

## SPECIAL ARTICLE by HILAIRE BELLOC, M.P.

## THE NEW AGE

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF POLITICS, LITERATURE, AND ART

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## NOTES OF THE WEEK.

As the date for the opening of the third Parliamentary Session draws near politicians on all three sides are beginning seriously to consider their words. We hear less vapourings about general principles—generally wrong—and more discussion of proposed legislation. If we are to believe that the various Ministers speak only after some general consultation, the number of Bills to be introduced during the coming session will satisfy the most strenuous Radicals. It is, however, their quality that concerns us, and about that there is unfortunately a good deal of room for anxiety.

It is, for example, almost certain now that the Old Age Pension Bill promised by Mr. Asquith will belong to the usual order of Liberal measures—that is, it will be small and, except in principle, almost worthless. Trust a Liberal Government for principle, but a Conservative Government for courage. In fact, Conservatives have generally possessed the courage of their opponents' principles. However, the Labour Party may be trusted to keep the public aware of what is being done; and we should not wonder if the Government came to grief over the Old Age Pensions Bill.

If they manage by the aid of Mr. Morley's compromise to steer clear of Old Age Pension dangers, it is almost certain that a mauvais quartre d'heure awaits them on the Right to Work Bill drawn up by the Labour Party. Mr. Burns, we see, has joined the ranks of Stiggins and Chadband in lecturing the working classes on their extravagant habits; but even he, we fancy, will finally make or mar what is left of his reputation when the Unemployed Act comes to be discussed. At present, judging by the record of the members of the Cabinet, the only three persons likely to listen with intelligence to the Labour Party's proposals are the Premier, Mr. Haldane, and Mr. Lloyd-George. We would add Mr. Birrell if he had grit enough to lose his temper on occasion; but his humour is to remain unruffled whatever happens—which means that he may be ignored with impunity.

By the way, Mr. Walter Long's article in the "Saturday Review" (November 30) on Ireland is a frank appeal for the resumption of coercion in Ireland. It is true that Mr. Birrell has glossed over the facts of cattle-driving, but he has done so because, in the first place, he, unlike Mr. John Morley, is convinced that force is

no remedy (in Ireland, that is), and in the second place, because he has never discovered the real cause of cattle-driving, and therefore, like a wise man, hesitates to act. Mr. Long, on the contrary, appears to suppose that the only cause of cattle-driving is the sheer devilry and malice of the Irish peasants, egged on by Nationalist Members of Parliament. His remedy is therefore coercion; but, after all, Mr. Long never did anything but muzzle. Because muzzling succeeded with hydrophobia, he thinks, like the quack statesman he is, that muzzling will succeed with everything else. He should join Mr. Morley and Sir Edward Grey.

Then there are the Licensing proposals of the Government. As might be expected, both sides are arming for the fray already, and manifestoes are being issued in cartloads. We have as little patience with teetotalers masquerading as the Temperance Party as with brewery directors masquerading as defenders of liberty. The sheer humbug and cant of both sides to the beery squabble are enough to disgust the genuine temperance people who believe that Beer, like Patriotism, should neither be abolished nor left to individual enterprise, but socialised as a national need. We hope the Labour Party may intervene effectively in the discussion and speak for pure and national beer.

It is strange that the Fabian Executive should have thought it necessary to issue a belated explanation of the Railway Settlement, particularly an explanation that itself needs a good deal of explaining. If anyone will take the trouble to compare Manifesto Number Two (printed elsewhere in this issue) with Manifesto Number One (printed in our issue of November 7), the discrepancies between the two Philips will be apparent. Our contributor, Mr. G. R. S. Taylor, replies at length to the second manifesto in an article on another page. Here we need only remind our readers that, with the exception of the Fabian Executive, no Socialist organisation, no Trade Union, and no prominent Labour leader has found anything in Mr. Lloyd-George's Settlement to thank either him or the King or anybody else for. On the other hand, the business of the Fabian Society has so often been like the business of Bohun in Mr. Shaw's "You Never Can Tell"—namely, to be right when everybody else is wrong, that we admit there must be something at least to be said for their present point of view. At the same time, we confess our inability to discover that something in the manifesto itself. The "Times," we observe, discovered its merit, and printed the document in full.

Regarding the failure of the Railway Association to secure "recognition" from the directors, the Manifesto says: "Fine words butter no parsnips." That, of course, is true, but nevertheless words, as every pub-

licist knows, do a great deal more than butter parsnips. A good two-thirds of our politics depends on a few phrases. For example, Mr. Birrell has recently been equating Nationalisation with State Purchase; and in the latter form the proposal, he says, sounds business-like. After all, the Socialist proposal to nationalise is the proposal to State-purchase, and if Mr. Birrell prefers the word, why should we object? But a serious confusion arises when Socialism is equated with Social Reform. Socialism is Social Reform—but Social Reform with a definite end in view. Ordinary Social Reform of the Liberal and Conservative types is spasmodic, haphazard, and quite likely to deform in order to reform. But Socialistic Social Reform is a calculated and orderly progression towards a perfectly definite end.

That is why (to return for a moment to the Railway Settlement) we deplored, and still deplore, Mr. Lloyd-George's method of averting the threatened strike. His settlement, we contend, is a temporary settlement only. So long as collective bargaining is made impossible (and that was what "recognition" really implied), so long will the Damocles sword of dispute be hung over us. We wanted a settlement that not only settled the immediate issue, but took a step towards obviating such issues not for seven, but for seventy times seven years to come.

Any doubt that the railwaymen themselves had had their "wildest dreams" fulfilled by Mr. Lloyd-George must be impossible after the result of the Hull election. Mr. Holmes, the Labour candidate, was a prominent railwayman, yet he fought against a nominee of the Government that had fulfilled his "wildest dreams." This, of course, would be blind ingratitude if it were not obvious political sense. Defeated in the industrial arena, Trade Unionists, like Mr. Holmes, are necessarily driven into politics, and, as we have often said, into Socialist politics. It is true Mr. Holmes did not run as a professed Socialist, but, as at Jarrow, the Labour candidate had the enthusiastic support of all the local Socialists. The result of the election, while a nominal defeat for Labour, is another proof that the Socialist tide is still flowing.

We are glad to see that the worm has turned at last, and both the Primrose League of Ladies and the Women's Liberal Federation have passed strong resolutions in favour of Woman Suffrage. This fact alone should undeceive those silly people who profess to believe that the recent Suffragette methods have damaged the cause. As a matter of fact, in spite of declarations to the contrary, Women's Suffrage is nearer now than it has ever been. We should not be at all surprised to find the Liberal Government making its exit bowing to the ladies!

We cannot refrain from commenting on the conspiracy of silence on the part of the whole Press regarding the most creditable incident in the career of Major-General Sir Henry Colville, who was killed in a motor accident on Sunday of last week. Without, so far we can discover, a single exception, every account of the deceased soldier omitted to state that it was Sir Henry Colville who planned and carried out the capture of the famous Boer general, Cronje. Public memory is notoriously partial, but in this instance it proved singularly unjust. The Press had less excuse for inaccuracy since the story of the capture of Cronje is accessible in the "Times" "History of the Boer War" (Vol. III., pp. 482-3).

The first of Mr. H. W. Nevinson's letters from India appeared in the "Daily Chronicle" of Friday last (November 22). Writing of what he calls the "Keir Hardie myth," Mr. Nevinson says:—

Mr. Keir Hardie left Bombay the day I arrived a week ago, but I heard from his few English friends the true version of what he said. Noticing the large number of native police about the streets of Calcutta, he said it was like Russia. Hearing that some Mahomedans had carried off Hindu widows in Eastern Bengal, he said it was like Armenia. And in private conversation with friends he said India might begin

to look forward to some kind of colonial government. These statements differ entirely from the interpretation put upon them by the telegraphic reports, which represented him as saying that India was ready for a Canadian Constitution, and that the British Government was guilty of worse than Russian methods and Armenian atrocities. Such are the misrepresentations which help one to understand a common saying among the natives, that the clubs and Reuter are the worst enemies of the Indian people.

And of the so-called "reforms" made by Mr. Morley, Mr. Nevinson writes:—

I have not heard a word said in favour of the new scheme for Advisory Councils of Notables, nor for the proposed enlargement of the present Legislative Councils. On the other hand, the whole Moderate party, as I have known it, protests its anxiety to maintain the British rule in spite of our present errors and bureaucratic ways. Their most violent feeling is intense disappointment that under a Liberal Government Indian criticism and demands are answered by a Sedition Bill which places freedom of speech at the mercy of the police, by the Russian method of flogging students for political opinions, and by the imprisonment of popular leaders without trial. In their protests against methods like these they are at one with the Extremists, whose influence and numbers they otherwise rate very low.

Under the title of "The Bitter Cry of the Middle Classes," Mr. Chiozza Money contributed a useful article to the "Daily News" of November 28. Defining the middle classes to include all but manual labourers on the one hand, and all but those with upwards of £700 a year on the other hand, and taking the population as 44 millions, Mr. Money constructs the following table showing the distribution of the national income:—

(a) Rich.	1,250,000 people draw about	£600,000,000
(b) Middle Classes.	9,750,000 people draw about	£475,000,000
(c) Working Classes.	33,000,000 people draw about	£650,000,000

Total about...£1,725,000,000

Another table given by Mr. Money shows the number of employees, Government, company and private, whose income exceeds £160 a year.

EMPLOYEES IN THE UNITED KINGDOM WHO PAID INCOME TAX, 1906.  
(i.e., Income exceeding £160.)

	Number.	Aggregate Income.
(a) Government Employees ..	80,572	£23,200,000
(b) Corporation and Joint Stock Company Employees ..	321,931	£70,000,000
(c) Employees of private firms ..	100,574	£23,400,000

Total. . 503,077 £116,600,000

From both tables some interesting deductions can be drawn.

That we are not too revolutionary for one good Liberal is evident from Mr. G. K. Chesterton's reply in the "Daily News" (November 30) to Mr. H. G. Wells's lecture at the City Temple, some extracts from which we printed last week. Mr. Chesterton plainly says that if he were a Socialist (and we wish he were) he would be nothing less than a revolutionary Socialist. Mr. Wells, on the other hand, being a Socialist, assured his audience that Socialism would not be a sudden revolution, the success of which would be announced "with trumpets from Tower Hill." At the word trumpets Mr. Chesterton is off like a dog at the word rats. "If," he says,

Socialism is the best human solution of our hideous modern problem, if Socialism can really make men comfortable without making them comfortable slaves, if it really is a human answer to an inhuman riddle, if it really will lift off all our consciences the unbearable burden and waking nightmare of human poverty, if it will do this without interfering with any necessary human freedom or essential human dignity, why then in God's name fight for it, and blow from Tower Hill every trumpet you can find. I shall not blame you if you blow trumpets from the Tower, yes and fire guns from the Tower for such a fulfilment as that. You have blown trumpets and fired guns for much meaner things.

Mr. H. G. Wells endeavours to win over the mass of men sitting in the City Temple by saying that he does not

mean to blow trumpets of revolution from the Tower. I beg to assure him with tears in my eyes, and with the pathos of a perpetual and perpetually renewed admiration, that he will never win over any real mass of men anywhere until he is prepared to blow trumpets from the Tower.

The following appeal has just been issued by the National Council of the Independent Labour Party. We print it here in the hope that readers of THE NEW AGE may make a practical response :—

#### NATIONAL CAMPAIGN FUND. AN APPEAL.

The Anti-Socialist Campaign has greatly stimulated the activities of the Independent Labour Party. All over the country our branches are full of vigorous life. The demand for our literature is phenomenal. Our meetings everywhere are crowded and enthusiastic. New branches are being started every week. Our propaganda is now pushed even into the remotest agricultural districts.

Socialism is the most discussed question of the day. Now is our opportunity. We must use it to the fullest. We have twenty-two Special Organisers at work. The cost of this is divided between the Head Office and the Localities in which the men are working.

But the call from every part of the country is for speakers and literature. We must meet this demand. The Anti-Socialist Campaigners have the Press, the Tory Organisations, the Gramophones and the Cinematographs.

We can meet them and beat them if we can get speakers and organisers right in contact with the people, and our literature in the people's hands.

We want funds. We do not limit the amount of our appeal. We can spend all we get; and spend it to give us a magnificent return.

We believe that every Socialist is ready to do his or her duty.

Meanwhile, we want the nucleus of a Fund.

Will you do your best to help us? There never was, in the history of the movement, such an opportunity.

(Signed) For the National Council of the I.L.P.

Campaign Fund Committee,  
J. RAMSAY MACDONALD, Chairman  
T. D. BENSON, Treasurer  
PHILIP SNOWDEN  
FRANCIS JOHNSON, Secretary  
23, Bride Lane, Fleet Street, E.C.

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The following letter from Mr. G. Bernard Shaw appeared in the "Westminster Gazette" (Nov. 25) :—

#### THE GOVERNMENT AND OLD-AGE PENSIONS.

Sir,—There are moments when Governments are struck with blindness and made the instruments of their own destruction. At the last General Election I was in Lancashire. In every morning's paper I saw a report of some meeting in which Mr. Balfour, or Mr. Gerald Balfour, or Mr. Lyttelton had just devoted all their powers to their own defeat and that of their party by justifying the introduction of Chinese labour to South Africa, encouraging themselves by the lucidity, the commercial soundness, the unanswerability of their own arguments, and madly oblivious of the staring fact that what their hearers were thinking of was that all this logic pointed just as straight to the employment of Chinese in the Lancashire factories as in the Rand mines. From the point of view of electioneering tactics, Mr. Balfour was then talking like a madman, because, with all his talent and experience, he could not see the situation from the point of view of the man with less than a hundred a year, and the electoral majority in Lancashire could not see it from any other point of view. To this day he has perhaps not found out why the election upset him so violently; but at least he does know that it went against him, and that he must get his majority back. And he has very wisely decided to get it back on a programme of social reform.

Social reform means, among other things, Old-Age Pensions. Let us see what that involves.

First, the raising of nine millions a year at the very least, because a statesman cannot now offer less than five shillings a week to the veterans of labour at sixty-five without provoking an outburst of disgust and disappointment. What is more, the five shillings must be absolutely certain for every worker, without any conditions as to contributions by the recipient or any possibility of evasion under pretexts of unsatisfactory moral character or the like. It is true that some pensioners will have their pensions spent for them and on them by the successors of our present moribund Guardians, instead of getting the money into their hands to be spent forthwith at the nearest public-house; but they shall have their pensions all the same, in meal or in malt.

The only strong practical reason for this that does not lie on the surface in full view of every reasonable and humane person is that the friendly societies, whose first hasty op-

position to non-contributory schemes did not survive six months' consideration, will get an enormous increase of business from a pension scheme, provided it admits of no uncertain exemptions. At present it is not worth while providing against destitution by a pension of, say, half a crown a week. But it is very well worth while making the same sacrifice to change a pension of five shillings into one of seven and sixpence. The supplementary pension is the key to the friendly society position. The societies can do no business in supplementary pensions whilst there is nothing to supplement. When there is a five shilling State pension to supplement, the mere "bacca" pension of a few pence a week will become a practical business proposition. There will also be the provision from sixty to sixty-five, when health and strength are failing and a job is desperately hard to get. A very considerable number of workers would provide for that five years through a friendly society if the State would come to the rescue at the other end of the bridge. Here is a huge accession of sound insurance business waiting for the friendly societies when Old-Age Pensions come. But there must be no doubt that the pensions will inevitably come at sixty-five. They must be as certain as death itself to secure the societies and give confidence to the insurers. That is why all nonsense about deserving cases and the like must be dropped, even by people who are too stupid to see its moral absurdity. If you come to that, we none of us deserve pensions. All have sinned and fallen short of the glory of God. The murderer whom we condemn to penal servitude for life has his five shillings' worth of food and lodging, and more to boot. For what extremity of undeservingness, pray, would our Pharisees deprive the worn-out labourer of as much?

But the cry of the middle-classes has reached Mr. Balfour. Hitherto he has stood between Labour, which is determined to have its social reforms and its pensions and the like expensive advances in civilisation, and his own class, which resolutely refuses to pay for them. And the two classes between them have complete control of the House of Commons. There is only one class that is totally unrepresented there, except, perhaps, by the Irish Party, which has other fish to fry. That unhappy class is the respectable rate-paying middle-class with a net income per family of less (mostly considerably less) than a thousand a year. By net income I mean what they have to spend on their own needs, comforts, and tastes after paying ground values and incurring those expenses which are necessary to keep up the appearance and position involved by their occupations. On them, through the rates, the House of Commons has hitherto mercilessly thrown all the cost of social reform; and the only consolation they get is the assurance that only Atheists and Free Lovers would be guilty of proposing that the cost should be thrown on the big incomes.

Happily the mention of Atheism and Free Love (whatever on earth Free Love may be) has made the middle-classes listen to the controversy between the Socialists and the plutocrats; and they have learnt at last that it is not an unavoidable law of nature that they should pay for everything; nay, that it is eminently possible to obtain all the necessary funds not only without touching their pockets but by a process which will actually lighten their existing burdens. They now say, very sensibly, that they will not support any party that proposes to carry out social reform solely at their expense. And the Labour Party still says, also very sensibly, that social reform must be carried out somehow, no matter who pays for it; and that the middle-classes and the plutocracy may settle the bill between them as best they may.

Thus it has come about that the one great need of the moment for the plutocracy is some method of raising the wind for Old-Age Pensions without touching plutocratic incomes or coming on the rates. Mr. Balfour faces the situation, and rubs in on platform after platform the need for a fresh source of revenue.

We all know what that fresh source is to be. Tariff Reform!

Never was a situation more clear. Mr. Balfour knows what he is up against.

But do the Liberals know it? Until Saturday last it was possible to assume that they did. But on Saturday appeared in the "Westminster Gazette" a leading article, bearing apparent marks of official inspiration, which has made the hopes of all intelligent Liberals wither within them. That article spoke in terror of five or six millions, of selection of the "deserving necessitous," of the folly of giving five shillings to drunkards, and so forth. And this five or six millions, which will only infuriate and alienate the Labour vote by its niggardliness, is to come out of the rates and drive the middle-class into the arms of Mr. Chamberlain by its extravagance. Are Liberal Ministers, then, still as blind as when in 1894 they drove us to raise the cry "To your tents, O Israel," and, after meeting it by nothing better than a fit of sulking from Lord Rosebery, went into the wilderness for ten years, by which time Mr. Balfour, unwarned by their

fate, was succumbing to prolonged khaki fever and its sequel, Chinamanism?

This time, at all events, the Liberals need not perish unwarned; for they have more friends now than when Gladstone was past his work and Lord Rosebery had no intention of doing any. This is no time for Governments that cannot lay their hands on nine millions for Old-Age Pensions or eighteen millions if necessary. The Unionists say they are prepared to find it at the Custom House. The Liberals, as everyone knows, can find it through the Inland Revenue Department if they like. Do they realise that if they don't like they will have to do what they did in 1895—step down and out?

There are only two financial policies in the field. One is to effect through a tariff a transfer to these shores of several foreign industries, which now send us their products in exchange for ours, at the cost of striking a blow at our export and shipping industries, which will bring about an extensive smash before matters are readjusted on a basis of Protection. The other is to attack our idlers and force them to disgorge some more of their plunder by taking back through the new differentiated income-tax a few more pence in the pound of the money that a wise country would never have allowed to pass into their hands. Those are the only positive forward policies before the country.

More fatal than either of them would be an attempt at a negative or timidly stingy policy. It is possible—it is even respectable, however obsolete and impracticable—to raise the banner of No Old-Age Pensions, and go down with the Whig flag nailed to the top-gallant. It is clever and feasible to raise the cry of Old-Age Pensions At The Expense of The Foreigner through Tariff Reform. It is easy, as well as obviously expedient and honest, to raise the cry of Social Reform Purchased by Social Wealth, and to convert idlers' incomes into labourers' pensions and grants in aid of the rates. But, believe me, to do what is suggested in your issue of Saturday is, at this time of day, to walk off the map of Europe—Yours truly, G. BERNARD SHAW.

## The Larger Unionism.

WITH an optimism born of semi-blindness the Conservatives have already discounted the effects of their failures and blunders, and are complacently anticipating an early return to power. The various sections composing the party, the old Conservatives, the Unionists, the Free Trade Unionists, and Tariff Reformers are closing up their attenuated ranks for the purpose of a combined assault upon their adversaries. While we have never concealed our opinion that the numerical strength of the Parliamentary Opposition does not represent the strength of Conservatism in the country, we are far from thinking that the nation wishes to reverse the decision pronounced at the General election. Of far more interest to us is the fact that the Conservatives are at last making serious attempts to formulate a real programme of constructive social reform. Whatever shortcomings may be placed to the account of the Labour Party, its advent has at least produced one remarkable result: that in the House of Commons, as elsewhere, vital issues are being substituted for abstract propositions as subjects for discussion and legislation.

After several months of cogitation, Lord Milner has definitely taken his place with the Tariff Reformers, and with all the fervour of a new convert has formulated his programme and endeavoured to define the outline and duties of what he calls the "larger Unionism." This new policy may be briefly described in his own words as one of "constructive Imperialism, and of steady, consistent, unhesitating and unrelenting Social Reform." With much sympathy and acuteness he exposes the "two great related curses of our social system—irregular employment and unhealthy conditions of life—and of all the various causes which lead to them." Equally excellent and enlightened are his references to the subject of Old Age Pensions, of which he says that it does not command his enthusiasm, since he would rather attack the causes that lead to the irregularity of employment, and the under-payment which absolutely forbid any provision being made for their old age by the poor themselves. We can only assure Lord Milner that if these are the ideals of the larger Unionism he and his party will not be embarrassed by any opposition of ours. But we are not by any means sanguine, since Lord Milner cannot escape from his environment. We would that he were either hot or cold. The necessary funds, he declares, must not be obtained from starving the Army or Navy,

they must not be derived from any exclusive taxation of the rich, but by duties upon foreign imports, to which all may contribute.

Thus, in point of fact, Lord Milner's Unionism is no larger than Mr. Balfour's, and since Mr. Balfour will not tax raw materials the only possible sources of revenue open to Lord Milner are those derived from the taxation of manufactured commodities. The great injustice of indirect taxation rests in the fact that its weight always bears more heavily upon the poor than upon the rich, since it absorbs a greater proportion of their income. Lord Milner's idea of relieving the poor is to tax them still more heavily during their working years in order to give them back in their old age part of what he has previously taken from them. We cannot imagine that a policy of this description will induce the workers of the country to hasten to place the Conservatives in power. We do not expect to see the lion and the lamb lie down together in this idyllic manner: the lion, indeed, is willing, happily the lamb is not. Lord Milner thinks otherwise, and is so enamoured of his policy that he advocates the candidature of Labour Unionist members of Parliament to popularise his aims and intentions. So do we: for a welcome element of comedy would be introduced into our already sufficiently drab political atmosphere by the appearance in the House of Commons of a score of Unionist bricklayers fervently upholding the rights of private property. But if Lord Milner seriously wishes to attack the causes which lead to low wages he must join hands with the Socialists and attack competition and private property, and then he will succeed, but not otherwise. He is no doubt correct in asserting that for the Conservatives Tariff Reform is at present the only alternative to Socialism; but he must forgive our reminding him that he is totally incorrect in supposing that because he chooses to dismiss Socialistic remedies as dangerous and subversive, that he is in this easy manner also dismissing Socialism itself, or that the growth of Socialism will be arrested because he prefers not to see it.

For the rest, we fully share Lord Milner's optimism for the future of our race, but for different reasons. In character the English people are as great as they ever were, but the nation is slowly dying of poverty. The call for Imperialism should rightly come from our Colonies, for in all the elements that make nations truly great they are far ahead of us. We of the Mother Country are still groaning under the thralldom of mediæval institutions, which, pending their removal, depress our vitality, and must in the end asphyxiate us. Yet a beginning has already been made. Henceforth every proposal of reform, under whatever guise presented, must have for its ultimate object the removal of the effects of poverty. For the abolition of poverty itself no solution can be found but Socialism. And it is because this solution is being examined and accepted by the more thoughtful part of the nation in ever increasing numbers that we look forward with unabated hope to the happy renewal of a people still feared by their breed and famous by their birth.

## Their Wildest Dreams.

ON another page a majority of the Fabian Executive express their mature opinion of the Railway Settlement. In the first moment of astonishment I turned to the basis of the Society, but my momentary doubts were dispelled by the opening words: "The Fabian Society consists of Socialists. It therefore aims at the re-organisation of Society." Then I read the letter once more, and the dilemma was obvious. My perplexity has already made me a more tolerant man; now, at last, I am a sympathetic brother of the earnest believer wrestling to reconcile the gospel of peace with the inspired sentiments of a Psalmist on the subject of his enemy. So I am wrestling with the Executive's letter. It is wrong in points of detail, but let those pass; infinitely worse, it misconceives the whole Socialist position in a quite extraordinary way.

The events which called forth this manifesto are notorious, and need not be repeated here. The result has been that the railway workers have been bound by

their leaders to accept, for six years, Mr. Lloyd-George's plan of sectional conciliation boards. If the masters and the men differ, as they have occasionally differed in the course of history, there is the right of appeal to the representative of the Speaker and the Master of the Rolls, who are, presumably, the nearest approach to divine justice available within the London postal district. It is the Fabian Executive's estimate of the value of this settlement which is before us. We are told that "Mr. Lloyd-George made the directors concede what had scarcely ever entered into the men's wildest dreams, not only formal conferences on equal terms between the directors and the men, but also compulsory arbitration on all issues of wages and hours. . . . They had gone out to seek their father's asses. They had found a kingdom." You will note that, by delicate art, the Executive's enthusiasm is put into the mouth of the men; but it is obvious that the writers are subtly conveying their own emotions; it is the Executive's own kingdom of dreams that has been reached. Let us dwell on this interesting revelation of the night-watches. First consider the full meaning of that expression: "conferences on equal terms": six directors and managers on one side of the table and six of their weekly-waged men on the other side. I can quite understand a Liberal democrat calling that equality; but I thought that we Socialists had given up measuring equality by counting heads. I thought it was the men with the banking account who had the casting vote in the industrial world. But let that pass. Again, the conciliation boards will split the men into small groups, and company by company. That scarcely seems the quickest way towards the unity of the workers, which we have hitherto preached as their only hope of survival against concentrated capital. Let that pass, also. Then comes compulsory reference to the arbitrator. Here there is something substantial; the movement of social organisation cannot even be stayed by a Liberal Cabinet Minister. It hardly needed the Fabian Executive to point out that the Speaker's nominee will be probably more impartial than Lord Claud Hamilton. It is the appearance of this arbitrator which has made these Fabians ride forth with vine leaves in their hair, and make festival to welcome him. He is not the ass that Mr. Bell was seeking (here I agree with the Executive, though I have an uneasy feeling that I'm being rude to somebody), but a "kingdom" of possibilities. He has never disturbed the men's "wildest dreams." He is the beginning of a new earth with almost the glimmer of a new heaven. Is it possible that the Executive have forgotten that there is already on the statute book the Act of 1893, which empowers the Board of Trade to fix the hours of railway servants without waiting for the tedious process of conciliation? The State control of labour is pure Socialism. The Executive congratulate Mr. Lloyd-George on evading his responsibilities, on going back to the worn-out system of Trade Unionism. But if the Executive like their private arbitrator better than the Board of Trade, let him pass also.

And now, given their conciliation boards, which are pure Trade Unionism; given their arbitrator, who is practically the surrender of the Act of 1893, given their first wages-board; given all these things; now will the Executive of the Fabian Society of Socialists tell us by what right they have the audacity to couple these fragments of reform with a "kingdom" of "wildest dreams"? No wise Socialist underrates the imperative importance of working out the precise details of administration: he appreciates the importance of the transition period. We have no love for the factory system, yet we recommend infinite pains in the drafting of Factory Acts. We altogether dislike the system of master and servant, yet we welcome the Workmen's Compensation Act. We undergo unending worry in devising schemes for making the capitalist system tolerable—by wages-boards, for example; we tinker it that life may be a little more endurable while that system lasts. But we have no illusions about what we are doing; we do not muddle these tinkering with our "wildest dreams"; we know we must keep our picture in proper perspective if the onlooker is to understand it. We keep our superlatives in reserve; they are precious.

There is some extraordinary misunderstanding if the Fabian Executive imagine that this Settlement is within a thousand miles of what the men are seeking. The letter says that the advances in wages which will be gained thereby "will demonstrably have been secured on the trade union programme, through the trade union organisation, by the trade union representatives, and finally, in the argument before the arbitrator, by the ability of the trade union secretary." All of which is, of course, pure assumption. Besides, I did not know there was such virtue in Trade Unionism: I thought Socialism had been invented because the other was such a tedious method of reform. One would almost imagine that the Fabian Executive had not met a Labour leader for the last ten years: for the letter writes of "the characteristic trade union weapon of the strike." By the soul of Rip van Winkle, is it possible that the Fabian Executive do not know that there is scarcely a Labour leader of repute, except their hero, Mr. Bell, who does not regard a strike as a childish absurdity? The workers have discovered that Trade Unionism is a failure; they have lost all confidence in strikes and bargainings with the employers, and the saving of benefit funds out of their wages. They have determined to proceed henceforth by Parliamentary legislation. Their characteristic weapon—is it possible it has escaped the notice of the Executive?—is the political candidate. And at this moment, the pity of it, the Fabian Executive preach the virtue of Trade Unionism; when the workers are discussing the nationalisation of land, the State organisation of labour under the guise of unemployment committees, the State feeding of children, the State payment of old age pensions, and State insurance. Meanwhile the Fabians are away back in the early seventies. The people who couple wages-boards and wildest dreams must not delude themselves into thinking that they are leading the Socialist movement. They may be working out useful details, but not leading. Twenty years ago this settlement would have been worthy of a manifesto, even this pæan of joy. But times have changed. It is no longer our business to preach the glorified Trade Unionism of the Fabian manifesto. We are Socialists, and have more gorgeous dreams than wages-boards. "An ounce of civet, good apothecaries, to sweeten your imaginations." Have the Executive measured the exact effect of their letter? Take one view of it. In their uncontrollable desire to expound the limitless possibilities of Mr. Lloyd-George's arbitrator, they with apparent deliberation strengthened the Liberal case against the Labour candidate at Hull. Let us come to some conclusions on this matter; are the Fabians determined to hamper the main political advance against Capital for the sake of some uncertain scraps of reform? If so, the sooner they are with their friends, the scrap-throwers, the better. The Labour Party will be stronger without waverers in its ranks.

G. R. S. TAYLOR.

## Charles Dickens as a Socialist.

By Edwin Pugh.

Part I. *Chapter III.*  
*The Dark Years of His Boyhood.*

### I.

At the risk of being charged with egoism, the present writer would like to say, before proceeding further, that he thinks he possesses at least one unusual and undeniable qualification for the task he has taken in hand, in that his own experiences in early life were very similar to Dickens's. He, like Dickens, was brought up in poverty, and started work on his own account at an age when more fortunate children are seriously beginning their education. He has known what it is to be perpetually hungry and ill-clad and to suffer those worse pangs of secret shame which Dickens describes so poignantly in one of his few fragments of autobiography and in "David Copperfield."

"No words can express," he says, "the secret agony of my soul as I sank into this companionship; compared these everyday associates with those of my happier childhood; and felt my early hopes of growing up to be a learned and



distinguished man crushed in my breast. The deep remembrance of the sense I had of being utterly without hope now; of the shame I felt in my position; of the misery it was to my young heart to believe that day by day what I had learned and thought and delighted in, and raised my fancy and my emulation up by, would pass away from me, little by little, never to be brought back any more: cannot be written. My whole nature was so penetrated with the grief and humiliation of such considerations that even now . . . I often forget in my dreams that . . . I am a man, and wander desolately back to that time of my life. . . . From Monday morning until Saturday night I had no advice, no counsel, no encouragement, no consolation, no assistance, no support, of any kind, from any one, that I can call to mind. . . . I know that I lounged about the streets insufficiently and unsatisfactorily fed. I know that, but for the mercy of God, I might easily have been, for any care that was taken of me, a little robber or a little vagabond. . . . That I suffered in secret, and that I suffered exquisitely, no one ever knew but I. How much I suffered, it is, as I have said already, utterly beyond my power to tell. No man's imagination can overstep the reality. But I kept my own counsel, and I did my work. . . . My rescue from this kind of existence I considered quite hopeless and abandoned as such, altogether; though I am solemnly convinced that I never, for one hour, was reconciled to it, or was otherwise than miserably unhappy."

And, though it may read like arrogance, the present writer dares to add that only a man who has suffered in the same way can hope properly to appreciate Dickens's character.

In a letter to Washington Irving Dickens once described himself as having been "a very small and not-over-particularly-taken-care-of-boy." He was indeed both frail and weakly. A distressing nervous affection to which he was chronically subject debarred him from joining in the sports and pastimes of other boys of his own age and condition. Thus he early became a spectator of life, rather than an active participant in it. It seems to have been his chief delight to sit and look on whilst others worked or played. And the grave, watchful eyes of a child see more clearly in their innocent regard than the trained observation of many a sophisticated man. He was a lonely child, too; and there is nothing like loneliness for making one intimate with strangers. Every man, woman, and child who crossed his dreamy purview, no matter how transitory or trivial the part they played before him, was, each one, to his quick fancy, the embodied hero or heroine of some deep intrigue or thrilling romance. "If," says Dickens in "David Copperfield," "it should appear from anything I may set down in this narrative that I was a child of close observation, or that as a man I have a strong memory of my childhood, I undoubtedly lay claim to both of these characteristics . . . though I think the memory of most of us can go farther back into such times than many of us suppose; just as I believe the power of observation in numbers of very young children to be quite wonderful for its closeness and accuracy. Indeed, I think that most grown men who are remarkable in this respect, may with greater propriety be said not to have lost the faculty than to have acquired it; the rather, as I generally observe such men to retain a certain freshness and gentleness and capacity of being pleased, which are also an inheritance they have preserved from their childhood." And (as Forster adds) "applicable as it might be to David Copperfield, this was unaffectedly true of Charles Dickens."

Of course he became, as all children of a lively imaginative temperament and sickly habit of body must inevitably tend to do, passionately fond of reading. He read, indiscriminately, every work he could lay his hands on. But what he read is not nearly so important to the purpose of this undertaking as what he saw and thought and suffered. It was to the atmosphere of shabby-genteel squalors and difficulties into which he was plunged at nine years old that he owed his mature powers of sympathy with, and insight into, the pettifogging miseries of the decent poor. Into the three years that immediately followed the removal of the Dickens family from Chatham to Bayham Street in Camden Town in London he crammed a mass of first-hand knowledge of life in its most sordid and bitter aspects which would have sufficed to stock him with

enough material for the work of half a dozen careers even as crowded and strenuous as his was. Over all his books, from "Pickwick Papers" to "Edwin Drood," lies the trail of those hard boyish experiences. It was during this period that he first began to develop those rare gifts of understanding and intuition which were afterwards to lay the foundations of his fame.

"That he took, from the very beginning of this Bayham Street life, his first impression of that struggling poverty which is nowhere more vividly shown than in the commoner streets of the ordinary London suburb, and which enriched his earliest writings with a freshness of original humour and quite unstudied pathos that gave them much of their sudden popularity, there cannot be a doubt. 'I certainly understood it,' he often said, 'quite as well then as I do now.' But he was not conscious yet that he did so understand it, or of the influence it was exerting on his life even then. It seems almost too much to assert of a child, say at nine or ten years old, that his observation of everything was as close and good, or that he had as much intuitive understanding of the character and weaknesses of the grown-up people around him, as when the same keen and wonderful faculty had made him famous among men." But the experience of those most closely acquainted with Dickens led them, nevertheless, "to put implicit faith in the assertion he unvaryingly himself made, that he had never seen any cause to correct or change what in his boyhood was his own secret impression of anybody whom he had, as a grown man, the opportunity of testing in later years."

To this the present writer would add that so far from there being anything remarkable in these evidences of Dickens's precocity, it is inconceivable that he could have acquired just these indelible impressions in any other way. For there is no class that is so proud and self-contained as the honest, self-respecting poor. There is no class that so strives to hide the mean shifts and sorry expedients to which it is driven by lack of means; or that takes so much pains to cheat its neighbours and would-be helping friends into a belief that its circumstances are completely comfortable and happy. Had Dickens approached this most sensitive, shrinking class, which he made to yield up, first to himself and then to a world of readers halting between delight and superciliousness and incredulity, all the hoarded secrets of its homely manners and customs, in their varyingly droll and sad, comic and tragic, aspects: had he approached them from any side but the inside, then he would of a surety have failed to paint a wholly true and faithful picture of them, as every other writer, before or since, has failed who lacked that indispensable subjective knowledge. And only a child, as he was, would have been permitted by them to see so much of unconscious intimate self-revelation. His Kenwidges and his Toodles, the Marchioness and the Micawbers, the Florinches and the Snagsbys, Jo Gargery, and the Wilfers—these, queer and strange as they may seem to the uninitiated, and impossible as they may be declared by the pundits, stand as eloquent witnesses of the extent to which he seized his priceless, unique opportunities.

(To be continued.)

## The Blind.

(From the French of Baudelaire.)

Look at them, Soul! They are horrible; lo, there,  
Like shrunk dwarfs! vaguely ludicrous; yet they keep  
An aspect strange as those who walk in sleep,  
Rolling their darkened orbs one knows not where.

Their eyes, from which the god-like spark has flown,  
Stare upward at the sky, as though to see  
Some far thing; never droop they dreamily  
Those eyes toward the barren pavement-stone.

Thus cross they the illimitable dark,  
That brother of eternal silence. Mark,  
O frenzied city, as thou roarest by,

Drunk with thy song and laughter, I, too, stray  
With crawling feet! but ask, more dull than they,  
"What seek they, all these blind men, in the Sky?"

JACK C. SQUIRE.

## On the Tracks of Life.\*

By Dr. Oscar Levy.

I KNOW a terrible story which, as I am a man of pure thought and habits, I may be allowed to tell. In the year 1814 a French nunnery was taken and ransacked by Cossacks. These staunch warriors made their captured victims pay for their defeat in their usual manner. After the dreadful deeds the poor nuns fled to the nearest Bishop, and with tears in their eyes related their fearful experiences; their indignation was so great that they spared the Bishop no details. They called it "souffrir le martyre."

Public opinion nowadays could well complain of the same misfortune. There is a class of literary Cossacks springing up who deliberately and wilfully try to violate her. Now, "opinio publica" is a poor, defenceless woman, much weaker than a nun, a woman that will endure anything and everything and even forget to complain to a Bishop about it—a woman that will inspire pity in any right-minded man. So I sometimes feel one ought to stand up for her and help her. For it is the deliberate habit of this new literary school to violate that woman as often and as thoroughly as possible.

Signor Leo G. Sera does the thing well and "con amore." There is nothing and nobody he has not conscientiously contradicted in his book, "Sulle Tracce Della Vita." He shocks the Aristocracy by telling them that the Aristocracy is no more, because they have forgotten "what is noble." He shocks the Democracy by reproaching them for their disbelief in good blood, brave forefathers, inherited wealth, and the use of leisure. He shocks Christian and Rationalist, Workman and Sportsman alike. He shocks the Scientist by telling him that science is only "democratic," and that only an additional dash of an artist will make a man of him. He shocks the Artist by telling him that without science he is a nobody. He shocks the Puritan by his remark that a strong sexuality is at the bottom of all good artistic creation, and he shocks the Free-Lover by bowing to the Church and attributing great services to her repression of these feelings; for he makes out that without some chastity literary and artistic creativeness is impossible. He shocks the Northerner by telling him he is a man of phlegmatic and somewhat barbarian character, over-obedient, and therefore Socialistic. He shocks his own countrymen by bowing before the deep philosophy and earnest temper and consequent absence of theatricality in his Northern brother. He shocks the German by not idolising Faust, the over-idealistic musier; he shocks the Italian by depreciating the vivacious Don Giovanni and his predilections for "La Donna" and cheap delight. He, at the same time, blames the Italian for his preoccupation with "amore," and the Northerner for his coldness, nervousness, and "timidezza e pudore." These two last qualities, he states, are the products of ages of depressing altruism and the tyranny of sociality; sensual feelings, never very strong in the North, having been consequently repressed and forced into abnormal channels. This is what lies at the root of all the frequent sexual aberrations found among Englishmen and Germans. Thus, according to Signor Sera, our virtue is the cause of our vice! Did you ever! Poor public opinion!

A whole chapter of the book is dedicated to the psychology of genius. Here also the current ideas of the production of genius are nearly all contradicted, and the immoral root of all art, the will to domination, is pitilessly exposed. Signor Sera draws a line between talent and genius. The man of talent is the man who

does ordinary things better than the others, but the man of genius discovers new values and new ways. The man of talent gets all the rewards; he is as a rule the man who is known to his time. The man of genius, however, is the true hero, but he who loves danger and is the pioneer in the icy regions of thought is very often quite out of sight of his contemporaries. The geniuses of different nations, although each having a peculiar flavour of race and soil, are very similar to each other, while the talents of different countries differ to a much greater degree. Genius is cosmopolitan, talent is national, adds Signor Sera. And then follows a description of the artistic nature which might have been copied from Disraeli's "Contarini Fleming" or Goethe's "Wilhelm Meister"—the stupidity, the despairs, the doubts, the timidity, the sensibility, the triumph, the creation, the fatigue, the melancholia, the breakdown—in short, the whole pathology of genius (which, according to Goethe, is a physiological pathology)—all this we can read here, and a most dangerous stuff it is, because all our little sickly and visionary Bohemians, none too strong upon their legs, may think themselves inspired and chosen! Did not people after reading Goethe's "Werther" think themselves little Werthers and commit suicide? Well, after reading Sera, they will think themselves geniuses, which is worse, because they go about telling you!

The worst of it all is this: that the whole thing is done in such a detached and philosophical manner. Certainly, Signor Leo G. Sera is a bull in a china shop, but nobody is allowed to suspect it. He discusses in a low voice. You hardly listen, because you think it will be the usual lecture over again, and suddenly you find yourself gored. He goes on. You begin to doubt whether he really meant it, and you receive another blow. The truth is, this philosopher is not a harmless professor at all; he only looks it. At bottom he is a man of science who combines the qualities of a thinker and an artist. I have not the pleasure of knowing Signor Sera personally, but some passages in his book lead me to suppose that he is also a physician. It will not do, for all that. We all know what happened to the physicians and the natural scientists and thinkers of the Darwinian School who set out to kill the Dragon of Supernatural Religion. True, the poor knights killed the dragon, who was indeed sleepy and scaly, and desired nothing better; but behind that dragon was a fearful rock, and upon that rock stood, firm as ever, the Church of Christ, and they ran with their heads against it, and some of them right into it! It remains to be seen whether the rock, still a worthy object of attack for any knight, will withstand the more modern warfare of the new school to which Signor Sera belongs. For lo! the vanquished have learned from their conquerors, and they, too, know nowadays how to handle that theological Maxim-gun against which the poor Dervishes of the Darwinian School ran so blindly in their scientific and bigoted fervour! In a word, Signor Sera is an excellent theologian and a psychologist of almost poetical insight, for he has dipped deep into modern literature and philosophy, and is a worshipper of that most unholy Continental trinity: Stendhal, Goethe, and Nietzsche! And as he is a good logician, a member of that well-known set against which the Fathers of the Church warned their Christian flock: "Diabolus semper logicus," his power to shake accepted ideas and to violate poor public opinion is really somewhat Cossackish.

I have forgotten to finish my story about the Bishop and his nuns. When one of the nuns related, I have suffered "le martyre sévèrement," the Bishop replied, "Ma fille, combien vous avez de mérite!"

I say the same to Signor Leo G. Sera, of Firenze.

### FABIAN ARTS GROUP.

THURSDAY EVENING, Dec. 5th, at 8 p.m.,  
In CLIFFORD'S INN HALL, Fleet St., E.C.,

A LECTURE by

Mr. G. K. CHESTERTON, on

"THE FOLLY OF DR. STOCKMANN."

ADMISSION TO NON-MEMBERS, SIXPENCE.

\* "Sulle Tracce Della Vita." By Leo G. Sera. (Roma. Bernardo Lux Editore. 1907. Lire 4.)

## Thoughts about Modern Thought.

By Hilaire Belloc, M.P.

THE people who write THE NEW AGE, since they are used to writing, and since many of them I suppose live by writing, will sympathise with me when I say that it is a great bore to write an article; at least, to write it on something definite. It is easy enough to write at random, and then give the thing a title, but when you have to write on a set subject it is the devil.

The only way I know to do it without inordinate fatigue is to take your subject and deal with it as though you were writing a letter: bit by bit.

Come, let me take THE NEW AGE, and since it is much less trouble to be practical and detailed than to generalise, let me take THE NEW AGE of October 10th\* and write upon it, for that is the issue which I have taken as typical not only of your newspaper itself, but of a very great deal that it stands for in England to-day. The difficulty our society is in which might be relieved in many ways, the particular way in which the younger Englishmen are going to try to relieve it, and the kind of things which go with that way of thinking are so thoroughly expressed in this issue that I have a right to make it my text.

Let me first say with what things I agree, and then with what things I disagree; and if anybody calls this method bombastic or egotistical I call him in return a fool, for all judgment and criticism whatsoever, if it is of any value, must be that of the person emitting it. The mere assertion is of value; the assertion backed by reason is all that there is and all that there can be of human opinion on anything.

Well, then, I agree unreservedly with the thesis on which the whole of that issue and every other issue of THE NEW AGE is based; the thesis that the present condition of society, especially in modern England, is intolerable. I take it that the proposal to remedy it in a particular fashion is but secondary to this main thesis. I have, indeed, known men who are so enamoured of collectivism that they made its propagation a business by itself, dependent upon no motive but blind worship; and though you should have proved to them that they were going to make people thoroughly unhappy, though you should have shown them that the state of society they wanted to modify was already a perfect Heaven, yet their pedantic and theological lust after a neat economic system would have blinded them to their evil deed. I say I have known such men, but those who write in THE NEW AGE are not of them. The main thesis, I repeat, is that modern English society must be transformed, and transformed quickly, if England is to survive. I agree.

Then, again, I very much agree with Mr. Cecil Chesterton's article on page 371. It is witty and true, and to the point. The ordinary atheistical type of man who, being very rich, attacks collectivism, does so from the standpoint and with the ultimate dogmas of the collectivist himself; but with this difference, that the collectivist informs his erroneous philosophy with a hunger and thirst after justice, whereas the common or garden rich Atheist or Jew informs the same philosophy with a dirty avarice and a dirty, selfish greed. The sentence with which I agree most in this article intellectually, is that which describes one of the anti-Socialist speeches as "a trifle too crudely Marxian"; the sentence which gives me most aesthetic pleasure is that applied to the speech of the Archdeacon of Ely: "out of the mass of absurdities we select the following." That is very good.

Now I come to the points on which I differ, and I

\* Copies of this issue can still be obtained Price 1½d post free.

will take these historically in their order, because by such a method the reason has less work to do, and my reason to-day is rather tired. I find in the first column the remark that Mr. Penty and myself are the only intelligent critics of Socialism. I do not agree; and I think the sentence betrays a fault which I shall point out in other parts of the paper: a fault, it is true, common to most discussion in this country, but a very grave one: it is the fault of ignoring all but one's immediate circle; the fault that made an old man with a beard tell me in a cold railway carriage the other day, that if the new Licensing Bill abolished barmaids "it would have the country behind it." It would, though only in the sense of a pursuing army.

The criticism I offer to collectivism is offered by the whole weight and mass of Catholic opinion; in other words, it is the criticism offered by all that is healthy and permanent in the intellectual life of Europe; it is a criticism which has been repeated a hundred times in the French Parliament, and a thousand times in the Irish pulpits throughout the world. The sentiment of property is normal to and necessary to a citizen. Exactly the same thing as makes Catholic opinion as a whole to-day, and Catholic countries in the past, the enemies of the rich, of landlordism, and the rest, exactly the same instinct which in the Middle Ages gave every man capital, forced it on him as it were; exactly the same self-preserving sense as made Catholic societies reject the beastly economies of industrialism in its beginnings; in a word, the moral health which, after a century of industrialism, leaves the Catholic the only healthy soldier in Western Europe, makes him perceive that the divorce of personality from production is inhuman, and of itself just as inhuman when it is effected by collectivism with a charitable object as when it is effected by the present industrial system with an immoral and selfish object. There is no defence of collectivism save from men who either deny that man is now fixed in a certain moral plan, or from men who deny free-will. Now, to a Catholic, man is a finally developed being, and a being possessed of free-will.

I next disagree with the statement that Mr. Churchill could deceive others in a political speech. I have listened to him, and I don't think he could.

I next, as you may easily imagine, disagree with Mr. Pilcher's article about the Papal Encyclical, but I differ with it for a definite reason, and I shall apply to it what I shall apply to several other parts of this issue, the double criticism that his conceptions are not clear, and that he takes too much for granted something which he happens to have been merely told. Both those faults, troubled thinking, and the swallowing whole of repeated but unsupported statements, beset three-quarters of English discussion to-day.

Thus, throughout the article, we are told that there is a conflict between "the modern spirit" and Catholic doctrine. If this is true the modern spirit must be partly expressible in a certain number of negatives: to wit, the negations of certain Catholic propositions. Now it is perfectly true that there are to-day a very large number of educated men who (for instance) doubt the existence of a personal God, who are rather pantheist than otherwise; whose philosophy is determinist, and whose conception of certitude is an analogy from the daily sequence of experience. But these men do not constitute the modern world; they are a very small minority of the modern world. I should doubt whether they were of so much influence (they are certainly not so much in number) as people who thought exactly like them in the transition between Paganism and Christianity, or in the high intellectual life of the twelfth century, or in the hot moment of the Renaissance.

Neither is there a conflict between mediæval and modern methods of thought; you might as well say there was a contrast between mediæval and modern methods of breathing. Indeed, it would be more reasonable to say that, for breathing, being a material act, can be slightly different with different men; but thought which concerns the pure idea, and is outside time, cannot change in its method; certitude is certitude, proof is proof, deduction is deduction, in all times and all places.



The allusion to Fogazzaro's novel, "The Saint," is unfortunate. It is a tenth-rate book, about which nobody cared a dump until Rome took the trouble to condemn it, whereupon it attained popularity, and sold widely among Protestants. The one interesting thing about the whole matter was that poor old Fogazzaro, on being told by the ecclesiastical authorities that his book did harm, at once suppressed it, at great loss to himself, and with fine humility and common sense. This point is always slurred over or omitted when the incident is described to non-Catholics.

Next the article reproaches the Pope's words with violence, saying ironically, "surely they are gentle words in the mouth of Christ's Vicar." Our Lord has had not a few doubtful stewards on earth, but in the whole line of them not one, so far as I can remember, who was not sufficiently in touch with our Lord's own character to be violent when violence was required. The faith is a military thing; the Gospels are not gentle, to put it bluntly; even in the fragmentary record which the Church has preserved of the actual sayings of our Lord, there are denunciations so passionate that they would not be allowed in a modern club—I mean a modern club of rich men on their way to Hell.

Next the author quotes an anonymous book, called "What we want," purporting to be written by a group of Italian priests. This book was not written by a group of Italian priests. Mr. Pilcher has swallowed the assertion, simply because he saw it made in print. I cannot subpoena witnesses, and where people hide their names and work in the dark, conjecture, however strong, remains nothing but conjecture. But if internal evidence goes for anything, this book was written or inspired by a French Huguenot notorious in Europe for his fanatical hatred of the Catholic Church. There are sentences in it on the Blessed Sacrament in which I have recognised his actual phraseology, and the remark that "the ancient Cathedrals are deserted" is one he himself has made, word for word, upon perhaps a million occasions in a rhetorical fashion. He makes it because he never goes into a Cathedral, and because, being now an elderly man, he is thinking of 50 years ago. I was upon three successive Sundays in the Cathedrals of Bordeaux, Paris, and Rouen a month ago. They were packed to overflowing, and when I got back to London the Cathedral at Westminster, which certainly is not ancient, but is pretty big, was filled three-quarters of the way down the nave with the swarms of people who come to but one of the many masses celebrated on Sunday morning. Why does Mr. Pilcher accept this sort of rubbish?

Again, "once the universal principles of the scholastic syllogism were repudiated by modern science . . . the validity of the religious system founded on these principles is gone." In plain English, this means that once materialism denied the reality of ideas, it was all up with Catholicism. For this to be true, materialism would have to be a universal philosophy accepted now by all that counts in the human race. But materialism is not such a philosophy. If you take the names of the men who have studied physical phenomena alone, carefully excluding all our modern poets, all our philosophers, all our theologians, and all our politicians, you will find that materialism, even among those men who are devoted to material science, and influenced by the old-fashioned tradition of materialism in that department, was never universal and is now slightly on the wane. There is nothing modern or new in denying the reality of ideas. All the great quarrel of the twelfth century between Abelard and St. Bernard turned upon it. What is new is the amazing ignorance which presupposes that the great intellectual debates for and against free will, for and against Pantheism, for and against the reality of ideas, were invented at the same time as the spinning-jenny and the modern type of main-drainage pipe.

Again, why does Mr. Pilcher say that Father Tyrrel was "trained in the scholastic system"? He was trained in the ordinary Protestant philosophy of his family; he thought himself into the Catholic Church, and continued and vigorous intellectual effort may yet preserve his faith, but his letters to the "Times" are

not particularly intellectual, they are angry and vague; thus when he says that he has found that the Catholic dogma carries him on to something "wider and better" he is writing the most hurried, tired journalistic style, much as Cohen or Harmsworth might write in the "Telegraph" or the "Mail" late at night. For instance, Catholic dogma says that after you die you go on living; you, as a person with a will, a memory, and a full human nature, responsible for what you have done in this world, exactly as you would be in a court of justice in this world. What about that? How are you going to expand that into something "wider and better"? You can't widen it without cracking it; you can make it better in the sense that you can deny it, and so make people feel more comfortable, but you can't make it better and leave it as it is, and if you don't leave it as it is, it means that you are denying the dogma. Deny the dogma by all means; the denial of dogma is the healthy, legitimate way of fighting the Catholic Church, but do not attempt to deny it and assert it at the same time.

I would close my lengthy remarks upon Mr. Pilcher's article with one useful tip. It is purely empiric, simply something I have noticed, as one might notice the property of a herb, or a chemical. If you want to judge whether a man or woman is in touch with Catholicism or not, watch narrowly whether they still preserve their devotion to our Blessed Lady. That is a better test, from St. Jerome's time to our own, than any other that I know of; and I am sorry to say there has been very little talk of our Blessed Lady among the prigs who have lately been pestering us.

I proceed. The next article, on the menace of the Censorship, I am unable to judge. I have heard the pros and cons of the thing, but I am ignorant of theatrical life, though I confess when I see most writers on one side and most business men on the other, I think common sense and good morals are likely to be on the side of the writers.

In the article entitled "Towards Socialism," by Mr. Orage, I do indeed agree with the quotation he makes from Aristotle, that the nature of a thing is only seen when its process of unfolding is over, but I differ with him when he says that mankind is still unfolding. The intellectual criticism of all modern evolutionary trash is that it omits the conception of a Thing. All the world has always known that stage of development succeeded stage. But then all the world has also known (and nine hundred and ninety-nine men out of a thousand still act upon the knowledge) that when a thing has reached its final stage of development, you can predicate of it a certain nature, and the changes which take place during its maturity are utterly different in kind and degree from changes of development properly so-called. There *does* come a great organic series of changes later on, when maturity has long been enjoyed, but these are usually rapid and are known as decay. I will play with a baby tiger, but I will not play with the father tiger, and I shall maintain my reserve in his regard till death do us part. So it is with man. The race has arrived at a certain physis. It has a fixed nature. The differences observable from the earliest recorded time till now are not differences which the modern man finds the least difficulty in appreciating. We are quite obviously of one kind with the same moral and physical nature and change as the humanity of which historical record exists, and to play with that truth is to play with all that is sensitive and all that is sacred about us. If you make experiments, even to find out whether that truth is true or no, you will find yourself perpetually coming across a nerve.

Again, I disagree with the sentence "all repression is immoral, implying a profound distrust of the virtue of life." This sentence is meaningless. It is as though I were to say that all outlines were immoral. You are repressing hundreds of things in yourself all day long. You cannot act or move without repressing something. But if you apply it to moral things alone it is equally true. A man who did not properly repress his inclination to speak his mind to fellow-passengers in railway trains would be perpetually suffering from a thick ear, and rightly, for the duty is mutual. Life

would fall to pieces but for self-repression. Why not, then, the repression of others where the common good requires it? From the rest of the paper I take out only two points; first, that the article by Mr. Raffalovich is by Mr. Raffalovich, and that I don't think he understands how Europeans feel about property.

Secondly, I would note the paragraph about Mr. Starr's book on the Congo. I have read the book, and I agree with it. I have carefully read everything put into my hand on the Congo question, upon both sides. I am acquainted with the gentleman who was perhaps the right hand man of King Leopold in his commercial adventures; I have met Mr. Casement, and I have spoken to all manner of impartial men who were not concerned to defend one side or the other. What I note in the article is an acceptance of the assertions of the anti-Congo people without criticism, and an apparent ignorance of what will happen if the tables are turned against ourselves. It is an article written with judgment and reserve, but those two vices run through it. I would beg the writer of the article and the Editor of the paper to consider the two following questions, and the answer to them.

First: On what occasion, and upon what dates during the last four years has a white official of the Congo committed a specific and proved atrocity, such as the mutilation of the dead, the forcing of women and children into concentration camps; the denial of nutriment to women nursing children, in order to force the surrender of their husbands; the torture of natives (and especially of women), and so forth. I do not say that white officials have not been guilty of such action, but I think it would do writers on the subject a great deal of good to find out exactly who did what, when and where in the last four years, the character of the witnesses, and whether the State punished the delinquent or no. It is necessary to ask this question, because, whether from passion or for worse reasons, atrocities are continually being quoted in a manner to leave the impression that they are recent when they really took place long ago, the savagery of blacks is quoted, and the audience are left in ignorance that the delinquents were black and not white, and witnesses are called whose commercial past is often extremely doubtful.

The next question which I think the writers on the English Press should ask themselves is this. Who originally furnished the money, the necessarily very large sums of money, for starting this Congo Reform business? If it was genuine humanitarian enthusiasm, why do they conceal their names? When you have arrived (as I have done by special means) at the names of some of these people—they move heaven and earth to conceal themselves—take the trouble to find out what their commercial antecedents have been, what offices they have been in if they were employees, how long they stayed in those offices, and why, if they have left them, they left them; if they are employers, the nature of their business, what trade they do with negroes, and for what profits, and if they are ship-owners, what cargoes their ships habitually carry to the African coast.

I trust THE NEW AGE will print this, for I do not know of any other English paper which would have the courage to do so just now. Of one thing in this Congo business I am convinced. If with our finances and our military defences in their present state we push the matter just a little farther, we shall get into a very big hole indeed. When the ground begins to get treacherous under our feet, the governing class of this country will call a halt, and there will be an attempt to hush the thing up. But of late years the characteristic of our misfortunes has been that the hushing up process, which used to be automatic in the old days, has got out of order. I can understand old men who remember the days when a group of merchants could have rushed the thing through in the face of a lethargic European opinion; I can understand their playing with this particular piece of fire; but the younger men, if they have any regard for their country, ought to try to put that fire out, for they have a better grip on our present position in the world.

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VI.

### The Parasitic Proletariat.

WE have now got back at last to the social function for the sake of which we tolerate the idle man of property. He gives employment.

Everybody recoils from this proposition with a sense of fundamental fallacy somewhere. The fallacy is not very recondite: it lies in confusing two quite different things: employing a man and supporting him. A lunatic employs his keeper: he does not support him. A father supports his daughter: he does not employ her. The idle man of property is like the lunatic: he employs a great many keepers; but he does not support them. He does not even support himself, though he employs himself as best he can, in shooting, hunting, racing, motoring, or as an amateur in the arts and sciences. Both he and all his keepers have to be supported by the labour of those who make the food they consume, the clothes they wear, the houses they live in, etc., etc.

Thus we find that what the idle man of property does is to plunge into mortal sin against society. He not only withdraws himself from the productive forces of the nation and quarters himself on them as a parasite: he withdraws also a body of propertyless men and places them in the same position, except that they have to earn this anti-social privilege by ministering to his wants and whims. He thus creates and corrupts a class of workers—many of them very highly trained and skilled, and correspondingly paid—whose subsistence is bound up with his income. They are parasites on a parasite; and they defend the institution of private property with a ferocity which startles their principal, who is often in a speculative way quite revolutionary in his views. They knock the Class War theory into a cocked hat by forming a powerful conservative proletariat whose one economic interest it is that the rich should have as much money to spend as possible; and it is they who encourage and often compel the property owners to defend themselves against the onward march of Socialism. Thus we have the phenomenon that seems at first sight so amazing in London: namely, that in the constituencies where the shopkeepers pay the most monstrous rents, and the extravagance and insolence of the idle rich are in fullest view, no Socialist—nay, no Progressive—has a chance of being elected to the municipality or to Parliament. The reason is that these shopkeepers live by fleecing the rich as the rich live by fleecing the poor. The millionaire who has preyed upon Bury and Bootle until no workman there has more than his week's subsistence in hand, and many of them have not even that, is himself preyed upon in Bond Street, Pall Mall, and Long Acre.

Some day a poet will arise to do justice to the amazing system of hypnotic brigandage by which the rich are compelled to burden their lives with all sorts of horrible discomforts and superfluities so that their plunder may be shared with the tradesman and the flunkey. A lady has a pretty dress, made of expensive materials, comfortable, and as good as new. She is forced to take it off and buy a new one of uglier and less convenient shape by a tradesman whom she despises as abysmally beneath her in taste, manners and social worth. A gentleman who has paid £1,200 for an automobile with a satisfactory low tension magneto and efficient chain drive, is compelled to discard it and pay £1,500 for a new car with a leaky high tension magneto and a wasteful and dangerous live axle, by a salesman whom he thoroughly mistrusts and whom he knows to be as ignorant of mechanics as he is himself. This lady and gentleman, as man and wife, have endless services foisted on them which they do not want; and the moment they accept them, a caste system of more than Indian strictness is developed in their houses, and compels them to employ a separate servant for every separate service. The motor car has hardly made

its way into the stable when it is discovered that the chauffeur cannot possibly clean the car; so another man must be retained for that job. Scullery-maids, tweenies, housemaids, parlour-maids, footmen, knifeboys, revolving round cook and butler, lady's maid and valet, and nominally ruled by the housekeeper, all cling to some shred of privilege in the form of something they must not be expected to do. A lady with no children and a tiny house in Mayfair with accommodation for six people, tells you that she cannot do with less than nine servants, who sleep under the stairs or anywhere they can. The very buttons and hooks and eyes on her dress are purposely placed so that she cannot fasten them herself. She must have a maid to do it. She knows, of course, that other people are as comfortable as she with two or three servants; but she cannot escape from her nine all the same. They have been made absolutely necessary to her by some power that is stronger than she. She is dragged to the opera, though she may hate music: she is driven to Goodwood, though she may loathe racing: she has to spend weary weeks on a Scotch moor keeping a sort of private shooting hotel for men whom she does not care for, and for whom her husband, who perhaps hates shooting, does not care either. There is no tyranny on earth to be compared with it. It is so complete that a woman who knows just as well as her husband that our English public schools are largely in the condition of the cities of the plain, finds herself as powerless to refuse to send her sons there as the woman whose house is rated at less than £40 a year is to refuse to send her children to the public elementary schools. The parasitic proletariat says in effect: "It is a matter of life and death to us that you should do these things; and since it is we who organise your life for you—you being too idle (and consequently too weak-minded) to organise it for yourself—you shall do them whether you like it or not."

But there is something more and something worse in the matter than this. The parasitic proletariat not only forces the routine of fashion on the propertied classes: it forces the parasitic system on the entire community. These are the plutocratic retainers whom Socialism must convert, coerce, or kill, just as Capitalism had to convert, coerce, or kill the retainers of the feudal barons in so far as they did not very obligingly kill one another. The real property owners of this country—the people who are directly parasitic on our industry—are so few and negligible that there are already avowed Socialists enough in the country to guillotine them in a week, if that summary method were still in fashion. Many of them, having no illusions as to the alleged comfort and freedom which the present system is supposed to secure them, and being heartily tired of having everything they do or wear or inhabit dictated to them, and of being imposed upon, cheated, and clumsily flattered at every new chain heaped on them, would not risk a scratch in defence of their slavery. But their parasites, the West-end tradesman, the West-end professional man, the schoolmaster, the Ritz hotelkeeper, the horse dealer and trainer, the impresario with his guinea stalls, and the ordinary theatrical manager with his half-guinea ones, the huntsman, the jockey, the gamekeeper, the gardener, the coachman, and the huge mass of minor shopkeepers and employees who depend on these, or who, as their children, have been brought up with a little crust of conservative prejudices which they call their politics and morals and religion: all these give to Parliamentary and social Conservatism its real fighting force; and the more "class conscious" we make them, the more they will understand that their incomes, whilst the present system lasts, are bound up with those of the proprietors whom Socialism would expropriate. And as many of them are better fed, better mannered, better educated, more confident and successful than the productive proletariat, the class war is not going to be a walk over for the Socialists. When Shelley converted the timid revolutionaries of his time by saying "Ye are many: they are few"—when Marx, later on, called on the proletarians of all lands to unite, they were reckoning without Bond Street. I know better. As what is called an art critic, I have made my living in Bond Street by

doing the hypnotising part of the business in the Press : persuading the millionaires that they must buy works of art if they want to pass as people of culture, running up the prices of prima donnas by penning exciting descriptions of their singing, and so on and so forth. And I warn the Socialists that those who live by despoiling the spoilers will not only fight in defence of spoliation more fiercely than the spoilers in chief, but will force these to fight even if they wish to surrender. There is a big and strong sort of seagull called the skua, which never fishes in the sea when it can help it. The skua waits until a common seagull catches and swallows a fish, when it forces the poor gull to disgorge its prey and leave it to the skua. The parasitic proletariat treats the owners of property as the skua treats the gull. It is the skuas, my friends, that we shall have to fight or convert. And the difficulty is that just as the skua prefers a regurgitated fish to one fresh from the sea, a British shopkeeper prefers a lord to a common producer as a customer. William Morris, whose style of dressing made stupid people guess him to be a ship's purser, used to chuckle at the remarkable change in the warmth of his welcome in certain West-end shops when it dawned on the shopkeeper that he was a person of consequence who wanted five hundred pounds' worth of something precious. Dickens long ago gave us the barber who refused to shave a coal-heaver. The original of Dickens's Inspector Bucket was furious because he was sent to arrest a common pickpocket instead of being reserved for murderers and gentlemanly forgers. Until you realise the happiness of licking a duke's boots and the shame of "attending to" a poor person, you can have no conception of the enormous force of snobbery that fortifies property and privilege. The rich, then, do something more than employ the poor. They reflect their glory on them. It is not the duke who enjoys his rank : on the contrary, he is the sole person who does not enjoy it. It is his tailor who enjoys it, his outfitter, his bootmaker, his carriage builder, his doctor, his solicitor, his vicar, his valet, down to the very crossing sweeper who gets a penny from him. Even the executioner who hangs or guillotines him enjoys his importance, and feels that he is demeaning himself when he has to hang a mere commercial traveller the following week.

I have still, therefore, to consider what Socialism will do to the parasitic proletariat.

(To be continued.)

## BOOK OF THE WEEK.

The Samurai Press.

**From the Isles.** By Arthur Davison Ficke.  
**The Dust which is God.** By Ralph Straus.  
**The Evolution of the Soul.** By Harold Monro.  
**Songs of Exile.** By Maurice Browne.  
**The Stonefolds.** By Wilfrid Wilson Gibson.  
**On the Threshold.** By Wilfrid Wilson Gibson.

(Each 2s net.)

The desire for self-expression is one of the most curious of human phenomena. In spite of the fact that men are usually incessant talkers, and therefore lack no opportunity of setting forth the thing which is in them, the curious truth remains that all creative production is a shy, furtive proceeding through which the artist will express more, either in picture or book, than he would be capable of revealing even to his dearest friend. The problem for the neophyte in literature, therefore, is how he shall be able to release this alter ego, so that it may stalk the earth in its own true form and habit, and in the solution of this problem lie all the humour and all the tragedy of the early struggles of literary men. (Mr. Bernard Shaw denies the struggle in his own case, but it is probable his own alter ego has not yet been truly formulated. He knows best.)

Now, it might be considered a simple enough thing for a cultured, clear-headed man to project the image of his real self on the minds of other people through the medium of written language. The truth is it is supremely difficult, as these capable little books of the Samurai Press prove, in common, be it said, with nearly all of their kind. So much that is merely fanciful and

virtuose, so much that is needless ornamentation, like the loops and flourishes of a writing master, must be obtruded across the projected image, blurring the outlines. Taking them in their order you picture Mr. Ficke, after reading the poems "From the Isles," as being very sensitive to sounds, able to perceive the silence within a silence by a subtle sense of hearing not common to ordinary folk :—

"And not heard of ear, but wholly  
 Felt in breath and stir;  
 As on hills at night some feeling  
 Of faint music lifts the wheeling  
 Moon through heaven, and a stealing  
 Dream drifts over her."

There you have the man of hearing. Such a one must either write high-sounding verse, or paint out his unrest in the metathesis of music. And yet you feel that in his loud-ringing, eloquent verse he is not telling the stern truth about his inner self. He is verse-making uncommonly well, and that is just all.

And Pan is gone! Although we cry  
 There is no piping voice to make  
 Glad answer from the river-brake;  
 No thundering hoof-beats give reply  
 To us who linger for his sake  
 Along the vales of Thessaly.

This is really excellent, is it not? But does Mr. Ficke really worry about the good god Pan? I think not. Then let him tell us of the things he really worries about, and his verse will begin to reveal the man within the clay.

Of Mr. Harold Monro's two essays, "The Evolution of the Soul" and "The Soul of Christ," there is little to be said. In the first he develops a thesis "that the survival of the soul after bodily death is a matter of volition"; in the second he seeks to place Christ "with Plato and Emerson among the philosophers," and neither idea has any clear progressive value. He unfortunately overlays his own ideas with a number of the unassimilated platitudes which stand for wisdom in the mouths of less capable men, and unless he can learn to eliminate that which is commonplace in his writing, he must go through the world without discovering himself to other people, except as a somewhat dull person, which I am quite sure in my own mind he is not.

"The Dust which is God," by Ralph Straus, is a bold and interesting experiment. If all the imagination were left in, and most of the esoteric philosophy left out, there would remain a residue of real accomplishment, which would place the writer amongst those men who can light up the obscure chambers of the mind with visions of other states of consciousness, ultimately, perhaps, more relative than the present state. At his best he displays a flexible style, adequate to all the moods and conditions he describes, and if Mr. Straus can bring himself to give us a longer work of imagination, in which he will develop his idea of the Third World, a world where the law of friction has been overcome, there will be no lack of appreciation. But pray, let him not be quite so serious! He should occasionally hold his tongue in his cheek in the manner of Mr. Wells or, better still, of Mr. Arnold Bennett.

What has already been said of Mr. Ficke's poetry also applies to "Songs of Exile," by Mr. Maurice Browne, but in a different degree. There is the same verbal melody and acute sense of hearing, the same well-mouthed eloquence of line. Listen!

No wild-foot Dryad haunts this leafless glade  
 With woodland lures, old weird lures chanted long.  
 No nightingale thrills dusk's embalmèd shade  
 With all her incommunicable song.  
 Sorrow divine and sacramental wrong.  
 No panting Nymph, deliciously afraid,  
 Flies from no eager Faun among the trees  
 No Satyr skilled to tune the cunning dance  
 Draws magic from his flute, the revel rout  
 With minstrelsy aflame  
 Gathers and breaks like mist shy maids advance  
 Youths leap to kiss . . . No, there is none of these.  
 Joy hath departed hence, a noteless name,  
 And Love hath lived her ancient glories out

But there is also "Epithalamios," altogether Spenserian, yet one of the few beautiful poems produced in recent years, and the elegy "At Dusk," which is quite

admirable. Yet, most of all, one appreciates the self-revelation in the opening verse of the book:—

Summer in England, winter in my heart:  
O England, England, all I love thou art,  
And thou and I are half a world apart!

It is one thing to be fluent and melodic—it is a much finer thing to express inward passion with a sense of individual conviction, and although Mr. Maurice Browne goes further than Mr. Ficke, he has still to travel some way before he has, to use my earlier metaphor, projected the image of his authentic self against the mind of the world. At the best it can only be an image, for the final expression of the human spirit is not yet, but the complete image of one individual self is always something to hope for, being the one supreme accomplishment in literature, or any other medium.

The other volumes, "The Stonefolds" and "On the Threshold," are on a much higher level of achievement than any of these foregoing. Mr. Wilfrid Wilson Gibson has written six little peasant dramas which, for poignancy of feeling and simplicity of expression, deserve to be ranked with the best of that narrow range of English poetry dealing with the simple and straitened lives of common folk. Mr. Gibson's shepherds, however, are by no means "common," excepting that they share the lot of common poverty, and in recognising the individual character of all persons apart from the mere characteristics of the class to which they belong, he does credit to his own good sense. It is true he must guard against the danger of depicting lowly people as being in perfect harmony with their station in life, for, because of this, much of the poetry of writers like Crabbe and Wordsworth is merely childish in its naiveté. When it is understood that each individual has essential differences, but not essential class differences, it becomes useless labouring a psychology which has become ancient and outworn. The poor are not in harmony with their environment, and that is the tragedy of it. Mr. Gibson's dramas-in-little are concerned principally with the tragedy of death, but there is the greater tragedy of birth for the larger proportion of the race, and to be born, as most are, into a world not prepared as a fit habitation for the sons of men, is to be cursed and blighted at the very threshold.

One final word as to the Samurai Press itself. It is producing work by men who have pledged themselves to strive for the best, and the measure of their accomplishment is not adequately conveyed if it is not made clear that they have struck a distinguishing note of high seriousness and praiseworthy ideal. The books so far published naturally vary in merit, but none of them sinks for a moment towards the level of that weather-cock literature which veers towards every breath of bookstall popularity. The format of the earlier volumes leaves something to be desired, but Mr. Gibson's two works have been beautifully produced, and as specimens of good hand-printing will increase in cash value. But you had better buy them for the sake of Mr. Gibson's gentle and sensitive verse.

FREDERICK RICHARDSON.

## REVIEWS.

**The Immanence of Christ in Modern Life.** By F. R. Swan (James Clarke. 2s. 6d. net.)

**The Prayer Book.** By Percy Dearmer (A. R. Mowbray. 6d.)

**Sunshine's Garden.** By Mrs. Parsons (1s. net.)  
**Our City of God.** By J. Brierley. (James Clarke. 3s. 6d. net.)

**The Gospel of Grace.** By J. D. Jones (James Clarke. 3s. 6d. net.)

All theological treatises which tend to exclude the "occasional visitor" view of God are of some use; and we welcome Mr. Swan's essay in this direction. He is wise enough not to claim any special novelty for the doctrine of Immanence, in the light of which he examines the ordinary conceptions of Jesus, Church authority, the originality of Christianity, and kindred subjects. It is refreshing to find something of the bold speculation of Eckart in such sentences as the following: "When we think of God, it is God who is thinking within us." We could wish that Mr. Swan

had pursued this line of thought further, instead of filling so many pages with a vague attempt to identify the Church with humanity. Those who cannot wield the sword of Achilles had best not try, and Mr. Swan does not possess the philosophical divinity of men like F. D. Maurice. We cannot, however, help admiring the chapter on the "Immanence of Christ and the historic Jesus." Mr. Swan keeps his temper admirably in dealing with Schmiedel's well-known onslaught in the "Encyclopædia Biblica," and, without wasting time in complaining of the arbitrary methods of German critics, shows how much of the House of Doctrine remains, even on the texts which Schmiedel calls the "nine foundation pillars." As regards non-Christian faiths, our author pleads for Christianity not as a competing, but as a completing, religion. He recognises and emphasises the need of social reform, but we think it misleading to speak of combines and trusts as "great" experiments in the method of collective enterprise, or to class them, as he seems to do, with municipal works and State service. Mr. Swan is a little too fond of printing his favourite sentiments in capitals. Methinks, he doth protest too much.

Readers of the "Christian World" and the "Commonwealth" are familiar with the names of Mr. Brierley and Mr. Dearmer. Amongst enlightened Free Churchmen and Anglicans "J. B." and "P. D." are "bright particulars stars." The volumes now before us afford excellent examples of the respective spheres in which they shine. The difference between their theological camps ought not to blind anyone as to the deeper likeness between them. It is true that Mr. Brierley cannot see the inner meaning of ritualism, while puritanism is an abomination to Mr. Dearmer. To the former, life is a philosophy; to the latter, it is a ritual. One finds his "new theology" in a spiritualised science:

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the other finds it in a social catholicism. But wisdom is justified of both her children, particularly when they happen to be such breezy writers. The mediæval Church gathered under her wing men of such different calibre as Francis of Assisi and Dominic; the modern Church needs the same variety of opinion based on the same unity of impulse. In "Our City of God" Mr. Brierley outlines more systematically than in his previous essays the scientific treatment of theology, in which he sees salvation for the Church. As might be expected, he always charms, even when he does not convince, and nothing could be more deft than his comparison of radium, as a "break" in the history of matter, to the Gospel story, as a "break" in the history of spirit; or his demonstration that you cannot argue about the will in the terms of the material world. It may be questioned whether the "modern mind" is quite so infallible as Mr. Brierley would have us believe on the validity of dogma; but, of course, he is right in saying that every discovery in science tells, sooner or later, upon divinity. The social essays in the book contain some valuable ideas. "Before we talk of Socialism, we must talk about the Socialist." "The soul of all improvement is the improvement of the soul." Specially enlightening is the suggestion that we should revive the old Greek doctrine of limit, as a fundamental principle of life and thought. Just as you cannot have a boat of either an inch or a mile, so the State—as a fellowship—must not be so large as to prevent the supervision and management necessary to the highest commercial life. This has been ignored by the megalomania of the present day; with the result that "in our huge swarms the individual counts for less and less. In London ten thousand of us might disappear to-morrow, and the human tide would roll on as before." Mr. Brierley has something to say of the need of constructing new moralities from day to day to meet the exigencies of modern life. He raises more problems than he answers, but very wisely he insists on the ethical value of cheerfulness. Here we may take leave of Mr. Brierley, and assure his readers that—to use an Americanism—his theology is that of a true "sky-blue soul."

Mr. Jones' sermons call for no special criticism, and we cannot quite see the necessity for their publication, unless it were to assuage the sermon-hunger of the British Public. They are such as one might expect to hear delivered to any fairly intelligent congregation. Mr. Jones says what he has to say, and occasionally has an apt illustration: and that is perhaps all we need to say about him.

**The Sentimental Traveller.** By Vernon Lee. (Lane. 3s. 6d. net.)

"Take it as an axiom, when you utter a sentimentalism, that more than one pair of ears makes a cynical critic." When Meredith wrote that, in "Sandra Belloni," his reference was particularly to persons, but it applies to things also. There are exceptions, however, as is proved by the work of Vernon Lee—unless, indeed, what is more than probable, the Meredithian conditions are observed between author and reader, in so far as they are actually but two persons. But even were it otherwise Vernon Lee would be acceptable. There is a philosophic element in her most sentimental passages which has a saving grace. But after all, objections to sentiment are purely sentimental, and very often a kind of cowardice. What one really dislikes is demonstrative sentiment, colloquially—gush. Vernon

Lee is never demonstrative, her sentiment is too deep for that, besides, she is a philosopher, and knows the things she loves so well, those old Italian gardens with their formal walks and mossy walls, those twilight in the Apennines full of the sound of sheep-bells, or the vivid white-washed spaces of some ancient monastery. But beautiful as these are, they were not so beautiful robbed of the glamour she herself brought to them. She is a priestess of the *Genius Loci*, invoking the spirit of the place by a charming magic which she shares with Robert Louis Stevenson and one or two other initiates of the same order. In the present volume she theorises upon this very theme. "Surely," she says, "that, into the best we receive from Fate there should enter somewhat of our own making; that the perfect sweetness of any sort of love, for places or for creatures, be due to faithful wishing: Rachel growing in grace during the years of Jacob's service." And as one would expect, the sentimental traveller does not retell the story of the familiar places of the pilgrim's way—Bruges, Rouen, Paris, Roma, Napoli—these are beautiful already. Rather does she take you to forgotten or unknown places wherein the *Genius Loci* has to be charmed into actuality by the magic of her pen. Her method, however, is not to tell you of beautiful things as such, but to discourse of her preferences. She tells you about the things she likes, and why. Her style is that of good conversation. It is well-polished and deliberate, yet it has the free idiom of interesting talk. Unlike, say, a Stevenson, who moves from one elegant period to another, in smoothly conscious curves of rhetoric, Vernon Lee is lissome, her prose balanced by comfortable little irregularities, always ending in a pictorial movement which fixes itself in the memory. A good instance is the description of her arrival at Gruyères by night. First there is the argument against the possibility of losing the beauty of the first impression of the little town by their arrival in the dark. Then comes a challenge in the conversational manner, "Lose it! Did we lose it?" Afterwards the description of the darkling way culminating in this picture, which reveals Gruyères in a flash.

"Entering the village street of high medieval houses, the light of the one electric lamp by the washing-trough was thrown up against the white walls, showing the scarlet and rose of the geraniums; thrown up also into the immensely projecting roofs. Not a creature or a sound! The scent of the grass, the sound of cow-bells seemed to have followed us; and, between the houses, the heavens were hung close with stars. Were those mountains opposite, or roofs? Impossible to say, mere dark masses in the darkness. Only one had a sense of being high, high up. This was Gruyères; and shall be."

"The Sentimental Traveller" is full of such delightful pictures in which the spirit of place seems suddenly to flash before the reader's mind. Individually each separate essay has its own charm, according to personal taste; but in every essay there is the same quick perception of the essential nature of not only places, but persons and things. The latter is brought out well in "Goethe at Weimar," with its tragedy of the dust-ridden house of "God Wolfgang," the hopeless grandson of the sage, the plaster casts and stuffed birds! And also in "The Petit Picus," where lie the thirteen hundred who were guillotined at the Barrière du Trône "from Prairial to Thermidor." As for the sentimental traveller, he is justified in the initial chapter, wherein his nature is set forth by example of

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the authoress. But really the traveller who can make pictures and dreams of places familiarised out of all notice by habitual contact, the settling down to "the Pincian, the Villa Borghese, and an evening stroll down the deserted Corso," leaves the sentimental for the imaginative realm.

**Poems.** By Carducci. Translated by Maud Holland. (Unwin. 5s.)

Carducci once had occasion to remark that "to translate into verse a lyric, and a lyric of Shelley, and the 'Sensitive Plant' at that, in as many verses, and in the same metre, showed daring enough to turn one giddy." And "let it pass for this once, but prose were better," he adds significantly.

We could almost venture to say the same after reading these translations of a few of Carducci's poems by Miss Maud Holland. The English versions in themselves are good and show poetic talent; often the beauty of the original is in single verses faithfully reflected; none the less it is not Carducci.

Nor does the selection made seem particularly happy. Only one of the longer "Odi Barbare" appears: the Ode to Rome. "Alle Fonti del Clitumno" is only just begun, and it seems a pity that the author has not carried the translation somewhat further. Fear of arousing religious prejudices need not have arrested her hand before the verse beginning:—

"Tutto ora tace, o vedovo Clitumno  
Tutto . . ."

(seven times as far as she got). This ode is certainly worthier of being considered Carducci's finest poem than "La Chiesa di Polenta," beautiful as the latter is. We regret that no mention is made of the twelve sonnets on the French Revolution—veritable trumpet-calls of Liberty. In a future edition we hope that one at least of the two Odes to Queen Margherita will be included. The "Passo di Roncisvalli," a mere poetic divagation, need hardly have found a place in so small a collection. Better worth giving, and very well rendered, are the sonnets "To Virgil" and "The Ox," the "Idyll of the Maremma," "Primo Vere," "Near a Monastery," "Night," "Lines on the Death of G. P.," and, last, but not least, "Piedmont" (especially the ending). The author, we feel, has been almost too modest in speaking of her own work, which, we repeat, is good. Surely we all of us, when we attempt translations, are impelled—like J. A. Symonds—by "that *ignis fatuus* of the hope that some addition may be made in this way to the wealth of English poetry." We hope that Miss Maud Holland will be encouraged to continue.

**The Reformers' Year Book, 1908.** Edited by F. W. Pethick Lawrence and Joseph Edwards. (4, Clement's Inn, W.C. 1s. net.)

For many years now this book has been one of the most indispensable requisites of the social reformer, and the general excellence of the volume in its present issue, adds if possible, to its usefulness. Besides the usual features, which embrace practically the whole range of social reform, much space is given to an interpretation of those questions of the day which are likely to be prominent before reformers during the coming year. To each article is appended a useful bibliography which the student of advanced movements will welcome. As in the past, we can again recommend "The Reformer's Year Book" to our readers.

**Rodin.** By Frederick Lawton. (E. Grant Richards. 2s. net.)

Rodin belongs to that group of workers who, during the last decade, have brought a new creative force into art. Like Wagner in music, Walt Whitman in poetry, and Ibsen and Shaw in drama, he has cared about life. And for this reason he has lifted the art of sculpture out of the worn ruts of academic parochialism, giving it an intellectual impetus

which has extended its influence in all directions by an insistence on the relation of man to the universal scheme of things. Rodin's work is almost curiously the outcome of the conditions and thought of modern life. Each of his works carries the mind beyond the object actually represented—it seeks through the strength of the work for the idea which waits behind. So new an influence in the art of sculpture has of necessity attracted strongly, and at the same time repelled. The works Rodin has fashioned have provoked discussion, anger even, as the profound affairs of life provoke anger!

It is this which makes the writing of any estimate of Rodin's work and life so extremely difficult. Mr. Frederick Lawton, who has already won recognition by his larger biography published last year, if he does not bring the whole matter to light, comes near to the truth in this really admirable essay. He has with commendable, and unusual restraint held his own personality and opinions in the background. He relates the facts of Rodin's life, gives the history of his works, and then retires and calls the great artist to speak for himself. We thank him for this avoidance of vapid criticism. And for many readers the most interesting chapter will be the one at the finish of the book in which Rodin speaks of the Gothic and the Antique. And though no quotation can give a full idea of these striking sayings—which we may hope are a foretaste of a book that Rodin himself will write—we quote a passage wherein he gives his belief as to the artist. He says:—

"The artist is the seer. He is the man whose eyes are open, and to whose spirit the essence of things is made known. He does not create since everything is created already. That which he does is to represent, but with a few elements, not with all. He is no magician, and cannot in verity reproduce. It is an illusion of creation, not the reality that he makes. The better he sees, the more perfect an illusion his representing will be. He can give it solidity, he can give it the equivalents of colour and warmth and movement; and, if his vision is deep enough, he can give it the illusion of soul and sentiment."

We can cordially recommend this little book to all who do not already possess Mr. Lawton's larger biography.

## THE MAGAZINES I.

A NEW magazine, "The New Quarterly" (2s. 6d. net), has just been issued by Messrs. Dent under the editorship of Desmond McCarthy. We sincerely hope there are enough intelligent people in England to make a new first-class magazine pay, but we doubt it. Swift calculated the number of the elect in his day as something under ten thousand; and with the increase of education, the number has decreased. Our readers, however, will do well to see that the "New Quarterly" is at any rate placed in their public and semi-public libraries. The first number contains articles by Lord Rayleigh, Max Beerbohm, Hon. Bertrand Russell, Arthur Symonds, Sturge Moore, and others. The main interests of the magazine are scientific and literary; much to our relief, the number is not disfigured by party politics. An approach, unfortunately distant, is made by Mr. Paley in an article under a title that might have been borrowed from our announcements,—"Biology and Politics." It contains a useful discussion of the relations between biology and schemes of social reform. Arthur Symonds' triptych of poets is Mrs. Hemans, George Darley, and Thomas Hood! But perhaps the best thing in this number is the selection of extracts from Samuel Butler's Note-Books. If Butler had only been a Frenchman we should have had a Butlerian school in England. As it is,—the school is in France!

We have received several numbers of "The American Journal of Eugenics," which commenced publication last July under the present title. Mr. Moses Harman is a fighter from Away back. He promises to tell the readers of the journal why he has come to place "the chief responsibility for the crimes and miseries, the irregularities and slaveries, of our so-called civilisation upon our oldest, most cherished, most revered social institution." Most of the articles are declamatory and exhortatory, perhaps a little crude in thought and style. We think the journal may the better serve its purpose in compelling attention and stimulating ideas. Exact statistics and rigid knowledge will come; experiment is the present desideratum. The sex problem is frankly and fearlessly discussed, hence the magazine contains nothing to shock the professed libertine nor to amuse him. The subscription is one dollar a year, and cheap at the price.

The second (October) number of the Colonial Office Jour-

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nal more than maintains the promise of the first, and we think the Editors have succeeded in avoiding the two pitfalls open to them, those of dullness and the inconvenient revelation of official secrets. The Editors make some interesting comments on the recent Imperial Act for re-adjusting the payments due to the provinces of Canada by the Dominion Government in support of their legislatures; on Lord Selborne's Memorandum on South African Federation; and on the Shipping Ring Commission. The first article on Imperial Organisation is, we imagine, the seasoning suggested by way of giving flavour to a series of papers all relying on official documents for their information. It aims at showing (and we think it does so successfully) the difficulties which underlay Mr. Deakin's proposal for a permanent secretariat wholly independent of the Colonial Office. The centripetal and centrifugal tendencies at present manifesting themselves in the Empire are analysed, and the immense difficulty with which attempts at a more elaborate organisation will be confronted, by reason of the fact that the centripetal force is mainly one of sentiment, while the quasi-centrifugal one is that of local interest, is well brought out. The net result of the Conference discussions on this subject so far as Colonial administration is concerned seems to be a division of the Colonial Office into two geographical sections, the one concerned with the self-governing Colonies, or dominions; and the other with the Crown Colonies; while in addition there is the new Secretariat charged, under the control of the Colonial Secretary, with obtaining information and conducting correspondence. The need for such a reconnoitring body is well brought out in the very interesting paper on the difficulties which delayed, but indeed which also promoted, the laying of the Pacific cable. We have neither the space nor the ability to discuss the paper, but we may note that the coming of this cable (which was opened in 1902), by affording an "all-red" telegraphic connection with Australia and thus competing with the Eastern Company's system, has been largely influential in lowering the rates of transmission from some 10s. a word in 1887 to the 3s. charge in force at the present moment. Other papers on the Emigrants Information Office and on British Manufactures in Colonial Markets are short but bright and useful. The contrast between the semi-military methods of French colonisation in W. Africa and the English habit in the same district of encouraging a gradual growth of the legislative habit by means of Legislative and Native Councils is noted in a review of M. Baillaud's pamphlets, and we are inclined to agree with the reviewer in preferring the British expedient. Mr. Hutson's paper on the degree of mercantile receptivity already attained and attainable by Canada in the future is also useful. And this is indeed the note of the whole review. It is eminently practical, and we can commend it not only to those interested in Colonial administration, but to all students of Imperial development, Imperial commerce, and Imperial ideals.

The R.P.A. Annual for 1908 (6d. net) has an attractive list of contributors, among them the Hon. John Collier, Mr. Blatchford, and Mr. Eden Phillpotts. Mr. Collier's reminiscences of Huxley, whose daughter he married, are short but of great interest. The great scientist and protagonist of Agnosticism was eminently human, although overwork and somewhat restricted means might easily have sufficed to sour him. Mr. Collier tells an amusing story of how he "got his own back" on one occasion from his father-in-law. "I was painting a portrait of my wife," he says, "and I represented her asleep in a big chair, having dropped on the floor the book she had just been reading. Huxley came in and, chuckling at the situation, mischievously suggested that I should put the title of one of his friend Herbert Spencer's works on the volume over which my sitter had fallen asleep. I welcomed the suggestion, but objected that the book had a title already. On his bending forward to inspect it, he read on the back, 'Huxley's Lay Sermons'." Mr. Blatchford, on "How I became an Agnostic," is eminently readable. He did not experience the subversion of his old ideas until he was some thirty years of age, and apparently it was the thin argument of a volume of Christian apologetics which made him settle the question in his own mind once for all. "I *had*," he says, "to see facts. I *had* to follow a thought faithfully, lead it whithersoever it would. I could do no other way; and to this hour I am unable to conceive of any man's doing otherwise."

In the October number of the Ruskin Quarterly, "St. George,"—as always, beautifully printed—the four articles seem to be of unusual interest. The Rev. Cecil Grant's address on the opening of a St. George's Co-educational School at Harpendon is reprinted. He asks for smaller schools, co-education, and a more distinctively religious atmosphere. By this means he hopes to see the 10 per cent. of moral failures which Arnold of Rugby deplored, weeded out. Dr. Jane H. Walker returns to the question of Co-Education, in the third paper, and has no difficulty in showing the unnatural, often disastrous effects, of the present separation of the sexes. Her text is a quotation from "Lord Ormont and His Aminta," and we recommend the paper as an excellent

statement of the case for co-education. Mr. Whitehouse hopes to see a step taken soon towards segregation of our elementary schools in large open spaces which will aid the physical development of our children. The fact that our elementary schools are, as he remarks, built too often in the mean streets themselves is certainly deplorable, and we sympathise entirely with anything which will enable the children of the poor to have the physical opportunities which the children of the wealthier classes have at the public schools. In an article on "Industrial Communities" an anonymous writer gives us the reasons for his conclusion that Englishmen are becoming unduly pessimistic in their opinion as to the conditions in our great industrial centres. Messrs. Booth and Rowntree and Miss Jebb have each, as the writer shows, devoted their attention to large trading centres, and an effort is here made to consider Bolton in the same way, on a small scale, as typical of our industrial conditions, and certainly the results come out much better than might have been expected. We have not space to quote, but the paper will be found of great interest by social investigators—readers of Mrs. Bosanquet, Messrs. Booth, Rowntree, and the rest.

In the November number of "School" Miss Latter continues her impressions of American Education. There is a paper in which Mr. Kandel, of Belfast, considers the faults of the Training College for Elementary Teachers. He thinks the reason for the complaints of the inefficiency of some of the teachers turned out by these colleges is the small attention given to practical work, only six weeks in a two years' course being spent in actual class instruction. Mr. C. J. Pugh, of Ryde, has a bright paper on the inducements to read which his ingenuity and enthusiasm have taught him to offer the backward, uninterested, type of scholar. His reading-class, in which such books as "The Call of the Wild," "Kim," and even Morris's "Jason," are read to the boys and sometimes left unfinished at a critical juncture, seems a splendid idea. The school treated this month is Rossall, and we are sure its members will appreciate a very good plate. The whole number seems to us to offer bright and attractive reading to all interested in educational problems.

## DRAMA.

### Cæsar and Cleopatra.

When Mr. Bernard Shaw calls his play a "history" it is perhaps unfair to complain that it is not more of a drama. No doubt the incidents are true enough (you stand referred to Manetho, the Egyptian monuments, etc., etc.), and a good deal of the conversation might perhaps have been taken down on a phonograph, but the play would be none the worse for some development of incident. As it is, the play unrolls, beautifully and majestically, but it does not develop. Then, too, Cæsar and Rufio and the rest of them have an irritating Shakesperian habit of pausing at some crisis of action to comment on themselves and things in general, while Time and Fate stand obediently in the wings. But these are mere superficialities after all, the history is of Cæsar, and achieves a portraiture of remarkable vividness.

I wonder if Mr. Shaw has ever taught Cæsar at school, and had to "construe" *De Bello Gallico*; has he had to escape from those old conceptions? For my own part, the deadly school distillation of boredom drop by drop out of abominable school editions (with notes on subjunctives) has for practical purposes destroyed my power of being interested in Latin literature for ever. If Mr. Shaw has had to escape from the associations of old desks, the aroma of stale ink, and the memory of scribbled notes penned by disused grammarians, his creation of Cæsar is a vaulting feat past all praise. Until I read "Cæsar and Cleopatra" (Shakespeare being equally damned by the associations of school teaching), I never had a feeling for Cæsar as a human being of any kind at all. I figured him as some species of bloody-minded hero-villain of a melodrama invented by wizened schoolmasters in hours of dejection; a big show of little limited things moving across the scene of a history in which it was impossible to seriously believe. Does anyone seriously believe in the burlesque history they teach solemnly at schools, or at least anyone capable of realising the contrast between the life depicted in the book and the life they see around them every day? On reflection, I feel I must answer most people, for most people cry out against the absurdity of Shaw's Cæsar, when they mean only its obvious

naturalness. Shaw paints a man who acts spontaneously and simply as a great man might have acted, who has his little points of vanity and his points of pique, but who is obviously a great man. In the case of Cæsar, it is not necessary to relate stories of him to prove him capable of great actions; all that is taken for granted with the name. But G. B. S. does something much more subtle still; he shows Cæsar great, not by what is related of him or by what he does, but by what he does not do. Indeed, this is in another way one of the defects of the play. Everything is subordinated to the drawing of Cæsar; even Cleopatra is used only to provide light and shade. In the most enchanting scene of all—where Cæsar comes across the Sphinx in the desert by night, and speaks his invocation to it, not knowing that Cleopatra is curled up between its paws—all the charm of Cleopatra's childishness is only used to show up Cæsar's power and strength. All the play gains enormously by being acted, but this scene, perhaps, more than all. The freakish delight (as of some escapade from "Alice in Wonderland") of Cleopatra's enquiries for the sacred white cat which has run away from her on the call of a black cat, would be difficult to match in any play, and can hardly be paralleled, its quaintness is so entirely modern; while the sound of the trumpet at the end of the scene, which Cæsar calls "Cæsar's voice," has a suggestion of fantasy that carries one off to the regions of the Hyperboreans. This scene, this trumpet, and for the matter of that, all the other scenes, demanded very excellent stage-managing, but one is getting so accustomed to that at the Savoy as to be in danger of neglecting it. Only when one reflects what pains must necessarily be taken to produce the perfection of illusion and realism (even to a moving Roman galley for Cæsar's departure) is it possible to estimate their value. Most stage crowds shout vaguely and foolishly; when the Roman soldiers of Messrs. Vedrenne and Barker cry "Hail Cæsar!" we are thrilled. It is a history, but a true and beautiful history, about a pageant.

The excellence of Mr. Forbes Robertson's acting goes without saying, but Mr. Shaw's freakishness gave the King Ptolemy XIV. a chance out of which Master Philip Tonge made an opportunity for scoring heavily. "Cæsar and Cleopatra" is a history, a fantasy, and a reality, also something of a prank as well.

Earlier in the week I saw the revival of "The New Boy" at the New Theatre. Of this there is really nothing to say except that it is an excellent piece of clowning with the remarkable peculiarity (for a farce) of being free from any sexual complication. Mr. Leon M. Lion acts the name part with ridiculous abandon, and the others all enter fully into the spirit of the piece. Miss Homfrey, in her original part of Martha, was excellent, and Mr. Stanley Logan acted the school bully to the life. In the small part of the servant (as also in the curtain-raiser) Miss Muriel Carmel managed to convince us that she possesses capacity and temperament only waiting a chance for expression, while Miss Redwood, as Nancy Roach, was charming.

L. HADEN GUEST.

## ART.

### Two Interesting Exhibitions.

#### A Young Socialist Painter, Mr. Austin Spare.

To the jaded art writer who regularly frequents the galleries more of doubt than anticipation attends the visiting of a new exhibition by an unknown painter. I had been told of a new Blake, and, with distrustful curiosity, I set out for the Bruton Gallery hoping that possibly I might find what would bring a new tingling to my tired pulses. And I was not disappointed. Here, revealed in these drawings, was a force of passionate character—an imagination that had compelled expression.

Now, I am quite conscious that about new work one must always be somewhat diffident in expressing too definite an opinion. Yet surely it is possible to know and recognise the really vital qualities of any art. The astonishment is that Mr. Spare is so young—nineteen

years, I believe. Then he has learnt his art by himself in the hard environment of poverty and opposition. But it is a fact surely of real significance that Mr. Spare is a Socialist. May not just this account for all his search for expression? Yes, it is safe to say that this young painter will go far. What I felt most in his work, and especially in such imaginative drawings as "The Resurrection" and "The Creation," was the imprint of a man's personality. This explains, I believe, Mr. Spare's really remarkable brilliance of execution in whatever medium he uses. For imagination is a driving force—imagination alone creates, and if an artist has a definite thing to express, then he will find somehow the best means of doing so.

Let me say here that I shall not try to describe Mr. Spare's work. Frankly, it refuses description. From such pictures we gain just what we bring. For in proportion to its true imagination are the various ideas a work will give to different minds. What I want to make clear is that the impulse in this work is from within; that a finely imaginative mind has trained the skilful hand.

And this brings me to the supposed defect which some critics have found in Mr. Spare's art. His originality has been judged "a parade of imagination, not quite convincing, because it is largely an affair of reproducing the subject matter which more original disguises have brought into the field of art"—I quote the "Athenæum." One may find, of course, various influences in these drawings—what painter is not "influenced"? Blake, Beardsley, Watts, Goya, and others, all seemed to speak to me from one and another of the drawings. Yet I hesitated to fix the common label of imitation, the easy resource of critics. I saw that the drawings that reminded most strongly of Goya resembled works of the Spaniard which I was certain Mr. Spare could not have seen. Afterwards I found that I was right. Goya's wonderful art is unknown to Mr. Spare, and he told me his own designs were made before he had seen any work of Blake or of Beardsley; even now he knows only a few drawings by these masters. It has seemed necessary to clear up this error at some length. The truth, I think, is that imagination exalts men to express themselves in the same forms. Certainly the splendid, irrepressible egotism of Mr. Spare has—I say it again—carried his passionate thought into definite, if sometimes imperfect, expression.

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## Mr. Dulac's Arabian Nights Illustrations at the Leicester Gallery.

It is just this egotism of a personality that I missed in the drawings by Mr. Edmund Dulac illustrating stories from the "Arabian Nights." He has adopted an Eastern convention in which to express himself. Each of his designs is perfect; he has known exactly what he wanted to do, and has done it. Technically Mr. Dulac has all the equipment of the illustrator who understands design, and he uses his knowledge like a skilled workman. Yet the very exquisiteness is a little wearying; in every picture the artist has made a design beautiful in all its details and as a whole, and curiously, though he has spun these patterns with the dexterity with which a conjuror spins a plate, we wonder, dissatisfied, at the limited expression in his effort. Then, after looking at about a dozen of the designs, we realise that the emptiness comes because here an artist has worked out his own ideas in an adopted and foreign convention. C. GASQUOINE HARTLEY.

## MUSIC.

### The Salome Dances.

No music has been so eagerly discussed in recent years as Richard Strauss's setting of Oscar Wilde's famous and prohibited play, "Salome." And, of course, the opera is prohibited too, in England. Until Strauss came any music that ever pretended to be wicked was merely amusing. Wagner is chaste and simple, the "guileless fool" beside Strauss. His Venusberg music and his prelude to Tristan are but polite (and somewhat instructive) essays in neuroticism; perhaps a little upsetting to one's nerves and (although chaste) even a little indecent, but always simple and elemental, always a little young. But when we come to the music of Richard Strauss we approach the study of intellectual passion, indirect passion, strange and unfamiliar passion. Strauss has the power of making, through some musical epigram, the whole cosmic system appear as some ridiculous joke of which we are all the victims. He pours torrents of sinister ridicule upon all our accepted ideas, orthodox or heterodox. He is the Obermann in music. He is the supremely detached. Strauss doesn't derive any inspiration from moonshine; he seems to live in the sun always and depute for old King Sol in pouring down pitiless rays of scorching criticism upon all we think and do. I really think he must believe God is dead, and that he is himself a reincarnation of Nietzsche. He has all his great countryman's egotism, all his genius for epigram, all his intellectual detachment, all his compelling, magnetic power of attraction, all his great sympathy and pity. And his pity is an aloof pity like Nietzsche's, not the charitable pity of Jesus and the Christian saints. When I was still in my early 'teens I remember receiving a present of Don Quixote from my father. Of course, I did not appreciate such a gift; the story amused me, and I was delighted with Sancho Panza, although I thought the old Don an awful ass. Richard Strauss has made an extraordinary commentary on Cervantes' story in music; it is the wildest, maddest, terriblest music ever heard. When he describes the wonderful windmill episode in the orchestra one laughs outright, and when the bleating of sheep is described, the staid, proper, authentic reporters of the Queen's Hall concerts don't know whether to laugh or leave the room offended. (The Mozartians go out, and the "Times" yawns behind a carefully gloved hand.) When I listened to this for the first time I felt that Strauss was playing with his audience, caring nothing for their classic susceptibilities or their sentimental regard for the great Spanish gentleman; that he was merely amusing himself at their expense, and enjoying the discomfiture of orchestra and conductor. When it came to the death of Don Quixote, however, he made you realise the wonderful, tragic pity of the hero's life and the pathos of his death, utterly disarming the critic and turning all that was scorn and unbelief into complete and abject acceptance, if not approval. A friend who was

with me at the time of the last performance described the final episode as the most beautiful epitaph in music ever written. There were moments during the performance when one fancied one was listening to the ribald remarks of a clown, others when one thought of Euripides or Shelley, and at other times one felt completely out of court. But I certainly know nothing in the whole literature of art-music that has expressed sorrow with such dignity, and pathos with such beauty, as the "epitaph" at the end of this overture. Here he forgets for the moment that he is the scorching critic of life and compels our love by this cadence of marvellous tenderness and beauty. The harmonics are like some wonderful burst of golden light; it is not a fierce light, but its very purity dazzles and blinds, and almost annihilates; and one cannot help thinking of Dante's vision of Beatrice in the Paradiso and his sense of annihilation got by looking once upon her peerless beauty and splendour.

In the dance music to Salome, however, the genius is entirely different. It is shocking in its perversity. The thrills that run through it are electrifying; it is abnormally intense; the hysteria is almost unbearable; the fierce, wayward sensualism of the music is the most remarkable thing of its kind ever heard. Yet I was tremendously surprised at the beauty of it. On looking over the score beforehand I felt convinced that there were only parts that would sound beautifully, the rest being intentionally hideous, as I thought, and bizarre. But at the recent performance (under Fritz Cassirer with the New Symphony Orchestra) the whole thing was an amazing revelation. I could not help thinking of Robert Farquharson's playing of Herod at the last performance of the play itself, and noting how similar was the note of hysterical intensity he suggested to the emotional idea Strauss has expressed in his music. Wagner never could have caught this mood, never have understood it even. I have thought at times that I discerned a note of inverse passion in the Lohengrin music, but after listening to Salome such little notions are laughed at in other people's music. And one is more than ever convinced of the simplicity of Wagner's soul.

There was also a first performance of Frederick Delius's "Apalachia" for chorus and orchestra. Mr. Delius is a strayed Yorkshireman and an excellent musician with a good Continental reputation. I do not know, from listening to this new work, how long it will take him to arrive at the same reputation in England. HERBERT HUGHES ("X").



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

## FABIANISM AND THE RAILWAYS.

## TO THE EDITORS OF "THE NEW AGE."

In view of prevalent misconceptions of the character and probable results of the industrial treaty which Mr. Lloyd-George has imposed upon the railway industry, I am directed by the Executive Committee of the Fabian Society to ask you to insert the following comments:—

What the Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants asked for was "recognition," in order to be able to put up a fight on behalf of the men. In view of the scandalously long hours of many tens of thousands of them, and of the socially unjustifiable wages of many more, it was impossible to regard this action of the Trade Union as unreasonable. But in the case of the nation's principal means of land transport, resort to the characteristic Trade Union weapon of the strike would have been such a national calamity that no responsible statesman could nowadays treat it as a private matter. The nation can no more afford to let the railway industry be interrupted by the claims (however just) of the railway workers than by the obstinacy (however dignified) of the railway directors.

What the President of the Board of Trade has done is, under the guise of a complicated Conciliation Board, to take the hours and wages of the railway men for seven years out of the sphere of private bargaining, whether individual or collective; to deprive the directors for that period of their power of fixing either wages or hours; and to vest this power in an impartial arbitrator, who will occupy practically the position of a judge.

Mr. Lloyd-George is, in fact, to be congratulated on having set up in England the first "Wages Board," and what he has done in the railway industry will now, it is to be hoped, be promptly done in all the "sweated trades," and done by Act of Parliament. The railway industry is to be congratulated in not having had to wait for legislation to get its Wages Board and its fixed hours and wages. For in the case of employers in the position of the railway companies, the formal award of the arbitrator will be as genuinely compulsory as a law. Not even Lord Claud Hamilton—not even the London and North-Western Railway Company, will dare to disobey it. And notwithstanding all the parade of "conciliation," reference to the arbitrator is, from the outset, automatically compulsory in every case in which the parties do not come to agreement. All that the men have to do is to bring forward, in their several sections, in each company, the demands already formulated for each section in their "National All Grades Programme," and if and when these are not wholly or substantially conceded by the representatives of the directors, to let them go to arbitration which cannot be refused. The arbitrator will then fix both wages and hours with all the authority of law.

It is unnecessary to discuss the details of the scheme, some of which may not improbably be found to require revision. But in its broad principle of substituting an authoritative expression of the national will for the arbitrary decision of the capitalist employers—of replacing private war and the chances of the fight, by the deliberately formulated award of a judicial person—this railway treaty seems (pending complete railway nationalisation) to demand the support, not only of all Socialists, but also of all those Trade Unionists who (like the coal-miners and cotton operatives) believe in the method of legal enactment rather than in the crude and old-fashioned strike.

Mr. Bell and the Executive Committee of the Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants have been blamed for acceding to a treaty which does not in set terms accord "recognition" to the Trade Union. But fine words butter

no parsnips. The fullest possible "recognition," as many a baffled Trade Union has found, does not, in itself, raise any man's wages or shorten any man's hours. When Mr. Lloyd-George made the Directors concede instead, what had scarcely ever entered into the men's wildest dreams, not only formal conference on equal terms between the Directors and the men, but also Compulsory Arbitration on all issues of wages and hours, on every railway, in every part of the Kingdom, the A.S.R.S. Executive rightly recognised that they were securing, for the hundred thousand men whom they represented, a vastly greater boon than "recognition." They had gone out to seek their father's asses. They had found a kingdom.

It is feared by some that, as no distinction is made between members of the Trade Union, and non-members, the railway workers will desert their society. If they do, they will deserve the Nemesis that they will be courting. But this has not been the experience of Arbitration Boards in the coal and iron industries, where, equally, no distinction is made between Unionists and non-Unionists, and where the men's representatives are chosen equally by all those who are employed in the industry. The very dispersion of the several sections of railway men will inevitably result in the election of the candidates put forward by the organisation. The men's demands can be formulated only in the Trade Union branch meetings. When the cases finally go to arbitration, the men will be free to appoint Mr. Bell as their representative and spokesman. And (seeing that any worsening of the present conditions is quite unthinkable) the successive advances of wages and reductions of hours which during the next seven years the arbitrator cannot fail to award, in company after company, for the men in the obscurest corners of the line as well as for those in the busy centres—though these will naturally not come up to the men's claims—will demonstrably have been secured on the Trade Union programme, through the Trade Union organisation, by the Trade Union representatives, and finally, in the argument before the arbitrator, by the ability of the Trade Union secretary.

On behalf of the Fabian Executive Committee.

EDW. R. PEASE.

\* \* \*

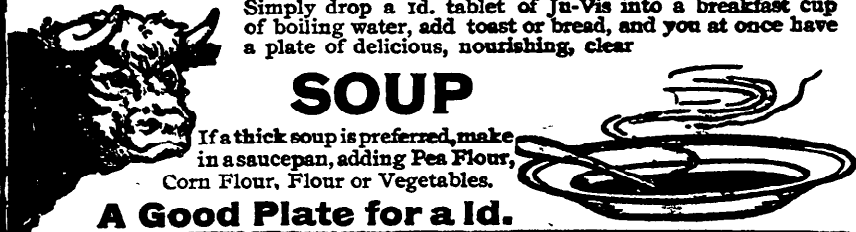
## CLEVER WOMEN AND THE STATE.

## TO THE EDITORS OF "THE NEW AGE."

Mr. Granville Barker compresses the whole philosophy of Weininger into one sentence: "I never met a clever woman yet, who was worth calling a woman." Some time ago I wrote an article saying that women were practically divided into the "women men pay to give them pleasure and women men pay to bear them children"; but Mr. Barker has called my attention to a third class of women: women who do not exist for the service of men but who do exist for the service of intelligence and understanding. This fact of female intelligence is never taken into account in any schemes of social betterment. The one cry of the State to women is: give us sons; give us food for powder; give us such millions of men that they may come to us and make themselves into slaves in exchange for a minimum wage. But women are learning to see for themselves, and we reply to the State: Until the great questions of hygiene and prevention of disease, and the feeding of starving children are dealt with to some purpose, we refuse to put children into a world that is little better than Hell. And that is partly why "clever women are hardly worth calling women at all." Intelligence has benignly made it possible for all women but a small percentage, to stand firm under the curse of Eve, and now that men are beginning to feel the danger of this attitude to the continuance of the species they may soon learn to set a value upon human life. They may think it worth while this very year to see that the little children of the poor do not become imbecile from starvation; for that is what is happening every moment in this great over-crowded city of tortured lives.

FLORENCE FARR.

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## A MERRY CHRISTMAS.

## MR. R. B. HALDANE AND "PUBLIC OPINION."

THE Right Hon. R. B. Haldane, M.P., Secretary for War, has addressed the following letter to the Editor of PUBLIC OPINION:—

WAR OFFICE, 1st October, 1907.

Dear Mr. Parker,

I think that in the new form of "Public Opinion" under your editorship, you do well to make prominent what is concrete and living in the shape of the opinions maturely formed of men who are trying to do the work of the nation and of journalists the standard of whose criticism is high. What interests people is that which is expressed in a concrete form and has in it the touch of humanity. The views of strenuous spirits and the criticisms of really competent critics given in their own words comply with this condition. Your paper will succeed if it can only keep up to this standard, and I think you have brought it on to the right lines.

Yours faithfully,

R. B. HALDANE.

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