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NEW AGE
A WEEKLY REVIEW OF POLITICS, LITERATURE, AND ART

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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

THE Dublin "Peasant"—henceforth to be known as "The Irish Nation and the Peasant"—has an extremely interesting report of a lecture by the editor on "Has Sinn Fein a Serious Social Policy?" The lecture demands the careful reading of all who want to understand what the re-awakening of the National movement in Ireland really stands for. "The contention that we can do nothing serious towards bringing in the reign of social justice till we put England out is absurd or dishonest. I cannot conceive any real union between the rich slum landlord and the slum tenant, degraded as far as man and circumstances can degrade him; or between the master carrier in his motor-car or his suburban villa or mansion and the carter with his 15s. 4d. a week; or between the anti-social grazier (sensitive about his sheep, insensitive about humanity) and the man with the spade in the poor patch beyond the borders of the grass ranch. In the social order that I desire and strive for, each human unit would be able to develop the highest individuality—which would conduce to the general good and happiness. And, of course, to anyone who feels and believes thus, a mere policy of agitating for a few shillings more per week for workers and for a paltry shortening of their hours of toil and a simple-minded conviction that social regeneration and the Golden Age can be brought about by a few housing schemes, etc., are simply pettifogging, simply trifling with the fringe and not touching the heart of the problem."

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Sinn Fein, according to the view of the editor of the "Irish Nation and Peasant," stands for everything for which we ourselves are contending. Socialists have long ago relinquished the ideas, which we must admit they once held, that nationalities and national aspirations for political freedom were utterly unimportant, and that economic changes alone were worth fighting for. Experience has mellowed these early doctrinaire views, and Socialists now take all honest human feelings into account. It must be said also that whatever theoretical views Socialists held, they were ever foremost in fighting for national liberties—they were all Home Rulers and advocates of an Egypt for the Egyptians, India for the Indians. It is not a strongly expressed desire for freedom that stands in the way of Ireland's emancipation from her oppressors, whether they be foreign or native; nor will social legislation retard India's claim for *complete* self-government. Quite the contrary. As an Irish friend of ours who has just re-visited his home explains to us, those who decry all attempts to alter the degrading rules of competition that obtain in Ireland as elsewhere are the very men who live by helping a political agitation which they never intend to bring to a definite issue. Full well we know where is the Conservative element in Ireland. Full well does the "Peasant" tell us Sinn Fein should show the people that when it talks of the nation it means a sane, human nation, with the true family spirit infusing it throughout.

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The Report of the Committee on the operation of the Truck Acts is of peculiar interest. All who have read Kropotkin's wonderful "Fields, Factories, and Workshops" will remember the striking evidence he gave on the value of small home industries. He showed that these were not the dying industries that many persons, Socialists more especially, considered them, and that in many cases it was the big factory that went to the wall. Confirmation of the value of these home industries, if a sane view of labour is ever to obtain, is to be found in the Committee's Book. In recommending that the Truck Acts should include out-workers, of which, of course, no Socialist, nor, indeed, anyone with any knowledge at all of the question, can have any doubt, the Committee remarks:—"They have had evidence with regard to the conditions and products of labour of a great variety of trades, but in none have there been such indications of high artistic excellence as that involved in this home labour. When it is performed in country districts, the products of the natives, say, of Shetland in hosiery, or of Donegal in embroidery, afford constant proof of very high native and inherited skill." Is this "very high and inherited skill," producing work of the highest "artistic excellence," to be destroyed because articles of greater commercial value (cheaper and nastier in three words), can be

turned out in the factories? This is what it comes to with those who sneer at hand-made stuffs.

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This home work will require stringent regulations, there is no getting away from the necessity under the conditions of to-day, or we should have a return to the evils of child labour of the early nineteenth century. That it is much more difficult to ensure some of these regulations in home work than it is in the factories must be admitted. The difficulties appear to be so great that some who value this form of work and see in it the only real solution to our present chaos, contend that it will be necessary in the first place to drive all the workers into the factories, so that they may get accustomed to regulated labour. This seems, indeed, a counsel of despair, and we certainly shall never admit this gospel of anarchy until serious attempts have been made and shall have failed to preserve the skill of the craftsman and the joy that belongs to the making of pleasant work. If our scientists and our inventors would but turn some of their attention from the machines to the machine tenders, surely a people which has produced such wondrous mechanical engines can devise regulations for preserving what has been, and what must yet be, of most value in our nation's development.

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Mrs. H. J. Tennant, a genius in factory inspection, and Mr. Stephen Walsh, M.P., sign a Minority Report because they cannot accept the three main proposals of the majority. Mrs. Tennant and Mr. Walsh would abolish root and branch the living-in system and the system of fines for shop-assistants. They recommend that both these should be abolished by law. One or two of the big shops have partially or completely abolished the living-in system, and some have never started it, and as these houses seem perfectly well able to carry on their businesses, we do not expect there would be much real opposition from the big shopkeepers were there a live agitation on the part of the assistants against the system. The National Union of Shop Assistants, the National Association of Grocers' Assistants, and the Irish Drapers' Protection Association, have all denounced living-in, and their representatives gave evidence before the Committee pointing out the abuses to which it had given rise. Socialists are practically agreed in condemning these conditions which, depriving the assistants of all home life, of any possibility of a moment's privacy during the day, offer them frequently nothing but scant, hurried, and ill-cooked food, and desert-dormitories as lodging for grown men and women. The Socialistic vision of a wider communal life does not subject any grown being to the indecency of life without some room all his own. Some of the young women preferred to live in because they could not get the same comfort and conveniences in lodgings, nor the same social life. Of course, when the living-in system is abolished there must be commensurate increase in wages. We know there is sufficient organising ability among the shop assistants to establish their own living houses and to furnish their own social life, without the direction or to the profits of the employer.

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Decidedly one of the most important events of the week was the unanimous approval given by teachers to the principle of "Open-Air Education." Mr. G. G. Lewis opened the conference of teachers arranged by the L.C.C. with a paper on "Open-air Work in Connection with the Ordinary School." He recounted the benefits the children had obtained in his Kentish Town school from spending only one-half school-day per week in the purer air of an open space and from a week spent in the country during school time. Miss Beer dealt with the open-air schools, and stated: "The results obtained from the five months' fresh air, simple food, rest, and exercise were in many ways remarkable. Physical improvement was steady, and was accompanied by loss of irritability and apathy, and by "increase of cheerful activity." [Mem.—Could not other parties be recommended this treatment?] Open-air schools, which Dr. Rose, assistant educational adviser to the L.C.C., has done so much to promote in this country, have hitherto been utilised for the ailing. As soon as the children are somewhat recovered in health they are sent back into the ordinary schools that they may undergo a process of disintegration into their normal unhealthy elements.

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Now that the teachers are discovering the benefits of this system upon the unhealthy we shall look forward with some confidence to a radical alteration in our educational methods in the near future. It will be found better and cheaper—O ye rate-payers and ye tax-payers—to prevent disease in the children than to cure it when present. Instead of the 10,000 doctors and nurses which some sapient Fabian doctor estimated as a minimum for the medical inspection of our school children, we shall attempt to outflank this proposed army of doctors by giving the children the simple essentials of a healthy life. We shall feed them properly all the year round; the present voluntary Act is said to refer to the feeding of necessitous children, but there is no definition of a necessitous child. We shall see that they are well clad, that they either wear sound boots or none at all, that they are provided with baths, that expensive school buildings are abolished in favour of the fields, of the woods, of municipal tramcars for conveyance, of simple, inexpensive wooden shelters; we shall recognise child growth and not insist upon curbing its physical and mental activities; we shall abolish child labour and raise the school age to 16. And what about parental responsibility? Oh Lord, yes, we shall abolish that also. What will you have? This is not a perfect world. Do you plump for parental responsibility, heavy doctor's bills, and starving children, or no parental responsibility, with healthy, intelligent children?

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The Labour Party in Parliament is receiving eulogiums from all sides. The "Times," in the first of a series of articles dealing with Socialist movements in Great Britain, recognises that:—

> The Socialists in Parliament have not proved the terrible fellows they were expected to be; when one of them misbehaved the other day he was indignantly repudiated by his colleagues, and merely cut a ridiculous figure. Familiarity has bred, we will not say contempt, but an easy-going tolerance, with some tendency to patronage and the adoption in certain quarters—particularly in the churches—of a sort of dilettante Socialism which embraces just as many or as few of the innumerable ideas covered by that word as happen to appeal to individual temperaments.

Testimony to the nice manners of the Labour members even more remarkable comes from Mr. Claude G. Hay, the Tory member for Hoxton. The following passage is from his annual address to his constituents:—

> I cannot but doubt whether even the miserable offer which Mr. Burns was at last prevailed upon to make would ever have been made but for the action of one member, who broke away from his party in this matter and took independent and unconventional action on his own part. It is very easy to condemn Mr. Grayson, and I am not going to undertake his defence, but I am prepared to say that the action of the Government in forcing its absurd and oppressive Licensing Bill through a gagged House, while thousands of good men were starving in the streets, constituted grave provocation. I must further say that the Labour Party certainly needed a spur to action. They have become far too subservient to the Government, and have in consequence lost much of the prestige which they won during their first session. I may perhaps be allowed to say that it was due to me that the vote of confidence in Mr. Burns was not carried nem. con. The Labour Party, having been defeated on its own amendment, had apparently made no arrangements to divide against the original motion of confidence. Eventually Mr. O'Grady, a Labour member, and I told against it (not the official Labour Whips), and by no means the whole voting strength of the Labour Party was with us. This does seem to me to show a lack of fight in the Labour Party, which is regrettable. I have always wished to see a strong Labour Party in the House, but a party which dare not attack a Government which

treats Labour as contemptuously as this one does is of no use to anybody.

Mr. Claude Hay speaks from the observer's point of view with the whole game displayed before him. The Labour Party can no doubt reply that if Mr. Hay blames it for supineness in action, the "Daily News" has expressed whole-hearted admiration for the Labour members, and that since Labour members cannot be expected to please both parties, it prefers to be subservient to the party in office. Besides, Mr. Beer, the German, and Mr. Robert Hunter, the American, swear by the Labour Party and at the Socialists. As is well known, the leaders of the I.L.P. have ever maintained that foreigners are the most competent judges of the direction that Socialist activities should take in England.

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Messrs. Rebman Limited, publishers, were summoned to show cause why 272 copies of a book entitled, "The Sexual Life of Our Time" should not be destroyed under the powers of the Obscene Prints Act, 1857. The book is a translation from the German, and it was stated for the defence that it is a standard German scientific work. The magistrate made an order for the copies to be destroyed, with five guineas costs against the defendants. Notice of appeal was given, and the books were ordered to be impounded pending the decision of a superior Court.

Pending the result of the appeal we refrain from commenting upon this prosecution in particular and the Obscene Prints Act, 1857 in general. We shall, however, briefly mention a few facts about the book. "The Sexual Life of our Time in its Relation to Modern Civilisation" is by Dr. Iwan Bloch, Physician for Diseases of the Skin, and for Diseases of the Sexual System, in Charlottenburg, Berlin. There have been six German editions; in Germany it is regarded as a serious contribution to medical science. This is clear from the criticism and opinions that have been made; amongst them one from Dr. A. Neisser, whose name is known to every medical man as one who stands in the front rank of medicine. Dr. Niesser writes: "I feel impelled to let you know how greatly delighted I have been with it (your book), and how much I admire it." The English translation is by a well-known medical man, and the book is sold at 21s. net. Rebmans are responsible publishers of medical and scientific books. Dr. Bloch is the author of many books, and has everywhere maintained this thesis: "I believe in the possibility of the eradication of venereal diseases, and of the abolition of prostitution within the civilised world by national and international measures."

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There is an interesting letter in the "Times" of January 4th from Mr. Guilford E. Lewis on "The Care of Illegitimate Children." Mr. Lewis puts in a plea for some sort of control over the care of illegitimate children, and begs for a Select Committee or a Royal Commission to enquire into "the true facts regarding the sacrifice of these innocents." An official inquiry would, "I am sure, record a state of affairs that the public conscience would refuse to tolerate for an instant." We feel less sanguine than does Mr. Lewis about the result of such an inquiry; if it is to be held we hope it will be permitted to establish something more than regulations. We need not go outside our own Colonies to find the necessary measures. South Australia, under their Infant Life Protection Act, gives the Government power to establish homes for the prospective mothers of illegitimate children, where the mother can stay and nurse her child, free of expense, for six months or longer after birth. To supply any woman with the means of killing an unborn child is an offence punishable by five years' penal servitude; to supply a woman with the means for keeping alive a born child is an offence against parental responsibility.

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Some cry out against Science that she has robbed them of their religious beliefs, of their heaven with little cherubs twanging the harp, of a hell peopled by their friends sitting on fiery furnaces. Ours is a graver charge. Science is robbing us of our faith in the pills of our youth, pills that once charmed us with their gay alliteration, pills that brought us a glimmer (in their advertisements) of the mystic power of some Eastern magician, pills whose wondrous doings we read with bated breath, so awful were the ills they cured, and so swift their workings. And now science wants to tell us that in buying "Dr. Williams's Pink Pills for Pale People" we but exchange our gold for Dr. Williams's iron. The "British Medical Journal" will have it that whilst these pink pills cost us 2s. 2d. the box of 30, we can buy practically the same, iron pills, at any chemist for 10½d the gross. Transplant our appendices, make open our bedroom windows to the penetrating north wind, feed us on anti-purins, infect us with Anchylostomun duoderate, swear that half England is suffering from the effects of Trypanosoma gambiense, but leave us vandals with unbroken faith in our pink and all other pills. What, never again to read of the heart-broken widow who had tried 17 doctors, four bishops, and a host of minor clergy till some one mentioned Thy Holy Name, O vendor of magic wares? Is it not thee, O Williams and the like, that have made our newspapers what they are? We stand up for the rights of Englishmen to sell their own pills at whatsoever price they may get for them in open market, for the rights of Englishmen to pay whatsoever price they may list. Is not an Englishman's stomach his own? Shall the medical priestcraft dictate to the free-born British stomach how it should be cured of its ills and at what price?

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On Friday Mr. S. G. Hobson moved at the Fabian business meeting that the Society withdraw from affiliation with the Labour Party and, in conformity with previous declarations, set about its proper task of founding a Socialist Party, beginning with the organisation of Socialist Representation Committees. Mr. Shaw moved an amendment confirming the affiliation, but warning the Labour Party that unless it formulated a programme that would distinguish it from the left wing of the capitalist parties, the situation would become impossible, and God alone knew what desperate things the Fabian Society might be compelled to do. The amendment was carried by a very large majority.

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The most deplorable aspect of the discussion was the rapturous applause that greeted Mrs. Snowden's sentimental slosh and Mr. Will Crooks's vulgar tosh. Time was when such effusions would have been heard in chilly silence. Those days have gone for ever. The Fabian Society has undergone a sad sea-change. No longer is it a body of informed Socialists; no longer can a serious proposition be argued before it in the assurance that the case would be tried on its merits. Everything now depends upon the acuteness of Mr. Bernard Shaw's last headache or the weaving of the latest political Webb. There was no semblance of an answer to the resolution. Mr. Hobson argued on the high ground of political principle. Neither Mr. Shaw nor any of his supporters touched the hem of Mr. Hobson's argument. Nor did they succeed in grounding their case on opportunism. Does Mr. Shaw imagine that the Labour Party cares one jot about his veiled threat? As long as the Fabian Society remains securely shackled and estopped from moving freely in the direction of a Socialist Party, just so long will the Labour Party remain indifferent to the squeals of the impotent Fabian.

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Mr. Hobson appealed not only for plain-dealing with the Labour Party, but also for constructive energy in creating a political instrument responsive to the needs of militant Socialism. He contended that a strong Socialist organisation in no wise involved a weak Labour Party. The exact reverse was the case. He welcomed a Labour Party in Parliament, and freely admitted its special political function. But he also pointed out that the view so prevalent in certain Socialist circles that the Labour Party is the nucleus of the future Socialist Party cannot seriously be entertained.

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To all this Mr. Shaw had no kind of an answer. He incontinently threw it overboard as so much rubbish,

and contented himself with a more or less amusing disquisition on permeation. The wild irresponsibility of this proceeding hardly needs emphasising. When next the Fabian "old gang" have to make a political pronouncement, who will believe in their sincerity? It is the Fabian debâcle. Mr. Shaw, Mr. Webb, and their claquers have run their course. Their virtue has gone out of them.

Socia and Cymon;
Or, Salvation by Marriage.

[Dear Sir,—The other day I picked up on a bookstall in Farringdon Street an old book without a back called "The Tragedy of an Alliance." The book cost me two pence and was worth a penny. Inside, however, I found the enclosed manuscript. It was signed "Beau Cassio." I read it to Comrade Noakes, our treasurer, and he said "it sounded like a bloomin' parable," and ought to go in THE NEW AGE. I therefore enclose it in bona fide, and thank you in anticipation.—Yours fraternally, COMRADE.]

THIS day, most noble and virtuous ladies and gentlemen, hath given us to relate a story so sad and pitiful as is well worthy to bedew our cheeks with tears.

It so fortuned that there dwelt in the neighbourhood of Anglia a maiden so good and comely, of such admirable understanding and poetic vision, that many desired to possess her. Albeit her father, who was stern and unbending in will and purpose, did jealously guard her from contact with any of the noble youths whose carriage and demeanour might make her affected of them. Hence it so happened that she did encounter none but menials, the stupidity and coarseness of whose nature and disposition might perchance leave Socia's heart untainted by passion or desire. She, well perceiving her father's design, did pine and fret in secret, and indeed her loneliness was no mean burthen of grief to her.

Now it chanced that in her father's grounds there worked one Cymon, who was big and ugly of feature, clumsy of form, gross of nature, and not adorned with a single ornament of soul or reason. His conduct was often sottish, and scarcely did he raise his eyes above the furrows. And Socia, frequently looking upon and discoursing with him, was moved to pity for his dull spirit and stupid plight. Whereupon, partly from kindness and partly by the motions of natural instincts, she was minded to win him from his evil ways and rekindle the fires of the dead soul within him.

Cymon, well noting her kindly advances, did but rudely repay her by sullen indifference and gruff speech. But Socia, being drunk with her bold design, did continue her ill-paid task until he gave some answer of improvement. In such manner day succeeded day. The salvation and enlightenment of Cymon had indeed become the single travail of Socia's soul. And it fell out that Cymon's dull eyes would at sundry times kindle with a gross desire. So that the interparlance of their different spirits did develop strange and curious results. Socia, slumbering not in the business, communed with her own thoughts, and was seized of a sudden and strange resolve to marry Cymon to the end of fulfilling her lofty purpose concerning him. And with short respite of time she did reveal her wish to that dull fellow, and they decided that Socia should secretly leave her stern father's house, and flee with Cymon into the country. So hoping that fortune would be furtherous to her will, she departed from thence with her uncouth companion.

Now, most noble and virtuous ladies and gentlemen, experience hath made it famous that the union of the higher with the lower has left the former unimpaired whilst prospering and exalting the latter. For ancient wisdom hath it that the pure wife shall sanctify the impure husband by cleaving unto him. But alas! it fell not out so in the sad fortunes of this unfortunate maiden. For years she did dwell with him in the same dwelling and bore him children—he labouring in the fields the while to earn their bread. One while Cymon would give ear to her tearful pleadings and afterwards, alas! would lapse into his quondam wickedness and folly. And Socia's children, partaking more of their mother's than their father's disposition, were keen witted and of exceeding intelligence. Daily they listened to their mother's sighs and wiped away her bitter tears. They beheld her comely countenance growing paler and thinner, her speech more coarse, her prayers less frequent. She shrank in favour and feature from day to day. The poor soul did grow vulgar and languid like Cymon's, and her once comely body was clothed in noisome rags. But Cymon, he did not alter. Poor woeful maid! She had left behind her visions and her dreams, her hopes and prospects, and her mate had dragged her down. All hope had left her of Cymon's recovery. Alas! she no longer desired to redeem his brutishness, but was content to mix with his usual companions and tread their bestial ways.

In the end she was even as Cymon. And Cymon openly did lay rough hands upon her. But needing his bread and his roof, Socia did scarce resist. So grievous grew her state that her youngest son, whom they called Naufragius and sundry other things, did implore his mother to part herself from Cymon, and return to the nobility of former days. His fervent entreaties were graced with tears. But Socia, in scornful menace, did abuse her son Naufragius, and spitefully contemn his pleadings.

"Darest thou presume to instruct the mother who bare thee?" she would retort with anger. For she had grown to love and fear Cymon as he was. And Cymon, perceiving in her a disposition of his own kind, did become violently tender, albeit with some measure of truculence.

And the son went forth from the mother who had been imbased by imprudent alliance. And at his sad parting the other sons did rise up and call their mother "hag" and "slattern." Whereupon Fabius, a distant nephew of Socia, did endeavour to give her solace while gently reproving her diseased affection for Cymon. Nevertheless the cunning words of Fabius were of no avail, for her favourite children had left her. Indeed, she might well have died in the strong embrace of her vulgar spouse were it not for the strange happenings of the next year. But the recital of these things, most noble and virtuous ladies and gentlemen, must be spared till the next decameron. VICTOR GRAYSON.

The Maelstrom.

THE London and District Right to Work Committee (who, by the way, are badly in want of funds) have been doing good work in marshalling the unemployed, a process which is kin to the industry known as rope-making from sand. This unemployed question should be made the keystone of the Socialist propaganda in and out of Parliament during the winter. It had enormous possibilities at the beginning of the Session under capable stage management, and it is not yet too late—which reminds me.

Two gentlemen had a slight difference of opinion at Sydney, N.S.W., on Boxing Day. One was a white man, the other merely a gentleman of colour. A sixteen-foot ring, with twenty thousand experts around it, was chosen as the *mise en scène*. It had been satisfactorily arranged that the white man—who bore the historic name of Burns—was to eat the other up comfortably in fourteen rounds, but, unfortunately, the coloured gentleman, being cursed with a vivid imagination, saw an opening, had a flash of intuition, and with the first blow uppercut his opponent so badly that he had the exquisite, and intellectual, pleasure of beating him to pulp over a period of some fifty minutes. Socialists, whether of the non-resisting type or otherwise, kindly note.

The unemployed have been paying afternoon calls on their West End acquaintances, choosing the fashionable squares as their drawing-rooms. The "Daily Express," in its own inimitable style, and worthily upholding its reputation as our leading "comic," has been waxing indignant at the cards of invitation issued by the wicked Socialists. These invitations stated that two dukes, one duchess, one marquis, a countess, six lords, and

Messrs. J. Pierpont Morgan and Jack Barnato Joel, were "receiving." (Somehow that last name does not sound hospitable.) The "Daily Express" rightly objects, as Champion of the Unemployed, to have this *olla podrida* forced down the throats of their pets. The Unemployed will certainly have to form a Trade Union at once for mutual protection.

May I recommend the beauties of the Thames Embankment between the hours of 1 and 3 a.m.? It is so picturesque to see the animated rag dolls huddled on the seats provided by a thoughtful country. It is also a lesson in discipline to watch the police patrols move from seat to seat in order to prevent anybody sleeping. The familiar German legend, "*Es ist Verboten*," is rapidly becoming the motto of capitalist England. You must not work, you must not eat, you must not sleep—you must not even use the Thames as the waters of Lethe in which to forget. "It is forbidden." No wonder the comfortable gentlemen who bask complacently in the sunlight of capitalism protest against the tyranny of a Socialist bureaucracy. A stroll along the embankment can certainly be advocated.

In spite of the Pope's recent encyclical against Socialism the movement is beginning to permeate the Church. When one considers that masterpiece of organisation, the Holy Roman Church, with its elastic ring-fence, which yields but never breaks, it is impossible not to feel that Socialism has an ethereal power of permeation which defies interception. Here is a Church, hoary with the rime of centuries, all-powerful in its appeal to the sensuous in man, armed with that keenest of weapons—political sagacity—and yet it finds itself powerless in face of the approaching avalanche which threatens to overwhelm it. It has even penetrated the walls of the Monasteries, and there are to-day in the Roman Church monks who profess themselves Socialists in spite of the ban which is sometimes placed upon catholicity of outlook in the Holy Catholic Church.

In the near future it is possible that the Variety Artists' Federation will have entered into a struggle with the Managers which recalls their virgin attempt in February last when the "barring-out" clause was the *casus belli*. On the advice of the Federation of Trade Unions four clauses have been submitted for arbitration. The most thorny point, that of whether artists shall be permitted to be their own agents, has caused a strong difference of opinion in the Union. The question of striking will have been decided by the time these notes appear, at general meetings to be held in London and Manchester. Those of us who have mixed intimately with members of the "illegitimate," will agree that when the music-hall artist becomes a Trade Unionist, one need not despair even of the political contortionists who ornament the historic parties in the House. The extraordinary thing is that the big artists like Lauder, Marie Lloyd, and O'Gorman are heart and soul with the small men, who are infinitely more concerned with the point at issue than those drawing princely salaries.

CHARLES N. L. SHAW.

Indian Notes.

By an Indian Nationalist.

AN English friend of mine asked me last week why I rejoiced at the deportation of those eminent men, specially as most of them were personal friends of mine. My answer was that the time had come when the Indians have ceased to pay any attention to personal feelings. The one supreme object in the heart of every Indian is the cause we are all working for. Young men willingly go to prison because they know that their suffering will give others strength. The prime movers of such a cause as ours have to bear the crown not of victory but of martyrdom. "But how can these deportations help your cause?" he persisted.

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In the first place, it would impress on the public the utter futility of depending on the Government. That the Government was determined to persecute every Indian who gained the confidence of the people is being proved by these deportations. In the next place the feelings of the friends and relatives of these men will be that of bitter hatred against the Government. What was national hatred is being speedily transformed into personal hatred as well, so that the persecution of each man brings converts to our camp.

* * *

But the greatest reason of rejoicing is that three of these men were absolute moderates. They never varied from what is called "Constitutional Agitation," and more, they never missed a single opportunity to severely criticise our party. One of them, Mr. Mitra, addressed a letter to the Indian students only last November, exhorting them to give up their active resistance and to work in conjunction with the Government. And they are all eminent men, respected by every one in India, irrespective of party, sect, or creed. They were deported as thorough-going moderates; they will return as Nationalists, bringing to our side their following as well.

* * *

These deportations also prove that the activities of the Government are directed against, not any party, but the Swadeshi movement. The Swadeshi movement, your readers will remember, was started as a retaliation after the Partition of Bengal. It is for the revival and protection of our own industries. It has injured considerably the British trade, and established mills and factories throughout India, hence the Government is determined to crush it. This is the one question on which both the Moderates and the Nationalists agree. And these men, who were absolute Moderates, were ardent supporters of the Swadeshi movement all the same. Their deportation clearly proves that irrespective of the party he belongs to, the Government will persecute any one who supports the Swadeshi movement. Therefore, the Moderates, who were during these two or three years of repression secure in the consciousness that only the Nationalists were in danger, will begin to feel dubious of their own safety. And as they cannot forsake the Swadeshi movement, without paling into insignificance, they will come over to our side and make common cause with us.

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But these deportations are not the only acts of the Government that have gladdened our heart. There is the Summary Procedure Bill, passed last month, establishing something like the Court of Star Chamber created by the Tudors in England. Henceforth the sedition prosecutions would be tried summarily without a jury. That, of course, would make no difference. Trials by a jury, as we have had till now, were just as much a farce as trials without a jury henceforth would be. But the second part of the Bill is very important. No societies would be allowed to be formed that have the slightest Nationalist bearing. That is to say, the Government has the power to suppress (now summarily) any society which may make itself, say, uncomfortable to the Government.

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There is another topic I wish to dwell on before I end: I mean the recent Hindu-Mahomedan riots near Calcutta. Of course, I deprecate these riots as every Indian does, but I have not the slightest doubt that they are due to the Government's policy, which has always been to set class against class. The same sort of riots happened last year in East Bengal. There is just one fact to which I wish to draw the attention of the English Press. In their profound love for the Mahomedans (which is, of course, easily understood, since the Hindus in India are getting very powerful) the English Press declares that the Moslems, after all, are justified, because the Hindus have broken one of their mosques, and to such religiously tolerant people as the English this is intolerable. They conveniently forget that last year in East Bengal the Moslems, with the help of the police, destroyed two Hindu temples. I merely mention the fact with no other intention.

The Labour Party Conference.

As one reads through the resolutions that are to be discussed at the Labour Party's Ninth Annual Conference —which meets at Portsmouth on the 27th of this month —one feels chillier and chillier as the pages turn. When the Labour Party began its life a few years ago, all kinds of rash hopes got abroad. Some of us thought that a political party had at last arrived which was in deadly earnest, which would refuse to delay the coming of Reform by playing a stupid, hypocritical game called "Politics," which was fit only to amuse children and deceive fools. We had no vain ideas that the twists and turns of humanity were going to be put straight by any sudden wrench. But we were quite certain that the old parties were never going to set things right. The Liberals and Tories were content to prattle about trivial affairs which the people would not heed, which it did not matter whether they heeded or not.

Reform means something very different from all this. It means Revolution. We thought the Labour Party had set out for Revolution: when one has read the agenda paper of the coming Conference, it begins to look as if it only means politics after all. Politics is the game of fooling the people into thinking that Tory and Liberal Governments are doing all that can be done to abolish poverty; the game of lulling the people to sleep, so that they will be content with scraps. Revolution is the great work of rousing the people to demand all that is possible, instead of remaining content with the little that is offered. There is nothing I dislike so much as the spinning of vague generalities. That is the business of politicians. As the preachers of Revolution, let us concern ourselves with hard common sense. What is the real mission of the Labour Party? It is nothing more or less than to goad the people till they rise in a tempestuous demand that this mockery of politics be swept on one side and the rudiments of Reform begun. Is there a glimmering sign either on the agenda of the Conference or in the attitude of the leaders of the party that this mission will be fulfilled? With one or two exceptions, which will be considered in a moment, there is not a sign to give hope for the future.

The resolutions, looked at in detail, are virtuous enough. There will be little done until all that they demand is an accomplished fact and translated into laws of the land. Fair Wages, Eight Hours, Factory Legislation, Electoral Reform, Nationalisation of Hospitals, a Minimum Wage, Abolition of Sinecures, International Peace, School Feeding, an Unemployed Workers Bill, an Old Age Pension system for more than dead men and women of seventy: all these things are urgently necessary. But who disputes them, except the sham politicians who control the Liberal and Conservative Parties? It is surely not necessary to waste time over them at a Labour Party Conference. Most of them have been discussed already and approved by overwhelming majorities. Is the Labour Party going to begin the tedious manners of the Trade Union Congress, and pass pious resolutions year after year, to be put back in a pigeon-hole until they are brought out for the next Congress?

Let us face the facts. We in the Socialist Labour movement know exactly what we want. To make it certain, the Hull Conference last year declared that it sought the nationalisation of all the means of production, distribution, and exchange. No amount of resolutions will carry it further than that, except in the details. And an unwieldy Conference is not the place to discuss details: that is the business of a small committee of experts in administration and law. Shut Mr. Sidney Webb and Mr. Ramsay MacDonald up in a quiet room for a week, and they will draft enough detailed Bills to keep the Labour Party busy for the next fifty years.

The Labour Party has a more monumental work to do than that. It has to consider how its demands, which it long ago settled, are going to be most quickly translated into accomplished facts. What sign is there that the Conference is going to discuss and decide that all-important matter? Now, there are a few resolutions on the agenda which have possibilities. For example, the Dock and General Workers' Union demands Old Age Pensions at 55 and an income-tax of twenty shillings in the pound on great incomes. There is a touch of revolution there; but I can imagine the Labour Party Executive contemptuously brushing that aside as beyond practical politics. What, I ask, is its test of the practicable? Are we going to accept the standard of the gentlemen who sit in the Carlton and Reform Clubs? If we knew how to use it, we have a voting strength of the workers behind us which can make practical politics of any demand we choose to set up. Again, there are four resolutions condemning the Executive for refusing to fight at Dundee and Newcastle. The Executive has already declared that it considered the Newcastle contest a "reckless, wild-cat candidature." There will be many a deed of reckless bravery (judged by the standard of the Liberal Whips) before Labour comes to its own. Does the Executive forget that Mr. Keir Hardie—surely he has some knowledge of how to build up a party—has declared that Newcastle should have been fought? We await the speech of this founder of political revolt when this vote of censure on cowardly compromise is moved at the Conference.

Behind that resolution of censure lies an understanding of the secret of political agitation. The leaders of the Labour Party have forgotten that the safety of two-seat constituencies, the elaboration of legislative details, the finesse of Parliamentary wire-pulling are mere trivialities when measured against the urgent need of striking the imagination of that great mass of people who know nothing of economics, or procedure, or diplomacy. The Executive tried, vainly, it will be seen, to save a few seats from Liberal opposition; and, in so doing, taught the workers of this country that the way to win was to run away—a pretty lesson, indeed, to give to men setting out on a great fight,

There is only one way by which the Labour leaders can build up a great party of social rebellion. On behalf of THE NEW AGE, I move the one resolution which is necessary at Portsmouth: "THAT THIS CONFERENCE BESEECHES THE LABOUR PARTY MEMBERS IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS TO HAVE COURAGE AND A GLIMMER OF IMAGINATION." That is not a vague generality: it is dull common sense. I reverence precise detail—in its place. That place is not the Portsmouth Conference. The business of the delegates will not be to pass more pious resolutions: but to see how they can make their leaders in Parliament do something for the resolutions which were passed last year and the years before. It will be a great fight between the rank-and-file and the leaders who have lost their nerve and their skill in appealing for popular support. I chanced to spend last week in the company of a dramatist who made a big hit last season, and who happens to be a keen politician also, who showed more knowledge of the secret of political agitation than all the Labour Party Executive put together (and as firm a grasp of detail, into the bargain). It was a revelation of the weakness of the Labour Party. It lacks the dramatic mind; it does not know how to fill the house: it has no imagination. I will discuss a drama for the Labour Party next week, and show that courage and imagination mean political commonsense.

G. R. S TAYLOR.

Unedited Opinions.

II. The Communisation of Bread.

WHAT did you think of a NEW AGE writer's suggestion the other week that Shaw should now produce his Magnum Opus?

It was a week late. Shaw had already produced it.

What was it?

His suggestion of Free Bread for Everybody.

But you don't take that seriously! Your contributor had in mind a Kelmscott Manifesto on Poverty, to be followed by a Midlothian Campaign.

Precisely, but Sidney Webb could draft a better Manifesto, probably is already drafting it. As for the campaign, Shaw knows his limits. He's not a Gladstone. Besides, as I have said, Shaw's Magnum Opus is already produced, though nobody seems particularly startled.

That's because nobody takes it seriously.

And that again is because nobody dare. Every new idea in England is regarded as a dangerous animal, to be avoided if possible or shot at sight. Free Bread for Everybody is a new idea. Consequently all the little birds of the air and all the little bunnies of the field lie low and say nuffin ; as when a hawk passes in the sky.

But you don't yourself think the idea practicable?

Eminently so. Once grant it desirable, and its practicability would never be questioned.

Of course, its desirability is the first consideration. But is it not vicious in principle?

Vicious, yes, if the Sermon on the Mount is vicious, but not otherwise. On the contrary, Free Bread is a purely Christian doctrine. "Take, eat!" What less could a Christian State say to its members?

But there are more everyday principles involved in the question than that.

Not deeper, though. However, you are right ; the least effective arguments in a Christian country are arguments drawn from the truth of Christianity. Let's put them aside and regard the matter superficially, that is, from the standpoint of expediency. The case is quite as strong.

I should like to hear it stated.

Very well. You admit, do you not, that men must eat to live?

Of course.

And in order to eat they must have food.

Yes.

You will not deny, further, that one of the aims of man has been to secure a plentiful supply of food with the least exertion.

Admitted.

And that with increasing organisation society has increased its powers in this direction, so that now comparatively little labour is needed to produce the bread of the world?

Admitted, again.

So far, then, as the supply is concerned, man has got over the main difficulty. Food is now more abundant than ever before in the history of the world.

Probably.

The question now is: Ought men to be allowed to enjoy this food without themselves necessarily working for it?

Yes, that is the question.

Tell me, do you believe work a good thing?

It all depends upon what you mean.

In the sense, to be definite, of the exertion to produce bread?

It may be.

It cannot be on the testimony of history: since man has constantly striven to lessen the labour needed, as if labour were a thing he hated.

Some labour is hated, some is a delight.

True, but we do not usually call a delightful activity labour. Nobody indulges in the sport of ploughing, for instance, or milling, or kneading dough. These are not occupations for artists, but for workmen.

But what are you after?

Only this, that the attempt to spare ourselves "labour" is not in itself a bad thing. If we could all eat without working we should all do it as readily as we now breathe without working. If air could be monopolised and sold by a trust, we should certainly have to work to obtain a share. That extension of private property is not contemplated in general, but already, as you know, the rent of good ozone is considerably higher than the rent of the twice-breathed air of the slums. . . . Well, if work is not in itself a good thing for man, the less of it the better.

But Shaw's proposal would mean that some people would work while others would be idle. Would the idle then be superior to the workers?

From one standpoint, yes. Out of leisure—which in one sense is idleness—all civilisation comes. But the question is really idleness in respect of the supply of bread. We need not suppose that all who took bread without paying directly for it would fail to pay indirectly. At this moment, certain expensive appliances for keeping the air pure and plentiful exist in our towns and houses. The actual makers are paid, but we who breathe the air they supply are not charged so much per cubic foot. It is recognised that the business of the State is to keep the air pure, free, and plentiful. Shaw is simply proposing that it should be the business of the State to supply bread, pure, free and plentifully.

But somebody would have to pay?

Oh that ineradicable idea of payment! Pay, yes, if you like ; but not in the prevalent form, not at all in the prevalent form.

How, then?

I imagine that Shaw has in his mind that other idea, namely, that no man at bottom receives services without being anxious and willing to return them.

Not my experience.

It is mine and yours as well. Do you like to feel under obligation, or to know yourself a parasite?

Not I, but many people of my acquaintance endure it pretty bravely—and thrive on it.

No parasite thrives or is happy. Most of them invent excuses for their existence. Take away their excuses and they are ashamed, and start returning services.

Then you imagine that the people who receive free bread would be anxious to contribute to society in return?

In a very little while, certainly: so soon as the first taste of dependence had had time to become bitter.

It is too optimistic for me to believe.

Very well, to the bread again. On grounds of sheer expediency, is it not well that people should be fed with regularity and plenty?

I have admitted that.

And can we in any present or probable state of society give each man an acre or so of ground for his own use? Is it business, I mean? Obviously it is not. The corn-lands must in future be cultivated with science, which means organisation. Consequently, the dream of peasant proprietorship of Mr. G. K. Chesterton is a dream of the past. And if corn-land is to be a monopoly, to whom but the State can it be entrusted? The State alone is concerned with the lives of its members, and all others are concerned only with their purses. And if the State is concerned with the lives of its members, and has, moreover, the control of the corn-lands, plainly its business is to see that its people are fed as a condition of seeing that they work. In any case, pay or no pay, feeding precedes working. Unless a man eat neither shall he work.

Oh, I don't deny the fact, but the free, gratis, and for nothing appals me.

Take it by degrees: you will grow used to it in time. Think steadily of air and your mind will become clear. Meanwhile, consider some of the consequences of Free Bread. We are familiar enough with the consequences of Bought Bread: they are patent to the eyes.

I admit the present method of distributing bread is iniquitous. Those who need it most can least afford to procure it.

True. Then what would follow the provision of Free Bread for everybody?

Why, nobody need be hungry, that is certain.

And is not hunger the parent of all evil? We should, therefore, have at last done something to improve the world. Can you conceive the situation? No starving women and children, no complaining in our streets. . . . .

But would not tramps abound, walking from bread depôt to bread depôt.

Tramps cannot live by bread alone. If they could I would let them. Men who can reduce their wants to dry bread are near the Kingdom of Heaven.

But how would you organise the distribution?

So many municipal bakeries per thousand of the

population. Bakeries instead of prisons and hospitals and reformatories!

What about the present private bakers?

Most of them would be taken over by the municipality or the State. The rest might compete with the State if they liked.

They would not stand much chance if the State provided free bread.

Let them, then, make cakes—to change Marie Antoinette's remark. Why not? We need not ask the State to tell us where is fancy bread. Private artists would provide it for people who chose to pay.

But wouldn't the rates and taxes go up enormously?

Almost as much as they would come done! Think of the saving on workhouses, prisons, police. . . . It would positively pay the State in the long run to provide free bread.

And circuses?

We have their modern substitute already—free music in the Parks. Now we want free theatres and music-halls, . . . free . . . . well, in the end we want everything free. By the way, the English really hate freedom. Heine said of us we liked freedom as our lawful wedded wife. Not so. Freedom is our Scarlet Woman. And you know the Scarlet Woman is also the Blessed Virgin Mary? You never thought that?

You horrify me. One question more. Do you think the Labour Party will adopt Shaw's idea?

It would lift them above politics into history if they did. But they are too dull; they are satisfied with demanding the Right to Work. That is why they are called the "Labour" Party. A. R. ORAGE.

Why Churchmen Become Socialists

By Rev. Conrad Noel.

II.

THE prophets had always insisted that national disaster follows national injustice. The nation is carried into captivity or falls a prey to foreign dominion because it has allowed itself to become politically and economically corrupt. The Jews of Christ's time had for the most part forgotten their prophets. They regarded their conquest by the Romans as the only wrong that needed righting, until there appeared among them "the last of the prophets," who reiterated the old message. The mere overthrow of the foreign dominion would not of itself usher in the Kingdom of God. Of the nature of that future Kingdom he admitted himself uncertain, but of this he was certain: namely, that social repentance was required of men in preparation for its advent—and it was even now at the doors. Repentance to the Baptist meant, as to the older prophets, national and political, as well as domestic and personal regeneration, the exalting of valleys, the bringing low of hills. The soldier must cease plundering, the tax-gatherer must not overcharge; the people must be communistic (Luke iii., 11-12). The religious leaders must cease to pervert public opinion. They were vipers and hypocrites. For the rest, he felt that there would come one after him who would baptise the world with fire.

Jesus took up the old familiar phrase, and came preaching the good news of the Kingdom of God. It was close at hand. It would come swiftly and with power within the life-time of some of His followers. It would be re-established no longer on a national, but on an international basis. It was to come on earth as it was pictured in God's Mind and Will (as in heaven) from the beginning. It would include the outcasts of Israel and the foreigner. Choosing the Year of Release as His subject, He spoke to His people at Nazareth on this international jubilee, but the native Jingoes were filled with madness. The ideal of the International is first to be preached to His own countrymen, and not to the larger world. He believed in intensive cultivation. If His own nation rejects it, it will be taken from them and given to a new and cosmopolitan people, bringing forth the fruits thereof. In this commonwealth the labourer shall find an easier yoke, the hungry will be fed, the rich sent empty away. It will be good news (or "gospel") for the poor, and, as a matter of fact, the common people heard Him gladly. In it men will be judged solely by works of social justice and love. Many who have mouthed about God will be cast into outer darkness. Many who never mentioned God, but were just to their fellows will be "the blessed of My Father," and will receive the Kingdom prepared for them, for "blessed are they that hunger for justice, they shall be filled."

Men must understand that they are in fact, and not only in religious fiction, brothers one of another, for one is their Father in the unseen but ever-present world. They must arrange their lives, individually, commercially, politically, on this understanding. Individuals must not each one for himself lay up treasures. You cannot serve the generous God and thrifty Mammon. Birds do not hoard their provisions. Flowers are not anxious about clothing. All these necessaries, food, shelter, clothing, come naturally enough when individuals and nations have learnt fellowship and mutual justice, substituting a Divine co-operative kingdom for their devilish strife and insane injustices. Seek ye first a Divine commonwealth, and all these things shall be added to you.

Love of God and love of man, demonstrated in acts of social justice—this is the fulfilling of all the law and the prophets. He did not come to destroy the old laws against rent and usury, but to develop and extend their underlying principles (Matt. v.).

Lavish generosity would be admired in such a kingdom. Ungenerous members of the C.O.S. (Jerusalem Branch) were reproved for their calculations about how much the spikenard would fetch, and how many poor it might relieve. The poor were always with them. They showed no special anxiety about them. They only used "the poor" as an argument against a poetic and lavish act on behalf of One Who was immediately to be taken from them. Christ was a patriot in the best sense: but Ibsen's Stockmann might well be considered a follower of His when he exclaimed, "I would rather see my town ruined than that it flourish upon a lie." He refused a crown and position of leader against the foreigners, not because He objected in the last resort to violence, but because the foreigner was no longer *the* enemy to be fought. In His kingdom there would be barbarian, Scythian, Roman, and Greek, as well as Jew. For the same reason He refused to be caught in the Jingo trap about the tribute money. It was not the Empire of Rome that was the primary enemy of the Empire of God. God's International Empire was threatened by the Empire of Mammon, and Mammon would reign in Jerusalem, even were Rome thrust out.

With the squabbles of individualistic inheritors Christ had no concern. Who had appointed Him judge or divider among such people? The rich were almost certainly outside His kingdom, ranged on the side of the Mammon Empire. When the miracle happened, and a money-grubber was converted, Christ was willing to fraternise even with the repentant rich, but for the rich man, cumbered and entangled in his possessions, Christ had no use. The business of such, if they could not get hold of life and enter into the democratic ideal because they were choked with possession, was to dispossess themselves and give to the poor, fall into line with the revolutionaries who had burnt their boats, were free of encumbrances, and were marching to the citadel, ready to storm it and die. Christ never said that the way to establish the Kingdom was for rich men to sell and give to the poor. What He said was that rich men were often barred out from the ideals of the Kingdom by their manner of life, and must therefore free themselves of their property, if they were to enter into life, and into the spirit of the fight for life (i.e., into the Kingdom of Heaven). He was not here thinking of the bodies of the poor, but of the souls of the rich.

Nor did He ever pronounce a blessing on poverty. Turning to the poor men of Galilee who followed Him—these men were not slum-dwellers of Jerusalem, but skilled workmen, master boatmen, etc., and may be paralleled with the men of the Colne Valley to-day—turning to the poor men who had seized upon the social

democratic conception of the Kingdom and had made it their own, He said, "Blessed are ye poor men, for yours *is* the Kingdom of Heaven."

The Kingdom means infinitely more than any conception of social-democracy, but if it does not at least mean this much to the Christian, he is in a state of damnation, having lost the key of life. But it will be said: How do you know that the above interpretation of the Scriptures is right? You can go to the Bible and get from it any religion you please. Calvin went sincerely to the Bible, and from its pages drew a blighting and inhuman determinism. Another man draws from it the exact opposite. You have read into your Bible your own pet theory. Every sect is founded upon the Bible, and every sect comes to a different conclusion. Now, in answer to this, I would say it is possible, though difficult, for a Nonconformist to evade the Socialistic teaching of the Bible in this way. In my concluding article I shall hope to show that it is impossible for Catholics of the National Church so to evade it.

What Does It All Mean?

By Cecil Chesterton.

I UNDERSTAND women wanting the vote, and I think they ought to have it. Nor do I blame them for the means they have adopted in order to obtain it. I have an instinctive sympathy with violent proceedings. Indeed, I have some feelings in common with the public school debating society which recently passed a resolution disapproving of the aims of the W.S.P.U., but entirely approving of its methods. I quite understand women rioting for the vote; what I do not understand is the way they talk about it.

A number of Suffragettes whom I know personally, a number of others whose speeches I have listened to, and whose writings I have read, talk and write about the vote in a tone which I can only compare to a very devout Catholic talking or writing about the Blessed Sacrament. That is to say they seem to regard it not as what (to my mind at least) it is, a useful instrument for self-protection against extreme tyranny and (much more rarely) for the carrying of valuable reforms, but as a thing the possession of which brings to the possessor a sort of mystic ecstacy. Yet these ladies must have known men who had votes, and they can hardly have observed in them any unnatural elation.

If it were only women who felt like this it would be curious enough, but the extraordinary thing is that men, and clear-headed and keen-sighted men, too, who presumably possess votes themselves, seem when the woman's claim is in question, to fall under the same obsession. No man has exposed more thoroughly the practical ineffectiveness of the enfranchisement of the workers than Mr. Bernard Shaw. Yet he is continually moved to passionate indignation at the thought that women have not got that which, according to him, has been of little or no use to the men who have got it. No journal is less under the bondage of the Liberal faith in mere political change than THE NEW AGE. But though nothing could persuade the Editor that the abolition of the House of Lords was important, he has apparently persuaded himself that the enfranchisement of women is a matter of supreme moment. Finally, I find in the last number of the "Clarion" a fervent plea for the Suffragettes from the pen of my friend Dr. Harry Roberts. Dr. Roberts is a man whose very keen and incisive intellect always seemed to me if anything a trifle too sceptical. I should have said that he was the last man likely to have been imposed upon either by a superstitious reverence for the ballot-box or by the intolerable grievances of the ladies of South Kensington and Belgravia.

Probably Mr. Shaw and Mr. Orage and Dr. Roberts all are or have been entitled to votes. I wonder how many times any one of them has used the vote! And I wonder how many times, when they have, it has resulted in anything but disappointment and disillusion!

It may be replied that the champions of the working classes were equally excited in the days of the Chartist movement. But to this, I think, there are two answers.

First it may be pointed out that the Chartists asked for the vote as a means to an end. In the petition which they presented to the House of Commons they asked for political power that they might abrogate the monopolies of land, of machinery, of transit. This, indeed, was the very ground upon which Macaulay and others opposed them—that they openly declared their intention of using their votes to bring about a social revolution. That was an end worth getting excited about! But what are the specific grievances of women which the women's vote would remove? Whenever I have put that question to a Suffragette I have been met with a catalogue of small injustices, genuine enough perhaps, but altogether inadequate to excite so much emotion. The law of succession, it is said, favours the male, and the divorce law gives the husband a remedy in cases where the wife has none. I am not concerned to discuss these instances or to discuss the contrary list of male grievances so often cited by Mr. Belfort Bax. All I say is that I cannot understand the moral effect which they appear to produce. I cannot imagine a woman saying "Oh, joy! At last I have altered the law of succession in the very rare case of intestacy!" I cannot imagine a woman clasping her hands and exclaiming: "Nunc Dimittis! I can now divorce my husband for adultery alone!"

It is true that the Suffragettes seem to suggest larger if vaguer and less practicable hopes. Sometimes it seems to be suggested that the great grievance of women is that they have to bear children! I fancy that this is a grievance of which the normal woman would be sorry to be deprived. But in any case I doubt if it is remediable by legislation. Doubtless the King, Lords, and Commons are constitutionally competent to enact that in future men shall bear children, but I doubt if the enactment would be widely obeyed. The matter appears to me to be, to use the favourite phrase of Liberal Ministers, "outside the sphere of practical politics." Mrs. Pethick Lawrence, in her exceedingly amusing article in "Votes for Women" on the release of Miss Pankhurst appears to go even further and to promise terrestrial immortality as the result of the vote. For we are told that "to women patient with the burden of birth *and death*, which they have carried since the human race began, there has suddenly come the call to arise, and the voice that proclaims *deliverance* is the voice of the very spirit of dauntless and conquering youth." After all, though, even men, who have the vote, occasionally die!

But there is another point to be considered in connection with the Chartists. They might be pardoned for thinking that the vote would bring real political power, for the experiment had not been tried. Yet even then there were two men who saw further than their fellows. One was Charles Kingsley, who told them that the Charter did not go far enough, and urged them to concentrate on social legislation. The other was Benjamin Disraeli, who, looking at the question with the insight of a man of genius and the detachment of a Jew, saw exactly how much use the vote would be to the workman—and gave it him.

What has happened since then has made the fears of poor old Macaulay and the hopes of Ernest Jones look equally silly. The enfranchisement of the workers has produced neither a general spoliation nor a regeneration of society. The vote does not confer real political power; at best it offers to the workers the choice between the two policies presented by the two sham parties into which the governing class cunningly divides itself. I do not under-rate its value. We ought to use it, as we ought to use every tool which comes in our way. But voting and electioneering are at best mere skirmishing. Unless a man can believe that the ruling class will abandon all its immense and profitable privileges without a struggle in deference to an abstract resolution passed by six hundred unarmed men, he cannot believe that the vote is the ultimate instrument of human emancipation. And the man who believes that will believe anything!

If, instead of asking for votes, women asked for arms, I should understand what they meant.

The Net of the Stars.

To-night, we soar beyond the murky earth
(heigho, the lilies in the garden close) ;
to-night, we tread a measure full of mirth ;—
over the stars, we dance away from earth—
(and yet beside them blooms a passionate rose).

Come with me, love, and through the Milky Way,
from cloud and dust, into the golden day,
come with me, love, and we will hark away
into the shining knotted net of the sky ;
and the wide space will lose our lonely cry.

You linger . . . think ! . . . a wondering world will gaze,
stark, at the flashing sky, and ask in amaze—
"Whose feet, in passing over heaven to-night,
whose skirts, are blotting out the star-helmed light?"
You linger . . . think of us alone to-night !

What linkëd perfumes hold your heart in bond?
The delicate lilies round your ankles press.
Oh, I would carry you from earth beyond,
into the strengthening wine of space, no less,
alone, uncrowded, silent, and unconned.

Like the pure flame of my desire,
burning candescent in life's blue deep,
rose your white body before me,
O my flower, flame-petalled, of sleep !
O Primeval, O Earth-heart of fire !—
Like a tall lily swaying beside the waters,
silent and black, of Night and speechless Time,
sway, sway, O Thurible, flinging
your perfume to winds that ever are singing
their chant through the Cathedral of Earth,
in the organ pipes of the trees.

Silent and black were the waters. They drew me
sick and an-hungered on to their verge ;
and the sky was all gloomy
with birds that fluttered to lure me
into the infinite surge.
O my lily of flame and sweet incense,
green-robed, gold-hearted, and white,
your fragrance
stayed my dull feet of their vagrance
into the ocean of death-bound Night.

A little murmur in the leaves—
a cold, calm night of many stars.

Thinned by the wind of winter's wand
that whistles like a winnowing flail,
faintly afar,
and turns the warm earth pale ;
the fretted twigs, the twinkling leaves
whisper runes of the deeps beyond.
Night-long they have watched each star
in silence and the murmuring wind,—
night-long through Spring and Summer-time
and Autumn's yellow and crimson prime ;
and now they fall and fade away,
into the earth, night and day.

What is the secret? Time and Change
creep over the earth
and along the alleys huddles death,
under each leaf ;
willy-nilly the withered skirl,
and Life is brief.
Time and Change creep over the earth,
and red rot sucks us back to clay ;
but the stars shine ever and a day,
little knots in the net of light
that holds the infinite dragon, Night.

A little murmur in the leaves—
a cold, calm night of many stars.

Bramble and fern
round my heart burn
their embraces ;
over the thorn
the green leaf is born
that effaces.

Small white flowers walk
along the red stalk
all unheeding ;
beneath, who will say
is hidden away
a heart bleeding?

Wounds more fierce
the bramble will pierce
closely creeping
when tamed winds croon
of love to the moon
and she weeping.

There is a rose on your breast
and a perfume in your hair,—
warm body, sweet breath, and these,—
I know you are there.

I know?
—as the wind knows the trees,
as the fish know the swathing water
and the weed and the reed ;
as the rose and the stars that run
their course round him know the sun,
I know you Earth-daughter ;
and you know my kiss and caress
as the shore knows the sea's.
No more? But no less.

Like velvet faintly luminous
I see in the gloom your eyes.
Your bosom against me, close,
I can feel fall softly and rise ;—
but you can be to me
no more than a mirrored rose.

A little murmur in the leaves—
a cold, calm night of many stars.

F. S. FLINT.

The Chestershaw.

IT was unkind of Mr. Chesterton to go with "pitfall and with gin" to beset the path that he was inducing G. B. S. to wander in. But he apparently knows the weakness which is the badge of all the tribe of those who belong to the order of the smart-paradox. The one thing they can't stand is to be accused of not being in the swim of the present season's most up-to-date intellectual fashion. Call out "early Victorian" after them, and they scatter, cackling, like a flock of geese. I could not have wished for a better confirmation of my remark in my previous article that to attempt to smart-paradox a truth become a commonplace of thought simply results in silliness. Shaw's article is an illustration of this. Shaw does not, indeed, say, as Mr. Chesterton alleges, either directly or by implication, that "the Rationalist view is bosh," but, with the dread of that terrible bogey, the "early Victorian," before his eyes, he does think it necessary to profess to have something much better than the plain, straightforward nineteenth century Rationalist doctrine of the alleged supernatural up his sleeve. And when he produces this wonderful Shawesque something, what does it turn out to be? A cheap verbal quibble! The "early Victorian" Rationalist divided alleged "happenings" into two orders: (1) events which were conformable to the bulk of human experience, and therefore credible, to which he gave the name natural occurrences; and (2) events which contradicted the mass of human experience, and hence were incredible, to which he gave the name supernatural occurrences or miracles.

These definitions, I may remark, coincide with those understood perfectly well by the man-in-the-street. Shaw apparently thinks he has produced a particularly smart paradox when he has merely confounded these established meanings by dubbing all events indifferently miracles, and distinguishing those termed by the nineteenth century Rationalist "natural occurrences" as "credible miracles" and the others as "incredible miracles." Now, I absolutely fail to see any wit or wisdom in thus playing "hell and tommy" with language. Being born and living, for example, is clearly not in any sense whatever a miracle according to any definition of that word that has ever been current. Shaw's article only shows the feeble twaddle in which the smart-paradox school peters out when hard pressed. Shaw means the same thing as the "early Victorian," but in order to avoid the latter's good plain English, he takes refuge in senseless thimble-rigging of words and tricks such as any paltry penny-a-liner could reel off. He knows perfectly well he doesn't think that his belief that the sun will rise to-morrow justifies his belief that he or anyone else can turn a dog into a cat. The fact is, as hinted at the outset, Chesterton taunted Shaw with being "early Victorian," well knowing that Shaw, in the struggles he would be induced to make to shake off the hideous impeachment, would be inevitably betrayed into a very cheap product of the verbal quibble form of smart-paradoxy, and would thus, by making himself look silly, serve as a foil to G. K. C.'s own performances in the same art, many of which undoubtedly shine brilliantly as against this latest effort of Shaw's. And Shaw walked complacently into the trap!

Mr. Chesterton is naïve, however, when he gravely tells us that while Shaw distinguishes the credible from the incredible by his taste or prejudice, *he* distinguishes by his reason. Now, to judge from Shaw's article, it may, I admit, be difficult to discover any rational ground for his distinction between them. But all the same, we may not be disposed, with all due respect to Mr. Chesterton, to accept his confident assurance that he distinguishes between the credible and incredible not, as other inferior mortals do, by their taste or prejudice, but by his reason. This we should most of us regard probably as a highly disputable point.

Mr. Chesterton is indignant with me for not attaching due weight to what he terms the Catholic Revival. But I have more than once referred to the fact that there is a Catholic fashion or pose prevalent nowadays. If anyone likes to call this a Catholic Revival, I will not object. Decaying systems generally have a final flare-up before they die. Notwithstanding the progress of early Christianity, there was a great Pagan revival during the second half of the second century of the Christian era. I still maintain that the said fashion or "revival," if you like, is chiefly manned by those I call decadents (using the word in a broad sense). Mr. Chesterton has failed to show that I was wrong in this. He talks of a long procession of Agnostics who have entered the church, and gives the names of three such Agnostics, all of whom I should term decadents, and of one of them (Huysmans) I can only say if he is not to be called a decadent, then the word has no meaning at all. Decadents need not necessarily be of the broken lily, trembling aster, species.

Says Mr. Chesterton, "Every item" in the procession of converts "is as important as Wells's conversion to Socialism." This may be so, but if so, then all I can say is, its importance is not very great. If the Catholicism of these worthy persons isn't more like the genuine article recognised by the International Catholic Church than Mr. Wells' "Socialism" is like the principles recognised under that name by the International Socialist Party—but, well, it is no concern of mine! Mr. Wells has attained popularity as a clever writer of stories, and "fancies himself," having scarcely entered the Socialist Party, as already a pontifical exponent of Socialist theory. Why, he is even a little too much for the Fabian Society, a body which, as is well known, makes a speciality of collecting fearsome and wonderful Socialist wildfowl of this sort!

I must enter a protest against the suggestion that I have any "metaphysical quarrel" with our friend G. K. C. So far as metaphysical discussion is concerned, Mr. Chesterton is "out of it" for me. This is no discourtesy on my part. A man can't be expected to give his attention to every subject. Mr. Chesterton, who shows by his remarks that he utterly failed to grasp the significance of the only possible ultimate definition of truth (which, by the way, he makes nonsense of by misquoting), and who apparently regards the proposition "truth is truth" as a valuable asset of human knowledge, thinks he is a metaphysician. I do not. He tells us he can think, which he says means the same thing. Now, I know I am no mathematician in the sense of being able to follow out the problems of the calculus. But were I Mr. Chesterton I suppose I should say I think I am a mathematician—that is, I know I can reckon, which is the same thing! "Why, only this morning I added up my grocer's bill, and this surely justifies me in confidently criticising any wrangler's formulation of a problem in fluxions or of the square root of minus 1!" For if you can but cipher, the higher mathematics need not be that "oligarchic mystery" some foolish people take them to be!

Mr. Chesterton escapes once more by a side wind to the simple language cant. According to Mr. Chesterton, you do not think when you use words of more than one syllable, or when you go outside the vocabulary of the commercial traveller. His friend Mr. Belloc seems to be of the same opinion. The word "subjective" is scorned as the "faded jargon of the universities." What we ought to say in order to be up to early Edwardian date is "made up out of one's head." We are compelled, therefore, by the "simple language" freak to use six words (embodying a crude and ugly metaphor) rather than one, and that one perfectly expressive in itself and well understood by every man with education enough to comprehend an elementary psychological problem. The criticism extorted by the above passage in Mr. Belloc's article was expressed audibly by me in two simple words which could hardly be accused of belonging to "the faded jargon of the universities," but, on the contrary, are perfectly familiar to Fleet Street.

As for Mr. Chesterton, he has a short and easy method with controversial antagonists. It consists, apparently, in stigmatising every word or phrase as "meaningless" that he feels hits him. But, in addition to this, any word that has acquired a well-established meaning in serious literature is obnoxious to Mr. C. in his character of knight of early Edwardian pedantry. I used the

excellent and expressive term Zeitgeist, not without a suspicion, correct as it proved, that being a good, acclimatised word, it would get a rise out of Mr. Chesterton. I said, I believe, something to the effect that he took himself as the measure of the Zeitgeist. All I can say is that if he regards the notion of a given age having a special intellectual character of its own (which is what is obviously meant by Zeitgeist) as meaningless, it does not speak much for his intellectual insight or his historical education. In charity, however, I am willing to treat his diatribe as not meant quite seriously.

The tendency nowadays is to think you can settle any doctrine or principle you dislike by flinging an epithet at it or its representative. There are certain Socialists we have seen who think they have achieved something by dubbing other Socialists who refuse to pronounce their shibboleth, and confine their Socialism within the four corners of an economic formula, "cranks." This word appears to have a magical efficacy attaching to it for some minds. For me these words break no bones. They simply mean that the person who uses them disagrees with those he characterises in this way. I don't deny that "cranks" exist, and I have my own definition of the word, but the fast and loose way in which it is used nowadays degrades it to a mere form of vulgar abuse for anyone whose views you disapprove of.

Again, I do not deny that the thought of the "early Victorian" is not precisely our thought to-day, but I do deny that the thought embodied in the epigrammatic brilliances of Shaw and the smart paradoxes of Chesterton are necessarily any nearer truth than the thought of the "early Victorian." In fact, of the two, I believe that the next generation will find the sediment of truth or availably useful theory left by "early Victorian" thought will be incomparably greater than that left by early Edwardian smartness.

As for the monosyllable mania which would condemn us all to talk about ideas "made out of our own heads" instead of calling such ideas "subjective," setting up a pedantic purism of the vocabulary of the infant school and the small suburban householder, this does strike me as the lowest abyss of literary cant. There would be just as much, nay more, reason for going back to twelfth century English. Can anything be more perverse than to ignore the fact that language grows and adapts itself by usage to the concepts it is sought to express? To deliberately discard words and phrases which have grown to fit a given subject-matter in order to revert to a jargon of crude and clumsy circumlocutions, with a view of seeming sweetly simple, is a piece of conscious affectation which seems to me unworthy of anybody outside a guild of prigs.

E. BELFORT BAX.

Books and Persons.

(AN OCCASIONAL CAUSERIE.)

THERE are to be more monthly magazines in the immediate future. Mr. Eveleigh Nash, a few years ago a rising publisher, and now most definitely a risen publisher, is making somewhat elaborate preparations for an unillustrated monthly, of which I believe the price is to be sixpence. For the absence of illustrations the intelligent masses, and the novelists who contribute to the magazine, will be thankful. One of the greatest trials of a novelist's life is to see the popular artist's conception of his characters and scenes. Occasionally this conception becomes so fantastically comic that the sight of it passes from a trial into a joy. On the other hand, I am aware that draughtsmen, when new fiction arrives by post for illustration, have a habit of groaning: "What *can* a man do with this awful stuff?" Anyhow, a popular magazine entirely without pictures is certainly less annoying than the illustrated variety. And a popular magazine entirely without letterpress would be even better.

* * *

Messrs. Methuen, it appears, are also going to start an unillustrated magazine, of which the mainstay, like that of Mr. Nash's, will be fiction. The unillustrated magazine is very much succeeding just now. Which

means, I suppose, that the intelligent masses are gradually being discovered by the editors and publishers of this country. I presume one may not hope that ideas will be allowed to enter into either of the new magazines. I mean genuine, living, disturbing ideas. For example, would Mr. Nash or Messrs. Methuen permit the intrusion of a series of articles dealing with the stupidities and dishonesties of local government in London? The subject is both interesting and picturesque. It is strange that American magazines can flourish on this kind of thing. They give bad fiction, bad verse, offensively smooth pictures, but they do deal, really *deal*—in their snappy, saucy way—with ideas. I am not referring to cosmopolitan productions such as "Harper's," which are as innocent of ideas as a pantomime, but vulgar, readable, pure Yankee things, like "Everybody's." * * *

The intelligent masses will only be fully discovered to periodical literature in England when a publisher comes along (a) who does not think it beneath his grandeur to try for less than ten thousand a year profit, and (b) who will stick posters up inside and outside his offices: "Our specialty is to tread on susceptibilities." The fear of hurting susceptibilities has grown into a monstrous and grotesque religion among editors, especially London editors, and its effects are disastrously felt throughout almost the whole of our literature. There are a number of small but remunerative publics awaiting the attentions of a publisher who is clever enough and modest enough to notice them. I know that Mr. Eveleigh Nash is very clever. I trust he is modest, but on this point I have no reliable information.

* * *

Apart from all extra-artistic considerations, "The English Review," of which I have just been reading the second number, comes as near to the ideal as any magazine of pure letters is likely to get. Difficult to take a page of this monthly and say: "That is not literature"! Among the contributors to the first two numbers—H. G. Wells, D. G. Rossetti, Anatole France, Thomas Hardy, Cunninghame Graham, Joseph Conrad, Henry James, and Tolstoy—the palm is probably borne away by the venerable Tolstoy, whose "The Raid"—translated with an intense conscientiousness by Mrs. Constance Garnett—is one of the most subtly beautiful matters that have appeared for many a long year in a magazine. Mr. Cunninghame Graham's travel-sketch, "Andorra," has an enormous verve, and perhaps the finest sheer prose is Mr. Stephen Reynolds' letter to the editor on getting fish to market in small quantities! The second number will have to be preserved by amateurs for its reproduction of a caricature of Rossetti by Ford Madox Brown. One feature of the editorial policy is very marked; namely, a determination that the purchaser of one number shall be the purchaser of at least two numbers. Of the 192 handsome pages which constitute the second number, 105 contain matter which is either continued from the first number, or to be continued into the third, or both.

* * *

The death of that distinguished draughtsman and painter, Henry Ospovat, who was among the few who can illustrate a serious author without insulting him, ought not to pass unnoticed. Because an exhibition of his caricatures made a considerable stir last year it was generally understood that he was destined exclusively for caricature. But he was a man who could do several things very well indeed, and caricature was only one of these things. In Paris he would certainly have made a name and a fortune as a caricaturist. They have more liberty there. Witness Rouveyre's admirable and appalling sketch of Sara Bernhardt in the current "Mercure de France." I never met Ospovat, but I was intimate with some of his friends while he was at South Kensington. In those days I used to hear "what Ospovat thought" about everything. He must have been listened to with great respect by his fellow students. And sometimes one of them would come to me, with the air of doing me a favour (as indeed he was) and say: "Look here. Do you want to buy something good, at simply no price at all?" And I

became the possessor of a beautiful sketch by Ospovat, while the intermediary went off with a look on his face as if saying: "Consider yourself lucky, my boy!" I used even to get Ospovat's opinions on my books, now and then very severe. I wanted to meet him. But I never could. The youths used to murmur: "Oh! It's no use you *meeting* him." They were afraid he was not spectacular enough. Or they desired to keep him to themselves, like a precious pearl. I pictured him as very frail, and very positive in a quiet way. He was only about thirty when he died last week.

JACOB TONSON.

BOOK OF THE WEEK.

E. Nesbit Among the Fairies.*

WHEN you write for children it is important to remember that your intended readers are men and women who have little experience (but that remarkably intense and fresh), less sex and enormous imagination. So that if you wander with them in a world other than the one we blasé people see, you must not forget that even there walking and flying are the custom, and not crawling. You must not play down.

To people of much imagination and of little limiting experience fairies are quite easy. Your modern fairy-zealot is often an altogether impossible person so far as children are concerned. He says, "I know fairies are very hard to believe in. I dare say you soulless, sensible people can't believe in them. But I can, and they are very, very beautiful." Whereas the ancient fairy-tale and E. Nesbit calmly say: "Fairy=Child, Child=Fairy." And the child comes up to the Fairy and takes him by the hand and says: "How do you do, Mr. Fairy? Will you please take me to Timbuctoo?" and the fairy says: "Right you are, my little dear, but I should like to have some tea first." Here E. Nesbit is in the true apostolic succession.

But to write such fairy tales one must believe in them very much; and E. Nesbit does that; for her the world is magic, whether one dwells in Avalon, Arden, or the Kentish Town Road. Happily—perhaps naturally—it is comic too; perhaps all true magic is comic. This combination is what makes her fairies so human (and things which speak must be either human or abstractions); the immortal phœnix speaks Cockney as well as South Sea Islandese, and thinks itself a handsome bird, and says "Chuck, chuck," and struts round its latest egg. It is very comforting as well as profoundly true that all fabulous creatures invented or imagined by man—Phœnixes, Burglars, Maiden ladies, Mouldiwarps, and historical personages are human; that nothing we can imagine is alien to us. To understand that truth is the first essential qualification of the maker of fairy tales. (Perhaps of the maker of religious and political economies; but the query overpasses the limits of this review).

As for her children, E. Nesbit strikes a judicious note between Little Lord Fauntleroy and realism. They are not quite what she says they are—"most remarkably like you"; they are a little better, but not much. They are easy exercises in goodness; without too great effort we could be like them. This is better than realism. But the author's departure from it has made her characters types more than persons. The Phœnix and the Carpet Children, her Bastables, her Ardens are very much alike. Here, maybe, E. Nesbit knows better than we do. Perhaps children are really very much alike. We know that the modern novel has had the very pernicious effect of making grown-ups forget how very much more alike than diverse they are. And anyhow children enjoy types more than persons. It is so much more easy to fit oneself into the parts.

Of course there is much in these books children will not understand. Their tender and yet sub-acid comment, for example, will all but escape them. And this is good. The dreams of growing creatures should always be a bit beyond their comprehension. They like them so. They insist on having them so. If you will not give them difficult meanings they will invent difficult

*"The Phœnix and the Carpet," and "The House of Arden." (T. Fisher Unwin. 6s. each.)

un-meanings. The ritual of Abracadabra is bread and meat to the Child.

But what a hypocrite I am. Here I have been talking of how fine E. Nesbit's books are for children and knowing all the time that for me who in years at least am no longer a child they are the one kind of story tales I can endure. I have read lately Joseph Conrad, George Meredith, Edwin Pugh, Henry Longan Stuart and Arnold Bennett. Is there one of them I like half so well? Not a one. The best of Books for Grown Ups bore me. They are so pre-occupied with the peddling facts of psychological science, so woefully blind to the splendid adventures of Man. Fraud and crime and social problems notwithstanding, it is very jolly to be alive. Oh, sour-faced novelists, remember that. The adventures of Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table are still more human and true than the sorrows of Fleet Street; all analyses of the soul are now and for ever a lie.

Artful E. Nesbit writes for the children because we who pretend to years of discretion will only enjoy our birthright under the rose. She writes for the children as Homer and Malory and Fielding and Dickens and Scott and Alexander Dumas père wrote for children, as Ludwig Thoma writes for Bavarian children now. She puts her heroes in the nursery because it is only there we can forget the follies of this vivisecting age. Heroes? Gods wounds! how we have longed for heroes! And here is a cartload of them.

Heroes of the real old original brand I pray you to observe; sometimes petulant, sometimes silly, often comic, mostly brave and good-humoured, always simple-hearted and true; good, common-place, bread-and-butter heroes stuck in a whirligig of dreams. Whirligig of dreams I call it, because although much of the fairy tale is of every-day happening, it is all magical—the making of a fire equally with the coming of the Phœnix. In this world of shifting fantasy only one thing is ordinary and to be taken for granted: You. Compared with ordinary You, everything else—the Phœnix, the carpet, the cockroaches, the South Sea Islands, and Lombard street—is very wonderful and very comic. E. Nesbit is so fine a fairy-tale maker that she could do you one without the tip of the toe of a fairy in it.

But we find it impossible to convey to you the atmosphere of nobility these books possess; their sane, brave outlook on the world, their fresh delight in it. There is, as we have said, something large and heroic about them, something of the old epic as well as of the old fairy tale. There is no cant, no meanness in them. They have the lofty ethic of knighthood. They brace the nerves, and clear the head of illusions by putting illusion in its proper place. They have more driving power for Socialism than many Fabian pamphlets.

And now we leave you awkwardly, with the sense of having praised worthy books somewhat unworthily; we leave you to read and chuckle over the visit of the Phœnix to his Temple (the Fire Insurance office), over the way he convinced the staff of his divinity, to the choral odes they broke into, and the incense of brown sugar, sealing-wax, tobacco, and spirits they offered up at his command, over the tale of the Cook who was taken on the Carpet to a southern island and became a Queen there, and got the Burglar for a husband, and a semi-materialised curate to marry them; I leave you to the treasures of "The House of Arden," a book which, less fine of humour than the Phœnix and his Carpet, has a strong, new lyrical sweep that takes you into past times through the little doorway or on the hands of the daisy clock in more human a fashion than ever Wells could compass, which has passages of noble diction and poetic elevation sufficient to make the reputation of a bushel of ten-a-penny stylists (who have not learnt E. Nesbit's lesson that a style is something to be got over), and which is, if one may praise it so extravagantly, good enough to serve as a history primer in a twenty-first century school, I leave you to read all this to discover (should you have had the bad fortune not to have already discovered her) a sane, strong, faithful comrade, and one of our finest writers of romance.

W. R. TITTERTON.

ART.

Some Thoughts concerning Mr. Punch.

MR. PUNCH opens wide a door into his past, hard by Leicester Square, laying bare something of his soul, prettily introduced by Mr. Seaman and Mr. E. V. Lucas; where also may be seen even the furnishment of the whimsical old hunchback's home, the Round Table that is not round, the initials of his boon companions carved thereon; one of the "plague-pipes" that his greatest draughtsman Keene has smoked; and the like. And pens will write, and have written, of these things. But there hangs upon a wall of the Leicester Gallery a sheet of paper that raises thoughts and sets one brooding—on it was given to the world, decorated by the pen of "Dicky" Doyle, the immortal poem of "The Song of the Shirt" that Tom Hood wrote; and it brings back certain impressions that came after some words that Bret Harte uttered to me of the writer of that sobbing ballad, whose discovery of Bret Harte meant so much to the author of "The Luck of Roaring Camp." A phrase of Mr. Lucas's, in his charming introduction to the catalogue, sends ink into a not unwilling pen. "'Punch,'" says he, "of course, is not so good as it was."

Mr. Punch's Pageant is, the gossips say, a formidable rival to the winter exhibition at the Royal Academy. And most fitly so. The pages of "Punch" are the picture-gallery of the nation; the pictures at the Royal Academy yield but a few hours of possession, to pass away for ever; "Punch" comes to our fireside and creeps to bed to the bookshelf, there to slumber only until we call for his good-fellowship again. His pages are the picture-gallery of the people; and the masters of their art who exhibit therein come to a wide fame and companionship that no Academician may ever hope to know.

"Punch" was born amidst the uncertainties; his very name a vague affair. Yet in his very name was much of his significance. Vague was to be his christening, as vague as his ultimate intention; but the very fact that it was to have been "The Funny Dog" not only proves how near he came to being strangled at his birth, but is proof of the crude humour of early Victorian days, though even the crude stomach of early Victorian humour, even if "The Funny Dog" had been swallowed, could not have kept it down. One shrinks from Mr. Punch's narrow escape as if a bomb had only missed him by the breadth of his lack of hair. Yet in the draught that saved him was a drop of poison in the cup, when, at the foregathering of the founders, some inspired mouth said that the affair, "like a bowl of punch, would be nothing without its Lemon," and Mayhew leaped at the idea and vowed that "Punch" should be its name; for, whilst a pun saved its life, it came in later years near to killing it.

At any rate, when on the 17th of July in 1841 that saw its beginnings, and the genial hunchback appeared at the curtain's rising seated with his Judy upon the opening of his drama—a drama that, with the fantastic story of the Harlequinade with its clown and pantaloons and columbine, shares the "longest run" in the history of the theatre—Punch's first idea may have been merely to make folk hold their sides with laughter, but it early took on more ambitious intention—its political satire was soon as fierce and furious as its mere social waggeries; and the hunchback found himself a power that men grew to respect and fear. In him was much of the rough and tumble and rude justice of the whimsical, raucous-voiced scamp of the travelling show from whom he took his inspiration and his name; indeed, had he not narrowly escaped being bitten by the Funny Dog! Yet, though he did not wholly shed the painted nose and the fol-der-rollol type of jocularity, it was soon discarded for the scalding satire and genial humour of the better bloods. Whereby he rapidly rose to dignity, and was soon wearing that peculiarly English mantle of clean mirth that to-day makes him so strangely gentlemanly a son of the rough-tongued, somewhat vulgar father, to whom he left the thwackings and the rude buffooneries of the travelling booth in order to step on to the boards of the "legitimate drama" and to strut a splendid part in social comedy, so that for him was to be the undying honour of printing in his pages the "Song of the Shirt" of Thomas Hood; for him was to be the nightly comradeship of William Makepeace Thackeray; from him was to come one of the greatsst comedies of social satire the world has known—the witty and searching record of Du Maurier's long series of pictured scenes from the life of the society of the Victorian age in his presentment of Sir Gorgius Midas,

the Ponsonby de Tompkyns, Mrs. Lion Hunter, the Duchess, the Colonel, and all their wide circle of acquaintance amongst whom the immortal Grigsby moved; whilst from his rich store Mr. Punch was to yield utterance to the genius of Charles Keene, giving to his superb craftsmanship its great chance to speak his genial and dry observation on the manners and habits and appearance of the middle class and workaday folk, an observation that had otherwise been mute, and for which his quaint vision was as wonderfully fitted as was the rich line and direct and forceful quality of his handling of the pen for its transference to the block of the wood-engraver; and, not least of all, Punch was to raise the political cartoon through the pencil of Tenniel to a dignity and a splendour aforetime undreamt of, placing it in a noble atmosphere that makes it fit company for the art of the masters of Ancient Greece.

The genial hunchback came; and conquered the imagination and tickled the ribs of the whole people; so that when a comic situation is revealed before our eyes in the passing comedy of life, your ordinary man cries out that it "is fit for 'Punch.'" Yet there are those who say that the old gentleman, like the House of Lords, lives on his tradition; the gossips gloomily averring that his jocularity is a twice-told tale that has aforetime raised the titter under the spreading chestnut tree, just as the wax fruit under a glass case, the stuffed bird and favourite towser-terrier, and the like ancient glories are to-day only to be found with dust upon them in the cottages of the humbler folk.

"'Punch,' of course is not so good as it was!" Well, that is not wholly proven or disproven. "Punch" to-day is a vastly more artistic, a better literary achievement, as a whole, than when his lordship of laughter stepped into the conscience and activity of England; but he is not, and he never can be, greater than—and it is questionable if he can ever be "as good as"—the "Punch" who reached the fulness of his maturity and power when Charles Keene and George Du Maurier and Tenniel drew for his pages.

The early numbers of "Punch" are somewhat strained reading. Leech had charming gifts, yet his hand's skill was limited, his wit nearly as limited. But he who takes down the volumes of "Punch" which Keene and Du Maurier and Tenniel wrought will find such a record of the Victorian years in life and manners as no other writer or artist can fill. Into the pens of Keene and Du Maurier was poured a wondrous ink that recorded in astounding fashion the life of their age. To them, and to Dickens and Thackeray and George Eliot, the coming generations must go for the book of the revelation of the Victorian era. And when all is said and done, to Du Maurier not least of all. It became a habit of dullards to accuse Du Maurier of "making all his faces the same." It was one of the strangest, as it was one of the most paltry, slanders ever cast upon a great reputation; and it was a baffling one, due no doubt to the fact that in his later handling of the pen-line he developed certain affectations of curls and such tricks of style as gave an appearance of monotony to his whole design. But no man ever employed the pen-line who drew so much character and gave us so many types as did George Du Maurier. And, mark you, not slight and superficial things! He created characters that live in the memory as the characters of Dickens and Thackeray and the masters live. And the fantastic fact remains that whilst this splendid gallery of living entities was given to us in a long series of pictured scenes that has no parallel in the world of art, Du Maurier is most popular and best known to-day through his somewhat raw and crude, though wholly delightful, book of "Trilby," which his untrained hand wrote in his last years, and in which the characters are only too obviously puppets of which we can see the rudely-handled strings as Du Maurier tries to jig them into a semblance of life. The day that Du Maurier laid down his drawing-pen and the pages of "Punch" knew him no more, ended a great artistic career and robbed the lord of laughter of one of his greatest lieutenants. The loss has been irreparable; nor has "Punch" ever wholly recovered from it. And not the least whimsical part of the man was this: that essentially British as was his art and his humour, he was a pure Frenchman by blood, indeed he brought a rare French grace and something of the nimble French observation to his Britishness, but British he was in very essence; he might have been own son to Thackeray, and mothered by George Eliot, and nephew to Jane Austen. For awhile his art has fallen into neglect; but he will enter into his kingdom again, for it were impossible to understand the Victorian years for such as shall not open the book of his rare and exquisite achievement.

Charles Keene, odd to say, probably owing to his supreme gifts of artistry, holds more of present-day favour—or at least the pretence of it—yet his craftsmanship makes for as much of monotony, and his character-drawing for greater monotony than did Du Maurier's! His middle-class folk were more of one type, as perhaps indeed they are. But so compelling was his command of the pen-line, that the winds of the heavens, the swinging billows of the sea, the hot air of the sun-flooded cornfields, the peace of the still, summer shores, the drowsy hum of the harvesting; all such fleeting moods and whims of Nature yielded him their secrets, as light and shadow yielded to the hard, unruly line their magic and their mystery when Keene's deft fingers employed it, as aforetime they delivered their secrets to Rembrandt.

Therefore, well may "Punch" be not "so good as it was," yet be very good, set side by side with the achievement of his full powers. It may be that the very system, a dangerous system except when giants are in the land, of relying upon two or three men to make his pictures year in and year out, made for strength and high development and greatness. But the fact was that it also kept the younger generation out; and that, too, when the old giants were failing and had sore need of their aid.

And there was another, a deeper reason. It was perhaps to the cartoons of Tenniel that "Punch" owed his place of dignity and power as much as to all else. In Tenniel the paper had a liberal mind, a large outlook on affairs, as well as a fertile and picturesque imagination. His was a combination of gifts rarely to be found in one man. Technical achievement is a rich and wondrous gift; but alone it is barren for such a wayfaring as that of the satirist and cartoonist. Tenniel was a part of "Punch" when "Punch's" ambition was a vast ambition—to lead the nation to a wider humanity and a splendid justice. Tenniel and his companions were not content with the conservative ideal that All that is is Right—they were fired with the ideal that All that Ought to Be is Right. And however much Contentment with Things as they Are may give temporary stability and settled state, such a motive never can, and never has, fired the imagination of a people nor led a generation to mighty enterprise. It may be that it is just exactly for this reason that Mr. Punch has settled down and rid himself of the rebel aspirations of his youth and full manhood, that whilst he has become more polished in his manners and sedate in his conduct, he has lost that thrill and vigour that once, not long ago, gave a lift to forward thinking and led to forthright doing.

It is on the serious side of him, rather than on his

tickling side, that hesitations and weaknesses have shown a less vigorous later life. Let any man but walk into the Leicester Galleries to-day, and laughter there is in rich store, when suddenly one comes upon an old page of "Punch," decorated with a border by Dicky Doyle, whereon was printed Tom Hood's immortal "Song of the Shirt," one's hand goes to one's hat, for somehow the refrain of the thing seems suddenly to fill the place with incense as though one had stepped into some vast cathedral where men worship a great dead and cease awhile from trivial things.

HALDANE MACFALL.

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 PROTEST AND AN APPEAL.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

As one of the many who have viewed with the deepest regret the serious dissensions which have arisen lately in the ranks of the I.L.P., and as one who is sincerely anxious that these harmful dissensions shall be removed and the old fighting spirit of comradeship restored, I beg you to allow me space in your valuable journal to enter an earnest protest against the policy of autocratic suppression which the officials of the I.L.P. are adopting towards those members who have ventured to disagree with certain of the tactics recently pursued by the Labour Party, and who have continued to regard Mr. Victor Grayson as still one of the most valued members of the I.L.P., and worthy of the privileges and support of the Socialist comradeship. This policy of suppression threatens to develop into a gross tyranny of the movement by a small official caucus unless the rank and file assert themselves and declare there must be an end of it. It is my most sincere desire that the solidarity of the I.L.P. movement should be maintained on the basis of a steady Socialist advance, and I think this is really the wish of all of us, but nothing is more certain than that a serious split will be brought about unless some of the leaders exercise a little more of that toleration which they so frequently ask for themselves. Here in South Wales we have just had a demonstration of official small-mindedness and petty coercion which would be highly amusing were it not so pathetic, besides being disastrous to the success of the great cause we all have at heart. As secretary of the Bridgend branch of the I.L.P., I arranged a meeting for Mr. Victor Grayson at the Bridgend Town Hall. At about the same time the executive of the South Wales I.L.P. Federation met, and without anything in the nature of a consultation with the branches, decided, in their wisdom, to cancel the South Wales engagements of Mr. Victor Grayson because he had declined to appear on the same platform as Mr. Keir Hardie at Holborn. Such arrogant action cannot be tolerated by any democratic movement without death to some of its most cherished principles. Under no circumstances can a small executive be allowed to decide who is to be ostracised from amongst us, and the South Wales executive were particularly unfortunate in selecting as the victim of their petty spite such a brave and brilliant exponent of Socialism as Mr. Victor Grayson, who has won for himself a secure place in the affections of thousands of the comrades. We, as a branch, felt that there was a vital principle at stake, and that it was our duty to make a determined stand against the spread of a narrow and bitter spirit in our ranks. We felt that the difference between Mr. Victor Grayson and Mr. Keir Hardie was essentially personal, and arose out of the natural soreness which Mr. Grayson felt over the treatment he received after his unemployment protest in the House of Commons. We felt that these personal differences should be confined, as much as possible, to the particular persons concerned, and that they should not be allowed to extend downwards and shatter our ranks.

We all regard Mr. Keir Hardie as the prophet and teacher of Labour. Nothing that anyone can do will ever shake the love and veneration we have towards him for the great things he has done for the workers. We feel that it is an insult to his reputation and character that anyone should seek to support him by the mean methods of ostracism. Our loyalty to Mr. Keir Hardie teaches us loyalty also to our other champions, of whom Mr. Grayson is by no means the least worthy. We feel that Mr. Grayson made a mistake when he refused to speak with Mr. Hardie, but men older than he have committed worse indiscretions during the recent unfortunate misunderstandings, and if we are to seek to ostracise one another when we think we discern a fault, the movement will soon be plunged into the bitterness of a racial feud, in which the political cause of Socialism in this country will go down in disgrace. So the arrangements for Mr. Victor Grayson's meeting at Bridgend stood, and I am glad to say that the Swansea I.L.P. stood firm. Unfortunately, Cardiff succumbed to the vigorous official wirepulling, and cancelled Mr. Grayson's engagement in that city. The Cardiff Clarion Scouts, however, felt that they would be expressing the best spirit and traditions of our movement, and the real wishes of the majority of the rank and file, if they did their best to check this unwarranted persecution, and Mr. Grayson spoke, after all, at Cardiff to a large and tremendously enthusiastic audience. Another meeting was arranged at the same time by the Cardiff I.L.P., who issued a hand-bill which has made many of us blush with shame for our cause. This hand-bill appealed to the public to come to their meeting in preference to Grayson's, "to resent the insult to Keir Hardie." This made Socialism the laughing stock of Cardiff, and it was painful to see the cynical grin on the faces of the Philistines. I do not know what pressure was brought to bear on the Swansea comrades, but I do know that I received numerous official hints that if I did not cancel the Bridgend meeting frightful things would follow. Be that as it may, the meeting took place, with the Rev. D. G. Rees in the chair. Grayson was a huge success, making a marked impression upon our opponents. I am now smilingly awaiting earthquakes.

It is an interesting point that we, as a branch, help to support an I.L.P. organiser in Mid-Glamorgan, but we were not allowed his assistance at this meeting as he had to act under instructions from the I.L.P. executive. Your readers will appreciate the democratic lines on which the I.L.P. movement is run in South Wales!

But one thing I feel satisfied about: It is that the action of the Bridgend branch in setting itself against mean methods will commend itself to the better feelings of the members of the I.L.P. throughout the country. I appeal to the comrades everywhere to fight official persecution wherever it may raise its ugly head. Our internal affairs must be conducted democratically, and both young and old must be allowed a say in the management of our own affairs. There is an uneasy feeling abroad amongst us that an official clique is seeking to run the I.L.P. according to its own ideas and not according to the wishes of the majority of the members. Some of us fear that at the next annual conference that clique will endeavour to burk full and free discussion and that an attempt will be made to suppress the younger members and to crush out of our movement some of the bolder spirits, including Mr. Victor Grayson. There is a dangerous tendency among some of the older leaders to sneer at and snub the young recruits. Let the older leaders, whom we all respect, remember that no political movement can exist long on its old men alone; we must have a cordial combination of old and young. I myself plead guilty of youth, and of having only lately taken an active part in the Socialist movement, but these are sins all of us who are guilty of which will wash away by time. I earnestly warn our leaders that if the policy of suppression and ostracism is persisted in thousands

of the younger Socialists will go out of the party. It is a step which we should be profoundly sorry to have to take, and I appeal to our leaders and officials not to act in such a way as to drive us to this. It is upon their future attitude that our ultimate decision must rest. JOHN CAWKER.

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PERSONAL-ADJECTIVAL ENDINGS.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

In his appreciative review of Mr. A. M. Ludovici's notable book, "Who is to be Master of the World," your reviewer, Mr. J. M. Kennedy, objects to "a spelling which seems to us quite incorrect: Nietzschean instead of Nietzschian." May I have space to argue that Dr. Oscar Levy and Mr. Ludovici are right and Mr. Kennedy mistaken? The normal termination seems to be "an," as in Elizabethan, Carlylean, Dominican, Goethean, Wesleyan, Shakespearean, European, etc.; but, when the name ends with a vowel, the vowel is frequently elided or changed, as in Victorian, Franciscan, Marian, Bodleian, African, etc.; while after a final consonant an "i" is frequently introduced merely for the sake of euphony, as in Johnsonian, Emersonian, Devonian, Ruskinian. So far from the unwritten law being that a final "e" gives place to an "i," the "e" is sometimes developed in names (chiefly of Latin form), where the nominative case ends with another vowel before a consonant, as Jacobean and Carolean. The common "Gladstonian" would be correct from "Gladston," but is incorrect and should be "Gladstonean" from "Gladstone." Thus the adjective from "Johnston" is "Johnstonian," but that from "Johnstone" should be "Johnstonean," and that from "Pope" "Popean." FLAVUS.

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A REMEDY FOR UNEMPLOYMENT.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

During the last twelve months I have seen the hope expressed in your paper, often very earnestly, for some well-thought-out method of dealing with the Unemployment Problem, which should be not palliative and temporary merely, but should go to the root of the matter, and thus be a permanent remedy.

I have thought and written on this question for nearly 20 years, and have several times advocated the method explained in the accompanying "tract," but, apparently, without making any impression on either Radicals, the Labour Party, or Socialists. I cannot doubt that you, at least, do earnestly wish for such a definite, well-thought-out scheme, and will give it the careful consideration it deserves.

I therefore enclose you two copies of my tract in the hope that you will place them in the hands of two of your most able writers or contributors—one, say, a Radical, the other a Socialist—but both men of earnestness and logical capacity, who will examine the scheme fairly and carefully, and either express their view of its merits as compared with any other scheme yet proposed, or even hinted at.

Any real and important objections that may be made, after a full and fair examination, I shall be quite ready to reply to.

I beg you, however, not to allow the publication in your paper of any mere quibbles, or mere jokes, as to what may be thought may possibly happen. The subject is far too serious to be thus treated. Nor will I reply to the general assertion that such schemes have been tried and have failed, without details given showing such attempts to be identical with mine. Let the criticism be founded on real, not supposed, facts. ALFRED RUSSEL WALLACE.

[We shall deal in a special article shortly with Mr. Wallace's scheme.—Ed. NEW AGE.]

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COCOA AND PORTUGUESE SLAVERY.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

We notice the reference you make in your issue of December 24th, 1908 to the labour question in Portuguese East Africa. We venture to think that you have scarcely realised the proportion of the matter, as from one paragraph you suggest that our whole business depends on this African product, which is not the case. The cocoa from S. Thome consumed by all the manufacturers of England is only one-twentieth of the total world's supply.

Some years ago now, when we first heard of the matter, we felt bound to give it our very careful consideration, and made personal investigation in Lisbon, and accepted a challenge of the planters to send out and see for ourselves.

Some of our friends consider that we should have acted more properly in immediately refusing to buy any more African cocoa. This would be a comparatively easy thing to do, but we have been advised by the Foreign Office, whom we have consulted all along, and by several other authorities whose opinion we trust, that we have much more power in acting as friends than we should have as enemies of the Portuguese; they value very much the moral support of the English trade, although they are equally well aware that any hasty threat on our part to discontinue buying would have extremely little practical value, as the whole of the rest of the world would buy up surplus stocks.

We have never committed ourselves to follow the present line of action indefinitely; indeed, if the fair promises made to us in good faith by the Portuguese are not followed by action in Africa, we shall discontinue to purchase cocoa from S. Thome; but we consider that the Portuguese should be treated as honourable men in such a matter. It is clear that if once we were to declare a boycott we should have no further influence, and there would be no chance of further argument from England, except the last extremity of warships. CADBURY BROS., Limited.

[We are glad to learn from Messrs. Cadbury Bros. that their "present line of action" in this matter, which they began to consider "some years ago," is not to be continued "indefinitely." In our opinion their solicitude for Portuguese "honour" has already been carried to dangerous lengths.—Ed. NEW AGE.]

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WAGNER AND SCHOPENHAUER.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

Now that one hears so much of the coming performances of Wagner's operas it is odd that one does not hear the name of Schopenhauer mentioned in connection with him. Sufficient stress has never yet been laid on the fact that the whole pith and kernel of the "Ring of the Niblungs" is, according to Wagner's own statement, an illustration of Schopenhauer's doctrine of the Denial of the Will-to-Life.

It is difficult to see what Mr. Bernard Shaw means when he speaks in "The Sanity of Art" of the Schopenhauer revival. When did Schopenhauer "come in," to say nothing of having come in and gone out, and come in again?

Without an understanding of Schopenhauer, it is as absurd to think a man can understand Wagner's operas as to suppose there would have been a St. Paul if there had been no Christ, or a Plato if there had been no Socrates!

Yet how many of the spurious Wagnerites who will wag their heads at Covent Garden over the forthcoming performances will have bethought themselves to read this clearest and greatest of all philosophers as a necessary preparation? J. T. PRESSLIE.

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