FEMINISM. By BELFORT BAX.

THE NEW AGE
A WEEKLY REVIEW OF POLITICS, LITERATURE, AND ART
Edited by A. R. Orage.


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, Tulk’s Court, Furnivall Street, E.C.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

It is significant that more than half the Liberal Party had the cowardice of their principles, and abstained from sharing in the honour of voting with Mr. O’Grady against the visit of King Edward of England to the Tsar of Russia. Where the rest of the Party of Liberty, etc., etc., ad nauseam, was on the same occasion the division list fails to show. Nineteen of them we can answer for, with the admirable Mr. Harwood among them; but the odd hundred or so were hid among the Tory Opposition, with whom, not for the first or last time, they have unseizable affinities of soul. * * *

Not a man in England worthy the name but will have a word of praise and thanks to the Labour Party for raising the discussion. Twice last week the only notes of ancient Liberalism were struck by the Labour Party: once on the occasion of the debate on the Nationalisation of Railways, the Russian democracy would unite with the Labour Party; once on the occasion to which we have already referred. The “great” dailies of this Imperial realm, with the single exception of the “Daily News,” had nothing but mud—their most plentiful produce—to throw at the only men who in these days of zycoophany and indifference to principle had the courage to maintain by speech and action the genuine traditions of England, the Russian bureaucracy to resent at the thought of the cancellation of the visit. It would be unwise, he said, in view of the specially delicate state of affairs; the Russian democracy would unite with the Russian bureaucracy to resent it. Hush! hush! Let us walk warily. Let us lay low and say nuffin. We must be polite even to sanguinary tyrants, when they are as powerful as the Tsar.

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Sir Edward Grey, we say, followed the cue. So, too, most obsequiously, did Mr. Balfour. Was ever a defence more ignominiously stated? Sir Edward Grey’s twitching hands revealed the sweat of terror into which his mind was cast by Mr. Belloc’s chair. * * *

The attack of Mr. O’Grady, dignified, earnest, and well-informed as it was, failed, in our opinion, to probe the vital weakness of the official defence. The defence, in a word, was the honour of England. That honour, it was argued, would be stained by going back on a promise made and advertised to the world. Moreover, there was the insult to the Tsar (as if, by the way, the Tsar’s feelings ought to be an object of reverence in England), an insult rendered certain by the proposed withdrawal of an official visit once promised. Yes, but that was the very point at issue. Who first initiated the damnable visit? Out of what sinister mind did the proposal spring full armed upon a nation that, with a moment to think, would have repudiated it with acclamation? That was the secret which Sir Edward Grey, Mr. Balfour, and, we grieve to add, Mr. Hilaire Belloc, conspired to maintain in the thought of the cancellation of the visit. It would be unwise, he said, in view of the specially delicate state of affairs; the Russian democracy would unite with the Russian bureaucracy to resent it. Hush! hush! Let us walk warily. Let us lay low and say nuffin. We must be polite even to sanguinary tyrants, when they are as powerful as the Tsar.

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* * *

But of word of explanation, of satisfactory explanation, we get not a single syllable. Who advertised the visit? Who made it official before ever Parliament could say No Who, who, we ask. We are told that the Cabinet accepted full responsibility. But the responsibility was plainly thrust upon it. We deny that the Cabinet initiated this masterpiece of reaction, so contrary to English feeling. We deny it for the sake of the Cabinet itself. It cannot surely
be that Mr. Asquith, though a Liberal Imperialist, taught to lap milk from Lord Rosebery's bowl - or Sir Edward Grey, fellow Liberal Imperialist and milk-lapper, did of themselves invent, propound, and advice a visit of a character to shock the late Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, now, if ever, of almost blessed memory! No, we are certain that somewhere else the secret lurks, not in the innocent pigeon-holes of the Cabinet's mind, but far off, very far off — perhaps as far off as St. Petersburg itself.

For notice that when once the idea was broached how painfully feeble and inadequate the official reasons given for it appear! Did that nervous, halting, trembling figure, our Secretary for Foreign Affairs, boldy devise and advise a policy that in a robuster age would by its very name have brought about his instant dismissal with dishonour? It is inconceivable. We refuse to believe it. Somewhere, as we said last week, the veils of secrecy are hung, veil upon veil upon veil; and not all the members of the Cabinet have found their way yet into the sanctum sanctorum of crooked diplomacy. Sir Edward Grey's account of Russia was no less ignorant than that, say, of the "Daily Mail." We might almost suppose the "Daily Mail" had inspired Sir Edward, if we could believe the satellites capable of inspiring anybody. Emphatically it is not true, that the main body of opinion in Russia is Liberal in the sense in which Sir Edward Grey misnames himself Liberal. The bulk of Russian opinion is Social-Democratic, revolutionary, Labour, what not; anything, thanks God, but evolutionarily Liberal. Think of what Stolypin said of the First Duma and of the Second Duma. Elected as they were on an extended franchise by millions of voters, the "majority of both Dumas were overwhelmingly Social-Democratic." On that very account they were dissolved to be replaced by a body, Liberal this time, elected on a restricted franchise by thousands instead of by millions. And it is this body, if you please, that Sir Edward Grey would have us regard as the centre, the true expression of the mass of Russian opinion! But even that centre, what of it? Its leader is insulted because he resents the remark of a Minister dear to the Tsar; "Thank God we have no Parliament in Russia!" What would Sir Edward Grey say of a speaker who apologised for calling an English Minister to order who said such a thing in the House of Commons? We can only conclude from his speech of Thursday that he would, like the Tsar, have said nothing, acquiescing in the expression of an opinion too much like his own to appear reprehensible. 

Or consider Mr. Balfour's gibe at the Labour Party, that they had accepted the Anglo-Russian Agreement without protest! True, most unfortunately true. The New Age, we happily can say, protested week by week while the thin end of the wedge was being inserted into the rock of English liberty; but the Labour Party, we remember to our sorrow, was dumb, dumb as a sheep before its shearsers. Mr. Balfour was right to gibe. But we ask, is the Labour Party the sole defender of English honour? Is there no group of men in either the Liberal or Tory partica with wisdom enough and courage enough to dispense occasionally with the Labour Party? No, we remember rightly, neither Liberal nor Tory protested; but are we to swallow the camel because we endured the gnat without complaint? Was the Agreement a feeler out after a rapprochement, and is this rapprochement a herald of an alliance?

We can believe anything of a Cabinet that has no more to say or do for liberty than Sir Edward Grey said and did on Thursday. It is denied, of course, that the King's visit means anything diplomatic, has any ulterior motive beyond a morning call on his distressful nephew. But can we believe it? Mr. Belloo hints of complications in the Chancelleries of Europe. What new ghostly complication may not afford an excuse for a new and closer form of official rapprochement? A Cabinet terrified out of half its wits by one rumour may lose the rest of its wits by another rumour. But again, we confess we know nothing of these things; England knows nothing of them; even the "Daily Mail," the confidante of kings and convicts, knows nothing of them. But we cannot trust the Cabinet, the Cabinet that glozed the horror of Denshawai, exercised coercion in India, and now fawns before the Tsar. We repeat that the Cabinet which contains Sir Edward Grey is not to be trusted to be even Liberal.

But one of the most ludicrous defences was the plea that the friendship of England might hasten reforms in Russia. What a smile will ripple over the intelligent face of Europe when that naïve piece of insular complacency is read in all its naked absurdity. If France, the Grand Master of Liberty, by an alliance of ships and men and money cannot save the Russian reformers from the horrors of Siberia, is it likely that King Edward, with not a ship to launch or a gun to fire at need, will weigh in the balance with the Tsar in favour of liberty? King Edward is a great king (may he live for ever!?) But King Edward cannot work miracles. Besides, what inspiration for reform is there for the Tsar in the spectacle of an English Cabinet prostrate before the Tsar of the Black Hundred! No, Sir Edward Grey, lay not the flattering unction to thy party's soul that England can do what France cannot do. A nation, like a man, is known by the company it keeps; and Russian bureaucracy is too intimately aware of its kinship with English bureaucracy to care a snap of the finger for all the official pretences of reformatory zeal.

But when all is said, and we have eased our minds by saying it, there remains the one fact that we do not know who initiated this visit. Mr. Keir Hardie made a single attempt late in the debate, but by that time the defences were repaired. There is no use saying that there, we fear, it will remain; another blot of black upon the grey records of the Liberal Government. Denshawai, Dinuzulu, India, Egypt, Ireland—and now Russia! What a page of history! What a shameful page!

If we could turn with any pleasure to the Social and Domestic Affairs of the present Government, we would gladly do so. But not the most obliging evolutionary Socialist will derive satisfaction from the Old Age Pensions Bill as now actually printed. Mr. Asquith's account of it in his Budget speech made it appear for ever! But King Edward cannot work miracles. Besides, what inspiration for reform is there for the Tsar in the spectacle of an English Cabinet prostrate before the Tsar of the Black Hundred! No, Sir Edward Grey, lay not the flattering unction to thy party's soul that England can do what France cannot do. A nation, like a man, is known by the company it keeps; and Russian bureaucracy is too intimately aware of its kinship with English bureaucracy to care a snap of the finger for all the official pretences of reformatory zeal.

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Apart from financial machinery, the Old Age Pensions Bill
Bill as promised by Mr. Asquith contained the following provisions: it was to be non-contributory, there was to be no character test, and the receipt of non-medical relief in the past was to be no disqualification. Speaking on the Budget, Mr. Asquith said: "The less you go into questions of character, short of actual convictions of crime, the better. All the suggested tests look well on paper; truth, prudence, character, good reputation look well, but when you put them into concrete shape, they are difficult to apply, and the application is apt to produce cases of unwarrantable hardship." Prave 'orts! But turning to the printed Bill, Clause III., we read that a person shall be disqualified, not only "if before he becomes entitled to a pension, he has habitually refused to work," but "if he has been brought into a position to apply for a pension through his own wilful act or misuse of it." In other words, a character test is applied which does not even look well on paper. In practice, of course, like all character tests without exception, it will work out as a preferential tariff on humbugs and hypocrites.

Now consider the disqualification of paupers. Mr. Asquith's words were that only actual paupers would be excluded. But who are actual paupers? Is a person who has received relief during this year to be regarded as an actual pauper next year? Obviously not, if actuality means anything at all. Yet that is precisely what the Bill as printed implies. We undertake to say that not a single person could read Mr. Asquith's speech to harmonise with the Bill. Mr. Asquith proposed in the first year from the actual paupers only." The Bill itself disqualifies for the present and for the future "all who have received non-medical relief since January 1st, 1908." In other words, every eligible person for a pension next year will be disqualified by the receipt of a penny in this year; even though the penny may have been given on January 2nd of this year, and be never repeated. A pauper this year is by this fatuous definition an actual pauper next year also.

Such whittlings down of the not over-generous promises made by Mr. Asquith must be the cause of considerable dissatisfaction in the better sort of Liberals. We cannot believe that a whole body of men can take credit in chicanery such as this. It is contrary to the spirit of the present Parliament; and we declare that we believe that Mr. Asquith is any more representative of his party or of the country in the matter of Old Age Pensions than is Sir Edward Grey in the matter of the soldier. No doubt, in the first year, Mr. Asquith is ensuring for himself a long period of office by making promises only to break them. In this respect the Labour Party has a special duty. The Old Age Pensions Bill is one of their Bills. They have promised it. We trust and believe that they will see that Mr. Asquith keeps their promise for them.

Official information is at last to hand of a Railway Combine between the three "Great railways," the Northern, Central, and Eastern. The joint loan and share capital amounts to over 176 millions, the total minimum is £809,000, and the net receipts last year were over five million pounds. Lord Allerton, the chairman of the G.N.K. and the chairman-designate of the Joint Board, is certain that the Combine will make things better for everybody." But if a Combine of Three will do so, how much more a Combine of Ten? Speaking at the meeting of shareholders in December last, Lord Allerton foreshadowed the present change. "The time has arrived," he said, "when in the national welfare there will be no room for a rearrangement of the railway service . . . the interests of the nation are bound up inseparably with the railway convenience of this country." True, but what provision will be made in this Combine for the national welfare? Surely, if a few private interests can organise a Combination, a Cabinet long enough could organise a National Service of Railways. Will Mr. Churchill look to his laurels? Railway Nationalisation is long overdue.

All the reports—save Mr. Haldane's—of the progress of the Territorial Forces Act make it appear that the Act has defects insurmountable by the old type of volunteer. We ourselves during the debate urged Mr. Haldane was inconsistent in trying to make a democratic army by means of class distinctions. But worse defects than the exclusion of plebeians from commissions have been discovered in the Act. Under cover of official language and unofficial explanation, the true character of the new Territorialist has been concealed, but only for a while. Now that the facts are known, in vain is the net spread in the sight of any birds, however young. Mr. Robt. Edmundson, in "Justice of June 6," gives a convenient summary of new positions: "The old Volunteer enrolled; the new Territorialist must enlist. The old Volunteer was under civil control; the new Territorialist will serve under the despotic rule of the Army Council. The old Volunteer if he absented himself from drill paid a small fine; the new Territorialist may be arrested and marched as any common criminal through the streets, tried by court-martial, and sentenced to imprisonment. The old Volunteer could not be ordered to do anything, from emptying latrines to shooting down his fellow-workers . . . There were no military prisons for the old Volunteer; the new Territorialist may be sent there on the shortest notice."

The debate on Thursday regarding l'affaire Dinuzulu may be regarded as satisfactory in one respect: the Government had no intention of condoning the stoppage of Dinuzulu's salary. But in another respect we are still without explanation. How can the law, ordinarily so exceptional, has been allowed to prevail in Natal for less than six months? If Zululand were in a ferment of active mutiny, the suspension of the civil law could not be more complete or, apparently, more indefinite. If and under cover of the law (to use no harsher word) proceedings may and do take place. The Natal Government proposes shortly to shrieve its soul by an Act of Indemnity. We hope, however, that, before its ratification, the British Government will institute an independent inquiry.

The Labour Party has now by affiliation definitely attached to itself the whole of the Miners' Federation, numbering nearly half a million members. Henceforth a working arrangement in the House of Commons as well as in the constituencies will prevail between the two sections of Labour representatives. It has been long foreseen that the Parliamentary Labour Party would probably, like Aaron's rod, swallow the rods of the other political magicians; but ten years ago, even five years ago, nobody guessed it would be so soon. Now that the party is about complete, the time has surely come when the policy of the federated sections should be considered in general and in detail. Everywhere there are signs of the neglect into which, pending this debate, the Proceedings of the Liberal-Labour members, party discipline and party policy have been allowed to fall. Dundee and Pudsey are not causes, they are effects. And to these we may add the lamentable incident in the Russian debate resulting in the closing of Mr. Grayson by Mr. Henderson.

Such incidents are worse than irritating, they are mortifying. And we sincerely hope they will cease to disfigure the records of the Labour Party. But they will only cease when the party has a policy, known and endorsed by all its members. At present, the most adroit arrangements with Liberals or Tories, so long as they are no part of the declared policy of the Labour Party, are profitable, if not disastrous. The Labour Party must be distinguished by its policy and methods as by its programme, and we must learn to love the other parties in tactics than we have in principles. Our principles are new in political history; let our tactics be as new.
The Land of the Nativity.

A few days ago we heard the Labour Prime Minister of South Australia advise the Socialists of this country never to say or do anything that would cause real annoyance or unpleasantness to the powerful classes; the Australian Labour Party, we were told, had succeeded by reason of its studied inactivity in tone and deed. We are now affiliated to the Labour Party where it is considered rude to pound an old gentleman, at a private reception, however provocative of anger his remarks may be at all events we, who have hitherto written about affairs in Natal with some measure of moderation, now intend to have our say in the bluntest possible language, despite Australian counsel.

"By Christmas Day, the 25th of December, we had discovered seventy leagues of coast; on Thursday, December 28th, we anchored near the coast, and took several fish. At sunset we again set sail, and pursued our route." Thus simply does the unknown author of the "Roteiro da Viagem de Vasco da Gama," announce the tragic discovery of the country named, in commemoration of the day it was discovered*, Terra do Natal, the Land of Nativity, now known as Natal; the country that happens to be the most recent theatre of the uncontrollable blood-thirstiness, cupidity, and hypocrisy of the Anglo-Saxon, once he is released from confinement.

The English occupation of Natal took place in 1824, and it was not till 1891 that the colony was given what is euphemistically called a responsible Government. The Legislative Assembly consists of 37 elected members and the Cabinet of six members chosen from these 37. To peruse in the newspapers the doings of the Prime Minister of Natal, or the Minister of Native Affairs, impresses one with a certain sense of loftiness. The glamour is removed when you meet these gentlemen on their "native" heath, as was our fortune some years ago. The elected members of Assembly are, for the most part, the merest pot-house politicians, who could scarcely carry out the duties of some obscure Board of Guardians; the six Cabinet Ministers have no brains sufficient, were they all under one scone, to be elected Mayor of some tiny out-of-the-way provincial city in this country. The vulgar cunning of these bagmen has been exposed in many a Government paper; in the pages of this review we have given extracts from the correspondence between the Home Government and the late and present Governors of Natal, which presented in set words the treachery and trickery, the petty contemptible subterfuges by which Dinuzulu was induced to enter the clutches of his tormentors—the Natal Ministry. There was not a scrap of evidence in the whole of the correspondence upon which our measure of moderation, now intend to have our say in the bluntest possible language, despite Australian counsel.

"What has it to do with Socialism?"

We of the Socialist faith stand forth as Imperialists; we believe the only convinced Imperialists in the country. Leaving aside the international aspect of Socialism for the moment, we demand that in all questions of vital importance no Colony, and especially no Colony with a mind like Natal, shall have the power to decide an action as if it were an independent unit. In these days of rapid transit, of enormous migrating movements, of facility spread news, the Empire must be treated as one and indivisible—if there is to be any meaning at all in a British federation. Action in Natal recoils upon us here, upon Australia, upon Canada; chicanery in Natal reverberates through Hindustan. Physicians nowadays do not treat local disorders without considering the constitution of the patient as a whole. In Imperial matters we can do no less. The man on the spot is only a man on the spot, and there is no evidence to show that he is necessarily well acquainted with even the local conditions; he is usually absolutely ignorant of anything beyond them. Assuredly no Home Government would act without obtaining the fullest evidence from those who presumably have some local knowledge. In these days of cables and many journeymings, it is absurd to speak as if we were in the days of Clive, when necessarily the local authorities were stultified unless they were given or took complete power.

Natal has lost every recognition to be considered a civilised government; it is time the tragedy, endangering the whole of South Africa, were ended. Its 100,000 white inhabitants have proved themselves incapable of dealing with the million native inhabitants. The powers Natal has hitherto enjoyed and abused should be withdrawn, and the Zulus placed under a responsible British administration, as are the Basutos. This is a definite policy which the Labour Party should press upon the Government; it is a true and sane Imperialism; not the shoddy variety beloved by commercial Tories or Liberals.

Perhaps we should explain to the white inhabitants of Natal that the 25th of December is kept in Christian countries as the birthday of Jesus Christ, the founder of Christianity.
Policy of the Labour Party.

The political contest at Dundee did not end with the counting of the votes and the return of Mr. Winston Churchill to his anxious party at Westminster. What the papers were pleased to call the “result,” was in fact really an announcement that the issue at last was joined and the battle had begun. There are two Members of Parliament who sit for Dundee; at the General Election of 1906 one Liberal was returned and one Labour Party man. The Liberal seat became vacant when Mr. Robertson went to the Lords; and Mr. Churchill was pleased to give, or afraid to withhold; or whether the action. To claim only one seat at Dundee meant a system of half-concealed alliance with the Liberals; to fight for the second seat meant open and undisguised war. The Labour-Socialist movement is at last beginning to realise that it must quickly make up its mind whether it intends to bargain with the Liberals for what they are pleased to give, or afraid to withhold; or whether the whole issue between them must be fought out with the bare swords of political war at the polling booth.

The fight at Dundee was an act of guerilla warfare, for it did not receive the support of the Labour Party. Mr. Keir Hardie and a very few other members of the party were quite sure which was the right side to take, and expressed themselves quite clearly from Mr. Stuart's platform; but the bulk of the Labour members were eloquently silent and energetically inactive. Now, it is clear that this uncertainty between the official party and the candidates who profess to represent it at the polls is having disastrous effects on the whole movement. As a matter of theory, the endorsement of Mr. Stuart’s candidature was technically the concern of the Scottish Workers’ Committee, and not of the Labour Party at Westminster; but in plain fact the decision really lay with the latter. If the whole fighting strength of the party had been in action at Dundee Mr. Stuart would probably have won. The support was withheld, and he lost. There has been no concealment of the reason why the Labour candidate was thus allowed to go to his certain doom; he was told that it was the policy of the Liberal Party to allow the Liberals to retain one seat in every double constituency. In other words, there is a tacit alliance between the two parties on this point. The local Socialist and Labour Committee in Dundee refused to acknowledge any such compact, and declared war against the Liberals—to the bitter end; the Labour Party stood silently for compromise. And now the whole Socialist and Labour movement has to decide between the two policies: the policy of accommodating; the policy of fighting.

It is a question which must be settled with a clear understanding of the facts, and the most earnest attempt to draw the right conclusions from these facts. There must be no hysterical clamour, even when it takes the virtuous form of waving the red flag. The question is a simple one; are we going to gain more by compromise or by war? The answer is of no ordinary difficulty, and there is no room for calling each other fools or traitors, as we began to do in the case of the Dundee affair. An examination of the facts shows that out of the thirty-two seats held by the Socialist-Labour Party, in twenty-four of them we were either unopposed by Liberal candidates altogether or one seat in a double constituency was left to the Labour man. There are eleven double divisions where the seats are shared between the two parties; and in only two of these eleven did the Liberals run two candidates. To put it the other way, out of the thirty-two seats, only eight were taken from the Liberals at the point of the sword; the rest were surrendered by the Liberals without a struggle.

Now, on these facts there is based a theory which maintains that we hold our present position as the result of a mutual misunderstanding with the Liberals. It is suggested that we can only continue to exist if we agree to give and take in a reasonable manner. For example, if we claim both seats in a double constituency, as in Dundee, then the Liberals will withdraw from their kindly bargain, and we shall be fought in every place, and, presumably, wiped out of existence. Now, if that theory be true, it is a good reason why we should, for the present, continue to pursue the methods of compromise. We have entered the field of politics; and the first essential of success is to gain seats in Parliament. But this reasoning is not conclusive. The Liberals certainly stood aloof in the large majority of the fights we won. But there is another possible reason for their action besides kindness. They may have been afraid to fight. This explanation is more probable when we remember that there were at the last General Election thirty other divisions where they openly fought Labour or Socialistic candidates. Now, principles are very elastic things; but when they lead a political party to fight Labour in one place and to be kind to it in another, then “principle” seems rather a stately term for such a state of mind. It is better to call it—expediency. In short, on closer examination, this theory that the Labour Party owes its existence to Liberal forbearance does not coincide with the facts. Both sides took exactly what they had enough votes to gain, and both should be respected for so doing. The man who believes he is right and gives way to another whom he believes to be wrong, proves himself more of a coward than a man; and we should respect the Liberals for fighting us.

But surely we have everything to gain by declaring, once for all, that we cannot have any compromise with the Liberals. For one reason, it is impossible to make it clear to the man-in-the-street that Socialism alone will cure his ills when we, in effect, continually ask him to remain satisfied with Liberalism; for that is what the two-seat compromise really means. If Liberalism is good enough, why did we ever leave it? Everybody knows that, sooner or later, the only possible bond between the Liberals and the Socialists will be the fierce grip of mortal combat; and the faintest knowledge of human nature should tell us that we shall get no army around us until we prove the inevitability of the war. The ordinary man will never understand the science of Socialism for the same reason that he will never understand conic sections. But he will take the same intense interest in Socialism that he takes in a football match because his imagination is stirred by the spirit of the war. Will he ever take us seriously if we ask him to vote for a Labour man in one constituency and tell him that Mr. Churchill was good enough in Dundee? We must give the people an inspiration as well as a programme. Let us declare openly that we defy the Liberals to do their worst. Then, alone, we shall do our best. When the Persians marched against the Greeks they threatened that their arrows would fly so thick that the sun would be darkened; and the Greeks sent back scornful thanks: “Good; then we shall fight in the shade.” That was the defiant spirit which saved Greece; and it is solid political sense to say that it will save the Socialist-Labour Party to-day while timid compromise will wreck it. But there must be discipline in our ranks; the muddles of Dundee, Montrose, and Pudsey are ruinous. Whichever side is right, the minority must abide by an authoritative decision.

G. R. S. TAYLOR.
A Socialist Budget,

"The degree of civilisation which a State has reached may almost be measured by the proportion of the national income which is spent collectively instead of individually." Fabian Tract No. 127.

It has often been said that all class legislation is bad because you cannot benefit one class without injuring another, and in many respects this is doubtless true. At all events, it is vitally necessary that due recognition should be accorded to the undoubted fact that you cannot improve the economic status of the wage-earner without depriving the rich of a portion of those advantages which they enjoy at present. We do not preach a Class War. By all means let us have peace and considerately wrought as possible. But at the same time we must not allow ourselves to be led by our desire to avoid all class disturbance and class rivalry into preaching peace where there can be no peace. We are out to abolish poverty, and in making war upon small incomes—for that is what it comes to—we are necessarily making war upon large ones. That is the fundamental fact which lies at the root of the Socialist proposals with regard to taxation, and no reformer who fails to recognise it must flatter himself that he enjoys the confidence of "all the forces of Progress." Moreover, even if it were our aim to defeat the increasing the resources of the poor without decreasing those of the rich, we should still continue to prosecute our campaign against the latter because we regard giant accumulations of wealth as a positive danger to the State; and not because we regard it as a positive good. We would, perhaps, sooner live as the ordinary citizen.

For instance, the amount of taxation which is raised from the various sources of the poor without decreasing those of the rich comes—for that is what it comes to—we are necessarily making war upon large ones. This means that practically all indirect taxation would be abolished. Our existing indirect taxation consists in main in duties upon tea, coffee, cocoa, sugar, tobacco, and intoxicants. Of these the first four must be absolutely repealed. They are so monstrously unjust in their incidence that even apart from our canon they cannot be justified on any grounds whatever. They fall more heavily on the poor than on the rich in proportion to their respective incomes, but in actual amount per head, for, as is well known, the poor consume more of these articles than the rich. They fall more heavily on women than on men, and, like all taxes on food, far more heavily on the married than on the single, and with a far more retarding effect on the earning power of the family than on the individual. Hence, as a class they should not be taxed at all. This means that practically all indirect taxation would be abolished. This would work out as follows:

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<th>Source</th>
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<td>£20,000,000</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cocoa</td>
<td>£17,000,000</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tobacco</td>
<td>£20,000,000</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Total</td>
<td>£65,000,000</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Taxation remitted</td>
<td>£20,000,000</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Surplus</td>
<td>£35,000,000</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

The liquor and tobacco duties would be remitted and the revenue which would be lost would be raised by a graduated income-tax. This would work out as follows:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Income-bracket</th>
<th>Rate</th>
<th>Amount</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>£10,000</td>
<td>75%</td>
<td>£1,500,000</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>£20,000</td>
<td>50%</td>
<td>£500,000</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>£50,000</td>
<td>25%</td>
<td>£250,000</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>£100,000</td>
<td>10%</td>
<td>£100,000</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>£200,000</td>
<td>5%</td>
<td>£10,000</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>£400,000</td>
<td>1%</td>
<td>£4,000</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

The income-tax would be imposed on all the forces of Progress. Moreover, even if it were our aim to defeat the accumulation of wealth, it would be part of our avowed policy to tax all future unearned increment, i.e., socially created wealth. This would work out as follows:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Source</th>
<th>Amount</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Death Duties</td>
<td>£17,000,000</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Land Values</td>
<td>£20,000,000</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Total</td>
<td>£37,000,000</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

The total amount raised by taxation and death duties would be £37,000,000, of which £65,000,000 would be remitted. This would leave a surplus of £35,000,000, which would be used for the following purposes:

- £18,000,000 for a fresh revision of the Death Duties.
- £5,000,000 for a fresh revision of the Income-tax.
- £5,000,000 for a fresh revision of the Land Values.

How we should dispose of this surplus is a question outside the scope of this article, but at least we should be able to provide for the annual payment of the whole trade under social management. Again, the tax on tobacco may be regarded by many as a tax on a luxury, but here, we think, the case for reduction, if not for abolition, is overwhelmingly strong. Out of every 3d. which the poor man pays for tobacco 2d. goes to the Government. In fact, he pays 500 per cent. on the value of his tobacco, whereas the rich man who smokes the best cigars only pays from 20 per cent. upwards. The same thing would certainly be true of the tax on cocoa, sugar, tobacco, and intoxicants.

The degree of civilisation which a State has reached may almost be measured by the proportion of the national income which is spent collectively instead of individually.
Good Breeding or Eugenics.

VII.

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

"The mathematician argues, from his finite truths, through habit, as if they were of an absolutely general applicability—as the world imagines them to be." . . .

"In short I never yet encountered the mere mathematician who could be trusted out of equal roots."

Before venturing on to-day's ramble, and seeing that it is June time, perhaps in lieu of it, one would act wisely by re-reading Poe's Purloined Letter, where we are told that much, beyond the extract I have given, anent the ridiculous conceits in which mathematicians robe themselves. These were more or less bareable, I suppose, when they confined themselves to such irrelevances as Wrightman's multiplication table; though journeying through the world I find many besides myself who, from childhood onwards, have refused to believe that 2 and 2 may not sometimes make 3 or 5 or nothing. In chemistry, in biology, in life none can predict what 2 and 2 shall make. However, it is not a discourse around mathematical table that I would hazard to-day, but a warning against accepting a mathematician's ipse dixit where human beings are concerned.

In the last few numbers I have given some of the recent statements that confirm the acquired knowledge of untold generations of men, that "a good tree bringeth not forth corrupt fruit; neither doth a corrupt tree bring forth good fruit." Now there are some who pretend that unless we determine to so many decimal points the quantity of goodness a good tree bringeth forth we have nothing tangible; and it is pretended that this determination has been actually made. Let us see. We have agreed that certain physical characters are transmitted from parents to children. How much? asks the Measurer of Life, the Biometrician. Tables are sent out to a sufficient number of middle-class families, and measurements are requested of father, mother and children—their height, their span of arms, and the length of the left forearm. From these data, curves and the rest of it are plotted out, and we are informed that the physical resemblance between parents and offspring is about 0.5—that is about one-half. (Were it complete the figure would be unity, 2 and 2 may not sometimes make 3 or 5 or nothing. However, it is not a discourse around mathematical table that I would hazard to-day, but a warning against accepting a mathematician's ipse dixit where human beings are concerned.

Such a series of complex character studies could not have been framed by one having any real acquaintance with the psychology of child-life or with the human mind at all. What is interesting, however, is the result of all the curves and symbols that resulted. The physical characteristics were found to be inherited in the same ratio as the physical ones, 0.5. We are told that "we inherit our parents' tempers, our parents' conscientiousness, shyness and ability, even as we inherit their stature, fore-arm and span." We are forced to the general conclusion that the physical and psychical characters in man are inherited within broad lines in the same manner and with the same intensity. Geniality and probity and ability, though they may be fostered by home environment and congenial associates, are, nevertheless, bred and not created. The education is of small value unless it be applied to an intelligent race of men."

The final conclusion of all Professor Pearson's mathematics is, that we must increase the fertility of the upper middle-classes, because they are our only leaders of thought, commerce, etc. Rather too bad when one reflects that Gauss himself, the mathematician upon whose genius Professor Pearson refers, was, as one would suppose, a bricklayer. Amusingly enough, however, Professor Pearson chides the intellectual classes because they have "become enervated by love of pleasure," etc. Surely if geniality is bred, so is a love of pleasure, so is a love for small families. Hence it is useless looking to the upper middle-classes; we cannot breed large intelligent families from persons who are born with desires for small pleasure-loving families. A desire for fertility is born; it cannot be bred.

We seem driven to an impasse, yet the situation is not really so hopeless. In the first place it is only an academical's view that the upper middle-class repre- sent the brains of the nation. Names like those of Bunyan, De Foe, Shelley, Keats, Byron, Blake, Priestley, Dalton, Faraday, Wa Lucas, Bates, occur to me as I write, with practically all the inventors of this country, to refute the Professor's bald statement. In the second place, environment, by which we mean all the factors surrounding the potential or actual organism from before conception, through birth, childhood, and adolescence, is not quite the impotent, negligible quantity that hereditary scare-mongers would have us believe. Before displaying the power of environment I shall still have to deal with some other kinds of statistics about the inheritance of mental qualities and some mathematical fallacies about consumption and insanity.
The Last Ten Years of English Literature.
By Osbert Burdett.

I.
A history of literature does not, like a history of economics, etc., pass from period to period but from personality to personality, and it is, therefore, natural to start a review of the last ten years of literature in England with the death of Oscar Wilde. This occurred in 1900, and since then English literature has never recovered; a crowd of foolish and vulgar writers have deluged English periodicals with their effusions, and Oscar Wilde's name, instead of becoming, in his own words, "a low by-word among low people," has suffered an even greater insult: it has become a commercial term, a talisman by which the doors of publication have been opened to those who otherwise would, no doubt, have maintained to this day a much more useful conspiracy of silence.

With these paper has nothing to do, except, in passing, to notice how they have, perhaps, indirectly influenced the course of literature by making decadence, a technical term referring to style (as we have to remember), a vulgar and banal, and not only the mannerism of a clique of no importance. Decadence in England is now the property of dilettanti: that is all.

Englishmen to-day have still the rare privilege, in spite of the death-roll of the last twenty years, of living at a time when three great names, names that will outlive posterity, are still with us: I refer, of course, to Swinburne, George Meredith, and Thomas Hardy. Swinburne, inspiring a spirit still in the great age and lasting genius, is giving us work to enjoy and technique to marvel at. "The Channel Passage" is the name of his latest volume of poems (since included in the complete poetical works that have been issued); while an early novel, published now for the first time, with the approval and by the advice of Mr. Watts-Dunton, has appeared in the last two years, and in the verses which intersperse the letters that compose it we can feel his permanent, original, creative genius. It is rumoured, too, that another tragedy is to follow on the subject of the Borgias. Unlike Mr. Swinburne, Mr. George Meredith has ceased writing— but can we wonder or complain as we remember the dulness of thought, the bulk of matter which are characteistic of his work. As poet, philosopher, and novelist alike he is incomparable. It can, I think, be justly said that neither Swinburne nor Meredith has created a tradition. An imitation of Swinburne would be so obvious that the poet who succeeded in catching his style could never lay claim to originality: his influence is therefore only strongly seen in the works of minor poets—George Meredith, primarily a thinker, as Swinburne, primarily a master of form, can hardly have influenced contemporary literature to any great extent, as a philosopher he is too aloof, as a stylist too individual, to enable any copy to gain more merit than Marsyas won with Apollo's lyre. Thomas Hardy, the creator of the Wessex Novels, is chiefly distinguished from his fellow-genius, George Meredith, by a difference in his psychology, and by a different view of the world. Meredith, the great optimist, has never allowed the harshness of fact, the irony, as we say, of fate, to impress itself upon his work. It is true that few of Meredith's novels have what was once the conventional, the happy, ending; but the explanation of this is in the inherent weakness of the characters themselves and in Meredith's so logical exposition of them, not as we find in "Tess of the D'Urbervilles," for instance, the cruelty and injustice of the world in which they move. With an irony as deep as the art that expresses it, the last paragraph in the tragic history of Tess begins with the word "Justice": but the tragic death of Alvan and the dissolution of his life with Clothilde's evoce from Meredith only this passionate utterance: "Providence and her parents were not forgiven. But who are we in her debt for some instruction, she may now be suffered to go?"

In these two parallel statements all the difference between Hardy and Meredith is seen: Hardy, a rebel against the God who allows such agony on earth, a rebel who challenges the logic of a reply; Mr. Meredith, the passionate observer of men and women, who sees them from a distance as a novelist, and, as a philosopher, regards them as material out of which what is for him the true philosophy, psychology, may be precisely made.

With the exception of that by these, the greatest names in contemporary English literature, not a very large amount of pure creative work of the first order has been done. But, on the other hand, there has been a faith that band of workers who have deserved a greater reward than they have gained by the careful compiling of discreet anthologies and by a just and wise criticism. Of these Mr. Arthur Symons is the chief. So loving a student and so exact an appraiser as he is, besides poetry as he has found them, is a valuable element in any literature; to him, among several books of satisfying and delightful criticism, we owe perhaps the best collection of English verse of a certain period that we possess; I refer, of course, to his "Pageant of Elizabethan Poetry." Symons has fostered the care born of enthusiasm for the old traditions of our literature, and while he has denied consideration to few, he has done poetical justice—the only real justice after all—to many. Perhaps his sympathy for France and his knowledge of French literature have given to him that nice discrimination which is only too rare a quality among English critics; the logic of his method and the impartiality of his judgment are almost French in their intensity. Was it this which made him, alone among English critics, give the true verdict on Mr. Stephen Phillips' work? Not the least of his merits, and perhaps the most telling proof of them, is his essay on Wilde—the only dignified criticism that we have seen which has treated thisolumes of whole creative genius has received at the hands of his countrymen.

Wilde, ever an antinomian, as he tells us in "De Profundis," as a playwright has had no direct successor, but, in the sphere of paradox, has passed on this particular trick of style to the world of writing poet. Mr. Chesterton. Wilde enslaved language by making paradox the only medium of speech; Mr. Chesterton has tortured language to find new paradoxes. But it is not this, after all only a relatively unimportant question of style, with which are characteristic of his work. As poet, philosopher, and novelist alike he is incomparable. It can, I think, be justly said that neither Swinburne nor Meredith has created a tradition. An imitation of Swinburne would be so obvious that the poet who succeeded in catching his style could never lay claim to originality: his influence is therefore only strongly seen in the works of minor poets—George Meredith, primarily a thinker, as Swinburne, primarily a master of form, can hardly have influenced contemporary literature to any great extent, as a philosopher he is too aloof, as a stylist too individual, to enable any copy to gain more merit than Marsyas won with Apollo's lyre. Thomas Hardy, the creator of the Wessex Novels, is chiefly distinguished from his fellow-genius, George Meredith, by a difference in his psychology, and by a different view of the world. Meredith, the great optimist, has never allowed the harshness of fact, the irony, as we say, of fate, to impress itself upon his work. It is true that few of Meredith's novels have what was once the conventional, the happy, ending; but the explanation of this is in the inherent weakness of the characters themselves and in Meredith's so logical exposition of them, not as we find in "Tess of the D'Urbervilles," for instance, the cruelty and injustice of the world in which they move. With an irony as deep as the art that expresses it, the last paragraph in the tragic history of
say, the rules which direct where the stress shall fall, and how the time-periods — not the feet — must combine to form the structure of the line. His theories, like all other theories, are not wholly original, but they are none the less worthy of examination on that account. Briefly they are as follows. In the first place, English verse depends upon accent, and not upon long and short syllables, as was supposed. A blank verse, then, is a line that has five accents, while the number of syllables in the line is a matter altogether immaterial. Thus the words "scansion" and "feet" are misnomers: the correct expressions being "measurement of stress" and "time-periods." If you read poetry according to the sense you will find the rhythm of the line, in effect, is what he says; and, inasmuch as accents and not syllables are the important factors in each verse, a diversity of rhythm may result without in any sense sacrificing the number of stresses in each line which has been chosen for the poem, and which justly constitutes its metre.

But it is not only as theorist that Mr. Bridges has earned the title of "the wisest of poets." His lyrics, dainty, perfect things, the achievement of a careful craftsmanship, have a suave beauty all their own. He is grave with the gravity of silence, and joyous with all the voices of which silence itself is composed. In his "Shorter Poems," perhaps his most popular work, we see his theory put into a practice so perfect that only the divine carelessness of a bird's song appears on the surface of his poetry, beneath which wise a craftsmanship has been at work! He has written plays also, dealing with the myths and heroes of the antique world, the verse of which is one of the most beautiful creations of modern literature, and with them, as he devises his choruses, or alters the rhythm to inform the different phases of the play with an expression suitable to them, his theories of prosody again are distinctly interwoven.

There is another poet, too, who has been writing among us, with so evasive, so intangible a song that had it not been for Mr. Arthur Symons, his small public would have been forgotten. Ernest Dowson died in 1900. This is the brief estimate of his work, as his friend Mr. Symons has defined it, in the first paragraph of an introduction to his poems: "a of his work, as his friend Mr. Symons has defined it, in is grave with the gravity of silence, and joyous with all the voices of which silence itself is composed. In his "Shorter Poems," perhaps his most popular work, we see his theory put into a practice so perfect that only the divine carelessness of a bird's song appears on the surface of his poetry, beneath which wise a craftsmanship has been at work! He has written plays also, dealing with the myths and heroes of the antique world, the verse of which is one of the most beautiful creations of modern literature, and with them, as he devises his choruses, or alters the rhythm to inform the different phases of the play with an expression suitable to them, his theories of prosody again are distinctly interwoven.

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stage as that of the Suffragists of to-day, that no Suffra-
gist recognises their injustice nor proposes to repeal them, but on the contrary, all of them are looking forward to the day when they can by means of Female Suffrage urge forward legislation still further in the same direc-
tion. I have pointed out a special class of privileged women who have no claim to the common political rights of those not so privileged. This is recognised even by the Brit-
ish Constitution as it exists at present. Peers have not got the Franchise. Now to these arguments I have no objection, but to any reply in Miss Murby's article. Her references to Rip Van Winkle and the Horatian rustic may be very bright and witty, but what they have to do with the case, at least in the sense of furthering Miss Murby's argument, I am at a loss to conceive. I submit that a special class of privileged people has no claim to the main this pamphlet is still a trustworthy guide as to the state of the law, in so far as concerns the relations between men and women.

How Miss Murby connects masculine influence with the evils of the industrial development of the past hun-
dred and fifty years, or why she should think that had women ventured to so interfere with the development of wages for women that was already being carried on for the use and enjoyment of all, and not for the profit and aggrandisement of some, then the present evils would be remedied, Miss Murby quotes Miss Molony's allegations as to the importance of the wages of the workwoman as against those of the workman. Here again, I submit, this is an economic disability under which women suffer which could or would with the possession of political power have been mitigated or prevented, I fail altogether to understand. We Socialists know that this development is purely economic in its character, and its evils are exclusively traceable to the monopoly of the property which have freed the woman and bound the man. It is significant, however, that the present Suffragette agitation exists, so far as its distinctive methods are concerned, solely thanks to this much-despised chivalry. Does Miss Murby think for a moment that her sister in Suffragism, Miss Molony, would have dared to ring her bell when and where she did had she not felt that she was safe under her panoply of womanhood, upon which the chivalry of fatuously-generous men would not venture to lay a hand? No! I repeat the tactics of the W.S.P.U. simply mean trading on the chivalry of men. It is this abuse of the gift of weakness with which nature has endowed them, on the part of women, by which they have succeeded in forging manacles to prevent them from exercising their right of self-defence, that I referred to in my previous article.

No! Miss Murby, I do not know what I might not "rise to," but I am afraid I could not sink to the fatuous chivalry which sees in the aggressive weakness of rowdy womanhood a sacred thing.

Two Sonnets on Suffrage.

By James H. Cousins.

I. To the Suffragettes.

Who sets her shoulder to the Cross of Christ,
Lo! she shall wear sharp scorns on her brow;
And whose hand is put to Freedom's plough,
May not with sleek Expediency make tryst:
Wherefore to thee be honour! - unenticed
By shallow tongues that bid thee meekly bow
Till ancient thrones have shaken toward their fall;
Shout! for the Lord hath given unto thee
The new great age that brings new hope to all!

II. Concerning Freedom.

"Free as the waves" —they sang— "the waves that swell
And break in large free laughter round her coasts,
Is England!" —sang the dedicated hosts
That, for her sake, went forth and bravely fell.
But now a word, like some heart-breaking knell,
Stirs with some agony the hallowed breast.
For England—England that of freedom boasts—
For Freedom's champions finds—a prison cell!

Oh! I cease thy mocking, England, of the name
Of Her whose face shall never bless thy sight
Till man and woman, sharing equal right,
And linked in equal honour, equal shame,
Move, as of old, twin orbs in God's clear light,
And purge the world with one unwavering flame.
The New Age.

The Constitutionalist.

By Robert a’ Field.

June 13, 1908

Used up; worn out; blasé; life-weary; weary of life; sick of life. In short, bored to death.

Weary Willy lay down on his tedious side. Out of all patience. Beneath the yellowing gorse bushes he rolled; and uncorked a flask. He wondered if anybody were thinking about him. The owner of the flask, for instance. Or the police. When Willy was well, he never wondered. Willy was not well. Willy was quite ill. In fact, he was quite about to die. And he thought so.

He watched the earth roll round in spite of him. But the beauty of sky and dazzling cloud and the blue of the sea below the cliffs he did not watch. Yet he felt it. Also, he hated it, this sick human. He spat about himself. "Eh, I'm near gone," he responded. "Me legs is gone. Me gin's all gone." He sweated all over. He made weird remarks. "Do you mean that you have owned estates?" said the god. Willy drew himself high. "Sir, you behold a man wit'rode is kerridge." The god gazed out to sea. Willy suddenly sat down. He felt a horrible pang shoot across his inside. He sweated all over. He made weird remarks. "About these estates," said the god. But Willy had given in. "Nah look ere," he broke out wildly. "You make me tired. Can't yer see I'm drin' o unger? I'm too wore out ter play the goat any more. Besides, yer too easy. Blimee, I'd like a good cut o mutton an a few baked. Ur-oo-oo!"

"How did you lose your estates?" pursued the god. "About these estates," said the god. But Willy had given in. "Nah look ere," he broke out wildly. "You make me tired. Can't yer see I'm drin' o unger? I'm too wore out ter play the goat any more. Besides, yer too easy. Blimee, I'd like a good cut o mutton an a few baked. Ur-oo-oo!"

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Cos yer some bloomin forrener. I knows yer, yer lazy old murderin anarchist. Git ome. I demons myself a-talkin wiw yer."

Willy went up the gorse. The god went up to Olympus. Willy glanced back accidentally. Notheless, scornfully. It was wasted. No one stood where the stranger had stood.


Presently as nothing happened, Willy sat down. He moaned. The queer pains were shooting through him all ways now. And an odd chuckle sounded in his throat. He swallowed the rest of the gin. It burned like flames.

But soon the pain ceased. And the chuckle was heard no more.

Next day, the coast-guard found him lying on his face. "Drunken heart," said the coast-guard. He kicked Willy a bit. But it was no use.

The Defender of the Constitution was dead.

Books and Persons.
(AN OCCASIONAL CAUSERIE)

The reference by Dr. Saleeby the other week in these columns to Professor Auguste Forel's work on the sexual question moved me to obtain the French translation of the book. Its full title is: "La Question Sexuelle exposée aux adultes cultivés." It is published by Steinheil, and the price is ten francs, which, considering that the volume is majestic and well printed, cannot be called dear. After Dr. Saleeby's recommendation, any laudatory remarks from me would have the air of an impertinence. I may, however, say that the work is one of the best pieces of vulgarisation that I remember to have met with. It is very complete, very honest, utterly capable, and singularly daring in the expression of views which are held by the majority of men and women of sense, but which men and women of sense are too cowardly to enunciate. The latter part of the book is more than vulgarisation, as Dr. Saleeby pointed out; but it is mainly as a vulgarisation that the book takes its stand.

* * *

I note that the French translation is in its eleventh thousand! Dr. Saleeby referred to the extreme improbability of an English translation, the fact being that England would not tolerate it. If it were not a popular work: if it were an affair for specialists published by special publishers at a lofty price, then England would tolerate it. But because it is full of information of sterling practical value to, and to be comprehended by, every normal human being, and because it makes agreeable reading for the speculative amateur who buys artificially rare books, then England would not tolerate it. If it were not a popular work, England would not tolerate it. If it were not a popular work, the result might not be everlasting penal servitude for the hardy pioneers. At any rate, the matter is worthy enough and important enough to be considered.

* * *

I must briefly refer to Messrs. Chatto and Windus's defence of themselves, in the matter of the Florence Press, in last week's issue. The point is of some importance, as it illustrates the attitude of publishers towards the democratisation of the literary market. Messrs. Chatto and Windus say that my "friendly paragraph miscstates their position," and that it is "likely to cause misapprehension," and that "the last thing they desire is to afford room for speculation" in the Florence Press books. If my paragraph miscstates their position, their own prospectus miscstates their position. In one breath they say that they will issue the Florence Press books as they issue other books, and in the next they say that the edition of the first book will be limited to five hundred copies! Why? The greater artificial scarcity of Kelmscott books is beside the point. The relative cheapness of the Florence Press books is beside the point. Why announce a limit? And if the last thing they desire is to encourage the speculative amateur who buys artificially rare books "for the rise," why in the name of common sense do they explicitly state that the books will not be reprinted in the Florence Press type? A plain person would suppose that such a statement was meant precisely as a hint for the speculative amateur. I am glad to learn that it is not so meant. But I regard Messrs. Chatto and Windus's methods of discouraging the speculative amateur and fostering a genuine public as most remarkably inept. I very much sympathise, however, with the intentions of the Florence Press and I laud the promised cheapness.

JACOB TONSON.
BOOK OF THE WEEK.

John Davidson. His Mark.*

In the Epilogue to this powerful play, the second of a trilogy, "God and Mammon," Mr. John Davidson states his creed. He has stated it before, but never so emphatically, never so weightily. "I am not," he says, "a philosopher... I am a poet. That this I say is not a new philosophy or a new religion: it is more than these; it is the beginning of a new poetry. . . . With me there comes a solution of continuity; the past is cut off; a new beginning, in which men shall no longer be the victims, but the masters of evolution."

So absolute a mood and such self-confidence do not, however, as Mr. Davidson supposes, repeat. What does repeat is the fact that they find no adequate expression in his work. Admitted that Mr. Davidson is a poet, even—for our day—a great poet; yet it is far from true that this play, perhaps the most sustained and powerful piece of writing Mr. Davidson has yet done, constitutes a unique achievement in poetry, or is in any sense a "solution of continuity."

Neither in form nor in idea, neither in intensity of language nor in passion of genuine thought is there anything here to warrant all the pother Mr. Davidson language nor in passion of genuine thought is there expression in his work. Admitted that Mr. Davidson is a poet, even—for our day—a great poet; yet it is far from true that this play, perhaps the most sustained and powerful piece of writing Mr. Davidson has yet done, constitutes a unique achievement in poetry, or is in any sense a "solution of continuity."

Neither in form nor in idea, neither in intensity of language nor in passion of genuine thought is there anything here to warrant all the pother Mr. Davidson makes about his work in the epilogue. "Mammon and His Message" is a fine play, but it is not a great play. It contains magnificent passages, but it contains also a great deal of drivel. Its characters are intense and dramatic, but they are not nearly so heroic as Mr. Davidson supposes them, and as for the protagonist, Mammon himself, he is no better than the vision of the monster whom Socrates pricked to a ridiculous death in the dialogue with Gorgias. Moreover, Mammon is borrowed or, at best, stolen by force, from Nietzsche. We hesitate to say that Mr. Davidson is the only Nietzschean who takes Nietzsche seriously and without salt. Mr. Oscar Levy takes his master seriously, but in the "Revival of Aristocracy" his characters are intense and dramatic, but they are not nearly so heroic as Mr. Davidson supposes them, and as for the protagonist, Mammon himself, he is no better than the vision of the monster whom Socrates pricked to a ridiculous death in the dialogue with Gorgias. Moreover, Mammon is borrowed or, at best, stolen from Nietzsche. We hesitate to say that Mr. Davidson is the only Nietzschean who takes Nietzsche seriously and without salt. Mr. Oscar Levy takes his master seriously, but in the "Revival of Aristocracy" his characters are intense and dramatic, but they are not nearly so heroic as Mr. Davidson supposes them, and as for the protagonist, Mammon himself, he is no better than the vision of the monster whom Socrates pricked to a ridiculous death in the dialogue with Gorgias. Moreover, Mammon is borrowed or, at best, stolen from Nietzsche. 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* "Mammon and His Message." A Play. By John Davidson. (Grafton Richards. $5. net.)
REVIEWS.

Sixty Years of Protection in Canada, 1846-1907.
By Edward Porritt. (Macmillan and Co., Limited. 5s. net.)

The history of the rise of the Protectionist Movement in Canada and the establishment and growth of the system as traced by Mr. Porritt makes very interesting reading, but the main interest of the book to a Socialist reader lies in the striking manner in which is shown the absolute indifference of both the great political parties in Canada to the well-being of the masses of the people. The outstanding feature is the great betrayal by the Liberal Government in 1897. The first Protectionist—or National Policy—tariff after the federation of the Canadian Provinces was enacted by a Conservative Government in 1879. The Conservatives remained in office for 17 years, during which period the Liberals never ceased to attack them for their Protectionist policy and to dilate on its injuriousness to the consumer. The history of the rise of the Protectionist Movement in Canada, 1846-1907.

I may say at once that I think no man who has taken the trouble to examine the working of the Protective system will fail to endorse the statement I make that liberty and Protection are a contradiction in terms. You can have no true liberty under a system the function of which is to create a privileged class, and to concentrate an undue proportion of the wealth of the community in the hands of a few individuals. I contend that Protection, besides being the cause of the political corruption, is the deadly foe of all true freedom; and therefore the deadly foe of every Liberal who desires to see his country a free country. These are the words of a man who three years later was Minister of Trade and Commerce in a Protectionist Liberal Administration. Again, in September, 1894, Sir Wilfrid Laurier delivered himself as follows:

"We stand for freedom. I denounce the policy of Protection as bondage;—yes bondage; and I refer to bondage in the same manner in which American slavery was bondage. Not in the same degree, perhaps, but in the same manner. In the same manner the people of Canada are toiling for a large percentage, a very large portion of your earnings for which you sweat and toil."

It seems almost incredible that within two years this Liberal statesman could swallow convictions so strongly expressed and become Prime Minister of a Protectionist Government. It is the same story with every Liberal Administration. Mr. Cowper, Minister of Finance in the same Ministry, and other prominent Liberals spoke no less strongly on the subject. This opposition to Protection was the chief plank in the Liberal platform at the General Election of 1896, which resulted in the downfall of the Conservative Government and the accession of the Liberals to power. Nevertheless, when they came into office the Liberals immediately adopted the Conservative Protectionist policy, the reason they gave for this sudden volte face being, of course, the dislocation of the protected industries and the throwing out of employment of the workpeople engaged therein that would ensue. Since that date, however, they have never made any attempt to reduce the tariff, but, on the contrary, have considerably increased it and extended its scope. Not in the same degree, perhaps, but in the same manner. It is true that in the preparation of all kinds of Nut Cakes, Nut Meats, Soups, etc.; How to Prepare all kinds of Food and Recipes, with recipes for the preparation of all kinds of Nut Cakes, Nut Meats, Soups, etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc,
tributions by the capitalists in return for legislative favours provide the Government in power with large campaign funds, which are used for the wholesale corruption of the electorate.

"Tariff and bounty beneficiaries, railway promoters, and subsidy hunting corporations, men with railways to sell to the Government, Government contractors, and wealthy men who have been, or who are, seeking to be appointed to the Senate, all contribute to replenish the war chest when a general election is pending. Civil servants in many constituencies become zealous election agents in support of the men who have secured their appointment."

The Government also exercises much control over the Press which supports it. These things contribute to render it almost impossible for a candidate independent of both the established political parties to be returned to Parliament. The experience of Canada should be a warning to those who rest satisfied that the interests of the consumer are safe in the hands of a Liberal Government. Mr. Porritt is to be congratulated on his success in making a most readable book out of not very inspiring material.

A History of the Jews in England. By Albert M. Hyamson. (Published for the Jewish Historical Society of England by Chatto and Windus. 4s. 6d. net.)

Mr. Hyamson belongs to the older tribe of historians who are content to picture history as a succession of battles; but he lacks that power of expression which makes such sketches readable if not valuable. The Jews who figure in this volume, from their first settlement in the reign of William the Conqueror, are sad figures who are alternately amass wealth by usury and lose it by spoliation. We can neither rejoice at their gains nor feel dejected at their deprivations. The Norman kings protected the Jews because they provided an easy source of taxation. "It is thus seen that the Jews of Angevin England by their assistance enabled the Church and the Barons to erect buildings suitable for their purposes, and that by means of Jewish money the latter were put in a position to discharge their feudal obligations to the king, as well as to take part in contests for the recovery of the Holy Land."

The King, on the other hand, by means of funds derived from Jewish sources, was naturally assisted in the government of the kingdom, and his missions abroad, both warlike and peaceful, were rendered easier.

John seems to have been as favourably disposed towards the great Jewish moneylenders of his day as our present King is towards the Rothschilds and the other great Jewish moneymaking firms of the present time. John, however, became an expensive dentist; the famous Jew of Kinsale paid marks of silver for the extraction of seven teeth. (This beats the American dentists of London's West End.) Pillaged, prosecuted, massacred, the expulsion of the Jews took effect in 1290, when some 15,000 left England. Mr. Hyamson suggests that not all the Jews left the country; a few were converted and others professed Christianity. But there was no open Jewish settlement until Cromwell, not without enormous opposition, connived at their return.

Ever since, England has been the scene of an ever-growing material prosperity for the Jews and the decay of whatever was spiritually distinctive of Judaism. The Jews in this country have imbibed all that there is of mean, commonplace, conventional among Englishmen; they have not retained any intellectual independence, and with the exception of Disraeli and Zangwill, there is not one name that rises above mediocrity. We should have enjoyed an intelligent story of the manner in which the Jews actually made their money, and of their mode of living, both before and after the expulsion. This might be admirably graphed even by Mr. Hyamson's. Paine was not a "militant Atheist," he was a Deist; Barbados is the correct spelling of the coral island, not Barbadoes.
railway bookstalls. Mr. Davies has filled that need in a truly admirable fashion. Every aspect of the question from the waste of competitive advertising to preferential import rates, and from directors' fees to cash reserves, is treated with the most sound judgment and lucidity and certainty of touch. While giving all necessary statistics Mr. Davies avoids the besetting sins of many enthusiasts, the sins of repetition and excessive detail. One of the most interesting chapters deals with "The Shareholders' Indictment," and with the prolonged, and for the most part unavailing, struggle of the Railway Investment Company to obtain up-to-date statistics as a prelude to the prevention of waste. The many extra millions that might be made by theexercise of monopoly even without unfair competition, it is pointed out, easily be secured for the stockholder before the State has time to step in; but in Mr. Davies's view this—fortunately for the British taxpayer—is very unlikely, as there is no sign in the circles of Railway Directors of a man of sufficient intelligence to accomplish the most simple reforms. Altogether we have no hesitation in saying that no one who is interested in the subject can afford to do without this book. It is of the sort that cannot be written until a struggle is over, and the larger question of the need for a Socialist party we do not hesitate to affirm that the claim of the poor is against those who toil not but who possess much, will Old Age Pensions be robbed of the taint of pauperism or the savour of national charity.

MAGAZINES OF THE MONTH.
The anonymous editor of the "Socialist Review" (described as "Outlook") contributes in his "Outlook" some important public notices of questions at present agitating the Labour and Socialist movement: the question of the relations of local groups with the Labour and Socialist Executive, and the larger question of the future of the Labour Party. Regarding the former, we will simply quote the following: "We need not hide the seriousness of the situation which will be created if candidate after candidate plays off his own bat, or has only local or sectional backing. Of the latter, the Editor’s most important sentence is the following: "This (the strengthening of the Extreme Right by the intervention of Socialist candidates) will always be the case until Socialism gathers enough strength to conquer all Parties;" and as an additional emphasis on the need for a Socialist party the Editor concludes: "Moreover, until we get a Government which understands in its soul that the claim of the poor is against those who toll not but who possess much, will Old Age Pensions be robbed of the taint of pauperism or the savour of national charity."
The Editorial Outlook is followed immediately by an article by Mr. Wells, in which precisely the contrary opinions are stated. We have no need to defend the S.D.P., against Mr. Wells's charges; but regarding the Socialist movement as a whole and the question whether the time is ripe for the creation of a Socialist party, we do not hesitate to affirm that Mr. Wells is at least fifteen years behind the times. As a first-rate Socialist propagandist, Mr. Wells naturally believes in the method of education; but why, now that the I.L.P. is definitely and avowedly Socialist in character, should he say, as he does, that a Socialist party is neither possible nor desirable at the present time? Moreover, that phrase "present time" is misleading, for Mr. Wells really means that a Socialist party will never be possible. "The sane Socialist," he writes, "who is also a sane politician, will do anything he can at the present time to prevent any such party appearing, will do everything to anticipate allay harsh and embarrassing feuds between Labour representatives and Liberals and reasonable Socialists—between, that is, those types of men who must be brought together if we are to see any deliberatively Socialist legislation in the next twenty or thirty years." This can have only one meaning, namely, that Mr. Wells neither expects nor desires to see a Socialist party co-extensive with the existing parties. Its function, for him, is that of pacemaker only, and exclusively for the Liberal party. Which is certainly not the view of the Socialist political future we gather from the Editorial Notes.

In the same number Dr. Alfred Russel Wallace begins a series of articles on "The Renurgy of Unemployment," which deserves to be read with care. The June number of the "Socialist Review" is a credit to the I.L.P.

In the "International," Mr. J. A. Hobson has an illuminating article on "The Coming of Protection." He ventures on a prophecy. "Nothing but a large and most unlikely revival of industrial prosperity is able to prevent the debacle of British Trade at the next General Election." Dr. Edward Bernstein defends the Labour Movement from the charge of lowering the standard of culture. He concludes: "He who understands the modern Labour movement is sure of one thing, that Mr. Wells's charges; but regarding the Socialist movement as a whole and the question whether the time is ripe for the creation of a Socialist party, we do not hesitate to affirm that Mr. Wells is at least fifteen years behind the times. As a first-rate Socialist propagandist, Mr. Wells naturally believes in the method of education; but why, now that the I.L.P. is definitely and avowedly Socialist in character, should he say, as he does, that a Socialist party is neither possible nor desirable at the present time? Moreover, that phrase "present time" is misleading, for Mr. Wells really means that a Socialist party will never be possible. "The sane Socialist," he writes, "who is also a sane politician, will do anything he can at the present time to prevent any
Sir Charles Watson defends Gordon against the charges of Lord Cromer.

Two important articles appear in the “Albany Review” for June, the Secretary of the Proportional Representation Society, discusses the various proposals for Electoral Reform by application to recent three-cornered elections. We agree with his conclusion that serious and not only that worse than useless to revive the evils of representation; and we have no hesitation in declaring ourselves in favour of a “Proportional Representation” scheme. If Mr. McQuaid’s promise of Electoral Reform is ever fulfilled, it should include the abolition of the present grossly unfair system of degrading minorities of representation into influence. Mr. Edward Jenk’s exceedingly able criticism of Mr. Mallock’s attack on socialism. Other articles are “Old Age Pensions,” by W. Sutherland; “The Irony of Samuel Butler,” by Desmond MacCurdy, and an appreciation of the late Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman by Harold Spencer.

We have already referred to Sir Cyprian Bridge’s comments in the June “United Service Magazine” on the probability of a surprise invasion. But from our point of view the most interesting article in the number is Dr. Maguire’s indictment of the education methods of the War Office. We have often called attention to one serious and perhaps fatal defect in Mr. Haldane’s scheme, namely, the reservation of commissions for purely-school trained men. It was and is a piece of gross “class” legislation, and in a National Scheme as bad in policy as it is obsolete in theory. From an almost unsurpassed knowledge of the inner life of the army, Dr. Maguire arrives at a similar conclusion. “I denounce this shaftesbury production has typical French characteristics. This form of entertainment represents the glamour of the theatre in its support of the British Drama, or supporting British excelsis.” Well, anyway, what is the theatre for?

Opera Bouffe and Gossip.

The present season of “Songs that Dance. Dances that Sing,” at the Shaftesbury, is worth going to see if you haven’t stored up too much dramatic energy in long abstention. It really makes all the difference in theatre-going whether one goes regularly or only at long intervals. The regular theatre-goer very soon lowers his dramatic standard in a shocking way. An habitué of London theatres begins to idealise Beerbohm Tree who had formerly despised Tree.

In anything but the crudest types of dramatic representation we are still only in the beginning of development. “Offenbach Opera Bouffe” do we rather well, these simple pleasures of the muddled mind being on the same mental and emotional level as those produced by beer-drinking on a long country walk. Excellent and divine emotions, beartiful and revealing stupidity. “Who drives fat oxen,” etc., etc., and who would understand the problems of rural England must be a little more stupid than the man who would understand the problems of dramatic England must be a little amused by Offenbach Opera Bouffe. I see from the Press that this Shaftesbury production has typical French characteristics. For my own part I merely noted that it had a similar conclusion. “I denounce this shaftesbury production has typical French characteristics. This form of entertainment represents the glamour of the theatre in its support of the British Drama, or supporting British excelsis.” Well, anyway, what is the theatre for?” Precisely.

No one but an incurably idle or stupid person would go regularly to the London Theatre—and dramatic critics. Just as no one but an incurably idle and stupid person would habitually stupefy himself with quarts of beer. But, as a matter of fact, hundreds of thousands of persons habitually do both these things, and call it supporting the Drama, or stultifying British Industries. Dramatic criticism ought always to be divided between a review from the point of view of the habitué and a critique from the point of view of the theatrical ascetic. But the habitués would not like this; they may dislike Mr. Maugham’s work, but they prefer him criticized hard. Why, when you sit down to a meal, do you do so dreading its after-effects?

It is because you are a dyspeptic, suffering from Chronic Indigestion.

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A little Friendly Advice to sufferers from Indigestion, and all who fail to enjoy Life.

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of religious emotions are practically untouched. Posi-

tively I do not know any modern play in which the

panorama of evolution is displayed, and none in which

God is brought into the theatre. In the end, no doubt,

shall at last be able to laugh in church.

mendable zeal for Wordsworth. I am sure Jacob would like

me, but to go for what you object to with a ballot-box, a

Plays of amusement are a necessity at present; to make

hatchet, or any other convenient weapon. If we are

them of the works of God, with farcical interludes, we

declines to remove to enable those behind her to see the

planning to bring about these outrages in revenge for the

The municipal labour bureaus there are not the water-tight

But in my humble way I am nevertheless always happy to

The municipal bureaus there are not the water-tight

right and encouragement, to strengthen the dramatic

FEMINISM AND FEMALE SUFFRAGE.

To the Editor of "THE NEW AGE."

I should be glad if you would give publicity to the follow-

satisfactory paper of such standing as THE NEW AGE, con-

galstic articles.

Allow me to thank you for the important review you were

good enough to give of my book "Heroes and Heroines of

THE INTERNATIONAL AND INDIA.

THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

This note gives me the chance of heartily agreeing with

"HEROES AND HEROINES OF RUSSIA."

To the Editor of "THE NEW AGE."

THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

THE INTERNATIONAL AND INDIA.

HEROES AND HEROINES OF RUSSIA.

UNEMPLOYMENT IN DENMARK.

To the Editor of "THE NEW AGE."

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HEROES AND HEROINES OF RUSSIA.

UNEMPLOYMENT IN DENMARK.

THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

HEROES AND HEROINES OF RUSSIA.

UNEMPLOYMENT IN DENMARK.
As a man of genius may I be permitted to call attention to the fact that the artist does not choose his subject, it is forced upon him. In the beginning, he experiments with the object of discovering his "bent"; afterwards, he develops himself in his sphere of work than he chooses his body or his dramatist dramatises, for the same reason that he breathes without being able to decide, for example, for every one of my plays has to mean "a cause." They are apparently unable to comprehend how anything can be done without some strong reason for it. "If a man writes a 'serious' play (say these wiseacres) he must mean something by it, he must intend to teach something"—and forthwith they drift off into all sorts of absurd guesses as to what my plays mean. The result is that I, a mere dramatist and a man of genius, find myself saddled with a political social and philosophical conscience. And Professor Raleigh (in his "Shakespeare") pets the case very neatly when he says: "...(Shakespeare) pets the case very neatly when he says:

Indeed the intellectual world has been so preoccupied with the idea that the artist is "in the movement"; read all their own "lessons" into his work; put their own gloss on everything he says or does; and know his mind and his intention better than he does himself.

The Stodgies are absurd, but the Intellectuals are the devil! Take the case of my friend Ibsen. Was ever a man so beset, patronised and exploited by fools as this man has been? So-called boosters—lauders (seriously or facetiously) by Mr. Bernard Shaw—have insisted over and over again that Ibsen wrote his plays with the intention of placing before a misguided world certain ideals, political and social. These people see a man of intense energy pouring out a vast volume of work, and immediately look for a motive—for, being English, they cannot imagine anything being done for "nothing"—they jump to the ridiculous conclusion that it all has reference to themselves. Obsessed with this curious idea, they immediately begin to see in Ibsen a missionary intent on teaching them the error of their ways. They never seem to comprehend that there is a great deal more than fact and theory in every line which he has written. His characters are only a choker, as though he were an embodiment of the Non-conformist conscience.

It is as necessary, therefore, that men like Ibsen and myself should be defended from the Intellectuals—who wish to turn us into parsons and the stage into a pulpit from the Stodgies—who seek to restrain us from dealing with the whole of life.

OLIVER ATKINSON.

Man of Genius.

RAILWAY CONCILIATION BOARDS.

To the Editor of "The New Age."

Last year the Fabian Executive was subjected to some adverse criticism because of the manifesto issued in favour of the Lloyd-George settlement of the railway dispute. We were then told that the unions would suffer, and that the Conciliation Boards would be swamped with rail way nominees.

The result hardly justifies these criticisms. The number of members elected to the Conciliation Boards is 261. Out of this number only 15 are non-unions, the rest being composed of 215 members of the Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants, 22 of the Amalgamated Society of Locomotive Engineers and Firemen, and one of the General Railway Workers' Union, and one from the United Carriers' Association. In addition to this, the membership of the A.S.R.O. has substantially advanced. I have thought of the Fabian Executive that these facts should be made known.

S. G. HOBSON.

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