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, Tool's Court, Farnham Street, E.C.

Our sincere apologies are due for the unavoidable delay in sending out prospectuses of the proposed New Age Company. They should be in our reader's hands this week.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

The unemployed question stands precisely where it did last week except that distress is increasing. The array of pretentious and fraudulent figures extracted from the Government by the statesmanlike restraint of the Labour Party and described by courtesy as "The Government's proposals for dealing with unemployment," have been discussed, damned and done with. They have been accepted by a sympathetic House of Commons as adequate to meet the national emergency, and that is an end of them. The person chiefly concerned, the man on the kerb, will probably never hear of their existence. The much-looked-for debate was only remarkable for Mr. Keir Hardie's tremendous indictment of the Government. Nothing, however, but the echoes of one of the finest speeches Mr. Hardie ever delivered reached the outside world; and even those have already died away, leaving us to ponder over the vanity of constitutional methods of agitation.

In his reply to Mr. Keir Hardie the President of the Local Government Board took another long step along the road that leads to political extinction. He is sacrificing what might have been a big career for the sake of indulging an almost insane personal animosity against the leaders of the Labour Party. A stronger man would treat his enemies with studied courtesy, but Mr. Burns, it seems, is unable to convince himself of his own superiority except by a monotonous public exhibition of the scorn he cherishes for all other reprobates of the Labour Party. No weapon is too antiquated, no argument too absurd, for him to use so long as it serves the purpose of his defiant optimism. His whole speech on Monday week was devoted to showing that the Labour Party had been guilty of exaggeration. Even had he succeeded, his remarks would have been wholly irrelevant, since everybody admitted the extreme seriousness of the situation. His final appeal to members to leave the vexed and tangled problem to the man who uttered these words was far more intimate with the hard facts of unemployment than is the minister whom the "Spectator" delights to honour. As an explanation of the phenomena of poverty, drink once held the field, but the old theory has now been superseded by later discoveries, notably by that of Mr. Bernard Shaw that poverty is due to a lack of money. Mr. Burns would have us take it for granted that the world is better he were completely round and complains that certain people should take it for granted that the world is against Socialism. This robs us of the opportunity of replying for ourselves, and we can only ask Mr. Macdonald to say what it is he really means.

Mr. Macdonald's ridiculous misrepresentations render it necessary for us to define our position once more. We are not, as he suggests, advocating an impossible policy akin to that of the orthodox Prussian Marxists. We are not advocating even a new policy, but merely a return to the old policy of independence. We do not object to the Labour Party voting with the Liberals in double-barrelled constituencies. We object to arrangements with the Government when occasion serves, but we do object to its behaving as if it were merely a rather refractory wing of the Liberal Party. We object to prominent members of the Labour Party appearing on platforms with members of the Government in support of Government Bills. We object to arrangements with the Liberals in double-barrelled constituencies. We object to such incidents as the half-hearted opposition offered by the Labour Party to the closure on Monday week.

"Spectator" is amply confirmed by an article which appears in the current number of that journal. The "Spectator" cannot find enough praise to lavish on the sturdy working man turned Cabinet minister. Particularly is it delighted with his assertion that too much drink is responsible for most of the existing privation amongst the working classes. We admit the futility of trying to dazzle a man out of dollars from his pocket, but we really cannot help recalling a certain famous speech made by the John Burns of 23 years ago: "They lie in their teeth when they say that the unemployed are drunkards and eviident." In any case, it is an end of them. The person chiefly concerned, the man on the kerb, will probably never hear of their existence. The much-looked-for debate was only remarkable for Mr. Keir Hardie's tremendous indictment of the Government. Nothing, however, but the echoes of one of the finest speeches Mr. Hardie ever delivered reached the outside world; and even those have already died away, leaving us to ponder over the vanity of constitutional methods of agitation.

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We object above all to the way in which the Labour Party have acquiesced in the Liberal view that the question of unemployment must be shelved until the Licensing Bill is passed. In short, we object and the whole Socialist movement objects to the pour-spirited behaviour of the Labour Party inside the House of Commons and to its surrender of its proud position as the independent mouthpiece of the working classes.

For it would be idle to pretend that the Labour Party any longer represents the spirit of its constituencies. The whole movement, the Trade Unions as well as the Socialist section, is crying out for a more courageous policy. The leaders instead of leading are hanging back, and are wasting both our time and our patience trying to rehabilitate their reputations by defending the unemployed. In the House of Commons last week in reply to Mr. Keir Hardie he had the brazen effrontery to declare he had no power to do this in the case of the three leaders of the movement who shamefully impressed on instructions from the Government that they must not be driven to offensive action. We said as indifferent as Mr. Gladstone appears to be about his reputation as a man of honour; but we are not indifferent about the fate of political prisoners who are wrongfully charged with crimes which the whole propaganda of the Suffragettes is not as political as the Chartists, or the Corn Law, or the Franchise agitation, then we fail to understand the meaning of politics. In any case, Mr. Gladstone has added to his general incompetence the vice of insincerity. We believe him at Leeds; it is impossible to believe him at Westminster.

The women are to be congratulated on their latest sensational protest. The tearing up of sixty pounds of the odious grille in the House of Commons is not, it is true, the capture of the Bastille; but the feat is proportionately symbolic. Like most people, we hate the odious grille in its perpetual effort to force the Government to deal with unemployment effectively this Session, even though it has to swallow some of its pride in the process.

What do the Labour Party propose to do next? Do they consider that in obtaining a single day's discussion of Mr. Asquith's proposals they have done all that reasonable folk can demand? And are they now going to devote their attention to the Licensing Bill and leave the unemployed to their tender mercies of Mr. Burns throughout the coming winter? We must have answers to these questions. It is no good Mr. Macdonald telling us that Mr. Grayson does not care a button about the unemployed, or that those who degrade the consideration of the unemployed as Mr. Grayson did last week in the House of Commons must be regarded as enemies of the unemployed. If proof of what was needed, it could be found in the resolutions which have been pouring in to headquarters from all parts of the country during the past fortnight. Outside the inner circle there is but one opinion, that the Labour Party should have turned to power to-morrow, it would be impossible for them to be found on equal terms. If Mr. Balfour were returned to power to-morrow, it would be impossible for him to form a Government that could hold its own in the House for a week unless some quite new talent were unearthed. The pitiful spectacle of a historic party in such a plight moves us to offer a helpful suggestion. Why not ask Mr. Winston Churchill to return to his first love? He would probably come if the terms were good enough.

No sovereign has more thoroughly earned the gratitude of the European Press than the Emperor of Germany. In his comparatively short reign he has provided more sensations than all the other crowned heads in the world put together. His latest effort is peculiarly interested, for he had certainly nothing to gain from the publication of the story of his plan to save England from the Boers. It is easy to understand why he was so violent in his condemnation of the failure of the House of Commons to interpret the will of the people it would be hard to find. Clubs and restaurants of the class frequented by members of Parliament will, of course, be privileged and only the working man will suffer from this miscarriage of popular government. We are always being warned of the possible tyranny of the majority, but at least that can never be as bad as the present tyranny of the chapel minority.

The most unpopular clause in the Licensing Bill, the one that relates to Sunday closing, was passed in committee last week by a record majority. So favourable was the feeling on both sides of the House that the Government actually decided on the spur of the moment to extend the application of this Sabbatarian provision to London. In the future public houses in London are only to be open for three hours instead of seven and those who require refreshment during prohibited hours will have to tell a bigger lie than old. Thus is the nation made more moral by Act of Parliament, and what do those maintain who say that abstainers have never been made whilst avoiding the real issue. Scarcely one of the Labour members could count to-day upon the unanimous support of his own election committee. They are completely out of touch with the rank and file. Mr. Macdonald does not represent the working men of Leicester, nor Mr. Snowden the working men of Blackburn, nor Mr. Curran the working men of Jarrow. They represent nothing but their own personal dignity, and they all know it. If proof of what was needed, it could be found in the resolutions which have been pouring in to headquarters from all parts of the country during the past fortnight. Outside the inner circle there is but one opinion, that the Labour Party should have turned to power to-morrow, it would be impossible for them to be found on equal terms. If Mr. Balfour were returned to power to-morrow, it would be impossible for him to form a Government that could hold its own in the House for a week unless some quite new talent were unearthed. The pitiful spectacle of a historic party in such a plight moves us to offer a helpful suggestion. Why not ask Mr. Winston Churchill to return to his first love? He would probably come if the terms were good enough.

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What will the Labour Party do?

A FORTNIGHT ago some of us said quite plainly that this defiant revolt suited us better than the method of ponderous political machinery, which has been tried so long. But, in our hearts, we could scarcely blame the Labour Party for determining to finish the particular turn of the wheel by which it hoped to wring from this Liberal Government a little assistance for the unemployed. Mr. Asquith honestly believed his method was the quicker way to gain the end; the Labour Party was as sincerely convinced of the advantages of its system. It is unwise to call each other traitors; when addled up, came to the colossal sum of—nothing. 

What does the Labour Party intend to do?

We say, without qualification, that the sum of £300,000 granted to meet the present appalling situation is nothing short of an insult to the unemployed men and women of this country. It means that His Majesty’s Government intends to leave the unemployed workman to tramp the streets, or to go to the workhouse, or to starve outside it. To criticise once more Mr. Asquith’s proposals for the relief of the present crisis, would be to waste paper and ink in analysing an airy nothing. What is the good of relaxing the restrictions which hamper relief under the Unemployed Workmen’s Act, unless money is forthcoming to grant the relief? One might as well pass a law sanctioning the theft of food from an empty larder. The most perfect Unemployed Act in the world would be a ridiculous farce if it provided no funds to put it in operation. When we describe the grant of £300,000 as inadequate, we do not accuse the Government of insincerity; we accuse it of blank stupidity. As for the rest of its proposals, they can only be put down as an audacious attempt at deception which could only have been successful if the House of Commons had been the lowest class in an infants’ school. The endeavour to pose the deliverers of Christmas cards as a solution of the unemployed problem would find a suitable place in a comic opera, and nowhere else.

But we are not concerned for the moment in proving the hollowness of the Cabinet’s case; we are content to leave that to the philosopher who amused himself with the elaboration of the obvious. Our business is with the other side of the argument. We want to know what the Labour Party intends to do. It has had its answer. It amounts to nothing at all.

So far, the Party, for all it has officially said to the contrary, has taken it lying down. It has trooped into the Opposition lobby in support of its amendment; been defeated; come out again; and taken its seat as if that were the end of the affair. The Government has refused to do the only thing which matters in the opinion of serious men; and if the Labour Party intends to spend the rest of the Session in assisting the Government to pass Licensing Bills and other trivial things, then we tell the Party quite flatly that its doings will not come within the scope of the politics of men who mean real business. It will be curiously dismissed from the minds of those who once regarded it as the best weapon of reform. Mr. Greyson may have acted wisely or unwisely; at least his action roused the people to the pitch of enthusiasm. The columns of this paper are at the disposal of the Labour Party to print all the signs of enthusiasm which its own action has aroused. We do not expect our ordinary space to be encroached on.

We recognise the difficulties of the position. We did not expect thirty men to outvote a House of six hundred who were sent there to oppose all reforms worthy of the name. But, like good sailors, we expect our men to make a fight of it, and not be slaughtered like sheep. Individually, many of them behaved bravely; as a collective Party, they were outmanoeuvred and massacred. The people who sent them to Parliament have a right to demand an explanation of this utter failure.

We sincerely believe that most of the members of the Labour Party are as dissatisfied as the rank and file outside. They must know that they have shaken their reputation by this collapse in the House last week; for we have not yet seen the collapse in the country, or in the House last night. It was the Labour Party’s supreme opportunity for stating its case against the combined forces of Liberalism and Toryism. None of us expected that it would convince the House of Commons; but we did imagine that the words and the actions of the Labour men would stand out so clearly that the country would at last know the difference between real politics and sham politics: between real reform and sham reform.

What happened in this debate? The Labour Party, in answer to a resolution thanking the Government for its proposals for the relief of unemployment, moved a motion of censure which accused the Cabinet of gross neglect of its duties in the production of a satisfactory scheme. Mr. Keir Hardie led the attack in a speech of magnificent power: it was not only the finest speech Mr. Hardie has made; it was one of the great speeches in the whole history of the House of Commons. The Press in general was concealed from the public the dramatic scene which took place. (I write as an eye-witness.) For half-an-hour the House sat spell-bound while Keir Hardie lashed the ministers with the whips of logic and brought down on them an avalanche of passion. Every word rang with irreconcilable revolt.

There was only one logical ending to this lead; it should have culminated in an official statement by the chairman of the Party that he was authorised to flog the ministers’ concessions back in their faces; he should have declared that he and the men behind him were going out into the country to tell the workers that His Majesty’s Government had neither a heart of pity, nor a brain of ordinary intelligence. When beaten in the Division lobby it has nothing left for the Party but a declaration of war.

What happened? The Party’s whips did not even tell against the Government when the final vote was taken. When Mr. Alden’s resolution of confidence was called, only half the members of the Labour Party voted against it. When Mr. Asquith allowed a private member to move the closure, the Party should have risen in indignation against the gross breach of faith implied in the suspension of the eleven o’clock rule. Mr. Barlow stoutly threatened to go on speaking all night; but why was he not supported? In short, this test debate in the history of the Party ended in hopeless confusion. If Mr. O’Grady had not sprung to his feet and offered to tell in a division against the Government that it would not get its vote of confidence without a division at all.

On the evidence of the division list, we are entitled to say that the Labour Party is in a condition of utter disorganisation. Half of it is pulling one way, and half another. The total result is that it has lost the confidence of the House and the public. We all know that it is clear that there are men in the Party who are ready for the most determined advance. We appeal to them to take their courage in their hands and to go forward, leaving the half-hearted behind them. We are not asking them to throw over the Labour Party alliance; we only ask them to make that Party a living thing, instead of the paralysed body it has been during the last few months. The situation is a critical one. We sent the Labour Party to Parliament to make war on Toryism and Liberalism, not to make terms with them.

G. R. S. TAYLOR.
In Support of Grayson.

We continue to receive sheets of letters and resolutions protesting the support made by Mr. Victor Grayson in the House of Commons. The secretary of the Labour Party still labours under the delusion that Mr. Grayson's action was taken regarding the reduction of facilities to exercise the natural rights.

Amalgamated Society of Engineers.—That the members of this branch approve of the efforts made by Victor Grayson to make the Unemployed Question the first business of the House of Commons.

Amalgamated Society of Carpenters and Joiners.—At a meeting of the above branch I was instructed to inform you of our appreciation of your action in the House of Commons, and to convey to Comrade Grayson our thanks. This was the unanimous wish of the members.

Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants.—This branch appreciates the efforts of Mr. V. Grayson, M.P., in endeavouring to get the people inside the Government to listen to the present problem of unemployment, and disapprove of the policy of the Labour Party in not supporting his action, believing that it is the duty of the Government to deal with the serious problem.

National Union of Gasworkers and General Labourers.—This branch approves the action of Victor Grayson, M.P., and thanks him for his courageous action against a Government of capitalists who care nothing for the hundreds of thousands who are suffering from unemployment, and condems the attitude of the Labour Party in not supporting him.

Friendly Society of Operative Masons.—That this meeting of Operative Masons heartily demnns the action of the Government and the House of Commons as a whole in refusing to support the protest made by Mr. Victor Grayson in the House of Commons on behalf of the unemployed, and strongly condemns the attitude of the Labour Party in failing to render any support to Comrade Grayson.

We print this week a minute selection of congratulatory resolutions received by Mr. Grayson from various branches and bodies of the Labour and Socialist movement.

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WE

SOUTH LONDON I. L. P. COUNCIL.

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LECTURE BY

G. K. CHESTERTON

On "Why I Am NOT a Socialist,"

On Wednesday, 18th November, 1908.

CHAIR TO BE TAKEN AT 8 P.M.

HILAIRE BELLOC, M.P.

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Almost thusiasms freezing into cold formalities. There are as desirable as it is possible, but I should be loth to the formation of a united Socialist Party, welding all have always been restless under their allegiance to the true of the Fabian Society, only more so. The Fabians disappears. What has been said of the I.L.P. is equally land, and adhere to the Labour Party as perhaps a whole-heartedly to its main business, the propagation party I was addressing. There is one and only one real the S.D.P. does not.

NOVEMBER 5, 1908

Unnecessary is it for our present object to recapitulate the causes of the Labour Party's failure to force the pace towards Socialism; it is written in the annals of the movement of the last three years. As Bacon says: The Monster of Seditions is of two kinds: Much Poverty and Much Discontentment. The Labour Party has displayed such an utter poverty of resource in its Parliamentary manners as to provoke the wholesale discontentment among its Socialist adherents. No Committee in Congress and elsewhere has been useful in putting some measure of common sense into Liberal Bills. But we do not return Socialists to Parliament that they may give their pains to a Liberal or Tory Government. Mainly, we want them in the House because here is the most effective platform for our propaganda.

We have to make Socialists; that is our main business. Now, one of our difficulties is undoubtedly the discord, more apparent than real, among the diverse Socialist bodies in the Labour movement. Instead of a single Socialist Party, we have a number of parties working for Socialism: the I.L.P., the S.D.P., the Clarion Scouts, the Fabian Society, and the numerous more or less independent Socialist bodies that are scattered up and down these isles.

To the neophyte this want of union is often a real drawback; some refuse to believe in a Socialist whose leaders cannot agree on certain broad lines of policy: others remain unattached because they cannot determine which of the Left of Way they shall espouse at. As we have said, that discord is more apparent than real.

In the first place, it is largely a question of honour and tradition among our leaders. Among the rank and file, whether I.L.P. or S.D.P., there is, except in a few instances, a desire to federate and to adhere to Socialist principles; the I.L.P. and the Fabians, the I.L.P., the Clarion Scouts, the various Socialist Leagues, Societies, etc., could all join such a committee. Trade Unions that pledge themselves to Socialist principles would be equally welcome. It would indeed model itself on the existing L.R.C., simple for the uniting Socialist for Labour.

A small levy per member would suffice for the working expenses of the committee. For the payment of Parliamentary representatives, some other expedient would be required. The committee, with the help of all the local branches where representation is desired, should map out an electoral campaign for the whole country; the funds raised by the different bodies could then be handed over for distribution to the committee. But as to exact details of the handling of these funds it is premature to speak until one knows that the idea of a Socialist Representation Committee commends itself to the majority of my fellow Socialists.

ONE OF THE RANK AND FILE.

The suggestion above made is open for discussion in our pages.—Ed. The New Age.

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IMATION OF THE PERSIAN.

I have come to thee, Belchazar.
I have left the halls of pleasure;
For my feet go slow in dancing
Since thou taughtst thy mystic measure.
I come rather, where thou sittest,
Reading in the quiet pleasure
Of thy garden, with its flowers
And its smiling roof of azure.
Share with me thy moss-bank, pray thee;
That thy soul's exhaustless measure
Borne through like a drop of cloud floating,
Drop some drops on me, Narezza.

DEBEER DINA.

MUST SOCIALISTS BE CRANKS?

I ask because I really want to know. I ask because the more I read Socialist journals the more the query is forced upon my mind. I ask because I think it is important to get this point, which is troubling thousands of other minds, cleared up.

Desiring to give some illustrations of the crankiness of Socialists, I scarcely know where to begin. Instances crowd in upon me. The day is past, I suppose, when it was generally believed that all Socialists were vegetarians and wore Jaeger boots. Now but an even crankier set of crazes is in vogue.

First, there are the sex cranks. What they want exactly, I can never discover. "Free relations between men and women" is too vague. Such relations appear exactly, I can never discover. "Free relations between men and women" as they may respectively wish for. So long as they do not trouble the law, the law leaves them to do as they please with their own, a principle which appears to me to strike at the very root of the Socialist idea. That was what another altogether lovable Great Man aimed at nine hundred years ago—with what result? Ideals we must have, the higher the better. Religious we must be, in Robert Blatchford's sense of the word, or we shall never press on bravely through the burden and heat of the day. But to set up ideals in opposition to practical means of improving little by little recalls the Irishman who said he would never go into the water until he could swim. It is crankiness carried to the extreme.

So I end as I began by asking the question: Are all these fads and fancies I have mentioned necessary to Socialism? Must we conclude that anyone who sees the folly of them is without the pale? Are Mr. Bernard Shaw, Mr. Blatchford, Mr. Forel, Mr. Keir Hardie and Dr. Eder at the centre of the movement, or only on the fringe? To put it plainly in conclusion: Must Socialists be cranks?

H. HAMILTON FYFE.

THE NEW ERA SOCIOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

The Place of the Doctor in Modern Education.

A lecture upon this subject will be given on Tuesday, Nov. 17th, at 3 p.m., at the University Hall, Gordon Square, W.C. (near Gower St.), by Dr. F. LAWSON DODD.

The Chair will be taken by Dr. BERNARD HOLLANDER, M.D.

Non-members' tickets are 6d. each, from the Hon. Sec., ARTHUR J. W. HARDY, 20-22, York Road, King's Cross, N.

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All Subscriptions should be sent, and cheques and postal orders made payable to THE NEW AGE PRESS, 139, Fleet Street, London, E.C.
The News of the Week.

The reactionary City Council of Leeds has reinstated the old fees-system for one of its elementary schools.

Only 16 members of the Labour Party voted against Mr. Percy Alden's motion of confidence in the Government in the recent Employment Bill debate.

Our contemporary, "What's On," writing on the Children's Bill, says: "The new Bill forbids little boys to smoke cigarettes, but not big cigars. Is this more enlightened, or does cigar smoking bring its own punishment?"

Miss Lillah McCarthy will give, and appear in, two matinées of The Bacchae of Euripides (Gilbert Murray's translation). The performance is in the Athenæum Club, on Tuesday, November 10th and Tuesday, November 17th, at 3, at the Royal Court Theatre. The production will be under the direction of Mr. William Poel, and the net profits are to be given to the Egypt Exploration Fund.

The town of Preston is developing a conscience: it has decided that the mayoral banquet shall not take place this year, and the money saved is to go for the feeding of poor children.

Messrs. Brunner, Mond and Co., the famous chemical manufacturers, have determined to find room for 370 more men by reducing the hours of their present staff, who will, of course, suffer in that they are paid by the hour.

We learn from the "Grocer's Assistant" that an Institution of Certified Grocers has been founded, with Sir W. Amor at its head. It is proposed that the foundation of the Pharmaceutical Society was the beginning of a new era in the conditions under which chemists work; and it is feared that the same would happen in the grocery trade. The institution will grant diplomas on the passing of technical examinations. The organisation of trades is a distinct step in the right direction.

The official list of necessities children in London who are fed is rising in numbers week by week. It stood at 201 on August 4, and last week it reached 1,465. When asked what the Education Committee of the L.C.C. proposed to do in the matter, the chairman asked for notice of the question. These figures do not include the thousands of cases of insufficient feeding.

The Local Government Board has just issued a statement concerning the local loans sanctioned by the department for public works during recent years. In 1905, £10,310,531; 1906, £10,196,379; 1907, £9,360,789; 1908 up to October, £9,418,485. Between August 1st and October 22nd of 1908, £10,000 of loans, which would give work to the unemployed, were referred to the Board for sanction. During the same period of this year, the amount is £8,934.29.

Writing to the newly-formed National Food Reform Association, Mr. George Meredith says: "I am unworthy to be among you. For I drink wine and I smoke. How can I judge?" But an English cook who can make vegetables of good flavour will not come to a country cottage, even on liberal wages. So I have in some degree to conform to the national habit, excess in which accounts for numerous maladies, to say nothing of captious tempers. Therefore I wish well to your crusade, though unfit to join it."
What I want to consider in the following lines will seem such a small point to those who have a large scheme of social reform in view that they may think it unnecessary of mention; it is the cost of a Parliamentary election in this country, and the way in which that cost is met.

In the first place, let me point out that there still remains a certain negative value or use for reformers in the House of Commons. The institution is no longer taken seriously by the men who desire to affect the lives of their fellows, nor can one point to any policy or law which has proceeded from the House of Commons and has largely affected the lives of Englishmen or Irishmen for good or ill during the present generation, except the Elementary Education Acts and the Irish Land Acts. The South African War, which put the financial credit of the nation down into the ruck of its rivals, where it remains, and destroyed perhaps for ever the unchallenged security of a people, was necessarily committed to the House of Commons. The House of Commons was summoned in a hurry, given its orders by the servants of a gang of detestable money-changers and tricksters, bleated its obedience—and we all know what followed. The alliance with Japan, an act of great and lasting unconceivable folly, had no more to do with the House of Commons than with the lethal chamber for starving cats; and in general the body which is still technically representative is not consulted on any matters of real importance to the people of these islands. It is, no doubt, but for its acquiescence few major things could be done. It is still a wheel, though no longer a force, in the complicated machinery of a great State. And while no one could expect a positive change to be produced on the intellectual side of the House of Commons, it is no positive change can be effected by any one brain within or without the body of the Commons unless the Commons choose to let it pass.

Here are two examples of what I mean. In the House of Commons of twenty years ago no Home Rule Bill could possibly have passed had it not been known that that Bill would be destroyed by the House of Lords, the reason being that Home Rule was supposed, rightly or wrongly, to lower the money value of the large landed estates in England. It is, no doubt, that the Unionist Party was made under the roof of the Rothschilds, and that Rothschild's brother-in-law was put to prevent a continuance of the Home Rule policy in the Liberal Party. Again, no appreciable tax on the necessaries of life would pass in the House of Commons as it is constituted to-day: that is why you cannot have the smallest effectual step taken for the immediate relief of the unemployed. A surtax on luxuries, for instance, an Edwardian immediate per- liative is not to be thought of; because the professional politicians are rich men or the servants of rich men.

Now this being so, it is evident that all our fine talk—and when I say "our" I mean the fine talk of the people who are likely to be destined to the abominable plutocracy in which we live, some by one method, some by another—will remain mere talk unless we have an acquiescent House of Commons. For instance, a man of energy possessed of administrative power might decide to impose a graduated Income Tax. The House of Commons itself could never, in our modern absence of energy possessed of administrative power, decide to impose a graduated Income Tax. The House of Commons would pass in the House of Commons unless the Commons choose to let it pass.

What is the obstacle to the formation of a House of Commons which shall be composed of people speaking for their constituents, is expense and the way in which that expense is met.

The other day, for example, at Newcastle, a vast number of the House of Commons, as it is constituted to-day: that is why you cannot have the smallest effectual step taken for the immediate relief of the unemployed. A surtax on luxuries, for instance, an Edwardian immediate per- liative is not to be thought of; because the professional politicians are rich men or the servants of rich men.

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Socialism.

By The Rev. Percy Dearmer, M.A.

Vicar of S. Mary The Virgin, Primrose Hill.

II.

The ideal of Socialism is that the community as a whole should gradually recover possession of land and capital—of the great natural monopolies, and of the resources accumulated by past generations—and should administer them for the public good. It does not propose to take over "the rich," although many otherwise intelligent people imagine that it does. It would transfer not the money but the power—the power of capital from private to public hands. When, for instance, we nationalise the railways, as France and Germany have done, as even Italy has now done—there will be no "robbery" of the shareholders: they will simply become stockholders, they will have their money just the same, and their interest just the same—only the country will own and control the railways, without the wastefulness of competition, and in the public interest; the employees will become civil servants, and the Government will be responsible to the nation for them. This is pure Socialism; it exists today, and may have to be seen the same thing done with other industries—with the provision of milk (to take an instance that is both simple and urgent), so that pure and good milk should be supplied to purchasers by an organised public service with the regularity of that of, say, the Post Office. Socialism, the General Post Office; and our milkmen should become civil servants, free from the harassing and debasing struggle with one another which so frequently lands honest and respectable tradesmen in the hands. When, for instance, we nationalise the railways, as France and Germany have done, as Italy has now done, there will be no "robbery" of the shareholders: they will simply become stockholders, they will have their money just the same, and their interest just the same—only the country will own and control the railways, without the wastefulness of competition, and in the public interest; the employees will become civil servants, and the Government will be responsible to the nation for them. This is pure Socialism; it exists today, and may have to be seen the same thing done with other industries—with the provision of milk (to take an instance that is both simple and urgent), so that pure and good milk should be supplied to purchasers by an organised public service with the regularity of that of, say, the Post Office. Socialism, the General Post Office; and our milkmen should become civil servants, free from the harassing and debasing struggle with one another which so frequently lands honest and respectable tradesmen in the hands of robbers.

It may, of course, be objected that for the State to manage its affairs in this way would destroy the magic of possession and cripple the incentive to effort. I do not think that this contention will ever have much weight with us ministers of the Church. We belong to these men, with whom rest the highest and most vitally important to be left to individual enterprise, and which are thus examples of Socialism—the Army and the Navy. The captain of a ship, for instance, has his own private possessions; and though he is no longer a privateer, he enjoys the blessings of private property. Nay more, he has no pride in his ship because it belongs not to him but to the State? Is it not all the same to him as if he had borrowed money to buy it and ran it as his private adventure?

Such is the spirit which the Labour men of to-day, and their supporters in the world of academic Socialism, would apply to the world at large; such is the principle by which the most ardent spirits in great industrial centres, such as this, hope to cure the ills of society. It has its dangers and its difficulties: it makes great demands on the integrity and intelligence of society. But it is honourable, clean, just. It claims for the worker, the manufacturer, the trader—no example is set of wealth which we have established for the soldier, for the priests, for the schoolmaster, for the doctor, for the nurse, the same disinterested honesty that we take for granted in the scientist and the student. Here is a moral principle, an ideal that is instinct with the spirit of religion. It cannot be met by mere polemic. Still less can it be met by assertions that its supporters are enemies of religion—of all arguments surely the most false and the most unworthy. There are unfortunately many Agnostics among Conservatives, Liberals, and Socialists alike. But it is a surprising feature of the Labour men that, with such just causes of complaint against the religion which before the Church revival had neglected them so greatly, they have refused to be led away by the attacks of militant atheists, and have persisted in attributing their miseries not to God, but to Mammon.

The Socialism of to-day may be mistaken, but its requirements are extremely reasonable. It only asks to try experiments; and those who consider it to be impracticable can wish nothing better than such experiments should be tried.

Only—this fact remains, that so far, the experiments of State Socialism have proved successful; and no one wishes to throw back into private hands those great services which are already owned and controlled by the community. Ill-educated as we are still, ill-trained in the duties of citizenship, and careless as we have been of the great Christian principles of service and fellowship, we have yet so far not failed as a nation to rise to our new corporate responsibilities, and to conduct the business of the country with the same carefulness and fidelity which is done with the Church affairs.

It is easy for the critic to draw pictures of all the evils that he supposes would result if the State entered into competition with the private dealer. Such forecasts are always made by the opponents of every reform. That was the excuse by which Catholicism was smitten down in France and Germany. "If this Bill becomes law," they say, "terrible things will happen." The Bill does become law, and the terrible things happen. They are swept away into the limbo of superannuated spectres.

The Return of the Good People.

It is hardly necessary to recall the events which led to the exile of John Markham and prevented him from witnessing the splendid and devastating drama which during the third and fourth decades of the Twentieth century covered the face of Europe. The International Socialist, he had in his youth (he was born in 1839) associated himself closely, first, with the Fabian Society and afterwards with the Social Democratic Party. In 1919, desiring to be in the fiercest firing line of the revolutionary movement, he emigrated to Russia and took a prominent part in the earlier phases of the Russian Revolution.

In 1921 he was exiled to Siberia, whence he escaped four years later, just before the final overthrow of the Tsardom. Unfortunately, his flight was attended with the last stronghold of the Capitalists, whom the success of the International Socialist revolt had expelled from Europe. He was flung into prison in Pekin, and kept there during the twenty years' war waged between the European Federation and the Chinese armies led by European emigrés. It was not till the fall of Pekin in 1948 that he was liberated.

It was largely by his skill and audacity that the last Capitalist army was cut to pieces at Seoul, and it was by his orders that the Duke of Iowa (a lineal descendant of Mr. Rockefeller) was hanged at Mandalay. In 1948 that he was liberated.

Even then his exile was not over. Joining the allied forces he bore a glorious part in the conquest of Asia. It was largely by his skill and audacity that the last Capitalist army was cut to pieces at Seoul, and it was by his orders that the Duke of Iowa (a lineal descendent of Mr. Rockefeller) was hanged at Mandalay. In 1948 that he was liberated.
to England, an old man, to find a generation which had grown up under the Social Democratic Constitution established by the historic “Declaration of ’24.”

“I do not forget the change which he found in his native land. The slums of London were gone; gone, too, were the desolate wastes of the industrial North, which in the nineteenth century looked like the charred remains of a burnt out country. The English countryside from which, under the shadow of landlordism, freedom, self-respect, and human joy had vanished together, were once more producing a busy and happy peasantry. The towns, where the great industries were centred, vibrated with machinery as of old, machinery more complex and efficient than ever; only now the men owned the machines instead of the machines owning the men. But the remarkable experience which I wish to chronicle is that which befell Mr. Markham, when he was shown by Mr. Brock, Minister of Cotton, over the great cotton factory of Oldham.

The factory was very different from the factories that his youth recalled. It was clean and wholesome, washed by life-giving airs. The machinery was carefully fenced, and every sanitary appliance was at hand. But the really strange thing happened when the bell rang for the cessation of work.

As the men trooped out of the factory ex-Governor Markham noticed that one of them carefully placed at the door a large pan of milk. He put it down with care and seemed to say some inaudible words before he replaced his companions. Markham turned to his guide. “Do mice trouble you much in the factory?”

“Mice? No,” replied Mr. Brock, with some surprise.

“But you keep cats?”

“No, I don’t think so.”

“Then, why do they have milk?”

“Oh, that’s nothing,” replied the Minister hurriedly, as he conducted his guest to the door of the factory. “The ex-Governor was a little mystified by his host’s incommunicative manner, for all his other questions had been answered with almost eager readiness.

“Why would you tell me why they do it,” he said, when they sat in the streets.

“Oh, it’s just a popular custom, you know.”

“But for whom is the milk intended?”

“Oh, well—it’s supposed to be for the Good People.”

“What?” cried Markham, “do you mean to say that the well-paid, well-educated workers of the new age believe in fairies?”

The Minister of Cotton hastily placed the index finger of his hands on one another in the form of a cross.

“You mustn’t call them that,” he said quickly.

“Great God!” exclaimed the Pro-Consul, “Is it possible that you, a Minister of State, believe in the Good People?”

“No, I don’t think so.”

“But—but,” he stammered, “when I left England the time of flowers is drawing nigh; and the dancing wavelets gleam, Delicate the azure bell, On a grassy bank I lie, Sing, O sing to me! On the flowers, in the air. But have you any evidence?” he asked. “Has any reliable witness ever seen these ‘Good People’?”

“Yes, yes, I believe so. They say that when John Brown got locked into the factory all night, he saw them dancing in a ring round the furnaces. And there are many other men who say they’ve seen them in different places. In the country, of course, it’s quite common.”

“But can you trust these men’s testimony? Are their judgments reliable?”

“Well, we’re a democracy now, you know. We have to rely on their judgment on matters of much more immediate practical import. Why not on this?”

Markham was silent for a time, trying to devise a logical answer. Then abandoning the attempt in despair, he broke_syntax into his most thoughts.

“All this bewilders me,” he said. “When I left Europe it seemed that such superstitions were dying out for ever. What was left of them we attributed to the ignorance which oppression breeds. We thought that education and emancipation would finally kill them.”

“Doesn’t it occur to you,” answered the Minister of Cotton, “that perhaps it was oppression that killed them, and that freedom would give them a new life? How could men who live as your workmen lived see the ‘Good People?’”

“But our wealthier class didn’t see them either. At least, of course, there were the Spiritualists, but—”

“Yes, I’ve heard of them,” interrupted the other.

“We call them Devil Worshipers now.”

“The thing gets stranger and stranger,” said Markham. “Spiritualism was the one kind of supernaturalism that some of us did think rather modern and advanced. But apparently you’ve abandoned that, and fallen back on old wives’ fables.”

“Perhaps,” was the answer. “You see women have time to be wives now, and we don’t penalise them for growing old. As for Spiritualism, we can see now that the wealthy classes under the old order got hold of bad Spirits—damned bad Spirits in the most literal sense. The Spirits you saw, my dear friend, were as bad as the Spirits you possessed, and nearly as bad as the Spirits you drank. Now we have good Spirits, we drink good Spirits, and good Spirits dance round the fires of our furnaces.”

There was a pause, and then the Minister of Cotton went on in a quieter tone:

“All men have always wanted to believe a little more than they can see, even in the Dark Ages—we call the epoch which led up to the Revolution the Dark Ages—men wanted that. But only the wealthy could seek it, and they sought it in the wrong way. They tried to get at the supernatural by getting away from the earth. But in healthier ages, the supernatural belonged to the earth. This field had some magic quality, or this well or that tree. When the fields and wells and trees were taken from the people, the Old Gods left them. When the people recaptured them the Old Gods returned. When the people possessed the machinery which no God had ever blessed, the coal and iron also were touched with magic. It was only when the common people came to own their own the ‘Good People’ returned; only so could they return.”

—Cecil Chesterton.

**SONG.**

I.

The time of flowers is drawing nigh; Sing, O sing to me!

On a grassy bank I lie, airy clouds drift o’er the sky. Sig, O sig!

Yellow, yellow’s the primrose dell, Delicate the azure bell, Aspens quiver with the stream, wind the dancing waves gleam, And the water splashes.

II.

Like a poem, half-forgot, Read again, in this sweet spot, Spring appears to me; Sing, O sing! The earth is fair, Music troubles everywhere— On the flowers, in the air. Sing, O sing! —Edmond St. Cyr.
Mr. Chesterton's much-reviewed latest book is typical of a prevailing fashion in thought and trick of argumentation on the one hand, and of a method of paradox paradoxes. The aim of the material three-card trickster of the English racecourse is to bamboozle his dupe into thinking the picture-card is lying in a different position from where it really is; and his effect in inducing the onlooker to stake his money on the conviction that the card in question is lying on the right when it is actually on the lef't or in the middle, is the measure of his success as a three-card trickster. So it is with the intellectual attitude and method of which G.B.S. is the pioneer in this country and Mr. Chesterton the clever and highly successful epigon. For there is a difference between Shaw and Chesterton in the playing-out of paradoxes. Shaw plays them as the notes of a flute are played by the flute-player—Chesterton grinds them out like a barrel of rotten evidence in favour of the supernatural constitution me a "dogmatist," according to the Chestertonian "particular" definition of the word, well, then, I am one. The attempt to fix a label or to prove a paradox by inventing one's own definitions is a game not convincing but tedious. The tedium is hardly relieved by (e.g.) the assurance that Christianity "was an emancipation" in that it taught men "here you can swagger and there you can growl," as against Paganism, which taught him neither to swagger nor to growl. Personally, I am depraved enough to prefer Pagan precept in this connection. Mr. Chesterton complains of modern science taking away his freedom to believe in fairy tales or, I suppose, in Catholic dogmas. But common sense takes away his freedom to believe that London is bathed in sunshine in the midst of a winter fog.

Sometimes, too, Mr. Chesterton says things that are silly, judged even from the métier of the smart-paradoxical. To take one instance of this: Among the many beneficent effects of Christianity (p. 181) as against Paganism, he alleges that it has brought greater variety in human life, adding "the separation of Europe into the modern nationalities while remaining a unity (?) as proof of this. Now, in the first place, the questionable boon of the modern European National State System is demonstrably traceable to economic development and other material causes, and not in any way to Christianity. Catholicism, in fact, was a hindrance to its realisation. Hence the disruption of the unity of the Christian Church at the Reformation. That Christianity produced the modern system of National States is as contrary to historical fact as it is contrary to the historical fact that this system gives us a greater variety of type than was afforded by Pagan antiquity. Under Paganism, even during the decadent Roman period, every city and every district enjoyed its own religion to a large extent, its own legends and customs—in short, its own local type of colour. It was just Christianity involves the posing and resolution of contradictory elements. This is the principle of the Hegelian method, the so-called Trichotomy. As I am not writing a treatise on metaphysics, I will not attempt to expound this principle in detail now. Those desiring further discussion may refer to G. K. Chesterton's "Orthodoxy." The point here I wish to emphasise is that a dexterous thinker or exponent may seize hold of a given truth, or aspect of reality, or a given "value," and by cleverly manipulating it, by presenting it at an angle, so to speak, which shows the apparent contradiction in an unresolved form, may give it the appearance of absurdity. The trick demands practice to be effective but the practice once acquired, brilliant and seemingly unanswerable paradox may be reeled off ad infinitum. Mr. Chesterton is a past-master in the knack of thus "thimble-rigging" the values of things. He can show you that nothing is itself and that everything is something else.

But it must not be supposed that Mr. Chesterton always attempts this by a strict adherence to the paradoxical. He is often, indeed, into the easier method of verbal quibble. His paradoxes are commonly no more than plays upon words or are based on premises which are mere arbitrary assertions of his own and his effect in inducing the onlooker to stake his money on the conviction that the card in question is lying on the right when it is actually on the lef't or in the middle, is the measure of his success as a three-card trickster. So it is with the intellectual attitude and method of which G.B.S. is the pioneer in this country and Mr. Chesterton the clever and highly successful epigon. For there is a difference between Shaw and Chesterton in the playing-out of paradoxes. Shaw plays them as the notes of a flute are played by the flute-player—Chesterton grinds them out like a barrel of rotten evidence in favour of the supernatural constitution me a "dogmatist," according to the Chestertonian "particular" definition of the word, well, then, I am one. The attempt to fix a label or to prove a paradox by inventing one's own definitions is a game not convincing but tedious. The tedium is hardly relieved by (e.g.) the assurance that Christianity "was an emancipation" in that it taught men "here you can swagger and there you can growl," as against Paganism, which taught him neither to swagger nor to growl. Personally, I am depraved enough to prefer Pagan precept in this connection. Mr. Chesterton complains of modern science taking away his freedom to believe in fairy tales or, I suppose, in Catholic dogmas. But common sense takes away his freedom to believe that London is bathed in sunshine in the midst of a winter fog.

Sometimes, too, Mr. Chesterton says things that are silly, judged even from the métier of the smart-paradoxical. To take one instance of this: Among the many beneficent effects of Christianity (p. 181) as against Paganism, he alleges that it has brought greater variety in human life, adding "the separation of Europe into the modern nationalities while remaining a unity (?) as proof of this. Now, in the first place, the questionable boon of the modern European National State System is demonstrably traceable to economic development and other material causes, and not in any way to Christianity. Catholicism, in fact, was a hindrance to its realisation. Hence the disruption of the unity of the Christian Church at the Reformation. That Christianity produced the modern system of National States is as contrary to historical fact as it is contrary to the historical fact that this system gives us a greater variety of type than was afforded by Pagan antiquity. Under Paganism, even during the decadent Roman period, every city and every district enjoyed its own religion to a large extent, its own legends and customs—in short, its own local type of colour. It was just Christianity

Orthodoxy. By G. K. Chesterton. (Lane. 6s.)
that put the coping stone on one side at least, to the work begun by the Roman-Imperial system on another, and did its best to destroy this variety by forcing all the poetry of life into the debased mould of hard and arid dogma. But for the rich luxuriance of the life of classical paganism, it is not necessary to look behind the Roman-Imperial period to that of Greek Paganism in its prime. It is there you find an intensive variety of life the like of which the world has never since seen. However, such things as these—would-be smart-paradoxes based on bald assertions carelessly and at variance with fact—meet one only too frequently in Mr. Chesterton’s pages. Mr. Chesterton’s smart special pleadings generally issue in—spoof. To such base usage has “Orthodoxy” been ascribed by the whipped-cream to Mr. Chesterton’s literary meringues. I would be by all means understood, however, as denying the brilliancy and the cleverness of many of Mr. Chesterton’s mots. Smart-paradox is often the most effective way of bringing home a truth encrusted in convention to the mind, and Mr. Chesterton sometimes hits truths in this way very happily. There are not wanting grains of wheat amid all the chaff (metaphorical and literal). But the smart-paradox has its limitations, and an exclusive diet of smart-paradox is apt to produce mental nausea.

And what does it all come to? Truth is the intellectual expression of the self-consistency of consciousness as a whole. But the content of consciousness changes, and with it the relation of any part of that content to that whole, i.e., the unity of experience. Hence the attempt to bring new wine into old bottles, to force the new matter of human thought into old forms, can never be effective in the long run. To apply this to the case in hand. The enormous bulk of thinking persons have practically, if not nominally, left the ideal symbolic systems called religions, which have been handed down by tradition, completely, and for ever far behind them. The attempt to resurrect these corpses has never yet amounted to that whole, i.e., the unity of experience. Hence the attempt to pour new wine into old bottles, to force the new matter of human thought into old forms, can never be effective in the long run.

* * *

Books and Persons.

(AN OCCASIONAL CAUSERIE.)

It is eight years since the appearance of “Montes the Matador,” a volume which contains one of the finest short stories ever written by Saxon, Russian, or Gaul. Mr. Frank Harris has at last thought fit to publish another book. I know not what he has done with himself in the meantime, but whatever his activity has been, I resent it, as it was not literary. “The Bomb” bears all the external marks of a publication by Messrs. Methuen. The name of Mr. John Long, however, is on the title-page. One may assert with confidence that the “Bomb” is the most seminal work of imagination yet issued by the publisher-in-ordinary to Mr. Nat Gould and Mr. Hubert Wales. I congratulate him. I wonder how many dilettanti of literature have preserved through eight years their enthusiasm for the author of “Montes the Matador” and “Elder Conklin.” I wonder how many of them, when they saw the name of Frank Harris among “To-Day’s Publications” in their newspaper, took instant and eager measures to procure his book. Not that for a moment I imagine “Montes the Matador” to have had a large sale. I am convinced that it was too true, sober, unsentimental, and distinguished to have had a large sale. But its contents were immensely and favourably talked about by people whose good opinion helps an author’s works to sell amongst the sheep, and who have been handed down by tradition, completely, and for ever far behind them. The attempt to resurrect these corpses has never yet amounted to this variety more than the ghastly and fatuous pastime of a review article. Where shall we look for our new synthesis?

For the present writer the answer is clear—in Socialism. Mr. Chesterton’s galvanic battery, powerful though it may be completely, and for ever far behind them. The attempt to resurrect these corpses has never yet amounted to this variety more than the ghastly and fatuous pastime of a review article. Where shall we look for our new synthesis?

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* * *

“The Bomb” begins with these words: “My name is Rudolph Schnaubelt. I threw the bomb which killed eight policemen and wounded sixty in Chicago in 1886.” The novel is the narrative of the events which culminated in the bomb, related in the first person by a Bavarian emigrant to the United States. It is also Rudolph Schnaubelt’s defence of anarchism, since it contains no apology for the bomb. Everyone who is in the habit of reading fiction is familiar with the sensation which occasionally makes one at the end of a book:

“He must have been through that himself!”

* * *

“The Bomb” gave me this sensation at the start, and continued without interruption to give it me till the end. The illusion of reality most unexpected: it is haunting. I am not prepared to assert that to give the illusion of reality is the highest aim of fiction. I am quite sure that I never thought “On the Eve” or “The Mayor of Casterbridge” to be a relation of anything that actually happened. Impossible not to believe that Frank Harris himself is the anarchist who threw the bomb in the Haymarket, Chicago, in 1886! Impossible not to believe that the whole business, in all its details, is not literally true to fact. My own ignorance of the flight of bombs is such that I did not know a bomb had been thrown at Chicago in 1886. On consulting Haydn’s “Dictionary of Dates,” I found that the rough outlines of the tale do indubitably coincide with fact, bombs and Socialism having been rife in Chicago in 1886. I am now more puzzled than ever to draw a line between fact and fiction. It is not a vain attempt to find what is fact and what is fiction. I have perused the book. The experiences, the intimate spiritual experiences, of the bomb-thrower between the moment of throwing and his arrival in England are crushing in their convincingness. The cry is drawn sharply out of the reader: “He simply must have been through this himself!” (I remember, in reading “Montes,” the gradual growth in me of a belief that Frank Harris had been a matador—and a matador in love! I am also sure, in spite of myself, that he once set fire to a dry-goods store in a western city.) Many passages are on
the very highest level of realistic art. I state this as one who reckons to know, comprehensively and in detail, what realistic art is.

Mr. Harris has offered himself the luxury of grave difficulties in the accomplishment of the illusion of reality. There is, for instance, the difficulty of the language—for his narrator is a German journalist, who learned "American" as a man. He dispenses of this with adequate skill. The style is just what the style of such a man would be, save perhaps for a few phrases, such as "the blessed oblivion had knitted up the ravelled sleeve of my thoughts." I doubt whether the German's racial reality. There is, for instance, the difficulty of the adequate skill. The style is just what the style of such as "the blessed oblivion had knit up the ravelled sleeve a man would be, save perhaps for a few phrases, such fondness for Shakespeare would carry him so far in greater difficulty is that there is a superman in the book. Now, a superman, and especially an anarchist like Louis Lingg, is like seven devils in the path of a moment of intense narrative emotion. Another and a greater difficulty is that there is a superman in the book. It may be said, I think, that Mr. Harris has made Louis Lingg convincing. Some of his sayings—such as the worst fault of American civilization is that it is not complex enough—are extremely suggestive, and in the supreme crises he does veritably conduct himself as a superman. His suicide and death are like Titanic. But the greatest difficulty of all is in the sustentation of the character of the narrator. Here the author's triumph is prodigious and dazzling—such a triumph as can only be appreciated by those who have themselves tried to write a novel in the first person. Rudolph is German to his toes. A rather weak man, capable of immense and obstinate enthusiasms when tuned up by a stronger individuality; often sentimental; naive; merry in his relations with women (there are pages which the late Ian Maclaren would have blushed to sign); narrow in his view; violent and feeble by turns; the disciple, the honest and intelligent tool incarnate! A living man! In the closing passages the rank bitterness of his resentment against all America is wondrously done.

"The Bomb" is the work of an artist born. I feel nearly sure that the craftsmanship in it is chiefly instinctive and not acquired. Assuredly there is evidence in it that its author does not write enough, nor nearly enough. It is a book very courageous, impulsively instinctive and not acquired. Assuredly there is evidence in it that its author does not write enough, nor nearly enough. It is a book very courageous, impulsively and of a shining distinction. In pure realism nothing better has been done—and I do not forget Tols-

IT is pleasant to have Mr. Kipling's poetry collected into the uniform edition, in four volumes of a convenient size and soft of leather, which Messrs. Methuen have published—in a box. It induces you to read them all, one after another, straight away. I was somewhat surprised to find how stout a heart it needed to perform this feat. Possibly poets should not be exposed to the test, save perhaps the poet whose poems one volume will hold. It seems that the human spirit can suffer from a surfeit of the poetry of one man; perhaps the reading of a man's poetry should be spread over some time as the writing of it was.

Mr. Kipling is not a literary roué but the author of some thirty books, and therefore likely to keep my nerve when confronted by other men's novels. I have said.

BOOK OF THE WEEK.

The Poetry of Mr. Kipling.

It is pleasant to have Mr. Kipling's poetry collected into the uniform edition, in four volumes of a convenient size and soft of leather, which Messrs. Methuen have published—in a box. It induces you to read them all, one after another, straight away. I was somewhat surprised to find how stout a heart it needed to perform this feat. Possibly poets should not be exposed to the test, save perhaps the poet whose poems one volume will hold. It seems that the human spirit can suffer from a surfeit of the poetry of one man; perhaps the reading of a man's poetry should be spread over some time as the writing of it was.

None the less, for all the strain on a stout heart, I obtained an interesting understanding of the progress of Mr. Kipling's poetic genius—its beginning, its advance to an admirable height, and its decline. It seems to me hardly worth while to read the first volume ("Departmental Ditties") or the last volume ("The Five Nations") save for the purpose of obtaining this appreciation of the rise and fall of a genius. "Departmental Ditties" is indeed an amazing work to find offered to the reading of the nation, or perhaps...
I should say the Empire, at large. It was doubtless excellent for Anglo-Indians—young ones. It might so well have been left to adorn, in its original slim form, their bookshelves. For them it has the charm of the topical. It is the verse of a smart young man, twang- ing once his loves and his hates, his curren'ts or even banjos. It is uncommonly crude; the humour indeed is distressingly crude; the satire is hoyish; the parodies are weak; and the technique is poor. It would have indeed been well to sink the whole of this volume, and wonder of it we have lost nothing. Mr. Kipling himself would have gained by its sinking. But there is a striking audacity in Mr. Kipling; and I can easily conceive that he reprinted, thickened, and again gave this volume to a world panting with eagerness, that it might see, for 5s. net, how bad his verse could be, from what a poor beginning his genius grew.

"Barrack-Room Ballads" and "The Seven Seas" are a very different matter. In them I find by far the finest expression in English poetry of the spirit of the adventuring, wandering, fighting English—of the English who made England, and might have made her so much better had not the English tradesman spoiled their work. In these two volumes, more than anywhere else in English literature, I find excellent reason for my belief that Mr. Kipling is always the true Englishman; that the valuable English have been chiefly the East Anglians and the coast-folk of Norse strain, the men who followed Cromwell and Drake; that the worthless English have been the fat-headed Saxons, the country gentlemen and their serfs, and the tradesmen of the towns, the men who followed Charles and Cobden. No one has presented as finely, or nearly as finely, as Mr. Kipling the spirit of the wanderer, the English adventurer; no one has known so well his joys and his sorrows; no one has felt his love, his courage and his fear, and above all his melancholy. At the beginning of poetry, Homer in the Odyssey presented, for all time, the great wanderer, the great adventurer, the leader of men. Mr. Kipling has been the first to present the little wanderers, the great man's followers; he has made plain how much of the great wanderer's spirit drives the little wanderer through the world. There have never been such poems of the wanderer's spirit as the two series of "Barrack-Room Ballads"—"L'Envoi," "The Story of the Royal," "The Last Chantey," "The Song of the Banjo," and "For to Admire." In these Mr. Kipling is most admirable; his feeling is profound, genuine, sincere; its strength and sincerity give it its proper admiring and exalting; sweeping and full-toned, resounding lyre, he rises to the very heights of lyric exaltation.

I have included of set purpose "The English Flag" among Mr. Kipling's real poems. Time and again I have heard the cultured rage at it as a rhetorical jingle; and I have never agreed with them. There are lines in it which give me the great thrill; I do not find it rhetorical; to me its teeming rings quite sincere. It is uncommonly crude; the humour is boyish; the satire is hoyish; the parodies are weak; and the technique is poor. It was doubtless excellent for Anglo-Indians—young ones. It might so well have been left to adorn, in its original slim form, their bookshelves. For them it has the charm of the topical. It is the verse of a smart young man, twang-ing once his loves and his hates, his curren'ts or even banjos. It is uncommonly crude; the humour indeed is distressingly crude; the satire is hoyish; the parodies are weak; and the technique is poor. It would have indeed been well to sink the whole of this volume, and wonder of it we have lost nothing. Mr. Kipling himself would have gained by its sinking. But there is a striking audacity in Mr. Kipling; and I can easily conceive that he reprinted, thickened, and again gave this volume to a world panting with eagerness, that it might see, for 5s. net, how bad his verse could be, from what a poor beginning his genius grew.

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with “For to Admire,” and you get the difference—the little, all-important difference—in once.

Mr. Kipling secures in “The Five Nations” to have suffered a change, the change, the disastrous change in a poet of action; he has lost touch with the wanderer. I suspect him of cultivating bees; and he has written a set of verses about Sussex—silly Sussex. I believe that the change in his patriotism, or rather the attempted change in his patriotism, may have been a good deal the cause of this poetical change; he has tried to love that extensive commercial undertaking, the British Empire, and strained himself in the effort. You can love your country, if you chance to be built on those noble lines; but you cannot love an Empire. That is why Empires always come to grief; nobody really loves them. I am a steady-going Imperialist, for obvious practical reasons; but I do not really love the Empire, and I know that I couldn’t if I tried. I am not honestly keen on being a Briton; I am an Englishman, and that is good enough for me. See what the effort to sing with heart-felt emotion “My Empire, ’Tis of Thee” has done for Mr. Kipling. His eyes no longer of a morning open on a world in which, even before sunrise, he is conscious of a chance on a really adventurous—eyes with stars in it. For him, alas, Romance no longer brings up the 9:15. Edgar Jepson.

REVIEWS.


There is one department of knowledge which must be made common property if the structure of social law and order is to be placed on a firm basis. Society, in the sense of a public co-operative association, can only be carried on under a complicated set of rules, which we call the constitutional code. If the citizens do not know the rules of the code, then the whole idea of democratic government becomes a ridiculous farce. For those of us who do not care for autocracy, whether monarchical or capitalistic, the instruction of the citizens in the laws of the land becomes a matter of supreme importance. We do not think that a more useful book can be found for this purpose than the one now under our notice. It was written by the late Professor Maitland as a course of lectures delivered at Cambridge in 1889-8. But it has a more permanent value and a wider scope than its present claim. Maitland is one of the great names in modern legal literature; he had the power of giving flavour to dry bones, a virtue which is uncommonly apparent in these pages. He has a picturesque way of stating the law; for example, “The Queen’s Privy Council is in the Queen’s name; Victoria D.G. commands the Sheriff to an execution; but Victoria cannot stop the issue of the writ.” Again, “The King has no power to commute a sentence. When we hear of sentences being commuted, what really happens is that a conditional pardon is granted: a convicted murderer is pardoned on condition of his going into penal servitude. It is a nice question whether he might not insist on being hanged.” So many writers can make law understandable; but there are not so many who can make it readable. Professor Maitland was a master of that art. He tells the reader: that it is only by an act of grace that the House of Commons allows its debates to be reported; and the statement sticks in the memory whenever one finds the dry comment added—“we are not likely nowadays to find either of the Houses desiring to hide its light under a bushel.” He also displays a keen political sense, as when he calls attention to the possibilities of local government contained in that clause of the Local Government Act of 1888, which allows of the transfer to County Councils of the duties and powers of the central departments of State. That is the insight which distinguishes a statesman in the broadest sense which includes the Crown down to the parish constable, as they stand to-day. The rest of the book is history. The whole makes an invaluable useable book for this purpose than the one now under our notice.

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Principal, Miss CLARK.
introduction to the law of citizenship. We must, however, suggest that the editing might have been carried a little further. Coroners are not now elected by the freetholders in the old County Court; and imprisonment for debt is not entirely abolished. Both these facts should have been corrected in footnotes.

Interplay. By Beatrice Harraden. (Methuen.)

Sudden conversions are evidently in the air. Under the provocative influence of Margaret Tressider, a modern unmarried woman of forty (slangy, and not a little flippant), Miss Harraden's people are transformed as rapidly and effectually as though the Third Floor Back himself had been at work. One by one they succumb to the New Order of Things, realising the enormous significance of the fact that we have arrived at the year 1908. The old lady with no horizon gives up her search for a companion who can be sweated and bullied; the statuesque representative of society and culture in Kensington brings herself to accept the heroine with a past and to hold aloof while her own daughter achieves emancipation; the West End physician sees himself as a humbug and a sham, and begins to curtail his practice. The interplay is much too obvious and mechanical to be taken seriously; but the characters are attractively presented, and two or three of them quite excellently conceived. Miss Harraden's psychology seems to us highly disputable. If the modern woman of forty, finding it impossible to love the man who loves her, takes the independent woman's honest course of refusing to marry him, she will not expect her esteem to change into the other feeling because the man is kind to her during a mortal illness. Miss Harraden here has not been able to resist the demands of sentimentality. And why should she make use of the word "artist"?

Anthony Cuthbert. By Richard Bagot. (Methuen. 6s.)

A very long and not very carefully padded story which will no doubt appeal to that large class of persons who delight in self-sacrifice—vicariously. Mr. Bagot retells his plot half-a-dozen times, and as it is not a very ingenious one and is built upon a chain of small circumstances, we shall not burden our readers by any description.

To save Anthony Cuthbert's honour his newly-acquired wife and his beloved nephew, who, just before the marriage had been lovers of a night, are forced to some heroic acts. The nephew forges a death-mask, and as it is not a very ingenious one and is built upon a chain of small circumstances, we shall not burden our readers by any description.

Patsy. By H. De Vere Stacpoole. 6s. (T. Fisher Unwin, London.)

In Patsy Mr. Stacpoole gives us one of those popular pictures of Irishmen familiarised to us through the music-hall, the type who, as we are told by an Irishman who was born in Ireland and not in Glasgow, goes in for "flattering our sense of moral superiority by playing the fool and degrading himself and his country." The book, though a disappointment to those who expect much from the author of "The Blue Lagoon" and "Crimson Azaleas," is well written. The same sportsmanshiplike instinct which induced the people to help Paddy Murphy's escape from prison leading them to join with enthusiasm in the hunt after him is described with delightful humour, as is the manner in which Mr. Murphy punished his would-be treacherous friend. Patsy should be read by all to whom Handy Andy—to which it is a worthy successor—is not only a name. The frontispiece is a spirited pen and pencil drawing by Mr. Downey.
A Classical Concert.

How is it one always knows them by their faces? The women are mostly middle-aged and sour-looking, with an occasional pretty girl who has got there by accident; but the men are always deplorable. The whole audience is so serious at a chamber concert, and how it can stand an entire evening of string quartettes and things always passes my understanding. The staying power is marvellous on these occasions and is worthy of a Marathon record; but I doubt its sincerity. I think it is done "out of pure swag" like the operatic soldier in "Arms and the Man." Nobody with a pretence of temperament or nerves can really bear it without losing all power of enjoyment or appreciation after the Finale of the first quartette. It is quite beyond all human power. It is too utterly fantastic.

Just observe the audience closely. Look at that white-haired old gentleman winking his eye in time with the first violin; look at that ascetic from South Kensington pulling his whiskers in time with the 'cello; look at that antique spinster with her opaque eye fixed on the electrotroller; look at that pretty girl so obviously ill at ease (she adores Reynaldo Hahn); look at that tired critic chatting with the hall manager. Look round once more and see if you can find anybody with the appearance of intelligence. I can understand the quite reasonable desire of anybody to listen to one string quartette or perhaps two; but three, and all "classic!" It is impossible. If one had a Max Reger quartette, or even a César Franck, by way of contrast one could understand it. But Schumann, Mozart, Beethoven, and this particular Schumann (Opus 41) quite unromantic. It is criminal; it is worse—it is stupid.

* * *

The Klinger String Quartette is an accomplished organisation, and that is the worst of it. The ensemble is perfect; indeed, old Breithaupt breathes through their performance; they are complete masters of their instruments. But one is forced to regret that their instruments are not complete masters of them. One might then have cause to remember some supreme joy. As it is, one can only remember some supreme boredom.

Miss Fanny Davies loves her Mozart, and at this concert of the Classical Concert Society her performance in the Mozart quartette was a thing to remember with pleasure. She is a classic artist in the best sense of the word, and with herself the sternest rebuke to her worshipping audience. She does not forget that to be classical is to have a sense of humour; that to be classical is to have joy, to have youth, to have all kinds of emotions. Her Mozart was like this. Her Mozarts expressed an unbounded love of sunshine and laughter and all the bright things of the world.

I feel sure if that antique spinster had understood, she would certainly have disapproved and withdrawn her subscription.

* * *

For it is the most popular of all silly superstitions among musical executants of the day that to be classic is to be serious. Only once in a blue moon does one hear a Bach fugue played with a sense of humour. Nothing, indeed, older than a Beethoven sonata can possibly be hilarious. Mozart is accepted as charming and graceful and debonair and never—except upon a very obvious text in his operas—really funny. This is a mistake. All the best music in the world had their little joke to perpetrate; sometimes it was a frail joke, sometimes a boisterous one, and sometimes it didn't come off at all. But there are more jokes in classical music than people dream of. The whole thing is a question of "reading," and I blame the academies for inculcating in undiscerning youth the fallacy of seriousness. The unsuspecting listener is warned that a minuet is relatively more serious than a crotchet and a crotchet than a quaver, and he never knows that an awfully jolly dirge can be composed in semibreves. There is no earthly reason why any string semibreves should be considered the symbols of human sorrow any more than an Irish Dance in agitated semiquavers by Sir Charles Villiers Stanford should be considered anything but lugubrious.

The salvation of English musical art will be attained when the student in his first year recognises Handel's "Messiah" as the funniest thing in the whole literature of music. "All we like sheep" is a most scandalous piece of levity and the "Hallelujah Chorus" is the most triumphant piece of clowing ever achieved by an infectious fool. For Handel did at least understand the supernatural wisdom of folly.

HERBERT HUGHES.

CORRESPONDENCE.

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

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

SOCIETIES PLEASE CONSIDER.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

Probably most of us have felt we were getting more than a penn'orth a week in "The New Age," and are not surprised to hear that it is now time to pay some of the balance.

I would point out that, beside those subscribers who can take up shares in the new company on their own account, there are many more who would eagerly contribute a few shillings each to buy shares through their Socialist branch, suffrage society, or whatever new-age-ward body they may belong to.

"The New Age" has fully proved itself; if we let it slip out of our hands we shall have many weary blackberry bushes to search before we find such a splendid weapon again. No better investment for Socialist and progressive funds was ever offered.

(We shall be happy to make arrangements for such joint holding of shares in "The New Age Company.—Ed. N. A."

THE NEWCASTLE POLICY.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

In his notes for November the editor of the "Socialist Review" makes the following statement:—"Everybody now admits the wisdom of the Labour Party Executive in not fighting Newcastle." This is simply not true. Apart from the storm of protests raised by the rank and file, Mr. Keir Hardie, the grand old chieftain, has stated in the "Labour Leader" that he thinks Newcastle should have been fought.

(To THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

The real question at issue in the Grayson incident appears to have been overlooked. Putting out of one's mind all personal feeling with respect to Mr. Grayson's bitter remarks about the Labour Party and the Socialist League, the latter is the better of the two. Obstruction by members of the business of the House, followed by the ejection of those members, is only justifiable when the Government has absolutely refused to introduce the legislation required of them.

Mr. GRAYSON'S PROTEST.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

(The New Age Company.—Ed. N. A.)

THE NEWCASTLE POLICY.

MR. GRAYSON'S PROTEST.

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Cocoa.
This was the position of affairs when Mr. Plimsoll and Mr. Frank Smith made their dramatic protests. The Government, the Opposition, and the Monarchical majority on the L.C.C. in the other, had given a definite refusal. The protests were therefore quite justified, and were successful. These cases have been quoted in support of Mr. Grayson's action, but the party condemn it. The essential difference between the two is, that in the case of Mr. Grayson the Government had not declined to take any action with regard to the Unionists, but, on the contrary, Mr. Asquith had promised to make a definite statement on a certain date. Mr. Grayson's protest was therefore a farce.

[We repeat that the policy of the Labour Members has no longer the approval of the Labour Party. The policy of Mr. Grayson has.—Ed. N. A.]

LABOUR "PARTIES" AND LABOUR "POLICY."

To the Editor of "The New Age."

Several comments have appeared recently on the present relations between the Labour Party in Parliament and the Liberal Government, but so far I have not seen any remark on a position which may affect the Labour Party very considerably at the next election, and in all probability cost them some seats and some unpopularity.

The Government's Licensing Bill, which the Labour Members are supporting so enthusiastically (and so undisputably, as I think), besides its financial provisions, which are excellent, contains also provisions for the establishment of "Local Veto" (not Local Option, as the "Manchester Guardian" very honestly points out). Now, it has been happily remarked that if there is one measure for which the Government has a negative "mandate" it is Local Veto; it is undeniably unpopular in the country, as the Liberals found in 1895, and as they will speedily find again. With regard to the Liberal Members, the next election is, I admit, a matter of small moment; but I contend that the Labour Members, for their support of the Bill, will bear their full share of the blame, and probably more, of the unpopularity of Local Veto.

Surely this is an enormous tactical error, and with things political as they are, is there any sane reason why the Labour Members should entangle themselves in the certain debacle of the Liberals at the next election? Labour Members are in Parliament for one reason only: to improve the position of the working classes; they have a magnificent opportunity at present, for there is only one important political subject on which the Liberals are not vacillating, and that is unemployment; every newspaper in the country is ventilating it, and surely the Labour Members have sufficient political sense to know, with the example of the Irish Party before them, that they must debate Unemployment and the rules of the House, and generally make themselves a continual nuisance to the party in power until the subject is adequately dealt with.

But there must be no more resolutions of thanks to Mr. Asquith for pauper policies; no more support of unpopular Liberal Veto, and no more trivial abuse of the only man among them who saw clearly the futility of the present position.

The whole policy outlined above seems so obvious that members of the Labour Party should demand to know why their Parliamentary Representatives have not pursued it. Those representatives themselves should remember that no amount of respect and good feeling inspired by their present conduct in Parliamentarians of the two other parties will help them to win, or even to save, a single seat at the next election. — A CANDID FRIEND.

THE CAT AND THE CROCODILE.

To the Editor of "The New Age."

A crocodile loved a cat, and on the sunny bank of a river they basked together in contentment. Before many days past were the crocodile grew tired of the sunny bank, and sought the water. In the river he gambolled and swam, and sought the water. In the river he gambolled and swam, and sought the water. In the river he gambolled and swam, and sought the water.

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sary to the life of a crocodile? Besides, how far more interesting it is for you that I should widen the sphere of our experiences. So every day he continued to swim in the water with his friends. Yet life did not become more interesting for the cat. One morning she recollected that her brother officer, who was natural, as soon as Mr. Crocodile had gone down to the river for his early swim, off she starts for the neighbouring forest, and there she climbed and jumped and played until nightfall, and that day life seemed a good thing to her. But when Mr. Crocodile heard of it he was angry, and said that no self-respecting cat was ever to be seen climbing trees, and that if she went so irregularly in the recourses of well-conducted river-bank cats, she had better accompany him on his swimming expeditions. "Water is terrible to me," she shivers; "I cannot swim," says he; "if you loved me you would learn to accustom yourself to my tastes." Next morning the cat and crocodile go down together into the water—and that is the end of the fable, and of the cat.

THE SUPPLY OF ARMY OFFICERS.

To the Editor of "The New Age."

It seems to me, an Englishman resident in a foreign country and viewing British problems from a distance, that one of the first post Monday morning for same week's issue.

A QUERY.

Dear Sir,—Could any of your readers kindly tell me in what lane near Highgate, Coleridge and Leigh Hunt met Keats in August, 1822, when Coleridge said, on pressing it, there was death in Keats' head. The fact is mentioned in "The Table Talk." F. B. DOVETON.

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