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

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

TO OUR READERS.
IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT.

In response to numerous suggestions from many subscribers, readers, and friends, we have much pleasure in announcing that the proprietors of THE NEW AGE and "The New Age Press" have decided to combine the two properties, which will be transferred to, and carried on for the future by, a Limited Company.

We have also much pleasure in announcing that in future the editorship of THE NEW AGE will be in the joint hands of Mr. A. R. Orage and Mr. Victor Grayson, M.P. The association of Mr. Grayson with the political editorship of THE NEW AGE is an additional guarantee that the paper will continue to be conducted on the same fearless and independent lines as have made its name respected by all classes of the community.

Readers who are desirous of taking up shares in the Company are cordially invited to make early application for copies of the prospectus, which will shortly be issued, to MR. FRANK PALMER, 140, Fleet Street, London, E.C.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

We still await an authoritative pronouncement as to the Government's intentions in the matter of unemployment. The Premier's speech at Earlston was wholly inconclusive, referring as it did mainly to what he had done or failed to do in the past, and scarcely at all to what he meant to do in the future. To have spoken of the Licensing Bill and the Scotch and English Land Bills as serious attempts to cut off at their source even part of the streams of unemployed and casual labour was the merest trifling, scarcely worthy, we should have thought, either of the occasion or of Mr. Asquith's high position.

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In so far as the Premier adumbrated any policy whatever, it was by a vague reference to the Liberal task of "mitigating the glaring anomalies of our modern society by a process not of levelling down but of levelling up." What Mr. Asquith intended this statement to mean we do not know, but, on the face of it, it contains the old fallacy by means of which Liberals and Tories alike manage to conceal from themselves the true nature of the economic problems of society. It is impossible, as far as the distribution of wealth is concerned, to level up one class without levelling down another. On the one hand we have a comparatively few people with bloated incomes; and on the other, passing over an intermediate class, we have an enormous number of individuals who exist on the starvation line. Every increase in the national wealth adds to the peaks without materially affecting the level of the marsh in which millions are always struggling for mere life. The disproportion is always growing greater. Mr. Balfour was obsessed by precisely the same misunderstanding of economic evolution when he remarked a few months ago that the cure for poverty was to increase the total national production. It is because neither Liberals nor Conservatives, however sincere in their anxiety for the poor, will ever face the necessity for some "levelling down" that we need a Socialist party.

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Incidentally Mr. Asquith supplied an epigrammatic solution of the difficulties which appear to keep Messrs. Belloc and Chesterton from embracing the Socialist creed. Readers of The New Age will remember that during the controversy which raged in our columns in the early part of this year, both these gentlemen confessed themselves spell-bound by the "magic of property." "To be happy, a man must own," they cried, and Messrs. Shaw and Wells assured them in vain that they were mistaken. Now we have Mr. Asquith disposing of Young's phrase—which has hypnotised four generations of Englishmen—in a sentence which deserves to be printed in letters of gold. "The magic of property," he said, "is not possession but security."

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Mr. Churchill's speech at Dundee, which we discuss at length elsewhere, will certainly enhance his reputation. Both in tone and matter it marks a great advance upon the sort of utterance we were accustomed to expect from the late Under Secretary for the Colonies. Indeed, it places Mr. Churchill, where he has never been before, in the very front rank of extra-Parliamentary spokesmen. He will count for the future in the country as well as in the House of Commons. Compared with that of Mr. Asquith, his speech presented a pleasant contrast, for it really dealt straightforwardly and appreciatively with the economic problem which has to be faced. And compared again with the speech which Mr. Lloyd George recently delivered at Swansea, it reminded us forcibly of the vital distinction between the statesman and the politician.

Sir Christopher Furness, bless him, is tired of grasping Trade Unions and profit-destroying trade disputes. Also, he fears that England's supremacy in shipbuilding is about to depart to Japan. So he has generously offered to sell his shipbuilding business to the Trade Unions, or, alternatively, to take all his employees into "partnership" upon condition that they eschew for ever their habit of striking for higher wages and all other effective forms of collective action. The first offer was not, of course, intended seriously, though its acceptance would doubtless delight Sir Christopher. The object of making it was solely that of forcing the Trade Unions to admit by implication that they do not command the directive ability necessary for such a business. The second offer, however, was a practical one, and is therefore worth examination.

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The terms of the proposal are that all the employees shall submit to a 5 per cent. reduction of their wages for the purpose of investing that proportion in the business. They are to receive special shares on which 4 per cent. will be payable out of profits in the first instance, and which will subsequently rank equally with the ordinary shares of the company (after 5 per cent. has been paid on the latter) if there should be any further surplus to distribute. These special shares are to carry with them no voice in the management of company. Reduced to plain and candid terms Sir Christopher's offer amounts to this: "I want you who work for me to have a financial interest in my business, so I propose that you shall save up your money and invest it with me on special terms. I will not refer to the fact that you can already do this if you choose by saving up and buying ordinary shares in my company in the open market on much better terms, because that fact does not improve the appearance of my present offer, and I want you to accept it. I shall also expect you to promise never to strike nor question again the absolute authority of your generous senior partner." Did Sir Christopher Furness really imagine that the Trade Unions could be taken in so easily? His reputation for business ability has never been very high in commercial circles, but such simplicity as this is scarcely credible. We have not the heart to call him bad names.

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The interview of M. Isvolsky with the English Foreign Office has not, as the foolish "Daily Mail" announced, put an end to the crisis in the Near East. No end can be put to a critical state that has already existed for weeks and months but a series of crises culminating in what may easily be a catastrophe. There are two difficulties in the way of our understanding the whole situation—both according to nature. One is the lying of the diplomatists, the other is the diversity of honest opinions. With the former we shall have as little to do as possible, but with the latter our concern is to present as many of them as possible for the reflection and judgment of our readers. Our three contributors on the subject this week are each qualified either by special study or by first-hand knowledge to express an opinion of importance. Mr. R. A. Scott James was the first secretary of the English Balkans Committee, and both he and Mr. H. C. Woods have travelled in the Near East. The qualifications of "Stanhope of Chester" are already well known to our readers. We reserve our own comments till the experts have spoken.

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The speech which Mr. Balfour delivered at Dumfries last week was not calculated to please the more ardent section of the party which he is said to lead. He devoted but a bare two minutes or so to the subject of "the first great constructive reform of the Unionist Party," and in that short time he managed to repudiate the strongest argument which Protectionists have relied upon in the country. He admitted that fiscal reform was no cure for the trade oscillations which produce unemployment. We do not suppose that his followers will hesitate to continue expressing a contrary opinion, but the blow is rather a severe one for Mr. Bonar Law and the Young Tories. To the Liberals Mr. Balfour referred as honest but misguided folk, whose plans for reform were never found to produce the good results they expected. He complained that the Government had not thought out the various parts of their social programme as parts of a coherent whole. With this criticism we are entirely at one. The Liberals have no definite plan. They do not know themselves whither they are going, and they never will know until they change their name. Their difficulty is obvious; for what could a coherent scheme of Social Reform on democratic lines be but Socialism?

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The Cape delegates to the Convention which is about to meet at Durban to consider the Federation of South Africa were given a worthy send-off from Cape Town last week. All the prominent men of the colony were present and some important speeches were delivered. The most striking came from Mr. Schreiner, whose enthusiasm for the whole project is somewhat lukewarm. He confessed himself afraid lest the Liberal native policy of Cape Colony should be swamped in a United Parliament—in fact, lest the methods of Natal should prevail throughout the whole of South Africa; and he dwelt upon the need for England to safeguard the rights of the natives before parting finally with her responsibility in the Protectorates. We have frequently expressed a similar view in these columns, and we welcome the evidence of Colonial feeling. It is high time that we had a uniform and consistent native policy administered throughout the Empire by a single representative Imperial authority. But until that authority is constituted it is the duty of the British Government to perform its functions undeterred by any local accusation of high-handedness. We trust Lord Crewe will take due note of Mr. Schreiner's words.

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At Leeds on Sunday the unemployed and the Suffragettes gave a dress rehearsal of the joint performance in Parliament Square, which at the time of writing is promised for Tuesday. The Suffragettes were demonstrating energetically outside the Leeds Coliseum, where Mr. Asquith was speaking, when an unemployed procession arrived. Mrs. Baines, who was addressing the crowd, gave way at once and joined forces with the newcomers, recognising the superior urgency of their business with the Premier. The allies were not, however, long left in peace by the police, and eventually six arrests were made, the honours being divided equally, we believe, between the two sections. If these chance combinations are to be taken as an augury, the future of both agitations is assured. Each alone was strong; together they should be irresistible.

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The Church Congress, which was opened at Manchester on Wednesday will be dealt with in these columns by the Rev. Conrad Noel, who himself took part in the discussion on Socialism. We cannot, however, leave the subject here without some reference to the Presidential address delivered by the Bishop of Manchester. So entirely admirable was it that it almost leads us to believe that there is even yet hope of the Church freeing herself from her traditional bondage as the hired servant of commercialism. Dr. Knox's condemnation of the selfish indifference of the rich and his picture of the coming of Socialism were both worthy of preservation, but we have only space here to quote his striking admiration of the shortcomings of philanthropy. "Philanthropy," he said, "is only a slight advance upon selfishness, a strong desire to get rid of the sight of Lazarus, with an uneasy consciousness that the existence of too much misery menaces the security of Society." Honesty and common-sense are not wholly unrepresented, it seems, upon the Bench of Bishops.

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We have received a copy of Mr. Burtt's report on coloured labour on the cocoa plantations in San Thomé and Principe, and the methods by which it is recruited in Angola. This report is a further proof that the worst forms of slavery still exist in Portuguese colonies. Mr. Burtt was sent out through the public spirit of a

combination of British cocoa firms, but it is remarkable how leisurely the investigation has been. Mr. Nevinson amply confirmed the charges of other travellers in his book "A Modern Slavery," which was published during 1904. Mr. Burtt left Lisbon for Africa on June 1, 1905, returning to England on April 13, 1907. In October, 1908, we are informed that Mr. William Cadbury is proposing to go to Angola to make further inquiries. In other words, it looks as if this abominable system of labour will be ended somewhere about the Greek Kalends. It is deplorable that Englishmen should have been so dilatory in disassociating themselves from slavery.

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The latest advance in the civilisation of the United States has taken the form of the authorities at Washington allowing ten consumptive children to be inoculated with the germs of human and bovine tuberculosis, for the purpose of discovering whether the original affection was derived from human or bovine sources. The experiment was watched over by a committee of the International Tuberculosis Congress. This shocking incident shows that it is high time some limit was put upon the activities of these scientific inquirers. The case against vivisection and experimental investigation on animals and human beings is that it brutalises every person who comes in contact with its methods. Vivisection once begun and once permitted will never stop until it reaches its logical conclusion of wholesale experiment on human beings. When that point is reached, there will be a public outcry, and the vivisector will be swept into oblivion. But we fear there will be much human and animal misery inflicted ere the public conscience denies the vivisector a place in the toleration of society.

The Coming Session.

SOME acrid cynic has averred that the State is best governed during the Parliamentary recess. At the beginning of the autumn Session it requires no cynicism to doubt the utility of the coming deliberations of Parliament. The pathetic reason alleged for the holding of an autumn Session is an over-crowded legislative programme. Over-crowded with what, forsooth? Is there in all the dreary catalogue of projected reforms anything to indicate that the country is in a state of tragic crisis? Does it not rather suggest an elaborate fuss to dazzle plebeian eyes?

For many days a minimum of members will sit, bored to death through the weary hours, laboriously beating out obscure details of the Licensing Bill. The Parliamentary Order-paper presents to the eye of the industrious legislators no less than 54 pages of Amendments, each of which will elicit volumes of oratory and recrimination from the respective interests involved.

Meanwhile the country writhes and groans under its terrible incubus of poverty and unemployment. Ragged, unfed multitudes of unemployed, goaded to desperation by insistent squalor, break into futile rebellion and are bludgeoned into submission by the disciplined hirelings of the powers that be. Of such unemployed there are estimated to be 7,500,000 in Great Britain. Can anyone imagine a body of men less capable of apprehending the awful significance of these figures than the British House of Commons?

That dignified assembly is composed of 670 members —mostly capitalists. The main division is between Liberals and Tories. With the exception of a very negligible minority all have a capitalistic or professional status in the country. There seems to be no imaginable relation between this ultra-formal and conventional assembly of well-fed Britishers and the great drab mass of humanity who grope in the mean streets of our great cities. Their good-humoured, complacent apathy is hardly their fault. They have never lived near enough to the heart of humanity to feel its beat. They have never tramped the hard pavement with bad boots— —unwanted by civilisation. To them the words hunger, poverty, destitution, are politico-academic phrases for use in election times. What do they know, what can they know of the haunting spectre that tracks every step of the luckless worker?

True—they have their specific worries. The Nemesis of their indifference is an insecurity periodically reaching panic. But they have roughly learned the devious windings of this earthly labyrinth, and they dread a new world with the windings of which they are unacquainted. Hence the educated Socialist who knows what he wants and has a tolerable notion how to get it is the real bête noir of the House of Commons.

Though prepared to accept such palliatives as reafforestation, the reclamation of waste land and foreshores, small holdings, etc., the Socialist insists that unemployment is essentially a corollary of capitalism. This being the fact, can the few convinced Socialists in the House of Commons content themselves with the sickening monotony of Parliamentary routine? Will they allow precious time, in which earnest, inspired men should be forging generous legislation, to be wantonly and recklessly wasted on 54 pages of Licensing Bill?

The spectacle of men alleging themselves to have a serious human purpose and an independent constitution, placidly acquiescing in this outrage on humanity is depressing to the point of pessimism. An impatient public opinion is at last loudly clamouring for immediate attention to the question of unemployment. Are there forty men of sufficient passion, courage, and sincerity in the House of Commons to demand an immediate adjournment to consider the unemployed problem and stake their seats on the issue? If not, the whole assembly, with every organised section in it, stands convicted of mental obtuseness or gross moral cowardice. It will be futile to call this statement abuse.

I state plainly and dogmatically that the problem of Unemployment and Poverty is the most urgent and pressing of all the problems. If there is not at present a party in Parliament willing to give that problem first place and to stake its future on the solution, then one must be created whatever may be involved in its inception. We are sick to death of Parliamentary capers. We would save honest men with decent possibilities from the infection of the "Parliamentary manner." On a sinking ship the most precise lady may be excused from dressing for the evening meal. And surely a "Labour" Member may be forgiven for refusing to learn the Parliamentary pirouette. Any man with the capacity to learn rules by rote can be a politician. But the country is shouting for unpolitical persons who have a healthy contempt for decorous rules.

After all, the coming session, and with it the Liberal Party, will be judged according to its capacity and inclination to grapple with the most pregnant situation that has ever confronted statesmanship. Will the men of brain and insight who exist in every party in the House be able to rise to this supreme occasion?

Surely the advanced wing of the Liberal Party have discovered the indigestibility of Liberal husks. The present session throws them and their principles again into the crucible. They are asked for serious contributions to the analysis and solution of the paramount social problem, not fine speeches on the legitimate duration of bloated monopolies. I expect very little, I confess, in the direction of sincere attempt from the present House of Commons. Its whole procedure is permeated with an atmosphere of childish theatricality. One yearns for a strong north wind of realism to sweep through the musty Chamber, or that some god would touch their myopic visions with a sense of real perspective.

As indeed always, we appeal to the people in a state of crisis. Parliament is their reflected image. When they have dropped their petty cants and isms, society may make a lunge forward. We have the measure; we need the men. And given sufficient of the proper quality, we shall make rapid history in the next three months.

VICTOR GRAYSON.

Mr. Churchill on Unemployment.

MR. CHURCHILL certainly deserves our heartiest congratulations. In his speech at Dundee on Friday last he achieved the highly improbable. During the past few months he has undertaken fresh and important responsibilities, both public and private, and in regard to the former, at all events, he has not been found neglectful, as Liberal Ministers go. Yet he has allowed neither his administrative education nor his private distractions to prevent him from studying the question of Unemployment to better purpose than any of his senior or more settled colleagues in the Cabinet. That at least is the only conclusion that the country is in a position to draw. It may be, of course, that Mr. Asquith and the Inner Ring have also been gaining knowledge and wisdom of untold value, but if so, they have discreetly kept it all to themselves; and if they insist upon hiding their light under a bushel at such a critical time as the present, we can only assume that they have nothing to show. At all events, we can safely say that Mr. Churchill's speech was the clearest and ablest exposition of the fundamental facts of Unemployment that the country has yet heard from a Liberal. It was not complete, and it did not lay down any definite remedial machinery; but the problem was stated with so much accuracy and detail as to foreshadow the lines of its own solution.

Mr. Churchill began with an admission of the "Right to Work." "I am here," he said, "to assert most emphatically the responsibility of the Government towards honest and law-abiding citizens." Making due allowance for the pedantic methods of speech which English Ministers always affect, even when they are caught young, this expresses precisely what we mean by the "right to work." Whether you recognise the duty of the State to provide its citizens with access to the means of production or the right of the citizen to demand such access from the State matters not at all. The difference is merely a different way of looking at the same thing. It is a pity, perhaps, that Mr. Churchill should have hesitated to accept the recognised formula, but we can forgive him his lack of courage under the circumstances. For if he has fled from the shadow, the honour remains to him of having been the first politician of Cabinet rank to embrace the substance of the "Right to Work."

The analysis of the causes of Unemployment which follows this excellent beginning leads us to suspect that Mr. Churchill has been able to examine the as yet unpublished Reports of the Poor Law Commission. He discerned, he said, three vicious conditions in the present industrial system. First, lack of any central organisation of industry; second, the artificial production of the casual labourer; and third, the use of boy labour.

Under the first head he advocated the creation of a public central authority whose business it would be to control the distribution of Government contracts and to view the whole industrial situation in advance, so that preparation might be made for extraordinary relief works. These latter should take the form of useful permanent industries, like afforestation, which could be expanded or contracted according to the needs of the labour market.

Under the second head Mr. Churchill strongly emphasised the point that the casual labourer is a manufactured article. "He is here because he is wanted here"—because, in short, it is to somebody's advantage that he should be here. "I publish that fact deliberately," he added; "I invite you to consider it. I want it to soak in." Now, if this means anything, and if Mr. Churchill spoke with authority, it means that the whole question of casual labour is to be tackled at its roots. But how? The answer is simple, though Mr. Churchill did not give it—a system of compulsory labour exchanges. The man who employs casual labour does so because it pays him, without thought of the demoralising effects of his action upon the community. It is time he was made to think. No scheme to remedy Unemployment will be worth discussion unless it denies the right of employers to make direct contracts with their employees for less than say a month's continuous service. When employers require labour for a shorter period they must be compelled to apply to the nearest official labour exchange under penalty of a heavy fine. The labour exchanges would keep on their books a sufficient number of men to satisfy the maximum demand for casual labour in their district, and would pay them a regular minimum wage whether they were in or out of employment. The price charged for casual labour would have to be sufficiently high to cover the cost of maintaining the exchanges, and in this way employers would be made to pay directly for the remedying of the evils they create. Whether this is really the plan that lay behind Mr. Churchill's words we do not know, but it is hard to conceive any other method of checking casual labour at its source. It is clear that we must have labour exchanges, it is clear that to be effective employers must be legally obliged to resort to them, and, finally, it is clear that in common justice to the ordinary taxpayer the employers ought to bear the cost.

Under the third head Mr. Churchill discussed the exploitation of young persons who do men's work for boy's wages, and are turned off as soon as they demand men's wages for themselves. "No boy or girl," he said, "ought to be merely treated as cheap labour. . . . Up to eighteen years of age every boy or girl in this country should, as in the old days of apprenticeship, be learning a trade as well as earning a living." Cut out the last phrase, and this would be an admirable expression of sentiment, but we doubt, even as it stands, whether it can be regarded as anything more. In any case, criticism would be premature until we know what practical proposals, if any, lie behind it.

Taken as a whole, Mr. Churchill's speech is, we repeat, by far the most important utterance that we have had from a Cabinet Minister on the subject of Unemployment. If its various points may be taken as an indication of the proposals which the Government are to introduce next year, then it may be said that the Unemployed Act (1909) is likely to be the most noteworthy achievement of the present Parliament. There are, of course, many notable gaps in the argument. Any scheme of labour exchanges designed to check the future production of casual labour will necessarily throw hundreds of thousands of able-bodied men permanently out of employment. Are all these to be employed at afforestation? And what of the unemployables who have been produced by the system? Will they still have to face starvation or the workhouse? And what about Unemployment that is due, not to casual labour nor to boy labour, nor to the general state of industry in the country, but to local and seasonal irregularities?

These are the questions which the Premier will have to answer when his matured scheme is presented to the country, and we cannot suppose he will answer them satisfactorily. Valuable palliatives he may discover, but the roots of the evil will remain ever ready to burst out here and there into a crop of destitute fathers and starving children. For Unemployment is ultimately caused, firstly, by the anarchic conditions of modern industrial competition, and, secondly, as Mr. J. A. Hobson pointed out in these columns a few weeks ago, by the unequal distribution of consuming power throughout the community. Competition and unearned incomes, these are the things that must be abolished if the bitter cry of the out-of-work is to be no more heard in the land. But since we are not prepared to let the question of Unemployment await the coming of Socialism, we look for something that will abate its horrors in the meantime. And Mr. Churchill has given us hope.

Cives Europae Sumus.

IN the past few days the peoples of Europe have been the amazed observers of events in international politics which have transformed the calm of Eastern Europe into a raging mass of racial and economic rivalries. The Eastern Question has been re-opened by the lawless acts of Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria and the Austrian Government. What this re-opening of the Eastern Question may mean to the cause of world-reform we shall not attempt to prophesy; but no greater menace to the peace of Europe, and perhaps of the world, has existed since the days of Napoleon. It is fortunate that the crimes of the men and governments who have produced this state of affairs have been so flagrant that all parties in Great Britain have united in their denunciation. Radicals, Whigs, Liberal Unionists, Tories, and Socialists have found for once a common ground on which to stand.

We do not believe that there has been any event in the last hundred years which has called forth such unanimous condemnation from every section of the British community as these various coups de mains in the Balkans. The apologists of Austria and Bulgaria seek to palliate the gravity of their offences by claiming that no real change has taken place. It is argued that Bulgaria was, in fact, already independent of Turkey, and that the Sultan's suzerainty was a legal fiction. Bulgaria is a State that owes its very existence to the solemn international instrument and covenant called the Treaty of Berlin. The Prince of Bulgaria sits upon his throne by the goodwill of the Powers of Europe. For him to declare Bulgaria independent and himself a king without consultation with the signatories to the Treaty of Berlin was an unlawful proceeding, and, if condoned, would involve that any Power, when it was so minded, might divest itself of its honourable undertakings. That statesmen should be so shameless as to contend that such a breach of an international instrument should not be censured because it may not affect, to any substantial extent, the status quo is one of the most serious symptoms of these transactions. But such is the plea of the Bulgarian statesmen. The flimsy nature of these hollow excuses is not bettered by the self-styled "King" Ferdinand's blasphemous assertion that his illegal proclamation had "the blessing of the Almighty!"

Into Bulgarian rejoicings we are tempted to introduce this discordant note: "Who are the murderers of Stambuloff?" The "Svoboda" put that interrogation to Prince Ferdinand thirteen years ago, and he has never dared to answer. The two events which have attracted Europe's attention to Bulgaria have been both treacheries of its Jew-Catholic Prince. One was complicity in the murder of a remarkable Minister; the other is a contemptuous disregard of those principles which govern the harmony of nations. We wish the Bulgarians joy of their new "King"; we deplore England's part in creating Bulgaria as a State of the European polity.

The second revealed law-breaker is Austria. We fear the Triple Alliance and Russia have been privy to the conspiracy against Turkish rights, but Germany, Russia, and Italy have not yet chosen to disclose what their share in the booty is to be. It is possible that neither Germany nor Russia were fully conscious of the lengths to which Austria intended to carry her perfidy. Signor Tittoni, however, has blackened the good name of Italy, and has prepared Europe for further sinister developments, by this admission: "How we have guarded ourselves in good time against such eventualities, I shall tell when the time comes."

"Such eventualities" were "possible changes in the Balkan Peninsula." Italian diplomacy, apparently, has still some cards to play, and the pollution of Viennese influence seems likely to make the trickery of Rome stink in the nostrils of all honourable men. The Emperor of Austria, in his proclamation to the inhabitants of Bosnia and Herzegovina, abstained from invoking Divine sanction for his aggressions, and we thank him for it. This abstention from blasphemy may indicate that Austria has some qualms of conscience about her conduct.

The secret agreement between Austria and Turkey relative to the Bosnian provinces, recently published in Paris by M. Hanotaux, has destroyed any shadow of justification there might be for Austria's wanton seizure of Turkish territory. Austria definitely pledged her word, through Count Andrassy, that the rights of the Sultan in the Bosnian provinces should not be affected "par le fait de l'occupation."

Mr. Gladstone, in 1880, in memorable language, justly arraigned Austrian foreign policy. "Austria has ever been the unflinching foe of freedom in every country of Europe . . . There is not an instance—there is not a spot upon the whole map where you can lay your finger and say 'There Austria did good.'"

The law of nations has been trampled on by the latest disciple of Bismarck, Baron von Aehrenthal, with the connivance of the Austrian Emperor. By her cynical invasion of Turkish rights Austria has forfeited the friendship of England, and when the Turk and the Servian are at the gates of Vienna, the Austrian nationalities may in the future have to regret their approval of the commission of these territorial plunderings.

What should be the attitude of Great Britain towards these disturbers of international comity? Our contemporaries have vigorously denounced Austria and Bulgaria; but they have urged that Great Britain has no direct interest in these calamitous occurrences, except to insist on the preservation of our rights under the Treaty of Berlin. This view is, in our opinion, somewhat incomprehensible. Vague words are used, such as "compensation." Who is to be compensated, and by whom? Are the European Powers to show their indignation at the infraction of the Treaty of Berlin by demanding "compensation" from Turkey? If so, we should have a spectacle of cynical depravity the like of which has seldom been witnessed in the history of the world. Sir Edward Grey's recent speech did not throw much light on these essential details in the policy of England.

Lord Salisbury, in 1878, criticised the terms of the Treaty of San Stefano thus: "Their combined effect . . . is to depress, almost to the point of entire subjection, the political independence of the Government of Constantinople. The formal jurisdiction of that Government extends over geographical positions which must, under all circumstances, be of the deepest interest to Great Britain . . . It cannot be otherwise than a matter of extreme solicitude to this country that the Government to which this jurisdiction belongs should be so closely pressed by the political outposts of a greatly superior Power that its independent action, and even existence, is almost impossible."

Lord Salisbury, in those sentences, summarised the reasons why England should maintain Turkish independence. We venture to think that that reasoning holds good to-day. Moreover, it is the duty of England, as the most powerful nation in Europe, to insist on Austria and Bulgaria respecting the laws of nations. We support the struggles of nationalities to secure freedom; but we are firm upholders of Internationalism. It is one of the fundamentals of Internationalism that the political and inter-State disputes of Europe should be regulated by the established principles of international law and juridical right. Austria has aimed a deadly blow at the stability of the European polity. The might of England could be utilised to no better purpose than for the protection of Turkey from the attacks of international malefactors; and we are confident that the people of England, without distinction of party, would welcome an announcement that the Government of England was determined to save Turkey from the voracity of her enemies. Like the Turks, we are citizens of Europe—Cives Europae sumus!—and we are bound, as citizens, to preserve the property of the weak from the piratical designs of those who seek to aggrandise themselves at their expense. On this occasion, we are happy to think, England's duty and interest point, not to a policy of mischievous inactivity, but one of masterly activity.

"STANHOPE OF CHESTER."

A Plea for Bulgaria.

By R. A. Scott James.

IT is only an earth-shaking event like the Turkish revolution which puts Englishmen in the strange position of having no differences of opinion. All that is articulate in this country has declared unanimously in favour of the Young Turks and the miraculous transformation of a Government without bloodshed and almost without violence. Englishmen who always loved the Turks because they stood for the virtues of faith, courtesy, and quietude can now agree with those who hated the Turks because they tolerated despotism, corruption, and cruelty. For almost the first time in history we have seen the military element called in to effect a revolution which was to make the civil element supreme. Nothing but the complete patriotism and self-controlled wisdom of the members of the Committee of Union and Progress could have produced this unprecedented result. It was natural that Englishmen of all parties should bestow unqualified enthusiasm and encouragement upon these orderly revolutionaries.

But because we have thrown our sympathies into the cause of the Turks, that is no reason why we should refuse our sympathies elsewhere. The outburst of indignation against the Bulgarian declaration of independence, natural enough in the Tory papers, was an astonishing exhibition of inconsistency in those Radical papers which have hitherto supported the small nationalities and the right of every people to self-government. We have nothing to lose and everything in the way of prestige to gain by a generous attitude towards Turkey. But a nation which has not yet attained its independence cannot afford to be so generous—at its own expense. The new Cabinet at Constantinople took a provocative step when it refused to accord the Bulgarian Minister the social privileges of an ambassador; that step, deliberately taken, emphasised the fact that Bulgaria was a tributary State, and to the Bulgarian mind it naturally suggested that the future policy of Turkey was to be imperialistic and assertive. Who could tell what the future of the Ottoman Empire was to be? Who could tell that the reactionary element might not regain the day, or that revived Turkey might not develop a strong Mussulman feeling hostile to the Christians? A small State like Bulgaria cannot afford to take risks, even remote risks; nor could it truly sympathise with the freedom and progress of Turkey if it were not jealous of its own freedom and progress. Without justifying the seizure of the railway—a tactical error, in my opinion—I nevertheless maintain that Bulgaria has the right which belongs to every nation, that of making itself free when and how it can, and of choosing its own moment without reference to what is expedient in the interests of others.

But it is a breach of the Treaty of Berlin; it is playing into the hands of Austria-Hungary; it gives a cry to the reactionary part in Turkey! First let me say that the influence of Austria extends no doubt to Czar Ferdinand, but not, I think, to the Bulgarian people. The latter for years would have delighted in nothing so much as a war with the old despotic Turkey, and a war would have been preceded by a declaration of independence. For five years Bulgaria has been on the brink of a conflict, a conflict which was regarded as inevitable. Now that a war is no longer necessary, the people have declared for independence without the necessity of following it up by war. It is surely a mistaken idea of friendship to encourage the Turks in animosity towards the Bulgarians, instead of showing them that the logical outcome of a liberated Turkey is that it should itself liberate the finely-constituted nation which lies properly outside its borders.

What seems to me of fundamental importance is that the conduct of Bulgaria should be clearly and definitely separated from the conduct of Austria. Bulgaria, it is true, breaks the Treaty of Berlin. But whilst Austria was one of the signatories to that Treaty, Bulgaria had no hand whatever in the making of it. Austria was and is a free agent; but no country is a free agent until it is free, completely and absolutely free. No State can break a Treaty until it has unrestricted power in making a Treaty. The existence or non-existence of Turkish supremacy over Bulgaria is, ethically, a matter between Turkey and Bulgaria alone; and the conduct of the latter affords no precedent, no justification, to any State not in the position of a subject. Whether it is expedient in the interests of European order is another question—that point I have not space to argue here, though I think the admitted excellence of the Bulgarian administration makes it obvious.

In seizing Bosnia and Herzegovina, Austria-Hungary not only breaks the Treaty of Berlin signed by herself, but also acts from a principle precisely the opposite of that which actuated Bulgaria. Bulgaria asserts the principle of national freedom; Austria asserts the principle of annexation and subjection. Her administration in those provinces has been marked by repression and officialdom, not so gross it is true as that which prevailed in unreformed Turkey, but inevitable when the rulers are out of sympathy with the people, and are anxious to stamp out all evidences of racial feeling and patriotism. Austria desires Bosnia and Herzegovina merely as a stepping-stone to Salonica. Though she has long been in control of the railway which passes from Servia down to that great port of the Ægean, she has never done anything to encourage the development of the surrounding country. I myself have met so-called "commercial travellers" in the province of Kossova, who were able to travel hither and thither in Macedonia where no other European was allowed to go; they were preparing the way, just as the Austrian gendarmerie officers and the Austrian "Civil Agents" were also preparing the way.

It is not strange that feeling has run high among the Servians. The people of Bosnia and Herzegovina are Serbs like themselves. It seems to me that those who care for the preservation of the races, and specially the clever, attractive Servian races, ought to turn all their energies into resisting the aggression of Austria. There is every reason to urge the Bulgarians to detach themselves from the Austrian interest, by which they have nothing to gain and nothing to lose. If Turkey could be induced to sanction the independence of Bulgaria there is no reason why Turkey, Bulgaria, Servia, and Montenegro should not for the first time in history present a united front against the ambitions of a dangerous Power.

But let us pray that there be no more Congresses of Berlin. They are weapons in the hands of the more unscrupulous Governments, and are useful for their own ends alone. Austria has proved herself a dangerous criminal, and will not therefore be the best of legislators. And we can expect nothing better from Russia or Germany.

The Ideal Home Exhibition.

THE Lord Mayor, after having bought an entirely useless and absurdly ugly cake-stand—a piece of furniture which seems specially designed for the abodes of Lord Mayors and City Aldermen—said in opening the Exhibition that "we desire that domesticity should return to the standard at which we remember it years ago. As Englishmen we recognise the fact that we want to bring back comfort to all homes, etc."

If we have any inkling of the Exhibition's meaning we should say that the promoters aim at just the opposite. We hope that their object is to prevent any return to the standard of comfort which we not only remember years ago, but which we can actually see around us to-day. How far this Exhibition succeeds therein we shall point out directly, but if we have rightly guessed the desires of the promoters we can, at all events, credit them with good intentions.

Machines abound for completing all kinds of things which the world might the better forego; complicated machines exist for the fashioning of things which are more pleasantly and beautifully made without such aids. It seems then strange that precisely where no art or skill is needed, where it is almost entirely a matter of sheer drudgery, either no labour-saving appliances have come to our help, or there is an untutored ignorance of the inventions that have been made and the artifices that already exist, which can sweeten the life of many an overworked and "worrited" woman.

We lived for some time near the house of a vicar, a house ascended by a considerable flight of stairs. Day after day—Sundays and week-days alike—a poor old woman was down on her knees washing and hearthstoning those wretched steps that five minutes later were blackened by the boots of callers or by that foul squirmy mush that overwhelms London.

A little sense on the part of the builders and a little decent respect for human beings on the part of householders would soon furnish a suitable substitute for the white stones and the accompanying immorally useless labour which was ever witnessed by us in the gall of bitterness.

It is especially in the woman's sphere of work, in the home that we cling to all the worst classes of unnecessary toil, and that we have little knowledge of what can be already done to lighten it. Contrast even the much newer flats at a moderate rental for the middle class in London with the very cheapest in New York intended for the working classes, and you will find that our inertia and conservatism allow us to put up with the most ridiculous inconveniences. Flats rented at a few dollars in New York are heated from the basement, are supplied with hot and cold water, have convenient cupboards, have kitchens where washing-up loses half its terrors in losing all its grossness.

We fear that visitors will leave the Exhibition but little the wiser; the place is more suitable for the expert than for the inexperienced. All sorts and conditions of helpful contrivances are no doubt to be found by a diligent search, but there is an utter absence of any systematic grouping. The ignorant but inquiring man or woman wants to see exactly how a labour-saving kitchen should be fitted out — he wants a complete model.

At Olympia you will find scattered throughout the building merely certain useful suggestions. Stand 247 has a display of electric heating and cooking apparatus which seems full of hope for the future. Here is perfect cleanliness and ease in cooking. When we shall have adopted the Socialistic formula of production for use instead of for profit, electricity will be as much a necessity in our habitations as floors and walls. For the present we must content ourselves with coal gas and other substitutes such as acetylene; of these there are many useful forms of cookers and stoves — at Stands 163, 193, and 202.

If there were any labour-saving appliances for washing-up and drying, and for cleaning knives, they quite escaped our notice. We hunted especially for these things because they are the contrivances which will do the dirty work—together with the lawyers, as a heckler once told Mr. Asquith—under Socialism. Such appliances exist, and a host of other useful kitchen things—all to be found in Germany, France, and America: egg-whips, potato-peelers, root-cutters, and so on, which make cooking something less of a burden than it is wont to be.

Indeed, we should have liked to see a complete model house on exhibition—perfectly fitted and furnished. There are a large number of plans and designs for cottages, but the amateur can hardly judge from these as to the best way of making and furnishing his home.

Much as we are known to be opposed to punishment for ordinary crime, we think there is one crime which should be dealt with by imprisonment for life. Any architect or builder who is responsible for the erection of any abode which does not contain bath-room and lavatory with hot and cold water in every bedroom should be sentenced to penal servitude.

We should like all working men and women to have free passes to the show so that they might look at the bath-rooms, etc., of Messrs. Davis, Bennett, and Co., or Messrs. McKay and Co. We shall not be content till the working classes are dissatisfied with anything but the very best in these simple necessities of life. England is really a funny country; it has insufficient seating accommodation for its members of Parliament and insufficient living room for its electors. Both are evils that might easily be remedied, but the latter is the more pressing. And we mean sufficient accommodation—not some make-shift hole and corner. Ample living rooms, a bed-room for each adult with porcelain lavatory with hot and cold water—a bath-room to each family—these are the most elementary requirements.

Among the exhibits that much pleased us were "Windolene," which cleans windows without water; the Burbone Barless Fireplace; this or some other pattern of the "Heaper" Firegrate of Messrs. Bratt and Co. must ere long replace our present wretched grates, which are a mere survival from our barbarian ancestors.

Socialists are so often accused, and rightly enough, of a desire to destroy the home that we are well pleased when on occasion we can exclaim, "You're another." Visit the crèches of the National Society of Day Nurseries, and learn how our present industrial system destroys not only the home, but the mother. To quote the catalogue: "The tiny occupants, whose ages range from one month to several years, are the children of the poor, hardworking parents. They are brought daily to the crèche to be taken care of while their mothers earn their livelihood during the day . . ." "The infants are fed by means of a contrivance known as the 'Amater Feeder'." So far as we are aware, Socialists have never suggested substituting a contrivance for the mother—this is left to those who denounce us as most immoral wretches.

The cots in this model crèche were much too closely huddled; the sides of the cots were unduly high, so that the poor infant lies in a deep well, and there were quite needless curtains about the head; but the Aseptic Beds with which they are fitted are really splendid. The dirty, stuffy old-fashioned mattress should (and would in a week "under Socialism") become a thing of the past, to be replaced by Dr. Zambotte's excellent invention.

We hope it will not seem discourteous if we hint that stalls 318 and 319 do not exhibit what is, in our opinion, ideal literature for the ideal home.

Tory Socialism in Liverpool.

HUGH CROW, the old slaver-captain, stumping up Lord Street, spy-glass under arm, to view the shipping and to gossip with other heroes of the good old times when they made the "middle passage" and established the fortunes of the port of Liverpool in piracy and traffic in human cargo, concluded that with the Abolition of the Slave Trade the glory of Liverpool had departed. Yet, preposterous as Hugh Crow would have considered it, the prosperity of Liverpool was then only beginning; and within a century the trade and shipping of the port were to reach dimensions greater than the trade of the whole world in the slavery days. To-day the traffic passing in and out of England through this Gate of the West finds employment for 33,000,000 tons of shipping yearly—a total greater than the actual tonnage of all the ships in the world. With an oversea trade exceeding that of London, Liverpool from its earliest days had the wisdom to socialise its docks and harbour. With the trifling exception of a tiny inlet made for the Duke of Bridgewater's canal (now owned by the Manchester Ship Canal Co), all the docks on the Liverpool side of the Mersey were originated, built, and managed by a public body for the common good.

The city has all the usual municipal "trading" departments, with the exception of gas, which is supplied by a wealthy joint-stock company, paying easily its ten per cent. annual dividend. But even this service is not neglected by the city: a meter-testing department protects the citizens against unfair charge, and undertakes inspection of fittings and regular care of incandescent lights for a small payment. The electric lighting undertaking was purchased in 1896, and, after considerable extensions of service, has repeatedly reduced prices to consumers. Small workshops are encouraged to use electric-power, and suitable motors for such concerns may be hired from the Corporation. The tramways have also been very profitable to the city. Among the latest developments are first-class cars at double the ordinary fares, and trackless vehicles for outlying sparsely-populated districts.

It is, however, for its housing schemes that the Liverpool Corporation is most widely known. Visitors from the Continent frequently carry away plans and details of the "dwellings for the poorest poor," in order to adapt the ideas to their own needs. A few days ago the Mayor of Lyons requested information in order to help in the solution of the problems of housing in his city. As far back as 1869 Liverpool experimented in the building of cottages, and after many attempts of doubtful success, the Council allowed its Engineer and its Building Surveyor to erect some dwellings on "a new and original plan." The result was satisfactory. The new type of tenement, plain, but substantial and thoroughly sanitary, was constructed by directly-employed labour, and so many economies were introduced (e.g., old tramway rails were used as rafters) that it was found possible to let the dwellings to the tenants of the demolished slums at a rental of a fraction over 1s. per room. Subsequent dwellings have all been built on similar lines, modified and improved as experience widened, although the policy of direct employment of labour was not continued. In no other city has it been possible to restrict the letting of the Corporation dwellings to actual slummers, and this, in Liverpool, is the almost invariable rule, made possible by the cheapness of the rents. Those who allege lack of enterprise against Collectivism, have here some strong facts to rebut. Liverpool offered large monetary inducements to private builders to solve this problem of housing the poorest of her citizens, but met with no response. Where private enterprise failed, public enterprise has succeeded. The experiments have not yet ceased. Three years ago the City Engineer was allowed to erect twelve three-roomed tenements built entirely of crushed clinker (from the Council's refuse destructors) and Portland cement, moulded into slabs, each slab forming a complete side or roof of a room, openings for doors and windows, fireplaces and flues, being formed in the moulding. The knowledge obtained by this experiment goes to show that concrete buildings on a large scale, sufficient to cover the expense of transporting and hoisting the heavy slabs, would work out cheaper than the ordinary brick dwelling.

Down to the end of last year the Corporation had spent about £900,000 in demolition and rehousing, involving an annual cost to the ratepayers equal to a rate of 1¾d. in the £1. For this sum they have cleared many insanitary areas and rehoused about 2,000 families—say, 10,000 souls. Besides this, they have six new schemes in hand involving about £240,000.

Space will not allow more than a bare catalogue of other undertakings. The Vyrnwy water scheme provides the city and many tributary towns with a plentiful supply of pure water. The "catchment areas," both at Vyrnwy and at Rivington (an earlier undertaking in the Lancashire hills), are being planted with trees—a pioneer venture in afforestation. Liverpool owns and manages six markets, yielding a revenue of £16,000 a year; it manufactures paving slabs from street refuse; it owns and works two large sewage-farms producing crops of rye-grass, cabbages, potatoes, mangel-wurzels, and beetroot; it paves its own streets and constructs the sewers; it collects and disposes of all the refuse of streets and houses; it constructs its tramways and repairs the cars; it provides parks, gardens, playgrounds, botanic gardens, palm-houses, aviaries, libraries, museums, art galleries, baths, wash-houses, hospitals, concerts, and lectures. It contributes largely to the upkeep of the local University; it builds and manages elementary, secondary, and technical schools, a nautical college, industrial schools and schools for defective children, and has now undertaken to feed all hungry scholars, and has instituted a complete system of medical inspection. It regulates street-trading children, and helps voluntary schemes for the clothing of the poor. Besides the usual long list of duties undertaken by the health department, the Corporation has established several depôts for the preparation and sale of sterilised milk for infants, in the hope that the high rate of infant mortality may be lessened.

With all this municipal Socialism, the local Socialists have had next to nothing to do. The city has been ruled by Tories since the Municipal Corporation Act of 1835, save for a short period of three or four years in the nineties, when the Whigs obtained control. There are no Radicals in Liverpool such as those found in Manchester or among London Progressives. A feeble movement in favour of taxing land values is occasionally discernible; but it depends for artificial existence upon the subsidies of a rich chemical manufacturer, who probably hopes to transfer burdens from "capital" to "land." There is no cry for reform or progress other than that which is made articulate by the Socialist bodies, and these after fifteen or twenty years' strenuous work have only placed two men in the Council. Whatever praise is due for Municipal Socialism in Liverpool must be rendered to case-hardened Tories, who would repudiate with scorn the epithet of Socialist. Throughout the texture of this municipal work there is no trace of conscious Socialist design—no definite intention of organised communal development. All is empirical—the outcome of the needs of the moment.

It is possible that the Socialist influence mysteriously penetrates the general body of citizens and prepares them to accept such Socialistic measures as the reigning party from time to time brings forward. But as Richard Bell, M.P., recently declared Liverpool to be the "black spot of Trade Unionism," so it may also be called the "hopeless case" of Socialism. Notwithstanding which, the city can fill its largest halls with perspiring crowds to hear Socialist orators, and it maintains in more or less strength and hope half a dozen branches each of the S.D.P. and I.L.P., a Fabian Society, an Anarchist-Communist group, and a Clarion Club—the latter a comfortable restaurant in the centre of the business quarter.

JOHN EDWARDS.

Fabianism and the Drama.

An Address delivered at Pen-y-rallt, 8th Sept., 1908.

By William Archer.

III.

WE have seen that conflict is of the very essence of drama: and there is one form of conflict which peculiarly lends itself to theatrical treatment—that, to wit, which W. E. Henley has described as "the duel of sex." Now, you are all agreed, I take it, that the duel of sex must be relieved of some of its most painful, most barbarous, or, in other words, most dramatic, incidents. Probably there are wide differences of opinion among you as to what ought to be the normal form or forms of relationship between the men and women of the future. Probably, moreover, we are all too much bound up in prejudices, idealisms, and sentimentalities belonging to the present order of things to be able to speculate with much profit on the details of social reform in the sphere of sex. For one thing, we must await the necessarily slow development of the science of eugenics. But there are certain broad principles on which, I take it, you are all agreed—which may almost be regarded as necessary corollaries to your economic principles. You would first of all agree, I presume that the one thing of supreme import in the relations of man and woman is the welfare of the child or children resulting therefrom. But you would probably agree, too, that the welfare of children is not eternally and exclusively bound up in the integrity of the family, as it at present exists. Very often, indeed, the family is held together, to the moral and intellectual detriment of the children, simply by economic considerations, and by an invincible shrinking from any action that conflicts with use and wont. You would agree, then that the legal bond between a man and woman should be so adjusted as to safeguard the best interests of their children, but otherwise to place no outward constraint upon them. In other words, you would agree that the mutual tyranny of marriage (for a one-sided tyranny it is not) should be greatly relaxed; and this is a result which will almost inevitably ensue when the woman becomes economically independent of the man, the man of the woman, and the children, in great measure at any rate, independent of both. Thus the dramas of marriage—the dramas which arise from the chafing of the legal bond—will cease to be; and with them will go dramas of the patria potestas, or parental tyranny. Let us think of a few instances. Quite obviously there will be no occasion for such a play as Mr. Shaw's "Getting Married," which is simply an analysis of existing law and sentiment—an expansion of that little parenthesis of mine, "For a one-sided tyranny it is not." Obviously, too, there will be no occasion for such a play as "You Never Can Tell," with its flouting of the patria potestas, nor for such a play as Sudermann's "Magda," in which the barbarous ideal of the patria potestas is reinforced by a still more barbarous ideal of militarism. An Ibsen of the new age will find no occasion for a "Doll's House," with its scathing exposure of the commonplace ideal of the Home. Equally impossible will be such a play as "Ghosts," which merely continues the same exposure. Nora left the ideal monogamous home, and banged the door behind her; Mrs. Alving, instead of following her example, remained within the home, devoted her life to keeping up its utterly fallacious appearances, and reaped the terrible reward we wot of. The Noras of the Fabianised world will be able to walk away without any shrill self-assertion, or overemphatic door-banging, from a home which has become no home; the Mrs. Alvings will not be tempted to sell themselves for wealth and position, and if for any reason they blunder into a relation which is abhorrent to them, no empty ideal, no "ghost" of a dead social order, will deter them from re-claiming their liberty and regaining their self-respect. In these two characteristic works of Ibsen's, it is the conflict with social sentiment, if not with actual written law, that constitutes the drama; when you Fabians have brought both social sentiment and written law, on the points involved, into harmony with reason, there will be no conflict, and consequently no play.

Again, with marriage rationalised, both in law and custom, there will be no opportunity, and no excuse, for any continuance of the long series of adultery dramas. Let us look, for instance, at one of the latest and best of them—Mr. Pinero's "His House in Order." The actual drama presented on the stage deals with Mr. Filmer Jesson's second marriage, and does not here concern us. But it grows out of the silent, sordid drama of his first marriage. The first Mrs. Jesson came of a Puritan and Philistine family, duly presented to us in the persons of her father, mother, sister, and brother; and she married, in Mr. Jesson, a Philistine and a prig. But she was herself a woman of far higher intelligence and richer nature; she found a kindred spirit in a certain Major Maurewarde, a friend of the family; and under her husband's roof she carried on an intrigue with him which was only cut short by her accidental death. In the very lightly but skilfully-touched figure of Maureward we read the reflection of her character and story. She was evidently far from being a bad woman; she was of a much higher type than either her own family or her husband; but she had inherited a worship of appearances, a dread of outward "disorder," that made her resist Maurewarde's entreaties, and prefer the hideous doubleness of this secret amour to the open "scandal" of breaking up her husband's home—and this even although, by him, she had no child. It is highly probable that such miserable dramas are not infrequent in the real life of to-day; but in the life of a reasonably ordered future, how impossible! The case, as stated, is particularly simple, for Filmer Jesson is not a man who would have suffered deeply in his personal feelings if his wife had said to him: "Our marriage was a mistake, and I beg you to join with me in taking steps to rescind it." Cases would doubtless arise (and I shall speak of them presently) in which strong personal feeling would underlie the outward bond, and the proposal to rescind it would cause much real suffering. But this is not such a case. If divorce by mutual consent had been possible, Filmer Jesson would have suffered only if, and inasmuch as, it was frowned on by the "best people." But in a Fabianised world this would not be the case; so that, I repeat, all excuse for the ugly dramas of secret and illicit passion would have passed away.

It may be objected that in countries such as France and certain States of America, where the divorce laws are already much more rational than they are with us, the dramas of marriage show no disposition to die out. The reasons for this are fairly apparent. In the first place, the law has—by some means or other, which we need not investigate—got far ahead of the great mass of popular sentiment. In France, as you know, the Church still declares marriage indissoluble; and so it remains, of course, to the Roman Catholics of America. Many Protestants, even, would admit divorce only under circumstances which cast a very serious stigma on one of the parties. Even where no theological prejudice exists, the social spirit and the social mechanism are as yet ill-adjusted to the conception of marriage as a terminable contract. In the great majority of instances the economic dependence of the woman on the man raises serious difficulties. And—most serious difficulty of all—while popular sentiment remains as it is, and while the ideal of the individual home maintains its exclusive predominance, there is no doubt that children must suffer from the separation of the parents. It must be indeed a bad case of incompatibility in which (for the present) the interests of the children are not best served if their parents can contrive to "grin and bear it." All this means that law, sentiment, economic conditions, and social arrangements are everywhere in a transition state—that is to say, in a chaotic welter of

contradiction and confusion. In such a welter lies the dramatist's opportunity; and there is every likelihood of its lasting a century or two—perhaps even a millennium or two, if the great wars which Mr. Wallas was so sadly forecasting last week should intervene to check the course of civilisation. But I am assuming, you remember, the ultimate success of your Fabian ideals, the ultimate establishment of a just, humane, and reasonable social order; and I say that, under such a dispensation, the dramas of marriage, in so far as it means an external yoke upon the bent neck of man and woman, are bound to disappear.

The characteristic tendency of our present phase of barbarism, in regard to the relations of the sexes, is to make a monstrously exaggerated fuss over them. This tendency is partly a theological survival, but largely, too, a result of economic conditions—of the necessity of assuring maintenance and safeguarding property. But in a Fabianised world there will be no necessity and no excuse for any such fuss. It is even conceivable—though this, I admit, is a wildly visionary forecast, to which, perhaps, even the Fabian imagination cannot stretch—it is even conceivable that it may become a point of honour among decent people not to tittle-tattle about other people's private affairs, and not, as Chaucer says, to "demen gladly to the badder end." At any rate, there will be a vast diminution in the fuss made over marrying, giving in marriage, and so forth; and when there is no fuss there will be no drama. For what is drama but a reflection of the fuss we make over certain incidents in life?

I am far from pretending, however, that all the dramatic conflicts which arise from the relations of the sexes are due to fussy and impertinent external constraint, whether of law or of opinion. In speaking of "His House in Order," I admitted that if Filmer Jesson had been a different man, capable of feeling a really deep affection, and of suffering in any part of his nature more vital than his vanity, it would have been much more difficult to say what would have been the right course for Mrs. Jesson to pursue. Cases will always arise, no doubt, in which a conflict of real affections, a conflict of valid claims, or the simple conflict of desire with indifference, will beget at any rate the possibilities of drama. Let us think of a few dramas of to-day which we can imagine re-enacting themselves in the Fabianised future.

The list is short, but very noteworthy. I will begin at home, and head it with Mr. Shaw's "Candida." Certainly there will be cases in which a good and kind woman will have to choose between the claims of solid, stolid, prosaic affection, and reckless, iridescent, poetic love. It is one of the defects of Mr. Shaw's play that, brilliantly as Eugene is drawn, we never feel that he has any place among the serious possibilities of Candida's life. The conflict is not, but might quite well have been, real. Again, there is "Man and Superman." In my judgment it deals feebly and farcically with its central situation; but that central situation—the pursuit of the recalcitrant masculine by the devouring feminine—has certainly an enduring validity. A variation of the same theme, in the key of tragedy instead of farce, is Ibsen's "Little Eyolf"—one of the most terrible plays ever written, and one which will doubtless tend to re-enact itself until human nature shall have undergone a deeper modification than even Fabianism can as yet look forward to. Then we have—most perdurable of all—"The Master Builder": the drama of "youth knocking at the door": the tragedy of the still-young man of genius between the prematurely old woman, who means stagnation and death to him, and the sparkling embodiment of youthful energy and inspiration, hand in hand with whom he feels that he could scale the highest altitudes of human achievement. In Maeterlinck, too, we find some situations which must tend constantly to recur: the "Pelléas et Mélisande," or, in other words, the "Paolo and Francesca" situation—that of a young girl between a middle-aged and stern but adoring husband and a young lover to whom all the youth in her nature goes out: the "Aglavaine et Sélysette" situation—that of a slight, inarticulate, somewhat commonplace woman who sees her husband veering away from her to a woman of larger mental capacity, more intelligent sympathy, and more stimulating conversation. All these conjunctures are likely enough to recur—conjunctures the pain of which is not caused by any outward tyranny of law or opinion, and cannot be cured by the relaxation or removal of such tyranny.

But I suggest that such conjunctures will present themselves but rarely, and will still more rarely be attended by the extremity of painfulness which now gives them their tragic interest. We are assuming, remember, that a new and just economic order has been established, that idleness and overwork are alike things of the past, that the fierce egoism of the struggle for riches among the rich and for subsistence among the poor has been replaced by the very mild degree of altruism involved in reasonable co-operation for the common weal, that tyrannous and vengeful laws no longer exist, and, in short, that the body politic is governed and inspired, in the main, by some approach to common-sense. But all this is quite unthinkable in the State at large without an immense access of wisdom in its individual members; and we may fairly hope that they will apply some of that wisdom to the better regulation of the domestic and sentimental side of their lives. Remember that our initial hypothesis—the triumph of your Fabian ideals—compels us to conceive in the first place a far healthier, in the second place a far better educated, community than that of to-day. Among those dramas of Ibsen's which are likely to reproduce themselves in the new age, you will note that I have *not* included three of his most remarkable works: "Rosmersholm," "The Lady from the Sea," and "Hedda Gabler." Why are they ruled out? By the fact that they all turn on cases of neurotic abnormality. Beata, the dead Beata, whose morbid spirit still reigns at Rosmersholm, Ellida, with her obsession of the sea and its ferlies, Hedda, with her malignant egoism and her acute hyperæsthesia, are all pathological cases begotten of the unhealthy conditions of our so-called civilised life. Progress will mean the elimination of such psychopathic disasters as these. But such cases as that of Mrs. Solness, or of Rita, or of Maeterlinck's Sélysette (translated into terms of modern life) are scarcely less morbid. Even if their hereditary predispositions were healthy (which we have reason to doubt), their education has given these women no resource beyond a limpet-like or, in Rita's case, a vampire-like, clinging to the man whom fortune has thrown in their path. It is starvation of the intelligence, or even of the mere mechanical energies, that makes any contrariety in the life of the affections or the senses an intolerable tragedy to women—or to men for that matter—but more often, of course, to women. Remember that in all these cases the tragedy is fomented by idleness. Mrs. Solness has nothing to do but to brood over her balked instincts, Sélysette over her balked affection, Rita over her balked passion. Remember, too, that in that inexpressibly beautiful last act of "Little Eyolf," where Rita determines to take up life afresh, it is to a life of strenuous work that she looks forward; and it is on this resolve that Allmers runs up to the mast-head the flag that has pessimistically drooped at half-mast.

(To be concluded.)

The Proletariat at Home.

A MULTITUDE of faces dimly seen in a vast cloud of smoke. A great hall hung with banners, and within it a thousand tables. At every table a little group of men, and before every man a great stone mug of beer. A murmuring of many voices, laughter answering laughter, and here and there the short, sharp rattle and hot fusillade of argument. A shuffling of many feet, and a clinking of pewter lids upon the earthenware. In some distant corner a soft crooning that becomes a song, and, pouring out across the hall, swells triumphantly into splendid chorus, sweeping the lesser sounds before it as wreckage before a wave, bearing the myriad faces upward upon its crest, till each man stands bareheaded, with uplifted arm, to greet its passing. The Marseillaise. The Marseillaise in Germany!

It dies away, and in its stead there swells the Internationale, dread anthem of a hundred fights. Up! Up! The stone mugs are lifted high, and every man is proud of the patch of blood-red colour that he wears, cravat or red rosette upon his breast. This is the Proletariat; no longer a vague abstraction of the doctrinaire intellect, but a living, breathing reality.

Suddenly there comes a roar of cheering, drowning all speech and song. All heads are turned towards the wooden platform, hung with red festoons and lettered flags proclaiming "Gleicheit und Freiheit." A grey-bearded, slightly-built figure makes his way to the front, and stands there calmly, with the air of a general on parade. August Bebel. He bows his head before the triumphant shout of welcome, and upon its last note turns away, giving place to the Chairman. This latter is—like other chairmen. Upon his left hand, at a small square rostrum, sits the Prefect of Police, keen-faced and alert, his official cap and sword lying before him. He remains stern and unmoved when the cheering is at its height, knowing well that he has no part nor lot in this matter, save only as a servant of the Crown. This shout goes up, that banner waves for freedom; and freedom has no place in his official round of duty. Only his eye wanders once, across the restless multitude, to where light glitters for an instant upon spiked helmets, and sinister figures cloaked in blue pass here and there amid the gloom. This is his official answer to the democracy; and he twirls his moustaches a shade further upward, and is content.

Now Bebel speaks, and a great hush falls, so that the very smoke lies still upon the air. But ever and again there comes the lightning flash, the white-hot, molten word; and sharply the thunder breaks, rolling out in one long, exultant roar. Once he speaks the Kaiser's name, and pauses but for an instant; but in a flash a man rises from his place and hurls an ugly word that rings out clear across the hall, so that all hear it, and fear. The Prefect of Police is on his feet, pale even with full knowledge of his power. He makes a sign, and silently four constables move through the crowd, converging towards the man who spoke that word. There is a scuffle and a cry for help. Two tables overturn with a crash, a woman shrieks, and from every quarter of the hall a deep growl rises; the first vague muttering of angry men. The Prefect stands an instant irresolute, wavering. Then, without a word, he takes his seat, and his four officers draw back into the shadows. For the moment Democracy is victorious, and the incident passes off in a hum of whispered comment and a half-smothered clapping of hands.

But the Prefect leans over to the Chairman, speaking rapidly in an undertone, and every man knows that if the offence is repeated the meeting will be declared at an end. "Die verdammte Polizei!" murmurs one who sits near me; but he, too, knows well that five hundred police, each with a revolver in his breast-pocket, wait in an ante-room within a moment's call. And the day is not yet.

Bebel goes on his way unmoved. Thirty years of struggle have not softened his gospel or brought one breath of compromise. He speaks of the Stuttgart Congress, of the name "Kaiser Bebel" given him by the French, of internationalism, and—of the bourgeoisie. His words are now hot with passion, now cold with bitter scorn, as he denounces the latest blunder of the Prussian bureaucracy, or the folly of swelling armaments. And, as his last sentence rings out, one almost feels that this man holds the day of revolution in the hollow of his hand.

At the close a very tempest of sound breaks loose, with mingled song and shouting; and the Internationale is heard again above the din. The Prefect of Police gathers up his papers and his sword, puts on his cap of office, and retires. And so at length we pour into the streets to meet the driven snow.

Already it lies deep, and there is no sound of all the many footsteps. Even the tumult of voices is soon left behind, and all is still save for a distant snatch of song. At the street corner an old woman crouches over a tripod stove proffering roasted chestnuts in a paper bag. Two men in fur coats hurry past, catching an echo of the clamour, and one turns to the other with, "Ja, ja; die verfluchte Sozialdemokratie!"

In these last hours the city has grown strangely beautiful under its covering of snow. And strangely quiet. The crowded hall, the torrent of hot words come back as if from a dream. Here can be no class war, no slumbering volcano of revolution—only peace and sleep.

But when home is reached, I stand for a few moments at the window watching the snowflakes. A man passes along the street below, whistling. And his song is the Internationale.

ASHLEY DUKES.

Unemployed.

The builders build: but a voice out of the void
Taunts them, a-building. The insurgent main
Batters their buttress-blocks, its voice upbuoyed
In challenge on a billowy vastness of unappeased
sea-pain.
(O, sullen cunning of hearts employed in vain!
O, heavy ground-swell of hearts unemployed,
Dragging and dragging at those walls again!)
I am a ship,
An ocean-bride,
But I carry builders' freight from lip to lip
Of the perilous main,
Putting out and in again.
Going, I rise and dip,
Yet move as a team on a hillside
Solemnly breaking the ground for grain;
All about me the waste, a wide
Unsown, unharvested plain.
I am a ship,
I know the voices of the tide,
And the unsatisfied sea-pain.
Thus, when I come to port
And hear the invested millions say
How the world goes well to-day
(Their world!)—though the waves snort,
The walls abide,
Take tribute, pay,
Subdue the waves' wild pride:—
However those walls may thwart,
I can feel, in timber and stay
Vibrating, the sway
Of the waves that weigh
Overheavy with passion long denied!
And my whole sea-world grows grey
With the hostile hosts that ride
Hither upon sea-horses to where, at bay
This proud foe stands amid the investing tide.
I am a ship, I feel
How all that restless, that resistless void,
That weltering wild rain,
That beautiful, unharnessed, infinite
Sea-spirit, with its mystery and might,
Sweeps unemployed—
Or but employed in vain—
About these builders and this little keel.

HENRY BRYAN BINNS.

Books and Persons.

(AN OCCASIONAL CAUSERIE.)

A LITTLE tour in France. I found myself at Toulouse. It is the city which supplies Paris with journalists, politicians, and operatic artists. It has the characteristics of a capital. You may walk for a mile in the Rue Alsace-Lorraine and discover neither a book nor a single object of any kind that is a necessary of life. A multitude of fine shops—really very fine for a town of 150,000 human hearts—all organised and run on the same plan. It is as easy as fun to go into one of them and spend as much in five minutes as would keep a dock labourer or a philosopher for a month. I went out at 7.30 a.m. to find a barber; and the maidens of Toulouse, all in sacrificial black, were already dusting and decking the frontages of those fine shops. Two hours later a nice girl was standing at the splendid portal of a shop nearly opposite my hotel waiting for me to go and buy away something from under her charge. A hot day! I considered that it was about time she had a seat. As the thought of varicose veins troubled me, I passed on, and stared at the walls of the municipal opera-house.

* * *

Now, Toulouse really does go to the opera! A mayoral decree had just been posted up on the walls of the theatre. It regulated the débuts of the artistes provisionally engaged for the season. Each new artiste was commanded by the mayor to make three débuts, and the mayor enacted that débuts must always occur on Sundays or public holidays, so that the populace could assist thereat! In the last entr'acte of each performance the stage-manager was to come before the curtain and, calling out the names of the artistes, ask the public its verdict. The public alone was to judge. If the public at the end of three performances signified disapproval of an artiste, that artiste would have to go. If three performances left the public doubtful, then the artiste might have a fourth. An expert in Toulouse manners told me that the public was wont to signify its disapproval by means of eggs, potatoes, carrots. I liked all that. A bad egg in the eye does at least show that somebody is interested in what you have been doing. Though England is a great country, I fear, I gravely fear, that it is never sufficiently interested in any work of art to throw an egg, or even a carrot, at the artist. It will be an auspicious day for England when a novelist who has written a novel that incenses the public dares not venture into the Strand on account of flying eggs. As I came back from the walls of the theatre, at which I had gazed entranced for I don't know how long, that confounded nice girl was still standing, bolt upright, waiting for me. Why no chair? The civic fathers of Toulouse ought to have guessed that in the interests of tourist traffic that girl should be provided with a chair. Such a spectacle puts the lordly tourist off.

* * *

I did at last find a bookshop. It was a very good one, if modern. The most ancient volumes I encountered in it were a lot of Randolph Caldecott's picture-books. I got what I have been "after" for years: a decent, commonsense, charted edition of that vast and heaving sea, Chateaubriand's "Mémoires d'Outre-Tombe." As soon as I saw the name of the editor, Edmond Biré, I felt sure that the edition would be agreeable and adequate. And it was. (Six volumes, so far; published by Garnier Frères, and illustrated.) It is the only edition I have ever seen that is truly worth having. Strange that I was fated to meet it at Toulouse!

* * *

The history of this book may be commended to the study of our major literary mandarins. It is full of beautiful ideas which ought to appeal specially to a Harmsworthian age. The Memoirs were written long before Chateaubriand died. Commercially, he fell very low towards the end of his amazing career. He became, indeed, very hard up, and the attitude towards him of his creditors developed from the fawning-apprehensive to the actively inimical. But he would not let the Memoirs be published till after his death. He was a man who cared more for ideas than for money, and he nursed the idea that a voice from the grave would be more dramatic than the voice of neglected senility. He descended as far as translating, and still he would not publish those Memoirs! Then some bright genius invented the scheme of forming a company to buy Chateaubriand's Memoirs, on the understanding that nothing should be published except from the other side of the tomb. This company paid Chateaubriand £10,000 down for his ruder creditors and guaranteed him £480 a year for life, and in return it received the full copyright of the Memoirs. It sold the serial rights to Emile Girardin for "La Presse" for £3,200. This latter transaction made Chateaubriand extremely cross. The man actually objected to the prospect of the serial chopper—even after death! He prepared to starve rather than accept his annuity from the offending company, and it was only by allowing him to sign a receipt in which he disavowed the serial contract that the company persuaded him to live. Rather a noble action on the part of the company, which had every reason to desire his sudden death! Then he died, and "La Presse" chopped his memoirs up into daily instalments during a couple of years or so.

* * *

We have here, my friends, valuable lessons. Unhappily, Mr. Hall Caine cannot take advantage of them, his memoirs being already published. I feel almost sure that Mr. Hall Caine was unacquainted with the history of Chateaubriand's "Memoirs," or he would have stage-managed his own differently—and better. Imagine Mr. Hall Caine steadily and violently refusing to publish his memoirs! Imagine a limited company being formed (managing director, Dr. Robertson Nicoll; secretary and offices, Mr. Moberly Bell, Cairo) to endow Mr. Hall Caine with a million pounds and an annuity of £10,000 for the right to publish those memoirs only on the day when the blinds of Greeba should be drawn! Imagine the "Times" and Mr. Murray (to the secret annoyance of Mr. Heinemann) joining their unpugnacious hands to publish the mighty monument! What a fitting celebration of the Book Peace after the Book War! What a chance missed by Mr. Hall Caine! Conceiving this terrific event, I returned to my hotel. It was nearly seven o'clock, and dusky. That girl was still there, on her feet, interestingly pale. For over eleven hours she had worried me. I could not stomach this, and departed for Paris.

JACOB TONSON.

BOOK OF THE WEEK.

A Land of Unrest.*

MR. H. C. WOODS has written a book which is well worthy attentive study during the continuance of the present situation in the Near East. His style has the clearness and directness of a soldier's. Though one knew nothing of the author's previous career, his method of writing reveals that he has been a soldier, and a good soldier.

There is an enormous amount of irrelevant matter in the book; but that is a failing common to all books of travel. From the military standpoint, there is much that is exceedingly valuable. The chapters on the defences of Constantinople and the Dardanelles are useful studies of the possibilities of Turkish defence.

The modern defences of Constantinople are threefold—the land defences; the Bosphorus forts; and the defences of the Dardanelles. The Bosphorus has been much strengthened by the erection of Krupp guns since the Russo-Japanese war, with the result that any fleet which attempted to rush the Bosphorus would be badly mauled, even if it were ever successful in getting

*"Washed by Four Seas." By H. C. Woods, F.R.G.S.; with an introduction by Sir Martin Conway. T. Fisher Unwin, London, 1908. 7s. 6d. net; 316 and xvi. pp, and a map.

through. The Bosphorus has been recently mined very heavily, but Mr. Woods does not mention that a line of dynamite and other explosive material, sufficiently powerful to blow to pieces any warship which was unfortunate enough to be cruising in its track, had been laid down the Bosphorus Channel. Mr. Woods points out: "As long as the forts of the Dardanelles and the Bosphorus remain impregnable, so long will Constantinople be secure from any naval attack from Western Europe."

The same difficulties would attend a passage of the Dardanelles as a dash through the Bosphorus. Emphasis is laid upon the fact that the defences of the Dardanelles are of vital importance; and that they should largely influence the Near Eastern Question. This statement is somewhat inaccurate, its inaccuracy being due to the military bias of the writer. The defences of the Dardanelles are a factor in the Near Eastern Question; but the Dardanelles might be defended just as they are now, without there being any such question as the Eastern Question.

The struggle of the Crescent and the Cross, the status of the Turk, the grave danger to England and India which would be occasioned by one of the great European Powers being in political control of Constantinople, the circumstance that millions of British subjects recognise the Sultan as their religious head, while the King of England is regarded only as a secular ruler, are all matters which go to create the Eastern Question. If the Turks destroyed the defences of the Dardanelles, all these considerations would still remain as ingredients of the Near Eastern Question.

In the chapter on the Rhodope Balkans, which are the ranges skirting the southern frontier of Bulgaria, Mr. Woods refers to the work the Turkish Government has been carrying out in improving the roads, so as to simplify an advance on the Bulgarian frontier.

That there is a considerable feeling between Bulgaria and Turkey, which is likely to be seriously accentuated by the events of the last few days, is indicated in this passage: "The reason for which the Turkish Treasury are most willing to provide moneys is to further some object likely to help in the defeat of Bulgaria in the not-far-distant war."

The Bulgarian Army is spoken of very highly by Mr. Woods; but that Bulgaria would have much hope of success is very doubtful. The peace strength of the Bulgarian Army is estimated at about 53,000, and the war strength is put at 375,000, of all ranks. The Turkish Army's peace strength, according to Mr. Woods, is "about 300,000 men, though the actual numbers are possibly only about 275,000." This is an under-estimate. The Turks calculate, as in the Greco-Turkish war, on being able to place 350,000 first-rate combatants in the field, and still have 50,000 picked troops for the defence of Constantinople. The war strength of the Turkish Army is a million and a quarter. The Turkish troops are German trained, while the Bulgarian troops are Russian-trained, and it is probable, considering the revelations of Russian military weakness during the Russo-Japanese war, that the Turks have the advantage of a more efficient training. Moreover, the Bulgarians are Christians, while the Turks are Mahommedans, and this difference in religious ideals represents an extra ten per cent. of fighting efficiency in favour of the Turks.

The Roumanian Army, which might invade Bulgaria in the event of war, has a peace strength of about 170,000 men, and it has some of the finest artillery in the world. The Servian Army, which would have to be reckoned with by Bulgaria, has a peace strength of about 125,000 men; but the Servian artillery is bad and the infantry shockingly disciplined. On the other hand, some of the Servian cavalry and light horse are good troops, while the Servians would be assisted by the vast bodies of irregulars which can be called out by the Macedo-Servian Committee.

The chapter on "Railways of the Near East" is politically the most valuable in the book, because it gives the key to many of the intrigues and countermoves which European diplomats are just now engaged in. The following sentence should be remembered by the blatant Nonconformist: "You may possibly dislike the officialdom and some of the Eastern customs, but you cannot fail to like the Turk himself." On the position of women, we commend this passage: "The usual idea of the position of women in the East is a misunderstood and exaggerated one. With the exception of the fact that a Mohammedan woman has no free intercourse with any man except her husband, I would almost say that she has as much freedom of motion as the European woman. . . . . There are several European women in the Turkish harems."

Mr. Woods was, until lately, an officer in the Grenadier Guards. We should like to be certain that there is *any* officer in the Grenadier Guards who has the necessary ability and intelligence to write the book which Mr. Woods has written.

C. H. Norman.

REVIEWS.

H.M.I. Some Passages In the Life of One of H.M. Inspectors of Schools. By E. M. Sneyd-Kynnersley. (Macmillan. 8s. 6d.)

The art of catching good stories is a gift, and almost as difficult to those who are not to the manner born as Uncle Remus's art of catching rabbits; i.e., to sit behind a tree and make a noise like a turnip. Mr. Sneyd-Kynnersley is, however, a master of this rare art. He has not only the gift of catching his rabbit, but after having secured it, he knows how to cook him. This book brims over with excellent stories, excellently told. Among so many it is difficult to avoid a chestnut, and stories of this complexion naturally occur now and then, but the vast majority here collected are new as well as true. Mr. Sneyd-Kynnersley has had incomparable advantages. Appointed by a job ("and a good job, too," he cheerfully quotes) to a school inspectorship as long ago as 1871, he remained an inspector until his retirement two years ago. Moreover, his habitat has been varied, ranging from Wales to Norfolk, and back again to Lancashire and the Isle of Man. It would indeed be singular if a man with an eye for a story did not make a good collection in these years and under these circumstances; but Mr. Sneyd-Kynnersley has made full use of his opportunities, as his book amply proves. He is no mere collector of yarns, however, and his telling of the tales shows that he always has an eye on the psychology of the teller. Besides this, he has a pretty wit of his own which, very unusually in books largely dependent upon stories, makes the intervening passages which link the stories together as good as the stories themselves. We have no doubt that future students of the vagaries and wonders of the child-mind will use Mr. Sneyd-Kynnersley's book, and in the meantime we can safely recommend it to those numerous people whose purpose is sufficed with a laugh—or, rather, as it should be in the case of "H.M.I.," with a smile. For the apparently curious twists in the infantile perception which amuse us so much are more often the result of a clearer vision of things than we adults possess. Indeed, the child should be laughing at us. Anyhow, we may smile the smile of civilised Olympians, but our smile will be Meredith's "laughter of the mind."

The Empire of the East. By H. B. Montgomery. (Methuen. 7s. 6d. net.)

We like this book. The author has succeeded in his endeavour to describe "in simple language Japan as it was, is, and will be." In less than 300 pages he supplies us with the history, geography, and literature of Japan, together with a stoutly-reasoned forecast of the future. "Many of the Japanese people have hardly ever seen a foreigner, or, if they have, have viewed him with no little curiosity." He believes that Japan to-day is in a transition stage, but surely this is to be said of all nations at all times. The transition view of society is ridiculously limited by history—the law of everlasting change is universal. Mr. Montgomery looks forward with unlimited confidence to a Japan "which will assuredly impress the world and will probably have a much more potent effect upon it than mere numbers would account for."

We share his confidence that Japan will be a successful nation—in trade, in war, in industry, as the moderns reckon success. Yet when we read Mr. Montgomery's own account of Japanese art, past and present, our regrets are ever renewed that this wise, old, youthful race, when about to take a plunge into the unknown was not bold enough to make a revolutionary forward movement.

The story goes that, dissatisfied with some aspects of the national religion, the Japanese Government sent forth a Commission to discover among the religious systems of Europe something better suited to the country's needs; that Commission's report was adverse to any change. If only Japan, before embarking on its career of modern industrialism, had but sent a Commission to Europe to ascertain the dire evils which have followed in its train, perhaps Japan would have been less hasty to follow our path of destruction. Mr. Montgomery states that evil very tersely: "The fact of the matter is that the hurry-scurry of modern civilisation is not conducive to artistic worth of any description. The past, whether in the West or the East, where railways, telegraphs, telephones, newspapers, and all the adjuncts of modern progress were unknown, was the period when man did good and enduring work . . . The artist in lacquer, porcelain, metal, painting, embroidery cannot exist under the conditions of modern progress. There is no good shutting one's eyes to obvious facts or affecting to believe that in due course we shall witness a renaissance in Japan, a new birth of all that is great and grand and magnificent in her best history." What meaning can the author really give to the term "modern progress?"

Upon the very vitals of a nation, its architecture, Western influence has been especially disastrous. "These edifices—hotels, good buildings, railway stations, and so on—are an attempt to combine Western and Japanese styles. The result is an incongruity, to express it mildly, sufficient to cause the artistic mind to shudder." One does not require an artistic mind—any mind at all must deplore this loss of all sensibility to any national sentiment.

For our part, we count Japan for lost, unless she will experiment afresh, unless she will throw off the modern fetishes of cheap and nasty products and producers, and essay, as Japan alone can with her vivifying energy, to build a race of splendid men and beauteous women, spending their days in joyous and pleasurable labour.

We differ widely from Mr. Montgomery's postulate of national greatness. But we are not insensible to the merits of his book, which is one to be read by all who would understand modern Japan.

The Power of a Lie. By Johan Bojer. Translated by Jessie Muir. (Heinemann. 2s. 6d.)

We cannot think of any English author capable of giving us such faithful, artistic, and accurate work as these Northmen. This short novel, the most powerful and vivid study in auto-suggestion that has been written, pictures the doings of flesh and blood men and women, pimples and all. Johan Bojer has to placate no public, so is hampered by no hesitations; he is content to describe life unmasked by copy-book mottoes.

Yet exposing the human heart, with its frailties, its moments of genial kindliness, its ideals shattered by ignorance, the author, by his gift of a wise and noble tolerance, tempers his Positivist science by sympathetic and magnanimous insight.

Knut Norby, the wealthy farmer, kindly family man, enjoying his prominent position in his district, proud and sure of his strength, rejoicing in any battle for the battle's sake, has committed an indiscretion. He had omitted to inform his wife that he had gone bail for a friend, Wangen, who has become bankrupt. Like all wilful and vigorous men, Norby stands in much awe of his wife, whom he knows will not readily forgive this folly, so he rejoices in any possible postponement of the announcement. A rumour gets current that Wangen has forged Norby's signature, a rumour which Norby at first regards as absurd, and one which he must stop. His path from silent acquiescence to direct accusation in court against Wangen is described with power and reticence. The means by which Norby essays to soothe his conscience are common to men. He is told that Wangen declares that the deed was signed at the Café Grand. "That's not true," thought Norby, "it was at the Hôtel Carl Johan . . . But in the Grand Café! That's a downright lie. For I never in my life put my name to any paper there. What a confounded liar he is."

Whilst Norby's success all along seems but to strengthen and ennoble him, Wangen's vain attempt to prove his innocence drags his weak character further and further into the pit. He fastens the blame for his ill-chance on his enemies, on his family, even on his devoted and loving wife, anyone but on his own imprudence. Wangen, in prison, almost believes he has committed the forgery. Norby, banquetted by his townsmen, is at peace with God and man. "But there is one thing I can't understand, and that is how people can stand, like Wangen, with a calm face and lie in court. God help those who have no more conscience than to do it."

There is an Introduction by Hall Caine; we have spoken. Perhaps on account of this ignorant Introduction, the binding and get-up of the book are in the worst style of Sunday school prize-books. We have no excuse for the publisher in these days of cheap and pleasing bindings.

The Uttermost Farthing. By Mrs. Belloc Lowndes. (Heinemann. 3s. 6d.)

We have only one fault to find with this extremely interesting and clever novel. It is the impossibility, or at least high improbability, of the incident on which the rest of the book hangs suspended. Two lovers are eloping by train. One of them is a married lady, now at last prepared for freedom. The railway journey is to last only two hours, their privacy has been secured by a tip to the guard, the light is covered, and then—well, then, after a few kisses, the two lovers go to sleep! The lady dies from heart failure in her sleep, leaving the man to extricate both her honour and his own from the consequent situation. How he does this to the satisfaction of the husband and everybody but a clairvoyant we must leave the reader to discover. For ourselves, we return to the above-mentioned incident, and remark simply that we cannot believe it.

Renee. A Romance. By Henry Curties. (Grant Richards.)

If Mr. Henry Curties is ambitious of making a place for himself as a worker in that field of French historical romance which exercises so strong a fascination over a number of English novelists, he will find it necessary to put a good deal more labour and intelligence into his scenes and characters than are to be found in "Renée," which concerns a change of brides successfully contrived for the benefit of Francis I. We have not been able to discover why Mr. Curties should drop the thread of his story in order to re-tell the story of Joan of Arc's death, nor can we congratulate him on his partial portrait of the Chevalier Bayard. The writing is stilted; but it has been our fate to read many a worse attempt at this kind of fiction.

DRAMA.

The Sway-Boat.

THE new play at the Kingsway is a tragedy in three acts, by Mr. Wilfrid T. Coleby. It is the good average play of to-morrow; compared with yesterday it is a good modern play. "The Sway-Boat" is one of the results of the new spirit in the drama; it will help to form the tradition of the craft, but it does not itself contain stimulation for the future. It has no ideas, but it is, as the average drama of the future must be, alive.

That there is a good deal of the morbid about "The Sway-Boat" is one of its chief merits—we are morbid; that the people it deals with are unpleasant, narrow and ugly people is one of its chief claims to reality—most people are unpleasant, narrow, and ugly.

It is only necessary to turn to the dictionary and copy out all the words akin to narrow, base, and unpleasant to get a very good description of our civilised life, with one thing missing, the light and hope let in upon our world by our ideas of possibilities and reconstructions to come. And this is the one thing missing from "The Sway-Boat."

It betrays a curious psychology in Miss Lena Ashwell that she should select another play of this precise character for production at the Kingsway; another, because "Irene Wycherley" was of the same type. "Irene Wycherley" is a study of the ugly grey world of the present, unlighted by any hope of the future, or by any indication of transfiguring ideas in the present, on a kind of stage-lime "Pepper's Ghost" background of mythological religious beliefs.

There is the same artificial lighting touch in "The Sway-Boat," and the accentuation of this at the end of the play provided the only seriously false note in the performance. The heroine has committed suicide; she has been seen by her little nephew dead; he blunders blubbering on to the stage to inform his guardian and the audience, and finally asks, "She is with her Phyllis now, isn't she?" Miss Kate Rorke, evidently sceptical, answers, "Yes," and the curtain descends on this hope of heaven.

Mr. Coleby's play is above this kind of thing, which was, I remember, uncomfortably sniggered at (much to my disgust at the time) during one of the first melodramas I ever saw in Blackpool, some fifteen years ago. But quite apart from what must be called this blither, the fall of the curtain does not finish the play. It falls in the middle of a drama, or at the beginning of a drama, not at the end. "The Sway-Boat" is dramatic enough, but we need a sequel.

The story of the play is that of a neurotic childless woman desiring children, and a neurotic, honourable man, who cannot resist gobbling up a pretty woman. At the Kingsway we have the woman's tragedy of futility, ending quite inevitably (taking into account her doctor) in suicide. The man's tragedy is what I want in the sequel. It is a tragedy I should like to see stripped of essentials.

Maitland is the lover of Lady Kilross because he is greedy of Lady Kilross. Our sentimentality invests this variety of greed with a peculiar sanction. But it is of exactly the same character as a small boy's greed for jam, or of a baby's for excessive bottles of milk. Let Mr. Coleby reduce Maitland's heroics to the jam-greed level, and then show the tragedy of this jam-greed sapping his powers, occupying his thoughts, and using up his energies, so as to unfit him for a responsible career. It is not necessary to make Maitland's passion one for jam, in itself. But it is necessary to make him realise that his passion for Lady Kilross is sheer jam-greed.

The introduction of the realisation of jam-greed would alter the whole atmosphere of the play; to introduce it into "The Sway-Boat" would make its present three acts impossible. Every character in "The Sway-Boat" acts and speaks as if there were no standards of value in life but those of their own pleasant and unpleasant sensations tempered by a few primitive forces (the desire for motherhood, for instance), and by an

external world of fixed forms and conventions, which they take for granted. Of course, people do act and speak in this way in real life, but Mr. Wilfrid T. Coleby has got to get behind real life, and conspire with gods and devils to see not only living men and women, but something through men and women, and by means of men and women. "The Sway-Boat" people are too solid, too real; there is no light shining out of them. They convey to us no sense of the value of life, only of the vexations and pains of life.

The introduction of some perception of standards of value outside the individual's immediate pleasures or pains is what differentiates the great play from the good average play of the competent craftsman. The essentially great play may have serious faults of construction, as for example Miss Margaret Macks' "Gates of the Morning"; the essentially average good play may be well done, as is Mr. Coleby's tragedy, but craft can be learned with ordinary diligence, and at least something of greatness is required to approach greatness. Indications of the nature of the standards of value referred to will be found however in the Old and New Testaments; in "Thus Spake Zarathustra," and other works by the same author; and in a number of volumes beginning with Confucius and coming down to George Bernard Shaw.

I should like Mr. Coleby to make his people shine out with beauty for us from the midst of their ugliness, as Mr. Masefield made his people shine out with beauty from the middle of the sordidness of "Nan." But I am not going to pretend that the absence of this illumination interfered with my enjoyment of "The Sway-Boat" on its own merits. Produced and acted as it was, "The Sway-Boat" is an arresting performance. Miss Ashwell's choice of the play is certainly justified by her own acting of Lady Kilross the heroine. In a way Lady Kilross is better than Irene Wycherley, and all the rest of the characters acted up to the same level. Particularly good was Miss Kate Rorke.

Taking its lack of illumination for granted, everything in the play went excellently with the exception of the hint of reunion in Heaven already referred to, on which the curtain comes down. Miss Lena Ashwell's power of interpreting the overstrung woman is almost morbidly good. I wish that this power of ripping and tearing nerves were applied to the interpretation of a bigger and less morbid piece of work.

L. HADEN GUEST.

CORRESPONDENCE.

For the opinions expressed by correspondents, the Editor does no hold himself responsible.

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

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

A VINDICATION OF BULGARIA.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

DURING the past few days two of the most glaring infringements of an international treaty have been perpetrated. The twenty-fifth article of the Treaty of Berlin defines the status of the provinces of Bosnia and Herzegovina, whilst the first clause of the same document lays down the position which Bulgaria is to hold amongst the countries of the Near East. Both Austria and Bulgaria have deliberately broken the obligations which they owe to Europe under this treaty.

I will not here attempt to deal with the question of Bosnia and Herzegovina. Owing to the strength of Austria and her allies, we shall probably hear but little of this uncalled-for robbery.

The position of Bulgaria, however, is different. Since the year 1878 Bulgaria has naturally felt that she has been injured by Europe. Her inclination has been to try and regain what she feels to be her right. The war between Russia and Turkey was, as we know, terminated by the Treaty of San Stefano dictated by the Russians before the very gates of Constantinople in March, 1878. European statesmen, largely led by England under Lord Beaconsfield, fearing that the new Bulgaria would become a tool in the hands of her liberator, substituted the Treaty of Berlin for that of San Stefano.

It must naturally give the Bulgarians (who have so entirely thrown off the control of Russia) some ground for discontent that through the intervention of Europe she lost the districts of Pirot and Vrania, which were handed over to Servia.

Besides these areas, large portions of the present

Turkish vilayets of Kossovo, Monastir, Salonika, and Adrianople were returned to Turkey. Under the Treaty of San Stefano Bulgaria would have possessed about 100 miles of sea coast and the port of Kavala on the Ægean. The same arrangement would have included the town of Uskub, within the boundaries of Bulgaria. This would have enabled the Bulgarian Government to build a connecting railway from Sofia to Uskub. Thence goods could go by the existing line to Salonika. A railway could also have been constructed down the valley of the Struma to the sea. Under this treaty, too, there was to be no distinction between Bulgaria and Eastern Roumelia, a distinction which was, as we know, imposed by the Treaty of Berlin.

In 1885, however, much to the horror of Europe, the province of Eastern Roumelia was united to the Principality. The fact that Bulgaria realises all these obstacles which have been placed in her way must make her bitter towards Europe, and gives her ample reason to assume a position which she knows she can defend with arms if necessity arises.

Since the liberation of the Principality in 1878 the prosperity of the State has steadily increased. Between the years 1886 and 1905 the population became greater by over one million. This shows an increase of about 25 per cent. In the year 1887 Sofia was estimated to have a population of about 20,000; to-day its inhabitants number nearly 80,000. This town, at the time of the liberation of Bulgaria hardly more than a collection of mud huts, is now a prosperous modern capital.

Since the year 1887 numerous railways have been constructed throughout the country. In that year the Bulgarian army had a war strength of 100,000 men; to-day it numbers 375,000 men. During the period 1900-1904 the value of the exports from Bulgaria were valued at over four million sterling, whilst during the period 1890-1894 they were valued at only just over three million pounds sterling.

This undoubtedly proves a considerable increase in the prosperity of the country. Every village has its national school, and education is advancing by leaps and bounds. Bulgaria has shewn herself worthy of a powerful position in the Near East.

It would have been impossible for Prince Ferdinand and his people to view with pleasure a possibility of the creation of a strong Turkey. All hopes of the restoration of the Treaty of San Stefano would have been dashed to the ground. Bulgaria, however, looked on at the Turkish revolution with that calmness and dignity which constitute the very spirit of the nation. Suddenly the whole position of Bulgaria was opened by the now-famous Gueshoff incident. The omission to invite the Bulgarian diplomatic agent to a dinner at Constantinople must either have been a mistake or else a wilful insult to the Bulgarian people, perpetrated to show them what position they would occupy under the Young Turkish Party. If the latter reason can be assigned to the incident, the Bulgarians were right to resent it, and to resort to the strongest measures in order to demonstrate their displeasure.

The seizure of the Oriental Company's line between Serambey and the Turco-Bulgarian frontier may have been carried out in a wrong way, but as Bulgaria was willing to financially compensate all those concerned, it cannot be wondered at that she wished for the control of a railway which runs through her own country.

Both Mr. Haldane and Mr. Churchill leave us to infer from speeches delivered last week that England must not depend for her safety upon treaties, but be ready to defend herself in time of need. If these precautions are necessary, as doubtless they are, it means that treaties are always liable to be broken. It is obvious that the Powers most ready for war are the most likely to break treaties. Bulgaria is prepared for war, and the new Tsar has thrown off the control of Turkey.

Sir Edward Grey said at Wooler, if he be correctly reported, "The difference between autonomy and independence is not from the practical point of view so very great, whatever it may be from the sentimental." If Bulgaria, by her action, has so little changed her position "from a practical point of view," surely it is needless for the English Government and the British Press to condemn her as they have done during the last few days. If Bulgaria had invaded Turkey or actively opposed the new régime there could not have been a greater outcry in England.

H. C. WOODS, F.R.G.S.
(Late Lieut. Grenadier Guards).

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FABIANISM AND THE DRAMA.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

I had just laid down Mr. Swinburne's absorbing, if somewhat magniloquent, trifle, "The Duke of Gandia," when I took up THE NEW AGE and ran my eye over Mr. William Archer's address on "Fabianism and the Drama." I could not help thinking that the little play I had just read was a very apposite refutation of Mr. Archer's argument against the "Fabianising" of the world in the interests of the Drama. If Mr. Archer is right, I thought, how is it that the best dramatic literature has come from men (*e.g.*, Sophocles, Göthe, and (if he doesn't mind) Shaw), who have demanded, and, comparatively, enjoyed freedom from those conditions of social life which Mr. Archer thinks are essential to dramatic genius? And how is it that the characters and themes of their plays are carefully removed from the hampering conditions of social squalor which Mr. Archer, for professional reasons, avowedly defends? Why does Mr. Swinburne prefer the Vatican to Whitechapel Road for the exercise of his imagination? For the simple reason that an unhealthy and stifling atmosphere of poverty (however much "copy" it may provide the sterile realist of the new journalism) not only prevents the exercise of the imagination of those who actually breathe it (even Toynbee Hall is wise enough to keep a scented handkerchief to its nostrils), but excites no dramatic interest in the minds of those who would use what material it offers if it were worth doing. We do not look for psychological veracity (the indispensable condition of the drama) among the poor, for every thought they think, and every thing they do is governed by physical conditions. No man really knows himself until he is wealthy; *i.e.*, until his whole moral being is set free to do as it likes. And the power of doing "what one likes" is the unit of dramatic action which all true dramatists demand. That is why Shakespeare was so fond of kings. There was method in his snobbery. Wage-slavery, which Fabianism aims at abolishing, prevents this freedom; and its attendant evil smothers the imagination. That is why the working-class has never produced a genius. It has produced the Labour Party, and, significantly enough, the Party betrays its parentage in revealing an absolute lack of imagination in failing to see the dramatic possibilities of its relation to the Liberal Party. Do you see the political compatriots of Mr. Shaw displaying the same lack? But

this is digressive; significant, all the same. If modern writers like Ibsen and Shaw have chosen the circumstances of squalor and poverty for the material of some of their plays, it is not because these were necessary to their dramatic genius, but because, being the children of their age, they have succumbed to the temptation to make dramatic capital out of the capitalist system; and in so far as they have done so, have, unlike Mr. Swinburne, sacrificed their integrity as dramatic artists.

F. CHARLES HUMPHREY.

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SOCIALISTS AND SAVAGES.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

Mr. St. Loe Strachey, the upholder of Manchesterism and "the state of economic degradation of the present system," except in so far as it can be cured by "co-operative individualism" and Free Trade (vide speech to Church Congress, Manchester), is entitled to suggest, euphemistically, that "all Socialists are savages," if he thinks that style of argument will advance his case; but he is not entitled to falsify the teachings of Sociology by suggesting that "all savages are Socialists," and that therefore "Socialists represent a mental throwback to savagery." If he will turn up his Spencer (Vol I. Sociology) he will find these words:—"Sociality, strong in the civilised man, is less strong in the savage man. Along with a tendency to disruption produced by the ill-controlled passions of the individuals, there goes comparatively little of the sentiment causing cohesion." These awkward attempts at wit on the part of the forlorn-hopers of the rump of the School of Manchesterism are but the pettish outbursts which indicate the sense of defeat in an unequal battle—the lightning before extinction.

JNO. F. BURTON.

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THE WAR PANIC.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

In support of my arguments against the recently engineered "war scare," may I quote the following passage from a speech of Lord Palmerston, delivered during a debate on the foreign policy of the Peel Government:—"It is said that there are parties in other countries whose constant cry is for war; but I am totally incredulous about these so-called war parties. No doubt there may be individuals, or small knots of men, in other countries, who may fancy that they can promote their own political views by holding warlike language, but I do not believe that in any country there is any party sufficiently powerful, by their weight and numbers, to influence the policy of their country, who really wish for unprovoked and mercenary war with England. I believe nothing of the kind. Even under the present Government, this country is still powerful enough to make any other nation pause before they enter into a war with England, unless it be in their own defence." Lord Palmerston was not a man who could be described, by any means, as a man of peace. Yet his denunciation of those who are always shaking with fear at the existence of Continental "war parties" could not be bettered.

On the other point which has been raised in the discussion, namely, the advantages of the Citizen Army or conscription, Lord Palmerston's testimony is equally emphatic:—"If our armies are not so numerous as those of other nations, they have qualities which render them more effective than those raised by conscription; and I should think a general would feel much more confidence in an army raised as our armies are raised than he could possibly have while leading to battle a band of slaves torn from their homes by force." It is noteworthy that this speech was made in 1813, just at the period when the Napoleonic panic was at its height.

"STANHOPE OF CHESTER."

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TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

Mr. J. F. Burton, in your issue of the 2nd inst., quotes from a letter written in 1803, and makes fun of the war scares of those days. Perhaps Mr. Burton does not realise that in the year 1804 there were in Great Britain 87,000 regular troops, 80,000 Militia, and 343,000 Yeomanry and Volunteers (see page 299 of "A History of the Volunteers," by Captain Sebag Montefiore). This gives a total of 510,000 soldiers out of a population of about ten and a half millions, or less than a third of the present population of Great Britain.

In 1802 Nelson said, "Gentlemen, I shall now speak to you as an Englishman. If ever war was to take place I would send every ship and every regular soldier out of the Kingdom, and leave the nation to be protected by the courage of her sons at home." In 1805 Nelson, knowing that we had plenty of soldiers at home, was able to take his fleet to the West Indies in pursuit of the French. It was through the bravery, skill, and energy of our soldiers and sailors that the war scares and terrors of invasion were brought to nought, and it would be far better for us to follow the bold and resolute conduct of our grandfathers than to laugh at what were then quite reasonable fears. If our grandsires had been content to sit down and laugh the Napoleonic wars might have had a different ending.

A. KEENE (Colonel).

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