cracies than by admitting the right of the majority to govern, but denying that the majority so entitled is the particular majority which claims the right. Could anything be more clear than this, that the Lords are being advised to follow the advice of the reactionary Socialists? And we may say, incidentally, that not in this passage alone is Maine the sheet anchor of the ruling oligarchy. Everything in the tactics of the reactionaries points infallibly to their source of inspiration. The question is: Are we alive to the significance of the situation? Even if the crisis evaporates, we must understand what attempts on the liberty of the future have been and are being made in these days. Should the Lords decide to throw out the Budget therefore, it is the part of the Socialists, namely, to see that the Lords never throw out another Bill of any sort or kind whatever. Remember Siéyes: "If the Second Chamber differs from the first it is mischief. If it agrees it is superfluous." The Socialist voice in this matter is the voice of Siéyes.

Despite the writing up of the party press, no great speech on either side was delivered on the occasion of the Third Reading of the Budget. It was evident that the real issues of the Bill were still far from clear to even the protagonists of the measure. There was no common understanding on either side of the actual purpose of taxation. Mr. Belloc, to his credit, defined and opined the view that the purpose of the Budget was solely fiscal; the Tories that it was solely revengeful. Several Liberal speakers regarded the ethic of taxation as involving an exchange of services, the State taxing in proportion to the protection it afforded. But this is pre-historic economics. Mr. Belloc found himself, not for the first time, more Tory than Liberal; he disagreed with the land and licensing taxes, but voted for them all the same. Mr. A most accommodating conscience! Mr. Balfour objected again to the singling out of land for special taxation. More Socialist than Socialists, he would have all unearned increment taxed.

There was a good deal of discussion of Socialism, and on the whole on a comparatively high plane, though the varying definitions and conceptions offered were enough to make Lucidity weep. Mr. Belloc saw Socialism only in the tax on royalties; Mr. Balfour only in the land taxes; Mr. Harold Cox nowhere; and Mr. Philip Snowden (whose speech was first-rate, and quite on a level with Mr. Asquith's or Mr. Lloyd George's) only in the supertax.

Shall we put the matter a little more clearly than it has so far been put? Socialism, let us admit with Mr. Balfour, involves the substitution of communal for individual ownership of the means of production. Hence whatever recognises the principle of communal ownership is ipso facto Socialist, and whatever puts the principle into practice is by the same token of the same nature. Now, we put on one side all taxation having for its sole object the provision of the cost of State administration; that is taxation of the nature of "ransom," payment by citizens for services rendered by the State. There is nothing Socialist in that, seeing that it involves no communal ownership, nor does it make for individual or communal ownership. It is, in fact, communal administration simply.

Over and above, however, this necessary taxation for the expenses of public administration, there may be, and we contend that in the present Budget there are, forms and directions of taxation which both recognise...
Beyond the annual taxes. Let these decline and its power from now the German State may not need to tax at mines, and factories. Goodness knows, in twenty years acquiring profitable property for the State more profitable property can be acquired than the means all. Instead of bleeding her citizens, she will be feeding Navy out of her State profits on railways, forests, them. This is the prospect that opens up before a legislation of this constructive kind may be measured is gone.

Mr. Chiozza Money pointed out that though England is the wealthiest of nations, it is the poorest of States. Why? Because most of our taxation has hitherto been squandered from year to year. It has been spent as income instead of invested as capital. Save for a few trifles like the Suez Canal shares, the British State has almost no resources beyond the annual taxes. Let these decline and its power is gone.

This is a shocking condition of things, and wholly out of harmony with modern civilisation. In ten years time, England may be able probably the Navy out of her State profits on railways, forests, mines, and factories. Goodness knows, in twenty years from now the German State may not need to tax at all. Instead of bleeding her citizens, she will be feeding them. This is the prospect that opens up before a genuinely Socialist legislator. Every penny we can screw out of the annual taxes should be spent in acquiring profitable property for the State; and what more profitable property can be acquired than the means of production themselves? We say: Whatever adds to the power of the State over the means of production is Socialist legislation. Mr. Chiozza Money pointed out that though England is the wealthiest of nations, it is the poorest of States. Why? Because most of our taxation has hitherto been squandered from year to year. It has been spent as income instead of invested as capital. Save for a few trifles like the Suez Canal shares, the British State has almost no resources beyond the annual taxes. Let these decline and its power is gone.

The actual capacity of the House of Commons for legislation of this constructive kind may be measured by its positively childish love of a personal squabble. The House always rises to dignity when personalities are under discussion. Far and away the best speech on the Budget was the Lord Advocate’s speech about himself. It was really well done, and no, doubt Mr. Ure slept the sleep of the justifed rather than the other when he returned to the Royal Automobile Club for the night. We cannot understand why Mr. Balfour did not disregard his barking followers and make a clean breast of the subject; the rest can be studied in any work on Socialist economies.

The 124 Lords’ amendments to the Housing and Town Planning Bill were considered in the Commons from 12 hours on Monday. On the charges of corruption and odd policies (Who was a commentator on Mr. Balfour’s indignation with Mr. Ure? The elegant Mr. F. E. Smith wittily remarked that the Labour members of the House probably slept three in a bed. Under capitalism half-a-million people at least have no beds to sleep in. Mr. Ure’s joke!)

We pay small heed to Mr. Balfour’s, and in fact the whole Opposition’s, fear lest the Local Government Board became the sort of “Great Secretary of State with modern innovations,” tyrannizing over local authorities. A certain amount of central control is absolutely necessary until the local authorities have learned their business. But County Councils have a seriousness enough to be trusted entirely out of leading-strings; and while, no doubt, centralisation is an evil, it is a lesser evil than that of corrupt, incompetent and reactionary local government. As a matter of fact, an amount of still unexplored local liberty exists awaiting the advent of competent local administrators. Until they appear it is as well that their functions should be undertaken by the central authority, even at the cost of standardising monotony.

Mr. Burns has any new plans for dealing with unemployment this winter. He is as silent on that subject as he has been on the Budget. But we do know that Mr. Haldane, in discussing the question of the unemployed soldiers, was head by Mr. Edmondson (whose account of the interview appears elsewhere), made an egregious exhibition of himself. Could ineptitude further go than for a Minister, in receipt of a salary of £5,000 for smoking big cigars, to tell a deputation of workless ex-soldiers of himself. Could ineptitude further go than for a Minister, in receipt of a salary of £5,000 for smoking big cigars, to tell a deputation of workless ex-soldiers of himself. Could ineptitude further go than for a Minister, in receipt of a salary of £5,000 for smoking big cigars, to tell a deputation of workless ex-soldiers that the Admiralty is the only public service in which Mr. McKenna leaves a nasty taste in the mouth Lord Charles may be pig-headed and a little malicious. Less liberal was Mr. Keir Hardie’s objection to the clause allowing a landlord the right of inspection and 4½ hours’ notice of his property. The most important clause of all, however, namely, the clause which makes a Medical Officer removable by a County Council only, with the consent of the Local Government Board, was retained without a division. If health is next to wealth (next above, if a mean, that clause is the essential first step in securing it for our people.

Sancho Panza said of the brothers of Salamanca that they were too much taken up with the importance of certain words. Mr. Balfour, of course, never finds his purpose even on the eve of an election served by falsifications; but it must be admitted that some powerful lies are being employed on his behalf by the Anti-Socialist Union. The million shilling fund, which is being raised, chiefly (£, ye Suffragettes!) among women, is apparently to be expended on the printing of leaflets containing an extraordinary amount of political mythology. We have one before us now, in which the poor starved devils of the slums are told that Socialism will take their children from them and prevent them from ever earning a living. The admiral of the Stuarts, who was, of course, a man of proved integrity, sent a communication on Mr. Balfour’s indignation with Mr. Ure! The elegant Mr. F. E. Smith wittily remarked that the Labour members of the House probably slept three in a bed. Under capitalism half-a-million people at least have no beds to sleep in. Mr. Ure’s joke!

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The New Age
not simply full of similar hole-and-corner devices for keeping ideas at arm's length. Lord Charles Beresford may have cited the wrong cases, but there are dozens of indubitable cases everywhere. They are part of the price we pay for allowing our public services to be run exclusively by the oligarchy and its progeny. Lord Charles Beresford, we feel sure, would not be complaining if the favouritism and intimidation which exist were on his own behalf.

The necromantic tomfooleries of Mr. W. T. Steed have been advertised so largely as to become almost important. The effect of precious "communications" with astral spooks will not, however, be much, except among the circle of the incorrigibly vulgar and stupid who must have something given to them to gaze at for want of original resource. The decline of Mr. Steed since his first dabbling in mediumship has been obvious even to those who never had any opinion of his intellect. His revelation of his conception of "spirit-communication" is, we should think, the colophon of his career.


The Will of Peter Baines, Buccaneer.

[NOTE.—The earlier Buccaneers were strictly observant of Roman Catholic rites. The Buccaneer's repentance of the boiled old woman is founded on fact.]

This is the will of Peter Baines, A Brother of the Coast:
To earth I give my old body,
And in the church at San Juan,
Yea in the church at San Juan,
That in the fires of purgat'ry
He shall give to the poor,
While we stood by and cheer'd the fight.

And in the church at San Juan,
My pardon must be sealed;
To make my peace with Mary, Queen,
And open Heaven's door.

And in the church at San Juan,
It make the shorter stay.

And in the church at San Juan,
We sent them hungry through the land.

And in the church at San Juan,
From him and of his free.

But if he fail one shilling's breadth,
And whatsoe'er the priest demand,
He shall not once deny.

O! if he will discharge my soul,
I'll pray the King of Heaven,
That though his sins be deep and damned,
Yet they shall be forgiven.

But if he fail one shilling's bread,
I'll take him with a spell,
And gripe him with the Devil's chain,
And haul him home to Hell!

E. H. VISHAK.

Ballads of Hecate.

"My hands are tied, but my tongue is free."—KINMONT WILLIE

I.—The Lay of the Hooligan.

Hooligan, young Hooligan,
About the streets in riot ran.
The person breath'd a pious prayer;
The statesman ey'd one more grey hair—
Though folks were mostly unaware.
There was no greater problem than
What to do with our Hooligan.
Sing, Hooligan, woe, Hooligan!
What shall we do with Hooligan?

"Hooligan, O Hooligan!
'Tis I will make of you a man.
Thus up and spake the dominie.
"I'll tame you with the Rule of Three,
With spelling and calligraphy.
'Tis I will make—'tis I, that can—
An educated Hooligan.

Sing hey, sing ho, each Englishman!
We've now a "sharper" Hooligan.

O Hooligan, still Hooligan?
This schooling makes you pale and wan.
What's your brain to body, after all?
Could he don about the great football,
Learn with your fists to box and maul,
By muscle shove you to the van
Of progress, my good Hooligan.
Sing muscle, muscle, Hooligan!

This is the great Salvation Plan!

O Hooligan, thrice Hooligan!
Not yet a civilised man?
Neglect nor school nor sports avail.
Must we then clap you into gaol?
Nay, Britons bold, throw up your hats.
Would you from ruin pluck the brand?
Oh, put a gun into his hand!
Sing, put a gun into his hand,
Make him the guardian of his land.

Now see a full-arm'd Hooligan.
From him and 's mates the lieges ran.
They're worse than Prussians or Croats—
Nay, Britons bold, throw up your hats.
You've heard of the Kilkenny cats?
There's still one sure, triumphant plan—
Let Hooligan shoot Hooligan.

Sing hey, then, for the merry plan—
Let Hooligan shoot Hooligan.

The fearsome conscripts did disband.
We sent them hungry through the land.
One crust we threw for ten to bite.
While we stood by and cheer'd the fight.
"Well aim'd, my men! On! Might is right!"
But, spite of hunger, strife and ban,
Still Hooligan b'd Hooligan.
Sing, most prolific Hooligan,
Now grown a formidable clan!

O Hooligan, Clan Hooligan!
From you there sprang a mighty man,
Well train'd at school by arithmetic.
Shrewdly to bet on sports athletic,
Drill'd on a diet most ascetic,
Soak'd by the friendly publican—
And, lo, a Super-Hooligan!
Sing hey, great Chief O'Hooligan!
Kow-tow to Super-Hooligan!

Then from Beersheba to Dan
He flew to summon his great clan.
"Wake, my bold brothers, up and loot!
For we have guns and we can shoot.
We're three to one. Long live the Brute!
For Britain shall be HOOLIGLAND.

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Sing hey, sing ho, my merry band,
For Britain shall be HOOLIGLAND!"

W. T. W.
Foreign Affairs.

The Ferrer demonstrations have produced a rejoinder from King Alfonso at an audience granted to M. de Maizière, representing the Paris "Journal." The King has had this language attributed to him: "I cannot tell you how pained, how distressed I was, to see that the events which succeeded the Barcelona troubles were so entirely interpreted in France. I do not subscribe to the crowd.... The mass of the people are always generous, always ready to defend what they believe to be the cause of justice, and to take sides on behalf of right and truth.... But what I cannot conceive is that among those who protested there should have been found the names of those whom you call les intellectuels.... Did we intervene in the Dreyfus case? No!" The terms of this interview are a remarkable avowal of the effects in Spain of the Ferrer wave of sympathy. How unfortunate was King Alfonso's reference to the Dreyfus case! Dreyfus was also a victim of clerical intrigue, and the independent Spanish newspapers and the Spanish people were Dreyfusards. The world has formed a considered opinion adverse to those who conspired against Dreyfus. Does King Alfonso mean that the cases of Ferrer and Dreyfus are parallel? If so, the innocence of Ferrer is plain.

The difference between the two cases is an important one. In Spain, Ferrer was murdered. In France, it is true after years of agitation, Dreyfus was pardoned. In the meantime the world still awaits the "proofs" of Ferrer's guilt. M. Naquet, in an able article in "The Times," has shown how convincing force that Ferrer, in his later years, abhorred methods of violence; secondly, he has pointed out that it was incredible that a man who believed in force should have devoted his life and fortune to mere educational reform. The world demands no acquiescence in the police force's favour of Ferrer on the rough-and-ready generalisation that the methods used to secure his conviction were the best proof of his innocence. It is for the Spanish Government to remove that impression.

The internal troubles of Austria have received an additional irritant by the new Law sanctioning Vorarlburg as "pure German," or unilingual, States. The Czech Ministers for the Czechs. In Hungary, the Agrarian Law, promoted by a body called the Farmers' League, which has to do with farmers, is exciting considerable discussion. The world-democracy founded its opinion in the House of Lords of the danger of provoking a conflict against the English plutocracy is trying the same policy, but what may have some interest to cursory readers but it is a sabbatical ending to a successful career.

The correspondence between Archbishop Bourne and Sir A. Conan Doyle concerning the Congo State does not carry the controversy much further, though the Archbishop took safe ground in remarking that a perusal of Sir Conan Doyle's book was not calculated to inspire confidence in the honesty of this agitation. When notorious reactionaries such as Lord Cromer, "The Daily Express," the Archbishop of Canterbury, Sir A. Conan Doyle, etc., combine in the formation of a national movement, putting forward statements that ten million people have been massacred, and that the territories of the Congo are strewn with hands and feet, one may well question their integrity. The non-humanitarian principle underlying this agitation is the establishment of the gin traffic on the Congo, where it is at present forbidden. Gin traffic has been so profitable in British dependencies that closing a large area like the Congo was an intolerable affront to the high-minded British trade. As the Archbishop supports the English licensed trade, so he is aiding the latest cry of "Empire and Humanity for Gin." It is so typically British! One would like to know the circumstances under which a rag called "The Penny Pictorial" was scattered on the London streets last week, the apparent cause of its sudden emergence from an errand-boy circulation being a placard, "The Crime of the Congo."
My Interview with Mr. Haldane.

By Ex-Sergt-Major Robert Edmondson, Late 21st Hussars.

If successful strategy depends on brain power, then Mr. Haldane is not likely to become a successful strategist.

Let me explain.

London has a large army of unemployed, and it is wont to meet on Tower Hill. For years it has met there, until it has come to look upon the historic spot as its very own. Processions of starving men have started from many a humble home, and from many a worn-out man in the huddle work. Oratory of a forcible character has been proclaimed, threats issued, and the Government of the day damned on occasions too numerous to mention. Yet all to no purpose. The unemployed are still there, in greater numbers than ever.

Gradually, but surely, day by day, however, new life is put into the movement. The ordinary unemployed are joined by a number of well set up young fellows. Fifty, one hundred—it is wonderful how quickly the numbers rise. At the end of a week there are five hundred.

The veteran unemployed organiser looks and marvels.

What new force is this? Plain clothes policemen on the prowl? No. They are ex-service men; men who have fought for Empire—and who may be required to fight again; men who have fought for country—and possess no home, men who have fought for home—and they have none; men who have fought for the honour and glory of the "Union Jack"—and the "Jack" having no more need of their services, are politely told to go to the "Union."

One of them mounts the platform, and in a short but telling speech gives an account of his search and failure to find work. Others follow. They have the sympathy of the ordinary unemployed, and a compact is struck. They will help each other.

The veteran organiser is in good spirits. Under the Red Flag a thick-set ex-artilleryman takes off his cap and calls for "Three cheers for the revolution." It receives a unanimous response. Wonderful! Men who but a few weeks before would have willingly died for the "Union Jack" now stand shoulder to shoulder under the emblem of revolution. It's a strange sight; but circumstances make rebels of us all.

A few of the men now form a committee. Sheets of foolscap are produced, and the crowd of disciplined "bone and muscle" are told to fall into line and approach their leaders separately to register name, late regiment, and present address. A keen-eyed police inspector notes possible danger in the new arrivals. I am at this point communicated with by letter and asked to help. A "watching brief" is all I accept, promising to step in should I see the men being outmanoeuvred. The opportunity came much sooner than I expected.

On October 27th leaflets were distributed telling of a procession to the War Office on the 30th, and subsequently a meeting to be held in Trafalgar Square.

By some means, probably from the police, Mr. Haldane received advance information.

Now comes the War Secretary's strategy! Without being asked, he sent and notified the two ex-soldier organisers, whose names appeared on the leaflet, that he would be pleased to receive a deputation at the War Office on the day of the procession at 12 noon. The procession was to take place at 3 p.m. On the morning of the procession day the two organisers were provided with work.

These facts were communicated to me just one hour before the deputation was due to arrive at the War Office. Tactics! It was a deliberate attempt to break the back of the movement. Leaving my desk, I made for the War Office, and was just in time to catch that deputation. One of the men stood out, and I jumped into the breach.

Once in the hall of the War Office judge of my surprise to see the Press fully represented. Tactics again! The same kind of tactics that nearly lost South Africa. A child could have got through them. The members of the Press informed me that they had been invited by Mr. Haldane to be present throughout the interview.

"Good," I said to myself, "then you shall have my story for the public, as well as the War Secretary's."

Deputation and Press trim up the marble staircase and are shown into a large oak-panelled room. In the centre is a long table plentifully supplied with blotting pads and writing material. A fire large enough to roast a bullock burns brightly in the grate. We get seated, then in walk Mr. Haldane and Sir Edward Ward. The usual formalities over, I rise and introduce the deputation. Then the War Secretary leads off.

I notice that he has the remains of his breakfast in the shape of yolk of egg sticking on his waistcoat. From a type-written paper—copies of which are given to the Press—he reads out what has been done in the past as regards fitting the soldier with civil employment.

I interrupt: "Pardon me, sir, the deputation has not come here to know what has been done in past years, but to know what you are prepared to do now for hungry men."

Just a trace of annoyance passes over Mr. Haldane's face as he replies, "If you will allow me to finish."

"What's the good of it?" I shout out. You take young lads into the Army at the age of 18, use the best seven years of their lives with the colours, then you send them on the Reserve for another five, during which time you practically have a rope round their neck, preventing them from getting employment. The Government should find them work. It will cost money. If you want to run the Empire on the cheap, then let every man come in and defend it." Mr. Haldane continued with his prepared story, and after finishing indulges in a more or less conversational discussion with other members of the deputation.

Obviously this suited the War Secretary, so I deemed it prudent to again interrupt. "You say you can't find work; but that the War Office has not the money. Allow me to show you how you can get it. The Army Estimates show that Army chaplains receive £74,000 annually. That another £60,000 goes every year for the up-keep of the War Office, which requires neither prisons nor parsons. Abolish them both, and use the money for finding work for deserving men."

The War Minister looked astounded. Sir Edward Ward dropped his eye-glass. "Never heard such nonsense in my life," said the Secretary.

It was obvious that he had had enough. He seemed to "buckle up." The thought passed through my mind that Great Britain must indeed be in a bad way if it could not select a better specimen to place at the head of the Army. I felt the utmost contempt for the man, one of the reasons being that he knew nothing of the subject under discussion except that which was prepared for him. Things were getting pretty warm, much to the amusement of the reporters.

"The situation is serious," I urged, "with 10,000 ordinary unemployed I can do nothing; but with 1,000 unemployed trained men, men who are starving, yet ready and willing to obey orders, I can and will do something. These men shall not go hungry this winter as they have done in the past."

A sickly, half sarcastic smile passed over the War Secretary's face. "Do it," he said; "we shall see about it."

A few other sharp passages in which Mr. Haldane certainly came off second best, finished the interview. Rising from the table, and backing out of the room, he said, "I think the deputation has served a very useful purpose."

"Quite the opposite," was my reply.

"What is your message to the starving men?" I asked.

"Tell them what we have done for them in the past," said the Secretary of State for War, "and that we shall endeavour to do a little more in the future."
So a memorable interview ended, and, if I may be allowed to alter the gender in a quotation from Shakespeare, it will admirably sum up the whole situation:—

"Twas pitiful; 'twas wondrous pitiful;
He wished he had not heard it.

State-endowed Authors and Artists.

Most of us rejoice when a great thing appears and outs a bad thing from an old fortress of custom. We forget that custom—which is reason half asleep—is now so tired of work and progress, and therefore more likely to lurk back to the rejected evil than to welcome true genius.

Sixty years ago, for instance, it was believed that a splendid era of free trade had come to all creative artists. The State-endowed genius had vanished from British life, it was said, never to return. Yet he is now as common as ever he was during the eighteenth century. Macaulay plumed himself over the conviction that men of letters had achieved their independence, and were able to fight their own battle in the open markets of the world, undisturbed by any such afront as Chesterfield put upon Johnson. Thackeray, on the other hand, while sharing that conviction, was yet wistful of the days of Addison as Secretary of State, or of Prior as Ambassador at Paris. These and other honours—gleanings from the public purse—were won by the act of writing essays and poems. To Thackeray they seemed like "angel's visits," and he said of them, "You come few and betwixt to literary gentlemen's lodgings! Your wings seldom quiver at second-floor windows now!"

That complaint is untrue to-day. The aged wings quite as much to-day as at the beginning of的社会 influence in high places, and young men of ability—writers and artists—are put into State appointments that protect them from the cares and hazards of professional life in the world. Lord Carlyle is reputed to have great power in these matters. It is said that his protégés were selected for three public art galleries in London; but the influence that rules, or is said to rule, is not the main point here. The main point is that the use of public money for the protection of certain men who serve three masters—the State, their private ambition, and Art. If a medical man takes a D.P.H. degree and then wins for himself the use of public money for the protection of certain artists who are protected blacklegs, inasmuch as they spend money on any official who does not devote all his energies to the commonweal. This principle cannot be disputed. Yet there are a good many authors and artists who are protected blacklegs, inasmuch as they receive good incomes from taxpayers and yet manage to win fame and money as critics, poets, novelists, painters, etchers, and what not besides.

No excuse can be made with the least effect for that form of public subsidy. When a man not only sends to receive a good income from the nation, but to earn besides a pension for his old age, he chooses freely his own career, and is bound in honour to put all his time and thought into work for the community. He knows that the public will not stand it in any other staple trade. For example, if Mr. Walford were to write for the Press at all on trade speculations, the public would see with astonishment that its own paid servants have an immense power over the fortunes of several great national trades. It is impossible to estimate the large number of homes that owe their all to the management and publication of books, plays, and other works of imagination. These products are among the staple trades of the country. The money invested in them year by year is enormous, and they represent the creative talent of the nation. Yet the public would stand in judgment on their marketable wares is a national matter for Parliament to discuss and for taxpayers to rebel against immediately.

There are professors of art who have studies for private work in national buildings. Why? Their attainments are not a whit better than those of a great many painters and sculptors who have to face unaided the perils of the market place. And now we come to the question of ability in criticism. The State endowed critic is a man of ripe talent as a rule, thorough and sincere. But his duty in life is to serve the State as an officer, and never to take part in the war of finance that the unprotected in life encounter as a staple trade. For example, if Mr. Walkeley wrote fearlessly in "The Times" about the textile industries instead of on trade speculations, his record of service in the G.P.O. for thirty-two years would be discussed publicly, and men of business would ask by what right he wrote for the Press at all on trade speculations.

It is not a question of ability in criticism. The State-endowed critic is a man of ripe talent as a rule, thorough and sincere. But his duty in life is to serve the State as an officer, and never to take part in the war of finance that the unprotected in life encounter as a staple trade.

WALTER SHAW SPARROW.
The Sociologist upon the Streets.

I.—From Nature to Human Life.
By Professor Patrick Geddes.

The naturalist observer from the country must in crossing to a sociological observer in the town. The sparrow, the plane-tree, the cab-horse (a swiftly vanishing species) cannot suffice him; and even the varied flora of the Kingsway sets him speculating how far its separate types are an artificial origin of deserts. The old comparison of the bees with the strangely parallel types of the human hive is still far from exhausted; and thus day by day his rustic outlook passes into another, yet without changing that essential character of science, its impersonalism and openness of interest. Yet this survey of man and nature has never been far removed from the problem of how the ills of the one may be helped or cured by methods or remedies drawn from the other. True there are still folks, not militantly, but as these, when students at all, are for the most part respectfull to tradition, it may be, and in any case significant, to recall that our oldest book of "Plants" and our earliest study of human "Characters" are by the same or similar author, herbalist and social psychologist in one, and that he wrote under the direct inspiration and example of his master, Aristotle, himself a true bio-sociologist, faithful to the life alike in its analysis of a State or his anatomy of an Octopus—whose similarities, after all, none will seriously question. To those who are rather under the rein of present authority, it is surely becoming plain, now that we have had Darwin's Jubilee this very year, that long before the two generations are completed since his initial volume, the "Origin of Species," the specialised researches through animal and vegetable worlds which this necessitated will have again passed on to renew upon a fresh and higher spiral the study of the evolution of man and of the expression of his emotions. What was Darwin's theory but essentially a twin-flash of insight and interpretation from the spectacle of human struggle—here from the mingled hate and progress of invention, there from the yet more tangled results of victory and defeat, and these in individuals, groups, and communities, now industrial, now military with the simple Darwinian associations of moths and flowers, of cats and clover, the sociologist must seek to unravel the social complex of the city, and this in his own naturalistic way.

Sociology, in fact, has come to stay, and at first gentler, less contentious, like the camel's nose, is even now thrusting itself into the tent-doors of each and all the sections and parties. Is it the Tory's, the High Churchman's? She will inquire from them of the Social Heritage, Temporal and Spiritual, and seek to learn what their respective lordships first signified and wherein it may now consist. Is it the time-honoured Liberal's? the Radical's? or, latest of all, the Suffragist's? She will thrust herself into the tent-doors of each and all the parties, yet mainly as into a thought-cage, it is time to add its essential valuables to his load and must owe existence, not to this or that real or supposed inferiority so sharply pointed out by its rivals, but on account of some element of real and vital efficiency somewhere, some genuine adaptation to, and of, environment. Of course of this it may not always itself be conscious, and this its enemies may never come to see.

It is with this tolerance, this detachment, that the sociological observer rambles on from group to group. But he soon discovers that the thought circle of each of them too commonly becomes practically a thought-cage, commonly dismissed by the existence of the great social game, or gilded (within or without) by some convention. As convenient and obvious illustration of this let us turn with our sociology from the groups of action to the associations of science, the learned societies; and naturally, of course to those of human interest—the Geographical, the Economic, the Anthropological. Each genially assures us that theirs is the best and most important approach to the study of man, and that the identical pretensions of the two others, not without faint praise of course, for specialisms have passed away from all large controversies. But as they offer no further explanation of these rival approaches, we must find this for ourselves. Happily it is not far to seek, for the geographer plainly begins by showing you place, that is, Environment. The economist begins with work, with Functioning, that is, Efficiency somewhere, the anthropologist (when not a mere skull-measurer, scalp-collector, or otherwise mad-hatter) begins with the living Organism of his naturalistic-like enquiries. Environment, Function, Organism; People, Places, Parties, these are plainly a Triad, yet a Unity; they are the factors of Life—Life subhuman and human alike, individual and social. But if life be the inter-relation of these three, then without inter-relation, close as Life itself, each of these three separate studies can be but lifeless. Hence, in fact, the deadly dulness of the geography till lately current in the schools; hence even its obsession of "boundaries," thus inevitably put into the first rank instead of the last. Hence the "dismal science" of dehumanised economic "laws"; and hence also the peculiarly ghastly pretence of death's head collections so long misnamed anthropology in museums beyond number. These three studies, more accurate as inventories of details, can only be sciences so far as they remain independent and unrelated; but become sub-sciences insofar as they are rationally viewed within their places in the whole world. Sub-sciences of what larger science, then, do they ask? Of Sociology, of course, my friends; there is no escape from that. Unless you wish to proclaim yourselves to the world, and that increasingly, as so many puzzled specialists entangled with the thought-circle, cut out from life, and shut off and officialised into a thought-cage, it is time to be recognising your real unity, and to resume your present work, but in its true and full relations.

How in practice can this be? it will be asked. Frankly, then, your three societies or groups of societies—Geographical, Economic, Anthropological—are but three committees on Place, Work, and Folk respec-
At first blush it may seem case in the two points which he finds weak. He objects beginning. superb an artist as Shakespeare. Still, it is surely Shakespeare's Snobbishness and...
John Burns.

By Francis Grierson.

When Mr. John Burns became a Cabinet Minister the curtain fell on the old-fashioned melodrama of the working classes, and a new one began, a drama of practical politics in which there was no place for slow music and no opportunity for idle tears. The music would be that of the file and drum, and the tremolo produced by the clever manipulation of the fiddle-stick would be a thing belonging to the dark ages of political make-believe. For John Burns came upon the scene not to influence people's nerves but their reason. Long before he became a Cabinet Minister he knew the ropes of the Parliamentary training ship. He did not make for the top-gallant by trying to climb a greased pole; he walked up and left his mates gazing heavenward from the larboard. It is true he went up somewhat suddenly; but while his enemies were expecting him to come down like a stick they saw him change into a fixed star. And there he remains, visible to the naked eye.

A practical man who has lived long in London knows the tubes and every train of the complicated underground. He does not gossip about these things, but judges them. In the management of London affairs it is a knowledge of underground life which counts, and no man is fit to be an over-man who has not been an under-man. A rabbit could tell us all about life in a warren and how it feels when the ferret enters. John Burns has worked his way up from the burrows, and knows the difference between a bone and its shadow, and never once has he let go a rib or a rump-steak for a dish of mock-turtle soup. He knows just how far soup will go, having passed the tureen period, and never again will anyone deceive him with the mere suggestion of facts. He grips the actual while others are talking.

The Greek orator declared that oratory is action, but John Burns believes that knowledge, and knowledge alone, fructifies political action. He deals with actualities founded on figures. He is grappling with the uncompromising present, letting others expatiate about the blunders of the past, and he knows better than any member of the Cabinet that a bird in the hand from the East End is worth three sitting in Shepherd's Bush. With the majority political principles mean sentimentality applied to pot-luck in Parliament. There are politicians who are clever at figures, but who fail in the application of figures to the exigencies of the hour. John Burns has made it unashamedly to sentimentise about poverty and the slums. He has taken the tinted spectacles from the political colourists of both Houses, and has shown them how to look through plain glass. That such a man has appeared at this juncture in the history of the nation goes to prove that Providence has one eye on Parliament and the other on the People.

It was sentimental fanaticism that turned the French Revolution into an orgie of blood. Utopias are harmless so long as they have their belfry in the world of imagination and dreams; they become deadly the moment sentimental theorists begin to treat them as realities. Two things have made London the greatest slum city in the world: haphazard charity on the one hand, indifference on the other. John Burns is a scientific optimist, freed from sentimental pessimism, with too much experience to be cajoled and too much wit to be brow-beaten. Mere experimenters can do nothing with him. He is much more than a figurehead, possessing, as he does, the three rare qualities—wit, humour, and common sense. His common sense is largely the result of experience, his wit and humour are innate. The combination is exceptional, for wit alone is no sign of a level head, and the illiterate Irish peasant will give you as much humour as ten minutes as you would be likely to get in a whole day at any club in London. Wit may point to madness, and humour is too often but a sign of good-natured weakness. With John Burns common sense raises his wit and humour to the nth power. And this common sense is, after all, practical genius of a rare order. It changes nothing to listen to fine theories brilliantly set forth. Clever scholars and the book-worms will spin you out airy speculations with as much precision as a spider spins a web. As for the political spiders, they usually catch the House flies in their little parlour, not at the hour of tea, but between two and four a.m., the nodding hour. But John Burns never nods and is never caught. He walks into their parlours with the aplomb of a tarantula, tries the springs of their easy-chairs, inspects what is on the tapis, looks into their sideboards, peeps under the fly-leaves of their old mahogany tables, and has even gone the length of taking forty winks with his left eye, while with the other he examined their cabinet of fossils before walking off with a complete inventory of the household effects. This is why he is able to call out numbers while others are calling names, and while his enemies are splitting economical hairs he takes the red rag from the arena, quiets the bulls of both Houses, and straddles the horns of the diabolical dilemma like a Corsican conqueror. And in my opinion he would twist the tails of the revolutionary lions with equal success. They would not find John Burns easy to handle. One steady look from his perforating eyes would be enough to dissipate the wavering doubts of the most stubborn and volatile. It would be ridiculous for a duke to attempt to quell the fury of a mob. John Burns could face a mob with as much sang froid as he would were he making a speech at a gala banquet.

Mr. Burns is a leader of men who does not depend for his influence on a formidable top-knot, a ferocious beard, and a ravenous mouth. Neither does he use boa-constrictor tactics in dealing with his opponents. He damps their spirits but not their bodies, crushes the head and leaves the rest to run away to fight some other day on the side of common sense. Before his advent the political game was largely a drawing-room affair, a combination of vanity and sentimentality. He is probably the first leader in this country who set out by ignoring rhetoric and defying oratory. With most politicians the first impression they give is that they have emerged from the lecture room of some college of antiquities, book-worms who have turned themselves into electioneering gad-fies, to the discomfort of the working bees.

During the French Revolution the members of the Convention who possessed the most common sense were the first to have their heads cut off. Not till the end were the maddest guillotined. The rhetoricians and the Utopists of that time could not bear the sight of the few members who offered sane counsel in their midst, and the events now occurring resemble very much the events that led up to the French Revolution. The enemies of England would watch with joy a reign of anarchy in London, even for a few weeks, but a few leaders like John Burns would do more to prevent the mob from getting the upper hand in our great cities than all other powers combined.
A Continental Trip.

II.—The Race.

By Bart Kennedy.

My friend, the alert and all-knowing waiter, told me that there would be racing that afternoon at the Hippodrome Wellington, and I ventured forth to see how they managed these things in Belgium. At first I thought I would have a bit on. The idea of gathering in a few lousis from the philanthropic bookmakers was soothing. But softly there arose before me the memory of a sad and painful fact. Whenever I had backed a horse I had lost. The horse had either been scratched, or had broken a leg, or become suddenly tired. So I thought better of my idea of doing the philanthropic bookmakers in the eye. I would stick to virtue, and not bet. For betting would doubtless mean that there would be nothing for it but to either work or swim my penniless way home across the Channel.

The day was what might be called a beautiful, hot, warm day, and there were beautiful carriages filled with beautiful ladies, all going along to win a bit at the Hippodrome Wellington. I could see that the ladies meant business. They had that do-or-die look in the eye that ladies have when they are going. And behind them the rest of the horses were going. And behind the horses were coming. And behind the horses were the bookmakers—standing in a row. And how handsome and noble and distinguished were the gentlemen! There was no vulgar pushing or shoving or shouting. Everything was beautiful and elegant and tony. I felt quite the society man as I went easily around behind my large cigar. Really there were a great many handsome, taking women. And I felt that were I living in the healthy, barbarous Norse days of old, I would like nothing better than to come here with a trusty band of ruffians, show the gentlemen into quietude, and carry these ladies off. However!

Here were the bookmakers—standing in a row. And the thought occurred to me that now was the time to become wealthy. But I repressed the thought with sternness. I would be virtuous!

These bookmakers had strong, ready, acute faces. And to tell the truth, they didn't look like men from whom one could easily win fortunes.

As I went around who should I come across but the hard-faced Englishman with the scar—the Englishman whom I had met on the boat coming over, and who had told me that if I mentioned his name at a certain hotel all would be well. He greeted me with so much enthusiasm that I didn't have the heart to tell him that his name bore no magic—that when I mentioned it at the hotel all was not well. After shaking hands with me, he informed me that if he had seen me before I came in I would not have had to pay twenty francs. He could have got me in for nothing because of his name! He then offered to put me on to a good thing, but I winked chidingly at him and withdrew.

The horses came forth on to the course—beautiful, intelligent animals at once lithe-looking and powerful. There was a hum of excitement in the world so beautiful as a beautiful horse. Man is more tricky, but he is not to be compared for beauty and balance of physical proportion to a horse. How ugly and skimpy looked the little jockeys who were on the backs of these noble horses. The flag dropped—and they were off. Galloping, galloping. The sounds of their hoofs on the turf thrilled you as would some strange, primal music. On and on they galloped in a bunch together till they rounded a bend. They were out of sight. But still you could hear the quick thudding of their hoofs from the distance. Out of sight. But in a moment the heads of the jockeys appeared. And now they were coming swiftly through a clear space where you could see them fully. Neck and neck two horses were going. And behind them the rest of the horses came along in a loose bunch. Again they rounded a bend. And here they were on the straight, coming right towards you. Coming, coming with hoof-beat of thunder. They were shooting thunderously by. The eye could hardly take in these stretching, thundering, flashes of galloping brown. They were beyond you now. They had to go again around the course. You were caught in the wondrous thrill of the race. There they were! Galloping, galloping. They were disappearing again. Now you could see nothing. You could hear but the quick thudding of their hoofs from the distance. This you could see nothing, but you were grasped with a tremendous, growing excitement. The head of a jockey appeared. And there a single horse and rider passed through the clear space. But behind came another horse like lightning. And another. And now two together. And one alone. The straight! They were thundering along the straight. The second horse was coming up to the horse that was first. Coming up and up. Getting level. Level. Passing! And the horses behind were coming up too. Your heart was still with the excitement. But a second—but a second or two. But still a long time. A great roar of excitement was going up. Shouts, and horses, and jockeys with quick-moving arms, and thunder of hills was tingling. But for a second. The second they were. In! Smashing in! Galloping, thundering flashes of brown were shooting past the judges' box. The race was over!
Antinous.

His loveliness is shadowed; still there flies
One cold doubt darlking through that mystery
Whether surrender of the glorious days
Must be. Pure joy of living fiercely vies
With the joy of living as while the Despiser
Await his youthful will and Clotho stays.
Apollo— Dionysus? Parting ways
Strengthen and golden underneath his eyes.
For love he tastes the lips of death and
goes
Universally competent. This is why, from being at
an age would such an
inversion be possible?
Unto Light’s Lord; while stricken earthbestows
A godhead, and much marble grief ascends.
But all the immortality man knows
In living hearts of men begins and ends.

London.

By Judah P. Benjamin.

Way is it that since the days of the Puritans every-
thing that smacks of the mediocree has been hailed with
joy in England even by people who like to be thought
judges of colour and form, rhythm and harmony,
music, style and originality in writing? Why is it that
the majority of educated people demand to have
the most beautiful works of art, music, and literature ex-
plained to them as the critic explained Turner? Ruskin
gives this solution: “Compare,” he says, “rainbows,
sunrises, roses, violets, butterflies, birds, gold-fish,
rubies, opals, with alligators, lions, wolves, bears,
swine, sharks, slugs, fungi, frogs, and corrupting
things in general, and you will feel then how
the question stands between the colourists and the chiaro-
scuroists—which of them have to admit their life on
their side and which have sin and death.” London gives
the tone and the manner to the whole of England.
People from the provinces come here as the Arab visits
Mecca; but there is a difference. Mecca is a
religion to the Arab, while Westminster Abbey is
regarded by visitors as a peep-show which inspires no
reverence.

It took the people of London twenty-five years to see
beauty in Turner, fifty years to see the genius of Wagner, and forty years to make them cease
from ridiculing Darwin. Whistler was regarded as a
mere dauber in art until he took to writing with a
diamond-pointed pen. Certainly the great bulk of the
beholders and the critics used to write in de-
claring their dislike of the impeccable glories
of Turner’s sunsets. They spoke what they felt, for how
could a people suffering from colour-blindness appre-
ciate colour in any complex form? How is it possible
for children born and bred in the fogs and slums of
London to grow to maturity in the full development of
normal faculties? Nature indeed never deals in
shadows except in a negative way. Fog, mud, mist,
and humidity belong not to life and health, but to decay
and corruption. The child born in such conditions
grows to manhood all unconscious of the fearful
ravages of decadence, and the man believes himself
sane in sight, sound in hearing, sound in taste, and
universally competent. This is why, from being at
first rather slow and timid, the London public have now
grown arrogant and rebellious. London is character-
istic of all that is drab in nature. Drab is the colour
of its atmosphere, drab the tone of its sky, drab the
sound in sight, sound in hearing, sound in taste, and
drab the beauty in Turner, fifty years to admit the power and
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plane now than at any other time in history. There is a
smattering of knowledge everywhere. Discrimina-
tion is only to be found among the lettered and cultured
few. Novels are in the majority; essays are in the
universally competent; our science from Germany, and, again,
our art and mechanical inventions from America.
There is hardly an art or idea that is not borrowed,
but so twisted and changed as to appear childish when put
to the purpose. Even in the previous century those
purported to know, a borrowed idea becomes a mere notion,
for children born and bred in the fogs and slums of
London to grow to maturity in the full development of
normal faculties. Nature indeed never deals in
shadows except in a negative way. Fog, mud, mist,
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The critics have shown a perfect unanimity of ignorance concerning the life and performances of the Dutch novelist, Israel Querido, whose “Toil of Men” was recently published by Messrs. Methuen. Some of the book’s admirers with more intellectual science to Querido’s “three great novels,” of which this is one; but since these “three great novels” are specially mentioned by the publishers on the wrapper of the book, the facile source of critical omniscience is exposed. I enquired in vain from the learned concerning Querido. But I was determined to discover something about him that I could deposit in this column with my air of omniscience, and I duly discovered it in back numbers of the “Mercure de France.” This fact prejudices one in its favour, for it is true that the partition alone of his book shows its bias. Its realism is better—less crude, less ugly—than Zola’s; but not much better. And it seems as if Querido’s book has stopped about five minutes after Zola’s. But Zola has the faculty, and Querido’s, whose celebrated “Un Mâle” probably has more craftsmanship and less convincingness than any other successful novel of this generation. The translation of “Toil of Men,” by F. S. Arnold (sex undisclosed), appears to be very able, and is beyond question minutely finished. The publication of an English translation of a novel by an author unknown to the English public implies that somebody must have been pertinaciously enthusiastic about that novel. Whoever the enthusiastic somebody may be, he deserves our gratitude.

* * *

Appropos of the “Mercure de France,” this publishing firm has just issued another 7½d. volume of its single yearly installment called “Les Hommes et les Idées,” namely, “La Pensée de Maurice Barrès,” by Henri Massis. One quality of these little volumes is their completeness. There is, for example, a portrait, a specimen of the handwriting of the author studied (in itself a “document”), and an extraordinary useful bibliography. The bibliography of M. Barrès is the work of that learned man M. Van Bever. Such labour must be a labour of love. It is not surprising to find that the list of M. Barrès’ books and brochures runs to nearly fifty. M. Van Bever gives a list, with dates, of his newspaper articles, and a long list of critical and biographical studies “à consulter.” The bibliography alone is worth at least twice sevenpence halfpenny of an English shilling. M. Van Bever has money to spend, and one is inclined to the essay of M. Jean de Gourmont on Henri de Regnier in the same series. It is less “nourishing,” as they say over there, and too rhetorical. Still, it has value and interest. M. Massis seeks to reconcile the political extremism of his author with the truthfulness of a man of letters. He is only partially convincing. It certainly is not wholly convincing to say that Maurice Barrès has gone into politics for the sake of the violent sensations which they produce in him, and that “a passionate unæssiness agitates his soul, which rushes pitilessly towards every promise of emotion and of enthusiasm.” The nationalism of Maurice Barrès may be sincere (it is probably much less a pose than that of Jules Lemaître), but it reveals
a strange crudity in his composition. His exceedingly fine literary gift enables him to conceal this crudity in the written word. I bought some time ago a volume of extracts from his works, somewhat misleadingly entitled "Vingt-cinq années de la Vie Littéraire," and I was astounded at the difficulty I had in finding fault with any of the extracts. At his worst Barrès is grandiose. At his best, in "Le Jardin de Berénice," he is unsurpassed in distinction. M. Massis insists that his brilliant and alluring theories of egotism are influencing European thought. There can be no doubt, as M. Massis points out, that they have influenced Gabriele d'Annunzio. It is well that this fact should be made quite plain. Possibly Maurice Barrès is a more "European" writer than we had imagined.

JACOB TSONSON.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

The Poetry of Oscar Wilde.*

Lacenaire qui détruirait les cadavres pour les violer était fils de Zolli et frère de Sainte-Beuve.—C. RéGISMANSET ("Contradictions.")

There is an essential difference between the artist and the craftsman. An artist creates new aesthetic sensations; a craftsman gathers and combines knowledge of the old. An artist has a keen eye for the craftsman, and a cunning craftsman is not necessarily an artist, unless by the exquisiteness of his taste and choice in the elements of his craft he creates new art which will be compact of all that is best in his forerunners. I think it, second, a poet, was one of these. The paradox is that the artist who is an aboriginal creator—I have Whitman in mind—may irritate you, even while his power is strong upon you; and the other—Oscar Wilde—may give you unblemished delight. I have, indeed, so great a delight in the poetry of Wilde that all critical reservations become impertinent and unseemly; and I have quoted, as an epigraph, an aphorism by a Frenchman which will remind me of this and be my confession, throughout his life he had a passionate love of Beauty, and it is to this passion that all his thoughts referred; Beauty was the criterion of all he wrote. In his poetry I think there were three motives: the story, the purely decorative, and the personal, and in the story all three were blended; but it was the decorative that had the strongest hold on him. He would start a poem like "The Burden of Itys," and embroider it with all the flowers and pictures his fancy could suggest; a daftodil brings to his mind, . . . Jove's gorgeous leman Danae Hot garms and gilded arms who had stooped to kiss its trembling petals and left each leaf flecked with spotted gold—young Mercury! one feather of whose pinions may have just brushed its petals; . . . the slight stem which bears the burdens of its suns Is hardly thicker than the gossamer.

Or poor Arachne's silver tapestry,— and then there is an image of the sepulchre of Christ, On men which say it bloomed, of faun-loved Heliconian glades, blue nymph-haunted seas, Tempe, and Narcissus,

The tangle of the forest in his hair, The silence of the woodland in his eyes, of Salmacis,

Of Oreads peeping through the leaves of silent, moonlit trees, Of lonely Ariadne in the wharf At Naxos, when she saw the treacherous crew Far out at sea, and waved her crimson sarf, And called false Theseus back again . . .

Dionysos on an amber pardi, Homer, and Queen Helen lying in the ivory room, And at her side an amorous, red-lipped boy, Trimming with dainty hand his helmet's plume, and Hector and Ajax in the mail outside, winged Perses, and the sweet scent of . . . all those tales imperishly stored

In little Grecian urns,*

**Poems by Oscar Wilde." (Methuen. 5s. net.)

all these honey flies hovering in his brain and hiving there the nectar they have gathered from . . . a tiny yellow daffodil.

The butterfly can see it from afar.

His love for decoration is clear in all his poetry, and for this reason he has a vocabulary into which have passed all the beautiful and pictorial words in the language—words of scented wood, colour words, and words whose impalpable beauty is indefinable. Out of the pleasure of saying things he selected a few of them: ivory, cedar, and silver—unique and rhymeless, wheat, corn, oil, milk, honey, saffron, girdle, gold, daffodil, galbanum, frankincense, spikenard, myrrh, tangle, horn, margaret, lily, herder, cordage, amber, vignaugar, laurel, quill, poppy, poplar, hyacinth, all accessible to any poet, not not their setting. Wilde's sense of colour was exquisite:

Under the rose-tree's dancing shade Pulling the leaves of pink and pearl With pale green nails of polished jade. The red roses fall upon the mould. The white leaves flutter, one by one Down to a blue bowl where the sun Like a great dragon, writhes in gold. The white leaves float upon the air, The red leaves flutter idly down, Some fall upon her yellow gown And some upon her raven hair. She takes an amber lute and sings, And as she sings a silver crane Begins his scarlet nest next, And flaps his burnished metal wings.

. . . He loved the red and white of the burst pomegranate; the moon had come down to him on a scarlet thread, and kissed him on the lips, and he delighted in her silver—he sees her "wash the trees with silver," which I think he got from Blake—in silver-breasted doves and the silver-sandalled feet of a God.

It is not so much, then, in what Wilde says but in his manner of saying it that his charm as a poet lies. Not everybody has heard . . .

. . . the murmuring nightingale Like water bubbling from a silver jar, or been able to say that The blue mist creeps among the shivering trees, Gold world by world the silent stars appear. And like a dull cloud blown before the breeze A white moon drifts across the shimmering sky. Wilde's emotions were themes for decoration, though he breaks out into a personal note now and then to bid Sing on! sing on! let the dull world grow young, Let elemental things take form again, And the old shapes of Beauty walk among The simple paths and open order; as when The son of Leto bare the willow rod, And the soft sheep and shaggy goats followed the boyish God. This stanza, a favourite one of his for long poems, he passed all the beautiful and pictorial words in the language-words of scented wood, colour words, and words whose impalpable beauty is indefinable. His love of decoration is clear in nearly all his poetry, and he becomes more personal in some, it is the writer of . . .

* "Poems by Oscar Wilde." (Methuen. 5s. net.)
But Oscar Wilde wrote one poem with his blood and out of the stored-up agony of his heart, "The Ballad of Reading Gaol." Somehow, it seems fitting that the ballad's theme should lead up to this one, with its grey intensity and its flashes of colour. One comes to it with the mind laden with sweets, and to read it is like plunging into the Styx; one shivers and almost asks for mercy. If Oscar Wilde ever wrote a living grey intensity and its flashes of colour. One comes, to delighting in Wilde's poetry. I do not know that any-

ments which have done duty—oh, so many times—yet I shall not apologise to my readers for traversing ground that the work done on heredity. They have assimilated the work of such men as Loeb, Wilson, T. H. Morgan in America, Delage in France, Raffle in Italy, Schneider, Semon, Wolf, Paul, Driesch, Herlst in the German speaking lands, they may venture on a theory based upon biology, not that the basis is of any value, but the authors copy the usual pseudo-scientific sociologist in rearing their structure upon such a foundation.

But there is scarcely a recruit in the German Army who has escaped venereal disease. Mr. and Mrs. Whetham may regard this as good for the moral and physical welfare, but medical men who understand what this means will not be satisfied with it. A healthy society is not a good society, but a healthy society is not a good society, but a good society is a healthy society. The working classes of this country are at present, as compared with the upper and middle classes of this country, of the worst place in the world it is possible to be. They have been kept in ignorance and poverty, and have been dishonoured by the government.

As might be expected, universal military training naturally receives commendation; it is "doubtless good for the moral and physical welfare no less than for the security of a nation." The writers know nothing about the results of conscription, but I may tell them that the Poor Law Commissioners that deserve praise, and the only one for which they demand immediate legislation is that of detention colonies (labour exchanges being merely considered as an essential). As it might be expected, universal military training naturally receives commendation; it is "doubtless good for the moral and physical welfare no less than for the security of a nation." The writers know nothing about the results of conscription, but I may tell them that the Poor Law Commissioners that deserve praise, and the only one for which they demand immediate legislation is that of detention colonies (labour exchanges being merely considered as an essential).

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would lead us to suppose that the increase of myopia was due to "fate," and hopeless; but in practice we find that the amelioration of school conditions and the relief of strain in ill-shaped eyes do stay that increase.

He showed that the data upon which Barrington and Peck based their standard family were unreliable. (See proceedings of the Royal Society of Medicine, May, 1904.)

Again, they accept unreservedly Pearson's conclusion on the intensity of hereditary transmission in tuberculosis. They are unaware that Hamburger has shown that in general the children in Vienna are infected with tuberculosis; Ganghofen has shown the same is true in Prague; and Harbitz in Christiania; while evidence will, I believe, shortly be published giving the same results for London. This, of course, utterly destroys the validity of Pearson's results; and his advice to working men not to bother about the sanitary conditions of their homes and workshops, but to be careful not to marry if their great uncle died of consumption, becomes sheer nonsense.

"Natural" forms the usual stumbling block to thinkers of this calibre. Natural selection, survival of the fittest, struggle for life, are shibboleths which they repeat without understanding. At one time we are referred to "God," at another to "nature." At natural selection, we are threatened with all kinds of horrors if we do something "contrary to nature." We certainly may expect something cheerful to happen when man becomes supernatural.

On page 131 we are told that "Germany has shown a power of development, industrial and military, a faculty for organisation, and a sense of national confidence which must awake admiration in all beholders." On page 132 the authors say: "It is perhaps arguable that a demand for certain forms of Socialism, for the organisation of all industry by the State . . . is a sign of a decadent population." They might have at least remembered for the length of a page that Socialism is the product of the greatest industrial advance in Germany which possesses thus at the same time a decadent population and an extraordinary power of development.

Of South America they write: "Thus there grew up a half-caste breed, with characteristics and aspirations of their own, who in a few generations came to know little of their paternal ancestry." The writers show as much ignorance of South America as they do of biology. They half-rightly, but with which they say is one of the finest stocks in the world, whilst there is not a State in South America (and I have dwelt in many of them) that is not a replica of Spanish civilisation; Spain gave them a tradition that has never been lost.

"Jukes" families are trotted out for the thousandth time, and of course we are told to be deteriorating at a rapid rate. There is not the slightest evidence of this racial deterioration, but the working classes are commencing to supplant the Whetnam classes, and this is, of course, very unkind of them.

Mr. and Mrs. Whetbam are under the impression that they help to support the casual labourer; the truth is that under our present industrial system the casual labourer supports the rest of society—getting nothing in return but kicks and abuse. As we may expect, the authors regard the bearing of children as the whole duty of women of the well-to-do classes—the others don't count. Dons, we are told, "as a class possess intellectual ability of much more than the average amount." He himself has said it.

S. D. EDER.

REVIEWS.

The Squire's Daughter. By Archibald Marshall. (Methuen. 6s.)

For some readers the interest of this character novel will not commence till the thirteenth chapter, where Ronald Mackenzie, a great explorer who has seemingly been lost to the Magnetic Pole and robbed himself on it, suddenly appears to Cicely Clinton and offers her, like The Stranger to Elidisa in Ibsen's play, freedom of a sort. In one brief moment she accepts and bolts with him without travelling—clothes and trunks as The Stranger would say. But two chapters later, not liking the terms of their union, she repents and returns to her friends apparently without having achieved any sort of triumph. Other readers will regard The Squire's Daughter from the beginning as a pleasant novel containing many pleasant sketches of quiet provincial characters, among whom the retrograde squire, the discontented Cicely, the magnetic Mackenzie, and the humorous "twankies"—which is Marshall fondly to stand out. In his treatment of the clash of social prejudices, the differentiation of the qualities, perceptions and prejudices of his men and women, the author may be favourably compared with Jane Austen.


In a note the author of this weird book of ghosts informs us that it "completes what may be termed a trilogy," which is concerned with a "particular phase of constructive thought." Doubtless everybody is aware that writers of trilogies—Trevanion, Hardy, Philippotts, Frank Norris, and the rest—are a gloomy lot. Mr. Hodgson is no exception. "The Ghost Pirates," like its two predecessors, is gloom personified, and its ratiocination is more than ordinarily dull. The story of a capstan chorus compared with which Pew's blood-curdling refrain is a hymn, and closes with an "appendix recording the rescue of the sole survivor and narrator." The proper mood for this book is to be obtained in a vast dimly-lit haunted chamber on a wild mid-winter night and with a diseased elephant peering over one's shoulder. It hardly needs Mr. Sime's drawing to remind us that Mr. Hodgson has a powerful imagination through which he is able to clothe his work in no less apparent that his imagination is a morbid one.

Rebirth. By Rathmell Wilson. (Greening. 6s.)

Appreciably this book aims to apply the doctrines of Mrs. Besant and another. But we have not the faintest notion what it is all about. So far as we can understand, it records some flesh-coloured psychic adventures. The rebirth seems to have taken place in a Museum of Curiosities, and when we meet Percival, the reincarnated soul of the man with the Vandyke face, and Beryl, whose hands rise and fall like the wings of a butterfly, it is as if one were struck by the story of the Pig-faced Lady, the One-Eyed Peruvian Dwarf, and the Legless Wonder, and are terribly disappointed to encounter instead battles of flashy epigrams and many other things that are beyond us at present. Even our reliable scientific information does not reveal to us either the wisdom or accuracy of the statement that heredity could not account for a Shakespeare born of humble parents. Altogether, we are convinced that those who think they know something about reincarnation will find Mr. Wilson's book a reasonably good test. But when they have read it they may not reasonably demand the rebirth of Mr. Wilson himself, both in a literary and scientific sense, before consenting to something further development of his peculiar form of astralism.

Shadow Shapes. By Ella Erskin. (Elkin Matthews. 3s. 6d.)

It seems to us there is a want of harmony in this series of slight, delicate impressions, with their Omar Khayyam's "particular phase of constructive thought." The rebirth seems to have taken place in a Museum of Curiosities, and when we meet Percival, the reincarnated soul of the man with the Vandyke face, and Beryl, whose hands rise and fall like the wings of a butterfly, it is as if one were struck by the story of the Pig-faced Lady, the One-Eyed Peruvian Dwarf, and the Legless Wonder, and are terribly disappointed to encounter instead battles of flashy epigrams and many other things that are beyond us at present. Even our reliable scientific information does not reveal to us either the wisdom or accuracy of the statement that heredity could not account for a Shakespeare born of humble parents. Altogether, we are convinced that those who think they know something about reincarnation will find Mr. Wilson's book a reasonably good test. But when they have read it they may not reasonably demand the rebirth of Mr. Wilson himself, both in a literary and scientific sense, before consenting to something further development of his peculiar form of astralism.
"Shadow Shapes" sings the Te Deums of Sadness. We like this pretty book of little love tragedies.

An Imperial Marriage. By A. W. Marchmont. (Ward Lock.)

When you open this book to find beautiful Althea wooded by an English journalist, a prime favourite of the Kaiser who is taking an "Imperial Marriage," and by the son of a powerful minister, you seem to scent a society where having a former national complication, or a "Rupert of Hentzau" containing more hope than realisation. Your surprise is great therefore to discover it contains nothing more stimulating than a living story of the marriage of two sisters. They may be different stamp. What is exceptional is quite exceptional. There is hardly a repertory buying in book form at every bookseller's shop. The theatre in the smallest German town where some of his plays are produced. Strindberg himself prefers the term "naturalist," and constantly speaks of "naturalism" as a dramatic method. The word "naturalist" has unfortunately obscured associations in English, and suggests the investigation of a single life, or the detection of personages through butterflies. Our more familiar equivalent "realist" does not apply in this case, for as will be seen from the passage quoted below, Strindberg distinguishes sharply between the "realist," and the "naturalist" who is a philistine. He has written a good deal in defence or explanation of his plays, and he certainly possesses qualities as well as creative ability. He is able not only to understand, but to explain the philosophy of his characters, and is not afraid when a journalist plays many parts, elaborated with the device of an imaginary imperial alliance. The book is obviously exciting, it teems with international characters, and though it is not above writing polemical prefaces. In this respect he differs from Ibsen and Björnson, and resembles Bernard Shaw. His plays are not, however, political tracts or tracts of any kind. No one could possibly deduce a philosophy from them. They are neutral without being in the least colourless. Repeatedly he has done what Ibsen did once through a great trial in "The Wild Duck"—that is, he has corrected a bias towards partisanship for a particular ideal by satirising it in a subsequent play.

But Strindberg is no imitator of Ibsen. He is an entirely independent influence. Much of his most interesting work dates from about 1880, when "A Doll's House" was only a year old. "Rosmersholm" and "The Master Builder" were written later. His "Glückspiter" (I take the name of the German translation as more comprehensible than the Swedish original), a satire on the pomposity of the authorities in a little town in Sweden, "Enemy of the People." Ibsen treated his theme with greater earnestness, but with far less humour. The parallel between the two plays bears some resemblance to that between Villiers de l'Isle Adam's "La Révolte" and "A Doll's House." Strindberg's best work is probably to be found in the plays written about 1890, when he was forty years of age (Dramen eines Vierzigjährigen). These include "My tragedy, "The Father," has been criticised for its sadism, but it is not without reason that the theatre managers demand to have farces written for them. As passing throughout the whole of a summer night. Strindberg's masterpiece—a "realistic tragedy." It was prohibited by the censor in Sweden, but has been played very frequently in Germany, chiefly by societies corresponding to the Swedish-English. The German edition ("Elf Einakter," Georg Müller, publisher, Munich) contains a preface by Strindberg dealing with the group of plays I have mentioned, which I cannot do better than quote one or two passages:

My tragedy. "The Father," has been criticised for its sadness—though people wanted cheerful tragedies. I congratulate the public for its sagacity. I confess I have heard the argument for the "realistic" drama, and am much disappointed (a play in three acts, which has been published in English), "Fraulein Julie," and "Gläubiger" (Creditors). The last two are both very long one-act plays. "Fraulein Julie" requires nearly two hours for performance, and the action is represented as passing throughout the whole of a summer night. This is Strindberg's masterpiece—a "realistic tragedy." It was prohibited by the censor in Sweden, but has been played very frequently in Germany, chiefly by societies corresponding to the Swedish-English. The German edition ("Elf Einakter," Georg Müller, publisher, Munich) contains a preface by Strindberg dealing with the group of plays I have mentioned, which I cannot do better than quote one or two passages:

The simple soul will quarrel with the fact that in my plays the psychology is not simple, nor the point of view a single one. An event, an experience in daily life, is generally called forth by a whole series of more or less obscure causes, but the reader is usually asked to see them all in most in accord with his own private prejudice. Take the case of a suicide. Bad business! says the tradesman. A broken heart! says the woman. I think Strindberg treats shipwrecked hopes! the failures. But it may well be that the motive was all of these, or none. . . . And so with the events of drama.

The word "character" has, in the course of time, acquired a complex meaning. It meant originally the dominating force of a personality, or temperament. The present term often describes the mechanism of the mechanism that drives the man—so much so, indeed, that a person who remains the same all his life is held up to ridicule by the character, while the man who develops, the character is one of the most original in modern literature. In the "realistic" drama, the character is often regarded as the"shadow shapes" of the drama, and has little influence in the development of the plot. But Strindberg's concept of the"realistic" drama is entirely different. The"realistic" drama is a drama in which the character is the driving force, and the action is determined by the personality of the characters. The"realistic" drama is not a drama of fate, but a drama of individuality.
irate, or sad.—I do not believe in these theatrical "characters." No author can pass summary judgment upon the types that he creates. He cannot classify them as stupid, amiable, brutal, jealous, ambitious, and so on. All such verdicts must be challenged by the reader, who knows how rich and wonderful the soul of man can be, and who realises that "vice" has an obverse not altogether unlike virtue.

As modern men and women, living in a time of transition, a time hasty, more hysterical perhaps, than its immediate predecessors, we have the duty and the opportunity to assess our relations with old and new. They are mixtures of past and present opinions and standards, of scraps of books and newspapers, fragments of men, torn shreds of holiday attire that are now rags. This is how the soul itself is patched together.

Photography includes everything, even the speck of dust upon the lens of the camera, the method latterly exalted to an art; an art that cannot see the wood for the trees. This is mistaken naturalism, believing that art consists in taking a piece of nature and drawing it in a natural way. But it is not the true naturalism. The true, the great naturalism seeks out those points in life where the greatest conflicts occur. It loves to see what is not to be seen every day. It rejoices in the battle of elemental powers, whether they be called love or hatred, noble or revolting instincts. It cares not whether they are invariably good or ugly, so that they be only great. Let us have a theatre where we can be shocked by what is horrible, where we can laugh at what is laughable, where we can see life without shamming back in terror if what has hitherto been veiled behind logical or aesthetic reconstructions be suddenly revealed to us. Let us have a free theatre, where there is room for every kind of man—and an artist of as high achievement as any to whom fortune has given some casual professors a little employment. This is probably quite as much a libel of his own as of anyone else. Mr. Shaw is tacked on an article on Bruges and the Ardennes, by Mr. J. J. Richardson, who invites Socialists to consider the remark was not intended as disparaging.

Mr. Shaw has said of Strindberg that he is the only Shakespearean dramatist living. It would be interesting to know just what this means, and whether the comparison is with Shakespeare himself or with any of the types that he creates. The remark was not intended as disparaging.

One other appreciation may be quoted. Maximilian Harden, in the "Zukunft" of September 9, 1907, asks: "We are told in Berlin that Strindberg is to delay any longer in bestowing the Nobel Prize upon their great countryman—an artist of as high achievement as any to whom it has been given; a writer who gives us more life and individuality in the slightest sketch than Björnson does in whole volumes; a poet, indeed, who has already won a place among the immortals."

Ashley Dukes.

The Magazines.

The November "Englishwoman" is very readable—for Englishwomen. "Caractères," by Marcel de Saint-Simon, gives the first of a series of articles on "The Spirit of Spain," a "We extreme Occidentals are not, need thank God for it, Englishwomen. The spirit of loving, and with our love for Africans, we have never wished it otherwise; but on the contrary, there is no justification for attacking "Ferrer, the monomaniac bungler, of whom Dr. Saillas made a masterly study as a case of what Lord Haileybury calls "psychological irresistible instinct," as so fervidly that he and he alone represents the Spirit of Spain, that we suspect there is a flaw somewhere in the essence of the character of the "amor propio." In the present case, we ourselves somewhat misunderstands the true inwardness of the Spaniard."

Dr. Johnston has an interesting article on the influence of "Mystery" in the drama, the rise of Mme. de Staël, and the new movement of "Mystery" with varying degrees of directness, namely, natural, artificial, and artificial with war and with the elimination of undesirable individuals like criminals. The article will, we hope, be carefully studied by Professor Pearson and his followers, by professors in general, by members of the Eugenics Society, and by the Sociological Society, for all of whom the catch words, "Natural Selection" and "Survival of the Fittest" provide vividly Miss B. L. Hutchinson, in reviewing Professor Pearson's compendium of prejudice and ignorance called the "The Problem of Practical Eugenics," speaks of "the astounding brilliancy and originality of the record which of late has been published with pride and admiration." She then proceeds to give the book a very severe drubbing on much the same lines as our adverse review of this yellow pamphlet some time ago.

There is a charming illustration of Huy, Belgium, in the "Manchester Quarterly." The sweep of the road up to the Bridge is quite delightful; we want to linger on this bridge and gaze into the muddy waters. To this illustration there is a delightful article on Huy, Belgium, by Mr. A. B. V. Stengel, and a delightful article on Strindberg, by Professor Marjoribanks. Mr. Stengel is an expert on Strindberg, and the article is a valuable addition to the literature on the subject.

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enthusiastic eugenists. Of tuberculosis he says, "Some of the most recent workers are in accord in believing that the conclusion is not the hereditary at all. The promise of Mendelism is so out of all correspondence to the performance that it is not easy to maintain gravity when some of our dotrels tell us of the disappearance of disease which must follow upon the breeding of the human race in accordance with Mendelian principles." And, of course, if breathing is to take place in accordance with biometrical principles.

Mr. Galsworthy and Mr. Cunningham Graham contribute characteristic sketches to the "English Review," Mr. C. E. R. Keate not heretofore in the Antiquary. At rather different study in character. Miss Ella d'Arcy and Mr. F. Madox Hueffer are also on the side of fiction. Mr. G. P. Gooch gives us, "The Last of the Britons: The Constitutional Crisis," and Mr. E. S. P. Haynes on Divorce Law Reform and Lord Gorell's proposals as "unquestionably the best yet put forward to remedy a grievance reality of which there never are proposals of this nature. Mr. Gooch does chooses divorce." Mr. Nevinson puts the case for the military man. As we lose our legalised assumption of superiority, we men will also receive an added and peculiar rest in winning a woman's affection and trying to keep it. The difficulty must in some cases increase, but that alone will heighten the joy of triumph." The Vote a symbol.

**ART.**

In my last article I had occasion to refer to the fairly flat opinions of certain people on the painter's art. The important point set aside by these inverted fanatics is that the truth of the fact is not the ideal truth. The old is the New. Nature and Life are they give to the "pot-boiler" and scientific investigator; the other, a report as they really are to the man of vision. As an instance of the first, I may take the report which Photography recently presented to the Eugenics Society on the serious condition of many of the young men, the man effort which is being made to reclaim these vacant spaces. However distasteful the subject itself might be, its photographic representation led my charming neighbour to exclaim "Really, I never saw so many interesting idiots before!" *** * ***

Coming to an instance of the second kind of report, that concerned with treatment, it may be opportune to mention the exhibition of the Black Frame Club (at the Baillie Gallery), a small group of painters who are apparently so linked together by natural and organic association as to form a distinct personality, a man of vision, as it were. Their united aim is to report in an ideal way on Nature and Life. Their pictures, then, are pictures of familiar and homely scenes. Each is a short, pleasant conversation on something seen and felt; a pleasant phrase in pleasant phrase of pleasant praise: together they constitute a summary, in short, of a carefully centralised artistic view. That the scheme offers this total impression, I may say, unintentional. The style is uniform; the outlook fresh, vigorous, attractive; the merit equal. It is a group of modern artists you could live with.

I say this assuming, of course, that it sometimes consents to go out of mourning. You might reasonably object to have these gloomy black frames always in your neighhour to exclaim "Really, I never saw so many interesting idiots before!" *** * ***

**An excellent result of painters framing to their work is to be found at the Exhibition of Pictures painted by Roselli-Jones and Watts. But his designs are really interesting, and among the smaller ones 97, 101, 104, 106, 108, 110 and 112 show the best of the modern artists.**

Mr. E. S. P. Haynes on Divorce Law Reform gives in the Constitutional Crisis, which would "be of real value if it could be applied to proposals which had not before the latest efforts of the Liberal Party. There never are proposals of this nature. Mr. Gooch does not appear to favour any drastic treatment of the House of Lords. Mr. E. S. P. Haynes on Divorce Law Reform regards Lord Gorell's proposals as "unquestionably the best yet put forward to remedy a grievance reality of which there never are proposals of this nature. Mr. Gooch does chooses divorce." Mr. Nevinson puts the case for the military man. As we lose our legalised assumption of superiority, we men will also receive an added and peculiar rest in winning a woman's affection and trying to keep it. The difficulty must in some cases increase, but that alone will heighten the joy of triumph." The Vote a symbol.

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YOUR correspondent who asserts that I am an avowed Socialist, etc., the Socialism that is going to modulate with science, etc., because very well we know that Science, despite age-long persecution and tyranny, is responsible for more of the world's health, sweetness, and sanity that the whole archaic creed, or policy that has yet won the vote of man. Humanity knows that now.

When Socialism submits a definite formula, and her specialties are pejoratively at the mercy of those men, then it will be easier for many among us to decide what the idea conveys. At present your doctors differ too widely. Would any two come near a like definition of "honesty," for instance? Try a symposium, and find out.

Science is engaged in the great business of seeing whether three parts of mankind, which are now handicapped out of every chance in the race before they are born, can be helped to a fair start. That is rational, but Socialism attempts, as it were, mankind shall win, and that seems too much like "Alice in Wonderland."

Equality was never part of Nature's plan, and never will be. As to the assertion that all mankind, man leaves her cold, because she knows it a faulty ideal. She will always have her pets, and we might have expected that her protege Carus will proceed from the intellect of today—would be on her side. To see them all for the sheepfold pattern of society is as though the tiger voted greater happiness than the ibex; the idea is that the creature, as before it, might carry sharper stings. Do they want their heads cut off to make footstools for the fools? Be that as it may, and let who will offer his wrist to the chain, Science refuses it. Let Darwin be frownd at by Ruskin, Goethe by De Quincey, Spencer by Nietzsche—the monkey making faces at the ladder he climbed on, it is all one now, and consequently Socialism proceeds on the principle that all mankind shall win, and that seems too much like "Alice in Wonderland."

Upon the question of vivisection, Dr. Eden Paul, in an admirable recent letter to your columns, spoke the last word. None attempted to answer him, because he was unanswerable: but it is the anti-vivisectionist policy to wait until such letters are forgotten and then shot the refuted statement in its original terms, with an additional fanfare on the trumpet.

For the assertion that working men are averse from vivisection, that is stark nonsense. You may as well say that they are averse from pragmatism. They know exactly what must be done, and what can be done, and they will not lead them to meddle with their betters, or stand against it on the principle that they are not thousands of married households in which mothers are actively, in all one now, and consequently Socialism proceeds on the principle that all mankind shall win, and that seems too much like "Alice in Wonderland."

The Socialism that turns from its own chaotic doubts and uncertainties to lift a hand against pursuit of physical knowledge is cutting its own throat. But I refuse to believe in the existence of any such Socialism. The individual man may stand or against absolute liberty in the realms of Science, but the party, as a party, can never be enlisted against it.

** THE REAL TRIUMPH OF THE MILITANTS. **

** THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE." **

The writer of the above-named article refers to the "landslide" of Liberal women into the ranks of a Women's Party, but it is in the according to her before it, might carry sharper stings. Do they want their heads cut off to make footstools for the fools? Be that as it may, and let who will offer his wrist to the chain, Science refuses it. Let Darwin be frownd at by Ruskin, Goethe by De Quincey, Spencer by Nietzsche—the monkey making faces at the ladder he climbed on, it is all one now, and consequently Socialism proceeds on the principle that all mankind shall win, and that seems too much like "Alice in Wonderland."

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Very likely Dr. Eder will say that he has a particular dislike and the Jew he does not distinguish from the Englishman, who abuse the average man always assume their own superiority by condemning the average man. There is no ally of progressive people. They make nonsense of all their business, but remain superior to it. That is why rational Chinaman smiled sympathetically, the small boy still had of circumstances, and most of them do their business, but remain superior to it. That is why rational Socialists would give them a better business. The rational Socialists in the average man, and not conventionally progressive people, who are the parasites of all noble causes.

THE REBEL

To the Editor of "The New Age."

It was just at the corner where the pathways cross between the village and the old pagoda. A pious individual has erected a small shelter there with large earthen pots of water, so that pilgrims may quench their thirst. But even those who go to meditate on vanity may prefer a cool, sweet-flavoured drink. That was what the Chinaman thought when he set up his stall; a large slab of jelly beaten up in a ladleful of syrup with powdered ice, delicately planed off from the large block that keeps his apparatus cool, is not to be despised of a May morning; it only costs a farthing, and he had many customers. Had I been a small boy, with my pocket full, I doubt if I would have bought. But he had been taught far more than even if my mother had wanted to consult the old witch to see whether it was a propitious time for me to begin my school. At any rate that is how one boy felt; he told me so. He had a halfpenny; one farthing had already gone, it was a question whether he had not better keep the other till next day. In former times it had been very different, the country was full of money.

"When we had our own kings..." he exclaimed. The Chinaman smiled sympathetically, the small boy still had a lot of his pocket money. But I was just too young and I looked by, and the small boy repeated the phrase with emphasis: "When we had our own kings...", and crossed his arms in mock reproach. Then he explained: "But now, what the Chinaman thought was that the boy had wanted to consult the old witch to see whether it was a propitious time for me to begin my school. At any rate that is how one boy felt; he told me so. He had a halfpenny; one farthing had already gone, it was a question whether he had not better keep the other till next day. In former times it had been very different, the country was full of money.

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THE WOLVES

To the Editor of "The New Age."

A certain country was once much troubled with wolves. The Wolves killed some of the folk, and bit many, and stole fowl and sheep. Then some kind-hearted people banded themselves together into a society for the Alleviation of Wolf Bites, and the Detection of Fraudulent Persons whose Bites are Self-Inflicted, or Merely Dog-Bites. These kind-hearted people examined the bitten, investigated the bites, and often, after careful enquiries, provided plasters, gratis.

Some one said: "Let us go Wolf-shooting." But the kind-hearted people said: "That is useless. There have always been Wolves. Besides, some of the bites are sham wolf bites."

The name of the society was too long for everyday use, and its members became known by the name of C.O.S. This was either cos they were kind-hearted, or cos they were simple-minded and ineffectual, or cos the folk in this country had a sense of humour.

Then a little man and his wife came, with a very excellent gun, which made a loud report, and they said: "Let us go hunting."

"Let us go hunting." But the kind-hearted people shook their heads, and said, "Do the Dog. We know you can't shoot the Wolves. Let us alleviate suffering."

But the little man and his wife only fired off his gun again. The report was very loud. The two were most obstinate people. They said: "Who will come hunting with us?"

And about eleven thousand people followed them. Then the kind-hearted people wept, cos so many people were wrapped in webs of delusion and now the wolves are out and shooting.

But it is much more comfortable and respectable to alleviate suffering, after due enquiry, and good people who are this simple-minded will do their utmost to avoid any rash interference with the designs of Providence.

Then the kind-hearted people shook their heads, and said, "Do the Dog. We know you can't shoot the Wolves. Let us alleviate suffering."

The true cure for wolf bites is a careful distribution of plasters. Gratis, After due enquiry. The plaster may even be omitted, if is only to do good.

But the little man and his wife say they also have made enquiries. But that cannot be so. Due enquiry should always lead to a plaster, if it's anything. Besides, God made the wolves.

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THE RIGHT TO WORK

To the Editor of "The New Age."

We all agree that the heart—i.e., the principle—of the Labour Party's Right to Work Bill is sound. But this principle, that every person (to quote your own words) shall be either provided with work or with complete maintenance, is fully carried out in the Minority Report, and that in a far more scientific way. In view of this, is it not a pity to seem to go against Sidney Webb by saying the Majority Party merely because he has criticised their Bill no more severely than you yourself did a few months ago? Have you unlearned what you then knew so well? Not only Sidney Webb, but almost every thoughtful and well-informed Socialist regards the propagandist Bill as unworkable. Indeed, it is mere outside speculation. He has been able to point out that the C.O.S. programme should have begin to indicate how in detail effect is to be given to the demand. Since the publication of the Minority Report, the Wolf Party has been able to point out that the Minority Party's programme should have withdrawn it, and after drafted a new Bill on the lines of the Report's scheme, or got Sidney Webb to draft one. Not only the C.O.S., but every one else has been pointing the Right to Work Bill; but the detailed and carefully tested scheme is another matter. It is a splendid weapon wherewith to meet the Liberals, as I know from experience on bye-election platforms.

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