All advertisements have done their best on behalf of panic by installing one the various claimants. Certain newspapers seem to have done their best on behalf of panic by installing one of Baden-Powell’s baby-scouts in the editorial chair in place of the usual man in the street. All the little tin-whistlers and penny drummers of the Imperial Army contributed their mites to the din. Mr. Alfred Austin emerged from his poetic slum in his best Jameson-Raiding vein. Lord Rosebery looked up from his lonely furrow, where everybody is quite content to leave him, and tooled in the “Times.” The “Times” itself brayed at the top of its Harmsworth voice: and out of the crevices and cracks of intelligence innumerable insects, reptiles, and bipeds issued to add their notes to the general uproar.

Dismissing the task of dividing the blame amongst minor offenders, we have solemnly to declare that the chief culprits are Mr. Asquith, next to him Mr. McKenna, and after them the wretched Cabinet on whose behalf they were allowed to speak while obviously unfit. The melodramatic utterances of Mr. Asquith in the opening debate, followed and preceded as they were by the obsequious Mr. McKenna, were enough to alarm a House and a country only too willing, the former to create a scare in which social reform might be forgotten, and the latter to be provided with a change from a Charlesworth or a divorce sensation. If Mr. Asquith hoped to quell a mutiny in his party by inviting in a panic, he has succeeded only too well. He has roost his pig and burnt his house to do so. He is no longer fit to be Premier.

But we proposed roughly to estimate the damage. Naturally we put first the slump in Socialism which the panic has created. We cannot conceive how a minority of persons engaged in the propaganda of an idea hostile to the oligarchy, can ever dream that a panic engineered by and for the oligarchy can possibly be of any use to them: yet some Socialists have done their best to make the confusion worse confounded. Moreover, we specify that whatever interests we may one day have in employing force, our interest is not in employing force to-day. Let the oligarchy familiarise the public with the use of force abroad, and the day will arrive when it can be used against Socialists at home. Already lists of obnoxious Socialists are being compiled in readiness for what the Germans call The Day! And on that day earnest Socialists will be shot with the full approval of the mob that to-day prefers force against Germany to intelligence.

We shall not attempt to apportion the blame amongst the various claimants. Certain newspapers seem to have done their best on behalf of panic by installing one of Baden-Powell’s baby-scouts in the editorial chair in place of the usual man in the street. All the little tin-whistlers and penny drummers of the Imperial Army contributed their mites to the din. Mr. Alfred Austin emerged from his poetic slum in his best Jameson-Raiding vein. Lord Rosebery looked up from his lonely furrow, where everybody is quite content to leave him, and tooled in the “Times.” The “Times” itself brayed at the top of its Harmsworth voice: and out of the crevices and cracks of intelligence innumerable insects, reptiles, and bipeds issued to add their notes to the general uproar.

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As a single fact of interest we venture to affirm that Socialist publications reached last week their lowest levels of sales for many month and the yellow journals their highest.
There is not the slightest doubt also that Tariff Reform and Conscription have each been raised a peg during the panic. In a public mind that is incapable of counting beyond two there is only one alternative to Liberalism, it is now Tariff Reform. Not so very long ago there was a chance that the alternative might be Socialism; but the deep sleep of the Labour Party induced by the poppy of respectability quite destroyed that chance. Socialism in the public mind is now little more than an alternative to Mormonism. Tariff Reform, however, has been more carefully tended; and now nothing can destroy it; the present panic has afforded it an excellent manure; and we shall expect both it and its companion, Conscription, shortly to show signs of blossoming.

The Yellow Press has once more demonstrated its' power, and thereby increased it.

Lastly, we have to fear that the progressive features of the Budget have been imperilled. In all probability the new taxation will now be found to create no new principle; it will fall on the old old shoulders of the many poor, instead of on the shoulders of the few rich. And who can wonder that Mr. Lloyd George should assent to this, seeing that the rich whose interests he induced by the poppy of respectability quite destroyed during the panic. In a public mind that is incapable of illusionment may be decanted, which quenches all thirst for more debauchery. Again, if the wise section of the people have not recognised the necessity of instantly proceeding to force our ex-officio great statesmen to create by international agreement a universal police force, nothing will convince them. Is it not plain that absolutely no effort in this direction has ever yet been made? Is it not plain that Campbell-Bannerman, the most honest politician that ever by chance became Premier in this country, died in his efforts to convince the Whig Imperialist Cabinet that international agreement was a better civilising agency than international strife? Is it not plain that every attempt he made to have transmitted to other Governments a genuine olive branch of peace was frustrated by the substitution of a sword? And in whose interests? Of the population of these islands, eight out of every nine divide between them one and a quarter million people in this country have to declare them incapable of perception. With a million and a half men behind them—most of them, like the Welsh miners, passing resolutions in favour of peace, and strongly urging on their leaders definite steps towards peace—it is incredible that the Labour Party should not realise its enormous strength. There is, we firmly believe, nothing in the world of international politics that could stand against the determined effort of the Labour movement to maintain peace. Oligarchies may blow their bugles and beat their drums, but a single wave of Labour's arm could crush militarism in an instant. If the postmen of Paris can paralyse official France, what could not a combination of English and German workmen do to their respective Governments? We are told that Bebel is of opinion that the Social Democrats of Germany are powerless to prevent the German oligarchy plunging their country into war. We do not believe anything so disgraceful. Neither do we believe that the English Labour movement is so weak that it could not stop a war if it had the desire. Nothing but the rank laziness or cowardice of its leaders makes its intervention on the stage of international politics less than supreme to-day. Of all the great Powers of the world, Labour is the greatest; and it will be to the eternal disgrace of the European Labour movement if war is ever again permitted between two civilised Powers. We understand that the English Labour Party will visit Germany at Whitsuntide: we trust they will forge an alliance with German Social Democracy capable of resisting every oligarchic endeavour after war.

A great deal has been made of the generosity of New Zealand in offering to defray the cost of two Dreadnoughts for England's use. Most of the journals point to the fact as a new proof of Imperial patriotism. We are not complaining; only the facts might be put in a different light. The population of New Zealand is less than a million, and its total annual revenue is barely eight millions. We have already mentioned that some one and a quarter million people in this country have an annual income of two million pounds. Surely the occasion for Imperial patriotism lay nearer home than New Zealand. If New Zealand can afford to present England with a couple of battleships at the cost of some four million pounds out of an income of eight million, the wealthy classes of this country might have rendered the gifts unnecessary by anticipating them.

The discussion in Parliament of the sentences passed on Dinuzulu has not yet taken place, but we are happy...
to believe that the Labour Party are alive to their duty. Nothing more abominable in legal history has been perpetrated than the vindictive prosecution, trial, and sentencing of the old chieftain for exercising no more than the usual hospitality of his race. In addition, we may remark the impartiality of the Natalese politicians, one notableity among whom declared that "Dinuzulu should never come back." No, and if that spirit prevails, neither will justice return, nor peace, nor any of the better gifts of civilisation. And what a harvest these Colonial statesmen are preparing! For the memory of an injustice is amongst natives as amongst elephants and Englishmen, long, rankling, and bitter. Twenty years after the incident, the bloody "War of the Axe" broke out amongst the Kaffirs. Twenty years hence, if Dinuzulu remains the victim of his captors' fear, what kind of a war may we expect?

We are delighted to see that Olive Schreiner has resumed her public interest in South African politics.*

The occasion is, of course, the momentous question of the Union. Olive Schreiner sees in the native question "the root question in South Africa." On the issue of that question depends the future of South Africa precisely as on the abolition of slavery the United States hung in the balance. "The dark man," says Olive Schreiner, "is the child the gods have given us in South Africa for our curse or our blessing. We shall rise with him, and we shall also sink with him."* * *

By the way, we are sometimes asked why, as Socialists, we are pro-natives everywhere. The answer should be plain: Because as Socialists we are pro-natives at home. If everybody below the poverty-line in England turned black, we should realise the extent to which slavery prevails among us.

* * *

Two debates took place in Parliament this week on the question of Wages Boards in Sweated Trades: one on the occasion of a Government Bill introduced by Mr. Churchill, and another on a private members' Bill. This is perhaps scarcely the occasion for declaring flatly that no State regulation of wages will add a farthing to the income of the working classes. Mr. Churchill, we believe, is genuinely convinced that the proposals are both Socialistic and effective: and in this he is confirmed by certain Fabians as well as by windbags like Sir F. Banbury, who assured the Government that in establishing Wages Boards they had completely surrendered to the Socialist Party and driven the last nail in the coffin of English trade. The criticism we have to make of the whole device of Wages Boards cannot, however, be detailed here. We propose to defer the discussion to the occasion of the second reading of Mr. Churchill's Bill. We may briefly suggest that the major defect of the Bill is simply the one we have already mentioned: the absence of any guarantee whatever that the total income of labour as a whole will be increased. As a device for circumventing, and thereby intensifying, competition, Wages Boards are doubtless admirable; but the function of the State is not simply to keep the competitive rings and bottle-hold for the workers, but to abolish competitive rings altogether. It is further significant that although New Zealand has had the experiment for nearly ten years, it is not until the workers there have realised the impotence of Wages Boards that our own Government proposes to introduce them here. Mr. Ramsey MacDonald alone among the members of the Labour Party appears to have some knowledge of the subject.

* * *

Mr. Chiozza Money's motion in favour of a graduated Income-tax unfortunately never came to a division. As usual, Mr. Money had some interesting and instructive statistics with which to point his moral. One-ninth of the population, he told us, owns 95 per cent. of the entire capital stock of the United Kingdom. One-half of the total area of the country is owned by 2,500 persons. It surely follows from these facts that patriotism in the workers is no more than devotion to their own home-bred parasites; and in the wealthy classes is no more than a natural preference for their own industrious slaves. In the debate that followed, Mr. Lloyd George, "speaking indistinctly," defended the millionaires against a proposed super-tax. This was significant enough of what we have already hinted. Another speaker affirmed that the average of £70 which constitutes the annual income of the 25 million working class families of this country, £7 10s., or 10 per cent., or £1, is paid in indirect taxation. In the absence of a graduated Income-tax, that amount will be increased.

* * *

A serious question arises regarding the directions of national expenditure. Let it be supposed that our wildest dreams of a graduated Income-tax were fulfilled, and that the major portion of the 600 millions now paid in Rent and Interest to the idle rich were resumed by the nation through its Chancellor. What guarantee is there at present that the money would not be spent in precisely such directions as would ensure its return to the pockets where it came? Propositions, for example, to augment the sums spent on Naval and Army administration, on Civil Service and Government offices, really have for their object (at least for one of their objects) the retention of the national income in the hands of the existing oligarchy. The fear expressed by Mr. G. K. Chesterton lest the oligarchy should retain power has, therefore, very real grounds; and we strongly urge on Socialists the necessity to consider ways and means of circumventing it. For instance, let the process of evacuation be reversed. If anything can still be done to annul the Habeas Corpus Suspension Act in India, this eleventh hour is not too late. Lord Morley has proved himself with Mr. Birrell the only Liberal member of a reactionary Cabinet, and we trust that he will add to his honours the deletion of this Act.

* * *

The appointment of the first Indian on the Viceroy's Executive Council was announced on Wednesday. India can afford to forgive Lord Morley a great deal for this single breach he has made in the English Bureaucracy. Nothing will convince us that our continuance in India is to nobody's advantage in the long run, but we are quite satisfied if the process of evacuation is gradual. The Indian Councils Bill is shortly to be discussed in the Commons; and we sincerely hope the Lords' decision on Clause 3 will be emphatically reversed. If anything can still be done to annul the Habeas Corpus Suspension Act in India, this eleventh hour is not too late. Lord Morley has proved himself with Mr. Birrell the only Liberal member of a reactionary Cabinet, and we trust that he will add to his honours the deletion of this Act.

* * *

There appears to be some hope at last that the National Shakespeare Theatre, which has been so long discussed, will take definite shape. On March 23, at a meeting presided over by the Lord Mayor, the Report of the Executive Committee appointed in June last was presented. The Committee, after full investigation, are "of opinion that the proposal is a practicable one, and that it should be proceeded with." The estimated sum required to build, equip, and endow a National Theatre is almost half a million, of which the Lord Mayor was able to announce at the meeting that £70,000 had been subscribed by an anonymous donor.

* "Closer Union." By Olive Schreiner. (Fifield, 15. net.)
Plain Words to British Workmen.

The problem now to be faced is: How are the British professional and manual workers to protect themselves from the machinations of our secret diplomacy, from the secret evil results of the King's dabbling in finance, from the rigging of the markets engineered by wealthy financiers, such as the South African houses, the Rothschild houses, and the American houses, or from the quasi-political panics, which are worked up in the interests of the Tory Party, and the military and naval castes which they represent?

It may be accepted as indisputable that the two classes of the community which suffer most from wars are the working and the lower middle classes, such as clerks, small tradesmen, etc. The great distress of the last few years is a legacy from the South African war, into which England was plunged through the interested treachery of the present panic-striken Tory Party with its friends of a German tendency. The worst war was coming about, as all wars are, by men who have not the slightest intention of breaking a square inch of their own precious skins, or expending a drop of their precious blood, men like Cecil Rhodes, whose pitiable exhibitions of fear during the Kimberley siege turned the garrison of Kimberley into "Pro-Boers," Joseph Chamberlain, Arthur James Balfour, Beit, Eckstein, Wernher, Lord Rosebery, Sir Edward Grey, Sir Graham, and various other gallant non-combatants and incompetents. These "fighting-men," who would be terrified out of their lives if they were within a hundred miles of a battlefield, are men whose class interests are entirely opposed to any improvement in the status of the working classes upon whose production they are living.

The watchword of "Retrenchment" has lost its attraction. Economy has fallen into the same disrepute as the false economics of the Manchester School. Economy is no remedy for anything; it is mostly a producer of evil, hardly ever of good. The Services should never be starved. The British workmen must remember that they must treat the soldier and the sailor as their comrades and fellow-citizens, if they desire to win them as a London citizen. The cry of "economy," brought about, as all wars are, by men who have not the slightest intention of breaking a square inch of their own precious skins, or expending a drop of their precious blood, is a polite name for sweating and reduction of wages. The sailor and soldier are as much entitled to their pay as the clerks, small tradesmen, etc. The great distress of the last few years is a legacy from the South African war, into which England was plunged through the interested treachery of the present panic-striken Tory Party with its friends of a German tendency. The worst war was coming about, as all wars are, by men who have not the slightest intention of breaking a square inch of their own precious skins, or expending a drop of their precious blood, men like Cecil Rhodes, whose pitiable exhibitions of fear during the Kimberley siege turned the garrison of Kimberley into "Pro-Boers," Joseph Chamberlain, Arthur James Balfour, Beit, Eckstein, Wernher, Lord Rosebery, Sir Edward Grey, Sir Graham, and various other gallant non-combatants and incompetents. These "fighting-men," who would be terrified out of their lives if they were within a hundred miles of a battlefield, are men whose class interests are entirely opposed to any improvement in the status of the working classes upon whose production they are living.

To a less degree, the same remarks apply to the sailor. The sailor's pay is shockingly bad; it is about 10 per cent., with all allowances included for living in London, of the lowest living wage. He is cuffed and cabined in barracks, which cannot be a home to him. The sailor has an advantage in this respect, since he has a home to go to when he is ashore. Both soldier and sailor at a deprivation of the protection of the civil law; offences of discipline are tried by military and naval courts-martial, composed of their superior officers. Non-commissioned officers and men are not permitted to sit on courts-martial. The effect of this procedure may be best appreciated by asking what shop-assistant would consent, supposing in a fit of desperation he struck a shop-walker, to be judged by a tribunal composed of shop-walkers and their managers? The British workmen should stand by the military and naval fellow-workmen, and agitate for the abolition of barracks life in the Army, the raising of soldiers' pay, the abolition of naval and military courts-martial, promotion from the ranks, the remuneration of and cooking arrangements in the Navy, etc., etc. It may seem a remarkable suggestion; but the present writer strongly advocates the establishment of trade union representation in the Army and Navy. No doubt it would be extremely difficult to secure recognition of the military and naval trade union; but if such a trade union were ever established, the genuine citizen would soon begin to appear on the horizon of democracy.

It is more than a coincidence that Old Age Pensions and threatened heavy taxation of the wealthier classes have been followed by a Jingo-Imperialist conspiracy to enslave England and Germany. The richer classes are ever ready to smother internal disorder by plunging the country into external disorder. Another motive of these skilful naval and military manoeuvres is to push on Tariff Reform; so that the burden of Old Age Pensions, and any other future democratic benefactions, might be transferred to the backs of the working classes, who will then be robbed by the device of indirect taxation of what little surplus the capitalist and landlord have left them.

Nor is it an accident that a number of Tory and Liberal politicians are financing self-styled "Trade Unionists" to prevent Labour representation and Parliamentary levies. Osborne and his co-plaintiffs in the Trade Unions are betraying their fellow-workmen to a greater extent than any "blackleg." If the House of Lords upholds the decision of the Court of Appeal in the Parliamentary levy case, as is probable, then the workmen of England must combine, at the next election, by means of voluntary levies, or by securing tried middle-class Socialists candidates, to substitute a Socialist majority for the present Liberal majority.

At the last election, the Tory Party was routed; at the next election, the workmen of England, if they wish to preserve their freedom, and to save what little have, must annihilate both the Liberal and Tory Parties. "Labour and Socialism alone can save England" should be the watchword of the next General Election. The last point is how to grapple with international panics in Europe. The International Socialist Bureau is an organisation which should be heavily subsidised by the Trade Unions of Great Britain. The International Socialist Bureau is an attempt to secure a common action between the working classes of Europe and England at times when war is threatening. It is handicapped by insufficient capital, and the Trade Unions might do well to invest £1,000 a year in supporting it. A war between Germany and England would cause incalculable misery both in England and Germany. Neither the German nor British workmen would gain anything out of such a conflict. The International Socialist Bureau did splendid work in averting war between Germany and France in the Moroccan affair. The theory of the controllers of the Socialist Bureau, who are the most trusted leaders of England, France, and Germany, is to paralyse a war declaration by a general strike in the two belligerent countries. The Porta postal strike was a remarkable example of the stultifying effect of the suspension of one small department of national life. Imagine what a powerful weapon a simultaneous strike in Germany, England and France would be in the hands of the Goddess of Peace. It would be an olive branch which would entangle the socialist and aristocratic war parties that any attempted war would have to cease.

The way to avoid external disaster is to dominate internal affairs. Therefore, the British workmen should demand the democratisation of the democratic organisation of work and should see that the House of Commons is vested with an adequate control over foreign policy. The means of doing this are at hand. The British workmen should really determine on an intelligent Labour-Socialist representation in the next Parliament, not of 30 members but of 300. Then the organisation of an international trade union of workmen against war would soon become an accomplished and menacing fact with which the reactionary classes of Europe and England would have to reckon.

Is this Revolution? Certainly; but it is revolution by strictly constitutional methods. Moreover, it is a constructive Parliamentary and national policy for the British workmen, whereby they could avert the unrelieved tragedy of an Anglo-German war.

C. H. NORMAN.
Whose is the Blame?

WHO—in the midst of manufactured panic—remembers a Peace Conference of eighteen months ago? Yet there and then it was that Sir Edward Grey and his little gang of Whig backbenchers recklessly threw away a priceless opportunity for a frank understanding with Germany.

If Germany now doubts the sincerity of our overtures—reflects perhaps on an old saying concerning a long spoon!—whose the blame is may here be seen.

It was on June 15, 1907, that the Second Peace Conference met at The Hague, and continued sitting until October 19. The Conference divided itself into four Commissions, viz.: (1) On Arbitration, (2) on Land Warfare, (3) on Sea Warfare, and (4) on Rights of Neutrals, and Questions under the Geneva Convention.

No Committee was appointed upon Armaments, it being agreed that the question should not be discussed in any way. As though a temperance congress decided to discuss qualities and prices of liquor, graduation and punishments for drunkards, and medical treatment for delirium tremens, but ruled out at the start any question as to reducing the consumption of alcoholic liquors!

The Commissions met in private, but the proceedings were, in fact, communicated to the press by individual Governments. Again was the Conference protested, but fortunately in vain, and the Liberal press of Europe was able to disclose the reactionary attitude of the British representatives sent to The Hague with such a flourish of trumpets by "the greatest democratic majority of modern times." Meanwhile the principal efforts on behalf of peace were made by the representatives of Holland and the United States, supported later by Germany.

When the whole truth did get to England, uneasiness grew into alarm, and protests began to be addressed formally to the Government and more personally to the Premier.

The storm burst when the startling news came that on July 17 Great Britain had opposed the most important practical proposal brought before the Conference, namely, the suggestion made by the United States to remove one of the strongest arguments for concentrating military charges; and seeing that military charges have increased in any way. As though a temperance congress decided to discuss qualities and prices of liquor, graduation and punishments for drunkards, and medical treatment for delirium tremens, but ruled out at the start any question as to reducing the consumption of alcoholic liquors!

The Conference confirmed the resolution adopted by the Conference of 1899 with regard to the limitation of military charges; and according that military charges have increased not only in nearly every country since that year, the Conference declares it highly desirable that the Governments should secure the absolute inviolacy of private property at sea.

The Conference considers that the limitation of the military charges which now weighs on the world is highly desirable for the increase of the material and moral well-being of humanity.
An Open Letter to Mr. J. Keir Hardie, M.P.

Sir,—In the "Labour Leader" of March 19 there is an article written by you which is much more interesting in so far as it represents the views of recent developments in your career than as a contribution to current Socialist politics. In it you have written the epitaph of your dead self as a social prophet and proclaimed your new career as a third-rate politician. There have been recent unhappily changing, but not, I regret to say, failing, friends who have hoped against hope that it was merely a passing phase, that you would soon obey your better instincts and come into line with the rebels. Alas! your courage has failed you; you fall back to the passing phase, that you would soon obey your better ideas, both significant of the moral change that your speech has been sent in for branches. Some malign influence of a personal kind which ever appeared in the most yellow of the Press has clearly been steadily at work. "And so on and so forth.

Shorn of its platform verbiage, your article contains two ideas, both significant of the moral change that these later years have wrought in you.

The first is the surprise you tell us you experienced upon reading the agenda for the forthcoming I.L.P. Conference. Let us quote: "You are "filled with a hot sense of shame and indignation..." "Nothing which ever appeared in the most yellow of the Press so far as we can remember as the I.L.P. as do many of these resolutions. It almost looks as though some foul reptile had crept through parts of the movement, dropping poison as it went, which has sprung up in agenda resolutions..." "Charges and innuendoes of the most discredit and discreditable kind have been sent in for every opponent of Socialism to gloat over..." "There is bitterness in the thought that few of these resolutions are the spontaneous outcome of the branches. Some malign influence of a personal kind has clearly been steadily at work." And so on and so forth.

Now, how do these excerpts betray a sad change in your moral fibre? We answer in a sentence: They represent a decline from your old-time sincerity to disingenuous rant.

You are not too stupid to realise that you place yourself in a fatal dilemma. Either you knew of the grave dissatisfaction with the official clique simmerring in the branches or you did not. If you were ignorant of it, then you condemn yourself as an incompetent. But it is a fact not to be gainsaid that you knew all about it. Your previous contributions to the "Labour Leader" prove beyond cavil that you appreciated the meaning of the revolt of the left wing. Your speech at the last I.L.P. Conference on the Colne Valley episode left no doubt in our minds that you understood. Indeed, so serious was the pressure, that you committed yourself as to the present-day power of the I.P. to run avowedly Socialist candidates, which greatly impressed the Conference, and which, having effectually done its work, you subsequently withdrew. You knew also that over 30 per cent. of the I.L.P. branches had passed resolutions approving of Mr. Grayson's outburst in the House of Commons, and expressly or by implication censuring your own and your colleagues' unaccountable passivity.

When, therefore, you write in a tone of pained surprise at the appearance of these resolutions, you are palpably insincere. Worse; you are designedly disingenuous. For it is now evident that you intend to evade the real issue and try to sweep the Conference and its members into a morass. For our part, we wonder why some of them ascribe your weakness and indecision to a change of heart and being born again. And, to be perfectly frank, we do not think you have the moral courage to say so to those concerned.

The second group of adverse resolutions has a direct bearing upon the second part of your article. The branches complain of your Parliamentary conduct, and some of them ascribe your weakness and indecision to "the Christ of the movement," you give your political adherence to a non-Socialist party. Is it surprising that thouand members of the I.L.P. who rejoice to be associated with a Socialist party send up resolutions condemning your present political attitude? You may be "filled with a hot sense of shame and indignation" —consistency is always distressing to the politician—but your feelings are mild compared with those of the rest of the Löp. Turning the pages of the London Illustrated News for April 1909, you will have the moral courage to say so to those concerned.

The truth is that your leadership has egregiously failed. The rank and file may still revere you; they may even yet a little longer follow you. But you have failed. And why? Because you have failed. A Socialist leader is between the centre and the left wing. That is where you will find both Bebel and Jaures. These great men have heavier burdens to
Occasional Reflections.

By Edgar Jepson.

I was charmed to hear that the Labour Party was going to take off its gloves, the sleek kid gloves it bought for the royal garden party, and has worn ever since. I reflected that there are not many members of the Cabinet who would not be better for having the string knocked out of them; it might clear their wits. I dreamed blissful dreams of his Majesty’s Government going about the world with their mournful black eyes sparkling with intelligence. But I restrained from screeching with joy when the hands of the Labour Party flew to their gloves, as I feared that, after being worn morning, noon, and night for so long, the gloves might stick, that they would not come off without earnest effort. I wondered whether after such a long spell of sloth the Labour Party’s muscles would not be too stiff, whether that part of our Liberal hopes must never forget that Cromwell would not take a tug or two at those gloves, and sit down suddenly in a helpless, dazed peacefulness. I am wondering still. The I.L.P. cabinet will probably take off its gloves, but I hope not. It will need to; it is a matter of self-preservation. But there the fighting will end. It seems almost a pity that the Labour Party has failed. You must choose the one or the other. “Under which king, Bezonian?” Faithfully yours,

THE NEW AGE.

A. J.

The longer I reflect the plainer it grows that the British working man will have to wait for effective leaders till the middle classes realise that their interests and his are identical, and throw in their lot with him. He will have to wait a while, I fear, though the pressure of the industrial struggle, growing crueler and crueler on those middle classes, is forcing them to sit down suddenly in a helpless, dazed peacefulness. I am wondering still. The I.L.P. cabinet will probably take off its gloves, but it will need to; it is a matter of self-preservation. But there the fighting will end. It seems almost a pity that the Labour Party has failed. You must choose the one or the other. “Under which king, Bezonian?”

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Faithfully yours,

THE NEW AGE.
If one may criticise literature and the drama, music and painting, and all the rest of those stunning abstractions, why not advertisements? Or, at least, the things advertised, especially such things as cannot be weighed in the kitchen-balance, as tested by the bodily senses. This is, peculiarly, an age of advertisement. If you do not advertise you are like the man who fell out of the balloon. Therefore advertisements must be among the most interesting portions of most books and periodicals. There is a streak of genius, a touch of the altruists. There is a streak of genius, a touch of the apostle permanently on their staffs. But perhaps the most piquant advertisements of all are those which sometimes point out short cuts to that Higher Life of culture and refinement, which is often even to those shut out by lack of means from the Life that is mercly High.

I have great sympathy with all young persons of either sex who are desirous of some self-improvement, as it is called. To feel the desire is often half the battle—perhaps the harder half—though the other half is not so easy, either. There is something wholly admirable in that mental attitude which confesses its own deficiencies even to itself. There is something pathetic, also, in the fact that such aspirations are often discouragement and defeat and despair, which is why the colour of my thoughts upon all these groping souls takes on the pale tinge of some imagery contained in a long-forgotten verse of my own unscientific mind:

The quick'ning moth discurses the light,
Flutters from out her bower,
To find a flower in the night,
To find night in the flower.

More than love, more than pain and poverty and sin,
More than the desire of the eyes and the lust of the flesh does knowledge sear and torture the unannealed. Pope was right enough. A little knowledge is a dangerous thing, and we should drink deep or taste not the fruit.

We know that Supply as often creates 'Demand as two factors is not so immutable as a certain school of economists would have us believe. I feel quite sure, kind of surgical operation is very largely responsible for the vermiform appendix. As I am equally sure that the law which it pretends to express is a faulty law, many of its aspects, even a false law. We know that Supply as often creates 'Demand as two factors is not so immutable as a certain school of economists would have us believe. I feel quite sure, kind of surgical operation is very largely responsible for the vermiform appendix. As I am equally sure that the law which it pretends to express is a faulty law, many of its aspects, even a false law. We know that Supply as often creates 'Demand as two factors is not so immutable as a certain school of economists would have us believe. I feel quite sure, kind of surgical operation is very largely responsible for the vermiform appendix. As I am equally sure that the law which it pretends to express is a faulty law, many of its aspects, even a false law. We know that Supply as often creates 'Demand as two factors is not so immutable as a certain school of economists would have us believe. I feel quite sure, kind of surgical operation is very largely responsible for the vermiform appendix. As I am equally sure that the law which it pretends to express is a faulty law, many of its aspects, even a false law. We know that Supply as often creates 'Demand as two factors is not so immutable as a certain school of economists would have us believe. I feel quite sure, kind of surgical operation is very largely responsible for the vermiform appendix. As I am equally sure that the law which it pretends to express is a faulty law, many of its aspects, even a false law. We know that Supply as often creates 'Demand as two factors is not so immutable as a certain school of economists would have us believe. I feel quite sure, kind of surgical operation is very largely responsible for the vermiform appendix. As I am equally sure that the law which it pretends to express is a faulty law, many of its aspects, even a false law. We know that Supply as often creates 'Demand as two factors is not so immutable as a certain school of economists would have us believe. I feel quite sure, kind of surgical operation is very largely responsible for the vermiform appendix. As I am equally sure that the law which it pretends to express is a faulty law, many of its aspects, even a false law. We know that Supply as often creates 'Demand as two factors is not so immutable as a certain school of economists would have us believe. I feel quite sure, kind of surgical operation is very largely responsible for the vermiform appendix. As I am equally sure that the law which it pretends to express is a faulty law, many of its aspects, even a false law. We know that Supply as often creates 'Demand as two factors is not so immutable as a certain school of economists would have us believe. I feel quite sure, kind of surgical operation is very largely responsible for the vermiform appendix. As I am equally sure that the law which it pretends to express is a faulty law, many of its aspects, even a false law. We know that Supply as often creates 'Demand as two factors is not so immutable as a certain school of economists would have us believe. I feel quite sure, kind of surgical operation is very largely responsible for the vermiform appendix. As I am equally sure that the law which it pretends to express is a faulty law, many of its aspects, even a false law. We know that Supply as often creates 'Demand as two factors is not so immutable as a certain school of economists would have us believe. I feel quite sure, kind of surgical operation is very largely responsible for the vermiform appendix. As I am equally sure that the law which it pretends to express is a faulty law, many of its aspects, even a false law.
A Few Words on Galsworthy.

It is over nine years since I ceased to be a dramatic critic. I had no prejudices then. I was the proverbial photographic plate, highly sensitised, and utterly unspotted. I always went to a play prepared to like it. But in nine years I have quite gone to the bad, and I allow myself to be influenced by the most absurd, the most infantile considerations. For instance, on the morning after the original production of Mr. John Galsworthy's "Strife," I saw on the contents-bill of a morning paper, "This thing is certain to be an awful bore." For I could not conceive that it would ever occur to a daily paper usually wants about a quarter of a century in which to persuade itself to call a great play great within ten hours of its production. A daily paper usually wants about a year which had been studied was their Welsh accent. This realism of accent seemed monstrous in its environment of conventionality. There was a Trade Union official who spoke exactly as if he had been at Eton, and Balliol and controlled the fortunes of his Union from the Carlton Club. You see how prejudiced I was.

I thought the first act very dull. It consisted of a directors' meeting; the directors of the Trevortha Tin-plate Company were discussing how to bring an end to a strike which had already cost them fifty thousand pounds. They all desired peace except old John Anthony, the chairman—one of your taciturn, Napoleonic men—who had never been beaten, who answered arguments by gravity, and who only knew that his co-directors were plotting against him, merely ordered a whisky and soda. As I watched this directors' meeting I wondered whether Mr. Galsworthy or Mr. Granville Barker (who produced the play), or any of the actors, had ever seen a directors' meeting—it was so stagey, so softly stagey and so minutely untrue to life. The mere genius of Mr. Dennis Eadie gave reality to one figure, but the rest, when they were not tedious, were caricatures; fairly good caricatures perhaps; let out of place in a realistic piece. The faithful secretary of the company, with his dog-like attitude to old Anthony, and his singular clothes, was precisely the devoted retainer who has haunted the stage for fifty years or more. Then the union leaders, including David Roberts, the men's leader. They entered with the same comic mixture of timidity and brusquerie which has marked the entrance of bold, free workmen on the scene since everlastingly: The one thing about them which had been studied was their Welsh accent. This realism of accent seemed monstrous in its environment of conventionality. There was a Trade Union official who spoke exactly as if he had been at Eton, and Balliol and controlled the fortunes of his Union from the Carlton Club. You see how prejudiced I was.

In the second act I saw how the strike affected the private life of one of the masters. John Anthony didn't want the men to win because a defeat would be such a terrible blow for her. She destroyed all her husband's arguments by simply repeating that her father's pride would never survive the triumph of the men. An excellent woman, she had been among the men's women-folk that afternoon, and had returned antipathetic to them, despite their misery. This trait was good; it was very true. All of us know that angry, instinctive feeling of repulsion that comes from contact. It is, for me, really one of the most shocking things in life. But there it is, and Mr. Galsworthy had got hold of it, and he used it well. He must have used it as a hammer to smash my prejudices. For I was impressed by the remainder of the play. Though out the play he had been ardently alive to the larger issues of his epoch, and he had spilled a good deal of his cruel and bitter humour, and he had used his intellectual power of detachment to the end of impartiality, but he had not interested me in the concrete people on the stage, or even convinced me that they were people. He had appealed to the publicist in me. But in the third act he appealed to the child in me, and with much success. The figures became people, and I was glad to know what was going to happen to them. And I was sorry that things went wrong with them, and that ideals were shattered and efforts wasted, and ignoble compromises the final end. And it was beautiful. Here I ought to say that the performances of Mr. Norman McKinnel as the chairman, and of Mr. Fisher White as the men's leader, were what is called "fine." They were quite as realistic as Mr. Galsworthy's drawing of the characters—and yet I dream of something much truer to life than just as "fine." "Strife" has survived its matinées, and its week of trial evening performances, and is now in the regular bill at the Adelphi. Its success pleases. It is not the work of a writer who had gone over the stage. It is the work of a writer who had gone over the stage. It is the work of a writer who had gone over the stage.

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How Much Cheap Millinery Costs.

Within five minutes' walk of where I live is a big wholesale milliner's. They have a factory at Luton, where straw plaiting, amongst other things, is carried on. I had often heard Thompson's spoken of as a sweating-shop, and I wanted to know if it really was one. I knew one of the forewomen, and learned from her what the conditions of labour really were. They were bad, and the moral conditions of the workers worse.

I took the opportunity of watching the workers as they went the round of the place one evening at half-past six. The verdict of good Mrs. Suburbia would have been that they were not "nice girls." She might go so far as to say that they were "horrid girls," but then everything that some people do not understand is "horrid." Nearly all of them wore caps and aprons! They seemed to have bought their hats at the capstone of the rest of their attire. As each girl left the factory she looked this way and that, in search of her legitimate cavalier, and if she did not happen to be there, she took the first that chanced her way and unashamed.

These girls were free for a while from the restraint, such as it was, of the workroom. I determined to "get a job" at Thompson's, in order to see the girls at work, and to learn, if possible, a little of their lives and how much so-called "cheap" millinery really costs. It was a fairly easy matter to get into Thompson's, even with my lack of experience.

The firm paid its workpeople so badly that it could not afford to stand out as to the class of girls it employed. There was no competition, for several others, when I asked for a "job," we were told to come the next week, probably be given work of some kind.

The manager was an unmitigated scamp, and that the heads of the departments winked at, and in some cases condoned, the moral ruin and degradation of the women. I knew one of the forewomen, and learned from her what more do you want?" At that particular moment I wanted to strangle the life out of his ugly face.

As to my companions. Nellie Courtney was one of them. She sat at the same table as I did, and was really a very pleasant girl. She lived at Bermondsey, and had been at Thompson's since she was fourteen. She was twenty-one now, and a very pretty girl, with dark eyes and hair, and a really lovely complexion; too good, I decided, for that place. She had been "boxing-up" for seven years. I wondered that she did not go mad!

"How much do you get?" I asked Nellie Courtney one day.

"Seven shillings," she answered.

"And you have been here as many years! Don't you ever ask for a rise?"

"I did once."

"And what happened?" She crimsoned.

"The boss told me that if I liked to be a sensible little woman he would see I did not want for anything."

"And you did not choose to be sensible?"

"Not in his way."

"Why don't you become a tea-shop girl?"

"Oh, no, I couldn't; it would be horrid, especially having to wear caps and aprons!"

"But gentlewomen serve in tea-shops."

"Yes, for fun."

"Not always."

"Perhaps they like it better than I should. No, much as I hate Thompson's—and God knows I do hate it—I would rather be here than serving in a tea-shop."

So I gave up the idea of converting Nellie Courtney, and with it the idea of converting the girls who felt similarly.

The next morning Nellie Courtney arrived late at the work-room. The forewoman reprimanded her sharply, but she appeared to take no notice, and came and sat down by my side in an apparently unconcerned manner. Presently, when the forewoman's attention was engaged, I got up from a piece of eau de nil pongee, and asked Nellie Courtney why she was late.

She raised her face, and I saw that her lips were heavy and swollen, and that her eyes were shining curiously. There was an unusual amount of colour in her face.

"I've done it," she said shortly.

"You've done—what?" I asked.

"I've done what most of Thompson's girls have to do, sooner or later; what you'll have to do, if you stay here."

Then I knew what she meant.

"How came you to?" I asked.

She shrugged her shoulders—pretty ones they were, prettier than ever under the transparent-yoked blouse.

"I owed a month's rent, and my landlady said I would turn me out. I've got a sister in consumption. I don't blame the landlady. Still, she can be a cat when she likes."

"I see, so you—"

"So I rouged more than I have ever dared to do. And I looked awfully pretty. And I—"

Just then the manager came in. He was a fat, well-fed man of forty, with a coarse, ugly face of the same type as the "Boss."

"Curse him, I just hate the very sight of him," said Nellie Courtney to me.

"Why, that was never the—"

"Yes, that was the man."

"A little less talking over there, please," came from the manager at the moment, with a glance in our direction.

The girls called him the "damager," and a more appropriate term could not be found.
The next day Nellie Courtney told me she had paid her landlady.

I expected to see the girl fretting herself ill, or to hear a sharp rebuff from the woman whom I knew her to hate cordially, but there was a certain amount of philosophy about her, or was it merely lack of fine feeling?

One morning she enlightened me on that point herself.

"I suppose," she said, after admitting that she had not spent the night in her own lodgings, "it's the first time you do anything that you care; afterwards you get reckless—you feel you may as well be hung for a sheep as a lamb. I'm not miserably able now, and I don't even feel that I ought to be, in fact," she concluded, with a laugh that hurt me and made me feel hurt for her. "I am really quite happy, you dear old 'Fotted Bible.' I have a good time. I 'Damager' gives me lobster salad and 'fizz' for supper. How long he will do it, God knows! The point is: he does it now, and whatever happens, I shall look back and tell myself that I have had a damned good time once.

Was it callousness, lack of fine feeling or perception, innate coarseness, or—bravado, to hide a big ache?

The last time I met Nellie Courtney I was driving along Piccadilly from a theatre, and I saw a white and red face under the glare of a lamp, and heard a woman's voice accosting a man in Cockney French, "Give me five bob for a lady in Victoria, please?" I knew the voice. I knew, too, how much cheap millinery costs!

LYDIA MARY MAYHEW.

Books and Persons. (AN OCCASIONAL CAUSERIE)

It is a great pleasure to see that Mr. George Bourne's "Memoirs of a Surrey Labourer" (Duckworth's) has, after two years, reached the distinction of a cheap edition. I shall be surprised if this book does not continue to sell for about a hundred years. And yet, also, I am surprised that a cheap edition should have come so soon. The "Memoirs" were very well received on their original publication in 1907; some of the reviews were indeed remarkable in the frankness with which they accepted the work as a masterpiece of portraiture and of sociological observation. But the book had no boom such as Mr. John Lane recently contrived to enjoy with another very good and not dissimilar book, Mr. Stephen Reynolds's "A Poor Man's House." Mr. Stephen Reynolds was more chattered about by literary London in two months than Mr. George Bourne has been in the eight years which have passed since he published his first book about Frederick Bettesworth, the Surrey labourer in question. Mr. Bourne will owe his popularity in 2009 to the intrinsic excellence of his work, but he owes his popularity in 1909 to the dogged and talkative enthusiasm of a few experts in the press and in the world, and of his publishers. There have been a handful of persons who were determined to make this exceedingly fine book sell, or perish themselves in the attempt; and it has sold. But not with the help of advertising. It is not in the least the kind of book to catch the raving eye of a mandarin. It is too proud, too austere, too true, and too tonically cruel to appeal to mandarins. It abounds not at all in quotable passages. Its sub-title is: "The Memoirs of a Liverpool Sailor." The mandarins who happened to see it, no doubt turned to seek the death scene at the close, with thoughts of how quotably Ian Maclaren would have described the death of the old labourer, worn out by honest and ill-paid toil, surrounded by his beloved fields, and so forth and so forth. And Mr. George Bourne's description of his hero's death would no doubt put them right off. I give it in full: "July 25 (Thursday).—Bettesworth died this evening at six o'clock."

I should like to assume that all enlightened and curious readers have already perused this book and its forerunner, "The Bettesworth Book" (Lamley and Co.), of which a cheap edition is soon to be had. But my irritating mania for stopping facts in the street and gazing at them makes it impossible for me to assume any such thing. I am perfectly certain that to about 70 per cent. of you the name of George Bourne means nothing. I therefore need not apologise for offering the information that these books are books. They set forth the psychology and the everything-else of the back-bone, foundation, and original stock of the English race. They deal with England. Naturally, the sacred name of England will call aloud for the sacrifice of the Carlton Club, Blenheim, Regent Street, Tubes, Selfridge's, theatre stands, the crowd at Lords, and the brilliant writers of The New Age. And these phenomena are a part of England; but I tell you they are all the first time you do anything that you care ; afterwards you get reckless—you feel you may as well be hung for a sheep as a lamb. I'm not miserably able now, and I don't even feel that I ought to be, in fact," she concluded, with a laugh that hurt me and made me feel hurt for her. "I am really quite happy, you dear old 'Fotted Bible.' I have a good time. I 'Damager' gives me lobster salad and 'fizz' for supper. How long he will do it, God knows! The point is: he does it now, and whatever happens, I shall look back and tell myself that I have had a damned good time once.

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LYDIA MARY MAYHEW.

A book man told me the other day that the writings of Mr. E. Temple Thurston were "pretty good." That was all he said. But when one bookman says as much as that to another, the effect on the hearer is more than the effect of many columns in the morning and evening press. I, too, going about as I do always with my irritating mania for stopping facts in the street and gazing at them makes it impossible for me to assume any such thing. I am perfectly certain that to about 70 per cent. of you the name of George Bourne means nothing. I therefore need not apologise for offering the information that these books are books. They set forth the psychology and the everything-else of the back-bone, foundation, and original stock of the English race. They deal with England. Naturally, the sacred name of England will call aloud for the sacrifice of the Carlton Club, Blenheim, Regent Street, Tubes, Selfridge's, theatre stands, the crowd at Lords, and the brilliant writers of The New Age. And these phenomena are a part of England; but I tell you they are all the first time you do anything that you care ; afterwards you get reckless—you feel you may as well be hung for a sheep as a lamb. I'm not miserably able now, and I don't even feel that I ought to be, in fact," she concluded, with a laugh that hurt me and made me feel hurt for her. "I am really quite happy, you dear old 'Fotted Bible.' I have a good time. I 'Damager' gives me lobster salad and 'fizz' for supper. How long he will do it, God knows! The point is: he does it now, and whatever happens, I shall look back and tell myself that I have had a damned good time once.

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LYDIA MARY MAYHEW.
BOOK OF THE WEEK.*

His ways are decidedly intractable. The trumpet of that Imperialism for millionaires, the friend of every part of the Empire save Britain, is a much be-spectacled, nice little man who, it is said, cannot sit a horse, and whom, indeed, you do not conceive far removed from a railway terminus or a tram line. Conversely, the ardent champion of the proletariat of every country, including (a sufficiently rare spectacle) our own, the scoundrel of cruelty in England, in India, in Africa, in Russia, is an aggressive, fiery, somewhat brutal person whom you cannot readily figure as one of the fair Eden So soon to be defiled. Wind waved columns of the black-headed Patagonian swans, with their great horny wings, flocks of flamingo, and marching the wind ever rustling in the grass, sounding the dirge of the snow-topped Huila as your lodestar, the air of the Andes, when you rode day after day, with the reeks of towns, and makes the soul rejoice. . . .

* "Faith." By R. B. Cunninghame Graham. (Duckworth & Co. 6s.)

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APRIL 1, 1909 465

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ter's treatment of Love; indeed, from the writer's point of view, we do not see how the parents would not be led into untruth. The ideal book has yet to be written; meantime we can safely recommend to buy and profit by this little book.

Problems of Unemployment in the London Building Trades. By Norman B. Dearnle. (Dent. 3s. 6d.)

This book arrives at a time when it is, unfortunately, only too necessary and useful. It discusses, within the limits of the London Building Trade, the problems of unemployment. Although the scope is limited, this fact has only a slight effect on the treatment: for the main causes and the possible remedies for unemployment are those that apply to most trades and almost all localities. This book is a useful introduction to the whole problem, and raises most of the questions which it is necessary to consider. The chapter on the work of the Trade Unions is specially useful for those who do not know the intimate methods of these organisations; and have not realised their possible import in all social reconstruction and reform. Likewise, the summary of the problem of apprenticeship is distinctly good, and puts clearly the difference between the old trade systems and the technical training institutions. It is appalling to think that the ordinary method by which theLondon Trades Council is attempting to remedy this figure standing up in the vain hope that he could soothe the storm of revolution before it could gather momentum; it is necessary to consider. The chapter on the work of the Trade Unions is specially useful for those who do not know the intimate methods of these organisations; and have not realised their possible import in all social reconstruction and reform. Likewise, the summary of the problem of apprenticeship is distinctly good, and puts clearly the difference between the old trade systems and the technical training institutions. It is appalling to think that the ordinary method by which the apprenticeship is being conducted is summed up by the expression "picking up his trade." It is this diastress state of affairs which the London County Council is attempting to remedy by its trade schools. How far that remedy will carry us is still uncertain.

The Life of Mirabeau. By S. G. Tallentyre. (Smith, Elder and Co. 10s. 6d. net.)

When the plot of the cleverest of novels seems unconvincing, and the course of the most brilliant romance runs slowly, then this life of Mirabeau will demonstrate that sober history can beat fiction and romance at their own game. The author has caught the note of certain reality. Tonneau Mirabeau said of this figure standing up in the vain hope that he could soothe the storm of revolution before it could gather momentum; it is necessary to consider. The chapter on the work of the Trade Unions is specially useful for those who do not know the intimate methods of these organisations; and have not realised their possible import in all social reconstruction and reform. Likewise, the summary of the problem of apprenticeship is distinctly good, and puts clearly the difference between the old trade systems and the technical training institutions. It is appalling to think that the ordinary method by which the apprenticeship is being conducted is summed up by the expression "picking up his trade." It is this diastress state of affairs which the London County Council is attempting to remedy by its trade schools. How far that remedy will carry us is still uncertain.

Recent Music.

French Music, and a Parliament.

In conversation I have often admitted an unconquerable prejudice in favour of French music. In writing about it I find it extremely difficult to keep back all the superlative adjectives in our modern vocabulary. If I were in France, I confess I should probably argue vehemently in favour of some prostrate art; but here in this country where revolutions are slow and people are dead before they have any life, and music itself is moribund, one is forced into talking riotously about the French work, and the prospectus includes the unfamiliar names of Albert Roussel, Dédotat de Séverac, Maurice Ravel, Florent Schmitt, and Ernest Chausson. On Wednesday evening the second concert of the present series was given at the Bechstein Hall. It was raining like anything that evening, and a meagre audience huddled together to listen to the music of MM. Roussel, de Séverac, and Vincent D'Indy. Naturally, with a high artistic purpose in view, this Society employs the very best interpreters of this new music, and it is greatly to our shame that the names of, for instance, M. Yves Nat, the accompanist, and Mlle. Hélène Lhuigues, the singer at the first concert, and of Mlle. Antoinette Veluxaud and Mme. Jane Borthor-Engel, who played and sang the other evening, are not household words with us. These artists express themselves with the full consciousness of a great tradition behind them, freely and magnificently, subtly and delicately, as the moment requires, and in a way that is incomparable to the work of any executant in this laborious country. The music of Roussel and de Séverac is the best characteristic French manner. Each has his dull moments, like everybody else, but I remember with joy "La jardins mouille" beautifully sung, and a piano "suite," called "En Languedoc," beautifully played.

I omitted to say last week, when suggesting the formation of a large combine of musicians and musical societies into one huge "musical agency" (to be constituted for the purpose of encouraging the right artists and discouraging the incompetent ones, and defeating the private enterprise of small swindling impresarios)
The Secretary of the Pelman School of Memory
draws the attention of the subscribers and readers of “The New Age”
to the following letter issued by Mr. T. Sharper Knowlson:—

4, Bloomsbury Street,
London, W.C.
March 17th, 1909.

To the Reader of “The New Age,”

Sir,

If you are one of those who have written for particulars of
my Course of Lessons in Intellectual Development, you have now
had time to reflect on the outlines given in the prospectus of my
course of study. I have, therefore, thought it advisable to write
you with a view to clearing up any difficulties which may be
preventing your enrolment. These difficulties are probably three
in number:—You may not be sure the lessons will be of service to
you, or you are doubtful about the additional expense in text-
books, or you hesitate to pay the required fee in one sum. I will
deal with these in their order

(1) You are certainly the best judge as to the suitability
of the Course for your personal needs, but let me point out the
lessons are for everybody occupied in Business, Professional,
Public, or Social Affairs. For instance, they teach observation,
and we all require tuition in that art, whatever our occupation
or calling; hence every seeker after mental development will find
excellent training in my exercises.

(2) As to text-books, many are needed, but not one is
absolutely necessary. You say, “Then why recommend them?”
Because I wish the Course to be complete. You can use it for three
years by devising your own exercises on the models provided, and
the reading course is an education in itself.

(3) With reference to the fee, I desire to state that the cost
to the Pelman School and myself of preparing and commercialising
the scheme has been exceedingly heavy (it is quite distinct from
the Pelman-Foster Memory Course), and it is impracticable to give
the instruction for a lower fee than three guineas. But the Pelman
School is prepared, for the sake of helping those to whom payment
of the fee in one sum is an inconvenience, to accept the fee in
installments—21/- on enrolment, and 10/6 fortnightly until the
three guineas are paid.

Should there still remain any unanswered queries, kindly
write me, and I will answer them to the best of my ability. I am
hoping, however, that the additional particulars just given will
enable you to arrive at a favourable decision.

Yours faithfully,

T. SHARPER KNOWLSON.

Mr. SHARPER KNOWLSON’S COURSE is issued under the auspices of The Pelman School of
Memory. The instruction is given on the correspondence plan direct from the author to the pupil, and
is contained in a series of ten lessons. The system of deferred payments mentioned in Mr. Knowlson’s
letter will, it is hoped, bring the course within the reach of those to whom payment of the fee in one
sum is inconvenient.

A full prospectus of Mr. Sharper Knowlson’s Course, entitled “The Secret of
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20, Wenham House, Bloomsbury Street, London, W.C.
that I would include all the chief musical colleges and academies in the kingdom. On the staffs of all these educational institutions are musicians of every kind of musical thought—scientific, academic, technical, pianomakers, voice-producers, advanced composers, and progressive people of all sorts; people with German prejudices, and people with French prejudices; people with illusions about Brahms, and people with illusions about the Delphic Oracle. As an interpreter of the part, with illusions and prejudices about everything in general and cathedral organs in particular—all these I should have represented on the board of my big musical company. What a tribunal to stand before! It would be worth starting, if only for the fun of the thing.

HERBERT HUGHES.

DRAMA.

"Hamlet" Without the Prince of Denmark.

As this is the first time that I have had to criticise a Shakespearean play for the New Age I may as well say that my appointment that no one need expect from me any continuation of the campaign against Shakespeare waged for many years by Mr. Bernard Shaw in the "Saturday Review." Bard-emasling belonged to the 'nineties as Bible-emasching did the eighties. Both processes were voluntary, since they have disinfected a great monument of splendid literature from the stupefying odour of idolatry, and made it possible for us to criticise and admire it intelligently. But the work has been done now by another hand. The work that lies before us is the appreciation of the magnificent mass of achievement which remains after the fiercest and acutest criticism has done its worst.

The greatness of Hamlet is perhaps most fully demonstrated by the fact that it remains not only after criticism has done its worst, but after the actors have done their worst. Mr. Matheson Lang is quite the worst Hamlet I have ever seen (and I have seen some bad ones), nor does that of the other characters, except Polonius, seem to me to realise the author's idea. Yet so consummate is Shakespeare's stage-craft that the play, though abominably mutilated, "went" better than any modern romantic drama that I have seen for some time. It should be studied at least by amateurs.

G.B.S., that before his crusade it would have appeared as blasphemous to speak of Shakespeare's stage-craft as of a sacerdotal literary style; while Shakespeare was a mere idol you could no more praise him than criticise him. The play has had its full effect that effect is inevitable. I cannot understand why the colloquy with Rosencrantz and Guildenstern ending with the episode of the pipe, which is not only one of the best-written scenes in the play, but is of vital importance to the elucidation of Hamlet's character, was left out, nor why the story was deliberately confused by the omission of the conversation with Horatio which explains the circumstances of Hamlet's return. But even with these mutilations one can see, apart from its higher qualities, what a rattling good play it is. Only—well, Hamlet without the Prince of Denmark is proverbially incomplete, and I could not detect a trace of the Prince of Denmark in Mr. Matheson Lang's interpretation of the part. He had not been on the trace of the Prince of Denmark in Mr. Matheson Lang's delivery was not more satisfactory than his acting; indeed, he committed the barbarism of saying, "Rest, rest, perturb'd spirit" after the disappearance of the ghost.

Mia Britton as Ophelia was better, but she did not quite succeed in suggesting the intolerably dithyrambically "womanly woman" who can become so maddeningly irritating to a man of Hamlet's temperament, nor did she ever really convince us that she was mad. Mr. George Fitzgerald as Polonius seemed to me the only significant speech was coming. He approached his part with illusions and prejudices about everything from Debussy; and the matter-of-fact harmony that I would include all the chief musical colleges and academies in the kingdom. The staffs of all these educational institutions are musicians of every kind of musical thought—scientific, academic, technical, pianomakers, voice-producers, advanced composers, and progressive people of all sorts; people with German prejudices, and people with French prejudices; people with illusions about Brahms, and people with illusions about the Delphic Oracle. As an interpreter of the part, with illusions and prejudices about everything in general and cathedral organs in particular—all these I should have represented on the board of my big musical company. What a tribunal to stand before! It would be worth starting, if only for the fun of the thing.

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HERBERT HUGHES.
THE LINE OF BEAUTY.

(According to Hogarth and others, it is the simmous line, or curve.)

"The wonder of the flowing line! How often it has drowned The most convincing argument In rolling waves of sound.

The wonder of the flowing line! We saw it first of all In Eve's alluring loveliness, And saw old Adam fall.

The wonder of the flowing line! It plays the duce with every sense That Reason should control; It leads in Art and Eloquence The master of the bow.

It is the line of Beauty" murmuring, He drank of it and . . . fell.

What, then, was the matter with Hamlet? It was not that he was timid and irresolute; he acted promptly and energetically enough when he killed Polonius, and when he substituted the forged letters for the real ones on his way to England. It was not that he was unworthy; he was more than a match for Rosencrantz and Guildenstern at their own chosen game. It was not that he was a mere student; he was a keen sportsman, "knew a hawk from a hernshaw," and was a better fencing than Laertes.

Why, then, does he not act?

The solution is easier for us who were born after Schopenhauer had revived the distinction—so startling to the disciples of Bentham but (so little truth is there in the doctrine of "Progress" as applied to ideas) perfectly familiar to those of Duns Scotus—between Will and its Representation, than it was to those who lived in the Age of Reason. The critics have creeded in looking for the defect in the machinery of Hamlet's mind, and character, when the defect was in the motive power. They looked, so to speak, for a cog in the wheels of the steam-engine, when all that was really lacking was the steam. Hamlet had every qualification for being a great man except the will to be one. He loved Ophelia in a way, but just not enough to burn his boats for her sake. He hated his uncle, but just not enough to kill him. How far Shakespeare realised this idea intellectually it is impossible to say, but whether or no it was what Shakespeare meant I feel quite sure it is what Hamlet means. Read Hamlet's fine soliloquy on hearing the news of the death of Fortinbras:

How stand I, then,
That have a father killed, a mother stain'd,
Excitements of my reason and my blood
And let all sleep! While to my shame
The imminent death of twenty thousand men I see,
That for a fantasy and trick of fame,
Go to their graves like beds.

The soldiers did this because they wanted to win more than they wanted anything else. Fortinbras (by the way, of course, the last scene is spoilt as usual by his omission) succeeded because he wanted the throne of Denmark more than he wanted anything else. Hamlet was not quite sure what he wanted most—and so he got nothing.

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chamberlains, and other Court dignitaries. He loved best the solitude and seclusion of his ideally situated little cottage at Garsington.

Debussy's concluding words on Weber, which, so far, have not been translated or published in England, may help to show how alike the two composers are in their sympathy. Heretofore they have both been the conquerors. Their fine power of evoking at will hitherto unimagined landscapes, and all that undefined, unexplored, yet displayed before our eyes of the world, whose secrets are ever flowing the mysterious poetry of night, as well as those myriad sounds made by the leaves in contact with the caressing light of the moonbeams. Of painters this means of conveying the fantastic in music were powerfully conceived in that man's brain. Even this century, renowned as it is for its rich orchestration, has not far outstripped him. * * * Louise Liebieh.

SOCIALISTS IN PARLIAMENT.

To the Editor of "The New Age."

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To the Editor of "The New Age."

You have misunderstood the last part of my letter. My desire, as an Adult Suffragist, is to see Mr. Asquith push only a few. In 1912 it was against the water-logged skiff of Social Reform. If I am permitted to be near at hand when the struggle is being fought, I cannot be more numerous than those who pay the shilling income tax.

Do not these facts suggest that those able Socialists who have devoted themselves to local government should have a more powerful voice in their capacity to serve the community? I have, however, no more than 100,000 to which too many of them are stretching out imploring hands, and vainly trusting that it will grant them salvation.

[Our correspondent still continues to confuse the principle of Women's Enfranchisement with the principle of Adult Suffrage. The difference between them is not quantitative, but qualitative.—Ed. "N. A."

* * *

THE NAVAL SCARE.

To the Editor of "The New Age."

Your "Notes of the Week" in The New Age of March 25th are very disappointing, for they disclose an amount of bias and prejudice on your part more than equal to that which you so strongly condemn on the other side. You put forward the argument, for example, that the enormous naval preparations of Germany were provoked by our great naval preponderance, and you say, incorrectly, that we should not only have to assert the principle of equality among nations, and to prepare to back up our opinion with force, if need be. You carefully avoid any reference to the great German army, which is a standing refutation of your far-fetched idea that Germany is asserting the principle of equality among nations. Obviously, we have quite as much right to object to the readiness of the German army to defend our object to our fleet, which is our only adequate means of defence against invasion. You assert that there would not be a chance of a German attack upon Great Britain, but I can easily show you that you are quite mistaken. A successful invasion would give Germany most of the continent of Europe, and would make it possible for Germany to attack upon Great Britain. In that event, Germany would, doubtless, annex both Denmark and Holland without any opposition, just as Austria has been allowed to break the treaty of Berlin and annex Bosnia and Herzegovina without even a protest against this act of injustice and usurpation. Now, I assert that the above-mentioned inducements, coupled with our unprepared condition, constitute a serious temptation to a strong and well-prepared Power like Germany to attack us, and in all probability she will do so as soon as she thinks herself strong enough.

You blame Great Britain for not using her power in the cause of peace, but that is precisely what she has done for many years past. She has set a good example to the world by submitting her disputes with other nations to arbitration, and by accepting the verdicts, though often unfair and unjust. At the Hague Conference the British delegation submitted proposals for limitation of armaments, but they were rejected, and even the motion to obviate the floating of armaments was lost, having been negatived by Germany. Yet agree with your suggestion that proposals for mutual limitation of armaments, which the representatives of an international police force should emanate from Great Britain, and should be publicly addressed to all foreign Powers. The nations desires the wishes of the Governments, and I feel sure that the above proposals would be hailed by the people everywhere with the utmost joy and enthusiasm.

I also concur in your remarks upon poverty as being the most dangerous enemy of our nation. Great numbers of our people are living in the utmost poverty and in the most appalling misery, with practically no chance of escape from these terrible conditions. This dreadful state of things is almost entirely caused by our competitive economic system, by which wages are brought down nearly to the level of bare subsistence, and are kept there in consequence of the workers being greatly in excess of the number required for the available work. No improvement can be expected so long as our present economic system is maintained, and to alter it would be very difficult unless the change were introduced universally and simultaneously throughout the world by general consent. A general system of co-operation, with adequate wages for all workers, would soon effect a vast improvement.

I enclose my card, and am, yours faithfully.

BRIAN C. TOWNSHEND.

Hove, Sussex.

[The German army without a German navy could, obviously, have been no menace to England; whereas an English navy, even without an English army, might be regarded as a menace to Germany. The inducements to Germany attacking England are precisely the inducements England has had for attacking Germany. Why have we refrained? A less flattering description of England's efforts after peace at the Hague Conference appears elsewhere. "Seven Campanigas" agrees that the people everywhere would welcome proposals for an "International Police." Why has England, with her predominant navy, never made them? Ed. "N. A."

* * *

THE G.K.C. DEBATE ON SOCIALISM.

To the Editor of "The New Age."

As one of the unreported speakers in the above debate, I should like to draw attention to what I said on that occasion.

My reply to Mr. G. K. Chesterton's warning that we cannot be sure that if Socialism comes it will not come as a sort of dodge on the part of those who at present constitute the few ruling families of this country, was that under conditions like those of Socialism these people would possibly not want to rule. The only reason they are found in the House of Lords or Commons to-day is that they have property based upon legal right to defend. Take away their property and they would no longer want to be bothered by attendance at Parliament, nor bored by "that strict attention to business" which sound statesmanship, no less than shopkeeping, demands. We all know that these noblemen are terribly bored by most of the public duties they have to perform.

The late Duke of Devonshire yawned publicly—his yawn, they would no longer want to be bothered by attendance at Parliament, nor bored by "that strict attention to business" which sound statesmanship, no less than shopkeeping, demands. We all know that these noblemen are terribly bored by most of the public duties they have to perform. We all know that these noblemen are terribly bored by most of the public duties they have to perform. We all know that these noblemen are terribly bored by most of the public duties they have to perform.

BRIAN C. TOWNSHEND.

THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

To the Editor of "The New Age."

Your "Notes of the Week" in The New Age of March 25th are very disappointing, for they disclose an amount of bias and prejudice on your part more than equal to that which you so strongly condemn on the other side. You put forward the argument, for example, that the enormous naval preparations of Germany were provoked by our great naval preponderance, and you say, incorrectly, that we should not only have to assert the principle of equality among nations, and to prepare to back up our opinion with force, if need be. You carefully avoid any reference to the great German army, which is a standing refutation of your far-fetched idea that Germany is asserting the principle of equality among nations. Obviously, we have quite as much right to object to the readiness of the German army to defend our object to our fleet, which is our only adequate means of defence against invasion. You assert that there would not be a chance of a German attack upon Great Britain, but I can easily show you that you are quite mistaken. A successful invasion would give Germany most of the continent of Europe, and would make it possible for Germany to attack upon Great Britain. In that event, Germany would, doubtless, annex both Denmark and Holland without any opposition, just as Austria has been allowed to break the treaty of Berlin and annex Bosnia and Herzegovina without even a protest against this act of
getting anything out of Arthur Balfour except a perfunctory Vote of Censure, which everybody knows will fall flat before it is delivered.

For seeing, therefore, that the social democracy is so ill-developed in its tastes as to desire for its best positions the same people who are such egregious failures in them now, it does not follow that the democracy will get them. But Mr. Chesterton did not seem able to see the difference between a Duke of Devonshire as receiver of unearned income of, say, £50,000 a year, and a Duke of Devonshire the owner of a department where he had voted himself as salary. But, surely, there is all the difference of Socialism and No-Socialism between a department chief whose inordinate wealth and no immediate rent of his personal property is made upon the co-operative commonwealth, while it prevails upon the co-operative commonwealth, when it is delivered. As it is, he submits to a trifling penalty in the way of imprisonment, much less onerous than the conditions of civil employment—it is impossible for us any longer to put up with capitalists. The privateer in industry must go, just as the privateer in war must go, just as the privateer in industry must go, just as the privateer in war must go.

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