RACE-CULTURE & SOCIALISM. By Dr. C. W. Saleeby

THE NEW AGE

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CONTENTS.

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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

MR. CHURCHILL has lost no time in finding a new object for his fascinating powers of courtship. Whether his new love is likely to prove less faithless than his old one is a question which we will not attempt to answer. The last fight in Dundee was a three-cornered one, five candidates for two seats, and the single Labour candidate who stood obtained second place. The two Liberals were separated by nearly 3,000 votes. Obviously there was an immense amount of cross-voting, and personal considerations must have largely determined the result. Altogether, it is much too complicated for analysis.

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On the whole, Mr. Stuart, the Labour candidate, seems to have as good a chance as any. Mr. Churchill's personal prestige might count for something, but any advantage on this score is more than counter-balanced by the presence of a Prohibitionist candidate, practically all of whose votes are likely to be obtained at the expense of the Liberal. We cannot but admire the pluck of our youngest Cabinet Minister in choosing to contest Dundee when so many safer seats were available, and we should like to be able to wish him success; but unfortunately he has elected to fight a Socialist, and therefore must be beaten if possible. He deserves defeat for thus challenging the forces of democracy after all his "advanced" professions. Besides, he is too good a spectacle when he is fighting to be wasted in the House of Commons; he must have at least a third struggle before he is allowed to rest from his labours on the Treasury Bench. In any case, we wish Mr. Stuart the best of good luck, and we hope that both he and his Socialist colleague, Mr. Burgess, who is contesting Montrose Burghs, will succeed in showing that, whatever may be happening to Liberalism, Labour is steadily gaining ground.

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It would be interesting to know how many people are aware that once more we are at war on the North-West Frontier of India. The present affair, though less advertised, seems to be more serious than our recent brush with the Zakka Khel; indeed, there are people who think that it may well develop into a big campaign against almost all the border tribes. These frontier wars are the inevitable result of our settled policy, yet it is difficult to find a better alternative. The tribes who inhabit the mountainous country between the inner frontier, the boundary of India proper, and the outer frontier, or the Durand line, have always lived a jolly life of raids and rapine, and will doubtless continue to do so until we "occupy" them. One day a Tory Government will do it, and then we shall have the Afghans instead of the Zakka Khel and Mohmands for next door neighbours; and thereafter frontier wars will be of far greater consequence than at present. It may be a mistake, but we shall never have time really to consider the matter before it is done, because in "the heart of the Empire" we are occupied with so many other serious questions—such as, "Is Our Bowling Deteriorating?"

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We remarked last week that the Licensing Bill was easier to attack than to defend, and this is undoubtedly true when the discussion takes place on the hustings. But the debates on the second reading have shown that in the House it is all the other way. The financial clauses appear to have been extraordinarily well drawn, so that the Opposition, with all the commercial ability they have at their command, find it well-nigh impossible to pick holes. With Sir Thomas Whittaker in the House, facts and statistics must be accurate to the last figure, and such conditions are not favourable for the presentation of the brewer's case. As for Mr. Asquith's conduct of the Bill, it is only comparable to the brilliant performance of Mr. Balfour with his Education Bill in 1902.

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We are aware that a few of our friends do not agree with the strong attitude which we have taken up in support of this Bill. But it seems to us that their very reasonable objection to the spirit of moral ostracism which, as we have already pointed out, underlies the restrictive clauses of the Bill has blinded them to the value of the financial clauses. We, too, object most heartily to the attack upon barmaids, to the extra Sunday closing, and to the introduction of the principle of local option; and we realise, further, that this Liberal measure contains no attempt at a final solution of the whole problem. But, on the other hand, it does

most undoubtedly bring us nearer to a solution, and at the same time opens a new and most valuable source of revenue. What the Liberals are attempting to do now in regard to licences will have to be done some time, if the State is ever to recover the value of the monopoly it has created and given away. And surely it is as well that the brunt of the brewers' attack should be borne by the Liberal Party instead of by the Labour or Socialist Party at some future date.

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If this Bill becomes law, as, in our opinion, it is bound to do, what will be the result? The State will regain control of a monopoly, the capital value of which throughout the country is variously estimated at between 100 million and 350 million pounds. Suppose we call it 150 millions. Then at the end of fourteen years the nation will benefit by an amount sufficient to extinguish about a quarter of the National Debt. From this point of view alone the Bill is worth supporting, but there are other considerations of almost equal weight. The political influence that is wielded by the people who can control the public-houses is nothing less than appalling. We have seen examples of it in Peckham and elsewhere. Hitherto that influence has been exerted on the side of the Tories, and we may suppose that as long as it exists it will be exerted on the side of reaction. This measure should practically destroy it, or at least make it comparatively easy for a future Government to complete the destruction.

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Let us repeat that Mr. Asquith's Bill contains no solution of the drink problem. Under its provisions the nation does not obtain real control of the traffic. Even after the fourteen years have expired the sale of alcoholic liquors will still be in private hands, although the private profits obtainable will be considerably reduced. The final solution of the question will only be found in the socialisation of the whole trade, production, distribution and all. That is what we look forward to in the future, and when the time for its achievement approaches we shall be glad enough that the 1908 Act has removed the greatest of the opposing forces and left us to deal only with those fanatics who object to the nation "touching the accursed thing."

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That the British democracy has no control over treaty-making has been again demonstrated by the fact that the signature of Great Britain to the Declaration on the subject of the maintenance of the status quo in the territories bordering on the North Sea was affixed without any submission to Parliament of the terms of the Declaration. Everyone will remember that the Anglo-Japanese Treaty and the Anglo-Russian Treaty were concluded without Parliament having any opportunity before ratifications were exchanged of debating whether the signature of the British Government should be appended or not. This Agreement, entered into between Great Britain, Denmark, France, Germany, the Netherlands, and Sweden, is not such an important document as either the Anglo-Russian or Anglo-Japanese Treaties. Its effect, practically speaking, is to commit England, France, and Germany to a maintenance of the present territorial integrity of Denmark, the Netherlands, and Sweden.

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The omission of Russia as one of the signatories suggests the suspicion that this Declaration should be regarded as a warning to Russia. That remarkable political document, "The Will of Peter the Great," contained this advice on Russian policy towards the minor Northern Power: "III. Extend our dominions by every means on the north along the Baltic, as well as towards the south along the shores of the Black Sea, and for this purpose: IV. Excite the jealousy of England, Denmark, and Brandenburg against the Swedes, by means of which these Powers will disregard any encroachments we may make on that State, and which we will end by subjugating." The signatories of this Declaration, however, state that they are firmly resolved "to preserve intact, and mutually to respect, the sovereign rights which their countries at present enjoy over their respective territories." Until the terms of the arrangement with Russia and Sweden regarding the Aland Islands are published, we shall not know the effect of this wording; but the weaker Powers of Northern Europe have certainly gained powerful guarantors of their integrity.

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Sir Charles Dilke's Shops Bill, which is designed to create a uniform system of early closing, was given a second reading on Friday on condition that it should not be proceeded with this Session. The Home Secretary promised a Government measure next year on similar lines. The only members who seriously opposed the principle of the Bill were Sir Frederick Banbury and Mr. Harold Cox. The honourable baronet was described by Mr. Herbert Samuel as belonging to the eighteenth century, infinitely precious as a relic, but untrustworthy as a political guide. Mr. Harold Cox's case is even more deplorable. Nominally these two intelligent gentlemen belong to different parties. Why do they not make a permanent pair, and take a holiday together in some congenial old-world spot like Jericho?

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The Earl of Meath has communicated to the "Times" his wishes as to how the Anglo-Saxon race shall celebrate his Empire Day this year. "I am most anxious," he writes, "that a special effort shall be made . . . to emphasise the overwhelming nature of the indebtedness of the Empire to the Ruler of the Universe." We would gladly refrain from throwing cold water upon Lord Meath's most generous proposal, in spite of our distaste for these "benefit" performances, but so much has been said, in connection with "Empire Day," about educating the youth of the country to a proper sense of their Imperial responsibility, that we cannot allow this flagrant example of a national weakness to pass without comment.

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The assumption that Providence is in favour of British expansion may seem to some to be nothing but a quaint survival of an ancient superstition. But unfortunately it has practical consequences of a disastrous character. It is ultimately responsible for most of our insularity and our jingoism. The attitude of the great British public is so much determined by it that almost any crime may be hushed up without difficulty or even openly tolerated so long as it has been committed by British representatives in the sacred name of Anglo-Saxon predominance. Witness the Jameson raid, Nairobi, Denshawai, and a host of other Imperial incidents in Africa, India, and elsewhere. Witness the wars that we have waged in all quarters of the earth for cotton fields and trade routes, gold mines and copper deposits, and the honest sermons that have been preached in favour of those wars. It is not the wars that we find fault with, but the sermons and the fact that they are preached in perfect good faith. We have all seen that revered mouthpiece of British sentimentality, the "Times," go into ecstasies of righteous indignation over the bureaucratic censorship in Russia and the next day print a leading article extolling the wisdom of the bureaucratic censors of India; and we all recognise, if indeed we notice it at all, that the inconsistency of the "Times" is the inconsistency of the English people.

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As long as this sort of thing is possible our continental friends will be justified in regarding us as Pharisees of the Pharisees. For they cannot be expected to understand that our attitude is due not to hypocrisy, but merely to an egregiously stupid complacency. To them we are a nation of Tartufes, and a nation of Tartufes we shall remain if Lord Meath has his way with the younger generation. He may be right in believing that "righteousness exalteth a

nation," but why should we try to impress that Biblical text upon the nation's children, on the very day when they are celebrating the magnificence of the British Empire?

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There are occasions, however, rare occasions, when we feel that all is not perfect in this providential Empire of ours. L'affaire Dinuzulu is a case in point. There have been no attempts made in this country to justify the legal procedure by means of which the Zulu chieftain has been detained in prison for many months without notice of the crimes with which he is to be charged. We are agreed about the injustice of it. Yet so sluggish is the working of our Imperial machinery that no effectual remedy has yet been secured. Once or twice every week during the present Session Mr. Churchill has announced to the House amid cheers that he fully realises the gravity of the situation, and that strong representations are being made to the Natal Government on the subject. Now he has gone to fresh woods, and Colonel Seely has taken up the old refrain. But Dinuzulu is still in prison, with his trial as far off as ever.

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At the meeting of the Anti-Sweating League held last week at the Society of Arts, the chief speakers were M. Vandervelde, the famous leader of the Belgian Socialist Party, and M. Arthur Fontaine, who is Directeur du Travail in France. Amongst a number of most interesting statements that were made by these two gentlemen, one by M. Fontaine stands out as of exceptional importance. He suggested that we must look in the future for treaties between the various countries fixing an equivalent minimum wage system for all. The experiment which England is about to make with wages-boards for certain sweated industries would, he pointed out, help us to discern clear principles on which such international treaties might be established. We hardly dare believe that M. Fontaine is not looking very far ahead into the future, but that a responsible French Minister should even refer to the possibility of a European minimum seems a most encouraging sign for the workers in all countries. We commend the idea to his Majesty's Liberal Government in the hope that it will stimulate them towards a somewhat less timid policy in regard to the present merely national proposals.

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Apropos of sweating, a serious indictment of the methods of the War Office under its present administration has been furnished by a correspondent of the "Times," Mr. E. J. Pitt. We referred last week to the way in which Mr. Haldane has created unemployment in Woolwich; the following extract from Mr. Pitt's letter shows how he deals with those whose services he retains:—

> It will be news to the great majority of readers of the "Times" that there is a body of about 100 storehouse clerks, in Imperial service at Woolwich, who are mostly married men with families, and who are paid the miserable pittance of 24s. per week, which may be increased after six years of faithful service to a maximum of 26s.
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> In reply to repeated applications, the storehouse clerks are merely told that thousands can be obtained at even a less price, and, instead of conceding their just demands, the Government has taken steps to partially fill their places with men at a reduced rate of pay.

How the Government can pretend to be anxious to secure fair conditions and good wages for the workers employed by private capitalists, while itself setting such an example as this must remain a mystery for those who do not understand the "Liberal" mind.

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The recent Naval disasters that have occurred in consequence of night manœuvres without lights, have been hailed by a heroic Press as the necessary price of our Naval Supremacy. We must take these risks, we are told, and make these great sacrifices in order that Britons may never, never be slaves. To inquire what personal risks are taken by the writers who give vent to such patriotic sentiments would be unkind, and we will content ourselves with asking whether these heroics are really relevant to the question. Would it not bring more benefit to the nation and more comfort to the families of the common seamen who are the chief sufferers in these accidents, if we were to insist upon an inquiry into the precise value of night manœuvring without lights? Obviously there must be some limit to our sacrifices of ships, if not of men; otherwise we might adopt Mr. Gibson Bowles' suggestion and let some of our warships practice amongst themselves with live torpedoes and real shells. The experience of war conditions thus gained would doubtless be valuable.

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The Imperial finances of Germany seem to be in an even worse state than was imagined. The Government admitted in the Reichstag the other day that they would have to raise a loan of £50,000,000 during the next five years, and this merely to cover automatic deficits on the ordinary Budgets. The new Chancellor of the Exchequer, Herr Sydow, expressed himself as seriously alarmed, and stated that a reduction of expenditure was the only solution of the problem. Could there be a better opportunity for opening fresh negotiations with the German Government in regard to a reduction of armaments? Would Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman were here to seize it.

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Our own Budget is to be introduced on Thursday, and by this time next week we shall know the best and the worst of Mr. Asquith's proposals. Mr. Lloyd George will on this occasion, we presume, merely occupy the position of a sort of pupil-teacher while the Premier gives the lesson. For the past year we have all been wondering what this Budget is to contain, and now, a day or two before the dénouement, we are as much in the dark as ever. The chief question, of course, is the extent of the Old Age Pension Scheme, but there are many subsidiary matters of almost equal interest. How is the money for the Pensions to be found? By some new and ingenious tax on luxuries? or by a straightforward increase of the tax on unearned incomes? Whatever else the answer is, the political situation demands that it should be a popular one.

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The Fabian Education Conference, held at the Fabian Summer School, North Wales, during Easter week, proved a very successful experiment, and one decidedly worth repeating. There was a large gathering of experts and "laymen," and nearly all branches of education were represented—University, Technical, Secondary, and Elementary. Some extremely interesting lectures were delivered, among which may be specially noted the following:—"Group Evolution," by L. D. Coneslant (Sunderland Technical Institute); "Continued Education" and "Drama and Music in the Elementary Schools," by Dr. Frederick Rose (Assistant Educational Adviser, Education Department, L.C.C.); "Speech Development in relation to Language Teaching," by Dr. Thomas (Assistant Medical Officer, L.C.C.); "Research in Education," by Frederick Kettle, B.A. (Headmaster, The Clapham School); "Co-Education," by John Russell, M.A. (Headmaster, King Alfred's School); "The Place of the Doctor in Modern Education," by Dr. Lawson Dodd, and "Some Problems of the Elementary Schools," by J. W. Samuels, B.A. (Headmaster, Higher Elementary Schools, Millwall). The best feature of the whole was that the gathering was in real truth a "Conference"—not in name alone, as is usually the case—and the discussions which followed the lectures were of great value, representing many varying points of view and throwing out many suggestive ideas. Moreover, a good deal of Socialist propaganda was effected, as a kind of by-product of the Conference, and the only regrettable thing is that there were not a few headmasters of our "great" public schools present—they might have obtained some salutary effects from their visit.

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NEXT WEEK.—"Diversion on the Riviera," by Arnold Bennett, and "Wanted: a Dictionary of Socialism," by Edwin Pugh.

The Labour Party and Dundee.

THE Liberal members who sat for Dundee and Montrose Burghs have decided that they are more suited to represent feudalism than democracy; so they have retired to the House of Lords; and there are bye-elections pending in both divisions, and a Labour Party candidate in each. The Liberals had, somehow or the other, got it into their heads that the Labour Party would not be so unkind as to oppose the new men who desired to represent democracy in the place of Mr. John Morley and Mr. Edmund Robertson. I hope it is not rude to say so, but, really, some people are extraordinarily dense. The "Daily News" thinks it would be so much pleasanter for all concerned if the Labour men would "co-operate" with the Liberals: "if only this co-operation can be made effective in the country, especially at bye-elections, our battle is won." In other words, the Labour Party's object should be to win the battle for someone else. I wish they had a flickering glimmer of humour on the "Daily News." They are always squeezing their brains to find some plausible explanation why the Labour Party does not support the present Government at election times. One of these days, when there is absolutely nothing to do, they will send the messenger boy round from the Labour Party's office to explain the position to the gentlemen who write for the "Daily News": it will be quite a brief explanation. "We are so sorry we cannot join your party; but we are not Liberals, and we are running a party of our own." However, they will discover the reason by themselves—most people stumble over the truth, sooner or later—and then, I suppose, the "Daily News" will begin to puzzle out the further problem why the Conservatives do not support the Liberals. There is no mortal reason why they should not expect the whole world to support them; only . . . . . well, it has its humorous side.

The pertinacity with which the Labour Party, in spite of prayers and threats, is now fighting the Liberals for every seat which offers a reasonable hope of success, is at the root of the policy which is building up the new organisation. There is one task, before all others, which the party must accomplish if it is to establish itself as a permanent factor in politics. It must make it clear, beyond all possibility of misunderstanding, that the Labour Party has no more intimate connection with the Liberals than with the Tzar of Russia or the Shah of Persia, or any other obsolete constitutional institutions. On the other hand, the Liberal Party, in its turn, is faced by an equally urgent problem; namely, how to confuse the issue as long as possible; how to persuade the electors that the programme of Liberalism is also the best programme for Labour; that they are identical. On the day that the majority of the wage-earners cease to confuse Liberalism with the Collectivism which the Labour Party theoretically declared for at Hull, and practically has always made its object, on that day the historic party of Liberalism will vanish from the political stage.

We have little to fear from straightforward opposition; immediately the issue is clear, we shall win. When the damsel in "The Gondoliers" says to the jailer, "Oh, Wilfrid, will you be just?" he promptly replies, "I will not." Fancy the joy of meeting your man in the open like that. But the subtle attack of the "Daily News" and its kind is our real danger; with its piteous appeal not to split the Progressive vote; that now is the critical time when something will really be done (it has been the critical time for fifty years); just one more chance, and Liberalism will fulfil its pledges. It is not the open opposition of the Tory Press that is delaying us; it is the false friendship of the Liberals. If the Liberals really want to bring about Socialism, if they even want that mild change called "social reform," then why don't they get to work? There is no need to worry about a few bye-election seats; they have already got the biggest majority that has ever sat in the House of Commons. They can do what they please; England is at their mercy. And they do practically nothing at all. To come to actual deeds—promises are of the pie-crust order—after two and a half years of government by this overwhelming Liberal majority, what have they done to give the democracy of this land a better chance of a happy existence? They have dallied with the fringe of the problem by such measures as a Trade Union Act, a Workmen's Compensation Act, a School Feeding Act which is worthless because it is not compulsory. The Tory and the Liberal Parties have been dallying with petty reforms for a hundred years. If it comes to facts, the Tories have given most; out of 35 Factory Acts since 1800, 22 were passed by Conservative Governments; also the Housing Acts of 1885, 1890, 1900, 1903; the Public Health Acts of 1875, the Workmen's Compensation Acts of 1897 and 1900; the Allotment Acts of 1887 and 1890; the Small Holdings Act of 1892; the Trade Union Acts of 1825 and 1875. So that there is not much social reform left to credit the Liberals with; their profession of reform has not even the merits of truth. On the other hand, there is little to put to the credit of the Conservatives.

Now, perhaps, even the "Daily News" will begin to understand why the wage-earners and Socialists of this country have decided to form a party of their own; for the very simple reason that they cannot get what they want from either of the other parties. There is one way and one way only of forming a political party; and that is by beating the others at the polling booth. That is why the Labour Party is fighting to gain the seats at Dundee and Montrose Burghs. Surely even the "Daily News" must realise that we cannot gain seats by giving them as a gift to our opponents. But, it is argued, the present Liberal Government offers more reforms than the Tory Opposition. To "split the Progressive vote" may let the Conservatives in. Well, the Liberals will even then have a majority big enough to pass whatever they wish to pass into law. Besides, the Labour Party means to win the seats at Dundee and Montrose. But the strength of the Labour Party's position lies here: every time it beats the Liberals, whether by winning the seat or by letting the Tory in, it frightens the Liberals into granting us a little more than they would give us without the defeat, which sounds unkind, but is plain commonsense. Each time we beat the Liberals, or the Tories, they will offer us better terms. They can easily defy our few votes in Parliament; there is only one thing they fear—to be beaten at the polls. That is the policy of the Labour Party—to beat them there.

And the "Daily News" has the audacity to ask us to throw away our trump card and give them the game. Dundee and Montrose are our final answer. And when we want to co-operate with another party we will be discreet enough not to choose one which is being beaten at every election. There is no particular joy in going down with someone else's sinking ship. One may be quite prepared to die for one's principles; there would have been a grim satisfaction in going down under Mr. Dan Irving's Red Flag. But to be calmly invited to die under Mr. Winston Churchill's tattered banner of Free Trade, religious education, and teetotalism, with the skull and cross bones of unemployment and starvation unheeded in the centre—well, as I said before, they have no humour on the "Daily News"; and they are Liberals, and therefore the bitterest opponents of the Socialist-Labour Party.

G. R. S. TAYLOR.

The School Meals Farce.

THE record of the feeding of school children during this last winter and up to Easter is a record of complete and disastrous failure. A few educational authorities here and there have adopted the Provision of Meals Act, but London, which ought to lead the way, has stood behind. And in London, despite the feverish efforts of the pro-charity partisans, the money subscribed by voluntary subscription has been grossly inadequate.

The number of children fed in London during last winter was about 50,000; this is certainly not half the number who ought to have been fed. At no school have all the "necessitous" children been fed, and in some schools only a half or a third of the full number; in some schools fewer still. Then of those technically fed only a small proportion have been adequately nourished; most of them have been given meals both inadequate in number and insufficient in quantity. Practically no meals have been supplied on Saturdays, none on Sundays, and frequently none on Mondays. The reason for the omission of Monday is the airy presumption that if there is any food "at home" it is more likely to be there on Monday than on Tuesday.

London's feeding of starving children during the last winter can only be described as the minimum of reality and the maximum of pretence. A choice combination of moral and business maxims calculated to lay the conscience of Londoners to sleep.

The average number of meals supplied to children has been about four, and the average meal supplied has been a one-course atrocity, calculated just to allay the pangs of hunger without satisfying the needs of the body. The meal has often consisted of soup and bread, sometimes of stodgy puddings, rarely of anything more appetising or substantial. Practically no effort has been made to use the social meal as an educational influence, manners have been at a complete discount, and the spectacle of children "wolfing" their rations in the street near the "feeding centres" has been a not unusual sight.

One of the most sinister aspects of the question has been the complete secrecy with which all the precise facts of the situation have been enshrouded. The L.C.C. has given definite instructions to all teachers not to give information as to necessitous children to anyone not officially authorised to receive it. The effect of this has been to make it excessively difficult to gauge the extent of the evil. It is a ghastly secret about which the less said the better.

In London the relief has been administered by Children's Care Committees formed on the plan, laid down in the Provision of Meals Act, for the constitution of School Canteen Committees. So that in London the last winter has given us an experience of what the actual administration of the Act would be like, for the only change that would be experienced by the Act's adoption would be the use of a subvention from the rates in aid of the charitable funds. And this experience is enough to condemn that inadequate measure without further ado. Administered in a Socialist spirit the Act might be accepted as a paltry instalment of "goodwill" in practice. Administered as it has been in London the last winter, and as it is likely to be in the winter to come, it is a dismal farce.

The cardinal defect of the Act is that it does not enable any definition of a necessitous child to be universally adopted. Every Children's Care Committee has picked out its children for feeding entirely according to moral and social measures of its own. And in nearly every case the "necessity" considered has been the parents' necessity and not the children's.

If the Act is to be of any value when adopted it must be clearly laid down that any child which is not so fed as to be able to maintain good health and profit from school instruction shall be fed so as to maintain good health and be able to profit. That is to say the child must be fed if it requires it, and its parents' moral condition or social condition dealt with afterwards.

Another serious defect is that there exists no means of seeing that the C.C.C.'s attend to their business. The L.C.C has appointed inspectors to see whether the children fed are necessitous, but none to see whether the children not receiving free meals require feeding. The L.C.C. has drafted a circular to be sent to the parent of every child who is fed, in terms which involve a thinly veiled threat of legal procedure to recover the cost of meals, but no letter urging on parents the necessity of seeing to their children's adequate feeding, and inviting them to send their children to free meals if unable to provide sufficiently at home. The L.C.C. has, in fact, done everything in its power to minimise the apparent size of the evil, and nothing to attempt to grapple seriously with the evil.

In any case, the administrative machinery is inadequate because it relies to such a large extent on the more or less forced co-operation of the teachers. If the teachers discharge their duties as members of the C.C.C.'s well, they are bound to make unjustifiable drafts on their own time and energy; there are returns to be made and records to be kept of course; and if they neglect these duties the Act cannot work. Apart from this it must always be a very difficult task weeding out the underfed from the fed, and a task which has the effect of branding a section of the children of every school as of a different social class from the others. It is a task the results of which are not worth the energy expended on it, and which may lay those who undertake it open to impudent and unblushing imposition.

There can be no solution of this question apart from the feeding of all children. Let all pay for the feeding of all through the medium of the rates, instead of each for the feeding of each through the weekly budget. We shall then be sure that necessitous children are fed, and without the stigma of "charity." The cost to the ratepayers will be less than that of the partial scheme, so far as the necessitous are concerned, because feeding on a big scale is more economical, and an actual economy will be effected in each ratepayer's private expenditure, because social meals are cheaper than private meals.

The health of all children too will immensely benefit, because a social school meal can be made certainly a good and proper meal, and the very extensive evil of "improper" feeding eliminated. Lastly, the morals, manners, and habits of all school children will be improved, a properly organised social meal being a function of very great educational value.

Lord Macaulay's Curse.

I have no knowledge of either Sanscrit or Arabic. . . . I am quite ready to take the Oriental learning at the valuation of the Orientalists themselves. I have never found one among them who could deny that a single shelf of a good European library was worth the whole native literature of India and Arabia. . . . It is, I believe, no exaggeration to say that all the historical information which has been collected from the books written in the Sanscrit language is less valuable than what may be found in the most paltry abridgments used at preparatory schools in England. In every branch of physical or moral philosophy the relative positions of the two nations is nearly the same. . . . . Our language stands pre-eminent even among the languages of the West. . . . . Whether we look at the intrinsic value of our language or at the particular situation of this country, we shall see the strongest reason to think that, of all foreign tongues, the English tongue is that which would be the most useful to our native subjects.

Lord Macaulay, who read everything and understood nothing, so that he remained to the end one of the cleverest fools our country ever bred, never penned anything that exhibited his self-complacent ignorance more disastrously than his Minute on Indian Education, of which we have just culled an extract. Be it remembered that it was written in February 1835, just a few months after Macaulay's landing in India. The Minute should be read in full by those who do not yet understand why Englishmen are everywhere despised and disliked by the inhabitants of every country where they govern—disliked even by the inhabitants of their own country. An Englishman's intentions are always so damnably good that we may not repine at the fat salaries he feels called upon to take, from a sense of economic justice, to compensate him for the strain upon his heart, the moral wear and tear, involved in looking after other races. "To benefit the people is the inspiring thought of every British administrator in India." "It is our appointed task in the development of mankind to preserve peace where we had found anarchy, to enforce the eternal principles of justice, to help forward the primitive races who are still far behind, and to quicken into new life those highly cultured people who for long centuries have been numbed in sleep." (*Your* appointed task, you costume-makers at 1s. 3d. a garment; you sweated Bible folders, at 1d. per 100.) We weep every time we read these noble sentiments from Sir Francis Younghusband's recent essay—until we look up the cost—to India—and then we cry.

Sometimes, in the still silence of the night, when the very houses are asleep, so that none may penetrate our half-formed thoughts, a faint suspicion, which we never allow to take form, haunts us that Englishmen are constitutionally unable to realise the spiritual life of any other people. We recognise some valiant exceptions, Englishmen like Sir Richard Burton, Lawrence Oliphant, Rudyard Kipling (in "Kim"), Mr. W. S. Blunt, Mr. Dudley Kidd, and Mr. Fielding Hall in his gallant attempt. Anyway, though Lord "Broadbent" Macaulay is now not only dead but——("there must be hell"), there lingers the education system in India that he bade the British Government inaugurate.

When Macaulay arrived in India the Committee of Public Instruction, consisting of ten members, was divided in opinion as to whether Oriental learning should be encouraged, or replaced by Western Science taught in English. Macaulay, the son of Zachariah of the Clapham set, Macaulay the bachelor, Macaulay who sneered at German metaphysic, who was as ignorant of Hindu thought as he was of the Hindus, with no knowledge and no sympathy for any philosophy that didn't help one to get on, Macaulay sided with the English side of the Committee.

Ever since, Education in India has been conducted on the lines that what is good for English squires and English lawyers must be excellent for a people from whose soil sprung a philosophy which above all philosophies has sought to realise the core of that universal idea, which alone has reached a conception of the soul; dimly it may be to some, yet assuredly more divinely and more humanly than any philosophy in which man has hitherto uttered his need for some satisfaction of that torturing sense of mystery which haunts him as he journeys through this tragic world, with vaguest apperceptions of a remote past, to a future beset with uncertain adventures. What has our Western Science to tell a people whose teachers can at will soar to those states of ecstasy where that augmented consciousness is attuned to the infinite?

An interesting article on Indian Music in the March number of the "Hindustan," points the moral for one branch of education which is, we are convinced, of quite general application. The writer complains that Indian music has decayed, disappearing "like the other expressions of Indian culture before the material ideals of Western civilisation." Europeans frankly regard it as noise! "It is only one illustration of the unfitness of Englishmen to control Indian education; they are unfitted alike by lack of knowledge and by lack of sympathy." Very cleverly Dr. Coomaraswamy points out that the right place for teachers of English literature and Western Science is, as in Japan, under the control of Home, or as we should say, Native Educationalists.

India is not a Country but a Continent, not inhabited by a People but by a Population; they alone can direct its destinies who inherit its traditions. Indians alone will lift India out of the Indian chaos into which we have plunged that unhappy land by our eagerness to uproot its past and to graft our sordid materialism upon its present—instance our replacement of the native industries by the iniquities of the Bengal factories.

In the House of Commons Debate last week (April 28th), on Education in India, initiated by Mr. Laidlaw, there was scarce an illuminating remark. Controversy settled upon how much or how little should be spent upon education; the mover considering the present three millions inadequate, and the Government replying that it could not afford any more, but "the work of education in India had progressed, and was steadily being pushed forward." The world was all right—especially for members of H.M. Government. Little was said as to what method of education should be adopted, and who should be appointed to inaugurate a new system. For our part, until the Government will leave the question to Indian educationalists to settle for themselves we shall be little interested in how much is spent upon a radically vicious system. Mr. Keir Hardie believed that by better technical education in the village industries and in agriculture great advantages would follow. We quite agree; but—as none knows better than he—under the British régime it would not follow that the advantages would be reaped by the worker and the ryot.

Mr. Rees contributed one good suggestion: "that we should go back to the vernacular languages"; he, of course, counterbalanced this by some nonsense. He desired that part of the instruction should include "instruction in the former state of the country and the blessings conferred by British rule"; no doubt according due prominence to the fact that Mr. J. D. Rees, after 25 years in the Indian Civil Service, and now M.P. for Montgomery Burghs, still keeps his eye upon India. But perhaps it was Mr. Rees's desire to remind us of the reputation English Judges have conferred upon the Welsh. We need scarcely add the attendance was scanty, that the motion was withdrawn, that everyone went home feeling extra double virtuous and responsible, and that Indians must continue to rely upon their own efforts with the help of the thoughtful Socialists in this country to subvert British rule and British ideas.

The upshot is that our Barbaric system of education must be abandoned; it is useless to the less advanced races of India, it is an insult to the more advanced races, who are as far above Europe in intellectual acumen as they are in philosophy.

Good Breeding or Eugenics.

"We set good breeding as the corner-stone of our edifice."
—ERNEST PONTIFEX, Essays.

NATURE has no laws, men invent them. The inventions are sometimes happy, frequently horrible, usually futile. All men are born with a certain outlook in life, the outlook varies from one generation to the other. Becoming conscious of their outlook, now a philosophy, some delight in seeking happenings, more or less unimportant, which are more or less correlated with their beliefs. These happenings men call facts, and a jumble of many facts, "a résumé in mental shorthand," constitutes a law of nature, wisely called an iron law because iron is ever in a state of flux.

* * *

Now it is true that though "facts" readily become exhausted, void of life, they do tend to become stereotyped in words or phrases, which long after newer and pleasanter facts have been invented, keep bobbing about on the ocean of thought, derelicts dangerous to later navigators. Just such a stereotyped or clap-trap word hurtles us as we approach the subject of good breeding. The word evolution hits you on the nose, and is not to be avoided by any sleight of brain. The word evolution is now a foundling hospital where we imprison, without further ado, all ideas of doubtful parentage. "The doctrine by which the higher forms of life have gradually arisen out of the lower," says my dictionary; "progress involving differentiation" is a recent biologist's definition. It is not mere hypercriticism that objects to the use of the words "higher," "progress" in these definitions; the use of these words invariably leads to the introduction of ethical considerations in what should be mere portrayals of the writer's inventions—his facts.

* * *

This is prejudicial. Thus an able mathematician complains that "we have provided unlimited medical comforts and housing for the physically unfit, and for the rogue; he is anxious to send criminals to "a subtropical climate." In turn, the "Daily Express" would send the same able mathematician to an even warmer zone because he once expressed views on the sex-question, which offended the dignified tone of that journal. Who shall decide what is "higher" or "lower," "rogue," or "criminal"? So much depends upon the point of view; the standard of decency common to some newspaper proprietors is counted for roguery among plain men. Let us be content to regard evolution as the doctrine of changes.

* * *

Mr. Galton, like most pioneers, saw further than most of his followers. In 1901, in his lecture to the Anthropological Institute, he contended that it was more important to increase the productivity of the best stock. He said, "This is far more important than repressing the productivity of the worse." These wise words have not been followed in many of the practical proposals that have been made. The average Englishman is so fond of coercion that hitherto the suggestions have run in the direction of preventing "criminals," "insane," "tuberculars," and so on from breeding. Here we must be very chary; personally, I hold that current views as to what is criminal, insane, and so on, are absurd. We must for the present resolutely set ourselves against repression. Encouragement, however, is quite a different matter, for here there is no compulsion, no interference with the individual's freedom of action.

* * *

So that good breeding may make a real advance we badly want a platform for the expression of unpopular views, where they may be phrased by persons who, like myself, are dull and not a little tedious. A witty speaker can say anything anywhere as we know to our cost; one doesn't want to found a Society of Dull Speakers, but I should like a place where one could get a hearing without the constraint of attempting to be brilliant. Once upon a time, the story goes, the Fabian Socety did not contemn views because they were new or the speakers nobodies. Nowadays, however, it exists to set a seal upon popular achievement; the sole creed of the members is to place popular politicians on the executive and to support a Liberal Government until God in His wisdom sends us a Conservative one, to which they may in turn swear allegiance. Some one may suggest that the Sociological Society exactly fills the bill. Well, I have admitted that I have no ambition to found a Society for Dull Speakers. The "Eugenics Education Society" should have had a possible sphere of usefulness, although the title is not a little scarifying.

* * *

The first meeting convinced me that the Society will be a success in this country. The prevalent Protestant attitude was adopted from the outset—even in the title and the sub-title—"For Mental, Moral, and Physical Improvement of the Race." The Nonconformist attitude assumes that all other men are born in a state of sin, and we must endeavour to lift them out of it. Their morals are not our morals, hence theirs are wrong. As the Society puts it in its programme, "Eugenics aims at working out the beast." "It is to work through marriage, an institution of vast antiquity, and supremely valuable in its services to childhood—with which is all human destiny."

* * *

The circular of the Research Defence Society has been sent in for comment as connected with the question of good breeding. The Society has been formed "to make known the facts as to experiments on animals in this country; the immense importance to the welfare of mankind of such experiments; and the great saving of human life and health directly attributable to them." I suppose this Society, whose president is Lord Cromer, may be also regarded as existing for the purpose of literally "working out the beast," perhaps with the desire of working it into man. I hope that as a physician I have a proper regard for health and human life; most excellent and desirable things. But do not let us be ever in a state of blue funk about our health. If it is only to be preserved at the expense of experiments on dogs and cats, horses, guinea pigs, and rabbits, let us have the courage to face ill-health and death, if need be. What one cannot stand is the sickly, slobbering, sentimental cant of the Bishops, Deans, and physiologists who set their names to the circular. It says "the small amount of pain or discomfort inflicted is insignificant compared with the great gain to knowledge and the direct advantage of humanity." How do they know? What is their standard of measurement? How do they weigh the "insignificant pain or discomfort"?

* * *

There is *one* lesson that evolution teaches us, and that is the oneness of all things in the universe—the relationship, more or less intimate, that exists even between what are called inorganic and organic things. I wish space and the interest of my readers allowed me to give here a résumé of O. Lehmann's researches upon what he calls "apparently living crystals." Crystals are seen growing by absorbing their food, they are motile, divide, conjugate, are living in every sense of the word. To-day I mention this lest many readers desire to accuse me of a want of logic. Elsewhere I have had nothing but praise for those who destroy mosquitos and their larvæ. Here I complain of experiments on guinea pigs. Now, logic should compel me to forego wounding inorganic things as well as compel me to spare mosquitos, since I claim that inorganic things like crystals are sentient. But no more than any other man shall I be guided by logic. The silliest definition ever given of man is that he is a rational being. We aim at a certain measure of rational consequential thought, but conduct is and should at present be unswayed by reason, and be directed entirely by feeling—intuition. So that if anyone does not feel there can be a difference between our treatment of mosquitos and rabbits his intuitions differ from mine and he is in the "wrong," of course!

M. D. EDER.

Race-Culture and Socialism.

By Dr. C. W. Saleeby, F.R.S. Edin.

IT is surely a momentous omen that a Socialist review should have lately devoted so many of its columns to the question of eugenics or race-culture—which, as perhaps the greatest of living Socialist thinkers, Forel, has declared, is indeed the root question of all questions. May I, in the first place, direct your readers' attention to the newly-founded Eugenics Education Society, which numbers amongst its vice-presidents your two distinguished contributors, Mr. Eden Phillpotts and Mr. Havelock Ellis? It is not necessary to repeat in feebler terms their main propositions. Merely I wish to point out that, if not a "State Department," at least a society for the unborn already exists, and as within the last two days this astonished writer has had the opportunity of speaking of its aims before those swayers of Parliaments, the Archbishop of Canterbury, on the one hand, and Dr. Clifford, on the other, it may almost be hoped that those aims, from which the Churches cannot indefinitely hold aloof, will make State machinery for themselves before long.

Meanwhile this Society (the hon. secretary of which will be happy to send its "literature" to your readers if they will write to 6, York Buildings, Adelphi, Strand, W.C.) is already acting upon public opinion. In general, we may say that so far as what one may call *positive eugenics* is concerned, education must be our inchoate method; but we do emphatically believe in legislation with the utmost urgency in regard to certain aspects of what may be called *negative eugenics*. And, first, a word as to eugenic education.

In some measure this is within the power of everyone, and it is already a factor of personal duty for all who are in charge of childhood. Suitable literature for their use, at present non-existent in English—a few simple and usually nervous tracts apart—will in course be provided. We have to remedy the amazing ignorance of parents themselves; we have to reckon with the fact that not a few brides are wholly unacquainted with the barest elements of that which their change of state will entail, both as regards themselves and as regards the future; we have to reckon with beautiful but dangerous notions—as that a girl may reform an inebriate by marrying him—a notion futile enough as regards the individual and liable to produce for the future seven devils for one; we have to state the price of prudery in this land; we have to bury, alive or otherwise, Mrs. Grundy—the only woman, perhaps, to whom the word "hag" can decently be applied; and we have to demand the education of children *as for* the supreme function of parenthood—as Spencer urged forty years ago, if that name may be printed without injury to your columns. With such tasks as these before it, the Eugenics Education Society needs and demands the services of all who realise that, human energy being finite, it is best expended where it will bring largest returns, and that no object conceivable can compare in this regard with the practicable object of race-culture. There were lately quoted in these pages some remarks of mine on "Maternalism." We must slay Mrs. Grundy and we must put our own houses in order if the maternalist ideal is to be realised. Should the reader ask what that is, he may be referred to the great words of Mr. John Burns when addressing the Infant Mortality Conference two years ago, "You must glorify, dignify, and purify motherhood by every means in your power."

On the more obviously scientific side the propagation of the known truths of heredity—a great fact with which, if one may be allowed to say so, some forms of Socialism seem scarcely to reckon—must be undertaken. To this end one may commend Prof. J. A. Thomson's new work, "Heredity" (Murray), the first treatise on the subject written in full recognition of the eugenic ideal and the practical meaning of these inquiries.

But also our young Society demands immediate legislative action in the interest of negative eugenics. Indeed, by means of a resolution passed at our annual general meeting, some twenty public addresses delivered by one of our members, and so forth, we shall soon have effected something in regard to the present scandalous treatment of chronic inebriate women by the London County Council. We have obtained the public inquiry demanded, and official recognition of the fact that the need is urgent. There are some fifty chronic inebriate women in Holloway at this moment undergoing absolutely useless short terms of imprisonment because, over a quarrel concerning 6d. per day per woman, the London County Council declines to put the Inebriates Acts into force, and deprives even intelligent magistrates of the power of committing these pitiable and dangerous women to a reformatory. We revert, in short, to the Jane Cakebread method, despite the passing of the legislation which the life history of that cruelly maltreated lunatic brought about; and further, we provide the conditions whereby the hopeless inebriate shall become a mother (to the extent of between five and six children per woman on the average) of children germinally defective and, to boot, doubtless intoxicated many times before their birth. I have heard of no outrage in modern times, African or other, comparable to this; but at least the London County Council is performing one service for biological philosophy. We know that there may be an antagonism between the interests of the race and the interests of the individual, as both Darwin and Huxley observed, though it was left to Mr. Galton to resolve the antinomy. You save feeble-minded children, and thus get a feeble-minded race; or with Lycurgus, you expose the unfit and are cruel to be kind. This dilemma, however, kind to be cruel or cruel to be kind, does not exhaust the possibilities. In its present course the London County Council is proving that it is possible to combine the maximum of brutality to the individual and the present with the maximum of injury to the race and the future.

The Eugenics Education Society having, at the least, hastened the appointment of the Home Office Committee, is now preparing its evidence, and also legislative proposals which will combine the maximum of kindness, and even of personal hope, for the individual with protection of the future. We ask your readers' help.

. . . . . .

And now will you permit me, as one who belongs to no party, but who will be happy, if it will have him, to join the thinking party, when there is one—to consider in outline the relations of eugenics to the teaching of the present party which most nearly answers to that ideal? To some of us, perhaps, Socialism seems furthest from that ideal, when, as we think, it assumes that all evil is of economic origin. The student of heredity finds elements of evil abundant in poisoned germ-plasm and not absent from the best. Surely, surely, the products of progress are not mechanisms but men; and surely no economic system as such can be the only mechanism worth naming—which would be one that made men. The germ-plasm is such a

mechanism, indeed; and hence its quality is all important.

But if Socialism, sooner than any other party, is going to identify itself with the economic principle of Ruskin that "there is no wealth but life"; and if in its discussion of the conditions of industry it will concern itself primarily with the culture of the racial life, which is the vital industry of any people (and basis enough for a New Imperialism, or at least a New Patriotism, that might be quite decent); if so, then it seems to me that we must look to you for salvation. But books which describe future externals, books which assume that education is a panacea, forgetting that education can educate only what heredity gives, turn us away again when we are almost persuaded. The *economic* panacea must fail (at least as a panacea); the *educational* panacea must fail; the *eugenic* panacea may not fail.

But it has happened to me lately to make very complete and detailed acquaintance with a book written by a Socialist that may be commended universally as a great work pregnant with hope and guidance and wisdom. One already knew Professor Forel, of Zurich, as a student of ants—who persuaded him into Socialism—as the author of "The Hygiene of Nerves and Mind," and as one of the great enemies of alcohol, of the existence of which some Socialists appear to me to be as unaware as if they had just come from Utopia. But in his latest work, "Die Sexuel Frage" (which can be read in French under the title "La Question Sexuelle"), Professor Forel has built himself an enduring monument. Here are Socialism, Idealism, science, vast experience, alike of ant-heaps and asylums, combined with literary power, in the production of a book which not merely has no rival in English, but the bare possibility of which no English book extant could have suggested. Were there an English Forel, I think I should be in the Fabian nursery now. At this moment I am trying to get his work translated, but they say that the attempt has already been made, and that our publishers are frightened. Yet by all accounts they print certain novels.

Here is an alienist who is nevertheless an optimist and an idealist. He concludes by picturing a Utopia—a Socialist Utopia; but two points distinguish it from the kind of thing which I confess myself incapable of learning from. In the first place, Forel has scarcely a word to say about social machinery, nothing about clothes and coinage and confetti. In describing his Utopia, he simply depicts a certain kind of human nature; one almost fancies him to suppose that, given the right men and women, perhaps you need go no further for your Utopia! And one recalls an eighteenth century line about forms of government and the kind of people who argue thereof. I am sure I have put this delicately.

And then the second thing which strikes one in Forel is that his six pages descriptive of his Utopian ideas follow upon nearly six hundred in which he shows us how they may be realised. Now, this spade work may, or may not, require less imagination; it may be less easy; the rock is often very hard; but is not this better than building a castle in the air? Forel founds his Utopia on fact, and he gives us the lines of its erection. He takes this central question of sex and reproduction, which will e-main central so long as the only wealth of nations is reduced to dust three times in every century, and he tells us at the outset that "toute tentative faite pour résoudre la question sexuelle devra donc être dirigée vers l'avenir et vers le bonheur de nos descendants." He never loses sight of this ideal from cover to cover. He is a man of science, and he knows that you can never polish pewter into silver. He knows, further, that even if you could, by ideal education of anything offered you, make ideal individuals, your task would be Sisyphean, since "acquired characters are not transmissible." Selection is therefore fundamental—as Darwin indeed showed half a century ago almost to a day.

Though Ruskin himself has no higher idealism, Forel does not talk puritanic folly about neo-Malthusianism, but rightly deplores the "Malthusian" demand for the limitation of *all* families; whereas, of course, we can only wish that some couples could produce thousands of children. That is merely an instance; but no space at my disposal would enable me to give the grounds for my belief that for the present and the future this is one of the most valuable books that anyone can read. The significant points are to find an alienist who is also a Socialist and a eugenist from first to last. Here, as it seems to me, Socialism is grappling with the real economics, which is *vital*; and the anti-Socialist bias from which some of us may have suffered is annulled when, for instance, in the study of prostitution, an author, though he puts the socialisation of capital as the first of his remedies, yet stands up to alcohol, and to the facts of human nature, normal and morbid, and of disease, and of preventive measures which it is decent to use, which it is decent not to use—though this may mean bringing human rottenness into existence—but which it is indecent to mention.

However, let your readers read for themselves. Meanwhile I thank you for your courtesy in presenting your columns to one who is really the friendliest of your enemies, though he has jumped at the chance of giving you a dig or two, and especially in letting him commend to your readers' notice the young Society which has no party and no creed except that there is no wealth but life, and that no minting will make copper into gold.

The Instinct of Ownership.

A Reply to Hilaire Belloc.

By Hubert Bland.

WHEN I read the first paragraph of Mr. Belloc's article, "The Three Issues," my heart leaped. Now at last, I felt, Mr. Belloc is about to discover for us the secret which he has so long and so cleverly kept hidden; now at last we are to be told what we are to do to be saved; what first steps we must take to bring about the only tolerable alternative to the Collective State—that other State so often dimly hinted at in which property shall be widely distributed, and established on perdurable foundations.

I confess that my eye had not travelled far down the third paragraph before I began to experience twinges of doubt and dismay. I was not likely, it seemed to me, to gain any illumination worth mentioning on any subject of importance from a gentleman who knew his world so little as to assert that everyone in it but "the half-witted, the base, and the superhumanly ignorant" were determined that our modern industrial system should be transformed. Of course, the assertion may be true enough if what Mr. Belloc means is that ninety-nine hundredths of the members of the House of Lords, four-fifths of the members of the House of Commons, and about the same proportion of the well-to-do classes all over the kingdom are half-witted, base, and superhumanly ignorant. But if he means that, then that is so obvious and so gross an exaggeration that we may say of it what Mr. Belloc himself says, later on, of the Hegelian philosophy, that it is "muddleheadedness, and not worth a moment's consideration."

A gentleman who has used his eyes, his ears, and his intelligence to such little purpose as not to know that the great part of the comfortably-off are determined that our modern industrial system shall not be transformed or even altered in any material respect if they can help it must be rather a hopeless and futile sort of gentleman, I felt.

Further reading of the article confirmed my dismal forebodings. Mr. Belloc goes on to declare that "men desire to own." A quite irrefutable truth that; the

truth, in fact, upon which the case for Socialism is based; because under no other system than a Collectivist system is it possible for the great majority of men to own anything worth owning. The gravamen of the charge which the Socialist brings against the present industrial system is that it denies private property to the many in the interests of the few. You cannot own anything worth owning on a wage of 20s. a week. You cannot, if you have a wife and children, own much worth owning on a wage of 40s. a week; and to the great majority of men 40s. a week is an income beyond dreams of attainment. Before the great majority of men can obtain 40s. a week, or anything like 40s. a week, they will have to establish Collectivism in most of the means of production.

A Man desires to own. Yes, that's just it, but, as "sundry professors" most properly ask, "after all, *what* does a man desire to own?" Mr. Belloc, in his third column, says—a part of the means of production. But if he will interrogate his own consciousness and, following the advice of Mr. Chesterton to Mr. Shaw, ask his fellow-men "in great numbers and in diverse circumstances" what it is they desire to own, and try his hardest really to understand the answer, try to get at the bottom of it, he will find that it is not the means of production he and they desire to own, but the product, the finished article. I, for example, intensely desire to own my pipe, but I have not the faintest wish to own the machinery, whatever it was, by which my pipe was made. I remember once hearing Mr. Belloc express the greatest fondness for what he called his "jolly old furniture," and the greatest solicitude as to what would would happen to it if the Fabian Society had its will, but never a word did he say of any desire to own the tools, the lathes, the chisels, etc., by which that furniture was carved and put together. In point of fact, Mr. Belloc knows that he does not desire to own these things; the possession of them would bore him.

What a man does desire to own are things upon which he can impress his personality, things which express and externalise and extend his personality, his tastes, his preferences, his predilections, his prejudices even. It is well that he should desire these. It is necessary, necessary to his freedom, to the development of his personality, that he should possess them. We Socialists are determined that sooner or later he shall possess them. It is to that end mainly that we are Socialists. But these things are not the means of production. The means of production are engines, machines, furnaces, boilers, things with wheels and cogs and gearing. And you cannot impress your personality upon a gas engine. You cannot express or externalise or extend your personality in the shape of £1,000 of London and North-Western stock. Your taste in no way shows itself in a bank share. It is true you can spend the railway or bank dividend in indulging your preference for some work of art or some object of utility, but, then, so you could do that had you earned the amount of the dividend like an honest man. In a Collectivist system men will earn their money honestly and then spend it in the indulgence of their preferences.

Under a Collectivist State Mr. Belloc asserts, "the supply of clothing, of drink, of food . . . and very nearly every action of human life will be . . . at the bidding of a master." This proposition, he adds, he has heard denied, but never argued. Naturally; why on earth should we do more than deny a proposition that is merely asserted, in support of which not one word of argument is forthcoming? When Mr. Belloc can bring himself to argue with Collectivists, Collectivists will argue with him. But about drink, now? Already a good deal of drink is, in many places, under collective control. I suppose there is more water drunk than any other liquid. In many cities and towns the water supply is in the hands of the municipality. The result on the whole is that the citizens drink pure water. The supply of beer is in private hands; the result, on the whole, is that the citizens drink doctored beer. Supposing the supply of beer were in the same hands as the supply of water and, in consequence, the beer were pure, would the citizens feel that they were drinking it "at the bidding of a master"? When they turn on their bath taps in the morning now, do they, in point of fact, feel that they are bathing "at the bidding of a master?" Moreover, are they in point of fact bathing "at the bidding of a master"? Is it not rather silly to suggest that they are?

Now, as to this State that Mr. Belloc says he desires, but which neither he nor any of his party will stir hand or foot to bring about, even to begin to bring about! All we can gather of it from the last few paragraphs of the article is, that it will give men "the life their fathers had." But which life and which fathers, specifically? To which centuries exactly does Mr. Belloc wish to return? Cards on the table, Mr. Belloc, I implore you; let us have no more aces up the sleeve! And if your fathers found that kind of life so agreeable, how came they to part with it? And if their sons get it again, what guarantee have we that they will not once more let it go? If property "thus subdivided" produced of itself "so free, active, and direct an opinion" as to correct competition, how came it that competition (uncorrected) gobbled up property "thus subdivided"? If "custom commonly enforced by a religious tinge forbids the growth of a poison," how came it that the poison grew and corroded and destroyed the state in which our fathers were so happy and so good? Does Mr. Belloc seriously desire to put back the clock? Does he seriously believe that his party, the Liberal Party, will help him to do it? Will he, ere too late, before the next General Election, introduce some small Bill into the House of Commons the effect of which will be to put back the clock even half a second or so? If he will neither say nor do anything that will tend to construct the State he says he desires, then in the name of common decency had he not better hold his peace?

Finally, I do wish that Mr. Belloc would cease to sneer at Hegel as he does, perhaps ignorantly—let us hope ignorantly—when he sniffs at such phrases as "merge into a higher unity." Hegel was a very great man; one of the very greatest men who ever lived. Mr. Belloc is a small man, "clever, but slight," and when I catch him writing uppishly of Hegel I have the same sort of feeling that I should have if I caught a foolish little boy shooting peas at the sun.

From Morning to Dawn.

I love you in the morning; clear your eyes
Unclouded, free as the impassive skies;
So cold you are, so delicate and bright,
I half forget the promise of the night.

I love you, my beloved, through the day,
Your eyes of sapphire change from grave to gay;
Careless you are, untroubled by a thought
You set my great and passionate love at naught.

I love you in the twilight; shadows fill
Your serious eyes, they are so deep and still;
Ah, much I love you then, because I know
Your love for me has just begun to grow.

And oh, dear love, I love you in the night,
Your eyes are tender stars of liquid light;
As tossed on passion's sea I lie afloat
I feel your soft sweet kisses on my throat.

But most of all I love you in the dawn,
In that cold light that heralds in the morn;
I hang above you, sometimes touch your hair,
And find you loved and lovely everywhere.

Serene you sleep, you are so tired of love,
Unconscious of the one who leans above;
Your dear abandoned body near me lies,
And I have but the memory of your eyes.

R. B.

The Second English Revolution.

By Holbrook Jackson.

II.

I SHALL never forget the moment we marched through Trafalgar Square into Whitehall, our long grey ranks lit up every few yards with flaming banners, and the whole length of the procession lapped in waves of song. The tall, hatless figure of Enderby walked a few paces in front with the flag of the future Commonwealth, and, as the sun, glinting through a cloud-break, caught his fair hair, which slightly moved in the breeze, he looked as though he wore a nimbus of yellow flame, and I found myself as I looked at him, murmuring mentally the lines of the poet Yeats :—

> The host is rushing 'twixt night and day,
> And where is there hope or deed as fair?
> Caolte tossing his burning hair,
> And Niamh calling, Away, come away.

The passing of the statue of King Charles I. was the signal for each contingent to sing Edward Carpenter's "England Arise," and by the time the whole of the procession had swung into Whitehall there were a hundred thousand voices singing the plaintive air of the old song which was so sacred to English revolutionaries. But very few could have imagined the splendour and fierceness given to it by the vast choir in Whitehall. I had heard the song on every possible occasion, and although I had always loved it, I had never properly appreciated it until that day. I had heard it sung at political victories and defeats ; it nerved the strikers under fire of the Government troops at Blackburn and at Liverpool ; it had done service in many Hyde Park and Trafalgar Square demonstrations and at political and social gatherings all over the kingdom ; the poor of Manchester sang it savagely as they crept out of their hovels in 1912 ; it was sung by a body of Socialists in Westminster Abbey, to the great consternation of the Dean and the literary gentlemen who had gathered for the unveiling of the bust of William Morris in Poet's Corner ; and we had shouted it rather boisterously when we "chaired" Enderby on the night of his return to Parliament for South Leeds. And now Enderby himself sang it with prophetic fervour as he led the patriots into Whitehall, raising his banner aloft as a sign. The sun-rays slanting from the spires of Westminster touched the Flag with symbolic light. The procession was no longer eight deep ; it filled the whole thoroughfare with an eager torrent of men and women chanting passionately the words of the song, words which swelled with increasing volume until the last verse, when by what seemed a superhuman effort, the mighty crescendo burst with redoubled passion upon those final, simple, yet magical words :—

> Forth, then, ye heroes, patriots and lovers!
> Comrades of danger, poverty, and scorn.
> Mighty in faith of Freedom, your great Mother!
> Giants refreshed in Joy's new-rising morn!
> Come and swell the song,
> Silent now so long:
> England is risen!—and the day is here.

The great sound went up to heaven. It throbbed through the towering Government offices and stilled the smile on the lips of the clerkly noodles who watched the procession from the windows ; it echoed round the Horse Guards Parade and filled the trees in the Royal Parks with fateful melody; it was thrown from club to club in Pall Mall, and comfortable gentlemen in the Carlton and the Athenæum stopped in their luxurious idleness to listen ; it could be heard along the Strand, but the 'busmen made no jokes ; its distant notes held up for a moment the pleasure seekers of Piccadilly and Regent Street ; bargees leaning on rudder shafts heard it and looked over the Thames towards Westminster ; the visitors at the Cecil and the Savoy were filled with alarm, whilst those at the new Royal St. James's Hotel at the corner of Parliament Street and Bridge Street crowded the windows, little imagining they were present at the making of history. "England Arise" at that moment was transfigured ; it became a new song ; it became the "Ca ira" of the second English Revolution.

The filling of Whitehall with humanity took some time, yet it seemed instantaneous. When I looked back towards Trafalgar Square the whole thoroughfare was one dense mass of people. The number of the processionists was augmented by thousands of others who were more or less sympathetic. Besides these came those innumerable sightseers which any event in London, from the breakdown of a motor-car to the funeral of a monarch, can bring together. The combined ranks of procession and public were gradually closing up until there was scarce room to move. The great crowd overflowed into all the adjoining streets and byways. Downing Street, however, was shut off by a wall of mounted police. Men and women clung to the railings of Whitehall Gardens and the Horse Guards enclosure ; all points of vantage were occupied, every window had its bunch of faces, and the roof-tops of many buildings had a black fringe of peering humanity. Some adventurous youths had managed to climb the pedestal of the Duke of Cambridge statue, three of whom, by an ingenious contrivance with a piece of rope, had perched themselves beside the Royal Field-Marshal on the back of the bronze horse.

The crowd in Parliament Square was just as dense. It stretched from Parliament Street on the one hand to Victoria Street and the Abbey on the other, whilst a number of aerosports had flown over to watch the spectacle from above. Sometimes they came so near that the buzzing of the propellers and the sibilation of the aeroplanes made a strange accompaniment to the rumbling earth-tones of humanity. The manœuvres of these beautiful craft of the air provided some amusement for the waiting crowd, and the vast concourse of spectators seemed to affect the conceit of some of the aeronauts to such an extent as to impel them to perilous exploits. An instance of this resulted in the nasty air-skid which nearly brought a pretty red dirigible to grief, as its owner tried the absurd feat of doubling on his track round Big Ben Tower. Another point of interest was the rumour that the heir to the throne was the second figure on the deck of Lord Hayne's blue aeroplane.

There was a clear road-space all round the House itself, formed by a three-deep cordon of policemen, stretching from Westminster Bridge, along the middle of Bridge Street, across the road to the gardens in the Square, and on to the eastern window of the Abbey. This had the effect of completely isolating Old Palace Yard. This police defence was a mistake on the part of the authorities, but in the face of the enormous crowd it was perhaps excusable. What, however, incensed us more was the sight of a squad of infantry drawn up in the yard, and, in addition, the knowledge, which was soon freely circulated, that a battalion of Guards was held in readiness in the Horse Guards Parade. You must not overlook the fact that the delegates were exercising an ancient privilege, and they were quite unarmed.

It was three o'clock in the afternoon on the 15th October, 1920, that the procession halted before the Houses of Parliament. Enderby and his hundred delegates, with the scarlet cart and its historic burden, moved towards the barricade of portly constables. Their progress was soon arrested by a police official on horseback, who explained that it was against the law for more than ten persons to accompany the presentation of a petition to a Minister or private member. In this instance, however, owing to the national and representative nature of the gathering, twenty delegates, including the introducer, would be allowed to convey the memorial to the Premier. Enderby calmly agreed to these conditions, and the requisite number of delegates were chosen. The diminished body then moved forwards, but only to be stopped once more. Then that absurd police officer made the fatal but fortunate error which acted as the fuse to the bomb of insurrection which burst there and then, reverberating in every town and village in Britain, aye, and echoing through-

out the civilised world. He did it quite simply and almost sweetly: he asked Enderby to leave the Flag behind him!

Enderby's reply was prompt. He turned his back on the police officer, and, without uttering a word, sprang, flag in hand, on to the cart. With one foot on the sacred roll and the other on the side of the cart, he stood erect beside the forbidden banner. "Citizens," he cried, his deep voice resounding over the listening faces, "to-day we have set apart for a great idea, an idea which means nothing less than the creation of a new joy in our dull lives, a brighter colour in the greyness of our days—you all know that—that is why you are here. We have hallowed that idea with the passion of our earnestness and the unanimity of our determination, and we have set over it as an emblem this Flag. Now, in the moment of our supplication before the rulers of our land we are forbidden to carry with us the emblem of our faith. I ask you, then, citizens, whether it is your wish that I should strike our flag in this way? Give me your yes or no?" Instantaneously a thousand voices thundered "No!" and then as if by magic all the vast crowd, few of whom could have heard Enderby's speech, recognised the purport of the leader's words. "The Flag," they cried, "the Flag, the Flag to the House!" Many good people have seen folly in this wild act of Enderby's. And they were quite right, it was folly. The Flag might easily have been left behind. But if it had been left behind, it would not to-day be seen flying from the mast on Victoria Tower. Such follies save the world.

"To the House!" called Enderby. "To the House! To the House!" The crowd, which was no longer in processional order, took up the cry. The words came hot and sharp. It was a war-cry leaping from mouth to mouth like a furious will-o'-the-wisp of sound. Somebody started to sing, "Forth then, ye heroes, patriots, and lovers!" and the song was taken up by thousands. Enderby turned towards the drivers, and remaining on the cart holding the flag bravely aloft, he gave the order to march. The dappled greys reared and strained at their task with a will that seemed to be informed and appreciative. The red cart and the hot crowd surged forward. The cordon of police yielded to the pressure, and was soon lost among the onrushing citizens.

It is difficult, indeed impossible, to give a detailed record of what followed. The sequence of events could no longer be discerned in the ensuing confusion. The constables "lost their heads," and added to the confusion by calling out, "Move along, please!" "Pass along, there!" without rhyme or reason, like so many automatons. But in spite of these bewildered Canutes, the sea of humanity surged on. Later, the constables used their truncheons with apparent enjoyment of the relief the exercise gave to their feelings. There were many casualties: women fainted, men fell and were crushed, limbs were broken, several people fell over the wall into the area surrounding Westminster Hall, and were either killed or severely injured. A peaceful procession had become a wild scramble, and in a little while an attempt to present a memorial to a Minister of State had become a demonstration of physical force.

Enderby could be seen above the heads of the crowd, and his movements set a pace and gave direction to the people. His aim seemed to be the public entrance to the House in Old Palace Yard. Nobody, probably, with the exception of the few delegates with the memorial, knew exactly what he was going to do, beyond asserting the new rights of humanity by his presence. But by this time everybody was prepared for any contingency. There were many people in the crowd who had come down merely as spectators; they were now swung along, willy-nilly, with the rest. On many faces there was anxiety, and cries of fear and curses could be distinguished from the now savage roar of the crowd.

To the House! To the House! Oh, what an eternity was in those last few yards between Bridge Street and the public entrance! The dreams of three generations of humanists were concentrated into the enthusiasm of those few moments. All the frenzy of every man who had stood up for the cause of humanity possessed the crowd. I remember shouting mad greetings to the statue of Oliver Cromwell as we passed, and, pointing to Enderby, hailed him as the Cromwell of the second English Revolution. Many efforts were made to stop the cart and to pull Enderby and his flag down. All along this last few hundred yards the cart was the centre of an intense struggle—a little war between the police and the delegates. At length the door was reached, but it was closed and held by a strong force of police. Enderby sprang down and advanced on foot. "The Prime Minister will not receive the deputation, Mr. Enderby," said the police sergeant. "Then," said Enderby, "we shall know the reason why"; and raising his voice, he called aloud, "In the name of the starving and the oppressed, in the name of all those who toil, in the name of all true patriots and of humanity, I command you, open the door of the People's Parliament!"

Needless to say, this demand was unheeded. An altercation with the police followed, and then an abortive attempt to arrest Enderby. But at this point I could follow his progress no further. Free will in such a crowd was out of the question. One's environment determined one's movements. I was caught in an eddy which landed me, without any effort on my part, save that of keeping my equilibrium, beside the statue of Cœur de Lion, some paces to the right of the public entrance. To this circumstance I probably owe my life, because, when the firing started, the pedestal of the statue behind which I was tightly wedged, acted as an effective shield against the rifle fire which presently came. I need not disguise the fact, but, instinctively, I felt glad of this—in fact, I may as well admit the turn events had taken filled me with fear. On the one hand I could see Enderby struggling amidst a welter of human beings and an angry roar of voices, and on the other the squad of infantry forming into line.

(To be concluded.)

Books and Persons.

(AN OCCASIONAL CAUSERIE.)

THE great literary sensation of the moment is the spangled success of Mr. W. Somerset Maugham in the world of the theatre. With "Lady Frederick," "Jack Straw," and "Mrs. Dot," he has signed three of the most notorious theatrical triumphs of the season. Even the "Daily Mail" has discovered him, and announced "Mrs. Dot" (naturally the thinnest of the three plays) to be a masterpiece, and has printed a special article about him. I have had many long talks with Somerset Maugham in the past, but not one since the production of "Lady Frederick"; and the opinion of these pieces which would divert me more than any one's is precisely Somerset Maugham's own. For the man is an artist, and a cruel one; and there can be no sort of doubt that his candid view of the stage, expressed for choice late at night in club or café, would be piquant. If ever a writer was born without illusions, Somerset Maugham is that writer. He has a taciturn demeanour, and a cynic's smile, and he usually tucks his tongue away in his cheek. It is an absolute certainty that the artist who wrote "Liza of Lambeth" and "Mrs. Cradock," and portions of "The Bishop's Apron," and his little book on Spain, wrote those pretty patchwork tawdry plays with the sole aim of profitably amusing himself at the public cost. It is an absolute certainty that he knows just what they are worth.

* * *

To achieve the pretty and the sentimental and the smart cannot possibly be the ultimate desire of Somerset Maugham's secret soul. Indeed, his leaning is in quite another direction. The exceeding sinister should be his speciality. I believe that the uncompromising grimness of the close of his last novel, "The Explorer," led to a change of publishers before the book was issued. It would not surprise me if, when he has extracted all he wants from his current victories over the great dining public, he turned round suddenly, wrote distinguished things exactly to please himself, and politely informed the said public that it could either take them or leave them, as it chose. It would probably take them. In their present mood, managers would accept anything from him, even a realistic masterpiece. It goes without saying that, armed with the very plays which are now drawing perhaps twenty-five thousand souls a week to the theatre, Somerset Maugham besieged managerial doors for years in vain. He is the final proof of the benighted fatuity of the managerial crowd.

* * *

In the "Edinburgh Review" there is a disquisition on "Ugliness in Fiction." Probably the author of it has read "Liza of Lambeth," and said: Faugh! The article, peculiarly inept, is one of those outpourings which every generation of artists has to suffer with what tranquillity it can. According to the Reviewer, ugliness is specially rife "just now." It is always "just now." It was "just now" when George Eliot wrote "Adam Bede," when George Moore wrote "A Mummer's Wife," when Thomas Hardy wrote "Jude the Obscure." As sure as ever a novelist endeavours to paint a complete picture of life in this honest, hypocritical country of bad restaurants and good women; as sure as ever he hints that all is not for the best in the best of all possible islands, some witling is bound to come forward and point out with wise finger that life is not all black. I once resided near a young noodle of a Methodist pastor who had the pious habit of reading novels aloud to his father and mother. He began to read one of mine to them, but half-way through decided that something of Charlotte M. Yonge would be less unsuitable for the parental ear. He then called and lectured me. Among other aphorisms of his which I have treasured up was this: "Life, my dear friend, is like an April day—sunshine and shadow chasing each other over the plain." That he is not dead is a great tribute to my singular self-control. I suspect him to be the Edinburgh Reviewer. At any rate, the article moves on the plane of his plain.

* * *

The Reviewer has the strange effrontery to select Mr. Joseph Conrad's "Secret Agent" as an example of modern ugliness in fiction: a novel that is simply steeped in the finest beauty from end to end. I do not suppose that the "Edinburgh Review" has any moulding influence upon the evolution of the art of fiction in this country. But such clotted nonsense may, after all, do harm by confusing the minds of people who really are anxious to encourage what is best, strongest, and most sane. The Reviewer in this instance, for example, classes, as serious, Thomas Hardy, Joseph Conrad, and John Galsworthy, who are genuine creative forces, with mere dignified unimportant sentimentalisers like Mr. W. H. Maxwell and Miss May Sinclair. While he was on the business of sifting the serious from the unserious I wonder he didn't include the authors of "Three Weeks" and "The Heart of a Child" among the serious! Perhaps because the latter wrote "Pigs in Clover," and the former was condemned by the booksellers! Nobody could have a lower opinion of "Three Weeks" than I have. But I have never been able to understand why the poor little feeble story was singled out as an awful example of female licentiousness, and condemned by a hundred newspapers that had not the courage to name it. The thing was merely infantile and absurd. Moreover, I violently object to booksellers sitting in judgment on novels.

JACOB TONSON.

BOOK OF THE WEEK.

Reasonable Religion.*

DR. HORTON'S disclaimer of agreement with Tertullian's famous dictum, *credo quia impossibile* and his expression of a desire to try the case for traditional beliefs in the courts of pure reason, would lead us to expect that so far as this volume is concerned, religion was to be established upon a basis of knowledge such as would appeal to the plain man of average education and intelligence. We looked to find in these pages a fair sample of the manner in which the Free Churches are squaring their account with modern thought. A careful perusal has, we confess, brought us only the most profound disappointment.

Dr. Horton essays to deal with fifteen "questions which confront the modern mind in the search for religious truth," and treats of much-vexed questions such as "Is religion necessary?" "Is Christianity the best religion?" "The claims of Rome," "Unitarianism," and so forth. We have to complain that the book is disfigured by inaccuracies, verbal and otherwise, by vague and misleading statements; still worse, that while admitting the critical standpoint, it shows a woful disregard of the laws of evidence. Dogmas apparently left for dead on one page, rise to renewed life and vigour a few pages further on at the bidding of some gust of emotion, and the unreasoning hysterics of nineteenth century Evangelicalism are repeated from the pulpit of Lyndhurst Road Chapel in the mouth of an ex-Fellow of an Oxford college.

As examples of statements needing correction or qualification, we may, before proceeding to more important matters, mention the following: "Pope Pius X. has much more power in this country than in any country which is nominally subject to his See" (p. 16). "We know more, and know it more certainly, about Jesus than about Cæsar" (p. 100). Why speak of the "contemporary" records and documents which testify of Jesus? (p. 101). What are we to think of the following critical judgment?: "The marvel of the Bible is that the legendary passages, like the story of Elijah and Elisha, the book of Esther, or the prophets Daniel and Jonah are admittedly the richest in spiritual value and religious teaching" (p. 123). We should also be glad

* "My Belief: Answers to Certain Religious Difficulties." By R. F. Horton, D.D.

to hear something more of the "miraculous events in the autograph works of the prophet Isaiah" (p. 141). We fear likewise that a pupil at a secondary school would get into trouble for the unsuccessful attempt at a Greek quotation on page 182, for the Latin one on page 234, and for saying that the letters I H S in Catholic epitaphs stand for Jesus Hominum Salvator (p. 248).

The chapter on "The Claims of Rome" is vitiated by an obvious bias which appears again and again throughout the book, and which is manifest in language, reminiscent of old bigotries, such as this: "The sordid superstitions, the degraded priesthood, and the blind dogmatism which characterise modern Romanism" (p. 61); "the disastrous effect of the priesthood and the confessional on the women and the home; the scandals of the conventual system . . . the abominations of Rome and the immediate entourage of the Holy Father" (p. 80); the Roman Church is "attractive to sinful men who desire to continue in sin." This being Dr. Horton's attitude to Catholicism, we are not surprised to see that in the chapter mentioned there is no just appreciation of the genius of Catholicism, no fair statement of what the Roman claims are, still less any competent or searching examination of them.

The chapter on Unitarianism is painfully weak and unconvincing. Dr. Horton is well aware, as he states, that the trend of modern liberal theology on the Continent and elsewhere as well is in the direction of Unitarianism (by which we mean not a type of religious organisation, but a certain mental attitude towards traditional Christianity); but he adopts a mediating position between the traditionalists and the advanced theologians. Notwithstanding his claim "to look at the subject in the daylight of history and pure logic," his proof of the divinity of Christ is purely that of subjective spiritual experience. The Man Jesus "draws us, He commands us; by the faith in Him, the life that is our example, and the death which, as He says, He suffered for us, we are conscious of pardon and reconciliation to God: in contact with Him we touch God; through Him we discover that God is holy, pardoning Love" (p. 97).

The reality of such subjective experiences a scientific student will not deny, though he will point out that the devotees of Catholic saints, of the Buddha, and other objects of Eastern devotion describe their spiritual experiences in exactly similar and equally sincere and reliable terms.

The most difficult task which Dr. Horton essays is to prove "the intrinsic reasonableness of the doctrine which is known as Trinitarian." Besides the obvious answer that assuredly never in the history of thought has there been a doctrine so intrinsically unreasonable, the following unanswerable objections may be urged:— The doctrine cannot by any fair or defensible exegesis be extracted from the Bible; there was no name for it until at least 150 years after the death of Christ; as the "Catholic Dictionary" (Addis and Arnold) points out, it is "as a whole, neither expanded nor reduced to system in the Apostolic Fathers"; it is a product of Greek speculative thought alien in spirit to the primitive Christian teaching, but which, when grafted upon it, gradually overshadowed the original gospel. Finally, there is the plain man's crushing and (for him) final objection that even if Jesus had taught or believed the doctrine (though probably he would not as much as have understood it) it explains nothing and helps the inquiring mind no more than the Athanasian Creed. Dr. Horton's arguments on this head, if they prove anything, prove that there are two Persons in the Godhead, nor can he help himself out by the doctrine of the Immanence of God, in which the Theist, the Unitarian, the Pantheist may and do equally believe.

The discussion on the subject of miracles in this book is characteristic. Starting with the canon, with which we are all in entire agreement, that "a miracle in the Bible is to be treated like a miracle elsewhere; it is to be treated, accepted, or rejected entirely on the evidence which is offered for it," Dr. Horton nevertheless accepts the Gospel miracles mainly on subjective grounds. But surely it is only solemn playing upon

words to speak in this fashion: "Abraham is a miracle, so is Moses, so is Samuel . . . Jesus is the supreme miracle of history." What thoughtful people want to know from teachers of religion is what sufficient evidence is there to justify belief in the miraculous birth, the resurrection, the feeding of the multitude, the walking on the sea. And as to the works of healing, are not similar events, equally well and often better attested, recorded in the lives of Old Testament characters, of Jesus's disciples, of Catholic saints, of George Fox, of John Wesley, and of Father Matthew, and does this not do away with the plea of uniqueness? It is gratifying to think that on these points theologians on the Continent, in America, and even here are beginning to admit what has been obvious to the intelligent layman generations ago.

Dr. Horton's treatment of the social problem is on a par with his answer to vexed questions in religion. He appears to identify Socialism with hostility to religion (cf p. 55), though he ought to be aware that every Socialist Party in Europe has at some time or other expressed a non-committal attitude to religion. He apparently thinks that Socialism means (amongst other things) "equal payment of workers, not according to their means, but according to their needs." He is distressed at the "windy generalities, the subtle flatteries, and the denunciatory bitterness" of the Socialist propaganda, and its insistence on material things. As sufferance is the badge of all our tribe, we shall not pause to dwell on this, but notice in passing that Dr. Horton commits himself to the vicious doctrine, so vigorously assailed by Mazzini, that there is a "fundamental contrast between religion and politics." He is quite alive to the evils of unlimited competition, and even has leanings towards a minimum wage, but sounds no clear note of opposition to the inhuman materialism of our present commercial system. As in theology, he has frequent impulses in the right direction, but generally wobbles back to the safe and respectable—that is to say, to the wrong side. The function which he at present performs is to prevent a large congregation in Hampstead and a larger number of Free Churchmen outside it, from embracing a more robust and rational theology, a more just and human type of politics. There are many who acclaim him a prophet and more than a prophet. There are others who can see in him but a reed shaken with the wind. R. P. FARLEY.

REVIEWS.

Letters by Dr. John Brown. Edited by his Son and D. W. Forrest. (A. and C. Black. 10s. 6d. net.)

A physician by profession, Dr. Brown has achieved fame by means of his connection with literature, his two books, "Horæ Subsecivæ" and "Rab and His Friends," having passed through several editions and gained an ever-widening circle of readers. He also contributed largely to periodical literature, but his chief interest for us lies in the extensive range and variety of his literary friendships; he was on terms of intimacy with Thackeray, Ruskin, and Mark Twain, and there are letters in this volume in addition from men of such varied types as Jowett, Dean Stanley, Hutton, of the "Spectator," Lord Houghton, and others.

In his private letters Dr. Brown reveals himself as a man of strong family affections, much liveliness and humour, and of sturdy practical mind; while in literary matters there is in his criticisms a dogged wilfulness and unconventionality of utterance which we greatly relish. His most noticeable literary preference is for Thackeray, whom he prefers "ten times over to Dickens"; he is "a finer, larger, more loveable man, or rather *fellow*, than ever." Towards Dickens and George Eliot Dr. Brown entertained feelings of almost personal aversion. Of the former he says:—

"And then Dickens and his *Life!* Don't be angry at me, but I couldn't finish the second volume, I was so angry at both men, Dickens and Forster—Dickens so hard and exacting in his egoism, so self-centred, his falsetto pathos, his caricature run mad, and, above all, his conduct to his wife."

And the companion picture :—

"George Eliot's views of life, of God, of all that is deepest and truest in man, are low, miserable, hopeless ; her *genius* has been greatly over-rated. She is an emotionist, and in order to be so, she must either get her subjects dead to begin with, or kill them. I know nothing of her that amounts to genius proper and true except Mrs. Poyser, and she is born of Dickens. No, she is intensely clever, often laboriously so, disagreeably *knowing*, but she is unwholesome, and in a high sense unreal, and I trust that in fifty years she will be forgotten except by critics."

He writes with the same delightful freedom of many of his contemporaries, without malice or literary affectation, and we cannot resist the pleasure of transcribing a few specimens of his criticisms upon the more famous.

He writes thus of Tennyson : "I by no means give in about Tennyson. I detest as much as you his affectation, his occasional amentia, and frequent dementia, but he is a true native poet."

And of Macaulay : "A timid, even a flatulent, man is Macaulay, and not one of the immortals ; he wants the salts of genius and *fine* intellect and pure principle—a sort of Rubens, not a Raphael or a Da Vinci or Hogarth."

Here is a stray glimpse of Carlyle, then in the prime of life : "I called with Mr. Syme on Carlyle, and had a long, very interesting, and at last quite cheery, talk *from* him. Poor fellow, it is most affecting to see his face when at rest, such utter sadness."

Of another great figure he says : "I like Gladstone, and I don't. He is a wonderful man, and full of boy, fresh and eager, and such a range of sympathy and interest, such serious, *great* eyes, such a look of earnestness. I think more of him as a statesman than as a writer, and most of all as a financier. I think there is a himiousness or too muchness about him from his superfluity of energy. Still, he is the biggest man of our party ; but he is ignorant of human nature, and, as old Lord Dunfermline said to me thirty years ago, 'he is a monk.'"

Here is a piquant analysis of our great critic : "Have you seen the august M. Arnold's 'Ode on Stanley'? It seems to me pretentious, thin, and heartless ; well worded, of course, but who, standing at his friend's grave, would use the word 'cecily'? The great Matthew looks at the Universe—and for that part at God—*through an eye-glass*, one eye shut, and a supreme air ; but he writes English as few can."

We have space for but one more extract : "We were last night at the Reid Concert, and had Hallé and his men and Beethoven's 'Pastoral Symphony' to perfection—glorious and deep as the sea. There is no one like him. He is what Shakespeare and Turner are in their lines. He can express everything—sound every depth of sorrow and despair, and scale victoriously every height of ecstasy and joy." Ruskin's comment is curious : "What you say of Turner is such a joy to me. But how did you get to understand Beethoven? He always sounds to me like the upsetting of bags of nails, with here and there an also dropped hammer."

Lovers of good literature will hasten to add this book to their library.

Epic and Romance. By W. P. Ker. (Macmillan. 4s. net.)

The inclusion of Professor Ker's "Epic and Romance" in the Eversley Series does honour both to the author and to the series. As a piece of literature, indeed, the book cannot compare with some of its companion volumes. It is written in an unpretentious, scholarly, and slightly cynical style which, if it never attains to great heights, never misses its effects. On the other hand, as a piece of encyclopædic knowledge, the work is unrivalled even by Mr. Morley's treatises on the writers of eighteenth century France. Not only is there a summary and a criticism of all the more important mediæval epic and romantic works in English, French, Old High German, and Icelandic, but there is also a most illuminating account of the character of Epic and of the causes of the rise and success of the romantic poetry which eventually drove epic from the field—and all this in less than 410 pages. The rise of Romance, as Mr. Ker shows, is the result of the working of Ovid or the Bible on Northern natures. Brought suddenly into contact with a blaze of passion unnatural to their colder temperaments, the men of the North found themselves unable to fit these new ideas into their accounts of the kind of life they understood. Accordingly they drew on their dormant love of the fantastic, and told the Southern tales anew in a dim mysterious setting in which anything became credible. And there is Romance.

To the purely classical scholar the book has another interest. Remote though they are from all the literary movement of the world the Icelandic Sagas throw much light on the Homeric question. The Sturlunga Saga tells history in the epic manner, and proves to us, if proof were needed, that Homer sings of the life he knows, and could not otherwise sing at all. Once upon a time, too, it was suggested that the Homeric poems were formed by agglutination, some later hand smoothing over the joints. Northern poems of the type of these supposed pre-Homeric days have come down to us, and it is clear that no amount of agglutination could transform them into a work comparable with the Odyssey. They are, indeed, packed with plot, and by no means mere episodes. The true value of these little-known Northern treasures is the record they contain of the rise, glory, and decay of pure epic, untouched by outside influences.

Planetary Journeys and Earthly Sketches. By George Raffalovich. (Arnold Fairbairns and Co. 2s. 6d.)

Six of the thirteen sketches that form this pleasant little volume have appeared in THE NEW AGE, and have served to create a demand for the others. Mr. Raffalovich is distinguished by a quaint fantasy which never forces an obtrusive bit of false realism to play havoc with his extra-mundane creations. It matters so little by what mechanism you are escorted "across space" on "A Trip to a Planet" ; but the representation of the inhabitants to whom "good and evil were alike unknown" is well maintained throughout the "Planetary Journeys." Coming to the earthly sketches, "The Mission of Nikita" is a gruesome little tale of a Russian peasant who explains to his wife "Anissia, my little dove," that Ossip, the sick and wealthy must be killed. "Everyone dies. It is really more agreeable that he should die now." Anissia protests that "Ossip Ivanich is perhaps rich, but he shall die when God wishes him to die." Anissia is felled and finished off on the floor with her husband's boot. The sick man is next disposed off ; the dead man's money the peasant hands to the Commissary of Police "for the secret funds destined for the next pogroms." Thus, despite his trial for the murder, Nikita "tells his story and his crime, for ever adding new developments." "Faithful Swallows" is a dainty portrayal of the loss we all undergo

in this hard-featured world, in our transition from childhood's happy innocent beliefs to our grown up scepticisms. Mr. Raffalovich shows his intimacy with a short story's essence in "Monsieur Billard" and "The Dream of a French Capitalist." The author is master of a gracious style, never redundant and always expressive. We shall hope to see him exhibit his powers on a larger scale.

Anarchy: its Methods and Exponents. By Peter Latouche. (Everett and Co. 6s.)

The title of the book is misleading, since, on the author's own confession, Anarchism has no organisation and consequently no methods. In this respect the author resembles his subject, the plan of the book being undiscoverable. In successive chapters we are given accounts, sometimes elaborately long and sometimes ridiculously short, of reformers so different in type as Proudhon, Bakunine, John Burns, Kropotkine, Tolstoi, Morris, Louise Michel, and John Morrison Davidson. About each of these, it is true, some interesting details are given, but the author cocks such an obvious eye on the public gallery as to make his discussion of the doctrines of Anarchism quite useless. The book is nevertheless useful as a collection, however incomplete, of narratives concerning the most fascinating area of thought still left to man. We ourselves by no means share the author's absence of views on the utility of Anarchism. Far from being the "baneful" thing he, perhaps discreetly, makes it appear, we would undertake any day of the week to defend the theory as both superior in human value and more practicable in the long run than any form of State Collectivism. As is well known, every disgusted Collectivist turns naturally to Anarchism, unless he backslides, like Mr. Harold Cox, into primitive Individualism. In the end, we have no doubt whatever that it is Kropotkine and not Karl Marx who will prevail.

The author makes a great parade of his knowledge of Anarchist clubs in London and elsewhere, but we find little other evidence of it than his statement. His attribution of the late Portuguese murders to Anarchist propaganda stamps him as an ignoramus. Yet we part company from him with some respect, chiefly for his industry in collecting some interesting material.

The Individualist. By Philip Gibbs. (Grant Richards. 6s.)

A simple, primly-written story, but human and pleasant to read. In spite of the style, the characters are living and interesting, and the narrative is sincere, and contains many passages of real feeling. Stretton, the wonderful nephew of the two dear old ladies at the Hall, comes, sees and seduces the young schoolmistress. "One of his sentences had strangely moved her . . . 'A man of unsettled principles needs the influence of a sincere woman to teach him the way to his true nature.'" We are convinced that that is one of the things that the Sons of God said to the fair daughters of men, that Shem probably said to Ham's wife in the ark, that the elders said to Susannah; with profound and sincere conviction, too—that's the worst of it. It has never been known to fail, except with the experienced. Her young blacksmith lover gets the blame, Stretton deserts her, and rushes into political life as a derided member of the new young Individualist Party. The schoolmistress, turned out of the village, comes up to town and naïvely and openly lives in his house and helps to entertain the other young Individualists who call enthusiastically at all times of the day. Nothing is mentioned of what the "Daily News" said about the menage. Finally, Stretton throws over the schoolmistress and the Individualists, marries for money, and joins the Conservative Party. But the Socialist blacksmith becomes avenger, and all ends well.

Jean Frederic Herbart. By Gabriel Compayré. (Harrap and Co. 2s. 6d. net.)

This volume is one of a series of monographs designed by M. Compayré to acquaint the world with the theories of various "Pioneers" in Education. As a series written by one hand, it is not to be wondered at if some of them fall below the general level. M. Compayré naturally finds Herbart a little stiff and formal, and as naturally endeavours to conceal his dislike. But the attempt is vain. We feel ourselves almost from the first page out of sympathy with the subject of the monograph and a little inclined to pity the author. In spite of this, the main outlines of the Herbartian system are made plainly visible, its extraordinary naïve psychology, its repulsive pedagogics, and its reactionary advocacy of punishments. Nothing would induce us to submit a child to the Herbartian system of "mind construction," unless it so happened that the "constructor" (as in the case of Herbart himself) was a thousand times better than his theories. Thanks to M. Compayré, we understand the worst of Herbart much better now.

Criminal Appeal and Evidence. By N. W. Sibley. (T. Fisher Unwin. 15s.)

The most interesting part of this book is the first appendix, which contains the text of the new Criminal Appeal Act. As, however, learned gentlemen do not write fifteen shilling books in order to give the text of Acts which can be bought for a few pence, one is forced to seek in some other part of this work to discover its purpose and aim. The first fifth of the book is taken up in examining the opinions of various legal authorities of high standing as to the desirability of establishing a Court of Criminal Appeal, and as to its nature and details, if established, and in quoting the provisions of the Act. But since the Criminal Appeal Act is now law, one cannot but feel that the time has now passed for questioning its desirability. A chapter follows containing a collection of cases which excited in their time great public interest, and which illustrate the possibility of circumstantial evidence leading to wrong conclusions. These cases are preceded by a disquisition compiled from the best authors, on the nature of circumstantial evidence from a philosophical point of view. Sir Oliver Lodge, Curie, Heraclitus, Archimedes, Bentham, Aristotle, Hallam, John Stuart Mill, and the Stoic philosophers are all introduced. Usually the author understands the quotation. Sometimes, as where he takes Starkie to task for using the expression "a definite numerical ratio," and tells us that "prime numbers are themselves, according to the theory of numbers, indefinite," he does not. In short, the author has diligently collected all the details connected with the subject that he could find; and he has put them all in somewhere.

If a new Criminal Appeal Bill should ever come before the country there is here matter for many speeches. But to the general reader or the lawyer, the pseudo-profundity and the lack of coherent thought in the more pretentious portions must cause this book to be wearisome in the extreme.

DRAMA.

American, German, and Home Grown.

WHATEVER else they are, American plays are a great lark. They are booming, beefy, bumptious, and breezy. They are expressed in that admirable expression, "Gee-whizz." Possibly one needs some slight education in Americanisms before one is able to relish the subtler beauties. But this can easily be obtained from the American magazines.

Yet, alas, they die so soon! The genuine "real thing," like "Strongheart" last year, does not do on these inhospitable shores. I reckon it's the climate or else those mysterious football letters and those wild college cries that we do not understand.

"The College Widow," at the Adelphi, calculates to be a comedy satire on life in the "State of Indiana." But the fine shades of inter-state differences are lost on an audience of Englishmen who habitually confuse Canada and the States under the general term American. To us it can only be a College play, or a College variety entertainment. This is not disparagement, it is mere statement. I laughed, but I remember not why I laughed; I was amused, but wherewith I wot not; and I left at the end of the third act instead of the fourth without the slightest feeling of missing anything. The football scene (Act III.) has a close family resemblance to the better scene in "Strongheart" with the addition of a crowed who cheered, hissed, yelled and moved in symmetrical unison. It was a delight in the art of stage-craft to watch them. No crowd that ever was on land or sea ever behaved so unanimously, one waited fascinated for the breakdown which never came.

It is unfortunate to think that any play dealing with life outside the narrow range hallowed to the theatre, if it succeeds must do so in spite of itself, and because of relics of the older theatrical world which it retains. Every kind of "local colour" in mind, morals, place or scene is a handicap. The familiar play on the familiar boards by the familiar actors, this is good enough for the ordinary playgoer. It almost makes one wish the localised American drama would succeed here, so as to disturb our theatrical traditions.

Unfortunately this handicap applies equally to good as well as other plays. It was very obvious at the performance of the "Der Weg Zu Hölle," by the German Company, at the Royalty Theatre. This most riotously excellent comedy was played to a very poor house. Doubtless the German language had something to do with it, but the Company act so remarkably well, and pronounce their words with such fine distinctness that the play is extremely easy to follow. Anyone who has ever been through a German reading primer should catch on at once.

But there is something about this German comedy a shade repellent to our maudlin taste. Men and women are rather mercilessly laughed at. And one after the other were knocked on the head after the ancient fashion of "Punch and Judy." The whole play of "Der Weg Zu Hölle" turns on Hugo Bendler's relations with his wife, mother-in-law, and discarded ballet-dancer mistress. His mistress has let him get married on condition that he gave up one day of every year to her. The play turns on the complications involved in his keeping his promise. One perceptibly shudders to think of the furtively indecent use which might have been made of this theme. In the German play the whole comedy of the business turns on the satirical presentation of character.

There are numerous and fantastically improbable complications which culminate at the end of the second act in the dancer's rooms. First, Hugo Bendler's father-in-law disturbs his tête-à-tête, and has to be bundled into another room, then the dancer's fiancé, Count Barêkoff, is announced, and has to be fobbed off with the statement that Hugo is a professional colleague. The Count is sceptical, and insists on a rehearsal, and Hugo must pull up his trousers to the knee, don the scarf and hat of the craft, and prance with a tambourine. To whom enters the father-in-law and an instant after the mother-in-law. Under cover of which crescendo of absurdities Hugo escapes.

No, it did not at all resemble "Charley's Aunt." It is a comedy extravaganza of character, perhaps a comedy of puppets ("Punch and Judy" would suggest itself), but of puppets so dressed and so attributed as to make very passable humanity, for laughing purposes, on the stage.

There were no moments in the play where it was appropriate to be wet-eyed, there was no opportunity even for a solitary sniffle. When Frau Bendler pretended to weep she hardly troubled to more than most obviously pretend. And there was not a moment when the real innate manliness and womanliness of the characters was made manifest. We do not like this lack of sentiment here—at least not "we" in paying quantity—and if the play were to be produced in English, it would need to be sprinkled with the salt of tears. One day perhaps (possibly when the Licensing Bill has revolutionised the drinking habits of the nation) we shall not be so maudlin. In the meantime one wishes for more of the German plays; they represent a line of dramatic development which must be woven in with ours if we are really to create great drama.

There are hardly any plays at present which are not both partial and experimental. We are not using our dramatic material as we might. We are not familiar with it. And in consequence the value of many plays now lies in their contribution to the conquest of our material. Apart from the local interest, this makes even American plays interesting, because they dramatise "go."

From this point of view Mrs. Humphry Ward's play, "The Marriage of William Ashe" at Terry's was instructive. It showed how astonishingly difficult it is to get a Lady Kitty Bristol on to the stage, and to get the atmosphere of politics. The atmosphere of politics (compare it with "Waste") simply wasn't there; Lady Kitty Bristol, thanks to Miss Fannie Ward, to a certain extent was. But even Miss Fannie Ward could not prevent the play being rather dull, although by virtue of its subject it was more interesting than most. Yet somehow the binding of the novel seemed still to cramp the actors on the stage. They were not used to moving about out of print.

L. HADEN GUEST.

CORRESPONDENCE.

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

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

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

MR. BELLOC AND SOCIALISM.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

Among much that is valuable and suggestive in Mr. Belloc's article, there is one point I wish to criticise; the one point on which he rests his case against Socialism. He says:—

"To this idea of the Collectivist State there is nothing to oppose, except the instinct of ownership—just as there is nothing to oppose to the ideal of a Celibate State but the instinct of sex."

Here is an obvious error. It is patent that the parallel should be drawn between a Collectivist State and a Monogamous State, or else between a Communist State and a Celibate State. The assumption that Socialism denies scope to the instinct of ownership, which is here made, is quite incorrect. Just as the institution of Monogamy recognises the instinct of sex, while limiting its scope, so Socialism would set all men free to enjoy the ownership of all those things men desire for their intrinsic worth, while barring them the ownership of the means of production. Mr. Belloc, also, has not attempted to combat the contention of Mr. Wells that to widely distribute modern tools of production would end in much the same result as to Socialise them. F. E. YARKER.

[We take the opportunity of thanking our correspondents for the very large number of articles and letters which we have received replying to Mr. Belloc's challenge of last week. Most of these have had to be omitted on account of their length, others because the points they deal with have already been covered by Mr. Hubert Bland in his reply.—ED. NEW AGE.]

* * *

A PROTEST.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

Will you kindly allow me a word of protest, which I know will be echoed by Socialists who by no means entirely agree with me as regards this particular question, against the statement reprinted week after week in THE NEW AGE to the effect that in a certain pamphlet or book published some year and a half ago, Mr. H. G. Wells "rebuts the assertion that Socialism implies Free Love, and states the attitude of Socialists to the question of the family." Now I beg to submit that Mr. Wells's brochure no more "states the attitude of Socialists to the question of the family" than it does the attitude of Socialists to the question of the internal politics of the Dog-Star. It gives expression at the most to certain personal opinions of Mr. Wells on the subject—opinions which would certainly be repudiated by the enormous majority of Socialists in all countries. The opinions in question may be, of course, most excellent, and highly soothing to the feelings of the alarmed British bourgeois, but when THE NEW AGE is used as a medium for advertising Mr. Wells in this way as the "Sir Oracle" of Socialism, I think it is high time for Socialists to protest. E. BELFORT BAX.

* * *

NEW WELLS FOR OLD.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

I have been greatly interested in Wordsworth Donisthorpe's clear and logical article on "New Wells for Old," and in reference to it may I remind him "That she went into her garden to get a cabbage leaf to make an apple-pie and a great she-bear popped her head into the window. What, no soap? So he died, and she very imprudently married the barber, and there were present at the wedding the Piccaninnies, the Jobalilies, and the Great Panjandrum himself, and they fell to playing at catch-as-catch-can till the gunpowder ran out of the heels of their boots." Having answered his objections, I will close. BOMBEX.

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CHILD PROTECTION (SO-CALLED).

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

With reference to the Child Protection Bill (so-called) I notice that you comment on myself and other opponents of the measure as Palæolithists. However, you leave the main point untouched, which is this. John Bright, after the repeal of the Corn Laws, said: "Since that time, though there has been much suffering in many homes, yet no wife, and no mother, and no little child is starved to death as the result of famine made by law." My feeling is that the Education Act making child labour a crime does in many homes produce "famine made by law." If the father is out of work, or otherwise incapacitated, it seems to me a State-made crime to prevent the children assisting themselves and their own home. To call me a "Palæolithist" and the parent an "exploiter" of children may read all right, but I cannot see how it affects the question. Under Socialism, possibly such occurrences could not arise, but as we are not yet completely under that system, it is surely wrong to produce "famine made by law" in any home rather than let the children earn money to keep themselves alive. ERNEST POMEROY.

* * *

SHOULD WE HANG WOMEN?

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

In your issue of April 25, Dr. Josiah Oldfield asks "Should we Hang Women?" Yes, certainly, while we hang men. As one who desires a time when the psychic difference between the sexes shall be very much modified, I most strongly object to any difference being made between men and women. As well, the reasons which Dr. Oldfield advances for such differentiation seem to me highly fallacious.

So-called "love" and jealousy are common to both men and women, though shame, in the sense in which he uses the word, is not, and are the product of an irrational state of mind, just as drunkenness or avariciousness, which are the cause of many murders by male agents. There seems to be a romantic preference for such passions as love (I use the word in its abused sense) and jealousy, which, one would imagine from such remarks as "a love which can kill, can brave a hundred deaths," is shared by Dr. Oldfield.

Personally, I have no patience with such nonsense. Of the two, I prefer a man who gets drunk and bashes his wife, to a wife who becomes jealous or in "love" and poisons her husband; and both to the stupid people who hang them.

CLEMENT GAME.

A REQUEST.

If any readers should have spare copies of the following issues of THE NEW AGE, we shall be very grateful if they will send them to us. We will pay 3d. per copy for any of August 22, 1907, September 5, 1907, and September 12, 1907.

Being entirely out of stock of these issues, we are unable to bind up any more of Volume I., and some of our readers are anxious to obtain copies. Please send to the Publisher, The New Age, 140, Fleet St., E.C.

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