SOCIALISM AND DOCTORS, by M. D. EDER.

THE NEW AGE

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF POLITICS, LITERATURE, AND ART

Edited by A. R. Orage.

No. 710 [New Series. Vol. II. No. 25] SATURDAY, APRIL 18, 1908. [Registered at G.P.O. 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, Took's Court, Furnival Street, E.C.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

IN the pages of the Political Chronicles, somewhere even now being transcribed for an enlightened posterity's amusement, the visit of Mr. Asquith to the King at Biarritz will surely rank as a first-rate myth. With the incorrigible romanticism of our matter-of-fact age, the incident has been described as if it were the ascent of Sinai by Moses. A whole Empire hung upon the details of the journey, and the wires of two hemispheres quivered with excitement.

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True there was nothing very momentous in it all. Le Roi est mort, Vive le Roi. And the centre figure of the scene was so far from heroic as to occupy himself on his outward journey with a yellowback. History will note its title: "L'Amour qui pleure." Had the occasion been greater the title might have been changed to "L'Angleterre qui pleure." But neither C.-B. for all his virtues, nor Mr. Asquith for all his defects is worth a title like that.

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The "Times" alone of the Tory press commented on the inconvenient absence of the King, an absence which cost Mr. Asquith all that pain to seek him at Biarritz. Parliamentary business has been at a standstill save for the manipulation of the wires—a most vigorous business, however. Even the political speeches of the interregnum have been listless and more than usually insincere. Nothing has been doing. Moreover, it cannot be said that the resignation of C.-B. took anybody by surprise. He has been resigning ever since he took office. Of course, the united Press was up in arms against the "Times" for lèse-majesté or something very like it. The King was doing this, that or the other, and could not be expected, etc., etc. But the almost unanimous defence was an ominous sign for democracy. The great English heart is still beating to the tune of Feudalism if not to a still more primitive cult.

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Regarding the reconstruction of the Cabinet we need only mention a few of the incidents of the whole campaign. Firstly we regret that in the tributes to C.-B. in the House of Commons on Monday the Labour Party took no share. The "Daily News," with its usual Godlike capacity for finding good in everything, remarked that Mr. Henderson was not the sort of man to advertise himself. So much the worse for the Labour Party then! The business of a handful of men with ideas in the House of Commons is to make their ideas known, and to get them talked about. Mute Miltons are all very fine in elegies, but they are no use in political warfare; and the Labour Party needs every drum and trumpet it can muster. Mr. Redmond did not fail to advertise his cause, and Mr. Henderson should likewise have sacrificed his fine shades of sentiment on a unique occasion.

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Secondly, we have to remark on Mr. Morley's descent to the House of Lords. Descent is quite the right word in view of Mr. Morley's invention of the phrase "mending or ending" that institution. Strange that with every inducement, that old Tory aristocrat, Mr. Gladstone, should have steadily refused a peerage, while the Radical democrat, erstwhile his lieutenant, Mr. John Morley, should accept the same! Compromise we suppose it was that did it. Of course, there are excellent reasons. Mr. Morley is growing old, the House of Commons is growing painfully young, and, besides, three ex-Viceroys of his Imperial charge will sit with him in that Upper Room. Also Mr. Morley will find himself at home there. Ever since he looked into the history of 1789 and 1793 in France, the memorable years of the Revolutions, Mr. Morley has been transformed into a pillar of salt. Mr. Morley once defined Carlyle as "the male of Byronism." Mr. Morley is himself the old maid of Radicalism.

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We are glad to see Mr. Lloyd George as Chancellor of the Exchequer. Mr. Lloyd George is an ambitious man with a Celtic imagination. That means that he will stick at nothing, even at Tariff Reform, to accomplish his ends; though the rose will be differently named. He is a man of ideas, with an excellent sense of organisation, and organisation is surely what is needed in our mad world of commerce and finance. The problem before every Chancellor is the problem of new sources of revenue. One might almost say that the successive solutions of this problem constitute the political history of a people. It will be interesting to learn Mr. Lloyd George's solution in his first Budget next year.

About Mr. Winston Churchill's new position it is difficult to make up one's mind. Mr. Churchill is an extraordinarily wide-awake man, and has the touch of genius' ally. This latter quality gives him an atmosphere of surprise which might almost pass for imagination, if it were not for the journalistic odour of his writings and speeches. Among the first to burst into the silent sea of the future, Mr. Churchill's election address to his constituency contains foreshadowings of the reconstructed Cabinet's policy. There is not a word about the House of Lords. More significantly there is no mention of Old Age Pensions. If the latter should prove a foreshadowing of Mr. Asquith's intentions, we hope the Labour Party will have something more effective to say than can be contained on a printed circular.

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The swapping of horses while the Government was crossing a stream has afforded an opportunity for dropping one or two inconvenient passengers. C.-B.'s war-cry, Delenda est Carthago, or Down with the House of Lords, will not, we fancy, be heard on the lips of Mr. Asquith again. In point of fact, except for the Labour Party and a few unsophisticated Radicals, nobody ever took the cry seriously. Don Quixote tilting at windmills was the image that occurred to most minds. The Education Bill may also be added to the list of extinct monsters—of which, by the way, the present Government has now a museum full. As for the Licensing Bill, we are still in doubt whether it has perished in the passage of Mr. Asquith over Jordan or only been concealed. We strongly advise him to drop it, if not too late. Except for the time-limit, there is nothing in it worth keeping alive.

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We unfeignedly regret the retention in the Cabinet of Lord Ripon and Sir Henry Fowler. Both of them are old enough to know better than to outstay not only their welcome (that was worn out long ago), but their public utility. Sir Henry Fowler was born in 1830, and is therefore nearly an octogenarian, while Lord Ripon is older even than that, having first seen the light in 1827. It is ungrateful, doubtless, to dismiss the aged with so little ceremony; but in the task of transforming chaos into cosmos, in industry and in society, it is no use to be squeamish. Everybody says in private what we are saying in public. A twentieth century Liberal Cabinet is not the place for pre-Victorian statesmen.

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We turn from the spectacle of a transmogrified Cabinet to the one party that affords us any hope. The Independent Labour Party are holding their annual Conference at Huddersfield on April 20-21. From the report before us, the party appears to have had an encouraging year of propaganda. Two hundred and twenty new branches have been formed, making 765 in all. The income of the party has increased by £1,673, and an excellent scheme of divisional propaganda and organisation has been set in activity. So far as the body of the party is concerned, there appears to be little to complain of. On the other hand, we have to deplore the lack of spirit exemplified in the meagre list of candidates endorsed by the National Council. We cannot too often repeat that the I.L.P. has a duty to discharge to the Socialist Movement, a duty which is not fulfilled by simple co-operation with the Labour Party in Parliament. The signs of the times point to reaction in a score of ways, in ways intellectual no less than in ways political. We should not be a bit surprised to see the Socialist movement sunk in the morass of practical politics within the next ten years unless the I.L.P. or still more advanced Socialist bodies realise the necessity of not only vigorous but effective propaganda.

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We know very well what we are aiming at. We are aiming at the destruction of the whole system of capitalist production and distribution and the substitution of communal production and distribution. Such a change involves, we are prepared to admit, enormous changes in the whole field of social life. Class distinctions must go, sex distinctions (in terms, that is, of human value) must go, and the whole system of society based upon private capitalism be shaken from top to bottom. That is not a small revolution to contemplate, nor a revolution easy to achieve. Against it are set the tradition of a hemisphere and thousands of years of civilised life. Frankly, it is a human experiment, an adventure of intelligence. There is danger at every step. But so much the more need for courage.

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That is why we insist on the necessity of a plan of campaign. Is it realised that the political Socialist is a soldier in an enemy's country? That the I.L.P. is an army on campaign? We imagine that fewer people would jabber about Socialism if they knew what it really meant. At present half our numbers are romantically-minded camp-followers and sentimental sight-seers. They will fly at the first sight of battle.

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If we could only feel that there were ten thousand or a thousand or even a hundred individuals calling themselves Socialists (or any other name) who were prepared to fight for Socialism as the early apostles fought for Christianity (a far more "crack-brained" cause) we could rest secure of ultimate victory. But in the whole desert of politics only here and there one, and these few divided by misunderstanding, appears to the naked eye. Education and organisation are, of course, indispensable; but how slow.

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Meantime the problems are becoming more acute and insistent. Pauperism in London is this year the worst recorded for twenty years. Obscurely in small print the papers detail the abominable figures. With "scare" headlines, insignificant scandals or petty disasters blare and bellow in the principal columns and on the placards. Exactly as in life, the real problems are pushed out of sight. Save that a problem in the form of the unemployed or a strike or a lock-out with incidents of violence breaks boisterously to its rightful place in the very first column of the newspaper, the world seems to go very well. Yet it is not very well. We care as little for the poor as anybody. We hate them. Only, the perpetual contemplation of poverty itself impoverishes. There are no rich in a country where there are poor. The rich are robbed of their riches; they become poorer than the poor.

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Unfortunately, the poor of one sort have precious little sympathy with the poor of another sort. Two incidents this week, for example, have illustrated this. During the Assizes which have just concluded at Cardiff fourteen flogging sentences have been delivered—twelve by Mr. Justice Lawrence and two by Mr. Justice Bray. One might have supposed, had one been a visitor from another planet, that such a brutal and cowardly assault on defenceless persons in the name of Justice would have raised the common blood of men to boiling point. Nothing of the kind. The spectacle of

jungle atrocities of this kind simply moved the Press and probably ninety-nine out of every hundred of its readers to remark that the sentence served the prisoners right!

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We have no notion what the offences of the fourteen victims were, nor are we disposed to inquire. We do not propose to strain at their gnat and swallow the camel of society's crime. If they were brutal, society —in the person of these Justices— has been a thousand times more brutal. Those sentences have contributed more to brutalise the nation than a hundred such offences as they were supposed to correct. Yet, probably, it is the very class that suffers most from them that defends and applauds the sentences.

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Again, in a much larger case the deplorable insensibility of public opinion (that is, the opinion of the poor in spirit) is revealed. We refer to the absolutely callous indifference with which the country receives the news of the ever-increasing native labour troubles of this chaotic Empire of ours. In Canada, in Australia, in South Africa, in Uganda, the problem—to call an unrealised thing by a dignified name—of the relations that shall exist between white men and coloured men is being stated in letters of pain and misery. For the most part, we have not the smallest doubt that the majority of our countrymen are disposed to regard natives everywhere as nothing more than brutes. Certainly the terms in which the questions of native labour are discussed publicly as well as privately lead to no other conclusion. Yet it is true that the cause of the black native in Africa is identical with the cause of the white wage slave in England. We do not say that the white slaves of England cannot be free until the black and yellow slaves of all the world are free. St. Paul said that in effect in his epistle to the Romans. But what is true is that no white slave can be free who acquiesces voluntarily in black slavery. No white civilisation is secure that does not respect black civilisation.

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The truth is so obvious, of course, that most people miss it. That is why our task is so difficult. The very men in England whose own condition is in need of remedy too often assent to the continuance of such conditions for their extra-racial peers. It takes a slave to tolerate a slave.

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We are glad to see that Lord Ampthill, at a meeting of the Colonial section of the Royal Society on Tuesday last, made the suggestion that an Imperial Conference should be called for the "full and frank discussion" of the native question. Surely that and the question of an Imperial standard of living would be problems worth a special conference of the representatives of the Empire. It is disgusting to reflect that the last Conference was occupied mainly with futile debates on subjects of almost no importance to the vast majority of our populations. With real issues of the nature of those above suggested, our Imperial Conference might easily become dominant, instead of negligible, factors in Imperial life.

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Lord Ampthill's suggestion has been endorsed in a letter to the "Times" of Monday, April 13. We commend the same to the notice of Lord Crewe, who might launch his new office of Colonial Secretary with some splendour by this means. As the son-in-law of Lord Rosebery, he ought not to turn a deaf ear.

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[NEXT WEEK.—Articles by Israel Zangwill, John Galsworthy, and Wordsworth Donisthorpe.]

The I.L.P. Conference.

The sixteenth annual conference of the Independent Labour Party, which will meet at Huddersfield on Easter Monday, is awaited with the interest which naturally attaches to the official deliberations of the most hopeful element in our political life. The Primrose League and the National Liberal Federation are, in funds and numbers, stronger bodies; but even an unlimited balance at the bank and a long membership roll are not sufficient to retain permanent interest in the politics of people who fight for abstractions of the imagination instead of living realities. The Tories may save the British Constitution—that, I understand, is the avowed threat of the Primrose League—the Liberals may preserve Nonconformity and Temperance; and yet this ridiculous muddle of society remains. To the politics of abstractions the Socialists oppose the politics of reality and commonsense. And the chief sect of the Party of Commonsense will meet at Huddersfield next week.

The Independent Labour Party is the most important Socialist Society in this country. Both in propaganda work and in political activity it is easily first; and its peculiar strength lies in the skill with which these two sides of Socialism are blended together. The I.L.P. has realised that after it has discovered what Socialism is, after it has settled what changes in social organisation must be made in order to do away with the present system of Capitalism, all its learning is thrown away unless it can get its theories put into practice. The purest milk of the word is worth little if we cannot drink it. The agenda paper of the coming Conference is an excellent example of the Socialism which we can fight for at elections, as well as talk about in debates. The combined aim of the party, to teach Socialism and to reach it, is apparent on every page. It is primarily the agenda paper of a party which has definitely made up its mind that the House of Commons is the battle-field, and that, consequently, it follows inevitably that its programme must be such as will appeal to the electors. No Socialist electors, no Socialist members of Parliament. No Socialist members of Parliament, no Socialism. That is the argument at the root of the I.L.P. position. It is a combination of abstract theory and political practice. There is nothing about the abolition of the monarchy or the repudiation of the national debt, because they are slightly abstract issues; there is nothing about Free Trade, because that does not necessarily concern Socialism—even if it did we must really leave the Liberals one idea which they can claim as their very own invention.

Here is a list of the main points to be discussed, as they appear on the agenda paper: The Right to Work, Old Age Pensions, Naval Armaments, the Russian treaty, the Congo, Education and the provision of meals for children, the Agricultural problem, Housing, Sweating, a Minimum Wage, Workmen's Compensation, and Municipal matters; then, characteristically taking up more room on the paper than any other subject, we find a whole page and a half filled with resolutions on the subject of the organisation of the I.L.P. for propaganda and political attack. Both in the selection of subjects and in the manner of treatment, this list is an authoritative exposition of Socialism as the most important element of English politics to-day.

Note, first, that the I.L.P. repudiates any intention of limiting its scope to what are usually called industrial or labour problems; for it calls upon its members to declare their views concerning the increase of our Navy, and our international relations with Russia and Belgium.

In other words, it recognises that there is no logical limit to the Socialists' interests when they reach the position of an independent party in the national Parliament. Foreign affairs must then be considered as carefully as internal affairs; they react on one another; they are part of the whole, and it is the chief boast of the Socialist that he is the only politician who does really consider the whole. The Tories are always thinking of Park Lane and the landlords; the Liberals pivot round the cotton manufacturers and the Baptist Chapel; the Socialist alone considers what will be good for the complete society, and if he is to prove the truth of that proud boast, he must consider Russia and India and the Colonies as a vital part of the problem. It is not at all certain that he has got a grip of the solution yet; for, to tell the truth, the necessity for formulating a clear foreign policy for Socialists has but lately been realised. Hence we find conflicting decisions: on this agenda appear resolutions demanding the limitation of naval armaments, and also resolutions censuring the English alliance with Russia, and asking the Government to interfere in the Congo. Now, there must be no doubt about the facts which face us. No one outside a lunatic asylum wants to spend a farthing on either the army or the navy if it can be saved. But if we may not make alliances, and if we must interfere in the Congo where wrong is being done, then it seems inevitable that we must sooner or later come to blows with other nations; that means an army and a navy or extinction. The frail humanity of man objects to being ordered to do justice in the Congo or anywhere else; in hasty anger the tyrants may hit back; and when a nation hits back it is not a common assault; it is war. So that the putting down of injustice and the ploughshare and the sickle are not always possible as co-existent realities, however admirable they may be as ideals. But the reconciliation of the real and the ideal was always a hard problem, and even the inveterate commonsense of the I.L.P may fail to solve it, without much discredit.

The resolution which "emphatically re-affirms its belief in the principle of the Right to Work" is placed first on the agenda paper, and there is no amendment to it. In defiance of the ridicule of foes and the criticism of some friends, the I.L.P. will fight in the last ditch to defend this position on the general lines of the Bill which has already been introduced twice in the House of Commons. No criticism has touched it. It has been objected that it is impossible to organise profitable work for a shifting mass of unemployed, and sometimes unemployable, men and women. The critics apparently accept pauperism or starvation as inevitable; the I.L.P. refuses to believe that an intelligent local council cannot organise work which is at least more profitable than the output of a workhouse. But everyone is agreed that the gentlemen who sit at present on town or county councils are not often intelligent enough to organise anything. Therefore the Bill allows for their failure to provide work; and says that if they cannot organise state or municipal industry—which would be Socialism—then they must provide state or municipal maintenance for the unemployed—which is only a form of poor relief, with the radical quality that it is free from the disability of disfranchisement, and will be legally due immediately the applicant is out of work without waiting until his last penny has gone and he is a wrecked man.

In this Right to Work Bill the I.L.P. displays its genius for combining Socialism and practical politics. It asks for the organisation of state employment; knowing that will take a long time in coming, it calls for immediate relief and maintenance. As a political party, as a humanitarian party, it realises that its business is to convince the people that the programme of the Socialists is not a policy of abstractions, but will in actual fact bring food and clothing and housing to those who lack these things. And we shall never get a Socialist majority in Parliament until the people understand that.

G. R. S. TAYLOR.

The Storm in the Tea-Shop.

As to the rights or wrongs of the girl strikers at the Cabin Tea-shop in Piccadilly, I confess I am not very clear. The newspapers which gave so much space to the lighter side of the incident did not seem to think it worth while to find out and tell their readers exactly what the trouble was about. At first there seemed to be in question a "wrongful dismissal." Then there was a story that the waitresses were dissatisfied because a King Stork superintendent had been substituted for a popular but inefficient King Log. Finally, the appeal to the public was based upon low wages and long hours. It was characteristic of the daily newspapers' low opinion of their readers' intelligence that they did not suppose anyone would want to know the cause of the strike.

However, the cause really does not matter. The true inwardness of the episode shines forth with equal radiance whether the girls were right or wrong. And that true inwardness is that working women are beginning to open their eyes to the hopeless and degrading conditions of the Labour Market to-day. Hitherto employers of labour have naïvely supposed that by substituting women for men they were making their own position more secure. They have imagined women to be the servile sex. They thought they could go on for ever paying women lower wages than men could afford to take. "Women," they said to themselves, "have no sense of solidarity. They cannot combine. They are timid, naturally inclined to obedience and submission. Any business which can employ women is perfectly safe."

For years past I have chuckled to myself at such reasoning as this. For years I have been looking forward to what happened last week. It has come even sooner than I expected. It is as yet but a premonitory symptom. But a beginning has been made. The Woman Worker is on her way to the realisation of Herself. She is becoming class-conscious, to use that inelegant but useful Teutonism. She has given just a hint of the sort of Donnybrook Fair into which in due time she will turn the Labour Market. She has shown the Employer what a folly he committed when he went in for hiring women's labour in the belief that women were more tractable than men.

Women, of course, are born revolutionaries—as soon as they have decided that they want a change. Men will go on grumbling and urging reforms all their lives, yet never lift a finger to bring them any nearer. It needs a tremendous effort to arouse men to action even to get rid of a burden which presses heavily upon their own shoulders every hour of the day. They are, it is true, easily persuaded that they are suffering wrong. They like to feel that they are being hardly treated. But it is the devil's own job to stir them up to do anything. Women, on the other hand, with their more practical outlook, are difficult to convince of the existence of injustice, but as soon as they have got the idea into their heads they want to take action. They are ready for any course, however unusual, however violent, which seems likely to lead to a better state.

The psychology of this difference between Man and Woman seems to me to be based upon the contrast between the power they possess in their daily occupations. No man has any real power in his business. Whether he be Prime Minister or junior clerk, he is hemmed about by so many restrictions, his liberty of action is so circumscribed by the liberty of action of others, by the dignity of his office, by the jealousy of colleagues, by the stupidity of mankind in general, and by a hundred other sufficiently obvious causes, that he has really no liberty of action at all. The greater the machine of which a man forms part, whether he has created it himself or not, the more absolutely does it enslave him and reduce him to the position merely of a cog.

Contrast with this a woman's power in the home. She can do as she likes. If she does not care for the arrangement of her furniture, she can ring the bell and

have it all altered; or, if she does not keep servants, she can set to and move it around herself until she has arranged it to her taste. She can order whatever she fancies for dinner. If her butcher displeases her, either by supplying indifferent meat or by having cross eyes, she can bid him begone and give her custom elsewhere. She is a despot; not in name, for Englishmen have dubbed her slave, and she, smiling sardonically, has let the silly fellows keep their illusion; but in fact. The title is nothing to her so long as she has the reality. In her mind objecting to anything and altering it are parts of the same operation. She cannot conceive of anything being obviously in need of alteration and yet not being altered.

In the Labour Market it is woman's greater ingenuity and unscrupulousness which are going to make employers rue bitterly the day they ever employed her. The Cabin waitresses laid their plans with cunning and "struck" at the very busiest time of day. Men would have too much "sense of fair-play" to use such an obviously useful weapon. They would say it "wasn't cricket." Women, too, say it isn't cricket, but with a different meaning. "Play a game as you please," they say, "with any fantastic rules of what is and what isn't honourable that your fancy may invent. But *à la vie comme à la vie*. In a matter that affects your life and your well-being and your children perhaps, whether they are actually here or as yet dim possibilities of the future—in such a grave and serious matter as that, don't worry about rules or finick over scruples. Make up your mind what you want and get it by the quickest means you can."

We don't yet know what strikes are. Men have played at striking. Women will show how employers are to be fought in dead earnest.

In politics, too, the participation of women will make tremendous changes. I went to a political meeting the other day with two women. The speakers droned on about Tariff Reform and the Licensing Bill and the Eight Hours day for miners, assuming everyone present knew all about these measures, filling the air with a dull murmur of figures and foolish comparisons and futile appeals to past history. The men present—the audience consisted almost entirely of them—listened with a sheep-like patience, applauded at intervals, evidently thought it was all right, although they didn't in the least understand what the speakers were saying; didn't even understand the words they used, much less their sequence of ideas. How those two women gave it me when we got out into the wholesome night air! They insisted on knowing all about Tariffs and Protection and Free Trade. They required me to give them a history of the Licensing question, and a full statement of the arguments for and against the eight hours day. They spoke with contempt of the orators. They called them dull and wordy, and said they didn't seem to know at all clearly what they were talking about.

Just imagine ordinary public speakers on politics before an audience of women: their dreary, halting utterance, their obvious insincerity, their inability to lend any interest to the discussion of public affairs, would not be tolerated for two minutes. Men go to public meetings as a kind of ritual, women will ask first of all what is the object of them, and secondly, whether that object cannot be achieved without so much talk about it. Most men regard politics as an end in themselves: to women they will be simply a means to an end.

"And what will that end be?" you inquire. That is a little question with too big an answer to be elaborated here. But I can tell you one object to which they will press forward. They will aim at making it impossible for any women to be employed, as these tea shop girls are, at a wage of six and ninepence a week. I see another Social Purity Crusade is being got up by Bishops and eminent Nonconformist divines. My lords and reverend gentlemen, cease your support to a social system which drives girls on to the streets *because they cannot get a living any other way*. The road to social purity lies through social justice. Women will have to make you understand that.

THORPE LEE.

The Strange Case of Lord Ashtown.

By "Stanhope of Chester."

It was exceedingly unfortunate that Mr. Haviland Burke's motion for a public inquiry on oath into the circumstances of the explosion at Glenhiry Lodge, the property of Lord Ashtown, should have been rejected in the House of Commons on April 2nd, by a majority of 27.

What is the history of the Glenhiry crime? A bomb was placed on the window-sill of Lord Ashtown's house, by some persons unknown; it exploded at 1.35 a.m., on August 14th. District-Inspector Preston was sent for; he examined the rooms which were damaged by the explosion. He also investigated the probable condition of the drawing-room at the time of the explosion; his conclusions were embodied in a report, which is a document of great importance in the case. Lord Ashtown and his servants pledged themselves that the windows of the drawing-room, on the sill of which the bomb was placed, had been closed on the night of August 13th. But after careful examination Inspector Preston arrived at a different conclusion. Later on, the Home Office expert, Captain Lloyd, who was called in to make an independent survey, confirmed Inspector Preston's observations. Inspector Preston, after a rigid scrutiny of the locus in quo, drew four deductions. "(1) Strangers would have been deterred from a criminal intention on finding the window unexpectedly open. (2) Had the perpetrators intended to kill Lord Ashtown, they would have been more likely to do so if they had put the bomb inside the room—which was simple when the window was open. (3) To open the window, shutters, and door was calculated to minimise the damage by reducing the resistance. (4) If Graham's and Alice Cudd's statements are correct the shutters (at least) must have been unfastened by some one from inside between 9.30 p.m. and the time of the explosion. . . . . .

"The pot used to make the bomb has a peculiar 'lug' or 'ear' attached to it to enable it to be slung on the 'hangers' over a fire. A portion of the bomb with the 'lug' attached was shown to Mrs. Williamson, widow of the late gamekeeper at Glenahiery. She says that when she left Glenahiery Lodge, rather more than a year ago, she left behind in the pump-house a similar pot in size and shape, and with similar 'lugs.' She said this pot was used to hold lime-wash, and was covered with lime, both inside and outside. The fragments of the pot have since been analysed, and are found to be stained with lime on both sides in considerable quantities. (Cd. 3,977, pages 4 and 5). County-Inspector Jennings, in a report dated August 17th, expressed this definite opinion: "The only point of which there is no doubt is that whoever placed the explosive engine had a thorough knowledge of the domestic arrangements and of the premises." (Cd. 4,010, page 3).

Lord Ashtown claimed damages against the Clonmel Rural District Council for the losses he had sustained in consequence of the explosion. The action was tried by County Court Judge Fitzgerald last September, and Lord Ashtown recovered £140, a decision which was affirmed by Mr. Justice Kenny on appeal.

Lord Ashtown was called as a witness, and some interesting questions were put to him by Mr. Healy: "Is that a fac-simile of your signature?—Yes, it is. Did you write it?—No. That signature is attached to an article in 'Answers,' dealing with this case. Is it a concoction?—It is. You allowed from September 7th until to-day to elapse without contradicting it?—I thought it better not to. The whole article is a concoction?—I did not write it. . . . 'Special article by his lordship written for "Answers" '?—That is false. I never wrote it. . . . You have denied every state-

ment in this article. Did you ever deny it before? Did you ever write to the editor that the article was not yours?—No. . . . ("The Irish Times," September 23rd, 1907.)

The Editor of "Answers" wrote to "The Irish Times" this letter, after Lord Ashtown had denied on oath that he was responsible for the allegations against, and slanders on, the Irish people contained in the "Answers" article, "How Irish Landlords have to live": "I would be glad if you would grant me the courtesy of your space for the following sworn declaration which has been handed to me by the gentleman who conducted negotiations with his lordship on my behalf. 'I solemnly affirm that the article which appeared in "Answers" was dictated to me by Lord Ashtown at the Euston Hotel, on August 19th; that I told his lordship that the article was for publication in that journal; that he, during the course of the dictation again and again asked me to alter the language where it required verbal alteration, and that he gave me his signature to append to the article.' I may say that the M.S. bearing his lordship's signature is now in my possession." Lord Ashtown replied to this letter, but his reply did not clear up the dispute. It is plain that there is a direct conflict of testimony as to the authorship of the "Answers" article; it is significant that Lord Ashtown only denied its authorship, when pressed in cross-examination. The "Answers" writer has never been produced in the witness-box, and could not be called as a witness except under the special powers of a Commission.

Lord Ashtown, in cross-examination, was confronted with a publication, "Grievances from Ireland," which he had compiled. "Did you foreshadow this outrage in that publication?—I do not think so. Are you responsible for the statements in it?—Yes. Did you write: 'This Nationalist storm of wrath is clear proof that the enemies of civil and religious liberty would gladly blow us from off the face of the earth if it were within their power'?—No, but I take full authority for what was in it."

These extracts from contemporary documents establish the astounding character of this case, and in what an anomalous position the whole incident has been left by the refusal of the Government to order a further inquiry. The charge against Lord Ashtown is a terrible one. On the other hand, he has the decisions of two Judges in his favour, and it is difficult to understand how he could have induced his servants to lend themselves to a bogus outrage of this description. Yet, no strangers were in the neighbourhood of Lord Ashtown's house; the explosion was deliberately planned to be an ineffective one; the usual notice to the police of his arrival was not given by Lord Ashtown; while all the dogs were locked up by Graham, the gamekeeper, contrary to the custom of the house. Lord Ashtown's case was that he was in danger of his life; but, on arriving in the danger zone, he, on the night in question, deprived himself of the protection afforded by his dogs, and never warned the police that he was occupying Glenahiry Lodge!

Mr. Hilaire Belloc denounced the two Judges who have found in Lord Ashtown's favour as "Unionist hacks." He was compelled to apologise; but as regards Judge Fitzgerald, we avail ourselves of this opportunity of quoting one of his obiter dicta, from which one may gather his qualifications to administer his Majesty's justice. At the close of Mr. Moriarty's speech for the defence, there was some applause in the Court, whereupon Judge Fitzgerald said: "Who are those ragamuffins who are making all this noise? Clear out the gallery at once; hurl them out, and don't be too gentle about it."

Whatever may be the ultimate result, the Radical, Irish, and Labour Parties should continue to insist on a full inquiry into this infamous outrage, whether perpetrated by the opponents of Lord Ashtown for the purpose of ridding themselves of an enemy of Nationalism, or by Lord Ashtown, with the malicious intention of discrediting the Nationalist movement by creating an artificial state of disorder and manufactured outrage.

In Brief.

IRISH moonlighting is being repeated in Kentucky by an association of tobacco growers calling themselves "night riders," who are fighting the Trust by night attacks on Trust planters.

A number of Republican Congressmen and Senators of America are advocating a reduction of the representation in those States which have disfranchised the negro.

Mr. Keir Hardie: "I think the Liberal Party has made a great mistake in selecting Mr. Asquith. I do not think he will hold the party together."

Twenty-one foreign Powers, including America, have now agreed to keep a separate record of their Irish trade statistics. Over 270 Irish firms have adopted the Irish trade mark, invented only about a year ago.

On March 28 the number of paupers in London was higher by 5,938 than the total for the corresponding period of 1907. This is the highest total since 1871. The number of paupers is now 126,082 or 26.5 per 1,000 of the population.

Mr. Willett, of Sloane Square, London, S.W., will be glad to send full particulars of his proposal for the saving of daylight, with draft Bill, etc., to any one sending him 6d. in stamps.

An analysis of the results of the election of the six conciliation boards on the Midland Railway shows that out of the 60 seats the Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants' candidates have secured 55.

The Government, by way of setting an example to private employers, propose to give facilities for a 15 days' camp to men in their employ, and to allow them civilian wages during that period.

A "Voteless Shareholder" ("Times," April 4): "The Licensing Bill is in reality a specimen of Socialism by instalments."

Sir John Cockburn urged women "not to rest till every avenue of employment open to men was thrown open to women also."

At Bournville Works is a Pension Fund managed by trustees elected by the company and the employees jointly. The present balance is £60,037.

The Colonial Office List for 1908 gives the total area of the Empire as 11 million square miles (including India) or 91 times the area of the Mother Country.

Mr. Birrell has promised that one of the Government measures for next Session should be a Bill for the reform of the Poor Law in Ireland; based on the Viceregal Commission's Report of 1906.

The Coroner's Inquest Bill, read a second time on Friday, April 3, makes it optional at the Coroner's discretion for the jury to view the body. The practice dates back to the time of Alfred. Viscount Helmsley remarked that the argument from the disagreeableness of the duty "was hardly strong enough to justify the doing away with so ancient a custom."

The total sum of stocks and investments held by the official trustees of charitable funds on December 31, 1907, amounted to £26,022,732, yielding an annual income of £723,626. (Charity Commissioners' Report, No. 55.)

Lord Montagu said: "If the motor-car compelled the reorganisation of our highway system on a national basis, it would on that account alone be worthy of the gratitude of posterity."

Lord Ampthill has urged that an Imperial Conference should be summoned for the full and frank discussion of the Asiatic Immigration and Native Labour problems of the Empire.

Mr. M. J. F. McCarthy regards the Irish Nationalist Party as constituting "an appalling spectacle of the priest-ridden impotence to which a once powerful party can be reduced, an object-lesson, a kind of human danger signal, a political death's-head-and-cross-bones."

The Solicitor-General for Scotland prophesied on Tuesday last that the next General Election would be fought on Free Trade.

Mr. Bonar Law thinks after Peckham that "London has become again an Imperial city in its instincts and aspirations."

Lord Rosebery is of opinion "that a conference between Churchmen and Nonconformists might now be of the greatest use in settling the education question."

Lord Strathcona, High Commissioner of Canada, lecturing at the Royal Colonial Institute on "The All-Red Route," contended that the journey from England to Australia via Canada could be made in 28 days as against the 30 days required for the Suez Route; and the journey from England to New Zealand in 25 days as against 35. Sir J. C. R.

Colomb thought that the proposed Imperial grant should be spent in battleships instead.

A modern ship-building yard employing 2,500 hands comprises quite two dozen different trades and almost as many trade unions.

We ourselves live in far too brittle a glass-house for us to throw stones at the Ancient Egyptians for being behind the times.—Professor Turner.

Mme. Zola regrets that her husband's remains are to be disturbed, and expresses the conviction that his labours of forty years, his attitude at the time of the Dreyfus case, and the insults of the Nationalists will be a more fitting monument than a grave in the Pantheon.

The House of Lords Committee on the London Electric Power Bill consists of Lord Cromer, Lord Welby (former Progressive member of the L.C.C.), Lord Lytton, Lord Cobham, and Lord Lamington. It is expected that the late Progressive proposals will be recommended.

The Legislative Assembly of New South Wales passed on April 6 the Industrial Disputes Bill, providing for the appointment of boards for the fixing of wages and hours of labour, on which employers and employed are to be equally represented.

The Native Affairs Commission in Natal which reported last July, concluded that the existing system of native administration in Zululand indicated on the part of the Natal Government lack of knowledge, poverty of resource, and erroneous methods, and that the law applied to the natives exhibited a total disregard of native feelings and morals.

The Women's Guild of Art (Hon. Sec., Miss May Morris) has refused to exhibit in a special Women's Section at the forthcoming Edinburgh Exhibition on the ground that "the work of artists should be judged without regard to questions of sex."

Mr. T. A. Brassey, a director of one of the South Wales coal companies, has been writing to the "Times" (April 4) that "if the Miners' Federation is unable to exact for its members reasonable conditions of employment there is little justification for its existence."

On November 21, 1906, the Chinese Government approved the regulations for the gradual suppression of opium cultivation and consumption throughout the Empire. The annual loss of revenue involved is £1,500,000. But from many rural districts reports come that the dens have not been closed, but have been converted into Government offices for the distribution of opium for the benefit of the officials.

At the annual meeting of the Aborigines Protection Society Sir Henry Cotton, M.P., said: "If ever South African Federation was to come it could only proceed on lines giving natives some uniform representation." Sir Charles Dilke moved a resolution urging the Government to sanction no scheme of South African federation that did not "(1) recognise the claim of natives to share with white settlers all the functions of citizenship and political and social rights and privileges with the conditions of which they comply, and (2) ensure for less civilised natives the possession and occupation of land sufficient for their requirements and freedom in the disposing of their labour."

A meeting of a Shakespeare National Theatre Committee representing persons desirous that the Shakespeare memorial shall take the form not of a monument but of a national theatre, was held on Monday afternoon. The Hon. Sec. is Mr. R. A. Scott James.

One of our correspondents writes: "Why not advertise the 'Redemption of Ireland' as a matter of contract open to International tender?"

Referring to our article "G. B. S. as M.P.," Mr. George Owen writes: "Parliament is no place for intellectual assets"; while "W. H." complains that "posterity won't read Hansard," but will read Shaw's books.

"Dublin" writes us that the Irish Bishops are warning their flocks against Tolstoi, Fenianism, Wakes—and Socialism.

Miss Douglas Smith, of the W.S.P.U., points out that the guerilla warfare of the Suffragettes is only the sensational part of their enormous activity.

Mr. Romney Green writes that the capitalists know that "the unemployed are most useful and desirable members of society in that they constitute the necessary nether mill-stone of the profit-grinding machine."

Mr. Russell Scott asks, "How can there be a Social Democracy for males only? Are not women a part of the Demos?"

Mr. H. C. Rowe thinks Mr. Belloc is suffering from "severe Aristotleitis."

Andrew Joy writes that the return of Toryism to power will not be sadder than the present prospect of a "republic of Buns and Lemonade."

Miss K. S. Martin writes: "If Socialism were to be forced on a people of whom the majority were not able to exercise the rights of citizenship by voting, it would be an act of far greater tyranny and injustice than would be possible under any other form of government."

Stendhal, the Prophet.

By Dr. Oscar Levy.

Justum, et tenacem propositi virum,
Non civium ardor prava jubentium,
Non Vultus instantis tyranni,
Mente quatit solida . . .

[The Man, in conscious virtue bold,
Who dares his secret purpose hold,
Unshaken hears the crowd's tumultuous cries,
And th' impetuous tyrant's angry brow defies.]
—(Horat. Carm., lib. III, 3.)

IT is because I am myself a member of that holy race, which has produced the great prophets, that I also like and admire in other and less holy races those men who throw themselves into opposition to their age and sacrifice health and happiness for their ideal, as for instance the Frenchman, Henry Beyle (Stendhal). His name is not too often heard in this country, nor will his books be ever universally read, in spite of my poor efforts: England is not the country for prophets, who almost invariably over here degenerate into reformers and cranks of the Ibsen-Stockmann type, i.e., the Philistine fighting the Philistine. Perhaps, however, the publication of his correspondence by M. Ad. Paupe and M. P. A. Cheramy* will draw some stray Englishman's attention to that now immortal name. This, the first complete edition, contains more than 700 letters; of these 200 are now published for the first time, together with three portraits of Henry Beyle (Stendhal). The preface is written by Maurice Barrès, of the Académie Française, and the price of 20 francs will not be thought excessive considering the efforts of the able editors to secure and arrange their material, and the fact that the profit will go to the Stendhal-Monument Fund.

May I be allowed to say a word to my Parisian friends whom my own essay on Stendhal has gained me? Do they really think they have a right to erect a monument to this first cosmopolitan, who was not a common love-your-neighbour-as-yourself Christian, who was no revolutionary, but an aristocrat and certainly no democrat—and this monument is to be erected in democratic France, a country he despised, in spite of his having been born there? Have they forgotten his words about post-revolutionary France? Do they not remember that he once called it: "le plus vilain pays du monde que les nigauds appellent la belle France"? That he once, being at the time French Consul in Civita Vecchia, in a moment of disgust abjured his French nationality? That he would not be buried in France, in the ungrateful soil that had brought him only ill, that his heart was always in Italy, and that upon his tombstone in Montmartre, where he lies buried in spite of his wish, is engraved:—

Arrigo Beyle, *Milanese*,
Visse, Scrisse, Amò.

[Here lies Henry Beyle, the *Milanese*:
He lived, he wrote, he loved.]

I know my Parisian friends are excellent men, and they wish to atone for their fathers' sins against Stendhal, but why not put up first a monument in their hearts before building one on their soil? Why surreptitiously hush up the antipatriotic attitude of their great master, a man of wide and noble sympathies, who very rightly felt that he sometimes had more in common with men foreign to his race and country than with the rabble that spoke his own tongue and professed his own creed? "My country is where there are most people like me," Stendhal used to say. Why have they also forgotten

* "La Correspondance de Stendhal" (1800-42), publiée par Ad. Paupe et P. A. Cheramy. Libraire Bosse, 48, Rue La Fayette, Paris. Prix des trois volumes, Fcs. 20.

that other aphorism of his :" a patriot is either a doll or a rogue "? Why his contention that in Europe one could live in one country as well as in another? Why his contemptuous "Je m'en fiche d'être conquis"? Why have none of my friends, as far as I know, come forward and plainly remonstrated against that " rabies nationalis " which rages in France as well as in other countries? Why not? Why does M. Maurice Barrès, the ardent nationalist, write the preface? Why a monument and panegyrics and journalistic ecstasies for a man whose ideas have not yet taken root in the hearts of his worshippers?

I know, even this little controversy will be enough to deter any true Englishman from perusing Stendhal, which is one of the reasons why I wrote it. Perhaps it will not discourage those Englishmen who pride themselves on their open-mindedness, on their ready acceptance of continental ideas, and their freedom from insularity. But this uninsular mind—superabundant even in non-insular countries—will be less capable still of understanding our Frenchman. It should be remembered that Cosmopolitanism of the Stendhal type is not below national feeling, but above it: it has outgrown the national fetters. As Friedrich Nietzsche said: " Ein guter Deutscher sein, heisst sich entdeutschen." (" To be a good German means to ungermanise oneself.") You think that this is only right for Germans, dear Englishmen? How patriotic you are!

Anyhow, as I am writing for THE NEW AGE, I may dismiss these two types of the old one, the patriot and the humanitarian, and imagine myself asked by a new reader to tell him something more about Stendhal's ideas. For this it may be best to let Stendhal speak for himself and simply to translate into English those aphorisms which I marked in my copy of " Rome, Florence and Naples " ten years ago, and which still seem to me to possess a great deal of freshness: —

They talk a lot of bad things about Rossini. He was lazy, he cheated his impresarios, he stole other people's music—yes, I believe it, but then there are so many honest composers who make you yawn.

The politicians in England are too much occupied to see their literary men, and their leisured class is too stupid and too frivolous. Talent and society ought to mix more in this country: the literary men would give society more ideas, and in exchange for that society would teach them how to live, and the literary men would become more reasonable, amiable, happy, and better mannered.

If Napoleon had only had the courage to have two soldiers shot daily during his retreat from Russia, he would not have lost more than six thousand men.

A professor is paid by the government to have and teach a certain opinion, but mostly this opinion is not worth buying.

There is neither vice nor virtue without passion.

It is very easy to awake sympathy nowadays—in other words, it is never profoundly awakened.

In an orchestra the violins should be played by Frenchmen, the wind instruments by Germans, all the others, including the conductor, should be Italian, and an Englishman should sell the tickets.

Funny that man talks five languages, and still—he is not a fool!

In countries where they read novels, every woman, even in her most tender moments, imitates a little the last fashionable one.

I only regret one thing, that there is no sacred language any more, in order that an honest man could speak openly his opinion and would only be understood by his peers.

In an Italian café we recited three sonnets, which were somewhat free. The waiters round us laughed as much as we. In England, the country of dignity, this familiarity would have filled us with disgust.

It is terrible that a philosopher nowadays has also to fight women who have their heart spoilt by romanticism and their imagination obscured by pictures of celestial beauty. But in order to be a good philosopher, one has to be clear, dry, and without illusions. A successful banker would possess a part of that character necessary for a philosopher, for he at least sees things as they are, and does not talk big about brilliant dreams!

The higher class Englishmen have a simplicity of manner which is really admirable.

Shakespeare's Falstaff possesses no courage whatever, but in spite of that we cannot despise him, because he possesses such brilliant wit, and he amuses us so. Falstaff gains still more if played before a sad nation, which trembles at the word of " duty," that duty which the stout cavalier continually neglects.

The German scientists should serve up their dishes in the same way as in France turbot is brought up to table,—fish in one plate, and the sauce separate—then one could have the fish without having to swallow their sauce of transcendental philosophy as well.

And then that terrible " mot " which shocked me to the core when I first read it, but which I have grown to understand better :—

Our masters and our parents are our natural enemies.

Or the little cosmogony, which he used to tell, and which illustrates the great change that came into the world by the advent of Christian morality :—

Once upon a time, God was a very clever artisan. Day and night he kept on working, and talked very little. And he was always inventing something new, suns, comets, and so on. People used to tell him: " You really ought to write a book, and perpetuate these magnificent results!" "No," replied God, "nothing is as yet as perfect as I should like. Just let me complete my discoveries, and we'll see."

But one fine day God died, quite suddenly—perhaps of heart-disease. His son, who was brought up by the Jesuits, was at once called in. He was a gentle and delicate youth, without an inkling of practical mechanics. He was conducted into his father's workshop.

"Start away," they told him, "and govern the world!"

The poor boy was in a quandary, and asked:

"But how did my father do it?"

"Oh, he used to turn this wheel, and that wheel, and then he used to do this or that ——"

The son is turning the wheel——but the engines are reversed!

But if anyone, from the above, should come to the conclusion that Stendhal liked to shock people or to assail mediocrity, he would be very much mistaken. Stendhal had a tender heart, and any savage stroke of his pen—as it has to come sometimes from the pen of every honest littérateur—made him sigh, like Simon de Montfort, who while smiting his foes used to exclaim: " And it is I who have to do these dreadful deeds, it is I with my tender and loving heart!" Stendhal was also too much of a thinker to be a savage reformer, he knew that there must be and should be always mediocrity, and that mediocrity is absolutely right—in its place. He, therefore, even valued it highly. He would never have overlooked the healthy side of Socialism, as did the first German Chancellor, Otto von Bismarck; he would never have imitated the English statesmen of to-day, who, following Bismarck, seem to " see red " whenever the word Socialism is mentioned. He would have seen that, if not Socialism, at least the Socialists work for order, obedience, work, industry, duty, soberness, vegetarianism, and all good things, that they possess virtues which it has taken centuries to develop, virtues which are of the greatest value, because they must always be possessed by the majority, virtues that are not in contradiction with Christianity, but perhaps its very flower, its choicest fruit. He would, therefore, not have meddled with that excellent religious basis for the gigantic pyramid of a future civilisation, which is forming itself in our midst and in our times, a basis which only wants supervision and restriction, not open enmity. Let us not touch it either! As for the pyramid itself—trust to the prophets!

Stendhal was one of them, and a true one, not only in those things he said about others, but also in those he said about himself. When he died in 1842 he said :— " I shall not be read before the year 1880." And as " on the mudbanks of the barbarous Thames no prophet or angel has ever appeared " (this is Disraeli's word, not mine!), and as in spite of Hyde Park, Parliament and Lecture Room, there is a positive dearth of them over here, it may not be unwise to import this one from abroad, for even on the barbarous Thames there may be men who by their birth, training and character have a right to read him. I am sure those happy (or unhappy?) few, to whom he dedicated his " Chartreuse de Parme," will profit by it, for Stendhal is a powerful antidote or supplement to that overrated triad of British glory: mechanics, economics, and politics!

Socialism and the Medical Profession.

In the first place I must express my gratitude for the letter of "A London Graduate,"* since it allows me, with the Editor's permission, to avow my responsibility for the three reviews which your correspondent complains attack the medical profession. It was indeed merely through an oversight that my signature was not appended to the review of Dr. Leffingwell's book on the vivisection controversy.

If "A London Graduate" will honour me by reading a short contribution to the current number of "The Socialist Review," he will recognise that my attitude towards my own profession is not one of undiscriminating blame. I would add that in lectures I have delivered in many parts of the country on such subjects as "A National Medical Service," "The Cost of Death"; in articles contributed to these columns and elsewhere, I have been no niggard in estimating the value of the work done by doctors in compelling the Factory Act legislation and the like; here I did but follow in the wake of Karl Marx. Before both middle and working class audiences I have constantly referred to the work of men like Sir John Simon, Dr. Hunter, Dr. Greenhow, Dr. Farr, Dr. Russell in the past, or to that of, say, Dr. Bulstrode, Dr. Farrar, Dr. Kerr, Dr. Newsholme, Sir Victor Horsley, and a host of others in the present. I have claimed for many of these devoted, untiring advocates of a worthier England that they are in essence Socialists by whatsoever label they prefer to be recognised.

But if I am to praise what I find good, I cannot remain silent when I find from the early education of the doctor to his settling down into practice much that is archaic, revolting, ignoble, vulgar. My attack is particularly directed against the private medical system whereby medical men become directly dependent for a livelihood upon the existence of disease in the community. This system I have inveighed against before both medical and lay assemblies, I have pointed out that only by the Nationalisation of the Medical Profession, the details of which I have elaborated, will there be found a remedy that shall make doctors other than petty competing tradesmen.

Let it be observed that I in no wise urge that doctors should work for nothing or indeed for indirect payments, such as serving as unpaid physicians to hospitals. I would have them perform good work and receive adequate or even handsome remuneration in return. So much for my general attitude. I must ask that the seeming egotism of my remarks be pardoned, into which I have been led by Mr. Eden Phillpotts's letter and that of "A London Graduate," who regards my remarks as slanders upon doctors. Now to answer some of the specific points raised by the latter gentleman.

Not only is money directly to be obtained by the practice of vivisection, but it is the only passport to advancement in the profession. To-day practically no junior would be elected to a hospital staff who had not carried out some experiments which require at least inoculations or other forms of vivisection. That large sums of money are paid will be evident to anyone reading the reports of the Imperial Cancer Research Fund, the grants made by the British Medical Association, the various lectureships in the medical schools, which are indirect forms of payment. I say indirect, because to my certain knowledge and to my own loss as a student, the lecturers are not chosen for their teaching ability, but simply because they are on the hospital staff. In my student days at my hospital the lecturer on Forensic Medicine was a physician with no technical knowledge of the subject, the lecturer on Surgery could not speak above a whisper, and so more or less throughout.

Contrast the experiments of the Imperial Cancer Research Fund with those, for instance, now being carried on by Dr. Haden Guest on feeding school children in Southwark. His is work of inestimable value, and yet it would not be recognised as giving him any claim to professional dignity compared with having possibly sown some cancer cells in mice and rats and then proving nothing thereby. A similar tendency is shown in the suggestion made for spending large sums in erecting sanatoria for the cure of consumptives. In my opinion all money now spent on such experiments or such buildings, until the nation will accept the results of what is already proven, is waste. Dr. Newsholme has shown that 56 per cent. of our present mortality is due to preventible disease (my own estimate claims two-thirds).

Since, then, about half our present mortality is preventable by a reorganisation of our lives on such common sense lines as were outlined in my review on the vivisection book (New Age, p. 434), surely it is for the doctors to insist upon this reconstruction. When we have for all sufficient food and water, proper housing accommodation, pleasurable work and ample leisure, and our children no longer martyrised by our present cruel education system, then if some disease (say, cancer) still persist—and so great an authority as Mr. Butlin does not exclude cancer being related to our social conditions—we doctors may consider the question of vivisection, cancer research funds, and inoculation.

Consider the reports of the Medical Officer of the Local Government Board. Amidst much that is of real value you will find money and time devoted to what, in our present neglect of simple hygiene, one must stigmatise as banal questions. In 1903-4 the reports by Dr. Gordon and by Dr. Houston are of this character. In 1904-5 you may read a "Further Report on the Chemical Products of the Bacillus Enteriditis Sporogenes," another on the "Biological Characters of the Staphylococci Pathogenic for Men," and other reports equally elaborate and trivial. Consider that the Board's medical department has never yet mapped out the available water supply of this country; that time after time typhoid epidemics, *e.g.*, Maidstone, Lincoln, have been traced to defective water supply, the investigations being made after the outbreak. Where in some cases the local Medical Officer of Health had drawn attention to the defects nothing had been done. Was it not the duty of the chief medical officer of the Local Government Board to create such a hubbub as would have compelled action?

Your correspondent complains that I fathered Dr. Rentoul's personal views upon the profession. Not so. My charge was that medical men are ever advocates of aggressive restrictions upon the individual. The whole of the Vaccination Acts and the C.D. Acts sufficiently bear out my statement. Other instances are seen in the contumely with which any medical innovation is treated in this country.

Was not Harvey's practice nigh ruined by his paper

* See last week's Correspondence page.

on the circulation of the blood; Elliotson (Thackeray's Dr. Goodenough) denounced as a humbug for employing a stethoscope, that "useless bit of wood"; himself forced to resign from University College Hospital because he practised hypnotism; Simpson's discovery of chloroform proclaimed "an attempt to contravene the arrangements and decrees of Providence"? Is it not a disgrace that a body called the General Medical Council should spend a large portion of its time and money on puerile discussion about medical etiquette or in measuring the letters of a dentist's sign-board?

I am asked what is meant by my request to students to examine for themselves the bases of the sciences in which they are instructed. A few examples will make my meaning clear.

Halliburton's "Physiology" is probably the most widely read student's book on this subject. In the 8th edition, page 2, we read: "It may be frankly admitted that physiologists at present are not able to explain all vital phenomena by the laws of the physical world; but as knowledge increases, it is more and more abundantly shown that the supposition of any special or vital force is unnecessary." I ask is there one vital phenomenon that can be "explained" by physical laws; indeed, is there one physical law that can be "explained" at all?

Contrast Halliburton's statement with Prof. Karl Camillo Schneider's article on "Vitalismus,"† where you will find a description of the different vitalistic doctrines held to-day by the most eminent biologists and physiologists. Sins of omission being of grosser ill, consider that in Halliburton's "Physiology" there are just ten pages out of 890 devoted to food, surely one of the most important of all subjects to a medical student. Dietetics was never taught in my student days, and it still appears to be considered unnecessary. Halliburton has a short chapter on the reproductive organs, which is purely anatomical. There is not a hint in the book that a doctor should know something about the functions of these organs and their interaction in the two sexes; something to be treated in the reverent spirit of Edward Carpenter's "Love's Coming of Age." Is it honourable to turn out doctors with nothing further than the ignorance and vileness of their schoolboy knowledge on this important subject?

Take another popular text-book which bears out my charge. On page xviii. of Dr. Sidney Martin's "General Pathology" there occurs this statement: "Disease is a variation from health or from the normal. It is produced by many different causes, the majority of which however are external agencies." Then follows the classification of these causes. There is no hint as to what is meant by health or the normal. There is not a suggestion that mental states have any effect upon the human body. Even in Dr. Lazarus Barlow's really philosophic treatise upon general pathology there is no word about the mental factor in disease. Imagine the blunders into which the doctor will be led when he confronts the complex human mind of which his books have told him nothing and his teachers little.

Finally, I am asked what use there is in printing a statement that the average general practitioner is only interested in talks about the common sports and the share market? I said it because a fairly large intercourse among medical men had convinced me of its truth. Few are, I found, interested in ideas in art or science or literature. It is pleasant to hear that "A London Graduate's" experience is different from mine.

I have not written in malice, but with the sincere hope that doctors will become Socialists and will learn that only by being Socialists can they ever be doctors. Medical science has proven that the mass of disease can be removed; it rests with the Socialists to reconstruct our society so that it shall be removed.

A final word in amity to my colleagues. Dr. Guest and myself projected some time ago the formation of a Medical Socialist Society. Want of time has prevented us from taking any active steps. I am now prepared, however, to do a good share of the work if two or three other medical Socialists, with some leisure, would give me their assistance. I have the names of some medical men who are prepared to help in starting such a society.

M. D. EDER.

† In Zeitschrift für Entwichlungslehre, 1907, band 1.

The Lamp.

Night, and the curve of the long promenade with palm-trees embroidered,
Stretching from gloom into gloom! This haughty macadamised edict
Bids, O sea, thy rude breakers to shatter themselves with decorum,
Warns them they must not disturb the ineffable calm of the city,
Sacred to pleasures correct and supporting the cancer of ennui
Splendidly under the agonised radiant mask of a martyr.
Blanched in the moonlight the monstrous hotels that encumber the hillside
Prison their thousands of hearts, who, immortal but mortally stricken,
Seek by inordinate usage of bed to curtail the afflictive
Labour of elegant living and dying. And I alone here,
Proud, nay, vain as a youth, of my mind so perceptive and busy,
Scorning the dullard existence that feels not the magic around it,
March with joy to the call of the wind and the sea's imprecation.
Torrents of mystic vibrations rain down on my spirit responsive,
Waken to exquisite crises a sense more recondite than rapture,
And the dark mists of the soul with a shimmer enchanted illumine.
Large is the sky and large the heaving horizonless ocean;
High and inhuman the glitter of stars; inhuman the tempest!
Merged in the welter of infinite being, afloat on the mistral,
Caught up to the sky, and dissolved in the sea, I too am inhuman,
Large, omnipotent, everywhere, formless, uncaring, divine!
Numberless poets have sung it, but I am not like those before me,
Nor, let me say of the rest, did one ever resemble another.
I as I swoon to the spheres in a frenzy of wild exhalation,
Nevertheless stand firm on the long promenade with its palm-trees.
Clear—oh, clear is my brain, and not at the stars, nor the ocean
Gaze I entranced! What I see is an infinitesimal street-lamp—
Fire upraised in a cloister of glass on a pillar of iron—
Chiefly expending its beams to enlighten the fringe of a date-frond.
Burns the miraculous flame with a calm that is endlessly patient,
Pure in the night of the town! And the practical persons who lit it
Never, awake or asleep, shall conceive that what they have lighted
Rivals in wonder the sea and the stars and the wind—and the lighters.
Glibly they chatter of heat, and energy, eke incandescence;
Mesopotamian words that console but give no explanation.
I here alone in my ecstasy gaze at the singular street-lamp—
Moths are destroying their wings on the glass of eternal enigma.

ARNOLD BENNETT.

Oriole Notes.

By Beatrice Tina.

To make a book whose theme should be Life's sunshine; to sing the lyric of gratitude! Mine.

Yet I fare along as though Time were dead.

In the radiance of the sun—feeling is no moment outside sensation. I am ashamed of work, of writing down my adventures with joy. I have sought Life at noonday. The artist must build a fane and go meditate; there he draws into him the hints of the day, shapes, murmurs, colours, the means of the artist. With these he fashions within his temple.

I am out in the wilds with Pan, who builds no shrine to Pan.

* * * * * * * * *

Water: mud: tree: chippendale.

Water: mud: tadpole: côtelette de crapaud.

Water: mud: me: macaronics.

Life jests with those who would make inventory. Through the House they are led as though to the throne-room: and behold! no throne, no heir, an empty chamber, a link wanting. And while the unhumorous victim prowls and peeps, Life is off to Nature's youngest, blue fathoms deep in some new sea.

Life pranks with the oaf intruder. From the artist, the idealist, a divine hostage is demanded. Nature is lent to be ensouled, but he who would create a soul within her must pledge his own. No arrogance, no cunning will serve. Not lacking in reasons is the oblivion of one artist, the apotheosis of another.

As if on a questing morning, many set out. They espy Nature, meek and dewy-eyed. She sings a languishing song of solitude. She waves hands white as the bitter almond, blue-veined as the lotus, scarlet-tipped as the dread poppy.

Up to her the limner-knights, the poet-princes! And one mimics her woodsingers to make a roundelay, and one, with his blank shield for a mirror, idly woos her.

She leaps forth upon the highway, no wench distressed; but an Amazon. On she strides, far outstripping their puny limbs. The sun gazes down. The clouds faint from the blue heavens. The desert is ahead. She glances at the bewildered train, and, before the glinting mockery of her orbs, drop the wooers, withered like grass at noonday.

True art seeks neither to enwive nor worship Nature; but to discipline.

Not under the hedge, not on the highway, not in the desert shall the artist redeem his soul-hostage. Monkish must he become, a hermit of temples. He needs the lack of the poppy, silence, the shadow of walls.

* * * * * * * * *

I am out in the wilds with Pan. In no temple dwell I. I sing with Sebota, who builds her nest by the wayside and is not afraid. Friendly bird! She whistles to the waggon-driver. Forth from the sand or the scanty bush she flies. She circles about the oxen of the team. The whip spares her, and the wheels are drawn to avoid her nest in the low bush.

Into the wilds I follow her, where the oblique beams slant across the morning.

Here I behold M'Lamba, that tree accursed.

M'Lamba, where is vanished thy majesty? Thy vast trunk shaded earth; thy flowers shined as wax; thy cup gushed water. But twisted are thy loathsome limbs; thy flower is soiled, thy cup become a pod. Leper among woods!

And thou, N'gachi! Hath a witch banned thee, too, that thou spittest so poisonous sap? Thy uplifted arms rise as in adoration. But petrifaction has surprised them. Saturnine: thou seemst fit sentinel for some demon's cave.

Out of the hills leaps Chuen', black and hairy. What creature of what world is this, imaging man? Like lamps his eyes gleam in the noon glare.

Above him swings Inyoni, noisome accipitrine.

Naga etschla! The Land is grey.

A little cloud bursts above the river-bed. From the wet sand leaps a troop of eager weeds. They flower before the tougher leaf breaks: pink and purple frailties in forms of star and tuft and cup. The gala of a day! The steeds of the morning sun drink up the dew. Noon shuts the dead eyes of the flowers. At night, the moon writes with her pale fingers over the sand.

Lead back, Sebota! For here no blessing, but every enemy of Life stalks underneath the sky. We have crossed a place where the Land-Spirit goes to grieve. Come! be transported to rarer climes!

I lay upon a hill where the roving of a thought made a commotion. The blue courts of the meridian loosed no cloud. The sea was a crystalline drop, the sun a single ray, that vast beam. Pan had fallen a-slumbering!

Now might an artist go build a temple?

The question wrestled with death in utterance. I wound my fingers in the hair of Pan.

Leisurely, leisurely! The sun rises every morning. There is always time. The eternal day will not dawn before perfection; and perfection loiters from age to age, yet Time must serve till Nature paragons her youngest.

Let me loiter like perfection; and if the busybodies call it idling, what event is that? In the wilderness the amaranth blooms. Questionable is the use of the amaranth there unseen. Waste! The flower retorts by being.

Shall I, while the sun shines, run in to record his shining? It is the impulse of the captive to imprison the sunbeam. In no temple dwell I.

How rigid is language, how elusive thought. I write, for poets, that eternities of thought lie between any two words.

Thoughts are rarely born singly. A lily is the symbol of oneliness. Wood flowers spring in myriads at the bidding of a sunbeam. Few thoughts are true lilies.

* * * * * * * * *

There lived a sweet soul once who was my ancestor. He served not Mammon, but Bacchus and the Muses; and the gods took him early. Some say that he lived poor and drank and died young. He led the band of a Highland regiment in the days when bands played into action: when wars were wars! His wife, energetic dame, bade him quit music. He wrote poems. She bade him quit poetry. He began to teach little boys for money. Soft-spoken as his name — William — and patient, he followed his Muse in the byeways. But that vexed his soul, and his soul told him bitterly that she was lost. Soon his body was stricken; and he lay down; and not any of the physicians could heal him.

Had I lived then, thou hadst not found
The world so foreign and so cold.
Had I lived then, thou hadst not thought
That thou wert old.

I do not marvel that thou passed
With so few winters on thy brow;
For I, with half thy fifty years,
Am tired now.

Thou wast musician, poet too,
Thou shouldst have soared with song and lute;
But Fortune ground thee on her wheel
Till thou wert mute.

Yet, hadst thou stayed until I grew
Just of the height to take your hand,
How often would we two have strolled
To Fairyland.

Dying a few days before I was born, he foretold truly that I should be, at first, blind. He hazarded also a quaint caution that I might prove of an irrepressible disposition. He bequeathed to me his arts. Sensible of the merits of my legacy, I, while I live, shall let it be remembered that, once, he lived. Not always went he a pale sad man. My mother thought he had the gayest voice; and he could jest. He made an intrepid pun at the siege of Gnu.

The Zulus were preparing to storm the tiny fort. A crying woman loaded his rifles. "Cheer up," said he. "Those who lose cannot win."

* * * * * * * * *

They made a sortie out of Gnu. A mounted man

came piercing the veldt in the teeth of an ambush. A hundred yards from the gate, the horse of the rough-rider dropped under him, slain by a spear from a black shield.

Now, wan, thirst-dying men tear and wrench at the stockade. And swiftly the eager file pushes between the defending barriers. They surround the messenger, fallen amid a storm of darts; and while two succour him, the others cover his rescue. They back towards the fort, returning death for death. And a second corpse have they to carry within the gate.

Gnu is in the wilds. Fly hence, Sebota! None will answer thy friendly call. Neither the Bantu nor the Settler may tread this strip of Africa. Forbidden alike is the foot of white and black.

Silenced, here, is the cry of man, once loud in terror or in glory. Only Chuen', the baboon, battles with Chuen'; and Inyoni, obscene bird, circles warily towards the vanquished.

Wing, Sebota! But I, with Pan, will stay to greet dawn in the wilds.

The sighs of night flee westward. The seven priest hues of morning array the expansive sky. Earth uplifts her breath. Refreshed and strong, all creatures arise. And now, over the empurpled hills, ride the heralds of the Sun, with golden bugles announcing.

Pan, lawless Pan, dances in the wilds of Gnu.

Let who may attempt description. I boast me in the spectacle abstracted . . .

Books and Persons.

(AN OCCASIONAL CAUSERIE.)

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE, at the age of seventy-one years, has published "The Duke of Gandia." Watts's portrait gives a vision of a noble youth, and to-day Swinburne carries a head nobler even than the picture, the head of a man who has consistently lived for nothing but high poetry. And if stockbrokers happened to walk down Putney Hill from their pompous residences at the hour when Swinburne still walks up it from the Pines, even stockbrokers, one would suppose, must be struck into respect by that marvellous brow and those fine eyes. A noble generation of journalists in search of spice have conspired to create a legend of the comicality of Swinburne's trousers. I should like to state, therefore, of my own observation, that Swinburne's trousers are quite well cut, are even distinguished; and I would maintain this even against the expert of "The Tailor and Cutter." But as it is his fate to be mishandled by the inept, I am content that his trousers should suffer rather than his verse.

* * *

When one thinks of the vast body of Swinburne's poems one is overtaken by an impressive sense of the grandeur of all his themes. Undeniable, the constant splendour of the poet's intentions! But I assume I am not alone in finding, now, that a large part of his work has failed to retain the admiration it once aroused. For me, miles and miles of it have ceased to be anything but a pattern of pretty sounds—sounds sometimes more than pretty, but without significance. I do not mean such notorious inventions as "Dolores." "Dolores" was killed dead ages ago by a pack of murderous parodists—Iwan Muller among the number.

> But you came, O you procuratores,
> And ran us all in!

No! I mean many of the more sacred things. I mean a good deal of "Atalanta," and of "Itylus," and nearly all his sublime raging in favour of the sea and the roar of the sea. And I mean the entirety of his Elizabethanisms; and his monotonous comparisons of the wonders of a woman with the wonders of nature, contrived upon a formula so exact that one could almost construct a machine that would produce them. Such as, in "The Duke of Gandia":—

> And her whose face makes pale the sun in heaven,
> Whose eyes outlaugh the splendour of the sea,
> Whose hair has all noon's wonders in its weft,
> Whose mouth is God's and Italy's one rose,
> Lucrezia.

It is fervid, but it is not immortal. Nevertheless, the fragmentary "Duke of Gandia" is perhaps the best piece of work that Swinburne has published for a dozen years at least. Personally I am convinced that Swinburne's masterpiece is the elegy on Charles Baudelaire. It ranks with "Lycidas" and "Adonais," and is clean out of sight of "In Memoriam." But what a subject—for an Englishman!

* * *

Probably no great poet of his years has ever had less of popular appreciation than Swinburne. He is as completely stranger to the English public as he was forty years ago. Except among undergraduates in the more mediæval tracts of that weird expanse, the nineteenth century, he has never had more than a *succès d'estime*. And perhaps he never will. His outlook is not the English outlook. The god Pan has never found foothold on these island shores, and if any poet ever worshipped, candidly and passionately, at the altar of Pan, Swinburne is that poet. The amazing thing is that Swinburne did not have to pass through an English prison for the expressions of his faith. English writers have gone to prison for far less. Imagine "Anactoria" under the consideration of a British jury. You cannot! It baffles conception. In Villiers de l'Isle Adam's "Histoires Insolites," is to be seen a prose translation into French of "Anactoria," put forward as a specimen of what the English race can do when a genius essays to beat the Latin spirit on its own ground. And, in prose, "Anactoria" certainly is rather startling. As a fantasy of the perverse it stands, I daresay, unequalled among the masterpieces of any language. It makes the audacities of a Baudelaire, with his

> Une nuit que j'étais près d'une affreuse Juive,

and his celebrated giantess, beloved of Mr. George Moore, seem puerile. And it is written in the tongue whose highest interests are so faithfully guarded by Mr. Robertson Nicoll, Mr. Clement Shorter, and Professor Churton Collins! It is written in the language employed by the authors of "Three Weeks" and "The History of Sir Richard Calmady"! In the reading-room of my Utopian palace of private delights is a Christmas number of the "British Weekly," containing an exegesis of "Anactoria" by Mr. Nicoll, for the Nonconformist public, together with criticisms by Mrs. Glyn and Lucas Malet.

* * *

Having regard to the polar frigidity of the national feeling towards Swinburne one cannot be surprised that he has not thought fit to allow the publication of a complete edition of his poems in one volume, or even in two. But I think he has not been quite magnanimous in withholding a one-volume selection of his poems, especially as he not many years since permitted Baron Tauchnitz to issue such a volume—with an introduction by William Sharp—at two francs. The poems alone cost over two pounds, and the complete works would run to over six pounds. I think Swinburne might relent on this detail.

JACOB TONSON.

BOOK OF THE WEEK.

The Last of the Romantics.*

The reviewers, in their notices of Mr. Chesterton's latest "nightmare," "The Man who was Thursday," suggested that it was not a philosophy, a satire, a burlesque, an epic, or a novel. They knew that it was something more than a detective-story, but to put it in a category was beyond their powers. A simple attempt to understand the meaning that lurked in the astonishing epigrams and absurd adventures being contrary to their custom, there was nothing for it but to become ecstatic over the brilliant and sustained farce and to deplore the baffling problem of the man who was Sunday. After much deliberation, I have been driven to the belief that it is a parable addressed to the modern world, and particularly to that small section pedantically called "intellectuals." Let us consider the fears and hopes which have called forth this strange book.

It appears that Mr. Chesterton is greatly troubled by the fact that there is a philosophy abroad in our time, a sinister and desolating tendency of thought, which is eating away, like some insidious disease, all joy and simple pleasure from the heart of things. He speaks of it as an intellectual conspiracy. Its apostles aim at nothing less than the destruction of human hope —and of God. It is no mere coterie, mind you, out of touch with present-day things; it is a conspiracy, and therefore a crusade. Moreover, the policeman on the Embankment who had been to Harrow was very certain that it was a plot of the twentieth century intellect. At first one was tempted to believe that perhaps it was the dead arrogance of physical science, or the æsthetic aberrations of such fleshly poets as Dowson and Wilde and their followers against which Mr. Chesterton was riding forth to do battle.

Unfortunately, I have never been in that attractive suburb of Saffron Park, nor mixed with the refined and artistic inhabitants who talk about poetry and the soul, at evening time, in their gardens. Had such a pleasure been mine, then certainly I would have lured some red-haired poet (the suburb abounds in them) to a lonely spot and demanded of him a full revelation of his criminal philosophy. Therefore, in sheer bewilderment, I humbly ask where does this ominous philosophic movement exist? Has it, after all, got no further than Lucian Gregory's garden? Who are its leaders? Or is it waiting for the appearance of the arch-rebel to lead it to victory? Has it originated in Germany? Is it nothing more entertaining than anglicised Buddhism? Are its doctrines sedulously cultivated in the drawing-rooms of Kensington? Is its evil influence undermining the "cosiness" of Battersea?

This dark rebellion—there is nothing for it but to hazard a guess—must be the teaching of certain enthusiasts amongst us who have grown weary of the old-time-honoured moralities, and who desire passionately an ethic where formula will have lost its deadening influence because it has ceased to exist. At the touch of Mr. Chesterton's imagination it has swollen to enormous dimensions, and threatens, to use his own words, "the existence of civilisation." It is this great fear that has driven him to sit down and write "The Man who was Thursday."

Now, Mr. Chesterton, being the greatest living authority on democracy, must know how little the speculations of philosophy affect the life of the people. But looking out on the world to-day, he boldly declares that the enemies of man are these iconoclasts—whom he plainly regards as intellectual dyspeptics, who preach what he considers a morality inimical to happiness and with all that it involves—the privilege of being an Englishman. He goes further, and lays the responsibility for the miseries of our time at the door of the "lawless modern philosopher." For has he not said that our present economic system is the result of a bad philosophy? And Mr. Belloc has somewhere laid it down that economics are only an expression of the mind. It is, therefore, urged that the supreme need of Europe to-day is a spiritual cleansing, a return to the ancient religion, an effort to get into harmony once more with the great human tradition. Let us suppose that such impossible demands were accomplished. Is it probable, nay, in the nature of things, is it feasible, that the senseless anarchy of our social and economic condition would disappear? Mr. Chesterton believes that it would, and to prove it, he gives us a concrete example. For after the great duel between Gabriel Syme and the Marquis in the vicinity of Lancy, we are hurried through a wood only to find at the other side a tall, sunburnt French peasant—the incarnation of piety, a true sense of property, and a wholesome happiness and pride.

No, if it were really true that what has brought Socialism into being is nothing more nor less than the palsied reflections of certain philosophers, our task would be easy and our method simple. Every intelligent and decent-thinking man would desire that such teachers should be hanged as quietly and decorously as possible and their works burnt. But as a Socialist I know that what has landed us in the present economic *cul de sac* is something infinitely more powerful than philosophy, something other than the speculations of men like Nietzsche and Leopardi. The present system is not the result of a pessimistic philosophy; nor has it been brought about by the insinuating doctrines of subtle men acting on the credulity and gross ignorance of their fellows. The "lawless modern philosopher" preaches revolt because he realises the possibilities of life. The "lawless modern politician" preaches acceptance because he himself has realised the possibilities of life. It is the latter who "threatens the existence of civilisation" with his comfortable philosophy and his antiquated idea of charity. We see him in every country to-day, the special guardian of property, class-distinctions, morality, culture and art, defending the old order against the new intelligence. All these things suffer from his narrow and bigoted outlook on affairs. Yet Mr. Chesterton has written this book, which after all is meant to be a very definite appraisement of certain forces at work in Society, to tell us that Anti-Christ is stalking through Europe disguised as a philosophy.

There are certain dogmas to which Mr. Chesterton clings as passionately as Sunday clung to the elephant as it careered from the Zoological Gardens to the Earl's Court Exhibition. One of these is the very positive happiness and contentment of the poor. Now I hold that this is a dangerous and obstructive conviction. It is presented to us in the person of the man who was Saturday. Who else is Dr. Bull but the British working-man, a member of that section of the community erroneously called "the self-respecting poor"? In his "get up" as one of the committee of the Central Anarchist Council he wears a pair of hideous spectacles. This is the external and superficial view of people who never suspect what lies behind the uninviting exterior of Demos. Command him to remove the spectacles, and his soul and all his virtues are revealed. He is jolly, good-natured, ready for anything, and a born optimist. Anarchists are not made of such stuff, and Mr. Chesterton makes one of his characters vehemently declare, "Mere mobs. So you talk about mobs and the working-classes as if they were the question. You've got that eternal idiotic idea that if anarchy came it would come from the poor. Why should it? The poor have been rebels, but they have never been anarchists. They have more interest than anyone else in there being some decent sort of government. The poor man really has some stake in the country. The rich man hasn't; he can go away to New Guinea in a

* "The Man who was Thursday." By G. K. Chesterton. (Arrowsmith. 6s.)

yacht. The poor have sometimes objected to being governed badly; the rich have always objected to being governed at all. Aristocrats were always anarchists as you can see from the barons' war." Very few people nowadays will feel inclined to quarrel with the paradox which underlies the foregoing quotation—that revolution in England will never come from the oppressed. This fact must be accepted as the most commonplace trait in the political psychology of democracy. But to assert that it is so because of the happiness of the poor and their innocent desire for good government is simply to whitewash (so to speak) the crises through which we as a nation are passing. The poor are not anarchists because they are at once the victims and instruments of anarchy. The rich object to being governed for the good reason that they have always governed. Our tyrannies are so subtly invoked in the name of God and Empire and custom that men have ceased to discern their true nature and commonly speak of them as "characteristics." Indeed, it might reasonably be insisted that since, according to Mr. Chesterton, the poor are happy, it would be mere foolishness to disturb their state of bliss. But their so-called contentment and long-suffering is the result of an unholy dualism—on the one hand blind ignorance, and on the other a cunning and ingenious knowledge. It is the aim of Socialism to destroy both. And when that is accomplished it shall be due much more to the prophet who boldly preached a sane discontent than to the prophet who being enthralled by the heroisms and virtues of the people had the courage to preach acceptance.

But I have hardly mentioned "The Man who was Thursday" at all. It reveals, more than in any of his writings, the fact that Mr. Chesterton is a poet—a romantic poet. In truth he is the only romantic left to us in the world of letters. This fantasia in optimism is not the work of a man stricken with the disastrous malady of to-day—the evil desire for self-expression. He is a pagan whose affection for Geneva has enabled him to justify the splendid appetites of man. And it is for this reason that he sees in Socialism an attack on hospitality, taverns, beer, tradition, original sin, ceremony, wife-beating, and such like amiable pleasures of our common inheritance. No one but he can transform London, with its pitiless grey skies and its unlovely streets, into a veritable city of adventure. He sets it against eccentric dawns and strange sunsets. Surely when Utopia—which he dislikes—arrives, the government of that glad day being sane and intelligent will endow a chair of Romance—and who but he could fill it with honour, humour, and distinction?

R. L. GRAINGER.

REVIEWS.

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

This rather belated volume in memory of William Clarke is a reprint of some of his finest and most characteristic writings, prepared by his intimate friends, J. A. Hobson and Herbert Burrows. One of the pioneers of the newer Democracy, Clarke as lecturer, journalist, and thinker justly exercised a wide influence upon his time. Though immersed in the toils of daily journalism, he was an eager student of history, political science, philosophy, literature, theology, science, art, and in all of these carried his weight of learning with ease and grace. He had an exact and familiar acquaintance with the movements of Continental and American thought, and was as much at home in Rome, Venice, and Florence as in Fleet Street. To all his multifarious studies he brought a penetrating intellect and a lofty conscientiousness which kept his prodigious activities upon a uniformly high plane. "Clarke is the one man in Fleet Street who writes from ideas" was the testimony of one of his editors, and that he wrote from ideas will likewise be the conclusion of any reader of the volume before us, which includes a wide array of subjects arranged by the editors under the

headings "Political Essays," "Appreciations," "Culture and Criticism."

In the first of these divisions we observe that he had a singular power of penetrating beneath the surface of the movements of his time, of discerning the real principles and tendencies which were at work in them, and of aptly appraising their strength and weakness. The second and third parts of the works show the catholicity of Clarke's sympathies, inasmuch as they provide us with luminous, penetrating, and impartial estimates of personalities so widely diverse as Gladstone and Bismarck, Martineau and Spurgeon, Emerson and Wesley, Milton and Whitman. These essays, though packed with accurate information, have all the ease and lightness of much less profound writing, while here and there a touch of epigram adds zest or point. "It is not in the absence of restraint, but in the presence of opportunity, that freedom really consists." "The average man, and Macaulay is the average raised to a higher power, is of the opinion of Job's comforters, and of Israel in its earliest stages of moral development, that flocks and herds are the dividends paid on a heavy investment in the laws of God. Job knew better, though he could not quite explain his problem. Emerson also knows better, and he can explain it." "It is Emerson's distinction that he is eminently sane. Carlyle came in sackcloth and ashes, and doubtless we needed that too. But Emerson comes clad in the robes of spring, and his presence brings health and inspiration. Carlyle made us feel how bad we were, Emerson how good we might be."

It has been sometimes stated—recently, too, we think—that Clarke was Agnostic. True it is that, like most of those who have added anything good to the common stock of ideas, he was outside the orthodox camps. Yet the answer to such a statement, if it be worth answering, is found in Clarke's own words in "The Uses of Agnosticism" (p. 382): "Agnosticism may imply merely a disbelief in the existing statements; and in that sense it is rather a cry for more light than a deliberate determination to vegetate in utter darkness." The worst forms of unbelief are often found under a bishop's hat or in an unco guid pulpit. The beliefs which inspired Clarke emerge in some other words of his which we have no hesitation in quoting. "To the great unordered mass of right-feeling and sound-thinking men and women, at present bewildered by the jarring claims of ever-shifting sects, we appeal to unite in bringing the capacities of 'common sense' and sober judgment to bear upon political and social institutions, intellectual creeds and dogmas, without fear or favour, owning no other authorities than reason and a sense of the common good. Faith in ideas and in the growing capacity of the common people to absorb and to apply ideas in reasonably working out the progress of the commonwealth forms the moral foundation of democracy."

My Life in the Open. By Will H. Ogilvie. (Unwin 5s. net.)

Mr. Will H. Ogilvie is a writer better known in certain colonies than in England. He has written many poems with that homely vigorous note which makes a strong appeal to men and women whose association with nature is closer than that of the dwellers in our cities. These poems deserve to be known here, as they are bound to be sooner or later. They will certainly redound to his credit; that is why we regret that Mr. Ogilvie has permitted his first volume of prose to go forth with an introductory note by another hand, a note which is not only unnecessary but undiscerning. It is unnecessary, in the first place, because the essays do not require an introduction, they are quite capable of introducing themselves; and secondly, because the writer of the note prepares us for quite a different class of essay from that found in the volume. He, for instance, describes Mr. Ogilvie as of the kin of the Stevenson of "Across the Plains" on the one hand, and of the Meredith of "Melampus," on the other. Mr. Ogilvie bears no such relationship. As a literary craftsman he cannot be spoken of in the same breath with these masters, but in justice to his introducer we must say that kinship is not claimed on this count. He is introduced as being akin to them in his attitude towards nature and the open-air. He differs from Stevenson, however, as a professional differs from an amateur. Stevenson was always a spectator, an amateur pioneer, he was a connoisseur of nature; Mr. Ogilvie has worked as a sheep farmer and agriculturalist, and looks at the life of the fields with the eye of an economist, as an economist and an advocate. And as for his love of nature being like that of Meredith, the comparison is absurd—never for an instant does he show any approach to the deep insight into the significance of earth expressed in "Melampus." In spite of Mr. Ogilvie's colonial experiences, or perhaps because of them, his love of nature is quite tame, it is agricultural. It is none the worse for that, but it is certainly not Meredithian. He has a fine love of horses, much knowledge of sheep farming, views upon the rabbit pest in Australia, and a keen appreciation of the females of burthen of the Border Counties. When he touches a wild subject, like that of the famous white cattle of Chillingham, he shows as much for the agricultural experiment of crossing these splendid creatures with the domesticated oxen. The essays, however, from their own point of view, are admirable both in their literary and their informative aspects. The first part of the volume contains nine essays, depicting in a clear manner the life of the Australian Bush, and we do not remember any book which has given us quite so graphic an idea of the great sheep farms of the Southern Commonwealth. Mr. Ogilvie is the panygyrist of the Bush, and his first essay almost sings the praises of those lonely verdurous tracts of land in which so many settlers spend remote and energetic lives. We can commend this section of "My Life in the Open" to all who seek knowledge of farm life "down under." There are also interesting essays dealing with farming in America, Scotland, and South Africa. But by far the most delightful essays are those in which Mr. Ogilvie gives way to his love of those animals which have come to be the friends of men. His apotheosis of the Arab horse in "The Blood of the Desert" is excellent, and will appeal to all lovers of horses. Mr. Ogilvie has a pleasant style, picturesque and direct, without rhetorical flourishes or conscious aim at effect. "My Life in the Open" is certainly worth reading.

A Great Labour Leader: Being a Life of the Right Hon. Thomas Burt, M.P. By Aaron Watson. With an Introduction by F. Maddison, M.P. (Brown, Langham and Co.)

It will probably occur to most readers of this record of a remarkable life that the story would have been better told as autobiography. Mr. Burt, as his speeches show, has many gifts of style and the right temper for the autobiographer. But he is not ill-suited in Mr. Aaron Watson, who is a Northerner and a practised journalist, though not exactly a picturesque writer.

Thomas Burt was born in a Northumbrian colliery village just over seventy years ago. He went to work in the pit on the day after his tenth birthday. At that time the daily working hours were from fourteen to eighteen. The mines were not inspected. The pitmen lived, or rather slept, in cottages belonging to the colliery owners, who held thereby an effective weapon

against discontented workmen. Peter Burt, the father of Thomas, was one of the many who in these deadly circumstances contrived to maintain their self-respect with the help of teetotalism and Primitive Methodism. To his credit it may be said that he wished to keep his son away from the pit as long as possible, but the boy insisted on having a place found for him at the earliest moment allowed by the law. The working day for juveniles was understood to be twelve hours, but there was no legal limit. Things were, however, slowly changing for the better. Thomas Burt actually worked in the mine eighteen years, until 1865, when he was made secretary to the Northumberland Miners' Union, and had at the outset to handle a big strike campaign. He entered Parliament in 1874, the first workman member, as Member for Morpeth, and has ever since represented the miners of that division. He attained the dignitv of Privy Councillor, took office in a Liberal Government, and seemed at one time to be marked out for the Cabinet. He presided over the Trade Union Congress at Newcastle in 1891, since which date he has been recognised as the representative par excellence of the old unionism. No man in English politics has a higher personal standing, and he has long been a particular favourite of all parties in the House of Commons. The programme and aims of Trade Unionism have changed since Thomas Burt began his work. He does not belong to our tabernacle, but we have pleasure in commending this plain tribute to a career at once earnest, fruitful, and inspired by a consistently lofty purpose.

The Citizen and his Duties. By W. F. Trotter, M.A., L.L.M. (Jack, 1s. net.)

The final impression left on our minds after reading this book is very similar to that produced by the perusal of a volume of sermons; we have received more edification than practical assistance. In a word, Mr. Trotter's attitude towards modern social problems is somewhat obscure and nebulous. For example, he rightly deplores the fact that upon such important topics as Imperialism and foreign policy the working classes are necessarily ill-informed and incapable of forming a judgment, without being able to suggest any valid remedy for the disability. His exposition of the duties of citizenship is admirable, but he seems to forget that, on the other hand, the duties of the State to its citizens are equally important and insistent. Mr. Trotter is still involved in the vicious circle which seems fated to impair the intelligence of the advocates of competition. He says "moral rules have to be qualified in application. The 'golden rule' of the Gospels has to be used with common sense. Taken literally, it would subvert all social order and amount to the abnegation of justice in human life." The only possible answer to such reasoning would appear to be that if the application of moral rules would subvert our present social order the sooner it is subverted the better. Again he says: "Humanity demands that a distinction should be drawn between deserved and undeserved poverty . . . Among a large class there is a perpetual struggle for mere subsistence, and to tell such people to save is to advise a blind man to see." What humanity primarily demands is that poverty itself should be removed, and the cause of poverty is not so obscure as Mr. Trotter seems to imagine; it is so apparent that the blind could almost discern it; it is simply due to low wages. And a wage of £5 a week to every working man would do more to regenerate the nation than all other agencies combined. That constitutes Mr. Trotter's dilemma: for such a desideration cannot be effected under competition, and until it is realised, to expect to have a nation of worthy citizens is, as he says, quite as futile as to advise the blind to see.

The Irony of Marriage. By Basil Tozer. (Rebman's. 1s. net.)

Dr. Saleeby, in a singularly inept introduction, commends the author for his boldness and wit. This tribute is not, we hope, any measure of the good doctor's own calibre. It transbounds all patience to find the style and philosophy of "Ally Sloper" and "Comic Cuts" elevated to the dignity of volume form. Stupid, coarse, inefficient, haphazard remarks are insufficient warrant for addressing the public on the marriage question. Mr. Tozer has nothing to say and says it vulgarly. The humour is that of the old journalism, which you will find in any bound volume of "Punch" or its rivals. "He (the husband) grumbles and sulks, or growls and sneers, when his wife tells him plainly that she must either have a new dress to wear at So-and-So's party or decline the invitation." This belongs to the type of mother-in-law joke of which there are endless ramifications; in literature it went out of fashion with Dundreary whiskers; it lingers on in the comic journals and in music-hall sketches and songs. Mr. Tozer's knowledge of life is on a par with his wit. "The secret of happiness in matrimony: *Marry a friend.*" (Italics are the author's.) "If the woman is a friend you can feel proud of, so much the better," etc., etc. We thought Martin Tupper was dead and buried; perchance he is only forgotten. Mr. Tozer discovers that "a man without any sense of humour is an awful person." The wonder grows that this stuff should be published by Rebman's.

The Book, Its History and Development. By Cyril Davenport, V.D., F.S.A. (Constable. 6s. net.)

This is an addition to Messrs. Constable's "Westminster" series of books designed to give expert information in a comprehensive manner of the useful Arts, Materials, and Manufactures. On the whole, it is a volume that will serve its purpose, although Mr. Davenport had made better use of his space if he had given a detailed account of typical periods in the various departments of book-making, making the historical details subsidiary to these main themes. As it is, in his endeavour to give as much information as possible by mentioning everybody and everything in connection with the history of the material side of the book, he has exposed himself to the charge of "scrappiness." But be this as it may, the volume is a mine of information for all those who either make, sell, or love books. If we may say another critical word, from our own point of view, Mr. Cyril Davenport would have done fuller service to book-craft if he had devoted more space to the great modern bookmakers, William Morris, Cobden-Sanderson, and Emery Walker. He disposes of Morris in three lines, Cobden-Sanderson and Douglas Cockerel in about ten; whilst he does not seem to have heard of Emery Walker, perhaps the most vital factor of all in the modern renascence of good book-making. In fact, the volume would have been more complete if it had a full chapter devoted to this renascence, and giving details of the monumental contributions to bibliography made by such presses as the Kelmscott, Doves, Vale, Caradoc, Essex House, and Eragny, not to mention the delightful books being produced by Miss Elizabeth Yeats on the Dun Emer Press at Dundrum, near Dublin. The book is well illustrated and indexed, and contains after each chapter a valuable bibliography of the chief books of reference to the subject treated. To the student of printing and bookbinding these lists alone are worth the price asked for the volume.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

"An Engagement of Convenience." By Louis Zangwill. (Brown, Langham. 6s.)
"The Preces Privatae of Lancelot Andrewes." Library of Devotion. (Methuen. 2s.)
"Aspects of George Meredith." By Richard Carle. (Routledge. 6s.)
"Hermione: A Knight of the Holy Ghost." By E. S. Crossman. (Watts and Co. 2s. 6d. net.)
"A Devotional Companion to the Pulpit." (Elliot Stock. 3s. 6d.)
"Jean Frederic Herbert." By Gabriel Compayré. (Harrop and Co. 2s. 6d. net.)
"The Human Boy Again." By Eden Phillpotts. (Chapman and Hall. 6s.)
"Lays of Hellas." By C. A. Kelly. (Kegan Paul. 3s. 6d. net.)
"Epic and Romance." By W. P. Ker. (Macmillan. 4s. net.)
"Drama and Life." By William Platt. (The Celtic Press.)
"The Indian Countryside." By Percival C. S. O'Connor. (Brown, Langham. 6s. net.)
"The Statue." By Eden Phillpotts and Arnold Bennett. (Cassell. 6s.)
"Folklore as an Historical Science." By G. L. Gomme. (Methuen. 7s. 6d. net.)
"Dan Riach." (Smith, Elder. 6s.)
"Knaves or Fools." By C. E. Wheeler, M.D. (Hogg. 2s. 6d. net.)
"The Duke of Gandia." By Algernon Swinburne. (Chatto and Windus. 5s.)
"Songs of a Sourdough." By R. W. Service. (Unwin. 2s. 6d. net.)
"Sketches from Life." By Edward Carpenter. (Allen. 5s. net.)
"Authority and the Light Within." By Edward Grubb, M.A. (James Clarke and Co.)
"Richard Langhorne." The Story of a Socialist. By Ashmead Bartlett. (William Blackwood and Sons. 6s.)
"The Traitor's Wife." By W. H. Williamson. (Fisher Unwin. 6s.)
"Anarchy: Its Methods and Exponents." By Peter La Touche. (Everett and Co. 6s.)
"The Poems of William Wordsworth." Edited by Nowell C. Smith. (Methuen. 3 vols. 15s. net.)
"General History of Western Nations." By Emil Reich. (Macmillan. 2 vols. 15s. net.)
"On Cambrian and Cumbrian Hills." By Henry S. Salt. (Fifield. 2s. 6d. net.)
"Erewhon." By Samuel Butler. (Fifield. 2s. 6d. net.)
"Essays an Life, Art, and Science." By Samuel Butler. (Fifield. 2s. 6d. net.
"The Way of All Flesh." By Samuel Butler. (Fifield. 6s.)
"Songs of Joy." By A. M. Buckton. (Methuen. 1s. net.)
"The Good New Times." By H. Jeffs. (Clark. 2s. 6d.)
"My Belief." By R. F. Horton. (Clarke. 3s. 6d. net.)
"History of Ireland to the Coming of Henry II." By Arthur Ua Clerigh. (Unwin. 10s. 6d. net.)
"Kaffir Socialism." By Dudley Kidd. (Black. 7s. 6d.)
"A Green Garland." By Victor B. Neuburg. (Probsthain. 1s. 6d. net., paper.)
"The Training of the Imagination." By James Rhoades. (Lane. 1s. and 2s. net.)

DRAMA.

The Breaking Point.

I have a ridiculous feeling that it is necessary to be gentle with "The Breaking Point," that it deserves more consideration because of its kind than because of its individual character. But, as in duty bound, I put this temptation from me.

The play is advanced, but, need it be whispered, "advanced" things are sometimes very dull; for instance, advanced clubs. The play tackles a delicate subject bravely, but are we, seriously, any of us afraid of tackling or hearing tackled these subjects? And have we not justification for the demand that the advanced mind shall escape from its prepossession with the emotions of anæmia, and not be ashamed of a little red blood in its cheeks?

The tragedy of a woman torn between her affection for her father and her passion for the lover whom she cannot marry and yet meets clandestinely might be a real and genuine thing. The terror and nerve-racking uncertainty of her state of doubt as to whether she has become pregnant or not might be a very terrible thing. In Mr. Garnett's play the emotions are not sufficiently definite to appeal to us as real, and the soul-torture has become a matter of pathological nerves.

The theme is treated in three acts, comprising five scenes, and as one reads it the novelty makes it sufficiently interesting, while the dialogue, so far is it goes, is genuine dialogue, alive and human. But then it goes such a little way. I am even prepared to grant Mr. Garnett his inconceivably fatuous archæological father of Grace Ellwood and to grant Grace herself without courage and determination, but the author must make them and their relation credible. A father engaged in boring archæological squabbles with German professors is not by nature loveable, and if Grace does love him so that she cannot leave him for her lover altogether, her love must be made obvious. But no effort whatever is made to make it credible; it is merely stated, and left at the bare statement.

It is the same with the father, Dr. Ellwood. Words are put into his mouth to indicate that he considers his daughter's lover, Sherrington, to be a worthless libertine. And it came on me with a gasp that apparently the author means him to be regarded as a libertine, and that this is his method of saying it. At any rate, unless Sherrington is both fool and libertine, there is no reason why he could not have (*a*) got a divorce from his wife at the beginning of his love for Grace (his wife having run away with another man years before), or (*b*) taken care that the lady did not fall into the condition of nerves and hysteria in which the play finds her. Libertine fools, such as Sherrington must be meant to be, exist by the score, but Mr. Garnett does not realise Sherrington for us on the stage. It is impossible for anyone at the end of the play to say that Sherrington must have acted in the way the play assumes him acting; yet to make conduct not only credible, but inevitable, is the whole business of artistic creation.

It is the same, again, with the character of Grace; neither her love for her father, her passion for her lover, nor her own mental state of doubt and suffering is made clear. Grace, Sherrington, Dr. Ellwood, and all of them move about like shadows, uttering some few dim words and needing a chorus to interpret them. "The Breaking Point," in fact, is imagined like a novel with the explanation left out and the dialogue left in. The dialogue, as we said, is real and excellent, but the explanation that would be required to supplement it, cannot, of course, be given. This means that, although the dialogue is real, it is not dramatic dialogue. In a play the action and the dialogue have to do their explanation as they go along. In order to give the appearance of life, both have to be flagrantly unnatural. In "The Breaking Point" both action and dialogue are too life like for life.

This is by no means to say that the Stage Society should not produce such plays. Indeed, such productions are precisely the work for which all pioneer stage societies should use their energies. For unless these organisations are prepared to act as channels whereby undramatic new ideas may flow into the dramatic world, new ideas of the Garnett genus will never get a chance of expression at all. Stagecraft is not an extremely difficult thing—up to a certain point at least—and it can be at the worst acquired. New and stimulating ideas, on the other hand, have to be born, in a social group, if not in an individual, and anything which can spread them is to be welcomed. In helping new ideas to find dramatic expression the Stage Society is doing the work that was intended for it by providence.

Apart from this, though, I should like to urge Mr. Garnett to be a little more sanguinary and occasionally vulgar. Beautiful things are shown more beautiful by trial against vulgar things; the most oafish clowning of Shakespeare diminishes not one whit the beauty of Shakespeare. Whereas I very much fear even a little vulgarity in "The Breaking Point" would have reduced it to fragments.

There is one figure will keep intruding into my mind so that I cannot keep him out of my article. It is the figure of an acquaintance of some years ago with whom I once walked over Hind Head to a ridge of hill and

stood looking over a wide prospect of trees and fields and far-off downs. And then he spoke his soul. He was a follower of Bradlaugh. His motto was "Thorough." He was a Neo-Malthusian anti-Socialist. And he wore socks with separated toes and a special division in the boot for his big toe. This man would fit exactly into the circle of ideas of Mr. Garnett's play, and would serve many useful functions. He would, for one thing, have provided just that disinfectant of extravaganza necessary to prevent the play's degeneration into neurosis. Neo-Malthusianism is, let us confess, a more delicate subject than even problematical pregnancy. But if we are going to be "advanced," let us not potter with the subject and not forget it has aspects both homerically ludicrous and fantastically vulgar. Mr. Garnett's play is too monochrome, too refined, too much a sketch of something, and not an achievement. In one respect, also, his psychology is quite out of focus. Not once in the course of all her perturbations does Grace Ellwood say anything about the child whose possible existence imperils hers.

The acting of the play was not over and above good, but acting undramatic dialogue is by no means easy; it leads to poses and groupings of figures which look like illustrations cut out of the pages of the left-out explanatory part of the story. It was rather nice to have old Dr. Ellwood looking so near a relation of Professor Ray Lankester, and Mr. William Farren had in this part the easiest and best worked-out character of any. Miss Bruce Joy did not do much with Grace, although that is not to be wondered at. If she had not so rigorously confined herself to expressing what the author wrote and had created the part anew for herself, she would have done both the play and herself a service. As far as Sherrington could exist, Mr. Charles V. France made him exist.

It is rather a big jump from the Stage Society's production to Mr. Tree's "Merchant of Venice" at His Majesty's. But the play is so charming, despite a good many discordant features, that I must protest against the last scene being staged so sumptuously. Lorenzo and Jessica do not need an elaborate scenic background (which drew clapping on the curtain going up) for their lovemaking, and, on the other hand, Lorenzo and Jessica cannot afford to lose any of the "on such a night as this" lines, seven of the most beautiful of which, those of Dido and Medea, were brutally hacked out. Was this out of a sense of respect to the respectability of the scenery, or what was it? A similar sumptuosity of appurtenance did away with much of the effect of Mr. Tree's Shylock; it was so elaborated it domineered over everything else. Theatrical make-up, costume, scenery, and business were all in the saddle together and rode the "mankind" Shakespeare created into extravagances where mere beauty got lost. At times, of course, this produced good results. The scenes of the caskets at Belmont all thrown into one, and with songs and music interspersed were quite delightful.

L. HADEN GUEST.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Correspondents are requested to be brief. Many letters weekly are omitted on account of their length.

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.

MR. MALLOCK ON SOCIALISM.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

Mr. Mallock's letter does not seem to call for any lengthy reply from me, since it scarcely pretends to be an answer to my criticisms.

In my article I pointed out that Mr. Mallock takes no account of the social factor in the production of wealth. His reply suggests that I cannot have read the chapter in which he deals minutely with this contention, apropos of Mr Herbert Spencer's evolutionary theory of value. I *did* read that chapter with the greatest interest and care, and in my humble opinion Mr. Mallock is quite successful in proving what he there sets out to prove, i e, that production cannot for practical purposes be regarded as a *purely* social affair. This is only another example of Mr. Mallock's logical methods. He shows that the social factor is not the sole factor in the production of wealth, and then proceeds as if he had proved that it could be ignored altogether. My contention was that "no theory of value can be complete unless it takes account of the social factor," and this contention Mr. Mallock has never attempted to deal with either in the present work or elsewhere.

As regards the omissions which I pointed out, Mr. Mallock refers me to his preface, where he states that he has only been able to deal with the subject "in a general way." But I still think that a book which does not refer, even generally, to the question of Rent, can scarcely claim to be called "A Critical Examination of Socialism."

The rest of my criticisms Mr. Mallock passes over with the remark that he was already intimately familiar with them. I have no difficulty in believing this, but since it is possible that some of Mr. Mallock's readers are not so familiar with the weakness of his argument as he is himself, it was perhaps worth while to point them out.

CLIFFORD SHARP.

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"THE DEAD PHILANTHROPIST."

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

In your issue of April 11th you have allowed the Rev. Conrad Noel to bring a most extraordinary charge of violent misconduct against a person of the very highest character.

Mr. Noel's assertion is, that when the money-changers met Jesus "face to face in His Father's Temple, He drove them out with a scourge of small cords." May I venture to enquire where Mr. Noel finds any support for this charge?

The occurrence is referred to in each of the four Gospels, but only in John's Gospel is any mention made of the scourge, and it there says (I quote from the Revised Version) that Jesus "made a scourge of cords, and cast all out of the Temple, both the sheep and the oxen." I admit that it is added that he poured out the changers' money and overthrew their tables, which may be held to be ungentlemanly conduct; but I contend that concerning a man of such general good manners it is quite unjustifiable to jump to the conclusion that because he made a scourge and drove out the sheep and the oxen, he therefore used the scourge to strike or intimidate any human being.

AYLMER MAUDE.

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REPLY TO A CHALLENGE.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

The Challenge business is, I think, overdone. May I say in reply to Mr. Max Hirsch's proposal that I should put in time writing about that pamphlet of his, that if he will

send a copy (I've not kept mine) and his private address to me, I will run through the thing, blue pencil the worst bits, writing "M" for misrepresentation and "A" for abuse, and return it to him. Then if he and the Editor agree he can argue about the justice of my annotations in THE NEW AGE. But I doubt if it will amuse anyone very much if he does so.

H. G. WELLS.

* * *

SOCIALISM AND ATHEISM.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

I am sorry to see that the Rev. Conrad Noel (whom I know and admire) cannot refrain from flinging a pebble at Atheism in his striking article on "The Dead Philanthropist" (NEW AGE, April 11). He says, "When our enemies identify Socialism and Atheism. . . .": as who should say, "identify Socialism and body-snatching." Further, he descends into the abyss of pulpit-piffle when he says that "the Christianity that drove Marx and Engels to Atheism was the 'Christianity' of manufacturing England in the forties." Can the Rev. Conrad Noel seriously suggest that the acute and penetrating intellect of Karl Marx was so easily puffed about by every idle wind? I might with equal plausibility assert that Mr. Noel was driven into Christian Socialism by the Tariff Reform proposals of Mr. Chamberlain. It is somewhat sad to see an enlightened clergyman of the twentieth century hand-in-hand with the mid-Victorian pietists who fatuously asserted that Charles Bradlaugh was "driven into Atheism" by one obscure Hackney parson, the Rev. Graham Packer to wit.

GEORGE STANDRING.

* * *

SOCIALISM AND WOMEN.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

Mr. Hubert Bland has not replied to my question in your issue of the 21st March. It would seem, therefore, that he admits:—

(1) That mothers earn their own livings;
(2) That women-workers earn their own livings;
(3) That immature, or incapable, or lazy women cannot be differentiated from the like men.

What support, then, can Mr. Bland find for his conviction that under Socialism women will not be economically independent?

J. H. S.

* * *

ANTI-FEMINISM.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

When one fails to see eye to eye with a Suffragist she fires off her whole battery indiscriminately at friend and enemy alike. In my letter in your issue of March 28, I gladly admitted four-fifths of woman's claim, and said that on the present franchise she might, with safety, at once have the vote; and it was only in view of Universal Suffrage that I reserved one point, to grant which would be a grave betrayal of trust. Yet Miss Bondfield, in reply, denies my claim to be an original thinker, dubs me a disciple of Belfort Bax, hints that we are guilty of the woman-like, but unphilosophical trick of founding wide generalisations on narrow personal experiences, and that I am guilty of arrogant impertinence in withholding assent to woman's full claim; that I am early Victorian, unscientific, and am struggling against the advanced type, etc. Am I, and am I guilty of all these dreadful things because I gladly conceded four-fifths of woman's claim; or because I reserve a point and refuse to become a "whole-hogger"?

As to being of a backward type, I fancy I was preaching Socialism when Miss Bondfield was in her cradle. I am but a semi-Socialist now because I have conceived a higher ideal. In my recent letter in these columns on "The Sanity of Art" I explained the root principle of sound philosophic judgment on new movements. It is this: Watch the swing of the pendulum, see whence it comes and whither it is going, then one can anticipate the return swing to the happy medium between the falsehood of extremes.

Miss Bondfield seems to claim for women equality with men as soldier, sailor, and policeman; and quotes exceptions as if they were the rule. She speaks of Florence Nightingale and the women who "took part" in the Boer War, as if the essentially woman-like function of nursing the wounded qualified them to do the work of Lord Roberts and of Lord Kitchener, or of the common soldier. Surely this is the reduction to absurdity of the women's claim? Those who have the deepest insight into these great movements will see in Miss Bondfield's letter an additional reason for withholding the supreme power from women, which universal suffrage would give them, while we have the awful responsibility of the White Man's Burden on our shoulders.

E. WAKE COOK.

* * *

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

Mr. Belfort Bax and his anti-feminist terrors we have long known and discounted, but really Mr. E. Wake Cook and the advocates of the "all rests on force" theory of the State are too absurd. Apart from the catastrophic absurdity of the idea of women ever forming an anti-man majority party this theory of the "final responsibility for our vast Empire, etc.," resting with men alone, appears a trifle ridiculous when we remember that behind the bearing of arms—important as that function may be at times to the existence of the State—lies the much more really final responsibility involved in the bearing of children, without which function the vast Empire, law, national existence, and all Mr. Wake Cook's other "sacred trusts" would vanish into thin air.

CARL HEATH.

* * *

THE SPIRIT OF CHRISTIAN MARRIAGE.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

In the Notes for the Week of March 28 I find this sentence quoted from Mr. Winston Churchill: "they had abandoned polygamy and adopted the form of Christian marriage," followed by a comment in brackets [let us hope not its spirit]. From this I infer that its spirit is disagreeable to the author of the Notes. What is the spirit of Christian marriage?

Supposing you take Christian marriage to be private ownership (which it is not): to which part do you object? to the "ownership"? I am with you. The legal inequality upon which the man and the woman stand will go. Emancipate woman, absolutely by all means. But you may be disappointed to find that that is not anti-Christian. Do you object to the "private"? That is a more delicate matter. My point may be put thus: (1) Marriage to-day—the common caricature of Christian marriage—may be called capitalistic marriage: the man is the capitalist, the woman is brought into the contract, not always willingly, for a variety of reasons; (2) Marriage under Socialism disappears, Socialism being the nationalisation of the means of production *and reproduction*; and from such limited experiments in Eugenics as have been made one cannot be sure such a system would be stable; (3) But there is this third alternative, the co-operative marriage, the man and woman freely uniting because they want to unite. The idea of subordination has passed away. Once united their spheres would be different, but no more different than under State-love, while the stability of such a *form* is ensured by the *spirit* underlying it, that of complete and irrefragable union.

M. H. R.

Printed by A. BONNER, 1 & 2, Took's Court, Farringdon Street, E.C. Edinburgh and Glasgow: JOHN MENZIES & Co Agents for South Africa and Australia: GORDON & GOTCH, London, Melbourne, Sidney Brisbane Perth (W. Australia), and Cape Town; and (S Africa), CENTRAL NEWS AGENCY, LTD.

Publishing and Advertising Offices. FRANK PALMER, 139 & 140, Fleet Street, London E.C. Tel. 6111 Central.
Editorial communications must be sent to 1 & 2 Took's Court, E.C.