LEFT FOR DEAD, by BERNARD SHAW.

THE NEW AGE

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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

The result of the Mid-Devon election can hardly be regarded as a very serious defeat for the Liberal or a very great victory for Tariff Reform. Doubtless both sides will do their best to magnify the importance of the contest; but after a series of interrupted meetings culminating in a Gadarene riot, we shall be excused from taking the intelligence of the constituency seriously one way or the other. Captain Morrison-Bell has played the usual game of nursing the local noodles into good humour, with the result that Mr. Buxton's record as a social reformer, his programme and his eloquence, have gone for nought. The only chance for Reform in such constituencies is revolutionary Socialism; and it would have been a good thing if the S.D.F. had sent their wildest orators down during the election.

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We are by no means sorry that the £60,000 required to feed a few children of London by charity shows no sign of being obtained, in spite of the noble four who signed the appeal. Alms thus bestowed on public bodies (for, in effect, it was the L.C.C. that held the begging-bowl) effectually pauperises the ratepayer and postpone the development in him of public spirit. Moreover, we are much too fond of charity in England. In London alone there are between 1,700 and 1,800 charities, receiving among them ten millions and a half yearly; and the annual total of charitable gifts all over the kingdom must be enormous. This speaks as well for private persons as it speaks badly for public bodies. That so much need still exists when public bodies have presumably done their utmost argues a shocking state of affairs; but that public bodies should continue to rely so much upon private charity is a greater evil. No wonder that suggestions are constantly being made by the charitable themselves for the better use of their money. Extravagance and overlapping are the natural accompaniments of semi-irresponsible and completely unorganised spending governorships. The Charity Organisation Society, King Edward's Hospital Fund, and the City Council for Charity Organisation, have done what they could, but the work is too much for anything short of a National Society, with branches everywhere, and paid officials. This, of course, would practically amount to a Department, running parallel with, let us say, the Local Government Board; in which case, no reason would remain for considering it private. In short, the complete organisation of Charity spells in the long run Government control; and such Government control would obviously be an instalment of Socialism.

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If, moreover, the public have failed to raise £60,000, even under the threat of Socialism, it is scarcely likely that the huge sums bound to be required shortly for the unemployed can be obtained by private means. The Unemployed Workmen Act of 1905 comes automatically to an end in August of this year, and the present Government (if still existing) will have either to renew the 1905 Act, or to introduce another; it is inconceivable that they should ignore the question altogether. The special conference on the subject held by the Labour Party at Hull on Friday passed a strong resolution indicating the line proposed to be taken in Parliament. If unemployment were a temporary affair due to trade fluctuations merely, no special legislation would be necessary; but the resolution of the Labour Party rightly insists that unemployment is a permanent feature of our present industrial organisation. Unless there were unemployed always at hand, no master would be able to cut down wages, in other words, to effect economies at the expense of his men. The very marrow of wage-competition is the existence of the chronically unemployed. Hence the problem is not merely urgent, but perpetual; and no tinkering will mend the leaky pot. We should like to believe that the present Government had the brains and the will to grapple with the subject; but we fear that one at least of the necessary elements is wanting.

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In Mr. Asquith's speech at Lancaster, to which we refer elsewhere, it was plainly the will that was missing. Nobody would accuse Mr. Asquith of obtuseness, and we would gladly employ him to draft an Old Pensions Bill for the Labour Party. Is there the slightest doubt that he could an' he would devise a Budget enabling not six but sixty millions, if necessary, to be spent on the aged poor? As Mr. Snowden observed at the Labour Conference, Mr. Asquith finds no difficulty in raising millions for "Dreadnoughts," and is flesh and blood less necessary as a line of defence? There seems no doubt that the Cabinet will insist upon contribution in some form or other towards Old Age Pensions, and we should not be surprised to see discriminatory clauses introduced as well. The two features are equally obnoxious, and, we should think, equally unpopular. The Cabinet that authorises their introduction will not be loved except by its enemies.

The popularity of a political party is, however, too great an asset to be lightly squandered. Governments may come and go, but parties remain; and there is always hope, even after an electoral defeat, that the country may return to its previous choice. But this is true only so long as both parties remain more or less faithful to their traditions. After all, every party has the fate it deserves. The Liberals have, on the whole, a great and a not ignoble tradition; the party has had and still has names to conjure with; more than once the party has risked electoral defeat for the sake of an idea and been rewarded with victory long afterwards. The present Cabinet, for example, undoubtedly owes a good part of its prestige to the courage of some of its members during the Boer War in facing public obloquy; and their majority was largely a reward for pro-Boerism. But it is doubtful whether during the late Sessions the Liberal Party has not incurred public obloquy on behalf not of noble but of illiberal and ignoble ideas. So far as we can see, the Party is laying no foundations for the future, exhibiting no long-sighted courage, and planning no remote conquests.

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This, in itself, is a serious symptom of decadence,—the incapacity for long views. There is a hectic flush of haste in all the present Cabinet's work, as if they vaguely felt the hand of death. Nothing is thoroughly done, nothing is thoroughly left undone even; but everywhere is a little hesitating feeble touch, indicative of doubt and yet of eagerness. How different from the vigorous dissensions of the ill-named Unionists, who at this moment are quarrelling over the sowing of seed for next generation's reaping. Many of them guess that they will have been dead a long time by the day of harvest. Yet they withhold not their hand from the scattering. It is the only healthy symptom perhaps in modern "orthodox" politics.

* * *

We may as well admit that our point is not a homily on party vicissitudes, but a word in season to the Labour Party. We do not know at the moment of writing whether Women's Suffrage has been discussed at Hull, but we do know that in the long views necessary to a Party that foresees for itself a long life the question will have to be discussed, and settled favourably. Sure as fate we shall have the enfranchisement of women within the present generation, possibly in its very early years; and we strongly advise the members of the Labour Party to spare no effort to bring it about. Memory in politics is short, and gratitude is small; but women, we may be sure, will neither forget nor fail to be grateful to the Party that first enfranchises them. As our hopes for the future are so largely placed on the Labour Party, we naturally wish for it powerful allies. We desire to gather about its youth friends as promising as itself, in order that its manhood may be strong and rest upon the goodwill of all. That is why we deplore attempts to alienate Socialists and Trade Unionists or Trade Unionists and Liberal-Labour members. Socialism, at any rate, can afford to be generous. Sooner or later, we shall win over the Labour Party with all its friends; and that is one reason why we desire its friends (and particularly its women friends) to be many.

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For let us admit that the Woman's Movement at this moment is the most living of all. Twenty years ago Socialists were to be found with the courage and enthusiasm of the girls who chained themselves to the railings of Downing Street; but such courage is rare now because such enthusiasm is rare. We have become argumentative, practical and sane; we are threatened with politicism (to give a bad thing a bad name); and few of us are prepared to make ourselves foolish for the Cause. That marks, of course, an advance in one direction; but let us never cease to honour our own early methods in the early methods of others. The women of to-day stand where the Socialists stood yesterday; and if their cause is not so wide, at least it is quite as deep.

Russia has so many martyrs that one must be very great to be specially noted. Yet a word of notice is surely due to the incomparable Maria Spiridonova, now, happily, reported to be dying. It is almost exactly two years ago that Maria Spiridinova shot General Lonzhenovsky, the brutal Governor of Tamboff. For this she was sentenced to exile in Siberia, but her way thither was a triumphal procession, so greatly had the story of her life and sufferings affected the people of Russia. Murder is terrible, and the methods of Russian revolutionaries are only less horrible than the methods of their rulers. But in the history of mankind, when it comes to be written and read with the insight of love, the memory of murders on behalf of the rights of Man will be sweetened by time. Lonzhenovsky was a murderer, albeit official; but who in all the world to come will honour his name with Maria Spiridonova's?

* * *

This country and the United States of America treat the constitutional struggle now going on in Russia differently. The results of the struggle will be of world-wide importance, and what happens there will strengthen or weaken the forces of democracy in all lands; yet the line taken by Sir Edward Grey and Sir Arthur Nicolson has been persistently to discourage any expression of sympathy with Constitutionalism. Sixteen months ago they succeeded in suppressing an influentially signed Memorial to Professor Mouromtsef, ex-President of the First Russian Duma; and, this month, in a speech at the Petersburg English Club Sir A. Nicolson dwelt on the advantages of promoting Anglo-Russian commercial relations in connection with national rapprochement, and added that we should do well "to avoid prejudice" in our "estimates of Russian politics." This, as interpreted in undiplomatic language, means, and was quite understood by his hearers to mean, that the way to obtain commercial advantages is to keep on good terms with those in power, no matter how they trample on liberty, and that our natural sympathies may well be bartered for a mess of commercial pottage.

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What needs to be pointed out in that connection is not the obvious fact that this policy is a mean one, but the less obvious fact that it is also a short-sighted one. No prosperous Russian commerce is possible except on a basis of public order, and such will not be re-established so long as the Constitutionalists are ostracised from public life; and it is, therefore, a relief to see that, in New York, Professor Milukóf, the Leader of the Constitutional Democratic opposition in the Duma, has just been received at a great banquet by "as intelligent and representative an assemblage as ever gathered" in that city. Milukóf, during his stay in New York, was the guest of Mr. Herbert Parsons, a friend of the President. The dinner was attended by members of the Cabinet and Congress, and by high officials; and but for the special intervention of the Russian ambassador, the "Times" intimates that President Roosevelt would have received Professor Milukóf personally.

* * *

Neither diplomatic pressure nor commercial considerations have prevented the Americans from doing more honour to the leader of the Opposition than we English were allowed by our Liberal Foreign Secretary and by our ambassador to show to the man who represented the whole constitutional movement, and who had the support of an overwhelming majority in the Duma.

* * *

To "Everybody's Magazine" for December, Mr. Bernard Shaw contributes an article on America, under the title of "A Nation of Villagers." We select a few extracts.

The Trusts have suddenly shown the world the danger of the political imbecility of the American nation. That imbecility has been concealed for a whole century from Europe, and is still concealed from America itself, by the

personal braininess of the American man of business, who indeed hustles so energetically that he never has time to get the simplest thing done in less than three months. But now that the social evolution of the United States has reached the point at which bright selfishness becomes a nuisance, and all Americans must reform and enrich America, and enable America to reform and enrich the world, before they can reform or enrich themselves, their childish incapacity for any such task is becoming more and more apparent.

It is about half a century since Macaulay, when everybody was admiring the smartness, the cuteness, the inventiveness, the independent spirit of Sam Slick, said, Wait! Wait until English conditions are reproduced there—until America becomes private property and white labour becomes as cheap as it is with us. Then we shall see. Well, that time has come; and we see America unequal to the occasion. The Trusts (representing integrated Capitalism as distinguished from disintegrated competitive Capitalism) have beaten it hollow.

This is not surprising; for America has never been successful in politics. It was made independent largely in spite of its own teeth by a declaration of sentiments which it did not share and principles which it barely grasped the narrow end of. Even to-day neither its ordinary security nor its liberty is up to the monarchical standard of Central Europe. The famous Constitution survives only because whenever any corner of it gets into the way of the accumulating dollar it is pettishly knocked off and thrown away. Every social development, however beneficial and inevitable from the public point of view, is met, not by an intelligent adaptation of the social structure to its novelties, but by a panic and a cry of Go Back. An unfortunate President struggling to get things looked at from the point of view of the collective interest of the United States, which is so huge a thing that it must be coordinated with the collective interest of all civilization if it is to be made workable, finds himself appreciated solely as the hero of a dime novel—Teddy the Rough Rider—and would enhance his popularity by punching a prize-fighter's head as surely as he would lose it by telling the American people what he must think of their political capacity.

* * *

American political naiveté would be inexhaustibly amusing if the results of it were not so tragically serious. Like all villagers, the American believes everything he sees in the papers, and sums up all social peril under the heads of Anarchism and Free Love. He feels that he must take steps to put down these two heresies. Accordingly he asks everybody who wants to come to America the two questions: Are you an Anarchist? Are you a polygamist? And the emigrant's reply is, "Certainly not, sir. I assure you I would not think of such a thing," whereupon America solemnly says, "Then you may come in." A European child of six can see that the effect of this infantile precaution is, not to exclude Anarchists and Free Lovers, but to make sure that they shall be liars as well. You exclude Martin Luther, who defended polygamy on principle; and you exclude Kropotkin, who professes Anarchism, and is none the less a valuable asset to England and a serious loss to his own country. You admit the profligate nobleman with his steam yacht carrying a cargo of half a dozen ladies; and you admit whole cargoes of Czolgoszes. Also, you manufacture Free Love at home on such a scale that I can buy it in any American city as easily as I can buy a typewriter; whilst as for Anarchism, the American Constitution as interpreted by the Supreme Court and by popular opinion is simply a charter of Anarchism in its worst form of industrial Laissez Faire, or Let It Rip. If you point out these facts to an American, he first puts you in the stocks for mentioning improper subjects, and then thanks Heaven that America is purified and protected from all such Old-World filth by those two straight questions to all comers: Are you an Anarchist? Are you a polygamist?

What are we Europeans to do with such a people? How are we to govern them? How are we to establish the anti-Monroe Doctrine now clearly necessary to the world's welfare, that all Americans must be entirely disfranchised and declared incapable of public employment or office, and their country taken over, regulated, and governed by us? Such a measure would, of course, not apply to the negroes, who are reported a comparatively well-mannered, serviceable, reasonable race. Probably the best plan would be some modification for the white American of the reservation system now applied to the red Indian. I have myself observed the Indian cheekbone reappearing in the American; and they tell me that a party of Americans passing along the street instinctively walk in single file. Also, they torture their enemies in the Philippines: but let me be just and admit that they do not scalp them—at least not yet.

But as Europe is not yet prepared to take America in hand, hoping, perhaps, that Japan will save it the trouble, there is nothing to be done at present but look on at the tragi-comedy of the Virtuous Villager and the Bold Bad Trust, and to try neither to despair of humanity nor to laugh. After all, America is not submitting to the Trusts without a struggle. The first steps have already been taken by the village constable. He is no doubt preparing a new question for emigrants: "Do you approve of Trusts?" but pending this supreme measure of national defence he has declared in several States that Trusts will certainly be put in the stocks and whipped. It is to be hoped for his own sake that he will not be as silly as his word, because as the village shopkeeper has already either put up the shutters and become an employee of the Trust, or converted his shop into a "tied house" completely dependent on it, the constable, if he succeeds in stocking the Trust, will presently be reduced to eating his own boots in the absence of any other provisions.

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Were I writing for European readers I should explain the situation somewhat in this fashion: When a country has to be newly cleared and settled by ambitious colonists without any common industrial tradition or body of custom, and society is in the village stage, the anarchical plan of letting every man mind his own business and do the best he can for himself is the only practicable one. The guarantee, such as it is, against cheating, adulteration, and overcharge in the shops, is the competition of the shopkeepers for custom; and to maintain this guarantee as against the inevitable final tendency of the shopkeepers to conspire against the customer instead of competing for his custom, attempts are soon made to set up a political theory that combination among producers acts in restraint of trade, and to enforce the competition of the rival shops in the village street as a permanent condition. At the same time, as the village shopkeeper is largely himself a customer of the village farmer, a flatly contradictory political theory is also set up that the shopkeeper must buy his wares from the village farmer and not import them from cheaper sources. Thus you get an utter confusion of principle in industry, production being regulated ruthlessly by Protection, and distribution delivered over to the anarchy of competition.

* * *

President Roosevelt cannot realise his dream of making America a real national organism, sovereign over all anti-social powers within its own frontiers, and forcing all men to climb to prosperity instead of rooting for it as hogs root for truffles. Already it is obvious that the President is trying to redeem the United States solely because a man must assume that things can be bettered or else lie down and die of despair. The Socialists, as voiced by Mr. Upton Sinclair, hope still more desperately that Capitalism will break down for want of markets, and that Socialism will step in and build on the ruins: a very mad hope indeed, because, first, Capitalism is not in the smallest danger of any such breakdown, and suffers much less from temporary crises than it did a century ago, when this discredited prophecy began to be bandied about; and, second. Socialism is only possible as the consummation of successful Capitalism, which, with all its horrors, will be adored by history as the pathfinder of Socialism and the ruthless reducer to absurdity of village Unsocialism.

No; things in America will have to get worse before they get better. Socialism is the remedy; but Socialism is only possible where Individualism is developed to the point at which the individual can see beyond himself and works to perfect his city and his nation instead of to furnish his own house better than his neighbour's. Short of that point Individualism is not Individualism, but Idiocy (a word which idiots cannot understand), and Idiocy and nothing else is just what is the matter with America to-day.

Therefore I advise Mr. Roosevelt to come across the Atlantic and live in some comparatively civilized country, where he can tell his countrymen what is good for them without being lynched, or deposed and put in prison by a Pinkerton army. His fit successor—whose appointment should be made permanent by a constitutional amendment—is Mr. Anthony Comstock. Mr. Comstock is the Villager of Villagers: he is America's epitome. There is no esoteric side to him, as there must be to Mr. Roosevelt. There is no schoolboyish, rough-rider legend attached to him. Mr. Comstock as a barelegged child on a barebacked horse is an unthinkable impropriety. Mr. Comstock is understood, approved, and obeyed by the Americans. All Americans who are not criminals or artists are Comstocks, and are proud of it. It would be at once a graceful act and a penetrating social criticism for Mr. Roosevelt to nominate him and retire in his favour. In doing so the President would haul down his own flag and hoist the true American flag. It should be a white flag, black on the other side.

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[NEXT WEEK—ARTICLES by Edward Carpenter, Aylmer Maude, and Alderman Sanders.]

A Helpless Chancellor.

WE may legitimately assume that Mr. Asquith's speech at Lancaster a week ago definitely announced the intentions of the Government concerning the domestic legislation of the coming session. The Conservatives usually temper their criticisms of Mr. Asquith with a moderation born of the conviction that he is a reliable bulwark against any revolutionary tendencies in his party. And wisdom is justified of her children. A less inspiring rallying-cry from a general on the eve of battle it would be difficult to imagine. Mr. Asquith's references to the faith of his opponents would have been seasonable and appropriate during the progress of a General Election, but are quite out of place coming from a leading member of a Government with the greatest majority of modern times. It is not Fiscal Reform that is at present on its trial, but Free Trade; and although we think that the nation exercised a wise discretion in rejecting Mr. Chamberlain's proposals, something more efficient will be demanded from the Free Traders than a mechanical repetition of Cobdenite formulas. Disregarding Mr. Asquith's inflated threats against the House of Lords as a piece of harmless necessary stage business, we turn to the constructive measures proposed. Concerning education, the only information vouchsafed is to the effect that we may anticipate a Bill both "simple and drastic." The drink problem is to be solved by the truly Liberal and illiberal method of "reducing facilities for drinking both in public-houses and clubs." Undeterred by the fate of Sir Wm. Harcourt, the same clumsy, superficial, and unsympathetic attitude is to be adopted both towards the moderate and excessive drinker. The working man, against whom this legislation is to be aimed, will presumably become more sober the more difficulties are placed in the way of his observance of a harmless social custom. To boldly open attractive, comfortable places of recreation and entertainment in the worst districts of our cities, in which the sale of intoxicating liquors would form but an incidental feature of the enterprise, might offend the Pharisees of the community, but would do more to promote real temperance than all the legislation yet attempted or achieved.

Mr. Asquith is Chancellor of the Exchequer, he holds the national purse, and is the guardian of its finances, and we have waited with undisguised eagerness for his pronouncements upon our industrial position, and especially upon the prospects of an Old Age Pensions Bill. Our disappointment is extreme. Mr. Asquith truly says: "The Government took up the position that natural causes must be left to themselves." That is the tragedy of the situation. This upright, triumphant Government considers that in the richest country in the world such phenomena as destitution, unemployment, and starvation are "natural!" This is the latest message of hope offered to our destitute citizens: "Sooner or later we should find ourselves in a much less satisfactory condition, both as to the employment of labour and the profits of capital, but that was just the time when Free Trade would prove the holding sheet-anchor for the vessel of British industry." There is already such an amount of distress that the resources of private charity are hopelessly overtaxed, and we are promised a cycle of trade depression, with its inevitable accompaniments of shrinkage in trade and increase of unemployment. Mr. Asquith solaces us with the reiteration of the academic conclusion that the price of wheat has advanced more rapidly in Protectionist countries than in our own. Our unemployed, therefore, who cannot afford to buy bread at all, must congratulate themselves that they are not living in Germany, where bread is much dearer still! Coming from a man of Mr. Asquith's ability, we cannot recall during recent times such a confession of utter impotence.

In detailing the provisions of the forthcoming Old Age Pensions Bill, Mr. Asquith reaches the high-water mark of Liberalism: "A system of old age pensions cannot be established in a day by the wave of a magic wand. It must be built up step by step, with due regard to the general financial exigencies of the country; and so far as it is drawn from taxation it must be a scheme to which all classes of the community including the working classes, make a just and adequate contribution." This whole-hearted trust in the people is extremely pathetic, and establishes beyond all controversy Mr. Asquith's already deserved reputation of being a "safe" statesman. The granting of Old Age Pensions must be gradual, like the approach of old age itself; so that our aged veterans of industry, while they are gradually starving, may be comforted with the knowledge that a fund is gradually accumulating for their relief, always with due regard to the general financial exigencies in the country. Acting further on the Scriptural injunction not to let his left hand know what his right hand doeth, he will in the meantime proceed to take from the working classes with one hand what he may one day be able to give them back with the other. This procedure in the path of social reform is in accordance with the best traditions of Liberal statesmanship, besides possessing the conspicuous advantage of being free from any taint of Socialism. As an exhibition of window-dressing it must be pronounced unique. When the measure is introduced the Liberals will "swell wisibly" with unctuous self-satisfaction; the Tories cannot oppose it, since an almost similar scheme has been proposed by Lord Milner; and as the general financial exigencies of the country are both incalculable and complaisant, the Bill will be carefully dusted and exhibited, and placed back upon the shelf. To few statesmen of our generation has a more golden opportunity been offered than to Mr. Asquith; with a little sympathy, imagination, and courage, he might look back, when the tenure of his power expires, upon the happy consummation of a benignant measure of justice; and hoping against hope we trust that even yet he will consider the claims of the disinherited to be of greater moment than the general or financial exigencies of his party.

The Natal Native Affairs Commission.

Is there any escape for the Zulu now that Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman has expressed "my sympathy and that of all my colleagues" with a memorial that protested against the habitual resort to martial law by the Natal Government? We know that sympathy. It is poured out as freely as the saliva with which the python beslavers the living food it is about to ingest, and is, like it, a purely mechanical action to hasten the act of destruction. Russian revolutionists have had that sympathy, and India, and the Transvaal Indians, Natal twice, and the Suffragettes so often that each of their agitators can treasure up a separate recollection. From a Judge Jeffreys some Zulus might save themselves by cunning or merely by the law of chance, but the Prime Minister hypnotises all the victims he intends to destroy. Gladstone was at best an eloquent humbug; Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman is not eloquent.

There is one passage in the Prime Minister's meaningless letter which deserves such immortality as we can confer by reproducing it:—

> "Similarly from the first, the necessity of a fair and open enquiry, if Dinuzulu's conduct was impeached, has been insisted upon, and so far as my information goes, this has been readily granted by the Natal Government."

It has come to this. A Liberal Government in the twentieth century takes credit to itself for urging fair play in a charge where the vaguest accusations have been made against the Zulu chieftain.

The "Daily News" is doubtful whether Natal should have ever been granted self-government at all; "a mere handful of whites controlling the destinies of those dense native territories." Such a protest comes late in the day after its agitation for self-government to the Transvaal (300,000 whites to a million natives) and the Orange River Colony, where the total of black to white

is nearly two to one. If the Liberal Press does nothing but rely upon the proved callousness of our Government, the "Morning Post" fatuously insists that the Natalese know best what to do with their natives. We are reminded of the incursion of a mathematician into this question with the discovery that there is "cause for human satisfaction in the replacement of the aborigines by white races of higher civilisation." Contrast these ignorant statements with the remarks of that close student of the native mind, Mr. Kidd; his praise of their system of land tenure; his delightful account of their children at play.

The recent report of the Natal Native Affairs Commission, if it were read, should do something to reconstruct our opinions on the Zulu question. A valuable precis of the report will be found in the January number of the "Colonial Office Journal."

The Commission followed what has been called the native rebellion of 1906, an affair which bears about as much relation to the rebellion as an assegai does to the conducting of Woolwich Arsenal. The Commissioners show a praiseworthy desire to pourtray the inner meaning of the natives' distrust of the Government.

"In their inexact and unreflective way, they attribute all their troubles to the Government, which they believe either originates or permits or sanctions all that has changed their life from the simplicity of the past to the uncertain conditions of the present. Reasoning as they do, they see the hand of Government in the high rents and labour demanded by landlords; the various taxes they have to pay; the numerous passes or permits they have to be provided with; the restrictive, unfamiliar, and unknown laws they have to submit to; the compulsory service they have to render upon public works; and the disintegration of their tribal and family systems."

The intense dislike of the native for this "compulsory service" (slavery is non-existent under the British flag) is brought out in another passage. "Although the work on the roads is intensely unpopular, the personal aspect of the question is, perhaps, not the most important, the labourers being well treated and receiving a fair wage . . . In its public aspect it furnishes a contributory factor against the proper occupation of the Locations, it being asserted that, so strong is the dislike to the service, many refrain from living there in order to escape, even when hut-rent has to be paid elsewhere."

Then comes in this damning indictment: "We have not satisfied any of the various classes which go to form the native section of the community."

The following sketch of the natives' view of Government opens up part of the drama recurrent since the white man stepped into South Africa:—

"All their views of Government, its acts and omissions, benefits and defects, are largely coloured and shaped by the feudalistic traditions of their lives, which, by preventing the development of self-reliance and individual character, have taught them to regard their rulers as the only and natural sources of power, punishment, reward, and welfare. This explains why their attitude toward the Government has been one of alternating expectation and despair . . . Looking upon Government as the maker and enforcer of laws, the imposer and collector of taxes, the fountain of all authority, with its officers everywhere, they wonder why their family system is permitted to crumble to pieces and their daughters go astray; why they are compelled, through the Courts, to pay heavy rents and usurious interest; to submit to the overbearing conduct of the police, and to laws they were ignorant of, and in the making of which they had no voice."

That supercilious overbearing ignorance that makes the Anglo Saxon the most hated of all rulers, the belief that it is crass stupidity alone which prevents all races from following his path to heaven, via duty and unlimited work, occasions the following reflections from the Commissioners:—

"Yet all the time we were flattering ourselves that, by giving them peace, a stable government, and a pure Justiciary, we were doing our whole duty by them. We live and move and think on different planes, and to make them contented and satisfied with our rule, our methods must be less artificial and complicated, and nearer the compass of their understanding."

The Commissioners have some interesting constructive proposals to which we propose to return on some future occasion. For the present we want to consider what shall be our general attitude towards the alien civilisations that confront us in our possessions. A common reproach to the Socialist is that he would bring about one dead level of mediocrity. It seems to us that, on the contrary, it is the most despairing feature of our industrial system that it tends to make the whole world one monotonous greyness. Everything must be reduced to the liking of a London suburb. A Hotel Ritz in Piccadilly (now a suburb of Berlin in architecture) must be followed by a like "palatial" hotel in Johannesburg.

"Compulsory service" teaches our British workers to know their place; but why should we introduce their compulsory service among a people like the Zulu, who show a genuine disinclination for slavery?

Now, it is not as negrophiles nor as humanitarians that we protest against this sacrifice of the black people. It is because we would preserve in our possessions all the original elements it contains. We like to see black, white, yellow, and olive-skinned jostling one the other on the highway, each preserving his unique peculiarities. The Zulu, for those who know him, is the most charming of all personalities. Merry, pensive, introspective beyond the possibilities of a newspaper-fed nation, sincere, simple, superstitious, sensuous, he is ever presenting some new phase of his variegated self. He is no more a child of nature than the British; his civilisation is an honest and an honourable one. If black or white is to go, we plump for the preservation of the more interesting and entertaining black. Europe, Australia, and the Americas are sufficient heritage for the white. Something of our own view is sustained in an interesting letter on Asiatic Immigration which will be found in the same number of the "Colonial Office Journal." The anonymous author writes: "Summed up in a sentence, the European creed is that work is a thing which it is wrong for other people not to appreciate. Possibly we owe a debt of gratitude to the African race for having revealed to us that this is not the only possible creed. The negro does not consider that work is a good thing, either for himself or for other people. He believes it to be an evil, and often an unnecessary one. He avoids work himself; he expects others to avoid it. And, being by nature charitable and sympathetic, he feels no indignation against those who avoid it with success. At most, he envies their talent or good fortune. He frankly regrets the garden of Eden, and could view the prospect of a return to it without fear of boredom. He has never interpreted the primal curse, "In the sweat of thy brow shalt thou eat bread," as a blessing in disguise. This habit of mind is a very amiable trait in the African race, and, if only it proves as enduring as it is at present widespread, it justifies us in entertaining the belief that that race has something to contribute towards the ideas of the future." This is the commonsense view of these "images of God cut in ebony."

The New Legislation.

II.

A FORTNIGHT ago I wrote, in these pages, concerning the legislation of last Session, which mainly came into force on the first day of this year. That article got no further than the section of the Education Act of 1907 which deals with the medical inspection of school children; which appeared to be the most important clause passed by Parliament during its sittings. It is proposed, now, rapidly to review the rest of last year's legislation. On the eve of the new Session, when we shall again embark on the rash business of making,

or criticising the makers, of still more laws, it is altogether advisable to have a fairly clear notion of what exactly is the result of the law-making of 1907. It should be in some degree a guide to our demands and our criticisms in 1908. There is a tendency to be very careless in our judgment of the precise value of a new law. There is a loose habit of thinking that, for example, a Small Holdings Act must necessarily produce small-holdings; that a Public Health Act necessarily means better public health. We see on the statute roll of the year Factory Acts, a Notification of Births Act, a Qualification of Women Act, and so on and so on; and we lazily allow ourselves to believe that all these things are tending in our direction; we sluggishly refuse to estimate exactly how far the law has gone. It is so easy to say that all legislation is good, and that it is the best we can get for the moment. We are so apt to measure results by the standard which is set up in a Parliament of politicians who really do not believe in legislation at all. It is only the Socialist who is whole-heartedly a believer in the advantages of laws. Nine-tenths of the members of Parliament do not go there with the desire to pass laws; they go, on the contrary, to stop them as far as possible. As Socialists we must measure the result of the Sessions by the strictest letter of our creed: we can leave it to our Socialist politicians in the House of Commons to apply the test of expediency. It is a test of which, unfortunately, they will be quick enough to avail themselves; so there is the more need for occasionally calling them back to the theory of abstract Socialism. If the stern necessities of political life make us support the Labour Party in Parliament, let us praise the gods for the S.D.F. outside.

Beyond the school inspection law, which we saw was in essentials merely a permissive measure, probably the most important Act of last Session was the Small Holdings and Allotments Act. Of course, if it goes no further than the development of small farms, and vegetable patches to take the place of more convenient gardens, then it is merely a typical Radical measure to bolster up, for a little longer, the worn-out system of individualism which it is the main business of the Socialist to break down. There is as strong a case for collective control in agriculture as in any other industry; and extensive County Council farms, under the management of the more highly trained farmers who are now being produced in the county agricultural colleges, are the smallest areas of cultivation which the thoughtful Socialist desires. Any other method of farming he can merely regard as a temporary expedient. There are one or two sections in the Small Holdings Act of 1907 which may lead further than such a trivial result as the increase of small farms. The land can be acquired by the local Council by compulsory purchase; and it can be in all cases leased to the holder instead of the former method of almost invariable sale. Here, with energetic administration, we may have the beginning of extensive public lands. Secondly, the central Board of Agriculture is made responsible for the administration of the Act. Here is perhaps the beginning of a principle which will always compel the central State to step in when the local Council fails, as it so frequently does fail. This is the principle which was omitted from the School Feeding Act, for example; and the deplorable result is notorious. But section 39 of this Act, giving both the Board and the County power to make grants to societies which are engaged in the promotion and the working of co-operative agriculture, is the most important part of the scheme. After the medical inspection legislation, this power to aid collective working of the land is the greatest Socialist gain of the year, so far as it is recorded on the statute book. A co-operative farm has two advantages; it makes farming a possible occupation, even in these days of foreign competition, and will, therefore, help in the raising up of a new race of workers who will revise a fundamental and healthy national industry; secondly, the co-operative principle is, after all, an incomplete acknowledgment of Socialism and an educational step towards it. So that this section, if carried into action, will be of practical value. Unfortunately, the first case which has come to my notice of an attempt to obtain a grant, has ended in a rebuff from the Board. Let the officials in charge of that Department remember that the people of this country are awakening to the knowledge that pious resolutions in Acts of Parliament are worthless until they are translated into accomplished facts. It is occurrences of this kind which must be constantly in the mind of a Socialist when he is estimating the value of a new law. It is so easy for the enemy, when they are beaten in Parliament, to fall back on the defence of a reactionary line of administrators.

The next Act which calls for mention is the Public Health Amendment Act. It is of 95 sections, which are not really new, seeing that they are generally copied from clauses which have been inserted in private Bills which specially energetic local authorities have wrung out of a reluctant Parliament. So that the actual gain is that it will be henceforth possible to avoid the excessive charges which a local Act involves. Once again it must be carefully noted that the whole Act is merely permissive, depending on the combined goodwill of the local Council and the Local Government Board. There is no doubt that several of the sections, if adopted, may be of real use. Perhaps the most useful is that which allows a Council to maintain, out of the rates, a person in a hospital where "the circumstances of the case are such as to justify the remission of the debt." That might be the germ for the collective treatment of disease; but it is a case for compulsion, not for an option. There are sections dealing with infectious diseases, the milk supply—at present itself often an infectious disease—sanitary regulations, the provision of games and refreshment rooms in public parks, all of which appear admirable on paper. It would be interesting if we could accurately measure at the end of the year just exactly how much good has been done through their instrumentality. It would be a disappointing report, I fear. It would only show what a little thing "social reform" is, while we would see that Socialism is the only remedy. And how is one to estimate the value of a Lights on Vehicles Act, a Butter and Margarine Act, a Destructive Insects and Pests Act (which has utterly broken down already because the Board was so foolish as to leave out the payment of compensation for destroyed trees), a Vaccination Act, even a Criminal Appeal Act, as measured by the standard of Socialism? It is a question which tempts one to pray for revolutions.

G. R. S. TAYLOR.

The Blasphemy Prosecution.

FOR a quarter of a century the Blasphemy Acts have been allowed to rest in abeyance—unhappily only abeyance, for now with wonder we see Rip Van Winkle stalking through the streets. And this Rip Van Winkle has a sword. Pincers and heated irons and spikey boards we no longer have to fear, but the law still puts to the use of bigotry thick prison walls in which to cage and tame the Freethinker.

Among others, the Rev. R. J. Campbell should have a care. A little more stirring of the pool, and our New Theologian, who writes that "the God of the ordinary churchgoer and of the man who is supposed to teach him from study and pulpit is spiteful and silly, and is an Antiquated Theologian who has made his Universe so badly that it went wrong and has remained wrong ever since," will find, even though no "mere human reasonings" can be given to confute him, that, to quote an eminent authority on the Foundation of Belief, he is exceeding the limits of human endurance. Something more terrific may happen than the cancelling of engagements, ostracism by the elect, and dignified disavowals by the leaders of the "Free" Churches.

In a corrupt world rapidly sinking into the Gehenna of Socialism and Atheism, whither the logic of Mr. Campbell's position tends to take us, our Yellow Press still nobly stands up for the Honour of the Deity, for the Bulwarks of Church and State, for the Sanctity of

the Home, for the Empire, for the public good, and for numberless other magnificent things beginning with a capital letter.

The "Express" has been praying on the housetops for changed times, and signs are not lacking that they are going to have them. One of the signs the most significant is the arrest and indictment of Harry Boulter, a popular Socialist, Freethinker, and Hyde Park orator, for Blasphemy alleged to have been uttered at Highgate last month. The "Daily Mail" has, for once, failed to rise to the occasion, and merely describes him, without mention of name, as a tailor. But, levellers though we Socialists be, we can afford to be generous, and give the gentleman his name and his true rank of cutter, more especially as we expect him to cut a figure of some distinction in history as the last to undergo prosecution in this country for daring to think originally upon theological and metaphysical subjects and to express these thoughts fearlessly to his fellows.

Considerable effort seems to have been exerted to prejudice the case in the mind of the public during its earlier stages. The action of the authorities in not allowing the so-called "horrible" indictment to be read in open Court, and in attempting to have a question of Public Rights of so far-reaching importance decided *in private*, will be deplored by every lover of liberty—of whatever religious persuasion. And it is to be feared that yet another of our pious opinions may have to go: that one, namely, that every Judge must be guided in his judicial decisions solely by the evidence produced before him in Court.

Mr. Boulter has been inundated with requests from all parts of the country for information as to the exact nature of the charge, but many appear to have jumped at conclusions in accordance with their theological bias. We have the authority of Mr. Boulter for stating (although, strangely enough, even he had not received a copy of the indictment) that the prosecuting counsel declares that "no charge of Breach of the Peace, Obstruction, or Obscenity is included 'therein,' simply and solely the offence of Blasphemy"—whatever that may nowadays be held to mean. And there is a rumour that the police do not know what are their powers, and are anxious for a test case.

For obvious reasons, no comment on the actual charge is at present possible, as the hearing has been adjourned until next month, but every Social, Political, and Religious Reformer must see to it that the fundamental rights of man to think freely and speak openly are not stolen from us even by a Liberal Government, whose agents may be tempted for not too commendable ends to crush the Spirit of Revolt by reviving moth-eaten Statutes—sheer anachronisms we have forgotten in our laziness to remove from our Law Books—which reflect so well the Spirit of the Ages which gave to our forefathers the rack, the thumbscrew, and all those other delicate instruments of mediæval toleration.

Perhaps, after all, before they draw upon themselves the ridicule of Europe, this Government, of which John Morley the Agnostic and John Burns the Atheist are bright and shining ornaments, may reconsider their position, and recommend the King (who is nominally prosecutor) to withdraw the charge, accepting as a new truth what is in fact a commonplace: that a policy of Protection, Retaliation, or even Preference in the realm of Theological Speculation has had its day. W. B.

The Socialist Crisis in France.

By Eugene Fourniere, Editor of "La Revue Socialiste."

(*Specially translated for the "New Age" with the consent of the author.*)

THE present crisis in the French Socialist party is a result of that unity which, while it constitutes a bond between the groups of the reformers and the revolutionaries, also sets them in mutual opposition. It should be noted that exactly as reformers are revolutionaries in so far as their constitutional Parliamentary tactics work towards the socialisation of the means of production, so the revolutionaries are reformers when they put Socialist reforms upon their programmes and vote for them in the Chamber.

But the reformers, "opportunists," under whatever name (three years ago they were Ministerialists), stand apart from the revolutionaries in their fixed determination not to allow Socialism to slip down the demagogic slope into anarchy. That was why after the Stuttgart Congress they endeavoured to check the descent by means of the "Declaration of the Eighteen"—doubtless so called because there were twenty-five of us that signed it.

We thought it unwise, and we said so, to scatter our energies and lose ourselves in bog and thicket, and on isolated peaks, when no fewer than three revolutions already—(or were they useless, after all?)—had opened broad and safe ways along which the working class can march to the conquest of its kingdom. We considered it dangerous, for the realisation of our own hopes, as well as for the very existence of the nation, to weaken the defensive forces of the country. To weaken France, the home of liberty and social experiment, is merely to offer ourselves as a prey to the German feudalists who have a strong desire to destroy Socialism, which is beginning to trouble them; is merely to offer them the lure of an easy war as a means of diverting public attention. This is what Germans themselves have told me: to weaken your country is to strengthen reaction in our country and throughout Europe.

It must be plainly stated, since the contrary has so often been repeated, that apart from a few Anarchists introduced into the Socialist Party when it was unified and enlarged, no Socialist—whether revolutionary or reformer—is indifferent to the problem of our national existence, of our free and independent national existence. There has been much ado about the discussions at Nancy and Stuttgart, and party interests, quite as much as regard for the nation, combined with the desire to injure the Socialist at the polls, were the real causes of the outcry. For it was neither at Nancy nor at Stuttgart that the Socialist leaders first erred—but long before that. Their error dates back to the agreement entered into with the historic revolutionaries—then strongly infected with demagogy and nowadays with Anarchism. On the contrary the Socialist leaders tried at Nancy, and still more at Stuttgart, to put things straight by doing their utmost to convert Socialists of other countries, and especially those of Germany, and so to emphasise their (until then) too platonic internationalism.

"We have allowed," they said, "anti-militarist and anti-patriotic propaganda to go on in our own ranks, we have backed up those who tried to carry propaganda into the barracks, we have cheered the mutineers of the Seventeenth—now it is for you to do the same."

The German Socialists replied to this invitation by striking off their rolls of membership the anti-militarist Friedberg on the ground of Anarchism.

There is not a French Socialist—else might one despair of human intelligence—who has not understood this answer; and from that time, I would have you notice, the vitality of anti-militarism in the party has decreased. However, I know quite well that in its most pointed, most paradoxical and (for the opponents of Socialism) most useful form, anti-militarism has as yet only been attacked—not on the score of public order, but of politeness.

But we have gone so far, we have fallen so low, that we must for the present be content with a little, and we must put up with the strictures of those who have not yet courage enough to condemn the fanatics and faddists who are the plagues of this as of all other pioneer parties. And what a good game they have—these outcasts of thought and action, this scum of the social whirlpool, when democracy—triumphant at the 1906 elections—staggers and collapses as though exhausted by the effort of positive conquest!

The great misfortune of our country has been that she was only able to break with all traditions by creating

a new one—that, namely, of Revolutions, which, indeed, gave her the Rights of Man, Constitutional Government, and Universal Suffrage. It is true it is a great thing to have gained so much by means of the rifle, but the rifle is too heavy to carry nowadays. It seems, indeed, as if all our physical and mental indolence and love of routine, and all that our fathers succeeded partially in suppressing in their institutions, has by an avenging law of compensation taken refuge among us in our lust for revolutionary imitation, in our automatic revolutionary impulse to break open doors that were made free to us in 1789, 1830, and 1848.

Why is this so? Because most of the Socialist leaders of the present day are products rather of literary than of technical training. We are guided towards the future, not by the masters and organisers of labour, but by rebel mandarins. That is why we allow the Trade Unions to be dominated by the Anarchists—who are mandarins in the negative stage. If we had left the working-class organisations to their own task, if we had not been busy for thirty years connecting them with our politics and our committees, Anarchism would not have appeared amongst them, and we should now number among our organised and federated workers somewhat more than the paltry 300,000 that we have to compare with the 2,000,000 English and 1,800,000 Germans.

What is needed, then, to give a truer balance to the Socialist party, and to do away with the risk of its activity becoming a peril to our country? Obviously a better adaptation to purpose. Since it is neither an army whose mission it is to conquer the world (or, in other words, political power) by force, nor a universal rule of conduct for the future in all modes of feeling, thought, and action, let us away with those military or theocratic dreams which hinder us in the attainment of great and solid realities.

Let us make of it—not in a more modest, but in a more exact way—the weapon of the world of labour against capitalist exploitation. Let us stop short in our demagogic steeple-chase with the Anarchists, who have invaded the "Bourse de travail" in order to establish a rival revolutionary party—nowadays so victoriously rival. Let us call the workers of all classes, the whole wage-paid world, into the Trade Unions, not to debate upon how to turn society inside out like an old glove, but to learn patiently and methodically how to attain and exercise the economic sovereignty to which they rightly aspire.

Then the phrase-makers and miracle-mongers will not weigh heavily in the scale.

THE HEART'S HUNGER.

I have the heart of the sea within me, the strange, wild heart of the sea,
The restless longing, the song and sob and wash of the wave;
And I desire and desire not the silence and calm of the grave
To quench and still the passion and storm of soul in me.

O stars that twirl above me, in mysterious deeps of space,
The heart of the sea within me is anhungered for your light,
And the howl of my waves breaks sullen in the impotent vast of night,
And abashed their foam-flecked tops vail before its frigid face.

And my waves have moaned for your knowledge since ever our life began,
And the knowledge that is beyond you, I have wept that it were mine;
The tears of my numberless weepings have fallen, and lo! the brine
Will wash my heart till it faints and fails, for I have the heart of man.

F. S. FLINT.

The Faith I Hold.

By Hubert Bland.

(Being a paper read before the Fabian Society in December, 1907.)

II.

WITH the intellectual acceptance of the pessimistic philosophy one reaches the antipodes of Socialism. One negates Socialism. Faith in Socialism is compatible with almost every metaphysical system, with almost every religious creed; and the worst foes of Socialism are they who so much as hint that there is any essential or necessary contradiction between it and most of the creeds and systems that are believed by men. But with religions or philosophies that are based upon, or even deeply tinted by, pessimism, Socialism is for ever incompatible and eternally at war. Socialism calls for energy; pessimism breeds paralysis. Pessimism is the Arctic Circle of the soul, an ice-bound, sterile land in which no flower can bloom, no green thing can grow. If any of you doubt this, let him try for himself. Sooner or later he will find either that his pessimism will submerge and stifle his Socialism, or that he will shake himself free from pessimism as a cleanly man shakes off filthy rags.

I accepted the Schopenhauerian philosophy, then, but although I accepted I never acquiesced. Like the devils I believed and trembled. Against the malignant Will to Live all within me that was not of the intellect was in high revolt, and the intellect alone is not the man. Whatever the Will to Live might be, my own will was *not* malign. When I came to think it over, I was quite sure of that. Like a man in wrath, the heart rose up and give a flat lie to the brain. But Schopenhauer taught that my own individualised will was only, as it were, a part, a sort of off-shoot, of the fundamental Will of the universe—the malignant Will to Live. If the Will to Live was malignant, my own will, its lawful child, must be malignant too, for one does not gather figs from thistles. But my own will was not malignant. It did not will evil; it willed good. Here, then, was an irreconcileable contradiction. Good, and the desire for good, it seemed had somehow come out of evil. The Will to Live, said Schopenhauer, was a blind Will. Yet out of it somehow had come intelligence; which is not blind, but perceptive. So the blind sire had begotten a son with seeing eyes—a son who sat in judgment on the father.

Well, this particular son, after a long and patient trial, condemned his sire and sentenced him as an impostor and a fraud. I felt that the Will to Live, even if it were, *ought not to be*. Deep down in the very depths of me was a feeling—I may not call it more than that—a Faith, that what ought not to be cannot be eternally, cannot be fundamental, cannot be in the everlasting constitution of things.

I believe now that this Faith, the Faith that the world is rational, and that the world is right, that there cannot be in it unresolvable discords, unreconcileable contradictions, this faith in what R. L. Stevenson called "the eternal decency of things" is a faith capable of philosophical justification, and I believe that the marvellous brain of Hegel philosophically justified it; but even if that be not so, even if it must remain a Faith and a Faith only—the substance of what is only hoped for, the evidence of what is but dimly seen—even so it is a good, sound, wholesome Faith to work with, and the Faith, moreover, which is the stimulus and the inspiration of all social reform,

of all social endeavour; the Faith by which we Socialists shall live.

This realisation of the inadequacy of Pessimism as an interpretation of life; this realisation that Schopenhauer leaves out of his reckoning a whole side of man's nature, and that the most important and significant, was my first step towards Socialism and towards spiritual redemption.

The period that followed was, as it were, a period of convalescence, and we all know how the spirits rise in convalescence. I felt as Nietzsche felt when he had thrown off the spell of Wagner; as a man feels when he has broken from the thraldom of some *maladive* mistress who has enchained his senses and sickened his soul. I was my own man again; once more a young man with his heart in the right place and in search of ideas, hungry for ideas, ready to listen to anybody who had ideas to offer; particularly political ideas, ideas that might lead to action, that might set one doing something. My old friends the Tories were bankrupt of ideas. I was still embittered and too prejudiced to listen to anything a Liberal had to say, and just at that moment I discovered that William Morris was calling himself a Socialist. I knew that if William Morris was a Socialist, whatever else Socialism might be it would not be ugly, and so I turned to the Socialists, who just then were beginning to make a clamour.

It was at this moment, this psychologic moment, to use a hackneyed phrase, when I saw that the world, the immediate, temporal world about me, was full of foulness, but believed that it might be cleansed from its abominations, healed of its gangrenes, purged of its stupidities, that I made the acquaintance in print and in the flesh of three inspiring and invigorating personalities, Henry George, Mr. Hyndman, and Thomas Davidson.

It is difficult to picture even to one's own memory; it is impossible to present to the vision of others, the effect upon young, eager, and rebelling minds of the torrential eloquence, the red-hot rhetoric of Henry George. And it was something more than eloquence, something more than rhetoric; something quite other than mere magnificent gift of the gab. It was filled with invincible conviction, charged with a naive, an almost child-like but no less puissant sincerity, that gave a decorative quality to occasional platitudes, and a fascination to not infrequent fallacies. Henry George was not a Socialist, but he deeply ploughed and fertilised the soil in which the seeds of Socialism, scattered by other hands than his, took root and grew; and English Socialism owes to him a debt that can never be repaid.

The lectures and speeches of Mr. Hyndman and one of his books, "England for All," I think, completed the conversion that Henry George had begun. Mr. Hyndman was the apostle of the Marxian economics. He preached the Marxian gospel with all the fervour and force of a Peter the Hermit or a General Booth. He fired off the Marxian principles at his audiences as a battery of quick-firing guns pours shells upon an exposed position—and it was almost as difficult to keep one's head level before the one as before the other. The Marxian system, as expounded by Mr. Hyndman, with its air of pontifical infallibility, with its prophetic note of fatefulness, with its pose of scientific exactitude, with its confident appeal to history, is of all others best fitted to impose upon and to impress the plastic mind of the uninstructed enquirer. It is the system perhaps best of all suited to the purposes of propaganda. Then there was always something electrically contagious about Mr. Hyndman himself. His air of cocksureness, his breezy bonhomie, the exhilarating atmosphere of optimism which seemed to exhale from his very presence, carried . . . well, I won't say carried all before it, but I will say carried *me* before it. Even when he said absurd things, such as his prediction of the social revolution for the year 1889, although we didn't believe him, we more than half hoped that it might be true. Personally, I gave the capitalist régime at least another ten years of life.

In recalling the several factors that have brought about a conversion, it is not easy to discriminate the particular ones that were predominant, but I think I may say without very much dubiety that the predominant factor in my own conversion to the Socialist Faith was Mr. Hyndman, and I am glad to be able from the platform of this Society to pay him this poor little tribute of thankfulness.

Mr. Hyndman had the faculty of inducing you to think as he and his master thought. Thomas Davidson had the power in a still higher degree of prompting you to think for yourself. He compelled you to realise that your own thought was an indispensable preliminary to any profitable action. He had a short way with catch words, with shibboleths, with pinchbeck paradoxes. He demanded of you that you should define your terms, and he put his demand with an authority that you felt little inclined to question. His method was the Socratic. If in a talk with him you let drop a heedless phrase, such a phrase, say, as "sex freedom" or "property in women and children," that phrase was not suffered to lie where it dropped. You had to pick it up, exhibit it under the lamp, possibly even under the microscope, and explain it, or admit ruefully that you could not explain it because you really did not know very much about it. It is extremely wholesome to the soul, if extremely annoying to the *amour propre* to have to admit that one has been a parrot. That was the sort of healthy discipline one underwent in an hour's conversation with Davidson. He was a spiritual tonic. One came away from an evening's talk with him with a sharpened appetite for ideas. I think it was he who rid me of the last clinging mud of the pessimist bog. He convinced me that to abandon the solution of a problem either intellectual or social because to the practical understanding it looked insoluble was to be guilty of sheer mental sloth and moral cowardice, so charged was he with the conviction that the human mind is capable of solving all problems and the human will of overthrowing all obstacles. It was by no accident that the little knot of men who in the winter of 1883 met in Mr. Pease's rooms to talk over some common methods of reaching common ends, and who, a few months later, founded this Society, came there, nearly all of them, with minds fresh from contact with the mind of Thomas Davidson. And I believe that many of the qualities that are most traditionally characteristic of our Society—its dislike of exaggeration, its contempt for the gaseous and the flatulent, its suspicion of the mawkishly sentimental, its impatience of pretentious formulas, no matter how felicitously phrased, above all, the critical attitude of its corporate mind, are largely due to his impress. In the interests of sane Socialism, my hope and faith are that these traditional characteristics may long continue to be ours.

THE END.

On Wells and a Glass of Beer.

IT is not easy to argue with the most fair-minded man in England, especially when he doesn't want to argue. But there is one point in Mr. Wells's friendly explanation at which his voice rises in anger; it is about the fascinating subject of standing drink. And I really think that if we take this institution as a plain instance or symbol, we can state more clearly where he and I and (incidentally) humanity stand. I say that Jones standing Brown a glass of beer is, as human things go, noble. Mr. Wells says it is ignoble. Moreover, he says that it typifies what is ignoble in our society; "it is a mere commercial transaction; essentially of the evil of our time"; it is therefore akin to the alleged need of Socialism. Very well; let us put that glass of beer in the middle of the table and argue about it.

Before we come to the main point, let me say that I do not believe the modern and scornful theory of Brown and Jones in the pub. Mr. Wells is one of a school of sensitive artists who awoke in the aching void of a world (as he has admirably put it) "full of the ironical silences that follow great controversies": Dickens was dead; dogmatic democracy was dying. Aristocrats began to "study" the poor, as if they were chimpanzees; and æsthetes began to write slum novels, novels which were pessimistic, not about the empty stomachs of the people, but about the turning of æsthetic stomachs at the very sight of the people. With these dilettantes of disgust and curiosity Mr. Wells is not for a moment to be confused. But he keeps this faint mark of that unsympathetic school, that he is certain that the souls of Brown and Jones in the bar must be as dull and greasy as the bar; that mean streets must have mean emotions. Yet Dickens saw the same men in the same bar; but he was one of them, and he described not what they said but what they meant.

I disbelieve, then, that this ordinary tavern hospitality is lifeless or insincere. If anyone wants to know why I disbelieve it I can tell him. It is because the same aristocrats and æsthetes talked the same supercilious stuff about the class I come from; the comfortable Victorian middle-class; and there (as it happens) I *know* they were wrong. The æsthete attached to the Smart Set always said that because our tables were mahogany our heads were mahogany. The journalistic duchess always said that our Sunday dinners were dull gluttony; or our conventions were cowardice. Now all this I *know* is nonsense. I *know* that in my grandfather's house there was real hospitality in the heavy meals, real goodwill in the pompous birthday speeches. And as the fastidious theory is wildly wrong about the private houses I have lived in, I think it likely that it is also wrong about the public-houses which I visit only occasionally.

This is a point of preliminary sentiment; but before quitting it I may remark that there is in this matter a difference between two kinds of humane feeling. There is the Dickens imagination which is inside certain human habits and sees them as large: and there is the H. G. Wells imagination (full of astronomical relativity), which is outside them and sees them as small. Both have kindness and sensibility; but the first has the sensibility to accept, the second the sensibility to reject. Mr. Wells hints (quite truly) that Mr. Belloc is fiercer than I. So is Mr. Bernard Shaw fiercer than he. But these religious differences cut across temperament. Mr. Belloc expresses fiercely and I express gently a respect for mankind. Mr. Shaw expresses fiercely and Mr. Wells expresses gently, a contempt for mankind.

But I willingly admit that there is in "standing treat" as it is now an element of the mean and the mechanical. I admit that the mean and mechanical may justly be called "the evil of our time." Very well. Now I wish to point out to Mr. Wells that he has chosen as the type of the evil of our time one of the evils which Socialism would not and could not cure. There are more of them than you think. There is one evil that Socialism would cure—starvation. There is one argument for Socialism—hunger. It is an argument of huge size and horrible force; and all the theoretic arguments added to it only weaken it. When a man tells me that the state is the organism, not the individual, he only makes me feel sleepy. I know jolly well that England is not an animal in the sense that I am an animal. When a man says, as your correspondent did in answer to Mr. Belloc, that the world will see a new sort of humanity because the world was once dominated by the plesiosaurus, I know he is talking not only bad philosophy but even bad natural history. We are not descended from the plesiosaurus; he came to a head and so have we. When a man says that it is a noble thing in itself that things should be unified, I say it isn't. But the great Socialist fact is this; that (to return to the glass of beer in the middle of the table) there are thirsty people who cannot get it. It does happen that Brown cannot give the beer to Jones because he cannot buy it himself. This is horrible. And most certainly it could be stopped if there were one cask and everyone was allowed one glass and forbidden to give it away. But Mr. Wells would say: "Let him give his glass of beer away, but let him give it spontaneously and sweetly." Now I can see how Socialism might forbid or permit him to give it away. But I cannot see how Socialism could induce him to give it spontaneously and sweetly. How do you propose to permit a custom and yet prevent it from becoming a routine? If you let Jones give beer to Brown, how can you prevent Brown from expecting it from Jones? If the Socialist State permits two reciprocal gifts, how on earth can it prevent their becoming an implied compact? If Brown is pleased to get it, how is "Socialism" to prevent Brown from being cross when he doesn't get it? You will say, very reasonably, that this evil of mean conventions is not one which Socialism proposes to remedy. True; but it is an evil (according to Mr. Wells) which is typical of the essential evil of our time.

It has taken me a long time to get to the point; but this is the point. The most clear-headed of modern Socialists quotes as the typical modern evil something that could not even feebly be attacked by Socialism. If Jones and Brown were both well-paid State servants drinking in a well-managed State restaurant, there would still be no law to prevent Brown cadging for drinks—unless there was a law to prevent Jones giving them. I think, therefore, that in seeking to cure Brown of cadging (so far as possible . . . you know what Brown is), I am increasingly convinced that Mr. Belloc and I are right in seeking what you would call a more mystical and we a more human formula. Liberalism must come before Socialism—even before Social reform. Brown must be a citizen and have a certain spirit, and all these things shall be added unto him. What influences will give him this spirit? There are many reasonable answers; but one of our answers is —property.

I will not quote the great examples of the equalisation of property; that triumphant in France or that gradually triumphing in Ireland. But I will quote two phrases from Mr. Wells's own article. First, while he dislikes my glass of beer he approves of my port and my pears. A cheap critic would say that the port and the pears happen to be more expensive; but one cannot be cheap about Mr. Wells. The real truth is this: the port and pears seem generous to him, not because they are associated with a rich class, but because they are associated with the only class in England (alas!) which *owns land*. The hospitality of the poorer man seems paltry, because he is not inviting you to his own house, but to someone else's house. At least that is the only way I can explain Mr. Wells's weakness for the port and contempt for the beer. And I am supported in this view by the other quotation. He correctly describes the two modern men renting houses they do not own as "two temporarily homeless individuals." Socialism, as I understand it, would make them eternally homeless.

G. K. CHESTERTON.

Driving Capital Out of the Country.

By G. Bernard Shaw.

IX.

Left for Dead.

I HOPE I have now convinced the anti-Socialist alarmists that the question of Driving Capital out of the country is one which they had better let alone. If there is one matter which a wise opponent of Socialism would carefully keep out of the public mind, it is the unpatriotic internationalism of Capital. Fortunately, there are no wise anti-Socialists. The same stupidity which blinds them to the utter impossibility of dealing with our huge modern communities as simple aggregations of private lives and private properties leads them, like some ironic Fate, to challenge Socialism on the points on which its answer is unanswerable and its counter-attack irresistible.

The weakest point in our Capitalist system is its failure to secure the application of our national capital, as fast as it is accumulated, to the provision of our national needs in the order of their urgency. Thus we want more schoolmasters; and we get more jockeys. We want more recreation grounds for children; and we get more racecourses and motordromes. We want more healthy mothers; and we get more diseased prostitutes. We want more well-planned, wholesome streets; and we get more slums. We want more good houses for the people; and we get more week-end hotels for the plutocracy. We want more bakers, more tailors, more masons, more carpenters; we get more coachmen and footmen and gamekeepers. We want producers, in short; and we get parasites. Finally, wanting all these things, we often get nothing, because the capital is invested abroad instead of at home.

Not only do we get less than we want; we get more than we want. We want one pair of boots; and a hundred competing bootmakers make it for us, and throw ninety-nine superfluous pairs into the market; so that the working bootmakers are presently out of work and must starve until the over-production is absorbed by the wearing out of the boots in use. Competition not only fails to adjust supply to demand automatically: it actually makes a principle of over-production.

Let me repeat that foolish as this way of applying our Capital is, our system does not even secure that it shall at least be applied to our own country. Just take the list of enterprises whose shares are quoted on the Stock Exchange. Count the relative numbers of the home and foreign securities. Note the prices to convince yourself that the foreign ones are just as popular as the home ones. Then talk of the patriotism of private capital without laughing if you can. Again I say, if there is a subject on the face of the earth which the opponents of Socialism would have avoided if they had understood their own case or ours, it is this of capital going abroad. But they have forced it on us; and I hope they are satisfied with the result. I now challenge them to name a single proposal made by English Socialists that would not have the effect of investing English capital in England. Dare they challenge me to name any of their little enterprises—their South African mines, their South American railways and telephones, their Egyptian and Russian and Turkish and Japanese loans—on the same terms? The impudence of such a challenge would roar and stare at even the stupidest man in the street. And yet it is not more impudent than the pretence that Socialism is driving capital out of the country, and that capitalism is keeping it at home. The two pretences are, in fact, one and the same, and those who are so ignorant or unobservant as to be taken in by it should be at once disfranchised as political imbeciles.

Unfortunately, they are much more likely to be returned to Parliament by other imbeciles in the vain hope that they will save the country from Socialism. People seem incapable of grasping the simplest and most obvious economic propositions when their imaginations are excited by the waving of the red flag. Since I began these articles a paper which has the audacity to call itself "The Economist" has attempted to criticise me in an article which would hardly pass muster in a parish magazine. I had dealt with the possibility of taxing imported dividends. But this possibility was too large for "The Economist." It proceeded to show that if you tax all imported dividends, then, as some imported dividends will be taxed and some not, that will be equivalent to a bounty on the ones which escape taxation. I could have done better than that in my cradle. And yet I once respected "The Economist," and have still quite an affection for it—now a purely sentimental one.

It is truly amazing how people lose their heads in opposing Socialism. It presents difficulties enough in all conscience. When I think how recent some of our solutions are, and for how many years we preached our gospel before we saw our way clearly on some of the most pressing practical problems, and how anybody during that time might have posed us by pressing for the solutions we had not yet arrived at, I feel like the Duke of Wellington when he said "The finger of Providence was upon me" to explain how he had escaped without a scratch after spending the day at the front under the terrific fire of Waterloo. With the weak spots in our defences under their eyes, and the weapons under their hands, our opponents do nothing but throw lighted magazines into their own powder magazines when they are not making trenches for us to occupy. They draw up frantic appeals to the ratepayers to refrain from relieving the rates by taxing unearned incomes; and the best reason they can find for that act of self-sacrifice on the ratepayers' part is that the Inland Revenue is a department of Atheism and Free Love. And then they leave the appeal at my house. They are never so proud of themselves as when, to make their appeal against driving capital out of the country more impressive, they secure for their committees and lists of vice-presidents and the like the names of the chairmen or directors of all the most prominent companies for developing mankind everywhere from China to Peru, except in England, the home of Trade Unionism and the Labour Party and the Fabian Society and so forth. It is too silly; they belittle our triumph by their obvious mental inferiority to us. I declare publicly that I am ashamed of my opponents. Since Bradlaugh and Herbert Spencer died, they have not put up a man against us that we could annihilate without turning the sympathy of the pitying spectators against us by our obvious superiority in knowledge, in character, and in brains. And they dare not now appeal to the memory of Bradlaugh and Herbert Spencer, because the mere mention of those names disposes of their attempt to associate Freethinking with Socialism instead of with the opposition to it. From Diderot and Voltaire, Bentham and Mill, to Mr. John Morley, Individualism has not one undamned champion.

I must put down my pen; the slaughter of the helpless is tedious work. Take your capital abroad, Gentlemen, until Socialism stops you; for nothing else can. Nay, take yourselves abroad: we can do without you. If any man chooses to live in France rather than in England, he becomes, in effect, a Frenchman; and the prosperity of Frenchmen in France is clearly not incompatible with the prosperity of Englishmen in England. But it is only fair to warn you that if the sole object of the change of residence is to avoid Socialism, it will not succeed, as Socialism is now co-extensive with developed modern Capitalism. To run from Mr. Keir Hardie into the arms of Jaurès is to jump out of the frying-pan into the fire. Still, there is the consolation, dear to your souls, of compulsory military service, of which some of you have a high opinion, in the country of your adoption.

And here let me draw your attention to an interesting

point. All over Europe the institution of compulsory military service has given foreigners a strong incentive to leave their country and settle in England or America. More of them have actually done so than Socialism will ever frighten away from any country. But compulsory military service has not been abandoned on this account, though compulsory military service under existing conditions is a very gross invasion of the rights of the individual, because it is accompanied by a superstition and wholly unnecessary suspension of ordinary civil rights. Now, Socialism means finally compulsory civil service, without any deprivation of ordinary rights —nay, with every prospect of a considerable accession of personal property and extension of personal freedom. Is it to be feared that human nature, which has stood compulsory military survice, will run away from this? And upon that note of interrogation I close this series of articles.

THE END.

The Hardy Annual.

An Inconsistent Sequel to "On the Loose."

By George Raffalovich.

HARDLY had we penetrated some distance into the island when my two guides detached themselves from me, and one of them struck the earth with his foot. The noise spread like an earthquake over the whole visible surface ; you might have thought the sound drawn from an ass's skin stretched over a hoop by a disciple of the noisiest German musician.

Never, even in the long evenings, beside the wood fire, when the snow spreads abroad as high as the house roofs, when the frost makes ice of rivers, and the fish shiver at the bottom of the lakes—never has my imagination, excited by the curiously-shaped flames, by the beech logs hissing like burnt witches in the blaze, presented to me beings more strange, more impossible, than the individuals who now appeared. Rapid as the eagle or as a calumny, they surrounded me in an instant, and sent forth piercing cries, which on our globe would have betrayed at a great distance the bloody agony of a strong-lunged pig.

In shape they were not unlike those windmill sails of which the greatest man of Spain, "el ingenioso hidalgo, Don Quijote de la Mancha," made such a massacre, that even after two centuries he is still spoken about in the Castilian cottages. I might also compare them to the giant devil-fish which people the bottom of the South Seas or to the sign of Buddha. They were like all these, yet unlike ; they were even better. To proceed in order (from the middle) : Their oval heads, of a mauve colour, protruded from the meeting-point of numerous arms, in the centre of which again was a pointed grey nose slit like a whistle. Their mouths, fitted with lips like ours, opened above this stupefying appliance, and their ears, shaped like overturned funnels, were in the middle of their long arms, of a pale green. These arms were lithe and flexible, fat and viscous ; but when they stiffened themselves, they were of the hardness of wood. And on their arms these beings rolled. They rolled like the sails of a mill, or an empty cask, at an incalculable rate. When they had approached sufficiently close, they surrounded me in such fashion that I had no chance of escaping from their circle. They stood on one of their arms rigidly and looked at me out of one eye—for they could only see out of one eye at a time

As you may imagine, I was not a little put out. In reality, however, I had nothing to fear. On the contrary, they wished me well, and after having enjoyed my surprise and terror for some minutes, my two guides decided to tell me as much. My guards repeated it themselves, the moment after, in the language of Shakespeare, turning the while upon themselves with the greatest rapidity. There were quite fifty by this time, and when, by the advice of my guides, I began to move forward, the small army of monsters preceded me in well-established order. Finding myself again near my friends, I enquired after the quality and nature of these beings, and this is what they told me :—

"These human animals are the servants of the only family which inhabits this island. By an appropriate selection, which has been going on for centuries, the descendants of the king of the island have succeeded in obtaining these products, whose shape is undoubtedly the most utilitarian for their designs. They are invaluable as servants. You will, besides, have an opportunity of seeing them at work."

While we were talking, my guides and I still progressed towards the centre of the island, preceded by our guards, for that was their function for the time being. My guides advanced by little jumps, and I stretched my legs as best I could not to retard them. After some minutes, we arrived at the palace. It was a large building, in Greek style, with this particularity, that it had no doors, only a large marble staircase, which led from the exterior to the summit of the edifice itself, opening from within to the sky, the climate of the island being so temperate and equable that roofs had become unnecessary. As soon as the guards, dispersed around the palace, had announced our arrival by their cries, my companions and I penetrated into the interior. Seated on a throne, an old man of sage and noble aspect welcomed us in Greek. My guides were about to translate his greeting, when I, proud of my classic reminiscences, answered, with a bow :—

"Χαλὴ—μέρα, γερον
Μὴ ταχὺ λάλει, μανίαν γὰρ ἐμφαίνει."

Little pleased, probably, with my accent, the King answered me in English. "Oh! stranger," said he, "thou lookest upon the unhappy Empedocles of Agrigentum. Twenty-four centuries ago, having discovered the secret of voyaging through air, I disappeared from Mount Aetna, leaving one of my sandals to my brother-citizens. Since then I have been on this island, unhappy that I am, condemned to the immortality which madly I had solicited in my day of pride. This planet was deserted when I arrived, or at least, almost deserted. Would to Zeus it had been dead. Venus the jealous goddess it was who prepared this trap for me. One human being yet lived ; a virgin, with breasts of stone and arms of alabaster. The form of a goddess she had, but a heart of ice. Her first kiss gave me immortality and left her free. Our sons and daughters are dead, and their children's children. She herself, after living a long time at my side, fiercely amorous, passed away ; and the generations which followed have given place one to the other, leaving me alone of my time, master, king, creator, and miserable immortal. The gods have weighed me down with gifts ; I know the tongues of the universe. At my will I am present, a silent spectator, at the progress of the human race. I perceive the future ; my subjects make many great discoveries ; create and perfect the creatures destined to serve them. They build and demolish, raise and overthrow. Me they uphold and despise, maintain and desire to slay. Lo, I am but a helpless onlooker at the spectacle of the universe."

"The gods are dead, O sage," said I.

"The gods do not die, O stranger! Dionysus is full of life, young with a new vigour, and prepared even now to snatch the sceptre of destiny from the hands of Apollo. Zeus assists, unmoved at the ordering of the combat."

"Zeus is no more, O sage! Thou knowest well that the disciples of the Jew of Bethlehem have cast down his altars. Thou knowest that the men of Ind worship other gods, and the Moors another. Thou knowest that that the youth of this day revere only the sole Equity."

"It is always Zeus, O son, whom they adore. It is his qualities that they respect in others. And justice is still the well-beloved child of the father of the gods. Those of whom thou speakest shall surely die also, yet will they live again under other names, and equity in the end shall reign alone. So soon as Dionysus is ready to conquer, Zeus will restore the balance. Then shall mankind, in its turn, die, and the 'hyperanthrope' make his appearance in the world. My immortality shall be

of little value at that moment, for the 'hyperanthrope' will be master of the stars and of the whole creation."

"Then the world shall cease to be?"

"Nay, not so. The "hyperanthrope" will modify the world, will change the course of the stars, and correct the voluntary imperfections Zeus allowed to remain, but for the rest, it liveth. And I assist, powerless at the spectacle of the future in progress. In all the planets, wherever the master of life sowed the animate particles, beings struggle towards that future. And it is close at hand.

"O wise Empedocles, which star shall create this all-powerful superman?"

"All stars towards the same epoch, but this star first of all."

"Shall I then see it?"

"Thy bones shall long have whitened in the dust, and thy soul have rolled many ages on the waves of the fathomless sea, joined to the souls of others, taking its part in the intenser life, ere the expected saviour, who is to give me rest, thinks yet of life."

"But, O noble father, how was it that thou alone wast chosen to know these secrets? Pardon my curiosity!"

"Because none had so much pride as I! Now have I made all fruitful answer to thy questions. Go, follow thy guides. Farewell, ye momentary companions of my eternal solitude, happy possessors of the black pills of forgetfulness. Go, inspect the island, thou shalt see that here, as upon the earth, progress is but slow. Farewell, no more shalt thou behold woful Empedocles, who must perceive the false steps of humanity without power to intercede."

I should much have liked to know where dwelt the master of the world, but it was too late, the audience was at an end, and my curiosity more roused than abated. Having bowed profoundly before the unhappy immortal, I followed my guides to the interior of the island.

BOOK OF THE WEEK.

Echoes from the Gnosis. Vols. I.-VI. By G. R. S. Mead. (Theosophical Publishing Society. 1s. each.)

Whether our age has produced many original writers may be a question, but we certainly excel all previous ages in the number of laborious searchers of ancient records. Hardly a day passes without the unearthing of some old romance or the re-publication, with voluminous notes, of some early chronicle. The history of every conceivable (and occasionally of some inconceivable) movement or society is brought to light. The Freeman type of historian thinks it no waste of time to spend years over the problem as to whether palisades were used at the battle of Hastings. Others, going further back, spend their energies over the existence or non-existence of an individual named Homer. Others delve deep into the folk-lore of all lands; others use the Bible as their battlefield and wage an endless warfare over the Synoptic problem or the authorship of the Pentateuch. To those who are somewhat wearied of the hackneyed questions which reappear in every fresh volume of Biblical criticism, and look for light upon the Christian origins from other sources, Mr. Mead offers fresh fields and pastures new. He, too, is a laborious investigator of the past; but he has opened up what is practically a fresh vein of thought by his researches into Gnostic literature. Since the writings of E. W. King, which are now mostly out of print, the theological world has lacked an authoritative voice on this obscure subject; and the Theosophical Society are to be congratulated on the sound learning displayed by their leading scholar. Mr. Mead has, very judiciously, published sections of his three-volume work, "Thrice-Greatest Hermes," in such a manner that those whose purse is slender may still obtain a glimpse of the Wisdom-Religion. "The Gnosis of the Mind" is a general introduction to the elements of universal Gnosticism. The author explains the conception of Hermes and the Logos; the object of Gnosis—knowledge of the One Self—and its method, initiation, are briefly outlined. The whole theory might perhaps be summed up in one phrase—the transition of the human mind from its microcosm to its macrocosm, from the lesser to the greater sphere. An excellent example of modern gnosticism is to be found in Goethe's "Faust," in which the reader who is bold enough to tackle both parts finds himself transferred at Margaret's death out of the little world of individual passion and emotion into the great world with its panorama of the undercurrents and interests which shape society and government. The Gnostics, of course, dealt only with the subjective, internal side of life; while Goethe was essentially an observer of men and things; still there is a substantial agreement between them, in that both treat of a mighty change from the individual to the cosmic outlook. In the "Hymns of Hermes" Mr. Mead supplies us with some specimens of the Gnostic Psalter or Liturgy. There is occasionally a similarity of thought to the Hebrew Psalms. When one reads "Whither, again, am I to turn my eyes to sing thy praise: above, below, within, without?" one cannot help being reminded of "Whither shall I flee, then, from thy presence? if I go down to hell thou art there," etc. The Hermetic David is more metaphysical than his brother of Israel. Both can truly claim to be spiritual outpourings; but one is addressed to the transcendent, the other to the immanent, Deity. Mr. Mead links these hymns on to the tradition in Egypt which regarded the spiritual life as a perpetual service of song: the duty of man being thus conceived of as an utterance of "true words" or a continual harmony of thought, word, and deed, whereby man grew like unto the Gods, and so at last becoming a God was with the Great God in the "Boat of the Millions of Years" or "Barque of the Æons," in other words, was safe for eternity. The three natures of man, or the three types of Gnostic, are symbolised by Asclepius, Tat, and Ammon, whom, in the New Testament, we may recognise in Peter, James, and John, the intellectual, practical, and mystical type of Christian. To readers at all familiar with the Platonic Myths the "Vision of Aridæus" will prove an interesting supplement to the Story of Er in the Republic. Plutarch, indeed, shows himself the predecessor of Dante in the description of the Inferno: it may be questioned whether Dante ever surpassed in horror Plutarch's idea of the punishment of commercialism. The whole story, as Mr. Mead remarks, seems to suggest a popularising of certain instructions given during the Mysteries. In the "Hymn of Jesus" we have perhaps the earliest Gnostic mystery-ritual connected with Christian worship. According to Gnostic tradition, it is the hymn sung by Jesus and His disciples after the Last Supper, and perhaps we are to understand it as belonging to the occult, or hidden, life of the Master. Strictly speaking, it would seem to be a sort of Liturgy of the Cosmic Rhythm, and reminds us of Emerson's

> I am the doubter and the doubt,
> And I the song the Brahman sings.

According to Gnosticism, the acts and words of the Christ were typical. He is the Mind in man, acting along with the Cosmic Order, re-echoing the music of

the spheres. It will be interesting to see whether the Hindoos will ever find in Gnostic ideas a sort of common ground between their own faith and historical Christianity. In the "Mysteries of Mithra" and a "Mithraic Ritual" Mr. Mead gives an admirable account of that almost-forgotten creed which was at one time a dangerous rival to Christianity. As the cult of the Warrior-God, Patron of Bravery and Chivalry, it is not surprising that Mithraism found favour with soldiers. We have seen, in our day, a revival of the Worship of the Strong Man, with Rudyard Kipling as High Priest; and both Mithraism and Jingoism sprang up in Empires rather than in Republics. Perhaps the most curious item in all these booklets is the Mithraic Ritual, with its magical chanting, translated in Vol. VI. Nicomachus, musician and mystic, tells us not only of the vowels and consonants, but also of certain other "unarticulated" sounds used by these theurgists, and directed in the rubrics of this Ritual. The vowels are "sounding letters"—each of the seven spheres being said to give forth a different vowel or nature-tone—and these root-sounds in nature are combined with certain material elements, as they are in spoken speech with the consonants. Hence, "just as the soul with the body, and music with the lyre-strings, the one produces living creatures and the other musical modes and tunes, so do these root-sounds give birth to certain energic and initiatory powers of divine operations." Mr. Mead quotes a specimen of this magic chant, composed of vowels to give an open, flowing sound, with no "masculine" consonants to cut up, as it were, the great waves of sound into forms. Thus the sounds can interpenetrate one another and stir the deepest substance. Here, indeed, we find the beginnings of that unmeasured music which has exercised such a power in the plain chant of the Church. It is curious that Theosophists do not make more use of music and the drama in dealing with the vast wealth of material in their hands.

There are obvious likenesses, which I have not time to point out, between the Gnosis and the Bhagavad Gita and other masterpieces. It is enough to say that, to the ever-recurring problems of life, there is but one key. Allegories and rituals are manifold; and the One Drama is constantly being performed before our eyes. Yet the language varies and the story is never twice told in the same way. Mr. Mead has earned the thanks of all students of mystic literature by his presentation of the Gnostic Rituals, and his scholarly treatment of the whole subject.

A. H. LEE.

REVIEWS.

Socialism. By J. Ramsay Macdonald, M.P. (Social Problems Series. London. Jack. 1s.)

Mr. Ramsay Macdonald's little manual is of the Parliamentary type, that is to say, a work little calculated to inspire believers or convert the heathen, but consisting largely of a thoughtful analysis of existing conditions followed by an optimistic description of existing tendencies. It will be remembered that in another little book published by the I.L.P. ("Socialism and Society," p. 180), Mr. Ramsay Macdonald gave Socialists the motto *solvitur ambulando*, which is not likely, for instance, to appeal to the unemployed labourer who has been walking the streets for some months and feels that the time has come to do something more.

The first chapter contains an admirable exposition of the present discontent, showing that the existing organisation of society is outworn: because "the exchange between the original producers is only effected if the whole system is in working order—i.e., makes profit at every point"—and concluding that "the man who labours to maintain his community will continue"—(less temperate Socialists would say "must begin")—"to ask as wages an adequate share in the life and property of his community."

There follows a historical chapter which gives some account of the critical and sentimental pioneers of Socialism and traces the movement from its rise to its present threefold organisation for constructive advance.

Chapter III brings us to "The Industrial Argument," which may be followed for thirty pages through a reflective analysis of individualistic commerce to the conclusion that inequalities of distribution must be remedied by communal production. While on the economic side we may briefly notice the principle of taxation which Mr. Macdonald here implies in a footnote, and explicitly advocates in the last chapter. As distinguished from the mere graduated income tax it involves the classification of incomes according as they are gained, "solely by individual energy," or "by exploiting the community," and the exemption of the former class from all communal taxation. We had always thought that in a modern community all values were social values. But perhaps Mr. Macdonald is thinking of artists and poets, who if they do no share of manual labour, might be regarded as gaining a living "solely by individual energy." The effect of either principle would be the same; for it will unhappily be very long before artists of any sort earn incomes large enough to invite the attention of a graduated income tax.

So far so good. But now Mr. Macdonald begins to show his hand (Chapter IV, "Some Objections to Socialism.") The question of the clash of individuals with the new conditions is answered by the illuminating assurance that "the State will never be faced with those problems at any given time. Those relationships will grow. Society . . . . evolves as a living thing does—changing with its organs and its functions, the new forms never getting out of touch with the old." This statement, which is illuminating only with reference to Mr. Macdonald's attitude as a reformer, should be taken in conjunction with the declaration (at the opening of the next chapter, "The Political Future of Socialism") that "the question" (of human conduct and motive) "really does not arise in our Socialist problem at all—because under democratic government we can never have more Socialism at any given time than human nature will stand, and that settles the question." Now to regard Socialism as a sort of natural growth or development requiring nothing but a little explanation is to make room for the advocates of laissez faire and to prevent reform; for Reform is essentially a departure from the natural process of things, and man quâ reformer is (in Ray Lankester's words) "Nature's Insurgent Son," who refuses to accept a natural development as the best of all possible environments for himself and his children. The optimism of Mr. Macdonald expecting the advent is hardly distinguishable from the complete detachment of the philosopher.

"It is, I think, quite conceivable that, through improvements in the organisation and working of governmental departments, aided by watchful and intelligent public criticism—together with a rise in the general level of public spirit throughout Society—the results of the comparison [between private and governmental management] will at some future time be more favourable than they have hitherto been." That is not a parody of Parliamentary Socialism; it is a quotation from the cool academic wisdom of Professor Sidgwick ("Elements of Politics," p. 157) which is excellent in its place and would do a world of good for instance to Mr. Victor Grayson. But if that is the spirit which is to animate, or rather exanimate, our trusted representatives and tried reformers, we would almost prefer the vague revolutionism of the youth who walked out one Monday morning intent only on "the redemption of Humanity and the salvation of the world."

Mr. Macdonald further announces that "Socialism has no more to do with a man's religion than it has with the colour of his hair"—an apologetic opinion which will be received with mixed feelings. But considerations of space will only allow us to point out that it is hardly consistent with the italicised statement on page 11—"The contracts nominally economic and industrial only, influence thought and conduct"; this reaction is not likely to cease under the new régime. Mr. Macdonald on the family is still more startling—as startling to the reformer as he hopes to be consoling to the reactionary. "The Family is inseparable from a complete Socialist organisation. So much is this the case that I can imagine a time when, the marriage choice being absolutely one of free will and the stability of family life having proved itself to be essential to the stability of State life, the Socialist State will decline to recognise divorce altogether as being too subversive to its policy" (!) For sheer sensationalism this easily beats Free Love; though a system which forbids divorce is not likely to popularise marriage.

Space forbids us to mention whether for argument or eulogy any of Mr. Macdonald's other aphorisms, some of which are admirable (e.g., on middle-class Socialism). The book ends with a quotation from Plato, whose opinions on ethics, politics, and eugenics seem to have had little influence on the author.

There is one misprint, on p. 68: for £1,170,000,000 read £1,710,000,000.

Love, Sacred and Profane. By F. E. Worland. (C. W. Daniel.)

The Human Harvest. By David Starr Jordan. (Alston Rivers.)

These little books have one thing in common: a desire to discuss the means of making sex-relations ennobling both to the emotional life and to the children that are to come. The former contains a good deal of sentimental journalese, written in the abstract style adopted by people who do not want to give themselves to the world, but do not mind communicating their ideals to it in a lofty, aloof manner. Apart from the style, however, the little book is a useful collection of thoughts on profane and sacred love, marriage versus celibacy, the ideal of chastity, platonic love, the sacrament of marriage, free love and *conjugial* love, which differs from *conjugal* love because it is a delighted sacrifice, one in which the mutual wish to give exceeds the wish to take happiness. The author says this rare mutual love is known to young lovers during their engagement, but does not usually outlast the first week of marriage.

All the same, she or he is wholly against the unfortunate conclusion of the logical mind that no marriage should last more than a week: for she recommends monogamy by the analogy that you cannot over-eat yourself if you are restricted to one dish, and adds that it is common experience that the early stages of love are dangerously absorbing and likely to interfere with the other business of life.

The question of "free love" is evaded, and it is, as usual, confused with "free lust." The real difference is that lovers who loved under a law of freedom would leave each other as soon as their wedlock ceased to be a holy thing and became a habit; whereas lust is the work of habit from the first. It is an attempt to repeat an inspired act under uninspiring circumstances, and calls to its aid over-eating, over-drinking, and the numerous other accompaniments of debauchery. The author is rather inconsistent in her conclusions, for although she describes the raptures of conjugial love as the one thing needful to the birth of a wise and loving race of men, yet she says she recommends monogamy because it "tends to decrease the temptations to physical pleasure by making it less alluring." We should like to hear what kind of conjugial rapture can be experienced if the lovers have "conquered" their mutual physical attraction.

The second book deals more frankly with the question

of breeding for excellence. Mr. Jordan has evidently arrived at the conclusion that the conspicuous intellects and brains should be used for race purposes; and should not be allowed to place their own purposes before the purpose of the race. In a word, he disapproves of the theory of the great gardeners, namely, that to bring out the full perfection of a flower or fruit its whole energy must be spent in its own development. Such a flower is perpetuated by grafting on a common stock, but hardly ever from seed. Such a grafting of the personality is performed by great men and women in every age. The influence of their conspicuous genius sometimes enlightens many generations, and it is still a question if their own children do not in a measure suffer from the exhausting glory of their parents.

The alternatives are set forth in the first two chapters of "The Human Harvest" through the analogy of horses bred for breeding and horses bred for excellence. However, we do not see that the analogy works out in a very illuminating way, because horses are not educated by other horses; they are trained by men; whereas men are both educated and trained by the works of great men, and receive a far more direct influence for good or evil from the works of such men as Ruskin and Napoleon than they do from the descendants of Longfellow or Wagner.

But the book as a whole deals with the fact of war killing off the pick of a nation, and leaving the soldier to be replaced by "the man with the hoe." Without doubt we ought to consider the question of the power of environment upon these human weeds who seem born to survive in the struggle of civilisation after civilisation. Is it impossible to graft some greater life into their persistent stock, and by good food and good housing of the poor breed a race that has staying power as well as the more admirable qualities which destroy more than they preserve?

Still, Mr. Jordan has hit the right nail on the head when he hits at war, for, as he says, soldiers are chosen as it seems probable fathers should be chosen—for their physical excellence more than for moral and mental strength.

The Heart of Gambetta. By Francis Laur; authorised translation by Violette M. Montague, with an Introduction by John Macdonald. (John Lane. 7s. 6d. net.)

If one desires to read a book which is not quite like any other book, here is that book. It is the history of two people; one, Gambetta, a Prime Minister of France, and the other the woman to whom he writes "à la lumière de mon ame, à l'etoile de ma vie, Leónie Léon, Sempre! Sempre!" The result of this history is a strangely fascinating blending of the great affairs of national existence with the intimate moments in the life of one of the nation's leaders. It is one of those revelations which are, ever and again, necessary in order that we may not forget a truth of great psychological and sociological value; namely, the fact that these matters of high politics are not conducted in the rarefied atmosphere of the mountain tops, but in the valleys of everyday life. That our governors are not of a race apart, is a point to keep well in mind when we deal with political problems. And now, having got that somewhat ponderous scientific thought off our conscience, let us say that this book is quite a treasure of delicious romance. If it were a work of fiction we would at once dismiss it as a tale which goes beyond the limit of credible possibility; as, however, its actual truth is apparently indisputable, we can only congratulate ourselves on the hopeful fact that truth is still an easy winner in the race with fiction. The novel is a paltry substitute for the living thing; a gentle mental exercise for minds which are too sickly to bear the rush of the open air of reality. It is a little difficult for the English mind to grasp the environment of this tale of politics and love. We cannot understand the possibility of the central figure in a Parliamentary debate sending messages of passionate appeal to the mysterious woman who sits watching with fascinated and fascinating eyes whenever he speaks in the Chamber. They do not do these things in our House of Commons; they even build up a close screen in order that alluring eyes may not have their legitimate value and effect. By the bye, a photogravure frontispiece to this book enables each reader to judge those eyes for himself. The reasons which led their possessor to decline Gambetta's offer of an official marriage contract, with all the accompanying blessings, ecclesiastical and otherwise, must be sought in the book; and pieced together, with all their logic, or want of logic, from the letters which passed between these two impassioned souls. They saw each other at lengthy intervals; odd days at Ville d'Avray, the landscape painter's paradise, too; with longer holidays together in Italy and Germany. There is something sacred in this fellowship, which the two refused to announce to any but one or two most intimate friends. We scarcely can believe that the life of the first statesman of France was unknown to the general world; and it speaks volumes for the health of French society that the Press and the people showed respect for his wishes, and allowed their statesman's private life to remain a matter for his own judgment. Had the people only known the whole truth, they would have understood that Léonie Léon was playing a vital part in national affairs. She swayed her lover's decisions in an extraordinary degree; and as far as one can see, her advice was of the soundest kind. She went on a mission to Rome, to place before the Pope, in a personal interview, political messages from Gambetta which he could find no one else so trustworthy or so wise to deliver as his Léonie. It is but a year or two ago that Jean Jaurès made a momentous speech in the Chamber of Deputies, wherein his most pregnant sentences on earlier foreign affairs were read from what he called Gambetta's "private notes"; but, in the words of Mr. Macdonald's preface to this book, "no one knew that these so-called 'notes' were extracts from their author's love letters to Léonie Léon." One puts down this book with the longing to understand more of the delicate mystery of the bond between this man and woman. It is the subject of all romances; in this case it happens to be history as well.

The Sayings of Confucius. Translated, with Introduction and Notes, by Lionel Giles, M.A. (John Murray. 2s. net.)

An essential addition to the ever delightful "Wisdom of the East Series." Happily for editors, annotators, and we may add reviewers, every man who has ever lived, spoken, written, has been misunderstood. Confucius has suffered, perhaps, more than others because a new philosophy of words must be acquired before the Chinese sage can be even dimly appreciated. Mr. Giles is one of his latest and in many respects best interpreters, inasmuch as he, at all events, sweeps away some of the obvious (perhaps malicious) mistranslations that were long current in the West. We need scarcely say, however, that Mr. Giles himself fails egregiously at exposition; our view, that is to say, is often quite other than that of Mr. Giles's.

Take the folowing saying, which, as Mr. Giles rightly insists, gives the clue to the whole philosophy of the master: "Tz'u, do you look upon me as a man who has studied and retained a mass of various knowledge?—I do, he replied. Am I wrong?—You are wrong, said

the Master. All my knowledge is strung on one connecting thread."

The "connecting thread," says Mr. Giles, "is simply the moral life, which consists in being true to oneself and good to one's neighbour." Could any more grotesque perversion of a moulder of policy be possible? Confucius was never a Nonconformist parson; on the contrary, his whole insistence is that whilst Acts of Parliament can do much to make people lead virtuous lives, the mere formulating of goody-goody maxims is wasted effort; if these do not go in one ear they come out through the other. In the quoted passage Confucius is not a disciple of the traditional Jesus of Nazareth, but a follower of Professor James of Harvard and Mr. Schiller of Oxford. He wanted knowledge for his very wholesome desire of sound governorship; he had no wish to lead a good life, but an active one was a necessity of his being. His disciple, Tseng Tzu, said: "The master's teaching is this, 'Loyalty to oneself and charity to one's neighbour'." In another version, charity (shu) is rendered "doing one's duty"; we should translate it simply as "justice." There is an excellent maxim: "Loyalty to oneself and justice to others." Observe, oneself holds pride of place; here is no ethical ranting, but the student of men speaks from his knowledge.

Like little Jack Horner, we'll pick out a few plums which we have thumbmarked. "The Master seldom spoke of money-making, of the laws of Providence, or of moral virtue." "I hate" (his disciple speaks) "those who think that wisdom consists in prying and meddling; courage, in showing no compliance; and honesty, in denouncing other men." "Girls and servants are the most difficult people to handle. If you treat them familiarly, they become disrespectful; if you keep them at a distance, they resent it." This is certainly a plagiarism from John Tanner, M.I.R.C., who wrote, "When domestic servants are treated as human beings it is not worth while to keep them."

"There were four words which the Master barred; he would have no 'shalls,' no 'musts,' no 'certainlys,' no 'I's'." This was his refutation of the Kantian ethic.

No one will profit from this pretty book unless he remembers that Confucius lived before the Christian era; the Chinese sage occasionally forgets this himself.

A Brummagem Button. Emily Pearson Finnemore. (David Nutt. 6s.)

We have seldom read anything so good and sympathetic as this story of two children. How the one took the other to see the town and both got lost is finely told, and quite the best thing in the book. They grow up, marry, suffer, love and lose, and finally meet and live happy ever after, but all the time remain children.

That is very true to life. It is really only the nonsense we get into our heads about ourselves that constitutes our grown-up estate. Escape that, and we remain children. One always sees childish ways in one's beloved, not through the illusion, but through the insight of love. The characters are admirably developed. The jealous step-mother, the weak father, are both very real and act as they inevitably would. Molly's marriage to a man she dislikes is manœuvred by the stepmother just as such a woman would manœuvre such a cold-blooded piece of iniquity. But when Molly's married life begins and the plot begins to develop, a certain unreality in the relation of the characters to the plot creeps in. In real life the result would have been sordid tragedy. No girl of Molly's upbringing could have taken her marriage in such a common-sense and individual way. The author does not allow for the enormous force of convention in that class. The beaten track would have been unthinkingly followed; the usual thing would have happened as a matter of course, as part of the whole unpleasant situation Molly found herself in. But one is glad somehow that the author's affection for her characters stood between them and actuality. The manner of the husband's death strikes a jarring note of melodrama. There are so many things such a hog of a man might easily have died of without any trouble.

Esther Wynne. By Emma Jane Worboise. (Clarke and Co. 2s. net.)

We have had moments of quite lively pleasure over these 480 closely-printed pages. Our only previous experience of this extraordinarily fertile authoress was in our remote youth when, induced to her perusal by a zealous teacher, we discovered her to be an intolerable deal of nothing for minds saturated with Scott and Gulliver. Since then, our path has lain through unmeasured tracts of modern "young persons'" literature, through mazes of snippety sentimentality and falsehood. After which we unhesitatingly declare Miss Worboise as good an instance of "girls'" literature as we know, if "girls'" literature there must be! She is sensible, and sprightly; she can tell a story. Her world is amazingly "polite" and limited, her religious sense deliciously accommodating, but at times she is really quite humorous.

DRAMA.

A White Man.

Mr. Lewis Waller's play at the Lyric, which is called a Romance in Four Acts, is the beginning of an interesting drama of the life of "the West," framed in a crude melodrama. A suspicion assails me that this melodrama is provided for English consumption in the belief that the average of our intelligence is so low as to unfit us for interest in anything outside the range of stereotyped theatricalism. Local colour, local life, really individualised people, the common conceptions of whose life are different from ours, are all presumed to be beyond us. When, therefore, we get a play like "A White Man," which deals with a highly coloured localised life, it is spiced up with lords and ladies, betrayed trust deeds, ancestral towers, and miraculously faithful and idiotic women, on the same principle which leads vegetarian caterers to call messes of lentils "mock chicken," and vegetarian diners to put down the pangs of indigestion to Weltschmerz. But I would beg Mr. Waller to believe that the success "A White Man" attains will be due to its localised life and colour, and that it is the lords, ladies, ancestral towers, etc., that are becoming rather stale and innutritious. It is, however, only in the first act that we get the full glory of Maudsley Towers and the noble man's and the noble lady's troubles and renunciations, and having accomplished the sacrifice to theatrical convention (any explanation that the first act affords could have been given in five minutes in the second) and duly applauded the nobility of Lewis Waller in a becoming uniform, we get on to the real play. And this beginning of the real play in the second act is very good. Of course, there is melodrama in it, but there is good incident too. The murder of Cash Haukins by the Indian girl Nat-u-Ritch was an excellent thrill, and her final confession, when at length left alone with the hero, Jim Carstan (in reality the Hon. J. Wynnegate, who has fled from England to bear his brother's shame, save the honour of Maudsley Towers, and make his sister-in-law happy, etc., etc.), she creeps to his side and whispers, "Me kill 'um," was a brilliant curtain. This scene takes place in a bar-room, and it was the general atmosphere of the drinking, the card-playing, and the rough life, not to mention the price of the beer, one dollar a bottle, that conveyed so particularly well the impression of the free and spacious life (cf. "The Walls of Jericho") which is led in the Colonies. The West of America has, of course, certain conventions of clothes and revolver shooting which are not met with, I believe, in South Africa or Australia. Nevertheless, the wild, free liquor of the Prairies seems the basis of the life of the bar-room Republicans as of our own sons of danger and the Frontiers. Let no teetotal crank mistake this for a tract on temperance. It is merely a welcoming of reality. The genuine colonial life has something fine about it, but a good deal of it is spent in the bar, and hard-drinking is an integral part of it. My appreciation of "A White Man" is based on the fact that it makes some kind of an approach to a visualisation of this life without any importation of either the conventions of Bret Harte or the sentimentalisms of colonial

investors. Unfortunately this does not prevent the play being subordinated to quite foolish melodramatic story, the final suicide of Jim's charming Indian wife, Nat-u-Ritch, and the delicate hint that the Hon. Jim will now be free to marry his old love, who never rises above the level of an inferior barmaid, being unadulterated clap-trap. There may be an objection to taking an Indian woman into American society; in English society she would have all the success of a Japanese, and, if she were half as charming as Miss Dorothy Dix made her, create an absolute furore. And why in the name of William Shakespeare drag in all this adventitious melodramatic stuff? The stage is badly in need of the infusion of fresh blood; a little real colonial life, without any base pandering to our "Bow-Bells Novelette" taste, would be an admirable corrective to our more high-falutin' thought-dramas. It is as well to realise that there are problems of passions and dangers in the open-air amid which men move rapidly and perilously on horseback and premeditating sudden death to their enemies, as well as problems of the study and philanderings in the drawing-room. But this is no reason for melodrama, nor yet an excuse. So that at the end, while admiring to some degree the play of "A White Man," and duly applauding Mr. Waller's acting, one cannot help feeling that an excellent opportunity for a good play has been frittered away out of a fearful respect for a bogey public which probably does not exist. And why has Nat-u-Ritch not more chance of impressing herself on us? At any rate, as Miss Dorothy Dix acted her, she was, although almost wordless, quite too charming to be accorded such brief appearances.

I regret to find that my space only allows me the opportunity of a footnote on Taylor. Although when I note the gradations of respect with which he mentions my name, descending from "Dr. Haden Guest" to plain "Guest," I feel that it might be more respectful to rise by "S.," "R. S.," and finally "G. R. S. Taylor," to the full revelation of that unique personality. Far be it from me to interfere with Mr. G. R. S. Taylor's innocent recreations, but when it comes to serving up a rechauffée of an old article of mine called "Mrs. Wiggs and Ordeal by Dancing" as a criticism on a pantomime, I must respectfully point out that criticism is, like Man, "something which must be surpassed."

L. HADEN GUEST.

CORRESPONDENCE.

For the opinions expressed by correspondents, the Editor does not hold himself responsible.
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A POST-SCRIPT.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

I am not clever enough to follow Miss Florence Farr. But I fancy that she thinks I quoted the main doctrines of Battersea democracy as a set of mere pagan needs or impulses; like wanting to eat or escape a lion. I quoted them as virtues. It is a virtue to be a revengeful husband, as against being quite incapable of any final loyalty. It is a virtue to maintain the rights of men as against animals. It is a virtue to feel that to hit a child in anger is better than to let him be caned in cold blood. Bernard Shaw discovered this some time ago. But Battersea has known it all the time.

G. K. CHESTERTON.

SOCIALISM AND THE BAR.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

It cannot be said with any degree of confidence that, at the present time, Socialism finds much favour amongst barristers. It has been suggested that the legal mind, accustomed as it is to base future action and thought on past precedent, is almost instinctively antagonistic to such a process of thought as the conscious reconstruction of the social idea implied.

At the same time, it must not be forgotten that the strengthening of the intellectual faculties which the severe logical training of advocates necessitates does tend to make

them peculiarly appreciative of sound argument, so that the conservative prejudice to which I have referred might well be overcome by convincing proposals for social reorganisation.

I believe that their present objection to Socialism is due rather to political and professional than intellectual causes. The bar, of all professions, is the most intimately connected with politics, the representation of lawyers in Parliament is extraordinarily high, the chief judge in this country and the leading counsel for the crown are avowedly members of the Government, and it is common knowledge that most judicial appointments are immediately dependent on political service —in fine, the social success of a barrister is directly influenced by his political opinions.

Again, from a professional point of view, solicitors, on whom the advocate immediately depends for his employment, are almost automatically wedded to the present economic system, so that the professional chances of the Socialist barrister are also exceedingly small.

There is but one remedy for this and that is for legal society to educate itself to cope with modern conditions before it is swept away as an incompetent anomaly; a great part of the profession is really sympathetically disposed towards considered Socialism, and already many of the old-time prejudices are being swept away. But in practice, there is no disguising the fact, the Socialistic barrister is only too prone to satisfy his conscience and find safety in advocating advanced Liberalism; the Liberals are in office, the Socialists are not, and until some prospect of a Socialist executive arrives, the cautious lawyer, not being with us, will continue our adversary. But there is another aspect of the case. Few as they unfortunately may be, the presence of trained lawyers amongst the Labour Party and kindred organisations is of very great importance. All suggested legislative action must, in order to avoid reaction, be effected by constitutional means, and it is not given to every layman, nor is it at all the desire of every Socialist to understand that subtlest of subtleties, the British Constitution. I venture to suggest that a Law Group of the Fabian Society could not but have excellent results, and I propose with all submission that steps be taken to ascertain the views of Socialists of a legal turn of mind on this proposal.

The presence of Mr. Hubert Bland and Lord Balfour of Burleigh at the Hardwicke Society on Friday night is an indication that the Bar is not indifferent to the importance of Socialism.

HENRY H. SCLLOESSER.

* * *

THE GILDED BEGGARS.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

Many thanks for the copy of THE NEW AGE sent to me. As I have been a reader of your paper for some time I have passed on this copy to a friend who is not. Your paper goes further than you think; I know a staunch Liberal who peruses it weekly, and who says it gives him perspective.

My NEW AGE this week vigorously falls foul of the "three gilded beggars" and Mr. Balfour, who have appealed for charitable asistance so that the London school children may be fed. If the facts are as represented, I submit that there is no reason for such reprobation. The L.C.C. has deliberately slighted its duty, and the children are left to slow starvation. And then three lords and the ex-Premier appeal to the public for funds. It seems to me that, as they stepped into the breach *after* the responsible authority had shirked, they scarcely deserve such a whipping as THE NEW AGE bestows. What would you have? Should they have left the children to starve, by way of convincing the L.C.C. that they *must* feed the starving? That mode of procedure, I venture to think, is contrary to Socialist principles, which are wholly opposed to using starving children as a fulcrum on which to rest the lever that shall move the L.C.C.

I write regardless of the personality of the Four, feeling that a little less vehement protest would have met the case; but it is not without a certain amount of enjoyment that I, an insignificant commoner and professed Socialist, find myself championing the cause of the noble oppressed in this manner.

DAVID ISAACS.

* * *

MR. BALFOUR, PRODUCTION—AND TARIFF REFORM.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

There is lots of fun ahead if the economic situation develops on the lines suggested in Mr. Holmes's article about production..

Mr. Holmes exposes the weakness of Mr. Balfour's general position, but he leaves out an essential factor of it, namely, that Socialism would fail because the "individual enterprise, energy, and self-sacrifice," which it would supersede are "the very root of industrial prosperity." Mr. Holmes probably intends to refer to this point in a future article on human nature. Meanwhile his own argument, if taken whither it leads, supplies an answer on the economic side (using economics in the sense in which Mr. Balfour would accept it; that is, as the subject which deals with motives of self-interest and those which are within the sphere of calculation).

Looking ahead, say, for twenty years, assume that human and moral nature remains the same, but that faculty changes to the extent to which the rising generation is less stupid than the present one. Assume, also, that those of us who are workers, Socialists or not, are men aiming at the largest reward our abilities may command and the size of the Socialised national dividend will allow, without regard to other consequences of our actions. The proposition is:—

> That if the various branches of national industry are Socialised (and managed, say, by an Industrial Committee of the House of Commons acting through the Board of Trade which, to begin with, would be assisted by the commercial intelligence of paid business experts), society will be more efficiently organised for the production of commodities and services, and, in consequence, the aggregate production itself will be increased.

On the question of "increased" production, Mr. Balfour, as an economist, should be satisfied because the proposition meets the requirements of most of the usual tests of economic progress.

Real costs of production would be reduced because under the new scheme:—

(1) the standard of life and comfort being raised, the producing units would become more efficient owing to the effects of the increased wages which would be arranged through the wages boards, subject to the limit of a legal minimum;

(2) no rent, interest, royalties, or wayleaves would have to be paid;

(3) the home demand would rise owing to a larger part of the national dividend being distributed in wages and salaries; and output would be larger;

(4) export trade would be encouraged from these causes, and also owing to flexible railway rates and shipping freights and the larger output lowering the price per unit.

Mr. Balfour should be satisfied on the "stimulus of individual enterprise" point, because (1) if shorter hours were worked, State controlled immigration, if need be, could supply the necessary labour power and (2) because the tendency would be to increase home production as well as export trade to its utmost limit so as to make each worker's share of the national dividend as large as may be.

May I add one point? When industry is Socialised, knotty questions will arise in rapid succession. For example, it will be possible for the Socialist State to "dump," regardless of foreign tariffs and almost at its discretion provided it is willing to stand the risk of aggravating the non-Socialist States into an armed combination against it. But the fact that the principle of reciprocal demand within the limits of comparative cost will operate so strongly in favour of an industrialised Socialised State (think of having no rent, interest, or royalties to pay!) shows that Tariff Reform would become on practical grounds (what already it is on economic grounds) the veriest abracadabra, if you are treating it as a possible plan for the lessening of true unemployment. That, however, is another matter.

A FABIAN OF 1900.

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