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LIFE IN LONDON: by ARNOLD BENNETT.

THE NEW AGE

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CONTENTS.

	PAGE
NOTES OF THE WEEK	321
STATE RAILWAYS FOR GREAT BRITAIN	323
THE BRIGHT SIDE OF UNEMPLOYMENT	324
THE RED CAPITAL. By William Sanders	325
SEMPER ALIQUID NON?	326
THE LETTER AND THE SPIRIT. By Thorpe Lee	327
HOW THE BENI-SNASSEN ARE CIVILISED. By M. Hervé	328
DICKENS ON THE CLASS WAR. By Edwin Pugh	329
OLD ROADS, NEW TRAVELLERS. By R. M.	330
LIFE IN LONDON. By Arnold Bennett	331
THE WIND-MILLERS. By George Raffalovich	331
BOOK OF THE WEEK. The House of Lynch. By Edwin Pugh	333
REVIEWS: A Book of Caricatures	334
The Uprising of the Many	334
RECENT PAMPHLETS	335
BOOKS RECEIVED	336
DRAMA: Rosmersholm and Freedom. By Dr. Guest	336
MUSIC: Debussy	337
CORRESPONDENCE	338

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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

AFTER a considerable period of rest war has once more broken out on the North-West Frontier of India. A punitive expedition consisting of 6,000 British troops has started for the territory of the Zakka Khels. It is known that this tribe has been making a series of raids of late into Indian territory; but information as to the exact circumstances which have led the Government to sanction this aggressive expedition against them is somewhat scarce, owing to Mr. Morley's action in refusing to allow discussion of the matter in the House of Commons.

* * *

Until the expedition was well on its way, all discussion was, according to Mr. Morley, strongly to be deprecated. That is all very well, or would be all very well but for the necessity of keeping up the fiction that the Empire is governed on democratic lines. Unfortunately we have only too much reason to expect that while military operations are in progress Mr. Morley will continue to deprecate discussion, and that when they are concluded we shall be told that Parliamentary time is valuable and must not be wasted on "spilt milk." We quite understand and even sympathise with Mr. Morley's desire to escape interference and play a lone hand in this matter, but it must be clearly understood that such desires are incompatible with democratic government. Free discussion may have its evils, particularly in times of war—though it is difficult to see how, in this particular case, it is in any way undesirable—but its advantages are overwhelmingly greater than its disadvantages, and with regard to the affairs of the Empire, it involves a principle which is indispensable. We do not hesitate to say that any substantial measure of Imperial Federation will be impossible as long as semi-autocratic power is wielded by a Colonial Secretary and a Secretary of State for India.

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In the case of the present frontier war it happens that serious principles are involved. The military authorities in India are in favour of the permanent occupation of the unsettled country, and it will probably need considerable strength on the part of the Home Government to prevent this taking place. If it does take place it means that the strip of neutral territory between India and Afghanistan will be considerably narrowed; and since there is no logical stopping place we should inevitably be forced sooner or later to advance right up to the borders of the latter country. Once there we should not only be always on the verge of hostilities of a most serious character, but the likelihood of an eventual conflict with Russia in that part of the world would be greatly increased. In these circumstances the maintenance of the status quo is a matter which vitally concerns the English nation, and in view of the weakness which Mr. Morley has hitherto displayed in dealing with the military authorities, it would appear highly desirable that the people's representatives should have an early opportunity of expressing their views.

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The militant section of the Woman's Suffrage movement have been very energetic during the past week in forcing themselves upon the notice of the public. The founder and leader of the movement, Mrs. Pankhurst, is now in prison, together with about 79 of her followers, and it is not, we believe, improbable that this number may be doubled or trebled during the next two or three weeks.

* * *

There can surely no longer be any doubt that the tactics of the Suffragettes have been justified by results. A cause which for a generation past has received little more than a certain jocular sympathy, has suddenly, in the space of two years, been transformed into a burning national question, and its hitherto negligible adherents into an organised political force which can turn elections. We do not imagine that the suffrage will be granted to women during the present Parliament; the obsolescent mandate doctrine still retains too much force for that. But nevertheless it is essential that the question should be forced to the front with ever-increasing vigour. However long and weary the fight may be it must not now be allowed to flag until the next General Election. To slacken now would be to court failure and long postponement. The outlook at the moment seems more favourable for the women than it has ever been, for although the present Government is not likely to be terrorised into submission, it is certain that no future Government will care to face such an electioneering campaign as is now being carried on by the Suffragettes all over the country.

* * *

In South Leeds Mrs. Pankhurst's special campaign seems to have met with extraordinary success. All parties bear witness that her meetings were the largest and most enthusiastic of any held during the election and there is no doubt that this was the chief cause of the enormous decrease in the Liberal vote. Unlike Mid-Devon and Hereford, the South Leeds result does not appear to have been in any way a victory for the Tariff Reformers. The increased Unionist vote must

be ascribed rather to the split in the Labour ranks, the barren nature of the Liberal programme, and the attitude of the President of the Local Government Board in regard to unemployment.

* * *

The trial of Von Veltheim for blackmailing Mr. "Solly" Joel incidentally threw some light on the state of affairs in the Transvaal before the war. The specific allegations of the prisoner as to Mr. Barney Barnato's plot to get rid of President Kruger must of course be taken with more than a grain of salt. In all probability there was no truth whatever in them. But the mere facts that such allegations were made by a scoundrel, every incident of whose extraordinary career testifies to the nimbleness of his wits, and that until the verdict those allegations were treated seriously by an English court of law and the English Press, indicate something of the atmosphere which pervaded Boer politics after the Raid. It is more than doubtful whether the war was inevitable in 1899, but even if that were certain, it would be still more certain who were the people who made it inevitable. The Rand mine-owners can never be made to repay the debt of blood which they owe to this country, but at least it is incumbent upon us to remember the past when the unabashed claims of the "staple industry of South Africa" are forced upon our attention.

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South Africa seems destined to cause us an interminable amount of worry. There have been of late three distinct "native" questions there; the British Indians in the Transvaal, the Chinese on the Rand, and the Zulus in Natal. The two former seem for the moment to be fairly satisfactorily settled, though as regards the second we shall not feel out of the wood until the last indentured Chinaman has left South Africa. But the third is in as unsatisfactory a state as it can well be.

* * *

Miss Colenso's dispatches and the letter which appeared in the London Press early last week from Mr. Jellicoe, the English counsel engaged to defend Dinuzulu, reveal a condition of affairs for which it is difficult to find polite epithets. We were well aware that the Government of Natal were not to be trusted in their dealings with the natives, and we feared the abuse of martial law; but we had not presumed to doubt that the civil courts would maintain the ordinary principles of justice between white and black if only they were given the opportunity. Events have proved, however, that we underrated the commercial forces which are arraigned against the Zulus' claim for justice. Just as the Transvaal gold mines were too great a temptation for the late Tory Government, so the coal fields in the black territory act as an irresistible corrupting force on the Government and the judiciary of Natal. We deal with the matter more fully elsewhere, and we will only point out here that the Home Government has now a great opportunity of retrieving its character in regard to Colonial matters and greatly increasing its prestige in all parts of the Empire. The time has come for strong action, and for the appointment of a special Imperial Commissioner who is personally above suspicion and who can be relied upon to settle the difficulties in Natal in a manner consistent with those traditions of fairness which can alone justify the very existence of the British Empire.

* * *

The debate last week on the second reading of the Ecclesiastical Disorders Bill was remarkable in so far as it showed how very little sympathy is enlisted on behalf of either of the two extreme parties in the Church. The House appeared to be almost unanimous in condemning the absurd intolerance of Mr. MacArthur's Bill, and the machinery, reminiscent of the Inquisition, which it proposed to set up. The only subsequent speaker who supported the measure wholeheartedly was Mr. Austin Taylor, the Member for a division of Liverpool adjacent to that for which Mr. MacArthur sits. On the other hand, no one appeared to favour the aims of that school of extreme High Churchmen which is represented by Lord Halifax. Even Lord Robert Cecil disclaimed sympathy with them. The one thing which was clearly demonstrated in the discussion was that there is a growing feeling in favour of disestablishment, and that any attempts to legislate about the internal affairs of the Church can only have the effect of precipitating that end. There are few people, we venture to say, even inside the Anglican ranks, who would not regard Mr. Stephen Walsh's prophecy of fifty more years of union between Church and State as a very excessive estimate.

* * *

On Tuesday, the 11th inst., the Royal Economic Society met and solemnly disapproved of the Wages Board Bill. "It would not increase regularity of employment," "it would throw the inefficient out of work," "it would not affect insanitation." And so on, and so on; all, of course, in the interests of the workers themselves, much as sixty or seventy years ago the grandfathers of these economists used to assure Lord Shaftesbury with tears that his cruelty in wishing to prevent the child of nine working at night, or for more than ten hours per day, would inevitably cause the said child to starve to death forthwith. Lord Shaftesbury has, however, not gone down to history as a Herod, and it is possible that the "terrible curse" of Tuesday evening will not do anybody much harm.

* * *

Seriously, it is strange, to say the least of it, that a body like the Royal Economic Society should content itself with philosophising in vacuo on a subject of urgent practical importance like sweating. Scarcely any use was made in the discussion of the facts revealed in the volume of evidence on Home Work recently laid before the House of Commons. Mr. Hamilton, the opener, urged that Miss Collet thought Wages Boards impracticable, but omitted to mention that Miss Squire (H.M. Factory Inspector), whose experience is at least as good as Miss Collet's, and more recent, does not think the practical difficulties of administering wages regulations at all insuperable. Again, the gentleman who asserted that a rise in wages "would not affect insanitation" might also have referred to Miss Squire's opinion (based probably on more intimate knowledge than his) "that if the workers were not so poor a great deal of uncleanliness would disappear" (vide Evidence q. 1103). As to wages boards causing the elderly and inefficient to be thrown out of work, surely if there is not enough employment for everyone and the choice lies between a father of sixty and a son of thirty-five, it is better that the son of thirty-five should be working.

* * *

A great deal of the alleged impossibility of wages boards seems to be based on a preconceived idea in the economists' minds that employers are all banded together against paying a minimum wage; whereas the evidence given before the Home Work Committee all goes to show that this is not the case, any more than it is the case in regard to regulations for health and safety.

* * *

Employers are not a compact group of like units, but an irregular series representing every possible degree of capacity and sense. The best employers, at the top, do not mind regulation, and would not mind a minimum wage, because they are already paying more than any minimum a Board is likely to fix. The next best employers pay, say, about as much as the minimum, and would be delighted to have a Board which would prevent their competitors underselling them by paying lower wages. The interest of this class will be enlisted on the side of forcing an effective administration of the law, and will assist inspection. The case of the Nottingham manufacturers, cited in the evidence (qq. 414-419 and 946) is very instructive in this connection. This firm published a list of minimum rates paid by them, in order that home workers should at least know what a fair price was, and grumble (it is to be hoped) if they did not get it. There are many employers in trades which are partly sweated who recognise that better wages would increase efficiency and

who would gladly pay more to their employees if only the pressure of competition would let them. An employer mentioned in the recent report on West Ham said frankly that the wages he paid were "disgraceful" and he wondered that a Factory Act didn't interfere. Perhaps ere long it will.

* * *

No document or petition that was ever framed can have been followed by a list of signatures so distinguished and so thoroughly representative of everything and everybody in the world as that which was appended to the birthday address received by Mr. George Meredith the other day. It might almost be described as exhaustive of the world's talent. Few leading names were missing, whether in art, letters, drama, science, or politics. At random one noticed Rudyard Kipling and Sidney Webb, Anatole France and A. J. Balfour, Mark Twain, Ramsay Macdonald, Lord Curzon, Professor Osler, Henri Houssaye, and John Redmond amongst hundreds of others who signed this tribute to the genius of our greatest living man of letters.

* * *

Mr. Meredith is 80 years of age. He has always taught that the work of the world is best done by the young, and that an over-ripe experience is less to be trusted than the clearer judgment of the prime of life; and he has set an example to the world by the retirement in which he has lived for the past decade. We cannot but regret that Mr. Meredith's prime did not come in this generation instead of in the last. In politics he was a Radical with a great conception of the unity of national life. He came too early to be a Socialist in our sense of the word, but he was among the first to preach that spirit which lies at the basis of all our aims, the spirit expressed in the lines:—

> Keep the young generations in hail,
> And bequeath them no tumbled house!

* * *

There is another passage in the same poem—"The Empty Purse: A Sermon to Our Later Prodigal Son"—which we cannot refrain from quoting as a final note:—

> Men's right of bequeathing their all to their own
> (With little regard for the creatures they squeezed);
> Their mill and mill-water and nether mill-stone
> Tied fast to their infant; lo, this is the last
> Of their hungers, by prudent devices appeased.
> The law they decree is their ultimate slave;
> Wherein we perceive old Voracity glassed.
> It works from their dust, and it reeks of their grave.
> Point them to greener, though Journals be guns;
> To brotherly fields under fatherly skies—

* * *

[NEXT WEEK.—New article by Tolstoy, specially translated for "The New Age" by Aylmer Maude. "The Governor's Tour in Zululand," by Richmond Haigh, ex-Native Commissioner.]

State Railways for Great Britain.

THE Nationalisation of Railways is one of those projects which, although they are undoubtedly instalments of Socialism, have yet passed out of the region of Socialist programmes into the sphere of practical politics, and will probably be brought about by individuals to whom the collectivist ideal is anathema. Mr. G. Hardy's resolution, in the House of Commons last week, urging the desirability of a new Government inquiry into the matter was talked out, but there is little doubt that had it been put to the vote it would have been carried by a very large majority.

The chief opposition during the debate to the idea of nationalisation came from Mr. Bonar Law, but we doubt whether anyone reading this gentleman's speech will be convinced even of the sincerity of his objections. On the face of it, it was a mere *tour de force*. His main argument was that "he believed most strongly that private enterprise under equal conditions would always beat State enterprise. The motive lay in the mainsprings of human nature; that motive was personal energy, and it was based largely on personal ambition. If they took away that they took away one of the strongest forces for progress." In the case of many industries we can understand this line of argument carrying some weight, but its application is obviously limited, and in relation to the railways of Great Britain it is meaningless cant. Fifty years ago there may have been scope for personal ambition and private profit in railway enterprise, and these may have acted as progressive forces, but no one can pretend that there is scope for either of them now, or that railway directors as a class have the slightest conception of what progress means. To call a man a railway director is to suggest that he is a pettifogging old slow-coach twenty years behind the times in business methods; and if things go on as at present the name will soon be brought within the legal category of libellous terms.

The point is, however, that on its merits there is really nothing to be said nowadays against the Nationalisation of Railroads. Apart from all theoretical considerations, the project is secure on its business footing. Sir Frederick Banbury, speaking as a director of the Great Northern Railway, welcomed the proposal of State purchase on behalf of the shareholders, but opposed it on behalf of the taxpayer. For the shareholder Sir Frederick is entitled to speak, and we are glad to note his satisfaction in that capacity. But as for the taxpayer, we think that he is more likely to accept the definite statements of Mr. Lloyd-George as to the success of Russian and German railways than the doleful prophecies of an interested party.

England shares with Spain and Portugal the honour of being the only European countries which still maintain intact the system of private ownership in the chief means of land transport. Everywhere else the commercial possibilities of centralisation under State control have been recognised and made the most of. Every year that we delay moving in the matter these possibilities grow less in certain respects; but at present they remain enormous. The waste of competition which could be done away with almost by a stroke of the pen, must be calculated in many millions per annum. Duplicate trains to the same places, rival offices and stations, canvassers, advertisements, 250 separate Boards of Directors, the promotion of innumerable private Bills in Parliament—all these things are forms of waste for which the public pay. In addition to these, there is another consideration which perhaps outweighs them all. The individuals who control the railways of a country also control to a very great extent the lines of development of that country's industrial and agricultural resources. The opening up of new districts, however important it may be from the national point of view, is not undertaken under the present system unless there are immediate profits to be gained by the railway company which alone is in a position to do it. And only too often those profits are not sufficiently obvious and certain to induce the directors to take the risk. To them the needs of the countryside or the needs of an urban population for cheap transit to more sanitary areas outside the town count for nothing unless they can be paid for in hard cash as well as in increased general prosperity and increased public health. The decay of English agriculture must be attributed in no small measure to the high rates—three times as much as those in Germany—which are charged for conveying farm produce, and this is a matter which no one denies is of the utmost national importance. Yet we leave it in the hands of a number of private-spirited individuals, who are so hopelessly behind the times and so slow to move that we have to keep up a large and special Government department to see that they do not cause a national disaster. It is the old story of the Socialists, that we shall never make the most of the great staple industries on which the welfare of the nation depends until they are managed in the interests of the consumers instead of in the interests of a few individuals who happen to monopolise the instruments of production.

Finally, let us point out that there is danger in every year's delay in this matter. The companies are discovering for themselves the serious nature of that competition which has always been regarded as the safeguard of the public. There are combinations and

rumours of combinations, and in a few years there may be a revolution in railway affairs brought about by the directors themselves. The advantages of centralisation are too obvious and the prospective profits too immense to be long thrown away merely on account of private jealousies between the different companies. Either the State must step in at once or we shall have a Railway Trust; and that will mean not only that the purchase price will be enormously enhanced, but also that the chance of gaining for the nation a saving, which is estimated at twenty or thirty millions per annum, will be lost for ever.

The Bright Side of Unemployment

THE blackest cloud which overhangs the life of every industrial community in the civilised word to-day is due to the presence in their midst of giant armies of unemployed workmen. Yet even to this cloud, it would appear, there is a silver lining. For the "Engineer" has discovered that unemployment is not merely a sign but a necessary condition of industrial prosperity. To quote the exact words of our contemporary: "It is, as every works manager knows, a very bad state of affairs when there are no spare hands in his district; there are no reserves to call out, and there is the constant danger that his men may be tempted away from him by some other employer who is also short-handed. Dearth of labour must be regarded as a worse evil than a fair excess of it. . . . It will be accepted that a certain minimum of unemployment is essential to the welfare of the country. That minimum we have put at 2 per cent. of the persons engaged in any trade. . . . . Of willing workers 2 to 2½ per cent. must always be idle."

The basis of these statements may not perhaps be perfectly clear to those who are unacquainted with the normal conditions of modern industry. But the explanation is quite simple. You may have, indeed you generally do have, half a dozen firms at least competing for some big job such as the building of a battleship. The firm which obtains the contract will require to take on a large number of extra hands in order to carry out the work within the time limit, which is always named. Consequently, it is clear that each of the competing firms must have in its neighbourhood a reserve supply of labour which can be called in at any moment. Without such a reserve it would be unsafe to tender for any large contract, since failure to complete in time would involve heavy pecuniary penalties, so heavy that a delay of a week or two might well swallow up the whole of the manufacturer's profit on the work. Hence unemployment is an inevitable and essential factor in our system of competitive industry, and it is only doubtful whether 2 per cent. is not too low a figure for the necessary minimum throughout the country. And it must be remembered that a minimum of 2 means a maximum of at least 6 or 7 and an average of not less than 4. That is to say, the present conditions of industry require that about 400,000 adult men shall be normally out of work.

Of course, this reasoning and the facts upon which it is based are not new. The vital relation between competitive industry and unemployment has been fully recognised for more than a generation amongst economists and in industrial circles generally. But for obvious reasons it has always been suppressed or slurred over by politicians, and is not therefore widely known amongst the public. The "Engineer" is one of the two foremost and most influential trade journals in this country, and its utterances may be taken as representing the views of the vast majority of British manufacturers. Evidently the manufacturing interest has been roused by fears of possible legislative "tinkering" with unemployment, the source of its prosperity. And so we have this candid, if somewhat belated, admission of the true facts.

The morals to be drawn are many and various. Tariff Reform as a remedy for unemployment is exposed in all its dishonesty and superficiality. Protection will never provide "work for all" because the most ardent body of Protectionists in the country, manufacturers and employers of labour, do not want work for all. They are perfectly aware that if the hopes which they hold out to the electorate were fulfilled it would mean ruin to themselves. This, however, is only by the way. The important fact for the Government and the public to grasp at this moment is that a certain limited class gains positively by the existence of unemployment, and should therefore be made to pay for those ameliorative measures which the 500,000 out-of-works and the nation are demanding. At least we have a right to expect that the cost shall not be thrown on the already over-burdened rates. Increases in the rates, such as that recently imposed with doubtful legality by the Battersea Borough Council, fall too lightly on the exploiters and too heavily on the sufferers themselves. What we require, and in the face of the "Engineer's" admission demand as a right, is some form of national insurance against unemployment, to which every employer shall be bound to contribute so much per head for every man he employs without making any corresponding reduction in wages. It is not our business to lay down the exact lines of such a scheme, but this we may assert definitely, that no future measure dealing with unemployment will be acceptable to the country unless it embodies the principle that those who gain their profits by unemployment shall be made to pay for the removal of the evils which it entails.

Such legislation, however, can at best be only of an ameliorative character. It can now no longer be disputed that unemployment is a permanent factor in the life of every community whose industrial system is based on competition. In other words, we shall never solve this problem completely until the main industries in this country are consciously controlled and organised by the workers themselves on a co-operative instead of a competitive basis, and in the interests of all classes alike. Industrial democracy must be the ultimate aim of every politician who is honestly desirous of getting rid of this greatest of social evils, with its corollaries of sweating and slumdom. There are only two alternatives before the English people. Either we must look forward to, and bend all our energies towards, the eventual establishment of some form of Socialism; or we must resign ourselves to the prospect of unemployment and yet more unemployment for ever. We cannot believe that the nation will accept the latter alternative when once it realises the choice. During the past week there have been riots in all parts of the world, and all due to the same cause. There are men in Japan and in Germany and in America as hungry as those who have been rioting in Sunderland or as those who lounge hopelessly on the Thames Embankment. And the nation which allows these things to go on indefinitely cannot long retain a leading position amongst civilised peoples.

There are, of course, certain difficulties in the organisation of industry on a large scale which cannot be altogether solved by Socialism. We do not know of any possible arrangements by which fluctuations in demand can be completely obviated. That is to say, the number of individuals employed in a given industry will always be liable to variation. But with perfect centralisation in the larger industries that variation could be controlled and reduced to almost negligible proportions. In so far as it existed it could easily be dealt with on lines which are impossible to-day. Relief works on the large scale which would be necessary to absorb the present numbers of unemployed would be ruinously expensive and probably disastrous. But when the thousands of competing employers who exist to-day have given place to a few definitely co-ordinated controlling bodies, and when wages are higher and the "employable" are no longer as at present artificially produced, it will be a comparatively simple matter so to regulate output and the rate of progress of large public works, that fluctuations in demand will merely mean change of employment, and the voice of the out-of-work will no longer be heard.

The Red Capital.

WHEN the Kaiser in January, 1907, dramatically dissolved the Reichstag, and Prince Bülow called upon all political parties to unite against the Social Democrats and the Centre, a fierce attempt was made to wrest the political representation of Berlin from the Socialists. That the hub of Imperial Germany, which Wilhelm II loves to encumber with the marble effigies of his ancestors, famous, infamous, and obscure, all embodied alike in stony monotonous array, should be the headquarters and the most powerful stronghold of Social Democracy, is ever a bitter humiliation to the pride of the ruling Hohenzollern. The Berlin folk—as caustically humorous to-day as they were when Heine commented upon the superabundance of their native wit—poke by no means gentle fun at the Kaiser's efforts to institute a national worship of his dead relatives, and at the theatrical pomp of his court. As a crowning piece of irony they vote in the majority for a Socialist Republic. Hence the dire threats which issue at intervals from the Imperial lips against the lives and limbs of the citizens of the German capital; the abusive epithets and undignified vituperation directed by members of the Prussian Royal Family against the Socialists; and the orders to the Berlin police to exercise unrestrained brutality in repressing demonstrations in favour of even the mildest political reforms.

The Berlin Socialists withstood the attack upon their position twelve months ago, and gained a greater victory than in any previous election. They polled a clear majority of the electors on the register in Berlin and the surrounding suburbs. They retained possession of the five out of the six Berlin constituencies which they already held, and nearly won the sixth, the district in which the Kaiser, the aristocrats, and the wealthy have their dwelling places. Berlin thus showed itself to be more "red" than ever.

The annual review of the Social Democratic forces of the city has just been held, and a most remarkable record of the year's progress presented. Each of the six Parliamentary constituencies has its own organisation linked up with the national executive. A wonderfully complete machinery for agitation and electoral purposes is in operation throughout the city, making possible the execution of a vast amount of work with a minimum of exertion. The statistics relating to the membership, income, and expenditure of the electoral organisations of the constituencies make the corresponding figures in connection with the English Socialist movement appear poor and mean. Take for example the sixth division of the city, the seat which Liebkneckt held for many years, now represented by Ledebour, whose biting speeches eat like acid into the tempers of the Conservatives in the Reichstag. The electorate numbers about 195,000; of these Ledebour polls one hundred thousand. The membership of the party organisation in this division is now 22,000, having increased by more than 6,000 in twelve months. The income for the year exceeded £7,000, of which £4,400 was handed over to the national executive. The fourth division is another giant constituency with an electorate of 134,000; of this number 82,000 vote for Paul Singer, the burly chairman of the Social Democratic Party in the Reichstag and of National and International Congresses—the Ajax of the movement, as Bebel is both its Nestor and Achilles. In Singer's domain the membership of the party reaches to close upon 20,000, an increase in twelve months of over 5,000. The income was over £5,000, about one half being devoted to national purposes. The four other constituencies show proportionately the same strength and development.

Supplementing the work of this organised, disciplined army of Socialists is the daily journal "Vorwärts." Although the official organ of the party, it circulates mainly in Berlin and the surrounding suburbs, as every large centre of population in the Empire possesses its own local daily Socialist paper. The commercial side of the "Vorwarts" fills the English Socialist breast with envy. Its circulation is now 137,000, having gained 35,000 new subscribers during the past twelve months. It is printed and published in the establishment owned and run by the party. After all expenses have been met the national treasurer receives the handsome balance of £8,000 for party expenditure on propaganda. In the meantime, we in England are impatiently waiting for the publication of the first Labour and Socialist daily, and the object of our desire seems as far off as ever.

The trade union organisations of the city display extraordinary vitality. Needless to say they are in close touch with the Socialist bodies, although no formal bond is allowed by law, it being illegal for trade unions to take definite political action. In nine years the number of Berlin trade unionists has sprung from 56,632 to 254,798. The overwhelming majority of these can be safely counted as staunch supporters of Socialism. The growth of several of the trade societies is nothing short of marvellous. Note, for instance, the increase in the membership roll of the four following unions during the last ten years; the metal-workers from 10,561 to 61,824; transport-workers from 1,300 to 22,390; builders' labourers from 1,015 to 11,423, and the wood-workers from 6,000 to 27,937. These figures are typical of a number of other organisations, such as the municipal workers, tailors and tailoresses, saddlers, bricklayers, and the like. The expansion has been gradual, and is, therefore, fairly certain to be solid and lasting. A small semi-anarchist element which recently appeared as a kind of "sport" in German trade unionism is rapidly dwindling. It was this little section, numbering a few thousand only, which the "Daily Chronicle," in its anxiety to prove the alleged growing differences between Socialism and Trade Unionism throughout the world, brought into prominence by announcing that a split had taken place between German Trade Unionists and the Social Democrats. As this tiny group has never been in any way connected with the Socialist party obviously no division has taken place. On the contrary, the larger number of this unimportant dissident body has decided to join up with those trade unions which are in accord with the Socialists. English trade unions will find nothing happening in Germany to encourage them to follow the advice of the "Daily Chronicle" to break away from the Socialist movement on account of the proceedings at the Hull Labour Party Conference.

The combination of the two forces of Socialism and Trade Unionism has brought working-class political and social organisation in Berlin to such a magnificent state of efficiency that it seems impossible for reaction ever to score an electoral victory there. Moreover, the alliance having worked such wonders in a city bristling with almost as many difficulties to the Socialist and Labour organiser as London, justifies the belief that it will soon be able to secure the mastery throughout the whole of industrial Germany. When that point is reached the time will not be far off when the "red" capital will be the seat of a "red" government.

WILLIAM SANDERS.

Semper Aliquid Non?

(A COLONIAL POINT OF VIEW.)

FLESH and blood can stand it no longer, Natal flesh and blood, that is to say, white Natal flesh and blood. We fear we must explain to English readers. In Natal the colour adjective would be unnecessary. Niggers are not made of our flesh and blood. Glance but at their brute faces, contrasting with our divinely pallid ones, and you will remain steadfast to the conviction that they are only to be tolerated as hewers of wood and drawers of water. We know our blacks; what can the English street-fed people understand of them?

There swings into our pleasant family party at the Maritzburg Bar—we do not mean at the Horseshoe—an Englishman with the absurd name of Jellicoe; could we have had our way we should have sent him to Jericho when he landed. Advocate Jellicoe is hot on a fair and open investigation for Dinuzulu, indifferent as to whether the rebel might not be then acquitted. We desire land for whites, what have we to do with justice to blacks? Mr. Jellicoe, you are lighting a fire in the wind, as our natives say of a man who disregards his own people in favour of other races.

In the long letter Dinuzulu's English Advocate sends to the Press on his return to his own shores, there is not a word from the white point of view. How are we, a bare 100,000 Anglo-Saxons, to coerce nearly ten times that number of blacks, if we are not to be allowed to do what we like with them? Dinuzulu is still a power among the natives; that to us is quite sufficient reason for hanging him in the morning. Were it not for the absurd and short-sighted clemency of our Government, no doubt acting in deference to British prejudice, the chieftain would have been tried and executed by court martial as soon as he had surrendered. For the life of us we cannot understand what all the pother is about. One savage more or less in the world, what can it matter to any civilised people, such as ourselves?

Suppose the lash has been freely used, and that unresisting natives have been shot, everyone knows that it must be freely used to make any impression on their thick hides; as for the shooting, we can only repeat the American formula, Dead nigger, good nigger. We do not intend to be bullied by Mr. Jellicoe or by the whole population of the British Isles. We shall treat the natives exactly as they deserve to be treated. Will any sensible man tell us any other plan by which we can acquire possession of the land now handed over to the ignorant cultivation of the blacks? It is land that we shall be able to develop, if we can find some means of making the lazy blacks work for us. Surely here will be service enough for the Empire.

We are nearly 100,000 whites in the colony, and we only possess about 22,000 square miles. To the indifferent care of the million blacks we have already given nearly 14,000 square miles.

Moreover, so long as the blacks are allowed to develop their communal system of land tenure how can we, in the words of some of the Commissioners appointed to investigate Native Affairs, "raise the standard of native life and increase their efficiency as economic units in the State?"

It is not to be expected that we are going to engage in manual labour, agriculture, mining, domestic work, etc., so long as we have any control over the niggers. Yet there are white men, e.g., Sir Sidney Olivier, who do not object to the fact that we cannot get the South African native to work carefully and continuously. What would he do, we wonder, if he had a farm in Natal, and absurd regulations prohibited him from obtaining forced labour on his farm? These negrophiles never think of us exhausting our brains in an attempt to obtain cheap labour so that we may save our industries and agriculture from ruin.

To return to Dinuzulu. It is said that there is no material evidence implicating him in the murders that recently occurred in South Africa, Europe, and elsewhere. If anyone will turn to the recently published Blue-book on Native Affairs in Natal, Cd. 3,888, ample evidence will be found.

Already on page 2, in a report from the Commissioner for Native Affairs, in reference to the murder of Mr. H. M. Stainbank, one can read:—

> There is evidence of a nature to attach grave suspicion that Tshingana, an uncle of Dinuzulu's and one of those exiled with him, if not the instigator of the whole affair, was cognisant of all that was going on, and that the plot, if not matured there, was discussed at one of his kraals, from whence the murderers set forth.
>
> There are also veiled insinuations that Dinuzulu, if not actually concerned in the murder, knows more of the affair than he has disclosed.

Well, perhaps some Little Englander will deny that Tshingana is Dinuzulu's uncle or was exiled with him, or that the murderers set forth from a kraal. Moreover, as the Commissioner very properly observes:—

> Whether guilt attaches to him (Dinuzulu) or not his presence in this country is a menace to its further peace. There can be no possible doubt that the natives generally fear him more and regard him as of higher authority and importance in the land than the supreme Chief.

From the Imperialist point of view this is quite sufficient gound for hanging him, much as your pro-Boer Little Englander may dislike the operation.

Further evidence will be found on page 3 of the same Report:—

> A rebel was captured near Nkandhla a few days ago with a considerable number of .303 cartridges he had picked up on the sites of different camps in that district, and it was assumed that these were being conveyed to Dinuzulu, as this man, it is alleged, has been harboured by one of Dinuzulu's people, and is concerned in the case already referred to as under investigation. The man himself, however, denies that he had any such intention, and states that he merely collected the cartridges to sell to anyone who might wish to purchase them. In this respect it may be mentioned that a considerable quantity of ammunition which has been carelessly dropped from bandoliers or otherwise was left at camp sites occupied by troops during the rebellion.

Next there is the statement of Daniels, an educated Christian Kaffir, who brought an action against Dinuzulu for £97, and lost it. This unimpeachable Christian witness maintained that Dinuzulu had fomented the late rebellion, and that he was concerned with the Stainbank murder. To sober Colonials like ourselves the character of the Zulu chieftain deprives him of any title to a hearing. On page 31 we read:—

> It also appears to be a matter of common knowledge that Dinuzulu has for years been allowed to break the Liquor Laws. He is said to be constantly in a more or less drunken state, unfitting him for the due performance of his duties.

As showing the treacherous nature of this native we must mention that in May last he went to Pietermaritzburg to pay a visit to the Governor, who writes:—

> You will observe that I treated him with every kindness and consideration, and that I did not press him when he denied the truth of the information which is in the hands of the Government. As it would be very difficult actually to bring such truth home to him, it was considered advisable to let him see that we knew where he has erred but are disposed to wipe the slate and give him a new start.

Dinuzulu actually denied the truth of rumours of which we had no reliable information. Compare this duplicity and cunning with our Anglo-Saxon frankness, with the Governor's policy as set forth in his letter to Lord Elgin in January 18, 1907:—

> In view of the importance which attaches, rightly or wrongly, to Dinuzulu's name in Natal and Zululand—if not, indeed, throughout South Africa—it is considered highly desirable to establish some counteracting element in the native political situation, by virtue of which the authority which he now indisputably exercises shall be weakened.
>
> Such a counteracting element is to be found in the person of his half-brother Manzolwandhle, who is the only other surviving son of Cetewayo.

Manzolwandhle and Dinuzulu are bitter enemies, so that as Sir Henry McCallum observes:—

> The movement will no doubt cause Dinuzulu much dissatisfaction. This is not the time, however, to consider his personal feelings, it is rather one when we should take steps to promote disunion amongst the Zulus themselves and thus break down what is now undesirable unanimity.

Ah, Sir Henry! what a pity we have lost you; you were ever open to the advice of your Ministers, who have learnt something from the proximity of the slim Boer.

We fear greatly that the present Governor, Sir Matthew Nathan, has not the same splendid plasticity. He does not seem over-anxious to punish the Zulus. Soon after his arrival, he writes to his Ministers:—"I now press on you the desirability of a general amnesty which will relieve all those that appeared in arms against us of their status of rebels."

We hope that when he has been here somewhat longer and understands our ways, he will realise the absolute necessity we are under of obtaining cheap black labour. This can only be done by taking over their lands, breaking up their communal system, depriving their Chiefs of all power, and educating them up to the glory of a Christian industrial life.

The Letter and the Spirit.

SOMEONE once remarked (Mr. Dryasdust will kindly tell us who it was) that Platonism was not so much a system as a temper. Similarly, it may be said of Socialism that it is not so much a political programme as a frame of mind.

It seems to me that this aspect of Socialism needs to be pretty constantly insisted upon. The worshippers of the God of Things as They Are have hardly as yet begun to grasp it. The only serious criticisms I have seen upon the recent series of articles by prominent Socialists in the "Daily Mail" have been to the effect that they did not put forward a sufficiently definite programme. And even Mr. Mallock, in his "Critical Examination of Socialism" (a shrewd, though shallow, book which all Socialists would do well to read)—even Mr. Mallock mistakes the cart for the horse when he suggests that we hope by establishing Socialism—that is, by carrying certain legislation—to alter human nature, the truth being, of course, that until we have "altered human nature" the establishment of Socialism can never happen.

Now, first, a word about this "altering of human nature," a favourite argument with those whose ideas come from the stomach and not from the brain. To find it used by a writer like Mr. Mallock, with pretensions to philosophic exactitude of thought, is discouraging. However, this shows us that it must be met.

What do our opponents mean when they use the phrase "altering human nature"? They apparently mean (so far as they mean anything more than stomach-ache) that in order to establish Socialism we must entirely change the motives which have hitherto been the springs of human action. Such a change might be effected if we could make people turn away from food when they were hungry, or open all the windows on a wintry day when they felt cold, or shun the society of those whose manners and conversation pleased them.

You could change the nature of a small boy (to take a concrete example) if you could induce him to prefer walking quietly on the pavement to wading through puddles and darting from side to side of the street, making a great noise. But no one in his senses would attempt such alterations as these.

All that Socialists intend to do is to persuade people to alter their opinions on certain subjects, to clear their minds of cant, and to view the problems of existence in the clear light of common sense, instead of by the dim, uncertain flicker of Tradition, Prejudice, and Can't-be-Done.

By every sect of Christians much is made of the "change of heart" which is undergone by those who honestly embrace the faith. It is an exactly similar process of change that Socialists aim at, and which converts are experiencing every day.

No one derides prison missionaries for trying to influence a burglar. No one tells them they are engaged in the hopeless task of attempting to change human nature. Why, then, should this stupid taunt be hurled at those who are endeavouring to show capitalists the error of their ways?

Far from seeking to alter human nature, Socialism depends entirely upon it. Is it human nature to bear patiently intolerable wrongs? Is it human nature to suffer cold and hunger and misery for ever, while fuel and food and happiness are within easy reach? Is it human nature to watch one's fellow-creatures agonise and not stretch out a helping hand? Is it human nature to be callously selfish, indifferent to suffering and injustice so long as our own comfort is not interfered with? If so, why do the Churches say that Christ, the perfect Man, came down from Heaven and took "human nature" upon Him?

The truth is, of course, that an utterly false human nature has been invented to bolster up the damnable reign of Cut-throat Competition. What Socialists have to do is to pierce through the crust of conventionality which overlies the real human nature, and get at the true feeling and passions of mankind. When we have done that, the necessary alterations in the structure of society will follow as a matter of course. As soon as a sufficient number of people are in the right Frame of Mind, the practical measures for establishing Socialism will come of themselves.

Those who were interested in the continuance of the Slave Trade showed conclusively during Wilberforce's agitation that it was impossible to abolish it, that it never could be stopped, that it would be wicked and foolish to stop it, that the slaves would be far worse off when they were freed; that, in fact, the very idea of stopping it was sheer lunacy. Yet directly the mass of the nation was convinced that the Slave Trade was unjust and cruel, means of abolishing it were found at once.

Those who fancy that to be a Socialist merely means being in favour of the passing of certain laws, the imposition of certain taxes, the abolition of certain privileges, are taking a very narrow and misleading view. You cannot discover whether a man is a Socialist or not by questioning him about his political programme. You must judge him by his Frame of Mind, by his outlook generally, by What He Is.

A striking little book* I read lately by C. C. Cotterill (formerly second master at a famous public school) defines Socialism as Justice, Kindness, Love. That is not perfect, for many who are trying to be just and kind and loving are not yet Socialists. But certainly no one can be a Socialist without being a believer in a human society based on those virtues. And we may go even a little further than that. We may say that Socialists are the only people who have brought forward any proposals for altering the framework of society so as to base it upon Justice, Kindness, Love.

A Socialist is one who sees that the world is full of preventible suffering, and wants to prevent it. He is aware of injustice, and burns to put it right. He is out of patience with our chaotic and wasteful industrial system, and proposes to substitute for it another which he believes would give better results and increase the sum of human happiness.

He is not immovably set upon any particular projects of law. Laws are to him not ends in themselves, but merely means to an end. Socialists, therefore, will often be found in disagreement as to schemes of legislation as to this or that Bill before Parliament. But they are no more at variance so far as their aim and object are concerned than two men going to Edinburgh would be who should part company and go by different ways, the one believing the North-Western to be the better line and the other preferring the Midland route.

It is not the programme which makes the Socialist. It is the Frame of Mind which produced the programme. And, equally so, it is by no means so necessary for him to convert people to any particular measure of reform as it is for him to set a noble ideal before them, to arouse their sympathies and indignation, to infect them with his enthusiasm for Justice, Kindness, Love. If we can persuade people to desire the End, the Means will easily be found. To be practical up to a certain point is good, but beyond that point not good. For *the Letter killeth, but the Spirit giveth life.*

THORPE LEE.

* "Human Justice for Those at the Bottom an Appeal to Those at the Top" (Smith, Elder)

How the Beni-Snassen are Civilised.

By M. Hervé.

(Being the third of four articles summarising M. Hervé's speech in his defence. Translated by W. R. T. for THE NEW AGE, *with M. Hervé's express permission.)*

IT was evident that nothing more could be made out of Casablanca, particularly as the Conference of Algeciras had assured equality of treatment to the capitalists of all European States. So our pirates of the Tricolour prepared to shift their base of operations.

French diplomacy at Algeciras had secured for its country—that is, for M. Schneider—a valuable concession, the recognition namely of its peculiar rights over the fringe of borderland on either side of the 1,200 kilometres of frontier common to Algeria and Morocco. How these vague peculiar rights were to be condensed into palpable dividends was the problem for Messrs. Schneider and Co.

Suppose we—and Messrs. Schneider—are on the threshold of Morocco. We have just alighted at Tlemcen from the rail which runs along the Algerian frontier. We want to get to Fez. How shall we go? There is only one way—the way trodden by all the conquerors who have invaded Morocco—the way between the mountains of the coastline and huge Atlas bulking to the south. En route we shall touch on Ouljda and Taza. At the end of some 400 kilometres will come the Moorish capital. It was upon this route that the greedy eyes of the Schneider gang came to rest. . . .

Not more than 500 kilometres to the south of the road, deep in Morocco, a French doctor had some months before found sudden death. I have the testimony of a number of Mussulmans that the man died because he violated Arab women. This assertion I cannot vouch for, but one thing is sure—that he was killed 500 kilometres from Ouljda. In a vast country like Morocco—as large as France, remember—the assassination of a venturesome doctor is an occurrence to be regretted, certainly; but it is nothing like a hanging matter for the Moors. It is the sort of thing which might easily happen to you or to me or to Mr. Attorney-General between here and the next café. But our financiers and politicians—those who love politics in the grand manner, and thieving in the Yankee style, said: "Here is a means of getting nearer to Fez. Thanks to Algeciras the door is open. In with us, then!—You Moors have killed Dr. Whatshisname only 500 kilometres from the Algerian frontier, therefore we are going to annex Ouljda, which is near that frontier on the road to Fez." This is what they said, though perhaps not quite how they said it, and I was not surprised to learn, two months ago, from the united voice of the Press, that the tribe of the Beni-Snassen had for some time past been behaving badly. I had said to myself, "the Beni-Snassen are on the Taza route; of course they will behave badly."

For alleged depredations on other tribes—friends of ours—the French military authorities at Ouljda fined them 5,000 francs. You read all about it in your newspapers, and thought it eminently reasonable, no doubt. Here are some people who plunder their neighbours; we fine them 5,000 francs; fiat justitia. But there is a sequel. Listen! The Beni-Snassen are not in a hurry to pay. So we send them a little column—a sort of demand note—a gentle reminder of the bailiff lurking in the rear. We said to the column: "You will take a constitutional in the country, but you will not fire." But, as you might expect, there were one or two shots fired, or so we are told. . . . The rest is one long bulletin of victories. Here is a sample of it from my pet newspaper, the "Matin":—

(The extract describes the "victory" of Ahrball, relates how the house of the Kaid was bombarded, taken and blown up with melinite, and how in retreating the three clusters of houses which made up the village and market of Ahrball were given to the flames.)

Do you understand now, gentlemen of the jury, why General Lyantey has sent his war correspondents home?

How we treat our prisoners the "Libéral d'Oran" shall tell us: "Tranquillity and confidence are re-established at Marnia. The population is happy, and, to some extent, proud, to see the prisoners brought in. One of the latter had exactly a dozen bullets in him. This is exceptional. Nevertheless, he laughs and says he does not want to die. Another has a knee broken. Furious at being somewhat roughly shaken, he shouts in very good French to his captor, 'If I had a gun I would shove a ball in your skin.' Which is why the soldier nudges him with his bayonet instead of with his shoulder."

The scene is before you; we are leading in our prisoners . . . . one has a broken knee, we shake him brutally—he says what he would do if he had a gun—and one of the Algerian sharp-shooters, whose courage, heroism and chivalrous virtue, etc., have only just now stopped exciting the heart and the vocal chords of Mr. Attorney-General, thrusts his bayonet into him! Need I tell you that the Oran newspaper has no word of protest against this dastardly act? . . . .

I was becoming interested in the Beni-Snassen when I received this letter from Oran: "My dear Hervé, ... You in Paris are far from suspecting the blackguardly state of things which prevails here in certain civil and military circles. The German telegram which appeared in the French Press affirming the Ouljda disturbances to have been directly provoked by French emissaries is absolutely true. . . . First of all I must tell you that the Morocco expedition was conceived and delivered by General Lyantey and a gang of Oran capitalists and politicians. . . . . M. Trouin, the Deputy for Oran, undertaking to hoodwink public opinion and buy up the Press. But a pretext had to be found. How? This is what these gentlemen did. M. Muller—one of the gang—bought an estate near Ouljda and established a hunting 'shoot' there. The papers called it a farmer's country-box. . . . Members of the gang (especially the Deputy) often went down there and made casual enquiries as to whether the Beni-Snassen were armed. They learnt with horror there was not a musket in the place. And a serious provocation from unarmed Moors does not sound plausible. Obviously the Moors had to be armed. And armed they were. By whom? Do you guess? By Messrs. Bastos Trouin and Co. . . . . The boat conveying the ammunition was despatched from Oran, was pursued and discreetly fired over by three warships acting under the orders of General Lyantey, escaped, and landed its stores. Then a Court of Enquiry was held, and the running of contraband of war was severely condemned. . . . So we have armed our Moors. Now for the provocation. M. Muller gave a hunt at his Ouljda box. Some shots were fired at the natives. Some natives—Oran gold in the purse—returned the fire, high in the air of course. Then the military authorities inflicted on the Beni-Snassen a fine of 5,000 francs for the shots they had not fired, in the blissful knowledge that they could not pay. They did not pay. Then we seized their cattle. But they obstinately refused to hit back. What was to be done? We had to hit back for them. We paid some natives to come and fire (three or four rifle shots) on the farm—i.e., the 'Shoot' of M. Muller. M. Muller and family dined and beat a dignified and undisturbed retreat; and the game was played. We were provoked! The expedition set out. Then at last the Beni-Snassen, pushed to extremity, defended themselves. The rest you know. . . . . You may rely on the absolute truth of these facts."

At the risk of compromising my correspondent, I will tell you who it is; it is Gerault, a fellow-revolutionary of mine. A suspicious source of information, you will think, though for me as trustworthy as the speech of M. Ribot.

(M. Hervé then went on to justify his publication in the "Guerre Sociale" of a challenge in the form of a catechism to the parties concerned to categorically admit or deny the accusations contained in M. Gerault's letter, and of having thus invited libel actions from

fellows like Bastos and risked imprisonment, of having taken upon his back, in fact, the chance of inaccuracies in the letter rather than make himself an accomplice in the massacre of thousands of innocent Beni-Snassen.)

My questions were reprinted in the "Matin." Two days later, through the medium of this paper, they reached Algeria. A fortnight has passed, there has been no answer. I have cited M. Trouin, he has received my citation, and he creeps away. . . .

I do not base myself absolutely upon Gerault's letter. As a historian, a journalist, it is my trade to sift and classify documents, and form judgments upon them; it is my trade to tell the truth to these workmen, these small shop-keepers, these peasants, helpless victims of their own ignorance and credulity, and to bring them to an understanding of what are their true interests. Like those journalists of a better day, when the newspaper office was a pulpit, not a place of traffic or a den of thieves, I want to pierce the darkness—to give more light—a bad and presumptuous wish, in your eyes, Mr. Attorney-General, is it not? . . . .

The "Revue de Paris" of 15th December has fallen into my hands. This is a paper edited by an eminent historian, an Academician, and a former professor at the Sorbonne. He is surrounded by eminent colleagues. Among them is M. Victor Bérard, who four years ago was Examiner to the Naval College, and who has devoted several well-substantiated articles to the consideration of our present position in Morocco. The issue of 15th December contains one of these articles, wherein the campaign against the Beni-Snassen is dealt with. The writer recalls the fact that they are by no means enemies of Frenchmen, that for fifty years they have astonished us by their willing submission to the conquerors of Algeria, and says in conclusion: "Let us hope at least that this glorious feat of arms will not develop into a transaction of finance. The iron mines of Ras-Foural have since long been rated highly and coveted over much. On the morrow of the Rabat meeting, whereat M. Regnault and General Lyantey laid before Abd-el-Aziz our wishes and requirements in respect of the frontier region, and Abd-el-Aziz laid before us the requirements of his purse, the financiers who advanced the money hinted at a rectification of frontier, in terms of which the Ras-Foural and its 65 per cent. ore would change masters."

Not an anarchist, not a revolutionary, not a cosmopolitan like Gerault says this, but a moderate man, a savant, a sober university professor.

Read your newspapers to-morrow, and understand if you will what things be done in this country of the Beni-Snassen. "Five thousand francs or the bailiff" is our demand. They cannot pay. We ravage their country, we lift their cattle, we burn their villages, we rain M. Schneider's shells on them, and for fear the journalists in a gush of patriotic enthusiasm should reveal the "prowess" of the French troops, we pack our journalists home.

"Mercy!" implore the Beni-Snassen. "Five hundred thousand francs!" we reply. They could not pay 5,000; you may be sure that 500,000 are beyond their powers. "But," we add, "consent to a rectification of frontier," and we'll let you off that 500,000." And the rectification of frontier will be managed, gentlemen of the jury, so as to scoop into the French territory that same iron-mine with its 65 per cent. ore. And then everybody will be happy, ever ever afterwards.

Especially M. Schneider and his gang.

Dickens on the Class War.

By Edwin Pugh.

(*Being Chapter I. of Part III. of "Dickens as a Socialist."*)

I.

TWELVE years ago it was my privilege to read a paper on Charles Dickens to the members of a working men's institute in Kentish Town, London, in the course of which I delivered myself of some rather dogmatic pronouncements. But though I am twelve long years older now, I find that I have very little to add to, or withdraw from, the substance of what I said then, however much I may deprecate the form and tone in which those utterances were made, or am inwardly amused by their youthful insouciant crudity.

I said, among other things, that Thackeray's Gentleman, after all, is merely a Gentleman's idea of a Gentleman. Dickens's Gentleman is the poor man's idea of a Gentleman. They are both valuable, both worth having . . . Thackeray had the advantage of being perfectly familiar with Gentlemen from his cradle; Dickens had the advantage of *not* being so familiar with them. Thackeray saw them with old, accustomed eyes; Dickens saw them with new, unaccustomed eyes. . . . Let us take two Gentlemen—one from Thackeray, one from Dickens—and set them side by side and consider them. We may find out something. First, there is Major Pendennis, Thackeray's Gentleman. I am told by those who consider themselves very blue-blooded indeed that Major Pendennis is all right—a Gentleman. Well, perhaps he was not altogether a bad old chap—though a beast of a snob. And he is quite alive. But the curious thing is that Thackeray does not, for a moment, allow the Major to look ridiculous. If Dickens had drawn Major Pendennis, he would have made him a very absurd figure indeed. If any of you (it was, as I say, an audience of working men) met Major Pendennis you would probably think him rather an old fool. Dickens certainly would have thought him an old fool, and written him down like that, because Dickens had the advantage of surveying him from an impartial standpoint. Thackeray had not that advantage. Thackeray had all the prejudices of his class. Thackeray was a Gentleman—by training, environment, and heredity. So was Major Pendennis. "You are one of us, Major," said Thackeray, in effect. "And we are *not* ridiculous!" And all the other Gentlemen applauded; and Thackeray was established as one who could draw Gentlemen, whilst Dickens was put down as one who could not.

Thus spake I.

The Gentleman I selected from Dickens was Sir Leicester Dedlock.

And I still hold, more or less, the same opinions on this subject that I expressed twelve years ago.

To speak plainly, I have really no use for that word, Gentleman. It affronts me. It smacks of all manner of abominations. It suggests all sorts of sets of opinions and points of view and mental attitudes that irritate and sicken me where they do not make me laugh The servant-girl never walks out with her Lover, you know; he is always her Young Gentleman. The clerk never kisses his Sweetheart or quarrels with her; it is always his Young Lady that he talks so much about. The middle classes boggle at the word Gentleman, and hesitate a good deal about applying it; the upper classes never use it at all in any connection, except it be humorously or disparagingly . . . But all this must be so entirely in accord with the sentiments and experiences of the elect among my readers that I need say no more, perhaps. One feels, indeed, that one is under some constraint to make apology for using the word Gentleman at any time, in decent company. And I should certainly refrain from using it here, or troubling myself about its precise meaning, if I followed my own inclinations, and were not uneasily conscious of a responsibility to tackle this silly botheration, willy-nilly, at some stage or other of this present enterprise. Because, it ought to be established that Dickens was quite as right about the Gentleman as anyone can hope to be. As the Dictionary is, for instance, when it defines the word as "a man of good birth; every man above the rank of yeoman, comprehending noblemen: a man who, without a title, bears a coat of arms; or whose ancestors have been freemen; a man of good breeding and politeness, as distinguished from the vulgar and clownish; a man in a position of life above a tradesman or a mechanic; a term of complaisance." And Dickens was distinctly nearer the bull's eye, as a rule, than Thackeray is when he answers his own ques-

tion, "What is it to be a gentleman?" in this wise: "Is it to have lofty aims, to lead a pure life, to keep your honour virgin; to have the esteem of your fellow-citizens, and the love of your fireside; to bear good fortune meekly; to suffer evil with constancy; and through evil or good to maintain truth always? Show me the man whose life exhibits these qualities, and him we will salute as gentleman, whatever his rank may be . . . "

All of which is the merest poppycock, of course. For such a description might fit, quite appropriately, a bargee or a costermonger. And Thackeray was not at all the kind of person to accept, even as an equal, any human male of that type. Neither are we, nor is anyone, thinking of that particular type of excellent creature, Nature's gentleman, when we debate this issue. We are thinking rather of the being who is mainly and essentially an affair of clothes and accent, deportment and manners: what we call, a well-bred man. And we do not necessarily mean a man who carries his refinements of speech and person into other stations of life than that he was born in. For our present purpose, that man will do who is a gentleman in a West End drawing-room and a hooligan in a West End music-hall on Boatrace night; or who, when he is stirred up (as over the recent Brown Dog of Battersea agitation), attends women's meetings and throws bad eggs about, and explodes malodorous gases, and waves filthy, stinking fish in the air, and adjures the lady speakers to go home and change their underwear, and altogether conducts himself in a fashion that would infallibly equip him with a thick ear in the Bethnal Green Road. *Apropos*, I recall an incident in which figured a gentleman . . . a courtly, distinguished diplomatist and man of learning, with the rank of Marquis, and a world-wide reputation for pure, high-minded chivalry and the nicest refinement; a man who was held up publicly as a supreme example of the finished aristocratic article, and who, there is no possibility of doubt, lived up to his reputation—in his own circle.

The occasion was a Lord Mayor's Show Day. The Marquis had somehow got cut off from his retinue and the procession, and was forced to walk in his Court dress down Cheapside, guarded on either hand by a constable. The crowd was dense and boisterous and inquisitive. A fishmonger offered the Marquis the shelter of his shop whilst someone went and fetched a cab. The Marquis accepted the offer, and sat down in the midst of the fishmonger's friends and relatives, most of them women. To one of these women—a young and pretty girl—the Marquis addressed himself, smiling and suave, and she responded, shyly. They talked for a few moments, and then, in reply to some innocent commonplace remark from her, he uttered a jest of such a kind, and expressed in such terms, that it caused a hot blush to dye her face scarlet from the roots of her hair to her neck, and almost made her weep for shame and mortification. The Marquis laughed and chucked her under the chin. Her face turned white as milk in her distress. Still he beamed, bland and self-satisfied. And I saw that he did not yet understand; that, regarding her as a person of a lower class, he supposed her to have no delicacy such as he would have respected in a lady of his own class. I heard what he said; and I was hot with indignation. But he remained throughout utterly unconscious of having given the girl any cause of offence. He thought, I am sure, that he had paid her the only sort of compliment that such a woman was capable of understanding and appreciating. And he only did and said, he only surmised and felt, as almost any Gentleman of similar high rank and dainty breeding and gracious traditions would have done.

Now, this incident may seem trivial, inconclusive, unconvincing, as it is here set down. But actually it crystallised for me the whole meaning of the German-made phrase, "The Class War," and made an indelible impression on my memory that will always serve to explain the deep-rooted antagonism which exists between the aristocrat and the proletarian, the Haves and Have Nots. It is an antagonism born of complete misunderstanding, and fostered by prejudice and manured by ignorance. The Gentleman thinks that the Cad is only one remove from the Brute. He may say otherwise; he may maintain stoutly that he thinks nothing of the sort; he may even think that he thinks otherwise than as he does; but deep down in his heart, ingrained in his being, is that feeling of immeasurable superiority to the people of the lower classes from which he can never free himself, even after years of close association with them. Whereas the truth is, that the lower you go in the social scale, down to a certain point, the greater will be the innate considerations shown by one to another, and the finer will the instincts of tact and good feeling be. Indeed, the poor are hedged about, in every detail of their daily lives, with innumerable immutable conventions all having their end in the safeguarding of one another's tenderest sensibilities from shock or hurt. There are all sorts of topics that they never mention. There are all sorts of subjects that are as rigidly taboo in the home circle as the name of Oliver Cromwell at the Royal table. They do not mince their words, because they have no need: they leave such words out altogether.

(To be continued.)

Old Roads, New Travellers.

Ye restless trees, what do ye bode?
What snowlights do, ye heavens, unfold?
Ye distant bells, why are ye tolled?
By what strange hands? Who haunt this road?

No more. Night hushes all again.
Again! I hear the sound of song,
Of bell and hoof, as of a throng
Of breakers rolling through the plain.

Who ride, where Roman legions rode?
A host I see approach yon hill:
I look upon their lances, till
I seem to see a host of God.

Onward they ride. From spire to spire
The murmur swells; and then a knell,
A chime, a peal; till every bell
Tumultuous swings throughout the shire.

Hither they come. I see their eyes
Gathering the way in fiery glances:
Their swift, great horses, flashing lances
Quivering for their enterprise.

Earth thunders. Grace, power, majesty,
An aureole unto them belong.
They pass. I hear their battle-song:
They are the Sons of Equity.

"From birth to death, we may not cease,
From sun to moon, through night to day,
To drive our federal array
Against oppression's foul increase.

"Justice we chose as the lodestone,
Whither our spears attracted are:
Mercy we chose as the lodestar,
To which we doom all triumphs won.

"Woe unto towers of vanity:
Woe, cities, which deformèd are:
No fence of gold shall be a bar
To our invading panoply.

"No gems, no art, no birth, no fee,
No pride of wit, nought but the glove
Of Honour shall a warrant prove
Against our fearless cavalry.

"Onward, ye horses. They ye bear
Sing loud with joy and hope and peace;
To feel their battles may not cease
Is joy enough not to despair.

"From birth to death we will not cease,
From sun to moon, through night to day,
To drive our federal array
Upon the host of lawlessness."

R. M.

Life in London.

By Arnold Bennett.

FOR a long time I have lived in a small village, where I was probably the only person who did not regularly save about half his income; a village where there are no problems save the price of electric light and the speed of touring automobiles. Now I am in London, picking up the threads of London again, and it is highly agreeable and diverting. Except that in the darker grottoes of my mind, a problem of conduct, like a primeval monster, stirs and grunts disconcertingly, and sometimes I catch the gleam of the thing's eyes staring out of the thick undergrowth of those recesses. Perhaps men and women more accustomed to the disturbing city than I am may have trapped and settled the problem for themselves long ago. Perhaps they may regard me as excessively naif for even referring to this obscene monster. But I can't help that.

I have got into a very wonderful place in London. The more I think about it the less I understand it. I am in the centre of a sort of conspiracy to render my life a life of pleasure. Several young women have come over from Switzerland in order to preserve my room in a state of order and cleanliness; and they are not ordinary girls, either; they are both able and willing to speak to me in either English, French, or German. There is also a linguistic young man from Switzerland, who always smiles and seldom goes to bed. He invariably waits until I retire so that he can polish the boots that I throw at his head, and no matter how early I get up, he is invariably up before me, and I find my boots, all scintillating, on the door mat. Then there is a mysterious artist who has quitted a famous restaurant in Paris with the sole object of directing the preparation of my food. I have not seen him, because he lives underground, and only comes up to the surface while I am enjoying my nap after lunch. Other polyglots pass the chief part of their lives in handing food to me on silver (or at any rate electro-plate) dishes, and in removing my broken meats. Two boys, just approaching the age when they might matriculate at a university, do nothing whatever except open the splendid glazed portals by which I gain the street. They would be ashamed if, through an instant's forgetfulness on their part, I touched the portals.

Vehicles, propelled by various methods, await me in the street. They will attend me for hours, without showing the slightest impatience. If I choose to walk, a highly respectable man precedes me along a crossing with a broom. I then find myself in a beautiful and extensive park, of which all the paths are meticulously weeded. The main paths are bordered by elm trees, and day after day—let the mercury be where it will—I see men swung by ropes in the tree-tops sawing off branches which might be dangerous to my pate. It freezes—there is an immense ornamental pond, guarded by giants in uniform, who respectfully decline to allow me to risk my invaluable life on the ice; they make me feel that the nation is watching over me. When the ice is solid and safe they trust me on it, but with all sorts of precautions. I wish to skate, but I have no skates. Never mind! Excellent men (without overcoats and no doubt insensible to cold) have a chair and skates waiting for me; and they will humbly kneel on the cold, cold ground and put their skates on my feet, and remove their skates when I fancy I have had enough. And—so careful is the nation of my welfare! —they may not even render me this service until they have obtained a special signed licence to do so.

After a full day as the centre of this charming conspiracy, I may visit a theatre in the evening, and when at midnight I come back I find a policeman at the street corner, who cheerfully salutes me, and gives me the latest information as to the baseness of mercury. He seems quite elated by the privilege of having to watch over my slumbers until six in the morning.

Do not suppose that I pass a brutish existence, enslaved by the flesh. Being an enlightened, intellectual organism, I possess enlightened, intellectual tastes. For instance, I peruse Lord Acton on the history of Freedom. I expect I am often reading Lord Acton on the history of Freedom while the gentlemanly Swiss is putting a polish on my boots. Then naturally I do not let a day pass without a page of Marcus Aurelius. In my quality of a sagacious man, I would not dream of travelling without a hot-water bag and Marcus Aurelius. I pretty well know Marcus Aurelius by heart, and hence I am aware that all men are my brothers and that nothing is of importance in this world save the welfare of the soul.

I have regiments of friends who lead similar lives to mine; many of them nearly as enlightened and intellectual as myself, and most of them, under one title or another, Socialists. We spend our pleasantest hours in deriding the House of Lords, the Church, wealth, whiggery, trusts, the reactionary press, the grosser conventions, human stupidity, and human injustice. We are acquainted with all the movements. We know emphatically what is what. We will read Wells on Chesterton and Belloc, and then we will put Chesterton and Belloc and Wells in a bag and give them a good shaking together. We are all for progress, brotherhood, humanity. We subscribe to societies for the translation of our theories into practice. I do not wish to boast, but I should say that, at a low estimate, I contribute five guineas a year—and my moral influence—towards hurrying up the millennium. I could not buy an overcoat for the money.

I hope it's all right. I assume it's all right. It *is* all right, otherwise my advanced friends, who comprehend life in London so much better than I do, would insist on my doing something else, something further (for they are very domineering and authoritative). At certain stages of evolution theory alone is required, and no doubt we happen to be at such a stage just now. We theoretically understand West Ham and its cure; and that suffices, I trust. But personally I wish West Ham was in Siberia. I wish I couldn't drop into a subterranean train at my door and reach West Ham while reading a chapter of Marcus Aurelius. For I am always tempted to go there. I should go there, and have a look at it, only for the growling of that monster. However, it's all right.

The Wind-Millers.

By George Raffalovich.

WHILE I was visiting the island inhabited by the descendants of Empedocles, escorted by a band of the strange octopatic or octopustic beings, whose description I have already given you, I got my guides to put some questions to those among them who seemed to me most interesting or most important. It was in this way I learned that the inhabitants of the island lived with a definite purpose. They lived for science. To an indiscreet question from one of them I had to answer that the men of earth, after having lived first for war and later for gallantry, now lived for money.

I learned that they had poisoned all their philosophers above two centuries ago. "What is a philosopher?" exclaimed one of these great great grand-children of ancient Greece, "but a sort of madman stuffed with extravagant ideas and out-of-the-way logic to the verge of insanity. A dreamer of futile theories which other unfortunate folk comment upon, study and put into practice."

I showed some surprise, and this enemy of philosophy continued:—

"Yes, there is the old man! But if we are still cumbered with the bones of Empedocles, shifting in their evil-smelling old hide, it is because we are unable to make away with him. He is immortal. Besides, nobody takes any notice of him."

"How do you administer your affairs?" I asked,—to put an end to this depreciation of an unfortunate old gentleman,—so respectable in his sorrow.

"Very simply. The most intelligent fabricate, or at least, force at will the reproduction of, the slaves who serve us all."

"Excuse me, I refer to the general affairs of the community on your most interesting planet. In a word, what interests me above all is to know how you have resolved the problems which on earth still torment us horribly with their inscrutable vistas. How do you understand equality? liberty? what are your relations one with another? What religion have you?

"Oh, I see," he said, "you want to discuss the old problems of the past. We have not resolved them at all. We simply and deliberately gave up troubling about them. Equality is a very out-of-date idea, which, in its absolute sense, was a hobby of those same ancient philosophers we have since poisoned off. In its relative sense, it exists of its own accord, naturally, by the force of things. Liberty, on the other hand—if you mean by that the power to do as one likes—is an open possibility for all. Whoso throws himself into the fire gets burnt; *that* is the only restriction,—quite a personal one. Our relations are based upon mutual respect, necessitated by a complete knowledge of our own personality, and a perfect understanding of the character of others. As for religion, I confess I do not understand your question very well upon that point. Do you talk of a cult offered to some external power? If so, I may tell you there was a time when some of us imagined a worship of respect to be due to father Empedocles,—our eternal and too-persistent ancestor. But it was only imagination."

"I beg your pardon," said I, "you misunderstand me. It must be the interpreter's fault. I refer to the religion which is natural to all thinking beings. Have you not a book revealed by the divinity which points out to you what worship you owe to the author of all things,—which indicates the way in which you are to conduct yourselves in daily life? We possess such a book on our planet. Therein are to be found the principles of morality."

"Ah, morality does not exist here, since the moralists were asphyxiated."

"Let me continue before you translate my words," I said to the over-hasty interpreter. "Rules of life are also to be found there, with reference to what the wise man must do and what he must avoid doing; how he will be distinguished from the fool. For instance, such sentences as these:—

"The heart of the wise man is upon his right side, but the heart of the fool is upon his left."

"He that winketh with the eye causeth sorrow but a prating fool shall fall."

"Let thy raiment be white at all time and let not ointment be wanting to thy head."

"The fool foldeth his hands together."

"The just man shall eat till he is full."

"A man's belly shall be satisfied with the fruit of his mouth; and with the increase of his lips shall he be filled."

"All these words are taken from what we call 'the Book,' which a great number of men recognise as the only book necessary for the welfare and progress of humanity. It is inspired by the creator of the universe."

"That is impossible,—quite impossible," he answered. "Because what you call the creator of the universe is nothing but the universe itself; nor is the creator perfect, but perfectible, growing towards perfection with creation."

"How do you know?"

"It would take too long to explain, and your mind does not seem sufficiently developed to understand me. As for the book of which you talk, the old man never mentioned such a thing to us. It seems rather astonishing that you should possess it and that we, who after all are descended from the same source as you, should know nothing about it. We worship, I repeat, nothing but the one thing for which we live and for which we have respect, namely, science. That is to say, we love the spirit of Science as one loves a strong and beautiful child, a child full of confidence and courage, and we, who are a part of it, work with it towards the realisation of perfection."

"It is difficult for me to understand you. Let us talk of something else. How do you live? What do you eat? How do you assure your posterity?"

"We eat the fruits of the soil, as there are no animals.—The old man forgot to bring any with him.—We secure our posterity by compulsory marriage, selection of children operated by their parents, while the posterity of the servants whom you see here is secured by scientists specially chosen to work their selection."

"But," said I, "if there were at no time any animals, whence come these servants?"

"Men, my dear sir! We have succeeded with the help of centuries in educating a part of the race up to this state, now definitive."

Here I stopped asking further questions, because these people seemed to be making a fool of me. As I continued my walk, I became aware that the inhabitants of this island could displace themselves with the same ease as my two friends the big-heads; only their power was limited by the boundaries of their globe. This faculty had naturally brought about the suppression of all means of communication; and roads, ways, etc., only existed in the memory. Like their ancestor, they entered and left their houses by the roof.

But what interested me in the highest degree, their form of government, remained to be elucidated. I questioned my guides, who shrugged their shoulders. Nevertheless, they conducted me to a grand edifice resembling glass, completely transparent, wherein were assembled a score of persons. These people, as I then learned, deliberated upon the affairs of the people. The deliberations, seen of all, were rare, and only lasted, it appears, some hours a year. The fact is, a people of one language, one race, one set of opinions, dispensing with railways, armies, priests, had no great need of deliberations at all. Their delegates, elected each year, only entered this edifice to make acquaintance with the latest inventions, to establish statistics, decide the number of children to be kept; the rest was regulated according to individual taste.

But in spite of all there were many imperfections in that world, and as my two friends wished to return, I asked them if by chance they could not show me a planet still more interesting from my point of view,—still more different, that is to say, from our earth.

They told me there was one, not far from the one we were leaving, to which they would conduct me on our way home. Then we left,—I between the two of them as usual,—and for a long time we wandered in space. There was a thick smoke in the region we traversed, and after a quarter of an hour of flight my guides, their big heads pale with astonishment, told me they could no longer find the planet in its usual place.

"The miserable people no longer exist," said one of them to me. "Of that planet, in full activity, full life, nothing remains. Poor fellows!"

And, very uneasy, they took me back to earth,—at such a pace that my poor head suffers from it still.

All the same, I do not regret this extra trip, which illustrated to me the truth of the old saying: "Tout passe, tout lasse, tout casse."

VEDANTA SOCIETY.

A Society has now been formed in London for the study of Vedanta, the oldest Indian philosophy of life. During the spring lectures will be given by the Swâmi Abhedânanda, open both to members and non-members. Full particulars may be obtained from the Secretary, Miss A. L. BOWLES, 63 Clifton Hill, St. John's Wood, N.W

Lectures on the Roman Catholic Liberal or "Modernist" Movement.

M. PAUL SABATIER has undertaken to deliver a course of three Lectures at the Passmore Edwards Settlement, Tavistock Place, W.C., on the Liberal or "Modernist" Movement in the Roman Catholic Church. The Lectures (which will be in French) will be given on Tuesdays, February 25th, March 3rd, and March 10th, at 3.30 p.m. Tickets (10s. 6d.) may be obtained from the Warden at the Settlement. A limited number, free of charge, will be reserved for Ministers of Religion, teachers and college students.

Early application is desirable.

BOOK OF THE WEEK.

The House of Lynch.

IT is one of the heartening signs of the times that, whether they will or no, many of our best authors are writing Socialism nowadays. And especially our best novelists. It would really seem that they cannot help it. And one can well imagine this to be the case since your novelist, dealing with life as he knows it and having necessarily to observe a pretty high ethical standard in his treatment of living problems, must perforce adopt the only view that is consistent with the judgment of a sane head and a pure heart—that is to say, the Socialist view. Even Rudyard Kipling, that largely wasted force, does not invariably succeed in resisting the legitimate claims of his art to take precedence over his prejudices. How much more, then, those who have not declared themselves on the side of traditional privilege—who have not, indeed, taken any side consciously.

And such an author, so far as I know, is Leonard Merrick. Yet he has, in this book, written a story which is alive with significance and suggestion for Socialists. Quite conceivably, he may resent my dragging him into this category. But one needs must take the good where one finds it—and hand it round—and this, his latest novel, is such real good Socialism that to leave it by the way with never a word of recommendation to the elect would be to serve the cause most scurvily.

It has aforetime been my pleasant privilege to write of Leonard Merrick's work in terms of the warmest eulogy. Perhaps you think I don't know, but I have good warrant for maintaining that he is one of the most considerable of contemporary novelists. "Great" is an epithet that is flung about with a fine recklessness in these hysterical times—have we not "great" bargains?—and very often, no doubt, it sticks to the most incongruous vain displays. But in the present instance it seems to me to attach most fitly. "The House of Lynch" is a great book.

It is great in its ingenious simplicity. It has no savour of that greatness which induces headache and a crick in the neck. It is a book who runs may read. It conforms with a well-bred nicety to the modern novelistic conventions. It opens brightly, progresses through a crescendo of psychological drama in which at least one scene is rarely tragic, and ends in a blaze of sunshine that our happy tears stud with flashing jewels, as raindrops flash in a garden after an April shower.

The theme, briefly, is concerned with two great sacrifices made, by the man, for conscience sake, and by the woman, after preliminary failure, for love's sake. I am not going to discount anybody's enjoyment in the book by telling any of its secrets; but no harm will be done if it is explained that a young artist of genius renounces the bloody spoils of a twentieth-century Aceldama for the satisfaction of his own high principles. He loves the daughter of an American millionaire, but hates her father's millions because they have been wrung out of the agony and shame and ruin of countless helpless mortals by chicanery and brutal, lustful avarice. And perhaps the chiefest virtue of the book is in its presentment of the millionaire as a man something infinitely less and more than an inhuman monster. We have him revealed to us as a pathetic, loving father, who cries out despairfully in an anguished moment: "O my God, I never was hard in my home, but it has always been my children who've made me suffer!" And the child that hurts him most deeply is the daughter who has atoned for the abject failure of his graceless son—bankrupt in health and morality and hope—by her own supreme self-vindication as mother and wife.

The sacrifice of the artist is made and consummated. But circumstances prove too strong for him, and he is compelled to strike his flag. Only for a brief space, however. He raises again his banner and marches beneath it, wounded and faint and bleeding, and plants it on the high eminence he has set before him as his

goal at last. But the way is long, the winds of adversity are keen and bleak, the burden he bears is heavy indeed—all the heavier because the passing defection of the woman constrains him to bear it alone.

And it is just here that our author proves his mettle and commands our respect by not falling to the temptation to belittle the power of money for good as well as for evil. "Of all the cant acclaimed, none is rottener than the pretence that poverty ennobles character," he says. "Poverty prolonged — grim, gaunt, grinding poverty—brutalises." And only those who have never had to grapple with the griping ills of poverty can have the brazen effrontery to deny this. At the same time, it is perhaps harder to give up ten thousand pounds out of an annual income of ten thousand guineas than to be content to exist on a weekly dole of two pounds. Yet the millionaire's daughter, rising to the heroic heights of her artist-husband's self-abnegation, does rather better than that, and thus justifies both her own love and his.

"The House of Lynch" is, as I have said, a fine conception and a worthy performance. Readers of THE NEW AGE should not need to be told more, even if the theme of the book were other than it is. They will, therefore, buy the book—if they are wise, as I have reason to believe they are—and read it, as well for their entertainment as to their profit, and thank me for the recommendation. EDWIN PUGH.

REVIEWS.

A Book of Caricatures. By Max Beerbohm. (Methuen and Co. 21s.)

These caricatures were drawn by a fish for fishes. They are cold-blooded and inhuman. They are just such distorted, meaningless images as would afflict the curious eye of a sub-aqueous swimmer looking up at men through the shifting water. The artist is out of touch with his subjects; they and he live in alien worlds; only from them to him filter down fugitive light-rays which the treacherous element juggles with. Or, let us say, these poor creatures of his imagination are empty ghosts drifting in a void. They have no word for us, they do not see us, they make queer, foolish gestures that we cannot understand. They are ghastly, they are nightmarish; we associate them with a bad taste in the mouth and a dose of bromium. Somewhere, perhaps, even in the wake-a-day world, and outside the brain of Mr. Beerbohm, such things there be, but in that case I would wager God is heartily ashamed of and disgusted with his handiwork.

You may make an exact portrait of a man because you hate him; you must only distort his bodily semblance if you love him. And Mr. Beerbohm the caricaturist has not learnt to love (or indeed to hate—he is placidly indifferent). Surely Mr. Beerbohm should have recognised this necessity from the study we are convinced he has made of foreign caricature. He should have recognised the necessity for sympathy, and he should have recognised the necessity for a point of view. With this, too, this all-important item in the equipment of the satirist, Mr. Beerbohm has omitted to supply himself. Here is a fat volume chock-full of ugliness, and the lamentable fact is, there appears to be no serious purpose behind it. Why did he do it? If it had been for the good of the race or the Catholic Church or King Charles or the Empire or the Ancient Order of Foresters we should have wept while we stoned him. Was it for fun? We fear so, and we do not like the man who makes loathsome things for fun. Now we begin to see the school his work belongs to—it is the school of the pencil decorators of blank walls, of the purposeless obscene. For these drawings are in essence obscene.

Related to this lack of sympathy and vital purpose is the use made by the artist as points of attack of obvious tricks of manner (a way of walking, the way the chest, the jaw, is pushed out, the physical habit of leaning on things), of peculiarities of dress, of person—mere surface matters, leaving the character of the soul unaccounted for. Not that we are here contending that surface things do not go to make up and testify to the character of the soul; but there are other factors—in these drawings ignored. Hence it has come about that when we have shown the drawings to somebody who knows by sight one in the long line of aristocratic nobodies that seems to span the curve of the artist's acquaintance, he has been charmed with the fidelity with which salient mannerisms have been reproduced, and the other drawings have interested him not at all—except to disgust him. Now, it is one good test of the value of a caricature that it should be interesting to those who have never seen the person dealt with. Again, we happen to know one or two of the few in this long line who are not aristocratic nobodies, and we are overwhelmed by the falseness of the judgments implied. Let us take a couple of instances. Mr. Beerbohm has pictured Bernard Shaw as a decorous devil and Gilbert Chesterton as a roaring blade. And if there is anything these men are not it is that. They would like to be, they play up zealously to the parts, but they remain, in spite of it all, the one a kindly humorist with a keen lust for adventure, and the other a nervous schoolboy with a broad sense of fun. But Mr. B., poor man, has taken them at their face value.

There are one or two exceptions. I think Mr. Beerbohm likes Henry James, Maeterlinck, Mr. Walter Sickert. I think there is between him and these men a close touch of kinship; they are all quiet, contemplative fellows, not greatly stirred with the passions of life; anyhow, here at last the artist strikes the note of understanding and sympathy with his models, and the caricatures he has made of them are tenderly funny and true. The Lord Tweedmouth is not bad. The Chesterton, though false, is good-humoured, Lord Grimthorpe is amusing. For most of the others Mr. Beerbohm deserves to be boiled in oil.

If only Max had a soft heart and a theory of the universe, what a fine book he might have given us! For he is clever—damnably clever (when he steers clear of the fashion plate)—he is an expert journeyman in all the styles; in fact, the book is a rare example of the limits of heights and depths to which the very clever draughtsman who lacks artistic taste and an instinct for life can rise and fall. W. R. TITTERTON.

The Uprising of the Many. By Charles Edward Russell. (Unwin. 5s. net.)

Journeying from Dan to Beersheba, Mr. Russell has been taking notes, and there was nothing left but to print them. It is a very meritorious service he has done in giving an account of the ills every country suffers under side by side with a record of the attempts, more or less successful, that have been made to combat the evils. The traveller is cheerfully hopeful about the immediate future of the Many, except, perhaps, in America and certainly in India. In America, "the signs multiply that Americans are beginning to weary of

these things, of municipal misgovernment, the worst in the world, of the unkempt and parlous aspect of our cities, the selfish attitude of public officers, and the perversion of all things good by the power of money." But there is a long pull before the citizens of the great Republic shall attain the well-being of New Zealand, where "there are no unhealthy employments, no dark or crowded factories, no vitiated air, no long hours of soul-destroying labour, and for all persons is enough of food, comfort, rest, and recreation." Doubtless to an American, whose anarchy is tempered by platitude, Australasia is almost Paradise. To us, more intimately aware of the narrow outlook of the average Australian politician, it suggests that Trade Union legislation, however essential, becomes fruitless, gruesome in its lack of ideas, unless leavened by Socialism. This is the lesson that Mr. Russell only partly reads when treating of the industries already nationalised. In Germany the State railways show a handsome surplus, and are well managed. Mr. Russell notes that the employees are disfranchised, and he should have added their conditions of labour are of the worst in Germany. They are badly paid, their working hours are abominable, and promotion is impossible; the better-paid appointments are monopolised by army officers, many of them quite incompetent.

No Englishman knows anything about India, so that the chapters on the Burden of India make profitable reading. Mr. Russell reveals some of the carefully-hidden secrets of our misgovernment. Plague, with its death-roll of 451,000 during six weeks of 1907; the famine recurring every few years, culminating in the terrible time of 1899, when in the little State of Pango the deaths amounted to 43 per cent. of the total population. Famine due to the improvident cultivator! Is it realised that he is the most heavily-taxed person in the world?

The Commission on Factory Labour in Bombay has just presented a picture of conditions identical with those obtaining in this country fifty years ago. The damnable enslavement of children, of women, of men, in order that dividends, fat or lean, what matter, shall not fail the Indian cotton lords. The photographs of our victims in India, which Mr. Russell reproduces liberally, make a deadly parallel to some of the gorgeous displays we have seen of durbars and princely junketings.

Mr. Russell discourses on the co-operative movement, the pernicious side of which he has not grasped, on municipalisation, nationalisation, the world over. It is as full of figures as an average Fabian tract and much duller. We have read it through conscientiously, but we should recommend no one else to do so, though we should counsel all lecturers, and about-to-be lecturers, to keep it on the bookshelf as a handy storehouse of statistics.

Wild Honey. By Michael Field. (Unwin. 5s.)

"Michael Field" (the pseudonym of two ladies) is a name we have learned to associate with a certain delicate and scholarly fancy in modern minor poetry, and the present volume is strictly in keeping with this remembrance. There is the same delicacy of thought and expression which fills the reader with respect, but leaves him otherwise quite unmoved. It is the poetry of fancy and reflection, rather than of imagination and passion. It has the atmosphere of leisure; of gardens, books, bric-a-brac, with occasional sojourns in Italy or the South of France. Such things are all very well and very charming, but they are not exactly the stuff of which great poems are made. Michael Field, however, will certainly have a definite currency among those who like literary verse. The volume has many admirable sonnets whose expression often reminds one of the poems of Meredith. There is the same deliberate fashioning of phrase and rigidity of utterance; the following lines, the sextet of the sonnet called "Hydrangeas," will show what is meant:—

> Who set, as a dear thief, this branching coral
> Dipping its shade? Almost the touch we trace;
> Yet with each lovely littering hint we quarrel,
> Provoked more lonesome by its recent grace·
> And the old blue hydrangeas, ball on ball,
> Pattern their vacant flower-heads on the wall.

Throughout this collection there are instances of exquisite verse making, and here and there are lyrics, such as "Rain Drops," "Poppy Song," "A Forest Night," "Cherry Song," which have distinction and charm, even though they strike no deeper note than,

> So sweet, all sweet—the body as the shyer
> Sweet senses, and the spirit sweet as those:
> For me the fragrance of a whole sweet-briar
> Beside the rose.

RECENT PAMPHLETS.

Gone are the days when the pamphlet was a great engine of reform. At present it is largely a means of circulating fads. Not all the pamphlets before us, however, are faddist; we have, in fact, weeded the worst of them out, our silence concerning them being our only review. Of the dozen or so left, three deal with the woman's question in one form or another, three with health, three are the letters of Mr. Croft Hiller, and the rest are miscellaneous. Miss Frances Swiney's careful and technically-phrased pamphlet makes an elaborate plea for the education of fathers. Motherhood is important in eugenics, but men are apt to forget that fatherhood is important also. It was the sins of the fathers that were to be visited on future generations.—Mrs. Ennis Richmond writes in "For our Daughters" (Street and Co., Albemarle Street, W. 3d.) a simple and sincere defence of co-education from the standpoint of experience. Her main point is a complete and convincing reply to the common objection that co-education would turn girls into boys. Her experience and the experience of many others lend no support to this view.—The Women's Industrial Council are publishing a series of Reports on the Labour Laws for Women in various countries. The latest is Mrs. Thomas Okey's Report on Italy (1d.). It is well done and forms a handy summary for women-workers.—Of the health-pamphlets the most important is our colleague's, Dr. M. D. Eder's, tract on "Disease in the School Room" (I.L.P. 1d.). The quotation from Smollett is characteristic, as are also the care and completeness of the collected information. Reformers interested in the health of school-children cannot do better than spend a penny on this pamphlet.—The "Ten Commandments of Health" by J. Brozel (6d.) doubtless contains a complete code, but the archaic wording, modelled on the Old Testament, sounds strange, e.g., "Avoid all split-up articles of food. It shall be unto thee as a thing which is torn by wild beasts."—"Is Drink the Cause of Poverty?" That is the question answered by Mr Kessack in his pamphlet of this title (Glasgow Clarion Scouts. 1d.). We may add that it is thoroughly well answered in the negative.—The Rev. Astley Cooper writes an appreciative study of James Anthony Froude (Elliot Stock. 6d.). As what it was, namely, a lecture, the essay is breezy and pleasant.—We have all heard of the Manchester Unemployed's Progress One of the leaders was Stewart Gray, who some time ago usurped a pulpit and began a Socialist address. His exploit has been balladised (Smith and Hewin Manchester. 1d.). Here is one of the verses:—

> Your name is Gray, but your tie is red;
> Why come you thus to shock us?
> Your boots have an elephantine tread,
> Your legs are long, but when all's said—
> What's French for knickerbockers?

The real "Labour Pilgrim's Progress" has been written by H. T Muggeridge in the form (or should we say, similitude) of Bunyan's masterpiece (I.L.P. 3d.). The spirit and style

of the original are very well caught, and the booklet would make a good public reading.—The Arden Press, Letchworth, prints (and very nicely, too) a pamphlet: "The Censorship of Plays" (2d.), containing articles and reprinted letters by Bernard Shaw, Gilbert Murray and several anonymous writers. As a guide to the recent and forthcoming discussion of the subject, this pamphlet is without a rival.—Mr. Croft Hiller is well-known to readers of THE NEW AGE as a man with a mission. We ourselves are of opinion that his mission is admirable: in fact, we are his disciples. But when it comes to reprinting in three little paper volumes his various and multifarious correspondence, mostly with stupid persons on whom his intelligence is wasted, we protest against the extravagance. Of these "Letters," the most interesting are those in reply to Mr. Arnold Forster's articles on Socialism. No wonder the "Standard" dare not print them Read Mr. Hiller's modest claim (fully maintained, too): "I claim to have laid foundations, laid by no other man, for a new human motive dominating men in their practical relations, and ensuring the only possible future society that will avert social cataclysm." But after all, foundations are usually hidden. For example, what human being can discover the real as opposed to the articulated foundations of Mr. Haldane's Territorial Forces Act? We are tired of warning our readers of the danger involved in the transformation of volunteers into soldiery liable to be employed in trade-disputes. That is obviously, however, one of the effects of Mr. Haldane's Act, whether a contemplated or an unforeseen effect we only guess. We therefore welcome Ex-Sergeant-Major Edmondson's vigorous criticism of the great measure and commend it heartily to readers with the drums and fifes in their ears. ("An Exposition and Exposure of Haldane's Territorial Forces Act, 1907" (Twentieth Century Press, 1d.).—Finally, we have received a stimulating pamphlet, written in the form of an interview between a mortal and a god on the subject of "The World to Go and the World to Come" (By W. A. Macdonald. Sonnenschein). The author reasons acutely, writes clearly, and comes to some interesting conclusions. We agree with many and violently disagree with some: in short, the purpose of the pamphlet is well-served.—We omitted to notice the beautifully illuminated literary texts published by the National Art Publishing Co. (45, Chancery Lane). They are cheap and good.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

"The Spirit of Parliament." By David Schwann, M.P. (Alston Rivers. 3s. 6d.)
"The Works of Henrik Ibsen." Vol. I.; containing "Lady Inger of Osträt," "Feast at Solhoug," "Love's Comedy." (Heinemann. 4s. per volume.)
"The Procedure of the House of Commons." By Joseph Redlich. Trans. A. E. Steinthal. Three volumes. (Constable. 31s. 6d. net.)
"The Tinker's Wedding: A Comedy in Two Acts." By J. M. Synge. (Maunsel. 2s. net.)
"Noblesse Oblige: An Irish Rendering" By Horace Plunkett. (Maunsel. 6d. net.)
"Is Religion Undermined?" By Rev. C. L. Drawbridge, M.A. (Longmans. 1s. net.)
"Work and Wages." Part II., "Wages and Employment." By Sydney J. Chapman, M.A. Introduction by Lord Brassey. (Longmans. 10s. 6d. net.)
"The Liberal Magazine for 1907" (Vol. XV.). (Liberal Publication Department. 5s.)
"The Book, its History and Development." By Cyril Davenport. (Constable. 6s. net.)
"Criminal Appeal and Evidence." By N. W. Sibley. (Unwin. 15s. net)
"The Inward Light." By H Fielding Hall Macmillan. 10s. net.)
"The Death-Man." By Benjamin Swift. (Chapman and Hall. 6s.)
"British Socialism of To-Day." By H. O. Arnold Forster. (Smith, Elder. 3s. 6d. net.)
"The Armada Gold." By Edgar Turner and Reginald Hodder. (Grant Richards. 6s.)
"The Individualist." By Philip Gibbs. (Grant Richards. 6s.)
"Sixty Years of Protection in Canada." By Edward Porritt. (Macmillan. 5s. net)
"The Programme of Modernism." (Unwin. 5s. net.)
"Claude-Achille Debussy." By Mrs. Franz Liebich (Lane. 2s. 6d. net.)
"A Critical Examination of Socialism." By W. H. Mallock. (Murray. 6s)
"Songs and Poems." By T. H. T Case (David Nutt 1s.)
"Chardin and His Times" By Herbert Furst (Gowans and Gray 6d)
"Pictures by Richard Doyle" (Gowans and Gray. 6d.)
"Velazquez." By A. F. Calvert and C. Gasquoine Hartley. (Lane. 3s. 6d. net.)
"Interludes and Poems." By Lascelles Abercrombie. (Lane. 3s. 6d net.)
"The Duchess of Padua." By Oscar Wilde. Vol. I. of Collected Works. Edited by Robert Ross. (Methuen. 12s. 6d. net.)

DRAMA.

Rosmersholm and Freedom.

THERE is no doubt that Rosmersholm dates. It is obviously behind "the movement." No revolutionary circle would now tolerate the suicide of Rosmer and Rebecca in the mill-race, that ends the play. It is too clearly a merely formal and conventional ending. Our "wild and fearless" wills, not to mention our new friend the life-force, would scoff at their morbidity. We have also become more common-sense. Rebecca West ever more subtly urging on Rosmer's wife to insanity and death, and Rosmer insensibly drifting into a passion for Rebecca over a period of several years must inevitably seem rather ineffectual dodderers. Why don't they all sit round a table and have it out? But this attitude of super-philistinism does not in any way detract from our admiration of Rosmersholm as a play. Indeed, because of our lack of interest in the mannerisms of Ibsen, the play itself is more interesting. For the play has nothing to do with the mere dramatic scaffolding of plot and curtain, marvellously effective as these are; it resides in the display of the essential nature of Rebecca, Kroll and Rosmer, and of the process of thought in the hammering out of which their lives are mere incidents. And seen after an unbelievably long list of dramas, farces, comedies, and the rest of them, Rosmersholm proves itself, by being profoundly moving, and hypnotically arresting. When the temporary Ibsenisms are so far left behind as to be entirely forgotten, or made the subject of commentators' notes, the play will remain. And it is a play which has a particular interest for us of the Socialist movement, and especially the more practical and political of our number. The most precious possession of the human race is our tediously acquired instrument of free disciplined thought; applied through the sciences it has revolutionised every department of knowledge; applied to morals and theology, it has brought both within the spheres of science; applied to society it has resulted in the formulation of gigantic reconstructive proposals and of Socialism. The beating out of this instrument of thought through the lives of men and

women and its incalculable significance is what gives Rosmersholm its power. We see not only into the reality of Rebecca and Rosmer, but through them into the reality of a world process. In the wild, fearless will of Rebecca West, in the trimming Liberalism of Mortensgore, in the derelict spirit of Ulric Brendel, in the outraged conservatism of Rector Kroll, in the impracticable enthusiasm of Rosmer, even in the disturbed serenity of Madam Helseth, we see one mighty force using as it lists the human instruments through which it must get expression. Something greater is in the lives of these people than can be comprehended by them; Rosmer dreams of a race of noblemen, and a vista of stupendous and wonderful possibilities opens up before us. It is the shaping of these possibilities into realities that we Socialists have taken in hand, by the process of Socialism. There are other possible processes, but we have decided they are useless; nevertheless, Socialism is only one method of giving man freedom through organisation. What shall it profit us if in the detailed work we forget our inspiration in the immediacies of every day? The process of bringing Socialist organisation into existence involves a great deal of detailed investigation, much expert training, and the contemplation of ghastly social conditions and results that make unwholesome draughts on our sympathy. And we compromise. We turn from the great vision to the immediate opportunity. We turn away from our aim in order to buy help for our investigation, training for our experts, and salve for our lascerated emotions. For our immediate Socialist object we need every kind of help, and we must accept within limits every possibility of help, but we must rescue ourselves from the danger of compromising our vision. The magical instrument of thought we must keep of unsullied purity. Whoever shall attempt to persuade us that the method of thought of the great philosophers, scientists, and artists is fallacious, that person must we hold for our enemy be he never so intimate a political ally. Whoever shall attempt to place the shackles of authority and convention, mysticism and obscurantism on our thought, that person must we divorce from us. Nothing less than the free expression of the life forces of the world must be allowed to be our inspiration. The penalty of any attitude less definite is the ultimate sterilisation of our ideals, and on the possibility of maintaining this attitude depends the possibility of a progressive Socialist civilisation when once we have founded it securely. All the most vital questions of life we can only solve after we have got our Socialist organisation. Personal morality, theology, biological value, none of these questions can be adequately discussed at present, because all are stultified by the complicated tangle of our artificial relationship. They are even more difficult for us to discuss than for Ibsen, because Ibsen did not see the barriers of that development which we see, and did not contemplate the social organisation of the world as we contemplate it. Nowadays we are forced to cry out for the presentment of the economic struggle in the drama. But the presentment of this struggle is precisely what every dramatist avoids, because he desires to get at the essentials of life, and the economic hindrances of present life bewilder and annoy him. Indeed, to write a Socialist play would be almost incredibly difficult. On the stage a man must appear as an individual, and forces must show themselves through him. A dramatisation of "The Jungle," for instance, cannot bring on to the stage the herds of cattle, the lines of railway, the masses of men, and the complex machinery of the slaughter-house; it can only bring on men and women speaking of these things and influenced by these things. But Socialist problems ought to be treated, and can be treated, if we keep in view the ultimate aims of our movement and not its proximate achievements. Socialism is a means to an end, and it can be dramatised by making men and women the instruments of that end.

It would be unfair to close my article without some token of appreciation of the excellent and valuable work done by the actors, particularly by Miss Florence Kahn as Rebecca. Miss Kahn seems peculiarly sympathetic, and her acting in the second act was painfully impressive. Mr. Eille Norwood as Rosmer was trying to be too subtle, but Mr. Fulton as Rector Kroll, and Mr. Chesney as Mortensgore were as distinctly simple as could be wished. And to be directly simple is all Ibsen requires. In a sense we have gone past Ibsen. His plays date. But in truth there was never a time when his plays were more needed than at present, and certainly never a time when they would be more appreciated. Why not have an Ibsen season, and revive the plays in repertory fashion, two or three in a week? Janet Achurch and Charles Charrington lately revived "Ghosts" in Manchester with great success. Why not a season in London?

L. HADEN GUEST.

MUSIC.

Debussy.

The visit of Claude-Achille Debussy to London last week was the most important musical event that has happened in these islands for a good many years. It was his first appearance as a conductor on an English platform. On Saturday, at the concert of the Queen's Hall Orchestra, he conducted his now famous prelude "L'Après-midi d'un Faune" and, for the first time in England, "La Mer" (three symphonic sketches), one of his most recent works. There is only one other personality amongst the composers of our own time who matters as much; I mean, of course, Richard Strauss. They have founded contemporary epochs; and the art of music is in that interesting state of development when one can watch the effect of these two great minds upon the works of all the others. Perhaps Sibelius, the Finn, is most aloof from either influence; Rimsky-Korsakov, the Russian, rather less. But England, Germany, and France teem with young men who are abject slaves of one or the other. To me, personally, Debussy makes a stronger, or rather a more intimate, appeal than Strauss. Strauss is too often repellant to fit in with my habitual mildness of disposition. I can only stand a little of his mad music and "Salome"; it is too exhausting for ordinary nerves. The Frenchman, on the other hand, has all the delicate charm, all the extraordinary fine and subtle imagination one is familiar

with in modern French verse. Mallarmé, Verlaine, Baudelaire, Villiers de L'Isle-Adam, Maeterlinck—there are his affinities. And if you don't live really too much in Chelsea or Kensington, in an atmosphere of incense, blue china, and pink and white criticism (with haschisch and the books of Elkin Mathews in their proper place), and can get away occasionally to Donegal or Moscow or some such quite distant place—then it is easy enough to listen to the music of Debussy without fatigue or enervation. Were you to drink nothing but China tea, however, and smoke nothing but the finest Egyptian cigarettes and spend the rest of your life between Cheyne Walk and Carfax's, I can quite imagine the invertebrate condition Monsieur Debussy's music would leave you in. Strauss is a racket of another kind—of a very obvious kind—and unless one has the constitution of the gentleman who plays the cymbals in the Queen's Hall, a little goes a very long way. Debussy is narcotic, sometimes soporific even, but soporific in quite a different way from the genius of Sir Charles Villiers-Stanford, for instance. You don't always know you're physically listening to Debussy, but you know jolly well you're listening to Stanford. When listening to "L'Après-midi d'un Faune" you may commence to take off your coat (for the air is vibrating with heat and the hum of a million insects), but you are much more likely to reach for your coat when an Irish Rhapsody is threatened.

A particularly clumsy and careless rendering by Mr. Henry J. Wood, of the Egmont Overture commenced the afternoon's programme. Our old tormentors, the brass and wood-wind, really seem to take an infernal delight in doing the wrong thing. But M. Debussy at once cast some mighty spell over the orchestra when he took up the bâton, and quite a sensible performance was given of the great Frenchman's works. Of "La Mer" what can one say? It is bewildering and wonderful and utterly new; and it is a difficult thing to receive or give any translatable notion of its quality. M. Debussy has commenced where there was nobody to leave off; he is a pioneer. He has commanded and compelled the elements of sound in a way that was never dreamed of in the most reactionary days of Wagner and Berlioz. In method, in manner, in subject, he stands alone. His work is incomparable to anything except perhaps the work of certain modern painters—Whistler and Monet, for example. Painters may be able to trace the artistic ancestry of these men easily enough, for all I know, but unless one sees a certain likeness between the adventurous exploration of the orchestra by Berlioz (who died nearly two generations ago) and the present achievements of Debussy, the latter must stand apart from the throng as one who has learned everything and derived nothing. "La Mer" consists of three sketches: De l'Aube à Midi sur la Mer; Jeux de Vagues; Dialogue de Vent et de la Mer. If it is not too much of a contradiction in terms, each picture may be called a masterpiece of indefinite completeness. And each picture is a study in the negation of feeling; each picture is in itself non-emotional. The sea is there, and not its mood, but your mood. To-morrow it will sound quite different, more passionate, less passionate, according to how you feel yourself. If you feel bored, the sea will sound bored; if you feel particularly facetious, so will the sea. For my own amusement I have (quite privately, of course) classified my favourite music into two kinds, emotional and decorative. They have all written emotional music, of course, but I subtract certain little things of Rameau and Mozart and Gluck, and a few songs of Fauré and the modern Frenchmen, for my other category. But I have never labelled any piece impersonal. I took it for granted that no composer could extract his personality from his work. And now M. Debussy comes along and blandly presents his Sea with about the same emotional participation as the man who works the patriotic bioscope at a music-hall. It is positively non-human. You may, if you like, discover in it the composer's fastidious nature, his regard for choice and exquisite things; and you may, if you dare, label it subjective. But it is just as subjective as the conversation of the wind among the reeds; it is just as personal as a still-life study of Fantin-Latour or the sentries in Whitehall. There is wizardry and magic in this music of Claude Debussy. He simply turns on the sea and then runs away and pretends he had nothing to do with it, and leaves you to argue as to why he did it, what tune the sea is humming to itself, and what terrible secret there is untold. But you may argue till Doomsday about "La Mer"; there is no secret, and if there were, M. Debussy couldn't tell it for the life of him.

HERBERT HUGHES.

CORRESPONDENCE.

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

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

WHEN GREEK MEETS GREEK.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

We have heard Chesterton so often on Shaw that THE NEW AGE has performed a public service in getting a Shavian view of Chesterton. So G.B.S. is to play Siegfried to the Chesterbelloc dragon: and meanwhile we listen to the Forging of the Sword! Well, the Chesterbelloc can defend itself: but will Siegfried listen to a friendly warning?

Having searched the records, Shaw tells us that Chesterton is the descendant of Gargantua. Doubtless: but what about Falstaff? Does not the Falstaff-Gargantua element belong to the British character quite as much as the Sidney Webb-Bernard Shaw element? Must we abandon the pantomime-elephant Chesterbelloc altogether to enter the ascetic and spiritual shrine of the Savoy? Must we choose finally between the rollicking "Meistersingers" and the saintly "Parsifal"? We know that Shaw rejects the bottle with a finer scorn than any common teetotaler: we accept (with a sort of horror-struck pity) his assertion that he hates a holiday: but because his Galahad-like virtue drinks only Beethoven, shall there be no more cakes and ale? We know that Shaw, like Galahad, prefers spiritual drunkenness: but are all men Galahads, or even Percivals? Shaw, close thy Nietszche and open thy Rabelais: learn from the oracle of Holy Bottle the true apologia of the Chesterbelloc. "By wine is man made divine." Man, said Blake, can only enter heaven on the wings of his passions. Dionysus-Chesterton is also trying to arrange the world in something like decency, as much as Apollo-Shaw. But the few great truths necessary for this operation can only be conveyed to men's minds in an ecstasy (which Blake called passionate imagination). And of that ecstasy Holy Bottle is, in its way, a sacrament and symbol. "Drink ye all of this" was a command issued to Peter as well as John, to Chestertons who love wine and romance as well as to Shaws who love health and supermen. G.K.C. and G.B.S. represent the two lobes in the eternal brain of humanity and the interplay between them constitutes the drama of life. But let not the champion of the Holy Cup think to dispense altogether with those of the Holy Bottle.

A. H. LEE.

* * *

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

Quite by chance to-day after a long absence from England THE NEW AGE came into my hands. May I tell you that in many ways I find it quite admirable?

The article on "Regicide" interested me. I don't agree with the writer—his point of view seems to me to be a little

wilfully unfair to the English; but it is an interesting article.

However, it may be as well to be sure of one's facts. Personally I loathe accuracy; but one's readers expect it. It is amusing to read that "The Latin races understand the fundamentals of freedom much better" than we do. Does your writer mean political or social freedom? If social freedom he might defend his position; otherwise not. "Among them [the Latins] our slave factory system hardly obtains." It "hardly obtains," because in comparison with England there are so few factories in Italy or Spain. But if the writer will inspect the mercury mines of Mont' Amiata for instance he will find that the system which does obtain is more outrageous than anything in this country. I should like also to take him through Calabria and Apulia and to introduce him to the peasant of both Northern and Southern Tuscany. The systems under which these people live (not without happiness) would be unendurable by our people.

As to the Spaniard who "does not touch his cap if you offer an alms," he may be right. You generally find that there is no time to "offer." Alms is demanded everywhere in the south as a matter of course. You are cursed and stoned if you refuse.

That the Latin is happier and more essentially so than our masses is I find true, but it is partly because he has not the same strange lust for freedom—political freedom. Don't be misled by the "socialism" of Italy. It is a stranger and less important movement than you may think.

It seems to me that the one people who have persistently desired political freedom are the "Anglo-Saxons"; they are certainly the only people who have it.

As to social freedom that is another story.

EDWARD HUTTON.

* * *

ECONOMICS AND WOMEN.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

In reply to Mr. Taylor's letter in your last issue. It would be well if persons who talk of the economic independence of women would say just what they mean by it. By economic independence I mean earning one's own living. I doubt whether "under Socialism" all women will earn their own livings; I doubt whether all women will desire to earn their own livings; I am quite sure that all women will not be compelled to earn their own livings. HUBERT BLAND.

* * *

CONJURING THE BOGEY AGAIN.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

Just at the moment when the efforts of the "Daily Express" and Mr. Arnold Forster are concentrated on circulating the statement that State Socialism is necessarily accompanied by the horrors of the French Revolution; and when the absurd people one meets in the train assert seriously that the recent assassinations in Portugal are typical of the state of things which the propagation of Socialism will produce in England, it is singularly disconcerting to find two of your contributors—Thorpe Lee and Haden Guest respectively—lending some plausibility to these two ridiculous notions.

The first gentleman assists by disclosing a striking analogy between the recent opening of Parliament and the opening of the Assembly of Notables in 1786. While Dr. Guest, gazing reflectively around him on the same auspicious occasion, detected on all sides "an indisputable sense of brooding, a thunder-feeling as of something about to happen."

Are these two gentlemen deliberately trying to wreck the attempt of the Fabian Society to capture the middle and professional classes for Socialism? Our method is to take these timid people by the hand, and show them that the steady increase in the power of the State has been going on ever since the Factory Acts, being proportionate to the growth of representative government, and that this tendency is just becoming self-conscious under the name of Socialism—that, in effect, Socialism is an evolutionary movement.

Your two contributors apparently prefer to adopt the course of frightening people into Socialism, by enlarging on the revolution that would take place if each component part of the common mob were a Lee or a Guest. And this at a time when we want people to realise—in the way that M P.'s have realised by mixing with Labour members in the House of Commons—that Socialists are not bloodless robbers. Think, for example, of the immense impetus it would give to the Socialist movement if Mr. Bernard Shaw took up golf.

I accuse, then, Thorpe Lee and Haden Guest of playing straight into the hands of the enemy by conjuring up the "bogey of Socialism" in the already disturbed middle-class mind. On their heads be it. E.

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