NOTES OF THE WEEK

We shall be quite frank about Mr. Lloyd George's Budget: it is splendid. Two minor defects apart, the Budget is not only more than we had dared to hope even after Mr. Lloyd George's Swansea speech, but almost as much as we should have expected from a Socialist Chancellor in his first year of office. This association of Socialism with the Cabinet may be compromising to Liberalism; but we at least are free to avow it. If the spirit and the letter of the Budget speech and proposals are really to become the note of Liberalism: we shall see no reason for continuing more than a critical Socialist attitude of friendliness towards Mr. Lloyd George and his friends. On theoretical grounds almost wholly, and on remoter practical issues in part, we see ourselves differing from Mr. Lloyd George; but we cannot deny and we have no intention of denying, that the author of the present Budget is good enough statesman for a Socialist to support during the next five or ten years at any rate.

All kinds of guesses have been made at the motives of Mr. Lloyd George's political magnanimity. The Budget is not merely a Budget, but a Programme: consequently it is to be regarded as Mr. Lloyd George's bid for the Premiership. Again, the Budget is designed to placate the first Monday which once formed the compact Liberal majority and now threaten to dissolve: consequently the Budget is only meant to please but not to pass. Or the Budget is a pre-General Election address designed to standardise the programmes of Liberal candidates: or an olive-tree presented to Labour and intended to bring about either the absorption or the abolition of the Labour Party or such an alliance between it and advanced Liberalism as we have before suggested. Of all these guesses, most of them probably as wide of the truth as can be, we should prefer the first to be true. There is, of course, no immediate chance of Mr. Lloyd George becoming Premier in name, but with such a programme, backed by such courage as he must have displayed to get it through the Cabinet, there should be every hope of his becoming Premier in fact. After all, we do not care who carries out the programme if only we are allowed to make it.

Guesses, however, on one side, there can be no doubt whatever that the Budget is most extraordinarily well drawn. Its comprehensiveness is only equalled by its astuteness, and its value by its precedent. Not a single one of the interests touched can decently complain of being unjustly touched: and Mr. Lloyd George's reminder that each additional "Dreadnought" must be reckoned in an income tax was a stroke of genius. We shall be immensely surprised if the opposition to the Budget lasts more than a week or so. Its wavering character was revealed in the "Times" leaders on the Budget, as well as in the cheers of the Tariff Reformers at the Budget proposals for agriculture. The Harmsworth gramophone was dislocated for once: and on the same day that the "Daily Mail" described the Budget as Plundering the Middle Classes, the "Daily Mirror" announced it as a Poor Man's Budget. This means that the opposition is demoralised: and with excellent reason.

For we may say at once that Tariff Reform is dead. How long it will stay dead depends, of course, on the life of the present Budget. If the Budget passes with practically no Government compromise: if, further, a serious attempt is made to lay down the keels of the great reforms outlined by Mr. Lloyd George: and if, finally, such a programme of reform, coupled with such a Budget, be presented everywhere and always as the Liberal alternative to Tariff Reform; then we do not doubt that Tariff Reform will be like Mark Twain, who proposes when he is dead: to stop dead a long time. In short, there is material in the Budget to stop the agitation in favour of Tariff Reform for another generation.

But along with Tariff Reform will die, or at least swoon, Tariff Reform's friends, Imperialism and Conscription. It is difficult to say which member of this Trinity comes before the others: only a Philosopher could accurately state their relation or adequately curse whoever should put them in their wrong order. Naturally we shall be relieved by this lifting of a treble load; for while we have been, during the Fiscal night, driven with Mr. Bernard Shaw to juggle sociolistically with a Protectionist vocabulary: so contented to ourselves that Imperialism was really another name for Federation: and Conscription a bad name for good dog Citizen Army: we have never been comfortable in these tents of wickedness. We shall therefore be glad to return to the tents of Israel and to renew the war against poverty. And we venture to believe that the mass of English people will be glad to return with us: for at heart we are a free people, to whom Prussianism is anathema.
But not only the Tariff Reform Party, but a party of a more respectable character will find the wind taken out of its sails by Mr. Lloyd George's Budget and Programme. As surely as the Government decide to tread firmly in the paths marked out for them last week they will be following the coffin of the Labour Party. Every statement of Liberal reform which this Budget is a step on the road to the grave of political Labour. Thus Mr. Ramsay MacDonald's forecast, tacitly so often made, that Liberalism and Labour were never permanently divorced, becomes fulfilled; only by the resuscitation of Labour in Liberalism, and in constructing his Budget Mr. Lloyd George has done what we must do from our side, we shall not regret it. The temporary independence of the Labour Party in Parliament has undoubtedly considerably strengthened the hands of the Radical section of the Liberal Party; and in constructing his Budget Mr. Lloyd George has done what we maintain statesmen should always do when faced with the opposition of their friends, namely, move a little towards the Left. If Mr. Keir Hardie and his friends had chosen to do this a year ago, when the sudden emergence of Mr. Grayson revealed the instinctive recognition by the Socialists that a move was necessary, the Labour Party in Parliament might conceivably survive as a political necessity the launching of the Liberals on the ocean of Socialist reform. But, as everybody knows, they diied nothing of the kind; they jeered at and stoned the budget, their fate was sealed, and the old reality they once had and to linger on the scene more as spooks than as beings of flesh and blood. We think we can safely declare that the non-Socialist Labour Party is dead.

Of the Socialist Party in embryo there is, however, a better story to tell. We have not the faintest doubt that with every step Mr. Lloyd George takes towards the fulfilment of his Budgetary promises, Socialists will be necessary either as allies or as critics. On the whole it is one of the most monstrous things in contemporary life that this magnificent democracy, this nation of democrats, should have been for so long debared from the exercise in the public interests of their trained faculties. The Socialist has undoubtedly been the pariah of politics. Now it is certain that a vista of Socialist reconstructive statesmanship is opened. It is true all sides by Mr. Lloyd George's Budget; and in that reconstruction it is equally certain that trained Socialist thinkers must take a large share. It has always been our grievance against the Labour Party that its members took a narrow view of their responsibility to society and always and everywhere be guided by selfish ends. Mr. Lloyd George has had the courage for the first time to grasp the nucleus of a reconstruction policy may be the labour of the Fund may be the labour of the Fund.

It is conceivable that in the admirable "Development Fund" the nucleus of a reconstruction policy may be found to lie. Of the estimated amount of £200,000 is to be allocated to the purpose of the Class War, no section of the proletariat has more rigidly pursued the doctrine in practice. The wholesale boycotting of The New Age on account of its support of the Radical and unemade classes is only one of many symptoms of narrowness in the Labour ranks; a narrowness which we venture to say has at last begun to cost them not only their efficiency but their political life. With Socialists, however, the case is different. As we say, Mr. Lloyd George's Budget is our opportunity. We and we alone are the creators and exponents of plans of social reconstruction of a definite, consistent and impregnable character. They have been subjected to all the ordeals of the effects with consciousness of and omission would never have left their marks on it. The additional tax on tobacco, for example, is in our view a piece of reaction for which no Socialist Chancellor would make himself responsible. Tobacco nowadays is no more a luxury than tea; and we can only suppose that the slight moral preference in favour of tea has exempted it from an increase along with tobacco. In any case, this instance of indirect taxation of a comparative necessity deposits one erratic boulder in the Budgetary movement. Mr. Lloyd George against the optimism that may easily arise as he contemptuates the immediate effect of his Budgetary bomb. Scattered and demoralised the forces of privilege may now be, but they will re-unite and renew their courage. Will Mr. Lloyd George be prepared? We urge on him the advisability, in view of the coming
General Election and every General Election in the future, the instant provision for the payment of election expenses at least, if not for payment of members. The war in which he has been, by his great speech constituted himself a leader is the war of the poor against their poverty. Are they to be handicapped from the outset by lack of funds for the purchase of the necessary weapons of Parliamentary attack? So long as only rich men can enter into the Kingdom of Parliament, so long will the war against poverty remain an affair of outposts, and only a sort of war. For real war we need a comparative equality of combatants; and we sincerely hope Mr. Lloyd George will press on the Cabinet the need we have indicated.

Granted that Mr. Lloyd George means business, that he will demonstrate that he means business by facilitating the return to Parliament of genuine reformers, and will appeal to the constituencies to support him by returning advanced and capable men, we have no hesitation in promising him the independent support of practical Socialists everywhere. Always we must reserve our independence, since no man is immortal, and no party dependent upon the support of wealth is to be trusted wholly. Yet, within these limits we are free to admit that a more promising declaration of political faith has never demanded the sympathy of Socialists or been more likely to ensure it. * * *

The second reading of the Trade Boards Bill was carried without a division on Wednesday after an admirable and sympathetic discussion. We have still to be convinced of the final utility of legislation aiming at fixing wages, but there is no doubt that, as Huxley used to say, a little reckless experimentation in social matters of this kind is needed. Nobody is now disposed to believe that governments should not at least attempt to ameliorate, if not abolish, the conditions of sweating; and even Mr. Harold Cox, that belated reversion to economic pterodactylism, had no other objection to the Wages Bill than that low wages were better than no wages. He failed, however, to prove first, that raising the wages of sweating workers would necessarily raise prices, and, secondly, that such a rise of prices, if it took place, would be favourable to the industry. On both points he was, in fact, answered in advance by his virtual chief, Mr. Balfour, whose speech, following Mr. Lyttelton's, was on the whole a benediction of the Bill. * * *

Mr. Marks raised for the second time a point of considerable interest, which on this occasion came in for discussion. He held that if home protective legislation of this character is passed, the nation must be protected from the importation of foreign sweated goods of the same description. Mr. Churchill's reply on Free Trade lines we regard as no more conclusive than that of Mr. Cox. Mr. Cox reasserted the stale fallacy that in international trade goods pay for goods, and that, in consequence, we could safely import sweated goods on condition that our own exports were non-sweated. This is parochialism run mad. Mr. Churchill talked of prices, if it took place, would be fatal to the industry. On both points he was, in fact, answered in advance by his virtual chief, Mr. Balfour, whose speech, following Mr. Lyttelton's, was on the whole a benediction of the Bill. * * *

There was no particular reason why the Government should not have acceded to the request of the Labour Party for more Inspectors of Mines without delay. Mr. Heald only assured the House that the sitting Commission on Mines had already agreed to recommend an increase; and the rise of the mortalities in mines during the last few years, and the increasing risks of mining, due to the use of new electric machinery should make that increase imperative now. It is scarcely resumed by the country that at the end of the year the average of deaths from accidents in mines is 1,300 per annum, most of which, as every practical person knows, might have been avoided by the exercise of sufficient compulsory care. Fifty new Factory Inspectors have been appointed within the last three years, and equal grounds exist already for the appointment of at least half a score Mines Inspectors. Mr. Barnes was quite right by his great speech constituted himself a leader is the war of the poor against their poverty. Are they to be handicapped from the outset by lack of funds for the purchase of the necessary weapons of Parliamentary attack? So long as only rich men can enter into the Kingdom of Parliament, so long will the war against poverty remain an affair of outposts, and only a sort of war. For real war we need a comparative equality of combatants; and we sincerely hope Mr. Lloyd George will press on the Cabinet the need we have indicated.

On Friday the Labour Party's Right to Work Bill was discussed in Parliament, and defeated by a majority of 100. Mr. Burns, who opposed it on behalf of the Government, had not the grace to say a good word for a principle which in fact, if not in name, ran through his colleague's Budget speech as clearly as through the Labour Party's Bill. We warn Mr. Burns that his Parliamentary attitude towards the Labour Party, and indeed, towards Labour questions, is rapidly becoming one of unmistakable prejudice. We can thoroughly understand, and even sympathise, with his opposition to a badly-drafted, middled-headed, and self-contradictory clause, calling for himself a Bill. What we can neither understand nor forgive is Mr. Burns's political folly in squandering his prestige to satisfy his personal dislike. There is not the smallest doubt that the principle of the Labour Party's Bill is sound; and surely sound but certain sooner or later to be openly adopted by the German Government, which in a country where the right to live is admitted—after a niggardly and almost penal fashion, it is true—the infinitely more respectable Right to Work must necessarily be admitted. We are not arguing, we are simply telling people the truth. Consequently Mr. Burns might have been better advised in commending the principle of the Bill, while criticising its terms. As it is, the Labour Party may very well live on his hostility.

Germany may have the ships (by 1912) and the men (by 1916), but she has not the money in 1909. Such a Budget as Mr. Lloyd George was able to prepare, with provision for the next three years, must make a German Chancellor's mouth water. On the German Imperial Budget there is a deficit of 11½ millions, to which must be added 28½ millions for new expenditure. With an income tax already on incomes of considerably less than £100 a year, broadening the basis of taxation is impossible, and the apex of society is inaccessible save by death duties, which the Reichstag refused to impose. Prince Bislou has been driven to raising the money by means of a loan ; and it remains to be seen whether our patriotic Teutophobes will take Mr. Zangwill's suggestion and refrain from financing the German Navy. We very much doubt it.

We have suggested before that the effective reply to the panic-mongers in England is to take steps to create an international police force, both military and naval. If it is objected that Prussia blocks the way, there is the alternative of a federation of the free peoples of the world. Every one knows that an offensive and defensive alliance, if it could be arranged between Imperial England and America alone would ensure the peace of the world ; and, save for certain serious blots on American policy, coupled with equally serious but insurmountable prejudices in both countries, we see no reason why such an entente in the larger sense should not be formed. We have asked Mr. Francis Grierson, the well-known author and essayist, to write for The New Age a series of articles on the subject. By his immense experience in both countries, and after a profound study of the psychology of both peoples, Mr. Grierson is, perhaps, better fitted than any other writer to lay down the first broad lines of a joint policy. His first article will appear next week.

In various articles, THE NEW AGE has warned its readers that the Congo agitation was engineered by politicians who were exploiting the over-taxation of the Congo natives for ulterior motives. The claim of Sir Edward Grey, that the Lado Enclave should revert to economic pterodactylism, had no other object than to create panic in England when the Congo Free State territories are transferred to Belgium, is a confirmation of our warnings. We hope the Belgian Government will resist this impudent demand of the British Government,
Socialist Principles and Practical Politics.

We deem it necessary to return to the subject dealt with in our political columns last week, to wit the problems that confront the Socialist as to how best he can apply his principles to practical politics. We then quoted the "Labour Leader," which had inaccurately defined the position of the intellectuals. The argument of that journal broadly was that we (the intellectuals, the middle-class Socialists, the doctrinaires, the schools and classes) are so obsessed with the pursuit of the idea that we fail to appreciate the practical way to compass our end. In the view of the "Labour Leader," the only way is to identify ourselves with the working class movement, which ex hypothesi it must be a movement of the working class. The principles laboriously obtained must sink to secondary importance, freedom of thought and elasticity of action must all give way to "the working class movement." The "still small voice" is not practical politics.

Let it first be remarked that no definition of "the working class movement" has as yet been vouchsafed. But, in a general way, we know that political trade-unionism is connoted. At all events, that is what it comes to in reality. In our "Note of Discernment to Mr. Arthur Henderson, M.P.," we pointed out that trade unionism must go by the sum total of manual workers—about one in six. In a sense, therefore, mathematics kills any pretensions the Labour Party may make to representing the working classes. Nevertheless, we readily admit that the trades unionists, by virtue of their organisation, constitute the backbone of proletarian politics. We will further admit that the Labour Party is the only political expression of working class ideas. But having got so far, how far have we got? Simply that an organisation exists: so far and no farther.

It is at this point that Mr. Keir Hardie pronounces ex cathedra that because the Labour Party is a working class movement it can do no wrong; and that even if, by evil chance, it did wrong, Socialists must do wrong with it rather than be right independent of it. Mr. Hardie and his colleagues go further: they affirm that, whatever its principles or its political methods, it must be an emancipating movement. Nor is that an end to their claim: all Socialists who decline to accept these dicta are condemned and excommunicated. They must "be fought down and fought out."

Before proceeding to indicate the political business of Socialists, it is important to ascertain definitely whether the Labour Party is in reality "a movement of emancipation." Emancipation from what? Obviously from economic exploitation. This cannot, however, be the full answer. The spirit of revolution is the essence of Socialism, and that as long as the Labour Party rejects Socialism it cannot be a movement of emancipation. Social reform is not enough: it may even be a positive danger, tending to render capitalism more efficient, and therefore stronger to resist Socialism. For example, last week, in the Commons debate on the Anti-Sweating Bill, it was admitted by Mr. Ballour and Mr. Lyttelton that higher wages make for greater profits. If the conception of the Labour Party is that higher pay costs and conditions under capitalism, they will make their party an unconscious buttress against emancipation. With the party's record before us, we cannot conscientiously declare that as yet it realises or understands its mission of overthrowing capitalism: we must rather gladily admit—that there are hopeful signs of a real awakening.

It is because of this that as Socialists we desire to co-operate with the Labour Party.

How, then, can Socialists most effectively apply their principles to practical politics? Is it to be by a complete merging into Labour, or by a sane and sympathetic co-operation with Labour, maintaining intact their body of doctrine and their political organisation? The Labour Party is undoubtedly the stronger of the two, but we said last week that it was not the Alliance to which we objected, but its terms. Our contention is that the I.L.P. is so fettered, morally and financially, to Labour that it cannot call its soul its own. So much so, indeed, that it was declared at Edinburgh that for an I.L.P. branch to declare itself was treason. And Mr. Keir Hardie declared that those who advocated such a course must be "fought down and fought out."

Please observe that it was not suggested that these Socialist candidates were to be in competition with Labour. It is not the Alliance that we contend that the branch would only undertake the task after the Labour Party had definitely decided upon taking no action. If the official interpretation of the terms of the Alliance be correct, then the situation is impossible and preparatory. Comrade H. K. Chesterton, the case of Mr. J. A. Allan, whose excellent letter was published last week. He is a convinced Socialist. He wants to fight for Socialism openly and avowedly. He is no mere middle-class adventurer, intent upon a political career. Had he joined the Liberal or Tory Party, he could have had anything by the sheer charm of his cheque-book. He is anxious to maintain a working alliance with the Labour Party, because his Socialism teaches him that the emancipation of the workers from exploitation is the basis of Socialist doctrine. Yet, according to Mr. Keir Hardie, he must be fought down and fought out. There are hundreds of Allans available if the Socialist movement can be liberated from the present impasse. The moral is obvious: the essence of the Alliance must be mutual aid and not mutual hindrance.

One of the most striking facts of modern Socialist propaganda is the spread of Socialist principles amongst the middle-classes. They, too, are under the harrow; and they want also to be emancipated. It would be affectation to pretend that the present political organisation of Socialism meets their needs or their idiosyncrasies. It is not class pride that keeps them away; it is the narrowing of the Labour Party's horizon and the prosscriptive methods adopted by the I.L.P. leaders. We are the last to advocate even the semblance of class-distinction in Socialist work, but we cannot escape from the conclusion that if the Socialists do not see the Alliance as it is to be regarded as sacrosanct, there is nothing for it but to ask middle-class Socialists to form their own alignment. Already the leniency is working amongst the prominent Fabian societies, a large proportion of their membership being anxious for a more definitely Socialist policy. Much, however, depends upon the shaping of the new Fabian constitution. If the "old gang" (the name is not opprobrious; they frankly adopt it themselves) are strong enough to maintain the principle of high centralisation, then the proclivity of the Fabians will have to reconsider their position. The Fabian Society at the present moment has an exceptional chance of saving the situation.

We trust that we shall hear no more nonsense from the "Labour Leader" as to alleged fundamental differences between intellectual Socialists and the Labour Party. The trouble is not caused by us, but by the ex-leaders of the I.L.P., who will not continue to reason-able liberty of action for those branches that want to adopt a more frankly Socialist attitude. Unless Mr. Keir Hardie is careful, he will be forgotten as the founder of the I.L.P., and be only remembered as its wrecker. His speech at Hammersmith on Sunday week will have been disgraceful if not so pitiable. It is fast becoming a tragedy that he and his lieutenants seem incapable of understanding that Socialists can always work in harmony, and even in alliance, with Labour, and that the time may not be far off when we will have to confess that the conviction that Socialism is an infinitely greater thing than Trade Unionism, and that loyalty to the ideal helps rather than hinders effective work in practical politics.
Immorality in East Africa.

When the Colonial Office Vote comes on for discussion in the House of Commons, one topic which is likely to arouse a painful interest, on both sides of the House, is the immorality of certain British officials in East Africa. The particulars, which have given rise to recent severe criticisms in the English Press on the purity of the administration in British East Africa, are grave in themselves; but the most serious aspect of this question is the charge that the whole service in East Africa is tainted with immorality, and that the Home Government is inclined to wink at these practices.

It is due to the public spirit of a private gentleman, Mr. Scoresby Routledge, who has certainly proved himself a worthy citizen of the Empire, and one with a high regard for the integrity of its administration, that the painful facts which we must briefly relate have been brought to the scrutiny of public men at home.

The two officials immediately concerned are Mr. Silberrad and Mr. Haywood. They were accused of having immoral relations with girls under sixteen against their will, which is an offence punishable by imprisonment for a term which may extend to ten years, under the regulations of the Indian Penal Code, the governing code in this Protectorate. Complaints were made by various natives to Mr. Routledge, who directed them to the attention of the Governor, whereupon an investigation was held by Judge Barth into the case of Mr. Silberrad alone. After a hearing lasting four days, the Judge made a report to the Governor, by which, according to published extracts, he found that the allegations against Mr. Silberrad, in substance, were well founded. It does not appear that there has been any formal inquiry into the charges against Mr. Haywood. According to a letter from the Governor's office at Nairobi, the action taken by the Government in this set of circumstances was merely this: "Mr. Silberrad loses one year's seniority and will not be put in charge of a district for two years. Mr. Haywood has been severely admonished. For the rest, a confidential circular has been issued to the Departments of the Protectorate, warning all officers against such practices as those brought to notice."

In face of the refusal of the Government to publish any papers on the subject, there is very little additional information to be gleaned from the correspondence which has been printed in the "Times," the "Spectator," and other papers.

In the pamphlet issued by Mr. Routledge, he has noted a conversation with an officer, who informed him that "fifteen out of twenty officials" have had dealings with native women. The editor of the "East African Standard," apparently, has come to the same conclusion, for he has commented thus: "Mr. Silberrad had before him the example, in many instances, of much older and higher graded officials." So far as can be ascertained, these two statements are the foundation for the suggestion that the Service is tainted with these malpractices. Though the confirmation is not strong, it supports the suspicion which one cannot help feeling, when considering the reasons for the inadequate punishment meted out to these two officials, that the Government has taken a lax view of this form of Imperial evil in the past.

On the other hand, the case for the defence, on general grounds, apart from particular acts, is one which cannot be lightly set aside. These two men are aged about thirty. They were both unmarried at the time of the offences. The country is a semitropical one. There is no European society and very few European women in the Protectorate. The offences were committed in comparatively remote stations, where European women are almost unknown. It would be unfair to set up home standards of morals, especially remembering how hypocritical the ordinary London paper, in order to condemn these two men. The NEW AGE does not believe in cant on moral questions; and there can be no doubt that single men who did not have immoral relations with native women, under such circumstances and in such a climate, would be abnormal in their restraint.

A further difficulty is created in the case of Mr. Silberrad, as he recently returned to Europe and married, though he has since resumed his duties in British East Africa in another district.

It is also established that the officials are poorly paid; therefore, a high standard of man is not attracted to the service.

Mr. Routledge, in his pamphlet, has advocated this procedure—that the two officials should be publicly prosecuted, or removed from their judicial capacities; in the districts under their control, they have the power of life and death, which naturally deters the natives from complaining against harsh and oppressive acts. Mr. Silberrad, in reality, was the judicial officer before whom the indictment would have been lodged, and the cause of the native prosecutrix heard, if a native had been guilty of these malpractices.

The other punitive measures asked for by Mr. Routledge are the punishment of the Provincial Commissioner and the recall of the Governor, in fact, has been transferred to the Windward Islands. The grounds for punishing the Provincial Commissioner are not clear; and this is a point upon which, without more data, we cannot support Mr. Routledge. For the future, the introduction of a better class of official, by means of increased pay, and the instant dismissal of magistrates convicted of similar offences, are suggested as remedies. We cordially agree that both these proposals are good, and we hope a pledge will be secured from the Government that they will be given effect to at the earliest opportunity.

After a most anxious consideration, we feel bound to assent to Mr. Routledge's contention that further action should be taken against the two officials involved. The plea in favour of Mr. Silberrad, that he has married since these occurrences, is of great weight, as his offence is morally criminal, not materially criminal. His lapse is a reminder of the facts of human nature; it is not a proof that his temperament is so cruel or so wicked as to unfit him for the public service. Against that must be balanced the important fact, bearing on morale and character, that he was engaged to be married at the time, and his repentance only followed discovery. The native girls were also used by him against their will, and in one case the girl was about to become the wife of one of his native subordinates.

On the whole, with some regret in the case of Mr. Silberrad, we think the case for the additional punishment of these officials is an overwhelming one. They are judicial officers; nothing more demoralising could be conceived than that such men should escape from the consequences of their misdemeanours, the correct legal term, probably, is crimes,—when it is part of their duty to punish others who have committed similar offences. This unchecked conduct on the part of officials must tend to bring the good name of Englishmen and civilised government among the natives. The argument that the natives like their women to be the mistresses of white men we mention only to remark that the whole of the evidence compels us to the opposite conclusion.

Lastly, the demand for a Commission of Inquiry, which shall be empowered to overhaul the whole administration of this Protectorate, is one which the Government will be most ill-advised to reject, as it is a demand which has been voiced from the most diverse quarters.

C. H. NORRIS.
Town Planning in Germany, and Town Betterment at Home.

By Professor Patrick Geddes.

We must not unduly estimate as a civic event our recent Town Planning visit to a few representative German cities, still less build a mystic wealth of immediate results from it; yet we may fairly take it as a noteworthy symptom as contributory evidence of the civic awakening throughout our towns, and surely as a further aid towards this also. For a good many years past it has been generally the custom for the Municipal Committee concerned with tramways or lighting, with cleansing or health, to go to see what has been done by their neighbours at home or abroad; and on the whole with useful results. But, with rare exceptions, notably that of the Birmingham Housing Committee’s Continental visit in 1905, we have as yet had hardly any municipal inquiries into town planning. Pending these, it is something that nearly a hundred persons, mainly city councillors and officials, largely architects and others occupied with city improvement and extension, should come together on this pilgrimage from all parts of the Kingdom, from Southampton to Aberdeen; and then, after a doubly vivifying wealth of new impressions and mutual contacts, should return to their own towns more convinced than ever that something must be done, and in some measure clearer about doing it.

The period of municipal inquiry and action which the Town Planning Bill so definitely arouses, and as Act may so soon officially inaugurate, must thus be a point and then, after a doubly vivifying wealth of experiences, these panoramic glimpses of great cities in growth and change. Still, there is something in group-experiences, these panoramic glimpses of great cities in their own towns more convinced than ever that something had enough and to spare also. But there remains a real and useful field for each of our many Cassandras, who will do us the service of broadly contrasting the strong points of the German cities with the defects and failures of our own towns. What is it, in fact, to these towns, which have grown up anyhow, our towns, in which railway and slum are separated by mere accidents of personal ownerships, or crushed together by mere planless growth, and which remain, as arts and crafts men know, a casual knack of infinite cost and labour, and with no organic unity, no adequate utility, and no beauty when done. Whereas, at Düsseldorf or Frankfort, we are shown a new port skilfully planned throughout, with its specialised havens, its depots and factory quarters, its railway and power station, all complete; and with these the new town-quarter, not left as with us to chance planning and building, with its monotonous mean streets, but with boulevards and gardens, each and all more or less bungled and vulgarised, from hidden railway station and mingled mean and garish streets to spoiled sea-front or defiled woodland.

Leaving aside all discussion here—since ample and accessible elsewhere—as to the ways and means of German Town Planning and of its eminent results, its manifest dangers and defects, let me emphasise the general impression at its best. It is that of a growing association of civic and social action with architectural and artistic trends, of civic and social action with architectural and artistic trends, of civic foresight and energy. Since the Arts and Crafts Movement has done much in its day—of an opposite type, those avowedly for health and beauty, be they large like Wiesbaden, or small like Homburg, we find no less comprehensive unity of design, no less civic boldness in realisation. Pleasant gardens and palatial Kurhaus, gentle promenades and spacious forest-drives and ramble all combined into a pleasing and varied whole, which retain the visitor till he feels at home, and thus attract him to return, and to spread its fame wherever he goes. Compare with this our commonplaces, just now, our „Utopians in the future, our Utopians in the present, our Utopians in the present; and with these the new town-quarter, not left as with us to chance planning and building, with its monotonous mean streets, but with boulevards and gardens, each and all more or less bungled and vulgarised, from hideous railway station and mingled mean and garish streets to spoiled sea-front or defiled woodland.

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their energies. They know how the improvement of towns and cities on their administrative and utilitarian side, so long and admirably promoted by Fabian and kindred agencies, has advanced, and is advancing, and that more general social idealism for which they hope and strive, even under the existing rules of the municipal game. Now here anew, amid the approaching outburst of town-planning and city improvement schemes, good, bad, and indifferent, with corresponding formation of civic betterment associations also, of all kinds and qualities, there is correspondingly opening everywhere a new field for the artist, a new audience for the socialiser. Each may say he is already busy; but such a range becomes us. The German cities will soon convince him that for our poor muddled towns there must also be ways of increasing their efficiency and his own together, of bringing civic survey and forethought towards material realisation, and this within the reasonably near future. There is a move to team and tell of Utopia; but has not this been going on long enough? Here in our present phase of industrial and municipal development the opportunity is arising for saying: “Here or nowhere is our America—our Utopia in some measure realised upon earth, our New Age at least begun. Messianic hopes and Fabian policies are neither of them to be despised; but surely there is place in the world for Pronaethean efforts, for Hercules labours also, and these localised as of old. As London may not The New Age supply much of the needful fire, its readers the needful strength? The Augenstabe, the deadly marsh, the evil birds, and all the rest are not far to seek.

The First of May.

“Humph! The First of May come round again!” growled the old German officer. We sat at breakfast in the pension, looking out over the blue Lake of Zurich to the jagged ridges in the distance.

“A very fine day, sir,” I suggested cheerfully. He looked at me and growled again.

“Ah, mein Lieber,” I forgot. You can thank your stars that you belong to a gentlemanly, Conservative nation. Your First of May—I have heard of it. May-poles and village dances—all such Kinderheit, nix wohl? All as it should be! A pleasant festivity—I was in London once. Everyone happy and contented. Yes, a gentlemanly nation. Representative government, Parliament—all very fine. But gentlemanly. Your reforms concerning even legislation—everything moves slowly, slowly . . .”

He made a gesture indicative of the progress of social reform in England. I nodded encouragingly.

“That is about the pace,” I said.

“Quite right, mein Lieber. Quite right. Every Englishman is proud of the government of his country, nix wohl? No dirty mcb showing its teeth once a year. No cursed Sozialdemokratie! No catchwords from the gutter! Respect for property—all classes contented—everything as it should be!”

I recognised the voice of the German Emperor. He makes pleasant speeches in this vein—after dinner—from time to time.

“You have evidently made a study of England, sir?” I said in English.

“Ah, unfortunately not. I was only two days in London. I do not speak. . . But I have heard. I have read something. A great country!”

These are the commonplacest of flattery. I made, a clever something implying a similar regard for the German empire. This was not our first conversation, and I knew that it was expected of me. He coughed apologetically.

“Ah, mein Lieber, it was not for the Sozialdemokratie! That is the danger. If we had only an educated Conservative working-class as you have in England! But this agitation from below—this everlasting ferment—our increasing taxation—and now the Death Duties! One never feels safe. . . There is my wife, for instance. She is in Paris now. And on the First of May one never knows. . . perhaps there will be rioting. . . a danger to life. . . from these vermin. . .”

He sat upright, looking at us in the fire. One could not feel amused any longer. As he sat there with his clear blue eyes and grey hair, he was something more than a crusty old Prussian soldier. He embodied the privilege of an ancient, aristocracy threatened with ruin. One could not argue with him. One does not argue with King Lear as he dodders out into the storm. And he was impressive because his anxiety was not only for himself, his family and property, but for the people, the people of his own country, all the associations of common speech and sentiment and race. “If Bismarck had only been firmer with the rascals. . .” he muttered. He was thinking of this First of May; of all the crowding banners in the streets of German cities—of the indignant outburst of an organised democracy. (Yes, they really do think of it like that in France and Germany. They have got to.) He rose. “Yes, this is the day when a gentleman should stay at home. But I shall go down to look at them—the ugly rabbles!”

Down by the lake the long processions were forming. Trade Unions were grouped under their proper banners, a brass band was stationed every hundred yards or so, and in between were the lines of workers, each kindly to labour in the towns. They are a trifle rough and ungainly in their ways, speaking a harsh German logic does not trouble them greatly, but they are well organised and quite as clear to what they want. But this agitation from below—this everlasting outburst of civic survey and forethought towards material realisation, and this within the reasonably near future. There is a move to team and tell of Utopia; but has not this been going on long enough? Here in our present phase of industrial and municipal development the opportunity is arising for saying: “Here or nowhere is our America—our Utopia in some measure realised upon earth, our New Age at least begun. Messianic hopes and Fabian policies are neither of them to be despised; but surely there is place in the world for Pronaethean efforts, for Hercules labours also, and these localised as of old. As London may not The New Age supply much of the needful fire, its readers the needful strength? The Augenstabe, the deadly marsh, the evil birds, and all the rest are not far to seek.
For the Reassurance of G. K. C.
By Cecil Chesterton.

Mr. G. K. Chesterton's article in last week's New Age is certainly the ablest controversial effort of his that I have ever read, and I think that we Socialists may at least congratulate ourselves on having forced him to abandon sharpshooting and to bring out his heavy artillery. I will, indeed, go further and admit that his argument is not only stupendously clever, but in a sense really valid and unanswerable. Only it is not valid against Socialism. It is not unanswerable by Socialists. It is valid as against a certain theory of how Socialism may be brought about—a theory associated, rightly or wrongly, with the Fabian Society, and commonly called the doctrine of "permeation." It was just such considerations which converted me, educated politically in the strictest sect of the Fabians, at the feet of Sidney Webb himself, from Fabian to Revolutionary Socialism. Briefly, the proposition which G. K. C. succeeds in proving is that Socialism will be most dangerous if it is brought about by anybody but Socialists. I heartily agree. It is worth saying. But it should be addressed to his Liberal friends, and not to us.

Mr. G. K. Chesterton thinks that "our lords are throwing themselves into Collectivism because it is the new intellectual thing, and by its help they may break Belloc and all the brazen voices that are beginning to tell them that an ordinary Englishman might possibly manage his own affairs." Now, the oligarchy is not in the least afraid of Belloc. No doubt it finds his habit of telling the truth in the House of Commons irritating and "in bad taste." No doubt it dislikes him, and would be glad to be rid of him. But it is not afraid of him, because it knows perfectly well that there is no force behind him. He was returned to Parliament by the organisation of one of the parties which the rich control. The withdrawal of the support of that organisation would make his re-election impossible. This fact, which, of course, makes his conduct all the more honourable to him personally, renders him utterly powerless to give the oligarchy a really exemplary fright. As for the "brazen voices," they all (with the absolutely isolated exceptions of my brother's and Belloc's) come from the ranks of Socialism.

I repeat that the oligarchy is not afraid of Belloc. But it is afraid of Socialism. I shall believe the contrary when I find the journals owned by the rich devoting column after column to scurrilous and hysterical abuse of Belloc, when I find Lord Claud Hamilton describing Belloc and everyone who agrees with Belloc as "devoid of honour, principle, and patriotism," when I find the Duke of Rutland saying that Belloc's programme is "one of undiluted atheism, theft, and immorality," when I find huge placards announcing that "Bellocism means Atheism" posted on every wall!

Mr. Chesterton thinks that the rich are on the side of Socialism. Does he read their papers? Has he read what the "Times" has to say on Socialism? What the "Express" and the "Standard" have to say? Has he ever heard of the Anti-Socialist Union? Does he know of the suspicions and persecutions which the Socialist workman and the Socialist clerk,—aye, and the Socialist journalist, if he is an honest man,—have to endure from their rich employers? Perhaps they are right to dislike their own love, but why do they kick us down stairs?

I know, of course, that there are among our rulers clever men like the Duke of Rutland, or Lord Claud Hamilton, or Mr. C. Arthur Pearson, and that their mode of opposing Socialism is subtler. It is true, for instance, that the astute Sir William Harcourt said: "We are all Socialists now." Does my brother remember a well-known catch of our friends, Mr. G. K. C.? He said to your innocent companion: "A man said to me the other day, 'My father had neither brothers nor sisters, yet that man's grandfather was my uncle.'" Now, what was he? And when your friends were puzzled by every possible interpretation of the tables of affinity, subtracting aunts and dividing by first cousins, you quietly informed him that the man was a liar!

Sir William Harcourt was not a Socialist. Mr. Winston Churchill is not a Socialist, and never will be a Socialist. But such politicians are clever enough to see that the power of the rich is threatened by the rising tide of Socialism. They seek to avert their own ruin by subtrating a sham. And we know that the only defence against sham Socialism is real Socialism—Social Democracy.

This brings me to the question of the actual colour and quality of the new movement of which G. K. C. seems to have so many strange illusions.

First let me correct a slight misapprehension of my own meaning. I never mentioned "armed insurrection." It was that in my view Socialism could never come except by a definite revolt of the poor against the rich. By this I meant a concerted movement on the part of the working class to capture political power, and to use it to force the rich to disgorge. Personally, I doubt whether such a movement could be carried to a successful issue without an appeal to arms. But the time for such an appeal is not yet. As I once heard Hyndman say—those who will not go to the ballot box will go to the barricades. No doubt it is the political organisation of the workers, with a view to political action. And for that a considerable section of the working class is already quite prepared.

When G. K. C. writes about the working class, I will not say that he writes without knowledge, but I do say that he generalises from a quite absurdly restricted circle of observation. He thinks only of London, and even in London he thinks almost always of the very untypical workers whom his very examples betray him. He talks of cabmen and coal-heavers. He never talks of cotton-spinners, or miners, or steel-smelters, or clothiers. His examples are drawn from Battersea or Notting Dale, or perhaps Bethnal Green. No, not from Bolton or Oldham, Huddersfield or Halifax, Birmingham, Newcastle, or Sheffield.

I admit that you will not find much Socialism among London cabmen and coal-heavers. But what about the huge industrial army of the North, the two and a half million of Trade Unionists? I do not say these men are all Socialists. I know very well that they are not. But they are largely officered by Socialists, and inspired in their class struggle by Socialists. The most active, alert, and intelligent of them are already Socialists, and the leaven of Socialism is fast working in the mass.

"Collectivism," says G.-K.-C., "is not a word that wakes people up." Possibly not; that, it may be, is why Socialists seldom use it. But Socialism is an ideal that wakes people up, and the proof of that is that when a workman does wake up, he almost always wakes up a Socialist. In nine cases out of ten, if he is not a Socialist, he is simply surprised. But they are going to make the acquaintance of a Chester-Bellocian workman! Will nobody introduce me?

Now the whole of this army of awakened and class-conscious working men, with its avatars from the educated proletariat of journalists, civil servants, teachers, doctors, and priests, is inspired by two dominant political sentiments—an enthusiasm for democracy and a hatred of the politicians.

G.-K.-C. says that it is not enough that Socialists vaguely desire self-government, since most Englishmen...
vaguely believe that they have got it. Just so, but it
happens that the one set of Englishmen who do not so
believe are the Socialists. They know that they have
got it not, and they are determined to have it. My
brothers and sisters, a different mode of enquiring as to
their sentiments concerning beer. Well, some of them
are very fond of beer. I am myself. Those who are
against beer are against it not because they are So-
cialists, but because the trend of the religious or moral
traditions in which they were brought up was against
it. Of the four considerable Socialist papers published
in England, three (including the two with the largest cir-
culation) are distinctly Anti-Puritan. But that by the
belief are the Socialists. They know that they have
happens that the one set of Englishmen who do not
account, we should leave out of account the undoubted
vaguely believe that they have got it. Just so
way. What
It
What
laws for, "regulating the lives of the people." If that
Socialism. Socialism involves the national ownership
of the means of production and distribution, and it
involves nothing else. Therefore no measure can be
called even Socialistic in tendency which is not aimed
at the transfer of the ownership of the means of pro-
duction and distribution or of their management or
of the income derived from them, to the nation. It is
obvious that Mr. Chesterton's imaginary law (no more
idiotic, I fully admit, than many real ones) for raiding
people's houses to see that they have the right kind of
soap and does not do this. Nor does the "Children's"
Nor would the measure which I see that some
lunatics have been advocating for enforcing on children a
compulsory bed-time. Therefore, these measures, good or
bad, are not Socialism or even approximations to
Socialism.

If we turn from measures like these to measures
which really are, so far as they go, instalments of
Socialism, we shall see that some of these the oligarchy
will, though less willingly, consent to carry. They do
not care about them as Mr. Chesterton seems to suggest. He has only to look at the measures of
Social Reform passed by Capitalist Parliaments (at the
Old Age Pensions Act of the present Liberal Govern-
ment, for example, or at the Unemployed Workmen Act
of the late Conservative one) to see that they are hedged
round with every restriction that can limit their scope
and render them ineffective. They carry them very un-
willingly in the hope of buying off the Socialists. These
things are the measure of their fear of Socialism, not
of their love for it. It is as absurd to call them
Socialists because they carry them as it would be to call
Charles I an ardent supporter of Parliamentary govern-
ment, because he gave his assent to the Petition of
Right. Still, skin-for-skin, yea, all that it hath, a class,
(like a man) will give for its life, and, under duress, the
oligarchy will pass such measures. It might seem,
therefore, that the clear-cut conflict between the Poli-
ticians and the Socialists may never come.

But it will come; and for a very obvious reason.
The oligarchy will, under sufficient pressure, pass
measures of this kind. But it will not pay for them!

That is the issue upon which the battle will be joined.
For it is an essential part of Socialism that the money
required for social reform shall come from the unearned
accumulations of the rich. Now that is not at all the
Politics. They see that the way to go by is by meeting the bills presented by organised Labour on the
middle classes, when they can no longer throw it on the
workers themselves. Thus this very year the work-
man will have to pay more for his tobacco, and the
clerk more for his whiskey, because Mr. Lloyd George
dare not put more than 1s. 2d. on the unearned incomes
of the greatest millionaires. And even this 1s. 2d.
causes the "Daily Express" to cry out that the pillars of
Society are cracking!

Thus it will be seen that it is a part of this immediate
Socialist programme to "take away the private incomes
of the financial politicians"—by means of taxation. Naturally
this is no part of the programme of the
Politicians.

G.K.C. has succeeded, then, in proving two things.
First that we must not trust the Politicians to give us
Socialism, that we must not support them, however
much they coquette with what they call "Socialism,"
for that we must immediately set about organising a
militant Socialist Party committed not only to explicitly
Socialism, but to uncompromising opposition to all Capi-
talist Governments; second, that in the forefront of this
party's programme we must put the confiscatory taxa-
tion of the incomes of the rich.

And now, will my brother tell us more about the con-
structive side of his own policy? Suppose a General
Election, or, if he prefers it, an armed insurrection,
gave the dictatorship to him or to himself and Belloc
First. What laws would they pass? Would they be
can; or at the Unemployed Workmen Act
Socialist programme to "take away the private incomes
of the greatest millionaires. And even this 1s. 2d.
I shall not have much to say about works rendered
famous by success or made venerable by tradition; let
it be noted once for all that Meyerbeer, Thalberg, Reyer
are men of genius, it is not otherwise of importance.
On Sundays when the weather is fine, I will not
to any music; I make my excuses in advance.
Finally, I beg you to take into account the word
"Impressions;" I attach great importance to it,
because it enables me to keep my feelings free from all
aesthetic parasites.

M. Debussy's Musical Impressions.
Translated by Mrs. Franz Liebich.

I. Music. (From "La Revue Blanche," April 1, 1901.)
Having been asked to write on the subject of music
in this Review, I beg leave to explain in a few words
how I intend to set about it.

In these pages you will more often find impressions
sincerely and truthfully expressed than criticism. The
latter resolves itself too often into brilliant variations
on the air of "You are wrong because you differ from
me," or "You have talent, I have none, this cannot be
allowed to continue." I shall endeavour to trace in
musical works all the many emotions which have helped
to give them birth, and I shall also try to reveal what-
ever inner life they may contain. Surely, this is more
interesting than the game which consists in taking
them to pieces, as if they were curious tinepieces.

Men forget that when they were children they were
forbidden to dismember their puppets (it was even then
next to murder), never omitting to keep in their
esthetic noses where they are not wanted. If
nowadays they have ceased to split open their play-
things, they still expound, dissect, and make away
in cold blood with all that is mysterious. It is
extremely convenient, and afterwards one can have a good chat.
Mon Dieu! I crass ignorance may be brought forward
as an excuse for some; a few others more malevolent
act with greater premeditation: one must vindicate
one's own cherished mediocrity. These last attract
a faithful clientle.

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famous by success or made venerable by tradition; let
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"Impressions;" I attach great importance to it,
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esthetic parasites.
A Piano Sonata by Paul Dukas

M. P. Dukas has just published a piano sonata. All these people of news may not disturb the ordinary trend of affairs in this mundane world, it is, nevertheless, an event implying a certain disinterestedness rare in these times, when music tends more and more not only to serve as an accompaniment to sentimental or tragic anecdotes, but is assuming the somewhat equivocal rôle of showman at the door of a booth wherein dwells empty sound and meaningless strife. Those who really love music are seldom seen in booths; they merely have a piano, upon which they play certain pages distractedly over and over again. This affects them in the same way as the "just, subtle, and mighty opium," and is a means of evoking the happiest moments and the least debilitating. 

M. P. Dukas appears to have been thinking of these persons when he wrote his sonata: the kind of hero who conceives this work mingled imaginative ideas with constructive ones that therefore the sonata is composed. The sonata is beautiful. In the third movement of this sonata one discerns under its picturesque aspect a power which is derived from it is identical with the beauty which is derived from the armoury. It is to be feared that this treatment may lend emphasis to the high kicks of the clowns, while a rattle dominates over all with a noise like an orgy at a fair. Of a certainty, Herr Strauss's art is not always so splendidly fantastic, but unquestionably he thinks in coloured pictures, and he seems to outline his ideas with his orchestra. It is an unhackneyed procedure, and one seldom in vogue. And, besides, it gives to Herr Strauss a means of handling his developments in a thoroughly individual way; it is no longer the exact and architectural manner of Bach and Beethoven, but a rather a development of rhythmic colours; with the utmost composure he brings together the most widely separated tonalities, caring little whether they "shrike," provided they supply him with the "vitality" he demands.

All these particulars are carried to excess in "Heldenleben," a symphonic poem which Herr Strauss conducted for the second time in Paris. One cannot quite admire certain initial ideas, which border on the commonplace, but after a while one is fascinated, first by the marvelous orchestral variety, then by the animation which carries you away for as long as it wills; one has lost the power of controlling one's emotion, and one does not even notice that this symphonic poem exceeds the length of those which one habitually listens to with ordinary patience.

Once again, it is a picture book; it is even a cinematograph. But the fact must be conceded that the man who constructed such a work, with such continuity of thought, is little short of a genius.

He had commenced with a performance of "Aus Italien," a symphonic fantasy in four parts (a work, I think, of his youth), in which one is merely carried away by a inexhaustible treasury of forms and possible souvenirs, within which he can adapt his ideas to the measure of his imagination. He places a check on his emotion, and knows how to avoid superfluous feeling consequently, he never indulges in those parasitic developments which so often lend disfigurement to that which is beautiful. In the third movement of this sonata one discerns under its picturesque aspect a power which governs its rhythmic fantasy with the silent strength of a different definition—music is for him an inexhaustible treasure of forms and possible souvenirs, with which he can adapt his ideas to the measure of his imagination. He places a check on his emotion, and knows how to avoid superfluous feeling; consequently, he never indulges in those parasitic developments which so often lend disfigurement to that which is beautiful.

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Whited Sepulchres.

By [Beatrice Taa]

CHAPTER II.

MAMMA PEARSON had come up to her daughter's room with a definite purpose, and determined to fulfill that purpose before she should leave. She was a mother of a well-known overbearing and snobbish disposition, and had spent the achievement of what she considered her duty, and no executioner could have carried out his ideal with less nonsensical sympathy for the welfare of his clients.

The Umbrían painter, Piranturichio, in his picture of the return of Ulysses, has placed in the foreground a grey cat making for the garden, spare, barefooted; of this creature, with its hair parted quarterly in the middle, its small, oval countenance and deep-set eyes, suggest a parodied likeness of one of the early Madonnas. The features are characteristic of a woman whom one distinguished such attributes, and a sort of social cunning which preserves her position, added to natural overbearance and insensitiveness, make her at once the most valuable auxiliary of religion and convention, and the most subtly virulent of all the dragons Youth has to encounter.

Mrs. Pearson was of this type, and she possessed all the means to exert her power. She was fond of describing herself as "mother, wife, and Christian-no more." She had never dreamed of her virility in plain to rag bags, or to tell her that she was a mother who knew no more of her child than the size of its garments, a wife whose companionship he took for granted, and a Christian whose conduct and conversation suggested that her inquisitorial preferment into her thoughts and affairs was uncalled for. But the accident of the recording angel could scarcely have convinced Miss Pearson that such was the truth about herself. She never missed morning service at St. Paul's, and subscribed for the purpose of filling the empty treasury.

"All ready, dear?"

"Oh, yes, mamma."

Mrs. Pearson settled her black skirt away from the fender, and smoothed the collarette over her shoulders. Her steel-coloured hair shone, handed back on each side of that face of hers, so like that of Piranturichio's cat.

"I'll pack all your special belongings in this room, and have them arranged as nearly like as I can in your new home."

"Mrs. Pearson, of course, had never mentioned what she would have termed "matters of delicacy" to her daughter. There had passed between them the inevitable confidence of Nan's adolescence, but the subject of marriage, ever discussed had been therefrom avoided. There is something to be said on the side of reticence; and if the young of both sexes might not by left to find their own path through the wilderness, kept uncorrupted by false religion and unnatural conventions, their own intuition might safely be trusted. But that long since impossible. Life has been made a thing of fashion books, novels, and the money market. By the time girls and boys are adolescents they are walking pantheons of all the idols of their particular social class. Thus it is most rare for a modern young man or woman to be so divinely uncorrupted by the prevalent low commercial and social ideals as to be safely left to work out for her own what she considers her duty.

Mrs. Pearson settled her white gloves on her own initiative. She had been escorted everywhere by her mother, and with endless cunnings this mother had taught the girl to consider herself superior in looks and taste above all other girls. She had been driven from cradle to cradle, kept uncorrupted by false religion and unnatural conventions, which she had been too well drilled ever to dream of having. There had passed between them the inevitable confidence of Nan's adolescence, but the subject, properly enough, once the wealthier classes. A factory girl who engages herself to her daughter is sent out uninstructed and "an upright Christian," "an honourable business partner," and so forth. Mrs. Pearson knew the value of her husband as a social asset. Nan had never even bought a pair of gloves of her own initiative. She had been escorted everywhere by her mother, and with endless cunnings this mother had taught the girl to consider herself superior in looks and taste above all other girls. She had been driven from cradle to cradle, kept uncorrupted by false religion and unnatural conventions, which she had been too well drilled ever to dream of having.

"Now listen, my dearest Nan. You really need a feeling of reality in life. I remember when I was very glad to have a few of my old things for my position as a wife."

"Oh, mamma!"

"There is no exception to nature."

"Yes, mamma, thank you."

"You shouldn't have quite so many of your own things about the place there as here. Nan. You must leave ample room for Thomas. He's a welcome, and gave up the big chair by the fire, and stood, like one disturbed in a waking dream, a little behind her mother.

"But there is no exception to nature."

"Oh, mother!"

"Mrs. Pearson laughed: a little noisy laugh."

"Now listen, my dearest Nan. You really need a little plain commonsense. Love and marriage are not at all the nonsense you suppose. You have been exposed to a great deal of nonsense before the honeymoon and before the honeymoon is over you will discover what I mean. You must really put aside your romantic notions and prepare for the business of married life. It is all very well for an engaging maiden to go away and it won't do for a wife. Marriage is not romantic at all in actual fact. There is a good deal of—disagreeableness to be encountered, and probably much pain, but you must put up with it. It is natural and ordained by Providence.
It is the lot of all women, and, I am afraid, you will find Thomas just as exciting as other men. There, my dear, I hope you understand me. I speak for your good.\(^6\)

The girl's reply was distressing to a correct mother: "Why didn't you tell me before?"\(^7\)

Mrs. Pearson intended to gaze severely upon her daughter, but, looking up, she met two indignant eyes. She glanced away hastily, and evaded a direct answer. "I am telling you now, and I hope you will take my words in a right spirit."

"I don't know what you mean," cried the girl, and she threw herself upon her pillows. "It's too late to tell me now."

"Nonsense. Pray do not be foolish, Nan. You are exaggerating my meaning. All women have to put up with it."

"Put up with what? Oh—I won't get married at all—I won't! I won't!"

"You perfectly ridiculous—" ("idiot" Mrs. Pearson nearly said, but she restrained herself). "Nan, get up. Nan, dear, I assure you you have quite misunderstood me. I merely merely meant to point out to you that you must consider our dear Tom as a man sometimes, and not always as a lover. You know, dear girl, you are just a bit too romantic—are you? Dry your eyes, now, and come along downstairs for a few minutes with papa. He wants to show you a beautiful new watch and pendant, set with your favourite diamonds and turquoise—and then we have all the flowers to arrange in the drawing-room. Come along!"

Miss Pearson sat up. The ethereal instinct of flight she had experienced wavered away.

"Oh, mamma, how you did frighten me. I seemed to see everything cold and grey—horrible—for a moment."

It did not seem to me to have arrived I consider that that which has caused a certain amount of comment. (By the way, the "Times" printed this letter in small type."

"I heard her tears!" she repeated several times. That was love! The far-beneath worship of the Lover.

And to-morrow she was to be married. And marriage was being Mrs. Tom Heck and the mistress of dwä, The Gardener.

The bond between the two positions seemed the never-forgettable fact that the worshipped lady of love and the superior lady of the house both were to wear new and expensive apparel.

((To be continued.))

Books and Persons.

(AN OCCASIONAL CAUSERIE.)

I have hitherto refrained from discussing the case of John Davidson, because the moment for discussing it did not seem to me to have arrived. I consider that the time is still too soon. One is inclined to think differently. In the "British Weekly," "A Man of Kent," with its urgent passion for never leaving till to-morrow what can be squeezed into to-day, has pronounced John Davidson to be dead, written his obituary notice, and struck him definitely into a pigeon hole, where future ages may find him if they so desire. This is all very energetic and positive, but the fact remains that we have had no sort of proof of John Davidson's death. In my opinion, John Davidson is quite capable of turning up again. I am acquainted with people—people not liable to capricious fancies—who are firmly convinced that he still lives; and their reasons and arguments are strangely persuasive to those who know the literary world.

An even more important person then the "Man of Kent"—namely, Mr. William Watson—has assumed John Davidson's death in a letter to the "Times," which has caused a certain amount of comment. (By the way, the "Times" printed this letter in small type.)

The "Times" system of differentiating between letters by means of various sizes of type is absurd, and here was a particularly absurd instance of it. Recently the "Times" has engaged a humourist to write facetious essays about love, etc., in its leader page; this gentleman, who is not without wit, might usefully, in his
spare time, give lessons to the editor in humour, for if the editor had one drachm of humour, he would abolish the snobbish methods of differentiation by type-sizes.) Mr. Watson was well within his rights in sending his letter to the “Times.” Also, I have a genuine though unexuberant admiration for Mr. Watson as being a real poet by profession, a man who lives for song alone. But I wish he had not written the letter. It is so de-testably written. The poor florid thing might almost have been signed, “Hall Caine.” And Mr. Watson apparently suffers under the same misfortune as the editor of the “Times”: lack of humour. He would deduce the country’s complete literary decadence from the fact that whereas England, my England, get acutely excited about the disappearance of Violet Charlesworth, England has remained cold-calm about the disappearance of John Davidson.

* * *

The cases are not parallel. If John Davidson had contrived to disappear with the same crude theatrical ingenuity as Violet Charlesworth, England would have pricked up her ears at once. I am tolerably keen concerning literature, and tolerably indifferent to the seductive journalistic charm of heroic ladies such as Violet Charlesworth, but I was certainly far more interested in the vanishing of the woman than of the man. The point needs no labouring; it has magnitude. Mr. William Watson gets angry, with dignity if not with minor verse as would have gained

John Davidson’s work will probably live, but only in tiny fragments. Nowhere in his slim volumes are there fifty consecutive lines of fine poetry; nor did he once compass anything even moderately important that was homogeneously and continuously distinguished. He was memorable merely in odd stanzas. When he tried fiction, which is supposed by poets to be so easy, he failed miserably. The consequentiality of little poets who would have been great poets if only they had had sufficient skill, sufficient inspiration, sufficient staying power, and sufficient self-control, is ridiculous. Novels, in long intervals of long and exhausting creation, throw off as much minor verse as would have gained them Civil List Pensions if they had not been novels. Do you mean to say that Thomas Hardy or Eden Phillpotts would have been renowned among persons who attach great importance to an occasional fine stanza, if they had not been novelists?

* * *

Now as to those phrases “obscurity and cruel neglect” and “the accumulated fury of a life-time.” What Mr. William Watson practically does is to array a whole civilisation because John Davidson was not able to live in Park Lane and to employ running footmen to make straight a pathway before his face. Over and over again since the poet’s disappearance, a vast plaint was raised against the public has been upraised by the friends of rhyme. And Davidson himself considered that he was ill-used by a vicious world. He found that our civilisation was unsuited to him, and his latest books were an attempt to melt our civilisation and mould it into something new in which he would be more at ease. It appears to me simpler and juster to say that it was Davidson (with others like him) who was unsuited to our civilisation, and not vice versa. There is a fine phrase in Marcus Aurelius about the folly of being startled by the current phenomena of human nature, of

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By J. Ramsay MacDonald, M.P.

WHAT’S WRONG WITH THE SOCIALIST AND LABOUR MOVEMENT?

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By Miss Margaret McMullan.

RELIGIOUS ASPECTS OF WOMEN’S SUFFRAGE.

Report of Address.

By Canon Scott Holland.

SERMON AND ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS.

By Rev. R. J. Campbell, M.A.

Reports of Labour Party’s Drury Lane Theatre Demonstrations (April 28) an Women’s Suffrage Demonstration (W.S.P.U.) in Albert Hall (April 29).
behaving in the world as though you were a stranger in a strange land. Anyone would imagine, to hear Mr. Watson, that the plain, honest man in the street had committed a crime in not buying the books of John Davidson instead of classics. I wonder how many contemporary artists Mr. Watson has neglected! Davidson of course knew, they two being in the same trade. But supposing that Cyril Scott in music, or Charles Dickens in literature, or Mr. A. Haussman in architecture, were to demand from Mr. Watson, “what attention, what moral support, did you give me in my art when I needed it?” Could Mr. Watson make a reply which would square with his attack on a defenceless public? Of course if attacked, the misfortune is the artist’s, but the fault is not the public. The fault is in the secret nature of things. And it is not a fault after all, it is the sole reason and excuse for the continuance of the cosmic scheme. When the day comes in which there are no poets fine and curious and impossible enough to be neglected by the general public, this world may put up its shutters. But such a day will never come. If the general public were suddenly by miracle educated up to Mr. Watson’s passionate level of literary insight and taste, there would arise to-morrow poets of merit that Mr. Watson and the other men in the street would obstinately refuse to listen to. All is relative.

* * *

And anyhow the words “obscenity and cruel neglect” are posterozeros in relation to John Davidson. Why, the British Empire gave him two pounds a week to listen to. All is relative.

BOOK OF THE WEEK.

A Complete Nietzsche at Last.*

Thanks to the public spirit and generosity of Dr. Oscar Levy, the English reading public is now on the eve of getting what it scarcely deserves: a complete cheap and satisfactory edition of the works of the most revolutionary philosopher of modern times. The four volumes which we have received are well bound, well printed, and, as far as we can gather, excellently transcribed and regarded it as almost an official recognition, and as such its significance was tremendous. What would Keats have said to such a recognition? No, no! I reiterate my saying that we do not care what his motives may have been. What was blindly entertained by English publishers shared the prejudice against Nietzsche which was blindly entertained by English moralists; and regarded it as almost a sacred duty to ensure for him the smallest possible public. Dr. Oscar Levy, while paradoxically regarding the English public, and, in fact, all publics, as scarcely worth the consideration of an aristocratic philosopher, nevertheless has been at both pains and expense to present the English public with this edition of his master. We may frankly say that we do not care what his motives may have been. For all we know, he may imagine that a dose of Nietzsche will be enough to procure the extinction of numerous vermin of the intellectual sort; or it may be that his edition is new homoeage to Nietzsche. Our concern is to have the works of Nietzsche, and all the works of Nietzsche, accessible to everybody, though at their peril.

Of the four volumes so far issued, not one of them has been hitherto translated. “The Birth of Tragedy” is in some ways the key to the door of Nietzsche’s mind.* It is success which colours success. — The New Age, May 6, 1909.

* * *

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He took pains, we know, to disdain some of its ideas in later life; and particularly we are told that he declared his announcement of the goose Wagner as a true Dionysian swan. But it is precisely such hasty judgments that the first impulses of a thinker are revealed; and the difference between the Nietzsche of "The Birth of Tragedy" and the Nietzsche of, say, "The Will to Power," is not, in our view, so much a difference either of kind or of development so much as a different presentation. The central ideas, in fact, of his earliest essay on Greek tragedy remained central throughout all his life; but his judgments of contemporaries, while they became more wary, remained equally impulsive and partial.

It is, therefore, to the "Birth of Tragedy" that we would call most attention amongst this first quartette of his complete works. Nobody who has any intellectual life will, we are sure, rest content with the reading of this work alone; but it is the best introduction to all the rest. Thoughts out of Season contains long and illuminating essays on David Strauss, Wagner, and Schopenhauer, and a positively wonderful discourse on the Use and Abuse of History. "Beyond Good and Evil" is perhaps the most difficult book of the four. But difficult is scarcely the term to apply to a writer whose style, even in translation, is a delight and whose message is Fiat lux.

ART.

The Carfax, Grafton, Goupil and Morris Exhibitions.

The Carfax Gallery, which flatly refuses to make a mistake in its choice of what is worth calling the judgment-seat at the Carfax until he is far above the standard of the current notions of what is good Art. It is, therefore, to the reading of this exhibition that we are sure, rest content with the reading of this work alone; but it is the best introduction to all the rest. Thoughts out of Season contains long and illuminating essays on David Strauss, Wagner, and Schopenhauer, and a positively wonderful discourse on the Use and Abuse of History. "Beyond Good and Evil" is perhaps the most difficult book of the four. But difficult is scarcely the term to apply to a writer whose style, even in translation, is a delight and whose message is Fiat lux.

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The transition to Mr. Wilson Steer’s show at the Goupil Gallery is almost startling. Mr. Fry handles Nature with a gentle respect, as though it might more than likely hit back if it resented the attention. Mr. Steer treats Nature as an equal. It is there, not to be respected, but merely to be used as he finds convenient for his purpose. There is audacity in his brush. Mr. Fry is discreet; Mr. Steer is defiantly regardless of the conventions. He treats the “Grande Place of Montreuil” and the hills round “Corfe Castle” as if they were all made for his pleasure. There is something regal in the magnificence of his style. His portrait of a girl “In a Conservatory” is an artistic flirtation; his “The Balcony” is a romance in the grand manner. In short, Mr. Wilson Steer insists that the great artist must have a share in the work of creation: he cannot be satisfied to leave the world just as he finds it. Perhaps he is sometimes too exuberant in his colour— as in “The Lime Kiln”— but Dame Nature herself often gives a little too far.

The “Chosen Pictures” at the Grafton Gallery are, in the words of the catalogue, “to afford a retrospective view of the work of some artists, done within the last decade.” There is so much that is interesting that it is impossible to begin a detailed account; perhaps it is fair to say that the works of Mr. William Strang give the exhibition its chief value. The seven and bouring wall. Note, again, how he multiplies the varied beauties of flesh and yet uses restrained artist as Mr. Charles Shannon on the neighbouring wall. Note, again, how he multiplies the varied beauties of flesh; while Mr. Greiffenhein, opposite, so soon uncovers a limb that he runs away from it. But Mr. Strang should be seen, not written about. As also, in this show, should be Mr. Nicholson, Mr. August John, Mr. E. Sullivan, and Mr. Charles Ricketts.

I find myself without space to speak of the tapestries which are now on show at Morris and Company’s rooms in Oxford Street. And, in truth, I think that the Crafts are of more importance than the Arts; and of the Crafts the weaving of tapestry seems the most royal and majestic. Those who desire to see what is being done at the present time should go to Oxford Street, if it is merely to spend sixpence on the palatial illustrated catalogue. I do not think Mr. Byam Shaw is quite a natural designer for tapestry, and I think Burne-Jones is too monotonously affected to please all time. Yet the Morris tapestries are infinitely beautiful, and their craftsmanship is a delight.

G. R. S. TAYLOR.

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MR. G. K. CHESTERTON AND SOCIALISM.

To THE EDITOR OF “THE NEW AGE.”

No doubt it is better to be misunderstood by a G. K. Chesterton than to be quite completely and perfectly followed by the plain man. It has several advantages, it makes it possible, for instance, to agree with every word that one’s brilliant antagonist has written (an always safer and pleasanter course than to disagree with him), without necessarily going back on anything one said before, and it gives one an opportunity of re-stating one’s case a little less imperfectly than it was originally expressed.

Now, I do agree with everything Mr. Chesterton in his “Shrink of Warning” says, except as to my believing myself in Heaven. That is quite a misconception. Some time since I came across the story of a dream which has...

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made, for me, any such agreeable mistake for ever impossible. It was a Chicago man's dream, and he dreamt he was in Heaven, and was astonished to find how closely that comfortable and peaceful rule of doing up to good use of the bright creatures he found floating around, he said to him, her, or it: "Sir, Madam, or What Not, permit me to remark how gratified and delighted I am to find Heaven so like Chicago." "Stranger," replied the angel, solemnly, and with great emphasis, "You are not in Heaven!"

Since this simple and, I fear, too well-known story, I have always been on my guard against imagining myself to be in Heaven, and for that reason Mr. Chesterton would not be much more over the mark had he attributed my illusions to a dogged idea that I was in a quite other place.

With this exception I think I can agree with every sentiment expressed by Mr. Chesterton in his very charming and musical shriek—the more cordially that not one of them really touches the point of my argument. What was that argument?

It was that salaries under Socialism (which Mr. Chesterton says the Churchills and Cecils, etc., will be hard at work voting to themselves—capturing and controlling Socialism for that purpose) are a very different matter in their effects on the nation from the incomes, even of exactly similar amounts, derived from rents, interest, and profits under present conditions. The difference really consists in this: When a man is paid a salary, no matter how large, we know what he gets, as it were, the extent of the mischief; but when we leave him to pay himself (as we do under the present, or privatizing, system), we not only don't know what he gets, but what a more serious question we don't know what he pays. It is not so much what the capitalists get that Socialists object to, as the nastiness way they get it. To do a little good to themselves, they are at all times ready to do a great deal of harm to their fellows; indeed, profit cannot be secured in any other way, for it is only by keeping the people's supplies short of their needs, and by keeping them "off the grass," as it were, so far as access to nature is concerned, that the phenomenon of profit is made to appear at all, and no one yet has calculated what a amount to the exclusion of the people from the means of production occasions, although it is possible, with the help of Mr. Chiozza Money, to make some sort of guess as to the amount of power that the ruling class it brings.

Mr. Patten may corner the wheat supply of the world for a day or two and then suffer a slump, so that when he ceases his operations, instead of millions in pocket, he is, perhaps, only the price of a third-rate Cabinet Minister for one year to the good; but his attempt, although so moderately successful, has cost the world a sum altogether disproportionate to his gain, while the sufferings of the extreme poor in all countries (scarcely to be calculated in money) occasioned by it are out of all ratio to the quantity of personal profits Mr. Patten has achieved for himself in the course of his exciting effort.

My argument is that it doesn't seem a very important matter who is going to 'Secure the big change of the very conditions under which government—by any one (who never think in less than terms of four figures) would have checked enough on themselves, goes on for ever, and gets bigger as it proceeds.

Mr. Chesterton's shriek of warning thus leaves me quite cool and collected. We have made no effort to guard against hisprecipice, because we are already at the bottom of it—we already have no democracy because we have no social democracy—and we cannot have less than none.

Sanderstead, May 1st, 1909.

H. T. MUGGERIDGE.

P.S.—Mr. Chesterton says that any man who thinks that the social change will begin with the taking away of the private fortunes of rich politicians must have left his five senses. Well, the Budget just introduced shows that it is exactly how it will begin, for Mr. Lloyd George proposes to put a super tax of 6d. in the £ on one who receive above £5,000 a year, i.e., he is going to take, in order to pay for social reform, exactly one-fourth part of the very fortunes Mr. Chesterton says will never be touched, so nothing of the share he intends to appropriate when the property of the rich changes hands at death.

THE WHITECHAPEL MURDER.

To the Editor of "The New Age."

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I regret that I have conspired with the composer in an injustice to Mr. Herbert Hughes; but as Mr. Hughes kindly transforms the error into an emolument, all must be well. I cannot, however, be convinced by his trombonic metaphor, for I may be unwilling to have, say, "Ein Heldenleben" performed in my drawing-room, or to undertake the direction of the orchestra that performs it, without impugning the genius and mastery of Strauss.

I should be at one with Mr. Hughes in claiming that the aesthetic enjoyment of any work of art is in no degree connected with a knowledge of its author's life; but I am not prepared to admit a contrariety of taste. Is it not for the guidance of others, of an artist's whole work can be conducted either luminously or justly without some reference to it, and without any due respect for its achievement? But I would not, for instance, be useful to discuss the flaws in "Paradise Lost" on the assumption that that work was wholly the achievement of its author's last years, and putting aside the probability that Milton's later poems might not have been composed if Milton had not become blind, "Paradise Regained," "Paradise Lost," and especially "Samson, Agonistes," offer undoubted indications that their nature and their excellence were profoundly conditioned by their author's blindness.

"OUIGHT CHRISTIANS TO BE SOCIALISTS?"

An IMPORTANT DEBATE will take place at the MEMORIAL HALL, (Large Hall), Farrington Street, E.C., on Monday, May 17th, 1909, between REV. CONRAD NOEL, M.A.

(An Author of "Objections to Socialism," etc.)

AND:

MR. F. G. JANNAWAY.

(An Author of "A Godless Socialism," etc.)

Question: OUGHT CHRISTIANS TO BE SOCIALISTS?

Mr. NOEL will affirm. Mr. JANNAWAY will deny.

Chairman: G. K. CHESTERTON, Esq.

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Ethical discussions must always, in the end, be limited by appeals to custom; and probably it is content to recognise that Mr. Herbert Hughes disapproves of Weber as another eminent critic disapproves of Strauss, as Tolstoi disapproves of Dickens, and they will both sooner be approved seriously of Bietz—though I am anxious to recognise extinguating circumstances in the case of Mr. Hughes, on account of the very early formation of his opinion.

I do not see, however, how Englishmen can gracefully disqualify "Oberon," considering the bad pantomime libretto with which an Englishman encumbered Weber's little opera.

It is certain that Weber's specific genius for a musical expression of the essence of the mysterious powers of nature was more than an instance of the construction of knotty and errant and distressed damselfs which satisfied all the great artists of his generation; but I am content to leave his defence, as herefore, to Mr. Hughes, to Mr. Hughes to his book. Returning once more to Mr. Hughes' own words, "the pre-judge of the average musician" speaks for itself, and may surely be always disregarded; for prejudice can have no place in fundamental criticisms of the art. I thank him for the word.

In bidding a gentle farewell to Mr. Hughes, I will only add that I look to him to agree with me in rejoicing that the end of our miniature controversy coincides so appropriately with the announcement that a translation, by Mrs. Liebich, of Debussy's writings is to be published in THE NEW AGE.

GORDON BOTTOMLEY.

THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE.

I have been looking with expectation every week in the various letters which have appeared on the Weber-Debussy controversy for mention of one of the great romantic masterpieces of which the fame of Weber so generally rests. That "Oberon," and "Euryanthe," and the soatacts contain nothing, or at least very little, of any permanent musical value may be perfectly true; and if Weber had written nothing else, it would probably be as dead to me as that of, say, Dussek, or any ordinary capellmeister. But there is one work, and one alone, which will always ensure Weber's name, and that is "Freischütz." Surely not even Mr. Herbert Hughes will call in question the genuine romantic inspiration of Weber's great masterpiece.

E. R. BERTOLI BAX.

"THE JURY DISAGREED.

To the Editor of "The New Age.

It is a curious thing that one may, in public, be quite frank about other people, but not about oneself. So, at least two of my critics in last week's issue of this paper pretend to hold. The variety of opinions in musical criticism does not (as Mr. Edward Agate suggests) surprise me at all; I have many times observed that people don't always think alike. Inaccuracy, however, may sometimes mean serious professional faults on the part of the young artist. The inaccuracies of several critics in commenting upon the song-cycle referred to were generally slight. One critic, however, for some reason or other, came very near the name of Garcia's première in no mild terms. Mr. was quite inaccurate, and this sort of inaccuracy would certainly justify Mr. Garcia charging the critic (or the paper) with libel, for this accusation implicates my professional name and reputation. While Mr. Garcia's première was an unqualified success, I had no part of his genial letter (the second part was answered in the same issue), that my shameless article was justified.

To Mr. Agate, who asks me what are his views, I would answer that if I had been associated with Doell, Schube, and Guy d'Hardelot, Strauss and Frank Lambert come into that category, as distinguished from "Lochaber no More," and "Hunting and Fishing," to come under the heading of folk-songs. At least fifty of Richard Strauss' hundreds songs are unmissible and ugly. There are no singing folk-songs.

H. H. HERRBERT HUGHES.

THE NEW AGE.

To the Editor of "The New Age.

Allow me to congratulate you on the issue of last week. As an old journalist who still keeps in touch with the journals of the world, I have no hesitation in declaring THE NEW AGE to be the best penny review that has ever seen the light of day. I understand that, to our shame, THE NEW AGE is still far from paying. May I suggest that you should double the price without delay? Not one of your readers, I am certain, would grudge the increase, even if it involved going without the "Daily Mail" twice a week. Personally, I should not think expense too much, though my income is limited in that I am not a member of the House of Lords for the word.

"Obviously," Mr. Hughes insists, "the prejudice of the average musician" speaks for itself, and may surely be always disregarded; for prejudice can have no place in fundamental criticisms of the art. I thank him for the word.

In bidding a gentle farewell to Mr. Hughes, I will only add that I look to him to agree with me in rejoicing that the end of our miniature controversy coincides so appropriately with the announcement that a translation, by Mrs. Liebich, of Debussy's writings is to be published in THE NEW AGE.
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