The result of the Mid-Devon election can hardly be regarded as a very serious defeat for the Liberal or a very great victory for Tariff Reform. Doubtless both sides will do their best to magnify the importance of the contest; but after a series of interrupted meetings culminating in a Gadarene riot, we shall be excused from taking the intelligence of the constituency seriously one way or the other. Captain Morrison-Bell has played the usual game of nursing the local noodles into good humour, with the result that Mr. Buxton's record as a social reformer, his programme and his eloquence, have gone down as good as the L.C.C. which held the city of London alone there are between 1,700 and 1,800 over. We are much too fond of charity in England. In the long run Government control, and such Government control would obviously be an instatement of Socialism.

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

In Mr. Asquith's speech at Lancaster, to which we refer elsewhere, it was plainly the L.C.C. that held the beggar-bowl! effectually prostrates the ratepayer and postpones the development in him of public spirit. Moreover, we are much too fond of charity in England. In London alone there are between 1,700 and 1,800 charities, receiving among them ten millions and a half yearly; and the annual total of charitable gifts all over the kingdom must be enormous. This speaks as well for private persons as it speaks badly for public bodies. That so much need still exists when public bodies have presumably done their utmost argues a shocking state of affairs; but that public bodies should continue to rely so much upon private charity is a greater evil. No wonder that suggestions are constantly being made by the charitable themselves for the better use of their money. Extravagance and overlapping are the natural accompaniments of semi-irresponsible and completely unorganised spending governorships. The Charity Organisation Society, King Edward's Hospital Fund, and the City Council for Charity Organisation, have done what they could, but the work is too much for anything short of a National Society, with branches everywhere, and paid officials. This, of course, would practically amount to a Department, running parallel with, let us say, the Local Government Board; in which case, no reason would remain for considering it private. In short, the complete organisation of Charity spells in the long run Government control, and such Government control would obviously be an instatement of Socialism.

We are by no means sorry that the £60,000 required to feed a few children of London by charity shows no sign of being obtained, in spite of the noble four who signed the appeal. Aims thus bestowed on public bodies (for, in effect, it was the L.C.C. that held the begging-bowl) effectually prostrates the ratepayer and postpones the development in him of public spirit. Moreover, we are much too fond of charity in England. In London alone there are between 1,700 and 1,800 charities, receiving among them ten millions and a half yearly; and the annual total of charitable gifts all over the kingdom must be enormous. This speaks as well for private persons as it speaks badly for public bodies. That so much need still exists when public bodies have presumably done their utmost argues a shocking state of affairs; but that public bodies should continue to rely so much upon private charity is a greater evil. No wonder that suggestions are constantly being made by the charitable themselves for the better use of their money. Extravagance and overlapping are the natural accompaniments of semi-irresponsible and completely unorganised spending governorships. The Charity Organisation Society, King Edward's Hospital Fund, and the City Council for Charity Organisation, have done what they could, but the work is too much for anything short of a National Society, with branches everywhere.
The popularity of a political party is, however, too great an asset to be lightly squandered. Governments may come and go, but parties remain; and the always hope, even after an electoral defeat, that the country may return to its previous choice. But this is true only so long as both parties remain more or less faithful to their traditions. After all, every party has the fate it deserves. The Liberals have, on the whole, a great and a not ignoble tradition; the party has had and still has names to conjure with more than once the party has risked electoral defeat for the sake of an idea and has won again with victory. But the methods have long since changed. For the present Cabinet, for example, undoubtedly owes a good part of its prestige to the courage of some of its members during the Boer War in facing public obloquy; and the majority was largely a reward for its Baldwinism. But it is doubtful whether during the late Sessions the Liberal Party has not incurred public obloquy on behalf not of noble but of illiberal and ignoble ideas. So far as we can see, the Party is laying no foundations for the future, exhibiting no long-sighted courage, and planning no remote conquests.

This, in itself, is a serious symptom of decadence, the incapacity for long views. There is a hectic flush of haste in all the present Cabinet's work, as if they were in a hurry to get on with the death. Nothing is thoroughly done, nothing is thoroughly left undone; but everywhere is a little hesitating feeble touch, indicative of doubt and yet of eagerness. How different from the vigorous decisions of the ill-named Unionists, who at times, however, over the saving of some future generation's reaping. Many of them guess that they will have been dead a long time by the day of harvest. Yet they withhold not their hand from the scattering. It is the only healthy symptom perhaps in modern orthodoxy politics.

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

For let us admit that the Woman's Movement at this moment is the most living of all. Twenty years ago Socialists were to be found with the courage and enthusiasm of the girls who chained themselves to the railings of Downing Street; but such courage is rare now. The enthusiasm is rare; we have had some argumentative, practical and sane; we are threatened with politicalism (to give a bad thing a bad name); and few of us are prepared to make ourselves fools of. That, of course, is a mistake. The mistakes of the past, of course, are mistakes in one direction; but let us never cease to honour our own early methods in the early methods of others. The women of to-day stand where the Socialists stood yesterday; and if their cause is not so wide, at least it is quite as deep.
personal braininess of the American man of business, who
indeed ponders puzzles, and who has time to
think the simplest thing done in less than three months. But
now that the social evolution of the United States has reached
that point, sufficiency becomes commonplace, and all Americans must reform and enrich
America, and enable America to reform and enrich
the world. We are already observing these things, and
childish incapacity for any such task is becoming more and
more apparent.

A half century since Macaulay, when everybody
was admiring the smartness, the cuteness, the inventiveness,
the independent spirit of Sash Slick, said, Wait! Wait until
Europe is not so prejudiced as to perceive that the new
American becomes private property and white labour becomes as cheap
as it is with us. Then we shall see. That, that has come,
that time has come. The American man is unusual, and the mention of
the trusts (representing integrated Capitalism as distinguished from disintegrated competitive Capitalism) have beaten it hollow.

This is not surprising; for America has never been successful
in politics. It was made independent largely in spite of its own efforts, by a people which it did not share and principles which it barely grasped the narrow end of. Even to-day neither its ordinary security nor its liberty is up to the monarchical standard of Central Europe.

The famous Constitution survives only because whatever
one day is the effect of the other day's tampering done,
it is pettishly knocked off and thrown away. Every social development, however beneficial and inevitable from the public point of view, is soon adapted or destroyed, with the structure to its novelty, by a panic and a
cry of Go Back. An unfortunate President struggling to get
the best out of the liberty of the collective interest of the United States, which is so huge a thing that it must be coordinated with the collective interest of all civilized nations, will be made itself a menace to the United States.

You point out these facts to an American, he first puts you
in the stocks and whipped. It is to be hoped he will not be as silly as his word, because as the village shopkeeper has already either shut up and become a constable or employee of the Trusts, or converted his shop inside a "tied house" completely dependent on it, the constable, if his condition is not bettered currently, will be reduced to eating his own boots in the absence of any other provisions.

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

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

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

Therefore I advise Mr. Roosevelt to come across the
Atlantic and live in some comparatively civilized country,
where he can tell his countrymen what is good for them with-
out being lynched, or deposed and put in prison by a British
kerton army. His fit successor—whose appointment should be made permanent by a constitutional amendment—is Mr. Anthony Comstock. Mr. Comstock is the
modern and American version of the Austrian social
lagers: he is America's epilogue. There is no esoteric side
of him, as must be to Mr. Roosevelt. There is no schoolboyish, rough-rider legend attached to him, as there is to the social critic for Mr. Roosevelt to nominate him and retire
in his favour. In doing so the President would hang down his own flag and hoist the true American flag. It should be a
white flag, black on the other side.

[Next Week—ARTICLES by Edward Carpenter, Aylmer
Maude, and Alderman Sanderson.]
A Helpless Chancellor:

We may legitimately assume that Mr. Asquith’s speech at Lancaster a week ago was definitely announced the intentions of the Government concerning the domestic legislation of the coming session. The Conservatives usually temper their criticisms of Mr. Asquith with a moderation born of the conviction that he is a capable but weak man. His knowledge of social problems is not such as to make him a threat to the British state. However, the recent times such a confession of utter impotence cannot be established in a day by the wave of a magic wand. It must therefore, who cannot afford to buy bread at all, must congratulate themselves that they are not living in Germany at present, and we are promised a cycle of trade depression, with the reiteration of the academic conclusion that the triumph of Labour and the profits of capital, but that natural causes must be left to themselves.” That natural causes must be left to themselves. To few statesmen of our generation has a more golden opportunity been offered than Mr. Asquith; with a little sympathy, imagination and courage, he might look back, when the tenure of his power expires, upon the happy consummation of a benignant measure of justice; and hoping against hope, we trust that even yet he will consider the claims of the disinherited to be of greater moment than the general or financial exigencies of his party.

The Natal Native Affairs Commission.

Is there any escape for the Zulu now that Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman has expressed “my sympathy and that of all my colleagues” with a memorial that protested against the habitual resort to martial law by the Natal Government? We know that sympathy. It is poured out as freely as the saliva with which the python bequests the living food it is about to ingest, and is, like it, a purely mechanical action. Mr. Asquith has expressed “my sympathy and that of the Government concerning the domestic legislation of the coming session. The Conservatives usually temper their criticisms of Mr. Asquith with a modesty born of the conviction that he is a capable but weak man. Their knowledge of social problems is not such as to make him a threat to the British state. However, the recent times such a confession of utter impotence cannot be established in a day by the wave of a magic wand. It must therefore, who cannot afford to buy bread at all, must congratulate themselves that they are not living in Germany at present, and we are promised a cycle of trade depression, with the reiteration of the academic conclusion that the triumph of Labour and the profits of capital, but that natural causes must be left to themselves.” That natural causes must be left to themselves. To few statesmen of our generation has a more golden opportunity been offered than Mr. Asquith; with a little sympathy, imagination and courage, he might look back, when the tenure of his power expires, upon the happy consummation of a benignant measure of justice; and hoping against hope, we trust that even yet he will consider the claims of the disinherited to be of greater moment than the general or financial exigencies of his party.

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The Natal Native Affairs Commission.
is nearly two to one. If the Liberal Press does nothing but rely upon the proved callousness of our Government, the “Morning Post” fatuously insists that the Natalese know best what to do with their natives. We are reminded of the incursion of a mathematician into this inquiry that there is no more in the name of human satisfaction in the replacement of the aborigines by white races of higher civilisation.” Contrast these ignorant statements with the remarks of that close student of the native mind, Mr. Kidd; his praise of their system of land tenure; his delightful account of their children at play.

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

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

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

The intense dislike of the native for this “compulsory service” (slavery is non-existent under the British flag) is brought out in another passage. Although the words of the report are not as unfavourable as one might have supposed, the personal aspect of the question is, perhaps, not the most important. The labourers being well treated and receiving a fair wage... In its public aspect it furnishes a contributory factor against the proper occupation of the locations, it being asserted that, so strong is the dislike to the service, many refrain from living there in order to escape, even when hut-rent has to be paid elsewhere.

Then comes in this damning indictment: “We have not spoken of the various classes which go to form the native section of the community.”

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

“All their views of Government, its acts and omissions, benefits and defects, are largely coloured and shaped by the feudalistic traditions of their lives, which, by preventing the development of self-reliance and individual character, have taught them to depend upon the Government as the maker and enforcer of laws, the imposer and collector of taxes, the fountain of all benefits and defects; to submit to the overbearing conduct of the police, and to laws they were ignorant of, and in the making of which they had no voice.”

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The New Legislation. II.

A fortnight ago I wrote, in these pages, concerning the legislation of last Session, which mainly came into force on the first day of this year. That article got no further than the section of the Education Act of 1907 which deals with the medical inspection of school children; which appeared to be the most important clause passed by Parliament during its sittings. It is proposed, now, rapidly to review the rest of last year’s legislation. On the eve of the new Session, when we shall again embark on the rash business of making,
or criticising the makers, of still more laws, it is alto-
gether advisable to have a fairly clear notion of what
exactly is the result of the law-making of 1907. It
should guide our future condemnation of our criticisms
in 1908. There is a tendency to be very
careless in our judgment of the precise value of a new
law. There is a hazy habit of thinking that, for ex-
ample, a Small Holdings Act must necessarily imply
small-holdings; that a Public Health Act necessarily
means better public health. We see on the statute roll
of the year Factory Acts, a Notification of Births Act, a
Co-operative Societies Act and so on;
and we lazily allow ourselves to believe that all these
things are tending in our direction ; we sluggishly re-
fuse to estimate exactly how far the law has gone. It
is so easy to say that all legislation is good, and that
it is the best we can get for the moment. We are so
eart to measure results by the standard which is set up
in a Parliament of politicians who really do not believe
in legislation at all. It is only the Socialist who is
whole-heatedly a believer in the advantages of laws.
Nine-tenths of the members of Parliament do not go
there with the desire to pass laws; they go, on the
contrary, to stop them as far as possible. As Socialists
we must measure the result of the Sessions by the
strictest letter of our creed: we can leave it to our So-
cialist politicians in the House of Commons to apply the
test of expediency. It is a test of which, unfortu-
nately, Socialists are apt to be quixotic and unable to
say themselves; so there is the more need for occasionally calling them
back to the theory of abstract Socialism. If the stern
necessities of political life make us support the Labour
Party in Parliament, let us praise the gods for the
S.D.F. outside.

Beyond the school inspection law, which we saw was
in essentials merely a permissive measure, probably the
most important Act of last Session was the Small
Holdings and Allotments Act. Of course, it goes no
further than the development of small farms, and vegetable
patches to take the place of more convenient gar-
dens, then it is merely a typical Radical measure to bol-
stee up, for a little longer, the worn-out system of in-
dividualism which it is the main business of the Socialist
to break down. There is as strong a case for collective
control in agriculture as in any other industry; and
extensive County Council farms, under the management
of the more highly trained farmers who are now being
produced in the county agricultural colleges, are the
smallest areas of cultivation which the thoughtful So-
cialist farmer can admire. At present merely as a tem-
porary expedient. There are one or two sections in the Small Holdings Act of 1907
which may lead further than such a trivial result as the in-
crease of small farms. The land can be acquired by the
local Council by compulsory purchase ; and it can be
in all cases leased to the holder instead of the former
method of almost invariable sale. Here, with energetic
administration, we may see the beginning of extensive public
lands. Secondly, the central Board of Agricult-
ure is made responsible for the administration of the
Act. Here is perhaps the beginning of a principle
which will always compel the central State to step in
when the local Council fails, as it so frequently does
fall. This is the principle which was omitted from the
School Feeding Act, for example; and the deplorable
result is notorious. But section 35 of this Act, giving both the Council and the Local Government
power to make grants to societies which are engaged in the promotion and the working of co-operative agriculture, is the most
important part of the scheme. After the medical inspec-
tion act, this is the most important piece of co-operative
work in England. In America the land is the greatest Socialist gain of the year, so far as it is recorded on the statute book. A co-operative
farm has two advantages; it makes farming a possible occupation in insanitary districts, and, by cutting the cost of production, it
will, therefore, help in the raising up of a new race
of workers who will revise a fundamental and healthy
national industry; secondly, the co-operative principle is,
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Unfortunately, the first case which has come to my
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rebuff from the Board. Let the officials in charge of
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contrary, to stop them as far as possible. As Socialists
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strictest letter of our creed: we can leave it to our So-
cialist politicians in the House of Commons to apply the
test of expediency. It is a test of which, unfortu-
nately, Socialists are apt to be quixotic and unable to
say themselves; so there is the more need for occasionally calling them
back to the theory of abstract Socialism. If the stern
necessities of political life make us support the Labour
Party in Parliament, let us praise the gods for the
S.D.F. outside.

The Blasphemy Prosecution.

For a quarter of a century the Blasphemy Acts have
been allowed to rest in abeyance—unhappily only abey-
ance, for now with wonder we see Rip Van Winkle
sleeping through the streets. And this Rip Van Winkle
has a sword. Pincess and heated irons and spikey
boards we no longer have to fear, but the law still
puts the use of bigotry thick prison walls in which to
cage and tame the Free-thinker. A Vindica-
tion Act, even a Criminal Appeal Act, as measured by
the standard of Socialism? It is a question which
tempts one to pray for revolution.

G. R. S. TAYLOR.
the House, for the Empire, for the public good, and for numberless other magnificent things beginning with a capital letter.

The "Express" has been playing on the housetops for changed times, and signs are not lacking that they are going to have them. One of the signs most significant is the arrest and indictment of Harry Boulter, a popular Socialist, Freethinker, and Hyde Park orator, for Blasphemy alleged to have been uttered in Highgate last month. The "Daily Mail" has, for once, failed to rise to the occasion, and merely describes him, without mention of name, as a tailor. But, levelless, lawless, or reformers, we may profit to be gooseous, and give the gentleman his name and his true rank of cutter, more especially as we expect him to cut a figure of some distinction in history as the last to undergo prosecution in this country for daring to think originally upon theological and metaphysical subjects and to express these thoughts fearlessly to his fellows. Considerable effort seems to have been exerted to prove the case in the mind of the public during its earlier stages. The action of the authorities in not allowing the so-called "horrible" indictment to be read in open Court, and in attempting to have a question of Point of Order so far-reaching in intent declared in private, will be deplored by every lover of liberty—of whatever religious persuasion. And it is to be feared that yet another of our pious opinions may have to go: that one, namely, that every Judge must be guided in his judicial decisions solely by the evidence produced before him in Court.

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

For obvious reasons, no comment on the actual charge is as the hearing has been adjourned until next month, but every Social, Political, and Religious Reformer must see to it that the fundamental rights of man to think freely and speak openly are not stolen from us even by a Liberal Government, which, agents may be tempted for not too commendable ends to crush the Spirit of Revolt by reviving moth-eaten Statutes—sheer anachronisms we have forgotten our forefathers the rack, the thumbscrew, and all those other magnificent things introduced into the barracks, we have cheered the mutineers of German feudalists who have a strong desire to destroy German Socialism, which is beginning to trouble them; is merely to offer them the lure of an easy war as a means of diverting public attention. This is what Germany herselfs have told the world; we ourselves say that we are going to have them. One of the signs the most significant is the arrest and indictment of Harry Boulter, a popular Socialist, Freethinker, and Hyde Park orator, for Blasphemy alleged to have been uttered in Highgate last month. The "Daily Mail" has, for once, failed to rise to the occasion, and merely describes him, without mention of name, as a tailor. But, levelless, lawless, or reformers, we may profit to be gooseous, and give the gentleman his name and his true rank of cutter, more especially as we expect him to cut a figure of some distinction in history as the last to undergo prosecution in this country for daring to think originally upon theological and metaphysical subjects and to express these thoughts fearlessly to his fellows. Considerable effort seems to have been exerted to prove the case in the mind of the public during its earlier stages. The action of the authorities in not allowing the so-called "horrible" indictment to be read in open Court, and in attempting to have a question of Point of Order so far-reaching in intent declared in private, will be deplored by every lover of liberty—of whatever religious persuasion. And it is to be feared that yet another of our pious opinions may have to go: that one, namely, that every Judge must be guided in his judicial decisions solely by the evidence produced before him in Court.

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THE Theological Speculation has had its day. W. B. in so far as their constitutional Parliamentary tactics in our laziness to remove from our Law Books—which reflect so well the Spirit of the Ages which gave to our bright and shining ornaments, may reconsider their mental rights of man to think freely and speak openly. For obvious reasons, no comment on the actual charge is as the hearing has been adjourned until next month, but every Social, Political, and Religious Reformer must see to it that the fundamental rights of man to think freely and speak openly are not stolen from us even by a Liberal Government, which, agents may be tempted for not too commendable ends to crush the Spirit of Revolt by reviving moth-eaten Statutes—sheer anachronisms we have forgotten our forefathers the rack, the thumbscrew, and all those other delicate instruments of mediaeval toleration.

Perhaps, after all, before they draw upon themselves the ridicule of Europe, this Government, of which John Morley the Agnostic and John Burns the Atheist are bright and shining ornaments, may reconsider their mental rights of man to think freely and speak openly. For obvious reasons, no comment on the actual charge is as the hearing has been adjourned until next month, but every Social, Political, and Religious Reformer must see to it that the fundamental rights of man to think freely and speak openly are not stolen from us even by a Liberal Government, which, agents may be tempted for not too commendable ends to crush the Spirit of Revolt by reviving moth-eaten Statutes—sheer anachronisms we have forgotten our forefathers the rack, the thumbscrew, and all those other delicate instruments of mediaeval toleration.

The Socialist Crisis in France.

By Eugene Fourniére, Editor of "La Revue Sociale."

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

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

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

We thought it unwise, and we said so, to scatter our energies and lose ourselves in bog and thickets, and on isolated peaks, when no fewer than three revolutions already—or were they useless, after all?—had opened broad and safe ways along which the working class can march to the conquest of its kingdom. We considered it dangerous, for the realisation of our own hopes, as well as for the very existence of the nation, to weaken the defensive forces of the country. To weaken France, the home of liberty and social experiment, is merely to offer ourselves as a prey to the German fanatics who have a strong desire to destroy Socialism, which is beginning to trouble them; is merely to offer them the lure of an easy war as a means of diverting public attention. This is what Germany has told the world; we ourselves say that we are going to have them, but the reformers, "opportunists," under whatever name (three years ago they were Ministerialists), stand apart from the revolutionaries in their fixed determination not to allow Socialism to slip down the demagogic slope into anarchy. That was why after the Stuttgart Congress they endeavoured to check the descent by means of the "Declaration of the Eighteen"—doubtless so called because there were twenty-five of us that signed that.

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a new one—that, namely, of Revolutions, which, indeed, gave her the Rights of Man, Constitutional Government, and Universal Suffrage. It is true it is a great thing to have gained so much by means of the rifle, but the rifle is only a secondary, even a tertiary means among us in our lust for revolutionary imitation, in our automatic revolutionary impulse to break open doors that were made free to us in 1789, 1830, and 1848.

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

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

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

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

**THE HEARTS HUNGER.**

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

It is difficult to picture even to one's own memory; it is impossible to present to the vision of others, the effect upon me of the inspiring, electrically contagious atmosphere of the two Mr. Hyndmans and Mr. Davidson. The lectures and speeches of Mr. Hyndman and one of his books, "England for All," I think, completed the Marxian system, as expounded by Mr. Hyndman, with its air of pontifical infallibility, with its confident appeal to history, its prophetic note of fatefulness, with its pose of scientific exactitude, with its confident appeal to history, is of all others best fitted to impose upon and to impress the plastic mind of the uninstructed enquirer. It is the system per se best fitted to all suited to the purposes of propaganda. Then there was always something electrically contagious about Mr. Hyndman himself. His air of cocksureness, his breezy bonhomie, the exhilarating atmosphere of optimism which seemed to exhale from his very presence, carried . . . well, I won't say carried all before it, but I will say carried me before it. Even when he said absurd things, such as his prediction of the social revolution for the year 1889, although we didn't believe him, we more than half hoped that it might be true. Personally, I gave the capitalist régime at least another ten years of life.

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

Mr. Hyndman had the faculty of inducing you to think as he and his master thought. Thomas Davidson had the power in a still higher degree of compelling you to think for yourself. He compelled you to realise that your own thought was an indispensable preliminary to any profitable as capable of solving all problems and the human will of overthrowing all obstacles. It was by no accident that the little knot of men who in the winter of 1883 met in Mr. Pease's rooms to talk over some common methods of reaching common ends, and who, a few months later, founded this Society, came there, nearly all of them, with minds fresh from contact with the mind of Thomas Davidson. And I believe that many of the qualities that are most traditionally characteristic of our Society—its dislike of exaggeration, its contempt for the gaseous and the flatulent, its suspicion of the mawkishly sentimental, its impatience of pretentious similes, in matter how felicitously phrased, above all, the critical attitude of its corporate mind, are largely due to his impress. In the interests of sane Socialism, my hope and faith are that these traditional characteristics may long continue to be ours.

THE END.
On Wells and a Glass of Beer.

It is not easy to argue with the most fair-minded man in England, especially when he doesn't want to argue. But there is one point in Mr. Wells' friendly explanation at which his voice rises in anger; it is about the fascinating subject of standing drink.

And I really think that if we take this institution as a plain instance or symbol, we can state more clearly where he and I and (incidentally) humanity stand.

I say that Jones standing Brown a glass of beer is a human thing, or man's, and therefore it is a natural expression of the alleged need of Socialism. Very well; let us put that glass of beer in the middle of the table and argue about it.

Before we come to the main point, let me say that I do not believe the modern and scornful theory of Brown and Jones in the pub. Mr. Wells is one of a school of sensitive artists who have in the aching void of a world (as he has admirably put it) "full of the iron way in which great conventions are dead." Dickens was dead; dogmatic democracy was dying; Aristocrats began to study the poor, as if they were chimpanzees; and aesthetes began to write slum novels, not about the souls of men, but about the stomachs of the people, and the turning of aesthetic stomachs at the very sight of the people. With these dilettantes of disgust and curiosity Mr. Wells is not for a moment to be confused. But he keeps this fact in mind, that unless the two modern men renting houses are not a class in themselves, the Dickens imagination which is inside certain human habits and sees them as large; and there is the H. G. Wells imagination (full of astronomical relations and sense to accept, the second the sensibility to see, the first the sensibility to be as dull and greasy as the bar; that mean streets must have mean emotions. Yet Dickens saw the same thing I see; but he was one of them, and he described not what they said but what they meant.

I believe, then, that this ordinary tavern hospitality is lifeless or incorrect. If anyone wants to know why I believe it I can tell him. It is because the same aristocrats and aesthetes talked the same supercilious stuff about the class I come from; the comfortable Victorian middle-class; and there (as it happens) I know they were wrong. The aesthetic attached to the Smart Set always said that because our tables were mahogany our heads were mahogany. The journalistic duchess always said that our Sunday dinners were dull or formal; and these things were cowardice. And all this I know is nonsense. I know that in my grandfather's house there was real hospitality in the heavy meals, real good will in the pompous birthday speeches. And as the fastidious theory is wildly wrong about the private house I think, therefore, that in it, and in all this I know is nonsense. I know that in my grandfather's house there was real hospitality in the heavy meals, real good will in the pompous birthday speeches.

This is a point of preliminary sentiment: but before quitting it I may remark that there is in this matter a difference between two kinds of humane feeling. There is the Dickens imagination which is inside certain human habits and sees them as large: and there is the H. G. Wells imagination (full of astronomical relativity), which is outside them and sees them as small. Both have kindness and sensibility; but the first has the sensibility to accept, the second the sensibility to reject.

Mr. Wells blinks (quite truly) that Mr. Belloc is feeble. So is Mr. Bernard Shaw herculean than he.

But these religious differences cut across temperament. Mr. Belloc expresses fiercely and I express gently for a respect for mankind. Mr. Shaw expresses fiercely for a contempt for mankind.

But I willingly admit that there is in "standing treat" as it is now an element of the mean and the demeaning at the table by the other, mechanism which may justly be called "the evil of our time." Very well. Now I wish to point out to Mr. Wells that he has chosen as the type of the evil of our time one of the evils which Socialism would not and could not cure.

There are more of them than you think. There is one evil that Socialism would cure—starvation. There is one argument for Socialism—hunger. It is an argument of huge size and horrible force; and all the theocratic arguments and the atheistic arguments till in it. But Mr. Wells tells me that the state is the organism, not the individual, he only makes me feel sleepy. I know jolly well that England is not an animal in the sense that I am an animal. When a man says, as your correspondent did in answer to Mr. Belloc, that he will see a new sort of humanity because the world was once dominated by the plesiosaurus, I know he is talking not only of dead philosophy but even of dead natural history. We are not descended from the plesiosaurus; he came to a head and so have we.

When a man says that it is a noble thing in itself that things should be unified, I say it isn't. But the great Socialist fact is this; that (to return to the glass of beer in the middle of the table) there are thirty people who cannot get it. It does happen that Brown cannot give the beer to Jones because he cannot buy it himself. This is horrible. And most certainly it could be stopped if there were one case and everyone was allowed one glass and forbidden to give it away. But Mr. Wells would say: "Let him give his glass of beer away, but let him give it spontaneously and sweetly. Now I can see how Socialism might forbid or prevent Jones from giving it away. But I cannot see how Socialism could induce him to give it spontaneously and sweetly. How do you propose to permit a custom and yet prevent it from becoming a routine? If you let Jones give beer to Brown, how can you prevent Jones from giving it to Brown, to Jones? If the Socialist State permits two reciprocal gifts, how on earth can it prevent their becoming an implied compact? If Brown is pleased to get it, how is 'Socialism' to prevent Brown from giving it to Jones? When he doesn't get it? You will say, very reasonably, that this evil of mean conventions is not one which Socialism proposes to remedy. True; but it is an evil (according to Mr. Wells) which is typical of the essential evil of our time.

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

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

G. K. CHESTERTON,
Driving Capital Out of the Country.

By G. Bernard Shaw.

IX.

Left for Dead.

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

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

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

Let me repeat that foolish as this way of applying our capital is, our system does not even secure that it shall at least be applied to our own country. Just take the list of enterprises whose shares are quoted on the Stock Exchange. Count the relative numbers of the names of the chairmen or directors of all the most home of Trade Unionism and the Labour Party and the names of the chairmen or directors of all the most prosperous companies for developing mankind everywhere from China to Peru, except in England, the home of Trade Unionism and the Labour Party and the Fabian Society and so forth. It is too silly: they be-
The Hardy Annual.

An Inconsistent Sequel to "On the Loos." By George Raffalovich.

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

Never, even in the longest evenings, the wood fire, when the snow spreads abroad as high as the house roofs, when the frost makes ice of rivers, and the fish shiver at the bottom of the lakes—never has my spread like an earthquake over the whole visible surface; with every prospect of a considerable accession presented to me beings more strange, more impossible, imagination, excited by the curiously-shaped flames, by that even after two centuries he is still spoken about in the exteriors to the summit of the edifice itself, opening from within to the sky, the climate of the island present to move forward, the small army of monsters preceded me in well-established order. Finding myself again near my friends, I enquired after the quality and nature of these beings, and this is what they told me—:

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

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

"Χαλικιά—μάνια, γερον.
Μή μηχαλιάν, μιαήν για όμορφαν.

Little pleased, probably, with my accent, the King answered me in English. "Oh! stranger," said he, "thou lookest upon the unhappy Empedocles of Agrigentum. Twenty-four centuries ago, having discovered the secret of voyaging through air, I disappeared from Mount Aetna, leaving one of my sandals to my brother-in-law. Since then I have been here, and I am unhappy that I am, condemned to the immortality which madness I had solicited in my day of pride. This planet was deserted when I arrived, or at least, almost deserted. Would to Zeus it had been dead. Venus the jealous goddess it was who prepared this trap for me. One human being yet lived; a virgin, with breasts of stone and arms of alabaster. The form of a goddess she had, but a heart of ice. Her first kiss gave me immortality and left her free. Our sons and daughters are dead, and their children's children. They stand on one of their arms rigidly and looked at me out of one eye—for they could only see out of one eye at a time.

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

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

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

"Then how shall the world cease to be?"

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

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

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

"Shall I then see it?"

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

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

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

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

BOOK OF THE WEEK.


Whether our age has produced many original writers may be a question, but we certainly excel all previous ages in the number of laborious searchers of ancient records. Hardly a day passes without the unearthing of some old romance or the republication, with voluminous notes, of some early chronicle. The history of every conceivable (and occasionally of some inconceivable) movement or society is brought to light. The Freemen type of historian thinks it no waste of time to delve deep into the folk-lore of all lands; others use the Bible as their battlefield and wage an endless warfare over the Synoptic problem or the authorship of the Pentateuch. To those who are somewhat wearied of the hackneyed questions which reappear in every fresh volume of Biblical criticism, and look for light upon the Christian origins from other sources, Mr. Mead offers fresh fields and pastures new. He, too, is a laborious investigator of the past; but he has opened up what is practically a fresh vein of thought by his researches into Gnostic literature. Since the writings of E. W. King, which are now mostly out of print, the theological world has lacked an authoritative voice on this obscure subject; and the Theosophical Society are to be congratulated on the sound learning displayed by their leading scholar. Mr. Mead has, very judiciously, published sections of his "Thrice-Greatest Hermes," in such a manner that those whose purse is slender may still obtain a glimpse of the Wisdom-Religion. "The Gnosis of the Mind" is a general introduction to the elements of universal Gnosticism. The author explains the conception of Hermes and the Logos; the object of Gnosis—knowledge of the One Self—and its method, initiation, are briefly outlined. The whole theory is summed up in one phrase—the transition of the human mind from its microcosm to its macrocosm, from the lesser to the greater sphere. An excellent example of modern gnosticism is to be found in Goethe's "Faust," in which the reader who is bold enough to tackle both parts finds himself transferred at Margaret's death out of the little world of individual passion and emotion into the great world with its panorama of the under-currents and interests which shape society and government.

The Gnostics, of course, dealt only with the subjective, internal side of life; while Goethe was essentially an observer of men and things; still there is a substantial agreement between them, in that both treat of a mighty change from the individual to the cosmic outlook. In the "Hymns of Hermes" Mr. Mead supplies us with some specimens of the Gnostic Psalter or Liturgy. In the "Vision of Aridaeus" we have a species of Liturgy of the Cosmic Rhythm, and reminds us along with the Cosmic Order, re-echoing the music of Christ were typical. He is the Mind in man, acting as the Master. Strictly speaking, it would seem to be a perpetual service of song: the duty of man being thus conceived of as an utterance of "true words" or a continual harmony of thought, word, and deed, whereby man grew like unto the Gods, and so at last becoming a God was with the Great God in the "Boat of the Millions of Years" or "Barque of the Aësons," in other words, was safe for eternity. The three natures of man, or the three types of Gnostic, are symbolised by Asclepius, Tat, and Ammon, whom, in the New Testament, we may recognise in Peter, James, and John, the intellectual, practical, and mystical type of Christian. To readers at all familiar with the Platonic myths the " Vision of Aridaeus " will prove an interesting supplement to the Story of Er in the Republic. Plutarch, indeed, shows himself the predecessor of Dante in the description of the Inferno: it may be questioned whether Dante ever surpassed in horror Plutarch's idea of the punishment of commercialism.

The whole story, as Mr. Mead remarks, seems to suggest a popularising of certain instructions given during the Mysteries. In the "Hymn of Jesus" we have perhaps the earliest Gnostic mystery-ritual connected with Christian worship. According to Gnostic tradition, it is the hymn sung by Jesus and His disciples after the Last Supper, and perhaps we are to understand it as belonging to the occult, the hidden, liturgy of the Master. Strictly speaking, it would seem to be a sort of Liturgy of the Cosmic Rhythm, and reminds us of Emerson's

I am the doubter and the doubt, And I the song the Bema sings.

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

There are obvious likenesses, which I have not time to point out, between the Gnosis and the Bhagavad Gita and other speculative systems. It is enough to say that, to the ever-recurring problems of life, there is but one key. Allegories and rituals are manifold; and the One Drama is constantly being performed before our eyes. Yet the language varies, and the story is never twice told in the same way. Mr. Mead has earned the thanks of all students of mystic literature by his presentation of this magic chant, composed of sounds which can interpenetrate one another and stir the deepest substance.

Mr. Ramsay Macdonald's little manual is of the Parliamentary type, that is to say, a work little calculated to inspire believers or convert the heathen, but consisting largely of a thoughtful analysis of existing conditions followed by an optimistic description of existing socialisms and traces the movement from its rise to its present threefold organisation for constructive advance.

PRELIMINARY NOTICE.
THE FABIAN SOCIETY WILL HOLD A PUBLIC MEETING AT QUEEN'S HALL, (Side Rooms, CHAFFINCH & Co., LONDON,) on March 24th, 1908.
G. BERNARD SHAW WILL SPEAK ON "SOCIALISM." Chair will be taken by SIR WIDDELL, L.D.C., at 8.30 p.m.

Tickets to be obtainable at the Fabian Society, 3, Clement's Inn, Strand; also at 15A, Paternoster Row, E.C.; and 70-72 Chancery Lane, London, W.C. on Monday, March 23rd, at 3.0 p.m.

PROGRAMME OF MEETINGS to be held at UNIVERSITY HALL (Dr. Williams's Library), GORDON SQUARE, W.C. (Kensal Gardens, Euston Road).

[Programme details follow, including dates, times, and speakers.]

REVIEWS.

Socialism. By J. Ramsay Macdonald, M.P. (Social Problems Series. London. Jack. 12s.) Mr. Ramsay Macdonald's little manual is of the Parliamentary type, that is to say, a work little calculated to inspire believers or convert the heathen, but consisting largely of a thoughtful analysis of existing conditions followed by an optimistic description of existing socialisms and traces the movement from its rise to its present threefold organisation for constructive advance.

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"UNITARIANISM AN AFFIRMATIVE FAITH." "UNITARIAN CHRIST." "UNITARIAN CHRISTIANITY." (Revised Edition). (Simpson Brown). "Abolition" (Page Hopp) given post free.—Miss BARNARD Mount Pleasant, Sidmouth.
Chapter III brings us to "The Industrial Argument," which may be followed for thirty pages through a reflective analysis of individualistic commerce to the conclusion that inequalities of distribution must be regarded as a natural and consummatory process. While on the economic side we may briefly notice the principle of taxation which Mr. Macdonald here imparts in a footnote, and explicitly advocates in the last chapter. As distinguished from the mere graduated income tax it involves the classification of income according as they are, gained, "solely by individual energy," or "by exploiting the community," and the exemption of the former from all communal taxation. We had always thought that in a modern community all values were social values. But perhaps Mr. Macdonald is thinking of artists and poets, who if they do not grudge the mere graduated income tax might be regarded as gaining a living "solely by individual energy." The effect of either principle would be the same; for it will unhappily be very long before artists of any sort earn incomes large enough to invite the attention of a graduated income tax.

So far so good. But now Mr. Macdonald begins to show his hand (Chapter IV, "Some Objections to Socialism"). The question of the clash of individualism with the new conditions is answered by the illuminating assurance that "the State will never be faced with those problems at any given time. Those relationships will gradually evolve as a living thing changing with its organs and its functions, the new forms never getting out of touch with the old." This statement, which is illuminating only with reference to Mr. Macdonald as a reformer, should be taken in conjunction with the declaration (at the opening of the next chapter, "The Political Future of Socialism") that "the question (of human conduct and morality) in our Socialist problem, at all—because under democratic government we can never have more Socialism at any given time than human nature will stand, and that settles the question.

Now to regard Socialism as a sort of natural growth or development requiring nothing but a little explanation is to make room for the advocates of laissez faire and to prevent reform; for Reform is essentially a departure from the natural process of things, and man qua reformer is (in Ray Lankster's words) "Nature's Insurgent Son," who refuses to accept a natural development as the best of all possible environments for himself and his children. The optimism of Mr. Macdonald here is so hard as to be unobtainable from the complete detachment of the philosopher.

"It is, I think, quite conceivable that, through improvements in the organisation and working of government departments, aid by watchful and intelligent public criticism—together with a rise in the general level of public spirit throughout Society—the results of the comparison [between private and governmental management] may not arise the first week of marriage, but go on growing, and be more favourable than they have hitherto been." That is not a parody of Parliamentary Socialism; it is a quotation from the cool academic wisdom of Professor Sidgwick ("Elements of Political," p. 155) which is excellent in its place and would do a world of good for instance to Mr. Victor Grayson. But if that is the spirit which is to animate, or rather examine, our trusted representatives, we would almost repeat an inspired act under uninspiring circumstances, and calls to its aid over-eating, over-drinking, and the numerous other accompaniments of debauchery. The author is rather inconsistent in her conclusions, for although she describes how the marriage of a wise and loving race of men, yet she says she recommends monogamy because it "tends to decrease the temptations to physical pleasure by making it less alluring."

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

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

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

The second book deals more frankly with the question of monogamy and will keep much longer clean when soaked and washed in a framing lather of Hudson's Soap. Hudson's will not fray cuffs or jag collars. Hudson's always deals gently with the linen, but firmly with the dirt. A penny packet will prove this!
of breeding for excellence. Mr. Jordan has evidently arrived at the conclusion that the conspicuous intellects and brains should be used for race purposes; and should not be allowed to place their own purposes before the purpose of the race. In a word, he disapproves of the theory of the great gardeners, namely, that one can grow out of the heart of a river or fruit its whole energy must be spent in its own development. Such a flower is perpetuated by grafting on a common stock, but hardly ever from seed. Such a grafting of the personality begins at the source and grows, as it were, in every age. The influence of their conspicuous genius sometimes enlightens many generations, and it is still a question if their own children do not in a measure suffer from the exhaustion of their parents.

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

But the book as a whole deals with the fact of war killing off the pick of a nation, and leaving the soldier to be replaced by "the man with the book." Without doubt, we ought to consider the question of the present conditions of environment upon these women whose seeds are born to survive in the struggle of civilization after civilization. Is it impossible to graft some greater life into that restless stock, and by good food and good housing of the poor breed a race that has lasting power as well as the more admirable qualities which destroy more than they preserve?

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

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

If one desires to read a book which is not quite like any other book, here is that book. It is the history of two people; one, Gambetta, a Prime Minister of France, and the other to whom he writes "à la luminère de mon âme, à l'etoile de ma vie, Léonie Léon, Sempre! Sempre!" The result of this history is a delicious romance. If it were a work of fiction we might refuse to announce it any but one or two intimate friends. We scarcely can believe that the life of the first statesman of France was unknown to the great world; and it speaks volumes for the health of French society that the Press and the people should respect his private life. And any book which allowed its state'sman's private life to remain a matter for his own judgment. Had the people only known the whole truth, they would have understood that Léonie Léon was playing an active part in national affairs; and as far as one can see, her advice was of the soundest kind. She went on a mission to Rome, to place before the Pope, in a personal interview, official messages from Gambetta which he could find no one else so trustworthy or so wise to deliver as his Léonie. It is but a year or two ago that Jean Jaurès made a momentous speech in the Chamber of Deputies, wherein his most pregnant sentences on earlier foreign affairs were read from what he called Gambetta's "private notes"; but, in the words of Mr. Macdonald's preface to this book, "no one knew that these so-called 'notes' were extracts from their author's love letters to Léonie Léon." One puts down this book with the longing to understand more of the delicate mystery of the bond between this man and woman. It is the subject of all romances; in this case it happens to be history as well.

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

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

Take the following saying, which, as Mr. Giles rightly insists, gives the clue to the whole philosophy of the master: "Ts'ou, do you look upon me as a man who has studied and retained a mass of various knowledge? I do, he replied. Am I wrong?—You are wrong, said..."
the Master. All my knowledge is strung on one connecting thread."

The "connecting thread," says Mr. Giles, "is simply the moral life, which consists in being true to oneself and actuality. The manner of the husband's death would have no 'shall,' no 'must,' no 'certainly,' as one sees childish ways in the quoted passage. That is very true to life. It is the "connecting thread." says Constance of "the West," framed in a crude melodrama. A suspicion assails me that this melodrama is provided for English consumption in the belief that the average of our intelligence is so low as to unsuit us for interest in anything outside the range of stereotyped theatricalism. Local colour, local life, really individualised persons, the common conceptions of whose life are different from ours, are all presumed to be beyond us. When, therefore, we get a play like "A White Man," which deals with a localised life, it is spiced up with lords and ladies, betrayed trust deeds, ancestral towers, and miraculously faithful and idiotic women, on the same principle which leads vegetarian caterers to call their dishes "mock chicken," and vegetarian diners to put down the pans of digestion to Weltschmerz. But I would beg Mr. Waller to believe that the success "A White Man" attains will be due to its local colour and colour, that it is the lords, ladies, ancestral towers, etc., that are becoming rather stale and inanodinous. It is, however, only in the first act that we get the full glory of Maudsley Towers and the noble man's and the noble lady's troubles and renunciations, and having accomplished the sacrifice to theatrical convention (any explanation that the first act afforded could have been given in five minutes in the second) and duly applauded the nobility of Lewis Waller in a becoming uniform, we get on to the real play. And this beginning of the real play in the second act is very good. Of course, there is melodrama in it, but there is good incident too. The murder of Cash Hawkins by the Indian girl Nat-u-Ritch was an excellent thrill, and her final confession, when at length left alone with the hero, Jim Carstan (in reality Bob Ho, y'know), we get on to a real frontier from England to bear his brother's shame, save the honor of Maudsley Towers, and make his sister-in-law happy, was a brilliant curtain. This scene takes place in a bar-room, and it was the general appreciation of the drinking, the card-playing, and the rough life, not to mention the price of the beer, one dollar a bottle, that conveyed so particularly well the impression of the free and spasmodic life (cf. "The Walls of Jericho") which is led in the Colonies. The West of America has, of course, certain conventions of clothes and reversal, shooting which are not met with, I believe, in South Africa or Australia. Nevertheless, the wild, free liquor of the Old West seems the basis of the life of the bar-room Republicans as of our own sons of danger and the Frontiers. Let no teetotal crank mistake this for a.real dra魔术, and the plot begins to develop.

A Brummagem Button. Emily Pearson Finzemore.

(William W. 65.)

We have seldom read anything so good and sympathetic as the Brummagem Button. The Master follows the steps of the laws of Providence, or of moral virtue. "I hate" (his disciple speaks) "those who think that wisdom consists in prying and meddling; courage, in showing no compliance; and honesty, in announcing other men." "Girls and servants are the most difficult people to handle. If you treat them familiarly, they become disrespectful; if you keep them at a distance, they resent it." This is a familiar story from John Spenle of M.I.K.C., who wrote, "When domestic servants are treated as human beings it is not worth while to keep them."

In words which the Master barred; as he would have no "shall," no "must," no "certainly," no "I's." This was his refutation of the Kantian ethic.

One will profit from this pretty book unless he remembers that Confucius lived before the Christian era; the Chinese sage occasionally forgets himself.

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The Manager of "The New Age.

When I say "must own that I have always been greatly prejudiced against advertised hair tonics, and therefore hesitated for a long time before using your preparation. The results have been a pleasant and agreeable surprise, and fully carried all your claims for the Tonic. The hair is thicker, splendider and growing stronger, and this is especially noticeable where it had a tendency to be flat and lifeless. All scurf has entirely disappeared."

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A POST-SCRIPT.

To the Editor of "The New Age."

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

G. K. CHESTERTON.

SOCIALISM AND THE BAR.

To the Editor of "The New Age."

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

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

CORRESPONDENCE.

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

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I. HADEN GUEST.
MR. BALFOUR, PRODUCTION AND TARIFF REFORM.

To the Editor of "The New Age."  

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

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

HENRY H. SCHLOESSER.

THE GILDED EAGLES.

To the Editor of "The New Age."

Many thanks for the copy of The New Age sent to me.

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

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

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

-- Davin Isaacs.

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