# RECESS AND THE CONGO. By Hilaire Belloc, M.P.


# THE NEW AGE

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## NOTES OF THE WEEK.

EVERY fresh message from Constantinople increases our confidence in the strength and capacity of the Young Turkish party and makes it clearer that the mighty change from an Oriental despotism to a constitutional monarchy is likely to be of a permanent character. The profound effects that will inevitably be produced throughout the Mohammedan world by this peaceful revolution are beyond all estimation. It is not lightly to be assumed, however, that the Palace party will relinquish their power and their perquisites without a struggle. For thirty years the Sultan's favourites have maintained their opulence at the expense of the people by a system of corruption only conceivable under autocratic rule. Now their opportunities of gain, their very means of livelihood, are being swept away, and there must be desperate men amongst them. As yet they have not found themselves. Overwhelmed by the suddenness of recent events they have suffered dismissal by the score without any show of resistance. But soon they will surely collect their forces and then we may expect fresh developments. It is possible that, deprived of the overt support of their royal master, their strength is so small that it may be neglected as a factor in the situation. But that is not very likely.

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Neither party in Turkey seems to lack the spirit of comedy. A young Turkish orator, after telling his audience that the Sultan had earned the eternal gratitude of his subjects by opening the door of constitutional freedom, is reported to have added that it was the duty of every patriot to see that that door was not accidentally shut—a delightful example of oriental euphemism. The Sultan's humour is of a more diabolic and practical sort. In the general amnesty which followed the granting of the constitution, he included not only all political prisoners, but all criminals as well. In ostentatious deference to the principles of Liberty, Equality and Fraternity he has literally emptied the gaols of the country of all their inmates without distinction of class, creed, or offence. The point of this enthusiastic generosity was not properly appreciated until his loyal and law-abiding subjects discovered to their cost what a large number of the predatory class had been let loose amongst them. And the best of the joke from the Sultan's point of view is that there can be no remedy until he has had his little revenge.

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A very important and pleasing feature of the Turkish revolution is the strength of the pro-English sentiment amongst the reformers. England is clearly regarded as a friend whose support may be counted upon, even claimed as a right, by all who are struggling towards political freedom. This flattering confidence is, of course, a tribute to our past rather than to our present, and must be somewhat embarrassing to the Government now in power. For it assumes the continued existence of a policy which our Foreign Office, at the instance of its chief, has only just succeeded in forgetting, and comes as an unpleasant reminder of a glory that is no more. But if the reminder is unpleasant it is not inopportune. For Turkey's faith in the disinterested character of British diplomacy is the most effective possible criticism of our New Foreign Policy, and may well so modify that policy as to procure for the Young Turks the sympathy which their confrères in Persia and Russia have been denied. This effect, of course, will be produced not by direct action upon Sir Edward Grey, but by the creation of a strong public opinion in this country. The average Englishman, however reactionary he may be in domestic affairs, will be proud of his country's reputation abroad, and the Press which reflects his views will be disinclined to support any policy which is unworthy of Turkish expectations.

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In the debate on the Foreign Office vote last week Sir Edward Grey declared that his attitude towards the Persian nationalist movement was one of pure benevolence. As to whether this belated expression of sympathy is to be attributed to the pressure which has been brought to bear upon the Foreign Secretary through the Press—and particularly through these columns—or whether that "safe" statesman considered it an opportune move for reasons of his own, we will offer no opinion. In any case the declaration was worth little, for the principle of non-intervention was enunciated again with more emphasis than ever.

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We refuse to believe that this hollow pretence deceives anybody. In all his speeches on the subject Sir Edward Grey has assumed that any sort of practical help lent to either party would be an outrageous and unheard-of violation of international etiquette. Yet he has nothing but praise for the attitude of the Russian Government. It is perfectly well known that the Shah's triumph over his people has been due in the main to Russian officers and Russian money. If this be not intervention then would Sir Edward Grey have any objection to British

officers and British money being sent to the anti-Royalists? It is nonsense to say that it is impossible for us to show our sympathy in a practical shape, and that therefore we had better not say too much about it. It would be no small boon to the constitutionalists if we were merely to insist on others maintaining that strict neutrality which Sir Edward Grey says is incumbent upon us. Our position with the Russian Government is surely strong enough for us to be able to ensure the withdrawal from Persia of all officers who are on the active list of the Russian army. If it is not, then Sir Edward Grey has betrayed his country's interests as well as its honour.

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On Tuesday of last week Mr. Will Thorne—to whom our thanks are due—interrogated the Government as to the suggested visit of the Tsar. The reply was to the effect that the Tsar had expressed no intention of visiting this country during the present year. This is very satisfactory. It is impossible, however, to suppose that the very widespread and definite rumours which led to the question were wholly without foundation, and in spite of the form of the official reply we can only conclude that a visit was contemplated at one time but was abandoned owing to the unfavourable reception of the proposal in certain quarters.

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It really is difficult to discover what claim the present Government has to call itself either Liberal or democratic. We need not repeat the many instances where their Imperial administration has fallen below the standard which we have a right to expect from them. It is sufficient condemnation to note that, apart from the exceptional case of Chinese labour, where a belated fulfilment of their election promises was forced upon them, their policy has so far aroused no protest, nor even serious criticism from the benches where sit the proud originators of the "commercial asset" theory. The latest instance is Viscount Morley's treatment of Mr. Tilak's case. Even if it were true that India's safety depended on the deportation of this agitator we should still have a right to protest in the name of Liberalism itself against the attitude which was reflected in the tone of the Under Secretary's answers in the House of Commons last week.

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What grounds has Mr. Buchanan for being "perfectly certain" that the question of accurate translation was fairly considered by the judge and jury? It is simply the illiberal assumption of a bureaucrat who has a definite end in view and means to gain it. To emphasise the fact that the judge was a Parsee is simply to remind us of the notorious Irish judge whose harsh treatment of his fellow countrymen was habitually justified by a reference to his nationality. He was merely a willing and useful tool of the Executive authorities, and it is highly probable that Judge Davar is in the same position. In any case, whether the conviction and the sentence were just or not, whether Lord Morley's failure to prevent the deplorable and dangerous riots in Bombay by a prompt act of mercy was wise or foolish, it is surely impossible to defend the arrangements which have been made for Mr. Tilak's punishment. At the worst he is a political offender. Yet he is to be made to labour amongst the common criminals and to be treated in all respects as if he were one of them. In response to an appeal that the misguided patriot should be dealt with in accordance with his years and standing Mr. Buchanan refused, on Lord Morley's behalf, to interfere, and said that the inspectors of gaols were empowered to order exceptional treatment if they thought fit. In short, a political prisoner is to be handed over by a Liberal Government to the tender mercies of some of the very officials whom he has attacked to be punished as they may think fit. That is really no overstatement of the case as it appears from the Under Secretary's answers.

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The debate on the Colonial Office vote was remarkable for the comparative absence of party feeling. This eminently satisfactory feature was doubtless due to the personality of the new Under Secretary. It is not too much to say that within the limitations of his department Colonel Seely possesses the confidence of all parties in the House in a greater degree than any other member of the Government. In the matter of Dinuzulu he has shown an appreciation of the difficulties of the case, and an unwavering determination that justice shall be done that makes us inclined to trust his judgment almost without reserve. The salary question is now satisfactorily disposed of, and we are glad to note that the House was unanimous in its approval of the Imperial Government's action. A partisan defence of the Natal Cabinet's attitude delivered from the front Opposition Bench might have made matters very much more difficult for the Colonial Secretary and the Governor.

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The moral of the discussion on Natal was pointed by Mr. Ramsay Macdonald. He criticises the Act of Indemnity, but admitted that it must be confirmed on this occasion since otherwise the natives would suffer. The wrong had been done. Martial law had been declared without any real justification, and with the avowed object (inter alia) of collecting evidence of Dinuzulu's alleged crimes. The important thing was to prevent the establishment of a precedent for the maladministration of justice in a British Colony. "It was the duty of the Government to see that such a wrong was not committed again. It was condemned not from the point of view of Labour or Liberal members, but from the point of view of the inherited and cherished liberties of the British Imperial race." The long and short of this is that sooner or later we shall have to devise a scheme whereby the administration of natives over the Empire is placed in the hands of Imperial officers independent of local authorities, and free from the economic temptations which inevitably beset expansive colonial communities.

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The organisers of the Universal Peace Congress, with whose ultimate object all Socialists are most heartily in sympathy, are to be congratulated upon the number of pacific utterances which they managed to elicit from the leading statesmen in this country. We doubt, however, whether such utterances count for much, although not for a moment questioning their sincerity. We are convinced that the present Government would at all costs do their utmost to prevent a war, whether this country were about to be involved or not, but we cannot refuse to see that at any moment their utmost may not be enough. Without being in any way alarmists, we feel bound to attach some considerable significance to the fact that while the sittings of the Peace Congress were going on two men of the widest knowledge and experience, and holding practically no opinion but this in common, saw fit to announce their firm conviction that an Anglo-German war is imminent and inevitable. Lord Cromer's widely-published words, which need not be repeated here, were followed closely by Mr. H. M. Hyndman's article in the "Clarion" on "The Coming German War." "There is not the slightest doubt," wrote the latter, "that Germany is steadily making ready . . . . for an invasion of this country. This is perfectly well known to all our leading politicians, and conclusive evidence of the truth of this statement is on record in the War Office or at the Admiralty."

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It is not necessary for us either to endorse or differ from this view. It is sufficient that it is widely held. For that fact alone makes any reduction of armaments out of the question. England cannot, for her own sake, even if she repudiates all responsibility for their fortunes and the liberty of other weaker nations, afford to run the slightest risk of being obliged to submit to German supremacy. For we most emphatically agree with Mr. Hyndman when he says, "I believe firmly that the success of the Pan-Teutonic, anti-English, anti-French scheme of aggression would throw back Socialism in Europe for fully two generations." The enormous annual expenditure of Europe upon armaments represents

an appalling waste of human energy, but there is only one way of preventing it. And that way will not be found until the rule of kings and princes has been replaced throughout Europe by the rule of the people. Then the various peoples will be able to recognise wherein their common interests lie, and to fraternise as the various Labour and Socialist parties already fraternise; and then, and not till then, will disarmament become an immediately practicable proposal. As long as there is a German Kaiser and a Russian Tsar, each with an army and navy ready to fight at his whim, the friends of peace will be able to achieve little.

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The tactics of the Ministerial Press in going into hysterics over the Lords' amendments to the Old Age Pensions Bill were very amusing and, according to all the canons of party journalism, quite sound. But since everyone knew that the Lords would not persist when challenged by the Government, the suggestion, seriously made in one prominent journal, that the Bill was "dead" really passed the limits of legitimate farce. A campaign against the Upper House cannot be effectively prosecuted on such lines.

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The amendments themselves, with the exception of the one for which Lord Cromer was responsible, limiting the operation of the Bill to six years, were comparatively unimportant. The part played by Lord Avebury is perhaps worth recording. Not content with voting for every limitation which was proposed, he himself moved and carried two amendments of a purely vindictive and purposeless character. His object was to throw the onus of proof of residence, income, and other qualifications upon the applicant in every case. The effect of the change was to create an assumption that no one prima facie had a right to a pension. The pension authority would thus have to regard every claimant as disqualified until he proved his poverty. This unmistakeable attempt to attach the stigma of pauperism to the beneficiaries under the new scheme is a significant symptom of the malice which underlies much of the professedly disinterested opposition to the Bill. Lord Avebury would doubtless be quite ready to affirm that he moved his amendments in the interests of the poor. The matter is of little practical consequence now that the Bill has been restored to its original shape, but it shows what some members of the House of Lords are capable of descending to when their primitive class instincts are aroused.

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The events of the week, taken altogether, were an unquestionable score for the Government and the House of Commons. Had the Upper House taken Lord Rosebery's advice and refused to accept any responsibility for the details of the Bill by passing it through Committee unaltered they would have suffered no loss of dignity. Indeed, they might have slightly increased their prestige. As it is, they have been obliged to put up with the humiliation of having to withdraw all their weighty amendments at the command of Mr. Speaker; and, incidentally, they have accepted their rebuke with the worst possible grace, and have given the Government an excellent handle for the coming campaign in the country. But what Mr. Asquith must have regarded as the crowning mercy was Lord Hugh Cecil's letter to the "Times" on Friday urging the desirability of ending the privilege of the Commons in respect of money matters, and describing that privilege as "a foolish and indefensible survival." ("Indefensible" is perfect.) Lord Hugh made no bones about his motives, but stated quite frankly that the change he proposed was necessary for the protection of property against the depredations of a possible "Socialist majority" in the Lower House. It would be interesting to know what Mr. Balfour thinks about Lord Lansdowne's blunder and his cousin's indiscretion.

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Haggerston has followed Peckham into opposition—a bad second. In the case of this particular election it is safe to assume that practically every vote given to the Socialist was taken from the Liberal, and if that be so, the real turn-over was quite small. Of the three candidates, the only one who has no right to be disappointed at the result is Mr. Warren. Coming into the constituency only a week before the poll, and with all his best anti-Tory thunder stolen by Mr. Burrows before he got there, he certainly received more votes than he had a right to expect. Doubtless the increased prestige of the Government, whose discomfiture of the Lords was the chief item in Saturday's papers, had a good deal to do with it.

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The Select Committee on Home Work have reported emphatically in favour of the establishment of Wages Boards in sweated industries. For our part, we have grave doubts as to the use of Wages Boards except as a slight check upon the worst employers. These doubts are confirmed by the report, when it points out that although the most notorious cases of sweating are in trades where the middleman's or retailer's profits are very large, the most extensive and less known forms are accompanied by severe competition and a narrow margin of profit. Australian experience shows that Wages Boards will never fix a higher rate than they are sure "the trade will bear." Hence they are not likely to do more than touch the fringe of the sweating evil unless they are reinforced by the establishment of a national legal minimum wage based not on commercial but on physiological necessities. That is to say, the minimum must depend not upon what the "trade will bear," but upon what will sustain life. The unfortunate fact is that the relief of thousands of sweated employees will very possibly involve the ruin of hundreds of small employers, and Wages Boards can scarcely be expected to accept the responsibility for that. It is a problem that can only be dealt with nationally.

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**[NEXT WEEK.—"John Smith Wants to Know," by Jerome K. Jerome; "Music-Drama in the Future," by Edward Carpenter; "Socialism and Suburbia," by Edwin Pugh. Dr. H. Grattan Guinness will reply to Mr. Belloc.]**

# The Recess and the Congo.

## By Hilaire Belloc, M.P.

THE House of Commons has ceased to be the supreme assembly of this kingdom. It has long ceased to have legislative power, and its control of the Executive has disappeared. It has, however, one function remaining to it which, in a society like ours, is not without a certain value. This function is the function of publicity.

Of course I do not mean that the truth with regard to any public matter can or is likely to be uttered in the House of Commons. The number of things that can be touched upon and the number of ways in which they can be touched upon is highly and purposely restricted, and there is neither custom nor right of reply. The Executive can answer as it likes or not at all.

Nevertheless, this little remaining function of an institution that used to be the governing power of the realm is not without value, because there is no other avenue by which even comparatively unimportant truths can be brought to light in this country. Our Press is a closed Press, and our Courts of Law, with their few and very highly-paid Judges, are rigorously opposed to publicity. All this the Executive, the Courts of Law, the owners of the great newspapers, etc., are powerfully supported by the plutocratic governing class; and the organisation is irresistible.

I am not attempting to establish to what degree publicity should be admitted. Personally, I incline to a very high degree, and think it of advantage to the State, and to individual morals; but there have been many wise and patriotic men who would admit but a low

degree of publicity, remarking the civil dissensions and the contempt for authority which follow public knowledge of public scandals. What I am about to affirm is that the complete shutting off of all truth upon contemporary events from the mass of the nation, and a system of complete silence or falsehood must, in the opinion of all, be a very dangerous thing for any country, even for a strict plutocracy like ours. Now, I repeat, the one break in this ring—though it is but a small break—is the power of criticism in Parliament. It is often exceptional, it must often be trivial, but it exists, and it acts as some sort of check. For instance, but for the action of Mr. Lea and myself in Parliament, the absurd but odious scandal of the Ayrshire Foundry Company would not have been exposed. Every effort was made to prevent its going further, but, still, a few people did hear of it. But for Parliament, nobody would have heard of it. The same is true of many other details which, in their totality, give the thinking man, however faintly, some hint of the public corruption under which he lives.

But for Parliament and the partial publicity it affords, a silly little group of nobodies in Natal would long before this have engaged us in an extremely serious and very dangerous business with the blacks. But for Parliament the mining industry in South Africa might have broken down under the characteristically Jewish miscalculation of the future which brought in Chinese labour. And so forth.

Now, when Parliament rises, this check, such as it is, is lifted from the Executive—and the Executive nowadays means very little more than a handful of big financiers blundering away at increasing their fortunes with very little regard to the traditional character or to the modern environment of this nation. It is during the Recess that almost universally the blunders have been made which have ended by permanently lowering our financial position and ruining our military prestige.

The whole of the stupid and, as it turned out, tragic plot against the little Transvaal was worked during the Recess. It is during the Recess that we must expect all those fatuities of conduct which the ordinary citizen, were he in office, would certainly not commit, but which finance commits (through our departments which it controls), because finance is silly enough for anything.

At the beginning of every Recess, therefore, one ought to ask oneself what stupid thing will probably be done before the House of Commons meets again? and to answer that question one must further ask what financial interest desires what object to which publicity was a hindrance?

First of all, of course, comes the business of the Congo. It is a square fight between two financial interests, the interest of old Leopold and the interest of those few merchants in this country who want to break down Leopold's monopoly and to deal in rubber and gin with the enfranchised negroes. I have at the present moment before me a list, carefully collected, of the people who benefit by the carriage of spirits to the negroes existing under our own enlightened rule. The Catholic missionaries in the Congo have brought such pressure to bear that the Congo native cannot get this cheap spirit. But if the barrier is broken down, these people, whose names are before me, stand to make a very considerable sum of money. They can saturate a huge population with gin; and a lively trade, now non-existent, will pour its profits into Liverpool.

That is not all. A trade in rubber which may reach to a million pounds a year is now closed by monopoly. If the barrier is broken down, not only can we saturate the natives with gin, in which our merchants have control of the trade, but they can compete for a portion at least of this rubber trade, and what is more, if they could arrange for the natives to be driven under the lash of a hut tax, they might get, as Cecil Rhodes and his pals got, an inexhaustible supply of what is virtually slave labour.

Now, if this was all the Congo problem involved it would not be so very serious. A knowledge of the truth would not precisely make an honest man want to join the Congo Reform Association, but it would leave him politically somewhat indifferent. The cant and the hypocrisy might amuse or disgust him, according to his temperament—but there is plenty of cant on the other side, and cant for cant, one would side with one's own people. It is very nasty on this moral side, but the world is full of odiously nasty things on the moral side which regard us more nearly than the Liverpool gentry.

No, the serious side for us is not in the morals of the whole unpleasant business; it is in the political character. A lot of merchants, who do not appreciate how vastly the position of this country has changed in this generation, think our Government can break down the organisation of the Congo as we could have broken it down in, say, 1850, when neither France, Germany, or Italy desired or possessed colonies; when the English flag was the only flag seen in distant seas; when we were quite as rich, or richer, than the two nations nearest to us in wealth combined; when our credit was like a rock; and when, if need be, we were prepared to go to war to meet our opponents on land with an army.

To-day all that has disappeared. The least nervousness would drive Consols down to anything. We have given up (more shame for us) the old idea of an army. We are surrounded by rivals, two of whom (the United States of America and the French) are wealthier than we are; one of which (Germany) is rapidly approaching our wealth. We are but one of five powerful European nations strongly armed and determined upon peace; we are a plutocracy, and all round us is a vigorous democratic life.

We can only get things now by bargaining, and we can only get the right to soak the Congo in gin and to get hold of some of its rubber by paying some price. What price? A number of worthy dupes bawling in public halls in this country has no more effect upon the cynical, extremely clever men who conduct the French Republic or upon the minute learning of those who conduct the German Empire, than it has upon the wealthy Belgian merchants who are threatened. We must give something solid, and it is certain that we shall have to give a price far in excess of the value received. It is certain for this reason that the thing has now become a question of "saving face." It has become almost a personal question.

Now, when you are trying to save face you always pay through the nose. A bargain concluded with France (which is one possible form) might be stopped by one judicious question in the House of Commons, even if the question should not be answered.

And whatever price is paid for this piece of folly, it is during the Recess and behind the backs of the taxpayers that the sacrifice will be made.

One might prophesy further, and say that though the price will be paid, all we shall get for it *will* be the saving of face. We shall not get the Congo trade.

I know it is the opinion of experts that we shall be able to break down the barrier and pour cheap spirits from our ships into the Congo upon such a scale as will dwarf even the five million gallons we unload upon our own West African negroes. I differ from the experts. They know the gin trade and the humanitarian trade better than I do; but I do not think they know Europe.

It is more likely that the pressure of European opinion will force us to give up the gin trade even in our own colonies, let alone imposing it upon the Congo. We may obtain freedom of exchange for other goods, but it is exceedingly doubtful whether we shall be allowed to do with even a portion of the Belgian Congo what we have done further south.

To sum up. Before Parliament meets again the chances are that we shall have paid out and lost for ever a ton of international influence in some form or another and have obtained a pound of opportunity in a corner of the world which cannot add so much as one per cent. to the total volume of our trade.

# Government by Amateurs.

It is really time to decide quite definitely what kind of work we elected this present Government to do; because a general glance at the situation suggests the conclusion that, whatever it was, the Government isn't doing it. For all practical purposes—that is, for 99 per cent. of the nation—the greatest Liberal majority of history has made not an iota of difference to the daily sum of comfort and happiness. There has been, of course, the normal amount of progress; the gradual progress which goes on whether Tory or Democrat holds office and power; it is traceable not to conscious effort, but to that stately impulse of evolution which pushes both Mr. Asquith and Mr. Balfour out of the way with the utmost impartiality. It is that minimum of progress for which we can offer thanks neither to Liberal or Conservative, neither would we offer to Socialists if they were in power. It is the uniform wave of reform which brings us to the level of Old Age Pensions somewhere about the same time that it rises in Germany, France, Australia, Italy, and New Zealand. Mr. Asquith was helpless as a cork on that wave; the most he could do was to insist on being the last to stand firm against the instructions of Civilisation. It does not strike one as a very heroic application of the strong will.

But once rid of the theatrical lime-light of political agitation, with its hollow party cries which mean nothing at all when they are analysed; once allowing for the slow evolution which, happily, seems inevitable; what is there left to be put to the credit of this present Government? We are materialists in politics, nowadays. We weigh our laws against the weights of better wages, shorter hours, more comfortable homes, healthier children. The day for the politics of sentiment and gush is past; at least as far as we Socialists are concerned. We translate all the Bills we are offered or the laws we are given into terms of pounds, shillings, and pence. The governors who offer us religious teaching for immortal souls when we demand baker's bread for mortal stomachs are still in the age of dreams; they do not know their business. In other words, they are amateurs, and not serious politicians; they are satisfied by superficialities. Take one example. There is a general principle that it is the business of the State to protect life. How is that principle followed by the governors of England? Being amateurs, they think they have done all that is necessary when they prevent mere vulgar murder. Fancy wasting the resources of civilisation in preventing a few odd events of that kind; there are not a dozen people in the country who want to murder anyone. The protection of life by the policeman might have come under the head of professional politics in the time of the Goths and Huns; but the situation has changed to-day. We are engaged in the much more difficult task of preventing County Councils murdering children by a flat refusal to put the School Feeding Act into operation. Or, rather, we would be engaged in that work, if our Cabinet Ministers were not political amateurs.

During the last week the members of the House of Commons have been faced once more with a fact which puts to the test their capacity or right to continue to rule this country. Mr. Burns read to the House, in answer to a question by a Socialist, the Board of Trade figures which returned 8.2 per cent. of the Trade Unionists as being out of employment at the end of June (as against 3.6 per cent. for the corresponding month last year). When asked what the Government meant to do in order to remedy this disastrous state of affairs, Mr. Burns replied that the Unemployed Workmen Act of 1905 would be renewed, and a sum of £200,000 allocated to its purposes. In other words, the Cabinet intends to do again what has already been done without appreciable effect since 1906. To repeat a folly is not perseverance; it is childishness.

In the eyes of Socialists the handling of this problem is a conclusive test of political capacity. Since the Utopians, Owen and Saint Simon, down to the latest scientific Marxian, the essential problem of Socialism has been the organisation of Labour. Since Louis Blanc, none has disputed the principle that it is the duty of the State to find work for the unemployed; though some Socialists have said that his method of fulfilling that duty was unsound, just as there are some who object to the Right to Work Bill of the present Labour Party. That Bill is the only attempt to put into the definite form of a legislative proposal a solution of the most vital problem of the day, and of all days; until someone has the courage to write down a better solution, that Bill has a prima facie right to stand. What is more, it has every right to pass into law.

Before it is condemned as economically unsound—and there are intelligent Socialists who condemn it, but offer nothing better, by the way—it must be understood. It puts an alternative before the State; it says that it is a primary duty of the State to find work for citizens who are unable to find it in the ordinary market. This work is, as far as possible, to be suitable to the trade of the applicant; and if the applicant is physically unfit or industrially inefficient, then it is the further duty of the public officials to endeavour to train the worker to health and skill; in other words, to turn him into a fit citizen. The Labour Party Bill, therefore, goes beyond a hand-to-mouth solution of the problem, when it demands that the State shall not only find a temporary job, but shall at the same time educate the unfit. We Socialists are continually being told that the unemployed is generally the unemployable. Well, the Bill provides for that in the only way it can be provided for, namely, by physical and industrial training.

But the Labour Party has had sufficient experience of public bodies to know that at present, except in the larger towns, they are in the hands of councillors who often have neither the will nor the capacity to organise road-scrapers properly, let alone productive labour. The Local Government Board, the central department mainly concerned, is at present under the control of a President who believes in early Victorian virtues of thrift and temperance as the main factors of social reform, so there can be no hope of scientific administration out of the Local Government Board. Further, the Labour Party does not think it desirable that public works should be performed by the temporarily unemployed. So it contemplates the inevitable fact that useful public work will not, or cannot, be immediately provided in all cases. So, as an alternative, it provides in its Bill that the State shall admit the incapacity of its councillors and officials to provide work, and shall perform the still more elementary duty of providing maintenance.

That is the Socialist and Labour demand from the State: work or maintenance. It is a demand which is sound economy and mere humanity; and, in face of the figures showing 8.2 per cent. of unemployed in the skilled trades in the middle of summer, it is urgent, and cannot wait a moment longer. Mr. Henderson said last week that the Labour Party would get the Miners' Eight Hour Bill passed this session, if it meant going to the Clock Tower. That is sound policy; but why this almost death-like silence concerning the infinitely more important question of the Unemployed? The Labour Party must not drop the leadership of the movement in its most essential point. In this Bill the party has at once its most effective war-cry, its most far-reaching, practicable measure, and its most urgently needed reform. Smaller measures can be left to smaller men. If the Labour Party does not quickly make it clear that it is out for Revolution, it will lose its hold on the imagination of the workers, and it will soon lose its power even over humdrum reform. A new party cannot live by gentle manners.

G. R. S. Taylor.

# A Perfidious War Office.

## By Dr. T. Miller Maguire.

V.

THE old phrase "perfidious Albion" is verified in a very full sense indeed if applied to the treatment, not only of our auxiliary forces, but also of private soldiers and non-commissioned officers and officers of the Regular Army by our bureaucrats. The records of cruel treachery since 1902 pass all credit. No man stands on his dignity who has anything else to stand upon; but nevertheless when official pride or the insolence of "Right Honourable" and "gallant" gentlemen or family interests or party schemes are thwarted by any person whomsoever the whole cry of red tape condottieri and official curdom is after him, and he will be hounded to ruin without a word being said on his behalf, even in the Imperial Parliament. If some M.P. ventures to take up his case, as a few took up Major Camilleri's case, and as the Labour members, to their credit be it said, are taking up the case of the 5th Lancers, there is no limit to the spite and venom of the ruling partisans and jacks-in-office. Even counsel are insulted who work in the interests of the victims of the Army Council Star Chamber. The last Secretary of the Committee of Imperial Defence, Sir George Sydenham Clarke, wrote to me to say that I had done a client a dis-service by bringing his case to the notice of Parliament. This well-paid official honestly believed that it was impertinence for an M.P. to venture to criticise officialdom! General Lord Methuen, in the Royal Dragoons case, publicly censured military peers for daring to criticise the despotism and tyranny of a gang of officials who were tossing about the careers of officers as if they were golf or tennis balls. I ask my readers, if this is the official view about officers, what about sergeants and privates who have no society interest and no civil rights? Justice Lawrence laid it down in 1903 that a soldier can be kept in arrest at the caprice of his superiors for a year without any charge being preferred against him in spite of Habæas Corpus and of the Military Code itself!

My readers will observe that constant efforts are being made to muzzle the Press—not that it requires much muzzling. A Court or official nod or the threat of a large advertiser who is in the "society swim" is enough as a rule! It will be observed that not only the titled owners of the Press, but also the syndicates who control editors set their faces against ventilating the grievances of victims of officialdom, whether military officers or excise officers, or postmen, or any other Government agents. Individual freedom is becoming mute. The lawyers who crowd the House of Commons and fill the Cabinet are the most oppressive and unscrupulous champions of authority and sycophants and place hunters. I defy any reader to point out any system of tyranny in any age so far-reaching as the Army Council's orders about the discussion of military malpractices in the Press. By its ruffianly edicts any soldier who writes to the Press complaining of any injustice, however gross, is to be liable to test questions, followed by imprisonment. He can be obliged to compromise himself or be charged on suspicion. If any friend of a victimised soldier dares to champion his cause, whether the soldier knows he is being helped or not, that soldier will be held responsible for his friend's epistle. This monstrous edict is now part of the Military Code of "free" England. I have before me Captain Bryce Wilson's case, in which, because a friend wrote about the 5th Lancer's scandal in a daily paper, he was, after a severe cross-examination without any trial deprived of his post as gymnastic instructor for this reason and for no other reason.

Soldiers are afraid to talk to a man who looks like a Pressman, and the difficulty about getting information that might possibly compel the Adjutant-General's Department to act in a straightforward manner is almost incredible. In the well-known case of Major Camilleri no redress was given by either Mr. Arnold Forster or Mr. Haldane, though it was proved beyond a doubt that female spies of low character were paid by the Government to entrap officers of the Army at Pretoria, and I have the names of eleven officers who were subjected to this abominable outrage. One party is just as bad as another. I was in the War Office one day, and I asked a friend of mine, a distinguished officer now in a high position, what he was doing? "Preparing lies," was the reply, "to be told in Parliament by our civil heads." All Tories! No matter what ruffianism is perpetrated against a soldier, he has no legal redress. This is the law of the land, and suits the Army Council admirably. Hence it can carry on its system of confidential reports. Any senior officer can ruin a subordinate for the flimsiest reasons. "He has not a good tone." "He does not get on with the men." "He reads too little." "He reads too much." "He is bad at games." "He does not throw himself heartily into the sports of his fellow-officers." Any rubbish that a hen-pecked or ill-conditioned or jealous superior may please to report may cause the ruin of any officer, however meritorious. I have had many cases of this type before me, but there is no redress. This shocking state of affairs is managed by means of what is known as "Confidential Reports," which are constantly censured by military papers.

I have often been asked to sign "Confidential Reports" on students, and I always refused. I have been frequently asked if an Army student's character was "absolutely unimpeachable"! I reported to my certain knowledge that a large number of great generals and admirals and Cabinet Ministers and judges had not "absolutely unimpeachable characters," and that I would be very sorry ever to have had such a character myself; but that the moral character of the student was at least as good as that of any ordinary member of either political party, or of Marlborough or Nelson or Wellington or Napoleon's marshals or Washington or Julius Cæsar.

After some wrangling, the official fools gave way, and accepted all my pupils without any exception as having "absolutely unimpeachable characters." The "Confidential Report," when it is not folly, is mere ruffianism. The Army submits meekly; yet generals and colonels are supposed to be not only physically brave, but morally brave, and moral courage is, as Napoleon said, to physical courage as three to one. But there is this excuse; official soldiers are only, like other officials, the creatures of party, and Party Chiefs have installed perfidy and "terminological inexactitude" at the War Office as well as in the Houses of Parliament.

Mr. Arnold Forster had some experience both of the Admiralty and of the War Office, hence we may take his warning to heart. In the pamphlet in which he turned Lord Lansdowne and his régime into utter contempt, he said: "War has come, and judgment has gone on behalf of the critics and against the officials. The lesson to be learnt from the fact is an important one, namely, that in future the people of England will be wise to judge all naval and military operations by the rules of common sense, and not to attribute any weight to a pronouncement merely because it comes from the lips of a Parliamentary official or is made on behalf of a Government Department."

Let my readers mark this precept. I can add that I never knew the officials to take a true and honourable course for six months at a time in regard to any matter whatever for the past 24 years, and I have had dealings with them every month of that time. Their perfidy has been execrable throughout. The same type of shufflers and tricksters has been seated in Parliament on both Front Benches ever since 1899. Many of them are blood relations and others intermarried, and to-day the Army is in a worse state of chaos in every respect than in 1900, when, with 400,000 nominal soldiers, it was not able to subdue, after a year's struggle, 40,000 poor peasants. The cards have been shuffled, but the pack of political and society self-seekers and sybarites has been the same throughout.

I say, Away with them all! "Why cumber they the ground?" Put true men of any rank and of every class in their places.

# Mr. Belfort Bax Replies to his Feminist Critics.

Amid the various writers who have favoured The New Age with their views on the question of Female Suffrage, none have really traversed my original contention, as contained in my first article. That contention was, that occupying as they do a privileged position before the law—not only in itself, but still more in its administration—as against men, women have no just claim to the franchise. That the votaries of Female Suffrage feel this, is proved by the fact that their most serious efforts at arguments turn upon the iniquity of subjecting women to "man-made laws," their staple policy throughout their agitation being, by dint of lying assertions and insinuations, ceaselessly repeated, to create the impression on the public mind that the existing state of the law and its administration not only does not favour women, but is actually unfair to "the sex." Now, as I have pointed out, to anyone in the least acquainted with the theory and practice of the English law, there can be no doubt whatever that the latter, in theory and still more in practice, is entirely and without any exception whatever, one-sided and partial to women and against men.

The only correspondent of The New Age who has really touched the point at issue at all, while admitting the substantial truth of my remarks, confines himself to suggesting exaggeration on my part and observing that our infamous anti-man marriage laws were unjust "not on one side only." But I must deny the charge of exaggeration, a denial that can be substantiated by illustrative cases galore. As regards the marriage laws, I insist that the unfairness is wholly and solely on one side. But I must here make an explanation. There does exist *on paper* one slight concession of fairness towards the husband. The divorce law, namely, ordains that an adulterous wife, owing to the fact that by her adultery she can introduce into the family, and compel her husband to support, a bastard child, can be divorced by the *husband* on proof of adultery alone, whereas for a *wife* to obtain divorce from her husband (in which case, of course, the above reason does not obtain), it is necessary to prove cruelty in addition to adultery. Now, believer as I am that marriage ought to be an absolutely free union, it is certainly not my case to defend the existing marriage laws as a system. But I do say that, given that system and our present property and family relations generally, nothing can be more reasonable or more equitable as between the man and the woman than this provision of the English law respecting divorce.

Yet when brought to book and challenged to give a concrete instance of the unfairness of "man-made laws" to woman anent which the woman's righter is perennially blathering at large, it is invariably this very innocent and natural provision of the divorce law that is trotted out, it being the solitary instance in which the law does not overtly favour the woman at the expense of the man. But I have said that this provision exists on paper merely, and so it does, since in practice it remains a dead letter. For the discrimination in question is now practically abolished, anything which the wife objects to—coming home late at night, going out to a party without taking her with him, holding her hands when she attempts to scratch or bite him — being adjudged technical cruelty by the husband within the meaning of the law. Per contra, the Act of 1895 condones expressly the adultery of the wife, providing she can successfully plead "neglect" (an elastic term) on the part of the husband. So much for this solitary case in which the Feminist, to his horror and indignation, finds that the law does not for once avowedly favour women at the expense of men. But apart from this isolated example, the whole marriage law is one tissue of favouritism to the woman and injustice to the man, as I have already shown.

And yet we find in "advanced" journals tirades like the following: "Any fool, any blackguard, any coward, is wise enough and worthy enough to be allowed a legal and a holy licence to torture and insult a woman. Anything with the title of husband in his pocket may goad and stab and lash and sear the soul of the slave we call a wife" ("Clarion," July 17). Unfortunately, the champion liar who can gush forth the mendacious, sentimental slush, of which the foregoing is a sample, does not stand alone. His performance is but part of an anti-man crusade of misrepresentation and falsehood carefully organised and skilfully engineered, the object of which is, and has been, to inflame public opinion against men in the interests of female privilege and of female domination. Feminists well know that the most grotesquely far-fetched cry anent the injustice of man to woman will meet with a ready ear. They well know that they get here fond and foolish man on his soft side. Looking at the matter impartially, it is quite evident that man's treatment of woman is the least vulnerable point in his moral record. Woman, *as such*, he has always treated with comparative generosity. But it is, of course, to the interests of the abettors of female domination to pretend the contrary. Accordingly everything has been done to excite prejudice in favour of woman as the innocent and guileless victim of man's tyranny, and the maudlin Feminist sentiment of the "brute" man has been carefully exploited to this end. The result of two generations' agitation in the above sense is seen in the existing state of the law, civil and criminal, in which the "Woman's Movement" has succeeded in effecting the violation of every principle of rectitude towards the male side of the sex-equation. The existing laws connected with marriage which place the husband practically in the position of legal slavery as regards the wife is typical of the whole.

That the present "Votes for Women" movement is only a phase of the anti-man crusade which Feminisim has been carrying on for nigh two generations past with the aid of the Press, is shown, not only by the persistent efforts to represent "man-made laws" as unjust to women, but by the incidental remarks of Suffragette leaders in which the sex animus is shown, no concealment being made of the intention to use the suffrage for rivetting on man the chains of legalised female oppression. For example, Mrs. Pankhurst recently represented one of the functions of emancipated "Womanhood" to be the handing over of the luckless male to the female blackmailer by raising the "age of consent" above sixteen!!. The allusion made at the same time to the "daughters of the working class" is a piece of demagogy too thin to deceive anyone as to the venomous sex-spite animating this outrageous proposal.

Again, in the "Daily News" for July 30 a suffragette objects to a woman being punished for murdering her child, protesting that the father, who had had nothing to do with the crime, ought to have been in the dock in her place!

In the present agitation we see merely the culmination of a Feminist campaign organised with scarcely any attempt at concealment, as I have said, on the basis of a sex-war. But this sex-war is at present one-sided, the man's case goes by default. There is no sex-conscious man's party to be appealed to and to engineer public opinion in favour of the claims of the most elementary justice *for him*, as there is a sex-conscious woman's party to further any and every iniquitous claim of the female sex. So long as the present state of things lasts, organised determination on the one side and indefinite gullibility on the other, are likely to maintain the ascendancy of the Feminist cult and increase the sphere of female privilege.

It has often been remarked that even if the suffrage were granted, the enforcement of the laws decreed by a female majority would be dependent on the goodwill of men. This observation we are accustomed to find greeted by Feminist jeers. The jeers may be justified for the moment, but the intrinsic truth of the observation remains none the less. So long, namely, as the Woman's Party can continue to bulldose men as they have done up to the present, so long will they be able to make men obey and enforce their behests, whether formulated directly through the suffrage or in-

directly by hoodwinking public opinion as they do now. But when once men get tired of this, when once the reaction sets in and a sex-conscious Man's Party forms itself, then Heaven help the women!! The anti-man ranting sisterhood do not seem to realise what the position of their sex would be if men took to refusing to act against their "brothers." They think it the most natural thing in the world for women to talk and act in this strain as regards their "sisters." The explanation, to my mind, is simple. They instinctively feel that man is *more than sex*, that he stands for humanity in the concrete, whereas woman stands, par excellence, for sex and sex alone. As I have often pointed out before, common phraseology recognises that while man *has* a sex woman *is* a sex. The hollowness of the sham of the modern dogma of equality between the sexes is shown by the fact that the assumption of inferiority is called into requisition without any hesitation when there is anything to be gained by it for the cause of female privilege. The dogma of equality is reserved for pleading for the franchise, for the opening up of the professions, and similar occasions. According to the current theory, while women are fully equal to men in capacity for government, administration, etc., and hence, while justice demands that these spheres should be accessible to them, they are so inferior to men in the capacity to control their actions and to distinguish right from wrong, that it is not to be thought of that they, poor weak women, should be treated with the same impartiality or severity by the law as is dealt out to men. Women nowadays "want it," not "both ways" merely, but *all* ways. At least as good arguments may be produced to prove that the apparent muscular inferiority of women to men is not fundamental, as are adduced to prove that the apparent intellectual inferiority is not fundamental. There are plenty of instances of extraordinary bodily strength in women. And yet we never hear these arguments. Why? Because Feminists have no interest, but quite the contrary, in perverting the truth on *this* side, whereas on the other, their demands require that they shall prove equality—the aim being to ensure for women all honourable, agreeable, and lucrative occupations in life, while guarding them carefully from all rough and disagreeable work and from all unpleasant responsibilities. Hence it suits their book to admit the physical, while denying the mental, inferiority. My constitutional objection to privileged classes extends also to a privileged sex. Hence my (as some deem it, intemperate) zeal in exposing the hollow humbug on which the practical demands of the "Woman's Movement" rest.

Turning again to the present agitation, it is noteworthy how the evidence as to the numerical strength of the Suffrage movement adduced by its advocates is about on a level with the arguments advanced in support of the general principle of Feminism. A stage army, the vanguard of which probably amounts to some five hundred, which can on occasion, from all England, be raised to ten thousand (among these, girlish youth and innocence being particularly prominent), such is all that has yet been achieved, and such it is that we are asked to regard as representing the public opinion of England. However, one may suppose that the Feminists are so accustomed to their statements otherwise being allowed to pass by default, that they have come to regard the supineness and gullibilty of public opinion in these matters as a safe speculation. Hence, at the beginning of the twentieth century the figure of British Womanhood rises up before us, reeking with privilege, and, in alternate strophes, tearfully whimpering and threateningly shrieking that she has not enough, that she wants more! Such, at least is the Womanhood of the Feminist agitation. In concluding this controversy, I can only reaffirm my original position unshaken, and that is, that whatever other arguments there may be for or against "Votes for Women," certain it is, under any ordinarily recognised standard of fairness and equality, that so long as women enjoy those privileges before the law at the expense of men which they now do, it is unjust that they should be given facilities for increasing them by the concession of the franchise.

# A Socialist Candidate's Election Address.

[Being the text of the Election Address issued by Mr. Herbert Burrows to the electors of the Haggerston Division of Shoreditch on the occasion of the Bye-election, which took place on Saturday, August 1st.]

FELLOW-CITIZENS,—By the sad and lamented death of my old and valued friend and Peace and Arbitration colleague, Sir W. Randal Cremer, a vacancy is created in the Parliamentary representation of Haggerston. At the request of the Socialist, Labour, and Trade Union organisations of the Division, and of many other electors, I beg to offer myself as Parliamentary Candidate. I am a Social-Democrat and a member of the National and International Social-Democratic Party, believing that only in Socialism will be found the full solution of economic and social problems. Because I am a Socialist I am also a practical politician and a social reformer, meaning by that that there are certain preliminary things which may be done as steps towards the future realisation of the full Socialist ideal.

### POLITICAL REFORMS.

I am in favour of Adult Suffrage, believing that every man and every woman, married or unmarried, except criminals and lunatics, should possess the full franchise and have a voice in the making of the laws by which they are governed. I pledge myself, if elected, to introduce an Adult Suffrage Bill to that effect, and do my best to carry it.

To ensure a more equal distribution of political power and to give fuller expression to the will of the people, other democratic reforms are necessary. Among these are Payment of Members of national and local bodies, and of Election Expenses, out of national funds—Second Ballot, or Proportional Representation, so that the voice of minorities may be fairly heard—thorough Reform of the Registration Laws—One Franchise for all elections—the removal of every vestige of property qualification, and a very considerable Reduction in the Period of Residence. All these I heartily advocate and support. I am in favour of the Abolition of the House of Lords and of the Disestablishment of the Church. No man should rule over another man merely by virtue of being born. The Lords are a standing block to all progress. Religion should be an entirely private matter.

### SOCIAL REFORMS.

Education.—The children are the greatest asset of the community. I am in favour of Free, Compulsory, Secular, and Technical Education for all children of the nation, the complete Abolition of Child Labour, and the Raising of the School Age to sixteen.

I advocate the Free Communal Feeding and Maintenance of school children, so that, under present conditions, parents should not suffer by other educational reforms. There should be a graded system of free education from the elementary school to the University, if need be, so that the poor man's children may have the same educational advantages as the children of the rich.

### HOUSING OF THE PEOPLE.

Both in town and country the Housing of the People is too often a national disgrace. Every effort should be made to abolish the slums, and to place men, women, and children in healthy physical surroundings. Local and national authorities should erect Healthy, Commodious Dwellings, to be let at rents sufficient to cover the cost of construction and maintenance, and to keep them in repair.

### UNEMPLOYMENT.

The gravest question which the nation has at present to face is undoubtedly that of Unemployment. Outside Socialism, no party in the State has even a glimmering of an idea how properly to deal with it. The local and national authorities, after thorough classification of the Unemployed, should set them to such useful work as they are capable of performing, to be paid for at decent and reasonable wages. In agriculture, afforesta-

tion might be set on foot, and the waste lands of the nation utilised, thus preparing the way for Land Nationalisation. The main attempt, however, should be to employ the Unemployed locally and nationally in the Production of the Necessaries of Life, as a step towards the Socialist ideal of complete communal production.

FINANCE.

All these reforms would cost money. At present, Labour produces more than enough to pay for them all, but the money mainly goes into the pockets of the people who live on the toil of others. The poor are poor because they are robbed by the rich. I am in favour of the Taxation of Land Values, not as a solution, but as a temporary step, of the extension of the Death Duties, and of a complete Graduated Income Tax, which should increase with the larger incomes. The money obtained from these sources to be used for the reforms I have indicated.

TRADE UNIONISM.

For many years, as is well known, I have been a strong advocate of Trade Unionism. I have always done, and shall continue to do, all in my power to strengthen it, but at the same time to widen its basis. I am in favour of the Eight Hours Day as a Maximum, the improvement of Factories and Workshops, and the Extension and Thorough Administration of the Factory Acts. I confidently appeal for the vote and support of every Trade Unionist in the Division.

SWEATING.

Sweating is a part of our present social system, and can never be entirely abolished till that system is changed. Its worst forms, however, can be dealt with by Wages Boards and the Minimum Wage. I am in favour of both of these, and if properly applied, they would also go far to solve the alien question. I am also in favour, under present conditions, of the Abolition of Home Work. The poor workers who would be adversely affected by this should be compensated by the State.

THE POOR LAW.

I am in favour of the abolition of the present Poor Law and its whole administration. In its place there should be substituted a thorough national system of adequate Old Age Pensions which should not be deferred till the aged are dropping into the grave. Poverty has too long been considered a disgrace and almost a crime. The nation should see to it that its industrial veterans shall be treated as men and women who have earned the right to national consideration. I am also in favour of Free Dispensaries and Municipal Hospitals.

THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC.

Personally I am a total abstainer of many years standing. I am most thoroughly alive to the evils of the Drink Traffic, and every wise and well-thought out effort to diminish those evils has always had, and will have, my most cordial and hearty support. In this matter, especially, the people should have control, and in any given area they should have the power to say what should be done. But the mere suppression of facilities for drink will not solve the question. One of the truest steps to real Temperance Reform is the Improvement of the Homes and Social Surroundings of the people, coupled with decent and attractive Municipal Restaurants. Side by side with this there should be the opening out to the people of every avenue of rational recreation and enjoyment. All temperance legislation should apply equally to rich and poor alike.

MILITARISM.

I am strongly against Militarism in every shape and form. For many years I worked with your late Member, Sir Randal Cremer, in the cause of International Peace and Arbitration. I shall ever do my best to continue that work. The truest guarantee of peace will be International Socialism.

FREE TRADE AND TARIFF REFORM.

I am, as every true Socialist is, a Free Trader. I am opposed to the erection of any barrier whatever between man and man or nation and nation. Tariff Reform, which is really Protection in disguise, is but one more red herring drawn across the path of real reform by the capitalist and landlord class who will use it to their own advantage. But Free Trade is often used as another of these red herrings. While I am thoroughly in favour of Free Trade, in itself it is no solution of the social problem. When, after sixty years of Free Trade, the late Prime Minister, Sir Henry Campbell Bannerman, could say that from 12 to 13 millions of the population of this country are always on the verge of poverty it is evident that Free Trade has failed as a cure for social ills. We must not abandon it, but to it must be added the only real cure—Socialism.

IRELAND, THE COLONIES, AND INDIA.

I am, and always have been, a fervent advocate of Irish Home Rule. The Irish have an absolute right to manage their own affairs. I am against the jingo Imperialism which at present obtains, and am in favour of Britain, Ireland, and the self-governing Colonies being federated together for the larger questions, on a sound basis of free Democracy. The three hundred millions in India, who have so long been exploited by the same privileged classes who exploit the workers here at home, should be granted self-government as soon as possible.

There are many particular questions on which I hope to address you during the election campaign. I will now only mention two. I am an Anti-Vivisectionist, entirely opposed to experiments on animals. I am strongly in favour of complete and democratic Reform of the whole Civil Service. At present the Civil Service is practical class rule. The chief safeguard against officialism will be the opening out to the people of all Civil Service posts. I am also in favour of granting full political rights to Civil Servants, so long as these do not hamper the performance of their official duties.

All the foregoing, however, are but steps to the great principle for which I, as a Revolutionary Social-Democrat, stand—the complete change in the basis of our present social system from false individualism to democratic communalism.

I stand as a thoroughly independent candidate, apart from all capitalistic parties. None of these parties have the key to the solution of our social and economic problems. That key is the Socialism which I uphold and defend. The principles of other political parties are those on which the present social order is founded and their main actions are therefore bound to be in accordance with those principles. As a Socialist I hold that those principles are against the interests of the nation, especially the workers, and the Revolution I work for is the placing in the hands of the whole people the ownership and control of the means of production and the material necessaries of life. That cannot be accomplished in a day, but all my political and Social work has that end in view . . .

HERBERT BURROWS.

# Little Puff Ball versus X+Y.

I WANTED to write about morality, but here, where I lie in the long grass that whips round me with thin fingers, where the scent of the earth and the growing things fills my nostrils and the rustle and buzz, the low ground-swell, of life fills my ears, where I can look up at will and see by snatches the sun riding in blinkers of flying fleece and the big tree dipping and swaying over me, tattooing me with a shifting chequer-work of leaves, how can I write here of such bookish nonsense?

Nevertheless, I think I will talk a little morality to the tree.

Morality, my friend, is the art of having a smooth trunk and leaves arranged geometrically. You are an oak, I believe, though I am bad at botany, or a beech, perhaps; let us say you are a beech. Well, then, if you would be moral you must be a good, typical beech; there must be no individual eccentricities about you. You will find this difficult, of course, because every beech is essentially different from every other beech; but this is immoral. You must strive to suppress these differences; morality is the art of being alike. If you feel yourself getting wild and peculiar, clip, my friend, clip (I grieve to see you are not clipped); much may be done by clipping! Do not be too vigorous; vigour and immorality generally go together. A little, gentle weakness, now, with a humble appreciation of the blessedness of being clipped—that is the true way. Morality, my friend, is the art of being contented with one's weakness.

And then your outside—this bark of yours. Is it your skin or your mantle? If it is your skin, I implore you to get a covering of some sort; dirt will do, even cobwebs, one gathers, are nowadays sufficient. Ivy is all right, though a little old-fashioned, but some sort of covering you must have (if your bark is not a covering). It is indecent to flaunt your nakedness broadly in the outer air. The important thing, you see, is to be ashamed of your body. Morality is the art of being ashamed. And this brings me to the subject of sex. How do you get your young ones? I haven't the faintest idea how you do it. You manage it more discreetly than we do, but there it is: young trees grow up all around you, the fact is notorious. How do you arrange it? Have you a wife? Is there a marriage contract? Were you spliced by a registrar? Or (horror of horrors!) do you live in sin? Don't tell me you fulfil your instincts, and that the force of the instincts, plus a little care in planting-out, produce very excellent results. I am not concerned with results; but the mere thought of you following your instincts gives me the shivers. Morality is the art of suppressing one's instincts.

And now there is a thick cloud over the sun, a heavy, dull, dun cloud and everything is shivering and shaking, and the wind comes rushing at me with arms stretched out before it, and loosened, flying hair.

The weather does not like my moralising, I think I will go indoors to finish it. Morality is the art of living indoors.

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A short while ago, when the Conservatives came canvassing you, and you said Socialist, he put you down as Liberal and passed on. Just so, now, when I poke fun at the sense of decency, the moralist lumps me in his cursing prayers with the "Pink 'Un" and the Continent of Europe. Nothing distresses and shocks your Englishman more than to be told there are more than two ways of looking at a thing.

To understand my point of view quite clearly, think of what the Socialist and the moralist respectively have to say on the subject of drunkenness. Your moralist says drunkenness is sinful, disgusting, alluring, and expensive—let us stop drunkenness by shutting up the pubs. The Socialist says it is very pleasant to possess ardent liquors, it is very dull and unhealthy for ardent liquors to possess us (except now and then, he adds, to the despair and brain-fever of the moralist). It is a wrestling match, says he. If ardent liquors are the stronger, you will serve them miserably at the sloppy bars of gin palaces; if you are the stronger, you will find them a very agreeable stop-gap for divine forms of intoxication. The great thing is to make oneself the stronger.

To me the word virtue means what it did to the Roman—to be completely a man. The virtue of a sword is to be sharp, of a lemon to be sour, of honey to be sweet, of a lion to be savage and to roar well, of a horse to be swift, and of a goat to be agile and lustful—of all of them to be strong and beautiful, of a man to be all these things and something more, something that makes him different from all other men. To be vicious is to be weakly, to be possessed by something stronger and meaner than your soul. (Meaner than your soul! For who am I to speak scornfully of the great possessions, of the greatest of all possessions—the intoxication with life?)

And then there is that other sense, the sense of rhythm and of the oneness of things, the sense of which individual virtue is but an instrument, of which comradeship and the social consciousness are but images and symbols. I see this sense at the basis of all poetry, philosophy, religion, social reform. I see in this the only thing that will console a man for the passing of individual consciousness, for the passing of race consciousness, for the vision of a globe of unbroken glacier carrying into the night the frozen bones of mankind.

After all, there is more to be said for "good form," for "salvation by grace," for the Catholic community of Christian men, for all these guesses and hints at moral rhythm than for those dead ethics which strive to build up conduct on the negative clauses of the Ten Commandments. Fancy building up life upon negations!—upon "thou shalt not!"

"Refrain from evil," says the moralist. "Be alive and manlike," says the unmoralist. "There are a million germs in my blood, some of them wicked germs, some of them good germs, and I don't know which are which. I shall not trouble to kill them all off, with the chance of finding in the end I cannot keep alive without them. But I will make myself strong, I will feed and drink well of all the sights and delights and labours of the earth, I will make myself alive from tip to toe; and then you may pump into me, an it please you, all the germs of all your beastly chemical laboratories."

Which is it you fear more, you moralists, with your physic and your surgeon's knife? Life or Death? I think it is Life you fear the more, Death is so much more moral and dependable. I do not fear Death over much, for I do not often think of him, but I love Life. I am drunk with the joy of it.

Yes, you are right, gentlemen, abstainers from the wine of life, we are drunkards, we are drunk with this infinite, inexplicable, dangerous thing.

What would you? It is so new, so absurd, so exciting. And as the wine mounts in our veins, we feel queer twitchings in our limbs, and our head moves from side to side most grotesquely, and our body sways and wobbles, and the earth reels and sways under us, and we look up at the reeling stars, and, behold! they are dancing—and me with them—and the trees and the rocks and the beasts and the birds, in and out in intricate, mazy dances, I and you and the sun god and a caterpillar and a four-post bedstead and the waves of the sea (are we not the waves?) to the rhythm of oceans and tempests, to the music of comets and suns, with many a crash and collision of purposeful discord we dance—for very joy we dance.

And that, I think, is the essential purpose of the unmoralist—to get into training for that dance, the great intoxication. To make himself strong and savage and gentle and rhythmic and reckless, to love danger and despise safety and all those other attributes of death.

To love his fellows for the fun of it and the sake of the rhythm of the dance, to learn to use his body properly and not to bump too often, because no one enjoys the dance more: to clear all slums, prisons, factories, moralists out of the way as one does chairs from a ball-room floor, for the sake of the dance, my friends; you who do not know why you desire social reform, for the sake of the dance.

W. R. TITTERTON.

# Free Marriage.

## By Auguste Forel.

II.

It is, above all, necessary to regulate uniformly, justly, and equitably, by suitable and strictly-enforced laws, the obligations of all parents towards the children they bring into the world, without any distinction between so-called legitimate and illegitimate children or parents. And we must therefore see to it that the father is legally compelled to perform his duty of supporting both the mother and her child. The investigation of paternity is not always easy, it is true. But it must be made, and, once made, the support of mother and child must be enforced, even if the cost has to be divided in certain cases among several doubtful fathers. This law is the only just one. It is based upon an instinct deeply rooted in human nature, existing even among our primeval ancestors, or at least among the surviving apes, who are our nearest relatives. Without it the man loses all sense of responsibility towards his family, and this destroys the very foundation of society.

Moreover, there would be comparatively little difficulty in this if sexual relations were regarded as natural and in no way shameful, and if every woman, proud and unashamed of her pregnancy, were required to make a declaration to the civil registrar as to the paternity of her child not only at birth, but as soon as she becomes aware of her condition. At all events, some legal recognition of this kind is desirable. The father would thus have less chance of escaping scot free. It would also be only in accordance with natural law, for the life of a child begins at conception and not at birth.

But if our realisation of these conditions is to be effective and universal we must at the same time bring about a number of social reforms upon which their success depends. In the first place woman must be completely emancipated, receiving the same civil and social rights as man (the suffrage, etc.). All children must bear the family name of their mother—the only natural course. A distinction must no longer be made between madame and mademoiselle, but all men and women, whether married or not, must bear their own names and be addressed in the same way, so that a girl may never fall into disgrace through becoming a mother.

All legal settlements transferring property from one party to the other must be actually prohibited, for such contracts are a perpetual source of conjugal troubles and serve only to enrich the lawyers. They are commonly agreed to in the momentary transports of amorous intoxication. The woman especially often surrenders herself and all that is hers only to repent of it bitterly when the man who has abused her love avails himself of her folly by despoiling and deserting her.

The reign of Capital—that is to say, of money—must cease, and economic reform must be affected in the direction of the complete reward of all labour; for the power of money corrupts sex relationships, and prevents them from being sane and natural.

Finally, in the case of a lasting marriage contract, divorce must be easily obtainable, even when only one of the parties demands it. It would be well, however, to provide in every agreement for the possibility of reconciliation by arranging for a lapse of time before a divorce.

Let no one be alarmed. Fidelity in marriage will be far more readily assured by compelling every male parent to maintain his children than by formally binding him by means of a marriage contract. Fidelity cannot be compelled by law; this experience has taught us.

And now what of our free marriage? What have we made of it? Let us see.

The word liberty must not mean licence. Liberty must allow to every individual the free expression of his personality in everything that he does, on condition that he injures no one and fulfils his social obligations, or at least that minimum of social duty which society demands from every citizen.

Free Marriage must therefore do no one any harm, and it must, further, respect social obligations. Sexual relationships between responsible adults, entered into with the consent of both parties, can in themselves injure no one provided they are not detrimental to any third person. With sexual relations of this kind, as such, the law therefore has no concern. But their consequences, such as pregnancy and childbirth (and also, in some cases, the communication of venereal disease) are, on the other hand, of great social importance and tend to injure mother and child unless the father undertakes legal responsibility for the consequences of an act in which he has an equal share with the mother, and in which, in fact, he plays the active part.

That is why free marriage cannot mean "licence" for the advantage of the man alone. It necessarily implies, as we have just shown, the strictest laws for the protection and maintenance of mother and child.

If all the conditions stated above were fulfilled by our present-day laws a contract of civil marriage would become almost superfluous, for the law would at once take the place of such a contract in everything that concerned the results of sexual relations.

A man and a woman might freely follow the example of Herr Roda Roda and the Baroness von Zeppelin without any risk to the woman. The duration of the marriage would depend upon their own wishes, but their duties towards their children and the social position of the latter would be the same as in the case of legitimate marriage at the present day.

In the case of separation—which would be practically equivalent to divorce, but would be more easily obtainable—the children would belong by right to their mother, but the father would have to make substantial provision for their maintenance and education. This applies to separation by mutual consent. In case of opposition by either party a lawsuit would ensue, and the court would decide the matter. This would be necessary in cases where impropriety, alcoholism, or insanity on the part of the mother rendered her unfit to have charge of children.

We therefore see that the difference between free marriage, properly understood, and existing civil marriage is not considerable as far as the children are concerned. Free marriage would be for the good of the latter, but it is primarily concerned with the mutual relations of husband and wife. For instance, infidelity or venereal infection of one of the parties would be a sufficient cause for separation. If there are no children this affects no one. But if there are children, and the parents disagree, the court must decide.

Even if all our conditions are fulfilled, women entering into a free union would do well to demand some form of civil registration before during so, as this would facilitate the investigation of paternity. It would be advisable for the husband to take the same precaution in case of separation.

But with laws as they exist to-day, is a free union possible or desirable?

It is obviously only possible in countries where cohabitation as such is not punishable by law. Moreover, it always presents a great danger to the woman and the children—a danger which it requires great courage and, perhaps, audacity and recklessness to face. In especial the children, who are considered as illegitimate, run great risk of injury. The wife also has no guarantee against desertion by her husband.

But if two brave people, with the strength of their convictions, wish at the present day to venture upon a free union on a serious and honourable basis, their first business is to make a study of the existing laws

of the country in which it is contracted. It is the duty of the man to provide for the future of his "free" wife (or hers to provide for her own future) by an agreement which in many respects will only be a modification of existing civil marriage. He must undertake to contribute his proper share to the maintenance and education of the children resulting from their union; to provide, as long as this union lasts, for the needs of their mother, especially during her pregnancy and confinement; and to take entire charge of the children in case of her death or incapacity. There must also be not only a complete separation of the property of the two parties and of their accounts, but also a proper valuation of the work done by each of them during the period of their union.

Should the day then come when for some reason the freely united pair no longer wish to live together, their separation will be arranged without difficulty and without serious injury to the children, provided steps have been taken to ensure the legal validity of the original agreement in the country where it was signed.

"Horrible!" some people will say; "this is nothing but licentiousness under the protection of law!" No! This is better far than the loathsome and abominable system of prostitution to which we now give our assent. Any man who imagines that his fidelity is the result of the marriage laws is mistaken indeed. Custom and inclination are far more powerful than law. Our marriage laws, side by side with our tolerance of prostitution, serve only to foster hypocrisy, and in no way to hinder the actual polygamy of all pleasure-seekers and libertines, whether married or not. The whole system rests upon a lie and a sham.

Others will accuse me, with greater justification, of encouraging free unions in which, with the object of securing complete freedom, the procreation of children will be avoided by the use of preventive means. This I do not deny. It is precisely in this way that we shall arrive at the result we desire, namely, the sterilisation of libertines and undesirables, while men and women of courage, and with no dread of labour, will gladly undertake the support and upbringing of children and find in them their joy and pride. That is just the social selection we want to attain. All that remains is for the State to lighten the burden of taxation for those encumbered with children and lay it upon those who have none.

Let us add, in conclusion, that even in an ideal Socialist community free marriage can never be transformed into promiscuity. The family is the natural basis of all human society. It has been so from the era of our ancestors, the anthropoid apes, until the present day. Let us take heed that we do not sever these natural bonds. The only result could be anarchy, confusion, and finally chaos. Our efforts must be directed towards reforming the family and making it a tolerable human institution.

There are now, and doubtless there always will be, a large number of unsuitable parents. What are we to do with them and their children?

Fräulein Lydia von Wolfring, of Vienna, one of the presidents of the Pestalozzi Society, has found the solution of this problem. First of all she strove for, and obtained, a system of legislation already existing in other countries, and removing children from the charge of parents who illtreat or neglect them. But instead of condemning the children to be brought up in asylums or by hired guardians, she made an appeal to all childless couples desiring children, and offered them an artificial family of ten, of different ages and sexes, in exchange for payment of board and lodging. The original parents are compelled by law to contribute according to their means towards the support of their children in these "Kinderheime." I myself visited many such artificial families, and have been struck by their admirable spirit, and by the affection of the children for their adoptive parents.

Such enterprises as these are only tentative and limited, it is true. But they are beginnings, landmarks, glimpses into the future.

THE END.

# Books and Persons.

(AN OCCASIONAL CAUSERIE.)

I LEARN on excellent authority that there are to be no more serials in the "Fortnightly Review." What a blessing! The skill with which the editor of the "Fortnightly" conceals, in his signed articles in the "Daily Telegraph," that his taste in literature is more refined that that of Lord Burnham, is really marvellous. For Mr. Courtney does really know something about literature, and there is usually a mysterious "feel" of literature in the "Fortnightly." Among other things, Mr. Courtney is a warm Wordsworthian. They say he is sick of serials. They say he has sworn by Rydal Mount never to print another serial. For a man of letters, this is not surprising. The marvel is that he has suffered serials for so long. I wonder what ornament of the market finally disgusted him with serials. Could it have been Mr. Maurice Hewlett? It could surely not have been Miss Elizabeth Robins! I cannot help thinking that the fatal seed of disgust for serials was sown in Mr. Courtney's rich mind by Mr. Frederic Harrison's "Theophano." Oh, name of fear! We used to be told that Mr. Henry James's "What Maisie Knew" killed the "New Review." It may be a fact. I personally never got across to the other bank of "What Maisie Knew." I perished miserably in mid-stream. But that the "Fortnightly" should have survived "Theophano" is a high tribute to its hardy constitution and to the legendary loyalty of the Liberal Party. The circulation of the "Fortnightly" will now go up like a rocket, and remain up like the price of beef.

* * *

The demand for serials is dwindling, and such market as remains is being steadily captured by women. The one man who holds his own against the jostle of the interrupting sex is Mr. Stanley Weyman, ever faithful, ever sure. The newspapers have been lately adorned by a presentment of four flying geese bearing between them the announcement that Mr. Stanley Weyman's latest novel is "as good, if not better than" something else—I forget what. Apart from the doubtful wit of putting this remark into the mouth of geese, there was the outrage on the English language. "Odd!" I thought. "Considering that the publishers flutter in the hollow of the hand of Dr. Robertson Nicoll, censor of literary morals, manners, and methods!" And this outrage was repeated day after day. And then one morning it was altered to "as good as, if not better than." I sighed relief. Someone had directed the aquiline gaze of Dr. Nicoll to the fault. Or, perhaps he had seen it all by himself.

* * *

By the way, a correspondent, who is quite polite to me, and excessively rude about Dr. Nicoll, writes to ask whether I cannot banish the name of Dr. Nicoll from this column, and deal instead with Lord Alfred Douglas of "The Academy." I am not aware that I want to "deal" with anybody. But I know my business, and I know that it is impossible to be readable, as a literary paragrapher, without mentioning Dr. Robertson Nicoll. My correspondent is imperfectly appreciative of Dr. Nicoll's importance and of the importance of Nicollism. He perhaps does not know that had it not been for Dr. Nicoll, the late John Watson would never have written "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush"! I am however, obliged to my correspondent for drawing my attention to the fact that I had on previous occasions referred to Dr. Nicoll as Mr. Nicoll. Though inexcusable, this was an inadvertence. As for Lord Alfred Douglas—well, I must say that correspondents are a curious race.

* * *

Here is another correspondent who, with a certain directness which might be mistaken for impudence, asks why I am continually talking about fiction in this column! What does he expect me to talk about, in a column devoted to "belles lettres"? Is this age going to be remembered by its poetry, or by its essays?

As I was saying, the serial market is being captured by women. This I think is quite right. When I perceive Mrs. Humphry Ward in "Harper's" or "Cornhill," my sense of fitness is flattered. And I shall not die content until I have witnessed the serialisation of Miss Corelli. Miss Elizabeth Robins is an ideal serious serialiser. But when you get the works of these authors in the volume, the effect is painful. You feel then that Mrs. Humphry Ward is giving to the world what heaven meant for the tea-tray, and you sigh. You hate to see refined women thus leaving the gentle sphere of home and unsexing themselves by worldly contacts. At least, I do. With the possible exceptions of Jane Austen and E. B. Browning, no woman has yet written a first-class novel. And yet women are so clever! There is not a woman alive who can write fiction as well as the un-Coleridgian Christabel

—(Jesu, Maria, shield her well)—

can make a speech. Would the pompous rubbish of a Marcel Tinayre ever have caused an honest tear if she had been a male? The least unsatisfactory women novelists nowadays are Italians, Matilde Serao and Grazia Deledda. Next to these, I would put Mrs. Mary E. Mann. I affirm that Mrs. Mary E. Mann is the most capable, realistic, and diverting woman novelist in England. Nearly all the rest, except one or two of my own personal friends, ought to be condemned to everlasting confinement in bound volumes of magazines; Mrs. Elinor Glyn in "The Christian World."

Jacob Tonson.

# BOOK OF THE WEEK.

## Davitt, Agitator.*

We are much indebted to the author for this sketch of the noblest Irishman of them all. Even in a heroic age, Michael Davitt would have stood forth as one moulded to do battle with giants; in the later nineteenth century, with its swarm of opportunists and huckstering politicians, the noble, warm-hearted, vigilant, far-seeing, and acute-minded Fenian looms a Titanesque figure, He was a statesman, towering over his contemporaries as much by intellect and true political insight as by the noble scorn with which he rejected all intriguing compromise, all endeavour to gain an immediate victory by the sacrifice of principle. Typical of the man's greatness are the words he uttered when he left the House of Commons never to return there: "I would not purchase liberty for Ireland at the price of giving one vote against the liberty of the Republics of South Africa." Smaller men, men who can see a few feet away, and then see a blurred perspective, are deceived again and again by purchasing some trifling victory at the expense of all honour and decency. They find their ultimate goal has become more distant at the end of their life's work than when they set forth to meet it. Such men would have said "Let us take what we can get; liberty in South Africa will be none the poorer for our opposition. We must keep company with anyone who will go with us somewhere in our direction; when he will accompany us no further, it will be time to part." But Michael Davitt, and men like Davitt, who alas! get rarer and more rare, know better. They know that by deceiving the people time after time your final product must be a small-minded, ignoble nation whom you will contemn, and rightly, in fact, as unworthy of other treatment. No compromise—that was Davitt's watchword; he would never forego anything that was essential; which does not of course mean that he exposed his methods to the enemy. It was known for what he fought; none could invent and carry through a bolder and more sudden plan to gain victory.

Tragic are the early episodes of Davitt's life. Born in Mayo in 1846, the year before the great Irish starvation, the family emigrated to England when he was about six. At the age of eleven he became a factory child, where a machine accident lost him his right arm before he was twelve. Davitt was soon immersed in making for the freedom of Ireland in the best possible way at that time; he joined the Fenians. In 1870 he was arrested, and prison held him for the next seven years. Released from prison, he set the mark on the plans over which he had been long pondering. "The poor tenant who lived on the verge of starvation owing to rack-rents, and was ever and again pushed over into its abyss by recurrent famine, had nothing to give to a revolutionary movement except his life . . . . Fenianism never succeeded in getting a hold upon any great portion of the people. Davitt determined to remedy this by making the land question the motive power of the open agitation." After a lecturing tour in the States, where he met Henry George, whose influence no doubt acted as a stimulus to the ideas lying germinating in the Irish leader's mind, Davitt returned to Ireland to form the Land League. The first meeting was held at Irishtown "to denounce Canon Burke and landlordism in general." This is an instance at once of Davitt's opinion of the Irish Catholic prelates and clergy, and of his courage and acumen. Mr. F. Sheehy-Skeffington follows his revered leader, and is at no pains to spare the ecclesiastic orders. "Whenever the priests cordially united with the people, it was because clerical interests were directly concerned, not because of genuine popular sympathies. Through all the fight for Catholic emancipation, naturally the priests were at the head of the people . . . All popular movements *not* purely Catholic, on the other hand, they have invariably opposed as long as they dared."

With few exceptions—Archbishop Croke is a notable one—the priests viewed the Land League with disfavour. Parnell himself required a great deal of persuasion before he consented to place himself in the forefront of the great agitation.

Just as Davitt was the first to clearly formulate a land policy and an anti-clerical policy, so he was the only one of the Irish leaders to recognise the claims of women towards citizenship and to enlist their services in the Land League movement. With the assistance of Miss Annie Parnell, the Ladies' Land League was formed. "It was the most important step taken since the start of the movement; for it was the Ladies' Land League that beat down Forster."

Wherever there was self-sacrificing work to be done there he was to the front, without any thought of reward or of self-aggrandisement. Davitt inveighed against outrages on animals; he drafted and issued a circular denouncing the "old, bad, hateful methods of revenge." For the Boers, naturally, Davitt's sympathy and enthusiasm were aroused. He resigned his seat in the Commons, and set out for Africa, where he had a really brilliant plan for bringing effective military aid to the Boers—a plan finally frustrated through the death of the gallant Villebois de Mareuil. A year or two later found Davitt in Russia; the tortures inflicted upon the Jews at Kishineff and elsewhere roused him to make a careful study of the Jewish question, a study embodied in that splendid work, "Within the Pale," where he pleaded earnestly for a great international effort to re-settle the Jews in Palestine.

There is not an incident in the career of the great lion-hearted Irishman from a study of which one may not discover the true nobility of the man. The record of his life should be an inspiration to us; it should teach us that nothing is gained by opportunism, by polished dodging, by compromise; everything is to be won by a broad and wise statesmanship, by not shirking the fight when the moment occurs; above all, by a straightforward adherence to root principles and by the utmost measure of self-devotion.

Mr. F. Sheehy-Skeffington's brilliant "primer of

* Michael Davitt. Revolutionary, Agitator, and Labour Leader. By F. Sheehy-Skeffington. (Unwin. 7s. 6d.)

Davitt" should be read by all of us who are engaged in a conflict not less momentous than that waged by Michael Davitt for Ireland. The reading may serve to imbue us with something of the Fenian's noble greatness and gentleness. M. D. EDER.

# REVIEWS.

**The Senses of Insects.** By Auguste Forel. Translated by Macleod Yearsley. (Methuen. 10s. 6d. net. 324 pp.)

The comings and goings, the pleasures and pains of that curious underworld of animal life, which passes unperceived by so many, have ever been a source of joyous relaxation to those whose days are filled with anxious work, for the philosopher and for the merely curious student of Nature. In our day, an additional claim has been found for the study of insect life by reason of the light it may throw upon our own mental processes. It is believed that an examination of the instincts and the senses of insects will reveal to us something of our own psychology in its simpler forms by an analysis made for us in Nature's laboratory; with greater reason we may conclude that the writers on the psychology of insects do very emphatically betray their own mental outlook.

Dr. Forel is known as an accurate and painstaking worker in many fields; to psychiatry, to hypnotism, to sociology he has made contributions which, without perhaps great originality, show independence of judgment and courage in advancing unpopular views. The present volume would appear to offer less ground for polemics, but the author rejoices our combatant spirit by valiantly pitching into a good many writers who differ from him; Bethe and Uexküll especially receive (as they deserve) very downright hitting. Uexküll is the champion of the extreme physiological school. He will neither affirm nor deny sensation in the insect; that is too vast a move for the man of science. We must not say that "the recollection of the smell of the nest at this moment arrested the attention of the ant;" this is granting too much; but we must put it into physiological terms: "The stimulus produced by the substance of the nest, which had remained latent in the central organ, became again active at that moment." Dr. Forel has, of course, no difficulty in disposing of these verbal quibblings, and in showing quite positively that we may postulate of animals, as of men, that they have sensations, perceptions, memory. His final chapter on Judgment, Mind, and Reflexes, leads us rather unexpectedly into crude Monism: "There is no mind without nerve centre, nor nerve centre without mind, any more than force without matter or matter without force. The two terms do not denote two realities, but two aspects of the same reality." Though Dr. Forel denies that his Monism is identical with Haeckel's, we confess, with Mr. Yearsley, that we find no essential distinction. We have called this a crude philosophy because it proceeds on the assumption, to which daily experience offers contradiction, that the only road to knowledge is through the senses. In denying this we have to explain that on the one hand we find that the senses are (in civilised man) practically and educationally underrated whilst theoretically overrated; and on the other hand, we are no claimants for anything supernatural, whatever may be our views about the abnormal or supernormal. It is, however, more profitable to turn to some of the more positive sides of Dr. Forel's exposition. That bees, wasps, and other insects distinguish colours was first demonstrated by Lord Avebury's experiments, Forel shows that among wasps the colour sense is ill-developed. Those insects which best appreciate colour apparently have a less ready recognition of form. In flight all insects guide themselves by means of their faceted eyes, whilst the value of the ocelli is not yet properly understood. Dr. Forel inclines to the view that these may serve "for the sight of objects in an obscure medium." Volumes have been written about the sense of smell and its organs in insects. We may safely agree with Forel that the antennæ are the organ of smell, and that the power of this sense varies in different species of insects. We do not find Forel's reasons for denying the sense of hearing to insects very conclusive. He considers that mechanical vibrations of the air are simply perceived by the tactile organs. Besides our five senses, there is some evidence to show that insects possess one which we lack—they can distinguish the ultra-violet rays, as Lubbock first showed. With all these senses at their command, none will surely dispute Forel's view that "Insects reason, and the most intelligent among them, the social hymenoptera, especially the wasps and ants, even reason much more than one is tempted to believe when one observes the regularly recurring mechanism of their instincts." "Insects have passions which are more or less bound up with their instincts." Amongst ants Forel found "Choler, hatred, devotion, activity, perseverance, and gluttony."

Dr. Forel's book can be recommended for those who like carefully-described experiments and facts for every statement. It lacks the real insight of Maeterlinck's classic and the charm of Mr. and Mrs. Peckham's book. Unstinted praise is due to the translator "whose labour of love" is rewarded by an almost faultless English dress.

**African Nature Notes and Reminiscences.** By F. C. Selous. (Macmillan and Co. 10s. net. 356 pp.)

President Roosevelt supplies a foreword to this record of "the last of the mighty hunters whose experience lay in the greatest hunting ground which this world has seen since civilised man has appeared therein." Whilst the records of the beasts Mr. Selous has killed make interesting and exciting reading, we confess that the accounts of the slaying of scores of beautiful animals like the buffalo—"having killed 175 of these animals by my own rifle, and helped to kill at least 50 others"—the giraffe, the lordly gemsbuck, the beautiful inyala, fill us with contempt and anger for man and the weapons he has projected. In 1896 Mr. Selous made an expedition into Amantongaland to secure some specimens of this beautiful antelope. He was successful on the very first day. He first killed a doe, and then aimed at the male, "which stood like

a statue by the dead body of his mate." The fatal missile had passed right through his shoulders, and having expanded on impact, had torn his heart "to pieces." The sportsman "then stood admiring them for a long time before I could bring myself to skin them." Mr. Selous is very proud of the fact that these mounted skins are now safe in the Natural History Museum at South Kensington. What a ruthless sacrifice to gratify the curiosity of a few sightseers.

Mr. Selous is, however, something other than a mighty hunter and butcher. On more than one occasion he speaks regretfully of the great destruction of animal life in South Africa, and now, at all events, urges steps for the restriction of game shooting. Probably no man will ever again be ravished by the wondrous collection of wild animals that on one occasion presented itself on the Dett Valley. "Just a few hundred yards higher up the valley than where we were working, a herd of nine giraffes stalked slowly and majestically from the forest, and making their way to a pool of water, commenced to drink. One after another, great herds of buffaloes emerged from the forest on either side of the valley and fed slowly down to the valley. One of these herds was preceded by about fifty zebras, and another by a large herd of sable antelopes. Presently two other herds of sable antelopes appeared upon the scene, a second herd of zebras, and five magnificently-horned old Koodoo bulls, whilst rhinoceroses, both of the black and white species, were scattered amongst the other game, singly or in twos and threes all down the valley. . . . . It is sad to think that of all these buffaloes and rhinoceroses I saw in the valley of Dett on that October evening, less than five-and-thirty years ago, not one single one, nor any of their descendants are left alive to-day. They were all killed off years ago by the natives of Matabeleland, after these people became possessed of firearms, purchased for the most part on the Diamond Fields." Our readers can make their own reflections at this conclusion.

Mr. Selous is a careful and accurate observer, and his remarks on the theory of protective colouring deserve the attention of all naturalists. From our own limited forest experience, we have for long combated the eccentric notions of laboratory naturalists that the coloration of animals is protective, and has been acquired through natural selection. Mr. Selous points out that the carnivora all hunt at night and by smell, not by sight; whilst "all browsing and grazing animals in Africa trust as much to their noses as to their eyes, both to avoid danger and to find members of their species. The eyes of antelopes are quick to detect a moving object, but they are by no means quick to notice any unusual colour in a stationary object." Mr. Selous, as the outcome of his unique experience, doubts "the correctness of the now very generally accepted theories that all the wonderfully diversified colours of animals—the stripes of the zebra, the blotched coat of the giraffe, the spots of the bushbuck, the white face and rump of the bontebok—have been evolved either as a means of protection from enemies, or for the purpose of mutual recognition by animals of the same species in times of sudden alarm." Pieters, from twenty years observations in the Malay Archipelago, destroyed the theory of protective coloration in so far as moths and butterflies are concerned, and Mr. Selous does the same for mammals. We suppose, however, articles and works with all kinds of "faked" pictures will still roll on pointing out the exact utility of each stripe or dewdrop.

To most readers we presume the lion stories in this book will provide the greatest interest; Mr. Selous has killed a large number, and has had plenty of adventures with them.

**Hygiene and Self-Cure.** By Richard J. Ebbard. (Modern Medical Publishing Co. 5s.)

We are in the very thick of a revolution of therapeutics. The modern conception of disease, dating from Koch's discovery of the cholera bacillus, has involved nothing short of a reversal of method in medicine. Everything tends now to consideration of health and the conditions of health rather than of disease and the conditions of disease. Hence the increased attention to matters of diet and daily physical exercise. With this change has naturally come a cleavage in the ranks of medical men. The more scientifically advanced will venture into the new paths, the less will lag behind. Among the former is Mr. Richard J. Ebbard, whose book is here noticed. The full sub-title of his volume is itself indicative both of the contents and of the tone of the discussion. It runs: "A practical guide for the application of the most efficacious hygienic principles to adults and children, as well as for the radical cure of diseases and chronic disorders, based upon modern methods of natural treatment without physic." It was Goethe who said that "Blood is a quite peculiar fluid," and more recent researches have tended to establish the traditional wisdom that the blood is the life. Mr. Ebbard's main, if not sole, conception of disease is its relation with blood-poisoning. "If," he says, "we can free the system from its poisons . . . . we are able to cure every disease." With this conception, Mr. Ebbard's curative methods naturally follow the line of elimination firstly, and of constructive resistance secondly. (We may remark that Mr. Ebbard is no fanatic. He admits that there are many individuals healthy enough to eat and drink practically what they like. With these he is not concerned.) For elimination of poisons from the system Mr. Ebbard has a number of methods, every one of which, he assures us, is based on long personal experience, and attested by results. Their common characteristic is the absence of drugs, and their primary recommendation in practice their comparative simplicity. For this volume is intended for patients who would cure themselves.

Regarding the constructive side, Mr. Ebbard analyses the various foods, both common and special, the latter including, of course, the vegetarian preparations and menus. Among these the author marks a course for his readers, generally according to temperament, to follow. We are particularly struck with the freshness, candour, and commonsense with which the whole subject of diet is discussed.

Mr. Ebbard's book is useful to the lay mind, thoroughly practical and eminently sane.

**Fifty Years of Modern Painting:** Corot to Sargent. By J. E. Phythian. (Grant Richards. 10s. 6d.)

Mr. Phythian quotes, apparently with approval, the Socialist Member of Parliament who said: "The present aim of Socialists is to find work for the unemployed, food for the hungry, and clothes for the naked. After that it will make the conquest of the intellectual and artistic world." A little further on the author adds that the Socialist Member's hope was exactly the hope of William Morris—yes, and of Ruskin, also! We can agree that William Morris and probably John Ruskin were in sympathy with the Socialist ideal, but we do not imagine for a moment that they would have accepted his view—that the pursuit of Art and Literature must wait until "work was found for the unemployed, food for the hungry, and clothes for the naked." Men, women, and children want food and raiment now; we also need now Beauty—in our streets, in our crafts, and in our paintings. Let that obsessed Socialist go mend his ways; too many think and feel as he does. In the meantime we starve, and our cities starve for beauty—while politicians prate of the large sums of money diverted to philanthropy.

Mr. Phythian's history will probably be of more interest to the sociologist and the general reader than to

the artist. The reason is not far to seek. The artist, in so far as he is a thinker, is nearly always a dogmatic, self-opinionated, and violent person, sometimes supremely able to appreciate and criticise the qualities of his own work; more commonly, however, he is wilfully blind to the charm of other forms of art. He is of the tribe "who will not have one thing because it is not another," and strongly object to letting people enjoy the beauties they do from a perverse desire to make them enjoy what they don't. We do not therefore recommend this book to painters—that is, if they be artists. Mr. Phythian refuses to be violent, and will not deliberately take sides. But to those who can extract pleasure and delight from many and different forms of art, this book is an indispensable introduction to the several movements in painting which have taken place, both here and on the Continent, during the last fifty years. The early chapters are the best and most interesting. The first and third are devoted to the pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood and the course it ran, while the second discusses at considerable length the Impressionists and their allies in France. It was a happy thought in the construction of the book to insert this chapter between the other two. Both movements were revolts against similar traditions. But the French painters went to Nature and contemporary life for their subjects, and sacrificed detail to general effect; while the English Brotherhood went to history and literature, and not infrequently sacrificed general effect for detail, as in the case of Mr. Holman Hunt.

To be a pre-Raphaelite, according to Mr. William Rossetti, it was necessary: "(1) To have genuine ideas to express, (2) to study nature attentively, so as to know how to express them, (3) to sympathise with what is direct and heartfelt in previous art to the exclusion of what is conventional and self-parading and learned by rote, and (4), most indispensable of all, to produce thoroughly good pictures and statues." These principles and ideas spread beyond the immediate circle of the men who held them. They eventually influenced artists in other branches of arts, and gave an emotional impetus to those new ideals which inspired the firm of William Morris and Co. and the Arts and Crafts movement. It is significant that the formation of the pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood in 1848 was followed in 1855 by that of the Oxford Brotherhood, three of whose members—Morris, Faulkner, and Burne-Jones—were to be intimately associated with Dante Rossetti and Ford Madox Brown. Together they started the historic firm in Oxford Street. Both Rossetti and Ford Madox Brown designed for it, some of the furniture in the Early Arts and Crafts Exhibitions being also designed by the latter. The present president of the Arts and Crafts Society, Walter Crane, and Phillip Wells, the architect of the Red House (designed and built for William Morris) both came under the influence of the pre-Raphaelites, as did many of the members of the Art Workers' Guild. It would, indeed, be difficult to overestimate the importance and extent of the influence of these painters, more particularly of those belonging to that side of the movement represented by Dante Rossetti and Ford Madox Brown.

**Eugene Delacroix.** By Dorothy Bussy. (Duckworth. 5s. net.)

It is strange that no work has before been devoted to the art of Eugène Delacroix. The omission is so remarkable that it is worth while to consider the reason. Miss Bussy herself has found us the answer, which she gives in her summing up of the great Romanticist. "There is no joy in Delacroix."

Delacroix was born into the troubled period of 1830, a time of disillusionment following on the splendours of the Napoleonic age. "It is the cruel reality of things I flee from," he wrote, "when I take refuge in the creations of art." Here is the futile cry of Romanticism when it seeks oblivion in emotion.

Delacroix was the first painter to discover the charm of the East. In its glamour he found the illusion he sought. Under Romanticism genre painting took a new form in picturing the life of the Orient in its everyday aspect without any heroic pose. This we owe to Delacroix, and here he is a naturalistic rather than a romantic artist. Two of his finest paintings of animals, "Lioness" and "Lion and a Hare," are reproduced.

Miss Bussy has fulfilled her task well. She writes with knowledge and with enthusiasm for her subject. This book should help to awaken the interest of England in this "great representative figure." For Delacroix had a many-sided personality, and the greatness of the man triumphs even when the artist fails.

## RECENT PAMPHLETS.

PAMPHLETS on current events seem to be rare just now. The I.L.P. is responsible for the two we have received. Mr. G. J. Wardle, M.P., writes on "The Nationalisation of Railways," and Mr. T. D. Benson on "Free Trade, Tariff Reform, and Socialism" (1d. each). Both pamphlets are workmanlike rather than brilliant. On the abstract issues of Socialism pamphleteers are always busy. The whole question of the relation between Socialism and the Alcohol Problem is very ably discussed by Herr E. Wurm ("Socialism and the Alcohol Question." 1d. Twentieth Century Press). Mr. Quelch contributes an introduction, in which he lays it down as "the safe rule" to drink only to quench thirst, and then with strict moderation." That appears to us as extreme as the advice to eat only to satisfy hunger. What less do the Gentiles do? Herr Wurm makes the practical suggestion that one-tenth of the revenue from alcohol should be spent in providing temperance pleasure resorts; he also suggests the provision of cooling drinks in factories, mines, etc.

"Will Money be Needed Under Socialism?" (Twentieth Century Press. 1d.). Mr. A. P. Hazell replies No, and suggests as a substitute Labour Notes based on labour time.

Mr. John Penny touches, without adorning or elucidating, the old problem of "Socialism and Genius" (Huddersfield: "Worker" Press. 1d.). But the real difficulty is not with "safe" geniuses, like Watt, but with dangerous geniuses. These are the people whom it will be necessary to safeguard. Will society ever tolerate a genius intent on its destruction? It should; but would even Mr. Penny admit that?

Mr. H. Croft Hiller has a penetrating reply to Tolstoy's recent Proclamation ("Open Letter to Count Tolstoy: Didsbury). We are afraid that Tolstoy is proved illogical, though that does not diminish from the force of his appeal.

In "Schools of To-morrow" (J. P. Steele, Shelton, Stoke-upon-Trent. 6d.) Miss Margaret Macmillan has an eloquent description of her vision of the future schools. We are horrified, however, to find the classes still ranging in number from 30 to 35. Nothing less than a "teacher" for every two or three children will satisfy us—for the Schools of To-morrow!

We have received a pamphlet by Mr. Basil Tozer, and a Copy Draft Bill for the Prevention of Premature Burial (Denton-Ingham, Farringdon Street. 6d.) We should certainly live a little more comfortably if we were certain we should not be buried alive. A simple Act might surely be passed.

"On the Utter Futility of Vivisection as a Means of Promoting Medical Science" (International Medical Anti-Vivisection Association. 2d.) is a valuable pamphlet, both constructively and destructively, by Dr. Herbert Snow, late Senior Surgeon of the Cancer Hospital.

In "The Shadow of the Sword," the veteran, Mr. G. W. Foote counts the real facts about war. He estimates last century's butcher's bill at nearly five million men. Every year, in Europe alone, nearly four hundred million pounds are spent on Armies and Navies. Is Europe worth so much protection?

"Reasons for Food Reform" (National Food Reform Association. 3d.) gives a full report of a meeting recently held for the formation of an Association for National Food Reform. Among the speakers were the Hon. Neville Lytton, the Hon. Rollo Russell, the Hon. C. S. Rolls, and several

Fabians, among we note with pleasure "the Hon. Mrs. Bernard Shaw." Mr. Charles Hecht (40, Chandos Street, W.C.) is the secretary of the new Society.

Mr. Copeland Bowie has compiled a very full and useful account of the principles, organisation, and working of the Unitarian Movement (Unitarian Association. 2d.). "The principle of non-subscription to creeds" is, says the author, the key to Unitarianism. Yet strangely enough, there are six items in this creedless creed.

An interesting pamphlet to Eugenists is the Rev. R. Ussher's the "Determination of Sex" (Westbury Vicarage, Brackley, Northants). From numerous personal experiments in all degrees of life the author concludes that it is "the expenditure or absorption of nutrition in the female system during the first ten days of gestation which is the sole governing power that determines the sex of all life—in a word, robustness of the female for that time produces female life; the contrary, male. This confirms the popular tradition that girls are made of sugar and spice, and boys of worms and snails.

We have received two reports of greater importance than we can discuss here—"Report on the Administration of Labour Laws in the United Kingdom" (Twentieth Century Press. 6d.); and "Proceedings at the Thirtieth Annual Meeting of the National Liberal Federation" (Liberal Publication Department. 6d.). Both documents are of great interest, and we hope to refer constantly to them.

# Recent Music.

## Celtophiles.

IT was in a small room in Kensington that a few people recently listened to "the best music in England." The phrase is mine and the music Hubert Bath's. But I believe the conviction will be the world's in another hundred years. The occasion was a "Fiona Macleod" Musical Evening, semi-public, and Mr. Bath, with his little band of musicians, modestly hidden behind some screens, discoursed the sweet music inspired by the writings of the famous Celtic author. "*Æ*" said somewhere, referring to "The Dominion of Dreams" that it was not only Fiona Macleod's "most notable contribution to modern Celtic literature, but it must stand in some measure as representative of that literature;" and one may, I think, safely add that the music of Mr. Bath, however remote it may really be occasionally from the text (and I do not say it is) must be regarded as the highest and truest expression musically of the Celtic genius. Indeed, it is the only recent music I have heard that can be discussed seriously as belonging to what we are pleased to call Celtic things. What things are Celtic and what are not was the subject of a passionate essay (eloquently biassed against all artistic prejudice—why?) by the late Fiona Macleod, in which many beautiful thoughts were suggested, an aloof poetic attitude sustained throughout, many "literary" affectations and illusions condemned, but with true Celtic meandering no satisfactory final definition really arrived at. Of course, the definition doesn't matter, but for the sake of describing in a word Mr. Bath's music one may take any phrase of several which Fiona Macleod employs in hinting at the Celtic "note." Let us say, for instance, that it is "a peculiar sensitiveness to the beauty of what is remote and solitary." This will do; but not merely because his music has this quality (a Hammersmith folk-song or a Japanese print may also have this characteristic), but because it is expressed in an idiom one associates with Gaelic music. So much for this prosiness. It was necessary, however, in order to apologise for the use of the much-bandied word "Celtic."

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I would not employ the word at all in appraising any other modern music I know, but that Mr. Bath has elected to wed his music to the prose of Fiona Macleod, whom we all refer to as a Celtic author, and that I feel there is an extraordinary unity of idea and purpose in the work of both men. It is only seldom in musical art one finds such affinities collaborating. The collaboration of Reynalds Hahn and Verlaine is one of the few perfect instances we know. Hubert Bath has truly found himself in the grey mysticism of the Gaelic imagination; his music has all the evasiveness of faery things, devoid of earthly passion, unknown to human sensualisms; and it is this last quality that makes his two or three settings of Rossetti's poetry sound as charming and somewhat amusing anachronisms. The story of Paolo and Francesca which to us is dressed in all the sultry passionate colour of the South, would appeal to him in a chaste setting of moonlight and soda-water. His "Sea-Spell," for example, is an imaginative picture of his own, with his colour—not Rossetti's; his lute hanging on the tree—not the young lady's; and the *locale* savours more of the Hebrides than the orange groves of Boccaccio.

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But he, in common with many contemporaries, has fallen into the nasty habit of setting sonnets. This is one of the worst expressions of musical egotism. I have often wondered why there has not been an open revolt of the poets against this tyranny. Lines are jumbled up, some words disappear altogether, rhythm and metre distorted, and the sonnet form—perhaps the most beautiful and exacting of all verse forms—is *non est*. Dr. Vaughan Williams, who has made fine settings of some Stevenson verses, has likewise failed to do anything distinguished with Rossetti's "House of Life." They all fall into this silly mistake, and my heart is sad for the poor poet who is so maligned. When they attempt to set any formal verse they are at once victimised by their own form. Unless the music corresponds word for word and syllable for syllable music and poetry are irreconcilable.

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The other evening I went to the Æolian Hall to hear some original music of Mr. Arnold Bax, and I found he has the same serene disregard for the technique of poetry. You must go to France if you want to hear verse set with any reverence. In England it seems the anxious concern of every Tom, Dick, and Harry to illuminate the lines of Shakespeare, Milton, Byron, Wordsworth—any great poet who has received the homage of an admiring posterity. They plead the subjective importance of their musical illustration, or the objective clatter of the horse's feet or the ticking of the grandfather-clock. Any of these things may be fairly or excellently described; but where is the poem, anyway? Nowhere, gentlemen! It is merely a musical composition; and don't say the poem is by Shelley or Browning or Swinburne: it simply isn't there; you have blandly put it away from you; it is on my bookshelf.

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Mr. Arnold Bax's genius is curious; mad as a hatter, stormy, wayward, blustering, flustering, unapproachable. There is little that the ordinary mind can regard as beauty, but there is some distinction in the madness. He is brilliant at times, but not ostensibly clever, which is a relief in these stirring days of virtuoso music. It is a very uncivil thing to damn a young man's work; quarter must be given, and all kinds of latitude allowed for the young explorer. And

I would allow Mr. Bax these genial condescensions. But I do not allow him to go to Glencolumcille and bring home a quintette for strings. This is really beyond all human endurance. It is so very unlike Donegal. He cannot do such things in justice to himself or the Royal Academy. It is not good nationality (if that matters); it is not art, it is not life, it is not music, and (to quote Mr. Leo Trevor) it is not cricket. When Bond Street stretches an arm to the base of Slieve Leigue it may be the moment to reduce Killybegs to the subjective importance of chamber music, but until then it is only fit for the imagination of the Congested Districts Board, Yeats, and the "Derry People." Explore the woods at Hadley or Highgate, Mr. Bax, and write a symphony about a luncheon basket; but leave Ireland to the tender mercies of Mr. Hazelton and Black Rod.

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No amount of presto jig-time is sufficient to transplant us to the rocky sides of Glencolumcille. Mr. Bax does not understand this; and yet I feel he is sincere, for he does not try the cheap method (adopted by some of my acquaintances) of exploiting certain idioms and cadences and other local characteristics that pass for Irish or Celtic music. He has the courage, having once adopted some Celtic subject, to let his music speak for itself—which it does; and it may be my fault that it is unintelligible to me. All that I heard of Mr. Bax's music has the qualified merit of madness, a very special instance being a song of Fiona Macleod's entitled "Thy Dark Eyes to Mine," which has this quality conspicuously apart from all music.

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To discuss the music of Hubert Bath and Arnold Bax (both budding Celtologists) side by side is to consider the extremes of visionary beauty and visionary madness. Bath has an enormous "pull" over Bax in that he insists on his music being done in the dark, behind screens—a very obvious advantage when his subjects are mostly of dreams and visions and intimate emotions. Perhaps this generation will judge them fairly; at any rate, there can be no question which of the two has first unlocked the treasure-house of music in the Land of Heart's Desire. HERBERT HUGHES.

# CORRESPONDENCE.

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

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

**SPECIAL NOTICE.**—*Correspondents are requested to be brief. Many letters weekly are omitted on account of their length.*

## THE INDIA COUNCIL.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

Your correspondent "God's Cousin," in your issue of July 18th, criticises the accuracy of Mr. Winston Churchill's statement as to the powers of the India Council. In the first instance Sir John Strachey was quoted as an authority; but now your correspondent refers back to the India Council Act. Owing to my being far away from any sources of reference, for the present I must accept that the technical status of the India Council is what he states in the extracts from the Act, though it does not appear to me that that status differs substantially from what I contended it was.

Mr. Winston Churchill's chapter on Lord Randolph Churchill's tenure of office as Indian Secretary was read by Sir Arthur Godley, and he has contributed a lengthy memorandum to the chapter, which memorandum does not contradict or impugn Mr. Churchill's summary of the powers of the India Council—"by whose decisions the Secretary of State is in many matters of the highest importance absolutely bound."

"God's Cousin" is surprised that it should be said that Sir John Strachey is biassed. Sir John Strachey was a member of the Council, and the object of the members of that body is not to advertise its real power, but to keep it and its members in the background, and to belittle publicly, its and their influence.

I referred to the incident of Viscount Morley having signed an article composed by Sir John Strachey as a matter affecting the credit of Viscount Morley and Sir John Strachey, and "God's Cousin" has denied that Mr. John Morley signed any article in the "Fortnightly Review" in 1879 which was written by Sir John Strachey. Technically, your correspondent is right, but on the substance of the question I am justified in referring to this topic as affecting Sir John Strachey's credit, and also the credit of your correspondent.

The facts were stated by Mr. H. M. Hyndman in an article entitled "The Bankruptcy of India," in the "Nineteenth Century" for March, 1879. "One of these, by Sir Erskine Perry, was published in the December number of this review, another by Mr. John Morley, written upon materials furnished by Sir John Strachey, and other leading Indian officials, appeared in the 'Fortnightly Review' for the same month." Instead of its being 1879, it was December, 1878, not a great error when one is writing 30 years after the event.

Therefore, it is not so incredible as your correspondent would have us believe, that "a man of Mr. John Morley's literary standing" should have signed an article written by someone else.

My point was that Mr. John Morley in 1878 had defended the Anglo-Indian official view, and that now, in 1908, Viscount Morley has been carrying that view into effect in his Indian policy. STANHOPE OF CHESTER.

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## A BRITISH SOCIALIST PARTY.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

I agree with Comrade Shaw that the time is opportune for unity amongst Socialists—unity in methods as in aim. Divisions of effort amongst those who have an identical purpose will never lead to success. The Socialisation of all the necessaries of life is the economic system which all Socialists seek to establish. If the place of destination be the same, why not agree upon the best route for reaching it, and all go that way? The rank and file keenly desire to march shoulder to shoulder; the men and women in the movement hate the tactics, the diplomacy, the truckling of persons in official positions. The strength of our cause lies in the united enthusiasm and whole-hearted confidence of its adherents; not in the public prominence of a few men who care more for "bossing the show" than the propagation of Socialism. If organisation has the sole purpose of enabling Socialists to play the dirty game of politics, then, away with organisation. If Socialists, by order of one executive are not to be permitted to assist a fellow Socialist whose candidature has received the approval of another executive, then, away with executives. If back-stair influence and secret manœuvrings are to be used for the aggrandisement of certain individuals, then let us openly avow that we admire so intensely the methods of the other political parties that we shall imitate them. If all the disinterested and faithful efforts of the men and women who have laboured and are labouring for the Socialist ideal, are to be wasted by office-seekers, if such be the result of all our propagandist work, then the sooner we call ourselves Social Reformers the better. I take it that Socialism is essentially and fundamentally revolutionary, and alone can be brought about by educating the people to appreciate this. This being conceded, the union of all Socialists in order to realise the speediest and best results is imperative. The successes of Socialists at Municipal or Imperial elections do not mean necessarily a step forward towards Socialism: hitherto they have meant rather the creation of another political party adopting old forms of procedure, submitting to recognised Parliamentary modes and manners, and allying itself for electioneering purposes with those whose economic, social, and political creeds are different. The Liberal and Tory Parties will undoubtedly in the future (as in the past) graciously condescend from time to time to favour the people with reforms. The capitalistic class will continue to throw sops to the workers when dissatisfaction is manifested. Without a single Socialist in the House of Commons small doles will be granted to the workers, out of their own pockets, as has been done with a number of Socialists in Parliament during the last two and a half years. Legal enactments and administrative regulations never will hasten the Socialist commonwealth. A cancer in the human body cannot be eradicated by pain-easing ointments and soothing salves; a serious operation must be performed. Likewise, in the national body the chaotic disease cannot be cured by reforms and palliatives: a revolution is inevitable, if a lasting and complete cure is to be effected. Socialists, if true to the faith they hold, must preach and agitate for a revolution; they must rouse the public conscience by making it discontented. This cannot be achieved so long as Socialists label themselves with different letters of the alphabet, and permit persons in authority to foster

dissension. I plead for harmony in place of discord. I plead for a joining together of the Socialist forces in place of the present anomaly by men wasting their energy fighting one another whilst they should be fighting whole-heartedly for Socialism. I plead for Unity. A. E. WACHTER.

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## A CHALLENGE TO MR. H. G. WELLS.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

Mr. Wells may be right when he states "the challenging business is, I think, overdone." I even dare to hope that it is more overdone than the slandering business. This resentment at being requested to prove his injurious "ipse dixit" is the dominant note in Mr. Wells's reply to me. That is, he claims the right to go unchallenged when he lightheartedly charges, without condescending to support it by a single quotation, that a publication which controverts his views is "full of misrepresentations," and "abuses everybody." Is such conduct so habitual to Mr. Wells that he has lost all sense of its character?

In this same temper Mr. Wells has postponed the day of reckoning as long as he can. Knowing that it takes more than two months before a reply can be received from Australia, he calls upon me to replace the copy of my pamphlet, which he has parted with, when he himself could have replaced it in half an hour at the expenditure of, I believe, 2½d.

Moreover he proposes to mark, in this copy, for my private view, all the passages which he considers the worst misrepresentations or abuse. This is crafty, but the trap is laid too openly. All I have asked Mr. Wells to do is to quote one or more passages of misrepresentation and abuse, and to pin his charge to those. I am prepared to let judgment go against me if he can produce a single one of each which can honestly be so described. But it must be done publicly in the pages of the NEW AGE, where his slander appeared. Of course, I shall take care that the copy is supplied to him.

Mr. Wells expressed doubt that my reply "will amuse anyone" is as foreign to the subject as his reference to me as "an Australian Jew," and in similar taste. It is not my object to amuse, but knowing that his alleged criticism is without a shadow of justification, rather to force Mr. Wells to admit this or to prove to your readers that he has deliberately wronged me. MAX HIRSCH.

Melbourne, June 15th, 1908.

[Mr. Wells says in reply to Mr. Hirsch that he still declines to write at length upon that gentleman's pamphlet because he once alluded to it. The misunderstandings and misrepresentations in the copy sent him shall be duly marked and returned to Mr. Hirsch.

He adds that he fails to see anything offensive or irrelevant in his observation that Mr. Hirsch is an Australian Jew. It was quite to the point to remark that this "exposure" of the ideas of English Socialists was of exotic origin. But it is absurd for Mr. Hirsch to be ashamed either of his race or country. There is no greater race in the world than the Jews and no more hopeful land than Australia.

Finally he would remark that Mr. Hirsch seems to be under the impression that the path to distinction for him lies in challenging everybody he can. His pamphlet, now before Mr. Wells, recalls the fact that for some time he persistently "challenged" Mr. Tom Mann to debate in defence of Socialism. Mr. Tom Mann, and subsequently other prominent Australian Socialists, guided no doubt by their sense of proportion, declined consistently. Mr. Wells would repeat to Mr. Max Hirsch in the most friendly and helpful spirit that this challenge business is overdone. It is understood. Even in so great a country as America the valiant controversialists that President Roosevelt dared not meet in open debate have become so numerous as to be merely tiresome.]

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## PROPAGANDA BY ART.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

"The business of intellectually conscious philosopher is no part of the playwright's craft." I agree. But what has this got to do with the fact that all great art means something, and is by its very nature revolutionary? For instance, if Mr. Oldpate perseveres he may in time come to "see" life as Mr. Shaw sees it. This may be uncomfortable and irritating—for Mr. Oldpate. If his character is able to withstand the strain of looking at life through Mr. Shaw's eyes he may ultimately come to think about things as Mr. Shaw thinks, and then it will be the very devil—for Mr. Oldpate. The modification in his intellectual habits will make his little trouble about "express" statements—as if a truth required the formality and conciseness of a legal utterance—appear very small. One word more. How many great European dramatists have been conscious philosophers? None. Whether they become propagandists is no concern of theirs, for no great man is intentionally and offensively utilitarian. R. L. GRAINGER.

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