THE REAL TRIUMPH OF SUFFRAGETTES.

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF POLITICS, LITERATURE AND ART.


NOTES OF THE WEEK.

We cannot but admire the fidelity with which the Lords are keeping their secret. They might almost be Suffragettes. Lords Milner and Curzon may run about the streets like the Psalmist's dog, but nobody pays any heed to them. Their detachment from partisanship is too vehemently protested to be believed. They would fain occupy the position of Lord Rosebery, who has all the privileges of the partisan with none of its obligations. They are even farther removed from the real detachment of Mr. Balfour, whose praise on Wednesday evening would have been less offensive from anybody's lips rather than from Mr. Lloyd George's. (Mr. Lloyd George must be told that he has not yet earned the right to praise his intellectual betters), Mr. Balfour is naturally detached, so naturally, indeed, that it is only by an effort that he assumes the partisan; and this as it should be. But Lords Milner and Curzon are by nature partisan, and not all their efforts will convince us that they ever were, are, or will be anything else. Consequently their contributions to the discussion of the attitude of the Lords are discounted as soon as made. Their words give darkness more substance.

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For our part we are still of opinion that the Lords will accept the Budget, and that there will be no General Election till 1911. This, if you please, is disinterested advice, being quite contrary to our wishes. An election on the Lords' veto would afford us an excellent opportunity of raising the whole question of the Constitution; and we might rely on all the abeyant forces of revolution to be up in arms on our side. Moreover, until we have a Socialist Party in power, a General Election is always welcome. Though we are quite ready to accept every palliative of poverty and unemployment offered by either party, we do not delude ourselves for an instant into the belief that any party save a Socialist Party will really go to the root of these matters. They simply cannot unless they are Socialist, for the simple reason that unless they are Socialist they do not know where the root lies. To us it is as plain as daylight that the causes of poverty are identical with the causes of unemployment, and that both are rooted in the private ownership of the means of production. The perception of this fact is obscured for the majority by obliquities and obtusenesses past enumeration. But time is on our side, and in fifty years from now nobody will doubt it. Meanwhile, however, a rapid succession of party governments would best serve our purpose.

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As a matter of tactics it is difficult, however, to declare in set terms that the Labour Party in Parliament has been at fault in supporting the Government, as it so assiduously has supported them. There have been and, we hope, will be during this present Government, several Bills of a character to command Socialist support. It would be folly to oppose them simply because they emanate from a Liberal instead of a Socialist Cabinet. That would be fanaticism indeed. On the other hand, we are perfectly certain that a Labour Party that looks forward to a time when, as Mr. Keir Hardie says, it will govern the Empire, ought to be more vigorous in criticism than the present Labour Party has proved itself to be. With a few personal exceptions, the party has shown no great aptitude for either criticism or construction. The Government does not fear Mr. Henderson as, say, the French Government under Clemenceau feared Jaurès. What our Labour members say is almost always correct and well said; but their Parliamentary speeches lack not only mastery of detail and general grasp, but also, and the defect is more serious, any trace of a determined attempt to compel events in a single direction.

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The bungle the party made over the interpelation on the murder of Ferrer affords a striking example of what we mean. Anybody with eyes in front of his head can see plainly enough that the shooting of Ferrer was not an isolated incident confined to Spain, but an event of universal proletarian interest. The difference between the Labour Party and the other parties lies precisely in this: that the Labour Party represents the proletariat not of England only but of the world. There is no real relation or similarity between the Liberals of Spain and England, or Germany and England, or Italy and England; but the Labour and Socialist movements of all these countries are waves of the same tide. Ferrer was as much a unit of the English Socialist movement as of the Spanish Socialist movement; and his murder was an offence against the British Labour Party as real as if he had been Mr. Curran or Mr. Jowett. And that, we contend, is how it should have been regarded by the Labour Party both individually and collectively.

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Mr. Henderson certainly did his best, by raising the question in the House of Commons on Monday and again on Tuesday, to demonstrate his personal grasp of the position; but whether from negligence, stupidity, or the everlasting pique towards Mr. Grayson, the party as a whole did not carry the protest to the point of
adjourning the House. There was every likelihood that the Speaker would have accepted the motion if the necessary number of forty members had been found; and we might have had a momentous debate on the subject, with a side light on Sir Edward Grey's whole reactionary foreign policy. To the disgust of thousands of the public who were seriously concerned with the case, only fourteen out of the forty members were present when Mr. Grayson moved the adjournment, and these were increased by three Liberals and one Irish member to the beggarly eighteen which is all we have to show the world as our Parliamentary interest in the murder of one of our noblest members.

It will be said, of course, that the fault was Mr. Grayson's. We are glad that Mr. Henderson made it clear at the Memorial Hall on Thursday evening that the fault was that of the Labour members themselves. Mr. Grayson, we are certain, would not have intervened unless he had been certain that the motion for adjournment was not coming from the Labour Party. In fact, the motion would never have been made at all but for Mr. Grayson. It is incredible that the Labour Party should have discussed the matter before Parliament met without deciding to carry the interpellation to the full extent it affords them that they might do just this. Apparently they were to remain satisfied with putting a few questions to Sir Edward Grey, and to leave the matter. Only Mr. Grayson's courage compelled the House to listen while the extreme motion was put in the Labour Party should then have mustered in Mr. Grayson's support only fourteen members is lamentable from every point of view; chiefly, however, as a demonstration of the superficiality of the Labour Party's conception of the real meaning of their own internationalism. A Labour Party that is not international can never be national.

There may be the ultimate destiny of the Labour Party, however, we are all in favour of increasing its numbers considerably. That is the first step towards political and economic reform, and the step that lies nearest the wage-earners of this country. Though their political sins were as scarlet, we might still plead that a score or so representatives of no fewer than 14 million wage-earners in a political assembly of 1,400, including the Lords, is insufficient. Moreover, the defects of the party are largely the defects of weakness. It is a hard task to sit a hopeless minority year in year out amid alien ways of thought; and with twice their present numbers the Labour Party, we believe, would double their courage. With their numbers quadrupled, their attitude would approximate to that of the present Unionists, who have certainly put up an excellent fight against the Budget, and, in fact, have even won most of their demands. Any addition or prospective addition to the Labour Party must therefore be hailed with pleasure as a new force in a party that can well do with force; and any opposition must be regarded as radically inimical.

We write on the eve of the election at Bermondsey, in which circumstance a Labour candidate in the person of Dr. Salter is fighting a three-cornered seat. There is not the least reason why a three-cornered fight should have been necessary. Dr. Salter was in the field long before Mr. Hughes lifted up his eyes to Bermondsey. Dr. Salter is a popular local man, an elected councillor of the district, an untiring worker in every public and private sphere, a pioneer on behalf of feeding and medicating school-children, and, of course, an extremely good and serviceable man. Mr. Hughes, Mr. Sheehy-Skeffington, and Mr. Bart Kennedy, the others who have taken his orders from the Liberal Whip on this occasion as when at Jarrow he was defeated by Dr. Salter, let us have held the seat for the Budget on a straight fight; it is equally certain that Mr. Hughes will not hold it. What folly then to risk providing the Tariff Reformers with an appearance of a triumph? And the onus of "splitting the Progressive vote" will not lie this time with the Labour candidate but with the Liberal. Bermondsey must be remembered when the next "deal" is being discussed.

With the release of two of the three remaining Suffragettes imprisoned after Mr. Lloyd George's meeting at Newcastle another discreditable incident in the Government's conduct of the Suffrage agitation has closed with the humiliation of Mr. Herbert Gladstone. Why, we ask, were Lady Lytton and Mrs. Brailsford released before they were forcibly fed with the stomach-pump? The medical testimony that their hearts were too weak is tainted by a little fact which came to our knowledge and which unravels a sinister light on the petty treachery of Government administration. We understand that on the imprisonment of these two ladies, one of whom is the wife of an old journalistic colleague of the Under-Secretary of the Home Office, Mr. Masterman, and any opposition must take the form of going to prison again.

We confess that, like everybody else, we have lost our way amid the complexities of the Budget. With two or three hundred Government amendments on the report stage it is impossible for Mr. Lloyd George's latest calculations yield the surprising result of a deficit on the total requirements which will have to be met out of the Sinking Fund. This comes of not taking the House of Commons' view of Mr. Lloyd George's Budget in principle of only a half. When the Bill has actually gone through and we know the real shape of the poodle, we may have something to say of the ineptitude displayed in its original Draughtsmanship. Had the Lords had an ounce of sense among them they could have riddled the Budget and killed it with ridicule. As it is, they struck it where it was strong and avoided it where it was weak. We would undertake, however, to draw up a Budget proof against any criticism except that of modesty and meekness. What is, most likely, the next Budget becomes imminent we shall do it.

We bespeak the support of our readers in our new attempt to write THE NEW AGE alive. Only stress of circumstances has driven us to the desperate expedient of raising the price of the paper. We had the ambition to succeed where others have failed, and to establish for the advanced movement a penny weekly review equip with all the other respects of an old Order. We are not, and not, we venture to say, through any fault of ours. No paper has been better served by writers of distinction; no paper has so consistently avoided claptrap, the banal, and touting for advertisements. But the circulation needed to make the enterprise pay has proved impossible to obtain.

Among the writers who have promised to contribute to early numbers of the new series of THE NEW AGE are Professor Geddes, Mr. Walter Sparrow, Mr. G. K. Chesterton, Mr. Francis Grierson, Mr. Somerset Maugham, Mr. Robert Ross, Mr. Arnold Bennett, Mr. Frank Harris, Professor L. Arthur Thompson, Mr. Bart Kennedy, Mr. Belfort Bax, Mr. Sheehy-Skeffington, Mr. Swift MacNeill, Mr. Cecil Raleigh, Mr. S. H. Swinny, John Masefield. These in addition to the writers who have already contributed more or less regularly to our pages.

"Long Live Ferrer!"

The execution of Señor Ferrer has resulted in the fall of the Spanish Ministry. Much as diplomatists may belittle the effects of public opinion on the acts of Governments, the Spanish Cortes has recognised the justice of the world-wide denunciation of the methods of Señor Maura by dismissing him from the post of Premier. Rarely has injustice been so rapidly avenged.

Ferrer's case is still the subject of much discussion abroad. In Austria, a vigorous Press warfare is proceeding. In Holland, M. Troelstra's motion in the Senate urging that a message of condolence should be sent to Señor Ferrer's family, led to an extraordinary debate, the resolution being defeated by 60 votes to 8, many abstaining. Generally speaking, the name of Ferrer has symbolised the progress of humanity in face of the efforts of theocracies, oligarchies, and militarism. The peoples of the world recognise that they are the victims of the priest, the oligarch, and the soldiery. Unable to escape from the grasp of a three-fold oppression, which is spiritual, economic, and personal, the world-democracy has risen in wrath at this attempt to crush the spirit of liberty in a country where it is most needed.

The present writer has had some interesting reading amongst the Catholic Press in England, as their comments upon the anti-Catholic outbreak, caused by Señor Ferrer's judicial murder, are of some importance. One can only say that the Catholics have themselves to thank if the English people regard the execution of Ferrer as a crime of clericalism. For instance, the "Catholic Herald" has discovered that Ferrer had been "guilty of revolting murders." It is remarkable that the Spanish Government, at any rate, did not charge him with committing "revolting murders." Moreover, whatever crimes Ferrer may have been a party to, the Spanish authorities denied that he was involved in any case of "guilt by exposure of judicial tribunals. Prejudiced tribunals are worse than no tribunals. Lynch law is better than a deliberate prejudging of a case. Most references to its invalidity are merely invented to destroy the Catholic cause of the prisoner, or being merely hearsay evidence. The "Catholic Herald" is very annoyed at the calumnies of the Liberal and Socialist Press; but its own inventive capabilities should make the "Anarchist" Press green with envy.

The "Universe," another Catholic journal, dismisses what was an obvious ballon d'essai sent up by the tribunals are worse than no tribunals. Lynch law is the "Anarchist" cannot be disguised, have got a strong grip on Europe. What care they for Ferrer or for Spain? Their object is to crush Christianity." Once more, Christianity is taken as the emblem of Catholicism. Catholicism has little hope of intellectual survival, unless the Catholic hierarchy abandon their claim of authority in spiritual matters. It is a temporal age, and how Catholics can buttress themselves up with "The Rosary Crusade," "An Appeal of the Holy Souls in Purgatory" in these days is most difficult to comprehend. The Catholic papers complain that the London Press is dominated by anti-Catholicism. Yet, the shocking murder of Señor Romeo, widely published on the Continent, have been withheld from the knowledge of the British public, a circumstance which does not bear out this particular Catholic complaint.

Even after a cool deliberation, one must express astonishment at the universality of the pro-Ferrer movement. It is the first sign of international feeling among the peoples of the world. Education and rapid intercommunication are doing their work in breaking down the artificial barriers, upon which are perched the capitalists and the theocrats, between the peoples. The world is advancing under the waving banner of Liberty, Fraternity and Equality. The execution of Ferrer re-echoed the slogan cry of 1789 throughout the civilised world. The permanence of the feeling is equally very significant. This has been no nine days' wonder. The cry of execration has shaken Spain and the Catholic Church to their foundations. There cannot be a doubt that Catholicism, which was shown to be more vitality that rival creeds under the steady wearing away of scientific research, has received a severe check. The King's flirtation with the Catholic Church, which was verging on a breach of the Coronation Oath of 1876, has ceased to continue. The King can do nothing more perilous to his dynasty than to force another English Princess, as Queen Ena was forced, to change Protestantism for Catholicism as the price of the Portuguese throne. Ferrer is dead; but many princes and priests will curse those who slew him, for it brought the people into the streets.

C. H. NORMAN.
Art and Taxation.

By Walter Shaw Sparrow.

(Author of "The English House," "The British Home of To-Day," "Hints on House Furnishing," etc.)

At a time when El Dorados for taxation are as difficult to reach as the North Pole, it is odd that no attention should be given to the untaxed injustice that attends all profitable trading in expired patents and copyrights.

What is a copyright? And why should it be taxed when it suffers legal death and yet leaves marketable property to be exploited by tradesmen?

The first question is very hard to answer reasonably, because the laws of copyright are illogical, and do harm to all who with thought and skill invent books, pictures, music, designs, and mechanical contrivances. These good things—one and all—represent property, personal to their makers, without whose genius they could not exist at all, to dignify life and to fructify in business and employment. Yet the State not only declines to regard them as personal property, but with grudging laws fixes varying terms of years to the privilege of trade enjoyment which inventors and artists are allowed to keep in the breadwinning value of their achievement. Though that privilege differs in the case of books and engravings, and of pictures and patents, the principle is ever the same; namely, that invention is a form of Socialism, and should belong to anybody and everybody after a legalised spell of protection. So the word "copyright" is insinuated as an admission by the law that a writer's books, for example, belong to him entirely, like his tables and his chairs: it means nothing more than the sole and exclusive liberty of multiplying copies of his books during a fixed period of time, for the author's life and seven years after his death, or for a period of forty-two years from the date of first publication, whichever term shall be the longer. So, then, "Old Father Antic the Law" grants you leave to control your own book-property for a short while, recognising that even authors and their families must have some chance of paying their rents, rates, taxes, food, and school-bills. For a while then they can be of use to themselves; after that their benefactions must be socialistic. How this law operates may be seen in the following tale:

It is fifty-two years ago since two brothers, A. and B., became craftsmen. A. designed and made all the furniture required for his home, and bequeathed it by will to his eldest son. He died last year, and his son, now thirty-two, has made a will leaving that furniture to his own eldest boy, who at present is a lad of eight. Plainly, then, the old furniture belongs to the family, and may be handed on from father to son for the length of time. As to B., he wrote a book. At first it was a failure, but little by little it won success, till at last it earned for him in royalties a small income—about £10 each quarter. But the author died, leaving a widow in the grip of poverty, and, in the routine of legalised injustice, the copyright of his book lapsed. Then several publishers at the same moment issued cheap editions, and not one farthing did the widow receive. Yet her husband's work not only remained in the family, but belonged to the predatory booming of cheap trades. Books, then, however good, even although they mean Shakespeares and Miltons, are inferior as property to frying-pans and footstools, or bureaus and bedsteads.

Why in the world should that be so? Why should a widow starve while tradesmen gamble in her husband's work? And why should the dead men of genius, by conquest in the market with the help of unfair conditions, be as blacklegs to our own contemporary inventors? For royalties—out of which the living must make shift to live—increase the cost price of marketable wares, while lapsed copyrights of salutary work lessen that price and become predatory foies to inventors and artists of to-day. It is monstrous that our dead poets, paying no royalties, should drive our living poets to suicide. Why should the public buy their Davidson for six shillings when they can get a complete Tennyson for a taxer? When a man cannot live by doing useful and beautiful work, he suffers two deaths, for his spirit dies long before his heart stops beating. And again, what of posthumous fame but the repentance of mankind for old sins of cruel negligence fatal to someone great?

I have said in several of my books, and I repeat it here, that the State having declined to protect the property by greatly extending the term of copyright, ought certainly to charge fixed royaltys on all expired patents and copyrights, the proceeds to be collected into a National Fund for the encouragement of the arts and crafts. Those royalties, of course, should be such as the living act, and get; so that old work may not be subsidised by the State to the injury of new productions. It is a crime against the present and the future that the greatness of former times should cripple the genius of to-day by having granted to it unfair advantages in market competition.

Another example? Well, several great painters of Queen Victoria's reign died from sheer poverty and heart-break, like John Sell Cotman, whose most beautiful water-colour—Greta Bridge—was sold for less than ten shillings. At the present time the commercial value of Cotman's work rises higher and higher, but who benefits? The painter's descendants? Certainly not. All copyrights expire after twenty years, and a wag of an auctioneer offers them for sale. They are the legal legatees of a triumph which came to Cotman posthumously. How pitiful it is that a man of genius, having failed to support his family while alive, should be allowed after death to retrieve his unmerited failure as a parent!

Far too often, I fear, Modern Justice has one eye bandaged, and Parliament coaxes her to believe that the blind side is the more useful to her and us.

Here we have Ruskin, for example, dead but a few years, and yet for some time his books have been free to a sordid rivalry between the cheap-jacks of trade. To say that the public benefits by such rivalry is absurd; for it implies, in these days of Free Libraries, that our democracy cannot afford to read borrowed books. Besides, the country is not yet so poor that readers cannot give a fair price for that which they wish to read. If we were a race of paupers, living in the almshouse called Socialism, expired copyrights and patents would inflict little if any harm on the living, because all classes alike would be equal in their sub-missive want of ambition; but since money is essential in an age of wealth and competitive progress, why should the speculators of trade be singled out by the State as the best legatees for lapsed copyrights and patents? Why should an artist's wife and children be less deserving than his publisher or his picture-dealer?

It is impossible to give a satisfactory answer to these questions. Whatever Laws may say or do, works of art and invention are property far more intimately personal than are inherited lands and chattels. The least that Modern Justice should do is to use her one eye with some judgment; and this she can do in the following ways:

1. By demanding royalties for the State on all expired rights no longer remain in the family, but belonged to the predatory booming of cheap trades. Books, then, however good, even although they mean Shakespeares and Miltons, are inferior as property to frying-pans and footstools, or bureaus and bedsteads.

2. By taxing the receipts on all old works of art sold at auctions and elsewhere for trade; and

3. By using all the money thus obtained to advance the progress of modern work.

Then "the simple great ones" will help to support their successors, instead of being the petted slaves of gambling tradesmen, who would value Shakespeare at a penny if they could earn half that sum for themselves.
The Real Triumph of the Militants.

Throughout the discussions in The New Age and elsewhere as to whether the "Vote" has or has not been fought for by the Militants, the latter have not delayed it—it seems not to have occurred to any of the disputants as quite likely that the Militants are less concerned with getting the vote than with getting women to want it; and not only to want it, but to want it so much that they will work for it, to want to die for it. Better far, they may be thinking, to have five thousand women in revolt against the degradation of disfranchisement than five millions who have received the vote as nice, good children receive chocolates.

If this should be their position, then it will be seen that they play a game of "heads I win, tails you lose," for if the vote be granted it is manifestly their victory; on the other hand, as it is refused their ranks are being recruited by daily increasing numbers and their coffers filled to overflowing by a daily increasing volume of subscriptions. The new adherents, too, include large numbers of deserters from the other parties—in particular, from the Women's Liberal Associations, which in all the great centres of population are constantly being agitated painfully by the arrests or maltreatment of women whose departure from their ranks is still fresh felt. Reading through some of the reports of Women's Liberal Associations, which have so many reasons to feel deeply grateful, one would have thought that very little else had been done, because so many members, including all the more active spirits, had gone over to the Women's Social and Political Union! Another Association "suspended itself until such time as the Women's Franchise should be enacted." Others have become quite moribund through constant desertions. Even many of those Liberal women who remain faithful to their old party do so because they have a lazy notion that Mr. Asquith has promised to introduce a Reform Bill which will solve their problem for them. Presently comes the death of another Session—possibly of another Parliament—and still no vote; nothing but the usual "explanation." Does anyone suppose that even these pathetically faithful ones would have been permitted to do anything with their votes except to keep rebellious spirits which the militants have created, the spirit which has set in now that it is clear there will be no vote, and the resignation of Mrs. Osler, Miss Southall, sister to Miss Ramsay Macdonald type had been able to pose as the liberators and benefactors of those dear, good Liberal and Unionist and Labour women to whom the vote had been graciously accorded by an indulgent male House of Commons—"in some political mood corresponding to the better disciplined, the more efficient becomes the action in which all great parties have their source. The longer the vote is withheld, the better organised, the better disciplined, the more efficient becomes the force which is to make use of it when it does come. Let us pray, then, that the Workers' Government may continue its present course, a course for which women have so many reasons to feel deeply grateful. Think, for instance, how humiliating it is to find that the Militants have been able to pose as the liberators and benefactors of those dear, good Liberal and Unionist and Labour women to whom the vote had been so long withheld, the better organised, the more efficient becomes the action in which all great parties have their source. The longer the vote is withheld, the better organised, the better disciplined, the more efficient becomes the force which is to make use of it when it does come.

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...
An Awakening.
(A Conversation à propos the famous Steinheil Affair.)

"Perhaps you will recall, monsieur l'avocat, that I was accused of being the assassin."

"Yes, I remember at the time it created a great stir."

"Well, it is about getting justice that I want to talk with you."

"But you are entirely out of the affair; your alibi was made official. So far as you are concerned, it is the end of the scandal."

"Not quite, monsieur, for I have just been attacked scandalously in the official act of accusation."

"Impossible, for it was proven you were away all summer."

"Nevertheless, it is true. It could not be denied that I was far from Paris the night of the crime, so they have been forced reluctantly, it would seem, to lessen their grip on me as the assassin and instead resort to calling me an adventurer and one who frequent suspect places. It seems somehow they cannot conceal their disappointment that I did not commit the crime."

"It is an affair full of mystery."

"But, monsieur l'avocat, I am an honourable citizen. I want to protest against these defamatory phrases."

"There is nothing to do. People in time will forget them."

"Then I shall cry out in the court for justice."

"You will not get the chance. To intervene you must have someone to protect you and someone to plead, and you say you have no money. Moreover, such interference will make a bad impression on the court, and there is a possibility that, in revenge, they will force you to pay the cost of the intervention."

"But surely one may defend himself. I will appeal to Monsieur le President! I will call the police as witness that the accusation is untrue."

"You will get put in gaol."

"Then I will appeal to the people for justice."

"You are a stranger, and I warn you that you may be put out of the country."

"But what about justice? The trial is to be in the Palais de Justice."

"You will pardon me if I speak frankly. You are an idealist, and still have some droll ideas. There is no such thing as justice."

"Then why do they call it a Palais de Justice, and why are judges paid large salaries?"

"Simply because law courts are a relic of the Age of Ideals, which has gone by. Law courts, when understood, are simply Courts of Expediency at their best, and at their worst are simply a band of politicians who have done something for their party. They know nothing about justice in the abstract, as does no one, and care less. As judges are put there by the ruling classes they are true to their kind, and maintain their prejudices. Through law courts the governing classes simply have another and more subtle way to govern. The fact already is leaking out, and explains why there is a rising tide among the working classes against this manufactured justice. It is inexpedient for judges to be just, for justice brought into play would dissolve the present social system, with the result that these representatives of the property classes would lose their jobs. It would be virtually suicide. This is why powerful supporters of the present social system can commit undeniable crimes against humanity and go unpunished, while if a starving man takes a loaf of bread it is called an attack on property, and the man is imprisoned for two years. If justice were real it would take into account circumstances, and would absolutely free instead of being prohibitive to the poor. That courts of justice are only courts of expediency was shown recently in Spain, for Ferrer was making it too hot for the governing classes, with their inevitable capitalist and church allies, and it was decided that it was inexpedient that he should continue."

"I will cry out then against this injustice!"

"If an Emile Zola, perhaps, but you are not powerful enough. You will be crucified with the other thousands who have attacked the system. Crucifixion is uncomfortable, monsieur; it is better to suffer in silence."

"You are a lawyer and a rationalist."

"Yes, and justice, monsieur, is an Utopian dream."

F. H. BURLINGHAM (ex-assassin).

The Many and the Few.
By W. Teignmouth Shore.

Of all the many amazing puzzles that present themselves to students of our present social system this is the most astounding, that the many submit to the few. The very idea of the many giving up the advantage of the few to the advantage of the many continues! It will last just as much longer as the many permit it to last, for the few have put the weapon of destruction into the hands of the many.

In very ancient days, when all men were equally ignorant, it was but natural that might should be the only right; natural that the one strongest and bravest warrior and hunter should become king; natural that when brains came into fashion to them, might should be leavened with the right of mind. Religion came to the assistance of the brainy man without muscles, priestcraft began as it still remains, the handmaid of tyranny and the prop of the ancient régime.

Until quite recent days the vast majority of men and women could not read or write; their knowledge of life was circumscribed; it was but natural that they should take things as they were, grumbling maybe, but not actively rebellious save where the shoe pinched excessively sorely, when they would kick a bit. So far the great revolutions have been the upheavals of minorities burning with zeal and led by zealots, of which our Puritan revolution is perhaps the most striking example. Also, since arms of precision have come into being, and since the creation of standing armies has made so great the difference in skill and power between the professional and the amateur soldier, armed rebellion has become practically hopeless.

But the few, by the manipulations of party politics and by the innate conservative reverence of Englishmen for the things that are, really rest their security not upon their power, which has ceased to exist, but upon the fact that the many are ignorant of the power of the few. The few have therefore to be weak.

Figures are not needed to prove that the few do rule the many, and do rule them abominably badly; it is no part of my purpose to set forth how badly. What are called the two great Parties—the Conservatives and the Liberals—do turn about to rule the roast, and each party is led by the nose by the small clique which is at the heart of things. The country is ruled by the minority for the advantage of the minority, yet, with colossal impudence or in stupendous ignorance of what they were doing, the minority have handed over to the majority—the few to the many—the vote, the power to dictate who shall rule and how. Perhaps the few knew that the horny-handed monster was a stupid beast, who was gentle or who only growled and showed his teeth occasionally because he was ignorant of the strength he possessed.

To put it simply. The working men, and by working men I mean all those who must work with brain or body, or both, to earn a living, know that they are helpless before their masters unless they combine. Equally helpless will the few be when once working men combine politically and say, "We are the majority, we will rule, we will govern for the benefit of the many, including the few," the troubles are two: first, that the underdog has not yet realised that just as soon as he chooses to do so he can become top dog; second, that the many are split up into various parties, Conservatives, Liberals, Socialists, and so forth, and divided they all. Also, we have too many leaders.
What the world of labour is looking for is a leader who will deal with the unpossessed, who will make them see upon how many all-important questions of social politics they are agreed, how they are really one upon essential matters, and that the first thing to do is to take upon their powers—take the rule from the few—rope the government of the country so as to secure justice for the many. After that has been done, if need be, we'll split up again into parties, perhaps.

Open Letter to Sir Conan Doyle.

DEAR SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE,—Not so very long ago I read your eloquent defence of an alleged mutilator of cattle; to-day I have perused your equally eloquent indictment of mutilators of men. You will, I am convinced, succeed in your new crusade as you succeeded before, and it is because of this conviction that I want to ask you, are you doing the best possible work in devoting your time and energies to the Congo? Might you not write a book and call it “The Crime of London” and have both covers blacked with blood? Somewhere I read you thought of “Hells upon Earth” as a title, but of course the magnitude of that book daunted you because “The Crime of the Congo” would only be one of its shortest chapters.

You say you are convinced the reason why public opinion has not been more sensitive upon the question of the Congo Free State is that the terrible story has not been brought thoroughly home to the people. This is so true as to be trite, and better said by a greater than you about a greater crime than blackens Congo—“Consider whether...luxury would be desired by any of us if we saw clearly at our sides the suffering which accompanies it in the world...The cruellest man living could not sit at his feast unless he sat blindfold.”

I am troubled by some qualms about your “Imperialism,” but I hope there is really no doubt that you have righteousness put this behind you in the preparation of your pamphlet, that you would have written exactly the same words had Britain been Belgium and Belgium Britain. If we are to credit you with common honesty we must assume so much.

Your facts are, I believe, quite true, but I think your conclusions are wrong. You exaggerate when you talk about “the greatest crime in all history.” The Belgians have done badly, but no worse than we did in Queensland when it was Northern New South Wales. Have you ever heard of the sport of “blackbirding,” burning several hundred “niggers” into a valley for corroboree, stationing men with rifles round, and then sending in the black trackers with tomahawks? None ever left the valley, men and women, children impaled on fire sharpened stakes, and the sergeant of police reported to headquarters: “on —— day of —— I found the —— tribe assembled and dispersed them.”

If Belgium possessed a fleet of Dreadnoughts then (and dared use them) she would have wrested Australia from us, as you now want to wrest the Congo from her. But would that have been right? Give Belgium a chance to set her house in order as we had. She is at least as rich as the Congo, of that I am sure. Nothing but iniquity, Leopold (much red rubber he has vainly laboured to assuage the pains of his hell), and she has her reformers, her Vandervelde, and her Father Vermeersch.

The horrors of your details are sufficiently harrowing to us, but I had quaintly illustrated this morning their effect on the native mind. While I was in my bath I heard chuckles of delight from my black boy, who I found had discovered your book in my dressing room. I asked him “Why you go laugh?” Pointing to your frontispiece he said, “This boy be bad teef man (thief) chief go catch he, chop he foot and he hand.” No, I explained, “some white men do so.” “He say so?” my boy enquired, and when I said he did, burst out “He lie. White man no fit do so. He teef man, chief catch he. I know, Oh! Oh! White man no fit do so at all,” which, as he comes from nearer the Niger than the Congo and only knows British rule, is a gratifying tribute to the rule of the Belgians since the days of “blackbirding” and “tribe dispersal.”

Now last year this boy was living with me in Chiswick, and sometimes passed through a rather slummy street, quite an innocuous slum as you and I understand slums, but which may one day raise a conflagration and run through, and the dirt and degradation horrific him, and it really was quite an innocuous slum as you and I, sir, understand slums. What an eloquent “Crime of London,” my boy would write if he were Sir Arthur Conan Doyle.

You see, it is all in the point of view, and we who know, know that the poor wretches in Congo do not suffer as we should suffer in their places. They have been used to inhuman monsters and the change from black monsters to white is only incidental.

Of course, this does not mitigate the responsibility of Belgium, but after all, Belgium and the Belgians are more important than Congo and the Congolese, and if we do Belgian work in reforming Congo, what happens to Belgium? Let the Belgian reformers arouse the Belgian conscience in the matter.

And for us, let us see to it that our hands are clean and our own national conscience is satisfied, and let our help to Congo reform be the showing of a bright light of good example.—I am, My dear Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, Yours faithfully,

A MAN IN THE STREET.

TO LEOPOLD.

Hast found the secret, friend, what gold can do! Since thirty silver pieces Jesus slew; A thousand thirty pieces, the wood boy A thousand thousand souls to crucify.

Hast laid up treasure, friend, that never shall rust? Their hands, their feet offended ... they are dust (Man lives a little while, and rots away) The gotten gold endures... where are they?

Harvest Thanksgiving.

TO-DAY we make, as it were, a feast, when we decorate our chapel with flowers and fruits and other symbols of the wealth of the earth, the bounty of Nature to man, and bid ourselves rejoice in that wealth and that bounty—a purely human and wholesome thing to do. When we look upon the leaves of corn we cannot fail to be transported with the vision of the plentiful harvest fields they suggest: the beauty of everything round us enchants us; and added to the thought of beauty is the thought of use—of the noble strength and energy which men will derive from the feast that Nature sets before them, and of joy that is inseparable from the wise use of abundance.

This feast of Nature is spread for all, and all are invited to the feast or festival that we are holding to-day. The common sentiment of Christianity, of mankind, says to us hold this feast, and we are obeying that sentiment. But stay, are there any further rules we ought to observe? Did the founder of Christianity lay down any principles for his followers in this matter of feasting? I find in the gospel that he told not to invite our friends, our kinsmen, or our rich neighbours, because they can bid us again. We are to bid “the poor, the maimed, the lame, the blind.”

This counsel embarrassed me sorely. I have not the heart to go into the highways and byways of our city and bid the casual labourers, the unemployed and unemployables, and their wives and children to come in here and say that they are glad at this harvest-time to think of the wealth of which they shall receive fail to be transported with the vision of the plentiful harvest fields they suggest: the beauty of everything round us enchants us; and added to the thought of beauty is the thought of use—of the noble strength and energy which men will derive from the feast that Nature sets before them, and of joy that is inseparable from the wise use of abundance.

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casual labourers and loafers, come in here and thank God for that which ye will never eat!" There are at this day in England thirteen million people, young and old, who are at any moment liable to go begging or looking in vain for their next meal. Surely then the words of Jesus have a claim upon the serious attention of the Christian Churches in England at this time, which are celebrating their harvest festivals. What of those thirteen million "poor and naked and blind" whom the Churches are to bid to their feast?

Now if we trust certain great authorities upon economic science we shall believe that poverty is inevitable and ineradicable in the midst of us. We have been told that we have discovered the best judgment they were able to form that the riches of the harvest fields can never be plentiful enough to afford for all a plentiful share—that some people must inevitably go short. If this were the case I need not say that I should have very little to do with them in my capacity of a chap thinking God what I had got and what others had not got! Yet this doctrine has been held for fact by Christians, who have taught or been taught by political economists that it is part of God's will that man's first duty should be to raise wages except at the cost of some fellow working man, and by Christians who have allowed Malthus to convince them that population is always growing much faster than wealth grows, so that there is not enough food and clothing and fire, etc., for all, and some folk are bound therefore always to go short. This doctrine, strange to say, instead of making the rich declare, "Very well, then; if there is not enough for all we will make what there is go round as far as possible," simply makes them say, "We have got what we have got, and we will stick to it all the tighter since there must be people who cannot have anything."

Now both the doctrine of the limited wage fund and the doctrine that population always grows faster than the wealth grows are extremely out of proportion to the labour employed, and exist no longer, except it may be in here and there a backward mind. The doctrine of the wage fund is a rather difficult item of political economy, and so I will say no more about it. As for the doctrine that the field is vast and the harvest great, if not for the increase of population, the best refutation of that that I know of is to be found in Kropotkin's "Fields, Factories, and Workshops," which you can buy for sixpence.

Kropotkin and other investigators have told us that if we apply in our fields and factories a certain measure of work and intelligence, the harvest of things grown in fields and made in factories will be increased enormously out of proportion to the labour employed, so enormous as to set the spectre of starvation many generations ahead of us, if not out of sight altogether. Now this means that every child that is born, if it be set in the fullness of time to proper labour, will be able to cultivate or manufacture far more of certain goods of the earth than are needed for its own use. In fact, if labour were properly employed on this earth, we should have more than enough for all of everything needed, we should have a superfluity. Thus every child that is born is indeed at present a mouth to be fed, but by and by it will become a worker, and if it were set to work wisely and well everybody would be the richer for its presence in the world.

We find, however, that there are thirteen million who are hungry, who have no work. What do we account for these? We find, too, that every year in the fields a vast quantity of vegetables and of fruit is allowed to be wasted because nobody will buy, although thirteen million go hungry; and we find our factories of clothing and other useful things getting so choked up with their manufactures every now and then that there is a glut, and the work people are stopped working, and yet at the same time this glut takes place there are thirteen million people who are going asked or otherwise unprotected for want of those very manufactures.

What an absurd condition of things is this then—abundance of food, and yet want; wastage or unpurchased in fields and factories and thirteen millions pining for lack of what that very abundance would supply! Do not the facts suggest that not Nature is at fault, but man with his arrangements, his distribution of Nature's bounty among his kin's? The doctrine of the wage fund is simply made them say, "We have got what we have got, and we will stick to it all the tighter since there must be people who cannot have anything." As for the doctrine that population always grows much faster than wealth grows, so that there is not enough for all, we will make what there is go round as far as possible," the Commissioner's say, is far more often than not brought about by the condition of his labour, by the fact that his labour is casual labour. Therefore, the Commissioners go on to say, the great task lies before the country of minimising and as far as possible putting an end to casual labour. And the means of accomplishing this task are many, one, for instance, being labour exchanges, and another technical schools, at which boys and girls shall be educated at least five hours a day between the ages of 13 and 18.

Let us realise the fact, then, that our country, if it is going to do well for itself, is going to set up in the immediate future labour exchanges and technical schools, so as to diminish among us (the latter method being far the more important) the number of men and women who are too ignorant to be employed at anything but casual and unskilful tasks.

This education will cost England money, and to be sure taxes will have to be increased. An endeavour is being made by the present Government to tax sources of wealth that really belong to the people, since the people have made the wealth and not those who are now the individual appropriators of money's condition, the Commissioners say, is far more often than not brought about by the condition of his labour, by the fact that his labour is casual labour. Therefore, the Commissioners go on to say, the great task lies before the country of minimising and as far as possible putting an end to casual labour. And the means of accomplishing this task are many, one, for instance, being labour exchanges, and another technical schools, at which boys and girls shall be educated at least five hours a day between the ages of 13 and 18.

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Books and Persons.

(AN OCCASIONAL CAUSERIE.)

I do not imagine, when I wrote lately with a certain pessimism about the influence of advertising on the journalistic criticism of the arts, that so striking an illustration as the "Westminster Gazette" case would so soon burst from the womb of time. But one never knows. Many newspapers, if not all, would have tried secretly to placate the outraged majesty of Mr. George Edwardes. I know of at least one instance in which a London daily (evening, penny) joined its critic in a private repast of humble pie in order to assuage the sordidness of an unwise waste of money to spend on advertising. The "Westminster Gazette," of course, knew better, and the only immediate result of the altercation is that Mr. George Edwardes shines not. For although he is undoubtedly a man of gifts, the gift of conducting a public scrap to his own advantage is not among them. I feel sorry for Mr. George Edwardes. It would be too much to expect that a person of his type of intelligence should not, having regard to his astonishing success in life, genuinely and solemnly consider himself to be a great man. And many fairly clever people were ready to accept him, and did indeed accept him, as in some mysterious, wonderful way a great man. And now he has pricked his own balloon and proved himself a mere mortal. He has also, which is perhaps more grave, planted in the minds of the perspicacious a suspicion that he is violently jealous of the Savoy Theatre. A truly great man would have simply written advertisements in the "Westminster Gazette" and said naught. But Mr. George Edwardes could not deny himself the too costly luxury of a haughty epistle to the "Westminster."

The immediate result on dramatic criticism is appa rently nil. But there must be an ultimate result. Will Mr. George Edwardes invite the "Westminster Gazette" to his next production? If not, will the "Westminster Gazette" press down and pull up to circumstances over which it has insufficient control? It cannot give the full news of the day? And if the "Westminster Gazette" is after all invited to the august spectacle, will its critic be able to keep his criticism free from self-consciousness? And what will be the effect on other papers? Are they trembling together at the thunder of the tempest over Sinai? Are they preparing to kiss the branded red? Or will they be brave? Well, a capitalist is seldom brave, and nearly the whole of our whole financial Press is grossly and even greedily, capitalistic. It is significant that only one London daily (if I am not mistaken) has stood by its contemporary: the "Times." And, unless appearances are deceiving, the "Times," who accords in the "Times" was written by the president of the Society of Dramatic Critics. What is this Society going to do? If it wishes to justify its existence it ought to do something very clever and very effective.

Some day some bright person will start an organ of opinion without advertisements. It would have to be small, and it could not be the last word of cheapness. It could not have a large circulation, but if it was adequately done it would have an influence, and owing to circumstances over which it has insufficient control, it might not answer. I feel sorry for Mr. George Edwardes. It would be too much to expect that a person of his type of intelligence should not, having regard to his astonishing success in life, genuinely and solemnly consider himself to be a great man. And many fairly clever people were ready to accept him, and did indeed accept him, as in some mysterious, wonderful way a great man. And now he has pricked his own balloon and proved himself a mere mortal. He has also, which is perhaps more grave, planted in the minds of the perspicacious a suspicion that he is violently jealous of the Savoy Theatre. A truly great man would have simply written advertisements in the "Westminster Gazette" and said naught. But Mr. George Edwardes could not deny himself the too costly luxury of a haughty epistle to the "Westminster."

The latest artistic press is the "Riccardi." Mr. Herbert P. Horne has designed a new fount of type for it. If this fount is better than Mr. Horne's "Florence" fount, it is very excellent. The prices of the Riccardi books run from five shillings, which is cheap, and the announced authors include Boccaccio, Matthew Arnold, Solomon, and Marcus Aurelius Antoninus. The three latter authors are to be illustrated by coloured reproductions of water colour drawings by Mr. W. Russell Flint. Mr. George Edwardes, according to the prospectus is "an artist of the first rank." I admit I should not have guessed Mr. Flint's rank from the rough black-and-white reproductions offered in the prospectus. In design and in sentiment these illustrations would have presented themselves to me as not issuing from an artist of the first rank. But I shall reserve my opinion. The press work of the Riccardi books is in the hands of Mr. George Edwardes. This is sufficient. But I think the prospectus should have stated who is responsible for the design of the page, the relation between the text and the illustrations, and the general "building" of the books. If these matters were under the control of Mr. Horne, fastidious book lovers will be reassured. But fine type will not alone make a fine book, and inapposite illustrations may mar a fine book. I find it difficult to conceive that the idea of coloured illustrations (showing a certain kind of romanticism) would not have the appeal to the fastidious book lover. I wish merely to express a vague apprehension. My attitude to the Riccardi Press is frankly sympathetic.

JACOB TONSON.

BOOK OF THE WEEK.

Decadent Philosophy.*

Wer Wissenschaft und Kunst besitzt,
Hat auch Religion;
Wer beide nicht besitzt,
Hat auch Religion.

[Whoever possesses art and science also possesses religion. Whoever does not possess them should desire to possess them.]

This is a really clever book, which must not be reviewed in the usual way, viz., by the reviewer's letting his own light shine to the disadvantage of the author. It merits a more complete analysis.

The first part of the work is a refutation of Pragmatism. The problem is reduced to a dilemma: Either the pragmatic method (of judging ideas and theories from their results, from their "cash value," as James says, and not from their objective value) is the same as the scientific method; and in such a case of what use is it to start a new philosophy? or is it not the same, and does not agree with the scientific method, and then it is not scientific.

Now as there can be no doubt as to the existence of a pragmatic philosophy (one need only note the formidable literature on the subject), Pragmatism is something not scientific. What is it, then? It consists in this: reducing philosophy in general to ethical philosophy, in subordinating philosophy to moral purposes. Pragmatism must be explained as a special product of modern civilisation or modern preoccupations, which are, more widely developed in America than elsewhere, hence the fact that Pragmatism is in its infancy. The fallacy on which Pragmatism rests is exposed on pp. 26-37. The pragmatic paradox has been expressed several times since scholasticism: by Pascal ("Le coeur a ses raisons que la raison ne connaît pas"); by Rousseau, who taught his pupil always to use the criterion of "useful," and asked the pragmatic question, "A quoi cela sert-il bien?"; by Kant, who sets the claim of "practical reason" above those of "pure reason," i.e., always submitting objective truth to moral postulates or requirements.

The second part of the book will perhaps be of greater interest to the general public. If Pragmatism is so weak philosophically, why has it so many followers? Pragmatism must be explained as a special product of modern civilisation or modern preoccupations, which are more widely developed in America than elsewhere, hence the fact that Pragmatism is in a thriving condition in America especially.

In these degenerate days of democratic mentality, philosophic ideas are no longer discussed only among the intellectual élite, but by every Tom, Dick, and Harry. The natural result is that philosophy is no longer free to express truths which might be dangerous for the masses (pp. 98-104). Philosophy must express only useful, moral, pragmatic truths, even

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Monthly. NOVEMBER, 1909. 21. 6d.

1. MODERN POETRY  D. H. Lawrence
2. JOHN GALSWORTHY  The Neighbours
3. G. LOWES DICKINSON  Letters from America
4. R. B. CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM  The Captive
5. C. F. KEARY  The Antiquary (2)
6. ELLA D'ARCY  The Chronicles of Hildesheim
7. FORD MADOX HUEFFER  A Call (4)
8. ENGLISH LITERATURE OF TO-DAY  Editorial
9. J. A. HOBSON  The Extension of Liberalism
10. HENRY W. NEVINSON  Women's Vote and Men
12. "VIDVAN"  India in England
13. SYDNEY BROOKS  Tammany
14. E. S. P. HAYNES  Divorce Law Reform
15. FOSTER WATSON  The English Educational Renascence

Subscription—One Year, 30s.; 3 Months, 7s. 6d.

CHAPMAN & HALL, LTD.,
11 Henrietta Street, London, W.C.
The highest point of inspiration in this book is reached, we think, in the chapter called "Marion's Thoughts." The silent, decorous, unapproachable man. He, from the spirit plane, sees her thoughts in the night air, and she, with a heavy heart, believes that no more delicate device exists in literature than that by which this silent woman's heart is revealed. The secret chamber is swiftly opened and swiftly shut. No temptation to pry. We recognise the common humanity of Marion, the maid, and pass on. It is not too little to hope henceforward that there may gradually cease out of literature much of the boisterous, clinical scalpellation of the secret feelings of women by men writers. The great Meredith, himself, is not altogether human. A lover arrives upon the scene, he has ceased to love him, and lacks the social grace. We had nearly written that it was all one with mere fiction, but we recollect a Roman Catholic, "which is equivalent to saying that he became an ardent Roman Catholic. My attitude in the religious history of this part of the story. It is, however, not the story which is most remarkable in this work. It is Mr. Bennett's own development.

**Inns, Ales, and Drinking Customs of Old England**

In the present excellent volume he presents his report of the origin and worship of the God of Alcohol, his temples in Inns, Taverns, Clubs, etc., his vessels, and his feverish and insane habits as expressed in social behaviour. In sketching the development of this national god the author follows no definite plan, and each of his thirty-four chapters may therefore be referred to for a different set of records, so to speak. Thus the biologist may turn to the chapter on the Genesis of Ales, though he will find no mention of that race of hard-drinkers, the Jews; the religious will doubtless find satisfaction in the pot-wollopings of a beer-brewing Church, and the evolution of the monastic guest-house to the mediaval inn; the farce-writer will note the love of the Rev. Mr. Stiggins for cheap beer and the comely Ale-wife known as Mother Louise (66); the sociologist will discover facts on "Early Licensing," but of course no definite attempt to show how the idle rich have monopolised the liquor traffic in order to enslave the industrious poor; the politician will look in vain for records of the drunken habits of the National Pot-House called St. Stephen's; while the artist and craftsman will find much of interest in chapters on artistic sign-boards and drinking-vessels. As a general anecdotal statement of facts—the lines of Timbs—concerning England getting drunk, and as a bird's-eye view of the whole situation of drink-drenched "Merrie England," upon which "My Lady Nicotine" rings down a quick curtain, the book is altogether praiseworthy. Among its numerous reproductions of drawings, prints and paintings unfortunately it includes some ugly and out-of-place direct photos, while it does not include anything by Rowlandson, that caricaturist of the Port-Wine Age.

**A Shuttlecock for Critics.** By James J. Eaton. (Stockwell 25.)

There are three facts noticeable about Mr. Eaton's book of essays. The first fact is that Mr. Eaton is anxious, as his title implies, that critics shall have a gay time smashing him up. This is a fact for critics who consider that Mr. Eaton is worth smashing up. The second fact is for readers who are not critics, and meets our view that Mr. Eaton has much to say, particularly on Stevenson and Sir Thomas Browne, that is quite good. He has a pretty wit, and he is perhaps the most ingenious inventor of the "faked" quotation after, we believe, the author who wrote a book of essays and was honest enough to replace the biblical quotation, "And there is no New Thing under the Sun." The third fact is that the frontispiece is wicked, and should be removed with all convenience and despatch.

**The Rose of Dauphiny.** By Philip L. Stevenson. (Stanley Paul 6s.)

Enfin? queries the last and seventy-second chapter of this swashbuckler romance. Shades of Stanley Bennett, a Roman Catholic, "which is equivalent to saying that she became an ardent Roman Catholic. My attitude in the religious history of this part of the story. It is, however, not the story which is most remarkable in this work. It is Mr. Bennett's own development.
Weyman! and ongfang! we exclaim as we emerge breathless from the vortex of court scandal, intrigue, the host of royal butchers, blustering d'Artagnans, distressed queens and madamouilles, and other more or less doubtable, versatile and historical personnages living the gilded costume drama life and juggling in Wadour Street early English, Dumas eighteenth century French, and other blue jargon. Ongfang! and we had almost added in the concluding words in Hamlet, the rest is silence. But in justice to the author, we must say that though the adventures of the Sieur de Roqueulaire—with those of Henry of Navarre thrown in—in the French Wars of Religion, are hardly up to the immoral musketeer standard, they make capital dash-my-wig sort of reading. It was a stroke of genius to give the hero of such adventures a respectable name. "Mortdiable," it was.

Psychological Origin and the Nature of Religion. By James H. Leuba. (Constable. 18.)

Mr. Leuba starts out with a prejudice against religion. He treats religion as a subjective state of the mind, and resolutely declines to connect it with any objective reality. To this self-chosen limitation it is probably due his unfortunate habit of arguing from his own experience rather than from that of the individual he is dealing with. This is shown in the duck analogy (27), where he argues from birds to men and assumes other men's experiences. To the same doubtful order of metaphysics belong the claims that ghosts preceded gods (42), that magic preceded religion (49), that the emotions of fear and love existed before religion (81). The latter claim is of course necessary to the author's belief in the funkt-theory of the origin of religion. That is, he admits there are certain phenomena which act on the human mind and excite the imagination. But how can he possibly say that the emotion of fear preceded the religious emotion in the primitive mind unless he possesses that mind? In short, the light thrown by Mr. Leuba on the psychology of religion would seem to be considerably dimmed by a sad lack of metaphysical insight.

Troubled Waters. By Headon Hill. (Stanley Paul. 6s.)

If Mr. Hill is not exactly a Gaboriau, if he is not even a Conan Doyle, nor a Maurice Leblanc; if his detectives have neither the intuitive genius of Monsieur Lecocq nor the deductive skill of Sherlock Holmes; if his criminals have not the extraordinary subtlety and resource of Arsene Lupin we do not complain. Though his characters are absurdly unreal and his situations are forced and improbable, yet we do not complain. We feel he has mastered the secret of writing an ingénious detective story that compels interest till the end, and that is all we really ask of such a story. So it does not matter that his present plot is the prehistoric one of changed babies, that the mottled sensations are those of a mysterious murder, the frantic efforts of the heavy gent—an imitation lord—to entrap and to cremate the first walking gent, and the discovery by the "Labour Member" hero that he is the real lord resulting in his starting "a Trade Union for Peers," whatever that may mean. For, after all, "Troubled Waters" is a book that you take up and do not lay down again till you have read it from cover to cover—glad to get it over.

DRAMA.

Some Published Plays.
The Duchess of Padua, The Importance of Being Earnest, Lady Windermere's Fan, An Ideal Husband, A Woman of No Importance, by Oscar Wilde (Methuen, 5s. each net); The Tragedies of Shakespeare, by John Mason Stiebel (Grolier Club, Richards, 3s. 6d. net); The Brother Luiz de Sousa of Viscount de Almeida Garrett, translated by Edgar Prestage (Ekin, Matthews, 3s. net).

It has often been said that the English-speaking public does not read plays. This is ceasing to be true, and it is becoming clear that the era of the printed play is upon us. Everyone must welcome this fact, in the interest of literature and the drama alike. The published play and the repertory theatre go hand in hand;

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it is the function of the one to educate an audience for the other.

Of the plays before us only one, "The Brother Luiz de Sousa," is entirely new to English readers. This tragedy by the Portuguese dramatist, Almeida Garrett (1799-1854) contains some scenes of great power, but the play is farcical through and through. Oscar Wilde's "Duchess of Padua" has been exploited to the full. Considered as drama, his modern comedies are stagey and ephemeral. Their dialogue is marvelously witty and polished, and they abound in clever epigrams, but the character drawing is often weak to a degree. Wilde's strength lay surely in the extremes of tragedy and farce. In "The Importance of Being Earnest" he succeeded. The play is farcical throughout, and the subject well suited to his style. Again, in "Salome," he created a tragic atmosphere of great beauty. But in such plays as "A Woman of No Importance" and "An Ideal Husband," popular though they were, he failed deplorably. We have seen scene after scene of brilliant writing that is quite irrelevant to the plot, and then we are suddenly plunged into cheap sentimentality and insincere emotionalism. The treatment of the main issue in "A Woman of No Importance" (the relation between Lord Illingworth, Mrs. Arbuthnot, and their son Gerald) is utterly unworthy of the author of "The Soul of Man." Mrs. Arbuthnot's cry to Gerald, "Child of my shame, be still the child of my shame," is foreshadowed, will illustrate this.

The new popular edition of Oscar Wilde's collected works includes "The Duchess of Padua" and the four modern comedies. The price of these plays is still much too high—quite disproportionately high when compared with that of Mr. Shaw's work, let us say, or Mr. Galsworthy's. "The Brothers Karamazov" has been exploited to the full. Considered as drama, his modern comedies are stagey and ephemeral. Their dialogue is marvelously witty and polished, and they abound in clever epigrams, but the character drawing is often weak to a degree. Wilde's strength lay surely in the extremes of tragedy and farce. In "The Importance of Being Earnest" he succeeded. The play is farcical throughout, and the subject well suited to his style. Again, in "Salome," he created a tragic atmosphere of great beauty. But in such plays as "A Woman of No Importance" and "An Ideal Husband," popular though they were, he failed deplorably. We have seen scene after scene of brilliant writing that is quite irrelevant to the plot, and then we are suddenly plunged into cheap sentimentality and insincere emotionalism. The treatment of the main issue in "A Woman of No Importance" (the relation between Lord Illingworth, Mrs. Arbuthnot, and their son Gerald) is utterly unworthy of the author of "The Soul of Man." Mrs. Arbuthnot's cry to Gerald, "Child of my shame, be still the child of my shame," is foreshadowed, will illustrate this.

The dedication is to Mr. W. B. Yeats, and indeed am sure, by way of experiment.

The tide. The tide. The tide coming up, my white flower done. And she burst out a-laughing, a-laughing. And 'er fell back, my white flower done. Gold 'air on the pillow. And blood. Oh, blood. Blood of my girl. Blood of my robber. Nan: In your arms, Gaffer. Gaffer: On my 'art. My white vlower lay on my 'art. The tide. The tide coming up the river. Nan: She was 'appy to die so, Gaffer. Along of 'er true love. You 'ad the sweet of love—along of your vflower. But 'em as never 'as no sweet. O I wish the tide was comin' up by my 'ed, I do. Gaffer: It be full moon to-night, nacy. Nan: Full moon. It come up misty. And red. Gaffer: It was red on the pillow. Then. Nan: The harvest moon. Gaffer: There'll be a high tide to-night. Nan: A high tide. Gaffer: For some on us. Nan: Why for some on us, Gaffer? Gaffer: The tide be comin' for some of us. Nan: For you, Gaffer? Gaffer: They've come no message yet for me. But the tide be a' comin' for some on us. It 'ave someone every time. It 'ad my vlower one time. O it be a gallow's thing, the tide. First there be the mud and that. Sand banks. Mud banks. And the 'cross fishing. Sand in the river, before the tide comes. Mud. The cows come out o' pasture to drink. They come on the sand. Red cows. But they be afraid of the tide. They 'aven't no grief, the beacon. Cropping in the meadows when the sun do shine.

Gaffer: First there come a-wammerin' and a-wammerin'. Miles away that wammerin' be. In the sea. The shipmen do cross themselves. And it come nearer. Wammerin', Wammerin'. 'Ush it says. 'Ush it says. And there come a girt wash of it over the rock. White. White. Like a bird. Like a swan. '"'er gettin' up to the pool.

Nan: Bright it goes. High. High up. Flashing. Gaffer: And it wammers and it wammers and it wammers. And then it spreads. It goes out like soldiers. It go out into a line. It curls. It curls. It go topspling and topspling. And on it come. And on it comes. And on it comes. And on it comes. And on it come. And on it come. And on it come. And on it come. And on it come. And on it come.

Nan: Fast. Fast. A black line. And the foam all creamin' on it.


The dialogue throughout is vivid and powerful. Here are the atmosphere, the colouring, all the haunting phrases of the folklore of the West. The repertory theatre and the printed play are opening up whole fields of new possibilities. We must not be content merely with a National Theatre; it must restore a national drama.

Recent Music.

In spite of the expensive discomfort of the Queen's Hall, the excellent programmes of the Promenade Concerts are nearly always seductive enough to draw the tired man within its hideous walls. During the last fortnight capital performances have been given of new works by British and foreign composers. The inclusion of new or unfamiliar pieces is made principally, I am sure, by way of experiment; certainly the performance of some Symphonic Sketches by Mr. Chadwick, a Canadian composer, a Concert Overture by Mr. Oskar Borodoff, a very immature Academy student, a Prélude Symphonique by Caetani, or the Danze Piemontesi by Sinigaglia, could not be counted as having contributed seriously to the progress of our musical culture. I was not able to be present at the first performance of "Two Sea-Pictures," by Hubert Bath, but I have the highest opinion of his work. It is the best work, and I understand these pieces were characteristic. Bath's...
work has all the wistful gentleness and the occasional brilliance of Chopin, but it can be even more boisterous at times than the polonaises of the temperamental Pole, and it attains a more exalted mysticism at serious moments than could ever before be understood. What we hear described as the Celtic glamour in the poetry of Yeats and "A. E." and Fiona Macleod is frequently to be felt in Hubert Bath's work, and by reason of that special quality it is probably unique in contemporary music.

The "Swanhevit" music of Sibelius should not have been performed. It has something to do with a play, I believe; but it was a silly mistake to do this "incidental music" "dished up as a 'New Suite': first up"

It requires a stage setting and all the movement and colour suggested in the programme notes. Here and there one could imagine what was intended by the music, but the satisfactory moments were very rare and evasive, and therefore most annoying. Almost as disappointing were the "Two Dances (Danse Sacree and Danse Profane)" for Harp and Orchestra." of Debussy, which were performed for the first time in London with success. They are charming pieces, and they contain no appreciable moral difference between the moods of "sacred" and "profane," which is delightful. But they are chamber music pure and simple, and should only be performed in a small room with a few friends and incidentally cigarette.

The Queen's Hall was about as appropriate as a football field.

For more satisfactory was an Aria from "L'Enfant Prodigue," a work of Debussy's quite early days. It was painfully sung by a young man with a very tender voice, but it gave everybody thrills. It contains none of the iconoclasts which have made the later Debussy so famous, and the influence of Duparc, and perhaps D'Indy, can be detected in its phrasing and various other details, but the beauty of the music is superb and its surrounding invective, would seem to be that "women have for 'virility,' is probably best known to him-

he supposed that the violence of his abuse in place of argument under the veil of anonymity (in a Socialist journal), or whether his supposed that the violence of his abuse in place of argument under the veil of anonymity (in a Socialist journal), or whether he supposed that the violence of his abuse in place of argument under the veil of anonymity (in a Socialist journal), or whether he supposed that the violence of his abuse in place of argument under the veil of anonymity (in a Socialist journal), or whether he supposed that the violence of his abuse in place of argument under the veil of anonymity (in a Socialist journal), or whether he supposed that the violence of his abuse in place of argument under the veil of anonymity (in a Socialist journal), or whether he supposed that the violence of his abuse in place of argument under the veil of anonymity (in a Socialist journal), or whether

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TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

Whether the author of the crass attack upon women in your last number intended to justify his signature by hiding himself under the veil of anonymity (in a Socialist journal), or whether he supposed that the violence of his abuse in place of argument would be mistaken for "virility," is probably best known to himself. Perhaps it was his little joke. His argument, stripped of its surrounding invective, would seem to be that "women have broken the law. Let them suffer under the law." It is precisely his line of reasoning which the Harnsworth and Pearson newspaper trusts use to justify the murder of Ferrer. "We have a law, and if the law be too strict. Surely he knows that the law-breakers are the inevitable pioneers in every moral, material, or spiritual advance! His argument would justify any and every act of 'repression' on the part of the governing and possessing classes, and has, in fact, been held to do so time out of mind. But the point is that the women hold that the adminis-

trators of the law, in this instance, break it, and they claim to the paper only, what he does give attests his own skill as

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I venture to suggest the following as a means of initiating the formation of a company with the object of establishing a Socialist daily in the kingdom which is quite inexplicable. Although Socialism is far in advance at the present, there exists no Socialist daily paper. This is an unique state of affairs amongst all European countries. Italy has five Socialist daily papers, Germany three, Belgium six, Germany 65. Apart from over 2,000,000 trade unionists affiliated to the Labour Party, there are at least 70,000 members in the three acknowledged Socialist organisations—S.D.F., Fabian Society, L.L.P. It is therefore obvious that there is ample scope for a sound Socialist daily newspaper, and I see no good reason why such a paper should not start with a daily circulation of 250,000. To found such a paper on a sound basis would cost a large sum of money, but there would be little difficulty in securing it if the subscriptions were placed in the hands of the poorer old Bishop Berkeley. The correct metaphor for the change produced by an idealist view of reality is not that of a flood which washes away all ideas, but a sudden rise of height which leaves them all as before. Though the world is suddenly raised 100 feet, the minor distinctions of height, such as subject and object, remain the same. The point at which it was 100 feet high has become 200 feet, it is not thereby made equivalent to a hill of 100, for that itself has become 200 feet. Stated generally this means that general questions as to the distinctions between object and subject do not affect the partial questions as to the objective or subjective relations of visible and invisible. Though the whole world be a dream, the phrase "objective existence" applied to a table still has a distinctive meaning. When I say that the table is real I mean that if I follow up my purely visual sensations, I should feel certain other sensations of touch, weight, etc. In the case of a ghostly table, I should find nothing. An hallucination of these sensations without the others: we see something, but our vision is not confined to the other qualities which make up our conception of the object. Now, this definition of objective existence is quite independent of any views as to whether the object "exists in itself" or is mere appearance, but ultimately reality is concerned. Reality for us means a certain complex of sensations. Yauoma's conception of a goddess involved the attributes of a god. Under these also were experienced, the goddess was not real, and had no objective existence. When you assert that the goddess exists as the sun as the sun is, you have experienced it, then you are giving an entirely sentimental value to the word real. A goddess that is real in the real sense is of no value to any religious synthesis and would have aroused no emotion in Yauoma. A god must be effective and powerful to be real. This is the test of the mystical. As one feels a union with a great power. But even to them, the whole value of the subjective feeling lies in the belief in the objective result of the greater power to which they are joined. The question—when a man sees white elephants on the ceiling, is he a seer and is the doctor by his side a grafting of humanity unworthy to obtain such "glimpses of reality"?

T. E. HULME.
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