TO-DAY.

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The Last Good-bye.

How shall we know it is the last good-bye?
The skies will not be darkened in that hour,
No sudden blight will fall on leaf or flower,
No single bird will hush its careless cry,
And you will hold my hands, and smile or sigh
Just as before. Perchance the sudden tears
In your dear eyes will answer to my fears;
But there will be no voice of prophecy;
No voice to whisper, "Now, and not again,
Space for last words, last kisses, and last prayer,
For all the wild unmitigated pain
Of those who, parting, clasp hands with despair."
"Who knows?" we say, but doubt and fear remain,
Would any *choose* to part thus unaware?

LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

Socialists and the School Board.

I HAVE before me the "Final Report of the Commissioners appointed to enquire into the Elementary Education Acts (England and Wales)." It is a Blue Book of 501 pages. It contains two main reports, one, the longer and more important, from the reactionary majority, and the other from the moderate Liberal minority. Whoever drafted the majority report did so with great literary skill. The history which is given of public education in England, and the account of its present condition, are full of facts, and yet both easy to read and easy to remember, so that the Report itself is quite refreshing after the preceding volumes of contradictory and often uninteresting evidence. It costs 5s. 6d.

I give these particulars in order that as many Socialists as possible may obtain and read it for themselves. It is obviously useless to try to influence public opinion on any subject without accurate knowledge of it. Socialists when they are not lecturing, sleeping, or earning their daily bread, ought to be reading Blue Books.

The majority among the commissioners consists, roughly speaking, of recognised leaders of the various English religious sects, and it is appalling with what frankness they demonstrate that our extraordinary backwardness in developing any kind of national education is entirely due either to religious prejudices, or to class prejudices taking the name of religion. Probably Cardinal Manning, Canon Gregory and Dr. Rigg think that the story only proves that all England ought to have become Roman Catholic, or Anglican, or Wesleyan a hundred years ago.

The price we have had to pay in the past for the long series of religious squabbles from 1832 to 1870, is too frightful to contemplate. The price we have to pay at present may be discussed under three heads, (1) the scanty and sometimes unscientific nature of the scheme of education in our schools, (2) the inadequate supply of skilled teachers, (3) the existence of the so-called Voluntary system and of fees in Board Schools.

Under the first head our backwardness in comparison with the rest of Europe is less striking than under the others. The

development of the theory of teaching in the 19th century has been so rapid that the disadvantage of having begun late is often counterbalanced by the advantage of having begun with more modern ideas. For instance, the girls high schools are much better than the public schools for boys of the same class, while in the newer public schools the education is not quite so idiotic as in the older. Although the theory, *e.g.*, of Kindergarten teaching was worked out in Germany it is only in England and France that there are public infant schools, and those in England are probably the better. The teaching of the elder children is still effected by the remains of Robert Lowe's wooden code of 1861, and by the system of "payment by results." But while two-thirds of the elementary schools are, as they now are, in the hands of denominational bodies, with ideas of their own on education, who only conform to the government curriculum in order to earn the government grant, so long will an extremely rigid system of examination be necessary. The disadvantages of the present code and method of inspection seem to be chiefly felt in the larger schools of London and the manufacturing towns, where the head masters are often men of great ability and originality, who might be trusted with more responsibility both in the arrangement of their classes and in their choice of subjects and methods of instruction.

There is just now a large and growing demand among middle class friends or patrons of elementary schools for some form of technical or manual training. Mr. Haldane, M.P., for instance, professed before the "Fabian" that he believed technical education by itself to be sufficient for the settlement of the social question. I am told that, in a school which I know, 80 per cent. of the boys never acquire in after life a craft of any kind. When they leave school they become errand boys, newspaper boys, tailors' "trotters" (running messengers), etc. When they grow up they join the weary army of "labourers." But the workmen themselves, though they know all this, steadily oppose any such plan. They feel that the only hope for the working classes lies in their future *intellectual* education, and they have learnt that however much public technical training would increase the "national" income it would lower skilled wages without necessarily raising the wages of those who are now unskilled. Their way of looking at the question is very difficult for an ordinary middle class politician to understand. To him the need of technical education, "if we are to compete with foreigners," is perfectly obvious, the need that the working classes should be taught to think is not obvious at all.

The length of the children's school life varies considerably in

England in various districts, but only 4.18 of all the children on the register are over 13 and most leave considerably before that age, though in nearly every other country in Europe compulsion lasts till 14. In the case of well prepared children the added year would be of inestimable importance, but as Canon Gregory asks (Evidence 6703) "As a matter of fact have not a great number of poor people to live, to a certain extent, on the earnings of their children?" And again, (6704) "Are there not many persons out of work in London, and some members of the family must earn something or they must starve?"

In the constitution of our training colleges for teachers, we are most lamentably behind the rest of the world. It is so difficult to believe that any considerable number of persons in England know the facts as to this matter that I will give them here as shortly as I can. There are forty-three training colleges in England, of which thirty belong to the Church of England, three to the Roman Catholics, two to the Wesleyans, two are undenominational but require students to profess some sort of Christianity, and six are in connection with the British and Foreign School Society, which represents the orthodox dissenters. The whole annual expenses of these colleges amounted in 1886, to £167,647, of which £121,821 was paid by the State, £27,440 by the students, and 15,970 by those religious bodies, who having once helped to build the colleges, now, by providing less than 10 per cent. of the working expenses, secure to themselves the whole professional education of the schoolmasters of England. The teachers in the colleges are appointed by the principal, who is appointed by some denominational body. There are many complaints as to the inadequacy of the teaching, and the other day the students in the Exeter training college made an organised revolt (apparently the only means of protest) against their mathematical master. The buildings and appliances are admittedly deficient. When one adds that in England, owing to the absolute want of any secondary education connected with the elementary schools, the obsolete pupil-teacher system is considered the best way of filling up the years between 13 and the age for going to college, it is surprising that our trained teachers are as good as they are. That they should be, here and there, illiberal, half-educated, or, by force of circumstances, hypocritical, goes without saying.

The whole system is defended by the majority of the commissioners on two grounds. First, that anything else would destroy "all unity of Christian family life." Now if one studies the unity of Christian family life in an Oxford College or among the staff of an English Public school, or if one questions those who have been in these training colleges, one finds that everywhere alike it consists in a bland belief on the

part of the authorities that things are what they seem, and such a disgust with the whole business on the part of those under authority as inevitably leads to a dislike of all enthusiasm or even of high motives of any kind. The second argument is simply the astounding statement (p. 23), that "the contention that it is wrong for the State to contribute to denominational colleges . . . . comes too late in the day after the State has entered into binding engagements with their institutions."

But at this moment one-third, even of the certificated male teachers, and more than half the certificated female teachers, have never been in a training college at all, and owing to the strictly commercial spirit in which voluntary schools are run, any increase in the number of trained teachers means a decrease of salary, so that if the wants of the country were fully supplied, teachers whose acquirements were ever so high would not, unless those acquirements were exceptional, receive more than the bare subsistence wage. Already the average salary is falling.

I have said that our third and most serious disadvantage as compared with other European counties lies in the existence of our voluntary school system. There were in England in 1885 14,600 Voluntary as against 4,295 Board Schools. The Voluntary schools are, on an average, much smaller, so that they had on their registers 2,859,082 children as compared with 1,553,066 on the registers of Board Schools, *i.e.*, nearly twice as many. This would appear to imply that an immense number of persons are willing to sacrifice money for the interest of their church. But in the Voluntary schools of all denominations the "voluntary subscriptions" are steadily diminishing, and were, for instance, lower per head in 1885 than in 1860, though the cost of education per head had increased from 28s. 0¼d. to 35s. 10¼d. Meanwhile the endowments applied to the purpose are steadily growing, so that in 1885 dead but pious founders contributed £134,014 to show their continued enthusiasm for the Anglican Church. The amount exacted from the parents for school pence also increases steadily, in spite of the fall in wages. Of course the voluntary nature of most of these subscriptions is a pure fiction. The Education Department requires a very much lower standard of suitability in Voluntary than in Board schools, allowing, *e.g.*, ill-contrived buildings with eight square feet floor space per child, while in the case of Board Schools it insists on ten square feet in well built schools, a fuller staff, etc. At the same time, the cost of management is smaller if the school is in the hands of the clergyman. I have watched, in an agricultural parish, the resulting process. The clergyman goes round to the ratepayers and informs them that if

they will quietly pay him a "voluntary" rate it will come to, say, 4d. in the £; otherwise a school board must be formed, the school will become more efficient, and the rate may become 7d. If they agree, the farmers, the squire, and the parson get off lightly, while the labourers pay a higher fee for a worse education, plus the church catechism. Fortunately, farmers, though selfish, are pig-headed, and it often happens that a school board is established to "spite the parson," or in consequence of a strike against the "voluntary rate." But even under this system, not only the amount per head, but the actual total of subscriptions is decreasing, so that the clerical managers, on the one hand by strict economy of all school appliances and by the use of untrained teachers, and on the other hand by continually growing demands for State aid, are striving to reach that ideal of which the training colleges set them so good an example—schools supported entirely by the State and the parents, and managed entirely by themselves. Where school fees are high, it even now occasionally happens that voluntary schools are farmed by the master, or are run in an inefficient kind of way by managers from the fees and grant alone, without subscriptions or endowment of any kind. Of course, if fees are to be further increased, or even to be kept at their present level in voluntary schools, they must also be strictly enforced in Board Schools, and it is this consideration, and this only, which forces the Englsh nation, though it has got rid of the turn-pike system on its roads, to preserve, almost alone among the countries of Europe, the corresponding and infinitely more troublesome and harmful system of school pence.

I find myself writing on this question of Voluntary Schools in a spirit as savagely Anti-Christian as if I were a Secularist, pure and simple, and thought that every inhabitant in England would become prosperous if only we disestablished the Church, and induced a sufficient number of persons to "make game of the patriarchs." I know that in many country parishes the clergyman is, according to his lights, the devoted friend of education, and, that in still more, he is the only inhabitant, except a raw schoolmaster, who understands or cares anything about educational methods. But to any man who can and will work, a place on a country School Board is always open, and it is surely time that the better Churchmen gave up those miserable plots for securing irresponsible power, at whatever cost to education, which occupy the time of clerical meetings and the columns of the clerical papers. Of course the Dissenters are sometimes just as bad, and some of the most disgraceful of the Voluntary Schools belong to them. But the majority of the Dissenters have already thrown over

Dr. Rigg, and are calling for Free Education and a general system of Board Schools.

The history of education in England, even when told by re-actionaries, is an admirable lesson as to the necessity and advantage of Socialism. It would be well if London Socialists would study it and draw each his own moral. The first and most obvious moral for all is the duty of voting at the next election and of voting straight. Some may feel that they can best live the Socialist life by teaching in the schools of the Board, not expecting to enter from the first as superior persons and to exercise a benign influence on all, but rather submitting patiently to the years of apprenticeship and training, thinking always and only how best to learn and practise their craft. There are such people and of such is the kingdom of Socialism. Others should become managers of schools. The divisional members of the London School Board have to appoint a committee of a dozen or so men and women to "manage" each school, one committee sometimes having more than one school under it. A considerable proportion of these committees are usually women. Now it is found extremely difficult to find people who will attend managers' meetings even on the most important occasions, and much more difficult to find people who will carry out the code instruction that managers should "smooth down the difficulties of teachers by constant encouragement and sympathy," and should "foster the schools under their care by every means in their power." The work requires tact and devotion, and is paid for neither by fee nor fame. The religious schools have no such difficulty, but there are few people as yet who find their religion in those common human interests which the Board Schools represent. Now we are of those few, and we have many men, and more women, among us whom the gods have made neither public writers or public speakers, who weary in time of going to meetings and hearing that ideal described for which they long, but whose realization they know not how to help, who are satiated at last even with Blue Books. If these would get themselves made school-managers there need be no complaint that managers neglect their duty. But that duty if rightly understood is not easy. In the first place the manager should be absolutely sincere, simple, and quiet. In the next place he should take the trouble to learn without bothering people by questions what his own duties are, and how the work of the school is done. Lastly he should remember that he has to superintend the machinery of education without interrupting it. I have a vision before me of the wrong kind of manager going round a school, a business man, perhaps, with a frock coat and a loud

voice, or a lady clad in clanging armour of jet and a bonnet topped by nodding plumes, in either case self-assertive, ignorant, and patronising. I can realise the feeling of the teachers in such cases. I know what the tired usher feels when his supple employer introduces a "parent" to the class-room. But if the teacher, a youth perhaps who works late at night for some examination, or a shy country girl, feel that there is some one who genuinely respects their skill and industry, who is interested in their hobbies and never shrinks from taking trouble; if the children see for a few minutes two or three times a week, someone who is not teaching or being taught, and, therefore, is neither exhausted nor "worrited," whose out-of-door freshness is pleasant because it is not aggressive, who smiles with his eyes as well as with his lips, who at all school treats and expeditions is their humblest and merriest slave, then I believe that there is no other way in which a man or woman, with the power of sympathy, can do so much good at the cost of a few hours a week. The manager would do well to specially identify himself with some part of the school work, the lending library or the museum or the object lessons, all things that are hardly noticed at all by Her Majesty's Inspectors but which are to the last degree important from the point of view of education. Let him provide every now and then a few books or specimens or "objects." In this way he will easily and naturally come to know the children and will learn without inquisitiveness enough of the details of our social system to keep him pitiful-hearted for the rest of his life Let him above all avoid "propaganda." If ever the teachers or children hear from others that he is a Socialist it will be time enough then that they should say "see how these Socialists love us."

There is one other reason why Socialists should become school managers which I am almost afraid to mention. Every candidate for a seat on the School Board ought to have worked hard for some years as a manager. But a manager who does not forget that he may be a candidate is worse than useless, and it is very hard to forget.

GRAHAM WALLAS.

An hiss for the "Free Fantasia."

Cum sono intempestivo rudit, Mr. Belfort Bax; but his free fantasia in two movements upon the sackbut of theology perhaps demands some notice from the audience. Mr. Bax, in his first position as anti-theist, has raised a querulous tune in his accustomed key to complain of the miseries of this naughty world and the unfairness of its supposed Maker or Makers. Like the gentleman in Aristophanes he assures us

καὶ τρὶς κακοδαίμων καὶ τετράκις, καὶ
πεντάκις καὶ δωδεκάκις καὶ μυριάκις.

he is thrice, four, five, twelve, a thousand times unhappy. From the dawn of his consciousness, he has not been treated with the respect and deference to which his merits and his position in creation entitle him. His bread and jam dropped from his infant fingers, jam side downwards, upon the carpet; his books got mislaid; he calls and finds his friends not at home; he returns cheques to the dead letter office; he cannot find No. 361 in a given street; he persistently loses at whist; his family are born contrary to his wishes. It seems unkind to add to these and other such misfortunes by faintly hissing this fantasia, wherein he deduces evidently that since these things are so, and since dogs bite and men have neuralgia, the laws of Nature are ill-shaped and that God, if there be such an one, has indeed much to answer for. Anyone who is inclined to think favourably of the universal laws is superstitious, a grovelling Pangloss, a mere Esquimaux theologian unworthy, in the eyes of this free fantastique, of the intellectual opportunities here presented to him.

It is a subject full of pathos to contemplate Mr. Bax, then in socks, dropping his bread and jam upon the nursery floor and gnashing his milch teeth against the law of Gravity, which brought the heavier side down upon the carpet. Mr. Bax, even at that early age was chagrined at his Maker, was characteristically incompetent to understand why an exception should not be made in his favour in things physical, and even then he apparently cherished the idea of a revolt against a jam defiling Deity, whose power he was afterwards to assail with vengeance and free fantasias in the

pages of TO-DAY. Old nurses guess at a baby's mental capacities by its power of clutch, and would tell us, that a few hairs on the bread and jam of the infant are cheaply purchased, by an increased power of careful grip, which fortifies not the hand alone but the intelligence also. It may be true, then, that Mr. Bax's able and eloquent style, lucid treatment and delicate handling of a subject were begun at that moment of misery, mortification and revolt when his bread and jam stuck to the carpet, and he felt aggrieved with God. From these nursery tales one can imagine further things. The same infant was doubtless placed, ignominiously and by authority, between an alphabet and an apple twig, one at either end, and for a purpose which was not and could not be then explained to him. Did not the application of the apple twig and the alphabet to the yet unbreeched Mr. Bax produce an equally energetic and more lasting rebellion in him against man and all his laws? Did not the unpleasant sensations and inexplicable notions produce misanthropy and nihilism in that amiable infant? or did the pleasures of literature avail at that early age to divert from the shoulders of human legislators, the condign punishment to be afterwards inflicted upon the eternal Becoming (with a capital B) in his more popular character?

Far be it from any of the readers of TO-DAY to withhold the pocket handkerchief of sympathy from the tears of Mr. Bax in his first position, when he cannot find number 361, but yet were it not well if that painful circumstance caused him to make some declaration of interdependence to some wayfaring man, fool, or policeman? The result, then, upon Mr. Bax would be a humiliating but beneficially human one. Or the mishap might tend to correct in Mr. Bax irregularity of hours, late calling upon friends, or other habits, which cause neuralgia, peevishness and the like. In this case the seeming *Spottgeist* would be grave and kind enough after all.

No one, not even the much despised Theist, asserts that vexation caused by jam dropping, or house hunting is good *per se*, or that neuralgia or hydrophobia are things to be desired. We have only got so far as to assert that ignorance of the laws of our life and being, that selfishness, and querulousness are less to be desired even than vexation and neuralgia, just as both alphabet and apple twig are more salutary, for infants, than an absence of both. It is useless to wrangle upon evils, great or small, in concrete instances of this kind. A man can only arrive at a certainty of the educational process of these things upon himself, by careful analysis of his own character and an accurate investigation of their subtlest effects. We are prepared to assert that the rightness and mutual adaptation of

character and event are present in the most trifling things, as in the gravest; that in the old fashioned language, even in the fall of a teleological infant's bread and jam, "God is justified and may be glorified." We are not, however, called to prove the rightness of an incident, which we but partially know, and to know the full incident is to know the infant's character and all those characters affected by the accident, to know the mood and disposition of Mr. Bax's nurse and of the owner of the defiled carpet, etc., etc. We can only assert that in cases, where we can guage fairly evil and misfortune, upon ourselves, they have been opportunities of good, and by good we distinctly mean self development rather than pleasure. Mr. Bax assures us that he sees no such final goal, in the manifold afflictions, he has undergone in the nursery, post office and dressing room. So be it. If his own life does not afford him evidence of God the Father, no one else's will and everything must be so hopeless an enigma and incapable of any philosophic explanation that we must both expect and pardon, a testiness of temper, and a wanton scurrility of invective, which Mr. Bax in his first position shows against a possible author of so unintelligible a Universe, wherein he is an unwilling subject.

It is of no use to point out, that the nerve meshes in the face, which gives to unhealthy men neuralgia, gives to healthy ones facial expression. Mr. Bax would have what is vaguely called Nature give way to human habits and neglect. It is monstrous, he thinks, that he, the great Mr. Bax, should have to regulate his habits, hours, diet, and the like, in minute particulars to the despotic exactions of Nature (or God, as we may more correctly put it.) On the contrary, were Mr. Bax possessed of the force (and intelligence) of a Demiurge, he would put the world into trim. Jam should remain poized in the air, and infants need never learn to grasp; houses should confront the seeker, and he should never have to enquire; the right boot should ever be lifted for the right foot, and the owner need never observe. It is all very well, but Mr. Bax at each modification would sacrifice human power, to pleasure or absence of pain, and even then what exactly he does want, Mr. Bax does not tell. Like the rest of the Hedonist (for he would be herein a manifest Hedonist) he is chasing an *ignis fatuus*. Personally I am glad Mr. Bax was not made one of the angels of creation (or as he more coarsely puts it, brought up to the Demiurgic profession) I am sure that he would be petulant and blast me if I wrote a free fantasia upon him; and I am sure that even otherwise he would observe all my human needs, unless with the increase of power, he became correspondingly intelligent, and good tempered, and, in fact, ceased to resemble altogether his earthly prototype. I prefer to think of the

world in the hands of the angels, painted by Mr. Burne Jones (in his days of creation), rather than to think of the same globe held by an equal number of Mr. Belfort Baxes with radiant wings! Indeed, I can get but little comfort out of the latter idea, except that it does not represent the fact, or anything like it. It is hard for even a respectful opponent to follow out the suggestion made in this free fantasia, without a certain unbecoming merriment. Methinks I see a figure who

> "Upon the wings of Cherubim
> Uplifted, in paternal glory rode
> Far into Chaos, and the world unborn;
> For Chaos heard his voice. Him all his train
> Follow'd in bright procession, to behold
> Creation and the wonders of his might."

When lo! the tones, the incongruous features and the general incompetence for the situation reveal not the "Omnific Word," but Mr. E. B. Bax, who places himself voluntarily in that ridiculous position, and must heartily wish himself back again safe and sound in Fleet Street.

An expedition to Chaos, however, and to be "pinnacled dim in the intense inane," would not be without its benefits to Mr. Bax, the anti-theist. In that rarified position, he would realise that Hercules could not push down the flimsiest card castle if he had no basis to push from. Discontent is all very well, but discontent with everything will effect the demolition of nothing—you have nothing to push from. The Socialist opposition to the injustice and cruelty of the things we can alter and control, is based upon a profound belief and the justice and mercy of the things we cannot change. Our discontent is the assertion of our content and belief in the nature of things, in the general intention we discern in the world and call (or might call) the will of God. If this "sorry scheme of things" contains neither justice nor intelligence, we cannot get Socialism out of such a world, and it is useless to try. Mr. Bax, the anti-theist, is quite as conservative as poor Dr. Pangloss. The latter could detect no flaw in an *auto da fé*, a butchery or an invasion, in this best form of all possible worlds, the former can detect no inner harmonies, which he can music forth in a fantasia. If gravity is wrong, why should not society be wrong also? If it is desirable but hopeless to change our Demiurge, what ground have we for hoping to get rid of our rulers the capitalists? Everything being wrong and hopelessly unjust, our revolutionary powers evaporate in peevish yells. It is saner to shriek for the moon than for just laws. Political criticism is only possible to those who believe in some City of God, some beautiful and right state economy, which is as natural, as

sunlight, as orderly as the stars, and as real as music. Without such a belief we can only say of laws and customs that "they cross our pleasures and foil our whims." The stronger party replies "they foster pleasures, and fit with our whims" and we can only snarl, ignobly and currishly for a rejoinder. A man who is aggrieved at the natural order will not be seriously attended to, when he proclaims that he is equally aggrieved at the social order, and people will as readily believe that his legislative plans of reform can be done, as they will strive and suffer, to endow him with the powers of the Demiurge. The polity of the *petroleuse* is all that results from this overswollen impatience, this pettishness in academic fur.

Mr. Bax, from this standpoint, does not even succeed in wounding the irrational forms of religion, and more than the irrational forms of polity. Were I interested in maintaining Paley and popular Protestantism,¶ I should thank Mr. Bax for the discords of street music. Fantasias of this sort drive people into Bethels and tabernacles, tired with excess of captiousness. "Consummate wisdom" may bore our finite intellects but consummate captiousness is an even surer emetic. We may be amused at acidulated views upon light, acrid epigrams directed against granite, and pungent sarcasms against the seasons, or the digestive powers. It is fun to quarrel a little with our bread and cheese, in our idler moments—but in the shadow of a great battle, such trifling becomes an unsavoury pastime. Consequently we are not surprised to find that like Don Wiskerandos, Mr. Bax throws off his beefeater's disguise and appears in a new and magnificent flowered waistcoat in a second and preferable position. He now discards the duel of Theist and that of "Anti-Theist," whose position he only temporarily took in order to relieve his excited feelings, when unable to bear the toothache patiently, and in whose jerkin we have hitherto attacked him. These trivialities *might* be urged, it is true; but the facts of the case, the prime theme of the fantasia, the *rôti* of the banquet is brought on, after these kickshaws and flourishes. Here it is:—

"Below and beyond all actuality, reality or finitude of things is presupposed the infinite potentiality, the Eternal Becoming, involved in all experience; of which concrete consciousness with its *time* is the supreme expression, but which for this very reason can never be adequately manifested in any particular or actual consciousness or in any particular or actual time. . . . We try to define or explain the undetermined *nisus* or Becoming presupposed in all conscious action of the individual and we find in any given case we have merely got a given determining motive or motives. So the

Becoming, the necessity in nature . . . in any given case resolves itself into a chain of modifications of matter in motion."

First, then, we have after all a Monotheism: and an Omnipresent God, called Eternal Becoming. Unfortunately this Deity is dead—a dead Father, and in a dead Heaven, though he is piously spelt with capitals; for "Above the Gods is fate."

Mr. Bax who finds "Monotheism" barren and dull compared to the symposium of Olympus, seems to find some interest and comfort in this abstraction. Perhaps the comfort is that one cannot sink any lower now, that he is absolutely at the bottom of the ditch.

He lands himself here, by abstracting the conditions of thought present in all experience, space, time, and sequence, and endowing these conditions, with some form of existence. He has chosen causation, but he might equally have taken time, extension, or space for his apotheosis. The big dead Fate, which he assures us, is over all, in all and through all, fits best with anti-theist prejudices, and has a kind of historic basis in Aryan thought. Then the Heglian doctrine of actuality, if not understood, might seem to countenance it, although Mr. Bax would not, of course, claim to follow Hegel in his speculation.

From this dull ground Mr. Bax would fain see mankind making a spiral ascent towards—well! towards good, happiness, knowledge, etc., though what reasons for this hope he has got are neither stated, nor evident. If anti-theism is conservative in its result, this Thanato-theism is, if possible, still more so. Mr. Bax may be challenged to deduce from his Eternal Becoming, either anything ethical, or *à fortiori* anything of a polity. To get duty, or motive power, or Socialism, or any notion of the State from this phantasm is manifestly impossible. If any one seeks for a weapon here to advance the cause of the human brotherhood, to assail the fastnesses of tyranny, he will find none—neither arms nor armour.

Mr. Bax has an incredible power of faith, if he is serious this time, and not again masquerading in a second jerkin. To believe in an Eternal Unconsciousness, which becomes actual in a temporary individual consciousness, is to believe in a ghastly giant corpse mother, who is constantly bearing live babies and smothering them, by overlaying them. How does thought come from an unconscious source, or life spring from a grey immensity? The Baxian Saturn not only swallows, but digests all his children and grows none the fatter for it. We get out of the universe something far fairer and richer than ever was in it, and this to the average man,

the non-philosopher, who is judge and jury in these questions is quite sufficient to condemn the whole theory.

Let us have a word about this Eternal Becoming. It implies a process, that the universe is a process from not being, to Being. Yet at the same time Mr. Bax would deny that the process ever began or will ever end. We spin along a path and all we know about it, is that it starts nowhence and leads nowhither, and so is not a path. A Becoming which never becomes, is nonsense: it is a mere misuse of terms to call it so. If you spell it with capitals right through and nickname it Eternal it will still remain an empty abstraction. To imagine the necessity in nature begetting all things by its power is as hard and as beset with all the old and several new difficulties, as to imagine the will and the Word of God. We all get back as far as analysis will go and there stick. We have then to say that these apparent ultimates are only the manifestations of something behind, of something they plausibly suggest. You may call that something behind, the Quiet, as Caliban does, or the Necessity in Nature, as Mr. Bax does, or God the Father, as the Christian Church does, or anything else. In all cases the visible is only symbolic of the invisible, and the symbols are "the garment of God thou seest him by." *Noscitur a vestibus.* The world tells Mr. Bax of a supposititious smoke bogie, whom he is credulous enough to believe is the Lord and Giver of Life, or of such ranging for a short while in this Universal madhouse, as may pass for Life. This ridiculous abstraction Mr. Bax shows to Socialists with a grin, as a likely refuge to them, from the persecuting entreaties of a more Living God. We are much obliged to our jocular philosopher, in providing us a retreat, where we may sit and smile at the fancies of the vulgar herd, where we may be absolved from work, and sympathy with common men, where we may be freed from poetry, earnestness and the humiliating feeling of any Being above ourselves (a truly bourgeois paradise!) but we do not require any such just at present. At the same time we do want powder and shot for the holy war, or at any rate martial music to inspire us there to. Hence as Socialists we must bid Mr. Bax "move on," and hiss his dumpish fantasia.

CHARLES L. MARSON.

Modern Mis-education.

Part II.

1. The Delusion of Scholarships.

SOMETIMES an ingenuous youth starts life with nobler ambitions than to be a mere sucker and vacuum. He longs to work for mankind, and thinks that to do this he must be in a position to work. Friend, do you not see your *El Dorado* is here or nowhere? You hope when you are Q. C. you will reform the law; when physician you will expose the follies and crimes of modern medicine; when you are clergyman or schoolmaster you will begin at last to work for life, and no longer for lucre. Fool, do you fancy you can eat all this dirt and not be defiled? You must begin your work of self-redemption now, or you will never be free to aid in social salvation. Everyday that you work on the old lines you lose precious time, when the mind is still plastic and open to new influences. Everyday the poison is soaking into your system, your brain is ossifying, you are becoming dependent on false and wicked systems and are learning to believe them holy and true. You are selling your soul now for the sake of freedom (as you fancy) later. Instead, what you will find is that you are losing your real life now, and will not only not be free when you become archbishop, but you will have become blind to the wickedness of your "grand position." I know many men who are always waiting till their "position is assured," before they will speak out and act. Depend on it, every place is the centre of the universe. Every man may let God's voice come through him. Now is our opportunity—or never. He that is faithful in the least, shall have the greater given him to do. Do now what you can; to-morrow you shall be freer and stronger for what remains to do. Omit to do what you can, and to-morrow you will feel weighed down with the load of unfulfilled duties. Lucky if you have not quite lost all desire to follow duty's call. This is the most terrible penalty of all—to lose even desire for life. Yet assuredly this fatal torpor

comes over us. Have I not felt this slow death creeping into my vitals as I felt my position becoming each day more secure, more respectable, more mechanically safe.

Thus, then, the men who have climbed on to the social perch, who are respectable, so mechanically safe, are they to be our leaders? By that very climb, by the position they hold, we have seen that they are unfitted to lead or teach at all. They are mere finger posts pointed hellwards. They have received the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them —by falling down and worshipping the devil. All they can do is to teach us what their mis-education has taught them.

We see, then, that all the "mighty" and "great ones" *must* be unfit to rule or guide us. This is why all the noble and true-hearted have been poor, or have given up their mechanical power and become humble and poor, that they might recover their sight and teach mankind also how to see.

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2. For who are the True Priests and Leaders of Mankind?

Our youth are not only victims of this system of cramming for degrading distinctions, they are the victims of the whole class of spiritual pastors and masters. For do we not recall the words of the blessed Christians, "the scribes and Pharisees"—the professors and priests—"sit in the seat of Moses, whatsoever they shall tell you, that observe and do, but do not ye after their works. For they say and do not." Are our scribes and Pharisees better than those of Jerusalem long ago? I fear not, but worse. For our instructors have almost ceased to say what is right, while they are certainly busy doing what is wrong, and even beginning to teach what is wrong. We see how our guides come to Moses seat. By a combination of the luck of wealth and the cunning of selfishness. What influence, think you, *can* such men have on the youth? Can they teach love to God and neighbour? If the words do not stick in their throats, their deeds are at least total denial of their sermons.

It is impossible to continue this duality of teaching long. In many places it has long ceased. It is vanishing on all sides. But the unity coming is not in the direction you might think. The acts have not been changed to suit the sermon, but the talk has been changed and appropriately dressed up and obscured to suit the deeds.

Boys are taught, no longer to be gentlemen, but—to get on. "Scholar and gentleman," said a modern parent lately to a schoolmaster known to the writer, "I don't want my boy to be scholar and gentleman, I want him to be a millionaire." What, after that, is the pedagogue to do? He must tell the

boy to be moral; that means restrain all feelings which interfere with getting on, but must not say a word of the worst of all vices, the lust of power, and love of money, which the holiest of men pronounced to be the root or origin of all evil.

How can our crammer decry love of money? If he did, he might choke. He teaches, therefore, that money is the reward of virtue, and beats this into the wretched boy every hour, by prize scholarships, and all the gew-gaws which stimulate these lowest cravings for prominence. On the contrary, the poor and the boys who "fail," are held up (in chapel) as warnings of the effect of vice. And yet some must fail, and in fact most must fail, if success means (as it does) not the mathematical and natural return for honest work and true effort, but the *luck to be first*, the chance capture of a prize. For everyone knows that, with all our elaborate and "scientific" cramming (just as in a horse race) the best competitor, by some strange chance, does not always secure the first place. But what education can be more immoral than that which is built on this scramble for chance; that head masters and their underlings should be calculating the *chances* of a boy's success; that our children should thus have ingrained on their minds, not the eternal fact that God and Nature rewards every act absolutely and irrevocably impartially, but the wholly false and immoral doctrine, that success is a matter of calculation of chances. Furthermore, if the poor are so wicked, surely it must be wrong to take the money of the wicked for any purpose whatsoever. No good can come from the possessions of evil persons. But this brings us to one of the greatest questions the nation will shortly have to face.

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3. WHO PAYS FOR THE "EDUCATION" OF THE RICH?

So far I have not entered on the question where the funds *come from* which support our endowments (as they are so conveniently termed). We need not dive into the historical question, how the money used to be supplied. It is enough to know that, however diverse the method may have been, there is only one way now.

Every "Endowment" in the country is the *product of a Tax on Labour. It is so much money deducted from the wage of the toiling masses.*

This, I have said, is of the vastest importance. It will give the masses the right, the opportunity, and the duty, of abolishing this loathsome imposture—the free education of the rich by the poor.

It is fortunate, after all, that this is so. For thereby we see a means of interference with the scandal and immorality

of ancient endowments, and the absurd respect paid to the often calamitous behests of the dead. Fight enough have we to keep in check the ever growing abuses of the rich, living, without further burden to endure, at the hands of the wealthy deceased. I do not say we should have no endowments. I say we must have *Free Education*. But in God's name, let it be for all, and not a mere additional luxury for the pampered rich.

And yet it is the wealthy who have been so indignant at the idea of Free Education for the Poor. It is really very amusing. Fed sumptuously at the public charge, these patriots cannot repress their indignation that their fellow countrymen should even wish to eat of the crumbs which fall.

But, then, "only the rich understand the real value of education." That is quite true. It needs a rich man to comprehend the use his education is to the community. The masses don't quite fathom its utility, and they will value it even less when they at length perceive that it is paid for by themselves.

Another theory of the use of scholarships and our whole system is one mentioned by the head master of one of our best schools to a friend of mine. "Oh," he said "the schools and colleges pay a man to be a sort of model. It's good to have those sort of men about." Clearly then these scholarship-catchers *are* meant to be imitated; and it is quite certain the privileges granted them don't check this tendency. So we are to gather that that man's influence will be best who is paid for being good. I believe it is entirely the reverse, and will discuss this at some length.

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4. ARE THE FAVOURITES OF MASTERS THE BEST MODELS?

This system of rewarding virtue lands us in great difficulties. On the surface it seems so just. But why should we reward a good man with something beyond our personal esteem, and the natural influence Divine Nature grants always to the noble and true-hearted?

Is virtue not its own reward? True, we may consciously recognise virtue; we may love the man of virtue and minister to his wants. But to give him a pat on the back and half-a-crown is not only an insult (which every true man or boy would blush at), but is also a subtle snare of the devil. We are told to do our good deeds in secret. Depend on it only the noblest natures can stand advertisement of their noble deeds.

To favour boys because they are, or set up for being, moral, or excellent in any way, is to prepare serious pitfalls for them. It also infallibly robs them of all true influence. For Nature is just (if man is not) and gradually saps the power of

man or boy, who begins to trade with the Gift of the Holy Breath.

I remember well the impotence of boys at school who were egged on to "jaw" their companions by a master. The fellows felt, and often too truly, it was done to curry favour and literally to get plum cake.

The same impotence besets masters and parents when it is felt their sermons are not directed by the inimitable and incommunicable sympathy and power of love, but in order to get the reputation for "interest in the fellows," or (as in the case of parents too often, as the fellows feel) simply because wrong-doing will cost more money.

Depend on it the true motive is revealed in every act we do. And children are most quick to perceive motives. For not yet has modern miseducation done its work on them, and they still can trust their divine instincts.

Thus we see that public recognition of virtue, over and above what is instinctive and irrepressible, is not only unjust, but is injurious to those we really imagine we are helping. The only reward we can give the good man is to love him, and to help the work he loves.

But what is the actual system with regard to this, in our schools?

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5. The System of Monitors or Prefects.

In the public schools a number of boys, older than the rest and usually comprising the highest form, are constituted monitors or prefects. Their duty is to watch over the moral discipline of the school, to punish vice and shield virtue.

The idea of enlisting the elder boys in the education of the younger, and thus in the education of themselves, was due to the genius of Dr. Arnold.

Nothing could be better—especially for the older boys themselves—than this system. They are the natural leaders of the rest. It is well this should be impressed on them. They are constantly near the others; they can do more good (or harm) to a school than all the masters in a century. They are more completely in touch with the boys. In a word: they are the natural educators.

But what has the Monitor System become? The Sixth Form are too often, at best, a mere "moral" police. They punish glaring vice, and reserve the right of tyranny for their own exclusive use. They are not usually a bad influence. Of this I am sure. But they are almost always a mere negative influence, paralysing good, as well as bad, efforts. They are almost never a helpful influence. A boy from one of the great

schools wrote to me lately and said: "No good can ever come from the Monitor system as it is at present. They are merely police, who punish you, if detected in a fault, just to show off their power. They don't inspire fellows with a wish to do right. They only punish him for breaking (often artificial) school rules, from a hard sense (as it seems to the junior) of duty, or from a determination that he shall not do with impunity what their position and promise have made impossible (or dangerous) for themselves." He added: "No boy would ever confess his faults to such or seek guidance from them."

Thus has a noble idea perished. The idea of the loving watching of elder over younger boys has been degraded into a low police tyranny—the most immoral of all forces.

This collapse of the Monitor system is due, it is clear, to the fact discussed above. The chosen boys are rewarded for their "morality" by being granted power, station, privilege. But by these same, then, they are robbed of all true healthy influence. By their privileges, because they are thus *paid to be good*. Their station—or official position—separates them from the boys they were selected to help because of their nearness. The arbitrary power given them repels instead of attracting the boys they ought to help. The Prefects thus run the danger of becoming hypocrites, or moral prigs, or tyrants, or a mixture of the three.

Yet this system is one of the most important influences in our great schools. Thus are our boys taught young to sit in the seat of judgment, and to condemn, instead of succouring those poorer, in mind, body, or estate, than themselves. But truly what better preparation could they obtain for the part they will be called on to play in our social polity, that of sucking as much life as possible out of the community, and giving as little service in return as is safe.

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6. Origin and worth of Modern Endowments.

Are we much the better for our modern endowments? I think, not only not, but positively worse. For this reason, instead of public money being voted for some pressing public need, we have our wondrous system of (so-called) private benevolence. Some over-rich merchant, out of his amassed *fortune* (delightful word this), in order to prove his public spirit—(and get a Knighthood, or seat in Parliament)—devotes some fraction of his hoards to found a college, a scholarship, a professorship. Now first note the source of this wealth. It is deducted from the earnings of the working-classes. It is restored to the community, for public objects, *as the price of further privileges*.

But, after all, this would not so much matter, if the money

were freely given for the public to apply as it wished. Instead of that, the bequest is hedged round with conditions, and that (as a rule) by a man who has no claim to decide anything whatsoever about this most difficult of all arts, which he has moreover never studied. Usually our wealthy "philanthropists" are somewhat behind the age. Having spent their life in trying to scrape together lucre, they are not likely, in my opinion, to exert exactly an inspiring influence on the Education they endow. Frequently we see Professorships endowed for subjects (like Anatomy at Dundee lately) which have to-day only minor interest, while subjects of most pressing importance, like Education, Economics, and Socialism are scarcely able to obtain recognition *. Not only is the money given to less useful objects, but it is often extravagantly applied. For the main object seems to be the glorification of the "donor" (who is really a sort of self-constituted tax-gatherer, and in no sense a man who has earned his colossal hoards.) Further, some such silly conditions are attached as make the administration of these funds a complex and serious undertaking. Read the deeds of foundation of our university bequests: prizes to boys with pink eyes or blue hair, to youths called Nebuchadnezzar or Jones, to hopefuls from the parish of Pumphandle.

We have no right to give money-grubbing commercial "kings" such delicate privileges as these. It is an additional stimulation to fraud in trade and commercial hardness; it is a piece of mercantile mis-education.

But, however the money be gathered together, there is a further evil. The funds are largely invested to furnish, besides the buildings, a yearly income. This means simply a yearly tax on labour somewhere. I have shown that such taxes should be acknowledged, and raised as such, and not by this circuitous process. Further, such investments frequently are encouraging immoral undertakings; as, for instance, a celebrated firm familiar in every household, was lately shown to raise its 21 per cent. dividend by driving its underpaid employées to prostitution. Our system of endowments thus lands us in this unpleasant position, that our schools and churches may, and often are, supported by the earnings of brothels. Even our filthy public conscience won't stand this long. In any case, whether the investments are comparatively harmless or harmful, the fact remains that the whole system of investments is utterly immoral. But, of course, every time a merchant leaves money to a public institution, the

* In the University of New York there is a Chair of Socialism. In Germany frequent lecture-courses on Socialism are given.

difficulty of destroying this system is increasing. A large number of persons are getting an interest in the system as it stands. This the capitalists know well, and also that the majority of people are too stupid to see that no one would lose, and the majority least of all, if this Endowment fraud were entirely swept away and an honest straightforward tax put in its place. There never can be fair treatment under our present system, for we never know if each district, or trade, or country, receives back as Education, or Public Service (to take the general case), its just share, that is: what its labour has contributed, plus the Natural Increment.

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7. The Abolition of Endowments a Necessity.

No doubt it is better that our rich men should restore some of the wealth they have extracted from the National Earnings, than that they should spend it all on themselves. All honour to every man who is less selfish than he might be. But this admission must not blind us to the absurdities of our present system, and to the certainty of its speedy termination.

I have shown that the wealth of endowments is not, after all, very well applied. Moreover, where great endowments exist, there is at present always considerable waste, because till now people have regarded an endowment as similar to a private income. As soon as the masses see that Endowments are really Taxes on Labour they will rightly insist on Economy.

But it is clear to me that the entire system of endowments is fundamentally wrong. It must be entirely abolished. I do not, however, wish to abolish State Education, and this must be Free Education. But we must acknowledge that is it free and give up this round-about system of subsidy. For all "endowed" schools and colleges are really at this moment State institutes, the property of the masses.

I propose then that all endowments be thrown into one education fund. Pending the organisation of the co-operative commonwealth, when, in place of such a fund, we should have one education rate or tax, the following plan could be adopted. This vast fund could be divided and apportioned to each county, or centre local government, according to the needs of that district. It is absurd that Bedford should still hold immense foundations, and Manchester have hardly any. It is absurd that a rector of a parish of 200 souls should get £2,000 a year, and the incumbent of a populous modern town with 100 times the population should only get about 1-10th or £200.

It is impossible to redistribute our present endowments.

They have often a local origin in the far past, and each has so many peculiarities that complete investigation would take half a century probably. But this difficulty is reduced to manageable dimensions when all such money becomes part of one fund. This matter will, however, be immeasurably more simple as soon as all such endowments are abolished and a tax put in the place.

The endowments of all churches are to be viewed in the same light. It matters not whether it be "church" or "chapel," all their endowments belong to the nation, for it is the national labour which earns the wealth. This subject cannot be discussed in full in this paper, it must form the subject of another, but I will indicate shortly the lines I would suggest to work on.

The separation of "Religion" from daily life is an anachronism—totally out of date. Our old and beautiful churches should be open perpetually day and night, the centre of every town or district. All ugly and shoddy erections should be removed, and replaced, when labour is reorganised, by nobler democratic architecture, which will arise from the new life.

But, sticking to the bold practical, I would have our churches—not for mere show on Sunday for the rich, but felt to be the common public house of all. There the citizens should put all the lovely things they now hide in their houses. Statues, pictures, frescoes should be on all sides. On Sunday—sacred to the light-bringer or redeemer from darkness, Apollo, the sun god—grand services in adoration of the All-Father, with glorious and happy music. All the week, at fixed hours, lectures on all subjects which render life holier, higher, happier. No longer mere incomprehensible dogmas—faith-mummies—which inspire no one; but instruction, education, in science, art, literature, philosophy, that is in the meaning and duties of *all life;* for this alone can constitute religion the sum and crown of all education.

CECIL REDDIE.

Fabiana.

THE systematic course of lectures on the basis and prospects of Socialism instituted by the Fabian Society began on September 21st, at Willis's Rooms, with Mr. Sydney Webb's paper on the "Historical Aspect." The Rev. Stewart Headlam was in the chair and the room was crowded, many of the audience being well-known Socialist lecturers. In the absence of Mr. Webb in the United States, his paper was read by Mr. Hubert Bland.

The lecture began with a statement of some of the benefits to be gained by a historic survey:—"It not only gives the clue to the significance of contemporary events; it enables us to understand those who have not yet found that clue. We learn to class men and ideas in a kind of geological order in time." Amongst the "historic fossils" Mr. Webb placed Lord Bramwell and the Comte de Paris and regretted that some of them are not excluded from Downing Street and Westminster. The progress of democracy, which is the main stream down which European history has floated for the last 100 years, is completely misunderstood by many political democrats who still see in it nothing but political reform, in spite of the fact that De Tocqueville pointed out that it meant the complete dissolution of the whole framework by which society is held together. This error occurs through "lack of Economics." Socialists are men who have "learnt the lesson of democracy" and who see that the fundamental root of the present difficulties is economic not political, and that the "necessary issue of democracy is in fact Socialism itself." Then came a picturesque sketch of the condition of England in the last century, a word about the Industrial revolution which had changed it, and the disappointment which followed. "The factory had beaten the manor, but it was for the benefit not of the factory hand but of the mill owner. Democracy was at the gates, but was not yet come. The industrial evolution has left the labourer a landless stranger in his own country. The political evolution is rapidly making him its master. As yet unconscious of his strength, like Samson he pauses for a moment with his hands upon the pillars of the old *régime*, but as he rouses himself it is to bring to the ground with a mighty shock the whole superstructure of the ancient social order." The lecturer dealt at some length with the rise of Philosophic Radicalism and with its effects in the world of thought and action. "The Utilitarianism of the beginning of this century was the Protestantism of sociology. . . . essentially a creed of Murdstones and Gradgrinds." The revolt against it came from "the nest of singing birds at the Lakes," from Robert Owen, and above all from Thomas Carlyle. Then on the same side

followed Maurice, Kingsley, Ruskin, and finally Comte and J. S. Mill. "Meanwhile, caring for none of these things, the practical man had been irresistibly driven in the same direction," and had passed Truck Acts, Factory Acts, Mines Regulation Acts; had cut slice after slice off incomes derived from rent and interest; had used political organisation for industrial ends, "until to-day the largest employer of labour is one of the ministers of the Crown, and almost every conceivable trade is, somewhere or other carried on by parish, muncipality, or the national government itself." All this time has been growing in men's minds the idea of the Social Organism, and the belief that "the community must aim, as its end, at its continuance as a community, for its life transcends that of any of ts members." This idea of the Social Organism is still largely subconscious in many of its cells, as is evidenced by the town councillor who will "walk along his municipal pavement to his municipal town hall, lit with municipal gas, to attend the meeting of his municipal water works committee, and seeing by the municipal clock that he is too late to meet his children coming from the municipal school uses the national telegraph system to tell them to wait for him in the municipal reading room," and who yet will meet a Socialist with "Self help. sir, self help, that's what's made our town what it is!" The conception of the Social Organism naturally leads to the recognition of the fact that unrestrained private ownership is inconsistent with the common weal, and hence of the necessity for the communalization of rent and interest. This generalization is confirmed by the economic analysis, and, therefore, "no wonder that the heavens of Individualism are rolling up before us like a scroll, and even the bishops believe and tremble." Of course as each successive step is made towards Socialism opponents will declare that Socialism itself is as far off as ever. But no matter, "the flowing tide is unmistakeably with us and no Canute will now venture to set a limit to its advance, the puny dykes of capitalist opposition no longer offer any real resistance."

A short discussion followed in which Mr. Wicksteed criticised Mr. Webb's metaphor of the Social Organism as being inexact. Mr. Adolph Smith and Mr. Bland defended the lecturer, and Mr. G. B. Shaw thought that Mr. Wicksteed's point had not been fairly met and proceeded to meet it with a little essay in empirical ethics, which was more amusing than sound. Mr. John Burns delivered a characteristic speech, Mr. Donald found fault with the lecturer's too rose coloured view of things, and Mr. W. Webster, apparently at sea as to the scope of the lecture, thought that mention should have been made of St. Simon and Mazzini. Mr Bland wound up the discussion with a word or two in reply to Mr. Donald s charge of optimism.

A still larger audience assembled on October 5th, to hear Mr. G. B. Shaw's lecture on the "Economic Aspect," and during the greater part of the evening the room was uncomfortably crowded. Mr. Headlam was again chairman. The paper was too long to be adequately treated here, and we are glad to learn that it appears *in extenso* in the current number of the *Church Reformer*. It gave an admirable exposition of the Law of Rent, which Mr. Shaw dealt with by means of illustration, starting with the first colonist "the original Adam developed by centuries of civilisation into an Adam Smith prospecting for a suitable patch of private property." After making it quite plain what Economic Rent is, the lecturer read the definition of most of the orthodox economists, which, he said, would "help to explain why so few people understood it." But it must have occured to many among the audience that the remark was strangely *mal apropos*, inasmuch as several of these definitions were singularly terse and clear. Here is Mr. Shaw's account of the first man who appeared upon the scene after all the land had been appropriated

by Adam's immediate followers: "On the roads he is a vagrant, off them he is a trespasser, he is the first disinherited son of Adam, the first Proletarian, one in whose seed all the generations of the earth shall yet be blessed, but who is himself, for the present, foodless, homeless, shiftless, superfluous, and everything that turns a man into a tramp or a thrall." Happily for him, though, he has a brain of superior texture and from it he manages to extract a rent of £500 a year—the rent of his ability. Finally there comes another Proletarian, not without a brain, but with one no better provided as to grey matter and convolutions than that of any of his fellows. He is indeed in parlous case. "All his forerunners have found a way of escape; for him there seems none. The board is at the door inscribed *only standing room left;* and it might well bear the more poetic legend, *Lasciate ogni speranza voi ch'entrate.* This man, born a proletarian, must die a proletarian, and leave his destitution as an only inheritance to his son." Food he must have, and he gets it in exchange for—himself. A good purchase for the buyer. "Aladdin's uncle's offer of new lamps for old was in comparison a mere swindle." Thus labour becomes a commodity subject to the ordinary laws of the exchange of commodities, which were explained and illustrated at some length with special application to meteoric stones, umbrellas, pianos, and other musical instruments. Mr. Shaw adopts the Jevonian theory of value against which he entered the lists with Mr. Wicksteed some years ago and got badly beaten. Having demonstrated the truth of the economic doctrines of final utility, and shewn that you can only prevent the value of a commodity from falling to zero by restricting its supply, the lecturer went on to apply it to the case of the particular commodity the proletariat has to sell, viz., human labour force, "over the production of which he has practically no control. He is himself driven to produce it by an irresistable impulse." Thus men multiply until their exchange value falls slowly and surely until it disappears altogether, "until even black chattel slaves are released as not worth keeping in a land where men of all colours are to be had for nothing. This is the condition of our English labourer to-day." So far Mr. Shaw had kept well within the lines of orthodox economics: then he became original—and fallacious. "If you give some skilled artisans a better allowance than your wretched hewer of match-wood it is for the same reason that you give your hunter beans and a clean stall instead of chopped straw and a sty." Meaning that the wages of an electrical engineer are the lowest on which he could live and do his work efficiently: an obvious untruth, but still more obviously untrue in the case of a propertyless clerk in the Treasury. Capital, that elusive category, Mr. Shaw defined as the subsistence of labourers, calling the usual text-book definition "the reward of abstinence"—"a gleam of humour which still enlivens treatises on capital." At the capitalists themselves he hit out well from the shoulder, to the immense delight of the audience who cheered to the echo. "But your slaves are beyond caring for your cries (of 'over-population'); they breed like rabbits; and their poverty breeds filth, ugliness, dishonesty, disease, obscurity, drunkenness and murder. In the midst of the riches which their labour piles up for you, their misery rises up too and stifles you. You withdraw in disgust to the other end of the town from them; you appoint special carriages on your railways and special seats in your churches and theatres for them; you set your life apart from theirs by every class barrier you can devise; and yet they swarm about you still: your faces get stamped with your habitual loathing and suspicion of them; your ears get so filled with the language of the vilest of them that you break into it when you lose your self control; they poison your life as remorselessly as you have sacrified theirs heartlessly. You begin to

believe intensely in the devil. Then comes the terror of their revolting, the drilling and arming of bodies of them to keep down the rest, the prison, the hospital, paroxysms of frantic coercion followed by paroxysms of frantic charity. And in the meantime population continues to increase!" And wealth too, says the statistician. No—replied Mr. Shaw, not wealth —only riches, a very different thing. Then followed an eloquent rhetorical denunciation of "Private Property" (a term never distinctly defined in the lecture) with its "ferocious sweating and slave-driving, its prodigality of blood, sweat and tears" which would have been more effective in an *extempore* speech. The lecturer finished with a demonstration of how the economic analysis destroys the old unreasonable optimism and the new and fashionable but equally unreasonable pessimism, and leads "the cultured" directly to Socialism. "It is to the economic analysis that we are indebted for the discovery that though the evil is enormously worse than we knew, yet it is not eternal—not even very long lived, if we only bestir ourselves to make an end of it."

The paper was a valuable one from every point of view and proved that Mr. Shaw is possessed of an amount of oratorical fire with which he has not hitherto been credited. The discussion which followed was not particularly interesting. Mr. Bland asked a controversial question and Mr. Wallas shewed how in his own case his wages had been more than sufficient to make him an efficient teacher of youth. "They are gradually falling—an important economic fact," said Mr. Wallas to the immense amusement of the audience. The other speakers were Mr. Carruthers, Mr. Wicksteed, and Mr. Herbert Burrows, who appeared to have the Whitechapel murders very much upon his mind.

Books of To-Day.

Mr. William Morris is about the only Socialist who can write with the pleasing certainty that his literary productions will be read; and, therefore, there lies upon him a weight of responsibility from which all we ordinary scribblers are delightfully free. Unfortunately the burden sits but airily on his brawny shoulders, and his utterances on the platform are apt to smack too much of the "hare-brained chatter of irresponsible frivolity." When such deliverances are made to a Socialist audience, who knows him and who overlooks the eccentricities of the lecturer in its liking for the man, or to a roomful of "cultured" and curious persons who having seen the picturesque figure of the author of *The Earthly Paradise* go away satisfied, and forgetting all that they have heard, the amount of harm done is a minus quantity. But when he takes to publishing his views it is a different matter; for many of them are such as, if taken to represent the opinions of Socialists generally, would go far to render Socialism a subject of mockery to sane men and women. For instance we gather from the little volume before us (*a*) that the author *desires* to bring about a civil war (p. 46), and to create suffering for the purpose of intensifying discontent (p. 48), and rejoices in the fact that the Socialists are still only a sect and not yet a party (p. 52). Now we have no hesitation in saying that if once the hard-headed English workmen, on whose action the future of their class depends, came to believe that these ideas of Mr. Morris' were in any degree representative, the present by no means un-brilliant prospects of Socialism in England would vanish like a dream, and all the good work of the last few years would be worse than undone. Happily no such mistake is likely to be made, so far at any rate as the workmen are concerned; for the rapid conversion of so many of our writers and lecturers to political methods has left Mr. Morris almost alone in the possession of his peculiar views. The effect of this change has been immensely to raise his value to us. Just in proportion as the importance of the active propagandist declines so does the value of the poet and artist appreciate. Some of Mr. Morris' best services to Socialism may be seen in the Arts and Crafts Exhibition in Regent Street, some of his worst in the volume before us.

(*a*) *Signs of Change*, By William Morris. Reeves & Turner, London, 1888.

On the historic and art critical essays in it we do not care to say very much. Providence not having endowed us with those gifts of infallibility and universal knowledge which it has conferred on most other reviewers we have a, doubtless foolish, diffidence in criticising the works of specialists. But we would venture humbly to protest that things artistic are hardly in quite so parlous a state as Mr. Morris appears to think. If we have lost the mediæval cathedral we at least have the nineteenth century oratorio and opera. The art of the architect and builder has been replaced by that of the composer and executant. Whether the world has lost or gained by the change is of course a matter of taste. The fact is that when our Socialist artists and critics set about wailing over the "Decline of Art" they use the term in much too restricted a sense. To mention no other branch of art it seems to us that the age which has produced Dickens and George Eliot, Balzac, Thackeray, Zola and George Meredith, has little to fear from comparison with any of its predecessors. Of course the fact that we have good music and good landscapes, good novels and good portraits, is no reason why we should have hideous public buildings and drawing-room decorations which set the teeth on edge; but it is a reason why we should not be perpetually whining, however tunefully, about the "Decline of Art." To sum up, Socialists will do well to buy Mr. Morris' latest book for they will derive thereupon much pleasure and some profit, but they had better keep it to themselves and not lend it to their, as yet unconverted, acquaintances.

We have enjoyed reading Mr. Barlow's book (*b*). It is daring and interesting, and in some passages is strong also. Its worst fault is that it is far too long. No man who writes as much as Mr. Barlow can write always his best—and that this is true as an axion let Tennyson and Swinburne bear witness.

While Mr. Barlow does not quite rank with Tennyson and Swinburne in the more desirable qualities, he certainly stands beside them in this. He has a roving fancy; and wherever it leads he follows. He will not work out steadily, patiently, carefully, one idea—as a sculptor perfects a leaf or a tress of hair. He models roughly and uncouthly the many images that present themselves to him. He will not follow the straight path to the goal he sees at the beginning of a poem; he turns aside to gather weeds and flowers and to weary his muse or his readers in every by-way or *cul-de-sac* which occur on the path. Every poet knows how many such tempting paths there are, and how hard it is to resist them, but this resistance is one of the finest qualities of a poet, and is called concentration, or restraint. Mr. Barlow has another failing which often goes hand in hand with the redundancy we have mentioned. His sense of the ludicrous—that inestimable gift of the true poet—is very small. But we refrain from quotation. It may be that some of our readers have as little sense of proportion and of humour as Mr. Barlow, and to them the reading of his book will be an unmixed pleasure. To us the pleasure, though considerable, was not unmixed, for it is hard to be made to laugh by some absurd line in a poem whose subject provokes tears, and the rest of whose treatment would provoke admiration And it is hard to be dragged away from the main idea of a poem while Mr. Barlow loses himself in one of the by-ways we have mentioned. But lest Mr. Barlow's feelings should be hurt by this, we may remind him that in both these points he resembles Wordsworth. We imagine, however, that he would prefer to resemble Browning.

(*b*) *The Pageant of Life.* An Epic Poem in Five Books. By George Barlow. Swan, Sonnenschein and Co., London, 1888.

So much for method. Now for subject. Mr. Barlow, as he himself says in his interesting preface, begins with Satan and ends with Christ, and, in the course of the book both are made to give utterance to much novel or ingenious discourse. The poems which treat of Christ's relations with Mary Magdalen are as revolting as the suggestion that the motive for Judas' treachery was a mere carnal jealously. Compare Rosetti's conception of the Magdalen with the egoistical sensualist portrayed by Mr. Barlow. The pictures of modern life and love-dramas and tragedies are, however, extremely well conceived, and only marred in the execution by the two cardinal sins already several times charged against the author. There is yet one more fault. Mr. Barlow deals frankly, straightforwardly and realistically, with several questions, but here, as elsewhere, he says too much. Lovers are the eternal theme of poets, and the lover's sanctuary is profaned by the crowd of versifiers who bring from it glances, vows, kisses and what not, to decorate their verses. In the name of all lovers we beg the realists to leave us unprofaned the deeper treasures of love's sacred shrine. Not to drag into the light all the holy mysteries. These men who will dry the roses of love and press them in the pages of their books:—do they think that it is difficult, or clever, to desecrate a temple? It is quite easy—just to set the teeth and make catalogues of one's memories. It is quite easy, we could all do it if we chose. But we do not choose, and we beg the author of the *Pageant of Life* to choose again, and in his next book to choose with us, and to refrain.

There is no part of Mr. Barlow's book which lacks interest. He seems to have speculated much and felt keenly. His sympathies are true and his dreams have wings. He has many of the gifts for which we love poets; originality, tenderness, grace, beauty of thought and expression. We hope our readers may spend as pleasant hours over his pages as did we.

Not feeling satisfied that the world, for the present, has heard enough of the "Woman question" in the twenty-seven thousand or so odd letters sent to the *Daily Telegraph*, Mr. Havelock Ellis has reprinted in pamphlet form (*c*) his article in the October number of the *Westminster Review*, on "The Changing Status of Women." His historical survey is extensive, for it ranges from the anthropoid apes to the human female of a few thousand years hence. Mr. Ellis has not added much that is new to the controversy, but he is not of the strictest sect of the gyneolaters, and he writes in a tone of sanity to which we have been too little accustomed in these discussions. His claims on behalf of his clients are not extravagant, and he does not expect too much. "It is necessary to remember," he says, "that the kind of equality of the sexes toward which this change of status is leading, is social equality—that is, equality of freedom. It is not an intellectual equality, still less is it likeness. Men and women can only be alike mentally when they are alike in physical configuration and physiological function. Even complete economic equality is not attainable. Among animals who live in herds under the guidance of a leader, this leader is nearly always a male.' It will interest some of the more irreconcileable Yonicists to learn that one of the exceptions is that of the geese! Those persons who are looking forward to the good time coming when the State will relieve them of the irksome responsibility of looking after their own offspring, will be grieved to find that in the opinion of Mr. Ellis "the care of the child-bearer and her child will at present continue to be a matter for individual arrangement." In advocating the better education of women our author uses a bad argument in support of a good case.

(*c*) *Women and Marriage*, by Havelock Ellis. W. Reeves, 185, Fleet Street, E.C. 1888.

"We must educate our mistresses as we once had to educate our masters," he says. Now when the same argument was employed by Mr. Lowe in the debate on the Education Act it was a sound one. The rising generation of workers, whose future was then under discussion, were not only a numerical majority of the to-be-enfranchised; they had also the physical force with which to carry out their electoral mandates. In this sense women will never be "our mistresses." Education and the franchise will enable them to say what they want, but by nothing but the good will of the *physically* stronger sex will they ever get it. In the case of the female vote, force does *not* lie behind the ballot, and that is one of the many reasons why we so strongly deprecate the preaching of that sex war, to bring about which seems to be the cherished hope of so many of the new school of sexuologists. Men may, and we believe will, voluntarily give up every unjust privilege they now possess, but there is no power on earth which can ever force them to surrender a single one, and under true universal suffrage an electoral majority will lose much of its present significance. Mr. Ellis' pamphlet is worth the buying by those to whom the "final utility" of a sixpence is less than the possession of sixteen pages of sensibly written matter on a question which is in danger of becoming woolly before it is half ripe.

The *Manifesto of the Communist Party* (*d*) drawn up by Karl Marx and Frederick Engels, in January, 1848, and lately reprinted in a new English translation by Samuel Moore, with a preface and notes by Engels, is a historical document with which all Socialists ought to be familiar. Of the four sections into which it is divided, the latter two consisting of criticisms of the contemporary schools of "Socialism" from the point of view of the party then calling itself "Communist" are interesting historically only, and as explaining the attitude of mind exhibited in the early days of the present Socialist revival by a good many who had learnt their Socialism by swallowing this manifesto whole. Their criticisms of other workers in the movement are merely echoes of the judgments of Marx and Engels on their contemporaries of forty years ago; now, as Engels pointed out, obsolete and inappropriate. The Communist Party of 1847 is represented by the Socialist Party of to-day, and the political programme of the Socialist Party remains to this day very much the same as the programme put forward in this manifesto, and adopted by Louis Blanc and the Paris workmen in 1848 on the formulation of their political demands "Abolition of property in land, and application of all rents of land to public purposes. A heavy progressive or graduated income tax. Abolition of all right of inheritance. Centralisation of credit and of the means of transportation and communication in the hands of the State. Extension of factories and instruments of production owned by the State, cultivation of waste lands, equal liability of all to labour . . . free education for all children in the public schools," etc., etc. This is the present programme of sane Socialism, and much of it has already been adopted by all Radicals. The whole of the first two sections of the manifesto are full of admirable criticism and suggestion, and will be recognised as the source from which a good deal of Socialist oratory has been borrowed, while the usual Marxian solidity is relieved by a more than usual amount of ironic humour.

(*d*) W. Reeves, 185, Fleet Street, London. 1888. Price Twopence.

Note.—The usual instalment of "Capital" is unavoidably held over until next month.