SOCIALISM AND THE LABOUR PARTY.

THE NEW AGE

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF POLITICS, LITERATURE AND ART.


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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

The passage of the Budget may be delayed, but it will not be obstructed by the formation of anti-Socialist caucuses. Liberal or Tory. The latter variety, in the form of the Budget Protest League, is an old enemy in a new face. Mr. Walter Long has never done much more than issue an order for dog-muzzling, and we suspect him of suspecting hydrophobia in every unfamiliar movement. Socialism for such as he is simply a disease: he cannot understand it as an economic necessity. Of the Liberal cave there is not much to be said. One of its members, Sir John Dickson Poynder, took the chair at the Mass Meeting held in Drury Lane Theatre in April, 1907, on which occasion Mr. Churchill, following the late Premier, adumbrated the land policy of Mr. Lloyd George's Budget. On that occasion Sir John was a Land Reformer. What golden sun has shone on him since then? Mr. Cox, of course, belongs to the cave, is, in fact, its hollow. That scone assures its rapid collapse.

We have not yet come to the detailed discussion of the clauses of the Budget one by one; but already all the monsters of the antediluvian intellectual world are issuing from their slime. On the subject of land the fight will certainly be the most prolonged and bitter. The handful of people now in possession of over a half of the land surface of the United Kingdom will not easily forgo their hold on the Fortinian' purse of other people's industry. Nothing will be too mean for them to do to retain their power. Several noble lords have signified their intention of cutting down expenditure on their estates, particularly expenditure on labour. Lord Onslow has got a good advertisement for the sale of his land out of a Budget which he pretends has forced him to the sale. Doubtless the Budget will form the excuse for many more such strokes of business as well as of niggardliness among the landed aristocracy.

Worse however than the opposition, a little ridiculous, of the feudalists will be that of the utilitarians, the economists. Living as they do upon words, we may be sure that every word of the Budget will be bed of all its significance by the time the lawyers have done with it. What, for example, are minerals? The question arises on the proposal of the Budget to tax untrusted minerals. Several "Times" correspondents from Lincoln's Inn, Oxford, and such like fastnesses, have been discussing the definition all the week: with the usual and, in this case, intended result of such hair-splitting that nobody knows whether minerals are on his head or his heels.

Of course, the common-sense definition, the definition in actual currency, is too obvious to have struck the pedants: minerals are simply such terrestrial substances as are susceptible of valuation. Whatever a man can sell from his land is therefore also susceptible of taxation.

Our own complaint of the land clauses of the Budget is not, of course, that they go too far, but that they neither go far enough nor go with their eyes open. What, we would like to know, is their intention? Mazzini once remarked that a politician who looked more than a week ahead was a fool; but that was surely in irony. If not, we hope that there is folly on the Government benches, though the signs of long views are well concealed. Without national ownership national expropriation is simply impertinent interference. Unless every such abdication as that of Lord Onslow's is followed by an instant offer of State purchase, Lord Onslow will have been inconveniently in vain. We wish that in the discussions of general principles Mr. Lloyd George had shown himself a little more conscious of his direction. As it is he is at best a Socialist who is blind; and any day may see him wandering back to his old camp. Where are the Socialist members to guide him?
or so. We agree quite with Mr. Jowett that a wholesome reform of Parliamentary discussion is badly needed, and the rise of the professional paid politician in contradiction to the present amateur gentleman dabbler in affairs (for which the existing procedure is admirably adapted) would probably involve the supersession of the present rules by the procedure of, say, city councils. Meanwhile, however, something must be done. No guillotine no business. Until, therefore, procedure is revolutionised, each party will certainly adopt the closure whenever it pleases. The objection to its use in the Town Planning Bill is after all comparatively trifling. From its inception the Bill has been discussed for over sixty days already. Does anybody want to hear Mr. Lupton on back-to-back houses more than sixty times?

It is very distressing that the Labour Party should be unable to get up a case against Mr. Burns and the Local Government Department. Yet on the face of it nearly every one of their criticisms melted into thin air at Mr. Burns’s reply. We would undertake ourselves to damage the illuminated testimonial drawn up for him by Mr. Long, and signed by the “Spectator” and others: but our black lack would not charge him with leaving work in London to be played upon by children, nor should we lay any emphasis on the superior mortality of workhouse over civilian infants. About the one Mr. Burns is indifferent with everybody but Mr. Fels; about the other it can be urged that everything that can be done is being done. No, we should simply confine ourselves to two counts: first, that the whole problem of Unemployment remains, after three years of his administration, exactly where it was; and, secondly, that in no single respect has municipal government all over the country become more liberal or statesmanlike in consequence of Mr. Burns.

There is no doubt whatever that Mr. Burns’s sole policy regarding unemployment has been temporising. It was temporising to dangle the imminent Poor Law Report before the eyes of the public as an excuse for doing nothing drastic: it was temporising to transfer the creation of Labour Exchanges from the Local Government Board to the Board of Trade: it was temporising to permit county authorities to confine themselves to two counts of unemployment, one for over sixty days already. Does anybody want to hear Mr. Lupton on back-to-back houses more than sixty times?

Against Mr. Herbert Gladstone we should find it even easier to draw up an indictment. Everybody knows that Mr. Gladstone is in the Cabinet solely on account of his vote on Monday. Under Mr. Gladstone, the obselete offence of blasphemy (the vulgar name for the Higher Criticism) has been raised to the level of a crime: Mr. Boulter has been prosecuted and imprisoned for saying in plain language what Professor T. K. Cheyne’s staff on the Encyclopedia Biblica said in scholarly terms. Mr. Gladstone’s treatment of the Suffragettes has been not merely stupid politically, but offensive to decency. By his hob-nailed methods of imprisonment and studied insults he has robbed a movement of emancipation of much of its dignity, to the irreparable loss of public life. Political agitation in Mr. Gladstone’s eyes is a crime like blasphemy.

As the ultimate dispenser of pardons in cases of miscarriage of what is called justice, Mr. Gladstone’s career has been even blacker and more inept. A wave of “Daily Mail” tears can move him to remit the death sentence on a Rayner; but the poor innocent Jew in Whitechapel is hung without remorse, to the delight equally, we presume, of the waiting crowd of sailors and Mr. Gladstone himself. Flogging has increased under his benign sway, and as far as we can trace in the Bluebook, only two sentences of flagellation out of fifty have been remitted by him this year. His administration of the Cruelty to Animals Act in 1876 has been scandalously neglectful. Two inspectors of vivisection experiments have, it is true, been appointed at fat salaries; but both inspectors are pro-vivisectionists. Their inspection is likewise a farce; since not more than one per cent. of the experiments in vivisection have been witnessed by them. It was our pretty Fanny’s way to “quite acquit his honourable friend,” who drew his attention to this, “of any intention of saying anything offensive.” We beg to be excluded from the acquittal: we mean to be offenders.

Mr. Gladstone’s record as Factory authority on behalf of the public is very little better. Sir Charles Dilke in vain quoted from the Report on our Factories by the Washington Bureau: “Where mothers work, a majority of the children are dead; where mothers do not work, a majority of the children are alive.” What is that to Mr. Gladstone? The alternative to women working during pregnancy is endowment of motherhood, and rather than see this Mr. Gladstone would see children die. There are over a quarter of a million factories and workshops in England, and only two hundred inspectors, one for every 1,300 shops. When Mr. Gladstone was urged to increase the inspectorate his reply was: Would you like me to appoint an inspector for each workshop? Fatuity could go no further. Back-to-back Leeds is well represented by Mr. Gladstone.

The meeting of the Kaiser and the Tsar has taken place without, so far, any visible result. We should like to know what would have happened if, instead of the Russian, it had been a German gunboat that fired on a British steamer. There is absolutely no excuse for this offence against civilisation. It is, however, in some ways a happy accident, since public opinion may be thereby moved ever so little to realise the odiousness of the Russian Government. By such confusions of thought right sometimes comes to its own. For expressing the wish that the Tsar may get his deserts during his visit to Cowes, Mr. Thorne has been severely censured by the royalists. The “Times” found it necessary to indite this pompous lie: “The great body of the English people have a sincere regard and admiration for Nicholas II.” It would be equally
true to say that they have a sincere regard and admiration for the Devil. The charge is a monstrous libel against our poor departed friend, and if perhaps it may be alleged, but admiration! We should advise the Tsar to stay on board during the whole of his visit. English regard and admiration for him might prove unpleasantly demonstrative.

There was little opposition to the second reading of the Labour Exchanges Bill on Wednesday. Indeed there is little to oppose. The Bill was drafted accurately summarised by Mr. Bonar Law as amounting to this: that a Board of Trade be empowered to establish British Labour Exchanges, and that the Treasury be empowered to pay for them. Mr. Chiozza Money made the excellent suggestion that railways should be compelled to give preferential rates to unemployed on the march: they should, in our opinion, be carried free. Neither suggestion, however, is likely to be adopted until railways belong to the State. Mr. Clynes hoped that the Exchanges would not be used to supply blackleg labour, and added that the Labour Party's Right to Work Bill would sooner or later become necessary. So it will.

On Saturday of last week Lord Morley addressed the probationers of the Indian Service at Oxford. Of course he congratulated them on being most of them Oxford men, or as nearly Oxford men as matter of fact; it is one of the rules of politics that only Oxford men can really be statesmen. As no Oxford man himself, therefore, he could scarcely be expected to be statesman enough to recognise his own state personality from the function of his office. He complained that the attacks on the 1818 Regulations, whereby Indians are deported without charge or trial, were "a vote of censure on himself and Lord Minto." If he will have it so, let it be so; we withdraw nothing. It is enough for us that he admits that the Regulations are "equivalent to a suspension of habeas corpus." Nothing in India justifies that: moreover, injustice of this kind merely adds fuel to fire. We sincerely hope that for the sake of his personal reputation (since he will have it so) July 1st will see the revision of the sentences and the restoration of civil law to India.

An even more striking passage of his speech, however, was his incitement of the probationers to megalomania. "One of you," he said, "in a few years may be placed in command of a district and have a million human beings committed to his charge." He then went on, after the fashion that Kipling has taught our modern Britisher, Kiplingised out of his English traits and drunken with success. It is painful, however, to let it be so. We withdraw nothing. It is enough for us that he admits that the Regulations are "equivalent to a suspension of habeas corpus." Nothing in India justifies that: moreover, injustice of this kind merely adds fuel to fire. We sincerely hope that for the sake of his personal reputation (since he will have it so) July 1st will see the revision of the sentences and the restoration of civil law to India.

Mr. Asquith found it desirable to intervene on four occasions this week in the kitchen of his party. The covey's season was opened, the Weald were mollified by a promise, the Guillotine was set up, and, finally, the pro-Indian members were told to stop their criticisms of the Indian deportations. If we know the men, they will do nothing of the kind. It would be a poor return to treachery to the faith if for the sake of pleasing Mr. Asquith they abandoned their fight on behalf of freedom in India. Mr. Asquith warned them that "by constantly calling into question the action of the Government in India they were only encouraging a revival of the mischief, etc., etc." Yes, but by not calling in question the action of the Indian Government, they would be inviting exactly such tyranny in England. Mr. Bernard Shaw remarked last week that a proposed restoration of the Star Chamber in England would probably arouse little opposition, so faint had grown the idea of liberty. All home reaction is first tried abroad; then it is imported by the pro-Consuls.

The death by suicide of Mr. John Hankin, dramatist, leaves England poorer by a promise and saddier by a reflection. Still under forty, there is no telling what Mr. Hankin with his delicate gifts of satire and humour might not have done under the inspiration of the new Repertory Theatres and the coming abolition of the Censorship. The reflection is this: how much of his life becoming for the artist? At no period probably in the world has the artist who was not also part charlatan found life so hostile. All our appreciation is reserved for the dead.

We have received the following interesting letter:

"Doctor Platou Drakoules, editor of Eravna," having returned recently from the Near East, I called upon him with the view of ascertaining his opinions with regard to the Cretan question. Here is a brief summary of our interview:

"You ask what is, in my opinion, the crucial point of the Cretan affair. It is this:
"The Cretans, rightly or wrongly, are determined not to leave Europe any peace until they are able to realise their fixed idea of being governed from Athens. Any other solution will endanger the peace of Europe. The Cretans have announced this determination again and again in the most emphatic manner, and it cannot be the least believed that the thoughtful diplomats of Europe have failed to understand this.
"That therefore the fact tends to prove the insincerity of their profession of desire to safeguard the peace of Europe. They are dominated by fear and jealousy of each other. If this were not so, it would be seen that no other course ensures peace, save the granting of the request to the people of Crete, a request that they are determined shall be complied with at all costs, even the cost of disturbing the peace of Europe.
"Ah, no! You are wrong in supposing the Cretans will submit. It may be there exists in the minds of European Government officials the thought that when the island is under the rule of one Power, or a combination of Powers, the people will be powerless. This is a mistake. The Cretans are determined to create problems dangerous to peace, because of what I have called their idea of liberty. I assure you this is not a theory, not a mere view-point. It is a statement of facts patent to anybody who will take the trouble to enquire.
"What are those facts? They are facts that belong to the domains of international ethics. The people of Creta were told by Europe that provided they kept order they should be governed from Athens by July. They have fulfilled the conditions, and thus Europe is pledged to keep her word. Creta is now the most powerful island in the world, and the problem of the Cretan question is to be solved by Europe. The Cretans are determined to solve it, and they will earn thereby the lasting gratitude and veneration of Europe.
"FELIX RUDOLPH."

THE FELLING OF THE FOREST.

BY A RUSSIAN STUDENT. 1902.

[TRANSLATED BY EDWARD CARPENTER.]

The Forest falls—young wood, alas! and leaf; Only the ancient fir in gloom profound Still stand, and cast their saddened glance around, Pull of death overburden—dark, without joy.

The Forest falls. Ah! did her choir annoy The dull world folded in its age-long swoon? Still stand, and cast their saddened glance around, Pull of death overburden—dark, without joy.

The Forest falls. Did her young foliage wake the song too soon Of sunshine and leaf?

The Forest falls. Yet Earth the stern seed saves. Time passes; and the mighty surge of life Uplifts new heroes for the woodland strife, Who rise up singing o'er their brothers' graves.
Socialism and Labour.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

SIR,—The part The New Age has taken in the discussion which is retarding and endangering the Socialist and Labour movement of Great Britain is quite considerable, and, to my mind, harmful. The reason for my opinion is as follows:—

Socialism is not an abstract and absolute truth, to be regarded as self-evident, regardless of rational, economic, social conditions and divisions. It is a negative criticism of a well-defined capitalist society and a positive policy for its reconstruction. Socialism, I hold, is an economic and political theory, based on actual experience, and destined not only to interpret reality but to change it. Its realisation depends on two factors: First, on economic development, which creates the needs and the means for a higher stage in social evolution; secondly, on the existence of a large social class, which, by its own conditions, is impelled to struggle against existing institutions, laws, and customs, and whose interests coincide with the nascent economic stage. Such an economic development goes on in the capitalist system, and such a class is the working class. Socialism is thus a criticism and a policy from the point of view of the active producers of the bulk of the commodities and things which constitute the material wealth of society. It is in the first instance a class theory. This statement, which is not easily dislodged. Thirdly, the theory may not have regard to the prejudices of those classes whose sources of income are not easily dislodged. Lastly, the theory may not be propagated regardless of national, economic, and social classes. A Socialist Party, however, has no more right to a Socialist basis than any other party. Now, the old parties can for a time maintain successfully their illusions, since their foundations are laid in long ago been harped on a party basis, and the party basis is a Socialist Party, however, has the means to build, and it can rely only on solid ground, and cannot with impunity mistake the roof for the foundations. Wherever Socialists have attempted to do so, they have failed.

... as for the immediate future,...

... and that is the method the I.L.P. I fully realise that the method needs a closer application, still I cannot but admit that it is, to my mind, the right method. And I would answer its purpose more successfully if all Socialists worked in harmony with the I.L.P. There are, however, Socialists who look upon their theory not from an evolutionary, realistic, and social economic, but from a dogmatic and parliamentary standpoint. They maintain: We are Socialists, and we wish to realise Socialism through a Parliamentary Party. Socialism is a logical and ethical truth which ought to appeal to every intelligent person with present-day conditions. That is the view of the Socialist intellectuals and the dissatisfied middle-class political thinkers who have not sufficiently thought out the bases of political parties. They are no more realistic than the Liberal or Conservative writers who in all seriousness proclaim that idealism is the basis of Liberalism or religion and loyalty the foundations of Conservatism. Now, the old parties can for a time maintain successfully their illusions, since their foundations are laid in solid ground, and not with impunity mistake the roof for the foundations. Wherever Socialists have attempted to do so, they have failed.

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In Reply to Comrade Beer.

A fortuitous chance, we remarked in our political article that we would welcome to our columns a reasoned and coherent argument for the Labour Alliance in its present form. Herr Beer, the London Correspondent of our Berlin contemporary, "Vorwärts," has taken us at our word. On the opposite page will be found a long and interesting letter from him, in which he sets out to prove the harmfulness of the New Age attitude towards the Labour Alliance, and successfully proves that he has totally misconceived our position. We cordially welcome him to our columns, but he will pardon us if we express the hope that he has not transferred his misconceptions to the columns of "Vorwärts."

Herr Beer would have lent emphasis to his statement had he omitted the first half of it. It is not necessary to instruct us in the elements of the subject. We assure him that we really do understand something of Socialism—even of its economics. There is nothing in his theoretical statement which does not make as much for the New Age point of view as for Mr. Ramsay MacDonald. Further, we should hardly have expected so methodical a thinker as Herr Beer to fall into the vulgar error of classifying all supporters of the idea of a Socialist Party as "Socialist intellectuals" and "dissatisfied middle-class political thinkers." Surely the New Age argument might be discussed on its merits without resort to such inaccurate assumptions. In this matter all Socialist sections are divided. It would indeed be a bleak prospect if the case.

It is unfortunate that our correspondent has failed to pose the problem accurately. He assumes that there are two contending schools: the one working with the Labour Party; the other independent of the Labour Party. The former he pictures as the I.L.P. attitude; the latter as the New Age attitude. If only he had done us the honour of reading our previous articles he would have avoided this error and spared us the rather tiresome task of reiterating our previous contention. When Herr Beer builds up his argument in favour of acting "side by side with the working class organisations," he assumes that we disagree with him. We don't; so far as we are concerned, he is forcing an open door. He assumes that we look upon the Socialist theory "not from an evolutionary, realistic, and social economic, but from a dogmatic and parliamentary standpoint." He has no justification for such an assumption. The description more nearly fits the Labour Party. We invite Herr Beer to desist from attempts at futile classification and to consider the realities of the situation. We have said it twenty times before, but for his benefit we repeat: It is not a question of Alliance or No Alliance; it is a question of the terms of the alliance. Nor can it be too emphatically stated that the Alliance is endangered not by us but by its own devotees, who will listen to no suggestion to modify its terms in favour of greater freedom of Socialist action.

The trouble at the root of this discussion is that the Alliance in its present form is regarded by its adherents as sacrosanct and final. They roundly condemn and attribute evil motives to those who desire the least modification. We decline to regard it as the Ark of the Covenant; to us it appears to be a working agreement to be amended from time to time to suit the varying needs of the hour. Herr Beer invites all Socialists to work side by side with the trade unions. We agree, subject to the clear understanding that Socialists do not merge themselves in the Labour Party, losing their identity, their autonomy, and their distinctive principles. Beyond this we cannot go. To be completely merged body and bones in the Labour Party would be to abandon absolutely our future realisation of a definite Socialist Party. Will Herr Beer more clearly define what he means by working "side by side"? Does he not mean "beneath Vorwärts?" If we want to be clear on the point, it is vital. Does he mean that the Labour and Socialist elements are to mix or to be chemically combined? Is it to be fusion or federation? If the former, he must not count on the New Age; if the latter, he has our willing support.

In our opinion, there has never been a time when the need for conscious and distinctive Socialist organisation was more urgent. There is not only the ordinary Socialist propaganda to be considered; there is the special propaganda that aims at an avowed Socialist Party. To expedite the conversion of the Labour Party is good work; so far as the Alliance achieves this object we welcome it without reservation; but the conversion of the Trade Unions, is our parish, and our commission to cure souls springs from the Socialist and not the Labour faith. The "working-class movement finds its most effective voice in Trade Unionism, but there is a mass of unorganised labour to be converted before we can enter our kingdom. Herr Beer must make up his mind as to the extent to which Socialist doctrine ought to be subordinated to Labour opportunism. If instead of wrongly labelling us as he has done he would attempt rightly to define the Socialist mission, he would be doing British Socialism a real service. He writes of the "independence of the Labour Party." Is he quite certain of it? Will he deny that a Radical-Labour combination, if not coalition, is easily within the bounds of probability? The New Age has already warned its readers of this danger. Thus it is not we but the Labour Party who stand most in need of our correspondent's admonition. Has Herr Beer satisfied himself beyond all reasonable doubt that the Labour Party is marching towards Socialism rather than towards Radicalism? We are free to admit that we have grave doubts as to the future of the Labour Party: certainly the safeguard of Socialism is unwearied vigilance and patient organisation. Herr Beer tells us that "a disruption of the I.L.P. and a deviation of the independence of the Labour Party would constitute a far greater event than the collapse of the Chartist movement on April 10th, 1848." True: but does not Herr Beer remember that the collapse was caused by the Radicals of that period successfully undermining the Chartist movement? Again he carries his warning to the wrong quarter.

Finally, let us assure the assiduous correspondent of "Vorwärts" that he leaves us cold when he tells us that "a party of pure Socialists can at best achieve but a few initial electoral and legislative successes, while it must earlier or later land in a cul-de-sac." On the contrary, this is profoundly true of a non-Socialist Labour Party. When that time arrives (as it will) the one hope of the working class movement will be the readiness of a well-marshalled Socialist Party to fill the breach.

DELICIOUS COFFEE
RED WHITE & BLUE
For Breakfast & After Dinner.
Socialism for Employers.

III.

In the two previous articles I have, I hope, accounted for the apparent antagonism between employers and Socialists. For I have shown that our real quarrel is not with employers as such, but with capitalists who themselves are incapable of organising men. In this final article I propose to show how Socialism would abolish the capitalist without abolishing the employer.

To begin with, it is plain that without capital there could be no capitalists. I hope it is equally plain that if all the capital were in a single hand capitalists would be equally impossible. If, then, the State be substituted for the sum total of existing large and small capitalists, though there would still be capital there would no longer be capitalists. Now it is evident that every new joint stock company is a move in the direction of concentrating the control of labour in fewer hands. As industry proceeds on its Spencerian path from simplicity to complexity, rendering each part more and more dependent on the whole, we may assume that the tendency will be first to increase enormously the number of joint stock companies, and, later on, to decrease them by amalgamation among themselves. We need not suppose that this diminishing process will continue until all industry is controlled by a monster trust; for the element of State control is now being increasingly introduced, and must in time to come compete with the tendency to private self-interest. There is, in fact, a kind of race between private capitalists and the State. The formula being the control of industry.

Now it does not matter to the organisers of Labour (that is, the employers) which of the two competing powers finally outst other. In either issue, the capable employer must himself rent capital. All his foresight and imagination and skill in handling men are useless unless he has the capital necessary for their exercise. For him, therefore, there is only one concern, namely, that capital shall be provided him to the extent of his ability to use it. Beyond that, he asks only the pleasure of getting on with his business.

Now, since we are dealing with the ultimate effects of two currents, the current of Socialism and the current of Individualism, with a view to discovering under which system, if it were complete, the employer as such would be best off, we have to ask the further question: Which of the two, the State or the Trust, would be more likely to employ the best employers?

The instant answer, of course, is that a Trust, being immediately concerned about profits and most diligent in search of new means of profits, would appear to have the greater incentive to the employment of capable organisers. And so, in the imperfect state of this moment, it would. Except in one or two respects the State at this moment is less business-like in its dealings with men than the best Boards of Directors. Any intelligent Board of Directors exercises more judgment in its choice of high officials than most Departments of State. I say most, because there are several exceptions; the Navy and the Army, for instance. In these departments, where it is observed, there is no internal competition, but only competition with other nations; the State plainly does better than any Trust. With significant exceptions, however, we will allow that it would seem that employers would do better under a Trust than under a State.

Now I venture to say that it is just this appearance that is totally misleading. This is the rock, in fact, on which all individualist theories finally split: the assumption that a single giant trust or congeries of trusts would or could act after the manner of a small joint stock company. When we take into account its size alone, it being then commensurate with the population, we see at once that selection will necessarily be embarrased by riches. In short, whatever methods of promotion—such as by examination or by seniority—have been forced upon the State would in the natural course of things be forced upon the Trust. The Trust would become what the State is now.

In respect of greater freedom or initiative, therefore, there is reason nothing to choose between one and the other. Hence, on these grounds alone, no capable organiser of Labour need expect to be worse or better off.

And there are other grounds. A paid manager of a company has his contract with his Board, at the expiration of which it is renewed or not renewed at the Board's discretion. Neither himself nor his workmen have any voice in the matter. His removal may be ruinous to himself, ruinous to his men, and finally ruinous to his Board, but they are under no obligation to listen to him. Every Board is a small autocracy, every Trust a large autocracy. A general trust would be autocracy in excelsis.

The disappearance of autocracies from amongst the constitutions of the world is evidence of their instability. No autocracy is safe, or will ever again be safe. Hence the conditions of industry under such a Trust as we have imagined would necessarily be unstable conditions.

But the alternative to autocracy is democracy, and the final condition of democracy is Socialism. As a matter of fact, Socialism is democracy in practice. No Socialism, no democracy. If, therefore, democracy is regarded as the safeguard against autocracy, the safeguard of democracy itself is Socialism. At any moment at present our institutions may crystallise into autocracy, do, in fact, in one area and another area, so crystallise. All the efforts of democratic critics are needed to guard against the tendency of democratic institutions to revert. Yet reversion is retrogression, and would necessarily mean the resumption of the route we have already travelled, both back and again forwards. The need, therefore, at this moment is a resolute progress towards Socialism as a condition of progression towards democracy, which, as has been said, is the only finally stable form of government.

What, then, is the business of employers to-day? To hasten by all means in their power the acquisition by the State of the control of capital. Only the hands of the State is capital really safe. Only when employed by the State are employers really secure. Sir Christopher Furness as managing director on behalf of

R. M.
Towards Anglo-American Solidarity.

By Francis Grierson.

"TELL your peoples," said Lord Rosebery in his recent speech, "if you can believe it, that Europe is rattling into barbarism, and the pressure that is put upon this little island of England to defend itself, its liberties and its empire is greater now than ever before." The same men like Lord Rosebery begin to tell the people the truth. He has not told all the truth, but a little will do to start with. When the speaker said: "I should like Parliament to vote supplies for two years, and then stack itself up in three or four obsolescent warships and go for a trip in order to find out something about the 'Empire,'" he touched a sore spot. There are politicians who talk about Australia and Canada much as they would talk about the Flegmies of Central Africa or the "Naggers of the Narcissus." They find these countries and their people good subjects for an idle hour, but mighty boring when discussed seriously. Even now Western Canada, which is certainly the most fertile part of that splendid country, is being harried by determined settlers from the United States, peaceably and swiftly, and it looks as if the whole of the country west of Winnipeg would before long be in possession of Americans. This of itself may force England and America into a conflict of material and spiritual forces, and what looks like a menace may turn out a blessing. It maybe a means of securing peace and progress for the greater part of the globe for centuries to come.

We hear not long ago, with what enthusiasm the American Fleet was received by the people of New Zealand and Australia. This popular outburst was a grave sign of the times, one of the gravest we have had for many a long day. In London it was accepted in the "cold water" type of sentiment. But sentiment had very little to do with this singular manifestation. It was inspired by fear of the yellow man; fear and dread of the descent into Australia of the Chinese and Japanese. This is not the time to bring up platitudes to bear on one of the most appalling outlooks that ever confronted an old, rich, and leghforge nation. More than thirty years ago, I spent one year in Sydney and Melbourne, and in 1880 I wrote and spoke on the subject of a Chinese invasion of Australasia, and was the first to bring this question before the public. War occurred between Russia and China, as I pointed out, and Australia and America are now fully aroused to the actualities of the time.

The United States are preparing to rouse England from her long and dangerous slumber. Austria is preparing to meet the dawn of a new era. She has begun to rehearse for the great drama to be enacted before long in the waters of the Near East. Things are moving as in a dream. The impossible is long be in possession of Americans. This of itself may force England and America into a conflict of material and spiritual forces, and what looks like a menace may turn out a blessing. It may be a means of securing peace and progress for the greater part of the globe for centuries to come.

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The Psychology of the Actress.

By Dr. Angelo S. Rappport.

Some time ago, on a cold wintry day, I was walking down Fleet Street. I had just posted an article to a Review, not forgetting, of course, to enclose the necessary stamps for the eventual return of the MS. I was sauntering leisurely along in this busy land of journalism, wondering in my mind whether that article was destined to gladden the Philistine hearts of some Review-readers, or whether I would be the recipient of a most heart-rending letter from the Editor. In an epistle full of lamentations, the Editor would beg of me to sympathise with him in his misfortunes and to pity him, the poor, helpless victim of a cruel fate, which compelled him to reject such interesting contributions as mine. My eye, by a natural consequence of the association of ideas resulting from the reading of the Editor's epistle, turned to the opposite, where dainty little waste-paper baskets were exhibited, when suddenly my gaze was arrested by the following notice: "Actresses, two a penny; large selection; enquire within."

Now I had seen them, or at least their effigies, sold at an expanse each all over London. But this was fair, for one can have a Bishop, nay an Archbishop, for that trifling sum, and surely the Stage can't expect to fetch a higher price in the postcard market than the Church! But two a penny was indeed a very low price for those charming images. Oh, how I longed, I exclaimed, ye daughters of the footlights!

Mechanically, as if drawn by an irresistible magic, I approached the window. Here they were, or at least their effigies, sold at an expanse each all over London. But this was fair, for one can have a Bishop, nay an Archbishop, for that trifling sum, and surely the Stage can't expect to fetch a higher price in the postcard market than the Church! But two a penny was indeed a very low price for those charming images. Oh, how I longed, I exclaimed, ye daughters of the footlights!
The Sphinx-like words were still ringing in my ears: "The priestesses of the Pagan world were the actresses of antiquity; the actresses of the Christian world are the priestesses of modernity." I looked at the collection, at the ladies in puritanical dress, at those of the flocks and frills, and a question rose to my lips. But before I had uttered it the answer came. She of the pathetic voice had evidently read my thoughts. The voice continued:

"You wish to know whether I consider all these ladies around me as actresses and priestesses? No, certainly not. Those that have not yet attained the age of articulate speech may be on the stage, but they are not actresses. Thus the learned judges have recently decided. And even among those to whom the power of speech has been granted I distinguish three categories. Primo, those who consider the stage as a simple means of earning a living. Circumstances have led them on the boards. They go there. They are girls who are ready to do anything to earn a respectable livelihood. They will either become typewriters, music teachers, private secretaries to single gentlemen, companions to elderly spinsters, actresses, or, if the worst comes to the worst, get engaged, or marry them," she said, "but they are certainly not actresses, not priestesses in the Temple of Art.

"There is a second class, more numerous perhaps, and more natural too. They are girls who consider the stage as a matrimonial agency. Their art is nothing to them; they are ready at any moment to give it up, to leave the chariot of Thespis and to go into double harness. On the stage they have an opportunity to show off their charms and to be admired. They are beautiful, they look much more so on the boards under the glimmer of artificial light, for you must have noticed a frequent playgoer that all actresses look charming on the stage, especially if you watch them from the gallery without opera glasses. The reason is very simple; they are all so tastefully dressed, even the poorest—I mean even those who have to play the part of poor women. Now, visit any ball-room and you will be struck by the number of gowns that are so tastefully adorned with the most beautiful furbelows. They are the first actresses of modernity. But times have changed since ancient Hellas reigned in classic beauty; the old Greek gods were abandoned and new ones took their place. The altars that were erected for the God-man of the Renaissance were made from the stones of classic antiquity were erected for the God-man of the occidental world. With the new Gods and the new altars a new spirit came; the priestesses were banished and priestlets took their place. In the early medieval days the priestesses were actresses; actresses had no place in the mystery and miracle plays. But in the 15th century the spirit of the Renaissance began to move its wings; classicism was at work.

The poetry of the Hellenic world had tinted with orient hues the sombre mediaeval sky. Forth from Italy came the poetry of the Hellenic world, beginning its triumph, the stream of civilisation that came forth from the garden-land of Egypt discharged its roaring waves in the Arno-town, and in the Medicean gardens of Florence the Academy of the Medici was revived. With the classic revival came the cult of Dionysus, the god of joy and of rejuvenescence? They were the first actresses of modernity. But times have changed since ancient Hellas reigned in classic beauty; the old Greek gods were abandoned and new ones took their place. The altars that were erected for the God-man of the Renaissance were made from the stones of classic antiquity were erected for the God-man of the occidental world. With the new Gods and the new altars a new spirit came; the priestesses were banished and priestlets took their place. In the early medieval days the priestesses were actresses; actresses had no place in the mystery and miracle plays. But in the 15th century the spirit of the Renaissance began to move its wings; classicism was at work.

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Mark Rutherford.

II.

ALTHOUGH Mark Rutherford might say that each one of us groping along must discover for himself a meaning to the "universe, there are hints of his own interpretation. In the "Revolution in Tanner's Lane," after the defeat of the Blanketeers, Cailland, is acting executioner. Cailland does not deceive himself; he will pass away and none will ever more know of him. "This does not happen to be one of those revolutions which men remember," he says. "Men will remember," his daughter Pauline exclaims, "but there is a memory in the world which forgets nothing." Take this of Baruch Cohen in "Clara Hopgood"; "I believe that all thought is a manifestation of the Being, and is ever one and the same creature." Unsatisfactory as it may seem, this is perhaps the nearest we may admit of an immediate remedy. But whilst I observe with peculiar satisfaction, the fortitude with which so many privations have been borne, and the active benevolence which has been displayed, I cannot help thinking that the great sources of our national prosperity are essentially unimpaired; and I entertain a confident expectation that the energy of the country will, at no distant period, surmount all the difficulties in which we are involved.

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My God," continued Cailland, "I could drive a knife into the heart of any woman who thus speaks." Nowadays we give him paeans of praise in the "Daily News" or the "Times." The leaders of the Revolt, Major Maitland, Cailland, and Zachariah's Coleman, do not desert their people, although the proposed march is stoutly opposed by them; "not because of the hardships, but because of its folly." And although they cannot make it a success they stand by the rioters up to the very end, so that at least they may prevent too great a slaughter. The Major is killed at Cailland taken prisoner, but we believe Mark Rutherford we may feel that it is not ill to fail in this wise. "It is a commonplace that a premature outbreak puts back the hands of the clock and is a blunder. Nine times out of ten this is untrue, and a revolt instantaneously quelled in blood is not merely the precursor but the direct progenitor of success." Mark Rutherford is very clear about the rights of the workers; though a worshipper of the spiritual side of man, or rather, I should say, because of it, he knows this cannot go on unless there is something of its folly. The mere discomforts of poverty are bad enough, the hunger and cold of it, but worse than all is the impossibility of being decently ill, or decently dying, or of paying any attention to those who would take it into their heads to be ill or to die. More than once he introduces sickness into the homes of his struggling people to emphasise this aspect of life and to bring out how guilty the poor help another one.

He insists upon the needs of the body when he writes of Miriam in her extremest anguish that "she did not know that her misery was partly a London misery due to the change from fresh air and wholesome living to foul air and unnatural living." Mark Rutherford, earning his living as a clerk, described in 1855 how a whole day I did nothing but write, and what I wrote called forth no single faculty of the mind. I was shut up in a room half below the ground. In this room were three other men besides myself. . . . All four of us kept books or copied letters from 10 to 7, with an interval of three-quarters of an hour for dinner. In all three of these men there had been developed partly, I suppose, by that circumstance of enforced idleness of brain, the merely literary and commercial side of our study. Elsewhere in the "Revolution" he dwells upon this cruellest invention of mankind—the clerk's life.

Nor are his sympathy and insight less kindly bestowed upon the poor in spirit, although I think they are notchner liked those that would be a reproach to a man like M'Kay, in "Mark Rutherford's Deliverance," who provoked her husband to madness because she was held a corner of the shawl high above her with her right hand, and her right foot was advanced so as to show her whole frame extended, excepting the neck; the head being bent downwards over her roadway.

Whenever the combatant Socialist is sick unto death, disheartened with the progress of the fight, contemptuous of his own strength, commencing to despair of the people, he should turn to and ponder over "The Revolution in Tanner's Lane." He will have his faith renewed, his courage reheartened; and this although the book deals with a fiasco, the Blanketeer Revolt of 1817, and although the leaders knew it must be a failure. "Respectable Manchester was frightened when the Blanketeers met, and laughed them to scorn when they were dispersed." Yes; we in our day have seen the like. But read Pauline's exhortation; "Grant it all, grant your achievement is ridiculously small, is it not worth the sacrifice of two or three like you and me to accomplish it?" Cailland has stuck up over his mantelpiece this extract from a speech by Lord Liverpool:

Deeply as I lament the pressure of these evils upon the country, I am sensible that a whole people are not yet to admit of an immediate remedy. But whilst I observe with peculiar satisfaction, the fortitude with which so many privations have been borne, and the active benevolence which has been displayed, I cannot help thinking that the great sources of our national prosperity are essentially unimpaired; and I entertain a confident expectation that the energy of the country will, at no distant period, surmount all the difficulties in which we are involved.

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never but a feeble echo for him, because he had no opinions that were not his, is very tenderly described. "It is as if her father were a touch of her mother, and that the combination of the two may have wrought this curiously diverse product."

Mark Rutherford belongs to the race of prophets; he speaks with their voice, and, like them, he is the interpreter of the will of God to his generation, and often his words are used by the Lord as a commission to his followers.

The New Age

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Books and Persons.

(AN OCCASIONAL CAUSERIE)

One of the first productions of Mr. Herbert Trench's new Repertory Theatre (hitherto known to the profane as the Haymarket) will be Maeterlinck's "The Blue Bird." I have not seen the original plays, but Alexander Teixeira de Mattos' English translation (Methuen) is a lively affair. Five acts of fairies! And the characters include such beings as Light, Time, Bread, Sugar, Fire, Milk, Sickness, and a Star or so. There are about fifty personages. The author gives the costumer minute instructions for dressing them. Thus, for Light: "The 'mouse-coloured dress in Perrault's 'Peau d'Ane'; that is to say, pale gold shot with silver, 'shimmering gauzes, forming a sort of rays, etc. Neo-Grecian or Anglo-Grecian (à la Walter Crane), or even more or less Empire style: a high waist, bare arms, etc. Head-dress: a sort of diadem or even a light crown." This combination of the Greek, Cranéan, and the Wrightonian was caught for a run for "The Blue Bird." I wish Mr. Norman McKinnel, now definitely appointed producer-in-chief to the Repertory Theatre, a holy joy in the staging thereof.

Mr. Trench's original intention was to open his proceedings with "The Blue Bird," but his second thought, "King Lear" to wit, is a much better one. It will be as well to begin with something that imposes itself on the public by the weight of its authority. To cover, the inauguration of such an enterprise ought to be the extreme sense, what the French call a 'solemnity.' And in England, at the present crisis of England's artistic development, it is impossible to have a theatrical solemnity without the assistance of Shakespeare. Artistic opinion of Mr. Trench's merits as a pioneer...
and an impresario will be greatly influenced by this presentation of "King Lear." And let it be said that artistic opinion, quiet but obstinate, will in the end make or mar Mr. Trench's success. He could fail financially, and still have worked immense good for the future of the stage. But if he made fortunes for his backers and made the by-standers of theatrical newspapers, but left the artists cold, he would have done less than naught. Nobody realises this, probably, better than Mr. Trench himself. I myself hope that his "King Lear" will prove the whole of reactionary critics—that is to say, nine critics out of ten. All celebrated Shaksperean actors ought to be excluded from the cast, and all their pupils. For, if one thing is sure in this shifting world, it is that all Shaksperean productions offer the ordinary man the defects of experience, and the other in the exceeding costliness of performance, and the other in the exceeding rarity of even passable plays—passable, that is, by people of moderately fastidious taste. And the second difficulty is the greater. Most decidedly there are not at present enough dramatics to meet the demands of two artistic stages. The repertory theatres, to succeed, must at frequent intervals produce plays that will bear comparison with the best modern novels. Where is the constant stream coming from? I trust that Mr. Trench can answer the question. I fear JACOB TONSON.

BOOK OF THE WEEK.

A Gospel from Cheyne Walk.*

We have had on our table (as a venerable contemporary would say) for a quite unconscious time, a smallish green volume, bearing the title "Utopian Papers," the motto "Serve God and be merry," and a supernumerary title of pancake-making. The present reviewer has shirked the task of coming to grips with it, and the discerning reader may not find it difficult to understand why. A number of papers by diverse persons, held together, by a certain unity of purpose and purpose, justify their being grouped within a pair of covers. You recognise that in the case of such historic collections as "Essays and Reviews," "Lux Mundi," or "Fabian Essays," the single aim and method of the ordinary compilers have been hopelessly and exquisitely wrong. I do not except Mr. Benson's, for whom, nevertheless, I have a most sincere respect and admiration. To mention but a single point—dealing with the defects of Shaksperean elocution will automatically disappear. It would certainly have driven Shakspere to the gin palace and the gaming saloon, if not to worse things. I would like, with respect, to draw the attention of Mr. Trench and his aids to the fact that when "King Lear" was in rehearsal at the Théâtre Antoine a few years ago, it was played scene by scene, as written by the illustrious Swan, without the cutting of a single word, in apperadly less than two hours and a half, course not counting entr'actes, which, however, did not exceed thirty-five minutes in all. This I can vouch for, as I timed the performance myself. If Mr. Trench will decree a maximum number of minutes for each act about forty per cent. less than the traditional number, the defects of Shaksperean elocution will automatically disappear.

* * *

This week there is a very interesting "Elizabeth Stage Season" at the Grand Theatre, Fulham; and I see that the press gives particular attention to the need for "a more rapid and natural elocution in conformity with the poet's own instructions." (That is to say, Hamlet's own instructions.) "Macbeth" is the play chosen. It will be done on an open platform, according to the method reintroduced by Mr. Poel (to whom all honour). It will also be done as a domestic tragedy, not as a tragedy on stilts bawled through megaphones. And I trust that it will be got through in record time. It has been discreetly indirected in this form of theatrical "seasonal" to serve as a persuasive object lesson to Mr. Herbert Trench and to Mr. Charles Frohman, his rival in repertoires. There appears to be a hope that these managers may be inclined to adopt the open-platform scheme for Shakspere. I do not share that hope. A common reverence for the first English Utopian, or a common meeting-place on the site of his Chelsea garden, does not suffice, as you may see at first glance, to furnish Miss Hollins's team with any real unity of outlook or function. Hence the difficulty of considering the book, as a manifesto or a confession of faith. In the judgment of one rather careful reader, at all events, the unifying principle is hard to discover.

To say so much, however, is not to say that these "Utopian Papers," however devoid of interest. Very far from it, though one may be pardoned for wondering why at least one of them should be given a place in the company. Mr. F. W. Felkin's conscientious study of Goethe would have done better almost anywhere else. Dr. Lionel Taylor discusses the innate capacity for self-development with his customary intelligence. Mr. Swinny, in expounding Comte's view of the future of society, is of course perfectly at home. Professor Bellamy's inexplicable fondness for the repellent términology of certain American professors. It is, however, hard to discover what the reader fail to make much of the very short contributions of Sister Nivedita and Dr. Slaughter, he is not to be blamed for both merely touch the fringe of this favourite and stimulating game. On the other hand, should the reader fail to make much of the very short contributions of Sister Nivedita and Dr. Slaughter, he is not to be blamed, for both merely touch the fringe of an unlimited subject. And I do not share the hope that a study in social inheritance. It is a piece of inter-pretation as suggestive and provocative as anything I have come across for a good long time. There is no need to jib at the title. Anything less like a conventional essay on Utopian schemes, one is not rather shocking, I admit, for a good old man to be called a "selfless seer," but the reading of a few pages will accustom you to verbal outrageousness of this sort. Mr. Branford belongs to the group of sociological inquirers who interpret the processes of civilised society in terms of the primitive occupations, who believe that nothing in this world matters so much to a man—

** "Utopian Papers." Edited by Dorothy Hollins. (Masters and Co., 78, New Bond Street, W. 3d. ed.)
emotionally and ethically, no less than economically—as the way in which he gets his living, or the way in which his ancestors got theirs, and who insist that no education can be worth a great deal unless it acquaints the youth with the aptitudes and experiences of peasant and shepherd, fisher and forester, hunter and miser. So, too, in Bruno's, Celtic mystic and missionary, Mr. Branford finds a singularly appropriate subject for this method of interpretation. It enables him not only to sketch his philosophy of conduct and his scheme of social education, but to explain the contribution to civilization in the nineteenth century, success of the Celtic people, and incidentally to discuss monasticism and the Celtic spirit, the myth of Apollo, the missions of St. Paul, the message of Mahomet, the significance of Robert Bruce's crusading heart, and the spiritual dilemma of the modern American citizen.

A tangle, you will say, of unrelated historical and mythological allusions; but read it and see how in Mr. Branford's thought all these things and many others are welded into a scheme of individual culture and social conscience. To express is necessarily to understand and to be as he puts it, "ethical and elliptical": hence the continual jerk to the reader's intelligence and the frequent provocation to dissent. The comparison between St. Paul and St. Columba is an example of the caravan missionary strikes one as fantastic, the statement that the antagonism between perfect life has been nowhere completely followed as in India?

I do not doubt that Mr. Branford would venture on the hazardous affirmation that the monasteries produced the only philosophy which appeared in Europe between the decay of Greek thought and the beginnings of a philosophy of science in the nineteenth century? The statement, if true, would appear to make nonsense of the high compliment paid to Kant a few pages further on. To Mr. Branford the conception of life as quest, mission, and pilgrimage is especially characteristic of Celtic monasticism; but surely this particular law of the three stages of the stages of the work, perfect life has been nowhere so widely held and so completely followed as in India?

There is no space here to quote any of the penetrating sentences strewn over Mr. Branford's essay, every page of which is a stimulus and a challenge. Truth to tell, the spirit and method of this study in social education, but to explain the contribution to the further experiences of small holder. By Mr. Morton continues in this book the fresh and amusing story of the loveliest river in Britain. Charming House, 5 acres, pretty glades, glens and gorges, to suffer, from stupid and ignorant criticism, but even the critics who were not stupid quarrelled with his style, which was thought thin, because it was not their style. As a matter of fact, its thinness was a quality, not a defect.
FREE TO ALL WHO WISH TO CURE CATARRH, HAY FEVER, ADENOIDS, & NOSE-BREATHING TROUBLES

Send for Gift Book by Patient and his Doctor who Jointly Discovered a Remarkable 8-Hour Cure which Re-opens Nasal Air Passages & Banishes Catarrh.

No Operations—No Gauzising—No Sprays—
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It is the hearty desire of the discoverers of this new cure that all who suffer from the above complaints should write for a free copy of the book which they have just published, under the title of "Respiratory Re-Education: the Physiologic Cure for Catarrh, Hay Fever, Adenoids, Polypi, and Other Nose-Breathing Difficulties, Catarhal Deafness and Head Noises, Loss of Sense of Smell or Taste, Coated Tongue, Bad Breath." The book advocates, in a most plain, spoken manner, a truly common-sense method of cure of a host of allied complaints which have hitherto defied all other forms of treatment.

The nature of the book (which is being published free to the public) may be seen by a glance at the accompanying displayed list of contents.

The cure is remarkable inasmuch as it calls for no sprays or injections, no powders to be snuffed, no lozenges or tablets to suck—no operations—and no pain whatever (burning) of the inflamed mucous membrane.

The new cure is further remarkable as it cures automatically during sleep. It is so simple that one who knows how these hitherto incurable complaints prevent proper breathing. The nose is unable to do its duty of filtering, moistening, and warming the air, and the mouth is called upon to do the work its muscles can do.

As a result of this extra duty of the mouth, the breathing becomes inefficient, and frequent head and chest colds are "caused" because of the imperfect circulation of the cold air. (The nose, of course, is intended to (a) warm as well as (b) filter and (c) moisten the inhaled air.) The nasal air-passage—by disease—become more and more obstructed, causing adenoids and polypi, which in the past have generally led to be operated upon by the surgeon.

Furthermore, the pent-up catarrhal alien often gets into the stomach, the liver, kidneys, and bladder, seriously impeding their functional ability.

The joint authors of the discovery—as the result of a frequent lecture for relief and cure—were led to experiment along the line of "the First Cause"—the nose and its respiratory functions.

The result was that made the first enlightening discovery.

A singer, he discovered HOW the nose could be freed.

Upon this first step discovery, these two men—two anatomical physiologists, the details of which are given fully and illustrated in the book which can be obtained by sending a stamp for its postage.

How important is this matter of Respiratory Re-Education as the new principle of cure for Catarrh, etc., and other nose-breathing, heating, and coughing, and voice difficulties may be seen from this lesson taken from another sphere of nature.

We all know when a garden or piece of ground is shut off from the sun and air, how dark, damp, and unhealthy becomes the soil. No amount of fertilising of the soil can restore it to those qualities which it always loses in the absence of invigoration.

It is the same with the system of the human sufferer from lack of air and oxygen absorbed into the system in the sufficient quantities proposed by the new cure, literally "consumes" catarrhal secretions. The new cure quickly relieves, and Nostrils' fresh air at once increases the individual's air-supply. First, it reopens and expands the partly-closed air-passages and cavities. Thus it prepares the way for fresh-air-breathing, the only absolutely necessary to catarrh freedom. Thus, your breathing function is perfected; thus, too, does the 10 to 40 per cent. enlarged air-capacity of your lungs insulate the catarrh secretions. Thus, too, by the re-opening the air-passages, the unloading growths made to disappear.

And it is this greatly-increased inflow of fresh and properly-mixed air that so powerfully cures catarrh, adenoids, and the other difficulties mentioned.

The health of the town, with all the two or three minutes treatment with the new nose-spraying methods.

Undoubtedly, such a most powerful factor in the success of the new cure is the fact that it may be employed during the whole of the night without discomfort or any inconvenience. This all-night period of treatment contrasts strongly with all the two or three minutes treatment with the now obsolete sprays.

—Lennox Brown, F.R.S., Senior Surgeon to the Central London Throat and Ear Hospital, etc. This gentleman put forward the following approval remarks in the introduction to a section of his monumental work, "The Throat and Nose, and their Diseases": "Opinion is each day becoming more indisputable that in the condition of the nasal fossal, which constitute the first avenues of the natural breath-way, is to be found the key to the right understanding and successful treatment of the majority of hysteric, pharyngeal, and laryngeal diseases.

The success of the new treatment is immediately obvious to all who try it. In one night the nose, ears, throat, and throat give every evidence of the good work of the cure.

In one week the nose and mouth both cease to discharge catarrhal matter. The brain, eyes, and ears feel clear, and the mouth and throat clean and sweet.

The book explains that the new cure contains some most remarkable illustrations, which help to make strikingly clear the common-sense principle upon which the new cure is founded and which cure, it is, by all who have looked into the matter, expected to vastly decrease the number of painful and costly operations. The only chance of cure of nasal obstructions and inflamed membrane.

The aim of the compiler of the book has been to thoroughly inform suffers as to the cause and mode of cure of the catarrh complaint. All who study the book will readily agree with this. As will be seen in the book, the method of the new cure is as delightfully simple as it is effective in its results. An edition of 25,000 copies of the book has been published for free distribution, and all who wish to quickly cure their catarrh, hay-fever, adenoids, polypi, or other nose-breathing (and voice) or hearing, or throat or bronchial trouble should send for a copy.

A penny stamp should be sent to the address of the editor, and from which the free copies of the book may be obtained is—The Publishers, "Respiratory Re-Education," 85, Rydal Building, 130, Fleet Street, London, E.C.
general axioms and first principles cannot be accurately or implicitly applied, and must be accepted provisionally. This is no criticism, since the majority of Socialists are aware of the fluctuating nature of economic phenomena, and some at least of the organised groups are constantly seeking to adjust their economic theory in accordance with the results of the soundest investigations of the times. We have no space to follow in detail the author's handling of any one of the problems which he has propounded for solution. We can only indicate his method of building up a critical structure on an insufficient basis of fact. He seems to be aware that nineteenth century Individualism is passing away because not based on natural laws. He assumes that refuge is being sought in Socialism because no other alternative presents itself. But he does not make it clear in order to expose the economic fallacy upon which, he claims, Socialism is unable, as yet, to offer. It is not sufficient to bolster admiration this work may be.

Barbary Sheep. By Robert Hichens. (Methuen. 3s. 6d.)

This is a story of Crumpet and Barbary Sheep, of Kitty and a French-polished Spahi. While Crumpet—a barbizon Britisher—is busy “killing poor innocent, happy” Barbary sheep, the Spahi is no less busy Svengalising dear, delightful, unhappy Kitty. All this happens at the Gate of that vast, dim, mysterious region, the Sahara Desert—the Sahara of the treacherous desert men, of Pierre Loti’s Roman d’un Spahi. The sequel of the story tends to show that what’s bred in the bone comes out in the Arab. For though apparently possessed with a moonlight affection for Kitty, the Spahi’s really obsessed by a desire for her Bond Street diamonds. Accordingly he tries to annex them, but is knifed in the act by a sort of Mad Mullah, what time Kitty’s disgraced and depressed husband is waiting concealed behind a rock, to “pot” the same game. Mr. Hichens has done more enduring work than this. “Barbary Sheep” is not good Hichens; anyhow, it provides good holiday fare.

The Plaint of the Wandering Jew. By C. Granville. (The Open Road Publishing Co. 2s.)

“The Plaint of the Wandering Jew” has neither relation to the well-known myth, nor Sue’s memorable novel, nor the wondrous stirring problem of the restoration of the Hebrew nation to its native soil after 2,000 years or so of dispersal. It is the longing of a small body of spiritual hunger-marchers for a kingdom of New Jerusalem and the elect thereof. The New Kingdom proves to be “The Kingdom of the Heart of the Master,” or simply the Kingdom of Love. The attempt to expound ethics in allegorical form is a bold one, seeing that it challenges comparison with Spenser’s “Faery Queen,” Addison’s “Vision of Mirza,” Landor’s “Sleep”; and it is no mean praise to say that Mr. Granville comes well out of the ordeal.

Chile. By G. F. Scott-Elliot. (Unwin. 10s. 6d. net.)

We are pleased to see a second edition of this work has been already called for. Too little attention has been paid to these ever-developing South American Republics. Mr. Scott-Elliot gives an adequate account of the geography and resources of Chile; his historical sketch is a plain, unvarnished, tale told somewhat drily, yet is no mean praise to say that it challenges comparison with Spenser’s "Faery Queen," Addison’s "Vision of Mirza," Landor’s "Sleep"; and it is no mean praise to say that Mr. Granville comes well out of the ordeal.

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with customs alien from his own. Still, if your object is to trade with Chile, you will find all the necessary facts and figures in this volume. It has a good map and, of course, an introduction by Martin Hume.

Peter Homunculus. By Gilbert Cannan. (Heinemann. 6s.)

If we were asked to describe the author of this "bibliographical" novel, we should say he is the sort of person one frequently meets in the British Museum Library, one of their 'writers with a desire to get rid of as much of it as possible.' His present method of doing so consists in inventing a "literary" hero and placing him in situations convenient for dispensing the author's knowledge on books and their writers. Thus he starts Peter as an assistant to an ogreish bookseller, who has, apparently, swallowed a Greek dictionary and an immoral treatise or two, and is unable to keep them down. He is proposed to an ogreish bookseller, who has, apparently, swallowed a Greek dictionary and an immoral treatise or two, and is unable to keep them down. He is succeeded by a sort of Maeterlinck-Ollendorfian jargon bearing no relation to the Attercliffe enclosure (263). Of more general interest are the phases of life and "characters" which the book evokes by Schubert, Chopin, and Beethoven. Mrs. Swiney's poetry, and thereby reveals certain modern spices of Socialism; all of which are freely and brightly expressed in this little volume of essays.—The Observer.

Peeps into the Past. The Diaries of Thomas Aline Ward. (Leng; "Sheffield Daily Telegraph. 10s. 6d.")

Under the above title a series of articles based on the diary and memoranda of Mr. Ward, dealing with life in Sheffield between 1800 and 1860, appeared in the "Sheffield Daily Telegraph" during recent months. They were so favourably received that the present reprint, including a good deal of fresh matter, was decided on. The book is mainly of local interest as the record of a public spirited citizen who was at various times humane employer, farmer, magistrate, special constable, journalist, Parliamentary candidate, and so forth. His Socialist tendencies were not very pronounced, however, and may be judged by the fact that he occasionally dined with the Duke of Norfolk and that his scathing references to the latter's iniquitous land-grabbing propensities, of which we hear nothing except a passing reference to the Attercliffe enclosure (263). Of more general interest are the phases of life and "characters" that have vanished from the scene. Thus Socialists may turn with interest to the mention of trade disputes and distress, and the suffering of workers in consequence (216); students of the drama, to the interesting records in which Macready largely figured; while artists may note that among Ward's friends was Chantrey, whose bequest has enabled the Royal Academy to dis Grace itself in the eyes of artistic Europe. The memoranda were not kept on any definite plan, and anything like continuity or sequence was not aimed at. An endeavour has been successfully made in this volume, however, to arrange the matter in chapters, and this, together with the genealogical table, full index, illustrations, excellent print, paper, and binding, combine to make a book which should be invaluable to all classes of readers in Sheffield, as well as to Sociologists out of it.

The Esoteric Teaching of the Gnostics. By Frances Swithin. (Yellon, Williams.)

To most occultists Mrs. Swithin's very interesting lecture is familiar. It was given some years ago, and its message is to be found in the quotation from Goethe, "The Woman Soul leseheth us ever upward and on...

a message which should be woven in letters of gold on Sulphurgete silem bannners. In its present publication, the value of the lecture is greatly increased by the addition of four spirit drawings, which were "done by a woman under spirit control," and which wonderfully and accurately describe the text of this treatise. The spirit control always emphasised the truth that in the higher spiritual spheres there are "no faces," only "light and colour." The tendency to express certain forms of experience in colour symbolism is not new or unspecific. The scientific explanation may be found in Newton, Herschel, Young, or in any work on the theory of light and vibrations; while Mr. Leadbeater has given the esoteric meaning of colour vibrations, and Carmes Sylvana has told us of the vision of colour evoked by Schubert, Chopin, and Beethoven. Mr.

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PICTURE-FRAMING

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Strongly Recommended by Mr. Palmer of The New Age. Higher quality at higher price.
Swiney views the sex question in an inspiring light, and her book has an ennobling tendency. Le Premier Eveil Intellectuel de L'Enfant. Par Edmond Cramauselle. (Alcaz; Paris. 2fr. 50.)

Professor Cramauselle's important study in the psychology of the child mind should be read by all who take a serious interest in this vital subject. As the result of "the personal observation of four infants," it ranks with that rare class of scientific literature which is based on first-hand observation. It starts with the opening of the child's eyes a little after birth, traces the gradual awakening of the mind in response to certain forms of experience, and shows that "the first acts of the child's mind are not, as commonly believed, uncertain and confused, but perfectly clear and distinct, indecision commencing with imitation." Those who believe that the child starts out with a blank mind, and that the neural brain is developed last, will find much food for reflection in the chapters on Association, Intuition, Judgment, and Reason. The book contains a useful bibliography, which, curiously enough, includes the German, not the English, version of Stanley Hall's important work on the subject. The author's intention is one of the things we do not know.

Recent Music.

The Fourth French Concert. The Société des Concerts Français gave its fourth concert at the Bechstein Hall last week. The audience, as at the preceding concerts, was a small one, consisting principally of French residents. London concert-goers have not yet found out this most excellent society; they know their Debussy pretty well by now (he has already entered the suburban drawing-room), and they adore the sentimental voluptuousness of Reynaldo Hahn; but the classic dignity of Duparc and the little rebellions of Maurice Ravel are as yet unfamiliar things. The compositions of Hahn did not come into the scheme, therefore the Debussy evening was the best attended of the series. This concert on Friday finished at eight minutes past ten o'clock — over two hours and a half of rich and serious music; and not more than two or three people left the hall before the last chord was played, which is practically an unknown occurrence in London.

One thing that distinguishes these concerts from the majority of others is their total absence of vulgarity. And when Mr. Louis Feuillard, the cellist, played as his only solo that evening Gabriel Fauré's lovely "Élégie," one knew it was played for the sake of its own sweet music, for it could not have been played to exhibit the vulgar muscularity of the fingers. I liked it a little less than I like his (Fauré's) songs; they always remind me of little pieces of Wedgwood, so passionless are they; but this did not. I am not (if I may use the word) so decorative. It is simply a charming and sincere little melody, not so mannered as his songs, but with more feeling, although that feeling does not suggest that we should at certain passages burst into uncontrollable tears. (Tchaikowsky was the one great musician who deliberately set a trap to catch us weeping — he couldn't have made it without that perilous sport—but some of us are forgetting how to weep. Indeed, I do not think that Fauré is at any time really impressive; he does not seem to feel very deeply about anything, or if he does he is merely being funny. His "Quatuor en Ut," which was played by Ricardo Villes, Gabriel Willaume, Emile Macon, and Louis Feuillard, is a superb example of his best emotional manner. Like his "Elégie," it does not belong to the Wedgwood order, it is not so consistently artificial as his songs, not so clear-cut as those fascinating little cameos. It is a more pretentious form of course, but the manner also is pretentious. And this is where I think Gabriel Fauré does not succeed. His legitimate is the lyric; he is at his best in that form, for it is a form already made when he has fixed upon the lyric he is to set to music. In the quartet, however, he has to provide the material himself, and his particular genius does not run beyond detail. And it is the survival of an impression, meticulously and prettily traced. Mind you, I am not condemning his form—it will do quite nicely, for it exposes this irresistible musicmaker in all his weakness. Like so many other lovable people in the world he has the defects of his qualities, and we can always cherish the little defects for the sake of the surpassing qualities. It is in the second movement of the quartet that we find Fauré at his very best, for he has dropped the impressive manner. It's dance-like, could play it. I remember best when you forgot you imagine a procession like a whirlwind? Then here is a gay whirlwind of laughing, dancing figures, dancing and laughing to a measure as gay and beautiful as anything in this world of men, and as jolly and hilarious and excited as ever danced by the most intertemperate votaries of Dionysus. All this—in Wedgwood music.

The late Ernest Chausson was a pupil of César Franck. Franck was the founder of the eustatic element in modern French music, and this distinguished pupil of his made that element ever more pronounced in his own work. The quartet (Opus 30) of Chausson's which was played on Friday shows this influence very strongly, and although of course we would not want French music to be French music, we don't mind it being something else if it is something else in a distinguished way. This composer seems to have sucked the sweetness out of the music of Bedaux, and it is only in a stray cadence here and there that he announces his real ancestry. I have not space to record my impressions of each movement of this vigorous work, which was played by the series was 30 for the series was the best attended of the series. The occasions upon which we can hear such perfect singing and perfect accompanying are rare indeed. Made-moiselle Luquens has a quality in her middle and lower notes which is almost unique. It is not mere vocalisation, but a sort of inspired speech, when you forget that she is singing; and lines like these from a sonnet of Baudelaire's

Et dont l'unique soin était d'approfondir
Le secret douloureux qui me faisait languir
became to me enormously impressive, although Duparc in his music somewhat interrupts their rhythm. When a singer can invest the very vowel sounds themselves with a new awe you may lift your hat to her. I wish Hélène Luquens would stay with us a little longer, if only to show most of the English artists what off the face of the earth.

HERBERT HUGHES.

NO NEED TO PAY MORE WHILE THIS ADVERTISEMENT OFFER LASTS.


TO THE TSAR,
ON HIS COMING TO COWES.
'Tis strange that we should greet you—we,
Whose fathers broke the iron neck!
Be not deceived!
We look upon your gaudy deck!
As hollow as the muzzle's bore,
As empty as the cannon's roar,
Is only a show of hospitality!
Behold the flashing sea is turned to blood!
A sea of blood!
The gaudy bunting drapes a tomb!
The cannons in deep dungeons boom!
Be not deceived!
E. H. VESIAK

CORRESPONDENCE.

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

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

SPECIAL NOTICE—Contributors are requested to be brief.

Many letters weekly are omitted on account of their length.

"WHITED SEPULCHRES."

To the Editor of "The New Age."

Your contributor, Beatrice Tina, has drawn a vivid and courageous picture of the misery which may result, and frequently results, from young women entering the marriage state without genuine affection for their husbands or quite knowing the sort of contract they are making. It is not clear what the writer thinks should be done in such cases, and as a father of daughters myself, I would like to know what she, or any modern-minded intelligent woman would suggest to prevent this sort of trouble. I have considered various plans for wise teaching on this subject without being satisfied that she are not harmful. I do not believe that you can instruct a young girl by word of mouth without doing her harm.

Comrade Pugh was at the jails right enough, but he was accepting hospitality from our mutual host. We have had no wine, no viands, no perfumes, and no fruit for our chairman, Edwin Pugh, for to his true nature, he never gave us any feast or flow of reason or of soul. But there he sat in his vapors, fumbling secretly with his little saw, wondering whether the jails had good crews looking in the wood.

Silly little man who wrote men down as snobs because they were sympathizers with his prominent disabilities, and so made display to him of admiration—admiration for his far less patent talents.

In the City of the Blind the one-eyed man is king." On which side of him should all men take their stand for judgment?

A. J. OBERMAYER.

[Mr. Pugh will reply next week.—Ed. N. A.]

* * *

ANGLO-AMERICA.

To the Editor of "The New Age."

Mr. Grierson is correct in stating that England has few friends in America. The "Christian Commonwealth" of next week (June 30, 1909) will be a special "Minority Report" number, and will contain articles by Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Webb, the Rt. Hon. Sir John Gorst, K.C., Mr. George Bernard Shaw, Mr. H. G. Wells, Mr. George Lansbury, Mr. G. P. Gooch, M.P., Miss Margaret McMillan, and others. Mrs. Sidney Webb claims that the scheme outlined in the Minority Report enables us boldly to say: "It is now possible to abolish destitution."

"The Christian Commonwealth" will be splendid propaganda matter for this "Charter of the Poor."

Photographs will appear of the members of the Poor Law Commission who signed the Minority Report.
WORKER'S EDUCATIONAL ASSOCIATION.

To the Editor of "The New Age."

Upon points of detail in the letter by the "Writer of the Article" on the Workers' Educational Association in answer to a joint letter by some members of its executive,

I refer you to the Appendix of the "Clerical" side, which I have received from the trade union committee of the W. E. A., and ask you to put it in your notes as being of importance. There is also a point of importance in the latter's answer, which I append. But the real question is: What is the object of the W. E. A.? The movement of the W. E. A. is not to procure educational facilities of an improved Toyne Hall and University Extension Lecture type for the working classes. It is identified with the "Clerical Side" of the W. E. A., to secure "the most complete education, including free and easy access to the Universities"; or, as one of our branches puts it, "the educational demands of workers by all possible means."

It believes that the Universities of England should be used by the people for the people, and that brains and character should be the only toll—not money or birth. It is working to bring about "the personal and universal salvation of each child, adult and adult shall have that education which is essential for his or her complete development. It is true that it is purely an educational body, and can only proceed by educational arguments.

It is only a little thing, but it is something to secure Labour representation in the administration of the work of Universities. It is only a little thing, but it is something, that it has secured the expenditure of a portion (far too small) of the endowments of Oxford upon working class terms in working class districts. In regard to the programme of education laid down by the Trade Union Congress, the W. E. A. can point to a definite work in attempting to realise the educational portions of that programme, and can report success.

Why Lord Londonderry should come in so much is strange, because he has never subscribed one penny to the Association, nor had any contact with it. Neither of the other three gentlemen mentioned are members, although they had previously supported its work. The Duke of Westminster's subscription was for the support of lectures at Westminster, of which "Justice" said, "We like the addresses," and recommend the book to those seeking an introduction to the House of Commons." (October 8th, 1908.) For our part, we are glad that such men are willing to subscribe, making no conditions and asking no privileges, to a body which is run voluntarily by the labour, not only by "friends of the working classes," but by working men and women.

What is a private organisation? If a private organisation be one which is made up of Local Education Authorities, Trade Unions, Co-operative Societies, etc., and which is governed by them, then the W. E. A. is a private organisation, but in such a case no stigma attaches to the term "private organisation." Our position has been well put by Mr. Philip Snowden, who says, "I support the Association chiefly because I believe that its efforts will be invaluable in helping to make that public opinion which will compel the State to take in hand this important work, and bring it to a successful conclusion."

In regard to Lord Curzon's proposals, it is impossible to see how the report of the Joint Committee "adopts the basis of Lord Curzon's suggestions" when Lord Curzon's suggestions came out at least nine months after the report of the Joint Committee; are the private organisations of that gentleman in a large measure oxymoronic. Probably, however, the "Writer of the Article" does not mean what he says. The definite suggestions of Lord Curzon will be dealt with at the W. E. A. annual meeting.

Any action which the W. E. A. may take in advancing the educational demands of Labour rests upon the fact that it is a great federation of working class societies, taking cognisance of every type—Co-operative Societies, Adult Schools, Working Men's Clubs, etc., although Trade Unions are the dominant type. The W. E. A. does not claim "to control educational policies of the workers"; it wants the workers to control it themselves. Meanwhile it regards itself as a convenient means of communication by which their organisations can be asked to make direct appointments upon University or other committees. It believes that education in this country will never be workable unless there has been an actual share in the management of all educational institutions. At Oxford the parliamentary Committee of the Trade Union Congress, the Co-operative Union, and the National Council of Friendly Societies, were asked to appoint representatives. At Manchester, where Mr. J. R. Clynes, M.P., is chairman of the workers' section, the Lancashire and Cheshire Miners Federation and the Northern Counties Federation of Trades Councils, the Co-operative Union, the National Conference of Friendly Societies, and by the Northern Counties Wesleyan Conference, were asked to appoint representatives. The same point has been pursued at Leeds, where Mr. F. W. Jowett, M.P., is chairman of the workers' section. Clearly, then, it does not appear that the W. E. A. desires to arrogate to itself direct control.

As for the Oxford Report—not the report of the W. E. A., because not all the members of the Labour side of the committee were members of the W. E. A.—it is before the world, and can be purchased for 15s. of any bookseller. The reason for the presence of the committee of direct representatives of the parliamentary Committee of the Trade Union Congress, etc., is surely sufficient. Meanwhile, we shall be glad to help anybody to discuss the report, so that discussion the better. It is, after all, only a first word.

We do not ask the workers of this country "to support the W. E. A. in their trade union educational policy." To quote from an official pamphlet, "the majority of its members are politicians as well as educationalists, but one and all respect the integrity of the Association, and realise it as complementary in a purely educational sense to the forward political demand made in the resolution of the Trades Union Congress last winter." Our education is to be balanced with that of the general Federation of Trade Unions. The association wants to advance the facilities open to poor children, step by step, until it attains to the ideal laid down by such bodies as the Trades Union Congress. The W. E. A. sets forward no rival scheme, nor can it oppose without dishonour the resolution of the Trades Union Congress; but it cannot adopt sectarian or party-political clauses which may be introduced.

In a few months the next report of the Workers' Educational Association, probably published, and I shall be pleased to send a copy on receipt of 6d. in stamps to any of your readers.

(General Secretary, Workers' Educational Association.)

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