NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Socialists had better face the fact that Tariff Reform has won. After Mr. Balfour’s speech of Friday, following upon Mr. Asquith’s of Tuesday, there can be no doubt of it. Mr. Asquith was compelled to abandon his old attitude of almost insolent assumption of intellectual superiority; and he descended to the level of seriously arguing the claims of Free Trade. Mr. Balfour made a justifiable point of this complete change of attitude, and we may rest assured that so astute a tactician would not have thrown up his cap as he did, in triumph, without a strong conviction, based on secret figures, that Tariff Reform is going to win at the next General Election.

Now we do not hesitate to say that the Socialist view of the problem of foreign trade has been grossly neglected, when it has not been grossly misrepresented, by the Labour members in another of Parliament. Precisely as on the Licensing Bill, the Labour Party, with a Socialist programme in their hands (we doubt whether any reason for thanking God that under Free Trade we are no better? The doctrine and practice of Free Trade have been, as anybody with eyes can see, as ruinous and as devastating to human life, as ever Tariff Reform can be. It may be that in jumping from one to the other we shall be out of the frying-pan into the fire, but the point is that the frying-pan is unendurable longer, and if the Socialist Labour Party cannot provide anything better, then into the fire we shall go.

What we complain of with all the force we can muster is the unintelligence, if not downright idleness, of the Labour Party in refusing to discuss the problem, except on the old obsolete lines, and in maintaining silence on the Socialist alternative. Half a dozen men in the House with a grasp of the principles could easily spike the guns of both of the clumsy combatants. Everybody with any political insight at all knows perfectly well that the Unionists, who consistently oppose measures for the amelioration of the unemployed, the poor and the sick, are to neglect their political existence (as they have risked it) on the principle of Tariff Reform simply for the Beautiful eyes of the British working man. Again, it stands to reason that a Liberal Party that through three Sessions has contrived to postpone even the beginnings of the Reform of the Poor Laws, is not so enamoured of reform as to maintain Free Trade solely because of its alleged benefits to the workers. A little comprehension of the situation would demonstrate that Tariff Reform is in past a device for staving off Socialism; and in part a device for increasing revenue without resort to the taxation of Rent and Interest. As we said last week, the pressure of increasing expenditure threatens to make a Socialist statesman of every successive Chancellor, and when the indirect taxation of commodities fails, and hoarder Chancellors begin to talk of rubbing the knoerst of unearned incomes, the cry of Tariff Reform is raised and is taken up by all the Dukes and plutocrats and echoed by their voluntary slaves on platforms and in the Press.

Yet we should have thought that a little intelligence would have convinced the Labour Party that in Socialism they had an alternative, the only alternative, to both Free Trade and Tariff Reform. If, as we believe, it is true that Tariff Reform is no remedy, it is equally true that Free Trade has proved no remedy. How in the face of our poverty line, below which eight millions of our population are semi-starving, any Labour man, or even Liberal Collectivist, can calmly contend for the status quo in foreign trade we are at a loss to understand. Let it be granted that poverty is just as bad, if not worse, in protected countries like Germany and France and America (we have recently seen photographs of the “bread lines” in New York, which are every bit as bad as our Embankment harratations), is that any reason for thanking God that under Free Trade we are no better? The doctrine and practice of Free Trade have been, as anybody with eyes can see, as ruinous and as devastating to human life, as ever Tariff Reform can be. It may be that in jumping from one to the other we shall be out of the frying-pan into the fire, but the point is that the frying-pan is unendurable longer, and if the Socialist Labour Party cannot provide anything better, then into the fire we shall go.

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Socialist vocabulary only. That vocabulary having become more or less popular by our exertions, it constitutes a considerable asset for any public speaker, however remote from Socialism his mind may be. Similarly, there is not the slightest doubt that the Tariff Reformers have stolen our phrases and left our ideas.

Mr. Balfour's speech on Friday was full of the repudiation of Laissez Faire and the Manchester doctrine. The test piece of Trade unionism is imperceptible. On the assumption that the driven by free competition to sweat the price of labour is poles asunder from the protection which the Tariff Reformers mean, and shall always mean, the protection we mean, and shall always mean, the protection of the interests of Labour as against Capital: whereas the Trade Unionists mean the protection of the masses, for the standard of living, and of wages, for the standard of production.

Of course not. What Mr. Shaw means by protection is protection for the masses, for the standard of living, and of wages, for the standard of production. He is protected by Protection. He is poles asunder from the protection which the Tariff Reformers mean, and shall always mean, the protection we mean, and shall always mean, the protection of the interests of Labour as against Capital: whereas the Trade Unionists mean the protection of the masses, for the standard of living, and of wages, for the standard of production.

But do the words mean the same thing to both parties? When Mr. Shaw says that he is a protectionist down to his boots, is he using protection in the sense in which Lord Northcliffe, if he were not tongue-tied in public, would use it, or in the sense in which the Conservative newspapers used it, still but a blind, a basis for the Foundation of Factory Acts. Put this language alongside of such language as was lately used by Mr. Bernard Shaw, who told a Birmingham audience that he was "a protectionist down to his boots," and the difference in vocabulary is imperceptible. On the assumption that the words mean the same thing to all the speakers, we see no escape whatever for Socialists from the principle of Protection.

But this does not commit us to the doctrine of Free Trade in foreign affairs. We have broken down Free Trade at home; so that in the best trades there is the greatest possible protection for the employer. We have set about to break it down in our dealings with other nations. Our true line of progress is to insist more and more strongly on the extension of the protective principles to imports, and to foreign manufacturers who trade with us. Precisely as we refuse to allow a British manufacturer to work his men beyond a limited number of hours, or below a floating minimum of wages, or under insanitary conditions, or to his manifest peril by accident, thereby effectually excluding from our markets the unholy products of such conditions, so we are bound now to apply the same tests to foreign importers and manufacturers. That is in essence the principle of Protection. On which Socialism is founded.

Once more we beg our Labour members to devote a little attention to the subject. As we have said, it will be the main issue in politics for perhaps a generation to come. In the train of Tariff Reform (or Protection of Capitalists) there is a thousand evils which will follow among them. For we firmly believe that Tariff Reform will be accompanied by conscription, as surely as burglary is accompanied by revolvers and knuckledusters. While yet there is time, before the General Election is on us, the Labour Party should call a conference, draw up a programme, and plunk it down to the confusion of Free Traders no less than of Tariff Reformers.

Nobody appears to have realised the difficulties under which Lord Morley has been labouring. Some of our correspondents have been, we think, a little unjust in their denunciations. Lord Morley always had the choice—if his schemes were threatened—of resigning; but resignation is not a popular argument in this country. It is assumed that a man looks before he leaps into great political action, and that he must guard against any responsibility he must contend with. To resign is therefore tantamount to an admission of lack of forethought. Be that as it may, Lord Morley has not resigned: and, remaining in office, he had two equally exiguous parties to satisfy on the one hand, the sun-dried bureaucrats and monopolists who were all in favour of Coercion and no damned nonsense with the niggers; on the other hand, the educated Indian Nationalists, whose propaganda was threatening to become popular in India. We leave English public opinion out of the question, and we leave out of concern, since, as Mr. Belloc's question showed, English public opinion is scarcely a factor in the government of India. Under these circumstances, what did Lord Morley do? He conceded to the bureaucrats their demand for coercion in the matter of immediate offences. He conceded it liberally and ungrudgingly. In addition to the Bengal Act of 1818, he went so far—so dangerously far—as to assent to the Criminal Amendment Act of 1898. This instrument of official coercion should, we think, have been rejected, and, we trust, would have been submitted by Lord Morley was sincere about the only thing they profess to be concerned about: the civil peace of India. By an inordinate stretch of Liberal principles, Lord Morley had done this: with the hope, belief, and expectation, naturally, that the bureaucrats would be prepared to support him in return in some moderate political reforms. The whole significance of the affair is lost if we do not put the Criminal Law Amendment Act over against the Indian Councils Bill. That Act was, we repeat, Lord Morley's guarantee of good faith towards the House of Lords, which was the main issue in politics for perhaps a generation to come. The Lords was received in India with something amounting to an admission of lack of forethought. Be that as it may, Lord Morley has not resigned: and, remaining in office, he had two equally exiguous parties to satisfy on the one hand, the sun-dried bureaucrats and monopolists who were all in favour of Coercion and no damned nonsense with the niggers; on the other hand, the educated Indian Nationalists, whose propaganda was threatening to become popular in India. Under these circumstances, what did Lord Morley do? He conceded to the bureaucrats their demand for coercion in the matter of immediate offences. He conceded it liberally and ungrudgingly. 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Last week, as our readers know, Clause 3 of the Indian Councils Bill, as introduced by Lord Morley into the House of Lords, was rejected by a considerable majority, including Lords Lansdowne, Curzon, and MacDonnell. We urged that Lord Morley was too gentle with these butchers of his Bill. Clause 3 we will not say is the only clause of the Bill; but at any rate, it is fundamental. Its rejection last week by the Lords was received in India with something amounting to consternation by all moderate-minded men. Clause 3 actually inserted the thin end of the wedge of Parliamentary institutions in India; such institutions, in short, as in their most developed form had already been granted to or seized by Oriental nations like Japan, Turkey, and Persia. It was a beginning, at least, and as such might, and would, have acted as a safety valve for all the revolutionary steam in India; and that was the
view of the moderate Indians on receiving the news of the Lords' rejection. Armed with this knowledge, and with an explicit telegram from Lord Minto, the Viceroy on the spot, Lord Morley took the unusual but strong course of reviving the Clause in the House of Lords this week, when he made a further appeal. We have only to say that the receipt of his approved appeal justifies the worst fears of the moderate Indians and our own British reformers of India. So far as we can gather from the completest accessible reports, only these arguments were advanced against the proposal of the Clause, that Lord Curzon had not sufficiently, then that the great Curzon had as Viceroy of Clause 3 of the Indian Councils Bill was followed by dual debates on India in the Houses of Lords and Commons. The disastrous rejection for a second time amounted to an invitation to Parliament to occupy that course of reviving the Clause in the House of Lords this week. If the ex-Viceroy's objected to a clause of the Indian Councils Bill because it had not been discussed for longer than three years, it is surely monstrous that an entirely new principle of even greater importance than a clause should be practically settled in as many minutes. Besides, the House of Lords is not yet the only authority that is still partially shared with the House of Commons, which also during this very week had occasion to make a claim to the control of Indian legislation. The occasion arose on a question by Mr. Ramsay Macdonald regarding a particular act of injustice under the Criminal Law Amendment Act. As the responsible Minister in the House of Commons refused absolutely to give any information, alleging simply State reasons, Mr. Belloc a little later attempted to move the adjournment of the House for full discussion of the issue. His motion was refused on the ground that such a discussion would be both untimely and illegitimate. Illegitimate it certainly might be if the House of Lords had not already rejected a clause of the Indian Councils Bill; but untimely it could not be, since within a few hours of the incident a similar question was being discussed in the House of Lords. We record the incident with the double motive of reminding our readers of the actual issues before the country and of the necessity laid upon Parliament to maintain a firm watch over the elementary rights of man, which are undoubtedly being threatened by the new move of Lord Morley and his gang.

On Wednesday and Thursday the discussion of the Army was continued with no profit save for Mr. Belloc's admirable speech on Conscription, which won the grateful praise of Mr. Haldane. The lack of officers is still the most serious feature of the Territorials, and if Lord Rothschild had insisted on his fellow-directors and their sons enrolling as officers there might be something to be said for his zeal. As it is, it is zeal at everybody else's expense, with no shadow of sacriifice, and with a first-rate advertisement to boot. Mr. Henderson failed to get a straight reply from Mr. Haldane on the subject, but what could he expect? Mr. Haldane had obtained his object, and could very well afford to deprecate anybody else following Lord Rothschild's example, which therefore remains shining, unique, and inimitable. On the subject of Conscription one cannot say anything. Very properly, too, since Mr. Balfour knows that the English can only swallow one of their traditions at a time. Mr. Belloc presented objections to Conscription which, in the opinion of everybody able to understand them, are unanswerable; but he was careful to explain that their validity depended upon two things, only one of which, namely, the character of the English people, was permanent. As for the other assumption, the strategic characteristics of England, they are surely open to modification by the adoption, for instance, of Tariff Reform in place of Free Trade. After all, the type of Army a nation needs is determined by the ambitions the nation entertains. Given a nation like Germany, with the idea fixe of controlling Europe, and her army must be created accordingly. Given a nation like Germany, with the idea fixe of controlling Europe, and her army must be created accordingly. Given a nation like Germany, with the idea fixe of controlling Europe, and her army must be created accordingly. Given a nation like Germany, with the idea fixe of controlling Europe, and her army must be created accordingly.

We have no objection whatever to the principle of Parliamentary government of India. It has always seemed to us the clumsiest of devices for securing control to appoint a Viceroy and a Secretary of State, to entrust them with authority to reserve for their supervision nothing better than a Vote of Censure or, at the most, an impeachment. On the other hand, the whole question certainly deserved more thought and discussion than were given to it in the House of Lords this week. The whole question, however, is ripe for vigorous discussion, and we Socialists, with our inmost notions of a Citizen Army, are miles away from reality. Briefly, there is going to be no Citizen Army. Nobody but a few of us have ever seriously dreamed of it. The ruling classes of this country, being the very enemies whom, socially and politically, we are fighting, well-ruled in despair of ever making a breach in their outermost strata...
walls, can and will take care that no democratic army is set together under any pretence. There are ingenious persons in the Army—intelligent officers and students and humane men—who desire to see such a civil force, but they are merely decoys and catapaws of the astute but dishonourable oligarchy. Not a shell of defence of any value will be entrusted to a single soldier who is even suspected of sympathies with the people. It would be madness of us to expect that he should be. The wealthy classes are not in holiday mood when a Chancellor is foraging round their hen-roosts; and we can only smile grimly at the innocence of Socialists (ourselves erstwhile among them) who dream that by a subterfuge we could possess the people of arms to use against their capitalist enemies "when the time came." Such a time will never come; or if it comes, it will come as it came in Japan and as it came in Turkey: when a reforming party is able to wield the spear-point of the professional army, and to turn it against the hereditary rulers.

We are not so much concerned with the private character of Mr. Lloyd George, which was vindicated so thoroughly on Tuesday, as with his political reputation, which stands to be made or marred by his forthcoming Budget. A man may wear the white flower of a blameless private life and be in public life little better than a coward; and we are happy to believe that Mr. Lloyd George, as Chancellor of the Exchequer, is likely to prove neither. Already some fears of what his forthcoming Budget may contain have sent insurances of insurance to 40s. and 50s. a month; and land values fanatics are beginning to indite their prospective "Te Deums." We sincerely hope, as we said last week, that the thruppenny bit on unearned incomes will undergo a magnificent series of transformations, and appear as one, two, three, yes, up to ten and twenty shillings. Nothing short of the complete and entire restitution by the nation of all unearned incomes will satisfy us: that alone is Socialism; all the rest is juggling 'twixt Tweedledum and Tweedledee. We find it necessary to warn again our friends of the Labour Party and Mr. O'Grady in particular, since he proposes to move a resolution on the subject on Wednesday next, that there is next to nothing in the taxation of land values. Scarce figures, showing the immense unearned increment of value in urban districts within a few years, are calculated to strike the eye, but their effect on a critical mind is nil, or very near it. There is absolutely no guarantee that a tax on land values would be paid by the landowner, except in cases where he is not "aggrieved," and that 'aggrieved' would be regarded as distinctly unjust, and certainly public disad- vantageous. A few fanatics, without the brain to be Socialists, are in favour of a measure which promises as much as it will perform little.

By forcing a Government amendment to Mr. Hodge's motion on the Fair Wages Clause in Government contracts a good stroke of business was done by the Labour Party. With a little skill, this new clause may be used as a lever-principle by means of which to overturn the whole doctrine of Free Trade. On the assumption that the State is the model employer, its example in respect of the Fair Wages Clause should be in time enforced upon all our British importers. Let it be understood that just as the Government has now pledged itself against importing sweated contract work, all decent employers shall be expected, and all indecent employers compelled, to do the same. That would be a form of protection which the best opinion in foreign countries would be bound to respect. No more happily than ourselves are mercenary devils inaccessible to the rights of man. Moreover, our national standing as fair traders in the eyes of the increasing power of the proletarian abroad would reduce the menace of foreign war-ships and the threat of industrial war which the Labour Party has finished parloring the Free Trade fowls, and discussed their hundreth scheme for check- 

That reminds us that the I.L.P. officials have not had the grace to send us a copy of the Resolutions to be submitted to the forthcoming Conference. Copies, we understand, have long been in the hands of well-known Socialist journals like the "Daily Express" and the "Daily Mail," but none of which papers' inspiration have likewise been published. Under the circumstances, we make no apology for printing the following note which we have received:—

"We all know those compact little paragraphs in which the daily Press holds up to us, as in the twinkle of a concave mirror, some vision of a coming event. It may happen that we miss the important date itself, in which case those fleeting glimpses of what, at any rate, ought to have happened, remain with us as a picture of the event. It is impossible sometimes to resist the conclusion that nothing short of official inspiration can account for the brevity and conciseness of language, and the extreme suggestiveness of the picture held up. In such a class fall certain paragraphs heralding the I.L.P. Annual Conference, to be held in Edinburgh at Easter. In these little mirrors we catch a glimpse of a large, loval, orderly body of delegates, solid in their fidelity to the existing 'Cabinet' of the party, and demanding as with one voice that the Labour party's 'Cabinet' should be docketed by pay. We fear that this comforting picture has been conjured up in the official mind by hope rather than by expectation. We fear that there are only half a dozen resolutions of the 'dock-his-salary' order, whereas there is at least a score to be propounding the present Executive; condemning the tone, attitude and management of their organ, the 'Labour Leader'; declaring for removing them all from the 'Labour Leader' Board, or, removing it from out of their control; for bringing in a steamroller, and for general resolutions which would unseat nearly the whole of the present 'Cabinet.' Then there are over twenty resolutions protesting against the appearances of I.L.P. members of Parliament; of producing a platform which would embrace Free Trade or Temperance demonstrations, and pages of other resolutions proclaiming dissatisfaction with the present policy and methods of the 'Cabinet,' calling for greater independence, for separate Socialist representation, and even for secession from the Labour Party. There will be lively times at Edinburgh, but the black sheep's salary will not be the sole cause."
Civil Liberty in India.

The time is rapidly passing when the Liberal Party could claim to be the watch dogs of liberty. The traditions and principles of the Liberal party have been ruthlessly flung aside by their most trusted exponents. The one political force which has an unwavering faith in liberty and in natural rights is Socialism—though Socialism represents "slavery," "serfdom," and a nation of officials, to those who are merely anxious to hold on to the profits of exploitation as long as possible. It is more than a coincidence that two members of the present Government have narrowly escaped prosecution for acts of oppression committed in their executive capacity. Sir Edward Grey's capitulation on the Densháiwi incident saved him; Lord Morley is still in grave peril.

The refusal of the Deputy Speaker to accept a motion for the adjournment of the House raised a serious constitutional issue as to the responsibility of the Secretary of State for India to the House of Commons. That is a topic of great interest and importance; but the matter for discussion in this article is the situation created in India by the reckless manner in which the liberties of British subjects in India have been suspended by means of an executive "Act of Parliament." It is an Act of Parliament which has never been discussed in Parliament, because its operation is confined to the Indian Empire; still, it is a striking object-lesson of the capabilities of a Liberal philosophic Secretary of State in devising punitive legislation of a novel and oppressive character.

This Act is entitled the Indian Criminal Law Amendment Act. It was intended to give a more modern look to the Regulation of 1818, under which any person could be deported "for reasons of State" at the will of the Government of India. The principles of that eminently useful instrument to an incompetent man, have been revived and extended nearly a century later. Such is the progression of the "Liberalism of ideas." The Act of 1908 provides for the arrest of a person and empowers the magistrate to "record on oath the evidence of all such persons as may be produced in support of the prosecution, and may record any statement of the accused if voluntarily tendered by him."

It is noticeable that the evidence for the prosecution shall be recorded by the prisoner's statement may be recorded. In the case it is mandatory; in the other case it is peremptory.

Sections 4 and 13 are most important, in that they strike at the fundamental basis of civil liberty. "(4) The accused shall not be present during an inquiry under section 3 (1)—"which is the section authorising the magistrate to take evidence—"unless the magistrate so directs, nor shall he be represented by a pleader during any such inquiry, nor shall any person have any right of access to the court or magistrate while he is holding such inquiry." Section 13: "The evidence of a witness taken by a magistrate in proceedings to which this part applies, shall be treated as evidence before the High Court if the witness is dead or cannot be produced, and if the High Court has reason to believe that his death or absence has been caused in the interest of the accused." Liberty is strangled by two sections. The section may be obtained through the intrigues or influence of the accused; but that need not be proved, because the section has previously provided that the evidence given before the magistrate is admissible, merely if the witness "cannot be produced" from any cause whatsoever. This reading is the only one which is consistent with the presence of the disjunctive "and," which is used in the sense of "or," in the latter part of the section.

Consider the result to a person charged with an offence under this Act. He is arrested; he has no opportunity of knowing what charge he is being indicted upon at the preliminary hearing; he is not allowed to hear the testimony of his accusers, nor is his counsel allowed to cross-examine the witnesses. Assuming a case occurs—and it is understood that this tyrannical procedure has been adopted in the cases of the deported Indians—in which Section 13 is brought into operation, what happens? A is committed for trial before three High Court judges—trial by jury is suspended by this Act—on oral evidence given by B, C, and D; none of whom has been cross-examined by any one on behalf of the prisoner. Before the final trial comes on, B, C, and D disappear. Under this Act, A can be sentenced to death on the recorded evidence of B, C, and D; he has had no opportunity of testing their testimony by cross-examination, and yet his accusers may be deadly personal enemies, quite willing to perjure themselves. The result of Section 13 is to put every Indian citizen at the mercy of any scoundrel, to whatever part of the globe he may belong, who may please, for their own reasons, which could hardly be dignified by the term "reasons of State," to condemn innocent men to transportation or death.

The privacy of this legislation and the improbability of the ordinary human appreciation of its full effect, have weighed with Lord Morley in sanctioning it. Lord Morley quite well knew what its results would be, and have been; but he trusted to the ignorance of the public to hide this terrific infringement of Indian citizens' rights. With due solemnity, I state that no legislation in the history of jurisprudence can be found to approach such an Act as this. The lettre de cachet was a means by which prisoners of State could be incarcerated without charge and without trial. The Morley Act is a means by which prisoners of State can be transported upon a charge and after a trial which is a cruel sham. Lord Morley has clothed the lettre de cachet with the forms of legality. Such is the mockery of liberty of India.

The Indians, India not having the protection of constitutional government, are at the absolute mercy of the Executive, which has practically become the judiciary. Any officer of the Executive, from Lord Minto down to a mere undersecretary, may issue a warrant against any Indian "for reasons of State," with a practical certainty, that a conviction will be obtained and the obnoxious Indian deported. It is a shocking and disgraceful state of things. In the words of Lord Macaulay, "Tyranny and intolerance are not laws, but they act as if they were; that is to say, they are not laws, but they act as if they were."

The process of reasoning at the India Office appears to be this: Discontent in India equals Repression; Repression equals more Discontent; More Discontent equals more Repression; more repression equals more discontent; and so on, ad infinitum, until Morley, Minto, and their friends cause a second Mutiny. More alarming still was the action of the House of Lords in striking the Provincial Councils clause out of the Morley Act. It was the one clause in the Bill which had any resemblance to the old Liberal principle of constitutional liberty. What madmen really govern England and India!

C. H. Norman.
Studies in the Poor Law.

II. The Breaking up of the Poor Law.

In our first article, we pointed out that the initial recommendation of the Minority Poor Law Commissioners is that the administration of public relief shall be transferred, at the same time, to collective hands of the Board of Guardians. It was shown, conclusively, that these persons had been burdened with an impossible task: they were charged with the giving of relief in the vast and varied collection of human beings who came under the common title of the destitute. Now, it is obvious that the want of sufficient money to buy the ordinary necessities of life is a calamity which may overtake very different kinds of people, of very different ages, and for very different reasons. The destitute person may be a child at the moment of birth, or a strong man in the prime of his strength. It may be an industrious woman who has broken down in an attempt to keep together a home over the heads of her family, or an idle wastrel who never does a voluntary day's work if he can live by charity.

It is impossible to imagine any problem of social disorder or any defect of human condition which will not, sooner or later, come before a Board of Guardians in the form of a person. To ask a Board to provide for the needs of all this mass of humanity named the "destitute" is just as sensible and practicable as it would be to request them to provide a united religious service for the people at the fair of Nijni Novgorod. There are as many distinct types and special conditions of human life placed before the Board every time of meeting as there are tribes at the biggest fair on earth. The Guardians have failed to perform their task, not because they are inefficient, but because they do not comprehend. They are untrained persons who are asked to do a mass of work which can only be done if it is divided up amongst a large number of persons, each trained to understand a small part of a problem which, as a whole, is beyond any ordinary single intelligence.

The keynote of the Minority Report is the breaking-up of the Poor Law into the constituent parts of which it is composed: parts which were only united by the entirely transitory and unscientific bond of the pauper disqualification of work for the able-bodied man and the supply of milk to the infant are both thrown on the Guardians, because the man and the child are alike technically paupers. It would be just as wise and scientific to send them to the Guardians because they have eyes and ears to see and hear. To have an ad hoc body of local Councillors to deal with all paupers is not much more sensible than if we appointed a special Council to deal only with persons having one leg. Indeed, the want of a leg would be a more useful classification than the artificial attribute of pauperism.

The Minority Commissioners were faced by the fact that it is impossible for the Boards of Guardians efficiently to grapple with the infinite variety of cases which are sent before them. Appallingly large though the number of destitute people may be, yet even the eight or nine hundred thousand persons who are each day in receipt of poor relief, when sorted out into their appropriate class—and, still further, when distributed amongst the various Unions—are not sufficient to make it possible, by the expenditure of equity, to engage the experience of a co-ordinated system of hospitals, medical officers, sanitary inspectors, health visitors: all together able to co-ordinate the work of the Guardians. The criticisms of the Minority Report are, therefore, a conclusive argument for sweeping away the Guardians and so on, for all specialised groups, devised for the particular purpose of dealing with the special subject in hand. It may be objected that the persons who sit as County or Borough Councillors are no more expert than the people who sit on the Boards of Guardians and, therefore the various services are, in the long run, just as much under an experimental committee, whose advice (up to the point of current public opinion) is usually followed by their committees, and, ultimately, by the Councils. Whereas the Guardians are not in a position to buy the best advice, the members of the Boards, and so on, are all specialised groups, devised for the particular purpose of dealing with the special subject in hand. It may be objected that the persons who sit as County or Borough Councillors are no more expert than the people who sit on the Boards of Guardians and, therefore the various services are, in the long run, just as much under an experimental committee, whose advice (up to the point of current public opinion) is usually followed by their committees, and, ultimately, by the Councils.

The main reason which underlies all the minor reasons is the fact that such bodies as the Education Committees, the Public Health Committees, the School Feeding Committees, the Pensions Committees, the Asylums Boards, and so on, are all specialised groups, devised for the particular purpose of dealing with the special subject in hand. It may be objected that the persons who sit as County or Borough Councillors are no more expert than the people who sit on the Boards of Guardians and, therefore the various services are, in the long run, just as much under an experimental committee, whose advice (up to the point of current public opinion) is usually followed by their committees, and, ultimately, by the Councils. Whereas the Guardians are not in a position to buy the best advice, the members of the Boards, and so on, are all specialised groups, devised for the particular purpose of dealing with the special subject in hand. It may be objected that the persons who sit as County or Borough Councillors are no more expert than the people who sit on the Boards of Guardians and, therefore the various services are, in the long run, just as much under an experimental committee, whose advice (up to the point of current public opinion) is usually followed by their committees, and, ultimately, by the Councils.
A Debate on Socialism.

[Being part of a discussion at the Surrey Masonic Hall, Camberwell, S.E., on Wednesday, November 18, 1908, Mr. Hilaire Belloc, M.P., in the Chair.]

Mr. G. K. CHESTERTON: There are two distinct advantages in having a discussion after the address that first is that it is the only tolerable method among free and honourable men; and the second is that it permits the first speaker to cut his remarks short, as he is not responsible for the whole entertainment of the evening. In short, if he be, as they use to say of the education systems, a question of combining amusement with instruction. I will very briefly communicate the instruction, and I will leave it to you for the rest of the evening to provide the amusement.

What I have to say is of a nature rather provocative than final. I want to say what I think is the line of thought along which Socialism is now being disputed, and will be more and more disputed as it grows more and more towards what appears to me at the moment, I frankly admit, its probable triumph. It is unnecessary for me to say, one of us will enforce the other. I can assure you that none of you will convince me. And if I can judge from the rugged and powerful expression of your countenances, I shall not convince you. Nevertheless, as I say, it may be worth while to indicate the lines of cleavage.

Now, there is one general principle which I should like to have admitted as a matter of history: if anyone will not admit this—I feel as if I were falling into a theological formula, which is natural to me—he is, I think, outside the discussion as far as I am concerned. Let it be admitted that human civilisation, that the highest civilisation, can make mistakes; mistakes which it goes into with the best motives, which it effects with enormous toll and heroism, mistakes which it seeks to redeem and at last after going laboriously back along the pathway by which it has come. I know that there is a certain philosophical tone in the modern world which supposes this impossible. By a dextrous use of words like "progress" and "evolution" you can always represent that everything, that anybody has ever done since the beginning of the world, was the best possible thing he could have done. You can say this world, however unpleasant and disastrous in appearance, is a step on the stage of Evolution. I submit as a principle that mankind can actually go wrong and then have to undo it in order to go right again.

I will try to get to something definite. Most of us have in our minds a picture of a fairly healthy, happy human life. We want to get to that; and if we want to get to that, if we define that good human life as I want to put before you, not so much for the purpose of discussion, though of course that is part of what I have got to say in the merely moral part of my address—about the hideous and ghastly greed of the human race ever permanently sit down under teetotalism? Can the human race ever permanently sit down under Puritanism? Can the human race ever permanently sit down under teetotalism? Can the human race ever permanently sit down under the destruction of the direct possession of land? I think not.

What happened in the nineteenth century when the nineteenth century had been wrong? What happened then was simply the fact that the most intellectual part of the nineteenth century went back in a laboured and rather afflicting way to the religious art of Europe before the Puritans. It said, "We must have these symbols, even if we have to have Burne-Jones as well." It went back and said, "We repent of the Puritan reformation." Now, what I have got to say—and this ends the first part of what I have got to say in the merely moral part of my address—about the hideous and ghastly greed which has built up the modern conditions of England, is that we repent. All our progress has been wrong. We will have no more to do with it. There is in the original human life a desire for a condition of possession—of possessing your own back garden. When all through the eighteenth century, or towards the end of the eighteenth century, it began to be subtly thought that the industrious apprentice was a good man, it was being thought that the best thing we will do is to get a barn, we will go on the hillsides and worship God. It was sincere, it was straight, it was strong; and the other side of the question I want to urge is that it is exactly in the modern world; and that is, the proposal to abolish the idea of direct ownership of land. You will agree that there is no cant and no nonsense about that. Socialists do propose, however moderate and however gentle their measures, to abolish any direct ownership of land. But owning land is an idea of exactly the same sort to my mind as the idea of a religious symbol. It is a thing which people expressed, wrote down in poems, in verses and ballads, long before they had ever framed it in laws. You cannot treat any poem, however fine, on the tale that does not assume it as natural that a man should own a piece of land. That particular thing I ask you to assume for the sake of argument—the sense of owning your back garden, of actually owning it. That thing is, I think, really true to say general in the literature and in the traditions of mankind.

Now, that idea, like drinking, appears like having religious images, like indulging in art. Nearly all those things have in our particular time undergone a disgusting and obscene transformation. We have seen undoubtedly in the particular time a condition of affairs in which a few people had all the property and nobody else had any property at all. The question which I want to put before you, not so much for the purpose of my own immediate victory, but rather for the purpose of discussion this evening, is—what is the right course to take in such a case as that? Can the human race ever permanently sit down under Puritanism? Can the human race ever permanently sit down under teetotalism? Can the human race ever permanently sit down under the destruction of the direct possession of land? I think not.

A foul condition, in which drink is used as a drug. What is my objection broadly to those two processes—to the process of the abolition of religious art by the Puritans and the abolition of liquor by the Teetotalers—is that it is a desperate remedy, or to speak in more absolute terms, a remedy of despair. I don't mind it being a remedy of despair. Personally, I think the more physical revolution we have the better just now. I do, however, object to it being the destruction of something which has been valuable. That applies to the comradeship of fermented liquor. I say, that that description, that it has been valuable. That applies to the comradeship of fermented liquor.
from. And that, I think, is one of the real bases of the nationalistic idea. I am, however, perfectly convinced about that, and certainly Englishman have nothing whatever to do with it. It is the fact that we are more than any other nation in Europe governed by a small and rather corrupt class of men. The question is: what are we to do in order to upset that state of affairs? And that brings me to my concluding remarks. Almost all the books I have read both when I was a Socialist, and when I was not—and certainly all the best of them—repudiated the idea that under Socialism there would be a mere mechanical system of equal payment by the State. If it be granted that there will be a scale or gradation of payment of some kind in a Socialist State, I have a very, very strong conviction indeed that if ever Socialism does come to this community of ours, which is very likely indeed, you will find the powerful, strong, successful fellow who is called upon to receive a high salary for the purpose of, let us say, administering mines in Lancashire, would be the same gentleman who very recently received an enormous sum as a Cabinet Minister.

Imagine to yourself the first Socialist Parliament. Imagine they are discussing—well, anything; I don't care what it is. One thing I am quite certain of is that the conditions of modern society make all the people of my class and you will not believe that Mr. Vincent Churchill is the ablest and strongest man to rule you; you believed it of the Duke of Devonshire, one of the most stupid men in the world. What made all the people of my class and yours—all the people living down the little streets of Kensington, Battersye etc.—believe the Duke was a man of sagacity and common sense? The answer, I think, is that the conditions of modern society make all kinds of humbug enormously easy. I should ask what ground have you for actually believing that the Socialist system—that is to say, collective ownership of property and capital—will make it under immediate conditions in England any more difficult for a certain class in possession of the original machinery to bamboozle the rest of the nation into the belief that they are really appointed by political evolution?

Mr. Cecil Chesterton: I have always believed that the doctrine of original sin is the only foundation for a political system. It seems to me the most extraordinary doctrine that was ever proposed for the government of the human race. It involves some idealistic views of human nature. In my opinion, Socialism will come about just because human nature is what it is. It seems to me impossible that the great mass of the people of this country will continue to practise the extravagant altruism of the present time, when they are handing over annually a sum of £600,000,000 to support an idle rich class. It has been said long ago that there were only three ways of living: working, begging, and stealing. Now, there was a time when it might reasonably have been said that the governing class of this country lived by stealing—when the whole political power was in their hands. Since, however, the extension of the franchise, and since the working class have in theory possessed the political power, the governing class is living on the magnanimity of the workers, because the workers choose to pay them rent and interest to which they have no right. I now want to say something about the question of property. I take it that every Socialist, practically every Socialist at any rate, if he were pressed as to why he wants Socialism would say: in order to secure more property for the people. After all, what is it that makes all the people of my class think this: that every man naturally wants to own. I mean that a man desires to be able to surround himself with a large number of things which he can change at his pleasure, which he can modify exactly as he likes, without consulting anybody. This is the fundamental idea of property. Our object is to get more of that for people, and not less, and the question is whether we can do that in any other way than by Socialising the means of production. That does not mean the nationalisation of property in anything that is necessary to the livelihood of human beings. We say that until you have Socialised those things which are the common interests of the community you will have a form of slavery—people dependent on others for a mere existence. The question I want to put to Mr. Chesterton about the land is this: He suggests that the whole land of England should be practically divided up among the people of England, presumably in more or less traditional proportions. Suppose a hundred years from now, and that the land on which we now stand in Camberwell, equivalent to another plot of ground in Suffolk or Norfolk, had been given to a certain person, or had not perfectly certain if the land which was received by the man who got his share in Camberwell would be now fifty times as valuable as the land shared out to the man in Norfolk?

Mr. G. Bernard Shaw: As far as I can recollect Mr. Chesterton's argument he asked us to agree with him that the building up of society must always proceed by trial and error. Socialism may be taken to mean the separation of one of the most terrific errors that was ever made by the aristocracy in Europe and that was the aristocracy trying, in the 17th century, they threw away the whole Catholic conception of society—the commune. [Dissent from Mr. Bellow: We are now endeavouring to get away from that fatal attempt to try and base the fortunes of society on individualism, and the liberty of the individual man is left to look after his own interest under the stimulus of private property, then every man will make the best of himself, and the success of society will consist of a number of men making the best of themselves and who will make the best of society. With reference to Mr. Chesterton's remarks re a man not possessing a back garden under Socialism, I contend that if Socialism is established in this country he will have a back garden. I will pledge my honour that in the coming Socialist State Mr. Chesterton shall have his own back garden. Personally, I own six back gardens, but prefer to live where there is only an area. Mr. Chesterton thinks that under Socialism we shall still be subject to our present aristocratic rulers, and warns us to beware lest the coming of the Socialistic era be only one more dodge of the aristocratic classes to keep the power in their hands. Well, supposing at Runnymede, just when King John was about to sign the Charter, somebody had drawn the barons aside and told them to beware, it was only a trick, and that King John would try to back out of it! Mr. G. K. Chesterton: He did, he did! Mr. G. B. Shaw: He didn't! And if he did, it didn't matter, for he had signed, and he couldn't alter that. Well, supposing that when King Charles was about to be beheaded someone had drawn Cromwell aside and told him to beware lest this was only another trick of the Stuarts to keep the Lords. Would they have believed him? Or supposing that someone had told Mirabeau that the French Revolution was simply a trick of the French bourgeoisie to keep the power! Mr. Chesterton has said that I should not have any right to adopt the schoolmasterly attitude, and tell him that he doesn't know anything about Socialism. I have already said publicly in this hall, and I repeat, still in the schoolmasterly attitude, that Mr. Chesterton knows nothing whatever about Socialism. As regards the
Duke of Devonshire, I do not think that the Duke of Devonshire was looked up to simply because he was a duke. Otherwise, why did not people reverence the Marquis of Anglesey? I will tell you. The Marquis of Anglesey simplified his opportunities; he was a bad example to the country. But the Duke of Devonshire has acted in a vastly different way. Mr. Belloc has told us a lot about peasant-proprietors. At Lismore, in Ireland, are the Duke of Devonshire's estate and a group of little peasant-proprietors. The Duke's estate is a model, well-ordered estate—

Mr. G. K. CHESTERTON: Hear hear!

Mr. Shaw: And the conditions there are very different from the continual state of unrest and quarelling amongst the peasant-proprietors. Now, with regard to dividend-paying land. How will he start with London? The present state of things has nothing to do with greed. If you made all the people of this country the most chivalrous mortals under the sun, the evils would still continue. (Cheers from G. K. Chesterton.)

Mr. Shaw: Then I want to ask if you take the mass of the human race, both in time and space, and go and ask your ordinary man—'I prefer to own.' Mr. Shaw can try it if he likes. Where are ye fled, ah where, ah where?

My withered soul is all ablaze.

Ye've left me nought but dry despair;

Filled with the world's most fervent praise,

Ye yesterdays!

When Time itself lived in a maze

And all the world a merry tune;

Ye've made my heart within me burn,

For scenes and hours that'll ne'er return,

When Socialism comes, people's souls

Will be so pure and good that they won't tolerate an aristocrat; or, again, when Socialism comes, we shall have so vivid a criticism of public affairs that we shall not think of regarding the Duke of Devonshire as a clever man. What shall we say of the Duke of Devonshire when five of those present say that he was a fool, absurd person, and that a man in England (George Bernard Shaw) asserts that he was a good, capable man? When Bernard Shaw turns courtier what is the use of anyone else talking about it? I feel quite convinced that the Duke of Devonshire will be found leading in the coming Socialist State. It is strictly true that if you have a Socialist State evolved out of the present political one, you will find that the same men are on top with greatly increased power. It would be just as easy to vote a man £5,000,000, say, for his service to the State in Ireland, as it is in the present state of politics. Any pretext will do, as at present.

Proceeding next to deal with one whom he would call his noble relative, Mr. Chesterton said that the idea that a man would not take ten hours to do what he could do in two, was quite demonstrably wrong. We take five days to hang a man; and we should be greatly upset if we didn't have the periodic entertainment. Bernard Shaw had declared that in the coming Socialist State he would pledge his honour (Mr. Chesterton) should have his own back garden. Well, once Mr. Shaw told him privately that he would do anything, provided you did not put him on his honour. His theory of property was that if a man owned two back gardens or sixteen back gardens, he didn't own one. He could not experience that sense of possession that the ownership of one back garden gave. One might as well walk about wearing sixteen high hats!

YESTERDAYS.

Those happy, happy yesterdays!

When Time seemed one unending June,

And all the world a merry tune;

Of love that lives and hope that gleams,

Felt with the world's most fervent praise,

Where are ye fled, ah where, ah where?

Ye've left me nought but dry despair;

Of many coloured thoughts and dreams

When Life itself lived in a maze

Ye've made my heart within me burn,

For scenes and hours that'll ne'er return,

Ye've left me nought but dry despair;

Ye me has lost its flame;

My withered soul is all ablaze.

Ye yesterdays!

Aden.  B. K. D.
The woman was on her knees in the enclosed yard before the hut, grinding corn. Her babe was on her back, a blanket loosely covering it, and as she swayed with the motion of crushing the corn between the stones the little one rocked to and fro. A few feet from her a fire was burning in a hollow made in the beaten floor, over which stood a three-legged pot with water to boil the meal which she was preparing. Against the light, reed wall of the yard her good man was sitting with his legs crossed before him. He wore neither blanket nor clothing, but around his neck was a thong threaded through a tiger claw, a piece of soap-stone, and a small knuckle bone. A cane snuff-box swung through a hole in one ear; a couple of wire bangles were worn on his left wrist, and a brass ring on his big toe. His head was adorned with a thick cluster of long woolly spirals, which hung around over his ears and forehead. The tail of a pole-cat, very neatly drawn together—the bone having been abstracted—was tied to one of the ringslets, and added greatly to his picturesque appearance. He was a well-built man, with a genial, good-humoured face, and as he sat now, patiently turning and twisting and rubbing a goatskin in his hands and on his thighs to cure it, he listened to his wife's complaints without a shade of annoyance ever clouding his brow.

The family were evidently in easy circumstances, for close by were seen two shelters covering huge baskets of Kafrir corn, a fine lot of pumpkins and sweet potatoes, and against the hut stood a large bundle of sugar cane. Anyone seeing these interior arrangements would guess at once that this man possessed cattle and goats—and he would be right.

But just now there had come to a head a question which had been discussed for months, and the good lady's tones were by no means subdued as she stated which had been discussed for months, and the good cattle and goats—and he would be right.

The look on the man's face became more grave. "Is this peace?" she snapped out.

"You are a mean man! You know we must speak truth, wife, and we will not make the trouble for me and no peace now because the work is too much for me, and the children come too quickly. It is not right, and I never have time to rest. I have spoken to Mafefe, but he is a strange man, and will not hear me, and so I come to you, sir! If you will speak to—"

"Ava, M'ere" ("No, sir,"). You are our father here: I must come to you with my trouble. My man is rich. Mafefe, you know him. I have four children, and yet he will not take another wife. The work is too much for me, and the children come too quickly. It is not right, and I never have time to rest. I have spoken to Mafefe, but he is a strange man, and will not hear me, and so I come to you, sir! If you will speak to—"

"Yes, sir; he never beats me, but—" She stopped on seeing my hand rise.

"What is all the work you speak of?"

"We must plant and weed and reap, and weeding and reaping, and the lands are big and any bigger."
Children, her case was a bit extraordinary, and a few more particulars, I dismissed her, saying I would not do. He came in the afternoon, greeting me with a sly smile, that the man was hurt. He himself on his haunches a little way off. I started. Mafefe shrugged his shoulders. "It is not a business for the Commissioner to do with." And I could see, for all his smile, that the man was hurt. "You know your wife has been to see me?" "No, Mafefe," I said. "It is not a business for me, and I will have no word to say about it. Only the woman had to speak to someone because her heart was full. She came to me, but you need not fear she will speak to other people. She thinks much of you. It is your business only. If she is a good wife, I know you will treat her well; if she is a bad one—well, I am sorry for you. There can be no peace for a house with a discontented wife. The baby was looking splendid. By the way, I have not seen the eldest boy for some time. Tell him to come and see me to-morrow. I've got some sweets out from town."

I turned the conversation to matters of cattle and land, and when coffee was brought to me, I ordered a cup for Mafefe. He left a little later in excellent humour. My last remark was a reminder to him to send the little boy for some sweets in the morning. It was not more than a week after this conversation that the woman met me, and, with a happy smile, said, "I thank you greatly, sir. He is seeking, and he is restless. My last remark was a reminder to him to send the little boy for some sweets in the morning."

RICHMOND HATCH.

**Books and Persons. (An Occasional Causerie.)**

One of the most noteworthy of recent publications in the way of fiction is Anton Tchekhoff's "The Kiss" and "Other Stories," translated by Mr. R. E. C. Long and published by Duckworths (6s.). A similar volume, "The Black Monk," perhaps: but both volumes are indispensable to the student of the Russian novel. Tchekhoff's tales mark a definite "The Charm of Paris," by Mr. A. H. Hyatt (Chatto and Windus, 2s.)—which would have been good without the material of life, without distorting it, into such complex form to such an end of beauty. Read these books, and you will genuinely know something about Tchekhoff. Tchekhoff has had the rashness to produce several in quite a short time. (Another is "The Charm of Venice," Doubtless he got hold of an idea, and then the idea got hold of him.) In his Paris net he has gathered over a hundred authors, of whom quite half have no earthly claim to rank him with the fixed stars of Russian fiction—really remarkable. If anyone of authority stated that I have encountered for a long time is Mr. R. A. Peddie's "Author Index of Fifteenth Century Books." It was a truly brilliant idea on the part of the editor of "The Library World" to run a serial— and such a serial. No "author index of incunabulae exists. I never found an incunable on a bookstall, but I have faced "editio princeps in Greek of Plutarch on a bookstall (Shoreditch). And in (Whitechapel Road) Maittaire's "Annales Typographici." And in my maniacal youth I have consulted the great Hain, and found him wanting. "The Linear World" costs. Since a bookman should begin to buy it at once, and get the back numbers. At present Mr. Peddie has only arrived at Aristotle. This serial reinforces my ehefied belief that bookishness is not, after all, dead.

My recent animadversions on Municipal Free Libraries have aroused some hostility, and a little sympathy, in the Press. Touching the question, I am informed that

He seems to have achieved absolute realism. (But there is no absolute, and one day somebody—probably a Russian—will carry realism farther.) His climaxes are never strained; nothing is ever idealised, sentimentalised, etherealised; no part of the truth is left out, no part is exaggerated. There is no sense of virtuosity. All appears simple, candid, almost child-like. I could imagine the editor of a popular magazine returning a story of Tchekhoff's with the friendly criticism that it showed promise, and that when he had acquired more skill in hitting the reader exactly between the eyes a deal might be possible. Tchekhoff never hits you between the eyes. But he will, nevertheless, leave you on the flat of your back. Beneath the outward simplicity of his work is concealed the most wondrous artifice, the artifice that is embedded in nearly all great art. All we English novelists ought to study "The Kiss" and "The Black Monk." They will delight every person of fine taste, but to the artist they are a profound lesson. We have no writer, and we have never had one, nor France, who could mould the material of life, without distorting it, into such complex form to such an end of beauty. Read these books, and you will genuinely know something about Tchekhoff. Tchekhoff has had the rashness to produce several in quite a short time. (Another is "The Charm of Venice," Doubtless he got hold of an idea, and then the idea got hold of him.) In his Paris net he has gathered over a hundred authors, of whom quite half have no earthly claim to rank him with the fixed stars of Russian fiction—really remarkable. If anyone of authority stated that I have encountered for a long time is Mr. R. A. Peddie's "Author Index of Fifteenth Century Books." It was a truly brilliant idea on the part of the editor of "The Library World" to run a serial— and such a serial. No "author index of incunabulae exists. I never found an incunable on a bookstall, but I have faced "editio princeps in Greek of Plutarch on a bookstall (Shoreditch). And in (Whitechapel Road) Maittaire's "Annales Typographici." And in my maniacal youth I have consulted the great Hain, and found him wanting. "The Linear World" costs. Since a bookman should begin to buy it at once, and get the back numbers. At present Mr. Peddie has only arrived at Aristotle. This serial reinforces my ehefied belief that bookishness is not, after all, dead.

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An Untamed People.*

It was just without the white township of Pereira, high in the Central Cordilleras, that my horse shotled at an uncouth body-pressure across the camimo. My companion, a mileteer of fine discernment and great strength, promptly hoisted the drunken gentleman into my saddle. In this wise I made the acquaintance of Tomas Bamee, a North American who had been long enough in the country to forget his own tongue, but not long enough to acquire the Spanish. It was the habit of Sr. Smith to take in an immoderate quantity of aguardiente every afternoon between 4 and 5 o’clock and to sleep off the effects on the high road—a habit which the Chinaman of Tomar, who was my guide, was pleased to believe inspired by divinity in works on both sides of the Socialist question.—Paul Matt Gaitske.

He tells us an old story. A man kills a lion and staves his mind, and the lion of his mind. He tells us also that the man is the same and that the man is the same, and he prefers to limit his wants rather than to

* "The Soul of Spain." By Havelock Ellis. (Constable. 4. 6d. net.)

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increase his labour." Herin, and in his love of ceremony and formalism, as well as in his physical traits, is the African note. Says Mr. Ellis: "Indeed, the Spanish character is fundamentally, it seems to me, not only African, but primitive, and in the best, and not in any depressive sense of the word—savage." But savage by election, he refuses to be servile, he remains untamed by steam and commerce; the Spaniard has passed beyond the stage of civilisation; he knows exactly what advantages may accrue from a colonial empire, from imports and exports by the million; and all this he has had and has relinquished, preferring to make life for himself rather than have it adjusted by the materials which man can lay up.

Mr. Havelock Ellis illustrates the soul of Spain by its women, its arts of dancing, of painting, and of architecture, by sketches of its great men, Ramon, Lull, Cervantes, its literature, and its cities. There is, perhaps, no one in England with just Mr. Ellis's erudition, so profound that it is never apparent; few who have so absorbed the essence of scientific method, and have retained a profound sympathy for what is beautiful and simple in the world, who have so much love for what is eternal and noble, and so much art in the telling of their adventures amidst peoples and books. Mr. Havelock Ellis overcomes long-rooted prejudice by his kindly humour and imagination; he has no need to resort to paradox or violence. You feel that he does not take up romance because he may then cut a dashy figure, but because it is a real part of his being. Mr. Havelock Ellis must give us more of Spain.

Four Plays.

"The Tenants" at the Kingsway Theatre is what I should call a disappointing play. I do not mean a bad play; indeed, the epithet is in part a compliment, for you cannot be disappointed unless you expect a good deal. The play opens with a really excellent dramatic idea. Bill Chetwood has returned from a long stay in South America, a full-blooded, simple-minded, honest barbarian. His own life has not been immaculate, but he has never for a moment doubted the validity of the religious and moral principles of his childhood, and he has always cherished an entirely imaginary ideal of "Womanhood," based upon the acceptance of those principles. He comes home to find everybody, especially the women, challenging and criticising the simple faith which he has always regarded as sacrosanct. He immediately concludes that all moral obligations are now at an end, and proposes to give a sharp practical application to the new scepticism by seducing a pretty ingenue named Pamela Grey.

Here we have the materials for a very delightful comedy the conflict between masculine conservatism devoted to ideals which it never thinks of acting up to, and feminine revolutionism demanding anarchic liberties without ever dreaming that others will take advantage of them. But instead of approaching this conflict in the comic spirit of impartial criticism, Mr. Coleby takes sides unconvincingly with Bill, and appears to endorse his view that a doubt as to the literal truth of the story of Jonah involves liberty to murder, thieve, and commit adultery at large. He also makes Freda, the erstwhile "advanced" heroine, say that since she has known love all advanced ideas have left her. This is sheer nonsense. It is quite true that a silly girl who has picked up "advanced" notions will often drop them if she falls in love with a conventional man; just in the same way a silly girl bred to conventional notions will often drop them if she falls in love with an advanced man. But Freda is supposed to be a woman of experience, thought, and conviction, and in her mouth such a declaration is absurd. It is not the first time she has been blamed. Mr. Coleby quite as much as if he had shown himself a partisan of the other side. For Bill has a case. He stands for the sanely realistic doctrine of Original Sin, which lies at the root of all moralities. It is well that advanced people should
be reminded that the boozed, anarchic talk which passes without comment at their clubs might lead to startling results if taken seriously by the ordinary man. But they should be reminded of it in the spirit of comedy, not in the spirit of partisanship.

Mr. Cobley is distinctly indebted to Miss Lena Ashwell, who contrives to put enough strong and human acting into Freda to make her a more credible and heretofore unreal. The East End of Mr. Hichens's invention is written with a literary distinction rare on our stage, of his own romantic imaginings and partly, I should imagine, of some hazy recollections of a lecture by an itinerant member of Toynbee Hall. Let me point out to Mr. Hichens (owing to our indefensible class legislation) public-houses close at half-past twelve, that the homes of the labourers are not suited to festivity, and that most of them have to be up and ready for work at five in the morning. It is therefore absurd that a number of persons watching in a room in Poplar during those hours a good deal of strong and human acting, and that below the line which separates the brain from the cynicism; nor the much commoner type of University prig, who has less real democratic sympathy than any Tory squire. He is a man of wax.

The aristocrats, are, of course, much better. I had the misfortune to miss seeing Miss Millard, but she is supposed to become one. Miss Annie Hughes, I am glad to say, I did see, and a more brilliant piece of acting. It is interesting to notice that Mrs. Dearmer, whose production and Dr. Edward Aveling, and Edited by F. Engels. The best translation of this important work, which contains the masterly statement of those Socialist doctrines which are having so great an effect throughout the world, is now offered at 4/6 post free.

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It is interesting to notice that Mrs. Dearmer, whose "Nan Pilgrim" I saw at the Court on Sunday, succeeds exactly where Mr. Hichens fails. Her Nine Elms scene is a genuine slice of life, and every point is driven home with the shrewd, sure stroke of the woman who knows. Nothing more clearly marks the truth of Mrs. Dearmer's grip than her success with the usual pitiful attitude of creditors as the most unbearable part of poverty. The creditor, by the way, was Mr. Edward Sass, and his superb acting trebled the value of the scene.

The rest of Mrs. Dearmer's play would have appealed to me more if I could have believed in John Pilgrim. But I didn't. He did not impress me as a saint, even a stern and ascetic saint, but simply as a prig. This, perhaps, would not have mattered so much
One wanders round the "Fair Women" exhibition at the New Gallery with the haunting dread of being ticketed as a mediaeval reactionary. New men, new manners; and the modern woman lays no stress on her fairness—she is only insistent on the fact that she has a right to a Parliamentary vote. To classify the ladies of England to find the most intelligent art composers. They are not the New Gallery with the haunting dread of being ticketed as a mediaeval reactionary. New men, new manners; and the modern woman lays no stress on her fairness—she is only insistent on the fact that she has a right to a Parliamentary vote. To classify the ladies of England to find the most intelligent art composers. They are not the best parts, and made the most of them, but there were no failures, and the technique even of the minor players was faultless.

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Speaker: Mr. Victor Grayson, M.P., Mrs. Bridges Adams, E. C. Fairchild.

Chairman, John Stokes (President Glass Blowers’ Union).

Admission Free—Leading Members to be seated.

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picture is just too obvious; one is lured into watching the marvellous use of the brush, when, of course, one should be thinking of the whole result. And it is the same with his "Rêvendel Figure" of a nude. They both, perhaps, lack the delicate reserve of Mr. Orpen at his best. There is a beautiful work, "Mrs. Francis Howard," by Mr. Strong, which has all his undesirable knowledge of the reality of idealism, or the idealism of reality, you may put it how you please. Note the distinction of both pose and colour. This portrait consists within the circle of the great works of its kind, so far as it raises the personal element into the higher plane of the impersonal thought; yet without losing aught of the suggestion of the living being.

There is probably nothing in the collection cleverer than [Monticelli]. And equally delightful are Renoir's "Femme assise," and Bernard's "Flowers." There is a fine group of drawings by Whistler; besides his famous "The Golden Girl." The series by the late Charles Conder is somewhat difficult to place. There is no doubt about his "L'heure exquise"; it is a delicate poem in thought and expression. But most of the rest are certainly not intellectually inspiring so far as the subjects are concerned. If you like them it must be on the "art for art's sake" principle—which is a very sufficient and right reason. Their colour is usually beautiful, and they often have the sentiment of romance. That seems sufficient to make a good picture; and perhaps it is sufficient to leave it there. The end of a picture is not necessarily to be food for the intellect; as that term is usually understood.

The Carfax Gallery has just opened another important show: most things that happen there are important. The most for which I think a little-known member of the old pre-Raphaelite group, Suffice to say that at least three of the pictures shown ("My Lady of the Watergate," "The Winepress," and "Thoughts of the Past") rank with the finest works of that School.

G. R. S. T.

Recent Music.

Elektra, and other things.

A fascinating programme read the other evening at the Royal Academy of Music by Mr. Alfred Kalisch on the subject of Strauss' new opera, "Elektra." I say it was fascinating because I mean, partly, that it was elusive at times, and a trifle incomprehensible. Mr. Kalisch may know his "Elektra," but his elocution is of so modest and retiring a nature that it is difficult always to believe the orator is himself present. Anyhow, the paper was interesting, not so much for what it contained of sound judgment and analysis, but because it consisted largely of classifications of the principal themes in the opera; these were cleverly played on the pianoforte by Mr. Hamilton Hartly, Mr. Hubert Bath gaily turning over the pages of the thrilling score.

From what one could gather from Mr. Kalisch's commentary, and from the scraps of illustrations, it seems as if Strauss had exercised rather more restraint than was expected of him. He has, or seems to have, arrived at some feeling for the logical aspect of musical-dramatic form, cutting away from those extravagances of genius in the Wagner operas which are in their own way as irrelevant and destructive of dramatic effect as the extravagances of folly in the old Italians. The extravagance of Strauss has usually been an extravagance of queer emotions rather than an extravagance of form, and in "Elektra" he has been even more discreet than he was in "Salome," judging by the illustrations, some of which were brilliantly sung by Miss Perceval Allen and Mr. Frederic Austin. It is evident he has not yet become tired of writing beautiful and wondrous music. He has arrived at that dangerous time of life when artists generally prove themselves dammed or otherwise. Richard Strauss has proved himself to be an artist of the highest distinction, a heretic of amazing impurities, with a strong leaning towards the orthodox and respectable.

I have received a notice from the Société des Concerts Français which indicates their intention of giving a series of concerts of modern French music. The prospectus includes Debussy, Ravel, D'Indy, Charpentier, Xavier Leroux. The first concert was given in the Bechstein Hall a little time ago; all Debussy. Many of our enlightened critics praised monotonously as a result so many of his works as a single sitting. I confess myself to have been completely enchanted; seldom have I enjoyed such exquisite singing and playing. Mlle. Hélène Lutjens is an ideal singer. In this country her reputation is not equal to that of Édith Gerhardt, but that is this country's fault. Her singing of a tripe called "Mandoline" (a setting of Verlaine's poem) was beyond all possible shadow of doubt perfect. The accompanist was M. Eys Nat, and his playing of the piano part in all of her songs was, to say the least, inspired. There is not in this country an accompanist who can play with such a fine sense of appropriateness. Somebody, I think it was Mr. Filson Young, talked wildly about horrible discords in the quartet. Somebody was insincere, or perspicacious, or "somebody" must have had a very bad night.

The New Symphony Orchestra proceeds cheerfully on its pioneering way. Mr. Landon Ronald has been appointed conductor, and its programme for the coming season includes several adventures into new manuscripts. The first concert (which I could not attend) included the performance of a new symphonic poem by Mr. William Wallace on the subject of François Villon, and this was spoken highly of by most people who know a good thing when they hear it.

Mr. Thomas Beecham has started a nationalist orchestra, and he hopes soon to have another pianist to say about it. It is the fourth, and latest, and in some respects the most important of our London orchestras.

Herbert Hughes.

CORRESPONDENCE.

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

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

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

WHAT DOES IT ALL MEAN?

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

In your last issue Miss Beatrice Tina, in the course of her controversy with my brother, throws doubts upon the sincerity of my statement that I am in favour of Women's Suffrage. Well, I can do nothing but repeat that statement. I assure you it annoys Miss Tina so much, but I am in favour of Women's Suffrage. I can help it; my mind is built that way. Of course, I cannot prove that I really think what I say. Miss Tina may be telepathically conscious of convictions of mine of which I am quite unaware. All I can say is that I have always, in public and private, maintained the same doctrine, and to this I could call many witnesses, including my brother, with whom I have often argued the question.

That, however, is not the point I wish to raise. Suppose, if you like, that I am a hypocrite. That is not the slightest reason why my direct question should be left unanswered.
A new journal, like an uninvited guest at a banquet, is expected to reduce expenses. They have only to withdraw a considerable sum in gold from the Bank of England and the collapse will come! Thirty years ago Walter Bagehot wrote as follows:—

"Why another?" "What possible field of human interest and activity is still unrepresented?" Where is there a single subject, profession, or experience, from rat-catching to soul-saving, that has not its weekly, monthly, or quarterly review? And it is a subject of great—if not the greatest—importance to every member of civilised society, as will appear from the following points. At a meeting held at my house in Kensington to discuss the recent United States monetary panic, and to consider suggestions from certain well-informed persons, of means by which these panics might be prevented or checked, the conclusion of the meeting was decided to try to enlist the aid of £10,000,000 to £20,000,000 of gold present in the country. Confessions by many present of their numerous intellectual attempts to interest various papers, led to the discovery that not one is in a position to start a review which would have made our trade and commerce absolutely immune from occupancy by foreign troops. The Government, which would have made our trade and commerce absolutely immune from the consequences of their friends to this announcement, a press of curious and enthusiastic Mr. Chamberlain forgot that the most potent factor in our destruction? our financial system provides them with ample facilities for doing us irreparable injury, without their having to subject the same to the influence and enthusiasm he has given to Tariff Reform, Education, Woman's Suffrage, etc., etc.

"The fall of Consols and other gilt-edged securities to the extent of £10,000,000 or more! Whatever may be said of our ability to protect our country from invasion, there is no question as to the power of any nation—or even any great financier like Mr. Pierpont Morgan or Mr. Rockefeller—to bring on a panic which would bankrupt the country and endanger the safety of the producing classes, and their safety was and always is assured by their power to tax the community by raising the rate of 6d. on every £100 of county loans. It is safe to say that the losses which are inflicted upon the business men of this country through the sudden and frequent changes in the bank rate, are enormously greater than any profits which accrue to the banks. The fact that money and credit constitute the mechanism of trade is eclipsed (in the opinion of the money-lenders) by the more important tactic which is to keep the bank rate high, in order that this tends to swell the dividends of bank shareholders. It is surely time that these things should be known and discussed, and as there are thousands of free traders who know just enough to wish to know more, it has been thought necessary to launch "The Open Review." The purpose has been presented to the public from the one standpoint of the gentleman for a weak financial system. Had he brought to this subject the same influence and enthusiasm he has given to Tariff Reform, he might have accomplished not only all the good he has promised us we shall inevitably follow from the adoption of his Fiscal Policy, but a reform which would have lighted the lamp of every toiler and every business man throughout this vast empire, and which would have made our trade and commerce absolutely un-}

PRELIMINARY ANNOUNCEMENT.


Edited by ARTHUR KITSON.

THE EDITOR'S FOREWORD.

Already the Bank of France has on two or three occasions saved us from £10,000,000 and more! When the demand was a mere bagatelle to that which could be artificially created if any great power was anxious to ruin us. Provided it is willing to risk a few millions, we are as completely at the mercy of a hostile power as though our navy were at the bottom of the sea—Nay, more, it has even become profitable for speculators to alternately stimulate and depress in-

January 18, 1909

THE NEW AGE.

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Let me take a parallel case. If a Liberal member of Parliament, who called himself "A True Socialist" (as most Liberal members do), and who was a quite patent hypocrite and impostor (as nearly all Liberal members are), were to say, after all, what will it actually do for the people? I should not be so foolish as to reply: "You are not sympathetic enough to be told," for that would be, being put into his hands, I should have no answer, once, full, direct, and decisive. I should say: "This and this would it do. It would guarantee to every worker economic independence by providing every worker with a labourer's wage, enough to be told. That would be to play into his hands, and the abolition of plural voting. But when I am asked to regard it as the most important question of the day, to which I am in favour of Women's Suffrage. I am in favour of, as I am in favour of a number of minor political reforms, equal electoral districts, for instance, and the abolition of plural voting. When I am asked to regard it with un-
SWANSEA SCHOOL DISPUTE.
To the Editor of "The New Age."
I beg to draw the attention of your readers to the extraordinary statement made by Mr. Runciman in the course of the recent debate in the House of Commons on Thurs- 
day last in connection with this matter. According to the "Times" report of that gentleman's speech, the Minister for Education stated the following words:

"The case really turned on a matter of fact—was or was not the local authority in default. The only way to prove that was by testing the teacher market; and if it had been impossible to get teachers at the salaries offered by the local education authority, then might they have said that the local authority was in default."

In the light of extracts from this quarrel, I would ask your readers to consider very carefully what it is that Mr. Runciman meant by this test. The teachers—and anyone who knows anything about teachers knows that they are grossly underpaid—in the school in question were paid a certain salary by the managers of the school. The local education authority, for some reason or other, into the merits of which I choose not to enter, decided to consider this matter. Mr. Runciman then declares that if other teachers cannot be found to take less than was demanded by the school, and if the school authorities were already employed, "it might be that they have been said that the local authority was in default" in refusing to pay that salary. Now, there are always a number of teachers out of employment, and it is quite cer- tain that the local authority would have had no difficulty whatever in obtaining teachers who were prepared to accept less salary than that employed in the girls' school; and it is quite certain that they could obtain yet other teachers willing to accept less than this batch of teachers; and so on, until they reached the stage at which they were employing men and women at a salary insufficient to maintain them in a state of decency. The hand of the hand of the Liberal Cabinet Minister should have been addressed to the public in the name of the local authority was in default."

In all other respects of this quarrel, I would ask your readers to consider very carefully what it is that Mr. Runciman meant by this test. The teachers—and anyone who knows anything about teachers knows that they are grossly underpaid—in the school in question were paid a certain salary by the managers of the school. The local education authority, for some reason or other, into the merits of which I choose not to enter, decided to consider this matter. Mr. Runciman then declares that if other teachers cannot be found to take less than was demanded by the school, and if the school authorities were already employed, "it might be that they have been said that the local authority was in default" in refusing to pay that salary. Now, there are always a number of teachers out of employment, and it is quite cer- tain that the local authority would have had no difficulty whatever in obtaining teachers who were prepared to accept less salary than that employed in the girls' school; and it is quite certain that they could obtain yet other teachers willing to accept less than this batch of teachers; and so on, until they reached the stage at which they were employing men and women at a salary insufficient to maintain them in a state of decency. The hand of the hand of the Liberal Cabinet Minister should have been addressed to the public in the name of the local authority was in default."

To THE EDITOR OF "The New Age."
Mr. Franz Liebich of Swansea, and a few other ardent suffragettes only—not Socialists.

* * *
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