THE TIDE. By FILSON YOUNG.

THE NEW AGE

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF POLITICS, LITERATURE, AND ART

Edited by A. R. Orage.

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CONTENTS.

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

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

THE Prime Minister surprised no one by his announcement last week that there is to be an autumn session of Parliament this year. The state of Government business clearly demanded that members should deny themselves the prolonged holiday which they are accustomed to take in the shooting season. Doubtless there will be grumbling heard in the smoking-rooms of the Carlton Club and of the Reform; and some perhaps even within the democratic precincts of the National Liberal itself. But if there be a fault, it lies not with a Government that is absurdly energetic, but with a nation of work-people who are gradually awaking to the fact that Parliament can be made to do a great deal more for them than it has chosen to do in the past.

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Really, it is time that our hereditary legislators—for, after all, the House of Commons is almost as much a hereditary body as the House of Lords—realised that there is always going to be an autumn session in future. Ministers have too often excused themselves for postponing much-needed legislation by pleading the urgency of other calls upon their attention, and they will never persuade anyone again that there is no reason why they should not take a six months' holiday. There has always been plenty of work to be done, but there have not always been plenty of people to remind the Government that it wanted doing. Now we have a Labour Party sufficiently strong to see that the nation's business is attended to and sufficiently oblivious of the duties of the landowner not to care how derisively the nation's pheasants may run riot in consequence. The old régime is gone for ever. Nowadays, Members of Parliament, like everyone else, must, in the words of the modern Smiles, "get on or get out"; and if compensation for the change be demanded the nation will gladly pay—at overtime rates.

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The detailed provisions of the Government's Old Age Pension scheme have not yet, at the time of writing, been published, but in the meanwhile discussion rages. In spite of the fact which we referred to last week, that all "contributory" schemes have been put out of court definitely and for good by Mr. Asquith's proposals, their advocates continue to bombard the newspapers with appeals for compulsory thrift. Of these appeals, perhaps the most diverting is that of Sir Edward Brabrook, a gentleman whose weighty utterances we have quoted on more than one occasion recently. We could cheerfully quote the whole of his latest letter to the "Times" had we space, but we are forced to confine ourselves to the culminating sentence of his argument. "How," he asks, "can a man better prove that he needs and deserves a pension than by paying money to get it." Since we can never hope to convince Sir Edward of the prevailing scarcity of ready money amongst the working classes in this country, we can think of no more suitable reply to his question than: "By voting for it."

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Another malcontent "Anti-Socialist," Mr. Harold Cox, writes to the "Morning Post" in similar strain. "No manner of reason," he urges, "can be given why a man should receive a subsidy from the State merely because he has lived to a particular age." We admit there is some philosophic force in this argument. It is a powerful plea for endowment from birth, for there are many born as incapable of supporting themselves as any old man over seventy. The present scheme is but a makeshift after all, and we fear we can offer Mr. Cox no mathematical justification for it more satisfactory than the counting of heads which made him a Member of Parliament. By the way, is it or is it not this same Mr. Cox who is always complaining of the "theorising" of Socialists?

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The two latest bye-election results taken together are singularly inconclusive. In Montrose the Tory was at the bottom of the poll with a considerably decreased vote. In Shropshire the Tory won with an increased majority. What lesson is a poor harassed Government to draw? Even the Opposition seem nonplussed, and speak with no certain voice on the subject. Their leading journal, commenting on the Montrose election, confesses itself unable to trace any definite movement of opinion, but feels sure that the result has no bearing on Tariff Reform, Socialism, or the Scottish Land Bills. We presume that in the opinion of the "Times," it was what one might call a non-political contest, a sort of vote of thanks to the Government by the Scottish electors for not having applied the Licensing Bill to their

country. To us the most significant thing about Montrose is the size of the Socialist vote in view of the small and grudging support that Mr. Burgess obtained from some of the official leaders of the Labour Party. To poll nearly 2,000 votes and to beat the Unionist candidate was no mean performance for a first attempt.

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The debate in the House of Lords last week on the Land Values (Scotland) Bill revealed a determination on the part of that assembly to wreck the measure. The avowed object of the Bill is to set up a new method of assessment, whether for local rating or Imperial taxation. Hitherto landlords have paid on the actual annual value of their land together with the buildings upon it, and there has been no way of touching that increased capital value which is always being created in urban neighbourhoods by the natural growth of towns, the extension of tramways, and the general enterprise of the industrial population. This Liberal measure is to afford the means of taxing such "unearned increment," and no one expected that the Lords would welcome it. In point of fact, they have destroyed it by the insertion of two amendments, one making the adoption of the new system optional in each locality, and the other directing that the separate assessment of land shall be on the annual instead of on the capital value. After such mutilations, the Bill is not worth proceeding with, and will doubtless be dropped, unless the Lords realise the foolishness of forcing an issue between the Commons and themselves on the land question and repent in time.

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This is a case in which Liberals and Socialists are definitely on the same side. The fact that the Bill provides a means of taxing unearned increment may be more or less accidental as far as Liberals are concerned. Their main object is to force land into the market, and prevent speculation in "ripening" sites. But, nevertheless, accidental or not, the fact remains a fact, and its importance must not be judged by Liberal intentions. The justice of the reform which we wish to see brought about has never been seriously questioned since the days of Henry George. Yet it would seem that its way is to be blocked by this association of landlords whom we still allow to revise our legislation. In this case there is no question of the Lords expressing "the real feeling of the country"; they have not attempted to conceal the fact that their motives are those of closely interested persons. Here, then, is a chance for the Liberals to show whether their campaign against the Upper House is genuine or not. If they challenge the ancient prerogative of the Lords over this question of land valuation they will get the heartiest support of Socialists and Labour men. But if they accept the reverse, and quietly drop the Bill into that "cup" of theirs, then we shall know that the campaign is nothing more than a party dodge.

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The Access to Mountains Bill, which was given a second reading in the House of Commons on Friday, is another measure which affects the rights of property, and will doubtless have a hard time in the Lords if ever it get there. It is intended to secure to the public the right of free access to uncultivated mountain and moorland. In certain districts of England it may be of considerable value, but we fear that it will not be much use in Scotland until another Bill is passed giving leaseholding crofters and cottagers fixity of tenure. Such landlords as, for example, the Duke of Fife can afford to snap their fingers at abstract legal rights of access. A few tourists may defy their vengeance, but the people who spend their lives in the Highlands and who are dependent upon the great landlords either for their houses and farms or for their employment will still not dare to risk their livelihood by asserting their statutory right to enter deer forests or grouse preserves. The petty tyrannies and the far-reaching power of Scottish landlords have to be felt to be believed.

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Our Territorial Army is no longer a name to conjure with. Mr. Haldane's cherished offspring, in spite of its auspicious birth and the encouragement given it from all sides, is not growing as it should. The hopes that have centred round what appeared to many people as our last barrier against conscription seem doomed to be disappointed. Volunteers are showing no eagerness to become "Territorials," and unless there is a very great change in the situation during the next few weeks, Mr. Haldane's scheme will have to be admitted a failure, and consigned to the oblivion which shelters all the other Army schemes of the last decade. The great reliance which Mr. Haldane placed on the public spirit and influence of county gentlemen has seemed to us from the first to be a serious blemish. His plans were well laid, his proposals simple, and the prospects he held out positively fascinating, but there was something about his methods, an undemocratic something that foreshadowed failure in this democratic age. Nevertheless we are sorry that it has come.

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Shortly we may expect to be faced with a situation which we would fain have avoided. By the failure of the Territorial Army we shall be compelled to choose a new policy. We shall be left with an armed force manifestly insufficient for the needs of National Defence, and we shall have to find some means of increasing that force. There are three courses open to us. First, we may retain the voluntary professional system by giving better pay and so attracting more men into the service. Second, we may adopt conscription. Or third, we may adopt the plan which is known as the Citizen Army, whereby every able-bodied male in the community is required to undergo a systematic training in the use of arms without being removed from civil employment. Of these the first plan would give us the wrong sort of army at an appalling cost, and although it might please a large proportion of the existing military authorities, no party politician is likely to care to stand sponsor for it. The second would be cheap enough, but public opinion is fortunately so strongly against it that it is not worth discussing. Hence if we are to find a solution at all it seems to lie in some sort of citizen army, probably on lines similar to Mr. Haldane's Territorial scheme, but compulsory instead of voluntary.

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The Blue-book relating to Natal issued last week is a most extraordinary document. It contains the correspondence that has passed between the Colonial Office and the Natal Government during the present year. Mr. Jellicoe's charges against the Natal authorities in regard to the way they have treated Dinuzulu are dismissed by those authorities as "too contemptible for notice." In view of the discreditable nature of other parts of the correspondence, this repudiation convinces us of nothing except that the Natal Government wish to avoid discussion on the subject. In any case, Mr. Jellicoe's charges pale into insignificance beside the revelations of Natal justice which are made by his opponents themselves.

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On January 30 Lord Elgin enquired by telegraph

whether there was any truth in the allegations which had been published in certain quarters that natives had been flogged for refusing to divulge information. The belated reply, which he received on April 10, was signed by Colonel Sir Duncan Mackenzie, and deserves the widest publicity, more particularly amongst those who refuse to believe that the Englishman-on-the-spot can ever do wrong. Particulars of twelve floggings are given. One is for selling powder, another for vagrancy, etc., and four more for contravening gaol regulations. The remainder we will give in full detail :—

Insolence in public, 15 lashes.
Giving false information (boy, birched).
Giving false information, 10 lashes.
Giving false information, 12 lashes.
Wilfully prevaricating under examination, 15 lashes.
Wilfully witholding information and gross contempt of Court and insolence while under examination, 15 lashes.

The persons who are responsible for this series of outrages, in their anxiety to secure convictions, have miscalculated public opinion in this country. We are prejudiced over here against the torturing of witnesses. We are inclined to regard it as a method of barbarism ; and we shall not be content to let these incidents be buried until Colonel Mackenzie—who, as the supreme military authority, must be held responsible—has been removed from his post. The case against Dinuzulu seems weak enough as it is, how much weaker would it have been, we wonder, but for these enterprising methods of obtaining the evidence that was wanted.

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The question of flogging in England was raised again in the House last week. In reply to Mr. MacNeill, the Home Secretary stated that he had seen no reason for interfering with the fourteen sentences passed recently at the Cardiff Assizes. When he sat down Mr. Maclean, one of the Liberal Members for Bath, rose and asked gleefully " whether it was not the case that since the assizes inflicted the sentences in question not a single case of robbery had occurred." " That is the fact," replied Mr. Gladstone amid cheers. The argument implicit in Mr. Maclean's question would justify boiling in oil or any other method that achieved its preventive aim ; and if he is prepared to state explicitly that that is the sole basis of his judgments in these matters we might respect his opinion. But until he and his kind do that, they must expect to be classed in intelligence alongside of the silliest of our humanitarian cranks.

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The advent of Chinese sailors to these shores as competitors in the marine labour market, is giving our English workers a chance of observing at first hand the causes which have given rise to the " White Australia " policy and similar policies in other lands. Mr. Churchill has promised to do his best to prevent this Yellow immigration, and to preserve British ships for British seamen. But what is the difference, we should like to know, between excluding cheap foreign labour and excluding the products made by that labour? We ask this question not in order to point the usual Protectionist moral, but rather to show the absurdity of attempting to lay down definite and infallible rules of economic conduct. It is more than possible that the abolition of sweating will involve, temporarily at least, the necessity for some sort of protection of the industries affected. No labour party can afford to stand for dogmatic Free Trade. As we pointed out last week, however, a tariff introduced by the Labour Party to protect the interests of certain workers would be a very different sort of thing from a tariff introduced by the Tories in order to broaden the basis of taxation and bolster up the interests of the capitalist. Incidentally we would suggest to the Liberal Government that the sooner they shift the burden of taxation from the poor on to the rich, and so make it clear what " broadening the basis " would mean, the better it will be for Free Trade.

Really we are somewhat sick of the gentlemen who keep writing to the papers urging that the Franco-British Exhibition and other places of amusement should be entirely closed on Sundays. They have every right to air their religious views on the subject. Of that we do not complain. But we object to their attempting to advance their Puritan propaganda under the pretence that they are only considering the interests of the "multitude of toilers who are surely entitled to one day's rest in seven." If this is their real motive, why do they not advocate a system of shifts and a 48-hours week, so that the multitude of toilers who happen to be free on Sunday shall not be deprived of their only opportunity for sight-seeing and recreation? In point of fact we all know that if this arrangement were made the Sunday Observance Society and its supporters would continue their Sabbatarian campaign with added indignation at being deprived of their most effective appeal. Where is the scourge wherewith to cleanse the Temple?

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The Registrar-General's Report for 1907 shows that the birth-rate in the British Isles continues to fall rapidly. As to the causes of this fall we notice that the Report adopts most of the conclusions which were published in the Fabian Tract on the subject last year. It is true that the decline appears to be less marked in England than elsewhere. Indeed, of all the capitals in Europe London has the highest birth-rate if we except St. Petersburg—and probably Constantinople. Nevertheless the matter is a serious one, and will inevitably demand and obtain more and more attention as time and the decline go on. Now that we know that the chief cause is the voluntary limitation of families due to economic pressure the remedy lies to our hand as soon as we choose to seize it. We have only to alter the economic incidence of child-bearing so far as may be necessary to encourage the more prudent and thrifty members of the community to rear children. A scheme of bounties and the thing is done. But alas, perhaps this would transgress the canons of Free Trade. We had not thought of that.

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The great free democracy of the West is about to make a law bringing anarchist publications within the definition of "immoral literature" that may not be transmitted through the post. The extension of this prohibition to Socialist literature is, we imagine, only a question of time and political expediency. When, in addition to this, one remembers the recent decisions in the High Court annulling certain labour legislation as infringing "freedom of contract" and as therefore being contrary to the written constitution, one cannot but be thankful for the small mercies we enjoy in this country, in consequence of the slip-shod methods of our forefathers. In spite of the prophetic picture recently painted by our contributor, Mr. Holbrook Jackson, there is every reason to suppose that here the Revolution will be brought about gradually and without any resort to physical force. But for the United States there seems to be no such hope. A written constitution can scarcely be wiped out except with blood.

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We call the special attention of our medical readers to a circular letter which we publish in our correspondence columns this week, and which is being addressed to all doctors who are known by the promoters of the proposed fellowship to be interested in Socialism. It is by such trade and professional fellowships as this that the Socialist synthesis must be built up, and we hope that Dr. Eder's appeal will meet with the widest support.

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[NEXT WEEK.—"Medicine and the State," by Havelock Ellis; Mr. Belfort Bax will open a discussion with an article on "Feminism and Female Suffrage," which will be answered by Miss Millicent Murby in the following week's issue.]

Trade Unionism on Trial.

THERE is much talk nowadays of the great fight between Labour and Capital. It is the subject of many articles and debates; and intelligent people are beginning to realise, in a vague, incoherent manner, that this struggle is gradually becoming the single important issue in politics. At intervals, more or less frequent, the abstract principles involved in this great war are suddenly translated into the crude realities and everyday terms of material facts. The shipbuilding dispute now in progress is a case in point; and must be carefully followed by all who desire to understand the full meaning of an "industrial war." A consideration of the facts at issue in this particular case will, I think, go far to decide whether there is any hope of the Trade Unions bringing about a permanent settlement if they confine themselves to the line of action they are at present following.

The two parties in this conflict between Capital and Labour are the Masters' Federation on one side and the numerous Trade Unions involved on the other. As long ago as November last the North-East Coast Engineering Trades Employers' Association gave notice of a general reduction in wages, varying from two shillings to one shilling per week, according to the sums earned. They pleaded that the depression in the shipbuilding trade was so severe that they could no longer pay the old rates. The depression is an admitted fact; and someone had undoubtedly to bear the brunt of it. The masters proposed to place it on the wage-earners. Now, to take away two shillings from a man earning thirty, or to take one shilling from a weekly wage of twenty-five shillings or less, is to take from that man the bare chance of a decently civilised life. Life on thirty shillings a week is a preposterous problem which the wage-earners would very quickly refuse to solve if they had more sound sense; life on twenty-eight shillings is an insult to civilisation. The battle is therefore on a vital issue. If the Trade Unions cannot show a reasonable hope of gaining a victory, they will have to confess that Trade Unionism has failed to maintain the lowest standard of living which a civilised man can possibly accept. If they fail to maintain even that minimum, then they have failed to maintain their claim that they can successfully fight the battle of Labour against Capital. In short, Trade Unionism is on its trial.

The essential weakness of the Unions' position was obvious from the beginning. The Masters' Association is a single body acting with the quickness and strength of one mind. They were confronted by 27 separate Unions having varied interests and various methods and opinions. Two of them were bound by a previous arrangement to refer the dispute to Conciliation Boards, which promptly gave a verdict allowing half the masters' demands. Three other Unions, including the all-important Amalgamated Society of Engineers, were under "terms of settlement" which bound them to refer the matter to a conference. Before this conference met all the remaining Unions had capitulated to the enemy by submitting to, roughly speaking, half the demanded reduction. But the Engineers, when offered the same terms at the conference, refused them. The Board of Trade intervened, and the masters promised to allow the proposed reduction to be judged by a referee jointly chosen by the President of the Board of Trade, Mr. G. N. Barnes, M.P., representing the workers, and Sir Andrew Noble for the masters. Their leaders, including Mr. Barnes, counselled surrender; they pointed out that it was practically hopeless for the Unions to maintain wages by striking in a falling market, for the masters would be only too pleased to do without men for whom they could not find work at the moment. When the case was referred to a ballot of all the members, they flatly refused to follow their leaders' advice. They ceased work, and risked all on the throw of a strike.

Thus the Engineers stood almost isolated; the rest of the Unions had collapsed, seeing that their case was hopeless—in other words, admitting that Trade Unionism could not preserve their elementary rights from the attack of their masters. Now, the masters play their trump card. So far the strike has been a local affair confined to a few Unions. On May 2nd the Shipbuilders Employers' Federation locked out all the men employed in their yards from Barrow to Aberdeen and from Hull to Dundee, and declared they would keep them out until the men on the Tyne gave way. The men on the Clyde, who had already submitted to their masters' demands, were turned into the street as a means of putting pressure on their bolder fellows. At one stroke the masters turned a local struggle against Capital into a national attack on Labour. It is a war which can have but one ending—the annihilation of the Unions if they refuse to give way. As an example of the terrific strain on their resources, it is enough to state that the strike is costing the Boilermakers alone over £20,000 a month. In other words, the savings of the men who earn thirty shillings a week are pitted against the accumulated capital of men who deal in tens of thousands of pounds. "It is magnificent, but it is not war"; and from the arithmetical point of view the result is simply absurd.

The basis of Trade Unionism is that it attempts to wage the war for Labour out of the funds which it can save from the miserably insufficient wages of the members of the Unions. They heroically struggle to pay their unemployed relief, their strike-pay, old-age pensions, sick-aid and funeral subsidies out of their almost empty purses. A strike of a few weeks' duration is sufficient to reduce a powerful Union to financial exhaustion, while the employers are stronger than before. There have been cases of strikes which were a temporary success. The figures for last March show that of 17 disputes, one only was settled in favour of the men. But there is no need to refer to history. In the shipbulding lock-out no impartial judge can deny that the men have a perfectly just case; on the grounds of civilisation they deserve to win every iota of their demands. And such a wise and supremely reliable leader as Mr. G. N. Barnes candidly tells them that they must give way.

It is but one more vivid proof of the truth, which is becoming every day more obvious, that Trade Unionism is powerless against the massive strength of Capitalism. The workers will never wring a reasonably fair bargain out of their masters so long as they meet them in the economic field of open competition. The men of money always win that game. The workers must entrench themselves behind legal fortifications. They must insist on a compulsory School Feeding Act which will protect their children from starvation; a Minimum Wages Act which will protect them from sweated labour; an Unemployed Act which will give them a legal right to work or maintenance; an Arbitration Act which will forbid the employers to lock them out at their will; a real Old Age Pensions Act which will relieve the Union funds from an unbearable strain. In other words, the Unions must give up the hopeless attempt to bargain with their masters; they must force them by Act of Parliament. The field of battle has shifted from the Union council chamber to the House of Commons. If the workers of Dundee had sent Mr. Stuart to Parliament they would have been so much nearer the new laws which can alone save them from the clutches of Capitalism. They preferred, instead, to send Mr. Churchill to represent their masters. The practical point of interest is to discover why every Trade Union Member of Parliament did not go down to Dundee and Montrose to support the Labour candidate. Is it possible that all of them have not yet decided which is the right side? On the face of it, it would appear to be a betrayal of the workers whom they were elected to represent. If they are still Liberals, let them go back to that Party.

G. R. S. TAYLOR.

The Frankly-British Exhibition.

HOLLINGSHED, writing at the close of the sixteenth century, contrasts the drinking habits of the English and the French: "The English are universally addicted to drunkenness, continuing over their cups day and night; they despise French wines, and only strong drinks are in request." "The French are unacquainted with the fine art of getting drunk." After the Revolution it was said, "the more steady and regular system of English drinking has now been introduced, but after all, I really do not think that a Frenchman can drink as much at a sitting as an Englishman." Recently there must have been a set-back among the foreigners resident in France; we were staying, a few years ago, at a pleasant town, whose name we never learnt, not far distant from the Swiss frontier, and were curious observers of the way these fellows took their liquor. It was no wise uncommon for half-a-dozen burly carters and peasants to enter our inn of an evening, where they would sit for some hours at dominoes, the losers paying. The drink was often nothing but a cup of coffee, to which sometimes there might be added a nip of brandy. To watch these men clinking their coffee-cups, quite unconscious of the absurd spectacle they presented, was a source of unfailing amusement to some of us Anglo-Saxon inhabitants.

The show grounds at Shepherd's Bush will give us an opportunity of cataloguing many of the natural deficiencies of foreigners, and this is perhaps the best use we can make of the exhibition. Some people never seem to learn our customs, although in these Free Trade days they should offer no insuperable difficulties. Others acquire them with some readiness. We are acquainted with one gentleman (he is a naturalised stockbroker) who, having the misfortune to be born in Germany, came to this country when he was some twelve years of age. On his landing he was offered ginger-beer, and ever since (it is now some forty years ago) he drinks nothing else, considering it the national drink of which the poet sings:

> For never yet from Sabine mount,
> Did such a pleasant streamlet come
> As that which issues from the fount
> Of Bass, within its Burton home.

Our friend is, of course, a Big Englander and Ardent Imperialist; he is never tired of insisting that it is British beef and ginger-beer that has made our country what it is. Wherein we are much disposed to agree with him.

The virtues of our national victuals seem to exercise a spiritual influence upon Anglo-Saxons; they affect even those to whom Providence has denied a possibility of realising their ethereal splendours; an example of action at a distance, to which the attention of physicists might be directed. During the Boer War we found ourselves stranded amid some barbarian Spanish people in the Continent protected by the Monroe Doctrine. Our sole English-speaking companion, one John from Jamaica, who, so far as complexion and features betokened, was of unbroken West African lineage. Subjected to the chaff of the Spanish natives we had little to say in our defence, but John took up the cudgels more manfully: "We Anglo-Saxons, fed on good old British beef and British beer, have never yet been worsted; no sir; we Anglo-Saxons rule the world; we'll muddle through right enough."

Perchance the Exhibition will allow us to observe the French foreigner partaking of some of his extraordinary dishes, escargot, rana esculenta, the steaming bouillabaisc, with its "green herbs, red-peppers, mussels, saffron, soles, onions, garlic, roach, and dace." Against these horrors we can offer him the dainty periwinkle, our delicate chitterlings, and, in due time, some decaying grouse. About the time when all Englishmen are faithfully reminded "grouse shooting begins," it is opined that this year the exhibition will begin. On May 14 we merely puddled through in order that we might obtain a glorious vista of innumerable unopened packing cases. Having acquired an international reputation for punctuality, through a French novelist's misreading of an English proverb, it were indeed a supreme folly not to trade upon such an asset. With our usual British practical sense we carefully avoided having either the gardens or the stalls available for some weeks to come; indeed, although the doors were, on the cards of invitation, stated to be open at noon, it was long after that hour before the hoardings were removed, and nearly one o'clock before the waiting and drenched crowds could be admitted.

Thus the Socialists who vainly imagine that the State can organise any industry or enterprise were again confuted. For this exhibition is a triumph of efficiency in the twentieth century, a vindication of private enterprise, a tribute to the business abilities of the middle and upper classes. Could any Government Department, hide-bound in red tape, have arranged to display to greater advantage the Anglo-Saxon virtue of "muddling through"?

Although some men profit from experience because, in a short life-time, there is small danger of any exact repetition, it would seem that nations are scarcely ever to learn from their past. If there were one lesson that the last fifty years might have taught us it is that commerce is the arch-enemy to goodwill among men. The peaceful arts of industry have caused more slaughter, created greater miseries, than ever were dreamt of by the most despotic of tyrants. Think of the wars we have incessantly waged since 1851, the year of the Exhibition; the competition for new markets has carried death and destruction to every quarter of the globe. And at home? Look around you. Readier intercourse with other peoples, so far from promoting the brotherhood of nations, but enables us to discover rivals in business. We travel abroad not to enlarge our minds, but to fill our pockets—not to find out where the people are pleasantest, but to discover where labour is cheapest. We do not object to a brutal statement of the plain truth, that we are not in business for our health; we shall ever object to this being honeyed with the canting picture that it is not "your money we want," but your goodwill.

Frankly, we regard these International Exhibitions as a menace to any good understanding between the peoples. So long as we are merely business rivals, so long as the present idols of the market-place are the gods we are called upon to worship, the less we international rivals see of one another the better. These exhibitions but make us jealous of our rival's successes; we court their foreign trade, the cheapness of their goods, their displays of useless rubbish. We can look forward to the time when the nations will have permanent displays of the wares they are producing, when each nation will take a pride and a pleasure in the individuality of its designs, when the talent of the craftsman will be a joy to himself and to others. We shall not produce ugly things merely because they are cheap, or extravagant things merely to tickle the vain taste of an artless class. That day is coming, but it is not promoted by these foolish exhibitions.

CHURCH SOCIALIST LEAGUE.

June 1st, 8 p.m., St. Alban's, Brooke Street, Holborn, Evensong; Preacher, VEN. ARCHDEACON OF LEWISHAM. All invited.

June 2nd, Conference, Church House, Westminster (by Abbey), 10.45 a.m. to 1.30 p.m.; 2.30 p.m. to 5 p.m. Non-Members, Sixpence.

GREAT DEMONSTRATION, 8 p.m., Church House, **Philip Snowden, M.P., T. Summerbell, M.P., George Lansbury, Revs. Father Adderley, W. E. Moll (N.A.C.), Lewis Donaldson, Algernon West, Conrad Noel.** Some free seats. Tickets, **2s. 6d., 1s., 6d.,** of Henderson, bookseller, 66, Charing Cross Road; Fabian Society, I.L.P., S.D.P. branches, and Mrs. Conrad Noel, 40, Beaufort Mansions, Chelsea.

A New German Party.

GERMAN Liberalism has not been kept waiting until the next General Election for burial. Herr Barth and his friends have hastened the obsequies and performed the funeral ceremony with efficiency and dignity.

At Frankfurt during the last week of April the tiny Freisinnige Vereinigung held its annual conference. At this gathering Herr Barth made a final effort to put life into the corpse of middle-class democracy. He showed the results of the unnatural alliance of the Liberals with the Junkers, and lashed the leaders of his party with bitter irony. With their assistance Prince Bülow has got through the Reichstag a law which has seriously weakened the right of political organisation throughout the Empire; he has secured increases of indirect taxation which press most heavily upon the poor; and obtained the assent of the Reichstag to a continuance on a larger scale of the insanely extravagant naval policy of the Kaiser which has brought the finances of the nation into a hopeless condition, and made the post of Finance Minister one to be avoided by all capable men with a reputation to lose. In return for this sale of their principles, and their slavish subservience to the Conservative elements, the Liberals have secured absolutely nothing. No definite promise has been given that the Prussian Franchise will be modified in a popular direction even in the smallest degree. There is no indication that the Government intends to lower the excessively high taxes upon imported foodstuffs, which render the lives of the industrial masses a continual struggle with hunger. On the contrary, it is possible that they may be raised still higher as a desperate measure to meet the enormous deficiency which exists in the Imperial Exchequer. Herr Barth appealed to the members of his party to have some sense of political decency, and withdraw from the reactionary Bloc before they were completely dishonoured. He pointed out that the future of Germany depended upon the capacity of the nation to adapt its political machinery to modern needs, and that the only possible way of doing this was for the middle-classes who still retained Liberal ideas to work with the Social Democrats for the democratisation of the German system of government. But the appeal was in vain. The Conference decided to stand by the Liberal-Conservative alliance, and to turn its back forever upon its old traditions. Furthermore, the party at the approaching elections for the Prussian Landtag will act as jackal for its allies by supporting the Conservative candidates in opposition to those put forward by the Social Democrats. The epitaph of Liberalism having thus been written, Herr Barth and his friends departed to form a new party.

During the first week in May the new organisation was formed in Berlin, under the name of the Burgerlich-Demokratische Partie. Parties and groups are not difficult to form in Germany, but fortunately or unfortunately they die with equal ease. Whether Herr Barth's new venture will follow the course of other efforts of the same kind remains to be seen. In one important respect the new Party differs from all other middle-class political bodies which have come into existence of late years—it is not formed for the purpose of taking the wind out of the sails of the Social Democrats. This was the main purpose, for instance, of the extinct National-Social Party, founded by Dr. Naumann, now one of the reactionary leaders of the Freisinnige Vereinigung. Herr Barth has courageously declared for a totally different policy. He hopes to establish friendly relations with the Socialists, in order that the "chasm between the middle-classes and the Social Democrats may be bridged over." As a first step in this direction he has advised his followers to vote for the Social Democrats and against the Liberals in the approaching Prussian Landtag elections.

The German Social Democrats will no doubt be extremely sceptical of the success of this attempt to make an earnest democratic politician out of the average Prussian Bürger—the despair of the leaders of every advanced movement since 1848. He is timid, self-centred, without political self-respect, and profoundly reverential in his attitude to the governing class and the bureaucracy. He is sufficiently human to grumble, but is as backboneless as to appear utterly incapable of transforming passive discontent into action. It has been said that the Social Democrats have looked upon the death of Liberal ideas among this class as a matter for congratulation. The contrary is the case. So far from rejoicing at the political bankruptcy of the middle and lower middle-classes, both Bebel on the one hand and Bernstein on the other have deplored the fact, because it has made it necessary for their party to take up the task of fighting for those elementary political rights gained in other countries by the middle-class parties, in addition to that of organising for the establishment of Socialist principles which must have a democratic atmosphere for full development.

It may be said that if Herr Barth's new group fails to survive its birth pangs it will not be on account of the unfavourable character of the situation upon which it enters. The Government has failed to justify the hopes of those who rallied to its support sixteen months ago. The new Colonial Minister has reported in pessimistic tones of the future of Germany's African possessions; industry is suffering from the heavy import duties of the existing tariff; the cost of living is rising for the middle-classes as it is for the workers; new taxes are in prospect, and national credit is shaken. The only sections in the community which have nothing to complain of are the Agrarians and a few industrial magnates. Moreover, the conservative governing caste has been hopelessly discredited by the recent scandals touching as they do the very fount of German honour. The efficiency of its state machinery, which has been the national pride, is no longer above suspicion. All these circumstances are favourable to the formation of an effective democratic middle-class support to the fighting line of the Social Democrats. The latter will maintain for the present an attitude of benevolent neutrality towards the new group, leaving to the future the decision as to whether it will be worth while to enter upon an alliance with it.

WM. SANDERS.

Good Breeding or Eugenics.

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

"A DESERTED potato field I sing." A deserted potato field at Hilversum, on the outskirts of Amsterdam. It was there that Professor De Vries found, not mankind in the making, but a sample of the whole universe in the making. Like everyone else who is not a Secularist or an Archbishop, De Vries held the Darwinian theory of Natural Selection unpleasantly inadequate. He abandoned the view that new species or new characters could ever arise by any sliding scale carried on through untold generations. Contrariwise, De Vries felt assured that such new characters or new species arise at a jump; he believed that Nature rather enjoys a leap. He commenced looking around for some facts and found them in that potato field some twenty-two years ago.

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The Evening Primrose, a native of America, had been blossoming in that same field for some ten years as a wild plant. The Dutch botanist first observed the extraordinary changes in the plant. Not only were there changes, and gross ones at that, in all parts of the plant, but it had a quite unsettled life. Instead of the cheerful Dutch neatness and order that one might have expected from an Evening Primrose in the Old Continent, it seemed to revel in being perverse. It would not even decide whether it should flower each year or every second year. "It has produced, and is still producing quite a number of new types, some of which may be considered as retrograde varieties, while others evidently are of the nature of progressive elementary species." The important point about these new types is that they breed true, while another interesting feature is that quite a number of these newly-produced flowers grow in beauty side by side. Several new types adapted to the environment flourish, like the bay tree, without antagonism and without mutual aid. Just as a few years ago the motor-car sprang into being, and there exists to-day an innumerable variety of cars, in shape, size, speed, etc.

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De Vries transferred the seeds and some plants to his botanical garden at Amsterdam, where he cultivated the plants with extreme care, avoiding any cross-fertilisation. Among the new species which then leaped into existence is the dwarf Evening Primrose, reaching a height of less than one-fourth of its parent; the giant Evening Primrose and the red-veined species "differentiated in nearly all their organs and qualities" from their parents. Altogether he describes seven new forms, "which diverge in different ways from the parent type. All were absolutely constant from seed. Hundreds or thousands of seedlings may have arisen, but they always come true and never revert to the original type. From the parent they have inherited the condition of mutability, either completely or partly, and according to this they may be able to produce new forms themselves."

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De Vries considers that the appearance of all really new characters, as well as the disappearance of old characters, takes place in this sudden way. There is for each species or race a periodical tendency to undergo these sudden revolutions, these mutations. Any race of plants or animals may remain constant for a number of years, and then, perhaps tired of the monotony of its existence, break forth into new ways. De Vries considers that the Evening Primrose was in just such a melting mood when he happed on its track. *Souvent femme varie* becomes a general not a particular rule. How *souvent*, it may be asked? Well, every 4,000 years is the answer given by De Vries. This mutating point is a varying one for all things, and it is, of course, not an easy matter to just catch your specimen *in flagrante delicto*. This then is the way that new species arise and that Superman may arrive.

De Vries, it should be added, adheres to the theory of Natural Selection. When once the mutations have appeared he says that their survival will depend upon their adaptability to their conditions. "A struggle for life and a Natural Selection must have accompanied and guided the distribution, but there is no reason to assume that the various forms were changed by this process, and that we see them now endued with other qualities than they had at the outset." But obviously this induces Natural Selection to play in what I called last week a quite minor key. As we have seen, there is no competition between the parent Evening Primrose and the several mutations. They are all a-growing and a-blowing together in the happiest possible way.

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Little work has been done upon the cause of mutations; the most important is that by MacDougal, of New York, who has produced some mutations by placing the seeds of the Evening Primrose in salt solutions. This is a hint which will require development when we come to consider the question of the transmission of acquired characteristics. So far there is nothing inconsistent with Samuel Butler's view that heredity is unconscious memory; that when "we say of the chicken that it knows how to run about as soon as it is hatched," we mean that it has the stored-up memory of its long chain of ancestors.

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De Vries postulates a periodical tendency to mutation. This desire for change is obviously a habit, carried out in unconscious memory of its ancestors, who also possessed the like overwhelming need for change some 4,000 years ago. Like the periodical desire that comes upon all of us for a break with the past, our New Year resolutions, etc.; in the springtime a young man's fancy lightly turning to thoughts of love—but the stirring up of the hidden depths of our memory by some external or internal excitation. I should not feel happy about any view that could not be reconciled with Samuel Butler's, because his "Unconscious Memory," bought 18 years ago at a second-hand bookshop, opened a new life to me, brought up in the narrowest of Darwinian teachings, and because even then I had to dwell many years in the forests, remote from books and men, ere I could free myself of all Darwinian fetters. At my time of life it would be unpleasant to sojourn another ten years in the wilderness.

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Sociologists, who delight in an appeal to biology, have made much play with the "slow changes with which evolution works"; reminding one of Coleridge's "from long to long in solemn sort slow spondee stalks." One feels much inclined to contend that the mutation theory is a biological justification for revolution. However, we revolutionists require no biological backing; the existing order is sufficient justification.

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An insistence upon the oneness of all things, of consciousness being expressed or latent in what is called "dead matter" just as much as in living things, has led some one to the conclusion that my feelings towards say, selenium, must be the same as towards man. Which is absurd. For humans man is the measure of all things. Rome was perfectly justified in burning Giordano Bruno and in condemning Galilei, if their teachings should tempt any to disbelieve that "God created man in his own image," with "dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over every living thing that moveth upon the earth." Clearly we possess this dominion, but those sovereign rights entail upon us courtesy, kindliness, and service.

M. D. EDER.

God's Scourge.

By Rev. Conrad Noel.

WHETHER or no that blessed word evolution is applicable to human society, the terms revolution and evolu. are not mutually exclusive. Why, then, do some Socialists use them as catchwords of contrary groups, glorying in evolution, when they simply mean that they themselves dislike beer, have a distaste for bloodshed, and prefer going slow to going swift? These people are our good comrades, but one must protest against their peace-at-any-price policy. Society is in a hideous mess, and Liberals and Tories for the most part propose half-witted palliatives and half-hearted reforms. If Socialism were merely another name for good taste there would be reason for being meek and gentle with these botchers; but the "evolutionists" must be told that good manners and good morality are not identical, and that life is not a deportmental ditty.

My quarrel with the evolutionists (in the Science Siftings sense of the term) is that they are trying to make themselves gentlemen faster than they are making their neighbours Socialists. They preach gentility, they implore us to believe that cataclysms never happen, they are certain that violence always defeats itself, and all this in face of the French Revolution, the recent affair in Portugal, and the victories of the Irish Party. They advocate niceness as the only way in face of the successful nastiness of the Suffragists and the unsuccessful niceness of the Labourettes. For many of the Suffragettes are not ladies, and many of the Labour members are; their deportment is exemplary, their language Parliamentary: but why should the Socialist movement be slowed down to the pace of the Parliamentary train? The strength of Socialism is in the wrath and love, the gentleness and ferocity, the humility and violence of men, not in the studied gentility of the perfect gentleman. Of course, the fellow we used to know as gentleman is different. He is jolly and graceful, a generous, hard-hitting man, who is angry and sins not, for he does not let the sun go down upon his wrath. The "evolutionist" is never angry, never forgets himself, never gives himself away. He is outwardly calm and inwardly annoyed, loving Humanity, and pitying men—pitied by men in return. In religion, he generally prefers Christianity or one of its offshoots, Theosophy, Christian Science, Tolstoyanism, or Agnosticism, to the Christian faith. He offers you peace, not a sword. It has been said that Socialism must be brought about by any means, "from the bullet to the ballot-box." There are innumerable objections to the method of the bullet. Men who cannot vote straight probably will not shoot straight; besides our objection to war is not that it spells compulsion, for the present muddle spells compulsion and the vote that is to end it equally spells compulsion. Nor would a physical force propaganda necessarily alienate the middle classes, for we do not conceive of the manual labourers as banded against their exploiters, but of a great army drawn from every class banded together under the Red Flag and determined to accomplish Socialism either by ballot or bullet. After all, the present system involves the careless and indirect murder of millions. If the swift and direct assassination of a few could end it, what decent person would hesitate to advocate it? But the solution is infinitely more difficult, for Socialism, though itself a clear-cut dogma, presupposes the evocation of a new spirit among men and involves delicate economic readjustments of extreme intricacy. We believe with Christian and non-Christian capitalists that war is sometimes a regrettable necessity; we oppose their commercial wars as butcheries for the further enslavement of men: but where the people are opposed by the bullets of capitalism, we must not commit the crime of advising an unarmed appeal to the mercy of their "little fathers."

Are we not witnesses of the decadence of a "Christianity" and "anti-Christianity" ridden world? these two systems being about as essentially opposed as Liberalism and Toryism. Nietzsche was the blind and unbalanced protest against this decadence. Before we go forward we must go back and try and understand the gentle spirit of the terrible Jesus Who drove the money-changers from His Father's temple, with violence undoubtedly, but possibly without a scourge of cords. I am inclined to think He would not hurt the bodies of irresponsible oxen, but I am certain He lacerated the feelings of responsible men, for the zeal of God's house had eaten Him up, and He thundered His protest against the complacent religionists of His day, alike against those who believed and those who disbelieved in a resurrection, warning them that the very prostitutes were entering the divine commonwealth before them. He spoke of the outer darkness, the weeping and gnashing of teeth. He looked upon them with anger, being grieved for the hardening of their hearts. He proclaimed a kingdom which the violent were carrying by storm. Its law is a stone which bruises those who fall upon it. Those who fall beneath it are ground to dust. The rich people with whom He occasionally dined considered Him ill-bred: He was happier with harlots and tax-gatherers; happiest with children and fishermen. His language towards lawyers and scribes and leaders was in execrable taste. Once He turns upon a favourite disciple and calls him Satan. He urged men to remember that they were the family of God and equal subjects of a Divine kingdom of grace and gaiety which lay unperceived at the foundation of the world. They must realise this kingdom by obeying the simple fundamental laws of life and fellowship. They must become as little children, be born again into a new and wonderful world. They must understand one another, and bear no grudges, forgiving perpetually. Life was too short and the battle too urgent to turn upon men of the same regiment, to stand upon individual rights and avenge private injuries. But those would be the enemies of the kingdom. They must be fought, not spitefully, but relentlessly. Some would set themselves in ignorance, some deliberately, against this transformation of the evil competitive kingdoms of this world into the fellowship of God. They must be fought to the bitter end. If it had been otherwise, how popular Jesus Christ would have become. As it was, this Prince of Peace came not to bring peace but a sword. The undying faith then as now involves division. What Socialist is there who does not understand these words: "Think not that I came to cast peace on earth: . . . for I came to set a man at variance against his father, and the daughter against her mother . . . and a man's foes shall be they of his own household."

The Palaces of Sorrow.

By L. G. Chiozza Money, M.P.

TAKING train at Charing Cross, the traveller can avail himself of the resources of civilisation, as developed in the United Kingdom at the beginning of the twentieth century, by occupying fifty minutes in travelling fifteen miles to reach the place whereof I desire to speak. Not much of entertainment can be offered him during the journey, but the thoughtful mind may be led to speculate on many subjects. Thus, a simple calculation will lead to the conclusion that fifteen miles in fifty minutes is the exact equivalent of eighteen miles an hour, and in the year 1908 one may obtain much comfort from the reflection that great progress has been made in railway facilities in the last eighty years, seeing that in 1825 George Stephenson found himself unable to work up a greater speed than fifteen miles an hour on the Stockton-Darlington Railway. Enthusiasm may be damped by the reflection that the "Rocket," in the famous locomotive competition of the twenties, achieved a speed of 32 miles an hour, but the "Rocket" had not a heavy train to pull, and the philosophic traveller will deem it only fair to progress to take that point into consideration.

Or, again, the traveller may while away his fifty minutes by studying the scenery. Thus occupied, he can make many discoveries and speculations of interest. He can fathom the characters of persons unknown, by observation of that remarkable institution, the British Back-Yard, which will be found to vary from a mere ten feet square in the neighbourhood of London Bridge to a spacious thirty by twenty at New Cross or a magnificent fifty by thirty at Croydon. His heart will go out to the owners of pathetic little lean-to glass-houses (tenants' fixtures, made in sections), brave souls who each evening and Saturday afternoon hasten "back to the land" to wrestle with the deep secrets of horticulture, to watch the ampelopsis slowly sidle up the garden wall, to lie in ambush for the all-consuming slug—to forget for a brief space the weariness, the fever, and the fret of earning bread in London.

And if, perchance, the traveller upon the road I speak of falls into this mood, if his thoughts have thus travelled further and quicker than his body, and made him conscious of the lives and hopes and fears that are encompassed by the dreary and unlovely walls of London's suburbs, he will be entirely in the right mind, when the fifty minutes are at last accomplished and when he stands at the foot of a fair Surrey down, only fifteen miles from Charing Cross, to ponder the problems of home and city making.

Arrived at his short-and-yet-so-long journey's end, the adventurer may leave behind him the last of the suburban houses, and advance over the down, rapidly rising to a point three hundred feet above sea-level. Fair valleys will smile around him. The cows of a wise dairyman may be observed busily converting the communal pasture into a marketable commodity. The soaring lark will greet him. He will find it good "to be in England now that April's there," even though the April be that of 1908.

Upon the horizon, and some three miles apart, the observer will discern two great buildings, each defacing the prospect with what appears to be a factory chimney. And it will need but to cross the down a mile or so to bring into view a third building of the same kind, bigger and if possible uglier than the others.

The newcomer will wonder as to the nature of these gigantic erections, placed in a triangle upon the fair hills of Surrey. If he inquires about them, he will be saddened by the reply. He is in sight of three public lunatic asylums. The buildings belong to different authorities, but each is devoted to the same mournful purpose, the housing and, for the most part, the imprisoning of the insane.

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Each of the buildings—or, to be quite accurate, two of them, for the third is not yet quite ready for its unfortunate guests—is a city in itself. Several thousands of lunatics are encaged in each, and the necessary attendants increase the populations by about one-tenth. When the third is finished, some nine or ten thousand persons will be living in these palaces of sorrow.

The public guardians of these unfortunates have chosen well and wisely. The Metropolitan Asylums Board has hit upon a beautiful home for its charges. In Surrey, high above the sea-level, on the hills of health, the lunatics of London are carefully housed. They have spacious grounds to disport in, and such of them as are well enough to be permitted liberty enjoy walks in a neighbourhood which is a paradise to the pedestrian.

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Meeting one of these parties, and not knowing the circumstances, the traveller might be pardoned for thinking those sane who live amid these scenes of beauty, and for wondering how man could be so insane as to tolerate the mean Back-Yards which line the route to London. The world of the sane is so strangely ordered that men herd together in defiance of the laws of health, content to live without the greater part of what makes life worth living, while the world of the insane, ordered with intelligence, is to be sought in green pastures.

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It is not necessary to grudge the afflicted their fair surroundings. By all means let us so dispose of these cases of sorrow. But why is there no hand, why is there no intelligence, to house here also the sane, or, as one might almost say, those who are not yet mad? If men can club together to dispose wisely of their lunatics, why cannot they also club together to dispose wisely of themselves?

Only fifteen miles from Charing Cross, and if we except the populations of asylums and barracks, and those who live on and by them, the people are few. Here is space enough for London to spread upon in happiness and health. The distance is negligible. It is not necessary to occupy fifty minutes in travelling fifteen miles. Electric trains from the centre could stop at every station and yet do fifteen miles, and more if need be, in thirty minutes.

And the land—the base of the life of man. Even now, in 1908, the land may be bought for the most part at the price per yard of a cotton fabric. The public, if they were so minded, could club together and buy it by the square mile for only sixpence to a shilling a square yard, and then develop it until the club rents furnished, not only all moneys now paid in rates, but ample funds besides to use for many common ends now neglected for lack of means. Low rents, no rates, ample gardens, wide commons, and the roses of health in the cheeks of the children. No dream of the ideal this, but a simple business proposition susceptible of performance in our own time.

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The traveller's thoughts, widening with the landscape, are disturbed by a notice board. He reads: "Trespassers will be prosecuted: Beware of man-traps in the woods." A successful London shopkeper has put up this notice upon the game preserve which he rents from the lord of the manor. This is nò ideal, either! It is another practical possibility of the present, a possibility which differs from the other, *inter alia*, in that it calls for no intelligence in the performance.

The Tide.

By Filson Young.

I.

ALL through the winter I have watched the sleep of a remote English village, from its drowsy beginnings in the late autumn when the last of the summer visitors had fled and the burst of autumn growth in hedgerow and garden was over, through the darkness and silence of midwinter, when the very earth seemed to have ceased to breathe, to the stiff awakening in the chills of March. I have watched the ebb of life; the sun dipping day by day a little earlier, a little further round through the bare trees towards the sea, day by day it, and all bright things with it, a little farther from me; I have watched the fields holding out against the cold rains, day by day less able to throw them back to the remote sun, until the day came when they lay fairly under water, to be fields no more, but mud and ooze or cold frosty iron until the tide of life should turn again. I have listened to the winds that began with a sad song in the autumn, and rose through shaking gales and hurricanes to a Sabbath of wild commotion in desolate December, until my ears ached with their crying and my brain was tired with their brushing and the four-foot stone walls of the house were shaken with their weight. And I have watched the daylight ebb, ever poorer in quality and shorter in measure, until the world was in darkness at four o'clock in the afternoon and the days were short rifts in the permanent night. And all this time I hardly spoke to anyone, because there was hardly anyone to speak to.

There was near my village no great house with a busy and elaborate festivity of winter life; to find that one must drive twelve cold miles, and perhaps feel it not worth while at the end. My fellow-prisoners, the labourers and peasant farmers, to whom I would willingly have talked, did not much care to talk to me, or perhaps to anyone. Talk, interchange of ideas, was not a necessity with them; they talk to me in summer, but not in winter, which hypnotises them into silence, into a rhythmic alternation between going out and getting cold, and coming in and getting warm. Their imagination and their social needs were fed on Sundays from the chapels, out of which they drew a store of courage to last them through the week; but I had stored nothing in church or chapel, and could have drawn nothing out.

Strange, gloomy race! With Wesleyanism grafted on to Celticism, smugness sometimes joined to melancholy, mistrust and suspicion of a larger world woven into their ignorance of it, what use could they have for dreams or ideas, weathering out their wild winters here amid the Atlantic storms?

II.

When the rain dripped all day long in the village road and nothing moved except here and there a human figure, bent, comfortless, gathered together against the weather, the few men of the village worked heavily in forge or barn or workshop. The women, happily bound to their indoor routine, cooked and cleaned and tidied, tidied, cleaned, and cooked from hour to hour. Indoors they talked of the weather, and of rain or wind that forced a way into the houses; they dodged the draughts, and battened everything down, like mariners caught in a storm. The weekly butcher, leaving a trail of contentment or anger, according to the amount of bone and other inedible substances he was able to combine with the dole of red meat; the bi-weekly 'bus, visiting the town ten miles away and returning with news and with parcels; the prayer-meetings and services, at which the same faces looked on each other week after week, year after year, no nearer intimacy, no nearer kindness—these marked the passage of the days for most of us. The loom of Education worked drowsily in the village school, where in a steaming atmosphere of wet clothes and muddy boots unwashed little bodies were drilled and exercised, and to dull, unamazed little minds it was explained that four times eight were thirty-two, that the earth was Round like an Orange, and that William Rufus "was" ten-eighty-seven. You could hear them, as you passed the infant school, reciting and asserting these and sometimes more incredible things: above the December gale the voices would rise in a shrill chorus asserting that they—*i.e.*, little Tom Willey, aged five, little Myra Tomkins, aged four, little Richard this and Bertha that—believed in the Communion of Saints.

It is a strange atmosphere in which to try to do work of the mind; strangely unreal and dreamlike, strangely unconscious, inarticulate; moving somewhither of a certainty, though seeming never to move while you look at it, like a cloud in a windless sky. It hypnotises the mind that would be active; the effort to think, and not to dream is constant. In silence you rise and dress, take a look at the weather, breakfast; in silence—the silence of a dream—you go to your desk and make the daily effort to project out of your own mind another world, other people, more real than these; in silence you register the daily triumph or defeat, and go out to some out-of-door job. Perhaps you have to speak to the carpenter about a piece of wood; you look forward to it, there is a little sense of excitement, of mingling in affairs; and you wonder if the carpenter realises how sorry you are when it is over. Perhaps there is a ride over the desolate downs in wind and rain; and in that case there is the pleasure afterwards of seeing the pony made comfortable in his stable. The wind howls outside, but it is warm there; the golden straw rustles pleasantly underfoot, the hay, sweet still with the memory of upland meadows, fills the air with fragrance, eager sounds herald the production of mangels and oats. You are tempted to linger there in the gathering darkness where the sounds of munching tell you that something is happy because of your act and deed, someone is tasting contentment in that he is safe sheltered from the sleet, is warmed and fed, and will pleasantly doze the long night away.

Silently you return to the indoor life—seven dark hours till bed-time; the logs sizzling on the fire, the dog pricking an ear at the rumbling wind in the chimney—voice of that other big dog who will never come down and fight; and the real world of books, of things written and imagined, that makes your hibernation endurable. And the last thing at night you go out again and look at the sky. In such a place, where the daily routine is so exact, you hardly measure time by days or hours, but the moon is your clock, and your hours are a month long—a month of four quarters—waxing, waning, full and change. The wisp of new moon means always hope in the weather—always unfulfilled; the full moon sailing high in a stormy sky carries with it I know not what of admonition, of desolation, of sense of destiny. Another moon: and you remember in what distant places and different scenes you have looked on that mysterious cold face, and think of those far distant on whom it is now looking down, and wonder where and in what circumstances you will be, and what you will have accomplished when it greets you again. A mysterious, unfriendly monitor: a dead thing that will outstay all life, and at last look down on a universe of dead things.

III.

And then without warning came that first faint thrill that comes to all living things in our nothern world and finds them out wherever they may be—the turn of the tide. A sudden remembrance that the sun gives heat as well as light, a curious shining of the wet fields, a change in the note of birds, and you knew that the great machinery had not paused or gone wrong, and that the pulse of life was returning to your world. Tops came in, and the tray of marbles was withdrawn from the window of the village shop: the tide had risen high enough to reach the little hearts nearest the earth. Village youths, in companies of fours and fives for better protection against the wiles of maidens, began to take walks on Sunday: it had reached to their hearts, too. It touched the gardens, and adventurous householders began to scrape the earth to free the tips of shooting bulbs; it reached the houses, and furniture and mats were brought out for an airing; it penetrated to the inmost recesses of the hearth, and old men and

women who had sat fast in the warmth and shelter all winter, went to the doors and took their first lungful of pure air, like bees, on their cleansing flight.

Gloriously the flood came on; and as the groundsel seeded and the dandelion flowered the birds began to be busy, and the instinct to build something took possession of the village. In the carpenter's shed stacks of pine boards were conspicuously displayed. The schoolmaster was building a hen-house, the postmaster was building a cupboard, the jobmaster was building a wall, I had a new window opened, and the doctor began to talk of pulling his house down and building another a hundred yards away. And those who, exhausted by the winter, were to die in the spring, died then in that first thrilling draught of new life, washed from their feeble hold by the first impulse of the tide; and for them also there was building, on foundations set deep in the quickening earth.

In all this renewal the sea alone had no place It seemed to scrutinise the changing earth with a melancholy interest, as though shut out from some ceremony in which it would fain have taken a part; and its waves, that had been incessantly alive and active through the winter, seemed suddenly to have fallen dead along the awakening shore. For by the sea, and there only, spring smiles a little sadly; and although the poet wrote of buds and flowers opening to sorrow, and of the secret grief in the nightingale's refrain, it was the spirit of the sea that spoke in his song: *Ernst ist der Frühling.*

Darwinism.

My Gawd, 'ow 'ast Thou made this bloomin' wurld?
I cawn't find out; I've tried until I'm sick;
Is it Thy Will thet Ruin should be 'url'd
On 'arf the race, w'ile 'arf goes prank'd an' curl'd,
Becors the poppylashun is too thick?

Yus, Ive bin readin' Darwin, an' I find
The struggle fer survival of the fit
Explains the mystery to w'ich we're blind;
Thet some of us to Ruin is assign'd
Becors we ain't all ekal in our wit.

But thet ain't fair; an' wot's the bally use
O' breedin' livin' things foredoom'd to fail?
To kid 'em thet thev're free ter pick an' chuse,
An' then their simple faith an' work abuse,
Mid-way, by knockin' 'em clean orf the trail?

They serve their end?—My Gawd! 'ast Thou, then, made
A wurld o' cannibals? The strong ter live
Upon the patient workers they degrade?
If thet's the scheme, then, Gawd, I am afraid
Ye arsk a rev'rince thet I cannot give.

Maybe, 'tis only Darwin's scheme, not Thine;
But would'st Thou deign ter give me jest a 'int
Of wot it means, an' if this work o' mine
May grow an' prosper lyke a fruitful vine,
Or must parch up lyke seeds wot's sown on flint,—

W'y, then, I would be grateful, fer I'd know
'Ow ter go on: O yus! I'll say it strite;—
No debt ter Gawd or man can thet bloke owe
Who is a bloomin' microbe in the show,
Who mykes the bread, yet must not 'ave a bite.

No, I ain't selfish; leastways, so they say
Who know me best—the missus an' the kids;
I ain't no loafer, either: eight hours day
Wern't made fer me.: I works w'ene'er I may,
An' allus does wotever bosses bids:

But still, fair's fair; if I must fail at last,
If 'arf the 'uman race is class'd unfit,
The bust-up o' this wurld cawn't come too fast;
Then, from the 'avoc o' the dreadful past,
Per'aps, O Gawd, Thou can'st remodel it!

KENNINGTON CROSS.

Books and Persons.

(AN OCCASIONAL CAUSERIE.)

LAST week I said, being in a platitudinous mood, that the organisation of modern English literature was absolutely undemocratic. The only really popular authors in this country are Shakspere and the translators of the Bible. Mrs. Humphry Ward, Mr. Hall Caine, and the cygnet of Avon (whose new book is announced with dark mysteriousness by Methuens) are simply not in it with these writers. When a novel by the Greatest of These reaches a sale of 100,000 copies, we who are in the microcosm of letters thrill at the phenomenon. Yet it means that just a quarter of one per cent. of the population has bought the book. It means that in an average crowd of 400 persons one person only has bought the book. This is fame, in the microcosm! It is a terrible and a shocking thought that there are about thirty-five million immortal souls in these islands who have never heard of Marie Corelli! That might be altered if persistent efforts were made to democratise the organisation of the book market. When the price of new novels fell from 31s. 6d. to 6s., the "best judges" foretold ruin; yet authors are making far more money than ever, and up to the present no case has come to light of a publisher expiring of starvation on the Embankment.

* * *

Booksellers, I believe, die off in thousands. It may not be generally known that the membership of the Booksellers Mutual Burial Society has dwindled, by natural causes, from 5,026 to 169, of whom over a hundred are expected to be mutually buried within the year. But nobody seems to care. Booksellers must look after themselves, as authors and publishers have done. Their sole remedy is the further democratisation of the market. Of this I am convinced, though I have personally lost money over an early attempt on the part of a firm of publishers in the ameliorating direction.

* * *

I am moved to these irrational and disordered reflections by Messrs. Chatto and Windus's announcement of a new press, the Florence Press, with a new fount, specially designed by that sincere artist, Mr. Herbert P. Horne. I look forward with eagerness to the first books of the Florence Press. Now Messrs. Chatto and Windus say: "The Publishers will issue the Florence Press Books—as they issue other books—in reasonable editions, neither very small nor very large; but the Books will not be reprinted in the Florence types." Why not, in the name of the greatest of printers, Sam Richardson? Why should the production of beautiful things be artificially limited? Will my copy of the first Florence Press book be more beautiful to me because I know that a number of people want a similar work of art, and are prepared to pay for it, and can't have it? No! If an ass grazing in Bedford Park finds a depraved and foolish pleasure, as he glances at his Florence Press book, in dwelling on the artificial rarity of the volume—well, his taste ought not to be flattered! Messrs. Chatto and Windus have lately shown a new and laudable activity in publishing. I trust they will live up to their opportunities, and decide to sell as many beautiful books as they can coax the public into buying. Anyhow, to state that they will issue the Florence Press books "as they issue other books," and then to limit the edition of the first book to 525 copies, is, in my opinion, absurd. Do they limit the sale of other books to 525 copies? The whole psychology of publishers and booksellers has got to undergo a change.

* * *

It has commonly been supposed that the publication of Flaubert's "Madame Bovary" resulted, at first, in a loss to the author. I am sure that everyone will be extremely relieved to learn, from a letter recently printed in "L'Intermédiare" (the French equivalent of "Notes and Queries"), that the supposition is incorrect. Here is a translation of part of the letter, written by the celebrated publisher, Poulet-Malassis, to an author unnamed. The whole letter is very interesting, and it

would probably reconcile the editors of the correspondence of Queen Victoria to the sweating system by which they received the miserable sum of £5,592 14s. 2d. from Mr. John Murray for their Titanic labours.

23 October, 1857.

I think, sir, that you are in error as to Messrs. Lévy's method of doing business. Messrs. Lévy buy for 400 francs [£16] the right to publish a book during four years. It was on these terms that they bought the stories of Jules de la Madelène, Flaubert's "Madame Bovary," etc. These facts are within my knowledge. To take an example among translations, they bought from Baudelaire, for 400 francs, the right to publish 6,000 copies of his Poé. We do not work in this way. We buy for 200 francs [£8] the right to publish an edition of 1,200 copies. . . . If the book succeeds, so much the better for the author, who makes 200 francs out of every new edition of 1,200 copies. If M. Flaubert, whose book is in its third edition, had come to us instead of to Messrs. Lévy, his book would already have brought him in 1,000 francs [£40]; during the four years that Messrs. Lévy will have the rights of his book for a total payment of 400 francs, he might have made two or three thousand francs with us. . . . . Votre bien dévoué, A. P. MALASSIS.

* * *

We now know that Flaubert made £16 in four years out of "Madame Bovary," which went into three editions within considerably less than a year of publication. And yet the house of Lévy is one of the most respectable and grandiose in France. Moral: This teaches us that English authors ought to go down on their knees and thank God that English publishers are not as other publishers. At least, not always!

JACOB TONSON.

BOOK OF THE WEEK.

The Enigma of the Congo.*

THE public expected something more reliable than this one-sided presentation of the case for the Congo Government from Professor Castelein. One of the greatest difficulties in the way of the truth-seeker who investigates the considerable literature of the Congo question lies in the fact that neither side is honest in the contentions they advance, nor is their credit unimpeachable; while the independent testimony, in view of the area of the Congo Free State, cannot possibly be conclusive. Moreover, the evidence of the disinterested witnesses appears to be as much in conflict as the allegations of the critics of the Congo Free State.

Professor Castelein has argued with considerable ability that the Powers have no right to interfere with the Congo Free State, as it is an independent State in the fullest meaning of that term, according to international law. The foundation of the State was originally due to the efforts of an Association called La Comité d'études du Haut-Congo, which raised a capital of a million francs, and sent Stanley to explore the Congo River. That Committee was superseded by the International Association of the Congo, a corporation which resembled the numerous companies which led the way in the Colonial expansion of the European Powers. The strongest point in favour of the Congo Free State's right to claim the privileges of a truly independent State is the recognition of the Congo International Association by the United States in 1884, some time prior to the Berlin Conference (the "Partition of Africa" Conference), at which the Congo Free State was created as the inheritor of the Congo International Association.

The Congo Reform Association and its allies have relied on the terms of the Treaty which regulated the formation of the new State, providing for free trade, the abolition of the slave trade, etc., as showing that the signatories of the Treaty considered that they still retained a right of interference in the internal affairs of the Free State. In so far as the State was an international creation, the Congo Reform Association are probably correct in their view, though this aspect of the case raises many complicated issues of international law.

With an Act of this character, however, it is open to the gravest doubt whether England could act alone, without putting herself outside the pale of international law. The Congo Reform Association has invited the Foreign Office to move without waiting for the support of the co-signatories to the general Act of Berlin; but the Foreign Office has hitherto declined these overtures.

Regarding the "atrocities," Professor Castelein has not succeeded in disposing of the reports of the British consuls and the admissions of the Congo Commission of Inquiry. In saying this, it must not be imagined that the present writer regards the astounding and wholesale charges of the Congo Reform Association as well supported. The pictures of the Congo natives toiling from morning till night to provide the voracious Belgian officials and agents with food and rubber are overdrawn; yet, unquestionably, many evils could be removed by an improved administration.

As every possible and impossible crime has been imputed to the Congo Free State, we cannot pretend to go into every one, but with regard to judicial corruption on the Congo, it is worthy of observation that "the number of professional Judges at the present time is 53, of whom 26 are Belgians"; so that the corrupt judiciary cannot be explained by the inherent vice of the Belgians; in this case the corruption (if any) is an international corruption.

We must now refer to a most singular circumstance in the Congo agitation, namely, the sudden transformation of friendly critics of the Congo into active opponents. Sir Harry Johnston is a notorious instance, and Mr. Grenfell, a Protestant missionary, is another. In 1896 Mr. Grenfell wrote: "I can declare that the higher authorities of the Congo State have never disregarded the just criticisms or the exposure of the reprehensible acts of some of its officers." Professor Castelein agrees that Mr. Grenfell's testimony has been weakened by his unfavourable evidence at a later period, but he asks with some justice: "Which should we believe?"

As to the atrocities, there are statements of Mr. George Grey, Mr. Robert Williams, Mr. Savage Landor, Lord Mountmorres, Mr. Frederick Starr, Dr. Wollaston, Major Cotton, and others, all repudiating the existence of the cruelties which have been depicted by Mr. Morel and Mr. and Mrs. Harris.

This is the kind of story which is being circulated for the purpose of inducing England to embark on a campaign against the Congo Free State: "A Belgian officer went out on a punitive expedition, but the natives failing to supply the required amount of rubber, he ordered his men to cut off the heads of 21 natives, and with these returned to his station. There he had the heads taken into his garden and made into a border for one of his flower beds." This quotation is cited from the "Labour Leader," April 3, 1908, and it purports to be an extract from a lecture given by a Mrs. Christopher at Hither Green. It is significant that no place, date, or name is given so that the story may be verified, and we challenge Mrs. Christopher and the editor of the "Labour Leader" to produce those particulars.

I feel bound to mention one personal topic. I must ask who is Mr. E. D. Morel? Professor Castelein quotes a letter from Father Wotebaert, in which the latter gentleman remarks: "Mr. Morel, whose true name is E. Deville, is, as you know, the leader of the band." Is Mr. Morel Mr. Morel or Mr. Deville?

C. H. NORMAN.

* "The Congo State." By A. Castelein. 274 pp. (London: David Nutt. 3s. net.)

REVIEWS.

The Coming Struggle in Eastern Asia. By B. L. Putnam Weale. (Macmillan and Co.)

The most satisfactory feature of this weighty book is the opening: "With the publication of the present volume is brought to an end the author's series of political treatises dealing with the Far East from the point of view that Russo-Japanese rivalry has been the mainspring of the events of recent years." We can but pray that this particular rivalry be not exchanged for some other international one, for the writer threatens us that he has "collected sufficient evidence and sufficient documents for a ten-volume treatise."

Mr. Putnam Weale, who can describe well enough what he directly observes, although he is often not a little wearisome, has not learnt to think. Seeing that he is a traveller and a writer without any active political control, he should contrive to formulate some scheme of life before airing his superficial estimates of men. At Vladivostock the sight of bands of returning Russian conscripts moves him to remark: "These detachments of sturdy, deep-chested, healthy, bronze-faced men, which would make such magnificent material for battlefields if they were but properly led, eh!" For a Napoleon such a reflection might be appropriate enough; his world ideas could make use of men (the outcome of the Napoleonic wars is a permanent shortening of the French stature). Mr. Putnam Weale, in his enthusiasm for great Empires, for wholesale commerce, for vast wheatfields, never reflects that the sole object of these is as material for the building of a "sturdy, deep-chested, healthy, bronze-faced men." As a description of the actual, however, Mr. Weale has much of interest. We start from Vladivostock, which is preparing for the next Far Eastern war. "It is said, indeed, that within a fortnight there would be nearly a quarter of a million men in and around Vladivostock. But for the moment Vladivostock is a great fortress and nothing else." It is a naval port. But there is at present no navy. The wonderful city of Harbin impresses the writer chiefly by reason of its rapid growth and the giant possibilities the town possesses for feeding an army. During the war the "Harbin mills alone placed at the disposal of the commissariat 2,000,000 rations (of 1¼ lb.) per twenty-four hours." The Harbin mills certainly grind faster than the Mills of God. The general commissariat and hospital arrangements were on a like lordly scale; the contemplation of so much food leads Mr. Putnam Weale to the following panegyric:—

"Russians are after all Russians and nothing else; but admitting that much of their strength and much of the real genius which so many of them possess, tends to be frittered away because of racial nonchalance and sloth, the fact will always remain that in latent strength and reserves of men and materials their superiority is so vast that no one in the world can afford to ignore them or their future . . . The key to the peace of East Asia still lies, as it always has lain, north of the fortieth parallel . . . The moral of Harbin is an extraordinary one, and the more it is realised the more patent does it become that no conclusive decision has yet been arrived at. The Russian Behemoth is just as unconquerable as it ever was; and Asia does not contain in all its hundreds of millions more than a portion of the vital force necessary to subdue it."

Behemoth strikes us as a rather unkindly hit, in view of Russia's weakness at sea. But we are really disposed to agree with much of this tribute; Russian power is now dormant; when the present Government is removed, the admirable compelling qualities of the Russian people will become an asset of the world's work and not of its destruction. Mr. Putnam Weale believes that the process is already begun. The New Russia stretches from the shores of the Behring Straits to the frontiers of Persia and Afghanistan, measuring some 6,000 miles. Within this vast territory "are to be found resources fully as great and fully as varied as those of the United States and Canada combined. The standard of the urban Russian population is an ever-growing one." "Unaided by the gradual unfolding of

any official expansionist programme such as has been the propelling force in past years, these urban populations have begun to voice certain sentiments and gradually to insist upon receiving that consideration which Anglo-Saxon communities, immediately they have been firmly founded in new countries, have always demanded . . . The burden of Empire is being imperceptibly transferred from the unequal and treacherous shoulders of Russian officialdom to the far sturdier shoulders of the Russian people. The Russian people are really a democracy living under the form of autocracy, whilst Japan is the exact contrary."

Whilst Mr. Weale writes with some sympathy and understanding about Russia, his estimate of Japan is superficial and prejudiced. Were Englishmen and not Japan really the conquerors of Russia? "Englishmen now know that, after having won the Russian war largely through Anglo-American moral support and Anglo-American gold, Japan intends to make profit and to take payment, not from Russia, who remained unbeaten, but from the neutral world of Eastern Asia." But Mr. Weale, who is first and foremost a tradesman weighing the East by its buying and selling potentialities, can surely have no quarrel with Japan because she trades where she can make a profit. Indeed, elsewhere Mr. Weale rules that Japan understands "that accommodation is given to her merely as a money-making affair by European financiers, who are careful to secure, as in the case of the last Conversion Loan, a large profit for themselves and are then content to leave all other considerations to futurity." We have our own difference with Japan—she has too readily accepted the standpoint of modern Europe ; she looks to balance-sheets and not to balance men. Mr. Putnam Weale betrays little knowledge that the veneer of civilisation which he takes for the real thing is passing away in Europe. May it never take root in Asia.

Sketches from Life in Town and Country, and some Verses. By Edward Carpenter. (Allen. 5s. net.)

This is obviously a volume of collected sketches—probably the fugitive literary work of a considerable period. Its interest lies mainly in the fact that it bears the name of Edward Carpenter, and we very much doubt if the matter it contains would otherwise have justified its existence. At the same time the volume is not without an interest of its own. The sketches of country life are both entertaining and useful, the latter as they bear all the traces of careful and original observation. They are a kind of natural history treated in the form of stories with human beings as their chief characters. "The Annals of a Slum Family" is a capital sketch of town life, showing very well the process of decay going on in a typical family of the dispossessed. There are two other sketches which have some historical value, one, "An International Socialist Congress," giving a description of the Congress of Paris in 1889, which was attended by William Morris ; and the other, "A Couple of Communists," containing an interesting account of two old experimenters in the realm of social life. Among the verses appear, for the first time in a work by its author, "England Arise," which has long since taken its place as the favourite song of British Socialists. But few will recognise it in its present form. Its familiar and inspiring three or four verses have grown into twelve. This would not have mattered had the additional verses been at all comparable to the older ones—but they are nothing of the sort, in fact, very much the reverse. Some of them are the merest doggerel. It is quite a debatable point, but we should have thought that once a poem becomes a public possession, once it is absorbed and adopted by a large body of people, the author's right in it ceases, and any attempt on his part to alter it is, to say the least of it, presumptuous. Edward Carpenter created "England Arise" and gave it to British Socialism—his right in the poem ended there. The volume has a photograph of Edward Carpenter as frontispiece. It is a striking portrait of the poet, and we believe was taken by Mr. Alf. Mattison, of Leeds, although this fact is not named.

Where Men Decay. By Lieut.-Col. D. C. Pedder. (A. C. Fifield. 2s. 6d. net.)

We have here a collection of articles on the present rural conditions of England made from direct observation. "The great farmer sitting like an incubus on the chest of the labouring man," is the main text of the book ; and although Colonel Pedder does not intend to prove that the large farmer is solely responsible for the abject condition of the country labourers, he yet makes out a strong case against him. "In our country villages the population consists of two classes, the labourers and—the rest." And the labourers are completely underneath. The Church, or rather the parson, supports the genteel classes, and they in return support the Church, "because she assists them by her practice and example, in an insolence of exclusiveness which is making England hateful to the best of the English poor." The schoolmaster, we are told, dare not express an opinion which he does not hold in common with the school managers, and even the small tradesman takes his cue from the "dominant influence." "At a Parish Council election in a small village a working man was

put up in the working interest. At a show of hands he received two votes. A person was found sufficiently desperate to demand a poll. At the ballot the same candidate received 21 votes, the highest number cast for one person being 23. Nineteen men out of twenty-one had not dared to hold up their hands in the presence of their masters." The farmer despises the labourer to a degree almost incredible, and the labourer looks with craven fear and hate upon the farmer. Feelings like these, reacting between the farmer and his men, make the conditions of both more hopeless still, and reduce the labourer to a state which morally and materially is a burning disgrace to a nation calling itself civilised.

We believe, however, that it is not the farmer, landlord, or parson who is primarily responsible for the degradation—the moral degradation, we mean more particularly—of the workers on the land. They are simply instruments in a set of conditions wholly inimical to the progress of the labourer; the most baneful factor being the extreme isolation of the villages and the loneliness of the labourer in his work. It would take a Thoreau to make the most of life under such circumstances; and the poor country labourer—who is no Thoreau—prefers the populous towns (where he is no better off financially, and knows it) to the delights of the country. In short, the repulsiveness of the sooty squalor and the indoor life of the large towns is overcome by the full satisfaction given to the gregarious instinct.

Colonel Pedder makes no elaborate attempt to suggest remedies for the unsatisfactory condition of things rural; but we thank him for carefully pointing out for us again the weaknesses of our agricultural system. The book is extremely interesting.

Nineteenth Century Prose. Selected and arranged by Mrs. Laurence Binyon. (Methuen. 6s.)

An English Prose Miscellany. Selected by John Masefield. (Methuen. 6s.)

Mrs. Laurence Binyon has tried to convey by example a clear idea of the prose of the nineteenth century. In the main she has succeeded; she fails in not laying sufficient stress on the remarkable prose writers at the close of her period. She is evidently conscious of this, and in her excellent preface excuses herself on grounds of limitation of space. The lack of proportion is in the number of quotations given under each name. As many as seven extracts are taken from Carlyle, six from Macaulay, four from Landor and Fitzgerald, and six from De Quincey and so on. While, on the other hand, there are some serious omissions; W. B. Yeats, Bernard Shaw, Joseph Conrad, and G. K. Chesterton are wholly ignored, to mention but four writers whose notable work in the nineteenth century has escaped Mrs. Binyon's attention. With this reservation, the volume is excellent.

Mr. John Masefield does not fall into this pitfall of the historical anthologist, because he deals with an idea rather than with a period, and in his task of exhibiting the best tradition and the chief varieties of English prose, he has left contemporary work severely alone. The volume is well arranged under eight heads, beginning with Memoirs and History, and ending most wisely with a selection from literary criticisms; and Mr. Masefield has done well in including a chapter of selections from the great translations in which our language is so rich. But on the whole the volume is admirable; the selections are well and individually chosen, and there is a personal note which one expects from the work of Mr. Masefield, and which will help him in his avowed aim of making the anthology a pleasant guide.

Tales from the Derbyshire Hills. By Katherine Bruce Glasier. (Published by the I.L.P.)

To catch the subtle lights and shades of the rather grey life of a hilly country is no easy task, and Mrs. Glasier sometimes errs on the side of delicacy. Some of the impressions the author strives to convey are almost intangible. The book belongs to the genus which has produced Mary Wilkins's pictures of American village life and Cable's stories of Creole days; it is local first and universal afterwards. And that is a great merit in our day of blurred cosmopolitanism. For our own part, we trust Mrs. Glasier will turn her attention and her talent to some subject more interesting in itself; she has made the life of the Derbyshire hills real to us, but its reality is too grey.

Feeding the Mind. By Lewis Carroll. (Chatto and Windus. 1s. net.)

This is a pleasantly printed essay which the author of "Alice in Wonderland" once read before a public audience in a small Derbyshire village. It was written in the year 1884 and has since then been in the possession of Mr. W. H. Draper, under whose editorship it is now issued as a volume. The essay is slight, but exhibits that almost mathematical common-sense which one associates with Lewis Carroll. It is an exhortation against overloading the mind. "It might be well for some," he says, "if the mind were visible and tangible—if we could take it say to the doctor and have its pulse felt." Then follows a delightful consultation with a doctor on this very subject. The little book has many such whimsical turns of thought, and much good advice for the mentally confused.

Not Proven. By Alice and Claude Askew. (Ward, Lock and Co. 6s.)

Alice and Claude Askew have made a certain reputation by their previous essays in collaboration. If they are concerned to keep it, they should refrain from putting out work of the quality of "Not Proven." It is a dismal murder story, which gives the simple-minded personages of the book an opportunity of excogitating various theories of the crime—all wrong. The narrative is not altogether without movement, though the writing could hardly be flatter or the people moving amidst ridiculous coincidences more remote from actuality. The frontispiece illustrates how "he paused a second, then slipped his arm about her yielding waist"—a pleasant way of saying that she wore no corsets.

A Pilgrim's Staff. By Elizabeth Gibson. (Samurai Press. 5s. net.)

The Earth Passion. By Arthur Davison Ficke. (Samurai Press. 4s. net.)

The price of Elizabeth Gibson's volume of thirty or so poems is undoubtedly due to the care spent on the printing and binding. These are excellent, but the poems they enshrine are mostly poor. They have little music and less meaning. Three times "sod" is made to rhyme with "God"; and many of the lines are mere packing. The best poem in the book is "A Holy Day," a series of rhymed couplets on the calendered saints. Less modern, it might have formed the foundation of a popular folk-rhyme, a future glory now denied it.

Mr. Arthur Davison Ficke also rhymes "sod" with "God" so often that, like Satan, we hear the name and tremble. Nevertheless, Mr. Ficke is a poet; not a great poet, but a serious and almost passionate poet. There are fine images in his verse, of which "Stalking the herds of dusk like slow, gigantic hunters on the hills" is one. He is not nearly niggardly enough of his

words. Such bounty as his proves not excess but defect of passion. With more passion, he might appear less passionate. A book of poems to enjoy, however.

Herbert Fry's Royal Guide to the London Charities. (Chatto and Windus. 1s. 6d.)

As a guide to the "charitable" in need of a conscientious way of spending money, or as a guide to the poor in need of a direction to the organisation which will fit their necessity, this handbook is useful. For the Socialist, the information as to income, source of income, and expenditure is not full enough. But that would produce not a guide but an exposure, so perhaps the editor is wise. A feature which would add greatly to the usefulness of the publication would be a list of charitable agencies classified by localities. Upholders of the present system of competition mitigated by sentimentalism should certainly present a copy of the volume to all poor persons of their acquaintance. A really competent cadger should, given the knowledge, do quite well.

The Charm of London: An Anthology. By Alfred H. Hyatt. (Chatto and Windus. 2s. net.)

This is a useful and satisfying anthology. Mr. Hyatt is catholic of taste, and he has managed to gather most of the noteworthy utterances upon his subject. His publishers have also done well in issuing the anthology in the handy format of their St. Martin's Library—372 pages and small enough to go comfortably into a coat pocket.

Industrial Day-Dreams: Studies in Industrial Ethics and Economics. By Samuel E. Keeble. (Kelly. 2s. 6d. net.)

This is a new edition of a volume first issued in 1896. It has been brought up to date, revised, and re-issued at the request of the Union for Social Service. Several of the essays have appeared previously in the form of contributions to various religious journals, or as lectures to religious or social organisations. Mr. Keeble is an earnest student of social conditions, he writes clearly, and his book should do good service for social reform among timid members of the nonconformist bodies and low-churchmen. The author himself, although a careful student of the history of Socialism, is of this timid order. He writes honestly about Socialism and on the whole fairly, but he is still fearful of the pet bogies of the anti-Socialist: force, free-love, and atheism. Mr. Keeble ought to know better. His attitude towards Socialism is patronising. Be a beautiful little theory or a respectable little policy, he seems to say, and one of these days you may be taken under the wing of Christianity. Mr. Keeble speaks of a "purified Socialism" as being "industrially applied Christianity." These pious opinions, however, do not destroy the informative part of Mr. Keeble's book. Particularly does this apply to the historial section, embracing nearly half the volume. These essays are a useful contribution to the popular interpretation of Socialist history. The personal studies of Ferdinand Lassalle, Robert Owen, Charles Kingsley, and Proudhon are admirable. Mr. Keeble is less happy in his outline of the history of Socialism in England. His account is too meagre, and he rather overemphasises the importance of the Fabian Society. For important as the work of this society has been, other forces have been at work as well. There are other defects in this essay, for instance, Mr. Keeble speaks of the I.L.P. as "Marxian"; and he seems to say, though this may be due to a grammatical confusion, that the "Clarion" is the organ of the Fabian Society. The critical portion of the volume is well worth reading by all who are seriously interested in social propaganda.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

BIOGRAPHY.

"Life of Charles Bradlaugh." By Hypatia Bradlaugh Bonner. Cheap Edition. (Unwin. 2s. 6d. net.)
"The Autobiography of a Super-Tramp." By W. H. Davies. With a Preface by Bernard Shaw. (Fifield. 6s.)
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DRAMA.

Getting Married.

THERE is a difficulty in criticising Bernard Shaw. One has to remember that everything which he has said is not thereby created fact. He has asserted himself with so much vigour that the temptation occurs to disprove premises that only exist on the strength of his assertions. In an age of little dramatists one has to remember that this full and continuous expression of a personality is at the end only the expression of a personality. In an age of small measures for everything it takes an effort to put aside the assumption that because a personality is big it is therefore the measure of other personalities. In an age of the wholesale one has to cling rather desperately in face of the surge of Shaw to one's fluidic and unboundaried individuality.

I have to confess myself under the hypnosis of Shaw, to confess that because Shaw put a play on the stage, I am almost persuaded it is a play without thinking. For the assertion of personality is backed up by such astounding dramatic performance.

"Getting Married" is a three-hour long conversation. It has two divisions to give the audience breathing space—by way of a sacrifice to the conventions. Ordinary dramatic form is cast to the winds, the scorn for limitations which inspired the interlude in Hell in the play, "Man and Superman," has in "Getting Married" inspired an interlude without a play. In this "Conversation" the method of Bernard Shaw's plays is carried to the extreme of undramatic form while at the same time making use of all kinds of theatrical expedients and mechanisms to hold dramatic interest.

It is not that there is no plot, but that none of the plots are connectedly worked out. There is enough plot in the indecisions of Cecil Sykes and Edith Bridgenorth about geting married to equip any play, comedy, or melodrama, there is enough comic relief in the sentimental love-making of General Bramley Bridgenorth at Lesbia Grantham to carry off a tregedy. The plot of the relations of St. John Hotchkiss and Mrs. George Collins, or of Leo Bridgenorth, her husband and Hotchkiss, or of "Mrs. George" and the Bishop of Chelsea, is in each case separately ample for any three-act play. Add the comments of the Bishop, the gossip of Alderman William Collins, the views of Father Anthony, and the clowning of the Beadle, and one has a perfectly riotous melée of dramatic material, all of which the dramatist has flung fused into one rippling sparkling stream of conversation. The hints of plot arrest interest, the farcical comedy distracts attention, the melodrama thrills, the Shavian comedy excites, all over one play the fingers of the musician, touching here and there, and with all these flows constantly the rippling sparkling stream of conversation.

"Getting Married" is a tour de force. Is it worth it? Does the art of drama gain by Bernard Shaw's daring invention? Does the subject of the "Conversation" gain any added brilliance of display because of the method of treatment? Is there value in thus assimilating the art of the dramatist to that of the rhetorician? So far as the art of drama is concerned the gain is undoubted. Every enlargement of the dramatic field is valuable. But as few can follow G.B.S. in his technical mastery of dramatic expedient, fewer still will be able to follow this Wagnerian abandonment of form. Infinite conversations, like "infinite melody" require an apprenticeship to finite drama, out of which there are few graduates. And further, the method has a serious drawback. There is at least a suspicion in Bernard Shaw's other plays of the preface becoming as interesting as the play. There is more than a suspicion in "Getting Married" of the preface invading the play.

I do not think the subject of the play gains interest by being conversationally presented instead of in ordinary dramatic form. I cannot say that it loses. The later Shaw view that a revolutionary protest against conventions ends by an open-eyed capitulation to experience-devised expedients, that protests against marriage end in the acceptance of marriage, is a view which would probably gain by a more conventional treatment. But the gain would mean a loss of freedom of discussion, a loss of the clearness of presentation of divergent views.

Whether the stage is or is not a suitable place for the debating of ideas seems now a dead subject. All ideas are now permitted, the danger seems to be in their being swallowed wholesale without any attempt at digestion, as the Church Congress once swallowed Darwin. And as to whether Bernard Shaw's conversation will make for wholesale swallowing or for digestion must be an open question. Shaw's pills for stupid people are all too well gilded with wit and with good taste. There is not a line in "Getting Married" which would offend the most antique maiden aunt. And there ought to be such lines. It is too smooth, and it should be crude and passionate.

There is a certain operation frequently performed upon milk known as sterilisation. After this operation the milk retains the same chemical composition, and cannot be differentiated except by a slight alteration in taste. The only objection to this milk is that it has lost a subtle something, indefinable, unanalysable, necessary for the health of babies. Children fed on this milk must have something crude, fresh, and untampered with in the way of natural food, or they flag. There is a hint of this sterilisation about "Getting Married." The lack of dramatic form does not matter, everything is made up for by the wit and brilliancy, everything except the lack of something crude, fresh, and untampered with. Not even in the wonderful trance speech of Mrs. George does one get this necessary thing, and no discussion of getting married is complete without it. It is this crudely living thing that is at the back of the romantic sophistication of the "on such a night as this" scene of Lorenzo and Jessica, it is this that is at the back of Eugene's speeches in "Candida." The introduction of this element into "Getting Married" would have made any mere consideration of dramatic form unessential, it would have altered a witty and dazzling discussion into a great and inspiring discussion.

"Getting Married" does not add to our ideas, it is a presentment of contemporary ideas. No new discoveries are made because the central theme is taken for granted, because the real, crude vital attraction of the sexes is throughout assumed. Perhaps a real discussion of the subject with a dramatisation of "the furies that attend" would be too painful.

One of the self-evident signs of the value of Bernard Shaw's plays is the inspiration they convey to the actors. A Shaw play almost always gets well acted; "Getting Married" gets superlatively acted. And it requires some acting. I propose to call the three-hour stream of conversation for the moment a mosaic. A mosaic of thumb-nail psychological studies of miniature-like vividness. Mr. William Farren's Reginald Bridgenorth, the old childless husband of the young wife, was a gem. Mr. Robert Loraine's acting, of St. John Hotchkiss's fantastical burlesque of G.B.S.'s own burlesque psychology, an enchantment. I do not know any parallel for St. John Hotchkiss, the apostle of snobbery, who insists on being real in spite of his burlesque. And there was Mr. Henry Ainley's Bishop ————, but one desires just to go all through the cast. It is obvious nonsense to pretend that the "conversation" which can be so acted, is not dramatic. But one must be allowed to regret that the drama and discussion are not more searching.

To turn from Shaw to Pinero—there's no doubt of the dramatic form of Pinero! Oh, those agonising moments, oh that dreadful suspense, oh that realism of a family in a provincial town. Oh my! Mr. George Alexander does not act the chief part quite so well as that of a county councillor.

L. HADEN GUEST.

CORRESPONDENCE.

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

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

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

A DEFENCE OF LIBERAL EVOLUTION.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

It is fervently to be hoped that the article which appeared in THE NEW AGE of May 2, under the title of "Revolution or Evolution," is to be followed by others on the same theme, for the idea suggested in it approaches the sublime. To have done with evolution, and substitute a device of our own—could anything be more magnificent? 'Tis a tedious slow business, this evolution; one almost wishes it had never been discovered. It may suit scientists and men of dull wit like Mr. Wells, but why should we submit? What we want is miracles—of course, with this proviso, that they shall be miracles to our mind. "What miracles have you?" That is the question which I desire to see answered in further articles. For "revolution" is too vague a term —at least to me. I don't know what it implies, and I should be glad to see the matter cleared up. Let me indicate briefly one or two points that puzzle me.

The first relates to a matter of time. It has long been a belief with me that human society is an extremely complex thing—a thing which Omnipotence could create with a fiat, but which even a committee of Socialistic conjurers would hardly be able to organise straight away. In fact, I have fancied that a longish period of time must be devoted to the production of it, as is the case in smaller and simpler matters. Take Christmas pantomime for instance. By our slow human methods, pantomime requires a great deal of preparation—so at least I have, perhaps falsely, been told. Those who play in it need preliminary training, even in childhood, don't they? And then they must be rehearsed in company for some months, so as to act together; while finally the success of the piece depends upon their all coming to it more or less willingly, resolving to make it "go," and not being hauled in by the scruff of their necks and frightened through their parts. Such I have always supposed to be the conditions of the production of pantomime, and it had not occurred to me that an organised industrial and political society—so much more complex than pantomime—could be started off at the word "Go," amongst a people untrained to play their parts in it, and in large numbers stubbornly unwilling to try. But it can be put on the stage at once, can it, by Revolution? There is really no need for Mr. Wells's "Good-Will"? No need to spend more time in preparation than will suffice to snatch a sufficiency of Parliamentary seats from the Government of the day? It doesn't want piecing together little by little? Doesn't involve any growth, or any minute adjustment of details? It can all be brought about, simply by transferring, in some way yet to be devised, the means of production from their present owners to the State? What a blissful prospect! And what a fortunate people are the English, in the possession of a thaumaturgist who proposes to work this miracle for them even before he is asked! Only, do let him say a little more definitely what he is going to do besides.

For this also puzzles me. As hurry is to be the order of the day, of course the revolutionist will not wait to convince the people at large that he is their benefactor. Why should he? All that he has to do is to slip in his candidates at the polls, between the Liberals and the Tories. No doubt the Socialists will often represent only a minority,—as in the case of Mr. Grayson—but what of that? They will get hold of the government, and proceed at once to the revolution. So far I can see it plainly enough; but I do not see, and I should like to be told, what is then to be done with the majorities—in N.-W. Manchester, for instance—who, after all, will resent the change. True, they will have no property to rely upon (how silly it will make them look!), but just conceivably they will be a little rebellious. They might even plot to overturn the revolutionary Government. Now, in these circumstances, what will be done with them? And what will be done, too, with the submissive but stupid ones, whom the revolutionist in his haste has had no time to train for their parts, and who get in the way and are a nuisance? Is it to be asylums for the latter, and prisons and coercion for the former? Will England want to find a Siberia for its political prisoners, or will a second miracle be worked to deal with them? Really, the revolutionary writer of May 2 should explain.

For, indeed, it is a matter of some importance. He may have got a trick up his sleeve which it is inadvisable to publish lest the brewers (horrid thought!) get hold of it; but unless he knows of some force more potent to support him than we have yet heard of, I do not feel quite convinced that his miracle will come off—for I have lost faith in powder and shot. Of course, he may start his revolution —that is not the difficulty. But can he keep it going? Or will it end in a fizzle after all? My experience of miracles hardly entitles me to an opinion, but I should suppose that nothing could be more depressing than a miracle that fizzled out. Think of it! A glorious revolution tomorrow, a short bewildered interval, and then a return, dispirited and disillusioned, to the old régime and a weary picking up of the threads of evolution! And no Mr. Wells to help advise us then; for Mr. Wells will have been shot, as a traitor to the cause.

What, then, is the wonderful new force upon which the revolutionist relies, not to make his revolution, but to organise it afterwards and keep it stable? Of the organic forces of evolution one knows something, and until Mr. Wells came in for such a snubbing for advocating them, one thought there was nothing else so potent as those living developments that result in ideas and tastes. We have seen them baffling the Czar, for all his knouts and prisons; we have experience at home of their stubbornness, in the power of the Liberals and Tories; we have begun to regard them as the only real force in the world; and we really ought to know if anything of a different kind has been discovered, to make this force of no account. For, if not, how are to believe in Revolution, and where is Mr. Wells so wrong?

I guess what will be said. It will be urged that we cannot wait for evolution while men are starving, and that we must have a new régime by some speedier means. But this reminds me of my own impatience when I was a little boy, and a bigger boy took away my top. I clamoured for it, and he asked: "Will you have it now, or wait till you get it?" "Now," I said; but I didn't get it. And to-day I cannot help suspecting that the clamouring revolutionist is in a similar plight. "Now," says he; but can he get his new social order now? Will anything but evolution give it him?

It sounds heartless, doesn't it? to say that the poor must wait awhile. But on the other hand, is there nothing heartless in the policy which, for the sake of propaganda, is ready to give England over to the brewers and tariff reformers—to the party, in short, that would put the poor under the whip of monopolies and trusts, and add to their poverty new burdens of taxation? Of course, if all were soon to be put right by a sudden revolution, we might ask the poor to suffer that increase of their misery for a season; but if it should prove after all that only evolution will help, and that change must come by organic growth—a little here, a little there; now the resumption of licence values by the State, now an eight hours day for miners—and all no faster than the goodwill of men can be persuaded, then is it not wanton to endanger even these little bits of progress by reckless opposition of the only party able to secure them? If the Liberals are going slowly, is that a reason for obstructing their way? Were it not wiser to help them, as Mr. Wells suggests? For you see, barring miracles, there is nothing to fall back upon but the growth of "goodwill" in English brains; and it looks as if the Liberal party is going about as fast as the nation is prepared to follow. It is not magnificent. Evolution is a tedious business; it is dull to have to wait for the action of cause and effect, but I own that I don't see what is to be done about it. Perhaps the revolutionists will explain their panacea?

GEORGE STURT.

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MR. WELLS AND NORTH-WEST MANCHESTER.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

"Therefore if this reasoning be sound," says Mr. Norman after one of the most foolish analogies I have ever encountered. He parallels Mr. Dan Irving, the Social Democrat who took upon himself to represent Socialism in N.-W. Manchester, to a Liberal Whip duly contesting a

seat for his party; me, a Socialist as irresponsible as Mr. Irving, to Mr. Haldane in his capacity of a leader of a political party; and the so-called Fabian Executive, which is an elected and representative body, to a Liberal Cabinet. Was there ever such nonsense? He talks of my being an "office-holder," with no right to express a private opinion in political matters because I sit on the Fabian Executive.. Is there, I wonder, much of this sort of muddle-headedness loose in the Socialist movement? From a number of grossly insulting and frequently ill-spelt post-cards from Social Democratic Party Comrades I am afraid there must be. Quite a number of the Comrades seem to be sincerely indignant because I assert my right to kick my foot, if I think proper, through this or that of the foolish and mischievous political intrigues that hamper Socialist propaganda and development so intolerably. Where did they get this preposterous idea that a man, because he chooses to estrange himself from the powers and interests that be, by denouncing our present social disorder and giving himself to that great constructive scheme, Socialism, necessarily becomes the bond slave of these obscure post-card emitting associations that follow after Mr. Quelch?

This dream of kidnapping people like myself for hole and corner political ends, by the simple expedient of pretending that the Socialist movement is a political party, is really too childish!

H. G. WELLS.

* * *

SOCIALIST MEDICAL FELLOWSHIP.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

I should be obliged if you would publish in your columns the following letter, which is being sent out to doctors with Socialistic leanings.

Dear Dr. ———,—It has been felt, for some time past, that members of the medical profession, who are Socialists, might do more useful work by joining their forces into a special organisation that shall help to enlighten the profession and the public on the questions with which they, as doctors, are more essentially concerned. This can take the form of a Medical Socialist Fellowship, limited to Socialists who are registered medical practitioners.

As an indication of the special direction the work could take we might mention:—

(1) The Nationalisation of the Medical Profession.

(2) The Socialisation of Medical Education involving a reform of the present chaotic system of many portals and diverse grades.

Our members might arrange to speak whenever opportunity serves at meetings of the B.M.A., and at Medical Societies; tracts could be prepared on the above and cognate subjects.

In relation to more general propaganda, it would come within our scope to insist upon the organic side of Socialism, emphasising the human rather than the economic values of men and women. Thus we could undertake to deal with:—

(1) The application to society of the known facts of heredity.

(2) Medicine as a preventive science.

(3) State Hygiene.

(4) Education, where known physiological and mental laws are so much neglected.

We offer these items merely as suggestions; the Fellowship will of course determine for itself its own line of action.

We ask for the pleasure of your company at a preliminary meeting to be held in London on Thursday afternoon, June 25th, at 4.30 p.m. The meeting will be followed by a dinner in the evening to fittingly inaugurate a Fellowship.

The place of meeting and dinner will be announced later.

Kindly reply on enclosed card:—

(1) Whether you are in sympathy with the movement.

(2) If you can attend the meeting.

(3) If you can attend the dinner.

To the Hon. Sec. (pro tem.), M. D. EDER, 2, Charlotte Street, Fitzroy Square, London, W.

A. COX, Gateshead.
W. A. DAVIDSON, London.
L. HADEN GUEST, London.
FERDINAND REES, Wigan.

P.S.—You can help the movement by making it known to your Socialist colleagues and by sending their addresses to the Hon. Sec.

* * *

UNI-SEXUAL CRIMINAL LAW.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

Mr. E. Belfort Bax is at liberty to attack Dr. Oldfield for the article by him which appeared in a recent issue of THE NEW AGE, but he is in no sense at liberty to utter false and lying statements with regard to this Society. This Society has no policy of sex-favouritism, neither is it a blind for anything other than what it professes. Its only policy is that adopted by the Council in 1905; viz., to seek to obtain:—

1. A more rational treatment of crimes of murder by the immediate adoption of a gradation of such crimes as proposed by the Royal Commission of 1864.

2. The consequent exclusion of various forms of homicide from the category to which the Death Penalty is applied.

3. The ultimate complete abolition of Capital Punishment.

The first two of these items at least are supported by the Humanitarian League, the Howard Association, the Penal Reform League, and the Romilly Society.

Mr. Belfort Bax's virulence on the woman question is too well known for any reply to the silly impertinence of his suggestion of a Feminist fake to be necessary. But I suggest to him that when he lets himself fly another time at this Society (which he gratuitously calls "Dr. Oldfield's Society") or at any other similar body, he should allow himself the common courtesy of obtaining information as to what he is talking about.

CARL HEATH, Hon. Sec.,
Society for the Abolition of Capital Punishment.

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A DICTIONARY OF SOCIALISM.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

In reference to Mr. E. Pugh's article, in your last issue, on the need of a Socialist Dictionary, we beg to state that we have, for some time past, been engaged in compiling such a work, which is shortly to appear.

CHARLES I. ASHLEIGH.
H. F. PANKHURST.

* * *

DOES AN AMARANTH AN AMARANTH SUCCEED?

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

I note that "Observator," in one of your contemporaries, writing obviously at random, misses the point of the title of one of your articles of last week. "Observator" has apparently forgotten the proud claim of Lord Cromer's supporters for an amaranthine wreath for their hero. But even so his dictionary should have helped him out. Perhaps, however, "Observator" is the mythical Scotchman.

CHARLES HUTTON.

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