NOTES OF THE WEEK

The New Age, March 28, 1908. **A NEW TESTAMENT**: by John Davidson.

**THE NEW AGE**

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF POLITICS, LITERATURE, AND ART

Edited by A. R. Orage.

No. 707 [New Series. Vol. II. No. 22] Saturday, Mar. 28, 1908. [Registered as a Newspaper] ONE PENNY

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**NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—All Business Communications must be addressed to Publisher, "New Age," 139, Fleet Street, E.C.; communications for the Editor to 1 & 2, Tooke's Court, Furnival Street, E.C.**

**NOTES OF THE WEEK.**

We hope the Labour Party will not be disheartened by the fate of their Right to Work Bill or by the cold reception of Mr. Clynes' Eight Hours Day Bill. Both measures are sure to come in time, and political gratitude is no impossible thing. Besides, nobody supposed the Liberals would really marry the Labour Party. Flirtation with Socialism during the silly season was one thing; but a serious union on a Right to Work Bill was plainly out of the question.

Moreover, there is no disguising the fact that the Government grows stronger instead of weaker almost daily. Six months ago they could not afford to despise even the Labour Party. To-day they can snap their fingers at the Labour, Irish, and dissentient Liberals all together. Mr. Asquith’s personal position has also considerably improved. We ourselves still believe him the worst man possible for Premiership; but the promised 150 Liberals who were to resign if he reigned have dwindled to less than half-a-dozen.

The reason is obvious. Mr. Asquith has put himself right with the Nonconformist conscience. We use the word with no sectarian meaning. His Licensing Bill has undoubtedly smitten the Philistines under the fifth moral rib, and he is champion henceforward. Probably under cover of this Bill he will venture on a smaller Pension than before he would have dared to suggest. In short, the Labour Party may look to see the second of their two main measures severely mauled or slain outright.

If that should prove the case, we hope the Labour Party will be seriously angry. At present nothing political seems to disturb them very much. The Government insists on their Right to Work Bill, and simply ignores them (Mr. Herbert Samuel cannot be regarded as serious treatment) on their Eight Hours Bill. Yet, as far as we can learn, nothing will be said or done, except that Mr. Henderson—Is it?—is going to move an amendment to the Fiscal Reformers' motion next week, while Mr. O’Grady will continue his most useful work of interrogating Mr. Morley on the subject of India. We have no complaint against what is done, but what is being left undone angers us increasingly. After all, the Labour Party is the Parliamentary representative of the Socialist movement, and as such is responsible for keeping the movement well advertised. But neither on the Right to Work Bill nor on the Eight Hours Day Bill did any of their stars shine with much lustre. Oh for the spirit of the Suffragettes!

On Mr. Clynes’ resolution in favour of an Eight Hours Day, for example, the debating skill of the Labour Party was either nil or unreported. (Perhaps a Socialist daily paper will put our perspectives right.) In the first place, it was sheer inconsistency on the part of the Government to accept the Eight Hours principle for miners, and to reject it for other industries. Much more should have been made of that point. Again, nobody except Mr. Balfour replied to Mr. Harold Cox, who disgraced his early Fabian membership by suggesting that workmen should become capitalists. This reminds us of the French queen who, when told that her people had no bread, recommended them to eat cake. Both Mr. Samuel and Mr. Harold Cox should have been intellectually pulverised before the close of the debate.

But why blame the Labour Party for a fault common to all the parties? Can anything be more humiliating than the spectacle of the controversies over the Eight Hours for Miners Bill and the Licensing Bill? On both the campaign of sincere mendacity is in full blast.

Take, for instance, the latest bulletins of the health of our Iron and Shipping industries. We are seriously told by the “Times” that another shilling or so in the price of coal may spell disaster for both these industries. Considering that all the Fifeshire miners have had the eight hours day for thirty-six years, all the Cumberland miners for twenty years, and a good many Durham and Northumberland miners for ten years, without disaster, but the contrary, to our delicate industries, such gloomy forebodings are only fit for PALL Mall clubs. That Sir George Livesey should lend his name to the bogey scare is almost incredible. But having done...
The agitation against the Licensing Bill is like Macbeth's life, full of sound and fury, signifying nothing very much. There is no doubt these brewers can bark to some tune. The worst of it is that the teetotallers have suddenly left the Government in the lurch. At Peel-hall, where the publicans are rearing like the Liberal candidate can get no canvassers outside the House of Commons itself. This is the usual way of one's political friends; they are never so faithful as one's enemies. Three bishops have come to the support of the Brewers on, of course, the highest moral grounds. The aged Lord Rothschild has been drawn from his contemplation to preside at a City meeting, where dammatory clauses were read against the Bill. And, finally, we should not be surprised if Mr. Asquith were not prevailed upon to substitute 21 for 14 years as the Time-limit and, generally, to bow before the rowdy storm.

Except on grounds of principle we ourselves care little enough about the Bill. But in principle it has some excellent points. The State resumption of indivisible rights without State compensation, for example, is good. We could wish the Government had the courage to declare its intention of carrying on Beer making and Beer selling itself after fourteen years. That would make a splash in the world of ideas, and give teetotallers and brewers some weighty subject to discuss. By the way, Mr. Long's figures were interesting. On the assumption that the Government's average of one public-house to every four hundred population is correct, Mr. Long cited the case of two adjacent counties. In one the number of houses would have to be reduced by 950, but in the other they would need to be increased by 3. Strangely enough, in the latter county the convictions for drunkenness are twelve times more than in the former. So much for the effect of reduction on drunkenness.

The opposition to Mr. McKenna's Education Bill is increasing. The truth is, there was never any need for the Bill at all. Had not the Passive Resisters uttered their war-whoops so shrilly, it is certain this Government, even with Mr. Balfour in it, would have let Mr. Balfour's 'well' alone. From beginning to end of the Bill there is not a word about Education. Not a single time-table, not a single teacher, not a single pupil will be improved by the Bill. In addition, we may have a few thousand Elementary schools shut out from the national system, the old bad system of school peace revived, and the old sectarian warfare recommenced ab ovo. And all to reward a few thousand people for indulging in the political sulks!

If the Government were not so cock-sure of their docile majority they might receive a hint. Nobody, let us say, will condemn the House of Lords for throwing out such an un-Education Bill. On the contrary, the vast majority of electors will support them in doing so. The Bishop of Asaph's Bill, for example, is a far better Bill than Mr. McKenna's; and it originates in the House of Lords. Given a little more security to the teachers than the Bishop's Bill provides, and we would welcome it as a settlement of the unessential elements of the whole question. But Mr. McKenna's Bill adds fuel to fire.

The debate on the second reading of the Irish Housing Bill provided some striking statistics of the deplorable condition of housing in the Irish cities. Of 59,263 tenements there are 21,747 of only one room each. The worst of it is that these conditions are faithfully repeated in all the civilised cities of the world in Republican and Protectionist countries, as in Monarchical and Free-trade. The state of London is too well known to be known at all. And in New York only last week an exhibition was held—very properly in the Natural History Museum—showing specimens and models of the slum dwellings of the New York poor. One entirely windowless room shown bore the label: "300,000 rooms like this still left and occupied in various parts of New York." How consoling to learn that there are fifty private organisations in the city for securing better housing. Rome in the year of its fall was crowded with charitable societies.

Lord Hugh Cecil's letter to the "Times," complaining of the position of the Free-trade Unionists in the Conservative Party, has been followed by a walliful chorus of confederate rage, each singing as well as singular. Lord Ridley's reply of the following day was conspicuous for a rare piece of claptrap: "If there is one right clearly preserved to a voter in any constituency under our Constitution, clearly it is the right to choose the man who shall endeavour to represent his views in Parliament." If that is the only right clearly preserved, etc., the voter is in a bad way indeed. The squabble in the Unionist ranks is all the more pitiable in view of the complacency of the Liberal majority. Even their enemies appear now to be on their side.

We should like to know how many of our readers could name the source of the following passage:—

"Commercialism entices men from the land, uses up their stamina, mental and physical, creating the progenitors of weakly offspring brought up in the most insanitary conditions, and then throws its human wreckage upon the land just as it dumps its furnace slag upon a cornfield. Or, when men have grown old in its service, uncared for and unhelped, it calls upon the community at large, upon people who never gained a penny by these men's labour, to provide them with the pensions which ought all along to have been a charge upon the undertakings to which they gave their lives."

The passage occurred in a "Times" leader of last week, the day before St. Patrick's Day. We suspect, however, that St. Patrick had nothing to do with it. Perhaps the notice immediately following the leader and announcing that Mr. Pearson was not to be a shareholder in the "Times" was responsible. In that case we might regard it as the "Times" Te Deum.

Mr. Winston Churchill is to be congratulated on his short way with Nairobi floggers and their aiders and abettors. Nairobi has a population of five thousand, of whom three hundred and fifty are Europeans, mostly, it would seem, imperfect. One of them is the egregious ex-Militia Captain Grogan. Another is Mr. Burz, who has just asked in vain for compensation on account of wrongful prosecution over the flogging business. Our own complaint is that more were not prosecuted. At least half the European population assisted at the spectacle, and refused assistance to the blacks or to the official Governor, even when specifically called on.

Mr. Churchill was not so inspired at the Missionary meeting which he attended on Tuesday. Not to put too fine a point on it, he ranted recklessly in the suffo-
eating atmosphere of broadcloth. Here is an extract from his truthful narrative:

"All the way up the Uganda Railway there were to be seen naked pagan savages, people living their tribal life in the darkness of ignorance and savagery, but on landing in the Uganda we found ourselves in a new world—one of clothed, well-mannered, well-organised and polite people. They had abandoned polygamy and adopted the form of Christian marriage [let us hope without spirit]. That is a great and marvellous thing, and coming to that community in the heart of Africa, it seemed to me as if I had come to a sort of centre of peace and illumination in the middle of barbarism and darkness... It was Easter-hall that had won Uganda."

Was it Easter-hall that handed Uganda and its inhabitants over to the tender mercies of Captain Grogan?

* * *

The Labour problem in South Africa does not grow a bit less difficult with the repatriation of the Chinese. If yellow cannot be had, black will do equally well, or brown at a pinch. The mine owners are casting eyes on Madagascar, Malay and Portuguese Africa, anywhere except in the direction of white labour. In two years the actual number of whites employed in the mines has decreased by 500. Sir George Farrar tells us that the white unemployed problem is one of the gravest questions in Johannesburg. And on top of all this Mr. Lionel Phillips calmly assures us that South Africa will never be even predominantly a white man's country. We can well believe it unfortunately. Neither would England be a predominantly white man's country without something approaching a minimum wage; nor would any of our colonies. As we have said before, a white man's country is expensive; it costs high wages without something approaching a minimum wage; nor would England be a predominantly white man's country when the play may not need to become serious? Destastable and degrading as war is, the scheme of the world seems to demand it in the absence of high intelligence, such as no race yet shows signs of acquiring. After all, the world is not yet a place for a philosopher.

* * *

Recent events in the Black Republic of Haiti have drawn attention to this strange Ethiopian experiment in race-building. Haiti shares with Liberia the distinction of being the only countries with a genuinely black civilisation. Proclaimed independent in 1804, and formally constituted in 1889, Haiti has long since adopted most of the worst features of white civilisation. There is a navy of six vessels, each almost as large as a good-sized barge; an army of 6,000 men sometimes, and a special Government guard of 650 men, commanded by ten full-blown generals. In addition the country has a fine and growing national debt, and a quantity of prisons.

* * *

The peculiar feature of its politics is that the opposition is always regarded as villains, deserving of instant death. Apparently they can be shot at sight. In our own country an opposition is something to be prayed for and entreated gently. But in Haiti your opposition is a devilish crew of revolutionary scoundrels. Seven of these have just been summarily shot, and the rest, after being summarily shot, have been barely permitted to leave the island with a whole skin. Thus is shattered one dream we cherished of a black Republic that should destroy our mad white culture.

* * *

By the way, lest we white phume ourselves without moderation, there exists in Europe a country named Russia, not to name Portugal, which recently came very near suppressing its opposition by Haitian means.

* * *

We are glad to see that the French Senate has rendered homage at last to the memory of that great man Zola. By a majority of 350 they have decided to expend £1,400 in transferring the remains of the dead patriot to the Pantheon, where, perhaps, his example of a life of intellectual honesty may be as fruitful in death as it was in life. M. Anatole France once said of Zola that he had vilified humanity, and that it would have been better if such a man had never been born. But that hasty judgment was withdrawn in a noble speech, delivered, if we remember rightly, on the occasion of an anniversary of the famous "J'accuse."
The Eight Hours Day.

There are some persons who grumble that the Labour Party lacks imagination; that it is always tinkering with little insignificant things that do not much matter. This criticism, by the way, overlooks the unpleasant fact that Parliament is confined, by the laws of the game, to the business of tinkering; it is only there to register, in stunted prose, some of the simplest of the real imperatives in which the men of imagination have been preaching for centuries. The machinery of the House of Commons is not adapted for serious business. Fancy the insurmountable difficulty of getting any essential part of Shelley's philosophy through a Select Committee, even with the support of the Government. Imagine the embarrassment of the Speaker if he were asked to rule points of order on a Home Rule Bill drafted by Mr. W. B. Yeats—clearly the man to draft it. He would probably lose his head (the Speaker, I mean); while Mr. Yeats would run his against some sunken rock in the British Constitution, which is founded on sunken rocks. There is really not room in Parliament for a man of imagination; they send him to the Clock Tower.

Be this as it may; the men of the Labour Party are rapidly unsettling the ancient traditions of the House. The week before last they insisted on discussing the Right to Work, in the unemployment debate; last week they insisted on discussing the Right not to Work, under the title of the Eight Hours Day. Could anything be more ideally revolutionary? This demand to work when and for how long they please? If the workers of England really mean all that—and stick to their guns—then the revolution is on its way at last. The next step is to insist on working for themselves, instead of doing an eight hours day for their masters. And that will be Socialism.

It is a little difficult to estimate the worth of the discussion which followed the resolution which Mr. Clynes and Mr. Kelly quite tolerably moved in the House of Commons. Its terms were: "That in the opinion of this House, the time has arrived when, in the interests of the workers generally, and in view of the present large number of unemployed, the working day in all trades and industries should be limited by law to a maximum of eight hours. Whether carried or rejected, it would be a step in the right direction.

The general advantage of the shortening of the hours of labour, even to an eight hours day, by a compulsory law enforced by the State, is no longer in dispute amongst cultured people. Just as the State sternly forbids the destruction of a man's physical life, so the State, it inevitably follows, must forbid the killing of the mental life by a continuance of monotonous toil unrelieved by the mere charm of variety. Why should hang one man for killing his enemy, and make another a pauper for keeping thousands of human beings in coal mines or factories for almost the whole of their working life, that is an abstract question which even Parliament might settle on the next slack afternoon. All the late industrial progress is against hours of work as an efficient as a reasonable maximum. The material work of the world can be comfortably done in that time: it is not an excessively utopian ideal. Of course, Mr. Harold Cox is panic-stricken at the thought that the railway porters at a country station may be harshly dismissed from their labours at the end of the eighth hour. He is unable to visualise a society where every man is not thoroughly overtime in the interests of the community. G. R. S. TAYLOR.
The Licensing Bill.

Mr. Asquith's Licensing Bill is an odd mixture of good and bad, of sound statesmanship and motherly interference, and its supporters in the House and in the country appear to be similarly divided into two wholly distinct parties, one consisting of sound statesmen— or shall we say, Socialists—and the other of temperance grandmothers. The latter, it is to be feared, greatly exceed the former in numbers. In the Bill itself, as in a number of other, the valuable financial clauses are on the whole the predominating feature, and on this account the measure seems worthy of support, at least until the Committee stage is reached, and even afterwards, provided the grandmothers' portions are not amended so as to become altogether intolerable.

The controversial points which are involved in the Bill are not being discussed, and probably never will be discussed, on the one side there are "vested interests," and on no one in this great shopkeeping country expects to hear the truth from a body of men whose pockets are about to be touched. On the other side there are superstitious and invincible prejudices, the outcome of an ancient feud; and it is as useless to expect a level-headed opinion from men who regard all alcohol as poisonous as from men who think that the right of selling it ought to be the inalienable property of themselves and their friends for ever. When one adds to these considerations the fact that no disinterested person, unless he is "bought" by one side or the other, cares to get mixed up in the controversy at all, it becomes obvious that the man in the street who has to decide the matter has remarkably little chance of finding out what are the rights and wrongs of it all and how it will be affected.

Let us, then, examine the Bill from the point of view of the man in the street, of the man, it is to say, who wants to be able to get his beer without any unnecessary fuss or difficulty, and who at the same time would like to see drunkenness abolished, not because he wishes to interfere with anybody's personal liberty, but because it is a public nuisance, and brings all sorts of ruin and misery upon innocent persons.

Beginning with the grandmotherly clauses, one notices first that there is to be more Sunday closing. Only for three hours in the day, one at noon and two in the evening, are the public-houses to be open on the weekly holiday. Where is the popular demand for such a change as this? Can it be said that we enjoy democratic government when it is possible for a few fanatical individuals to impose fresh restrictions just where most of us want more liberty. Then, again, the three mile walk which has hitherto been regarded as sufficient to earn a man the right to obtain refreshment during prohibited hours is to be lengthened to six. It might as well have been made a hundred, for all the use the rule will now be to the average man. One can only suppose that the Puritans have a religious axe to grind, and wish to discourage Sunday walks.

The Bill next provides for the exclusion of children from public-houses. This perhaps may be desirable under present circumstances, but it is beginning reform from the wrong end. What we want are decent and comfortable drinking-places where a man can take his wife and children with the certain knowledge that they will be as safe there from moral contamination as in an A.B.C. shop. Can any sane man doubt that there would be more wine where these conditions are fulfilled, than where the child is either cruising the street or larking in some grandmotherly portion, or going home drunk to his family, as is now the case? If the time were passed, and all such evil excluded, we might well wait for the time when the State could have his family about him, and in a place where he is condemned to be alone and of which the very atmosphere is declared by law to be tainted. But on this respect few men are same, and perhaps we must be content for the moment with a patchwork reform.

In passing we note that the justices are to have power in certain cases to abolish harbours, and thus carry still further the principle of moral ostracism which is the keynote of this part of the Bill.

The proposed regulations in regard to clubs seem in their intentions at least to be in the right direction, and we may pass on to the financial clauses of the Bill. These clauses are framed with a view to providing for two wholly distinct things. In the first place, for the reduction of the number of public-houses, and, in the second for the resumption by the State of the full monopoly value of licenses. For many years the temperance party, unable to hope for complete prohibition, have cherished a comparatively humble aim, viz. to reduce the number of places where alcohol can be obtained. Without some sort of compensation fund for the deprived licensees, it was practically impossible, however, for the justices to take any effective action in this direction without making vindictive and inequitable distinctions, and so we had Mr. Balfour's Act of 1904. But this Act practically legalised the "vested interests," claimed by the Trade, and so brought about a demand for some time-limit to those vested interests. And this is where the man in the street really comes in. For centuries the State—that is to say, the taxpayers—has been giving away in the form of a monopoly to brewers and publicans a sum which is variously estimated at something between ten and twenty million pounds per annum. As far as legal rights are concerned, the State could resume the whole of this income to-morrow, but the Trade naturally wish to keep it as long as possible, and urge that they have been led to expect that their monopoly was to be a permanent one.

It is clear, on the one hand, that this annual gift by the taxpayers to the brewers cannot in justice to the former be allowed to continue indefinitely. But it is equally clear that if the rights of Investors are to be recognised at all—as they must be recognised, if the system of credit upon which the fabric of modern industry is based is not to be suddenly destroyed—the investors in this particular industry have a right to demand time to prepare for the coming catastrophe. The only question which is open to serious discussion is as to how many years of grace the Trade ought to be allowed. Some temperance reformers suggest 7 years, others 10; the "Spectator" and the Bishops favour 21; Mr. Balfour and the brewers 1,000. But all these the man in the street will regard as blow-outs of one sort or another, unbalanced persons who are not to be trusted. Only expert actuaries have any real right to an opinion, but since Providence has ordained that the next few elections are to be fought on this issue, it is necessary for everybody to hold some view or other, and the only thing to do is to fall back upon the ad hominem argument. Mr. Asquith has named 14 years, and probably that would be about right if it were reckoned not from April, 1909, but from the passing of Mr. Balfour's Act in 1904, when the most public notice of their impending doom was given to publicans and investors alike. At all events, 14 years may be taken as a maximum. Mr. Asquith is personally disinterested, it is true, but he is a large property owner and the bulwark of the anti-Socialists in the Liberal Party, and that ought to be sufficient to convince most people that the time proposed must be quite long enough for justice to the Trade, and probably too long for justice to the people.

In some form or other the Bill will undoubtedly be passed this session, for the opposition of which we hear so much is purely factitious, and indeed proves nothing except that the brewers are rich. But when it is passed, what will it have done? Nothing, except perhaps to prepare the way for future reform. Liberal politicians speak much of the right of the individual to live his own life, and they certainly have a right to regulate this trade in the State in such a manner that he has a chance to have his family about him than in a place where he is condemned to be alone and of which the very atmosphere is declared by law to be tainted. But on this respect few men are same, and perhaps we must be content for the moment with a patchwork reform.

CLIFFORD SHARP.
The Dynamic of Socialism.

By the Hon. Sir Hartley Williams.

Ir be desired to make honest and whole-hearted converts to Socialism, to free doubters and those who are half-convinced, from the drag syphoning away their power, or in some substantial degree diminish the means and opportunities of self-gratification. All men's good is a matter of no import to us; it is our own good, its maintenance, and its preservation, which is our care and concern. We do not, as we ought, regard ourselves as one with humanity, as forming a part of the same human family, of the same human race. We live, or we fear, that this measure or that may affect our pocket or our status, may deprive us of some per-

truthful and candid, beyond all controversy from regard to better the social conditions of the people? If we are 

grinding poverty, no overcrowded tenements, no agonis-

rejoicing or the reverse?

property of no millionaires, no Gargantuan feasts, no fantastic and 

ing struggle for the right to live, even though we had 

achieved that result we become no longer open to the 

vast majority of their compatriots would not rejoice 

at the result, even were that result achieved by the 

of their own happiness, as well as for that of others, to 

become supporters of a movement; if they oppose, or as to which they entertain doubts and mis-

givings.

Surely no one, unless he be absolutely callous or 

saturated with selfishness, can contemplate with indif-

ference or without mental discomfort the hundreds of 

thousands of his fellow-beings who are struggling for 

the right to work, or the equally large number who, on 

earnings which are below the poverty line, are battling 

for the right to live; or can fail to sympathise in some 

degree with the misery, hopelessness, and hideous 

squalor of their lives. Surely all who have a spark of 

human love in them could not fail to feel happier and 

more contented if the poor despairing victims of our present social conditions were substantially im-

proved and ameliorated. It is too much to say that, if 

these hundreds of thousands of our countrymen were 

enabled to live the normal, happy, and human life 

living in a civilised community are entitled to live, the 

vast majority of their compatriots would not rejoice 

at the result, even were that result achieved by the 

sacrifice or withdrawal of some privileges and luxuries, 

of some surplus wealth, of the means for extravagant 

expenditure. Would not our own land be a happier 

dland to dwell in, if there were no heartrending and 

grinding poverty, no overcrowded tenements, no agonis-

ing struggle for the right to live, even though we had 

no millionaires, no Gargantuan feasts, no fantastic and 

darting entertainments, no unreasonable and extra-

vant public or private display and expenditure? If in 

achieving that result, we become no longer open to the 

reproach that with our population of 45 millions more 

than one-half of the land in the United Kingdom is the 

property of 2,500 people would that be a cause for 

rejoicing or the reverse?

Whence arises the bitter opposition which is made to 
avo every measure brought forward to improve and 

better the social conditions of the people? If we are 

truthful and candid, beyond all controversy from regard to, and anxiety for, our own special interests. We 

believe, or we fear, that this measure or that may affect 

our pocket or our status, may deprive us of some per-

sonal or class privilege, denude us of some influence or 

power, or
England's Big Task.
This was what I read on the contents-bills of an evening paper the other day. Of course it referred to a cricket-match. A few minutes later the motor-bus conductor came aloft to collect fares, and began an animated discussion with a passenger about—a football match! And I thought, "Why all this interest in ball games? What's Manchester to him or he to Manchester—that he should care so much whether it win or lose? For account for the fact that cricket on the other side of the globe arouses more interest among a large class of our population than anything which is happening at home?" I found answers to my questions. I wonder if they were right. I said to myself: "It is the fault first of our system of education, then of our politicians, then of our newspapers." Do you ask why, and say "the fault?" Because to be chiefly interested by trifles when great issues are at stake is in a man the sign of a frivolous and immature mind. In a class of men it is equally deplorable.

We speak contemptuously of Nero, who "friedle while Rome burned." It does not seem to strike us, as a nation, that for the minds of the Mass of the People to be mainly occupied with thoughts of games played as by machines, at a time of crisis in the world, it quite is contemptible as Nero's fabled frivolity, and even more dangerous to the State.

Our system of education does not turn out boys and girls imbued with the knowledge that life is real, life is earnest. It does not teach them the duty of good citizens. I doubt whether, in most cases, it causes any mental ferment at all. I am afraid that even a great many teachers regard education as a matter of learning certain things out of books, acquiring a smattering of general information, getting the right answers to sums. If the true use of education is to build up character upon solid foundations and to develop the mind, then from top to bottom our education system fails. The public schoolboy and the child leaving the elementary school are alike intellectually incurious, uninspired by ideals, undeveloped both in character and brain.

Many find out for themselves a meaning in life, and give their attention to realities. But most remain always children. It is astonishing how few English people are really grown up. Here I find the reason why. It is so little conversation in England, so little exchange of ideas. Take the average kind of man one meets and talks with in a railway carriage. He appears never to have thought about anything at all—except the respective merits of cricket and football players. I have him uneasy. In France, in Germany, in America, this is not so. General conversation frequently turns upon general ideas. In how few gatherings is this possible at home?

It is true that as soon as a question becomes "a matter of practical politics," most Englishmen feel bound to have an opinion about it. But that opinion is seldom, scarcely ever indeed, the outcome of individual reflection. Politics do not touch us closely enough. There is always an air of unreality about the measures fathered by professional politicians. They are but moves in the game.

Who, for instance, except those peculiarly interested, could be moved by the Licensing Bill? Who, save a few Edinburgh lawyers, either side, cares a brass farthing about the so-called "Education" Bill? Our hack politicians take care never to propose anything capable of arousing genuine popular interest. They want us to remain on the other side of the game to go on playing "ins and outs," to have a comfortable understanding with the other side that nothing shall be done to alter the present system which works out so pleasantly for the masses. And we want to keep parties as they are, to go on playing political spectacles, at a time of crisis in history, is quite as deplorable.

People do touch the lives and interests of the mass of the nation. There will be a rapid slackening of excitement after a few measures are introduced which really do touch the lives and interests of the mass of the nation. There will be a rapid slackening of excitement about cricket and football matches then: politics will suddenly become absorbing and thrilling.

This time is not far distant, and it would be nearer still if our newspapers were engaged in spreading light instead of making darkness more opaque. Are there any independent daily newspapers in the country? I know of none. Is there a single one which honestly tries to direct public opinion along the best lines, headless of party spirit, party organisation, party cash? No, whatever the private opinions of those who conduct them, they are all engaged in crying "Peace" where there is no Peace, in pretending that the present state of things can go on for ever, in throwing dust into the patient eyes of those who still accept them as oracles and are thus blinded to the signs of the time.

England's Big Task! Yes, it is one truly. Not to make 300 for six wickets, but "to make human life, hampered by a past which it has outgrown, natural and national." As soon as we start in earnest upon that, letting the nation know what we are about, where we hope to arrive eventually, and how the steps we propose to take will affect the happiness of the greatest number—as soon as this bracing current of reality drives away the stale evanescent atmosphere which hangs around politics today, then the motor-bus conductor will have something of more moment to talk about than "Fulham v. Manchester," then the evening newspapers will find that they must "bill" news of greater interest than cricket-matches.

The Mass of People are not unintelligent. Their intelligence is merely dormant, undeveloped. The schools have failed to develop it. The politicians have combined to prevent it from being developed. The newspapers have lent the politicians their aid. The immediate work before Socialists is to do what the schools, the politicians, the newspapers have left undone; to do it in their despite. Everyone can help in this work, and it is bound to go ahead quickly, for every intelligence aroused from sleep at once becomes active in awakening others. This is England's Big Task—to make Realities more thrilling than Pretences, to show her Peoples that Life is more interesting than a game.

Thorpe Lee.
"Shall" or "May"?

An Appeal to the Enemy. By "Stanhope of Chester."

"No—in countries that are free
Such starvation cannot be
As in England now we see!"—Shelley, "Masque of Anarchy."

Liberal Governments may come and Conservative Governments may go; but the Returns of "Deaths from Starvation" roll on for ever. The figures for London are: 1904, 42; 1905, 48; 1906, 48. The starving, the ill-clad, and the unhoused despair of having any cloak but that of Misery, whatever the Government of the day chooses to label itself. Year in and year out, the procession on the Embankment tells wearily to its meal and few minutes of comfort, with no fresh incident to record, except when Mr. John Burns, like a prowling, worthless wanderer of the night, robs the starving of a plate of soup, so that he may gibe with more effect in the House of Commons at their wretchedness.

Are we content that this procession should never cease? Is the Return of "Deaths from Starvation" to occupy a permanent place in the literature of our country? "Socialism will alter all this," you tell me. The ship of Socialism has gleamed on the dim and far-distant horizon; but menacing clouds are enveloping this bright light, shining out on an overcast sky, so that the ship, indeed, may "pass in the night." The war with whom? With Mr. Hugh Cecil, Mr. Keir Hardie, Mr. George Wyndham, with the friends on the warpath, with the resounding din of unending desolation and clamour in the various Socialist Parties and Societies, seems a little too remote to help the present starving. Obviously, it is useless to appeal to the Liberal Party, or to the Conservative Party. Where, then, should we look that there may be no further need for the publication of a Return of the Deaths from Starvation? We must turn to the many English men and women who are real patriots, who feel a sense of personal disgrace and shame on reading the horrors of the two penny "doss house," the sweating shops and factories, and on seeing the revolting spectacle of London streets at night. We appeal to those of our countrymen and women who put loyalty to their country above loyalty to their party; we appeal to those English statesmen who must know that the administrative machine is badly controlled, so long as there is one starving or destitute person in these Islands. England is seeking for a Government, not of Liberals, with a Whig head and a Radical tail, plus the Darwinian theory; not of Tories with a Tariff Reform belly and Conservative members; not of Social Reform Protectionists whose "social reform" would be swallowed up in the economic morass into which they would plunge themselves; not a Government of "sane" Imperialists with lonely lunatics to guide it; but a Government of patriots. The essential of such a Government is that it should be a "Shall" Government, not a "May" Government. England has had too much experience of the disastrous consequences of permissive legislation, which allows Rumble to be the real governor of England, or a person like Mr. Haye Fisher. Autocracy is a bad thing; but a little autocratic administration by a properly elected democratic House of Commons would be to England like a refreshing breeze to a sick man.

The time is ripe for action. A General Election will be upon us in two or three years, if not sooner, and the country will have to be "stumped" in a convincing manner long before then. The Central Social Reform Party ought to open its campaign, at the latest, next autumn. The rising men of both Parties should be invited to avail themselves of this opportunity to combine together to help their country, not merely their party. Talent is strangling in a party government; hence, we believe that the younger men of the Liberal and Conservative Parties would be prepared to join the non-party politicians in an electrifying campaign throughout the British Isles. The present Government and Party are overrun with those detestable creatures of compromise and jobbery known as King's Counsel. We observe that eighteen of them voted in the division on the Unemployed Bill; and out of the eighteen men of law, only one (Mr. Atherley-Jones) voted for the Bill. The Social Reform Government (and all governments) should avoid the lawyer-candidate as the devil, remembering that the legal member of Parliament, before he stands, has marked his brief with the minimum he intends to get out of the party which he honours with his support. Candidates should be selected on their pledge to support, heartily and steadily, the programme of this future Government. Here are a few of the names of the Englishmen whom we are confident would not be averse to considering any reasonable scheme for launching this party. Here they are: Mr. Curzon, Earl of Dunraven, Sir Charles Dilke, Sir Sydney Olivier, Mr. George Wyndham, Sir John Gorst, Mr. McKenna, Mr. Lloyd George, Mr. Winston Churchill, Mr. Sidney Webb, Mr. Arthur Elliott, Sir Horace Plunkett, Mr. John M. Robertson, Mr. Stanley O. Buckmaster, K.C., Mr. Ramsey Macdonald, etc., etc.; and, possibly, Mr. Winston Churchill, Mr. Asquith, the present Prime Minister, Mr. Arthur Balfour, Mr. John Morley, Mr. T. H. Huxley, Mr. Sir Henry Hyndman, Mr. Burns, like a prowling, worthless wanderer of the night, robs the starving of a plate of soup, so that he may gibe with more effect in the House of Commons at their wretchedness.

What should be the policy of this Government? It may not be discreet to answer this question; but that would lay the writer open to the retort that "social reform" is a vague label under which Mr. Jesse Collings, Mr. Harold Cox, and Mr. St. Loe Strachey, with a suspicious innocence, bottle their pet and weirdly compound black draughts. These are the principal lines of policy for this future Government of some of the talents: drastic reform of the Poor Law; abolition of naval and military courts-martial in the Colonies; establishment of a London Board for the protection of our coloured peoples, not being inhabitants of the Indian Empire, whose heart glows for the misfortunes of the workers at home; a truer patriot than he who only rises in anger when some black monarch maltreats a traveller in gin or psalms; the present Government and Party are overrun with those detestable creatures of compromise and jobbery known as King's Counsel. We observe that eighteen of them voted in the division on the Unemployed Bill; and out of the eighteen men of law, only one (Mr. Atherley-Jones) voted for the Bill. The Social Reform Government (and all governments) should avoid the lawyer-candidate as the devil, remembering that the legal member of Parliament, before he stands, has marked his brief with the minimum he intends to get out of the party which he honours with his support. Candidates should be selected on their pledge to support, heartily and steadily, the programme of this future Government. Here are a few of the names of the Englishmen whom we are confident would not be averse to considering any reasonable scheme for launching this party. Here they are: Mr. Curzon, Earl of Dunraven, Sir Charles Dilke, Sir Sydney Olivier, Mr. George Wyndham, Sir John Gorst, Mr. McKenna, Mr. Lloyd George, Mr. Winston Churchill, Mr. Sidney Webb, Mr. Arthur Elliott, Sir Horace Plunkett, Mr. John M. Robertson, Mr. Stanley O. Buckmaster, K.C., Mr. Ramsey Macdonald, etc., etc.; and, possibly, Mr. Winston Churchill, Mr. Asquith, the present Prime Minister, Mr. Arthur Balfour, Mr. John Morley, Mr. T. H. Huxley, Mr. Sir Henry Hyndman, Mr. Burns, like a prowling, worthless wanderer of the night, robs the starving of a plate of soup, so that he may gibe with more effect in the House of Commons at their wretchedness.

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Belloc has framed an admirable question and put the third possibility before us very clearly, the possibility of "dividing up" as an alternative to Socialism. By the three possibilities, I mean (1) the unchecked development of our present plutocratic system, (2) Socialism, and (3) the deliberate artificial checking of the concentration of property. This third possibility is the implicit ideal behind much contemporary legislation and many contemporary proposals, behind graduated Income-tax proposals, graduated taxation of large holdings of land and the like. It seems to me the American ideal, so far as there remains an American ideal. Belloc does a great service in putting it in clear, well-chosen phrases, because it is very extensively confused with Socialism.

He asks: Given a social system in which the modern means of production are widely distributed among the citizens, why should it not endure?

Well, all these questions are questions of judgment and not proof. I think it would not endure because of the inconceivable mental and moral strain it would put upon the citizen as politician. Von see Belloc's question would be quite readily answered in the affirmative did he omit the word modern. A social system of small holdings and small traders and owners working their property as is permanent a social system as we can imagine. It is the Chinese type of social system. But if we are to have the large enterprise and machine, the organised production, and the small owner, then that small owner must be a shareholder. He may be completely independent or partially employed for wages, but the property he will "legally control" he will only work indirectly through his elected board of directors. So that this American ideal of Belloc's resolves itself into the economic control of that system through a great multitude of boards of directors responsible only to the shareholders for dividends, and into the least gratifying form of "owning" for the individual citizen.

I do not see what can possibly prevent the development of a director class and the virtual rule of the country through them, and I do not see how such a community can protect itself effectually from the misconduct of directors. Production will certainly he run for dividends, with all the consequent evils, and the law will always be fighting at a disadvantage against the natural tendency of all large businesses to negotiate instead of compete. In the end, I believe the aggregatory forces will beat any set of laws against aggregation you could contrive. It seems to me that Belloc's proposal as an alternative to Socialism is simply the suggestion of the least efficient as against the most efficient way of managing wholesale production, and all to meet an alleged passion in the individual to "own." While the disadvantages and instabilities of Belloc's little-owners-of-big-concerns ideal are at a maximum, the compensating sense of ownership that recommends it to him, is only by an infinitesimal difference greater than the sense of ownership a citizen in a Socialist State would have as a shareholder in that State. So that were his project possible, I do not see, even on his own principles, that it could be very desirable.

I think that answered the question raised, and I hope Mr. Dexter will appreciate the severity of my manner in this reply.

H. G. Wells.

The Testament of Sir Simon Simplex Concerning Automobilism.

By John Davidson.

That railways are inadequate appears Indubitable now. For sixty years Their comfort grew until the train de luxe Arrived, arousing in conducted Cook's, And other wholesale, tourists, envious smart, For here they recognised the perfect art And science of land-travel. Now the pangs A greater era, hail a happier Spring. The motor-car reveals ineptitude In railway-trains; and travellers conclude The railway is archaic: strictly true. Although the reason sounds as false as new:— Railways are democratic, vulgar, laic; And who can doubt Democracy's archaic?

The railway was the herald and the sign, And powerful agent in the swift decline Of Europe and the West. The future sage Will blame sentimentally the railroaddage, Preachers upon its obvious vices pounce, And poets, wit, and journalists pronounce The nineteenth century in prose and rhyme The most unhappy period of time. That nations, towering once in pomp and pride Of monarcho, rank, and breeding, should subside To one dead indistinguishable horde Sans sceptre, mitre, coronet and sword, Reverting to a pithecoidal state, May be the purpose of recurrent fate; But that such folks should to themselves appear Progressing toward a great menial year Is just the bitter-sweet, the chilly-hot, The subtle metaphysic of the plot.

The last age saw the last stage of the fit That pestered, when the Roman Empire split, The catalytic centuries: the strange Insanity that fed on secular change; The general paralysis of men That ended in the railway and the wcn Called London: from the Tiber to the Thames, From dreaming empire to delirious aims That move the laughter of the careless fates, And effervesce in socialistic pates. But convalescence with the car begins And petrol expiates our railway sins. Before we know we shall with joy behold A world as sane as any world of old: From labour and electoral problems free, A world the fibre of whose health shall be, No Will to be the Mob, but mastering all, A Will to be the Individual;

For every Mob exhales a poisonous breath, And Socialism is decadence, is death: The Mob expropriates, degrades, destroys; The Individual conquers, makes, enjoys, Not till the motor was the contrast plain, Because the separate classes of the train Deceived us with a choice of company; And when he liked, the train and its maestro, The genius, man of wealth, aristocrat, By means of tips through any journey sat In cornered state; or with sufficient pelf Could purchase a compartment for himself. He rather would have deemed himself a snob Than that the train could turn him into Mob, Till automation's privacy and pride Exposed the gruniness of the railway ride; For 'twas the freedom of the motor-car That showed how tyrannous the railways are.

To go by train from one place to another You have to brave the station's smoke and smother: To pick you up, nor turn, to see you home, The train derides you there: 'twill never come To tick you up, nor turn, to see you home, A single wheel: the getting under way.
The true vexation of a holiday,  
The stolid train permits you to deplore;  
But with your automobile at the door—  
Why, there you are, nor need you stir a foot,  
Man and portmanteaus instantly en route!  
You buy a ticket if you go by train  
And to await one’s turn like patient Job,  
Unless one with a vengeance to the Mob.  
Then you may miss the train; but you must wait  
Its advent and departure, prompt or late.  
The motor soothes, the railway racks your nerves;  
The train commandeers, the automobile serves.  
The automobile nurses all caprice,  
And gives the longest life a second lease;  
Indulges indolence, and even in me  
Increases individuality.  
I thought, and many my opinion shared,  
That the deceased politico who declared  
That all were Socialists, had told, perhaps,  
A lie, exploited in a studied lapse  
Of platform declamation as a sop  
To catch erratic voters on the hop,  
The strained politeness of a caustic mind,  
A delusive effort to say something kind.  
'Twas more than that: not only had we learned  
To suffer Socialism; our souls discerned  
A something fine about it; egoists even  
Perceived therein at last a mundane heaven.

"Life is a railway journey,"—genius thought—  
(The erring genius, very cheaply bought  
With gilded apples of Asphaltites) —  
"Thieves bearing swag, and poets sprouting bays,  
The ring, the cabinet, many kinds of dames.  
Bishops, sectarians of a myriad names,  
Begats and brokers, men of wealth and pedigree,  
Booked in the same train like a swarm of ants;  
First, second, third, class, mass and mob expressed  
Together to the Islands of the Blest—  
Each passenger provided with a great  
To pass the Stygian stile for Charon's boat.  
Or broad or narrow as the gauge may run,  
None leaves the track without disaster; none  
Escapes a single stoppage on the way;  
And none arrives before his neighbour may  
In the guard's van my sacred luggage knocks  
Against the tourist's traps, the bagman's box;  
In the guard's van my sacred luggage knocks  
And gives the longest life a second lease;  
Indulges indolence, and even in me  
Increases individuality.  
I thought, and many my opinion shared,  
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To suffer Socialism; our souls discerned  
A something fine about it; egoists even  
Perceived therein at last a mundane heaven.

The socialistic and the railway age  
 Were certainly coeval; machinery too  
Equated communism; and every new  
Development of electricity, the bagman's box—  
Was welcomed by the Mob with three-times-three.  
Convinced the world at last was through the wood—  
Right through to Universal Brotherhood.

Conceive it:—Universal Brotherhood,  
With everybody feebly, kind and good.  
I dream of a day when, if the world—that is  
The world would cease to-day if that were so!  
What spur does man require, what singling zest  
To do still better than his level best?  
Why, enemies; and if he has them not  
He must unearth and beat them till they're hot;  
For only enmity can train and trouble  
The cortex and the muscle to an ounce.  
Let Socialists deny, mistaking peace,  
That only with the world will warfare cease;  
When we behold the battle-flags unfurled,  
We know the fates phletomise the world,  
And alternate with peace's patent pill,  
The old heroic cure for every ill.

Life was a railway journey; lo and friend,  
Infected with nostalgia of the end;  
Awaits impatient the crack of doom;  
But, thank the powers that be, the motor boom.  
Professional to postpone the judgment-day;  
Arrived in time to show a better way;  
And when the automobile came we found  
Our incorrupt opinion safe and sound,  
Inoculated only by the schism,  
For ever proof against all Socialism.  
The motor stops the decadence; not all  
Are in the same train with the prodigal,  
The Christian scientist, the souteneur,  
Your toasting bull, your undermining bear,  
Domestic Gill and idiomatic Jack,  
The wheeling knave, the sneak, the hectoring  
Quack;  
The man of broader mind and farther goal  
Is not entrained with Lubin Little soul;  
Your gentleman by birth, with quickened sense,  
Refined requirements and abundant pence,  
And men of faculty and swelling aim.  
Who conquer riches, power, position, fame,  
Are not entrained with loafers, gobbledygocks, cranks,  
Nor with the Mob who never leave the ranks,  
With peddling dullness, unambitious ease,  
And discontented incapacities.  
Goodwill is in the blood, in you and me,  
And most in men of wealth and pedigree;  
...
In Africa the oriole sang. Over the glumness of this mysterious southern land my memory bubbles like a genial spring. Below these iridescent witnesses of its charm surges a deep, hot as tears; the heart is ever swaying within me, the imagination ever responding.

I know the horror of Africa. I have seen the places of her grief. She wanders, staring with blank eyes across her deserts. She beats her breast upon her stone mountains. She sobes among the swamps of her defeated rivers, and the unfruitful forests echo with her sighing.

The nations of her breeding inherit her grief. From their play about her sides they went, bewildered, into slavery. From bondage they returned, vice-weakened, to bewildering liberty. They tremble still from the chain. What wonder that they lurk to spell out messages at night-fall? Who knows when the haughty hand may seize them again? Terror and the secretive genius of their blood drive them to conspire. They attack; defeated, they demand the inviolateness of their territorial prisons—Pondoland, Zululand, Liberia.

The mind of this race has been too roughly awakened. It craves still a little sleep. It broods sorrowfully over its shattered temple, and there arises no Builder. The ideal of the African races is return, not progress; not the white man's progress...

I squatted opposite a Pondo man who stirred his dinner in a pot over the fire in my father's yard; I, livid from his weird folk-tales. Suddenly he threw himself on his back and laughed silently. His dumb uproot outpast, he snarled:

"One day we will throw all these houses into the sea."

"And me, too?" I shrieked in childish terror.

The great Child stretched his hand above his head, the native salute. "Miss Bee-bee, I will remember your name. Anybody never give Charlie skoff (food). You give Charlie plenty skoff."

I was cautious to make gifts to Charlie for some years are many. In difficult and little frequented ways, no grave wert thou, but a home for him and his children for ever. In the places where he built his altar to this day he remains. His hand is filled and his years are many. In difficult and little frequented ways, he is to be found. He lives from zephyred youth to waverer, still remembering thee, still worshipping, may never be comforted. For thou didst call me to thee, but the Blood called me to the many lands of its memory: and thee I left. Yet, that thou hadst the claim, every chord of my soul's music tells me.

And one day, with longing to reproduce the early notes, and with weeping at the insistent discords which the clang of cities has engendered, and with singing the song of the might-have-been—the lute will break.

On that day, receive me, Africa! * * *

A WRINKLE ABOUT CLOTHES.
Always have them washed with HUDSON'S SOAP, and then you can be sure that they are as well washed as they possibly can be, and it is a washing that doesn't wear them. All the wear is left for yourself.

BRITISH SOCIALISM.
An Examination of its Doctrines, Policy, Aims, and Practical Proposals.
By J. ELLIS BARKER, Author of "Modern Germany."
"The Rise and Decline of the Netherlands," etc.
London: SMITH, ELDER & CO., 15 Waterloo Place.

ENGLISH SOCIALISM OF TO-DAY:
ITS TEACHING AND ITS AIMS EXAMINED.
By the Rt. Hon. H. O. ARNOLD-FORSTER, M.P.
London: SMITH, ELDER & CO., 15 Waterloo Place.

M.A.N.: THE PRODIGY AND FREAK OF NATURE;
or, An Animal Run to Brain.
By KERIDON.

THE SAMURAI PRESS, CRAYLEIGH, SURREY.
Books and Persons.

(AN OCCASIONAL CAUSÆRIUS.)

Mr. A. E. W. Mason, M.P., the fate of whose play, "Marjory Strodie," has not yet been decided at The Playhouse as I write these lines, ought to prove an ornament of the modern British theatre. At any rate, it knows something of its conditions, since he began as an active questioner. That part is quite sure, but I seem to remember him as being in the original cast of Mr. Shaw's "Arms and the Man." At the Avenue Theatre, in the year 1896 (n.r.). I count among my most poignant memories the first night of "Arms and the Man." There was no orchestra, but to compensate there was a programme designed by Aubrey Beardsley. All that was valuable and precious in all the arts gathered together on that evening. I see again the radiant vision of Mr. Richard Le Gallienne introducing his first wife to Mr. George Moore. I hear the very lines of Mr. Shaw's deathless and sublime retort to the gallery-boy who booed. The general public failed, after a gallant attempt, to see the point of "Arms and the Man." In those days, but during the last six months it has returned to the attack and handsomely succeeded. The recent audiences at the Savoy have proved, once more, that showy merit cannot be killed by the dead weight of stupidity.

Since that era Mr. Mason has made a situation for himself as a respectable manufacturer of fiction. His earlier books gave hopeful persons to believe that he had an artist in him, but these individuals were mistaken. He resembles Mrs. Humphry Ward in this, that, while his work is entirely unconnected with the art of literature, the life and death of an untrue life, he does nevertheless use his tools like an expert craftsman, he does honestly produce his best, and he does maintain the dignity of the vocation. Meditations is his motto ; he is a rich literature. His latest book, that of Mr. Pinero, and there is less glaring untruth to the facts of existence in the worst of his books than in that masterpiece of theatricality, "His House in Order." For the stage, Mr. Mason has only the greatest catch.

I am in a position to state that Sir Arthur Conan Doyle has another play ready for the public. The manager who has secured it ("secured" is the managerial word) described it to me recently as a "morality play." So that it will probably be quite different from "Waterloo," which, by the way, on its own plane, was a neat enough thing. For me the most interesting question about Conan Doyle is the origin of his knightly soul. I have never understood whether he was knighted for his services to the "Strand Magazine" or for his services to the cause of historical exactitude, as exemplified in his book on the Boer War. His "Pot of Caviare," in the current "Strand," has come in for white-hot praise. Mr. Robertson Nicoll, for instance, wrote last week, apropos of it and its author: "He can tell a story as no other writer of his time can tell it, without superfluity, without tedium, with unerring skill and point."* * *

Now, Mr. Robertson Nicoll is an extraordinarily able man. It is a nice point whether he or Mr. Evelyn Waugh is the cleverest publisher in London at the present moment. For many years it never occurred to me that Mr. Nicoll had a genuine critical gift. A capacity for inventing great geniuses, such as the late Ian Maclaren or Miss Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler, must not be confused with a critical gift. I classed him with that scholarly critic which, on the strength of profound researches into the daily life of the sisters Brontë, takes on the shilling weekly "British Magazine." Then, one day I perceived from some remarks of his about some remarks by Mr. James Douglas on the subject of Mr. Stephen Phillips, that Mr. Robertson Nicoll did really understand the difference between poetry and fustian. I at once put him into a new class of critics, and I was glad that such a really first-rate authority on journalism (ancient and modern) should also have proved to be something of an authority on literature. It pains me, therefore, to find him, over a famous pseudonym, deliberately, stating that Conan Doyle is the greatest short story writer of his time. There are at least twenty men in England capable of writing an infinitely better short story than Conan Doyle.

Has Mr. Robertson Nicoll ever heard of Frank Harris? Probably so. Mr. Frank Harris's action against Mr. Du Cros has brought him more celebrity than all his short stories. Mr. Harris has edited the "Fortnightly Review," the "Saturday Review," the "Motorist and Traveller," and "Vanity Fair." He has written plays, and has had a hand in many non-literary enterprises. He possesses a strange and powerful individuality, with a wonderful gift of personal expression and loyalty. He is an amazingly fine talker, and has at least once talked a hostile assembly into tears of sympathy for a hated cause. But when all these things are forgotten, Frank Harris will be remembered as the author of one or two of the very finest short stories in English, French, or Russian. He owes much of his dazzling literary technique to A. C. Swinburne, who has read the volume entitled "Mentes et Modador." It is better even than "Elder Conklin." True, none of these tales has appeared in the "Strand!"

JACOB TONSON.

REVIEWS.

Historical Essays and Studies. By Lord Acton. Edited by J. N. Figgis and K. V. Lawrence. (Macmillan and Co., 10s. 6d.)

The late Regius Professor of History in the University of Cambridge left behind him a reputation for fabulous learning. It was probably well founded; though much of it must be based upon his Historical Essays and Studies. They are little masterpieces of historical dignity blended with the brightness of journalism. They were written by one who had come into touch with affairs; he quotes the authority of "a friend of my own at Brodie"; he compares and contrasts the facts of history and the facts of life, he does neverthless use his tools like an expert craftsman, he does honestly produce his best, and he does maintain the dignity of the vocation. Meditations is his motto; he is a rich literature. His latest book, that of Mr. Pinero, and there is less glaring untruth to the facts of existence in the worst of his books than in that masterpiece of theatricality, "His House in Order." For the stage, Mr. Mason has only the greatest catch.

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JACOB TONSON.
of, cannot end in a settlement compatible with freedom. No absolute republic can reconcile the conflict between wealth and labour in arms, for it must lead to the domination of one class of society and the economic enslavement of the other. The Revolution is destroying the Republic, and France is once more drifting on a resistance current towards Monarchy." He wrote this within a few months of the events; so he may be forgiven for the fulness of his prophecy. We hardly call it a rash forecast when we remember how recently it came true in the days of General Boulanger.

There is a delightful essay on George Eliot. It displays her mainsprings, her fastidious learning; his sympathetic grasp of her subtle character, and, also, his strange failure to understand it all. He does not understand how it is possible to reconcile "the elevated level of her early religion and her later philosophy" with her appreciation of the more mobile morality of Rousseau, Shelley, and "the most ignominious of George Sand's stories." But then his description of Leaves is so witty: he "helped to dispel the gloom and despondency of George Eliot's spirits, and stood manfully between her and all the cares he did not cause . . . He was a boisterous iconoclast . . . Even Bach he said, was too Protestant for him." Incidentally in this essay we learn that Lord Acton objected to Shakhare on the grounds of "his flagrant insularity, his leaning for obscure characters, his inaccessibility to the glories of Greece and the mystery of the Renaissance, his indifference to the deeper objects for which his generations contended." Which is, we think, the most unenlightened passage of literary criticism which it has ever been our lot to read. One might as fitly object to the Vivisection--"he could not paint like Whistler." But it matters so little whether Acton is right or wrong in his opinions; for he always reveals that characteristic of all great minds—the power to set the reader to hard thinking.

The Vivisection Controversy, By Albert Leffingwell, M.D. (The London and Provincial Anti-Vivisection Society.) This is an English edition of the book published by the author some years ago in America; we think the Society has done well in putting the book into the hands of English people at this juncture, for the author presents just the case suited to our temperament. Dr. Leffingwell is not committed to an absolute prohibition of vivisection, but he would have it vigorously controlled by the State, confined to certain rigid lines, and never used for the purposes of class demonstration. This attitude makes the book acceptable in Great Britain, more especially as the doctor is quite able to meet the Vivisectionists on their own ground. He has studied under the first physiologists of their day, and has himself in his time carried out experiments. One of the most interesting chapters is that on the rise of the Vivisection controversy, wherein he shows that it was the English medical papers themselves, and English scientific men like Darwin and Huxley, who first suggested legal supervision and restriction. Why has the pendulum now swung to the other extreme? The clue is supplied by a jesting remark of Professor Karl Pearson, who bade us beware lest the endowment of research do not result in a research for endowment. This is what has really happened. In the whole of our quasi-scientific educational system there is nowhere greater nonsense than centre round this "research" business. Large sums of money are paid annually to young men for prosecuting studies in physiology and pathology that are no more than rough scholastic exercises. One might as well dignify with greater nonsense and cant than centre round this "research" business. There is no unifying idea in the work, it is mainly haphazard, useless, and often manipulated. It is undertaken for ordinary bread and butter purposes, to curry favour with the higher powers, and so obtain hospital and other appointments. Some day all this sham science of the laboratories must be ruthlessly exposed, hardly any of it is undertaken from pure love of science, i.e., from idle curiosity or to relieve human suffering. We include in this condemnation all the inoculation experiments actually performed on animals. Only one man in this country has had the courage to admit that "animal suffering is so entirely unimportant compared with serious research that it should not be taken into account at all." For this candid admission, which truly echoes the scientific mind, Dr. Kielln has always been denounced by his pharisaical colleagues; English workers are not in the least aware of the virtue of most continental scientists—intellectual honesty.

The most valid objection to vivisection is not that it is immoral or useless, but that it is a new and senseless form of cruelty towards other animals. Civilised men are or should be distinguished by an admission of the
unity of nature. The ancient conception of evolution will not permit us to regard all organised things and (unorganised also for the matter of that) as other than more or less remote blood relations. Civilised man commenced to regard all things with awe, reverence and respect. How marked a feature is not this among such high and ancient civilisations as are found in the East? Among Europeans the English hold a worthy record; it is true that at times on their way to this end were obtained by methods that are repellent to the modern mind. The outcome of an untaught hunting spirit conflicting with a developing sense of loving-kindliness toward all animate life. The Vivisectionists do not wish to subject derived from remote ancestry, but have himself since invented a cruel and ruthless sense of aloofness from beings other than man.

Stupendous as is the attitude of the average medical student on this subject, the anti-Vivisectionists make themselves ridiculous by attaching undue importance to the crude views of ignorant boys, or by pretending that witnessing experiments makes one a doctor callous and indifferent to human suffering. Six months after he has taken the degree the usual student has not only forgotten the few vivisection experiments he has seen, but likewise most of the physiology, and much of the pathology he had crammed up.

The root of the trouble is that the Vivisectionists are hopelessly antiquated in their ideas. Partly by the help of the experimental school, we admit, but still more so in the case of experiments consciously or unconsciously made during historical times, other especially in the last hundred years, it can be now recognised that medicine is a process, not at all a cumulative science. Even those who maintain that diseased persons are born in a state of original sin do not deny that infection is a factor. Professor Pearson says that he is "fairly confident that the action of infection, i.e., of the pathogen, is far more important than the infection factor, because in a very large proportion of cases it does not lie in the power of the individual to maintain in the stress of urban life a wholly safe environment." We could make the environment wholly safe. That accomplished, we may say, roughly speaking, that our present knowledge of disease permits us to guard against more than two-thirds of our actual mortality as due to preventable causes; preventable by such alterations in our environment as will give the inhabitants of our country pleasurable and leisurely work, together with a complete reconstruction of our social conditions; all these being simple commonsense measures. Prevention of disease no longer rests with the doctors but with the voters of the country.

Even where knowledge is uncertain Professor Chittenden has shown us what kinds of experiments are necessary, but they can, with the co-operation of human beings, be carried out on them without cruelty and with definite results. Of course the Vivisectionists are not enthusiastic about such experiments; we have had eminent physiologists denouncing them as unalloyed evils because the corpora vili were not cut up and live happily ever afterwards.

Enthetic Diseases. (The Young Man's Peril.) By Dr. R. R. Rentoul. (The Walter Scott Publishing Co. 20. Id. net.)

By M. D. EDER

There is a greater peril for young men and old than even the one suggested by Dr. Rentoul; it is that the present race of doctors, with their crude philosophies, show no signs of getting better. The medical priesthood should follow the materialistic sham religion of one day. Accepting the particular as universal, doctors are always in the van where compulsion, fines, and imprisonment are the rule. It is time, I think, to deliberate against the individual to be passed. Dr. Rentoul is an interesting example of the ignorant superstitions that serve in the name of science among members of my profession. I believe he is nearer the truth than those medical men who consider such disease less prevalent. Professor Erb found among 2,000 men only 55 per cent. had suffered from venereal disease. I agree with the author in his condemnation of any registration of prostitutes, although not entirely with the reasons that lead him to that condemnation.

It is when we come to remedies that we part company. He believes this disease will persist "so long as males and females are so temporarily or permanently obsessed that the moral laws, right thinking, and right living are to them a thing to be scoffed and laughed at." At this kind of language I scoff and laugh. Dr. Rentoul seems to have all the knowledge of moral laws and right thinking in one of his frock-coat pockets: something as fixed and rigid as a Nonconformist's god. Men and women can be sexually continent in many cases he states. "Who denies it? Betsey?"

Directly anyone asks advice no sensible doctor would have any difficulty in diagnosing a very low grade of sexual feeling, and accordingly prescribe negative action. It is for the others, who form the bulk of mankind, who of course never seek advice, that we have to find a way out. Dr. Rentoul quotes approvingly Sir William Gower's statement: "The opinions that suggest or prevent incontinence are absolutely false. They rest only on sensory delusions, etc." Sir William Gower is a leading English authority on diseases of the nervous system. No wonder that a student who desires to know anything of normal or abnormal psychology, i.e., to investigate diseases of the nervous system, must go to France, Germany, or America.

Here is Dr. Rentoul's chief measures, framed upon a complete ignorance of psychology, of philosophy, of history, of life itself: "Sexual intercourse is unnecessary for the mental or physical well-being of man or woman." One might as well say food need be taken but every forty days, since Succi could abstain for that period. "Sexual intercourse has for its sole purpose the begetting of healthy offspring." How does the author contrive to know all about the purposes of Nature, or that she has any? "That any person who advises any male or female to have extra-marital intercourse be fined and imprisoned for not more than ten years." For other like offences there are terms of imprisonment varying from one to five years. One measure runs: "That it be illegal for any man or woman to have extra-marital intercourse with any female or male under the age of 25; a penalty of five pounds."
years' imprisonment for breaking such to be imposed.' Now this is real mean. Dr. Rentoul ended his student days in 1877; he may, of course, have been very different from the hundreds of other medical students I have known. He may, of course, be one of the exceptions to whom I have ever had to call the biscuit of the prostitute? What is a prostitute? A person who helps to spread one kind of disease? I want to see if there is only the disease abolished; it will be done by altering our social conditions, not by inveighing against immorality; not by setting up petty artificial standards in direct contradiction to our consistent impulses, but by a system that shall go the utmost length in giving free

The Rosicrucians: Their Rites and Mysteries.

By Hargrave Jennings. (Routledge. 7s. 6d.)

Whether we believe or disbelieve that the Fraternity of the Rosy Cross ever really existed, it is impossible to dispute the public interest in them during the sixteenth century without some knowledge of the peculiar mental state of Germany at the time. The Renaissance had illuminated Europe for nearly two centuries. The Reformation had cleared the way for free inquiry into all sorts of speculative subjects. Things that were formerly despised in the art were now being proclaimed from the house-tops. The Neo-Platonic and Pythagorean systems were no means defunct; the advanced mysticism of Eckart was repeated in Bruno and others.

During any period of intellectual unrest strange creatures rise to the surface of public life. It is also partly true that when we cease to believe in the priest we are disposed to believe in the sorcerer. Germany, having rejected the claims of the Pope, was confronted by a mysterious society of men claiming to possess the Philosopher's Stone, the Elflver of Life, the power of rendering themselves invisible, and other delightful things. That was for what he dislikes—has been dealt with at some length because it is symptomatic of the ignorance of doctors, especially British doctors, in all that pertains to human nature or philosophy, and of their growing power to foil their crude suggestions upon the Legislature.

Confessio Medici. By the writer of "The Young People." (Macmillan and Co.)

Some amiable prattling by presumably a young man posing as a garrulous elder of the old school of doctors. Some people admits that he, a poor writer, has stolen his theme from two of his betters; unfortunately his views of life have been coloured by the common and the vulgar. Why should a poor writer compile a volume seeing that he has nothing but the obvious and commonplace to retell? We know not; who are we that we shall probe the mysteries of authorship?

A medical student should bring to the service of his hospital "reverence, and a fair liking for work and a certain simplicity or directness of thought . . . and should be resolute, in company and even against company, to say the right thing and take the right side." Is it, then, so easy to know the right side of any question? In face of the enormous weight of authority in modern science, especially in the medical schools, our advice would be to the contrary. Bring not reverence, but a relentless critical spirit, challenge every statement, dispute every proposition; examine, more essentially, the philosophical bases of the sciences in which you are instructed. It is usually on the first few pages of your text-books that admissions are heedlessly made you are instructed. It is usually on the first few pages of the book which you are instructed. It is usually on the first few pages of the book which you are instructed. It is usually on the first few pages of the book which you are instructed. It is usually on the first few pages of your text-books that admissions are heedlessly made.
of the beneficent dispenser of alms. "He likes the off-
hand, homely, old-fashioned kindness of a good hos-
pital, and requires the imagination of a
Henley to discover, as did that dauntless spirit, that
"There is nothing of home in the noisy kettle, The
fuller's fire.

The writer has seen and shaken hands with doctors
"worth a wilderness of Shelley's." "Into their keeping
God entrusted lives precious to the Empire, to be saved." This
kind of vacuous, amorphous teaching runs throughout the book. Did not the same God entrust other work to Shelley? There we have the philosophy of a man who has never seriously reflected on human values; the author is not a worshipper of the mysteries sacred to Jacobs.

On entering or leaving a patient's house, "Avoid all
topics of Church and State, quote neither poetry nor
prose, give neither censure nor approval to music or the
drama, hide your liking for any art but your own." Superfluous advice for the most part; the usual doctor
knows scarce anything of any art, not even of his own. The
share market, golf, and the cricket scores suffice
him for the daily round, the common task.

The New Transvaal. By M. G. Bruce. (Alston Rivers,
Ltd. 1s.)

A cry to the man in the street that he will pause for a
moment and try to acquaint himself with some facts
relating to a Colony on which he so readily acts as a
judge. The author must know that for all practical
purposes he has not come too late. The Taal has
gone forth. The thing to insist upon now is that the
whole population of South Africa is British. No matter
of what descent, or where they fought, they are all
British. The question as to how they drop into the
actual meaning of the word is farmer, and every farming
settler in the country is a Boer. A moment's con-
ideration will show that the terms Boer and British,
as now used, are made to an all too British
country, are wrong. They are worse than merely
wrong. We would suggest that, unless the Taal is
being used, the word Boer absolutely banished from
throughout the book that the writer has a hearty re-
spect for the present rulers of the Transvaal, the
Orange River Colony, and the Cape.

The fifth chapter is a temperate and honest view of
the Chinese question. Whether right or wrong, one
cannot but sympathise with the man who exclains in-
dignantly. "How dare they talk to us when they have
their little white slaves with starved brains and bodies in
their midst?" The reference to Lord Milner indicates how he is regarded by many thoughtful South
Africans. Finally, the book is an eminently readable
and instructive little volume relating to a Colony on which he so readily acts as a
judge.

Books Received.

"The Web of Life." A Book of Poems. By W. W. Gib-
son. (Samuel, 10s. 6d. net.)

"Alas !" The last word of a man who has never seriously reflected on human
values; the author is not a worshipper of the mysteries sacred to Jacobs.

"The Christ of Faith and Reason." By a Twentieth Century
Christian. (Wass, Pritchard and Co. 18. net.)

"The Irony of Marriage." By Basil Tozer. (Reynolds.
1S.)

"The Duke's Motto." By Justin Huntley McCarthy.
(Methuen 6s.)

"Devotion for Every Day of the Week." By John Wesley.
(Methuen. 2s.)

"The Cottage Homes of England." By Walter Crotch. (Ind-
ustrial Publishing Co. 5d.)

"The Social Movement in England." By Brougham Vil.
liere. (Uawai. 10s. 6d. net.)

"The Roman Empire." Story of Augustus, Tiberius, Caligula;
-Julius Cæsar, Augustus, Tiberius, Caligula;
-Julius Cæsar, Augustus, Tiberius, Caligula;
-Julius Cæsar, Augustus, Tiberius, Caligula;
-Julius Cæsar, Augustus, Tiberius, Caligula;
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-Julius Cæsar, Augustus, Tiberius, Caligula;
-Julius Cæsar, Augustus, Tiberius, Caligula;
-Julius Cæsar, Augustus, Tiberius, Caligula;
-Julius Cæsar, Augustus, Tiberius, Caligula;
The Grand-Guignol Abroad.

Is the repertoire of five plays produced at the Shaftesbury Theatre a fair sample of the Grand-Guignol? Or is it a selection calculated to meet the tastes of Englishmen? I confess I would rather put it down to a false estimate that would turn everyone in the audience green with nausea. But this kind of thing is no more art than a photograph of some interesting skin disease is art. Both may be scientifically interesting, but indeed through scientific thought may come into the region of art. But without explanation both are only rather objectionable documents to be made into the subject of study. Art is the form of presentments which reveals—not a mosaic of photographic reproductions of the life of one person but with what an enormous difference.

"Life's Orchestra"; and "Life's Colours." By Hallie Killick. (Cassell. 5s.)

"The Grand-Guignol," by William A. Knight. (A. F. Bird. 1s. 6d. net.)

"The Philosophy of Making Love." By Harold Constable. (Cassell. 5s.)

DRAMA.

"The Grand-Guignol Abroad." 5s. net each.

It is impossible to say of any subject, this is not suitable for artistic treatment. But art must show things in the relation in which they are joined on to the rest of the world. "Le Rouge est Mis" displays remorselessly the lust of betting, as animalculae are displayed under a microscope, without light or shade, without outside relationship, and grossly exaggerated. It is not seeing the real thing, but instead of a mosaic of snapshotted gory sights and conversations arranged with a little stage-craft. Imagine "Mrs. Warren's Profession" shorn of its outline, of its social philosophy, and presented as a mosaic of photographic reproductions of the life of one of our actors. And "Le Rouge est Mis" is thus meaningless. Whereas it is precisely the function of art to present things with meaning. The fact that three one-act sensations are brilliantly performed increases only their vivacity and photographic truth. The part of "Le Rouge est Mis" where the dead and bloodstained jockey is lying on the surgeon's couch was as unpleasing as a bad accident case in the out-patient department of a hospital. Anyone having a taste in this direction can, by suitable application, get admitted to the casualty department of a big hospital and glut it to the full. "Les Nuits du Hampton Club" purports to be a dramatisation of Stevenson's "Suicide Club." "Purports" because the delineating, artistic touches are left out. As it stands, this "play in three tableaux" is a sensational diagram of the emotion of fear. "Herbert Forbes," the curious journalist, is admitted to the Club, draws the fatal card, and is left by himself, despite his protestations, in a dark room until he goes wild with fear and consents to shoot himself. It is not the reality of what might go on inside such a mind, it is a diagram. There is hardly a terrible emotion which Dostoiesfky has not portrayed for us, but with what an enormous difference.

These Grand-Guignol plays are, in fact, not plays, not realities at all. They are artificially constructed stings to diseased nerves. The playing, acting and stagecraft they belong to the lowest grade of imaginative rank. Knowledge, even research, and finish, do not prevent them simulating to the commonest level of the street. Nothing definitely objectionable has been said, nothing grossly objectionable done, but the final result of the Grand-Guignol plays is to produce a sensation as of the atmosphere of "something ghastly"—a Tragedy, whose chief feature is the display of actual physical disaster; comedy, whose chief feature is the display of knock-about farce—these are the present samples of the repertoire. "L'angoisse" is less objectionable than either of the other two mentioned, but suffers like them from mere sensational distortion, from the emphasis in mere physical disaster.

If shocks are all that is required, why go at once to a penny show, and join hands to an electrical machine? If physical disaster and dead bodies are essential, there are plenty of muttonchops and heaps of surgical material in every Infirmary.

Why make "l'angoisse" turn on the concealment of a murdered body in a column of solid plaster? This "effect" does not increase the horror, it lessens it. Some intangible horror, the air, some real life as of Poe's "House of Usher" clinging around the people, would be infinitely more effective. But the body in the plaster column belongs to the circle of ideas of the low imaginative level at which these plays are conceived, so in it must come. The body in the column stimulates the nerves in a way a "House of Usher" tragedy would not.

Some nerves can only be reached by the crudest sensations, by hitting them with plaster columns and blood-stained jockeys, and men driven insane by fear, or, in comedy, by the knock-about farce. To sing well it is necessary to scream "might be taken as the Grand-Guignol motto.

I had not intended to say more than a word perhaps about Mr. Cyril Maude's production of Marjory Stoneman's "Les Nuits du Hampton Club," at the Playhouse, because it is not really worth more than a word. But after the Grand-Guignol I must be permitted to indulge myself, and also to pay a tribute to our English acting. M. Max Maurey's Company have a kind of harsh polish and finish a good many of our actors lack—M. R. Bussy would, no doubt, be fine in anything—but I should be sorry to trust most of them with the interpretation of anything requiring flexibility; whereas Mr. Cyril Maude's company, with a penny packet of Hudson's Soap than can be purchased for a penny in any other form. Every particle of it is so much pure cleansing force. For washing clothes, and for scrubbing and house cleaning generally Hudson's Soap has no equal.

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some drawbacks, are obviously bubbling with possibilities, except Mr. Cyril Maude. As the baby in "Alice in Wonderland" would insist on turning into a pig, Mr. Asquith in "Marjory Strode" could not resist turning into "Toddlers," which is really very sad. Could not Mr. Maude escape from him by making an excursion into tragedy or municipal politics, or something desperate of this kind? As for "Marjory Strode," I am lucidally theatrical romanticism touched with the literature of A. E. W. Mason.

L. HADEN GUEST.

CORRESPONDENCE.

For the opinions expressed by correspondents, the Editor does not hold himself responsible. Correspondence intended for publication should be addressed to the Editor and written on one side of the paper only.

THE LICENSING BILL.

To the Editor of "The New Age."

I was surprised to see that in "Notes of the Week" in your issue of the 7th March, you called attention to the confiscatory nature of the Licensing Bill, and treated it as forming an important precedent for Socialistic legislation. Now I am not very much, as such, and, as such, could be only too glad if the Bill could be so treated, but it seems to me that to charge Mr. Asquith with a tendency towards Socialism is to do him much less justice. Surely, for the purpose of precedents it is only the principles of the Bill that are of any importance—and, when considering these, we must have regard not to the principles on which a similar Bill might have been founded, but to those on which the present Bill actually is founded.

There can be little doubt, I think, that Mr. Asquith introduced the Bill on the grounds that a license is, in fact, a license and not a grant. That it is impossible to take away from anyone what he has never possessed—that the only property which has been recognised in licences is a property in an expectation of renewal (which by its nature involves risk)—and that if anyone has been foolish enough to believe that there ever was or could be a certainty of renewal, so much the worse for him.

Now whether this is a true statement of the facts or merely a legal quibble is of course open to question—but it is at any rate the basis of the Bill, and to charge Mr. Asquith with Socialism is to credit him with principles which unfortunately he does not as yet possess. I take it that Mr. Asquith argues in this wise:

No one (including, of course, license-holders) can be deprived of what they do not possess. License-holders do not possess an eternal monopoly in the drink traffic (for it has never been given them).

Therefore,—license-holders cannot be deprived of this monopoly.

That is to say, the mere refusal to renew a license does not deprive the license-holder of any existing right, for, in fact, no right exists.

One can, of course, quarrel with the premises, but granting those to be true, it is impossible to deny the accuracy of the conclusion.

I think, then, we may acquit Mr. Asquith of the horrible charge of Socialism.

Looking at the Bill from his point of view, the obvious question that occurs to one is "Why any term limit at all?" To be quite consistent, he should renew no more licences. Personally, however, I think there is much to be said for the present Bill, though I believe that it is unfair to the holder, who claims that morally he has been given a monopoly for ever, and on these grounds I think the time limit might with fairness be extended.

To quote Mr. Blatchford in the "Clarence" of March 6th: "All I feel justified in suggesting as to land or any other property required by the nation is that it should be bought or taken in such a way as not to inflict hardship or indignity upon the present owners." I imagine that with the present time limit, the Bill will inflict hardship on some of the present owners. I submit, then, that the Bill does not make any precedent for Socialistic legislation—and, as it stands at present, it is quite fair from the point of view of Socialists, who, if it were only known, are the most equitable of all men.

As regards the Unemployed Bill (if I may trespass further on your space) and as such, there seems to be a general impression that this is Socialistic. For the life of me I cannot see it. I suppose there must be something wrong with my point of view, but this clause seems to me to be an attempt to get the effect of Socialism without the preliminary socialisation. No one denies that work for its own sake is desirable. The point is how it can be made possible. The Socialist suggests a means (viz., the nationalisation of...
the means of production, etc.). This Bill does not advocate these methods so far as I am aware. How, then, is it Socialism? It is no good saying vaguely that Socialism means the control of our courts, as that sounds like Temporal Reform, and in any case it is scarcely a satisfactory definition. Socialism is essentially practical. It says in effect: "Not in the atmosphere of this world, and the unnatural employment question will answer itself." It is manifestly absurd, then, to saddle Socialism with a Bill which does not advocate Socialist methods, and to reject a Bill on the ground of non-socialism. The movement aims to encourage work-people to collect, organise, and centralise all information on local history, geography, present conditions, and future developments. Thus it aims to afford:

1. A complete central index of all bibliographical information bearing on the life and activities of the districts.
2. A loan (leading to a permanent exhibition) of pictures, engravings, photographs, plans, and designs for improvement.
3. A statistical view of municipal enterprise by means of charts, maps, graphs, etc.
4. Lectures, meetings, etc., to increase the usefulness of 1, 2, and 3.

There is no need to urge the necessity of the establishment of co-operative centres of this kind in London districts at least. Every social reformer must know of the tremendous evils arising from the present chaotic disorganisation, and from the lack of a public opinion favourable (say) to municipal enterprise. By setting work-people to reconstruct their life and activities; to view these wholly; to understand the meaning and object of co-operative forces; it is hoped to arouse their social instinct; to face them resolutely towards Socialism; to secure an advance in the interests of culture and good citizenship.

As we are now concerned with the foundations of our work, i.e., the collection and indexing for reference of information in book or illustrative form concerning the industrial and social activities of Battersea, also with bringing volunteers into touch with work in which we are interested, it would be of the utmost service if sympathisers could send particulars of such data as they may have accumulated about Battersea, or offers of help to the Hon. Secretary, Mr. George Laundy, 209, Ebury Street, S.W. Writings and suggestions are also welcomed.

ANTIFEMINISM.

To THE EDITOR

THE NEW AGE.

The views so courageously urged by Mr. Balfour Bax are those of a Philosopher and Socialist, they carry much more weight than if they came from a Conservative standstillist, and should be carefully considered ere we are worked into taking an irretrievable, a suicidal, step. I would gladly found the new world. We have brains and her influence in many directions; but there is one point on which she does not claim equality with man, and so cannot dispute the right to cast her vote. I am sorry she is a woman, and for man to grant it would be a betrayal of trust.

On the present franchise women might at our present state of knowledge have a vote; but when we come to the question of force and intellect may appear to have the same advantages as benevolent despots—philosophers become kings. History, however, shows us that the course of events and the history of human life is benevolent, demoralises both ruler and ruled. And with whatever good intentions a nation undertakes a war it will find itself involved in a war, and in the end we take the territory and we do not help the Outlander. It would indeed be a mistake to say that all force is wrong as to say that all Capitalism is wrong, but—there is a better way.

As "R. M." truly says, the right enemy is stupidity. Our Indian misgovernment, our Deashinahai incidents, wha they are they have nothing to do with woman's right to vote. To prove that the Imperial Forces should be employed as a remedy is like advising a bloused sheep to swallow a beef-steak pie. And if we grant for the nonce that there are evils in other countries worse than in our own Empire, it is at least doubtful if a war would benefit those it was intended to benefit. Take a concrete example: we disagree of the method of Russian government and go to war; the only certain result is that the taxation of the poor in both countries would increase.

But if the present use of Force is criminal, and yet it cannot be abolished, how can it be better controlled? The best measure of force is that the employer should be interested disinterested. A nation victorious in war is its own judge. But the establishment of an international police, with the setting up of the jury system, sounds well. Though a minority of the Powers would be interested parties in any given case, yet the majority would be disinterested, and in no case as force will be used, but in the case of a nation that goes to war "on its own" the probabilities are all the other way.

BASIL STALLVER.ES.

SOCIAL RESEARCH IN BATTERSEA.

To THE EDITOR

THE NEW AGE.

May I direct the attention of your readers to the attempt which is being made by a group of Trade and Labour Union delegates to establish a large co-operative movement in Battersea, for social research, in which the work-peoples themselves shall largely, if not largely, be responsible? This movement aims to encourage work-people to collect, organise, and centralise all information on local history, geography, present conditions, and future developments. Thus it aims to afford:

1. A complete central index of all bibliographical information bearing on the life and activities of the districts.
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