NOTES OF THE WEEK.

We remarked last week that whatever else the Budget might be, it would have to be a popular one. It seems that we were mistaken. Either Mr. Asquith has misjudged the political situation, or else he has deliberately chosen to disregard its exigencies. It is hardly conceivable that his financial statement will please anyone excepting a few party hacks, who are prepared to receive any morsel of Liberal "reform" with peans of delight, and excepting also, perhaps, a few incredulous persons to whom the promise of Old Age Pensions had previously seemed too good to be true.

To us, of course, the new Budget is wholly disappointing. The Old Age Pension scheme is a disappointment, to use no stronger word; the remission on sugar is half a disappointment; and the extraordinary failure to open up any new sources of revenue is the greatest disappointment of all. What particular section of the electorate Mr. Asquith is trying to placate we cannot imagine, but as we suggested above, perhaps he scorns such considerations.

Really, though, it is somewhat astonishing that Mr. Asquith has not done more to please his followers and their supporters in the country. He cannot be blind to the fact that his party are losing elections all over England. A really democratic Budget, or even an attempt at a democratic Budget, might have stemmed the tide for a time, and would thus indirectly have dealt a severe blow at his great enemies, the Brewers. But instead of that, he has produced a measure which is not only disappointing, but actually uninteresting. He has committed the gravest tactical mistake, and is apparently proud of it. He congratulates himself upon the friendly spirit in which the Opposition have received his proposals, instead of cursing himself for his failure to impress the country. If he did not wish to increase taxation or attack large incomes, he might at least have made some striking changes. A penny off the tax on earned incomes would have been immensely popular with a certain section of the electorate. And if he had recouped himself for the loss by a small tax on motor-cars he would have become persona grata with an even larger number of people. Any sort of showy tax on a luxury, even if it failed to bring in a thousand a year, would have done his party a world of good in the provinces. We fear he can have no imagination.

The leaders of the Opposition certainly show more political acumen. Witness their attitude on the Licensing Bill. Root and branch condemnation, with as much abuse as possible, has been their watch-word. By adopting a more moderate position they might have succeeded in splitting off a considerable number of the Government's supporters in the House, but they deliberately sacrificed that possibility for the purpose of making a better fight in the country. Their point blank refusal to accept the principle of the time-limit in any form is quite indefensible, and we do not suppose that any responsible member of the party would attempt to defend it in private, but nevertheless it is excellent tactics. A compromising attitude would be worse than useless for electioneering purposes, whereas the cries of "robbery" and "your beer will cost you more," both of which cries, be it noted, would be rendered ridiculous by an acceptance of the bare principle of the time-limit, are exceedingly effective. Mr. Balfour and Mr. Lloyd George are the only politicians in high places who seem to understand their countrymen.

Certainly Mr. Churchill does not, and he was wise to choose a Scottish constituency. With the help of Miss Maloney he has achieved a fine victory, and he has every reason to congratulate himself. Nevertheless, in claiming that Dundee is an answer to Mid-Devon, Peckham, or Wolverhampton, he is claiming far too much. The suggestion that his success has any bearing whatever on the political situation in England can only be regarded as absurd, considering that the chief issue in recent Liberal reverses has been the Licensing Bill, a measure which does not apply to Scotland at all.
must be cold comfort to the "confederates." In spite of the decaying state of the local jute industry, and in spite of his great personal influence and popularity, the Protectionist candidate, Sir George Baxter, has actually obtained a smaller percentage of the total votes cast than did his colleague in 1906.

But this is as far as we can go, further deductions seem impossible. We confess we had thought that Mr. Stuart would do better, but we had little sure grounds for our hope beyond the optimistic reports of the Labour election agents. The result, if it is a disappointment, is at least no serious blow to Labour, for if Mr. Stuart has obtained 8,500 fewer votes than did Mr. Wilkie at the General Election, Mr. Churchill has obtained 2,200 less than Mr. Robertson. Measured in percentages the falls are about equal. Doubtless Old Age Pensions had something to do with the big majority. The news of the scheme arrived just at the right moment for the Liberals, in plenty of time for the poll and too late for an effective exposure of its meagre character. Whatever may have been the causes, however, the facts are that Dunoon has remained true to its traditions, Mr. Churchill has found a seat, and we are for the present to have no more star turns on the electoral stage.

If the bombs in Bengal have come as a surprise to the Indian Government the fact is just one more proof of that Government's blank failure to understand what is going on up and down the country. The warnings have been clear enough in all conscience. But the little tin gods of Simla cannot be argued out of the notion that the system of administration pleases everybody except a handful of "loquacious Babus," and that there is no need either to set about modifying it or to stop the persecution of native editors and workers for the Swadeshi cause. The question now is, will the Viceroy and Lord Morley have the sense to see that their one chance persists in maintaining a "non-possumus" attitude towards its Socialist friends, there may be no alternative.

The Government will never convince the Indian public that Mr. Arabindeo Ghose is a dynamiter. Throughout India he is looked upon as a kind of Mazzini; and, however far-fetched the notion may be, there is no denying that an English education has helped to make this able youth arrested for throwing the bomb at Mozufferpore, will, of course, have to take his punishment; but what of the thirty youths and men who, with Mr. Arabindeo Ghose, stand charged with complicity in a terrorist conspiracy?

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We confess we had thought that Mr. Hardie says, they have under the constitution, of endorsing Socialist candidatures independent of the Labour Party. Presumably they have refrained out of loyalty to the other constituents of the Labour Party. If Mr. Keir Hardie's recent declaration that he is ready to "come out" if ever it should be necessary, is a notable indication of the above-mentioned correspondence and with Mr. Victor Grayson should henceforth act with the Labour Party in all respects as if he were a member of it. This he consented to do. Since then, however, it has become known that the Labour Party, in spite of the reports of its I.L.P. members, has refused to allow its whips to be issued to the Member for Colne Valley. The Trade Union members, headed by Messrs. Heasleterson and Shackleton, have in short refused to co-operate with any independent Socialist. Whether, from a party point of view, their attitude is right or wrong need not concern us. We only wish here to read our readers to the correspondence which we publish this week between Mr. Keir Hardie and Mr. S. G. Hobson.

The April Trade Returns show a far more serious falling off than one would be led to suppose by the optimistic tone of Mr. Asquith's Budget speech. The
The Budget.

We shall provide the nucleus of a fund for the relief of necessitous old age. I shall have in hand next year, free and ear-marked for the purpose, a total of at least £2,250,000. That, shortly stated, will be the effect, as it is one of the main purposes, of this year's Budget.

Mr. Asquith, in his Budget Speech on April 16th, 1907, received by the rank and file of Liberals with a chorus of approval, hailed by the party press as a triumph for Free Trade, Mr. Asquith's Budget must appear to Socialist and Tariff Reformer alike as the last gasp of Liberalism.

Everything was in the late Chancellor's favour: a great expansion of trade, a phenomenally fine crop of death duties, a very large and unexpected yield from Income-tax, a general increase of revenue in almost every direction, and a surplus to play with amounting to nearly five millions. And with all this what has he given us? A remission of half the sugar tax and a scheme of Old Age Pensions which all its stamp is scarcely worthy of the name. That is all. As regards the future, no sort of provision is made or even foreshadowed. With increased naval expenditure looming ahead of us, with a certainty of greater cost for Old Age Pensions next year, and with funds needed for all kinds of urgent reforms, Mr. Asquith has found no new sources of revenue whatever. On the other hand, he has deprived half a million of the aged poor of the pensions which the President of the Local Government Board promised them but three months ago, and he has left in existence a tax on food which was imposed for war purposes and which no one professes democratic theories of taxation can consistently justify. If this be a triumph for Free Trade, the best that a Liberal Government can give us, then let us have Tariff Reform with Mr. Chaplin at the Exchequer.

Faced with Socialism on the one hand and Protection on the other, Mr. Asquith has shirked the choice. He has been enabled by the recent trade boom to make both ends meet for the moment without compromising himself or his party, but he has done it in a fashion which, while worthy enough of the Liberal Party's reputation for petty economising, is wholly unworthy of his position as accountant of the wealthiest nation in the world. He no more deserves praise for his juggling than would a thrifty housewife who provided for her future by neglecting and starving her children.

Mr. Chaplin might at least be counted on to keep up appearances.

It cannot be repeated too often that there are two constructive policies at present before the country, Socialism and Tariff Reform. The fact that they are rival policies is the merest accident, and but one more example of the anomalies produced by a party system such as ours. They are by no means mutually exclusive policies, nor are their ultimate claims in any way comparable. But the truth remains that at the present juncture they offer the only two possible means of finding fresh revenue. We have always been opposed to Protection, not from any doctrinaire allegiance to an economic theory, but because it has yet to be demonstrated that the position of the workers will be improved one iota by the proposed change. Besides, we do not want to see representatives of all the great trade interests in the country permanently installed in the lobby of the House of Commons, the Brewers are quite enough. We object, in short, to the introduction of a protective system manipulated.
by an elective body. A tariff is far too dangerous a weapon lightly to be put into the hands of any Government in which the interests of Labour are not the predominant force; certainly we do not wish to trust it in the hands of a Tory Government if we can help it.

But can we help it? Money is wanted immediately for national purposes. Mr. Asquith has refused to look for it in the right direction, and his refusal is the refusal of Liberalism as far as the nation is concerned. A Socialist or Labour Government with a really democratic Chancellor of the Exchequer is a prospect too remote to be considered when we remember the urgency of the need. Hence it would seem that sooner or later we shall be driven to accept the risks of Tariff Reform.

The responsibility for consequent evils will rest upon the shoulders of Mr. Asquith.

Expressed in simple terms, the Premier's Budget speech comes to this: "I have reduced the nation's debt by an unprecedented amount, I have halved a most oppressive tax on food, I have laid 'a solid basis,' £2 millions in fact, 'for a fuller and more humane provision for old age,' I have met all the nation's liabilities, and in conclusion I am happy to inform you that under the depression of Free Trade our 'country's credit is still solvent.'" Let us examine these claims upon our gratitude.

As to our solvency, if it means that the two sides of the national account balance, then it is no more than we are accustomed to expect. Mr. Austen Chamberlain has achieved as much in his time. But if it means, in Mr. Asquith's own words, that he has met "every obligation that the service of the country requires," then we absolutely deny that the nation is solvent. The liabilities of the country in regard to the conditions of the lives of its workers, so far from having been met, are scarcely yet realised by any but Socialists. Perhaps, however, Mr. Asquith regards this debt as a bad one, and made his claim to solvency on that basis. In this case his speech is nothing more nor less than a petition in bankruptcy on behalf of the Liberal Party.

Again, as regards his boasted reduction of the nation's indebtedness, he may perhaps receive the thanks of posterity for this, but he certainly will not receive ours. The building up of reserve funds—which is what this paying off is equivalent to—is a sound enough piece of financial policy in itself, but this is no time for it. What we want now is not retrenchment, but expenditure in the right directions. We want money spent in demolishing slums and rehousing their inhabitants, in providing work on a national scale for the unemployed, in improving educational facilities, in feeding school children, in buying monopolies such as those of mines and transport, and lastly—and this Mr. Asquith himself must realise—in providing for the aged a more generous scale. Where, we ask again, is the money going to come from for these things? and the Liberal echo answers, where?

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The sugar tax we have already referred to, and there remains but one point, in Mr. Asquith's claim, to be dealt with. He pleads that he has given us a first instalment of Old Age Pensions. We will leave aside for the moment the eternally recurring question as to how they are to be paid for in the future and consider the scheme on its merits. In the first place, we notice that it is a non-contributory scheme, and we fully appreciate the value of that fact, for there can be no going back on it, the system is fixed for all time. For this mercy we confess Liberalism is to be thanked, a Tory Government would probably have been more anxious to "encourage thrift," regardless of the necessities of the poorest class of all. But we were definitely promised a non-contributory scheme nearly two years ago, and our gratitude has been somewhat exhausted in the waiting. Besides we were promised much more than that. We were told that a million persons were to be benefited under the coming scheme, and that a large sum of money was to be allocated to this purpose. We were given to understand that the £2,500,000 provided last year was to serve merely as a nucleus (vide quotation at the head of this article). Instead of this we find that the paltry sum of £1,200,000 is to be spent upon 500,000 individuals. Where, we should like to know, is the remainder of that "ear-marked" revenue? And what, by the way, does the word "ear-marked" mean in Liberal circles?

"What is the good of a pension when you are dead" is a question that was asked in Dundee on Friday, and it is a pertinent one as far as town-dwellers are concerned; for the percentage of them who will ever benefit until the age is reduced is an almost negligible one. But we are more concerned at the moment with the income-limit than with the age-limit. The latter will not be modified this year at all events, whereas the former perhaps will. As Mr. Asquith's proposals stand at present, a man who has an income of £12 a week will not be able to obtain a pension at all, whereas a man who has only £10 will obtain the additional 5s. So that as a reward for his extra thrift or industry the former will suffer to the extent of 4s. per week. We have no fondness for legislation which purports directly to encourage thrift, but an arrangement which definitely penalises it like this is sheer insanity, not to mention its injustice and the field which it opens for fraud. Some anomalies are doubtless inevitable, and much is borne with patience, but this is too much. If a graduated system is too complicated, then why not abolish the income-limit altogether? The extra cost for the current financial year would be insignificant, and as for next year—well, in any case, there will be the deluge.

But even had Mr. Asquith done his duty and made a worthy beginning with Old Age Pensions; even if he had provided all the money that is wanted for various reforms, and our trade prospects were of the very brightest, we should still be as dissatisfied as ever with his Budget if the burden of taxation were left on the shoulders that now bear it. Much as we care how the national income is spent, we care more how it is raised. Taxes on luxuries have got to be substituted for taxes on sugar and the like, and the income-tax needs badly to be used in an intelligent manner. As Mr. Chiozza Money put it, we expect Mr. Asquith or his successor to do for the Income-tax what Sir William Harcourt did for Death Duties. We already take 15 per cent. from large incomes; what we want now is 25 or 30 per cent. from large incomes. The graduation of the Income-tax is long overdue. By that means alone can a Free Trade Government find an elastic source of revenue, and Mr. Asquith has no possible excuse for postponing it. If he has provided all the money that is wanted for various reforms, his successor should fail as he has done, then sooner or later the Labour Party will have another trump card to play in the country. But we confess we are unable to understand why this should be allowed to happen. We should have thought that most Liberals must have realised by now that they have but one weapon with which to fight Protection, and that their leader is throw-
Reviews to Order.

There are sometimes verdicts given in Courts of Justice which are not strictly accurate with a precise reading of the law, but which are valuable, and to honest people welcome, as expressions of the community's moral sense. Such a verdict was returned when a jury found Whitaker Wright guilty of fraud. Legally (so the best opinion ran) he had not transgressed the pretty wide limits of chicanery permitted to company-promoters. But the jury viewed the matter from a higher standpoint than the purely legal. They felt, and all honest people felt with them, that it would be a satire upon justice if Whitaker Wright were acquitted.

To the same class of motive, though different in degree, we may attribute the award by a jury last week of £2,750 damages to Mr. John Murray, the publisher, as the outcome of his action against the "Times." It can hardly have suggested itself to the jury's mind that Mr. Murray had suffered damage, either monetary, or "moral and intellectual," to anything like that amount. By his own admission, the "Letters of Queen Victoria" sold very well. No one would be dissuaded from buying the book by the "Times's" genial comparison between the publisher and Judae Iscariot, nor even by proof that the three volumes could have been profitably sold for less than three guineas.

Nor could it be seriously maintained that the reputation of the House of Murray was injured by the spiteful attacks which the managers of the "Times" Book Club worked into the columns of the paper in the guise of unprejudiced comment. The source of the innuendoes was so obvious. They merely made one smile.

What the jury intended by their verdict, therefore, was not so much to compensate Mr. Murray as to penalise the "Times." They felt it to be contrary to public policy that such action on the part of a great newspaper should pass, when brought to light, without being strongly condemned. The whole business was not so pleasant as the methods of money-making at any price which unscrupulous Englishmen have copied from Americans and are doing their best to introduce here. If the question at issue had been whether the Letters could not have been offered at a smaller price, then the "Times" would undoubtedly have won the case. It proved beyond argument that the price was excessive, as is the price of most books. But that was not the real point in dispute. The real point was whether it is decent and honourable for a newspaper to pretend to be acting as a mouthpiece of public opinion, while it is, in fact, using this pretence as a move in a commercial campaign.

One of the fine traditions of English journalism used to be that the editorial and commercial sides of a newspaper should be kept entirely apart. The business of the editor and his assistants and contributors was to form independent views. Journals which inserted puffs of articles advertised in its columns were looked down upon. As for the notion of a newspaper being engaged in a business like the Book Club, and using its great position as a lever to increase profits, that would have made Delane and John Morley and Greenwood shake ineradicable heads, and refuse to believe such a degradation possible. Even now it is hard to realise. There has always been something so dignified and inspiring in one's idea of a leader-writer on the "Times." One imagined them in frequent consultation with Ministers, familiar figures at the Embassies, men of unsparing rectitude and with high ideals of the newspaper's function. It is a painful shock to find that nowadays "Times" leader-writers are "sent for" by business managers, and "told to write" letters (really commercial dodges) which are to appear in the paper as if they were genuine expressions of outside opinion. Even more shattering to illusions is the spectacle of the leader-writer humbly submitting the letter, when written, for this cheap-jack manager's approval. It must, in the chaste American phrase, be "O.K.'d" by him before it is sent to the Editor, with a curt demand for its insertion under false colours.

Reviews of books in the "Times" and other leading papers were once regarded as the absolutely free and unfettered judgment of men whose only interest was in the literary value of the books discussed. Now we know they may be the vehicles of commercial attack. Business managers may insert in them statements made with the intention of injuring trade rivals. "Did you think," Mr. Murray's counsel asked the editor of the Literary Supplement, "that Mr. Moherly Bell's alteration in the review was intended to injure the sale of the book?" To which the editor cynically answered, "I dare say."

What left upon the jury, and upon the public at large, an even more unfavourable impression of these underhand attacks upon Mr. Murray was the fact that just before the book appeared, the business manager of the "Times" had written to the publisher asking if he would not enter into an arrangement to supply the "Times" Book Club with copies. Suppose Mr. Murray had accepted that proposal: can any reasonable being imagine that there would have been anything in the "Times" about the price of the book?

The commercial canker, with its loathsome effect of making people think that any methods of conducting business are justifiable so long as they pay, has eaten deep into the Body Politic. The very fact that it has reached the "Times" shows how dangerous and disastrous its ravages are. It was high time for some public protest to be made against the damnable Get-rich-quick doctrine, this heresy against all sound and honourable views of business and of life. It was time for the contrary to be asserted, as the jury in this case asserted it. Even though their assessment of damages may be revised, their verdict is one for which to be heartily thankful. There is a very real danger of stupid people being hypnotised by the ridiculous theory that business interests are the chief end of human activity, instead of merely one means to an end. At Dundee last week Sir George Baxter, the Unionist candidate, used language in this sense which, in its combined folly and inhumanity, could scarcely be surpassed. Asked whether he did not think that England's financial interests in Ireland were of less importance than the happiness of the Irish people, he said that he personally did not think the Irish would be a bit better off with Home Rule, but that it was necessary to take a broader view of things than that. If England had lent money to Ireland, it was his duty, as a business man, to see that England got it back! In other words, it is money that matters: nothing else need count.

Is it too much to hope that the "Times" may yet revert to its old methods and follow again its old ideals of straightforwardness and simple dealing?

Thorpe Lee.
Does an Amaranth an Amaranth
Succeed?

The first report of Sir E. Gorst on the Finance, Administration, and Condition of Egypt, and the Sudan is disappointing. We have a repetition of the excuses constantly tendered by Lord Cromer when any real reform was demanded. The Capitulations block the way. Sir E. Gorst’s opening words are: “The obstacles which the régime known as the Capitulations places in the way of measures which would benefit all sections of the community, foreign as well as native, are so well known that it may seem superfluous to mention them at all. Nevertheless, questions are constantly asked as to why the Egyptian Government do not suppress this or that undesirable practice, or introduce some obviously useful reform, which show that the inquirers are ignorant of the practical effects of the Capitulations in reducing the Egyptian Government to legislative impotency in regard to many important matters . . . The questions which are coming into prominence now . . . include measures connected with the social and moral needs of the inhabitants. Such measures cannot be applied to the Egyptians alone, independent of the Europeans who are living amongst them, and they cannot be applied to the Europeans without the assent of fifteen different Powers . . . The result is that a large number of reforms of vital importance to the welfare of the inhabitants of this country have to be placed on one side, so that no effective steps can be taken to minimise or abolish various social evils which civilisation has brought in its wake.”

We shall just pause to say that Qui s’excuse, et qui reproche, to remark that if his Majesty’s Agent finds that he is powerless to minimise or abolish what he admits are evils of the greatest import, it is his duty to point out to his Government that our occupation of Egypt is of no benefit to the inhabitants of that country, however beneficial it may be to foreign traders or to the bondholders. But did Lord Cromer ever recognise that any of these social evils, say child labour, was one to be dealt with by the State? Did he ever make any attempt at social legislation? Lord Cromer, it is well known, belongs to the extreme Manchester school. It satisfied him to see big trade figures, the interest paid to his Government that our occupation of Egypt is of no benefit to the inhabitants of that country, how ever beneficial it may be to foreign traders or to the bondholders. But did Lord Cromer ever recognise that any of these social evils, say child labour, was one to be dealt with by the State? Did he ever make any attempt at social legislation? Lord Cromer, it is well known, belongs to the extreme Manchester school. It satisfied him to see big trade figures, the interest paid to

Sirs Eldon Gorst we would fain hope is not to carry these laissez-faire traditions; surely he was brought up in a far different school. If not, then his honoured name is not nearly so powerless as is pretended, let us give him the benefit of the doubt. "Before we point out that the Government was guilty of an unscrupulous use of power in order to bolster up the English rule."

"Badalia," or payment for exemption from military service, has been ever regarded, both by Europeans and by Egyptians (and by Lord Cromer himself) as a desirable system. On the other hand, it involves an obligation to serve a term of five years’ slavery in the ranks. The exemptions are to be continued, but the receipts “will be paid into a special fund to be devoted exclusively for the benefit of those who alone could be considered as losers by the system, the conscripts themselves.” Conscripts will be refunded their £20 at the end of the five years’ service, and will not be compelled to serve for the next five years in the police. This certainly removes one of the gravest of the abuses, but the whole system is indefensible, and must be abolished entirely.

Out of a total revenue of over fifteen million pounds the expenditure on education was £374,000 (about 24 per cent.). This is perhaps the most cautious commentary we can make upon the Education Report; we must add that this is an increase of £277,650 over the previous year’s grant. English is still largely used as the medium of instruction in both the primary and secondary schools. The report contends that there has been a difficulty in obtaining properly trained native teachers. There has been no difficulty in obtaining English teachers, but there has been a difficulty in obtaining teachers who will submit to their English masters, who will abandon their desire for a free Egypt. And we recognise with glee that Egyptians will not come forward too readily to take their part in despoiling their own country. Sir Eldon Gorst adopts the purely Cromer official tone when he chides the vernacular press for their diatribes against Mr. Dunlop, the English Adviser to the Education Ministry. He knows very well that Mr. Dunlop has been guilty of an unscrupulous use of power in order bolster up the English rule.

The release of the Denshawai prisoners on January 8th, on the anniversary of the Khedive’s accession, is mentioned without comment. No gratitude is expressed to Mr. G. B. Shaw for his successful efforts in removing the stain upon English honour.

Looking at from the standpoint of cotton crops, of trade returns, of Asouan dams, of English and other foreign merchants, the English occupation seems admirable. The Egyptians have not benefited one jot. The peasant, who is 7½d. to 10d. for an adult and 6d. for a child. Children and adults alike work for fifteen or sixteen hours a day in the height of the season even in winter, say, twelve hours and the foremen carry whips. The atmosphere in which the children work is so charged with cotton dust that it resembles a November fog in London rather than the climate in Egypt.”

Now, the mill-owners are foreigners, and cannot therefore be interfered with without appeal to the Capitulations. Has any attempt been made in this direction? In any case, however, the workers are Egyptians, and can be subject to legislation without appeal to foreign governments. Of course, there could be no factory inspectors, but there would be no difficulty in having house inspectors; legislation could be introduced that would prevent the parents making use of their children. In Great Britain factory acts for the children had likewise to be carried through in the teeth of the opposition of both employers and parents. We must absolutely prohibit child-labour in Egypt by making the parents responsible for any breach of the law. How do the non-bondholding Englishmen relish the fact that the interest on the Egyptian debt is being paid with the blood and bones of these little children? Is this the price of Empire?

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Good Breeding or Eugenics.

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

Let us be rid of the Superman. He is a bore. Chatter about Harriet may have become tiresome, but it had its points of human interest; but chatter about an amorphous, nebulous *x* is a nuisance. It is, moreover, leading us astray. The Superman, it must be remembered is not a man at all; he is to be something as different from man as man is, say, from the chimpanzee, the ape whom we most nearly resemble. In the first place, let us suppose we could artificially breed the Superman—to give ourselves an occasional air of learning, we might in these columns call him the Metanthropos or *Bestia Flava*.

From the eugenic standpoint, it is important to understand that these small individual or fluctuating variations cannot be built up, generation by generation, so as to give us something quite different from that with which we set out. Stature in man is an instance of fluctuating variation. Although the children of tall parents will be tall, and of short parents be short, you could never by any process of selection obtain a race of men 50 feet in height. There is always a tendency for the average height of men to assert itself in the descendants. There is the strongest probability that all the pother with which learned men frighten us about desirables and undesirables, degenerates and undegenerates, has come from their not appreciating that these are all fluctuating variations. De Vries, the Dutch botanist, has presented the most complete case for this view. It will be worth while to quote him on the means of maintaining these often desirable individual variations.

Nourishment is the potent factor of fluctuating variability. Knight, who lived at the beginning of the last century, has laid great stress upon it, and it has since influenced practice in a large measure. Moreover, Knight pointed out more than one that it is the amount of nourishment, not the quality of the various factors, that exercise the determinative influence. Nourishment is to be taken in the widest sense of the word, including all favourable and unfavourable elements. Light and temperature, soil and space, water and salts, and in a sound family life—which is all chimpanzean destiny. Thus, though we should be no worse off, we would still have to solve our merely human problems for ourselves. Metanthropos would not help us at all; and even if he could be prevailed upon to give us a lift, is it not rather a long time to wait? Think how many years it took to produce even a Comte.

There was an ape in the days that were earlier: Centuries passed, and his hair became curlier, Centaurus's crest ruffled, his简历写。Then he was MAN, and a Positivist.

"Having shown that Superman is no help to us, we must next point out that the evidence at present available indicates that we cannot even the most of the other ape's brain, your ape's brain. Think you, then, the Metanthropos's brain will be merely Philosopher's to the nth. No, of course, you didn't. Your Metanthropos's brain will examine me with a high-power lens, excitingly watching my wriggles. Thus you would lure me to nothing by a side path. Thank you for nothing. Granted that I am angry with men and women, do you alter by abolishing them? Now, at all events, you can kick them."

Clearly Metanthropos will not solve, will not even concern himself with, our purely human problems any more than we, sapient men, worry about Trogodytes Niger's housing question, or his food imports, or his love affairs. (Trogodytes is, by the way, a strict monogamist, and therefore in the value of which we set out. Stature in man is an instance of natural selection, or the survival of the fittest."

There is nothing to suggest that what holds good for plants will not equally hold good for men. For the present we will be content to see that natural variations produced in man by Nourishment, or as Galton calls it, by Nurture, cannot be handed on, although they can be maintained for each generation by providing the due Nurture. Now, although we cannot breed Metanthropos or Superman by artificial selection, it does not mean that he might not one day drop, well, if not from the skies, at all events be born quite unpremeditatedly. Anyone might give birth to Metanthropos, even a professor's wife. There are perhaps some laws directing these things. But it is not yet known that no one has yet invented these laws. It is, however, only in this way that a new species, or a quite new character in a species, that is handed on so as can arise. Such a new species will, in the course of time, come to be. De Vries has applied the term Mutations to the process, which must be left for fuller discussion till next week.

The Doctrine of Evolution, of eternal flux in all things, stands upon a much firmer basis than Natural Selection or Mutation. These latter, it is clear, rest upon facts which every generation builds up afresh to please itself. Evolution is an explanation, not a mere description, of the universe. It is a metaphysical conception perhaps as old as human thought. Modern science has done nothing but present some of its credentials. Here is one. Whatever theory of the earth's beginning you adopt, whether it is the Laplace nebular hypothesis, or Jean's modification, or anyone else's, we can agree that the earth in the remote past broke off in a formless, voidless earth. Hence, in the present state of the earth, the externality of the electrons of iron, to radium, rabbits, and radishes. In the same way the earth is related to all the other planets, to the whole universe. No wonder the Buddhists stand amazed at the individuality we insist upon claiming for our Western souls.

M. D. EDER.
Wanted: A Dictionary of Socialism.

The other day I was reading Nuttall—who is, perhaps, my favourite author, though I have never yet seen his "Dictionary" included in any list of The Hundred Best Books—and I happened on his definition of the word "Definiton," which runs as follows: "The act of defining; a brief description of a thing by its properties; the explanation of the meaning of a word or phrase; the making clear in outline; the explication of the essences of things in kind and difference, technically called its genus and differentia." And when I had read that I put the book gently aside, and clasped my head between my hands, and wished that the nature of things were otherwise.

But I am nothing if not thorough—and, as some would say, not much else—so as soon as I had rallied I turned to Nuttall's definition of the word "Dictionary." Here it is: "A book containing the words of a language arranged in alphabetical order, with their meanings, etc.; any book of information with the topics alphabetically arranged." And it is a very good definition; but if it is the correct one, then Nuttall's amusing masterpiece falls woefully short of his own ideal, and proves him to have been only human, after all, despite his transcendental superiority to argument and proving to have been only human, after all, despite his transcendental superiority to argument and proving to have been only human, after all, despite his transcendental superiority to argument and proving to have been only human, after all, despite his transcendental superiority to argument and proving to have been only human, after all, despite his transcendental superiority to argument and proving to have been only human, after all, despite his transcendental superiority to argument and proving to have been only human, after all, despite his transcendental superiority to argument and proving to have been only human, after all, despite his transcendental superiority to argument and proving to have been only human, after all, despite his 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Unsocial Democracy.

It is one of the pleasing illusions of Socialists that we have got Democracy. We talk at meetings about the "social ownership and control of the means of production, distribution and exchange," and then go home to our suburbs in trains, where we know no one, and to houses where we do not know our next door neighbours' names. And at election times we vote.

The real joke of the present system resides in our innate socialist acceptance of a phenomenon individualist contrivance. One man one vote and secret ballot are not only not social measures, but supremely anti-social measures. It may be necessary at present that men should vote secretly, but it is socially undesirable. John Smith may be of the same value as Thomas Jones, but it is improbable. Mrs. Suffragette may be of the same value as Mrs. Liberal Society-Dame, but it is unlikely. And yet at present each does (or shortly will) discharge their social duty as deciding units at election times by making a cross in secret on a piece of undistinguished paper.

What is the alternative? Does it lie in an attempt to grade individuals according to the standard at which they leave school, or the class of degree they snatch from that press whose virtue strikes one sometimes as being peagreen. They vote, that is, at the bidding of the whole-sale vendor of ideas, they do not express the result of social cogitations. So that it would be actually preferable instead of allowing men to vote individually, disfranchising all of them and conferring their votes upon the Baptist Union and the Secularist Society, the British Constitutional Association, and the Fabian Society, or any and every kind of organisation men and women cared to form.

This is not ideal, but it is social, it is better than Manchester individualism in political machinery. The ideal undoubtedly is the social organisation of small communities for social discussion and expression of their needs and desires. Yet this would always have to be balanced by social, but not localised, organisations. The influence of a medical sanitary reformer, for instance, could hardly be expressed in a community of jobbing builders, shopkeepers, city clerks, and business men, his vote at present counts for one, and in a social unity his influence would count for no more than his vote. Just the same considerations apply to a Socialist. But doctor and Socialist, in their respective organisations, both could and would (and do even now) exercise a great deal of influence.

The social ownership and control of the means of life is going to be a complex business. Only by forming every conceivable kind of associations will it be possible for men to find adequate social expression. Because it is obviously ridiculous to exclude anyone.

The contribution of a lunatic or a criminal to the social discussion of any topic would just supply us with that knowledge of the social relationships of lunatics and criminals which we at present so palpably lack. We should even have to prevent ourselves excluding from social deliberation that arch-democrat who considers his "duties" to refer to those of his proposed individual organisation to express themselves contrary to all rules and procedure.

Our enthusiasm for democracy at present is in reality an enthusiasm for the destruction of class predominance, coupled with a misunderstanding of the machine. When we are confronted with the situation in the East End or " grafts " in America, we take refuge in phrases about the administration of social services by non-Socialists. The phrases convey a good deal of truth. Nevertheless, if a Socialist Government were returned, by some electoral fluke, to power at the next election, it would be unable to get Socialism carried out administratively without an effort to socially organise men. And we must realise that the coming of a Labour and Socialist Government to power is by means very distant. The present machine of sale voting will carry us thus far in an uproar of yellow press leaders, monster meetings, street rowdism, yelling posters, and political s l o t t h r o n s , b u t o n c e a s e n s e w e s h o u l d h a v e t o get to business. Then, confronted with Mile End, with its present electorate, with its present qualifications, their present occupations, and their present capacities and limitations, how precisely should we initiate the glorious reign of Socialism in Mile End?

I more than suspect some members of the Socialist movement of a desire not to conceive definitely of the coming of Socialism. Like the deacon whom Mr. Myers, of the Psychical Research Society, interrogated about his conception of the future life, they "suppose we shall be swept into eternal bliss, but Mr. Myers would not talk about such unpleasant subjects." Many evils in the present world will be directly removed by the unloading from our backs of the burden of rent and interest. But not all evils. Even if we decide to entrust local authorities as at present constituted and elected with the administration of social necessities we shall certainly have to set to work at once devising a method of seeing that in their election and in their administration they do express a social will.

In the alternative we shall fall into the hands of " experts " in government and administration, experts who will for an indefinitely long time carry on the disastrous traditions of the present. There is, of course, no objection to the " expert " except that he doesn't know his job. No one can attend to the social will of a society except that society. The " expert " can only be an expert in the government of aggregates, a fine art, and a dangerous art, making, as it does, life easy for non-social men. Because curiously enough the most essential thing about a society is that it shall be a social organisation expressive of the social life of men, and only such an organisation will be able to adequately control common property in the social interest. A constitution of the precise methods of social organisation to be adopted will only be possible at the moment when we are face to face with the problem of Socialist administration. In a sense we are face to face at present, and any possible method of humanising and socialising present electoral machinery should in the future we shall be compelled to find some substitute for voting in units and adding and subtracting aggregates as a method of social expression, even when tempered by benevolent administration by Socialist experts. And the main outline of the method would be to an abandonment of individual voting in favour of voting through social organisations, specifically formed for the purpose of discussing matters of social import and deciding on methods of social action.

L. HADEN GUEST.
giving her fifteen a week for life, and someone else insisted on giving her twenty a week for life, so now she's a blooming millionaire. Give us money, if you like, but please don't give us any more money for her. . . . "There's another class of women," continued the Prebendary, "the drunkards and drunkenness owing to the evil of grocer's licences. We should like some of you to take up a drunken woman apiece and look after her. We can easily find you a nice, gentle creature, to whom getting drunk is no more than getting cross is to us. Very nice women are drunken, and they can be reclaimed by bridging the gulf. Then there's the hooligans—you have them on the Riviera, too. I've had a good deal of experience of them myself. I was once picked up for dead near the Army and Navy Stores after meeting a hooligan. Only the other day a man put his list in my face and said, 'You're robbing our trade.' 'What trade?' the begging trade? I said, 'I wish I had.' And then the discharged prisoners. We offer five months' work to any discharged prisoner who cares to take it; there are 2000 to every year. I was talking to a prison official the other day, who told me that 90 per cent. of his 'cases' he sent to us. We reclaim about half of these. The other half break our hearts. One broke all our windows not long since.

And the Prebendary said also: 'My greatest pleasure is a day in a sun-bowled bed in a good week. We worked from 8.30 a.m. to 6.30 p.m., and again two hours at night, sewing buttons, and in a good week she earned six shillings. Her right hand was all disfigured by mistake in clerical raiment. His hue was ruddy, his eye clear, and his moustache martial. He is really requires considerable self-restraint, after he has been speaking for a few minutes, not to pelt him with anathema. And because people like to see it. And I couldn't pick him up. I was carrying my trombone in one hand. Then another man came along, and we couldn't get that drunkard up between us. And then who should be. We were prepared to be very grave. But the mischievous chief was that Mr. Carlile would not be grave.

Mr. Carlile looked like a retired colonel who had dressed by mistake in clerical raiment. His hue was ruddy, and his moustache martial. He is of a naturally cheerful disposition. It is impossible not to like him, not to admire him, not to respect him. It really requires considerable self-restraint, after he has been speaking for a few minutes, not to pelt him with anathema. And because people like to see it. And I couldn't pick him up. I was carrying my trombone in one hand. Then another man came along, and we couldn't get that drunkard up between us. And then who should be. We were prepared to be very grave. But the mischievous chief was that Mr. Carlile would not be grave.

Nor did any young and beautiful persons of any nation go. As a fact, it was a lovely afternoon. To atone for these defects, the solid respectability of all San Remo swarmed into the hotel. (A notice had been posted that it might order its carriages for 3.30.) We made an unprepossessing assembly. I am far removed from the certina band. It's terrible. But it goes down. As one brass band, thirty players, all very bad. I'm the worst, with my trombone. We also have a women's concertina band. It's terrible. But it goes down. As one woman said, 'It makes me feel ache, but it do me heart good.'
The Second English Revolution.

By Holbrook Jackson.

III.

At this point the authorities made their second blunder. The Mayor of Westminster appeared on the scene. He was on horseback, and had made his way with great difficulty, and under the escort of two mounted police officers, through the crowd from the region of Victoria Street. His business as he wheeled round facing the crowd in front of the soldiers, was quite obvious to all, and he performed it in the obvious way. But even at this point if Martin, the Premier, had received the deputation, the carnage that followed would have been averted. But Martin, as we now know, had reasoned it all out. First, Enderby was a member of Parliament, and had every opportunity of voicing the people's "wrong" in the usual and constitutional manner. (He had the full support of the Capitalist party in this conclusion.) Secondly, coercion in any form was an evil, even coercion by petition. This was a democratic country, and the will of the majority must prevail. (His friends on the Government benches being in that position by virtue of the majority vote of the last general election, naturally agreed.) Thirdly, he had a long-standing prejudice against what he called "catastrophe", which included both violent and sudden social change. (In this he was at one with his friends, the Political Socialists.) These were what he called "sound principles." But unfortunately, principles were just then at a discount; what was wanted was action, and as the Government would not supply it, action would have to come from another direction. The Government, however, helped at its birth by resorting to its ancient and final weapon, physical force.

The Mayor was undoubtedly in a state of great nervousness mingled with vexation. He looked at the crowd with evident dislike. His expression intimated a feeling mingled with vexation. He looked at the crowd, as if struggling to gather together. As for their demands, he was genuinely indignant at the injustice of them. The people had the franchise, their representatives were in office to consider them. This was a free country, with an ancient and honoured constitution based on popular suffrage. When he spoke, his words had an authoritative ring. He spoke in snappy authoritative sentences which had a remarkably irritating effect on the people. He spoke for a time, then paused, and catching a few remarks from among the heads of the people. This ought to be recorded as the beginning of the awakening of that social consciousness among soldiers which eventually brought the army over to the popular side. It was, in fact, the consummation of a prediction I myself made when the Citizen Army Bill was passed by the Conservative Government of 1912. "Teach the people how to shoot," I had said, "and one of these days they will defend themselves against their masters!" Well, as you know, this actually came about.

But in that frenzied moment such reflections and observations were out of the question. We, the crowd, had abandoned our reason; we were madly, desperately, heroically, courting destruction. But we were happy. I really believe that for a little while that mad onrush was inspired by a clean passion free from hatred and revenge. It was a holy war, a monumental immortal sacrifice. The idea of solidarity had become a conscious and living thing. It was a new Golgotha; it was Hasper's Ferry again; but this time it was not because of traitors, or because of the Japanese at Mukden, who, as you know, overwhelmed the conquering dead. Something like this happened in the Battle of Old Palace Yard. The ranks of the infantry were actually broken up by the sheer force of the inspired crowd.

The effect of this onrush was unique in military experience. The authorities, continuing their career of blunder, had calculated on the enemy being repulsed on the firing of the first round or so. They, in their love of precedent, had based their judgment on Trafalgar Square, Belfast, and elsewhere. But this was no mere crowd, it was an awakened, an illuminated people. The only parallel to the onrush was the method of the Japanese at Mukden, who, as you know, overwhelmed the entrenched Russians by the simple yet heroic process of throwing a battalion after battalion on to the enemy's entrenchments—until the enemy was quite clear of the enemy, and the conquering dead. Something like this happened in the Battle of Old Palace Yard. The ranks of the infantry were actually broken up by the sheer force of the inspired crowd.

The last round of ball cartridge was fired at the individual soldier's discretion—in many instances it was not fired at all. Then the real battle between an unarmed crowd and a shotless battalion of soldiers began. At this point the mass of people around the statue having given way a little, 'I was enabled to struggle out into the seething pot of struggling mankind. The smoke and dust blinded me for a moment, and there was a hot stench of powder and humanity, and something else new to me, a sickening odour of blood, which filled me with rage. There were dead bodies of men,
women, and soldiers, and groaning, writhing, wounded. I picked up the rifle of a fallen soldier, and raising its butt in the air rushed, with mad curses on my lips, into the fray.

The bitterness of men could not be kept in abeyance very long. The sight of fallen comrades was sufficiently disturbing, but the realisation that what had at first been taken for an echo of the firing in Old Palace Yard, was really the attack of the Guards on the crowd in Whitehall, seemed to inflame the people with a new madness, this time of revenge. The procession of property started with the pulling down of the railings surrounding the House and the gardens in Westminster Square. These were distributed, or rather seized, and used as weapons, and those who possessed them found themselves a match for the trenchon-wielding constabulary, but by this time the War Office was fully awake, and all the avenues leading to the Houses of Parliament were soon occupied by cavalry troops and artillery. Westminster Bridge, Whitehall, Victoria Street, and Margaret Street, were thus held. All those who showed any peaceful inclination to leave the occupied area were allowed to do so, and a temporary cessation of hostilities was brought about by the sheer dominion of the crowd by cavalry.

But I know little of what followed from personal observation. My rush into the turmoil of Old Palace Yard was of short duration. The curses on my lips were soon stifled, and the devastating butt of my commandeered rifle shortly lay beside me in the roadway in the shadow of the uplifted sword of Richard the Lion Hearted. I remember very little of how it happened. At one moment I was in a tangle of frenzied soldiers, constabulary, and patriots; curses, groans, the clash of bayonet and gun-stock, and the dull thud of falling bodies. I saw a rifle butt in the air coming down towards my head with paralysing rapidity, but, so strange is the human brain, I was not afraid; in fact, although the whole thing happened in a few seconds, I found myself debating the point as to whether the down-butt was or was not of my own rifle or not! I never settled the point, for a sharp sting on my left temple gave me pause, an Indian-red haze, shot with streaks of blue and gold, fell before my eyes like a sumptuous but living curtain.

And, of course, know as well as I do what happened in London in the days following; how martial law was declared, and the city was turned into a military camp, of the numerous riots, the wrecking of houses of Cabinet Ministers, and later of the Capitalists, of how the great leader's body was taken to all the provinces of the British Empire for a last farewell before its consummation in the Commonwealth of Britain which it is our deep joy to inhabit.

The whole enterprise was regal, as befitted. Proof-correctors cost twice as much as the original setting. A mere man of letters would be inclined to suspect that the printing was begun too soon, and the postman setting up a book until the book was written. Balzac partially begged himself by ignoring this rule. Balzac, however, was not published by Mr. Murray. £500 paid to the amanuensis! Oh, amanuensis, how I wonder who you are! I had better cut the cord, and high, like a fashionable novelist in the sky! And so on.

The attitude of Tunbridge Wells (the most plutocratic town in England, by the way) towards the book was adroit. Mr. Daniel Williams, a bookseller and librarian, of Tunbridge Wells, said after the review and publication of the letters by 'Artifex' people complained that the price of the book was too high. No complaints were made before that. They read their 'Times Literary Supplement' at the Wells, and they still wait for it to thunder, and when it has thundered—and not before—they rattle their tea-trays, and the sequel is red ruin!

Again, Mr. Justice Darling, in his nicely-decorated summing-up, observed that it was hardly too much to say that "the plaintiff's house—the house of Murray," was a national institution. It would be hardly too much to say that also the house of Crosse and Blackwell is a national institution, and that Mr. Justice Darling is a national institution, by all means let us count the brothers Murray as a national Institution, even as an Imperial institution. But let us guard against the notion, everywhere cropping up, that such "houses" as the dignified and wealthy house of Murray are in some mysterious way responsible for English literature, part-authors of English literature, to whom half of the glory of English literature is due. It is well to remember now and then that publishers who have quite squarely made vast sums out of selling the work of creative artists are not thereby creative artists themselves. A publisher is a trader, infinitely less an artist than a tailor is an artist. Often a publisher knows what the public will buy in literature. Very rarely he knows what is good literature. Scarcely ever will he issue a distinguish book exclusively because it is a distinguished book. And he is right, for he is only a trader. But to judge from the otiose majesty of some publishers, one would imagine that they had written at least "Childe Harold." There is the case of a living publisher (not either of the brothers Murray) whose presence at his country house is indicated to the surrounding nobility, gentry, and peasantry by the unfurling of the Royal standard over a turret.

To return to the subject, the price at which the house of Murray issued the "Letters of Queen Victoria" was not "extortionate," having regard to the astounding expenses of publication. But why were the expenses
so astounding? If the book had not been one which by its intrinsic interest compelled purchase, would the "author" have been remunerated like the managers of a steel trust? Would the paper have been so precious and costly? Would the illustrations have so enriched photographers? And would the amanuensis have made £250 out of the thing than Mr. Murray himself? The price was not extortionate, but it was farcical. The entire rigmarole combines to throw into dazzling prominence the fact that modern literature in this country is still absolutely undemocratic. The same will come, and much sooner than many august mandarins anticipate, when such a book as the "Letters of Queen Victoria" will be issued at six shillings, and newspapers will be fined £7,500 for saying that the price is extortionate, and ought not to exceed half-a-crown. Assuredly there is no commercial reason why the book should not have been published at 6s. or thereabouts. Only mandarism prevented that. Mr. Murray's profits would have been greater, though he might then consider the wider connotation of Socialist property and cattle when this does not conflict with the good of the community." By Socialism he means "exist without a strong sense of the brotherhood of nature, while they welcome the Socialism with every fibre of their being. They differ from Western Socialists in the fact that they are the firmest believers in Autocracy (or should we say Aristocracy?) and Socialism."

We all know that one of the vulgar or M.P. objections to Socialism is that no man would then own his own pipe or woman her own hair-pins (for this relief must thanks). Mr. Kidd points out that thorough-going Collectivists as are the Kafirs—"their very babes are Socialists"—personal property is not demolished. "The people regard their cattle as their own property, for the chief has his oxen and the people have theirs." "The Kafirs, however, only allow people to hold private property and cattle when this does not conflict with the good of the community." By Socialism he means an organised society in which all the means of life are held in collective ownership. Such a system cannot exist without a strong sense of the brotherhood of the members of the tribe... Whether or not we can hope the average Briton to rise to the undoubtedly high level of the despised African savage in this respect is open to doubt. Mr. Kidd suggests that the best way of fighting the Socialists in Europe is to explain to the people that it "will demand the utmost self-sacrifice of fierce individual interests, and will entail almost undreamt of obligations and restraints on every man." He deplores the outcry against Socialist "based on trumped-up accusations of irreligion and immorality," and made by quoting "sentences from Socialist writers, while concealing the bearing of the context. I would wish Mr. Dudley Kidd to expand his objections to European Socialism in prose into volume form, although he might then consider the wider connotation now given to the term Socialism. Many of the objec-

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There is more of Queen Victoria's correspondence to come. I wonder what price it will be published at! JACOB TONSON.

BOOK OF THE WEEK.

Nature's Gentlemen.*

Mr. DUDLEY KIDD was known, to those of us who take an interest in other worlds than ours, as the author of the only readable book on the Kafir and the only book on the Kafir's children. He now gives us an enthralling validation of Socialism for the Kafir, where he esteems it all to collective ownership, whilst he gets in many a well-chosen book from Socialistic sentiments to European Socialism in prose into volume form, although he might then consider the wider connotation now given to the term Socialism. Many of the objec-

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tions he raises on pages 32 and 33 and elsewhere have of course been felt by all of us; none claims that economic Socialism is a millennium, only an improvement. But while we admit that you want better, I will not even admit it will necessarily be an improvement, merely that the actual is so damnable that the experiment is worth risking.

Mr. Dudley Kidd is probably better acquainted with the psychology of the Kafir than he is with that of the artisan classes. No doubt were he to adopt my suggestion, he would give the same careful study to the average working man. I think he has spent eighteen years examining Kafir life.

Perhaps the most admirable feature in the book is the recognition that the Kafir is a distinct and interesting personage worth preserving for his own sake. This point of view has, so far as I know, been advocated by but three other persons in this country: by Sir Sidney Olivier, by a well-known Socialist doctor on the Fabian Executive, and by a wholly obscure individual (women do not count in these affairs). "The raw native is a fine, big, burly, dignified, merry, courteous, picturesque specimen of humanity. He is one of Nature's gentlemen; he gives himself no airs, he is frank and natural in his behaviour, he is unaffected, and yet holds himself in a manner that shows he has plenty of self-respect. He is every inch a man, even if he be somewhat of a savage. There is something abnormal and unconstrained—so perfectly natural and human—that he puts the white man, who sees him in his kraal, in a good humour. He seems conscious neither of superiority nor inferiority, but speaks to a white man as if all men were equals. I echo the author's hope "that the picture of the savage that I may present may do something to undermine the distorted mental image that is ordinarily awakened by that word. Many a race has oppressively called another race, that it did not understand, barbarian or savage; even though that despised race still is a savage. There is something in at least three other persons a liking for these images of God cut in ebony." The present white 'civilisation' I regard as a nightmare with whose passing we shall awaken somewhat scared and scarred but resolute to indulge in no further civilised banquets.

To protect the Kafir we must uphold the clan-system, sustain the communal system of land tenure, favour the Duomo, prohibit recruiting for the military, inhibit the zeal of the missionaries, increase the "natural" reserves, restrict the settlement of white men as traders or farmers in these reserves, following the Basutoland model, and appoint Mr. Dudley Kidd Resident Commissioner with an Ethnographical Bureau to make him happy.

Every reader—as well as every non-reader—of this journal should lay hold of Mr. Dudley Kidd's book, whose attention in return is directed to the articles on Eugenics that are now appearing in these pages.

M. D. EDZ

REVIEWS.

Railway Corporations as Public Servants. By Henry S. Haines. (The Macmillan Co.)

This is a book on United States railways by an ex-President of the American Railway Association and formerly a general manager of the "Plant system" of railroad and steamship lines. It is, therefore, a confession by one who has been there, by one who is still there, and who, apparently intends to stay there. Nevertheless, it is an astoundingly candid and refreshingly confidential statement. Mr. Haines tells the story of the process by which the United States railways grew from rather rickety lines running over desolate plains until they have become the colossal system which is verily in control of the political and social life of the whole States. We in England have our railway troubles; which occasionally become sufficiently acute to arouse the President of the Board of Trade to administer another drug to keep the patient alive a little longer. But, after all, our railway ailments are little episodes of the nursery compared with the national epidemic in the United States. If things proceed much further along the path of "free" competition, the people of the land of liberty will soon have to make up their minds, with some firmness, whether it is not rather sentimental to be continually praising this philosophy of Freedom as a national institution when the unfortunate fact is that about a dozen railway presidents have all the freedom and the rest of the citizens have the philosophy. Mr. Haines tells the strange story of a nation being slowly bound, hand and foot, to the rather slow music of odes to democracy. He comes to us with such an ingenuous tale of the tyranny of monopolists, of the way in which a few determined financiers can
appeal to the Haeckelian in his own language. But this work is really a valuable intro-
afford to waste their time in reading the words of their

difficult to accent Mr. Haines's conclusions with a
to a description of the hopeless failure of the State in
we are convinced that there is no other escape? " Often, however, Mr. Drawbridge is
from Sir Oliver Lodge—"perhaps our greatest autho-
The book, indeed, is packed with quotations from all
that that famous scientist is by no means a materialist.
least -discredited. Matter in its last analysis is found
forgivable, but perhaps it was designed as a subtle
and says that in these matters "probability " is a better
if he adopts this position, does he attempt to prove the
word than " proof," he is on safer ground. But why I
at the structural integrity of our railway system before
out of private management, he is maintaining a position
forces of nature which insist on flying to opposite
is impossible by any amount of Christian textile skill


In writing this book Mr. Drawbridge evidently had
in his mind's eye the sort of person who fancies that
religion has been undermined and, indeed, frankly de-

Mr. Haines to write down the travellers and the citizens

An Engagement of Convenience. By Louis Zang-
will. (Brown, Lanham and Co. 6s.)

Outside the slipshod scrawling and careless, ignorant
tavestries of men and women that inform the novel
reading public of these days, Mr. Louis Zangwill stands
distinguished as a writer who takes his art quite
seriously. Each of his novels is a study of distinct and
interesting human temperaments made living by the
sure touch of the craftsman. Even since Mr. Louis
Zangwill faced the public with that masterly bit of
gene painting, " A Drama in Dutch," we have been interested in watching his development. He is now one of the forces to be reckoned with by those who delight in good work, although he is not of those whose names are household words. But a household word is like
household bread, apt to be stodgy stuff. Mr. Louis
Zangwill does not write for the household, not even for
the householder, but as an artist his appeal is to the
artist.

His latest story posits a problem that inspired one
of Christina Rossetti's poems of supreme renunciation.
In Mr. Louis Zangwill's novel the heroine, Alice Robin-
son, middle-class to her glove-tips, had fallen in love
with the artist Wyndham, " on the day that he ap-
appeared in the road as a neighbour." The character of
the artist in his strength and in his weakness is a

It is a

pity

RES DELICIOUS COFFEE

RED WHITE & BLUE

For Breakfast & after Dinner.
to explain in a note to a primitive tale "that from the earliest times, even without the stimulus of Christianity, the races that were ultimately to develop into Holy Russia and most Protestant England had already begun to train their sons to be drunken ill-mannered ruffians and quick-tempered prigs; and elsewhere the notion that "Christianity has been the most intolerant, oppressive, and bloodthirsty . . . of all dreary superstitions," "the greatest curse to the human race," its followers "the greatest brigands, thieves, liars, and assassins," "the right hand of wholesale infamy, devastation, and murder"—one begins to feel the presence of a certain want of balance. The intrusion of far-fetched meteorological interpretations to some of the tales is also an insult to the reader's intelligence. It is not illuminating to be told that Grimm's story of the man who made the Princess laugh by leading before her the procession of people all stuck last to one another by the magic of his goose, is clearly a reference to winter frost! Why drag in winter frost? Then we are told in a note to the familiar Arabian Nights story of the man who learnt the language of animals and got such good advice from the cock, that "knowledge of the language of the animals is the valuable awakening of Nature to life in Spring." It may be so and then, again, it may not.

Of the tales themselves there is little that can be said. Only very few are unfamiliar, and, familiar or unfamiliar, one is ashamed to make their acquaintance in their vulgar, shabby English. There is one quaint story of how God was floating in a boat over the face of the waters when he met the Devil sitting on a clot of foam. The Devil refused to tell his name unless God took him into the boat. Then they both sailed on in silence until the Evil One began to sigh for dry land. "There shall be dry land," said God, and sent the Devil down into the depths of the sea for sand. He was told to say, "I take thee in God's name." But he said, "I take thee in my name." He rose to the surface empty-handed. He tried again, saying "I take thee in His name." And this time he emerged with the sand that had got under his nails. Of this, God could only make a very small piece of land, and when night came they both lay down on it close together. When God fell asleep, the Devil tried to push him off and drown him, but the dry land stretched out and received him. The Devil pushed God east and west and north and south until all the land in the world grew up.

The idea that the earth is a creation of the Devil's is an obscure and ancient one. It reminds one of Blake's modern myth of energy—or the Devil—breaking bounds and constantly pressing out against the resistance of the Passive—or Good—and between them ever creating new forms. Myth-makers of all times repeat one another.


It is doubtful if James Thomson, the optimist, who wrote "The Seasons," is so familiar to the present generation as his namesake the pessimist, who wrote "The City of Dreadful Night." At least it may be safely said that more people have read the gloomy stanzas of the last-named poem in the last decade or so, than the shining morning lines of "The Seasons"—and indeed for longer than that. It was the custom right down to the eighteen-sixties to It is the custom right down to the eighteen-sixties to embrace any possibility to the utmost of Thomson's work may be put in schools. But as a matter of fact, the epic nature of the work of both the Thompsons handicaps them in a leisurely age like the present. But "The Seasons" had a remarkable popularity in its day, and indeed for longer than that. It was the usual custom right down to the eighteenth-sixties to class it as an eligible gift book. Now-a-days one does not even see it in the familiar form of the popular reprint. "The Seasons" had been abbreviated the poet, and the connoisseur of poetry, Students of English literature, however, will welcome this scholarly life of Thomson. Mr. Macaulay has carried out his task with reverent care and critical insight. The biographical part of the volume is based upon all preceding biographies of the poet, and Mr. Macaulay himself adds some interesting and hitherto unpublished details with regard to the production of Thomson's plays, his friendship with Lyttleton, and the tenure of his posts.

Child Life and Labour. By Margaret Alden, M.D. (Social Service Series, No. 6. (Headley Bros. 1s. net.)

The child is coming into its own. Mrs. Alden's addition to the "Social Service Series" adds one more to the cloud of witnesses. She writes with sympathy and knowledge, and has produced a book which claims the attention of the student and the propagandist alike. The former will find it valuable for the many excellent suggestions for reform which are included in the various chapters; the latter for its figures, facts, and cheapness. The treatment of such subjects as Infant Mortality, Medical Inspection, the Child Wage-earner, is adequate and interesting, but the "Historical Retrospect" with which the book begins might have been a little fuller with advantage. More information about the very interesting experiment in maternity-endowment at Villiers-le-Duc would have been welcome. It would seem to deserve more detailed treatment than is possible in a footnote. A good bibliography is appended.

Ballad of a Great City

And Other Poems.

By DAVID LOWE,
Author of "Gift of the Night," "Sonnets of Sweet Sorrow," etc.


A charming volume of metrical comedies, ballads and lyrics. Glasgow is referred to in the title ballad, and the same city inspires several of the humorous lyrics. The rest of the ballads are steeped in traditional lore, and the two comedies are metrical versions of old Scots folk-tales.

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A REQUEST.

If any readers should have spare copies of THE NEW AGE, for May 16, 1907, we shall be very grateful if they will send them to us. We will pay 2d. per copy for same.

Being entirely out of stock of this issue, 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.
MAGAZINES OF THE MONTH.

The most interesting article in the "International" is that by Angelo Vaz, "A Revolutionist on Regicide." The editor of course disclaims against identifying himself with the writer's view on the Portuguese tragedy, but the picture of revolutionaries as he believes, lead others to think that Junqueiro exclaims to ask that "the King was not slain, he committed suicide." The King had declared that he was himself the instigator of the French Revolution. Among the things we find (1) that all persons attacking the King and France were liable to the arbitrary and unlimited jurisdiction of the Government. This included all political and Parliamentary proceedings. The movement of opposition Peers was made unlimited, and their selection was placed in the hands of the King; (2) that the French Socialists are wholehearted; (3) the名声 of Peers was set aside, and the selection was placed in the hands of the King; (4) Right of public meeting was abolished, even the liberty of public communication was abolished, for there were spies everywhere. "All our rights and all our liberties were stolen in order to carry through this wretched and shameful transaction, the liquidation of illegal advances by force and fraud. A public decree allowed the Government to deport anyone without trial with loss of all civil rights." Mr. Philip Snowden has absolutely nothing new in his article on "The British Labour Party." Any M.P. who now writes about the Taff Vale decision should have his salary docked. Mr. Snowden is, of course, quite sympathetic to the workers, because it is British industrial and practical and on the "lines of the natural evolution of a democratic party." Which lines an unnatural evolution would take we may but guess at. Frankly, Mr. Snowden has, in a recent number of "The Socialist Review." The appointments are made by nomination. We have seen no signs of Socialistic legislation, but a very little reform will scare the majority of its adherents. Mr. Spencer is very hurt because his opponents have provided a good election cry; but we put it seriously to the Nonconformist party whether the shortage of food supplies the world over may not indicate that the hand of Providence is turned against the Liberals. Colonel D. C. Pedder favours the Licensing Bill apparently because the clergy is so bitterly opposed to a Bill which is an ally upon whose support the Church can count, and for whose good will she pays by her toleration of what is, par excellence, the Cure of Rural England. Mr. Stephen Faget replies to Mr. Parkinson's articles on "Experiments on Animals." The subject has received some attention lately in our columns, and we may leave our readers to grapple with Mr. Faget's fallacies. Mr. J. N. Farquhar is very hopeful as to the future spread of "Christianity in India." His article concludes: "The history of the past century, the condition of India to-day fill the soul with the certainty that the Kingdom of Christ is coming. A page or two earlier he pens a savage attack on the Roman Catholic missionaries. They cannot condemn idolatry; it is the most important thing that debase our imagination." A single indictment of Mr. Gladstone and our Factory Inspection System is presented by the writer of "The Comedy and Tragedy of Factory Inspection" in "The Socialist Review." The appointments are made by nomination. The outcome of the examination is a list of names for which the worker is the instigator of the French Revolution. Among them are those of Peers, who was made a Peer by the King. Mr. Stephen Faget replies to Mr. Parkinson's articles on "Experiments on Animals." The subject has received some attention lately in our columns, and we may leave our readers to grapple with Mr. Faget's fallacies. Mr. J. N. Farquhar is very hopeful as to the future spread of "Christianity in India." His article concludes: "The history of the past century, the condition of India to-day fill the soul with the certainty that the Kingdom of Christ is coming. A page or two earlier he pens a savage attack on the Roman Catholic missionaries. They cannot condemn idolatry; it is the most important thing that debase our imagination."

The "Albany Review" remains somewhat colourless within its effective cover. After reading Mr. P. W. Wilson every day of the week we rather gibe at the first article on "The New Government and its Policy" from the same pen. The future looms uncertain to Mr. Wilson despite his belief that Mr. Asquith "has set himself the hard duty of tolerating stupid folk" (we confess that we have never noticed any lack of consideration in the Prime Minister's treatment of himself). There is a general agreement that Mr. Burns is the lame duck in the Government. "His faculties are not of the constructive order." Why not make him Governor-General of India with a peerage? Nothing new is said in the two articles on "The Woman's Movement"; regrets, despite all that has been done, that the fundamental aspects of the question have received no attention. Mme. Linda Villari chatters pleasantly of Eugene Hamilton as "A Master of the Mask." The question of whether it is probably right in concluding that our senses are deteriorating. But it is only what the biologists call a fluctuating condition, and they're restored when we obtain some measure of common sense.

The April numbers of the "Colonial Office Journal" maintains its high level of interest. The article on Australia and the New Protection must be read by all Socialists. The full text of the memorial is given by which Mr. Deakin seeks to make the "New Protection" a weapon for the defence of the workman, and not merely an instrument for "the undue inflation of prices." The New Protection, in the words of the memorandum, "having put the manufacturer in a position to pay good wages, goes on to assure the public that he does pay them." We hope the Commonwealth Parliament will accept Mr. Deakin's proposals, the working of which will be sympathetically watched by us on this side. Socialists will eventually have to favour this kind of protection and the condition of International Socialism. The "Future of the West Indies" deals with some of our most neglected and yet most picturesque colonies.

The "Contemporary Review" has no special article of topical interest. Mr. Spencer Ward, in "The Family and its Future," says, "if the Nonconformist party whether the shortage of food supplies the world over may not indicate that the hand of Providence is turned against the Liberals. Colonel D. C. Pedder favours the Licensing Bill apparently because the clergy is so bitterly opposed to a Bill which is an ally upon whose support the Church can count, and for whose good will she pays by her toleration of what is, par excellence, the Cure of Rural England. Mr. Stephen Faget replies to Mr. Parkinson's articles on "Experiments on Animals." The subject has received some attention lately in our columns, and we may leave our readers to grapple with Mr. Faget's fallacies. Mr. J. N. Farquhar is very hopeful as to the future spread of "Christianity in India." His article concludes: "The history of the past century, the condition of India to-day fill the soul with the certainty that the Kingdom of Christ is coming. A page or two earlier he pens a savage attack on the Roman Catholic missionaries. They cannot condemn idolatry; it is the most important thing that debase our imagination."
tively chirpy amid the monthly episodes of the "National Review." If there be any real and reliable improvement in Anglo-German relations, it dates from the German Emperor's discovery that the Anglo-French alliance was secure. The Anglo-German traffic, which signified nothing. Remember, Mr. Maxe, it may decrease our Navy by a battleship. Mr. Lloyd George's new position is hailed with satisfaction; "British manufacturers and farmers are encouraged to feel that they have a better friend at the Exchequer than at any time since the tragic apostacy of Sir Robert Peel, sixty years ago. Will the next Tariff Reform Government dig up Sir John Parnell, and perhaps galvanize them? We look forward with some interest. As a counterblast to the Editor's gaiety, St. Barbara discovers that the late Government had a merchant of the peace patrol of the Empire, were swept from all seas. Commerce was left to take care of itself. St. Rambler, acting from the Fabian Book without any acknowledgment: "The mercantile marine must be the Imperial transport service, rightly manned, properly officered, and duly paid. These two services must be intertwined and interdependent."

Rambler's "Little Tour in South Africa" is the veriest twaddle we have ever met in a serious magazine. The style would disgrace the snapper weeklies, and the matter is even more commonplace. There is no difficulty nowadays in finding men who can write who have been on the Veldt. Foreigners, who would be the best judges of what is the best, have been delighted sentence: "Without stretching a point too far, the ideas of St. Just do not greatly differ in sentiment although his style is better, from the ideals of the "Clarion." "Violet Cecil" is too patrician to be concerned with mere grammar.

**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.

**LICENSING BILL.**

May I encroach on your correspondence columns for the purpose of expressing the opinion that the new Bill is the real criticism on Mr. Wells' independent action and manifesto on North-West Manchester?

At the time he wrote the manifesto, Mr. Wells was, as he still is, a member of the Fabian Executive. May I put this analogy? Assuming the Master of Elibank were contesting a seat in the Liberal interest, and that Mr. Haldane wrote a letter in which he deplored the hope that it would be sound. Further, suppose that Mr. Haldane's action was not repudiated by the remainder of the Liberal Cabinet, would not the Cabinet be out of order? Mr. Haldane disapproves of the Master of Elibank's candidature, but that his view was, though unexpressed, of the entire Liberal Party.

Therefore, if this reasoning be sound, and I invite anyone to demonstrate the fallacy if there be one concealed in the proposition, are not all Socialists, and the country generally, entitled to infer, indeed, almost compelled to infer, in the absence of any pronouncement from the Executive, that the Executive of the Fabian Society, as a whole, one and indivisible with Mr. Wells, has a manifesto inviting Socialists to vote against a Socialist candidate?

Mr. Wells cannot plead that he acted in his private capacity, any more than Mr. Haldane could. It is one of the penalties of accepting office that the private views of officeholders cannot exist, as far as public consumption and public knowledge are concerned.

I apologise for intruding this somewhat unpleasant topic into your correspondence columns; but the issue of the North-West Manchester election, the conduct of the candidates, Mr. Wells, and the circumstances under which Mr. Irving's candidature was launched, are all matters which must be threshed out.*

* A PROHIBITIONIST SOCIALIST ON THE LICENSING BILL.

To THE EDITOR OF THE NEW AGE.

The subject of this latest attempt to solve our Country's Drink Problem has been ventilated in a broad-minded way, in the columns of The New Age, from varied points of view; but I venture to state the objections from the standpoint of the advanced thinker, whose master method is prohibition. With your permission, I shall endeavour to make good the deficiency.
for the State a larger share of the monopoly value of the degradation of its citizens. In plain language, it is a high licence proposal, which is no solution whatever of the drink problem.

I know that these views are different in several respects from those held by many Socialists, but I rely on THE NEW AGE as a pioneer of a freer press to give all sides a fair chance, since "Magna est veritas et praevalebit." W. BELL.

* * *

THE L.P.P. AND SOCIALIZED CANDIDATES.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

Perhaps you will kindly publish the subjoined correspondence. I venture to think that Mr. Keir Hardie's recognition of the right of local L.P.P. branches to run definite Socialist candidates, marks a new milestone on the way to a Socialist Party.

I, of course, understand from Mr. Keir Hardie's note that he means that the L.P.P. run a definite Socialist candidate, who would be expected to work in co-operation with the Labour Party on the Colne Valley lines. I do not suppose that the candidature would be endorsed by the N.A.C. unless there was a reasonable chance of a good poll or a winning poll being secured.

S. G. HOBSON.

[Copy]

April 23rd, 1908.

J. Keir Hardie, Esq., M.P.,
14, Neville's Court, E.C.

Dear Sir,

In the debate on the Colne Valley affair at Huddersfield, you made a remark which I want to be sure I have interpreted correctly. You said that had the Colne Valley men, C. of their desire to let a Socialist candidate on the lines subsequently adopted, the N.A.C. would have endorsed such a candidate. Would you do me the favour to let me know if I have correctly interpreted your remark, and secondly, if it may be deemed to be authoritative?

Yours ever,

(Signed) S. G. HOBSON.

[Copy]

April 30th, 1908.

Dear S. G. H.,—

J. K. H. asks me to reply to yours of 23rd, and to say that the N.A.C. has power under the constitution, to endorse a definite Socialist candidate.

Sincerely yours,

(Signed) FRANK SMITH.

* *

UNI-SEXUAL CRIMINAL LAW.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

Dr. Oldfield's present wish for exempting women from the extreme penalty of the law while retaining it for men is hardly calculated to attract to his society those in whom the modern Feminist propaganda has left a rudimentary sense of justice. He has simply let the cat out of the bag. It now appears that the so-called "Society for the Abolition of Capital Punishment" is not more of a blind; it only offers to the Feminist, the "fake" for securing the immunity for women from crimes for which the law exacts the extreme penalty for men. "What argument can any reasoner present upon the basis of it?" Dr. Oldfield, of the Humanitarian League, has more than once pointed out, these uni-sexual penal laws are the greatest foes of progress in humanity. The abominable enactment of 1850, which abolished flogging for women while retaining it for men, has left our prison system saddled with the "lash (for women only)" (of course) thereby making the law between the penal sauce for goose and gander. But many men also do not possess the franchise. So his argument, stripped of the sentiment, resolves itself into the following proposition: "No non-elector ought to be hanged"—

RACE-CULTURE AND SOCIALISM.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

Please permit me to point out to Dr. Saleby that until we get Socialism it is impossible to ascertain which evils are due to heredity and which are due to environment.

Socialism will be a state in which the whole community will for the first time in history have the opportunity of developing themselves to the utmost. Until this condition of things obtains, it is idle to talk of scientific breeding. The economic problems are obstructing the solution of all other problems, whether religious, scientific or what not.

H. B. SEYMOUR.

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