A REPLY TO G.B.S.: by G. K. CHESTERTON.

THE NEW AGE
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Edited by A. R. Orage.

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NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—All Business Communications must be addressed to Publisher, “New Age,” 139, Fleet Street, E.C.; communications for the Editor to 1 & 2, Tooth’s Court, Furnival Street, E.C.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

During the past few days the Parliamentary atmosphere has been exceptionally thick with important Bills and resolutions. The Miners Bill and the Education Bill have been introduced, the Sweated Industries Bill has passed its second reading, the Licensing Bill is to appear during the week, and the Woman’s Suffrage Bill comes up for its second reading on Friday. The Army and Navy Estimates will have been published by the time this is in the hands of our readers, and Mr. Murray Macdonald’s resolution urging a reduction of expenditure upon armaments is expected on Monday. Finally, there is Mr. Redmond’s Home Rule resolution, which is designed to extract a definite statement of future policy from the Government, and which is to be introduced as soon as Mr. Birrell returns to the House.

Every item in the foregoing list, with the exception of the Education Bill, which is an uninteresting and operative measure, involves some general principle of the highest importance; and it can rarely have happened that the House of Commons has been called upon to discuss so many far-reaching proposals and to create so many precedents within the short space of ten days.

Under these circumstances the illness of the Prime Minister is particularly unfortunate. We do not for a moment suppose that there is any truth in the rumour that he is about to retire to the House of Lords, but, we fear, there is little doubt that his absence from the House of Commons is likely to be prolonged, if not permanent. Public opinion, already greatly aroused by Mr. Asquith as the Prime Minister elect, the only open question being how long Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman will refuse to bow to the inevitable. The change, as we have already pointed out, will be nothing less than a disaster to the Liberal Party. At a moment when diplomacy is the one thing needful, if the highly controversial measures contemplated by the Government are to be carried into law, the supremacy of Mr. Asquith can only lead to a premature split in the ranks of the Liberal party. He is almost certain to irritate the Nationalists into a fresh obstructionist campaign, the Labour party have not forgotten Featherstone, the Sussex fight has justly regarded him as their special foe, and the mass of the Liberal party distrust, where they do not actively dislike, him. In short, Mr. Asquith has more in common with the Duke of Devonshire than with the rank and file of the anti-Conservative majority which he proposes to lead. He does go to lead, for any one who is concerned for the fate of the Liberal party as such, and indeed would welcome any division which involved the secession of the reactionary elements. But we are concerned for the fate of certain measures which, if not appointed to escape mutilation in the Lords will require to be sent up with a very solid backing. The Lords are not afraid of Mr. Asquith, nor indeed of the present Government, but they are afraid of Mr. Macdonald, are determined to keep them to their programme, our special facilities are such as to enable us to turn out battleships half as fast again as the Germans. Also the Government are pledged generally to reduce expenditure upon armaments, and a strong section of their supporters, headed by Mr. Murray Macdonald, are determined to keep them to their pledges.

On the other hand there is the fact that the new
German Navy Bill provides for the building of an unexpectedly large number of warships; and unless we follow suit, by 1914 or 1915 we shall have lost our strong position, and have abandoned the standard which M. Thiers agreed to regard as a minimum. This being so, the Government have either
to face a large increase in future naval budgets or else
which both parties have hitherto agreed to
expectedly large number of warships; and unless we
follow suit, by 1914 or 1915 we shall have lost our
action. ’ There is nothing more certain in English
minimum. This being so, the Government have either

tical purposes the “ blue water school ” includes the
nation, and any Government which dropped the two-
funds- for an Old Age Pension Scheme, would soon find
itself turned out and sentenced to a prolonged rest on
the Opposition side of the House.

So far we have merely stated without comment the
undeniable facts of the situation. Our own position is
frankly opportunist. We naturally object to all ex-
penditure upon armaments as being intrinsically waste-
ful. Battleship after battleship is built, cruises about
aimlessly for 20 years or so and with several hundred able-
bodied men on board, and is then broken up and turned
during its short life. But we fully recognise at the
same time that the alternatives are worse, and that
futilities are but part of the general topsy-turvy-
dom, and cannot be done away with on the instant.
Of course it is true that the various powers concerned must maintain our own arma-
ments, and those armaments must be sufficient to pro-
cure security for the country. That is their raison-d’être from our point of view. Hence we depre-
cate anything like regret at the present time. The
proposal that we should “ set a good example ” is as
impracticable a remedy in the matter of armaments as it is in the matter of drink. The only way of putting
a stop to the “ badger-my-neighbour ” which the
German Government has begun is to show them
that we are fully prepared to build two ships to their
one, even though we have to tax large incomes half-a-

There is a possibility, however, to which we referred
above, that something may be done by direct negotia-
tions with the German Government. It is impossible
for either party to pretend that their naval programmes are a mere waste of blood, and it is the imperative duty
of Sir Edward Grey to use every means in his power
to come to some arrangement. The German Govern-
ment is at least as financially embarrassed as ours, and
would almost certainly consent to discuss matters.
Mr. Edward Bernstein supports this view in a letter to
the “ Nation.” After describing the “ utterly de-
plorable ” state of the German Imperial finances, the
increasing deficits, and the great difficulty which is being
experienced by Prince Bulow in finding a success-
correspondent to Herr von Stengel, the present Chancellor of
the Exchequer, he says — “The lust for more and
still bigger ships is in a high degree bridled by financial
considerations. . . . The number of persons who dream of a great naval adventure is too small to
counterweigh the general desire for peace in this direc-
tion as well as for peace in general. The masses of the
working-class democracy are united in their resistance
to the insane race in armaments. Their representa-
tives in Parliament have been outvoted, but the masses are there, and as much impressed as ever with a
sense of their mission as the guardians of peace be-
tween the nations.” It is true that there is all the
difference in the world between the German Govern-
ment and the German people, but no Government can long persist in a policy, involving heavy
taxation, unless it has the people behind it, and it seems
possible that they will be ready enough to come to

Our own Budget prospects are none too bright. Customs show a falling off, as compared with last year,
Whether Wages Boards have come to stay is another question. It is well known that a leading member of the Labour party regards them with considerable disfavour and has an alternative remedy to propose. He has been right, though for the moment he is in a hopeless minority both inside and outside his party. Time alone can solve the question, which after all is comparatively speaking a minor one. The recognition of the principle, of the duty of the Government towards the workers, is the important point. By what precise means the Government is to fulfil its duty, and through what machinery it is to exert its authority, are problems which must be solved by experiment. In the meantime let us be thankful that, after 60 years, at least one experiment is to be made.

We understand that on Friday, when the second reading of the Woman's Suffrage Bill is to be moved, there is to be a big demonstration—and presumably another free fight—outside the House. In view of this possibility we venture to suggest to the acting-Premier two alternative policies, either of which could be relied upon to prevent our prison system being dislocated by the methods of the W.S.P.U. The first is to call out the Guards, line the streets, and shoot down every woman who approaches within a quarter of a mile of Palace Yard. This course would have the merit of being both economical and convincing. The second alternative is to prevail upon the Speaker to allow the application of the closure at 5 o'clock, so that the Bill may at least progress a stage further than it did last Session.

If Mr. Asquith should refuse to adopt either of these courses, he will deserve all the abuse which he will certainly get.

The present attitude of the Government is illogical to the point of absurdity. Either they believe that women should have the vote or they do not. In the former case they should do their best to aid the progress of the Bill; or, if they have scruples as to a mandate, they ought at least to leave the question of giving "facilities" in the hands of members. In the latter case it is their duty to take more intelligent measures than they have done in the past to prevent the scandal of riots in the immediate neighbourhood of the House and the subsequent farcical proceedings in the police court.

A special campaign has already been started by the Unionist Press against the Mims' Eight Hours Bill, which was introduced on Thursday last by the Home Secretary. It is contended that it will cause a rise in the price of coal of not less than 2s. per ton, and that the people who will benefit will be a special class of workers whose conditions of labour are already quite good enough. A further point, urged by Mr. L. Hardy in the House, is that the Bill proposes for the first time to limit the labour of adult men. We fail altogether to see the bearing of this last argument upon the Table. Mr. Hardy is prepared to maintain that hours of labour are usually settled under present conditions by brute force. For there is no other respect in which adult men have an advantage over the men and children whom he apparently regards as fit objects for legislation. We hope, however, to deal with the various objections to the Bill on a future occasion. In the meantime we recommend those persons who are so concerned for the interests of the consumer and so assured of the present comfortable conditions of the producers, to make a personal experiment of work underground, and then to tell us whether they think eight hours of it too much or too little for the average human being.

Mr. Hilaire Belloc is to be congratulated upon his excellent speech with regard to the secrecy of party funds. A great deal of interest was taken in the debate by members in all quarters of the House, but the front benches on both sides were notably empty; it was a topic to the liking of party leaders.

Mr. Belloc confined himself entirely to the peril which he foresaw of large subscribers to party funds obtaining an undue influence over legislation. He avoided all personal or direct allegations, and, indeed, performed his task in a thoroughly "gentlemanly" manner. The second of the two leaders was, however, less fastidious, and openly referred to the buying and selling of titles, one gentleman even going so far as to mention names. In this matter we are inclined to agree with Mr. Mowbray, who urged that the legislative functions of the House of Lords were abolished there would be no objection to the traffic in titles and honours provided it were conducted upon a sound and open commercial basis. To call the last word on the subject, All the real value of titles, as marks of public gratitude for services rendered to the nation, has long since vanished, and it is as idle to deplore the fact as to attempt to remedy it until the whole system upon which plutocracy rests is done away with.

The question which Mr. Belloc raised is, however, more serious. The existence of secret party funds is a constant menace to the purity of political life. However free from actual corruption the House of Commons may be at the present moment, there is always the danger that private members' votes may be unduly influenced by financial considerations. Nor is it impossible that certain trade interests may be urged upon party leaders with a force which it is hard to disregard. These things are inevitable under the present system; parties need talent, and talent is all too rarely found allied with financial independence; hence the necessity for party funds. Mr. Belloc's proposal of a public audit would, however, only overcome half the difficulty. It would perhaps prevent outside pressure being brought to bear upon party organisations, but it would do nothing to relieve private members of their dependence upon the goodwill of the Whip. The only way to secure the end which everyone professes to desire, is to follow the example of other democratic countries and provide for the cost of elections and the personal necessities of members out of public funds.

The Leighton Buzzard Bench of Magistrates have distinguished themselves during the week by an extraordinarily stupid and heartless sentence on a child. The time at which the prisoners were tried was 1.35 p.m. on the 13th, named Dorothy Downing. It appeared at the trial that the prisoner, in company with two small boys, had stolen various articles, among which were named a truck, a hammer, a number of eggs, a garden hoe, a hammer, a number of eggs, a garden hoe, a garden spade, some baskets, and several bottles of beer. The truck had been returned, but the rest of the things were found-bidden in various places. The sentence was five years in a Reformatory.

Such an inhuman act on the part of the magistrates seems inexplicable. We can only conjecture that they suspected some Socialist influence at work and thought it advisable to make an example and to emphasize the sacredness of the rights of property. Anyone who knows anything of those private institutions which are called Reformatories, and which would seem to have been specially designed for the manufacture of criminals, will be appalled by this monstrous abuse of the powers of local magistrates.

Five years in a Reformatory for what was on the face of it nothing more than a childish prank! A lethal chamber might be preferred. Fortunately it is not too late in this case for the Home Secretary to interfere, and we hope that any of our readers who can bring influence to bear, either on the Home Office or in the House of Commons, will do so, without delay.

[NEXT WEEK.—Eden Phillpotts on "A State Department for the Unborn"; Miss Cicely Hamilton (author of "Diana of Dobson's") on "The Vote as a Weapon of Defence"; Herbert Hughes on "English Music"]
Presidential Outlook in the United States.

By an American Correspondent.

It is conceded that no mere politician can be elected president of the United States for the next administration. He must be a man who will convince the people that he has sound ideas and moral force to execute them for the welfare of the nation and honest business.

Two things, apart from the reaction of the people against the financial highwaymanry of the last few years, culminating in the present Republican era, have made this necessary.

The Republican Party, the party of high tariffs, conservative, respectable, and of pedigree, sees ruin and disruption for it to continue openly to be the foster-father of trusts, conservers of special privileges and stock-stuffing speculations which have caused panic and disaster under our unpardonable currency system.

President Roosevelt, driven to assert his official dignity, sent to Congress on January 31 his most vigorous Message, charged with the spirit of fair play and no compromise with law-defying corporations. Apart from the fighting tone of this call to arms by the President, it serves politically as a challenge to the legislative servers of monopoly, and thence reconstitution into the ranks of these reactionaries against the President and his proviso for the Presidential nomination, Wm. H. Taft, now Secretary of War. Mr. Taft is in good training. He has listened for several years while in President Roosevelt's Cabinet to the official denunciations of trust evils and wordy platitudes for "square deal." Mr. Taft himself has the faculty for saying things in harmony with the President and pleasing him by his official acts. The sentiment is growing that Mr. Taft, if elected, would try to continue very much on President Roosevelt's lines, and the belief is becoming more common that Mr. Roosevelt half means what he preaches, and hopes that the people will accept Mr. Taft on faith. The President, in his first burst of enthusiasm, predicted the nomination of Taft on the platform for the Presidential nomination. He has now Secretory of a miners' federation, who has given Mr. Haywood national prominence which has placed itself upon an out-and-out Socialist platform on foot to bring these two national parties their overwhelming defeat of 1904. They are now two branches, comprising the Socialist Party and Socialist Labour Party. There is a movement on foot to bring these two parties into an organic union. For their Presidential candidate there is much talk of W. D. Haywood, of Colorado, secretary of the Western Federation of Miners, who was acquitted last September of conviction in the murder of Governor Steunenberg, of Idaho.

The wisdom of this may well be questioned. That which has given Mr. Haywood national prominence was his trial in connection with the Steunenberg murder. His secretaryship of a miners' federation which has placed itself upon an out-and-out Socialist platform is of importance only to Socialists. I can conceive of no greater political error than for the Socialist Party to place its leadership in a man on whom the disinterested masses look with suspicion, and for whom the Court acquittal has not restored the confidence of innocence. The Socialists will do well to avoid striking violently the healthy sensibilities of the country by placing at the head of a great movement a character whom millions of unbiassed citizens will accept as if offered in a spirit of Round-table and may be paraded for having convictions at variance with the jury's decision at the trial for the life of W. D. Haywood.

Since President Roosevelt is the faster politician who nurses along so admirably the progress of Wm. H. Taft toward the Republican nomination, the country should demand to know with what ability and disposition Mr. Taft will adopt the new Rooseveltian aggression on the stock-bloated party in Congress, and all that they represent in lawless industrialism. Some feel that he will come out with unqualified approval of the recent radical demonstration of the President, and Mr. Bryan proposes to force the issues. No one questions his honesty, determination, and ability. Will Mr. Taft meet the strenuous situation? Upon that and millions of exposed and contributed plutocracy funds will depend his election.
Why Empires Fall.

There could be no doubt that the manhood of the Roman populace disappeared and that its heart wasotten under two influences—the degradation of the lower populace by being fed by the State, and the destruction of the middle classes by taxation. Sir Edward Fry, in a speech to the Central Poor Law Conference.

Sir Edward (formerly Lord Justice) Fry is a man of distinction in many spheres, and when he warns the words I have quoted.

Let us give some attention to the words Fry has used.

Sir Edward Fry says the Roman Empire fell because the middle classes were ruined by taxation. To estimate this argument at its true value we must examine rapidly the municipal system of the later Empire. In earlier days the local magistrates had been elected by the popular vote, and all who had held office became members of the local senate or curia, being called curiales. As time went on, the Roman passion for liberty turned the curiales into a caste, consisting of the smaller landowners. They had no choice about the chief cause certainly was that she refused to adapt the old system even when it had degenerated into a monstrous and palpable sham.

Next Sir Edward Fry says the Roman Empire fell because the middle classes were ruined by taxation. To estimate this argument at its true value we must examine rapidly the municipal system of the later Empire. In earlier days the local magistrates had been elected by the popular vote, and all who had held office became members of the local senate or curia, being called curiales. As time went on, the Roman passion for liberty turned the curiales into a caste, consisting of the smaller landowners. They had no choice about the chief cause certainly was that she refused to adapt the old system even when it had degenerated into a monstrous and palpable sham.

But when we look with steady gaze into the turbid waters of history, do we not see clearly that what are called causes of the downfall of Empire are really no more than the symptoms of a deep-seated malady which undermines for centuries the proud fabric of power, and finally brings it crashing to the ground? That malady has been in every case known to us: the Death of the Soul. In one of the finest of his Orations, Dion Chrysostom (not the saint, but the Cynic philosopher) drove this lesson home with a force which ought to appeal powerfully to us today.

See how the might of Assyria dwindled, he said, and the dominion of Greece, and the great Macedonian Empire—each because it lost its soul, because its civilization became material, because it cast off all moral discipline, because it became a grave, a grave, a grave to the shallow, self-seeking追求 of wealth and enjoyment and showy distinction. The secret of happiness lies, not in pomp and luxury, but in temperance, justice, and true piety. The only security for the permanence of any society is the exception of the true values of things and a chastened moderation of spirit which enables it to choose the better, not the worse.

Rome fell for the reason that Assyria fell, and Greece and Macedonia. It mistook the Shadow for the Reality. It set more store by the shows of greatness than by the only criterion of a truly great rule—the greatest happiness of the greatest number. St. Augustine, in a famous letter, written to one who contended that Christianity had caused the decadence of Rome, declared with truth that the decay of Rome began long before the coming of Christ. In that decay the old Roman honour and morality. Christianity was only the expression of the widespread repugnance, felt equally by wise Pagans, against the vices and cruelties and injustices, the wealth-worship and Roman vanity of the time. Rome lost her ideals, and set up materialist gods. The inevitable reaction came, and Rome fell. Has Britain lost her ideals? We Socialists say not. We believe the point to be vast, vaster than the destructiveness of materialism.
“Fair and Reasonable Remuneration”

By the Hon. Sir Harley Williams.

In a Melbourne paper, “The Age,” of November 9, will be found an interesting and instructive judgment of Mr. Justice Higgins, the President of the Commonwealth Court of Conciliation and Arbitration, on the above subject.

The facts of the case, shortly put, were these. Parliament having previously placed an import duty of £12 on every harvester brought into the Commonwealth of Australia, subsequently, by the Excise Act of 1906, provided inter alia that a penalty by way of excise duty amounting to £6 should be imposed on every harvester manufactured in Australia under conditions as to remuneration of labour which had not been pronounced by the President of the Commonwealth Court of Conciliation and Arbitration to be fair and reasonable. The applicant in the case which was the subject of the judgment was a Mr. McKay, who was the largest manufacturer of harvesters in Australia, and his application to the Court was made in order to obtain the declaration prescribed by the Excise Act as a condition precedent to his rights, the claim exemption from the penalty by way of excise duty.

It is obvious that, having regard to his position as a manufacturer of harvesters, Mr. McKay was very greatly benefited by the £12 per machine imposed by the tariff, and if he proved successful in obtaining the declaration prescribed by the Excise Act, he would thereby become exempted from the duty amounting to £6.

Mr. Justice Higgins’ duty therefore was to decide whether the applicant paid those employed by him in his business fair and reasonable remuneration for their work.

In his judgment, the President of the Court began by stating that, in his opinion, it was manifestly the intention of Parliament to improve the condition of employees in protected industries by securing to them a rate of wage which, as a rule, they could not get by ordinary methods of individual bargaining with employers, and that therefore it was his function to fix the standard of “fair and reasonable remuneration” as something other than what a wage-earner, on the one side, driven by pressure would take, and employers, on the other, urged by the desire for profits, would concede. He then proceeded to state, “I can think of no other standard appropriate than the normal need of the average employee living in a civilised community,” and as a consequence of this he decided that “fair and reasonable remuneration” meant the wages paid should be sufficient to furnish employees with proper food and clothing and a condition of frugal existence.

The wages he fixed per day varied from 7s. (the lowest) to 11s. (the highest). To pattern-makers was adjudged as fair and reasonable 11s. per day; to labourers, unskilled, including furnace-men’s labourers and lorry drivers, 7s. per day; and between these two extremes were adjudged to other classes of labour 8s., 9s., and 10s. per day. It will thus be seen that a fair and reasonable remuneration to employees under the Act referred to is a very different thing from the minimum living wage prescribed by the Factory Acts of Australian legislation.

Two Kinds of Mental Activity.

By Leo Tolstoy.

(The following article was written by Tolstoy to serve as an introduction to a collection of thoughts, aphorisms and maxims by La Bruyère, La Rochefoucauld, Vauvenargues and Montesquieu, translated into Russian.)

Human reason directed to the elucidation of the laws that govern human life, has always manifested itself in two different ways. Some thinkers have tried to systematize all the phenomena of the life of human beings into definite connection with one another. Such were the founders of all the philosophic theories from Aristotle to Spinoza and Hegel. Others have helped the elucidation of the laws of human life by elaborating shapely systems, but by detached observations and apt expressions indicating eternal laws that rule our life. Such were the sages of the ancient world who formed collections of aphorisms, the Christian fathers, especially the French writers of the XVIIth, XVIIIth and XIXth centuries, who brought this kind of writing to the highest degree of perfection.

Such—not to mention the wonderful Montaigne, whose writings partly belong to this class—are the thoughts and maxims of La Rochefoucauld, La Bruyère, Pascal, Montesquieu and Vauvenargues.

If one compares all knowledge of the laws of human life to a ball continually enlarged by fresh accretions, then thinkers of the first, systematic class, should be likened to men who try to enfold the ball with stuff more or less solid and thick, in order to enlarge its whole surface equally. Thinkers of the second category are like men who without caring for the equal increase of the whole surface of the ball, enlarge its size at various points of a radius along which their thoughts naturally travel, generally outweighing thinkers of the first kind and furnishing future systematizers with matter to work upon.

The advantages on the side of thinkers of the first category are: coherence, completeness and symmetry in their doctrines. The disadvantages are: artificiality in their structure, forced connection of ideas, sometimes evident deviations from truth in order to make the whole teaching coherent, and often—resulting from this—obscurity and mistiness in the manner of their exposition.

The advantages on the side of the second category of thinkers are: directness, sincerity, novelty, boldness and, if one may so express it, impulsiveness in their unshackled thought, resulting in corresponding vigour of expression. Their disadvantages are: fragmentariness and occasional external contradictions, though these latter are usually more apparent than real.

Their greatest advantage, however, is that whereas works of the first class—philosophic systems—often repel by their pedantry, or—if they do not repel—owe their force to the author, by whose doctrine they do not weaken the mind of the reader by subduing him and depriving him of independence, works of the second class always attract by their sincerity, elegance, and brevity of expression. Above all, they do not crush independent activity of the mind, but on the contrary, evoke it by obliging the reader either to deduce further conclusions from what he reads, or, sometimes, when he quite disagrees with the author, by obliging him to contest the latter’s positions, and thus arrive at new and unexpected conclusions.

The detached thoughts both of ancient and modern writers are usually of this kind, and are among those of the French writers whose maxims are collected in this volume.—Translated for The New Age by Aylmer Maude.
Colonial Expansion by Cannon.

By M. Hervé.

(Being the last of four articles summarising M. Hervé's speech in his defence. Translated by W. R. 1. for The New Age, with M. Hervé's express permission.)

Mr. ATTORNEY-GENERAL has just alluded to the disgust with which my articles have overwhelmed him. Gentleman, I am equally disgusted. But not with precisely the same things. Let Mr. Attorney-General, if you will, cover up his red robe, or rather let him try to cover up, this record of jobbery, of the bombardment of undefended towns, the massacre of women and children, this bloody catalogue of crimes. But I will not help him. My lawyer's robe shall be no cloak for brigandage. I said to myself: "The Paris jurymen, in revenge, will be otherwise than when they know me only as the horned devil of their newspapers, those creatures of the financiers I am attacking? Let them hate me then. But that is not the point. The point is not: Am I horned and hooded; not: Does the German Emperor play me to destroy the national defences; but: Will they, when I put before them these documents, these first syllables of irrefragable proof—will my Paris jurymen dare to condemn me? They are too good, too gentle, or is it not?

Answer me, yes or no!

The soldiers who, at the bidding of certain financiers and capitalists have slaughtered the innocent, shot prisoners of war, butchered the wounded—have they acted as robbers and bandits? Yes or no?

For my part, I have but one name for you, whether you burgle a cottage or a kingdom, whether you hold up a midnight train at the pistol-point or wipe out the undefended towns of Casablanca with your long-range guns! Big thieves, little thieves, you follow the same blackguard trade!

Are you so innocent as not to see that when your newspapers sing the glories of Colonial expansion they are making fun of you? Do you not realise that these papers are only kept alive by the advertisement (so unwisely paid for) which they give to big financial newspapers, those creatures of the financiers I am attacking? Let them hate me then. But that is not the point. The point is not: Am I horned and hooded; not: Does the German Emperor play me to destroy the national defences; but: Will they, when I put before them these documents, these first syllables of irrefragable proof—will my Paris jurymen dare to condemn me? They are too good, too gentle, or is it not?

Answer me, yes or no!

If by chance you acquit me, gentlemen of the jury, have no fear. Whatever Mr. Attorney-General may say to the contrary, nobody will believe you have turned Hervé, the man with the flag on the dunghill, who are ready to put a stop to the massacre of the Moors. If you share with Mr. Attorney-General his admiration for these filth, if you think this Colonial brigandage is to be encouraged, condemn me. I shall not plead extenuating circumstances.

Only, if you condemn me, do not complain when your taxes go up, or when you awake to find yourselves on the eve of a European war, or when the Germans steal one day your provinces from you as you have stolen to-day their flocks and iron mines from the Moors.

I have but one standard. I do not say, like the Academician Vogüé, that in certain cases it is right to shoot prisoners of war, to bombard undefended towns, to fire on women and children; that when Germans do it in Brazil, it is very bad, but when Frenchmen do it at Casablanca it suddenly becomes heroism. Away with such hypocrisy!

If you ask me, you acquit me, gentlemen of the jury, have no fear. Whatever Mr. Attorney-General may say to the contrary, nobody will believe you have turned Hervé, the man with the flag on the dunghill, who are ready to put a stop to the massacre of the Moors.

To conclude, whatever may be your verdict, I shall go on:

[The Court condemned Gustave Hervé to the maximum penalty of a year's imprisonment and 3,000 francs fine]

Under the auspices of the INTERNATIONAL MEDICAL ANTI-VIVISECTION ASSOCIATION, the second of a Series of Lectures, dealing with the Scientific and Medical Aspects of Anti-Vivisection, will be given at the CAXTON HALL, WESTMINSTER, by John Shaw, Esq., M.D., M.R.C.S. (late Physician for Diseases of Women, North Western London Hospital), on Friday, March the 6th, at 8 p.m. Subject: "How Vivisection is Blocking the Path to the Cure of Cancer."

The Chair will be taken by Sir George Kekewich, K.C.B., M.P., Honorary Secretary: Miss Linda Hackett, 324, Lauderdale Mansions, Malvern Vale, W.
The Last of the Rationalists.
(A Reply to Mr. Bernard Shaw.)
By G. K. Chesterton.

I HAVE just seen Bernard Shaw's very jolly article* and I hope you will allow me to reply. I have reluctantly come to the conclusion that Belloc and I must be horribly fascinating men. We never suspected it of ourselves; but I have been forced to the belief by the discussion in the New Age. We offered certain objections to Socialism. We were honoured by being answered, not only by the two most brilliant Socialists alive, but by the two most brilliant writers alive, who both happen to be Socialists. Bernard Shaw and H.G. Wells undertook to reply to us about Socialism. They both forgot to say anything whatever about Socialism, but they insisted on talking (with the utmost humour and luxuriance) about us. The fact can be tested by anyone who cares to look up the file of this paper and compare the articles. My article may have been vague and mystical, but it was about Socialism; Wells's article was about me. Belloc's article may have been harsh or academic, but it was about Socialism; Shaw's article was about Belloc.

The first part of Shaw's article is all about the facts that he has found in "Who's Who." He says, for instance, that I do not feel with ordinary men about ordinary things. The two jokes against us are the chief fruit and example of his study of that work is the startling statement that Belloc went to Magdalen, I cannot feel that Shaw's biographies are things to lean on for the purpose of quarrelling with me. Why does Shaw not unite to bring him to the memory of any nation? What I said about Shaw and his Socialists was quite simple—I said, and I say, that they have no sympathy with the poor. I do not mean that they have not pity for the poor; I know they have Niagara of pity. But they have no sympathy; they do not feel with ordinary men about ordinary things. The question is not a question of race, but a question of getting on with men. And I should certainly get on better with Hottentots than Shaw can get on with Irishmen.

In following his admirable career, I have noticed that while Shaw is ready (very rightly) to get excited about points on which he quarrelled with Wells, but the chief weighty appeal to Chesterton that moved him was an incidental disparagement of the custom of standing drinks. The fact is, of course, that the only thing in Chesterton's earnest and weighty appeal to the world in general that moved Wells was an incidental admission of the custom of standing drinks. If Shaw will go and read Wells's article (it is well worth his trouble) he will find that standing drink was the only point on which I quarrelled with Wells, for the simple reason that it was the only point on which he quarrelled with me. He wrote a whole article packed with all my own opinions; but broke out with considerable violence on this special point. This distinction is important, because it is not Belloc and I who make beer important. It is Shaw and Wells who make beer a thing extraordinary a thing being questionable. Shaw turns our claim for the common human drink into some nasty ideas about "excess": and then, being evidently unable to boast of having drunk with another man in his life, goes off (I speak with reverence and affection) into some rubbish about a piano. But Belloc and I are not maintaining that beer is a divine glory, but that it is a normal habit and natural right; as normal and much more normal than soap. We do not get excited on beer. It is Shaw who gets excited on beer. And it really seems a pity to get drunk on beer when you have not even drunk it.

It is proved, then, that on the first fact which Shaw sees as odd about us we are not odd but ordinary: it is proved that we are mankind or (as Shaw would put it) we are mankind. The same exactly is true about the other thing that Shaw thinks odd: the belief in the supernatural. The first and most important fact is that the experience of mankind is on the side of miracles, and men like Shaw can only get out of it by despising mankind and saying that men are filthy and superstitious. There are, no doubt, other and minor facts, notably the fact that I believe in the possibility of miracles, and I can tell Shaw I believe in them. But Shaw cannot tell me why he disbelieves in it: I know, because I asked him. He has accepted the impossibility of miracles, as a part of the positivist philosophy in which we were all brought up; but some of us have thought our way out of it. He has not. He still clings to his old mental habits of the Hall of Science, of which the great tenet was that all meaning against religion except those who weren't, and they didn't count. Now of this old-fashioned materialism to which Shaw clings (I like the word "clings") Shaw uses it of Belloc, and it comes to suff the habit and figure so vividly before one)—of this old creed to which Shaw clings, there was one main method and principle. It was this; that the true Freethinker must contradict Christianity, even if he contradicted himself. That wretched creed must be assuaged of all evils, even if they were inconsistent evils. Thus the old Atheists abused Christianity for being meek and Quakerish, while they also abused it for being bloody and imperialistic. The two sins of the Christian were first that he would not fight, and second that he was always fighting. Similarly, Christianity was attacked, first for the greatlessness of Nature and then for concealing the uprightness of Nature. This extraordinary religion was first the black spot on a white world and then the white spot on a black world.
FEBRUARY 29, 1908

THE NEW AGE.

Now Shaw is submissive to his old Hall of Science traditions. Shaw will make an attack on Christianity even if it is also a perfectly plain case. Shaw has been telling us ten times a week that what we want is not reason but life, that the lust to live, to live even for oneself, to live infinitely, is gloriously neurotic. Exactly: (2) that Mr. Shaw is mean and cowardly to wish to live for ever. This is manifest nonsense. It cannot be noble to desire life and mean to desire everlasting life. Shaw has meekly glided his own life-Force to the ghost of Bradlaugh. It is exactly the same with this point of miracles. The plain fact is that Shaw does not know what the Catholic doctrine of Miracles is; but he has (to his eternal glory) almost discovered it for himself. He has toiled and panted in the train of the Catholic doctrine of Miracles; and whenever he picked up a piece of it, he was hugely and legitimately excited. The Catholic doctrine of Miracles is this: That the highest power in the universe is not (as the Materialists say) Law; the highest power in the universe is Will, the will of God which is Good Will. Good Will, just to this, though much weaker, is the will of man. There is also in the universe another element of routine and rule; but Will, being the higher, can overpower law, the lower. Therefore, though the blood of St. Januarius must be dry, Will might say that it shall be wet. Now for the last five years Shaw has been preaching this doctrine of the transforming power of will. But it will give him a great shock when he discovers that it is only the Christian doctrine of Miracles: then, very likely, he will drop it like a hot potato. AS it is, he takes refuge in a poor sample of the Hall of Science: he toils to concentrate it; (3) that history proves that property is, now and then, to be seen. But bad plays are as common as blackberries or Socialists. And yet I don't come across the dramatic critic who will say about this acting these much more practical comments: (1) that a man will not be humanly happy unless he owns something in the sense that he can say the true truth about most of our modern plays—that they are, both in themselves and in their interpretations, what one of Mr. Shaw's characters calls Trash. I have wanted someone brought up with which I was not—to speak faithfully about the melodramas, where virtue is never tried, but always rewarded, the social comedy where everyone is trying to deceive one another, the farce, with its eleven doors and a hundred imbecilities of "tradition" and "business." And just when I began to think that there was nothing for it but that I should turn dramatic critic, and myself say these things, Mr. Pélissier and his Follies came upon the town. And at once what I see upon the stage is the comedy, the last depth of comedy; to point out that the actor doesn't believe in his parts, as, indeed, how can they, seeing that none of them bears more than a fleeting or distorted resemblance to life; to show how tiresome the whole thing was, when it was not vulgar—how dull, when it was not disillusioned. And nobody did it. The critics particularised alone Mrs. de la Rue's funniness and Miss de Vere's Parisian gowns, but they would not say what I was not—to speak faithfully about the melodramas, where virtue is never tried, but always rewarded, the social comedy where everyone is trying to deceive one another, the farce, with its eleven doors and a hundred imbecilities of "tradition" and "business."
occupies a place entirely his own—the vacant place that I have always longed to see filled. He is the satirist of the stage.

He is also quite a lot of other things: things so various and so good that the bulk of his audience, one would not mind betting a crown, hardly know that he is a satirist at all.

He came to us with an entertainment perfectly new, perfectly charming: one whose ingenuous ingenuousness disarmed criticism. And all the while he himself was criticizing, Mr. Pélissier knew this well enough; his taste is too fine for him to have sinned in ignorance. He has, one fears, done it because the Follies, like less gifted persons, have to live, and he must, somehow, have concluded that the "right thing," could not, in face of our national silliness, be relied upon to pay. So now he stoops to jokes that make us uncomfortable—"my mother-in-law is dead" is a simple yet flagrant mockery of physical defect. There is a recitation by a man who speaks as he speaks who has no roof to his head, and brown-black eyes open to widest extent.

One pinned one's faith on Mr. Pélissier, and looked forward confidently to a bright dramatic "future for generations yet unborn" (Herbert Burrows). The Master Satirist was at work: one could safely leave the matter in his hands. Could one?

Alas, I saw the Follies again the other night. They are still amusing, clever, satiric, and all the charming rest of it, but ... they have made concessions to the very things they so beautifully and adequately satirized. Mr. Pélissier knows this well enough; his taste is too fine for him to have sinned in ignorance. He has, one fears, done it because the Follies, like less gifted persons, have to live, and he must, somehow, have concluded that the "right thing" could not, in face of our national silliness, be relied upon to pay. So now he stoops to jokes that make us uncomfortable—"my mother-in-law is dead" is a simple yet flagrant mockery of physical defect. There is a recitation by a man who speaks as he speaks who has no roof to his head, and brown-black eyes open to widest extent.

The Governor's Tour in Zululand.

[Sir Matthew Nathan is at present on a tour of inspection in Zululand. The following account of a similar tour by a sometime Native Commissioner in South Africa will, therefore, be of interest to readers of The New Age.]

The road winds roughly down the side of a fairly steep and well-wooded hill, from the bottom of which it gradually slopes through some three or four miles of dense thorn bush to the river. It is a clear, cool evening, and long before the drift is reached one hears the shrill voices of women and girls all apparently talking at once. The banks of the river are lined with tall trees in full foliage, and the scene is striking and beautiful as one reaches the top of the road leading straight into the drift. The chattering suddenly ceases, and one looks across the thirty feet of water into the upturned faces of eighty or a hundred girls and women. They have been talking so loudly that they have not heard the horses approaching, and now—white men not often travelling through this part—they have stopped for a moment as if petrified, with faces turned up to us and brown-black eyes open to widest extent. With the exception of the very young girls, they are not frightened, and almost immediately resume their occupation; but not a word will be uttered until we have passed on. These women have come to the river with their clay pots for water, and when we see them they have lined the edge of the stream up and down, and are on their knees, busily scouring the pots. Some twenty have already filled their pots and with them on their heads are wending their way homeward, along a well-worn path, in single file. Here and there one is noticed with a blanket, but for the most part they are simply clothed with a goat-skin cut into some simple shape. Many of them have pleasant faces. The kraal is near the summit of a rough kopje about a mile from the river, and is approachable only by footpaths difficult for horses to travel.

It is known that we are coming, and the chief has sent one of his headmen to guide us to the place of his huts. We find the village to consist of about three hundred huts; but the chief is the recognised head of a
of his young men had been shot in the engagement with Bambata, and the Chief explains that it was a great grief to him to find that a few of his unruly, hot-headed young bloods had chimed the rebels, and that they justly deserved their fate.

The Governor makes many enquiries and receives apparently honest replies. The Chief, advised by his councillors, was of the opinion that much Kaffir blood had been shed in the late war, and he was glad that the disturbers of the peace had been arrested and the people were astonished and convinced that the country, they were sure that every rebel had been captured, and that there was not the least reason to expect any more trouble.

The Governor here reminds the Chief that a number

dozen other kraals, large and small, scattered about in the hills, and is a man of importance. We find a few of his headmen in his courtyard, which is scrupulously clean; and as soon as we have uncovered our heads, the Chief invites us to off-saddle and orders some of his men to assist us. We tell him we will sleep that night as if we were going to talk to him, and interest him in the tour going on the next morning. He expresses pleasure, hopes we can stay longer, and gives an order to one of his men. In a short while the man returns, and the Chief asks us to go out with him. He takes us through the courtyard, where we see a few head of oxen which have been brought from the cattle kraal. The Chief has the fattest head put out and presents it to the Governor as meat for us. It is then taken away, killed, and we return.

The Chief is told that we wish to speak to him on important matters, and is asked to call his indunas together. This he says will take a little time, as he must send some to see his other kraals; so after we have had dinner and made our sleeping arrangements we start about the village.

Not the least indication is to be seen of the late fighting in the country, with the exception of the absence of young men. Although there are many of them about, they do not care to show up yet, and so either in the hills or remain in their huts. Everything has its accustomed air of noisy security. It being evening, young girls are seen in every hut-yard grinding corn for the evening meal. They kneel down before a large hard piece of rock which is slightly hollowed; in the hollow they place the corn, a little at a time, and grind it with an oval smooth hard stone, sometimes an accompaniment the while.

There are scores of curs about and many pigs. Picanins, perfectly naked, are dancing and singing and screaming. Youths in different parts are blowing to their idle mates. The tumult will cease almost with a bang when the meal is prepared, and we finish our stroll pleasantly.

We find on getting back to the courtyard that a number of headmen are there, and others are arriving. In a short while the Chief comes out again, and having arranged for our place, he sends us to see the Governor and in the midst of his counsellors. This is a tour of personal inspection and inquiry by the Governor and in the midst of his councillors. This is a tour of personal inspection and inquiry by the Governor and his wise and experienced councillors, recognising that he must make a good impression on the Chief and his village.

The men surrounding the Chief are mostly of middle age; a few are grey-haired old warriors. The Governor, addressing the Chief, states that he is new to the country, regrets that he finds such serious trouble between them and the Natal Government; and says that on behalf of the King of England he is now come to see the Chiefs and hear the reasons of their discontent. The Chief knows that Dinuzulu has been arrested by the Natal Government, and the Governor would be pleased to hear the Chief make some remarks on this and other matters.

The Chief replies that he is very pleased that the Great King has sent the Governor into the country to see things with his own eyes and to hear the children of the Great King speak. Dinuzulu is his Chief, and if the Great King sent his people to take part in the late war, he was glad that the disturbances of the peace had been swept away by the Government, but now Dinuzulu had been arrested and the people were astonished and convinced that the Great King, and dared not murmur, but Dinuzulu was innocent, and they hoped they would soon see him back at his kraal. As the country, they were sure that every rebel had been captured, and that there was not the least reason to expect any more trouble.

The Governor here reminds the Chief that a number
BOOK OF THE WEEK.

The Beautiful What.*

The flamboyant flame of the sun, ardent with aeon-ent energy, revolted, turned aside from his immemorial mistress, wandered across the track of the Seven Dials that perpetually revolve amid the cloudless essence of Q.D.N.W. He was on his way he fell in with the retentive ray of the moon rising with hyaline glint from an epileptic seizure in the Tychoen Crater. Behold the slumbering flame has not the rainy ray; they have united in the gusty anguish of love. Their embraces reverberate to distant Neptune, transfixing the dusky King of Saturn with a mad violence that would shame the gobblers' glint, who broke from her darling planet and taking the outer ringer in her wake fell to erratic vibrations, disturbing enough to weary Astronomer-Royals.

Be glad, O ye earth; rejoice exceedingly, my tender Pleiades: frolic, leap-frug, O bright-eyed Artcurtus; and you Orion (7-matter vanished by Spirit), skip, dance adown the Milky-Way. The Moon's Ray is in travail; her groups re-echo on the earth, seas roar, the mountains spin, the cities are swallowed like Whitstable Natives.

He is born. The cymbals clash, the oboes peal, the trumpets sound shrill and clear. The Star in the West written in the Kabbalah? Yours also is the Reincarnation and the Life, 0 laughing lion that is to be! Of the Tulip's form, the sweet secret mystery of the Deathless Struggle must be your lot. Lo, is it not so

With this the empty-headed Athenians will remain unsatisfied, and we should be deprived of the epiphenomenal auxiliaries which sustain us in our search for the master-key which is to unlock the portals of all mystery; this mystery, ever elusive yet syntonic, in its
appeal to us. Here then let me quote: "The recent extension of the franchise to women had rendered the
Toshwara the most formidable of the political organi-
sations of the nation. The spirit of the nation had been sensi-
tively impaired by the result of a law which, by assur-
ing them in case of injury or illness of a life-long com-
mittance, oldagewhich they could never have main-
tained otherwise by the most laborious toil, encouraged all
workers to be utterly careless of their health." The
disciples of the Rosy Cross held that woman was an
accident, an obstruction upon the ramparts of the world's
plan. Virgo-Scorpio is a two-fold sign. Si Igittur sub
serpentis imagine Phallium Signum intelligimus, quam
plana sunt et concinna cuncta pictura lineamenta."
This conception of the universe as a male one is tenable,
whole and wholesome, although there was ever a place
for woman as virgin freed from the material gross
meanly things ere she partook of "the fruit of that
forbidden Tree, whose mortal taste, Brought death into
the world, and all our woes."
To Mr. Crowley this view, like the Occidental concep-
tion towards which we are now thrusting out tentacles,
of all the crimes of man furnishes nothing but
matter for a jest. Now these views are mutually
exclusive, but are equally tenable. What is wearisome,
state and unprofitable is just our present-day molluscous
animal, or the dry sand, awaiting the seas that shall never reach us, but which we should
go forth to meet, yet afraid to clamber back up the high
cliffs. Mr. Crowley does not display his usual courage
here, for that independence of judgment which reigned
everywhere, even when he is most wrong, commends
our loving admiration. Mr. Crowley should arrive at
his own conclusions regarding the question. As to what
his views are altered by the many or the few is
equally impertinent.
Does Mr. Crowley seriously regard laborious toil as
ever conducive to health? Toil, laborious or not, is all
worked over with the spirit of joy, ease, irresponsibility,
and is the root of all evil; it can never lead to
any form of well-being. "The government was well
enough in fact, but in theory it had hardly a leg to stand
upon." This is not obscurity, but nonsense of the most
painful and blatant character. Facts and theories do
not suggest contradictory opposition. Facts are but
the tortured expressions of stupid people who cannot
learn to think.
Mr. Crowley becomes the friend and follower of Her-
bert Spencer, Lord Avebury, Arnold-Forster, and all
the Socialists. Mr. Crowley's philosophy is the more
conceivable as he sees Sociology aims at the equalisation
of the individual by furnishing a like environment and
like education for all. Or does he satirise our own day by his
theory that "The theory of heredity has broken
down, and the ennoblement of the choosers of men made
it not only false, but ridiculous"? "How can a theory of
heredity ever break down? There is some excuse for
Mr. Crowley in the writings of many Socialists, but the
philosopher is not guided by the fallacies of others; he
dives below and discovers the pearls for himself.
Myself and one or two others can undeceive Mr.
Crowley, but he can do it much better himself. He
knows that there is no freedom whilst the soul is
chained; my Socialism will remove the fetters. An-
other complaint, and my last. Kwaw devotes some years
over, it's a short while only till you
have them washed with HUDSON'S SOAP, and
JU-VIS
always have them washed with Hudson's Balsam, and
then you can be sure that they are as well washed as
they possibly can be, and it is a washing that doesn't
wear them. All the wear is left for yourself.

The Tinker's Wedding: A comedy in two acts. By
J. M. Synge. (Maunsel. 2s. net.).
Although this is the latest addition to the published
plays of Mr. J. M. Synge, it cannot be called his most
recent play, "The Tinker's Wedding" was originally
written before "The Playboy of the Western World," at the
time Mr. Synge was working at "Riders to the Sea," and "In
The Shadow of the Glen." But since then it has been entirely rewritten. Perhaps this ex-
plains why it does not quite attain to that fullness of
imaginative conception which is so notable a feature of
the other plays. Throughout both acts the humour
is broader, and it lacks at times the essential note of
comedy. But it is rich in that beauty of language
which in Mr. Synge's plays often comes so near to the
limits of prose that they are judged by the gentle reader
as some unbroken entirely and abandon themselves to
verse. The story is a simple tale of vagabondage, con-
taining so little of dramatic context that Mr. Synge's
accomplishments in making drama out of such unpro-
blematic material is a very real one. Besides this, he has
succeeded in achieving something very like comedy
with a theme that would have lent itself more readily to
farceical treatment. There are four persons in the play:
Michael Byne, a tinker; Mary Byne, an old woman,
his mother; Sarah Casey, a young tinker woman; and
a priest. Sarah and Michael wish to marry, but there
is no romance about their desires, and to the end that
the ceremony shall be performed as economically as
possible, financial overtures are made with the priest.
The hag's return is negotiated on both sides with intense
subtlety and finely-conceived humour. The priest re-
quires a sovereign, but, after much haggling, is induced
to accept half this amount and a fine new tin can. The
happy event is settled for the morrow, and the can is
reached in a piece of sacking and placed for safety in the
ditch. In the meantime the old woman, who is a true
disciple of Silenus and constitutionally suffering from
the "drought," appropriates the can during the tem-
porary absence of her son and daughter-in-law, and
puts it over her head as it sniffed some bespattered carcase. How-

A WRIEKK ABOUT CLOTHES.

always have them washed with Hudson's Balsam, and
then you can be sure that they are as well washed as

BEEF TEA.

A Breakfast Cup for a lid.
should not look into it unfortunately rouses the holy man's suspicions. He undoes the evening, and to the consternation of all, the three brothers are discovered on the doorstep. The priest is afraid of the disturbance so near to the church, and tries in vain to rid himself of his riotous petitioners. "If you want to get shut of us," says Sarah, "let you marry us now for I'm thinking the ten shillings in gold is a good piece for the like of you, and you near burst with the fat." The priest is relentless; he will not have them selling his church. "There's nothing at all, I'm thinking," says he, "would keep the like of you from hell." With this, he throws down the gold and threatens to give them over to the police. The tinkers are afraid and wretched. They set on the priest, gag him, and cover his head with the sack. Their intention is to leave him to make away, but on second thoughts they extract a vow from him that he will not inform against them, in return for which they make him free. They gather up their property, Michael saying, philosophically, "He's a great man to have kept us from fouling our gold; and we'll have a great time drinking that bit with the trampers on the green of Clash." The priest stands up. "I've sworn not to call the hand of man upon your crime to-day," he says; "but I haven't sworn I wouldn't call the fire of heaven from the hand of God upon you." And he utters a Latin supplication in a loud ecclesiastical tone as the tinkers decamp. Such is the story of the "Tinker's Wedding." It is a slight enough theme, but Mr. Synge shows genius in handling of it, and in the way in which he displays the simple natures of these vagabonds, with their cunning and superstition, their greed and their comradeship—so little different, yet often so superior to similar characteristics in the priest.

The Spirit of Parliament. By Duncan Schwann, M.P. (Allen & Unwin: 3s. 6d.)

This is a very interesting book with an ill-chosen title. Mr. Schwann is a good party man with a seat in the House of Commons, and what he is really writing about is the spirit of the present House of Commons, as illustrated by himself. He has suffered some perturbation of soul in view of the fact that the responsibilities of the average M.P. are widening—the old party principles are ceasing to be adequate guides. He has asked himself whether the material of the average House is equal to the strain, and he replies in effect out of his own experience that the atmosphere of the place may be relied on to inspire. In fact, the book is a piece of generalized autobiography, and it is rather a pity that the chapters do not follow the order of events. Near the end of the book comes a vivid and effective account of the time of the O'Donovan and the Consensus, and the author had been written by a man who has himself addressed little meetings and opened bazaars. That should have come first; we must know what a man has been through before he enters the House if we would understand the influence of the House upon him. In Mr. Schwann's case, what has happened is that he has been awakened to a very lively sense of the historic past. For him St. Stephen's is peopled with the ghosts of great Commons, as in fact it is studded with their statues. Mr. Schwann has heard them talk in visions, which he records for us; but it is a little unfortunate that he should select as illustrative of Burke's genius a passage which every schoolboy has had to turn into Latin prose. The associations thus evoked are hardly appropriate. The power of the environment of the intensely practical atmosphere, upon which the two qualities of the division bell are points which Mr. Schwann makes very well, because he makes them with all his heart. But he is less successful when he tries to live up to his title. The chapter on the drama of debate is all wrong. Mr. Schwann tries to make us believe, and no doubt believes himself, that he is writing of events when he is really describing a couple of speeches on South Africa by Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Churchill in the early part of the session of 1906. It is a pity that there is no discussion in this chapter of the point on which the author dwells later on, namely, that the power of the House is passing to the Cabinet on the one side and the country on the other, and that debates are losing their interest in consequence. When he comes to deal with the House of Lords Mr. Schwann writes frankly of the spirit of party, which is an important and interesting thing, but is not the spirit of Parliament, though he adds in passing that in comparing the House of Lords to the Catacombs of Rome he lays himself open to the retort that it was in those dark and dismal places that what we hold to be truth lurked for several centuries. An ambitious attempt to deal with the relations between the House and the people takes the form of a dialogue on Westminster Bridge in the small hours of the morning between Mr. Schwann and a working man. The latter is excellently drawn; it is a subtle touch to make expectation an indispensable preliminary to thought. But would Mr. Schwann really have us believe that he has talked to the worker's questions with "How small of all that human hearts endure, That part that laws and kings can cause and cure," and that the conversation was nevertheless continued?

The style is not perfect. Mr. Schwann has a flow of words, but not a grip over language. His besetting sin is a passion for metaphor. On pages 8 and 9 there are seven different metaphors in seventeen consecutive lines, which is a little hard on the reader's imagination. Still, in spite of obvious faults, the book is a really valuable exposition of the psychology of the members of the present House in general and of the author in particular.

The Gentlest Art: A Choice of Letters by Entertaining Hands. Edited by E. V. Lucas. (Methuen: 5s. net.)

It were difficult to say what particular tendency in our social life stimulated the production of anthologies, just as it is easy to note the increasing familiarity of the anthology as a feature of our book production. Perhaps the laboured hurry of the times makes it necessary, or it may be the inevitable outcome, the final acclaimation of a full cycle of literary expression. But whatever the cause, this composite form of literature is not only useful, it is delightful. Mr. E. V. Lucas is, among many other admirable things, an anthologist of great charm. Indeed, he is more than this; he selects and arranges the scattered works of others in such a way as to make the book quite original and almost independent. Lovers of the literature of the countryside, for instance, will always remember him in a peculiar and grateful way for "The Open Road." In that book he so distilled the best of what had been said upon the wayfaring life as to produce an essence of the most jubilant open-air thought and expression. He has high praise of his latest anthology to say he has done as much as this for the kind of letters he deals with in "The Gentlest Art." Like "The Open Road," this book is not scholastic: it does not aim at being exhaustive or even informative. It has far better business. It reveals in a most entertaining way a refrained and individual taste by means of the most exquisite examples of the epistolary art. "The Gentlest Art" is really a cheerful mosaic of letters, as it is easy to see, and of comedy. All the selections have some of those qualities which letters should have. They are witty, genial, intimate. Examples have been taken from our most
Mr. Stacpoole's own words:—
in fact, all the necessities of life. After four years of
fruit trees and bananas, a blue lagoon with fish in it;
glorious existence, the sailor dies, and the children are
transplanted them, with an old seaman, to an unin-
tumult and start fresh, so he takes “two buds of
Armada and the true discoverer of tobacco. Indeed,
thing, “ the man “ who never did a wise one “ being
we close the book wondering whether Bacon cannot be
the immortal Bacon was the real victor of the Spanish
the devout Baconian, “The Droeshant portrait in the
further proof is needed ? None -- to the devout Baconian,
greatness has been thrust upon him, like that of the late
him to seek out and include those two capital bucolic
will be thanked for the happy thought that prompt&
Bacon’s secret !

Wardiat-ul-Habib Li Tanwir-il-Labib (The Revel-
ations of Habib for the Enlightenment of the Wise).
By Hassan Chevry Hassib. (Luzac and Co. 5s.)

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the Soul to God." These are all subjects which present their points of interest for us, but the writer has made no attempt to elucidate them, nor even to state in any presentable shape the mysteries he asks us to contemplate.

The physiology, when it is not trivial, is twaddle. "The atom instrumental in the formation of the physical body is not found in the heart. It is this atom found in the heart which we call Nafs." Man was created from sperm "or despicable water."

According to the author, whoever does not believe that the ascension of Muhammed was of both body and soul is an infidel; if he believes it was of the soul alone, then he is ungodly. The true believer must accept the statement "that there was ascent into the heavens with the body and soul together." The Seer is puzzled to know how the Prophet could have traversed the seven layers of skies. He accepts an explanation as naively material as the doubt that besets us. We are afraid this betrays the mental calibre of possessors of Secrets, Muslim Seer and all, to be beneath the level of a Hyde Park Secularist or Christian tub-thumper. The pamphlet is interesting by reason of the price asked for it.

Diana of Dobson's.

There are few novels which an intelligent and unfatigued person can enjoy with a greater pleasure. Mr. Eden Phillpotts, however, is one of the writers whose art is a contribution to thought. His latest work, "The Mother," bears all the marks of contemporary reading and occurrence. If we may say so, the atmosphere of the book is thoroughly up-to-date; and belongs as much to our period as Plato's of old times. Yet no subject is discussed controversially or even as a definite problem. The characters themselves are completely unaware of the drummer to whose beating they merrily march. For story-readers simply there is an exquisite story of compelling interest; but for the few there is the super-story, the artistic articulation of the spirit of the age as it broods over the villagers of Dartmoor.

DRAMA.

Diana of Dobson's.

The production and success of Miss Cicely Hamilton's play at the Kingsway Theatre is both a triumph for the new social drama and for Miss Lena Ashwell's management. The success is none the less certain because it is a kind of Fabian-victory, and none the less desirable because Miss Cicely Hamilton does not take the play too seriously. Had the authoress indeed extended her treatment of the "living-in" side of the drama, intensified the colouring, and laid more emphasis on the incidents, we should have had a pamphlet-drama of considerable value and great interest, but of doubtful theatrical possibilities. Had Miss Hamilton, on the other hand, eliminated a little of the accuracy of observation and social "signetting" which are worked into the play's fabric, we should have had as purely a material as the doubt that besets him. We are afraid; the atmosphere of the book is thoroughly up-to-date; and belongs as much to our period as Plato's of old times. Yet no subject is discussed controversially or even as a definite problem. The characters themselves are completely unaware of the drummer to whose beating they merrily march. For story-readers simply there is an exquisite story of compelling interest; but for the few there is the super-story, the artistic articulation of the spirit of the age as it broods over the villagers of Dartmoor.

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of upper class people as a matter of course; your conventional writer would have been bound to get some comedy out of the peculiarity of the awkwardness. The comedy Miss Hamilton extracts flows from Diana's appreciation of the irony of her position, and in perhaps the most delicious wittily passe in the play, where Diana is discovered to have married her husband at her coming. Miss Lena Ashwell surpassed herself. Her tearful acknowledgment of the distressing fact that her "life with Josiah was very brief" was a perfect light comedy usage.

If the play produced nothing more than this, it would be an achievement of distinction, but the change of social atmosphere is used not only for light comedy purposes, but to stiffly illuminate the conditions of life of shopmen and women from the point of view not of the dormitory at Dobson's, but of the financial magnate employer. For this purpose Miss Hamilton introduces into the Hotel Engadine circle the personality of the new baronet, Sir Jabez Grinlay (of Grinlay's Emporiums, Ltd.), and his discussion of social conditions with Diana is as dramatically interesting as it is socially significant. It is a point to the credit of Diana when she utterls sentiments of an altogether Socialist flavour, Sir Jabez calls her not a Socialist, but a sentimentalist. As he proposes to Diana Miss Hamilton could make him do no less.

The third act also takes place in the Hotel Engadine. It is 17 days later. Diana has spent all her money and is brave. Captain Bretherton, who has been hanging round Diana all the time at Pontresina, intercepts her and proposes marriage. In justification of her refusal, and by way of testing him, Diana confesses her deception, and that she has been living at the rate of £3,600 a year for one month only. Hurt and astonished, Captain Bretherton accuses Diana of being an adventuress. She hurlh him into the charge of being an adventurer, wishing to marry her when he thought she could support a husband, but unwilling to contemplate marrying a woman he cares for if she is a shop-girl and they would have to attempt to live on her own £600 a year.

This scene was particularly vigorous and well carried through by Mr. C. M. Holland and Miss Ashwell, and ended strongly on Diana'scontentious challenge to Bretherton to find out his uselessness by trying to earn his own living for six months, without money or influence, and her confession that it would have been better for her not to have taken any interest in Bretherton at all. The last act on the Engadine, where Bretherton has drifted after three months' effort to make his living, and Diana comes because she is out of a job is not convenient for the rest of the play. It is not so clearly thought out, and the comedy of the final curtain on the reconciled lovers eating "doorsteps" and coffee on the strength of a borrowed shaving, cannot hide its conventionality.

But after all, why should it not all end happily? Why should we be more concerned for the seriousness of the play than is Miss Hamilton herself? The real interest of the play, indeed, apart from its own intrinsic wit and pleasure-giving qualities, lies in its significance as a fore-runner of the light skirmishing comedy plays of a new baronet, Sir Jabez Grinlay (of Grinlay's Emporiums, Ltd.), and his discussion of social conditions with Diana is as dramatically interesting as it is socially significant. It is a point to the credit of Diana when she utterls sentiments of an altogether Socialist flavour, Sir Jabez calls her not a Socialist, but a sentimentalist. As he proposes to Diana Miss Hamilton could make him do no less.

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CORRESPONDENCE.

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

CORRESPONDENCE. For publication should be addressed to the Editor and written on one side of the paper only.

SOCIALISM AND THE BAR.

To the Editor of "The New Age."

If "A Solicitor" desires to take part in the cause he must proceed as with one other business. Solicitors are quite ordinary people, and judge by the usual standards. If "A Solicitor" cares to convince Socialists of his bona-fides he will be readily received. Solicitors are not more suspected than Trades’ Union Secretaries. During the past twenty years many working men have succeeded in obtaining positions and emoluments by "labour" influences, which have enabled them not only to ignore working-class interests, but to act consistently in obstructing progress. They have been the bulwarks of the movement. Labour has had good reason to be suspicious of Solicitors, but as the interests of his clients are the aide of official cliques (in Labour circles), the tools of the bourgeoisie, as working-class Socialists do daily aver. "A Solicitor" will no doubt have his "good" cases but these only make him a beggar. The beggar has a Socialist Solicitor "worst than hell," and with good reason. A workman habituated to "taking orders" can no longer infer his "respectability" from his "status." The atmosphere of his old environment clings to him. He has a craving for "respectability," and tries to lock down upon his neighbours. He is at once scorned as a fool and suspect as a traitor.

A solicitor with moral courage, perseverance, and audacity need not fear anything among Socialists, but he should not seek to become a candidate with working-class support all at once. The confidence of Socialists is not attained by a leap. When we get a group of solicitors in the movement the pace will quicken. Solicitors should not look for lectureships meantime. There is quite enough gas, but ability to introduce business methods for the organisation I have been waiting for such a letter as "A Solicitor" writes, and would be glad to co-operate with solicitors of Socialist convictions or tendencies. Many good laws have been placed upon the Statute-book, but their execution has fallen to a wretchedly low level. Anything which would bring the Courts into line with the public consciousness would be welcomed by the public at large, and under the old methods pasture for solicitors who recite the rosary daily, who wear the medal of the Immaculate Conception, the scapular, etc. I am far from desiring to throw off the atmosphere of his old environment clings to him. He has a craving for "respectability," and tries to look down upon his neighbours. He is at once scorned as a fool and suspect as a traitor.

SOCIALISM AND THE BAR.

To the Editor of "The New Age."

Unlike Mr. Edmund Hutton I have a positive passion for accuracy: when I wrote that the Latin races understand the fundamentals of freedom much better than the Anglo-Saxons I meant exactly what I think is true. Not any means to obtain freedom such as your correspondent suggests by asking whether political or social freedom is intended. The freedom of the individual to say, act, think, as he likes.

I accept Mr. Hutton’s invitation to visit under his guidance. After the English fashion, that profitable work should be done for a farthing a head to keep the women off the streets. People have been placed upon the Statute-book, but their execution has fallen to a wretchedly low level. Anything which would bring the Courts into line with the public consciousness would be welcomed by the public at large, and under the old methods pasture for solicitors who recite the rosary daily, who wear the medal of the Immaculate Conception, the scapular, etc. I am far from desiring to throw off the atmosphere of his old environment clings to him. He has a craving for "respectability," and tries to look down upon his neighbours. He is at once scorned as a fool and suspect as a traitor.

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EARLY PREYS. The richer man travels in his sledge and escapes molestation, and when he is arrested it is less to his cost than to a few coppers. Consequently the opposition to the demand for the abolition comes from the richer and the officials, the small fry. I am surprised that my fellow townsmen in a moment of impatience wish to abolish the Russian beggar.

Foolish people in all ages have wanted to kill off obnoxious beetles, rats, and Jews, and this is being slowly learned that every living thing upon this earth is entitled to its place there. The Russian beggar has his place in the social fabric; and if you remove him much will come tumbling after him. In the first place, our Russian beggar is a living truth. Our young men ever run after English ideas, and our tender consciences have a feeling that our Secret Police find it convenient to disguise their spies, disguised as beggars.

The salutary influence of the Russian beggar can hardly be over-estimated; there is scarcely another people I would be more glad to see. Why are Russian beggars so charitable of all people? Is it because they are always conscious of their position with their poverty? Are the English and Germans so hard-hearted and selfish? It is because they will not listen to their poor; these have stopped the circulation of love and labour, moreover, is the only country true to the Christian religion, and it is well she should be mindful of the promise of Christ: 'the poor ye have with you always.'

It is said that the beggars are mostly thieves; it may be true; but whether ulterior motives would be fewer thieves if no money could be obtained by beggars? It is also said that the beggars are spies. No doubt it is true that our Secret Police find it convenient to disguise their agents as beggars. It is just that licentious that is permitted to beggars that makes the class so useful to our police. You are not surprised if a beggar looks through your window or walks in at the back door; he comes in God's name, only the dishonest person need fear the spy; if all is straight and honest the spy has no interest in you. Moscow as you know is a centre of disaffection. Nearly all the revolutionary propaganda works circulate from here, and inestimable service has been rendered to the Czar by the work of secret agents disguised as beggars.

"Now as to the new night-house proposed—the English idea is a failure. Nobody ever does any work in their workhouses, which are crowded with able-bodied men; witness the scandal about the city of Battersea (? Battersea), where a third of the inhabitants were found to be occupying the workhouses in the very moment of our self-indulgence—we are confronted by the suffering poor. The beggars know that then we cannot refuse alms from them. It is a cheap notion that almstiveness is paying God for our sins; the quality of the impulse is governed by the mental position of the almsgiver, but whatever that position may be, I consider the impulse twice blessed.

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