done much to detach the voter from the orthodox parties. Until the Colne Valley election, the spirit prevailing in its ranks had been wholesome and elevating. The tragedy of the situation is that had the leaders realised that there must be wider room for expansion and experiment in a political party, the I.L.P. would to-day be strong, united and attractive to Socialists of every grade. Unfortunately, Mr. Keir Hardie and his colleagues regarded the I.L.P. as a sect organised into Little Bethels, in which heterodoxy must be stamped out lest the faithful perish. Now we believe in reasonable discipline: we cannot wage modern political warfare without it. But everything depends upon the creed to which we submit. The I.L.P. leaders have declared in terms that there is only one test of salvation: Do you or do you not believe in the Labour Party? It is common ground that the Labour Party is not a Socialist body. Thus we have the largest Socialist organisation in the kingdom compelling its members to believe, not in Socialism, but in a political organisation that has repeatedly rejected Socialism as inconsistent with its constitution. To maintain such a proposition is to invite disruption. It is not charged against the rebels that they are not Socialists; they are to be expelled the party because they regard the pursuit of Socialism as more important and more urgent than undiscriminating faith in the political genius of Mr. Henderson, Mr. Shackleton, Mr. Hodge, Mr. Kelly, and Mr. Wilkie. Mr. Keir Hardie describes the malcontents as "smarting and semi-disruptive." His own speech was a snarl, and his leadership is the direct cause of the semi-disruption that now reigns in the I.L.P. It cannot be too emphatically asserted that the trouble in the I.L.P. to-day is directly due to the refusal of its official leaders to let its own Socialist section have reasonable liberty of political action.

The resignation of the quartette brings this trouble to a head. If these gentlemen are to have their own way, there will be no room in the I.L.P. for any save their subservient followers. Militant Socialists will have to look elsewhere for sanctuary. Mr. Keir Hardie said in the Conference that the element to which he objected must be fought "down and out." For our part we do not fear the result. Proscription is always the last resort of incompetent officialdom. If Mr. Hardie succeeds, it is well; we shall have a much more efficient organisation in the Socialist Representation movement. If he fail, it is also well; the S.R.C. finds its most valuable ally in the I.L.P. In either event, the Socialist Representation movement must be instantly organised and ready for either or any eventuality.

It is difficult to gauge the real motives for these resignations. The reasons assigned are neither adequate nor conclusive. If the independent Socialist movement is to be fought, Mr. Hardie and the others can fight more effectively when in personal control of
Donald’s first love was Liberalism; he will return to it. For Ireland by kid-glove methods in Parliament. The necessity of British labour is far greater than was the necessity of the Irish farmer who still sweats his men.

The same remark applies to Leicester, where an I.L.P. Who more vigorously than Mr. Keir Hardie called Socialism and unity spoken of by men who do not understand Socialism and are alien to its very spirit.

Mr. Snowden’s pre-occupations with temperance and Free Trade would admirably fit him for a nook in the corridors of power. But his name was so full of terror to Mr. Keir Hardie as that of the Duke of Sutherland. Wherever Mr. MacDonald has planted himself as candidate he has always sought Liberal accommodation. At the time of his Dover adventure there was no I.L.P., but he negotiated with the Southampton Liberals after he had joined the I.L.P. and when he was a candidate. The same remark applies to Leicester, where an understanding was explicitly admitted. Mr. MacDonald’s first love was Liberalism; he will return to it.

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To Enforce Discipline.

The resignation of the four leaders of the I.L.P. has been misinterpreted, it appears. Mr. Henderson, the chairman of the Labour Party, was interviewed by the Press and has thrown quite a new light on the matter. He said: "We have been determined to enforce discipline, and ever since the Grayson election it has been plain that this collision was inevitable. . . . the determination of the I.L.P. Council to stand no more dissensions and intrigue in its ranks." So it seems the resignations are merely a way of enforcing discipline. That is quite a quaint and original view of the situation, which might easily have been overlooked by the ordinary person. If the Liberal members had rebelled against Mr. Asquith on the Licensing Bill and the Cabinet thereupon had resigned, it would never have occurred to me that it was a method of enforcing discipline. I didn't know that resignation by the headmaster is the best way to keep a rebellious class in order. I have read of quite ordinary methods that have been adopted by simple-minded people: there was Napoleon, with his cannon at the Tuileries; and Cromwell with his troop of soldiers in the Rump Parliament. But resignation! Yes, I suppose there is something Napoleonic about it, if you look at it carefully.

But what exactly do these stern disciplinarians want the I.L.P. to do? I see in an interview that Mr. Ramsay MacDonald has declared: "What the Party wants is a more abiding anchorage." One knows the I.L.P. has been a great success, but one did not realise that it had quite finished its work in the open sea. There is an overabundance of rest in that word "anchorage." It is quite impossible to fight an effective battle with the anchors down. Mr. MacDonald does not appear to be thinking of battleships. What he is trying to build is a hospital-ship, lying safely away in a river. The I.L.P. is really not agog enough to be turned into old hulks.

Let us consider precisely what is the question at issue between the "abiding anchorage" section and the battleship section of the Independent Labour Party. I know it is not considered good form to say a word of criticism against the men who have just given up the leadership of the I.L.P. One of their most enthusiastic admirers, a delegate from Walthamstow, frankly told me the Conference of Edinburgh that he objected to "self-conscious and dictatorial" adjectives. The I.L.P. has declared that no one should say anything except those holding a license from the Administrative Council. Of course, this method of criticism by special license would save much inconvenient talk; but I can assure him that it is quite impracticable for authors and painters and town councillors and kings always to appoint their own critics. That system was tried by a few of the Roman Emperors, and some remote Eastern monarchs, but it broke down because there was not enough wood to build all the hulks. The Roman Emperors, and some remote Eastern monarchs used to write that themselves. Yet the I.L.P. has declared that no one should say anything except those holding a license from the Administrative Council. Of course, this method of criticism by special license would save much inconvenient talk; but I can assure him that it is quite impracticable for authors and painters and town councillors and kings always to appoint their own critics. That system was tried by a few of the Roman Emperors, and some remote Eastern monarchs, but it broke down because there was not enough wood to build all the hulks. The Roman Emperors, and some remote Eastern monarchs used to write that themselves. Yet the I.L.P. has declared that no one should say anything except those holding a license from the Administrative Council.

The real issue at Edinburgh, shorn of all its personalities and side issues, was whether the I.L.P. was satisfied, or whether it was not satisfied, with the political policy of the I.L.P. during the last year. In the words of the "Labour Leader" last week: "Surely it is time not only for the leaders, but for the followers and every one who claims to be a Liberal to protest against the I.L.P. and the method of carrying on the movement as it has been hitherto." That is the problem before the I.L.P. Does it desire to be led by men who are Trade Unionists, or do they want a Trade Union leader? The question was put to the I.L.P. by Mr. Keir Hardie, who said: "Are the people's elected representatives to be turned into old hulks?

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Ten Years: A Diplomatic Retrospect.

To understand the sequence of events in modern English politics one must appreciate the occurrences in the Transvaal Republic in the last days of 1895 and the first days of January, 1896. The news reached London on January 1, 1896, that Dr. Jameson had crossed into the Transvaal, and had been defeated and captured by the Boers. On January 2 the German Emperor sent this telegram to President Kruger: "I express to you my sincere congratulations that, without appealing to the help of friendly Powers, you and your people have succeeded in repelling with your own forces the armed bands which had broken into your country, and in maintaining the independence of your country against foreign aggression." Professor Karl Blind, writing in the "North American Review" for December, 1899, stated: "This telegram, generally supposed to have been sent on the Kaiser's personal initiative, was practically an answer to a message addressed to him by four hundred Germans at Pretoria, who had offered themselves as a volunteer corps for the defence of the Republic."

The Kaiser's telegram was drawn up at a conference between the Kaiser, the late Prince Hohenlohe, Baron von Marschall, and Admiral Hollmann. On the same day that the wording of this telegram was settled the German Government officially applied to the Portuguese Government for permission to land troops and marines at Delagoa Bay. The Portuguese Government declined to allow the German Government to do so, but the fact of this application having been made refutes Prof. Karl Blind's plea that the request for German sympathy emanated from the Germans resident in Pretoria. The conference between the Kaiser and his Ministers was arranged immediately on receipt of the news from the Transvaal of Jameson's failure, and had no direct connection with the excitement among the German population in Pretoria.

Queen Victoria sent a telegram to the Kaiser, when she learned the step he had taken. This telegram was answered by a letter from the Kaiser in which he asked to be assured that no member of the British Cabinet, nor of the Royal Family, had cognisance of the Raid, or were parties to it. It was strongly suspected in Germany that Mr. Chamberlain, the Prince of Wales, and Mr. Rhodes were acting together in the conspiracy against the Transvaal Republic. On January 8 the Queen telegraphed to President Kruger, thanking him for his clemency in handing over his prisoners to the British authorities. On the same day the Queen addressed a letter to the Kaiser, pledging her word that no member of the Royal Family or the Cabinet had any prior knowledge of the Raid.

The Duke of Fife at this time was chairman of the British South Africa Company. He presided at the meeting of the British South Africa Company which was held on January 2. At that meeting it is notable that Dr. Jameson's action was not disavowed. However, when the Queen was inquiring into the complicity of those around her, it became necessary to allay her suspicions, and the British South Africa Company, at their next meeting, in obedience to a requisition from Mr. Chamberlain, delivered under Article 8 of the Charter, repudiated Dr. Jameson's illegal proceedings.

The comparative ease with which Queen Victoria was deceived in these transactions is explained by the circumstances that she was over seventy, and that she was surrounded by unscrupulous men who would stop at nothing to accomplish their ends.

In response to the public outcry in England, a Committee of the House of Commons inquired into the series of incidents which culminated in the Raid. Counsel's concluding speeches on behalf of their various clients were delivered on June 4. On July 2 Miss Flora Shaw (now Lady Lugard) was recalled to explain certain telegrams which the Committee had brought to its attention so late as June 29.

The following are some of the cablegrams addressed by Miss Shaw to Mr. Rhodes: "Dec. 10, 1895.—Can you advise when you commence the plans. We wish to send at earliest opportunity sealed instructions you advise when will you commence the plans. We must do it immediately." Rhodes wired back on December 30: "Inform Chamberlain that I shall get through all right if he supports me!" These telegrams were put as evidence at the last sitting of the Commission, when its Report had been drafted, but neither Mr. Chamberlain nor Mr. Rhodes was asked a word about them! The Report was finally agreed to on July 6, and was circulated a week later.

The German Emperor, on learning of the existence of these telegrams, asked for an explanation, as the Queen had pledged her word that no member of the Cabinet had had any dealings with the Raiders. By this time the Queen had decided to abdicate; but on receiving the full extent of the interference of the Powers, she withdrew her decision. To her grandson, the Kaiser, she expressed her sorrow, though it was some time later before he realised that there were higher names than Mr. Chamberlain's involved in these intrigues.

The Kaiser, in his "Daily Telegraph" interview of last autumn, omitted to mention that it was at the end of 1897 that the project was first mooted from Berlin to guarantee the independence of the Transvaal Republic, the guarantors to be Russia, France, and Germany. Dr. Leyds endeavoured to negotiate such a guarantee; but the scheme failed in consequence of French reluctance to enter into such a dangerous arrangement without a quid pro quo, which would have been involved, in M. Rouher's words, "a violation of the frontier of France on the Rhine."

During the Spanish American War, a European league against England and the United States was attempted, the prime movers being the Austrian Emperor, the Pope, and then, later, the United States. The league was to include Russia, France, Germany, Italy, and Austria. One of its motives was to secure favourable terms of peace for Spain, and also to provide for the independence of the Transvaal. This scheme was regarded unfavourably by Italy, with hesitancy by France, and was dropped by its promoters.

In 1899, Mr. Kruger seems to have been convinced that some initial Boer successes would secure him European material aid, which he required far more than moral support. In the latter part of 1899 an agreement had been practically arrived at between Germany, France, and Russia; but the French statesmen, with a certain amount of prudence, desired that the United States should be approached, and invited to send a friendly ear to the proposed European coalition. It should be remembered that American feeling was strongly "pro-Boer," and there seemed every prospect that an understanding would be come to between the Powers friendly to the Transvaal.

President McKinley personally was opposed to the United States interfering, as he recognised that the British Government had "kept the ring clear" during the war with Spain, a war which was known as the "McKinley and Sugar Trust War." The Vice-President, Mr. Theodore Roosevelt, was politically an active
intriguer. It is not generally known that Mr. Roose-
velt was a bitter enemy of England; his friendliness
may be judged by this summary of a speech he de-
ivered in 1897, on being invited to oppose the con-
clusion of an arbitration treaty between the United
States and England: "He expressed strong sympathy
with the exposition to the treaty, and hoped it would
succeed. He believed in a strong navy, and hoped
to live to see one that would be able to beat England on
the sea."

In 1904, with Mr. Morton as a mouthpiece, the
President used similar language: "Be assured that you
have in the White House now a man who believes in
having the best and strongest navy in the world."
During his tenure of office, Mr. Roosevelt's naval policy
has been in entire accord with these early sentiments,
though against the good sense of the people of the
United States.

On the United States being requested to act with the
European Powers Mr. Roosevelt recommended that the
British Parliament, notwithstanding skilled at-
ttempts by expert American "bosses" to corrupt and
bribe its members, rejected the Herran-Hay Treaty
after a lengthy discussion. The South African War
was not completed until some time after peace had been
concluded between England and the Boers. The
United States declared the powers of the Panama
Canal, by virtue of the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty, if the
United States declined the overtures of the Powers.

At this period the British Empire was sore bet,
and its financial weight was unimpaired.
The object-lesson to India and Africa of Great Britain being
humiliated by Europe and the United States compelled the
British Government to agree to abandoning its joint
control with the United States over "the key of
the Pacific", whereupon the United States promptly
gave notice of its intention to abrogate the Clayton-
Bulwer Treaty, and that Treaty came to an end in
1901. It was replaced by another treaty, which
afforded no guarantee that changes in the status quo in
the Panama Isthmus would not necessitate the treaty
rights of Great Britain. The United States Government,
in the meantime, had warned the British Government that
it might be compelled to use coercion to induce the
Republic of Colombia to agree to a lease of the canal
zone.

The British Government was helpless. The one
stipulation that our Minister made was that the Colom-
bian Republic should be given a chance of accepting
the lease of the canal zone without any interference
with the sovereign rights of Colombia.

What happened? The projects of intervention were
abandoned by the Powers concerned, and they con-
tented themselves with raising inconvenient questions
all over the world, which were settled to the detriment
of British interests. Russia and France intrigued in
Abyssinia, in China, and in Persia. The Germans and
Americans availed themselves of this grand opportu-
nity to oust England from Samoa; while Germany was
very busy in pushing her interests in Asia Minor and
Koweit.

Owing to local difficulties, the Panama programme
was not completed until some time after peace had been
concluded between England and the Boers. The
Colombian Parliament, notwithstanding skilled at-
ttempts by expert American "bosses" to corrupt and
bribe its members, rejected the Herran-Hay Treaty
after a lengthy discussion. The South African War
having ended, though England was exhausted by the
financial weight of the struggle, the American Ministry
and Mr. Roosevelt feared that their scheme might be
nipped in the bud if they delayed action much longer.
A reasonable explanation for the shamless seizure of the
Panama Isthmus.

The Panama Province of Colombia had been quite
peaceful in 1903 when the world suddenly learned, on
November 4, that a new State had been born into the
Central American polity. Agents of the United States,
at a time when the loyal Colombian officials were on
holiday, had bribed some of the traitors who are to be
found in every State, with the result that the Panama
Republic was created. We have the testimony of Sir
Gabriel J. Duque that "all the rebel generals, with
the exception of President Amador, received from 4,000
to 8,000 dollars for their work. The United States was

Mr. Belloe's Utopia.

Mr. Belloe challenges Socialists to show that a system
under which the ownership of the means of production
was widely distributed would not be stable.

Now, I quite admit that if we conceive a State con-
stituting wholly of peasants and craftsmen working with
their own tools and owning their own fields or work-
shops just such a system might endure for ages—might
endure, indeed, until more advanced industrial methods
were introduced. But this, though it appears to be
Mr. G. K. Chesterton's ideal, is not Mr. Belloe's. What
he wishes to distribute is not the means of production
themselves, but their ownership. We are to have the
large industry, but we are to have small proprietors.
Could such a state of things be stable?

Let us go first to the facts. It is clear that our
European civilisation is diseased. The symptoms of
that disease are the aggregation of great masses of
capital in the hands of a small class, the creation of a
vast proletariat dependent upon that class for permis-
sion to live, chronic unemployment, insecurity, sweat-
ing, popular discontent, and the outbreak of something
like a Class War. Now, if we are to trace the cause
of this disease, we must ask, first, in what parts of
Europe are these symptoms to be found, and from what
parts are they absent?

Mr. Belloe says that the cause of all these evils is
the Reformations, and he told the audience at Camberwell
that he could point out parts of Europe which the Re-
formation had not touched, and which were accordingly
quite free from them. Just so; and I can point out
countries where the Reformation completely triumphed,
yet which are at least comparatively free from them.

Denmark is about the most Protestant country in
Europe; Belgium is one of the most Catholic. Yet
the industrial problem is acute in Belgium, while in
Denmark Mr. Belloe's ideal is much more nearly
realised.

Our answer to Mr. Belloe is the same as our answer
to the Tariff Reformers. The essential evils of Capital-
ism may be found throughout Europe co-existent with
every variety of race, religion, government, and fiscal
system. They may take a worse form here than else-
where; that is a point which I leave Mr. Belloe to
settle with his fellow-Liberals, who have been telling
us for the last five years that all foreigners live upon
nettles and dead dogs! But they exist elsewhere. They
are not the result of Free Trade, for they are found in protected Germany and protected America. They are not the result of Protestantism; for they are found in Catholic Belgium and Catholic Piedmont. They are not the result of the English land laws; for they are found in France under land laws carefully framed to favour the small proprietor. Two things only seem necessary to breed them. One is the development of industry to the point where large and costly means of production become necessary; the other is the existence of private property in these means of production. And I know of no instance in which the combination of these two things has failed to breed them.

Look at France. If ever small proprietorship had a chance it was in France; for the system was not imposed upon the people, but came red-hot out of the furnace of national democratic passion. I will not deny that wealth is in consequence better distributed in France than here. But will Mr. Belloc deny that France has solved the social problem? Will he deny that there is a rich class in France? Will he deny—

with his own writing on the Dreyfus case staring him in the face—that the power of this rich class is dangerously great? Will he deny that there is a proletariat in France? Will he deny that in the industrial parts of France unemployment exists, and sweating and poverty and insecurity? Will he deny that there is a bitter Class Struggle in France—a struggle which seems even now almost reaching the stage of actual bloodshed?

Above all, will Mr. Belloc deny that there is a strong and growing Socialism in movement in France? Does it not now tend to a most extraordinary thing that men should embrace the inhuman and intolerable ideal of Collectivism, while they are supposed to be actually experiencing his own humane alternative? The spread of Socialism may be a good thing or a bad, but it is a testimony of modern industrial conditions. But can we show that the former will have nothing to sell but their labour; the latter will be able and anxious to buy it. The wheel has again come full circle.

I say, therefore, that Mr. Belloc cannot guarantee the permanence of the system he asks us to adopt. But I will tell him what can guarantee the permanence of his own ideal. Socialism can guarantee it. Socialism, as I have said, is Man taking his economic destiny into his own hands. If the nation wants peasant farmers it can have peasant farmers for it can refuse to supply the raw material to any others. It can have handicraftsmen, for it can refuse to guard against, but not those. The horrors, the crimes, the miseries of the capitalist system—these at least, in Carlyle's phrase, 'shall never through any means or in any manner, be sharply curtailed, as it would have been in Mr. Belloc's favourite Middle Ages.'

Above all, Socialism, unlike Mr. Belloc's alternative, can guarantee us against any possible recurrence of the evils of our present system. Other dangers we may have to guard against, but not those. The horrors, the crimes, the miseries of the capitalist system—these at least, in Carlyle's phrase, 'shall never through any means or in any manner, be sharply curtailed, as it would have been in Mr. Belloc's favourite Middle Ages.'
The Novels of Eden Phillpotts.

**Western Civilisation Through Eastern Spectacles. V.**

By Duse Mohamed.

FROM Ismail Abbas Mohumad, dweller in the cities of the English.

To Abdul Osman Ali, Sheik of the Bashi Barouks, Upper Egypt. Most Worthy Father, once more, in the names of Allah and the Prophet, I send thee greeting.

Thou knowest, oh my Father, how that a State without laws is like unto audderless ship, tossed hither and thither upon the waves. But the State that hath laws which are administered only in the interests of those of much substance is doomed to final dissolution. For much power and many conquests have made this people proud, even with the pride of the Roman patrician of the Days of the Emprise. "For behold," they say, "we have conquered the earth, and the fullness thereof is ours, and there is none like unto us. Gold have we, and gold hath given us power, for unlimited credit, and the trader loses all. But should the man of lowly birth obtain that for which he cannot pay he is liable of the patrician class straightway enters the Court of Bankruptcy, and the trader loses all. And when he is brought to the presence of the judge, the accused beyond recognition; and when he that is accused is straightway shut up in the prison house.

The rich man may plunder the poor of their gold on the merry-go-round, and should he be accused of theft, the poor shall pay fees unto himself a lawyer, who with many tricks and tortuous ways frees the wealthy scoundrel from his obligations. Yea, if perchance the poor man should steal a loaf of bread to feed his hungry wife and children, he is straightway shut up in the prison house.

The rich man and patrician of this land may take the good wife of the poor and convert her to his lust, so that he may live in opulence with those of his class; but when the day of reckoning comes, the richer is put off with frail promises, and should he lay his case at the feet of the Judges, behold, the man of the patrician class straightway enters the Court of Bankruptcy, and the richer loses all. But should the man of lowly birth obtain that for which he cannot pay, he is liable to be imprisoned in the debtor's prison. For unlimited credit is the right of the impoverished patrician; but the lowly creditor is but "an impostor."

The world of law and its influence may enter the shop of the trader and steal the choicest raisin which can conveniently remove in secret, and should she be discovered then she a "kleptomaniac." Should the poor woman steal something whereunto to sustain her wretched life, she is branded as a common thief and shut up in the prison house among the vilest criminals, kleptomania being the name which only the wives and daughters of the "mighty" may suffer; for is it not their exclusive property? The laws are the laws of the "mighty," and the thinking thereof is for the protection of those of whom sit in high places.

When one of lowly birth is accused of crime, the secret missions of the law straightway "move heaven and earth" to find evidence against him, and should they not find it, they manufacture it, for he that is accused must be convicted at any cost, for thereby lies the way to promotion; and when he is brought to the presence of the judge, the lawyers of the Crown distort the evidence against the accused beyond recognition; and when he that is accused hath his panorama of his past life spread before his eyes, the colours are so strange and startling that he is lost in amazement at his own wiliness.

Of what matter if the accused be innocent? He has fallen into the clutches of the law, and verily the law is costly; therefore must the prisoner be led through the torturing and bewildering mazes of legal lore; and then is he either proved innocent, or convicted, and when he shall have served the term of his imprisonment, the *detectors of crime* dog his footsteps until they keep him from the paths of virtue.

Thus do the missions of the law manufacture criminals; for their office is not, as understood by them, the discovery of crime, but the making of criminals.

The "Godless of Justice" is traditionally blind, but those who administer the law are truly devoid of sight, for they see only the shortcomings of the meek; but the transgressions of the wealthy are hid from them.

Once more I, ISMAIL ABAS MOHUNTAN, commend thee and thy house to the care of Allah and the Prophet.
I must confess—it may be due to mere intellectual inertia on my part—that I dislike having to follow the adventures of half-a-dozen characters in a single place, and so on. Now Mr. Eden Phillpotts is distinguished by something quite other, we shall want a world where there shall be scope for the whole gamut of human emotions.

Doubtless the basic qualities of human consciousness, so wonderfully alert to our possession of brains that we spend a large measure of our time in wire-spinning of the literary folk; he seizes hold of all, in the work of our contemporaries that most of us may really know, whilst a great many less well known. No, a real Devonshire girl of the vales is Phoebe, in the "The Three Brothers." Where these minor characters are allowed a plot all to themselves, it is a positive drag on the story. It is not that there is any real weakness in the minor characters, quite generally described, and oftentimes most human and humorous (I think of Moleskin in "The Mother"), but the reader can skip their talk without any misunderstanding of the main features of the book.

And yet, I dare not venture to mention this minor blot were Mr. Phillpotts not among the two or three living writers of fiction in this country whose work counts, who write as knowing they must be heard. It is, after all, in the work of our contemporaries that most of us may really know, whilst a great many less well known. For myself, however sorry a book is mentioned. I get down a new one. I want to know how actual humanity appears to living artists, to learn how they confront the very problems that perplex me. Doubtless the basic qualities of human beings remain much the same throughout the ages, but their presentation varies with our ever-changing conditions. Our anthropophagous forefathers desired, I suppose, their due quantum of protoids, carbohydrates and fats just as ourselves to-day, yet our dinner-table is a very different thing from that of the apes' ancestors.

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An Interview with the Tsar.

By Maxim Gorki.

(Translated by David Weinstein.)

I.

"Charged by the Lord of the Skies with the ruling of His people on Earth, the Tsar must be severe and redoubtable; yet, notwithstanding, just! It has been said that We, if we had the chance, would kill for our own nations, and that the Tsar has killed for his. This is nothing but a vile calumny! Personally, We have killed no one. Indeed, we have hardly the necessary time to kill, as every day brings fresh dangers. Yet, the Tsar has killed for his people. What is there strange about that? Those terrible earthquakes were equally unexpected. When the Sultan ordered Dar-Bun, it was because the mother was timorous. The mother who understands her children, like Avisa, can smile, for, what matter, so long as in this story, the mother herself must help send her son to prison. We, We, the Tsar, our doors he can not enter. Better than sunshine always. My son will come back to me a wiser man some day. Yes, he'll come home, if I know him true." With this, the most searching of Mr. Phillpotts's books, it is fitting to close this brief introduction to his work, for I have not alluded to his earlier works, because they do not seem to me to represent him at all. But he has now found himself. And we may expect much yet from this genuine prophet of the twentieth century.

M. D. EDER.

II.

"The Tsar reflected for a while, and, puckering his eyes, continued:

"But all that is superfluous! How My subjects dare to ask for the extermination of the Jews with an immense population like ours? And We, after working tirelessly the whole year round, subduing the will of the people, have only succeeded in killing a miserable half a million—in spite of the explanation that We were a Tyrant, a Monster, and Ogre in human form!

"The Italian Socialists have prevented Our visit to the country of their king. Other countries have hissed us, as if the Tsar were an incompetent stage-actor. Have they, then, forgotten how excellently We played the role of the Peacemaker in that great International Comedy during a century. And We thought it to our advantage to speak to them instead, rest assured that we would not have allowed the opportunity to escape us. As I trust we have proved it, God has not only entrusted the Sceptre of the Globe to the Tsar, but the Sword as well; that is to say, the bayonets and the cannon with which to chastise the unruly. . . . . Yes, the bayonets, the cannons, the instruments of war or the methods of peace, whichever may suit his ends best! There you have the reason why I was so greatly indignant to hear him on that famous day in January. Were we? Ah! . . . . But to return to our discourse; where were we ? Ah! . . . . The Tsar can use at his pleasure the heavy helmet, and brushed the beads of perspiration by the heavy helmet, and brushed the beads of perspiration . . . . But to return to our discourse; where were we? Ah! . . . .

"Reflect upon that!" he continued. "What profound wisdom! So profound, indeed, that We Ourselves cannot understand it. But the People do. We feel that the Royal Being who composed the discourse I hold in my hand will some day be Minister of the Interior—you will see! He is not yet young. Yet, how will he face the Jews and the Cossacks, and the instruments of war? Our own affair, and We wish to keep it to Ourselves! . . . . But to return to our discourse; where were we? Ah! . . . .

"Your Majesty! I said, my arms drooping with fatigue. "Cannot you keep them up?"

"No!"

"Then you may lower them. I must, however, warn you that if you attempt to move your hand in the least degree we will send the entrails of your body flying, and we will ask your pardon in advance. Our Life is invaluable to the Russian people—they have paid very dearly for it. . . ."
brought us nothing but trouble, revolts and enmities in that institution, although, entre nous, it has not the value of German Emperor, though I think it would be equally advan-
tism' and as long as the savage instincts of a people are
ted with the absolute power We knew how to control
investig. His pale face was covered with sweat, and he clutched with
his fingers to prevent them from trembling.

“I trust you have not allowed anything to escape you! What? Just so! Now, go; announce to the world the wisdom and
the goodness of heart of Him who was gracious enough to grant you the favour of conversing with Him, face to face.
Hasten!” He dropped the electric wire, and before I had time to
wish him bon voyage he had vanished beneath the floor with
his throne.

The END.

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THE END.
moved the nation, save inimically, when "Poems and Ballads" came near to being burnt publicly by the hangman. [By "the nation," I mean newspaper readers. The real nation, beset with the problem of eating, dying, and being born all in one room, has never heard of either Tennyson or Swinburne or George R. Sims.] There are poems of Tennyson, of Wordsworth, even of the specially recondite Brownie that have entered into the general consciousness. But nothing of Swinburne's! Swinburne had no moral ideas to impart. Swinburne never publicly yearned to meet his Pilot face to face. He never galloped on one of Lord George Sanger's horses from Ghent to Aix. He was interested only in ideal manifestations of beauty and fire. Except when he seemed absolutely incurious by the expression of political crudities, he never connected art with any form of morals that the British public could understand. He sang. He sang supremely. And it wasn't enough for the British public. The consequence was that his fame spread out as far as undergraduates, and the tiny mob of undergraduates was the largest mob that ever worried itself about Swinburne. Their shouts showed the high-water mark of his popularity. When one of them wrote in a facetious ecstasy of excitement:

But you came, O you procuratores, And ran us all in!

that moment was the crown of Swinburne's career as a popular author. With its incomparable finger on the pulse public, the "Daily Mail" was the first and only to announce Swinburne's death, devoted one of its placards to the performances of a lady and a dog on a wrecked liner, and another to the antics of a lunatic with a revolver. The "Daily Mail" knew what it was about. Do not imagine that I am trying to be so pedantic about the English race and its organs. Not at all. The English race is all right, though ageing now. The English race has committed no crime in demanding from its poets something that Swinburne could not give. I am merely trying to make clear the exceeding strangeness of the apparition of a poet like Swinburne in a place like England.

Last year I was walking down Putney Hill, and I saw Swinburne for the first and last time. I could see nothing but his face and head. I did not notice those ridiculously short trousers that Putney people invariably admired and mention when mentioning Swinburne. Never have I seen a man's life more clearly written in his clothes and head and shoulders. Nobody but me seemed to notice that the road to Delhi could be as naught to this road, with its dark, flying shapes, its shifting heaves, its black brick precipices, and its thousand pale, flitting faces of a gloomy and decadent race. As says the Indian proverb, I meet ten thousand men on the Putney High Street, and they were all my brothers. But I alone was aware of it. As I stood watching autobus after autobus swing round in a fearful semi-circle to begin a new journey, I gazed myself into a mystic comprehension of what I saw. A few yards beyond where the autobuses turned was a certain house with lighted upper windows, and in that house the greatest lyrical versifier that England ever had, and one of the great poets of the whole world and of all the ages, was dying: a name immortal. But nobody noticed it; nobody seemed to care; I doubt if anyone thought of it. This enormous negligence appeared to me to be fine, to be magnificently human.

The next day all the shops were open, and hundreds of fatigued assistants were pouring out their exhaustion; there was no exhaustiveness to be found on thousands of urgent and bright women; and flags waved on high, and the gutters were banked with yellow and white flowers, and the air was brisk and the roadways were clean. The very breath of life generously, so that all were intoxicated by it in the gay sunshine. He was dead then. The waving posters said it. When Tennyson died I felt less hurt; for I had serious charges to bring against Tennyson; but I imagined any affection for him was more shocked. When Tennyson died, everybody knew it, and imaginatively realised it. Everybody was touched. I was saddened then as much by the contagion of a general grief as by a sorrow of my own. But there was no general grief on Saturday. Swinburne had written for fifty years, and never once

Books and Persons.

(AN OCCASIONAL CAUSEKIE)

On Good Friday night I was out in the High Street, at the cross-roads, where the water and the woof of the traffic assault each other under a great glare of lamps. The shops were closed and black, except where a tobacconist kept the tobacconist's bright and everlasting vigils; but above the shops occasional rare windows were illuminated, giving hints—dressing-tables, dresses—of intimate private life. I don't know why such hints should always seem to me pathetic, saddening; but they do. And beneath them, through the dark detile of shutters, motor-omnibuses roared and swayed and curved, too big for the street, and dwarfing it. And automobiles threaded between them, and bicycles dared the spaces that were left. From afar off there came a flying light, like a shot out of a gun, and it grew into a man perched on a shuddering contrivance that might have been invented by H. G. Wells, and swept perilously into the contending currents, and emerged by miracles untouched, and was gone, driven by the desire of the immortal soul within the man. This strange thing happened again and again, and the pavements were crowded with hurrying or loitering souls, and the omnibuses and autos were full of them: hundreds passed before the vision every moment. And they were all preoccupied; they nearly all bore the weary, egotistic melancholy that spreads like an infection at the close of a fete day in London; the lights of a motor-omnibus would show in the rapt faces of sixteen souls at once in their glass cage, driving the vehicle on by their desires. The policemen and the loiterers in the ring of fire made by the public houses at the cross-roads—even these were grave with the universal affliction of life, and grim with the relentless universal egotism. Lovers walked as though there were no heaven and no earth, but only themselves in space. Nobody but me seemed to guess that the road to Delhi could be as naught to this road, with its dark, flying shapes, its shifting heaves, its black brick precipices, and its thousand pale, flitting faces of a gloomy and decadent race. As says the Indian proverb, I meet ten thousand men on the Putney High Street, and they were all my brothers. But I alone was aware of it. As I stood watching autobus after autobus swing round in a fearful semi-circle to begin a new journey, I gazed myself into a mystic comprehension of what I saw. A few yards beyond where the autobuses turned was a certain house with lighted upper windows, and in that house the greatest lyrical versifier that England ever had, and one of the great poets of the whole world and of all the ages, was dying: a name immortal. But nobody noticed it; nobody seemed to care; I doubt if anyone thought of it. This enormous negligence appeared to me to be fine, to be magnificently human.

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lovely poem that cannot be discussed! (And these critics iterate that mild word "sensuous.") Well, Swinburne has got the better of us there. He has simply knocked to pieces the theory that great art is inseparable from even the Ten Commandments. His greatest poem was written in honour of a poet whom any English Vigilance Society would have crucified. "Sane" critics will naturally observe, in their quiet manner, that "Anactoria" and similar teats were "so unnecessary." Would it be true then? JACOB TONSON.

DREAMS.

Last night a vision came to me, I thought my lover stood by me, And glad at heart, and gay were we, And, O, the fields were yellow!

My lover was the world to me, For, O, he was so and me, So dear was he, so near was he, And all the fields were yellow!

He put his arm about my waist, His good right arm about my waist, And slowly through the fields we paced, The fields that were so yellow.

And on we went to Arcady, The lovers' land of Arcady. Oh, ever on and on, we went, Across the fields so yellow.

DORA WILCOX.

REVIEWS.

More’s Utopia. With Introduction by H. G. Wells. (Blackie and Son. 2s. 6d. net.)

To this very dainty and welcome pocket edition of More’s "Utopia" Mr. H. G. Wells has added a preface, which is, in our view, a mistake. It ought never to have been written, much less printed. It is thin, shallow, slovenly, inexpressibly ungenerous, and pseudo-critical, and has the air of a pot-boiler thrown off in a few minutes by a prosperous writer who is unable to refuse a tempting five guineas or so.

Mr. Wells has the deplorable habit of patronising whatever he does not understand. That he does not understand More’s "Utopia" is clear to the dullest intellect, and therefore he patronises him much as an amateur does a professional. Thus to him More appears as an "agreeable-nu mered" hardworking sort of gentleman with a bad taste for Utilitarianism. (So had Plato.) He is very witty, and Henry VIII is fond of his merrv. But as he refuses to play the fool to the King’s entire satisfaction, the latter has his head cut off. He writes an unimaginative work called "Utopia," which is a sort of scrap-book "for cuttings from and imitations of Plato, the recipe for the hatchings of eggs, etc." This is Mr. Wells’s portrait which we may profitably compare with that by a cultured gentleman with a bad taste for Utilitarianism. (So had Aristotle.) He is very witty, and Henry VIII is fond of his merrv.

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DORA WILCOX.

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NEW LINES OF THOUGHT, INTERESTING TO SOCIAL REFORMERS, are opened up by Dr. Eliot’s Essay, "Shakspere and Tolstoy," which touches on Property, Marriage, and Political Relations Published by GARDEN CITY PRESS, LTD., Printers, etc., LEICHWORTH, IRTTS, 1909. 47 pages. Price 6d.
other subject of hero-artist-worship have there existed times has had so many books written about his life and about him. Probably no other great artist of modern

APRIL 22, 1909

Wagner, and it is still easier to get tired of reading such violent misconceptions and fallacies. Mr. Arthur Gilman, learned and unlearned commentaries, criticisms, conjectures, and emendations. The latest crest on the mountainous Shakespearian billow is Mr. Walsh's book.

Well, then, we recommend the distracted student to secure this work of Mr. Walsh's, which is the last answer it is possible to give to the puzzle of which the complete solution cannot be attempted without divine revelation. When Shakespeare wrote his sonnets; whom he addressed them to; who his patron was at the time; whether they were written over a considerable period of years, or all at once; and if we may utter the blasphemy, what he meant by some of them, are questions which Mr. Walsh discusses and pronounces judgment upon in a clever preface. Mr. Walsh gives us a complete edition of the sonnets—not only those usually printed at the end of the plays, but also those scattered through the plays. He has, apparently, carefully consulted every edition of the plays and sonnets for the purposes of his text, arrangement, and notes. The result, so far as Mr. Walsh's task is concerned, is all that one could wish for, and we see absolutely no need for a further edition of these sonnets. But we should have been glad if whoever was responsible for the cloth binding of the book had chosen a darker colour—we can only describe the present shade as a bilious pink, on which the title is scarcely legible. It seems a pity that such a carefully-edited book, printed in clear type on good paper, should be spoiled by such a hideous, senseless, inartistic cover,

Aspects of Modern Opera. By Lawrence Gilman. (John Lane. 3s. 6d. net.)

It is a very easy thing to get tired talking about Wagner, and it is still easier to get tired of reading about him. Professor, the other great set of modern times has had so many books written about his life and work, his ideals and methods; and probably round no other subject of hero-artist-worship have there existed such violent misconceptions and fallacies. Mr. Arthur Symons once wrote: in the "Dome," he thinks, "an elaborate appreciation of the Bayreuth festival, in which essay he applauded Wagner's dramatic methods in that finely fastidious manner we all know. It was, however, one of the most unrighteous pieces of nonsense ever written upon the subject of Richard Wagner. It is all very well to say you accept the convention of opera and that therefore the drama may be excused, however jerky or accommodating or long-drawn-out it may be. No amount of noble music and lofty themes can ever excuse amateur philosophies and amateur stage-craft, and there is no possible sort of doubt that Wagner was a terrible amateur in drama-making. It has taken quite a quarter of a century to get this fact drummed into the heads of ardent Wagnerites; but the bulk of the old ones are still unashamed. An illuminating discussion of this point appears in a new book by Mr. Lawrence Gilman, who proves very successfully that Wagner himself was "one of the most formidable antagonists that Wagnerism ever had." He discusses with much warmth and many American adjectives the various qualities of strength and weakness in Wagner's work, insisting strongly, and proving, too, that Wagner's influence was "pernicious and oppressive." Fortunately this great composer's influence is on the
wane, and we can look forward with less foreboding to the ascending star of Claude Debussy, whose music-drama is built upon sounder aesthetic foundations, and does not wobble with an over-balanced orchestra on the one hand shoving the crude philosophies over on the other. We have no space to treat of the glorious dramatic failures of the Wagnerian opera-dramas, but we can thoroughly recommend our readers to buy this book of Mr. Gilman's.

Friedrich Nietzsche: His Life and Work. By M. A. Mülge, Ph.D. (London: Fisher Unwin. 10s. 6d. net.)

The less said about this book the better. It is an absurd example of the so-called "scientific method" applied to art. Objectivity and philosophical detachment are the attitudes Dr. Mülge has striven to maintain, and, as a consequence, he has almost achieved the impossible: he has produced an incomparyably dull book about one of the most brilliant and entertaining writers of modern times. This alone is a feat, and, together with the remarkable bibliography, should be placed to the author's credit.

But even objectivity and philosophical detachment apparently have their limits; for, beyond helping a writer to be hopefully uninteresting, we do not suppose it is claimed for them that they make him more accurate. Or are we wrong? On the first page of Dr. Mülge's book we read that Nietzsche had no sense of humour! Is this an objective, a subjective, an accurate, or an impartial statement? In any case, it is the most utter nonsense. On page 380 we read that he should have lived in London for a year to be cured of the "traits of snobbishness" which he exhibited. He might as well have come to London for a year to be free from smoke and fog.

How Nietzsche would have shuddered at the thought of being represented by a man like Dr. Mülge! Great English Painters. By Francis Downman. (Grant Richards. 3s. 6d.)

The author tells us, frankly, in his preface that the eight English painters whose lives he has told are not, in his opinion, the greatest names on the list. He says that he would have told of Wtand Crome and Cotman, Bonnington and Girtin more valuable than some of the men he has actually chosen if he had only to consider their artistic results. Thereby he shows his sound critical taste. But whatever may be the reason which led him to fix on Hogarth, Reynolds, Gainsborough, Romney, Turner, Morland, Lawrence, and Girtin, he has certainly made very delightful studies of their lives. One sometimes wonders how the novelists get a hearing and a sale when real life is so much more vivid and romantic. Take the case of Romney, with his passionate longing for local and particular. In his delightful mimicry of Hogarth, Reynolds, Gainsborough, Romney.

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The many illustrations are well chosen.

God the Known, and God the Unknown. By Samuel Butler. (Fifield. 1s. 6d. net.)

Everything that Butler wrote possessed distinction, and the present volume of his complete works which Mr. Shaw has published without exception, is as sufficient justification for our admiration of him. At the first note of the tragic all this vanishes away; but it is a toy—a toy that is heroic! (This seems a contradiction, and there are moments when her comedy is heroic, but I must let the phrase stand.) It is a thing so fresh and strange that it refuses to be measured.

At present my admiration is chaotic. Her art is something of what she has heard of Japan, something of the French and something of her own gracious external self. Her comic gestures have something frightful about them; she is gigantic, she overwhelms.

There are two sides to the genius of Magdeleine—the comic and the tragic. On both sides she is inimitable, but it is the tragedian one remembers. Her comic gestures are feminine, fluid, tender. Her tragic gestures are male and indomitable—the limbs pose and stride like the limbs of a demi-god. Her comedy is exquisite, but it is a toy—a toy that is heroic! (This seems a contradiction, and there are moments when her comedy is heroic, but I must let the phrase stand.) It is a thing of the surface; it probes no depths. Her gestures are local and particular. In her delightful mimicry of "A Japanese Love Song," full of subtle nuances and tender graciousness, of colour and charm, perfectly balanced, lit up by a flood of spontaneous drolleries, there is something of what she has heard of Japan, something of the French and something of her own gracious external self. Her dancing to joyful melodies partakes of this character. One reads her satirical criticisms on the Kit Kat Club, trained as a girl in the mechanics of the ball-room. It is charming—but it implies a partner and the whirl of the lights and the polished floor.

At the first note of the tragic all this vanishes away;
the gesture changes, the figure grows greater, you find yourself a sudden, startled spectator of the sorrows of the human soul.

Has the Magdeleine a sense of rhythm? In the end I find she has. Especially in her tragedy. In her joyful dances she is superficial and derivative. But in her tragic movements there is a rhythm not of the music—a big rhythm, with irregular cadences, fitted to no formal rule. You will find its parallel in the poetry of Whitman, with whom in many other ways her art has much in common.

And here I note a point of comparison with Isadora Duncan. The rhythm of Isadora is lyric, it runs; the rhythm of Whitman, of the Magdeleine, is epic, it strides, it grows. Yes, grows, for often the Magdeleine seems rooted to the earth, often she is like one of those figures of Eastern fable that are half turned to stone—a gigantic stone Sphinx in the desert, with a tortured face. This in her tragic mood, when the likeness of huge carved stone does cling to her, and one is perished to find in each instant’s pose a something eternal, of the rock, and yet to find it perpetually shifting with the swiftness of smoke wind-blown. Let us pursue this comparison with Isadora Duncan.

Isadora expresses emotion in derivative, allusive figures of speech—her piping shepherd motive, for example. The tragic gestures of the Magdeleine are terribly first-hand, they hammer directly on your consciousness; there is no intermediary, for emotions; they are. That you feel, too, is what the Duncan aims at—an escape from the deceptive broken lights and shadows of this painted screen which is pictured in the comedy of Magdeleine. She seeks spontaneity, she seeks the simple and primal emotion. And marvellously enough, through her rigidly built technique she has actually inspired convention have set free her soul. What her expressive power, her big rhythm, with irregular cadences, to be fitted to no formal rule. You will find its parallel in the poetry of Whitman, with whom in many other ways her art has much in common.

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gases, the sweat gathers in beads, the lips hiss the indicative words.

Oh, what is it you see in the dark? Something horrible that moves with stealthy footsteps. Its shape is dim but its eyes are fire. Horror! Beware! Fly from it. And hark! hark! a lark singing, high in the sky the light too strong, a delight that devours its joy.

off our cloaks, pulls down our trumpery dwellings, and

It is the antithesis of Duncan and the Greek. Your face beams with a supersensuous delight. A decontorted lips... And oh! delicately sailing, how it is the note of the modern. It is not always harrible that moves with stealthy footsteps. Its shape is dim but its eyes are fire. Horror! Beware! Fly from it. And hark! hark! a lark singing, high in the sky the light too strong, a delight that devours its joy. Your emotions are so rough and strong. You rend me nerve from nerve. My heart flutters, I shudder at the thought of "bad taste." Some years ago, before I had entered the class room. The one merit of his manner of "bad taste." Some years ago, before I had entered the cycle... was of slender interest only; the songs were effected of Irish folk songs and traditional melodies. There is a fine\n
MUSIC.

"The Jury Disagreed."

I suppose dramatic and literary criticism in England shows just as pleasant a variety of opinions as musical criticism. I used to think there must be a kind of prevaricating, consensus among musical critics, that is to say, that with advertisements to consider, and the public always paying to be flattered, the ordinary newspaper critic had to be a consistent professional liar. It appears, however, that he has still considerable scope wherein to exercise his little poetical prejudices, his little slights, and his little enthusiasms, and that he may really lie as much as he likes, or flatter as much—within the "policy" of his paper.

I cannot, and do not expect, the readers of THE NEW AGE to be specially interested in any original musical work of my own, but in so far as it represents an average illustration of critical methods, I would like to state a nice case—even if modest people will accuse me of "bad taste." Some years ago, before I had entered middle-age, I wrote some songs for baritone voice made up of poems by various writers. Out of seven songs two were really decent, the other five being nothing more than exercises in emotion, and good enough, perhaps, for the class room. The one merit of his manner of "bad taste." Some years ago, before I had entered the cycle... was of slender interest only; the songs were effected of Irish folk songs and traditional melodies. There is a fine...
point one instance where the emphasis had not been rational. And I certainly repudiate any intention of avoiding the natural and the obvious; I have a very preferential tendency in favour of obvious things in music. The "Morning Post" flattered me. I am afraid; if the critic pointed out a national idiom in the early twentieth. And he is also inaccurate when he says "the love element seemed to prevail," and he is obscure when he adds "as such." He is accurate when he says a certain song "verged on the commonplace, yet possessed the merit of owning a melody that was not overpowered by the pianoforte accompaniment, excellent though this generally was. "--but (Mr. Albert Garcia) phrasing often left much to be desired, as in "My Love is Dark," though it verged us the commonplace, yet possessed the merit of owning a melody that was not overpowered by the pianoforte accompaniment, excellent though this generally was."

Mr. Hughes is simple and sincere; all the songs of Southport are dealt with in a tuneful style of melody, and though some of the leading themes were frequently distinguished, especially a rapid descending figure in the piano accompaniment, which is often repeated, and seems to represent the joy of life, yet several of the songs are relieved by thoughtful and expressive features. "At the touch of His wand," is carried through with an energetic rhythm; "My Love is Dark" is a graceful tune, made eloquent by the singing on the second degree of the scale; Walt Whitman's words, "nothing and the last of it," are genuinely expressed, and the C major chord which precedently to close the last song, gives it a character of its own. --The Times.

The critic of the "Times" was quite right about some of the leading themes being undistinguished, and especially so in his reference to the "rapid descending figure," which once represented the joy of life; to-day, however, it only represents extreme irritation. My principal objection to the "Telegraph" critic is that he is both obscure and inaccurate. He is accurate, however, when he says "the majority of the songs were of little value," but he is obscure when he adds "as such." He is inaccurate when he says "the love element seemed to prevail," and he is obscure when he talks about the pedestal and the statue changing places. He is inaccurate when he says a certain song "verged on the commonplace," for it is obvious that the style of the early seventeenth century is by no means commonplace in that he is also inaccurate when he talks about Mr. Garcia's phrasing completely altering the poetic sense. "—Daily Telegraph."

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Gentle readers, you will, I hope, forgive this perfectly gratuitous advertisement? I feel, however, that as you are never likely to hear these songs, you will accept this account of a little affair in the spirit in which it is given; that you will, perhaps, have a little notion of contemporary musical criticism from this case; and that you will never judge me seriously as a composer of songs.

Herbert Hughes.

Correspondence.

For the opinions expressed by correspondents, the Editor does not necessarily endorse the expression of opinion of any correspondent.

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.

The I.L.P. Conference. To the Editor of "The New Age."

As one of the responsible, may I express a few thoughts on the I.L.P. Conference? I think everyone expected that this Conference would be most interesting. The Will-o'-the-wisp and the discoverers of the younger generations, who were trying to wreck the I.L.P., were going to be severely charished by the persons with twenty-six years' experience, or more, in the movement. The Agenda Committee, or Faile, had arranged for me, as the Southport delegate, to move an amendment to the first resolution on the agenda. The mover of the resolution, approving of the Labour alliance, explained that he had been twenty-six years in the movement, and what had been done in those years was not going to be given up now for a Jim Crowied spot. My amendment, however, the I.L.P. received scant support. The Conference decided by a large majority that the Labour alliance must be maintained. This conference is, we are told, a turning point in Socialism.

Now my chief objection to the alliance was that it would necessitate a weakening of the Socialist policy of the I.L.P. This was denied. Yet I suggest to I.L.P. that this was not the case. I believe that the Labour party do not want to proceed to the point where they have wasted the past fifteen years. Perhaps the workers who have spent in a vain endeavour to get Socialism into Parliament, will never judge me seriously as a composer of songs. If secretaries and committees of branches were to resign every time their reports or proposals were not accepted by the members, there would be quite a plethora of resignations. But, as a matter of fact, it is the reference to the thing that has caused the resignations. The object is to force the issue between the supporters of the Labour policy and the supporters of the I.L.P. policy. If the resignation of Mr. Donald, and Barnes clearly indicate that those who do not support the Labour party and its candidates will be "cleared out," of the I.L.P., or they will resign, the Labour party will be weakened. Will the rank and file stand for Socialism? The action of the delegates on Tuesday when they reversed the vote of Monday is not very encouraging. This action disgusts me, who can only account for it by assuming that the resignations had caused a panic. The delegates were scared, and gave a panic vote. This is a charitable explanation of this latter face on the I.L.P. But we are told by the offended leaders that something must be done to rid the movement of the persons whose criticisms had caused the trouble. I have made the position quite clear in to-day's "Labour Leader." The "rebels" must be expelled. I understood before the Conference that Mr. Grayson had, to use a lady delegate's expression, to "clear out." No one could stand in his way. The rank and file will now have to decide whether we shall be "cleared out." The decisions of the Conference will certainly make it impossible for Mr. Grayson to fight Colne Valley under the auspices of the I.L.P., or to receive any support from I.L.P. parties, except from those who are such rebels that they won't sacrifice Socialism to Labourism. Therefore, it becomes a matter of urgency that those who favour a Socialist policy should organise a Socialist Representation Committee. We do not want to wreck the I.L.P., but we do want to be free to stand for Socialism. The I.L.P., by its constitution, stands for Socialism, and it is part of our work to see that it continues to stand for Socialism. I sat on the I.L.P. Conference, against the I.L.P. being absorbed by a non-Socialist party. Now is the time for every Socialist to make a firm stand against the Liberal Labour effort to weaken the forces of Socialism.

W. Faulkner.

Southport, April 16th.

* * *

The Middle Classes for Socialism. To the Editor of "The New Age."

I have never been able to pose as a "orly 'anded " one, and after paying considerable lip-service to Labour, working for its doctrines, and generally being involved with Socialism, I spent in vain an endeavour to get Socialism into Parliament, I am beginning to appeal to my own class. I think I have been a member of the middle classes for fifteen years, or more, and I think that the middle classes would have done just as well without me. Who knows whether our "academic" appeals to common sense and culture, our business-like projects for efficiency, our progressive actions against the lazy and stupid, would not have been addressed to the wrong quarters. It might even prove that the
salvation of the nation has been delayed by our insistence on the "class war." Our glorification of the labourer may have alienated some of those who know him. Perhaps they see him as a Socialist who does not always take the payer as a new tax on the pockets of the small professional and business man. Perhaps, and this is the bone of contention, perhaps the right way to win the middle classes for Socialism is by being a Socialist, but not by the methods which appeal to them. In the early and middle years of the party's existence, will you permit me a word on the situation? There is no need for any serious action of its prominent M.P.'s at Edinburgh any more than by the larky spirits of its young bloods. There is too much solid sense and devotion to the I.L.P. amongst the members of the new N.A.C. to permit the party to be disrupted by the larky spirits of its young bloods.

Sec. W. & G. FOYLE, 155, HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON, W.

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SUNDAY EVENING LECTURES.

ST. JAMES'S HALL, GREAT PORTLAND STREET, W.

BY

Mr. G. W. FOOTE (President National Secular Society).

Subject, April 25th.—"The Religion of Shakespeare." Doors open at 7 p.m. Chair taken 7.30 p.m.

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THE TEST OF DEMOCRACY.

To the Editor of "The New Age."

There has been too much importance, in the past few days, given to the "brains" of the movement. From one of the leaders of the I.L.P., the rank and file has been told that it has its biggest intellectual asset in Mr. J. Ramsay MacDonald—and how the capitalist Press will not fail to point to the irreparable loss to the movement of the four "luminaries" whom he refers. CLIFFORD SHARP.

Admit myself to be outside the "well-informed circles" to them. I bear them no ill-will if they give a somewhat liberal interpretation to the principle that all is fair in war. I have sufficient faith in you, Sir, to describe our words as an "official pronouncement" of the movement. EDW. J. SHALLARD.

THE I.L.P. STRUGGLE.

To the Editor of "The New Age."

A paragraph from a book ("The Problem of Parliament") has been inserted in the manifesto which Messrs. Hardie, Macdonald, Snowden, and Glasier have issued in explanation of their resignation from the leadership of the I.L.P. From the paragraph in question, they draw two conclusions: (1) That the trade unions are to be recognized as the "practical party" of the newly formed Socialist party; (2) that this new Socialist party is not to concern itself with the advancement of Labour. Seeing that they are pleased to describe our words as an "official pronouncement" of the rebels' position, it is somewhat unnecessary to mention that their conclusions could scarcely be further from the truth. The answer to conclusion (1) can be found if they will trouble to read a line or two, even of our MS., said. "I could not see what was coming." Whereas, my MS. said, "I could not see what was coming." Auch. J.

PANIC v. PANIC.

To the Editor of "The New Age."

I challenged Mr. Norman to substantiate his absurd statement that "this new Socialist party is not to concern itself with the recuperative power of unlimited Panics." He has not replied, so I am justified in saying that the statement is not remarkably true. If I did not know Mr. Norman to be an entirely honest and courageous critic, whose wild accusations are due to nothing but his ignorance, I should have some hard things to say. As it is, I will only add that I gladly admit them to the outside of the "well-informed circles." To which he refers. CLIFFORD SHARP.

WEBER AND DEBUSSY.

To the Editor of "The New Age."

Considering the prejudice against the music of Mr. Herbert Hughes' disqualification of himself as a critic of Weber—first, by his gloomy acknowledgment of imperfect acquaintance with Weber's work; then by his confession that he has an uncontroverted prejudice in favour of French music, and refuses to recognize any other; and, secondly, by his candid disclaimer of knowledge of the circumstances in which Weber's work was produced—it would be ungenerous and most unseemly of him to publish these admissions, especially in one who has had as much pleasure as I have had in Mr. Hughes' sensitive and spirited estimates of modern music.

But I shall be glad if I may have this opportunity, through the hospitality of your columns, of thanking Mr. Hughes for his change of ground in his letters to regard with Weber, and for the accompanying tact and energy of greater merit in Weber than he had previously allowed. Where he originally postulated fashionable insincerity in a shallow and mean desire for an effective foil, he now wisely honours M. Debussy more by granting that he has a professional admiration—the highest and most sincere tribute that one artist can pay to another—for Weber. It is needless to insist that a master of M. Debussy's subtle equipment would not care to express a professional interest in a composer whose significance could be contained in the gentle, but unfocussed formula, "Lumty, Lumpty, Lum." It would, however, be preferable to leave M. Debussy's opinion of Weber to Mr. M. Debussy himself to assert that the sum of his printed utterances imply an expression of noble allegiance from the younger master to the elder sufficient to justify the claim that he was the initiator of the specifically Romantic music rather than a weakening imitator of fashionable Romanticism, and—to take the first brief instance of which occurs to me—such passages in his work as the prelude to the second and third acts of "Euryanthe," the orchestral introduction in "Les contes d'Hoffmann," the "Little Kurb," the "Ouverture," etc. I refer to M. Debussy's "ceil ourve testamentaire," in M. Debussy's words, "faite de la chaleur douceur de desseignes gouttes de sue leger tantile" are sufficient to show him to be a magnificent master, from whose expressive, richly-coloured, and mysterious art all modern developments of poetic, and especially dramatic, music. GORDON BOTTOMBY.
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