-voiced,  
Lover of many men, and maiden clean."

Of the individual poems "These being dead yet speak" is the finest in the volume. One cannot speak too highly of its fine expression of the tragedy of the so-called fallen woman. In key with this is "I see her pass," a short poem full of the horror of human wreckage. "To My Lady of the Talons," "To My Lady of the Sorrows," and "The Dying Knight to his Lady," are excellent examples of his work. But Mr. Titterton is not by any means a melancholy poet, and his keen sense of human sorrow does not drown his sense of joy. One of the most delightful poems in the volume is "Summer Magic"; it is a really charming lyrical idyll full of delicate fancy and playfulness:—

"Once on a time was a boy called Jack' . . . .

Then she covered my mouth with daisies,

And how can a man tell tales of Jack,

When his mouth is covered with daisies?

'Carolling birds in the trees above

What can you sing of so fine as —'

'Now stop

Babbling empty phrases!'

And how can a man sing songs of love

When his mouth is stuffed with daisies.

(Not to mention two cherry-red lips on top.

And two wide eyes quite near.)"

One closes the little volume with the satisfaction of having been in the presence of sincere passion, born of actual contact with, and genuine love of life. Mr. Titterton's poems have the elements of endurance in them.

**The Comments of Bagshot.** Edited by J. A. Spender. (A. Constable and Co. 3s. 6d.)

Bagshot was university reared, a bachelor, a civil servant, doing his duties, occasionally emotional on paper, one of those men who never say a foolish thing and always do a wise one. They are the men who read the "Westminster Gazette," keep up the standard of service in the non-blattant hotels without bullying the waiters, wear neat trousers of an undecipherable pattern, are never loud, ever dress correctly, and still support the turned-down collar. They have a view upon everything except those things which are alone of any consequence. They have invariably had what they believe was a love affair, something sensible and sober (she is usually fair with thin lips), but they have never been in love. Bachelors they all remain, suggesting rather than deliberately stating from Bagshot's reason: "he had to support a mother and two sisters out of his official salary." In reality, they find not only marriage dangerous, but all intercourse with an ensnaring woman. They never look into a woman's eyes nor approach within the sphere of influence of her hair. We think they sometimes read Rossetti at breakfast. On Sundays they take long walks or play golf. They never come to a bad end and never surprise their friends during life, and we cannot abide them ever since fate threw us into a three months' daily companionship with one of this fourth sex. However, many men enjoy their company and few profit by it.

His editor tells us that Bagshot was not intolerant about anything (of course not), but he was unyielding on the subject of religion and the State.

#### PRELIMINARY NOTICE.

**THE FABIAN SOCIETY,**  
WILL HOLD A  
**PUBLIC MEETING AT QUEEN'S HALL,**  
(Sole Lessees, CHAFFELL & Co., Ltd.)  
on March 24th, 1908.

**G. BERNARD SHAW**

WILL SPEAK ON

**"SOCIALISM."**

Chair will be taken by SIDNEY WEBB, L.C.C., at 8.30 p.m.

Tickets to be obtained of the Sec., Fabian Society, 3, Clements Inn, Strand.  
Prices:—Sofa Stalls, 8/- and 2 6; Grand Circle, 8/-, 2/6, and 1/-; Area Stalls, 1/-  
Orchestra, 1/- (All numbered and Reserved). Balcony 6d.  
NOTE.—Members of the Fabian Society ordering tickets before February 24th  
will be supplied with 5/- tickets at 4/- and 2/6 tickets at 2/-

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Road Station, Hampstead and Charing Cross Rly.]

**Social Intercourse, 7.15 p.m. The chair will be taken at 8 p.m. sharp.**

**Jan. 28th.** "Banking Restrictions—The chief cause of Unemployment and  
Exploitation." Mr. O. E. WESLAU

(Author—"The Coming Individualism.")

**Feb. 25th.** "The Case for Socialism." Mr. R. C. K. ENSOR

Barrister-at-Law (representing the Fabian Society).

**Mar. 24th.** "The Unemployed and the Land Question."

Mr. FREDK. VERINDER

(Gen. Sec. the English League for the Taxation of Land Values).

**Apr. 28th.** "The Case for Individualism." Mr. HY. MEULEN

May. Date and Subject will be announced later.

**June 16th.** "Art as a Factor in the Evolution of Man." Rev. R. J. CAMPBELL, M.A.

Mr. WM. PETER BAINES

**July 7th.** "What is Wealth?" Mr. WALTER HOWGRAVE, F.R.E.S.

N.B.—This is the Fifth Session of the above Society, and, continuing its  
usual custom, each lecture will be followed by a general discussion.

At the first meeting (January 28th) Mr. WALTER HOWGRAVE, F.R.E.S.,  
will occupy the chair, and the discussion will be led by Mr. H. H. FRANCIS  
HYNDMAN, B.Sc.

Any further information desired may be had from ARTHUR J. W. HARDY,  
Hon. Sec., 71, Crayford Road, Tufnell Park, N.

All Meetings are open to the Public, with the exception of the "May"  
Meeting.

Cut out this Programme and place it amongst your list of engagements—Important

**THE COMMITTEE FOR PROMOTING THE  
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WILL HOLD A MEETING AT THE  
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**BAND OF MUSICIANS' UNION, 7 to 8 p.m.**

**J. RAMSAY MACDONALD, M.P.,**

At 8 p.m.

**"SOCIALISM AND THE LABOUR PARTY."**

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tianity Explained' (Armstrong), 'Eternal Punishment' (Stopford Brooke),  
'Atonement' (Page Hopps) given post (req.—Miss BARNBY Mount Pleasant,  
Sidmouth.**

"Religion cannot accept the protection of the State without binding itself to uphold the State and its law and policy." His religious opinions could never be discovered—the editor does not say because he had none. But he had none; no civil servant of this type has; of course, he is not irreligious.

On bores we think we could have listened to him with unconcealed joy—he had studied their natural history profoundly, and, like every student, he had grown to love them. "The worst attribute of the bore is that he loves you. That adds remorse to pain." "We all denounce bores, but, while we do so, let us always remember that there is nobody who is not a bore to somebody." Of women Bagshot claimed, as an outsider, to know much. Although his sister Alice and his niece Molly are the only names introduced, the moralist has some wise reflections. "Women hate rules, and love exceptions. There is no woman who does not believe herself an exception to a rule. Most men know that they are not, and wish that they were." "Opportunism and compromise on the things that they really care about are unpardonable offences in their eyes. Most of the great sacrifices for principle are inspired by women."

Politics was not a question where sacrifice or inspiration would be tolerable, for he reflects that "The extremist who refuses an instalment for fear it may prejudice his demand for the whole, betrays a rooted mistrust of his own cause." Yet, "all the world is constantly engaged in doing homage to imaginary gods."

He has some useful criticism of the scientific fools who prove that society is being replenished from the worst stock: "The ideal marriage is that of intellect and character, of culture and simplicity. The world would gain greatly by the intermarriage of the intellectual and the working classes. A mésalliance is biologically good." Good it may be for the offspring, but here is the scientific gospel in its crudest form—that the individual must be ever bothering about the children and not about himself. Clear yourself of the superficial things, Bagshot cries—and our refined woman will be happy though mated with a bore. But it is the superficial things that matter. Temporary unions would ensure all that is of biological value without involving a life-long misery on the parents.

The most biting comment, and a deserved one, is this on modern surgery: "One of the most audacious scientific non-sequiturs is the assertion that the appendix has no function in the human body, because they are unable to discover it. Its functions will probably now be discovered by the 'method of difference'."

Those who, like ourselves, have reached the scoundrel's age, will appreciate the discovery that at the age of forty-nine Mr. Gladstone "had not yet got into his second volume."

Bagshot died in 1906; we met him yesterday. He said: My ghost disturbs no one; it lulls my friends to sleep.

**Spiritual and Ascetic Letters of Savonarola.**  
(Mowbray. 1s. 6d. net.)

**The Mission of the Cross.** Meditations by L. B.  
(Elliot Stock. 3s. 6d.)

The name of Savonarola is written in letters of burning fire across the history of Florence. Politician, mystic, and reformer, he was beyond all things a forceful personality. He has been criticised, even severely, but few of his judges have realised the gigantic task imposed upon him. He had to meet the same enemies that social reformers have to meet to-day: the ultra-civilisation of the State and its rottenness, the satiated lust that becomes even more sick of pleasure than an invalid is of pain, the relapse into tyranny, the desire for a strong man voiced to-day by the Harmsworth Press. The "Lorenzoism" of mediæval Florence was only a mere cultured form of the "Chamberlainism" of our own time. No truer democrat ever lived than the friar of San Marco. With him, as with Ibsen's "Brand," it was all or nothing. People who fancy that monks are dreamy idolaters should note the advice to a countess about to enter a religious order:—

"Let there be in thy cell no image of the Infant Jesus,

of carved or molten wax, which is a very idol of nuns in these days; upon the worship and adornment of which they spend as much money as would relieve and enrich the state of many poor, for which indeed they will have to render account to God at the Last Judgment, to say nothing of the waste of time so uselessly spent upon these vain and childish things."

Plain speaking this! The Savonarola spirit is evident in these letters. "Live the Life" was his motto, like that of Laurence Oliphant: a grim and austere life, but a genuine one. The letters are well translated, and Principal Randolph prefixes a short biographical preface. Canon Scott Holland contributes a vigorous foreword, which completes an excellent little volume.

It is rather a drop from the transcendentalism of the great Florentine to L. B.'s meditations. A request on behalf of the volume is made in the preface that "for the Truth" we will "be to its faults a little blind." If the author had said "for Charity," we should have understood, but why blind oneself in the name of Truth? The book is a compilation of hymns, poems of a semi-religious character, Scripture quotations, and a good deal of half-baked sermonising. "Nowhere in the Scriptures" can L. B. find "any mention of a Holy Catholic Church." Possibly not; but the Scriptures are not the whole of Christianity. We should advise L. B. in future to meditate more privately and less publicly.

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**The Neolith.** Published quarterly by subscription. 21s. for four numbers. (Kell, 40, King Street, Covent Garden.)

This much talked of experiment in lithography is a decided acquisition to journalism. We are, however, not convinced as to the advantage, or even the beauty, of the lithographic stone as a substitute for the printing form. Nothing of the value of the enterprise would have been lost had its promoters relegated lithography to its original sphere as part of the media of graphic art. Even in this last capacity the pictures in "The Neolith" are at their best when in black and white; the reproductions of the drawings by Edmund J. Sullivan, A. S. Hartrick, Charles Sims, and Raven Hill being excellent, whereas those in colour by Frank Brangwyn and Ernest Jackson have all the appearance of having deteriorated in process of reproduction. The literary matter is very good. It includes an amusing story by Bernard Shaw and some unusually fine poetry by Gerald Gould, Grailey Hewitt, and G. K. Chesterton. We quote a verse from Mr. Chesterton's well-imagined poem entitled "The Secret People."

They have given us into the hand of the new unbappy lords,  
Lords without anger and honour, who dare not carry their  
swords.

They fight by shuffling papers they have bright dead alien  
eyes;

They look at our labour and laughter as a tired man looks  
at flies.

And the load of their loveless pity is worse than the ancient  
wrongs,

Their doors are shut in the evening; and they know no songs.  
E. Nesbit contributes a good story entitled "The Criminal"; but we fail to see any reason for the inclusion of the contributions of Selwyn Image and Alfred Bland.

**The Priest and the Acolyte.** (Lotus Press. 5s. net.)

The justification for the appearance of this book, a portion of the contents of which originally appeared in the long-defunct "Chameleon," is not obvious. Mr. Stuart Mason supplies an introductory protest, for the ostensible purpose of redeeming the literary reputation of Oscar Wilde. But what wisdom there can possibly be in undertaking this is inconceivable. The very attempt savours of impertinence. The story itself, whoever its author may have been, is the most mawkish bit of sentimentalism that could possibly have been written. The less said about it the better. Had it been treated from the physiological standpoint, its publication might have been pardonable. As it is, all that we can say is that it panders to a depraved taste and diseased imagination. That it does indeed deal with a question that possesses moral and psychological interest is undoubted. But its treatment and the mode of production scarcely warrant the assumption that this consideration has seriously actuated either author or publisher. And on the latter point we may very pertinently enquire why has it been found necessary to charge 5s. for so small a book? Is it because the morals of the opulent are supposed to be beyond contamination?

**Cambia Carty.** By William Buckley. (Maunsell. 3s. 6d. net.)

This is a collection of short stories delineating Irish life and character reprinted from various magazines. Of these we much prefer the longest, which supplies the title to the book. Mr. Buckley writes with much incisiveness and insight, and is a keen critic of men and things and even of the universe at large, with the result that a certain sombre and unpleasant atmosphere pervades the book which we have not

been accustomed to associate with things Irish. We confess that the Celtic temperament has long been a puzzle to us, and Cambia strikes us as quite an unexpected presentation of it. This is certainly not an attractive analysis of the soul of a young peasant girl of unusual beauty and charm, who nevertheless conducted her love transactions on strict business principles:

"She had the national quality of secrecy in petty things—that ineffective cunning which will hide a little theft or a love affair until the crack of doom, but cannot avail to bridle the garrulous tongue in matters of greater moment. Content as a Vestal, she could nevertheless discuss with the eloquence of a horse doctor those 'sexual problems' at present driving our profoundest thinkers into the sympathetic columns of the penny papers, and though she lied on occasion rather than on principle, she amply redeemed this peculiarity by her attention to the much abused 'unities,' and also by the invaluable habit she had acquired of looking you straight in the face when she spoke perversely."

Neither is this sketch of a political discussion more flattering to the men:—

"It made a strange, significant scene in the gathering dusk, the excited Irish faces, the bitter words, the vehement gesticulation, the sudden blazing passion which rose and died down as quickly as a fire of straw, the foolish laughter that accompanied the fiercest denunciation—the laughter of a race that in all its centuries of fret and struggle has not yet learned to take either itself or its ideals seriously." Whether such descriptions are faithful or not, they make interesting reading.

**How to Paint in Oils.** By Furze Walsh. (A. C. Fifield. 6d. net.)

When we took up Mr. Walsh's pamphlet we frankly admit we were inclined to smile. For all practical purposes the way to learn to paint is *to paint*. After reading, we have at least modified our opinion. The information given is practical and, on the whole, sound. We do not agree with Mr. Furze's palette for portraits; it is far more suitable for landscapes. For instance, yellow ochre is better for flesh in the hands of a beginner than cadmium; again, we do not agree with his strictures on blue—black is far more difficult to use. Another danger is the advice of burnt sienna for the monochrome; it is "too hot," and a cooler colour like raw umber would be safer.

## DRAMA.

### Susannah Orange Blossom O'Grindle.

DURING the week I allotted myself to criticise three plays and have been to one great packed Socialist meeting. The effect of the Socialist meeting, where real things and great things were talked of to a huge audience, and where the Will of Revolution was visibly "brooding over the waters," has been to make the three plays seem remote and far away, spinney and spindrift of a social order that is passing. The first play was "Susannah and Some Others" at the Royalty, the second "The O'Grindles" at the Playhouse, the third "The Orange Blossom" at Terry's. Of these three Madame Albanesi's play "Susannah" is that with most pretension to modernity. But the plot and the plot's development are too slight, and were it not for the redeeming feature of some quite excellent dialogue the play would fall flat. The play is fortunate in one way in having received the services of Dawson Millward as Susannah's lover and Miss Florence Haydon as the lover's aunt—these two broken-off stars from the Court galaxy would make any piece go. It is quite enough to make the play worth while. The whole performance is natural enough and human enough, Susannah's emotions are very charming, but the whole thing seems somehow out of focus. Madame Albanesi's

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people all take the present world for granted, they talk of their "property" and their incomes, they wear expensive dresses made by sweated labour, and employ uniformed servants, and there is never so much as a rumble or an echo of the threatening cries of discontent that are rising in these days all around them. This exclusion of any references even to social questions, this secure resting upon old formulæ—"my property in Bloomsbury," for instance—give an old-fashioned air to the piece. It seems almost as artificial to talk about "my property" in this early Victorian manner as it would be to talk of "my retainers." But why not spice up the play with some of the bon-mots of the anti-Socialist campaign? otherwise this playing with the symbols of a transitory kind of life that is passing away is as unreal as Watteau. This, in effect, must be the Socialist's criticism of all plays (as indeed of all arts and all human institutions): that which has no symbol, no token of the new life coming, is to us only indifferent. As a study in social and individual psychology, as a clever piece of verbal dexterity, we may give our admiration to this or to that, but the admiration must be very much in the nature of that we bestow on an ingenious collection of stamps. In the drama, moreover, there always remains the display of the actors' and actresses' humanity, the chief asset of the stage to-day and the chief attraction to the bulk of the play-goers. When all social arrangements are as to-day in confusion, it is practically impossible to expect an ordinary audience, coming from many different social groups in different parts of the city, to have enough in common to make the presentment of any kind of social life acceptable and a success. This is part of the reason of the notorious failure of managers to be able to select successful plays for production, and the whole reason of the continual pre-occupation of so many plays with the life of upper class people, a knowledge of which is diffused everywhere through the medium of the "society" papers. A "Duchess" is a sure draw because if we do not all know Duchesses personally, we can at any rate read at length about them, and their most intimate lives, in penny papers. The type is familiar, we know what it means. A Duchess is the common property of all, Brown or Jones in Peckham or Shoreditch is only his own, he lives a wild, remote mysterious life into which we are afraid to penetrate; a life which at any rate cannot be familiar to a large enough number of people to make up audiences to ensure it the necessary run for a success. But there is one way in which the life of Brown and Jones can appeal to everyone, and that is when they become typical of modern unrest, modern questionings, modern ideas about social reconstruction, when, that is, Jones and Brown cease to become terrifying strange individualities, but appeal to us through ideas in the familiar world of our own ideas about social life and social changes. Plays that deal essentially with social unrest and dissatisfaction have their audiences packed in every third-class carriage on every suburban train that comes in and out of London. And plays that deal with social unrest have the further advantage of affording scope for actors and actresses by giving them something very human to do and for experience of which they can draw on their daily surroundings. That is, I think, roughly all I have to say about "Susannah and Some Others." The play at Cyril Maude's theatre, "The O'Grindles," falls into a different category, that of pure fantasia. In a different way this play too bears witness to my contentions, because its scene is laid in the land of the Englishman's romance about Ireland, the land nowhere and nowhen that is familiar to us all. The pigs ("aisy now, baste"), the brogue, the love-making, the gay irresponsible swagger, all, all are there the dear remembered faces, and at once we are out of the real world and up into Romance. It is certainly less fatiguing, it is almost narcotic, and being narcotised by Mr. Cyril Maude and Miss Alexandra Carlisle is probably quite as pleasant as taking haschisch, while the after-effects are at any rate less obvious. Miss Alexandra Carlisle does not have much to do in the play except be charming, which she is without trying, but what there is to do she does better than she has

done in other plays before. I hope, for Miss Carlisle's sake, that "The O'Grindles" will not run too long. Mr. Cyril Maude shows very markedly the stereotyping effect of the long run of "Pawtucket-Toddles," it would be lamentable if Miss Carlisle were to similarly succumb. We shall need actresses without mannerisms and without preconceptions to act the great plays of the next few years (we have only just begun now); we, so far as I can judge, need them badly.

L. HADEN GUEST.

## ART.

### The "International" and other things.

The members and guests of The International Society of Sculptors, Painters, and Gravers are now, for the eighth time, facing the world in a public gallery. There is a ring of generous catholicity in their title; a determination to be unhampered by trivial geographical boundaries, or by petty distinctions between the handling of a chisel, a brush, or a graver's needle. There is the underlying suggestion that they have asked the world to contribute to their show. The result is undoubtedly very interesting, although it must be sadly admitted that the world has not responded to the gracious invitation with the readiness it deserves. The names of many great workers appear in the catalogue; and a Society which possesses for its president Auguste Rodin has nothing further to seek in the way of distinguished patronage; nevertheless, one goes through these galleries with a certain sense of disappointment. It is comforting to think that this exhibition is not representative of English art; much less is it a fair sampling of the cosmopolitan art beyond. I am estimating the general level of the works, leaving, for the moment, a few which I venture to think stand apart from the rest. The International Society has itself to blame if it is judged by a higher standard than one

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The Manager of THE NEW AGE, writes:—"I must own that I have always been greatly prejudiced against advertised Hair Tonics, and therefore hesitated for a long time before using your preparation. The results have been a most agreeable surprise, and fully carried out all your claims for the Tonic. The hair is thickening splendidly and growing stronger, and this is especially noticeable where it had a tendency to be flat and lifeless. All scurf has entirely disappeared."

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applies to the every day picture show. It is only ten years ago that it elected for its first president John M'Neill Whistler, and by so doing it surely expressed, as clearly as it is possible to express anything, an ambition to rise above the mediocre and the superficial. In the art of Whistler there was a superb disregard of the ordinary person, who demands that the artist shall paint or sculpture, something that the aforesaid ordinary person will easily understand; something which, in fact, he can see without the fatigue of that physical process which the psychologists call "thought." I imagine that the value of an artist's work could be estimated with scientific exactness, if only it were possible to weigh the loss of brain tissue which results from the inspection of his pictures. It is probably the confession of a grossly materialist mind, but I think that the present system of art criticism by the column will soon be considered a clumsy method of getting at the truth. Under more rational arrangements, it is obvious that on entering the gallery the critic's brain will be weighed; on leaving, the weight will again be registered: subtract the one result from the other, and you will have the exact worth of the exhibition, to as many points of decimals as you please (I trust the weighing process can be conducted without undue inconvenience to the owner of the brain; otherwise the "Spectator" will be clamouring to know who is going to do the nasty work under Socialism: the "Spectator" and the "Daily Express" are so thoughtful about details). Just consider how my proposed method would work out: imagine the wave of emotion which would sweep through London when it was announced that Mr. X., the eminent critic, had left the Royal Academy without losing a grain of tissue: there might even be dark rumours that he had gained weight—by some process of fatty accumulation, if such catastrophes can happen to a lazy brain. After all said and done, the business of the artist is to make us think about things which, if left to ourselves, we would have passed unheeded; so that the end of criticism is the endeavour to detect the new thought which the artist has started or suggested in a new form. I trust that no one will infer that I am arguing for the necessity of a "subject" in a picture. Art, which has to do with that whole universe of impalpable nature—which someone, in a reckless moment, labelled the emotions, has no need to seek such a material form of expression as a subject, in any ordinary sense of that word. The evanescent light in Monet's landscape, the magical lilt in a Swinburne poem are subjects enough, even if they do not make sense as trees or human beings. There is just the same essence of true art in a Bach fugue as there is in the intoxicating ripple of Happy Fanny Field's laughter in the Adelphi "Aladdin." If you have any desire to understand the philosophy of the daintiest mirth, you will hasten to hear her in just the way that you will go to Wagner's "Tristan" if you would meditate on profound passion. But the International show is not at the Adelphi, by the bye.

It is unreasonable to expect that an annual exhibition should only offer masterpieces; if it has even a few good things we should be grateful. And there are, indeed, several good works on these walls. I am inclined to think that Mr. Strang's "After Work" (224) is the most important picture there. It has that touch

of the "grand manner" which it is difficult to describe. At the first glance one might call it a realistic representation of a peasant with his wife and child; but on second thoughts, it is clear that the artist has got beyond the real and reached the world of ideas. The man is a type, in just the same way that Millet and Meunier give us gigantic summaries of a whole class, not mere individuals. The mother clasps her child with a passion that has the ring of a classic tale. The scene, in short, makes one think that Mr. Strang does not trouble about details, but is wholly occupied with elemental things. Near by is Mr. Georges Buysse's "Sunrise on the Water"; a large canvas filled with sunlight, without a shadow to hamper its glory. In its sheer impressionism it is as far removed as well could be from the realism of Mr. Strang; yet they meet on the common ground of great conceptions. There are six landscapes by H. Muhrman which are of manifest importance for the rigid grasp of his subject and their unflinching success. Again, M. Louis Legrand has obviously the power of registering subtleties of delicate light which the ordinary eye would fail to note. Mr. Orpen's portrait group (185) must not be taken hurriedly as verging on a caricature; for if you consider it carefully you will realise the infinite superiority of its frank mannerisms of pose, if compared with the sham realism of the ordinary portrait. The portrait painter has no right to threaten that his subject will step from the frame and address us, without an introduction. So appreciate Mr. Orpen's sense of social etiquette. I have only space to merely call attention to such excellent works as Miss St. John Partridge's 246, Mr. Morrice's 190, Mr. Sauter's 169, an M. de Thomas's 24.

It was interesting to turn to the Camsix Club Show at the Goupil Gallery after the maturer work of the International. It gives a delightful feeling of youthful vigour, of abundant desire to experiment, and, in many cases, of full success. "Twilight," by M. E. Atkins, is exceptionally fine; while E. A. Lang gives all the colour of Holland, and what more could one wish? Walter J. Hall's "Walberswick" is altogether charming.

G. R. S. T.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

*For the opinions expressed by correspondents, the Editor does not hold himself responsible.*

*Correspondence intended for publication should be addressed to the Editor and written on one side of the paper only.*

### THE PLEA OF A REBEL.


TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

The other day, I pounced with avidity upon an emanation of the spirit of Mr. H. G. Wells setting forth his ideal modern citizen. I always approach his work with excitement as I feel I am coming in contact with the Life Force. I believe in him, and often weave a thread of his discourse into the warp and woof of my meditations.

Imagine my chagrin then, after reading a few lines to find as it were, the door of Utopia slammed in my face and the words "not a rebel nor a vehement man" confronting me.

Upon the terms "vehement and elemental," we may not be in agreement, but as a rebel, I take my stand. The gods have planted the spirit of rebellion within me for their own amusement, and I feel it a duty to aim at making a breach in the walls of any society which seeks to ostracise the can-tankerous.

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In Utopia, as anywhere else, the ideal man must have genius; and what is genius but a divine discontent? Those who aim at a Socialism that will bring peace instead of a sword are grasping at shadows.

Is there no work for the rebel but to delve amongst the dirt and filth to make a world decently habitable? Will they ask him to become a "good man" when everyone has changes of linen and a bath?

No, for he means you to live, and life is inexhaustible. Beloved of the gods, he is sent on the earth to infuse sedition and unrest into whatever community he finds himself. Life—impatient, restless, seething life. This is his insatiable lust. His aim is all knowledge, and knowing himself to be a forlorn-hoper, he has a way of burning his boats.

In the course of a roving existence, I have come to look upon all security with suspicion. I have cohabited with the despised of the earth. I have broken bread and slept under the stars with "black sheep." No pity was there, no sympathy. When the hot sun struck us down, no woman's hand was there to make us cowardly; when the silent corpse was launched over the vessel's side, no tears were shed, for the tempestuous sea gave us work to do. I admit it was but the rugged ore of life, but it contained streaks of pure gold.

With death clamouring around us, I have had a companion who, with a face lit up by a fearful joy, could exclaim sincerely, "Isn't it glorious!"

Cradled in the sea, my one aim is by self-expression to transfer to the world of thought some portion of that wild, restless spirit which those who have wandered on its rough high-ways can never throw off.

Socialism, then, is only another rung on the ladder which leads to life, to knowledge and being remote—those who enter its kingdom will already have grown too great for it. Hence the need for rebels, for life's sake. I, for one, have no taste for a Socialism of merely epicurean athletes and expert mechanics and there are others like me I am sure. Should anyone ask, "What do we want?" — but they haven't asked yet.

\* \* \*

**SOUTH LONDON I.L.P.**

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

It may interest the London readers of THE NEW AGE to know that the South London Council of the Independent Labour Party has arranged for a series of Socialist meetings on Sunday evenings at the Surrey Theatre, Blackfriars Road, S.E. The series will commence on Sunday next, when Mr. J. Ramsay Macdonald, M.P., will speak on "Socialism and the Labour Party." Mr. Philip Snowden, M.P., and other prominent Socialists will speak at later dates. The scheme is the most ambitious ever attempted in the metropolis and the South London Council of the I.L.P. wishes to impress upon Socialists the importance of making the meetings a success. It should be added that arrangements have been made with the Amalgamated Musicians' Union to provide an Orchestra each Sunday.

W. G. GILBERT.

Hon. Sec., South London I.L.P. Council.

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**MR. CHESTERTON AND PROPERTY.**

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

Mr. G. K. Chesterton is sure that love of his own property is the root of many of a man's virtues. The quite ordinary Socialist would point out that a man who owns shares in the Great Western Railway or Liptons, Limited, gets little sense of owning property.

ARTHUR D. LEWIS.

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**L.C.C. FEEDING.**

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

The L.C.C. has come in for much adverse criticism because it spends money on flagstaffs instead of food for starving children. This is most unjust. The L.C.C. is simply acting consistently. It wishes to inculcate patriotism into the young. Patriotism means readiness to die for one's country. Therefore to refuse to feed starving children is giving the youngsters the glorious opportunity of putting into action the principle symbolised by the flagstaffs.

LOUIS COWEN.

\* \* \*

**MR. GILBERT CHESTERTON'S VIRTUES.**

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

I quite grasped the idea that Mr. Chesterton's catalogue was meant to be a catalogue of virtues. I quite see that loyalty involves revenge and hatred of disloyalty; that men think they are better worth preserving than animals; and that anger is better than a cold-blooded sense of duty towards anyone or anything, let alone a child. I see all this, but at the same time I cannot feel a real longing to set up house-

keeping on Battersea principles. I do feel a real longing to see mankind delivered from uncomfortable ideals. I think the ideals of saintliness, such as "loving one's enemies," or "turning the other cheek," are beautiful and simple, and I feel capable of making an effort to practise such virtues every now and then. But if I definitely abandon these super-human aspirations, I should like to work under the law human beings set up for themselves rather than under the laws they devise for other people. I think a good deal of the cruelty would go out of life at once if we could really imagine other people were just as full of impatient, irritable impulses and kindly reaction as we know we are ourselves. I am delighted at Mr. Chesterton's sympathetic understanding of Battersea, because he has the gift of making other people understand imaginatively what lies under the dumb misery of the respectable poor and the drugged happiness of the riotous; but I do not think that either the Socialistic or the Battersea ideal will take much of the sting out of life until we have that revaluation of all values that must come about when everyone sees into each other's natures, with as much kind-hearted good-fellowship as Mr. Chesterton.

FLORENCE FARR.

\* \* \*

**THE HISTORY OF SCULPTURE.**

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

If Mr. Short will read the review of his "History of Sculpture" with greater care, he will find that we did not quote Bunthorne, we merely took "a liberty" with one of his expressions. Probably he will find also that the fabric of ideas, with which he wrongfully credits us, was erected entirely on supposititious foundations.

It would be idle to deal with the minor quibbles set forth in his letter; frankly, in our opinion, almost the whole of his work is of questionable value, and only some consideration for the feelings of those responsible for its publication prevented our using stronger terms. However, the book itself remains a monument to the taste and ability of Mr. Ernest H. Short.

THE REVIEWER.

\* \* \*

**MR. CHESTERTON AND EVOLUTION.**

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

Pray extend to me the courtesy of half-a-dozen lines' space to explain to Mr. Chesterton that I had no intention of implying that Man has descended from the Plesiosaurus. I wished merely to point out that Man has no more right to assume himself the ultimate outcome of organic evolution than had the Plesiosaurus to make that claim for himself and his kin. "He came to a head," says Mr. Chesterton, "and so have we." Exactly so. And where now is friend Plesiosaurus?

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