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

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


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 labour machine, 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.

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 "Spec- tator," 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: "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 realize 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 appearance, and drawing them to the Socialist pulpit form by the hundred; Mr. Ramsay MacDonald conducting a house-to-house visitation throughout the lodging-houses of Hull; and Mr. Quech 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.

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.

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 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-hearted. 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 set a plot somewhere, and go off on half a dozen false trails.

The "Daily...
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 where his opposition to the policy of the government, to which he is a Socialist. The implied tribute is a great indication 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.

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, certain number who were resolved 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 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 dealing 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 ever come in contact with working men inside their trade or political organisations.

One more word about the "Times" leader. After uttering the comments 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 working man wants is more money for himself, his own child, and 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 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.

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 discard 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.

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 riveted 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 mounted in the Press 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 an individual, were cast in favour of declaring publicly that the aims of the Party are Socialist. This at least indicates that the great mass of Trade Unionists represented at the Conference are not afraid of the word Socialist, 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 results of elections, or the conduct of the Liberal Party. 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 Liberal, 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 that the issue has been settled by the acknowledgment 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 of Mr. Hyndman addressed last 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.

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 expressed its anxiety to avoid any of the dangers of doing nothing, and its desire to combine 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.

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 ever addressed to the City. 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 business, social, financial, and manufacturing position among the nations of the world, but which, 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 absurdity and shallowness 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 everything 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 everything that is concerned with Social Reform. We are far from com-

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 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 name 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 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 £15,000 or thereabouts on 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 Times (5/1/08) 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 most fairly, and which show that out of 36,000 "necessary" 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 palpable 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 as much as the evil of having starved children 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 type of Socialist who regards starvation as an act of Christian charity. + + +

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 a gentleman whom no situation can puzzle and no problem daunt. And in fact he usually is a man with a

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

Happy there is scarcely one of the million members of the Labour Party who do not fully understand a situation which is not quite as simple as 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 by the full sense of the word. The socialistic precept 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 wrecker were even more obvious, since they first proposed to exclude the non-Socialists, and when this was beaten (by 93,000 to 96,000), they endeavoured to call out the other section, the non-Trade Unionists, on this line on were considerably nearer to victory.

There was, in fact, no change of policy, no "volt face," as the leader writers pretend to think. Everybody knew that the wreckers' movement was dead and feated, 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 wrecker. 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 plodding 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 heclocide, 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 Board 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, which was to be inferred from the fact that 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" cartoons of a week or two ago, representing the Tariff Reform Ruffians ready to assassinate the

Edw. R. Prase.
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 same falsity in the same place. 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; despotism is still slow to lose 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. Whether the English land may relent. Lift but the cloud, and their hearts become hardened. Pharaohs, English, or Egyptian, are cowards and bullies.

The long trial of our occupation of Egypt since 1888 is not to be told without bringing a blush to the cheek of every Briton. The part played by the mere beggars like Rosebery and Rothschild, has recently received some attention in our columns; but the part 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 political obstinacy, that we can no longer 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 commonness in crushing the Egyptians to feel inertia to work out a policy consistent with that movement.

Mr. Gladstone the ecclesiastic, Mr. Morley the Atheist, how often will they have not read the early chapters of Exodus. And what did it profit them when they stood in the place of Pharaoh? Morley, in the "Fall Mail 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 passion, 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 empathy is too likely to show us the interest of Egypt, and forget that Crimes of the gravest kind have been committed; and with most of them he stands, I fear, in presumptuous (that is, unproved) connection."

However 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 fortifying the Egyptian National awakening by crushing the Egyptians to feel inertia to work out a policy consistent with that movement.

We have been so short a time in possession of the country—we prefer to call things by their real names—that we are bound to go out to-morrow we should not find that the Egyptians the Jews 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 Haile Selassie, the masterly hand of Mr. Shaw and needs no recapitulation at this place. We are pleased to deal with by the masterly hand of Mr. Shaw and needs to remind taxpayers, however, that they are now paying 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.

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The institution of representative government, so that the predominance of the Egyptian in his government, the respect of treaties and financial conventions which bind the Egyptians to the descendants of Mohamed Ali, and the independence of the country; it comprises all the countries given to Egypt by the imperial firmans. This autonomy England has officially promised to respect.

We are not blind to some of the advantages that have been claimed for British rule. It is said that the felah is better off, un molested by tax-gatherers: that we have estates the peace rule over the land, that our hospitals are affording much wanted treatment to the people—and that Egyptian optimism is a despot. The truth is that until lately there was some slight material increase in the lot of the felah, 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 Mustafa 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 Egyptians, and their 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 Den-shawal?"

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 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 ministers that have 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 Jack or a Tom?

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 axioms from Mustafa 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 England has officially promised to respect.)

2. The respect of treaties and financial conventions which bind the Egyptians to the descendants of Mohamed Ali, and the independence of the country; it comprises all the countries given to Egypt by the imperial firmans. This autonomy England has officially promised to respect.

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7. The enlightenment of the minds of the Egyptians regarding the present situation, the propagation of the national spirit, the utilisation of union and federation, the strengthening of the two elements of the nation, the Musulmans 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 foreign Courts.

10. The strengthening of the ties of friendship and of attachment between Egypt and the Ottoman Empire, the development of friendship and confidence between Egypt and the European Powers, the refutation of all accusations framed against Egypt, and the winning over to Egypt of the good will of nations 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 follow the path that it has embarked on to hold 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. Time 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 to defy the growing intelligence and demands of the working classes. Twelve months ago it sold its shrunk soul to Prince Bûlow and ranged its feebleness with the strong cohorts of Conservatism to ride down Social Democracy with the reward of its treason to its principles. Humble and patient in its emasculation it made no stipulations for the reward of its treason to its principles. Humble and patient in its emasculation it made no stipulations for the reward of its treason to its principles. Humble and patient in its emasculation it made no stipulations for the reward of its treason to its principles. Humble and patient in its emasculation it made no stipulations for the reward of its treason to its principles.

The free and open air demonstrations of the opposition, and by thus upsetting the balance of parties in Reichstag to place the supporters of the Chancellor in the minority. The Social Democrats replied to Prince Bûlow's contemptuous treatment of the allowances of the proposals to amend the Prussian electoral law 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 must 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, the part of Liberalism, was the order of the day. The Session of 1908 opened. Still no promise from Count Bûlow. The Freisinnige parties began to feel uncomfortable. Had the Chancellor been playing with them? The 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 Bûlow 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 people of Prussia. 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 Bûlow's contemptuous treatment of the interspersion 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 uprooting the Social Democrats, the Social Democrats, the Social Democrats...
The Trial of the 169.

II.

On the 29th December the trial began. The Court in which it was held was held 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 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 camera 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 induce the people to yield 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 revolution, 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 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 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.

Petrunkewich, 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 Russian people 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 revolution, 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 that of the old arbitrary regime. 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 it be felt again . . . We wished to take part in an act which would make Russia a free Constitutional State, where the laws 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 transactions' 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 denied 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. "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."

Nabokoff, another Constitutional leader, followed on the same lines, and without divesting the accused of the character of persons who had, at a time when the existing regime was about to disapprove 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 existed, by giving the section of that Herzenstein, the economist, and Joloffs, 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 nurse) 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 Rastorguev, 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 confusion 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 Maldonoff was specially remarkable, was able 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 men said 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 court. 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 Kazan, Tiflis, 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 Modrometsv, 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 parliamentary and administrative organs of the country, had deliberately sought to test 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 political leaders for the charge of 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
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 under-taken the responsibility of each day's proceedings, for 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 Modromsetz's oration, no further speeches were made for the defence, and it being evident that for the foreseeable future the judges would by taking the note of Mr. John Burns (see page 609). 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 Modromsetz, and he met with an enthusiastic ovation on leaving the court. At the conclusion of the trial many flowers were thrown on the onlookers, and yet most plenteously by those who had been unable to obtain admission and await him outside.

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 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 essence of tragedy that a writer who in his lifetime must begin; and his remarks may be commended to each of the accused separately the offence of distributing the notices of Mr. John Burns:—

"Reader, did you ever hear of 'Constitutional Anarchy,' the consecration of cupidity and brazing folly and dim stupidity and baseness in most of the affairs of the forty colonies? Investments cheaper by the ruin of living bodies and immortal souls? Solemn Bishops and high dignitaries debating meanwhile with their largest wags and gravest look upon something they call 'preventive grace.'"

But, whatever the religious creed, or no creed, 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 his own political theories, he believes 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 over of stuffing, what is it but the scandalous poison-tank of drainage from the universal Stygian quagmire of our affairs? Workhouse Paupers, immortal sons of Adam, rotting in that dangerous 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 all the sins is the corner where the sin starts.

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-countrymen, our own respected Premier, whom we can easily imagine acquitting himself thus:—

"My indigent, unguided friends, I should think some small, rushy slopes, which as yet feed only sheep, which are destroyed to grow green crops, and fresh lawful, that is his very skin; but it is not the humour of 'Past and Present' and 'Friedrich,' the two works which have kept him 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 forty colonies, depend upon it, you shall be led to your work!"
Carlyle was an authority on quacks, though I am afraid the doctor always saved 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. Ballour tells us that to reclaim our waste lands by waiting, it is necessary, 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 Assembly, 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 Tacitus describes the Ancient Germans with larger membership) to give them 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 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.

I 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 them. He must give them 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 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.

FRANK HOLMPS.

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 whatso-

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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 cause which 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 the reason retained certain of the damming clauses, similar to those in the Athenasian creed; but still, even as it is, dry, prosaic, matter of fact, 'twill do, 'twill serve.

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. Bigger and better things are to 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 have been taken place, and may follow necessarily, I think, singularly 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.

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 maternity, 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 the latter is followed necessarily by a smaller standard of comfort. 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 much other things for less than fall short of it. It is a common saying that "it 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 this is an 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 ingenerating 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 hypothesis, about to destroy.

Well, now, one of the effects of that large transference of industrial capital from private to public ownership; one of the results that will follow from the adoption of the Fabian Basis may be summed up in the phrase "abolition of property in women and children". 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 adequate 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 unsubstantiated hypothesis. The same sort of criticism will dissolve many similar hypotheses which are held by a good many Socialists to follow necessarily on the economic revolution; but which I find in no way implicit to it. Such a phrase as "the abolition of property in women and children" turns out to be more rhetorical flourish. Judging apropos, and we can judge in no other way, it was surely safer to assume that the economic and political changes which will follow from the 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 to 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 useful to tell the world what we do not as it is to tell what we do believe; and that negative are as urgent as positive assertions if Socialism is to be cleared of fog and muzzling, of mists, and mystification.

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 conventions, merely relaying the economic cause which counts, is the economic pressure of the capitalist system, the very system which Socialism is, ex hypothesis, about to destroy.

Well, now, one of the effects of that large transference of industrial capital from private to public ownership. Of course, Socialism improves 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 Farningdon Market, which with casonally announces its presence with discordan cries. The ceiling is distempered white above red—a poor foible single line of chequers running between, but the general effect of the plain wall with its punctuation of steel rug-savings in dark wood frames is refreshing.

Along the left wall and under the windows is a frieze of small pieces of Chinese lanterns 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.

In front of the 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 teets bored. The newspaper he lets fall on his lap is empty, the waving tree looking through the window is monotonous, 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."

"Huh! —a far lany—" not the least, dear boy.—Take some more tea first."

"Thanks!—two lumps."

"You know Thompson?"

"The spruce cockspurrow commercial traveller man?"

"You are unjust. Well, he liked the play so much that he took his voice to your acoustics."

"Of course. She was right, you mustn't be vigor-" (Check! That leaves your castle undefended. Tap!)

"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 clog to her ladyship while the piece was on. A slivery 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 boax had woo'd the Shakespearean new-woman, and amnent 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 have so taken delight..."

"...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 berowdy..."

"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 wore the cap of wisdom. Intellectual audi-" (Check! There would be several M.P.'s present."

"Indisputable!"
"We felt it so. Mr. Manager gravely low-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. . . . .

(Yea, she's going to dance the cake-walk in a djbelah 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."

"Oh, 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 fouled at them. At the next rehearsal we revolled, struck."

"You went down again?"

"No; it was at the club here.—Our secretary was a woman, and a worshipper of Dinty. She said we had gone too far, and 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. Their ballerina's our soubrette, and we insisted she go right hand, and testify that we would not act, though they voted their arms off.

Instantly, the wobblers, safe from disaster, made their peace, and went over to the secretary, while my fat friend here talked morality from a hilltop."

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

"Boosh, 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 stuck, used 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, ten Borough Councillors, and two millionare jam-makers put in an appearance; while the gentleman who paddled out the programme proved very instructive and amusing."
other distinctions. Thus Mencius is reported to have said, "The sect of Mah 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 prejudices 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 every clan was like a family; and 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, to the country, and to the Universal Self, present and demanding recognition in every man, who would do violence? Robbers and brigands when a younger brother 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 father, he will injure his father in seeking his own advantage.

S societies. 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 every clan was like a family; and 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, to the country, and to the Universal Self, present and demanding recognition in every man, who would do violence? Robbers and brigands when a younger brother 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 father, he will injure his father in seeking his own advantage.

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 it only his doctrine of solidarity is followed, then the power at his command will be anxious to help mankind; he who has riches will wish to the relation 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." 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 father, he will injure his father in seeking his own advantage.

Meh-ti building in a deeper solidarity than could be got out of the mere formula of kinship or of ancestor-worship. Mutual love is the root of crime—and he gives a long list of cases in point. Every man wishes to snatch something from others. But it only his doctrine of solidarity is followed, then the power at his command will be anxious to help mankind; he who has riches will wish to the relation 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." 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 father, he will injure his father in seeking his own advantage.

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

O come, love, come: in what shape it may be; O heart 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 swor

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 scars, 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," 

"Perfect. Each full of the solemnity of human woe,

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 love for his fair one, even 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:

"Dean and law was a married Jack.

Then she covered my mouth with daisies,

And how can a man tell tales of Jack,

Which his mouth is covered with daisies?

'Carolling birds in the trees above

What can you sing of so fine '-'

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 duty, occasionally emotional on paper, one of those men who never say a foolish thing and always do a wise one.

"And how can a man tell tales of Jack,

Which his mouth is covered with daisies?"

"Carolling birds in the trees above

What can you sing of so fine '-'

Now stop

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And how can a man sing songs of love

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

And two wide eyes quite near.)"

The Fabian Society, will hold a public meeting at Queen's Hall, (sold lessons, Campfield & Co., Ltd.) on March 24th, 1908.

G. Bernard Shaw will speak on "SOCIALISM.

Chair will be taken by S. W. Webb, LL.D., at 5.30 p.m.

Tickets to be obtained of the Sec., Fabian Society, c, Cambden Town, or, and by subscription: 2s. 6d. (in the grand circle), 2s. (in the box), and 1s. 6d. (banners)."
"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 uncontrpeled joy—he had studied their natural history profoundly, and, like every student, he had grown to love the object of his study. Of other bores 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 though they accept them, the theory is not important. Most of the great sacrifices for principle are inspired by women." Politics was not a question where sacrifice or inspiration would be tolerable; it is not even a question where they are severe. The world would gain greatly by the intermarriage of the intellectual and the working classes. A mesalliance is biologically good. Good it may be for the offspring, but there is the scientific gulf in its muddled form—"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, Bagshot adds, 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 in 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.
The Neolith. Published quarterly by subscription, 2s. 6d. per year, or 4s. net. (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. Sutton-van, A. S. Hartrick, Charles Sims, and Raven Hill, are 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."

This has given us into the hand of the new unloving 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 his.

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. Neath 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 point of view 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, whatever 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 is too brooding over the waters, has been to make the political discussion more flatting 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 sulphur. They were not 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 personally."

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

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. That instruction is practicable 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 stricures on blue-black is far more difficult to use. Another danger is the temptation 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 being 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 very last moment. How to escape the garrulous tongue in matters of greater moment. Continent as a Vestal, she could nevertheless discuss with the eloquence of a horse doctor those of his patients who 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 personally."

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Cadbury's Cocoa is unequalled for nourishment, purity, and strength. An invaluable food; a delicious and healthful drink.

Cadbury's is essentially the purest Cocoa: made amid the purest surroundings in England's Garden Factory at Bourneville.
people all take the present world for granted, they talk of their "property" and their incomes, they wear expensive sweated labour, and admire 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 ex-
ception is mainly due to the play's peculiarities, to a secure resting upon old formulae — "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 split up the play with some of the bon-mots of the anti-
Socialist campaign? Otherwise this playing with the symbols of a transplant 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 ad-
oration to this or to that, but the admiration must be very much in the nature of that which we bestow on an ingenuity 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. With their names of so great weight in confusion and 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-
cocious 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 know Duchesses ourselves, we can at any rate read or 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 knows all, he swamps into mystic life into mystery, 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. This is part of the reason in which the life of the 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 their names as two 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 re-
presentative 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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State whether scalp is dry or greasy.

Mr. Frank Palmer,

The Manager of "The New Age," writes:—"I must own that I have always been greatly prejudiced against advertised Hair Tonics, and therefore waited 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 thicker, stronger and finer, and this is especially noticeable where it had a tendency to be that and lifeless. All scalp has entirely disappeared."

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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 conception 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 value 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 disregard the ordinary person, who demands that the artist shall have the ambition to rise above the mediocre and the superficial. The man is a type, in just the same way that Milliet 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, assumes one thinks that Mr. Strang does not trouble about details, but it is wholly occupied with elementary things. Near by is Mr. Georges Bussy’s “Sunrise on the Water”; a large canvas filled with sunlight, without a shadow to hamper its glory. In its sheer humanism it is as if it were from the realism of Mr. Strang; yet they meet on the common ground of great conceptions. There are six landscapes by H. Mührmann which are of manifest importance for the rigid grasp of his subject and their unfailing success. Again, Mr. Louis Legrand has obviously the power of registering subtitles of delicate light which the ordinary eye would fail to note. Mr. Orpen’s portrait group (185) must not be taken hurriedly as voicing a caricature; for, if you consider it carefully, you will realise that the “Spectator” will be wholly occupied with the frank mannerisms of pose, 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 Mr. de Thomas’s 24.

It was interesting to turn to the Camden Club Show at the Goupil Gallery after the mature 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. F. Atkinson] 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.

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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 home. I have no desire to understand the philosophy of the dustier mirth, but I have a desire 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 unanswerable 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 Milliet 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, assumes one thinks that Mr. Strang does not trouble about details, but it is wholly occupied with elementary things. Near by is Mr. Georges Bussy’s “Sunrise on the Water”; a large canvas filled with sunlight, without a shadow to hamper its glory. In its sheer humanism it is as if it were from the realism of Mr. Strang; yet they meet on the common ground of great conceptions. There are six landscapes by H. Mührmann which are of manifest importance for the rigid grasp of his subject and their unfailing success. Again, Mr. Louis Legrand has obviously the power of registering subtitles of delicate light which the ordinary eye would fail to note. Mr. Orpen’s portrait group (185) must not be taken hurriedly as voicing a caricature; for, if you consider it carefully, you will realise that the “Spectator” will be wholly occupied with the frank mannerisms of pose, 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 Mr. de Thomas’s 24.

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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 believe in 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 to make an attack upon society? Will he ask him to become a "good man" when everyone has changes of linen and a bath? I see all this, but at the same time I cannot feel a real longing to set up house — that anger is better than a cold-blooded sense of duty towards giving the youngsters the glorious opportunity of putting simply acting consistently. It wishes to inculcate patriotism because it spends money on flagstaffs instead of food for the Great Western Railway or Liptons, Limited, gets little.

Socialist would point out that a man who owns shares in is the root of many of a man's virtues. The quite ordinary starving children. This is most unjust. The L.C.C. is made with the Amalgamated Musicians' Union to provide an upon Socialists the importance of making the meetings a is the most ambitious ever attempted in the metropolis and the South London Council of the I.L.P. wishes to impress the Labour Party., Mr. Philip Snowden, M.P., and other prominent Socialists will speak at later dates. The scheme 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.

The L.C.C. has come in for much adverse criticism be- ing a monument to the taste and ability of Mr. Ernest H. Short. Ventured our using stronger terms. However, the book itself is of questionable value, and only some consideration for the feelings of those responsible for its publication pre-supposititious foundations. Probably he will find also that the fabric of ideas, with which he wrongly credits us, was erected entirely on expressions. Probably he will find also that the fabric of ideas, with which he wrongly credits us, was erected entirely on supposititious foundations. 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 the South London streets, with prominent Socialists who will speak at later dates. The scheme is to be carried out in co-operation with the L.C.C., and the South London Council of the I.L.P. wishes to impress the South London Council of the I.L.P. wishes to impress upon Socialists the importance of making the meetings a success and to be added to the wealth decay. A few arrangements have been made with the Amalgamated Musicians' Union to provide an Orchestra each Sunday.

W. G. GILBERT.


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 will point out that a man who owns shares in the Great Western Railway or Liptons, Limited, gets little sense of owning property.

ARTHUR D. LEWIN.

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 generation. Its intention means a willingness to die for our country. Therefore to refuse to feed starving children is giving the youngsters the glorious opportunity of putting into action the principles embodied 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 loyal and honest I have come upon this, and think that they are better worth preserving than animals; and that anger is better than a cold-blooded sense of duty towards anyone who has been left 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 practice such virtues every now and then. But if I confidently 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 do not mean that either the Socialist 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 Park.

THE HISTORY OF SCULPTURE.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

Mr. Short will read the review of his "History of Sculpture" with greater care, he will find that we did not quote Mr. Short, merely to "liberty" with one of his ex- pressions. Probably he will find also that the fabric of ideas, with which he wrongly 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 pre-

David Isaac.

WASH UP! WASH UP! WASH UP!

Wash up the breakfast, dinner and tea services with Hussey's Soap. Makes grease fly over dogs. Leaves knives, forks, and anything washed with it scrupulously clean and sweet.

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