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

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[Our readers who are holidaying will be doing us a great service by obtaining the NEW AGE from their local newsagents.]

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

IN the absence of anything more important (for we cannot regard the incident of the blowing off of the King of Spain's green hat in Piccadilly as likely to lead to international complications), the return of Mr. Lloyd George from Berlin may be said to have contributed somewhat to the lull in foreign affairs. Sir Edward Grey must have heaved a sigh of relief when his hot-headed colleague and his even more gaseous secretary had safely returned to the precincts of Fleet Street, where journalists abound whose reports nobody believes. Mr. Lloyd George's absence has left the field clear for the forces of friendliness to do what they can, the amenities of the Crown and of the International Socialist movement. Both have been busy after their respective fashions, the King at Marienbad and the Socialists in their papers and speeches. As a result, we are beginning to realise that we have made fools of ourselves in the eyes of Europe. Whatever Germany may or may not be plotting, it is pretty certain that for England at present there is no very great cause for panic. We've got the ships, we've got the men, we've got the money, too. And if the worst comes to the worst, some of our Socialist friends will themselves go out and do battle against fearful odds for the ashes, etc.

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As we said last week, the fundamental features of the situation remain exactly where they were. All that is altered is the attitude of newspaper-fed England towards them. And we can only suggest that as, on Shakespeare's authority, fire drives out fire, the sensation of Sevenoaks has driven out the sensation of Germany. It may be so; it probably is so. Only in that case we ask what possible weight attaches to a public opinion so easily inflamed and so easily allayed? We drew attention to this disquieting symptom of popular superficiality only to set our readers guessing at its greatest cause. The answer is to be found in the series of articles on the Harmsworth Press which have just concluded in the "Nation."

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Now that a little sanity has returned, we ask what results beyond an increased circulation for the inflammatory journals has the scare really produced? That Germany has been alarmed equally with England is, of course, ridiculous. No greater homage was ever paid a nation than the homage of our panic at the thought of German invasion. To be able to inspire such fear in England is surely the Kaiser's masterpiece. That anything constructive in England was born during the crisis we must equally deny. Some of our Socialist friends, we observe, have claimed part of the honour of raising the wind, but we are afraid the crop they seek will prove the whirlwind. The Citizen Army scheme, to which we referred last week, has duly appeared in the pages of "Justice," but we look in it in vain for a scheme suitable for England. Briefly, its idea is the municipalisation of the Army, an idea, by the way, which is, in one respect, only an extension, not a contradiction, of Mr. Haldane's Territorial Army. Along with municipal organisation goes naturally the notion of the citizen-soldier, together with the democratic machinery of elective officers. The scheme, we admit, is interesting and has many merits; but we shall retain an open mind on the subject until considerably more discussion has taken place. Meanwhile, we regret that we do not regard its appearance at this moment as of such vital importance as to have justified the labouring mountains of an Anglo-German misunderstanding.

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So much at present for the Citizen Army scheme which was to arise out of the international trouble. Now let us consider what other elements have been pursuing their nefarious trade during the brain-storm. The "Observer," under the editorship of Mr. J. L. Garvin, may be said to be a weekly edition of the "National Review." If the editor of the "National Review," Mr. L. J. Maxse, has a daily paper as well, we do not read it. The "Observer" and the "National" are quite enough. The "Observer" on Sunday last appeared with the bloated suggestion (which in its authoritative way might conceivably be more than sheer guesswork) that England had put her foot down at last, all doubt was at an end, a four-year naval programme had been drawn up, and fifty million pounds were to be spent in "Indomitables." Such was the announcement, the wish being father to the thought. A little later in the week, however, the whole story was contradicted, contradicted authoritatively, contradicted finally. England had not put her foot down, for she had never taken it up; doubt was not at an end, and could not be until Germany declared her intentions (that

is, never; for the truth is that Germany does not know her intentions any more than England knows her own; Germany and England as intelligent entities are pure myths, convenient only as counters); a four years' naval programme on the basis of "two keels to one" had not been drawn up; and absolutely no additional money had been allocated for "Indomitables." In short, the true truth had been sadly butchered to make an "Observer" circulation.

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The point to notice, however, is that the "Observer" had utilised the scare created in part by its monthly colleague, the "National Review," for an end common to both papers. Both papers belong to and practically constitute the anti-German party in this country. Both papers will from time to time fan the ashes of English cowardice and stupidity into a flame; and one day that flame may set a light to Europe. Fortunately, however, the attempt has failed this time. In spite of the assistance received by Messrs. Maxse and Garvin from Messrs. Hyndman and Blatchford, England and Germany are not at war. It is our business to see that the war-day never comes; nothing political is inevitable.

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Mr. Lloyd George's visit to Germany was not wholly pernicious. It is true he has come back with an acquired respect for some form of contribution in the case of sick pensions; but contributory schemes either do not get passed or do not work in England. Somehow they cut across the grain of English character, and are always unpopular and ineffective. Hence, we are not disturbed at Mr. Lloyd George's enthusiasm; it will do him alone harm. But he has been impressed with the advantages of State ownership of railways and forests. In many of the German States the railways and forests are very rich revenue-producing possessions; and it was in that light that they mainly appealed to Mr. Lloyd George. In another respect also they have their advantage. The curse of labour is casual labour; and with the regularised employment afforded by the State that curse is gradually lifted. Under State control not only can areas of excessive and defective labour come in profitable contact, but periods of depression may be partly annulled by a little organising prescience. Mr. Lloyd George's reflections have, of course, been overheard; and we may look before long for a move in the direction of railway nationalisation. Unfortunately, Mr. Lloyd George has been anticipated by the railway companies, who have combined for the sole purpose of selling their lives dearly.

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The Convention of delegates from the different South African Colonies, which will take place on the 12th of next month, to consider proposals upon which the South African Union will be based, is of very much more than merely South African interest. As a part of the Empire, South Africa, from its position alone, will of course rank in first-rate importance, and, from having been, in its divided state, the ugly duckling of the Colonial Office, will possibly in a few years become the object of the most tender and respectful regard and solicitude as a powerful and independent Union of States. United South Africa will surely be the envy of the world. It will fear nothing, and so need court nobody. Its shores will be protected, whether it wishes it or not, by navies which it will not pay for. Unlike Canada, Australia, or any other part of the Empire, it will be able to devote itself entirely to its internal affairs, developing its own enormous natural resources without sending a thought beyond its own borders, for there is no possible enemy at hand ready to swoop down upon it at any advantageous moment. The remembrance of the late South African War will effectually put any idea of the invasion of Union territory out of court, no matter where it might formerly have been entertained as to follow the destruction of the British Navy.

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As to the management of their internal affairs we feel inclined to place a good deal of confidence in the Colonists, Boer and British, provided the basis upon which the Union is formed is such that neither race has reason to believe it has been unfairly dealt with. Should, unfortunately, this feeling find place, and ensuing elections be fought on racial lines, the last state of that country may well be worse than the first. This danger appears to be thoroughly appreciated in South Africa, and, in spite of one or two indications to the contrary, we believe that a spirit of patriotism will rule the Convention, and that with each there will be more anxiety to meet the wishes of the other side than to press for personal advantages. We note that the "Times," in referring to this subject, claims that the idea of the Union originated in the mind of Lord Milner. While we must acknowledge that Lord Milner had the scheme ever before him, and that his government of the country was arranged always with this end in view, we think it as well to remember that it was from sitting at the feet of Cecil John Rhodes that Lord Milner formed his ideas on this matter. As Governor of South Africa, Lord Selborne was requested by the Cape Parliament to issue a memorandum on the subject of a Union of the various colonies, and the different Governments, societies, and people he appealed to acted readily upon his suggestion that they should send in their views. The memorandum which was issued as a result of this has, more than anything else, been responsible for the people generally taking the matter up so earnestly. Lord Selborne is given, and rightly, a great deal of credit for having brought the matter to a head, but the part he has taken has been much exaggerated. Of Lords Selborne and Milner, certainly here Milner should be given first place; but Cecil Rhodes completely overshadows both of them. A United South Africa was the dream of his life, and the beautiful estate of Grootschuur, on the slope of Table Mountain, remains as proof of his faith that the seeds he had sown would in due time fructify.

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General Louis Botha apparently went out of his way to make a vicious attack on Lord Milner last week. Although this will certainly make many people uneasy as to the spirit he will carry with him to the Convention, we are not inclined to be concerned about it. General Botha had to soothe the feelings of the farmers, and excuse himself for rash promises he had made with regard to the payments still due for stock bought after the war. It has been decided that 25 per cent. only of the amounts charged is to be remitted, and General Botha and his party had led the Boers to believe that something like 75 per cent. would be knocked off. Apart from this, General Botha has personal feelings in the matter, for Lord Milner had an unpleasant way of looking deeply into the motives which prompted Botha's recommendations with regard to the Government, and generally proved himself rather too clever for the worthy general. We do not believe that General Botha will allow these feelings to sway his judgment at Durban in October. It is good that Rhodesian delegates have been invited to attend the Convention, but we confess to a feeling of satisfaction that this country will not at present be included in the Union. Rhodesia is not necessarily dependent to any considerable extent upon the colonies under consideration. Beira, on the Portuguese east coast, is its natural port, and it is as well perhaps in an experiment of this sort not to have all the eggs in one basket. The Union will be pleased to include Rhodesia at any later time if it wishes to come in.

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The revolution by Fabianism which Turkey has achieved has been followed by a period of reaction—in the revolutionaries themselves. Dressed now in constitutional authority, the Young Turks, erstwhile the friends of reform everywhere, have, if we may believe the "Times" correspondent, practically told the Egyptians that the Sultan will not advise the Khedive to grant a constitution to the Egyptians, on the ground that the latter are not fit for self-government. Only a few weeks ago the Young Turks themselves were not fit for self-government. Of course, the two cases are a little different. The Young Turks not only made the capture of the army their first objective, but it was

practically an all-Turkish army. The Egyptians, on the other hand, have to convert an army officered mainly by an alien race. Since promises, solemn pledges, seals and covenants go for absolutely nothing in Imperial affairs, it seems likely that the Egyptians must continue to whistle for their emancipation. The spectacle of English public opinion rejoicing over the triumph of the Young Turks what time it is cynically reinforcing its own autocracy in Egypt is part of the irony of history. Such antinomies have existed before; they exist still.

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The situation in Morocco is really one of tragi-comedy. Our friends across the Channel have certainly contributed as much to the gaiety of nations as to their grief by the astounding adventures of her diplomats, soldiers, and men of business. From beginning to end there has been no particle of idiocy missing, and not an accessory of tragedy or comedy forgotten. Everybody knows by this time that the original enterprise was morally the equivalent of buccaneering. The connivance, or at least the not too strenuous resistance, of the legitimate Sultan with the French expeditionary force was the result of a compact whereby Abdul was to be recognised as Sultan of Morocco, with France as suzerain. Uufortunately for France, she reckoned without her host. The natives have refused to endorse the bargain, and instead have proclaimed Mulai Hafid, a brother of Abdul, Sultan in his stead. In this predicament France is helpless. The conquest of Morocco is impossible; yet to admit a gross blunder is even more impossible for a first-rate European Power. A decent opportunity for taking the advice of the French Socialists and letting Morocco alone would be welcome to the French Government at this moment.

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At the Trade Union Congress, to be held at Nottingham early in September, the main question submitted by the Parliamentary Committee for discussion is Parliamentary Reform. This is obviously in view of Mr. Asquith's promise to deal with the subject before the end of the present Parliament. The committee, we observe, are in favour of adult suffrage and payment of members, in addition to smaller reforms. It is urged by the suffragettes that the enabling measure for some women's suffrage will be on the statute book before the big measure is introduced; but it is improbable that the Cabinet will make two bites of the cherry. Another question of interest to be discussed is the foundation of a Trade Union daily newspaper. The scheme has been worked out on its productive side by the Society of Compositors, who put the capital needed at £150,000. On its distributive side, however, no evidence worth considering seems to have been called. We judge so by the estimated circulation of half a million copies daily. We should like to see the Labour paper that could command a tenth of that circulation, unless it largely sacrificed its Labour politics to the demands of sport. Unquestionably a Labour daily is badly needed; but like the majority of weekly Socialist papers, it would be for a long time a heavy charge on propagandist funds. Is the Labour movement prepared to pay £500 a week to report itself?

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The problem of employment would seem to be completely solved, in respect of able-bodied men at any rate, else why the renewed activity of the Association for Promoting Employment of the Defective? In a letter to the "Times" this week the committee of the Association appeal for funds for the employment of the feeble-minded, the imbecile, the epileptic, the crippled, etc. We have, of course, no kind of objection whatever to the employment in some pleasant form of these unfortunates; but the irony of the situation is really rather oppressive. With 8 per cent. of our skilled workers walking the streets idle, and their wives and families living God knows how on next to nothing, it does seem strange that so much fuss should be made about the employment of the unemployables. The majority of "defectives" are infinitely better off than a considerable minority of able-bodied workers, whose case is all the harder because, as Socialists know, the remedy is at hand. But no disease is so neglected as the curable disease.

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[NEXT WEEK.—"On the Deck: being the Experiences of a White Coolie Emigrant," by Stanley Portal Hyatt; "A Plea for Youth," by W. R. Titterton; "The Owl and the Epitaph: a Poem," by Eden Phillpotts; "An Efficient and Honourable Army," by Dr. T. Miller Maguire; "Motorphobia—II," by O. W. Dyce.]

The German Social Democrats and the War Scare.—II.

By Alderman Sanders, L.C.C.

As I anticipated in my last letter, the action of the British Labour Party—and it is only fair to add, of THE NEW AGE—in condemning the anti-German propaganda now rife in England is bringing about a closer understanding between the German and English Socialist and Labour movements. The "Vorwärts" quotes at considerable length from the "sharp protest of THE NEW AGE against the articles of Blatchford and Hyndman," and reciprocates warmly the feeling expressed in the resolution passed by the Labour Party Executive. "We demand," says the leading organ of our German comrades, "that German diplomacy shall for once in a while act wisely, and come to a permanent and honest understanding with England and France. The results of such an understanding would be all the more welcome to the German people if it had for its object the limitation of naval armaments. The workers of Germany stand by this policy as strongly as the organised workers of England." Again, in an article dealing with the close of the English Parliamentary session, the "Vorwärts" makes the following comments:—

"In addition to questions relating to social reform and to home affairs which formed the chief work of the session, matters connected with the maritime and foreign politics were debated at considerable length; English and German naval programmes; the meeting of the King and the Tsar at Reval; the transfer of the Congo State to Belgium; reform in Macedonia; the Persian troubles, and the Turkish Constitution were subjects of discussion between the members of the House and the Secretaries of State, and the speeches on these occasions have not only interested the trained observer of public life, but have also had an educational effect upon the masses. A busy session has come to an end, one which, from a Social Democratic standpoint, can be severely criticised, but, nevertheless, compared with the Parliamentary session of any other country, deserves our applause. To this legislative and educational activity the Labour Party has largely contributed; the representatives of the party who have taken part in the debates have succeeded in making the Socialist influence felt in legislation; and in the field of foreign politics the party has worked for international peace.

"For social reform, Free Trade, and universal peace the working class representatives have been the best and the straightest advocates. Keir Hardie and O'Grady supported the demands of the natives of India for a greater measure of freedom; O'Grady, Keir Hardie, Thorne, and Macdonald spoke and wrote against the King's visit to the Tsar. They also stood by the Egyptian Nationalists and the Zulus of Natal. Snowden made excellent Socialist speeches on the Budget, and to the debates on the Miners Eight Hours Bill and the Old Age Pensions Bill nearly all the members of the Labour Party made both critical and positive contributions. It goes without saying that it is not difficult to find comrades who are not satisfied with the attitude of the members of the Labour Party, and accuse them of a lack of revolutionary spirit and of

class-consciousness. This criticism, however, is after all but a sign of the strength of English Socialism. It is not the business of the foreign observer of the English Labour movement to search for the weaknesses of the English proletariat, but rather to point to the extraordinary progress of the movement during the last few years. Moreover, in view of the strained international situation, it is practically impossible to over-estimate the importance of bringing the English and German workers closer together and of building up relations between them founded upon friendship and respect."

The "Vorwärts" in no wise minimises the part the German jingoes have taken in creating the strained international situation, which it deplores. It holds that the alleged desire of the British Government to isolate Germany is a bugbear put forward by the anti-British Press with the deliberate aim of strengthening the demand for larger military and naval expenditure. There is also the dangerous and insidious inculcation of hatred of England by a certain type of University professor, who combines the rôle of a teacher of history or political economy with that of the apostle of an inevitable Anglo-German war. Against this combination of journalists and academic intrigue against peace the "Vorwärts" has been waging a vigorous and continuous campaign. Indeed, only a close student of German politics can be aware of the large share of attention which both the Socialist leaders and the Socialist press give to this subject. It need hardly be mentioned that this is not due to a slavish admiration of this country and a belief that Germany is always wrong in her suspicions of our diplomacy, but to the knowledge that war with any country, and especially with England, would mean a tremendous set back to Socialism all over the world, apart altogether from the enormous misery and suffering a struggle between the two countries would cause. Hence the rapid and hearty recognition of the efforts of the British Labour Party by our German friends, who, now there is a real and urgent piece of work for International Socialism to do, exhibit a desire to co-operate with us which will lead to a firmer international bond being established, in spite of differences as to terms and abstract theories relating to Socialism.

Nuremburg.

Revolutionary Militarists.

By Nom-de-Guerre.

So the scaremongers seem to have cried truce this week. We confess we do not feel assured by this circumstance against further recurrences of Germanophobia. We are willing to admit that the latest newspaper sensation may be regarded in same sort as the present holiday season's surrogate for gooseberries and sea-serpents; but all the same, there are certain interests involved and periodically reviving the present chronic friction which forbid us to dismiss altogether the Blatchford-Hyndman lucubrations as nothing better than a joke.

There is more than one interest involved in the case. First of all, there is the United Service interest, the desire to use the dreaded German invasion as a tailor's block on which to fit the new clothes of increased Army and Navy Expenditure, if not of increased efficiency. Again, there is the Yellow Journal interest, which finds it convenient and profitable to take a scare of this kind out of the pigeon-holes when copy is slack and news is flat. Yet again, there is what we may term on the whole the most respectable of these three interests, that is the genuine funk of old ladies of both sexes of the pickelhaube appearing in their front gardens or taking the place of the policeman down the area steps. Lastly, there is the Socialist interest, and this it is which has the most importance for readers of THE NEW AGE.

Now, there is more than one strain in the Socialist interest in a war-scare such as the recent anti-German one. We all know there are persons who have accepted Socialism from the economic side, or at least think they have, but who have failed to grasp its implications otherwise. On any question immediately outside the purely economic issue they remain in the gall of bitterness and the bond of iniquity of bourgeois philistinism. Thus, on the very slightest provocation, you will find them adopting a stiff and starchy attitude of provincial moral rectitude on questions of relations between the sexes. Anon they will become more dogmatically theistic than the parson of the nearest church itself. Or, as in the present case, all the old emotions of aggressive patriotism will well up within them, and they will out-jingo Lord Roberts himself in their zeal for their dear, dear country for which their eyes their vigils will keep, regardless of all faith and fact outside that traditionary line of vision.

And there is a strain of Socialist opinion in this matter the holders of which, although they make common cause with these hearty patriots, and even use their arguments, are yet more heady than hearty in their devotion to the patriotic ideal. Their psychology is somewhat as follows. They believe that the present order of society will not be ended, that the crucial turning point which shall lead the way to the social democratic commonwealth will not be reached, save by a forcible revolt. Now, to the successful accomplishment of this forcible revolt it is clear that the class revolting must be armed and possessed of military organisation of some sort. But the only way of securing these two conditions seems to be the establishment of what is known as the Citizen Army, by which the classes immediately interested in the overthrow of capitalism shall be armed and trained on a military basis.

Now, if a sufficient scare can be got up of an invasion of the country in force by a foreign foe, they hope that on the crest of this scare-wave some measure of universal armament and training may be carried which shall furnish the instrument for a forcible rising when times are ripe and the suitable occasion presents itself.

Now, intrinsically we have every sympathy with the views of these Socialists. We quite recognise that the repulsion of the foreign foe is merely a cloak for the wider and deeper issue. From the Socialistic standpoint, we regard them as the only section worth taking into account in the present controversy. But we fear, nevertheless, lest they should be reckoning to some extent without their host. We will not press the fact that in countries, notably Switzerland, which offer us the nearest approach to the Citizen Army they have in view, the signs have not been hitherto particularly favourable to the serviceability of the latter as an instrument of revolt. But the fact remains none the less.

What we do see, however, as regards this country is that all the signs and prognostics point to anything in the nature of universal military service raising not a spirit of revolt, but the very contrary, to the turning aside of the social discontent and unrest into the channels of jingoism and aggressive national vanity. Any citizen force must necessarily be trained and commanded by army men. It must, or at least it certainly will, be officered by scions of the aristocratic and plutocratic classes, which classes will know well enough how to alternately coerce it and pamper it as occasion may require. And it is very certain that whatever facilities might be afforded the citizen for the possession and use of rifles, the overwhelming strength of the big artillery would be absolutely retained by the governing classes.

We can see not the slightest prospect, looking at the matter from the point of view of English national character and traditions, of any Citizen Army that could be constructed or raised at the present time becoming the leverage power of a popular revolution, and not rather the crushing power of a class reaction. We would earnestly exhort our fellow-Socialists, with whose aims in and for themselves we have every sympathy, to carefully weigh and consider what they are staking in throwing the whole weight of their influence into the scales in favour of what may, after all, only turn out to be a fraud, a delusion, and a snare, judged from the revolutionary standpoint they occupy.

The Obsession of the Profit-Making Idea.

PROFIT-MAKING industry bulks so large in the eyes of the modern Englishman that he is apt to apply profit as a universal test of value, ignoring the vast amount of work that is continually being done for use without any aim or desire for profit, and overlooking the still deeper fact that the ultimate aim, even of profit-making industry, is always use or enjoyment. This sounds like a truism, but like some other truisms, it is frequently forgotten, especially by the superior person. In a recent number of the "Spectator" it was argued, as against the Nationalisation of Railways, that the nationalisation of the telegraph had been a failure, because previous to nationalisation the competing companies used to make a profit, and the nation had subsequently made a small loss. The "Spectator" then, with its usual solemnity, added up the annual loss, and charged compound interest on the total, bringing out the result as so many millions out of the national exchequer. I do not happen to have verified the facts as to the history of the nationalisation of the telegraph, and, to tell the truth, I did not even work the sum—it was July! But if it had been January, I would not have troubled to do either the one or the other, except as an interesting piece of dilettantism to please myself, for I maintain that the "Spectator's" reasoning, even if based on reliable history (which may be doubted) and on correct arithmetic (which may be taken on trust), is hopelessly wide of the mark. Why should an industry be supposed to be working at a loss simply because its results are being used and enjoyed by the country, instead of going into the greedy pockets of the profit-maker? It is almost incredible that persons supposed to be educated and intelligent should argue about the nationalisation of telegraphs and railways as if profit and loss were the whole matter at issue, and omit the use from their calculation. The real reason for nationalising these or other industries or services is that when nationalised we could then arrange them so as to yield the maximum value in use and enjoyment to the public, the question whether a particular service should make a profit, a loss, or be run at cost price being one to be decided in each case according to the particular circumstances. In the case of telegraphs, it is obviously desirable from the national point of view to establish a comprehensive service throughout the country. In some remote and sparsely populated districts it is quite possible the wires may not "pay," and probably no competitive undertaking would include these in its scheme. But the community benefits by having the whole country brought into communication, and wisely foregoes some portion of profit, if necessary, for the advantage of bringing these remote districts into touch with the centre.

Much of the prejudice against collectivism and municipal trading is due to the failure to grasp the essential difference between the private firm producing mainly for profit and the communal body producing mainly for use. I do not, of course, suggest that the communal body can afford to neglect finance and economy; on the contrary, it needs to consider them with the most anxious care, but it must approach them from a point of view other than that of the private firm, and must necessarily be guided by different principles. If a public body start a tailoring factory to make clothes for its own employees, its position in regard to that factory and to those employees will be different from that of a private firm in the same line of business. The private firm is bound to justify its existence by making a profit on the work. It is not concerned with the quality of the goods or the well-being of its employees, except in so far as these react on the amount of custom it can secure. Its best course, from the profit-making point of view, will be to manufacture garments just good enough to ensure getting the next order; it will not be wise to make them too durable, or that order may be unduly postponed.

In regard to the persons employed, still from the profit-making point of view, it will be wise to pay wages just good enough to retain the services of workers of the necessary degree of skill; anything more will merely be granted in accordance with ethical or sentimental feeling. But suppose that a municipality or some department of government service decides to run its own factory and produce its own clothing, for use and not for profit, a whole new range of economic motives are brought into play. The clothing is now being made not to sell, but to wear; it will, therefore, be good economy to make it of durable materials and of as good quality as possible. If it is to take the form of uniforms for the servants of the community, municipal self-respect will demand some degree of beauty and dignity in the garments, and probably some kind of symbolic decoration. In regard to the workers employed, also, the elimination of profit at once changes the whole complexion of affairs. It is not that the municipality or the public body will necessarily be a philanthropic employer, but it will be influenced by economic considerations which do not apply to the private or profit-making employer. The enlightened municipality will realise that its immediate practical concern, putting aside the loftier ideals with which we are now concerned, is to have the largest possible proportion of citizens in good health, intelligent, able to work and think and carry on municipal affairs, and the smallest possible proportion of idiots, sick, diseased, drunken, disorderly, or paupers. The municipality will know from the study of history that the human machine, regarding it *pro tem.* merely as a machine, deteriorates very easily under the influence of work carried on under bad conditions or for too low wages. The municipality, therefore (and the same thing applies to the public body of any kind, in so far as it is in touch with public needs), will be forced to be a model employer, just as the private profit-maker is sometimes forced to be a scoundrel—by the pressure of the economic motive. It will know that if it creates poverty and sickness it must bear the cost—which is just what the private profit-maker need not do. The position of the public body in this respect and its responsibility for the persons employed is still to a certain extent masked, partly by the existence of a number of unco-ordinated public authorities, one for public health, one for poor relief, and so on, partly by the inveterate habit of so many middle-class people of seeing the whole field of economics in terms of profit, and absurdly importing those terms into the domain where use, or consumption, is the object in view. For instance, the outcry occasionally made about the wages of municipal labourers is always made by persons who are obsessed by the idea of wages paid out as a means to profit; the greater the wages the less the profit, and vice versa. This is not even true without qualification in private business. Mr. Rowntree, for instance, would flatly deny it. But it no doubt has a certain depth of truth, in so far as it applies to wages paid in competitive industry, for goods to be sold as cheaply as possible, and to a class of labourers who, if incapacitated and worn out, can be left to the Poor Law. In regard to municipal servants, the object is that the work should be as well done as possible and the workers retain health and efficiency as long as possible. In the case of services such as public health or education, value in use is their full and perfect justification, but no sort of profit measurable in terms of money is even thinkable. In the case of electric light, trams, etc., a profit may or may not be made, and the same applies to such trades as the delivering of milk, coal, bread, etc., which are likely to be the first of such trades to be socialised. In each case it will be a question whether a profit should be made and turned to the relief of rates, or whether the service should be charged only with a price sufficient to cover cost, or even be designedly run at a loss. In the case of articles of which it is desired to encourage the consumption, it might be well to adopt the last course; a town, for instance, which municipalised its drink traffic and its milk might very wisely sell milk below cost, and recoup from the profits on drink. B. L. HUTCHINS.

A Democratic Army.

The Lions in the Path.

By Lieutenant-Colonel Alsager Pollock.

I AM a lover of ideals, but although I do respectful homage to them, I worship them not; because I feel that they are no gods. I find that the realisation of ideals is incompatible with the frailties of man's nature. In a State inhabited by angels, in place of men, there would be always a good Government, placed in power by electors who were both wise and honest; and in such conditions all military and other institutions would doubtless be similarly idealistic. Unfortunately, however, it is a well ascertained fact that wisdom and honesty are not prevailing virtues; that from the very earliest times the reproach once cast by Carlyle upon the English in particular, has been applicable to all nations. Moreover, not only do fools form a large majority in all classes of society, but there are also many knaves; and herein we discover the primary obstacle to the consummation of all social reforms. If men holding prominent positions in public life spoke only the truth, or even what they honestly believed to be the truth, and if their audiences were capable of discriminating wisely in reference to their utterances, the path of progress would be rendered comparatively easy. What we actually find is that most men strive, by word or deed, for whatever they conceive to be their own immediate interests, and are prone to say or to approve that which for the moment appears most pleasant to themselves. In a word, man is essentially selfish. This is why ideal conditions are so rarely approached and never actually realised.

In respect to systems of government and to military organisations, I have now in my mind three examples which appear to me to approximate very closely to the ideal. Yet in all three cases the absence of actual perfection is readily apparent. (1) The Emperor Trajan stands prominently forward as a first-class autocrat—the hardest working man in his vast dominions, a very father of his people, incapable of any unworthy action himself, a stern though merciful judge, a great statesman, and a consummate general, under whose sway the Roman people enjoyed unexampled security and prosperity. Never were the great affairs of any State more admirably conducted than those of the Roman Empire by Trajan, while even the smallest matters received his personal attention; we find him writing with his own hand special permission for the Consul Pliny to utilise a seat in the Government post-cart for the conveyance of his wife's aunt! The lesson is obvious. Pliny dared not even in his distant province do an illegal act; and the Emperor, in spite of the immense pressure of really important business could find time to deal with so trivial a matter. Yet Trajan had his failing. He was imprudently ambitious in his frontier policy, and one of the first acts of his successor was to withdraw from the occupation of inconveniently distant territories. Trajan had shut his eyes to the fact that a policy which he himself was equal to maintaining, because of his great genius, might, as actually happened, involve a task too difficult for those who came after him. Had Trajan been immortal, the Roman Empire would probably have endured in all its magnificence; because, under his rule, his subjects would have continued virtuous. But Trajan died, and great as he was, we learn that it is not altogether well that even a Trajan should wield absolutely despotic power.

(2) In Peru, before the conquest by Pizarro, the government of the country was a survival of Patriarchal Socialism. Every man, from the Inca himself downwards, had his specially allotted task. No man owned any property whatever, but the State saw to it that he had food to eat, raiment to wear, and a roof over his head. There was no money, and no commerce of any kind; so that, being without temptation to be otherwise, every man was honest. But what was the result? Personal ambition being non-existent, the citizen was a mere automaton, a nerveless atom of the social machinery. For the State alone each man laboured incessantly without any advantage to himself that others did not equally share. So long as he did his day's work he was provided for; if he was incorrigibly idle he was executed. No man could choose his own vocation, but as a necessary consequence of Socialistic conditions was born and toiled until he died a slave of the State. Thus, when Pizarro had treacherously captured the Inca, the mainspring of the political machine, that machine was at a deadlock. There was no man with an independent mind capable of taking the initiative, and so a few hundred adventurers were enabled to conquer a population numbering millions. The lesson is that Socialism is slavery, and in other respects also at least as undesirable as despotism.

(3) In Switzerland, not many months ago, a British deputation was privileged to examine the inner working of the National Army system of that country, and among the most notable incidents observed was a case in which a large employer of labour was found serving as a private in the ranks of his local regiment, in the very company commanded by one of his own workmen. Here we have a great ideal apparently realised; because we have been told that these vice versâ conditions were accepted in the right spirit by both the men concerned. The employer freely admitted that his workman was a more capable soldier than he, and the right man in the right place; while the workman himself was not puffed up with conceit by his elevation, but did his duty without partiality, favour, or affection while soldiering, and on the conclusion of the training dropped back quite naturally into his ordinary position in civil life. Nothing could be better than this. The advantage lies not in the mighty having been thrust down and the humble exalted; but in the right man having been selected irrespective of his station in life. Were such conditions universal all would be plain sailing; but in Switzerland, as in other countries, "kissing often goes by favour." The "best man" is not always selected. The employer may be appointed an officer chiefly on account of his riches, or the employee not because of his military capacity, but owing to his eloquence as a democratic orator. Such was Varro, and his consulship cost the Romans the terrible disaster of Cannae. Appointments based solely upon merit are indeed frequent in Switzerland, and all candidates for commissions must pass the same qualifying tests; yet because of the frailty of human nature the full ideal is far from being universally realised.

A Democratic Army to be worthy of the name would need to be one in which soldierly merit and nothing else was considered in reference to the appointment of officers; the candidates being selected neither upon account of high social position nor the lack of it. This much given, the efficiency of any army, democratic or otherwise, must be fully assured; provided that both soldiers and people will concede to their chosen officers the right to exercise complete authority for the maintenance of discipline, civil and military. But, quis custodiet ipsos custodes?

The spirit that would leave State questions to be decided at the moment by an excited people, in place of deputing plenary power to authorities previously appointed is essentially dangerous. Dismembered Poland is a wretched monument to the inefficiency of the right of popular veto, while the rise of Rome from small beginnings to extraordinary greatness sufficiently vindicates the wisdom of that once-admirable democracy which recognised the need for a Dictator in times of emergency.

History teaches us that crowds, however composed, are always fickle, and that authority based upon the shifting sands of public opinion is extremely precarious. The Athenian democracy paid very dearly for the unbridled licence it arrogated to itself. One after another, men who had been "Saviours of their country"—and might have saved it again—were ostracised in consequence of false impeachment by jealous rivals. The climax was reached when men cast their shells adversely to Aristides, merely because "tired of continually hearing him called 'the Just.'" It would be idle

to expect any but quite exceptional men to do their duty fearlessly if always liable to deposition from their appointments or commands for no fault whatever but simply because a faction of sufficient strength had been raised up against them. Discipline must be maintained, without it an army is but a mob, and the State depending upon such an army must lie at the mercy of better organised adversaries. Officers, if elected like Members of Parliament, would inevitably endeavour, in very many cases, to obtain and to keep their places by the same unworthy means that too generally prevail in political life. Officers, in short, would became "popularity-hunters."

Paradoxical as the assertion may seem, it is an absolute fact that a really sound Democracy, a Democracy such as the world has not yet produced on a large scale, must necessarily be the most genuine Aristocracy; simply because in it a wise as well as honest people would choose for its leaders, political and military, only the very "best" citizens, totally regardless of birth, wealth, or any other consideration except sterling merit. It was thus that leaders in war and law-givers in peace were chosen in the patriarchal days when congeries of families formed tribes, and congeries of tribes afterwards became nations. When the essential conditions have been fulfilled—that is to say, when a sufficiently large majority of the citizens of the United Kingdom have so completely mastered their own personal failings as to have become capable of rightly judging who are the "best" among them, I for one shall be an ardent Democrat; the ideal of my dreams will have been actually realised, and I shall straightway fall down and worship it.

Meanwhile, it appears to me that the time for an efficient "Democratic Army" is not yet, and I doubt whether it can arrive before the millennium, in which epoch no armies of any kind will be required. So long as a nation is composed of "mostly fools," so long must the least of two evils be the exercise of executive authority, principally by those who have most to lose by whatever follies they may be guilty of, and who lie least under temptation to act dishonestly. Some men, in all classes of society, are born virtuous and live also virtuously; some develop wisdom and strength of character sufficient to render them virtuous by choice; and others by force of circumstances are led into paths of virtue, from which self-interest prevents them from straying; but original sin is a canker at the roots of most characters; so that the most trustworthy man is usually he who is exposed to the smallest temptation to depart from virtue.

At the present time I do not believe that the British nation is capable of instituting a pure Democracy. The upper classes have deteriorated, while the lower have not appreciably improved. The Ancient Aristocracy is dying out or becoming submerged, and in too many cases the latter-day representatives of families that formerly regarded it as their first duty to prove themselves the "best," have shown themselves unworthy. Even a quarter of a century ago the name of a peer on the directorate of an industrial company was a guarantee that he at least believed the concern to be sound, and had a heavy stake in it; but now it is impossible for those who do not know the man himself to tell whether his name has not been "bought"—as a bait wherewith to catch any who are still unwary. Representatives of "the people" have been elected to fill positions involving financial responsibility, and not a few of these so-called "guardians" of municipal purses have been found lacking in common honesty. When the nation as a whole has become straightforward and upright in all its dealings, then Democracy will have become capable of demonstrating its virtues; but until that day arrives, we had better "bear those ills we have than fly to others that we know not of." Before pulling down what is, it is well to be assured that we have something better to set up in its place. At present we live under neither Aristocratic nor Democratic conditions; but have a Plutocracy tempered by Labour. Of the rich, some are constantly striving to become richer, others to squander the wealth they have made or inherited; of the labouring classes, some work hard and honestly, some think more of getting wages than of earning them, and too many are starving because for them there is neither work nor wages. All classes clamour that the State shall legislate in their favour, and meanwhile jostle each other in their eagerness to witness games which they themselves make no attempt to play. It is panem et circenses over again! When if ever, we are a nation composed of sober, patriotic citizens, capable of electing the best and wisest among us to legislate for the real good of the whole people, then we shall realise true Democracy, in place of spouting of counterfeits. Existing conditions are indeed unsatisfactory, but they might be worse; the larger the number of dirty fingers thrust into the national pie the less appetising it will become. When all are clean handed, that will be quite another story. Then pseudo-Aristocracy and pseudo-Democracy will each have been purified, so as to form together a true Democracy, in which every man will think first of the common good, while at the same time having full scope for the betterment of his own circumstances. In such conditions we shall have, with other benefits, a Democratic Army, composed exclusively of the military pick of the nation.

Aftermath.

Where the tall straight chimneys smoke
By the river bank,
'Mid the swarming city-folk,
On an evening drear and dank,
When the silent moving ships,
Wandering like ghosts in pain,
Pass, and turn, and pass again,
And the lamps, in half-eclipse
Gleaming through the dreary rain,
Down the long, black, wet road shiver,—
Girt with London twilight came
One with eyes and hair of flame,
Desired and desirable,
One with heart and soul of shame,
One who loved but loved too well,
Maid to me, ah me, no maid.
And the driving river mist
Swept up from the river
Through the open window, laid
Spells on brain and body, passed
Swirling, gathered once again,
Drave, brake, laid on body and brain
Spells that set the burning twain
Pulsing fast, trembling fast,
With desire a-quiver.
Lips to lips there we kissed;
Jewels in her ears I set,
Loosed her hair about her face,
Held her from me for a space,
Then in one glad fierce embrace,
Crushed her to me; violet
From gleaming body and burnished hair
Filled the maddened sense
With pain—sweet, swift, strong pain—intense,
Rapturous, half-divine;
And in our veins life's warm red wine
Ran like riotous, passionate flame.
Yet once I cried on a dead god's name;
But I cried in vain, for God was dead,
And the living woman reigned in his stead.
And we wrought our pleasure there.

* * * * * *

And the driving river mist
Swept up from the river
Through the open window, kissed
Tired body and burning brain
With its cold and clammy lips.
And still the silent moving ships,
Wandering like ghosts in pain,
Pass, and turn, and pass again,
And the lamps, in half-eclipse
Gleaming through the dreary rain,
Down the long, black, wet road shiver.

MAURICE BROWNE.

Factors in Modern Life.—II.

By Professor Auguste Forel.
Translated by Ashley Dukes.

The Family.

THE family, it has been said, is the foundation of society. Yes and No—Yes when it subordinates its own interests to the social welfare, endeavouring to bring up its members as individuals who shall give more to society than they take from it; then the family is moral. No, when it is only a little den of pirates whose solidarity consists in a common exploitation of society for their own profit; then it is profoundly unsocial and immoral.

What a seething mass of hypocrisy is hidden beneath the touching outward appearance of family life! What a tissue of falsehoods and selfish passions, of abuses of power, of plunder and of pharisaism often festers beneath the brave exterior of domestic morality, of brotherly, sisterly, fatherly, and even motherly love!

"Family duties" serve as the pretext for a thousand social frauds and deceptions. In order to assure the future of the children, a "good match," that is, a wealthy husband or wife, must be found for each of them, and thus the capital used in exploiting labour is heaped up in the hands of the few. This is done, of course, in the name of duty and family affection.

There is scarcely a lawsuit which does not unveil the mean trickeries and deceptions of domestic morality. It is almost unnecessary to recall the frequency with which egotism à deux, pompously decorated with the title of love, degenerates into more or less open conjugal warfare.

When two persons marry for mutual advantage and in order the better to exploit others, they easily come to the point of plunder and exploitation of one another. Religious and moral phrases, words of loyalty and affection are ever upon their lips, but these sentiments are generally intended for the use of others. Brotherly hatred is almost as common as brotherly love, although it is not generally confessed to. Under the cloak of paternal authority or strict upbringing, we see a host of fathers and mothers venting their ill-temper or rage by abusing and insulting their children, or lashing them at random. A child may be subjected to every kind of ill-usage under the pretext of education.

Even love and caresses often do nothing but satisfy by contrast the feelings of wounded egotism arising from rejected affection. When they caress and fondle a husband or a child, many women are only concentrating upon them an instinctive need of sympathy resulting from the rebuffs which their egotism has encountered by the dislike or disloyalty of another person. They continue to lavish this blind, exclusive affection even when they know that its object is undeserving of it. We see here the stupidity of emotion which fetters reason, together with the hypocrisy which dignifies this blind passion with the name of love.

Thanks to the sacred idol of parental and family authority over the children, ignorance and superstition still reign to a greater or less extent in the majority of families.

While yet in its virgin state and free from prejudice and preconceptions, the brain of a child could be educated in a knowledge of the progress of science, art, and morals, and, above all, led towards freedom of judgment and strength of will. Instead of this, the child is too often regarded merely as an object belonging to its parents. According to their good pleasure, their caprices and whims, their ignorance, their prejudices, their cowardice, their stupidity, their vanity, and their hypocrisy, they fashion the child in their own likeness, treating every sign of personal judgment and independence as an act of insubordination. Our laws assume the child's religion to be that of its parents, and allow the latter to decide its beliefs. The child is also saddled with all the parents' prejudices regarding social position, class, and marriage choice; and with all their money, or lack of it. In this way hypocrites are systematically created.

Yet, in spite of these facts, our constitution and law naïvely proclaim "liberty of thought, religion, and conscience" for every individual. The law even ventures to pretend that, in spite of all the pressure brought to bear upon him by his family and his pastor, a boy of sixteen freely ratifies at his confirmation the vows which his parents made for him at his baptism! This is surely the culmination of artless hypocrisy. And it is still more saddening to see how often parents who have themselves in their childhood suffered from having been educated in a condition of physically and morally debasing dependence upon their parents, in a blind slavery of prejudices and accepted opinions, revenge themselves later upon their own children and treat them in the same manner, instead of freeing them from this stupid yoke by educating them in liberty, self-reliance and freedom of judgment, developing their social impulses, and encouraging them in communal activity and labour.

An abyss of stupidity, ignorance, and unconscious hypocrisy lies concealed beneath the veil of domestic upbringing and parental authority. We have yet to mention the martyr children; the little ones who are maltreated and even slowly put to death by worthless parents or by stepmothers and baby-farmers. This evil is so crying that every one is aware of it, and yet little is done towards its suppression.

Ah, yes; the family! How fair and lovely it is in principle; how sordid often in reality! Even in those families whose members have only the happiest recollections of harmony and affection we too often find, behind the ideal outward semblance of this sanctuary, the hideous spectre of the exploitation and plunder of others; that is, of human society, by family selfishness.

The same system of private property which makes life at least outwardly happy and agreeable for one family plunges a hundred others into a constant struggle to avoid starvation, and makes domestic harmony for them difficult and sometimes impossible of attainment.

Friendships between individuals often consist merely of syndicates of common interests, analagous to those of the family. I need not discuss here the moral value of cliques and associations for the defence of common interests.

Does all this mean that we want to condemn friendship and the family, and to plunge into black pessimism or into a cold Collectivist Utopia which shall stifle all individual feeling? A thousand times, No. We only want to persuade our brothers and sisters in terrestrial misfortune to study themselves a little better, and to adopt a less unjust and hypocritical system of morality, realising that an even moderately happy community cannot exist until man is trained from childhood to understand his human obligations towards society as a whole, and to subordinate his domestic and private affections to the common welfare of the race.

Confessions of a Book-buyer.

By Arnold Bennett.

I WRITE these notes of purchases in 1908 directly in response to the invitation of Mr. Jacob Tonson, as set forth in his vivacious remarks, entitled "Books and Persons," and as seconded by the Editor. I quite agree with Mr. Tonson that particulars of books actually bought by a living book buyer would be interesting. Any list of books is interesting. I must warn Mr. Tonson and the public that what follows is not a list of the books that I ought to have bought.

The first book I bought this year was "The Potteries, Newcastle and District Directory," with maps, published last year, price half a sovereign. Impossible to resist a local directory! Besides, I needed it for my trade. I have two old directories of the Potteries, both fascinating. I regret that the descriptive and historical matter of the new one shows a declension of excellence.

I also bought, of local interest, "The Victoria History of the County of Stafford," vol. I., which I ordered years ago. There are three volumes to follow, and the price is six guineas. I got this not with joy, but because I could not do without it. I was disappointed in the format: too large, cumbersome, and showy, with a tinted, sentimental frontispiece utterly out of keeping with the scientific character of the work, and a gift-book binding! However, contents pretty juicy. "Political" history, by Mr. W. H. R. Curtler, dull, like beads on a string; "social and economic" history, by Miss Mildred Spencer, simply admirable. Maps very agreeable; also statistics. I make these observations, as truly candid observations on such formidable works are rare.

One bad day in January I made a thorough search of all the bookstalls in Farringdon Road, and bought only this: "Egloghe d'alcuni de' migliore Poeti Latini del 1400, e 1500 in versi sciolti ridotte da Gio: Batta Vicini, con tre Egloghe tratte del Pope." Paris 1764. I got this for its six curious engravings, and because it was bound in vellum. I wanted to try my hand at illuminating on old vellum. The book now gives a touch of culture to my drawing-room table. Price 6d. Needless to say, I shall never read it. In all Farringdon Road I could discover not another book that I wanted.

"Clarissa, or the History of a young lady," in seven volumes. Full calf, fourth edition, 1751. Price 5s. Cheap! The last Clarissa I bought, not a whit better, cost 15s.

"Lettres Provinciales et Pensées," by Blaise Pascal, in two volumes, half russia. Paris 1821. A beautiful edition. Price about 8s. My private opinion is that Pascal and Taine and Montaigne are the three chief French prose writers.

"Voyage aux Pyrenées," by Taine, second edition. Paris, 1858. Pretty copy. I daresay my adoration for Taine amounts to a disease. But you should read his letters!

After Farringdon Road I made an excursion on the quays on the south bank of the Seine. I got naught except Turgenev's "Lettres à Madame Viardot," and Albert Wolff's "La Haute Noce." Wolff was one of the last of the "great chroniqueurs." I was tempted by "La Haute Noce," partly because I had to touch on the fall of the Second Empire in a novel, and partly because it looked improper. However, I was disappointed. Still, it is good journalism. In the same hope of the scandalous, I bought a "Dictionnaire Portstif contenant les anecdotes historiques de l'amour depuis le commencement du monde jusqu'à ce jour." (2 vols. Paris, 1788. Full calf). I thought the title sufficiently inclusive. Another insipid disappointment!

Mudie's sale catalogue interested me. The result of an order, however, recalled my bygone experiences as a subscriber to Mudie's. The books I really wanted were gone. I bought Blowitz's "Memoirs" (I should say the worst stuff he ever wrote), G. W. E. Russell's "Seeing and Hearing" (these essays are perfect in a newspaper, and ought to have been left there), and "The Diary of a Girl in France in 1821," by Mary Browne, with Mary's own pictures. Fairly tedious, but a document.

I had better luck with the diverting "Remainder" catalogue of Mr. William Glaisher, Ltd., which it is well to pore from time to time. Thus: "The British Empire," by Sir Charles Dilke, 1s. 3d. Heavens, what a compact mass of knowledge and common sense! If I had to be a politician I would sooner be the owner of the "Athenæum" than anybody. He is a first-class expert on nearly everything except the use of the English language. Split infinitives, etc.! "My Life," by Alfred Russel Wallace, two stout octavos, price 6s. 6d., instead of 25s. When will it occur to England that A. R. Wallace is a great man? "Guide Book to Books," by Sargant and Whishaw, 1s. 6d. Very useful. "Bibliography of 18th Cent. Art and Illustrated Books," by J. Lewine, with 35 plates. Seven and six instead of three guineas. A truly noble tome! It is stated in French catalogues to be better than the French standard work on the subject, and sells in Paris at 30 francs. "Lucian's True History," translated by Francis Hickes, illustrated by William Strang, Aubrey Beardsley, etc. 500 copies only. 3s. 6d. instead of 7s. 6d. "Virgilius the Sorcerer," with a frontispiece by Aubrey Beardsley, 2s. Broadly speaking, I was charmed with Glaisher, but shocked to find the fellow selling my own books as low as 1s. 3d!

As a subscriber to the Rationalist Press Association, I became the owner of Mr. A. W. Benn's "Modern England," 2 vols.; "The First Easter Dawn," by C. T. Gorham (a pleasing exercise in disproof of the central dogma of Christianity, which, however, has the air of arriving after the battle); Andrew Lang's "The Origins of Religion," and Huxley's "Man's Place in Nature." The last two are sixpenny editions. I read them in trains, and shall give them away as a tract-distributor gives tracts. Also, "The Rise of Christianity," by Albert Kalthoff.

Another source of books upon which it is advisable to keep an eye is the Baron Tauchnitz. His general catalogue will reward perusal, and I have never had any difficulty in introducing his publications into England. Amongst other Tauchnitz volumes I have bought this year are Freeman's "Growth of the English Constitution," and Johnson's "Lives of the Poets."

"The Satires of Juvenal, etc.", translated by Dryden and others: fifth edition, "adorned with sculptures." London: "printed for Jacob Tonson," 1713, 2s. Cheap! Also of the last impropriety!

"Illuminated Manuscripts," by J. W. Bradley, illustrated. An exemplary manual.

"Hortulus Animæ." A reproduction in colours of the celebrated illuminated MS. at Vienna. In eleven parts, at three guineas each. Sheer madness, of course! They say it is the finest colour-printing ever done. So it ought to be! Two parts this year.

"The Formal Garden in England," by Reginald Blomfield, illustrated by Inigo Thomas, 1901. Not that I sympathise with garden books in general, nor that I am a gardener. I bought this book because I had to lay out a garden. I laid it out, and had done with it. But a first-class book. No nonsense about Nature in it.

"La Psychologie Anglaise Contemporaine," by Th. Ribot. Paris, 1875. I bought this without seeing it, and was infuriated to find it had been a school prize. Still, as a specimen of honest mediocrity it passes. It shows what was thought of Spencer, Bain, and Mill in 1875.

"Histoire Générale de la Philosophie," by Victor Cousin. Tenth edition, 1872. I bought this because it is so frequently referred to in Lewes' "History of Philosophy." Having glanced at it, I am prepared to bet sixpence that I shall never read it.

"La Bibliothèque de l'Amateur," by Edouard Rahir. Paris, 1907. There are three supreme booksellers: Quaritch of London, Rosenthal of Munich, and Rahir of Paris. I refrained from buying this book last year at the published price of 10 francs (cheap!). I said I

would get a second-hand copy later. I did. But it cost 15 francs.

Among more or less modern French books, I note works by Stuart Merrill, Rachilde, Coulangheon, Stendhal, René Boylesve (distinguished novelist unsoiled by wide popularity), Moréas, Albert Samain, Eugénie de Guérin, Henri de Regnier, Saint Beuve, Léon Gozlan, and Maurice Barrés. Also the first edition of Henri Becque's "Les Corbeaux" (1882), which, by a strange and felicitous chance, I picked up at the original publisher's (who is also a bookseller) at the original price; it was his last copy. Also Lepelletier's "Life of Verlaine": an admirable work.

"The Sanity of Art," by G. B. Shaw.

"A Set of Six," by Joseph Conrad.

These are all (worth mentioning) that I can lay my hands on at the time of writing. I quite expect Mr. Jacob Tonson to say, with his habitual causticity, that I have contributed very little to the support of living authors. I regret it. But facts are facts. I confess that I have no objection to buying new books: I do not explain the objection. The only living imaginative authors whose books I buy regularly as they come out are Joseph Conrad, George Moore, and W. B. Yeats. But then I contrive to receive gifts of books, some of which I value very highly. Such volumes should count in my favour! Among some twenty-five volumes which I have been ingenious enough to be presented with this year are works by Lord Acton, H. G. Wells, Creevey, Murray Gilchrist, Anatole France, Wordsworth, and Calvocoressi.

On reference to a list I gather that I have bought books at the rate of twelve a month. It is not enough. I admit that.

Occasional Reflections.

By Edgar Jepson.

GIN follows the Flag. The protests of Mr. Belloc are vain; no whole-hearted Imperialist will heed them. If, too, he expects those aspiring idealists, Lord Morley, Sir Edward Grey, and Mr. Asquith to heed them, he will be vastly disappointed. It is in the very course of Nature that wherever the British Flag waves, whether on the Board school in the slum—at the expense of the London ratepayer—or above the Equatorial swamp, it should wave in an air fragrant with the fumes of gin. Can Mr. Belloc set back Nature in her course? No! At the same time, he might divert her course a little, by frantic effort; he might divert it to beer. Beer, British beer, for the Congo! would be an admirable war-cry. It would rally round him those great brewing interests which so mightily help to shape the destinies of our world-wide Empire. Somehow, I have come to look on Mr. Belloc, not forgetting Mr. G. K. Chesterton, as the champions of the Basses. Perhaps it is owing to something they have said. For my part, I am entirely in favour of beer—as against gin. If the Englishman must give his poor, benighted black brother to drink, let him give him beer. It will take that poor, benighted black one so much longer to acquire the civilised, or hob-nailed, liver on beer than on gin. And the Englishman *is* going to give him to drink: no remonstrances will turn aside Sir Edward Grey from this, his plain duty to the British Flag. Beer, then, *not* gin: five million barrels of glorious beer, *not* five million gallons of gin. What Government could refuse to foster the beer industry of the Congo and retain the confidence of the country? But there, that is where these good Liberals always go wrong; they are so unpractical. Let Mr. Belloc develop the crucial point that gin is not a British industry. Gin is made in Belgium, where the Congos come from. Beer is a British industry; and the Congeese must be made, by Liberal legislation, to drink it. England, thank heaven! has not sunk so low that she cannot manufacture her own glucose.

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I have been reflecting on Mr. Jerome K. Jerome's article on my dear old friend John Smith. I have known John Smith for years. I have played football, hockey, and poker with John Smith; I play lawn tennis and bridge with him still. To know John Smith you must play his games. Now, I agree heartily and thoroughly with three-fourths of Mr. Jerome's article; it is a truly admirable statement of the real obstacles in the way of Socialism. Our real opponent is John Smith: not the House of Lords, or the Bishops, or the great financiers who so strenuously run these and kindred amiable institutions. When John Smith says "Go," those amiable institutions and their backers will fall over one another in their haste to clear out. We have to satisfy John Smith that under Socialism he will have a little home of his own, if he wants it, that the Socialist State will not necessarily be the loafer's paradise, or the bureaucrat's preserve. He might, indeed, see for himself that he will in the end himself settle these points; but John Smith's eyes, outside games, are not good. But I do not agree with Mr. Jerome when he says that if you tell John Smith that motherhood should be subsidised by the State, his eyes glitter with the fury of the primeval beast and he growls like a Troglodite. It is not my experience that any such obscure, basic passion flames up in him at the suggestion. I have always observed that he merely asks anxiously, "Will it come out of the rates?" But the opposition of John Smith to Socialism is weakening and weakening. He is beginning to see more and more clearly that John Smith is not getting his fair share of the wealth his work produces; and he is growing surer and surer that those little apples of his eye, Algernon Marmaduke Smith and Ermyntrude Hildegarde Smith, will get less. If it is your habit to blither about the communal wife and the group grandmother, let up on it a little when you talk to my dear old friend John. They are, of course, pretty academic themes of discussion; and the slosh-wallopers of Socialism will blate about them till all is blue, or even bluer. The necessity of the group-grandmother may have become a pressing question in the days of John's great grandchildren: I do not myself think it will. To-day the dear old lady is not with us. But if you talk to John Smith of the fairness of giving the woman-worker the vote, he will give you his most interested attention; talk to him about a graduated income tax, and his eyes will glisten like the stars in the firmament. Like most glorious twentieth-century heirs of the ages who have a family to keep, John Smith is a good deal less interested in the affairs of his great-grandchildren than in his own. And, after all, in all human probability, that is, Socialism will begin at the beginning.

* * *

I may as well go on exhausting myself in the effort to be agreeable; and the more I reflect on them the more I wonder where Mr. Edwin Pugh gets his suburbs from. I have lived in four of those earthly paradises; and no excessive sense of my own worth has prevented me from becoming intimate with their inhabitants. Now, not one of those suburbs displayed anything at all of the attitude to Socialism which Mr. Pugh set forth in his article "Socialism and Suburbia." The first suburb had no attitude to Socialism at all; for I lived in it before the suburbs had heard of Socialism. In the second suburb to mention Socialism was to wave the red flag at a bull; and accordingly I mentioned it often. In the third suburb things were changed; and they went on changing. If the Transvaal War did nothing else, it brought home to the suburbs, to the middle-class workers, that the industrial struggle has grown fierce and is growing fiercer, that unless they can find a way of escape, they will get crushed in it. I saw the lean years change them. The bulk of the people in that suburb has grown ripe for Socialism; above all, the Nonconformist element, which is by far the most intelligent, has grown ripe for it. Those suburbans listened to the exposition of it and questioned and discussed with a very grave, seeking earnestness indeed. There was nothing of that sportiveness in their seriousness of which Mr. Pugh writes, in those suburbans. They were in dead earnest about it; the industrial struggle is getting too fierce for them. The opponents of Socialism there were a few unintelligent persons, mostly

callow youths, who called themselves Tories because they honestly believed that you could be an English gentleman on 35s. a week. Also owners of house property were very furious in their denunciations of the hateful scheme. Their tenants did not join in the denunciations. No: there is precious little sportiveness to-day in the attitude of the big, clerk-filled suburbs towards matters economic. As the lean years roll on there will be less. Their hearts are quite ready to be touched by the great human appeal to the pocket.

On Fifty Chimney Pots.

THE mysterious workings of the great blind Spirit that rules this world and my own austere conception of Duty together achieved it that, yesterday, at the moment when Tea has become but a memory and the exquisite desire for Dinner begins lovingly to play upon the most susceptible of all the tender things which make up man, I found myself in a railway carriage pursuing a leisured progress from Cannon Street to Charing Cross. If it be true, as the great master of Victorian prose has written, that all haste is vulgar, surely, I reflected, in respect of speed this journey is unexceptionable. The true defence of private enterprise in such forms of locomotion as that which now I enjoy lies in the repose, the delicate deliberation, with which such a journey is conducted. All the little surprises, the unannounced attentions with which our unhastening path is courteously bestrewn could only spring from a Board culled from the fine flower of our English aristocracy — the noblest, boldest, truest, kindest, and, above all, the most reposeful of Europe: the silent East may know a better. Who but they would have caused this smooth rolling, deep rumbling agglomeration of locomotive comfort to rest for three peaceful moments hard by the Collegiate and Cathedral Church of Saint Saviour, Southwark, so that I (the stimulus of Tea now almost quiescent, the dream of hors d'œuvre but a faint promise of repletion as the first touch of pale saffron is the promise of the multitudinous, gorgeous glories of sunrise over an Italian lake) might see in its stateliness and beauty the long story of our Northern Civilisation, the great history of our noble Church; and he, the muddy, muscular navvy who faces me (for I love our English people and travel third-class) might be reminded that there is the Sunday of the long morning's sleep, "Lloyd's Weekly News," and beer from One till Two? Truly, the art of entertainment is a thing innate, organic. Consciously acquired by some happily-bred knight, some graciously-dispositioned lady of the remotest age of chivalry, trickling down to them by devious routes from the gates of Byzantium, we can trace it back to Imperial Rome, the Athens of Pericles, Tyre, the Egypt of the Middle Empire, and all the dim origins of our sublimest manners; and, since those two, distilled and redistilled a hundred times, and dissolved in the blood of our noblest, it has bcome the most beautiful attribute of the members of the Joint Committee which Works this Line. Hence these fine moments of unexpected rest, hardly anticipated, it seems (such is the stately courtesy, the beautiful deference of blue blood), by our driver himself.

We had left Cannon Street far in the sad distance, and, after a soulful moment at Waterloo Junction, started on our dignified, indeed æsthetic career to Charing Cross. Under such management the fineness of our perceptions is perfected to an astonishing degree, and I had *felt* the gentleness and deliberation with which our driver, a standing exemplification of the great truth that, as between masters and servants, action and reaction are equal and opposite, opened the regulator, even as, a few moments before, he had applied the brakes. If trains were run, as ships are sailed, by dead reckoning, we should have been three and four-fifths minutes from the stop, on Charing Cross railway bridge, which permits that unequalled view of the River from the splendid tracery of Westminster to the magnificent solemnity of Saint Paul's (with those characteristic institutions, Whitehall Court, the National Liberal Club, the Cecil, the Savoy, Somerset House, the L.C.C. Education Office, and Sion College thrown in, all to be considered by the thoughtful) when a delicious sensation of renewed repose ran gently through the length of the train, and I could see, as our great poet says, "in the mind's eye," the indicator of the vacuum brake telling in its own inimitably silent, courteous fashion how inch after inch of air was creeping into those delicately festooned tubes; and firmly, but, oh, so gently, the brakes exerted an amorous pressure on wheels which coyly resisting, sank into the stillness of a dear embrace. Thus, the train stopped. Then I looked forth and saw The Fifty Chimney Pots.

The Waterloo Road was on my right a hundred and fifty yards away. Up and down its ugly length (the Joint Committee of This Line did not build it, but common builders) raced the noisy, hurrying, vulgar tramcars full, I could picture them, of the dear, uncultured people of this realm hurrying from the public athleticism of the Oval to private seclusion of jam (or kippers) for tea, from the private seclusion of a wash (with best yellow soap) to the public gaiety of the Tivoli. But all this was a dream of distance, and it was blurred into something not unbeautiful. *Here* thrusting their outlines right in my line of vision were Fifty Chimney Pots. To be precise there were more than fifty; as I looked round me, there were 132,965 (what prevision of the Directors—the Joint Committee was not then—to arrange that our vehicle should be on precisely the same horizontal plane as The Pots!). In so great a number there would have been peace, but the horror was that, in whichsoever direction I looked, Fifty Chimney Pots occupied the immediate foreground. There they were; eight chimney stacks, each with six Pots, and two odd Pots over. Forty-six of them were red baked clay, two were clay baked into a dull, dirty white, two were of galvanised iron, curiously wrought into shapes as weird as ever struck horror into a sensitive, and, I will not deny it, possibly over-cultured soul. Eight little houses, ugly, dirty, meaningless, mean. One big, yea tremendous chimney stack on each ugly little house. Six Pots in each stack and *two* over. And what a collection of Pots! Most were, in shape and dimensions, truncated cones of from fifteen inches to four feet three in height, the diameter of the base, whatever the height, being about nine inches; two were dirty white, and two were of galvanised iron curiously wrought. I looked at the opposite side of the little street; there were Fifty more. To the amazement of my companion the navvy, I crossed the compartment and looked at another street, and the pained lines across my forehead deepened, for there were Fifty Chimney Pots there. Fifty again; Fifty ever! Smoke emerged from but four; and I sank down again upon my seat and thought. Then the subtle communication began to circle through our train; the vacuum indicator had slowly traversed back to more than twenty inches; the delightful driver gently put the regulator over, and, in our well-bred way, we began again to move.

Then the Spirit of the Joint Committee which rules This Line whispered to me in tones which were the refined product of the centuries: "This ugliness that you have seen, this waste of capital (for there were forty-eight fireplaces; only twelve of them are used ever; only four of them are used now), this waste of life, this Fifty Chimney Pots, is the type and symbol of your Civilisation. Let *me* rule this people and there shall be the charm, and dignity, and leisure of your journey widespread, universal. Leave those to rule it who rule it now, and your Civilisation will remain forever based on Fifty Chimney Pots. You must change your rulers. For it is they who have done this."

"Yes," said I, "we will change our Rulers; but *you*, you are too delicate for the task which must be done; you we must carefully preserve; but we must change our rulers."

ROBERT SIMON DEVEREUX.

BOOK OF THE WEEK.

Democracy in the Philippines.*

MR. HYATT is a vigorous writer, though his prejudices against "The Little Brown Brother" are made apparent from the contemptuous way in which many of his characteristics are touched upon. The plot and dramatic interest of "The Little Brown Brother" are concerned with the adventures in the Philippines of an Englishman, Derek North, who had resigned his commission in the Indian Army in consequence of some scandal. North has many exciting adventures in the course of his campaigning against the Filipinos. There is a charming love story interwoven in the plot; and this love story, together with the excellent descriptive account of the episodes of the campaign, lend a charm to a book which otherwise is rather gloomy. North comes through his series of adventures with the loss of an arm; but the blot upon his name is wiped off, and his success in the field of love is even greater than his success in war.

Mr. Hyatt is a writer of power and courage, and a large portion of the book is devoted to a denunciation of the methods of American politicians in the Philippines. Mr. Hyatt has little sympathy with the principle that Democracy involves treating as equals the unequal. Though he may be justified in exposing the corruption entailed in the American colonial government by the interference of Washington politicians, the line of thought running through the book is unconvincing. The United States is a hotbed of corruption; and that corruption has naturally penetrated into the Philippines. But to argue, as Mr. Hyatt does, that the treatment of the Filipinos as a people capable of governing themselves is bad, because it has been engineered for corrupt and maleficent motives, is a disingenuous attempt to confuse the issue. American statesmen possibly have advocated native government for vote-catching purposes; but how does that prove that native government is a danger to the Philippines? The virulence of Mr. Hyatt's references to those Americans who have urged the inclusion of a proportion of the natives of the governed community in the official service rather detracts from what would otherwise be a weighty indictment of those reformers who have aimed at relieving coloured peoples from the rule of white bureaucracies.

Mr. Hyatt has not disclosed the full history of American relations with the Philippines. He has only referred to a small part of the period of occupation. In the early days of the American occupation, there were many protests in Europe and the United States against American injustice and cruelty. For instance, some Filipino prisoners—Mr. Hyatt would call them "rebels"—were handed over to some United States doctors for experimental purposes, with the result that the wretched men were attacked by a loathsome disease. Also, there was an infamous Army Order to the effect that all the natives, over 14 in the case of men and over 16 in the case of women, in certain islands should be slaughtered. This order was partially carried out before it was countermanded from Washington. Here is a case where the interference of the much-derided "politicians" was necessitated by the criminal conduct of American military officers.

I mention these points as indicating that the life of the "little brown brother" has hardly been in accord with the theory of the glorious equality of man and man. But Mr. Hyatt is probably right in saying that a democratic "equality," which provides opportunity for plausible rogues who have a smattering of education, is not an encouragng substitute for previous tyranny and oppression. The Eastern democrat is a wily individual who finds the European pro-native official an easy prey. The fulsome language of Mr. Secretary Taft, in his speech to the Filipino Assembly, cannot be accepted, any more than the bitter onslaughts of Mr. Hyatt, as representing the true situation. The giving of representative government to the Filipinos was a bold experiment, and no doubt every other method of governing Eastern races has failed lamentably. But all Eastern dependencies administered by Europeans are demonstrably failures. The United States, at any rate, can claim the credit for the initiation of a new policy.

C. H. NORMAN.

* "The Little Brown Brother." By Stanley Portal Hyatt. (London: Archibald Constable and Co., Ltd. 1908. 312 pp. 6s.)

REVIEWS.

Marriage and Disease. Edited by Prof. H. Senator and Dr. S. Kamina. (Rebman, Ltd.)

This volume, which is a translation and condensation of the larger German edition adapted for the non-medical reader, is very well suited to its purpose of spreading sound scientific knowledge on difficult questions. The range of the essays of which the book consists is very wide, and embraces not only all the chief diseases which affect marriage, but also a consideration of heredity, consanguinity in marriage, and the hygiene and social prophylaxis of marriage.

The authors do not always agree in their suggestions, but this only makes for an intelligent reading of the volume. And it is noticeable that the suggestion of the drastic prohibition of marriage for diseased persons (a proposal which is popular in some non-medical circles) does not find favour with this group of eminent medical essayists. Instead of this impracticable proposal, Dr. Eberstadt suggests the interchange of health certificates as part of the legal preliminaries to marriage, so that the parties may have their attention forcibly drawn to this aspect of the contract, and at least be prepared for possible dangers; in the first instance it is proposed that these certificates should be demanded only from men. Dr. Eberstadt appears to be thinking chiefly of sexual diseases, and while, of course, these are of preponderating importance, the book itself brings unmistakable evidence of the very serious import of (for example) heart disease, tuberculosis, and nervous diseases. It certainly appears to us time for the beginning of some such certificates of health on both sides, the details of the examination required could easily be arranged to not unduly trespass on the delicacy or the convenience of the individual.

One of the chief recommendations of this book is the sober scientific tone in which it is couched throughout. There are plain words on the hygiene of marriage and plain words on continence, the authors lending no support to the suggestion that absolute continence is impossible and harmful. But there is none of the disgustingly sexually morbid gush about "purity" and "chastity" which is a common feature of works on marriage accessible to the lay public. "Marriage and Disease" is a book to be cordially recommended to the attention of any adult responsible person, and should do a good deal to place the subject on the same level of common sense as that of the treatment of the diseases, or the hygiene of digestion.

African Life and Customs. By Edward Wilmot Blyden, LL.D. (C. M. Phillips. 1s. 6d. net.)

We trust this little book will circulate widely in English hands for the reason, especially, that it is very necessary that people should come to learn, almost at first hand in this way, of the enormous amount of harm and positive evil being wrought by our wholly well-intentioned but absolutely misdirected missionary system amongst tropical peoples. This book is really a severe indictment of the Christian system which we in our ignorance and arrogance endeavour to impose upon the native tribes of Africa. It is generally known that the

white man from the Colonies—an hospitable, open-handed, charitable fellow—steadily and conscientiously refuses to contribute to missionary funds, and we are much inclined to think that if the full meaning of all which this little book is meant to convey was grasped by the home people the foreign missionary movement would receive such an immediate and severe check for want of funds as would compel a drastic reconsideration of the exoteric principles which it believes itself compelled to persuade the natives to adopt: principles which, however desirable they may be considered in this country in influencing common action, constitute only a bitter curse physically and morally when accepted by the natives of Africa, and allowed by them to condemn and oust those more natural principles which have ruled their lives and proved so beneficial for ages.

Considering the marriage question, we read: "Africa solved the marriage question for herself thousands of years ago. It has needed no revision and no amendment, because founded upon the law of Nature and not upon the dictum of any ecclesiastical hierarchy. Europe is now grappling with the problem, and finds that not only is her solution unsatisfactory, but out of it have grown other difficult questions. 'There is not one social question,' said Gambetta, 'there are social questions.'"

We are tempted to quote largely, but refrain, merely adding a few lines in conjunction with the quotation given above, which will need no further explanation here. "Under the African marriage system such a state of things is utterly impossible. There are no 'women of the under world,' no 'slaves of the abyss.' Every woman is above ground, protected and sheltered."

On page 52 the author contends that there is a fair division of labour between the men and the women, but our own knowledge on this point, which is not inconsiderable, certainly does not allow us to agree with him. His classification of the labours which fall to the different sexes appears to be deliberately calculated to leave a wrong impression in the mind of the reader, and is distinctly unfair to the women, but as the greater part of the book is a valuable contribution, shortly and readably arranged, to the literature current upon the African native question we will not dwell upon what we do not agree with here. The situation, taken as a whole—white man, black man, present time and conditions—appears to be almost utterly hopeless. A very little comfort and reassurance—a mere glimmer—is to be obtained from the fact that many valuable and thoroughly well-informed books have been published lately dealing with the question, and the knowledge that there is a growing interest in it.

Wesley's Devotions for Every Day in the Week. Lancelot Andrewes' Preces Privatae. (Methuen's Library of Devotion. 2s.)

Messrs. Methuen are to be congratulated on the catholic character of the Devotional Library, and these latest volumes, edited by Canon Bodington and the Rev. A. E. Burn respectively, leave nothing to be desired. The somewhat emotional character of present-day popular religion will probably favour Wesley's method of prayer. It is a pity the editor had not the courage to omit the feebler hymns. The "Preces Privatae" of Bishop Andrewes are full of quaint and curious fancies, and some readers will be amused to find Pride and the other deadly sins equated with our old friends the Amorites, Hittites, etc. As might be expected from one who defended the Prayer Book against Puritanism, the Preces are very liturgical, sometimes almost algebraical, in form. A footnote might have been added on page 73 to explain "Accidy," a mediæval term for which there is no exact modern English equivalent. "Blasé," perhaps, comes nearest it. A short introduction prefaces each volume.

British Freewomen: Their Historical Privilege. By Charlotte C. Stopes. (Swan Sonnenschein. 2s. 6d. net.)

In this volume Mrs. Stopes deals with the Women's Suffrage question considered from the historical and constitutional aspect, from the time of the Ancient Britons to the present period. She has compiled a formidable array of little-known facts relating to the rights and privileges of women. Mrs. Stopes indulges in many sprightly sallies at the expense of those men who are blind or indifferent to the absurdities and inconsistencies of our electoral system. At the same time, men are hardly so obtuse as Mrs. Stopes suggests. Perhaps their attitude towards the question of votes for women could be fairly summarised in the words of Mrs. Stopes' 'bus-driver: "Give them the vote, but don't let them stop the traffic!"

RECENT PAMPHLETS.

POLITICIANS who imagine that the Second Ballot is a democratic instrument had better read the pamphlet just issued by the Proportional Representation Society (1d.). The Second Ballot is dead, Long live Proportional Representation!

Mr. Rowland Hunt, M.P., sends us his scarlet-bound pamphlet on "Socialism or Tariff Reform." If we were not a little tired of Tariff Reform we would point out its fallacies again. The only good thing for us in the movement is the fact that Tariff Reformers are disposing of the remains of the Manchester School.

The Penal Reform League has issued three pamphlets No. 1 gives extracts from the Prison Act of 1877 defining the composition and duties of the Visiting Committee of Justices into whose hands the keys of liberty or death are to be put by Mr. Gladstone's abominable Bill. No. 2 discusses, very inadequately, the Indeterminate Sentence, and, more fully, the Borstal System. No. 3 is on "Discipline," and consists partly of extracts from the Elmira Reformatory Report.

The I.L.P. publishes a useful pamphlet by Mr. T. Summerbell, M.P., on "Afforestation" (1d.). It contains practically all the statistics and information necessary.

What is one's country? Is it what Aristophanes and Euripides defined it—there where one is happy? M. Hamon has an interesting discussion of the subject in relation to Internationalism in "Patrie et Internationalisme" (10 cents). We venture the definition that one's country is where one feels most at home. Any objectors?

Replying to Sir Eldon Gorst's first annual Report on Egypt, A. B. Fahmy Kamel, the Vice-President of the Egyptian Nationalist Party, delivered a "Patriotic Address," which has been reprinted in French. Perhaps French is more suitable than English for the lyrical conclusion: "Mon pays! Mon pays! Tu as mon amour et mon cœur! Tu as ma vie et mon existence! Tu as mon sang et mon âme! Tu as mon esprit et ma langue! Tu as mon cœur et mon intelligence! Toi seul tu es la vie et il n'y a plus de vie sans l'Egypt."

Mr. T. Russell Williams delivers Henry George from the charge of being opposed to Socialism ("Henry George, Socialism, and the Single Tax." I.L.P. 1d.). He believes that George did not intend the Single Tax to be the only tax.

With Auberon Herbert's "The Voluntaryist Creed" (Oxford University Press. 6d. net), it is possible for a Socialist to agree heartily. The practical difficulty remains, however, of legislating for the individual. Surely this is a case for compromise by experience.

"Woman in Relation to the State," by George Calderon (Priory Press. 6d. net), is a reply to the arguments of the feminists. The author makes some good points; as, for instance, the distinction between the community and the State. His whole case, however, is given away in the admission, without comment, that women are intellectually and morally the equals of men. After that, why clink the cannikin?

"A Short History of National Education," by T. L. Humberstone, contains a useful summary of school history and a complete guide to the British Education Section of the Franco-British Exhibition. (King and Son. 3d.) The large charts there shown are reproduced here.

A grave charge is made by Bradley Hall in his pamphlet, "Flogging at Manchester Grammar School" (1d.). Mr. Paton, the Headmaster referred to, has a reputation as an

educationist, and it is depressing to learn that he practices flogging with the birch for what he calls "hanky panky tricks." Whatever his theories, his practice obviously is bad. There are only two explanations of flogging: one is cruelty, the other is educational incompetence. The High Master of the Manchester Grammar School may take his choice.

Bradford has set a model to other municipalities in the Feeding of School Children. Descriptions of the method employed, the organisation and history of the scheme, etc., are given by one of its engineers—Councillor J. H. Palin ("Bradford and its Children." I.L.P. 1d.). His narrative is quite exciting.

"Socialism for Fishermen" (I.L.P. 1d.) is in the form of an address by Mr. Joe Duncan. He has no difficulty in illustrating the evolution of capitalism by changes undergone by coast fishing; but we doubt if at the end of his address capitalism would mean much to his hearers. His suggestion of a nationalised steam herring drifter fleet would sound more feasible.

The I.L.P. republish Tolstoy's "The Hanging Tsar" (I.L.P. 1d.). We just learn from the latest bulletin issued by the Russian Committee of the House of Commons that the following prayer has been composed for the Black Hundreds by the Tsar's Confessor, Father John, of Cronstadt: "God in Heaven, for the sake of Thy Holy Church, grant peace to Russia. . . . . Take away from this earth the vicious, wicked, and unrepenting Leo Tolstoy, and all his fornicating followers." Mr. Stead accepted M. Stolypine's statement that only fifteen executions a month took place: the number for July was 147.

But we have our own Russia (comparatively, of course) in Ireland. The Irish Press Agency publishes statistics of "Police and Crime" in England, Wales and Ireland. They have been compiled by Mr. E. Haviland-Burke, M.P. "The total cost of the Police Establishment of Ireland is nearly half the total cost of the Police Establishments for the whole of the English and Welsh counties and boroughs," —excluding London.

"Fighters for Freedom" (By W. Stewart. I.L.P. 3d.) contains well-written biographies of some of the early Scottish political martyrs. Muir of Huntershill, Baird and Hardie (there was a Hardie even then) were men of a noble stamp, and this record of their life is inspiring.

ART.

The International Art Congress.

THE International Drawing Congress which met at the beginning of August, and whose companion exhibition closed last week, was quite the most important affair of its kind since the day they drew that mammoth (on his own bone, too!) somewhere about the Ice Age. This Congress concerned itself with the fundamental conception of Art as a supremely important factor of social organisation. It is impossible to over-emphasise the importance of this conception, and the urgent need there is that it should be worked out to its conclusions in the practical affairs of everyday life. Art is not something which may, or may not, be cultivated as an additional fine flavouring when the day's work is over; it is, on the contrary, interlocked with social structure at every point. Thirty-seven of the Governments of the world appreciated the importance of the matter by appearing at the Congress; our own stood in glorious isolation when it failed to send a delegate to represent it. As Lord Carlisle put it in his presidential address: "He attributed this marked neglect rather to extreme stupidity than to any intentional rudeness. When asked by a lady why he had made an obviously incorrect statement in his dictionary, Dr. Johnson answered, 'Ignorance, madam, pure ignorance,' and that was the complaint he had to make against some of the authorities in this country . . . How were we to educate our masters? Perhaps some foreign visitors might be able to say how it was that their Ministers and members of municipalities were as well educated as their pupils."

The Congress has left behind it a valuable catalogue containing, besides numerous illustrations, official statements by men of authority in their profession; and the "Times" published day by day admirable reports of the papers read to the delegates. Perhaps the best summary of the whole, and certainly of most interest to us in England, is to point to the evidence they furnished of what is now being done in the way of Art teaching by the London County Council and one or two of the provincial municipal schools. It is a bright spot in our dismal record of mismanagement of public affairs. To take the case of the L.C.C., it is quite obvious that the expert officials of that body are slowly building up a system of art teaching, in its fullest meaning, which eventually must have a radical effect on our industrial

system. It is hard to believe that the abundance of cultured thought displayed in the exhibits and the methods of teaching in the Council schools will be entirely smothered when it has to go out into the cold world where they produce for profit, with little thought for use or beauty. It is quite true that, on a hasty glance, it seems useless to spend money on the production of craftsmen, when at present there is only a market for the labour of machine-drivers. The linking of the ideals of craftsmanship with the realities of business life is perhaps the greatest of all problems; it is a problem which it is full time some of the numerous reforming associations began to work out in detail. It is probable that a valuable clue to the solution will be discovered in the Trade schools, for such subjects as dressmaking, cabinet-making, silversmithing which are now working under the control of the L.C.C. William Morris stated the problem in broad outline; where is the leader who will give us particulars? Who will make the artist and craftsman a factor of everyday life, instead of leaving him on the bankruptcy list of commerce and industry or a rare exception if success comes at all?

We drew attention a month ago to the value of the pictures in the French section of the Palace of Art at the Franco-British Exhibition. Of course, there must be in such a place an undue preponderance of the pictures which please the "crowd" which has been trained by a long course of the Royal Academy and its Christmas card ideals, to think that Art is —— well, not Art. But, nevertheless, if one takes the trouble to look for them, there are pictures there which give an intelligent summary of the history of painting in modern France. In the English section there is no need to hunt for the pictures of value; for the first three rooms at least are packed with as well-chosen a selection of our early masters as heart could desire. There are several which are famous as masterpieces: there are, for example, Gainsborough's "Blue Boy" and Madox Brown's "Work." But finer still (for famous works are rarely the best, after all) is Gainsborough's "Lady Dudley" (50); and Madox Brown's "Romeo and Juliet." There are four or five Sir Joshua Reynoldses which will be a revelation to anyone who thinks that "modern" work began with Whistler or some such old-fashioned painter. The best work is always modern, or ancient, whichever you care to call it. It has very little to do with chronological tables, if you examine it closely.

At least, Reynolds's "Lady Crosbie" challenges Whistler on his own ground: it is a piece of pure harmony of colour and composition. The eye does not wander from part to part; it takes it in with one focus. It is not a figure against a background; they are finely balanced in one. You may remember, and prefer, Whistler's "Miss Alexander," that silent child in perfect repose; but there is really very little between the two pictures in essentials. One sign of Reynolds's genius is the vivacity of the pose, the raised arm—it would be melodramatic if it missed its effect by the slightest fraction—and yet an entire absence of the realism of action; there is the essence of movement without its distracting restlessness. Once again, examine carefully his "The Guardian Angel" (68), and note that it is only in unimportant details that it shows its eighteenth century birth. There are two Romneys, both of his one-and-only lady; one would praise them, but, indeed, who could have failed with such a model. It is before a picture like this one hesitates to judge its intrinsic merit; whether one is reading into its pictorial art a deal of the romance of Emma Hamilton's life is not easily discovered. Perhaps, after all, Romney has created her quite as much as the historians and biographers. So we are merely reading Romney into Romney. These early masters are indeed wonderfully well represented. There is an unusual picture of a garden by Hogarth, which is an instructive departure from the work by which we usually judge him. The Richard Wilson (62) is a splendid example of the elaborate compositions which they could pull off in that age without losing touch with the possibilities of nature. The David Cox (26) is an effective contrast; for it is a literal translation of the Nature which was laid out in the first chapter of Genesis; whereas there is a good deal of the higher criticism in Wilson's picture.

The third room, mainly of the pre-Raphaelites and their offshoots, is full of interest; but it is sad to see how Millais, even in his early days, was not so far away, as is generally supposed, from his soap advertisement days; the hoof of the devil has already marked the famous "Black Brunswicker." The "Queen Guinevere" of William Morris, his only picture we believe, is what one would expect from a man whose sense of beauty was inevitable; whose craftsmanship seemed to need no training. In a later room should be sought a picture by Mr. T. M. Rooke (709), who, perhaps more ably than any living artist, maintains that exquisite sense of balanced detail which was the essence of the pre-Raphaelite tradition. And when you have appreciated the very different beauty of Mr. William Rothenstein's "The Doll's House" (408) you will be ready to admit that there is no one royal road in Art. In the Irish Village there is a fine collection, where the pictures of Messrs. Orpen and Charles Shannon must not be missed.

G. R. S. T.

DRAMA.

Yiddish Plays in Whitechapel.

THE importance of Yiddish plays at the present time depends upon the possibility of a Jewish Drama arising out of them. Yiddish is a dialect; the Jews are a people with very marked characteristics, and with very majestic aspirations, who might produce an extremely interesting and racially individualised drama. On the face of it the fact that a Jewish theatre is not already in existence as a powerful dramatic force is a rather perplexing matter. Jews throng the theatrical world. As actors, managers, and audience they take an important part in the career of every play produced, and the assumption naturally is that the Jew has a special interest in matters dramatic. But the assumption is not justified. Jews throng the theatrical world because the theatrical world is open to them as a career for which very little capital is needed, the asset of the average Jew being not money but brains.

It is useless to compare Jews as a body with Englishmen as a body. The results are liable to be both misleading and unfair. The Jews in the mass correspond only to the upper strata of our English society. The lower grades of our population find in them only a negligible representation. That the theatrical world is thronged with Jews, therefore, is no more remarkable than that the theatrical world is thronged with sons and daughters of the middle-classes. And that the Jewish Drama does not exist is no more remarkable

than that the drama of the intelligent middle-class is only beginning to exist.

The Jew who is intelligently interested in drama is interested as a member of the intelligent classes. The patrons of the Yiddish theatre, on the other hand, are people who are more or less bound to the Yiddish language, but are not those with the specific dramatic interest developed. Indeed, it might almost be said that the Yiddish theatre is an accident of language and locality specially serving the needs of those who do not take it seriously. On no other hypothesis is it possible to account for the plays produced. The present season in which Mr. Adler appears has, indeed, characteristics which can only be excused on this hypothesis.

Probably most of my readers have read a story of Mr. Zangwill about the Jewish Hamlet. In this story a Jew rewrites "Hamlet" from the Jewish point of view, and puts all his modern soul-psychology into him. The play is accepted, but the author is never admitted to the theatre rehearsal, until on the first night he forces his way in. He finds the play drastically altered, and Ophelia coming down to the footlights with a song and a dance. Up to the time of my visits to the Yiddish Theatre I had always regarded this as a justifiable caricature, but amid the tragic scenes of "Solomon Kaus," in which the "Jewish Irving" was appearing, a young man and a lady with a scarlet under-petticoat gave a song and a kicking dance of the usual sprightly music-hall variety. An interlude; an interlude which completely destroyed the artistic possibilities of the play and made it very difficult to properly appreciate the value of Mr. Adler's acting. Not to mention the fact that the intervals between acts were almost interminable, and that the actors, with the exception of Mr. Adler, had to have their parts read to them continuously out of the prompt box in the middle of the stage. Unfortunately, the feats of skill which they displayed in keeping the thing going did not compensate for the awkwardness of the continual hiss and bubble of the prompter's voice.

The best feature of the Yiddish plays is the impulse towards, and the desire to have, a Yiddish theatre to which they bear witness. Yet if the desire is no more than the expression of the accident of language and locality the Yiddish theatre will never attain anything but a local importance. No doubt the language is a difficulty, the enthusiasm of great writers to express themselves through Yiddish not being precisely overwhelming. But is Yiddish quite essential? Could not a movement of Jewish national drama, comparable with that of the Irish Theatre, express itself through English? Or, in any case, could not the plays of such a movement be translated into Yiddish?

When there do exist such a great number of Jews keenly interested in theatrical affairs and in things dramatic, it certainly seems regrettable that none of that interest and enthusiasm should expend itself in expressing the Jewish people on the stage. Particularly when the audience for such a drama, united by a common language and by common customs and religion, exists very nearly disposed in one quarter of London. Or are the Jews so anxious to sink their own characteristics and become "anglicised" as to desire to keep their stupendous history and the great movements which are now stirring amongst them as much in the background as possible? The dreams of a return to Palestine as expressed in the Zionist movement, the plan of acquiring territory for a Jewish State anywhere possible, as expressed in the Territorial movement, the belief in the coming of a Messiah—all the vivid illuminating things one gets a glimpse of in Zangwill's stories, surely these provide material in reckless abundance for dramatic treatment. Instead of which we get a farrago of tragedy and music-hall song and dance, staged with the care bestowed on a Christmas charade.

The lack of a representative Jewish drama detracts very seriously from our national dramatic output, and the fault lies quite clearly at the doors of those Jewish writers who, having the open sesame to the record of their own people, deliberately avoid making use of their opportunities. Partly, the explanation lies in the well known desire, which often afflicts Jews well up in the intellectual social scale—to conceal the fact of Judaism. The gentleman of marked Hebraic countenance who chooses to appear at a fancy dress ball as John Bull is merely typifying an unfortunate weakness which may have arisen from centuries of oppression. But in the drama one cannot believe that the choice lies between a complete anglicisation, which swallows the Jews up, or a dialect drama of only local importance. It must be possible to have a modern drama of serious value, one of its roots perhaps springing from the cult of modern Hebrew literature.

L. HADEN GUEST.

CORRESPONDENCE.

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

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

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

MUSIC DRAMAS OF THE FUTURE.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

Mr. Edward Carpenter's articles on "Music-Drama in the Future" have systematised (in what had hitherto always remained a vague and impassioned controversy) the changes and developments that are chiefly necessary if dramatic music is ever to be a naturalised form of expression in English art.

The past glories of opera, in its various forms, are a sufficient assurance that music may always have an important share in the conduct of certain kinds of drama, whatever practical difficulties are inherent in what must always remain a mixture (rather than a fusion) of two independent arts: so music-lovers owe Mr. Carpenter considerable gratitude for his sympathetic disentangling of several false clues which have recently confused and imperilled this art-form.

Yet in the generalised terms of a brief inquiry minor issues must often be left undeveloped; and on two or three such points I venture the following suggestions, urging that in matters of detail they may affect, in a small degree, Mr. Carpenter's conclusions.

The conditions of the English operatic stage have not hitherto made for ideal performances; and, in particular, the elocution of the singers and the fact of there being no permanent opera-houses with attendant requirements of systematic constant rehearsal and ensemble, permit the argument that the best possible result has not yet been obtained in the enunciation of the words.

After the "Ring" performances at Covent Garden in January last, it was a commonplace of criticism that their chief result was to prove how little it mattered in what language an opera was sung; yet in comic opera, Sullivan extravaganza, and musical comedy (dependent on popular approval, and with only a box-office standard of success), musical phrases are never allowed to blur the words—especially when some point or innuendo has to be made—and that not only in grotesque parts sung parlando, but in the heroine's sentimental cantabile and the concerted music of the quartet of principal characters. There seems to be no reason why the quintet in the "Meistersinger" should be less intelligible than the madrigal in the "Mikado"; and, when English appreciation of opera permits the institution of a permanent theatre wherein the singers are also constantly trained theatrical artists, this might be apparent.

In deducing, from Wagner's practice, the shortcomings of

his system, it is perhaps less than just to select instances from the works, which, in spite of many noble and splendid pages, are the most unequal and imperfect of his mature achievement. The "Ring" dramas would be little more satisfactory if produced as spoken plays, and the nature of the musical accompaniment must not bear the whole blame where monotony and diffuseness are apparent. Such things as the influence of Hagen's potion on Siegfried and the transformations wrought by the Tarnhelm are in their nature somewhat difficult to explain by dramatic methods; the promiscuous mingling of gods and men—all of the same size and dressed in the same way—is another source of confusion; and, more than all, an unfamiliar mythology is unsafe ground on which to build a complex plot. The Athenians needed to take no superior handbook with them to the theatre to tell them who Æschylus's or Euripides's Agamemnon and Zeus, Hera and Helen were: certainly Wagner's mythology was once the religion of Northern Europe, but the necessary instinctive knowledge of it was destroyed when Christianity imposed a Hebraic mythology exclusively on all races, and to find an audience for the "Ring" able to ignore unexplained incidents and blithely to pass over monotonous places Wagner would have needed to go back a thousand years to the accession of Olaf.

So that, in examining Wagner's work for counsel for the future, it seems fairest to take his most perfect achievements. Young composers will be wise to infer from the "Ring" that a drama of large and simple action is best fitted for musical enhancement; and the pages of "Tristan" will give them a positive confirmation of this. In "Tristan" and "Die Meistersinger" Wagner's power is the most authentic and direct; and I think it will be allowed that in them, to a greater extent than in the "Ring," may be found the compact and logical musical structure and proportion of parts which Mr. Carpenter so rightly demands.

Mr. Carpenter's first article raised a hope that in the second he would treat of the remaining great factor in a convincing dramatic representation; but, as he has chosen to complete his essay on other lines, I submit that the manner in which an opera is produced and mounted might go far towards making its plot and movement intelligible in spite of the obscuration of words by musical phrase or combinations of instruments. All kinds of modern drama, except the most ordinary presentations of contemporary manners, suffer by being treated with unimaginative and irrelevant literalism: it is this which makes of most performances of "Lohengrin" so many varieties of circus-procession; and, in particular, a certain performance of "Die Walküre" at Covent Garden in the season just past must, to many who were present, stand pre-eminent, by such treatment, as an evening of incongruities and absurdities.

By a light-hearted ignoring of half the stage directions and a grotesquely literal interpretation of the remainder an undoubtedly unique effect was reached; but it would be unreasonable to blame Wagner's methods for the resultant unintelligibility. At any time it must tax the resources of subtle and experienced stage-managership to make lucid for an audience the entanglement of gods and mortals in the second act; but, when Wagner's stage-direction had instructed Fricka to mount from a ravine in a car drawn by rams, the least hopeful of the audience cannot have expected a lady in a white and pale blue dinner-gown to saunter on from the wings adjacent to the royal box. If rams are unmanageable in Covent Garden, it should none the less be possible to make Fricka in garb and mode of entrance a credible queen of the Northern gods. If such things are to be neglected there is no possible way to present clearly any form of drama which deals with romance and mystery.

Again, in the third act, Wagner directs that Valkyries, on horseback, shall appear in the sky on their way to the mountain-top. I am told that this is a possible feat of stage management in Germany, and that it has even been achieved in Liverpool; but all that Covent Garden could afford or conceive was a panorama of recurrent clouds—with the result that one making a first acquaintance with the work was unaware that a Ride of the Valkyries was in progress at all. Yet here a judicious mounting could well have conveyed the explanation demanded by the music.

The Valkyries themselves were misconceived: an imaginative artist could have made us realise that these were warrior maidens—with storm-torn locks, weathered armour, hacked raiment—the kin of vultures and eagles; but, instead, we saw the kin of farm-yard fowls running about, their well-combed hair rippling to their waists in the manner popularised by a certain shop-window in Regent Street. They wore clean night-gowns, their armour was gored and seamed by a skilled dressmaker, their fashionably plumed helmets would certainly have been blown off in the first storm they met.

No dramatic action could be developed by such means; yet with this generation there has been born in England the most imaginative and poetic artist who has ever given his genius to the theatre. But Mr. Gordon Craig must live in Berlin and Florence to find appreciation for his work; perhaps Covent Garden has not heard of him, or its very large dividend does not permit his employment; yet his methods and his power are the only means by which such a work as the "Ring" can be produced adequately and justly.

Such an interpretation as his could conceivably remove much of Mr. Carpenter's reproach against Wagner's results, though his fundamental criticism of Wagner's methods must stand in all essentials: and however lucid and varied the processes of future music-dramas may be made, such interpretations will be needed to make music-drama convincing and conceivable to a nation with which such an art-form is an acquired thing, and not a natural development. Even more than in spoken drama, in opera the eye must be satisfied as immediately and instinctively as the ear.

GORDON BOTTOMLEY.

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PROPAGANDA BY ART.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

I say Mr. Shaw's plays have no meaning because I see no reason to assume that Mr. Shaw has any aim beyond the desire to record certain impressions. In this he resembles other dramatists and novelists. To record impressions is not to waste one's life. Many people, however, seem to think it is. They insist that the impressions must have been recorded for some "useful purpose." Hence the hunting for philosophy in Browning's poems, George Meredith's novels and Shaw's plays. The difficulty arises from assuming that there are only two courses open to a writer, viz., either to "cater for the amusement of the crowd" or to write to "elevate" the crowd. It is possible, however, to write merely to express oneself, without in any way desiring to bring about "useful" revolutions or to gain proselytes. The greater the writer the less notice he takes of the crowd.

As for Captain Brassbound, he is merely a puppet into whose mouth Mr. Shaw puts certain words to suit the purposes of the play. They are not necessarily Mr. Shaw's own sentiments at all. There is no objection to Mr. Marks adopting Brassbound's "philosophy" if he admires it, but, if all that is said in the Shaw plays is to be fathered on Mr. Shaw, how is one to reconcile conflicting statements in different plays?

Mr. Marks's attitude towards Mr. Shaw is precisely the opposite of my own. Mr. Marks appears to be tremendously interested in Socialism, not averse to light excursions into psychology by way of novels and plays, but only incidentally interested in dramatic art. Psychology and drama are not ends in themselves, but are valuable merely in so far as they are "useful" to Socialists. Hence the round-about explanation of Mr. Shaw—Shaw does not waste time; Shaw is a Socialist; Shaw is a psychologist; Shaw begins to wish to teach people psychology and Socialism; happening to be able to write plays, he adopts the dramatic method of teaching psychology. Does Mr. Marks really mean to say that Mr. Shaw would never have written plays had he not been a Socialist? My own explanation of Shaw is this: Shaw, a born novelist and dramatist, drifts into a Socialist environment with the result that his subsequent work is coloured by current Socialist ideas.

ANTHONY OLDPATE.

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THE ARMY OFFICER.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

I have read with interest "B K.'s" letter in your columns on the subject of the army officer, representing, as it does, an undoubtedly genuine point of view.

I also am an army officer, and am sorry to say that I have not had the good fortune to meet the intellectual type of officer to which "B. K." refers. During the time I have been soldiering I have met a great many officers, and lived for a time in many different messes, and I quite agree with "B. K." that there is no tendency to blow the intellectual trumpet (however hard other trumpets may occasionally be blown); on the contrary, amongst my whole acquaintance I have only met one man who takes the least interest in any subject besides women, money, and horses.

The conversation of the average regimental dinner table night after night is one of the most painful things to listen to that can well be imagined, confined, as it is, almost entirely to the subjects I have mentioned above, and in many messes never rising above the relation and discussion of lewd and presumably funny stories and jokes, which are received with a chorus of approval and shrieks of merriment. It is this peculiar form of humour which forms the main topic of conversation at public schools, and it always seems to me that the great majority of officers never rise above the

intellectual level of public school boys, and, in fact, never have any desire to do so.

It is for this reason that I agree to a great extent with Dr. Maguire's indictment of the public school system, which I believe in the main to be entirely harmful and chiefly calculated to produce snobs and fools.

Not only, in my experience, is there no intellectual discussion amongst officers, but the very raising of an intellectual subject is bad form, and, in fact, to start a subject requiring the exercise of any thought at all is unspeakable side.

I admire the beautiful self-complacency with which "B. K." condescends to be amused by the remarks of G. B. S. I venture to think it would do "B. K." no harm if he took Mr. Shaw more seriously, and tried to realise the plain, hard facts which are contained in his criticisms.

I was much amused by "B. K.'s" unconscious strenuous indictment of the public school system contained in his attack on Crammers. Surely "B. K." knows that 99 per cent. of a Crammer's pupils come from some public school or other, and not only is the very fact that they are obliged to go there at all a charge against public school education, but the tone of a Crammer's, of which "B. K." so bitterly complains, is entirely made by its pupils, and they naturally follow the bent to which public school life has inclined them. The result is, I admit, often productive of "immorality and bad form."

"B. K.'s" suggestion that Dr. Maguire's criticisms are prompted by self-interest seems to me a remarkably cheap sneer. I am inclined to think myself that his opinions were formed from the remarkable opportunities he has had of observing the result of a public school education from the great number of pupils who have passed through his hands.

DEMOCRAT.

* * *

TERRITORIAL OFFICERS.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

In your editorial notes recently I have noticed that the editorial intelligence seems permeated with the idea that Territorial officers are and must be aristocrats. May I inform you as a Territorial officer that this is not the case?

An "officer and a gentleman" is a charming formula; but the necessary qualifications nowadays are time and money. In the Volunteers a certain amount of time was necessary, and a good deal of money: £60 for outfit and perhaps £50 a year for other expenses when a captain.

The new scheme demands more time and less money; the outfit will be much cheaper (well covered by grant), and the expenses will probably be considerably less (subscriptions, etc.). Officers, particularly keen and intelligent officers, are so difficult to get that a Socialist journalist would find himself welcomed among the clerks, brewers, surveyors, solicitors, and the like who form the mass of Territorial officers.

Could not THE NEW AGE find someone on the staff who is willing to help take away from the young Socialists the reproach of being mere talkers? Let him apply for a commission in his local battalion, take the Chelsea School (one month), Hythe musketry (three weeks), training at the depôt, camp, work up for his (q) examination (theoretical), play Krieg-spiel, shoot, train his men, take, if he feel disposed, signalling or transport courses, in fact, make himself efficient. I can assure him that he will be a great success in the regiment, even without eight quarterings.

TERRITORIAL OFFICER.

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THE CONGO.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

I am quite unable to understand Mr. Belloc's article on "Dr. Guinness and the Congo," but how dare I venture to object to an article of his? My criticisms are surely too obvious to be applicable to so difficult a subject, treated by such a man. I sincerely hope to be shown the error of my understanding by some of my many Socialist friends.

Are we advised to renounce all efforts we may have been making on behalf of the wretched Congolese, because, though the motive of pity "is sufficient to explain the action of many of the subordinates" in the agitation, yet the originators of it were inconsistent enough to be silent concerning other brutalities perpetrated in other parts of the world? Also they were moved "by avarice."

To me, it seems that inconsistency and avarice are already intrinsically harmful enough, without making them responsible for our inaction.

I see Mr. Morel (the Secretary of the Congo Reform Association) and many champion fighters "touched with pity," giving time and money agitating on behalf of the Congo natives,—I hear them call to others to lend a hand,—I read multiplied evidence of repulsive cruelty practised on the weak and helpless,—I remember the words "Bear ye one another's burdens,"—and then I open THE NEW AGE and read "anything that kills this agitation before it is too late is to the benefit of England."

Must I admit, then, that the benefit of England is a natural result of stifling our "goodwill" towards our brothers?

M. L.

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THE GERMAN PANIC.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

In my article on "The European War Scare," I challenged the German "panic" school of writers to demonstrate "any advantage which the Democracies of England or Germany will obtain by a war between England and Germany." Neither Mr. Blatchford nor Mr. Hyndman has attempted to establish this impossibility, and of the three correspondents of THE NEW AGE who have criticised my article, Mr. Wake Cook, Mr. Thorpe Lee, and Mr. Rowland Hunt, M.P., only Mr. Hunt has met that perfectly definite challenge.

It is significant that Mr. Hunt is not a Socialist; because if he were, not a single point he relied on could have been, consistently with his Socialism, brought forward by him. Mr. Hunt states: "The democracy in Germany would gain enormously if Germany conquered Britain. It would mean for them German Colonies to go to, preferential trade with those Colonies, larger trade, and better wages, and no fear of British Colonies giving a preference to Great Britain." The assumptions underlying this proposition of "gain," every Socialist knows are fallacies. To the German people, preferential trade with Colonies would be no benefit; nor would the possession of those Colonies mean more employment and better wages. The transfer of the British Colonies to Germany would increase the profits of capitalistic exploitation to the German capitalist classes, to some degree; but it would not affect the wages of the German working man any more than the British working man's wages have been affected by the number of acres over which the British flag nominally is flying.

With over a quarter of the population of the British Islands under the poverty and subsistence line, the audacity of Mr. Rowland Hunt's argument that the German democracy would be advantaged by a transfer of the British Colonies to the German Empire really takes one's breath away.

The British worker does not benefit by the British Colonies; and there is no ground for thinking that the German workers would be benefited by the possession of those same Colonies.

In these very Colonies, the problems of poverty and starvation are sufficiently terrible, though the power of the Labour Party in Australia and New Zealand has somewhat modified the ordinary evils of capitalist development and exploitation. In fact, it is one of the most striking circumstances of modern times that in those countries where there is a powerful Labour and Socialist vote, the standard of life of the workers begins immediately to rise. But, until that Socialist or Labour vote comes into existence, the exploitation of the worker is quite relentless, whatever country or nationality he may belong to. These are elementary points in Socialist teaching and economics; but Mr. Rowland Hunt does not appear to have grasped them, otherwise he could not have set up this dummy argument of "gain."

Mr. Blatchford, Mr. Hyndman, and the three correspondents of THE NEW AGE, agree in advocating what they are pleased to call a "Citizen Army," as a safeguard against the German danger. The Citizen Army is a bogey which somehow its advocates never materialise in such a way that one can grasp it and analyse its component parts. The theory of the Citizen Army is a Socialist theory. Another form which the Citizen Army has assumed is "universal military training." A third form is Conscription. In a capitalist State like Great Britain, the objection to all these proposals for strengthening the military forces of the State is this: They equally involve placing the British democracy under military law. Until military law and court-martial "justice" are abolished, in times of peace, if not in times of war, Socialists who desire a Citizen Army are risking the civil liberties and rights of the workers. The effect of a Citizen Army would merely be that the military forces which could be called out to put down disorder arising from strikes would be strengthened by the inclusion of the middle and upper classes. These classes, all acting together, could disarm the workers in the strike area; that is, assuming the workers were allowed to keep their weapons at home.

As against the hostility of Germany, what value is the Citizen Army? The first line of defence against a German attack is the Navy. If the Navy were beaten, would a Citizen Army protect Great Britain from defeat and annihilation?

The supporters of the Citizen Army proclaim in loud tones: "Certainly." Clamour, however, is not argument; so, let us calmly consider the position of Great Britain with the Navy practically swept off the sea by a victorious German fleet. The coasts of England would be blockaded. The routes of food supply would be commanded by the German fleet. There are about 40 millions of men, women and children, who would have to be fed. The outside limit of time for which Great Britain could undergo the hardships of a blockade has been put by experts at about one month. An effective blockade could be easily maintained, since the amount of provisions which could be run through by blockade runners would have little relation to the extremities to which Great Britain would be reduced. In the meantime, what utility would the Citizen Army have in preventing a blockade and the consequent starvation? If the propagandists of these various military schemes could throw some light on this problem, we should then be in a position to test the economy and utility of a Citizen Army, as a national asset for defence purposes.

Mr. Wake Cook dwells upon the advisability of rendering these islands "impregnable." The only way to do this is to devote some portion of the revenue allocated to military expenditure to a vast development of intensive agriculture. In war time the real enemy would be starvation, not invasion by a German army corps.

Some people fear that a German army corps could be rushed across the North Sea, and could be landed on the shores of the eastern counties without the British fleet knowing anything of "the raid." Any German general who ventured on such a raid would be entangling his troops in a trap, unless the British Navy had been completely routed. Moreover, there are regular troops in England in sufficient force to be able to cope with any such coup de guerre, which, as a matter of strategy and tactics, would be the worst kind of folly.

The motive of my article was to warn the British workers against falling into the state of mind in which they were cajoled and tricked into the South African war. The line of British foreign policy has always been to isolate any European State which is obtaining a dominating influence in Europe. The British War Party, to which Messrs. Blatchford and Hyndman have allied themselves, are desirous of postponing social legislation by involving Europe and Great Britain in a frightful war. As a Socialist, who is fervently anxious to end the misery of the majority of English men and women, I implore British and German working men to ask themselves, how their happiness and comfort could be increased by such a catastrophe as a European war.

It is curious to observe that the nervous terror which creates war panics is always voiced by the swashbucklers of Imperialism. Mr. Rowland Hunt remarks: "Peace has never in the past been anything but an interval between war." The converse of that proposition is far truer; but the point is not worth discussion. An ethical and psychological examination of the causes of Imperialism and Fear would demonstrate that a nation which is dominated by Imperialism surrenders to fear and panic on the flimsiest excuse. Great Britain, in European waters, has a fleet which greatly exceeds in strength that of any one adversary; yet, the British Imperialists are in a condition of mental cowardice and fear at the attitude of a much weaker opponent. It is a contemptible way of conducting national affairs, and gives tremendous force to the foreign sneer that Great Britain bullies weak Powers and cringes before strong Powers. As a patriotic Englishman, I resent most strenuously the cowardly hysteria of the modern British Imperialist.

Mr. Alderman Sanders has so admirably described the feeling of German Social Democrats, which compares most favourably with the bluster and bravado of the "Clarion," that it is unnecessary for me to add anything to his excellent article.

"STANHOPE OF CHESTER."

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