


In the next issue there will commence a new serial, specially written for the WINDSOR MAGAZINE by Coulson Kernahan, entitled "CAPTAIN SHANNON." The story is intended to direct attention to the social undercurrents in this country, and the author has carefully studied the various phases of the revolutionary movement.

SOCIALIST LEADERS OF TO-DAY.

BY ALICE STRONACH.

Illustrated by special portraits drawn from life by BERTHA NEWCOMBE.

“E have freedom here because it is not worth while to muzzle sheep.” This remark—Bernard Shaw traces it to Hyndman—has a trick of recurring if one passes through Trafalgar Square on a Sunday afternoon when the socialists are demonstrating. Red flags of liberty floating in the breeze, brass bands braying the “Marseillaise,” men in red ties tendering *Justice* to everyone with a penny to spare, on the edge of the crowd a meek and mild anarchist timidly offering flame-red *Torches*, and on the base of the Nelson column speakers of both sexes lavishly besprinkling their oratory with misplaced aspirates—it all makes a picturesque bit of London outdoor life.

Only a bewildered foreigner would dream of asking why the stalwart policemen breast- ing the mob at the foot of the column look stolid rather than threatening. The faces of the mob should answer him. Dull, apathetic, unawakened, they convince him that London need never fear the terrors of a Paris Commune. The speeches, too, are little likely to inflame even a more excitable audience. Hyndman was right. Even the anarchist may safely be allowed to distribute his *Torches* to the few who care to buy them.

The word anarchy loses half its terrors when one remembers that the English anarchists—a small flock, by the way—are but seceders from the law-and-order-abiding Fabian Society, led forth, not by a fierce muscular shepherd, but by the gentlest of shepherdesses, a quiet little lady who was one of the Newnham College pioneers. The English anarchist may safely go unmuzzled. It is not worth while to muzzle lambs!

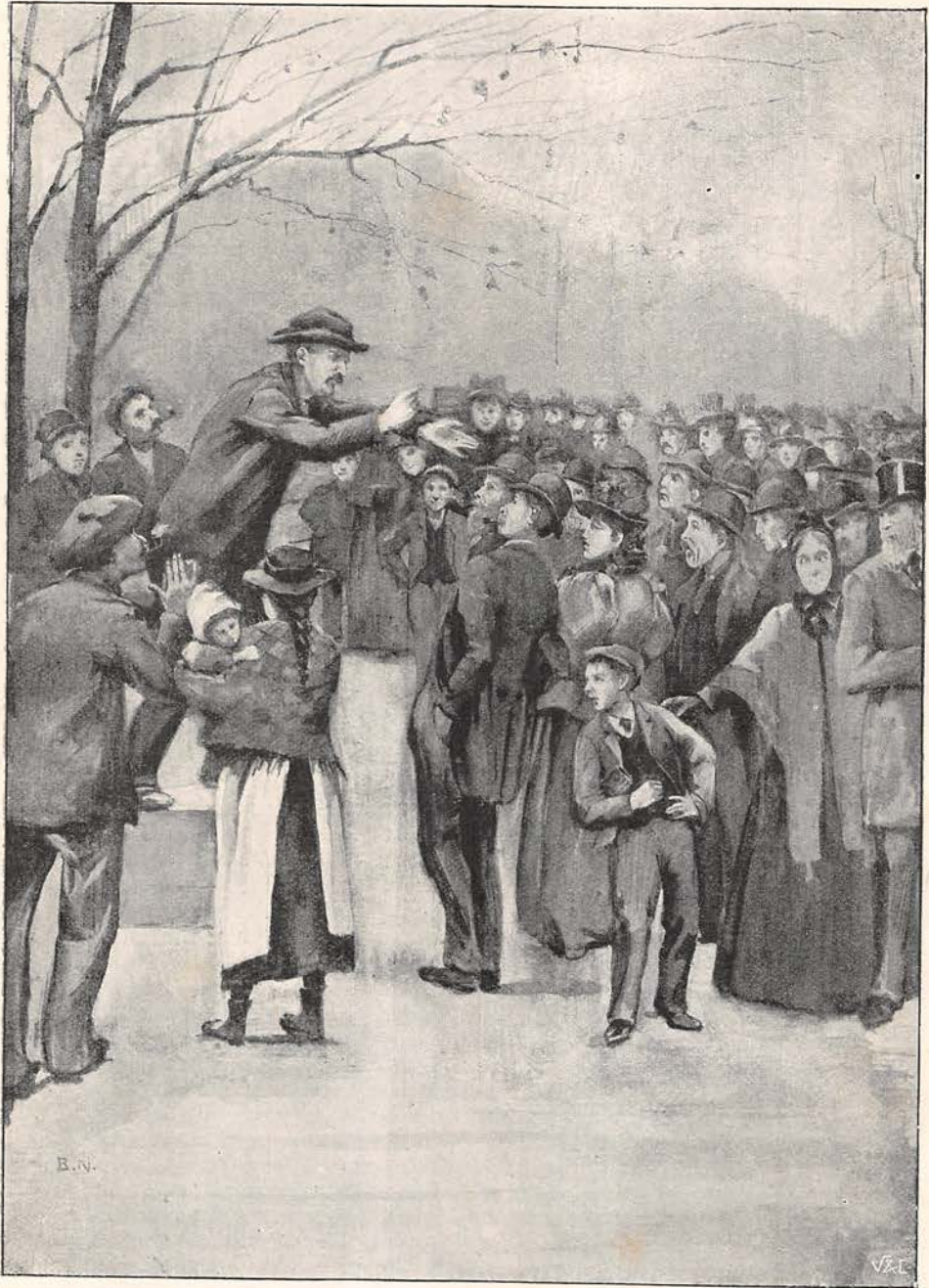
Possibly one day, when we have a recurrence of the unemployed agitations, when there is breaking of heads, or at least of windows in Pall Mall, the word socialism may

once more hold terrors for non-socialists. At present it means at best a peaceful policy of permeation; at worst the harmless fluttering of red flags, and the airing of red ties and rant in public places. Germany, it is true, muzzles its socialists; but then Germany has socialism, while England has socialisms, for each of the bewildering number of sects into which English socialists are divided has its own particular creed. While this is so, English socialists may well be allowed to go to and fro unmuzzled.

Of these many sects, the oldest and the one that makes the most noise—the Salvation Army of socialism—is the Social Democratic Federation. A vigorous, strong-lunged body, using to the full the liberty of speech for which it fought in Dodd Street and in Trafalgar Square, it appeals to the fustian-clad, the horny-handed, the industrial workers. With its ceremonial of banners and brass bands, it goes forth into the parks and squares, preaches to the loafers at street corners, and enlists not a few recruits of the kind that welcome socialism as a means of securing the maximum of wealth with the minimum of work. Mr. Hyndman—the “General” Booth of the Federation—likes to remind one of its 126 branches and 10,000 paying members, who he declares represent “a disciplined organised force, animated by one idea, ready to move as one man, their motto that of the 10th Legion, *Utrique parati*—ready for either fate.”

They are a sanguine folk these social democrats. For all his fifty and odd years Mr. Hyndman, speaking of the outlook of social democracy in England, grows enthusiastic as a boy. “Of course we shall arrive,” he declares, and he admits that he has a programme ready for the day when democracy shall have triumphed, though he declines to submit it to possibly captious critics.

To one who knew him only from his extreme utterances, as published in books and



SOCIALISM IN HYDE PARK.

newspapers, and from his early escapades in Trafalgar Square, he was a surprise, this leader of the Social Democratic Federation. Prosperous, calm, and placidly cheerful, he looks more like a City man, insured against all possible risks from "slumps," than a socialist agitator whose zeal for the unemployed once led to the Old Bailey. Though thirty years have come and gone since then, there is still a twinkle of boyish dare-devilry in his eyes as the agitator tells of those stirring times when he stood in the dock of the Old Bailey side by side with John Burns, John Williams, and H. H. Champion. Champion, by the way, he describes as one "who wanted to make twelve o'clock at eleven." Possibly in the antipodes, where he is now agitating with great success, Mr. Champion finds the feat easier to accomplish than he did here in England.

Hyndman had the double disadvantage of a wealthy father—a barrister, who bequeathed £150,000 to endow chapels in East London—and of a Trinity College education. The second disadvantage he turned to account as a training for socialism by devoting himself to athletics. By cricket, football, racket-playing, and riding he developed his muscles for a career that at one time promised to be a series of muscular encounters with the London police. He has also done his share of controversial fighting, both in print and on the platform, with Henry George, Bradlaugh and Labouchere. Some of these he recalled as he sat for his portrait in his comfortable quarters at Queen Anne's Gate, where, of all unlikely

places, the "firebrand" socialist has chosen to locate himself and his household gods. These include a wife; also a parrot, which persisted in contributing irrelevant remarks to the interview. His reputation as a firebrand Hyndman ascribes to English prejudice, and laughingly tells how, as the only English member of the Land League Executive Council, the firebrand Englishman was



MR. H. M. HYNDMAN.

regarded by his Irish colleagues as a hopelessly pacific person. Ireland was avenged however, for a few years later, when Hyndman, representing the Social Democratic Federation, William Morris, the Socialist League, and Bernard Shaw, the Fabian Society, met in committee to resolve on a joint plan of campaign for these three bodies, it was the Irishman who was the hopelessly pacific person. He withdrew,

and the one attempt of these three socialist parties to pull together failed.

Lecturing, debating, writing—he is an authority on Indian finance as well as on socialism, and his articles on these subjects have appeared in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, under Mr. John Morley's editorship, in the *Nineteenth Century*, the *New Review*, and even in the *Times*, as well as in book form—Hyndman has worked hard to hasten the advent of the social millennium. To lecturing especially he attaches the greatest importance as a means of spreading Social Democratic Federation principles in days when



MR. HERBERT BURROWS.

most people, especially industrial workers, have lost the power of reading continuously. A lecture, he considers, is a more effective means than a tract of combating that apathy which he declares to be the greatest hope of Conservatism. To make an impression is everything. Hence the noise, the brass bands, the banners, the perfervid oratory of the Social Democratic Federation, all are part of its plan for rousing an apathetic audience. Speaking of the outlook of social Democracy in Germany, Mr. Hyndman quotes the strength of the social democrats in Germany, in Belgium, and in France, where, but for the French social democrats, *bour-*

geoisie would have been gone long ago. The English navy is also, he declares, as a whole, more revolutionary than conservative.

With all its sectarianism English socialism shows a praiseworthy tolerance, which makes it possible for a man like Herbert Burrows, for instance, to fight indiscriminately for and with no fewer than three socialist bodies. Like some of his comrades, Burrows lectures for the Fabian Society, the Independent Labour party, and the Social Democratic Federation. But it is with the Social Democratic Federation that Burrows is identified. He was one of its original members, and in its ranks some of his most memorable fights have been accomplished. For instance, in the expulsion of Champion from the Federation Burrows led the fray, and glories in having done so. Like William Morris and other of his comrades, Burrows loves a fight. He is one of the stormy petrels of a socialist meeting. The sight of his stalwart figure in the audience or on the platform is an almost unfailing signal that there will be a hurricane, or at least a gale, before the evening is over. One of his friends declares that he has never been at a meeting where Burrows was present that did not end with the aggressive socialist being carried off the platform by two strong men, loudly protesting that liberty of speech was the right of every individual. One historic fight which Burrows led was at a meeting in St. James's Hall, to discuss Sir Albert Rollit's Women's Suffrage Bill. The platform and the hall were crowded with women suffragists and their friends. Bernard Shaw was speaking. All the evening there had been an under-growl of discontent, and at Shaw's words, "Even my friend Burrows would admit"—the thrice repeated warning, "Be fair, Shaw," rang through the hall, and a moment later Burrows, darting from his seat in the audience, made for the platform. A turbulent crowd followed his lead. The reporters' table was overturned, and women reporters and women orators began to realise that life was more than copy, and personal safety than the suffrage.

Some of Burrows' most memorable fights have been in the cause of women, for whom he claims equality in every respect with men. At Bow he is gratefully remembered as Mrs. Besant's lieutenant in that lady's splendid fight for the match girls. His appearance in the rôle of Perseus to the Andromeda of his comrade, Miss Edith Lanchester, is still fresh in the public mind. The religious evolution of Burrows from methodism to orthodoxy,

thence *via* agnosticism and materialism to theosophy, which he quitted in all the *éclat* of a row royal, also represents a fair amount of fighting. Yet with all this pugnacity—an inheritance perhaps from his father, a Chartist and Methodist preacher, who reared his young son on stories of Chartist riots—there is a strong strain of Toryism in the character of Burrows, so much so indeed that Bernard Shaw is said to have foretold that before long he and Burrows would be the only Tories left in England. Meanwhile, Tory or Radical, Burrows considers that his work lies outside rather than inside St. Stephen's; but though he declines to add to the number of rejected Social Democratic Federation candidates for Parliament, he is quite willing to enliven the School Board meetings with a new element of combativeness, and he stood, though without success, for Tower Hamlets. Once a schoolmaster, Burrows is now an Inland Revenue officer; but a Government, which supports many socialist leaders, leaves him ample leisure to organise plots for overthrowing it.

While the Social Democratic Federation represents the socialism of the industrial classes, and caters for the unaspirated and horny-handed sons of toil, the Fabian Society represents the socialism—if indeed Fabianism can be called socialism—of the middle class, of the brain-worker, the professional man. Parsons and poets and playwrights, novelists, journalists, teachers and government officials, and a few members of the wealthy unemployed who are interested in social problems, these constitute the Fabian Society. Many university-trained men and women have drifted to Fabianism, though of late the Independent Labour party has succeeded in attracting many socialists of this class. The Fabian Society—once young and brilliantly foolish, and given to daring but amusing generalisations—has grown middle-aged and respectable, and, as the inevitable result, it has ceased to be amusing. As one of its members remarks, it “has gorged itself with statistics and gone to sleep.” Remembering recent meetings at Clifford's Inn, their heavy seriousness, the irreproachably respectable air of the audience, it is difficult to believe Bernard Shaw's assurance that the society, in its early days, was quite as anarchist as the Socialist League, as insurrectionary as the Social Democratic Federation. Yet even in these early days fustian and anarchy did not flourish in the society's ranks. The society once captured a working-man and paraded

him until he drooped and died. Nor did the anarchists thrive in Fabian drawing-rooms, and soon these arose and followed their leader, Mrs. Charlotte Wilson, leaving the Fabians to wax middle-aged and respectable and dull. The palmy days of the society were those when it held its meetings in Willis's Rooms. Then chaff was considered necessary to keep off wild enthusiasm, and to this belief Bernard Shaw traces the irreverence which has become one of the society's traditions, a tradition observed by all true Fabians not only in their public but also in their private life. Those were the days when the meetings were really Fabian plays, plays as brilliant as “Arms and the Man,” though they never got beyond the Fabian footlights. Now the brilliance has disappeared, or at least there are only rare flashes of it when some of the “old gang”—Shaw, Sidney Webb, Graham Wallas, Sydney Olivier or Hubert Bland—interchange courtesies with one another, or when some stranger within their gates is being butchered to make a Fabian holiday. Then indeed one sees that the traditional irreverence is in no danger of being forgotten. Experts in the art of “heckling,” the Fabians love nothing better than to rake a lecturer fore and aft, to riddle his lecture with irreverent comments, and to send him forth a limp and intellectually-mangled corpse.

But except on such occasions, the meetings are no longer amusing. They have ceased to be a popular after-dinner entertainment—even with Fabians themselves.

Since amiability is the first requisite in a stage manager—especially in a manager of a company of strong individualists—the Fabian Society did well to secure that most amiable of men, Mr. Edward Pease, a member of the well-known Quaker family, and carry him off from stockbroking and, later, from cabinet-making, to conduct Fabian business. It was worth while climbing many flights of stairs to the Fabian office, 276 Strand, to hear Mr. Pease's humorous account of the early days of the Fabian Society. He declares that the society really originated in a personal likeness between Frank Podmore, investigator of “spooks,” and Randolph Caldecott, the book illustrator—at least somebody's mistaking the one for the other at an evening party led to an acquaintance with a fellow-hunter of “spooks,” also to New Life, for Podmore was one of the disciples of Professor Davidson, who had come from America to England to preach a new gospel—that of plain living and high thinking. The vision

of a new life, free from sordid struggles for wealth, must have appealed strongly to one weary of a life on the Stock Exchange. The partnership in the investigation of "spooks" involved all-night sittings in empty houses, supposed to be haunted, and much discussion of Henry George's "Progress and Poverty," a book that has made many converts to socialism. The New Life was discussed in an upper chamber harmoniously enough until the inevitable split came. Then the minority arose and went forth to new

Fabius when warring against Hannibal, however their delays might be censured, to wait for the right moment and when it came to strike hard. The objects of the "waiters"—a band of young men who employed the time of waiting in journalising, teaching, or as clerks in government offices—were "to put down the mighty from their seats and to exalt the humble and weak"; in other words, "to make land and capital the property of the State, to abolish all idlers, whether peers or paupers, and to make all



MR. EDWARD PEASE.
(Secretary of the Fabian Society.)

fellowship, determined to lead a perfect life, to pay only a half-crown subscription, and to live in a community, or at least in adjacent houses—resolves which the society and the Fellowship of the New Life still faithfully endeavour to carry out. The renegade majority—among them Podmore and Pease—remained behind, strong in the possession of the minute book and in the resolve to make for politics rather than a perfect life, and to pay a five-shilling subscription. The five-shilling socialists called themselves Fabians because they were prepared, like

work for their living, whether as musical critics, or miners, or market gardeners, or anything else." Their methods of accomplishing these objects have been the publication of tracts (the Fabian Society sells more tracts than any other socialist body), by a leaflet called the *Fabian News*, by lectures, and by permeating with Fabian doctrine the press, the School Board, County Council, Vestries, parish and other councils by being directly represented on such bodies. By a cunningly devised postcard policy the society "collared" the *Star*, and

before a year was out had the assistant-editor writing articles as extreme as Hyndman had ever published in *Justice*. The *Chronicle* followed the *Star's* lead, and nowadays many other papers have adopted the Labour column as an essential part of their daily programme. On the London School Board Fabians are represented by Graham Wallas, the Rev. Stewart Headlam, the Rev. A. W. Oxford, and other Progressives; on the London County Council by Sidney Webb, Steadman and Crooks. Sydney Olivier is a member of the parish council in the lovely district on the borders of Surrey where the Fabians have planted a colony. In a recent tract the society's secretary, Mr. Pease, has proved himself an authority on parish and district councils. Even Parliament has been permeated. When the Liberal party wanted a programme the Fabians provided it. The Newcastle Programme, though fathered on the Liberal party, was possibly the result of a masterly piece of stratagem on the part of the Fabians in general and Sidney Webb in particular.

Though the society considers its publications an even more effectual means of propagating its doctrines than its lectures, it does much permeating by means of these, sending forth lecturers of both sexes to speak at Radical clubs, co-operative societies, trade unions, and even mother's meetings and *crèches*. This mode of campaign it considers more effectual than that of other socialist societies, who lecture chiefly for their own branches or to loafers at street corners. The arranging of these lectures makes plenty of work for the Fabian secretary, Mr. Pease. He also conducts the society's correspondence, supervises the sending out of boxes of books on economics to provincial societies and labour clubs who use the society's lending library, and corrects the papers which Mr. Webb sets for the correspondence classes. All this Mr. Pease contrives to do in such intervals of leisure as he can snatch from carpentry work in the pretty cottage which he has built himself in the midst of the Fabian colony. He is aided and abetted in his Fabianism by his wife, the daughter of a Scotch minister.

It may be an article in the Fabian creed that women and donkeys must wait for their rights until they get to heaven (as someone has said), perhaps it is because they are so small a minority—only 148 in a society of 739—but whatever be the reason it is a fact that women's interests are almost entirely ignored at present in the society's debates and publications. Yet women are eligible as

Fabian executive councillors. At present there are three such councillors. One of these, who has been connected with the society from its early days, is Miss Emma Brooke, whose authorship of "A Superfluous Woman" and "Transition" is now an open secret. Another Fabian councillor is Miss Honnor Morten, a lecturer as well as a writer, and the third, Miss Priestley, is a journalist. Mrs. Bland, known in literature as E. Nesbit, poet and story writer, and Mrs. Constance Garnett, translator of Turgeneff, are other literary Fabian women. Since the days of Mrs. Annie Besant, one of the lost leaders of



MRS. STANTON BLATCH.

Fabianism, few women have come to the front as lecturers at the society's own meetings. Two of the exceptions are Mrs. Sidney Webb and Mrs. Stanton Blatch.

One of the Fabian meetings of the past winter was the occasion of a drawn battle between these two women Fabians on the subject of factory legislation for women. Both Mrs. Webb and Mrs. Stanton Blatch are truly Fabian in their love of statistics. Both have aided Charles Booth in his statistical investigations, Mrs. Webb having used her experience as rent-collector in the East-End as a means of gleaning statistics for Booth's "Life and Labour in East London,"

while Mrs. Stanton Blatch, having chosen as her subject of a thesis for her M.A. degree, "Village Life in England," pressed some 3000 people through her "squeezer," and gave the resulting statistics to Charles Booth. Both ladies add to their fondness for statistics two natural qualities for success as lecturers—personal comeliness and the art of speaking agreeably and convincingly.

Mrs. Stanton Blatch, an American recruit to Fabianism, is the daughter of a New York senator and of Elizabeth Cady Stanton, one of America's most noted pioneer workers in the cause of women. Harriot Stanton grew up in an atmosphere of liberal views. She anticipated her zeal for co-education by making herself a practical experiment. An only daughter, she ran wild with five brothers round her country home near New York, ran away from every school she was sent to, and knew no greater delight than to tramp the country or go out shooting with her brothers and their college friends. She imbibed a taste for mathematics from some source or other, and read voraciously in her father's fine library. A two years' course at Vassar College was devoted to the study of mathematics, also of astronomy, under Professor Mitchell, and resulted in a B.A. degree. Then came more study at Boston, where Wendell Phillips recommended the young graduate to study political and labour subjects. The usual visit to Europe was used for the study of economics in Germany of mathematics at the Sorbonne, where the authorities, by refusing her application to join the economics classes, rudely reminded her that she was a woman. England and more economics, and the study of English village life followed, and Mrs. Stanton Blatch added her M.A. to the B.A. which she had already taken at Vassar. From her English country home Mrs. Stanton Blatch makes occasional pilgrimages to London to lecture. She also continues to collect statistics, and recently visited Leeds to glean facts and figures about the home life of married women factory workers.

Long before she became a Fabian Mrs. Blatch had been converted to socialism by personal knowledge of the industrial conditions in America, also by a belief that, as Ibsen says, the cause of the workers is the cause of women. This idea she has quite abandoned, and believes that at present women will gain more by refraining from joining socialist bodies. The socialist idea tends, she believes, to develop what Mill called "woman's pet virtue"—her self-sacrifice—whereas "What we most need," Mrs.

Blatch insists, "is three generations of selfish women. The average woman has really nothing worth sacrificing, and perhaps needs individualism to make her more vertebrate." The persistent demand of socialism, that women should sink their own interests in those of the community, Mrs. Blatch considers just as dangerous as the idea of the transcendental socialists, that the labouring class should soar above class bias.

Mrs. Sidney Webb owes her eminence among Fabian women mainly to the excellent work which, as Beatrice Potter, she did in the cause of trade unionism, but also in some measure to a marriage with one of the foremost of Fabian leaders, Mr. Sidney Webb, an alliance described by some of Mr. Webb's fellow Fabians as a "heaven-sent union." Mrs. Webb is a curious outcome of the wealth-acquiring middle class, the pushing, capable, Manchester school. Heredity and the influence of Herbert Spencer, who directed her philosophical studies for a time, have not failed to leave their mark, and Mrs. Webb's socialist views are strongly tinged with individualism. Miss Potter's romantic adventures when she masqueraded as a tailoress in the East-End sweating dens are matters of history. Mrs. Webb is an authority on many labour subjects, chiefly on the history of the co-operative and trade union movements. Her study of the history and philosophy of the trade union movement was helped rather than hindered by the felicitous marriage with her collaborator in "The History of Trade Unionism." Popular with her husband's Fabian colleagues, Mrs. Webb is practically a member of the small inner cabinet that, meeting at her pleasant home in Grosvenor Road, inspires, if it does not actually direct, Fabian policy. The joint work on Trade Unionism, by the way, leaves the collaborators ample time for hospitality, and their home is a well-known meeting ground of all who are interested in social problems.

While his future collaborator was converging from individualism and Herbert Spencerism to Fabianism, Mr. Sidney Webb was going through much the same evolutionary process. A Cockney by birth, and the son of parents who could not send him to Eton and Oxford, Webb climbed by a chain of scholarships to an LL.B. degree with honours of London University, the Birkbeck Institute being his only college. Possibly the memory of these early struggles may be a reason why the chairman of the London County Council's Technical Education

Board has done so much to make the ladder to a university degree easier for the sons of London working folk of to-day than it was for those of a past generation. A post in the Colonial Office was resigned when Mr. Webb began to be absorbed in public work on the County Council and by authorship. Some of the most successful Fabian tracts and one of the Fabian essays form part of Webb's literary output. Economist, journalist, lecturer, pamphleteer,

Some of the most brilliant performances of the Fabians, both in literature and on the platform, have been connected with the name of George Bernard Shaw, wittiest of Irishmen, and one of the kindest and most courteous of men ever victimised by the timid interviewer. Indeed in certain quarters—and women novelists are mainly responsible for it—socialism, or at least Fabianism, and Shaw have come to be regarded as almost synonymous terms. Shaw himself



MR. AND MRS. SIDNEY WEBB.

politician, barrister, civil servant, and a walking cyclopædia of sociology, Webb has been everything in turns and everything well, to quote a Fabian's description, yet he has contrived to steer clear of pedantry and to keep something of the boyish enjoyment of fun that is characteristic of Fabians even in middle age. Like other Fabian leaders, Webb has been immortalised in a very generally recognised portrait by Miss Brooke, in her novel, "Transition."

is partly to blame, for in his writings, whether in book reviews, in musical criticism for the *Star*, in art criticism for the *World*, in dramatic critiques for the *Saturday Review*, socialism and Shaw have been invariably his topic, and they have been inseparable. With his unique personality, his paradoxical oratory, his plays that baffle ordinary, and delight extraordinary, playgoers, his novels, his critiques, Shaw has been a magnificent advertisement for socialism in general and

Fabianism in particular. Hence, to readers of novels and newspapers, Fabianism has come to connote a lanky personage, with pale, cynical, yet kindly face, naïve self-conceit, brilliant wit, a weakness for snuff-coloured woollen garments and for vegetarianism, and a trick of writing brilliant plays. Shaw was quite willing to be interviewed, and this complacency resulted in an hour or two's agreeable conversation in a restful upper room at 29 Fitzroy Square, where Shaw lives with his mother. But so far as Shaw himself was concerned, the interview was disappointing. It produced no new information, other than that indoors Shaw adds sandals to his sartorial eccentricities, that he has a grievance, likewise an ambition. The ambition—and recent utterances in the *Saturday Review* on theatre hats and feathered women prove that he is qualifying to fulfil it—is to write a fashion article in a lady's paper. An early grievance against editors for having made the future *Saturday Reviewer* taste the bitterness of life in New Grub Street was merely alluded to. It is a mere nothing to Shaw's pet grievance that all along his earnestness has been mistaken for fun. Even when charged with the whimsicalities in some of the society's earlier tracts, published before the society began to gorge on statistics, Shaw stood to his guns. He had been quite serious. And indeed many a truth worth searching for may be unearthed from these *jeux d'esprit*, with their description of society as "two hostile classes, with large appetites and no dinners at the one extreme, and large dinners and no appetites at the other"; their suggestion "that the State should compete with private individuals, especially with parents, in providing happy homes for children, so that every child may have a refuge from the tyranny and neglect of its natural custodians"; the declaration "that men no longer need special privileges to protect them against women," and "that the established Government has no more right to call itself the State than the smoke of London has to call itself the weather." Many similar Shawisms might be re-culled from tracts now out of print.

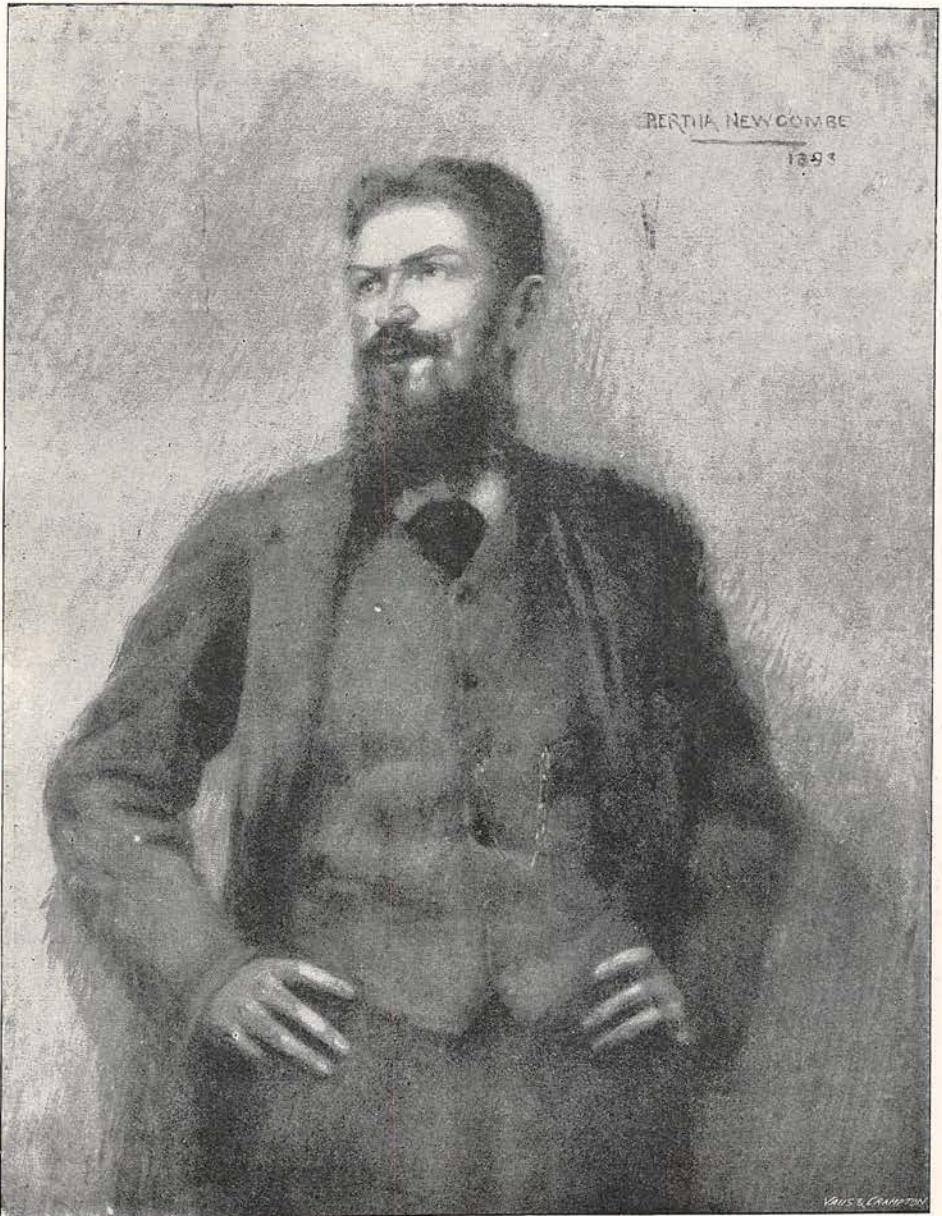
In more serious moods the society has evolved tracts that illustrate its weakness for statistics—exhaustive and exhausting collections of facts and figures which the average reader votes dull, though the student of economics finds them invaluable—"Facts for Londoners," "Facts for Bristol," "Figures for Londoners," and so on. Most of the

tracts, by the way, are collective utterances of the society, the method of drafting being an interesting but somewhat complex process. Sidney Webb and Bernard Shaw have each contributed several one-man tracts.

Provokingly reticent about his own share in the work of a society which is sometimes described as "a body of young men who understudy Shaw and of young women who worship him," Shaw was guilty of delightful indiscretions about his fellow-Fabians, on the ground that he could tell what they would out of modesty conceal. He told, for instance, how his friend, Graham Wallas, a "terribly erudite person" from Oxford University, proved his zeal for socialism by speaking at street corners and keeping beer accounts at workmen's clubs, by giving up the chance of wealth and fame as a University Extension lecturer—to whose lectures women flocked—for unpaid work on the London School Board. That popularity with lady Extension students Shaw explained by remarking that "Wallas, like myself, was meant by nature for a High Church parson." Of Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Webb and of Sydney Olivier—who, like Shaw himself, has lately abandoned acting in Fabian plays in order to write them—Mr. Shaw had much to say that it were perhaps indiscreet to publish. "But we are the old gang," he concluded. "We have had our day, and are only waiting to be deposed by the younger generation." As his probable successors Shaw mentioned three young men, two of them Scotchmen, whose seriousness is too obvious ever to be mistaken for fun, though perhaps that comes from the fear, very common in Fabian ranks, that any tendency to levity may be regarded as imitation of Shaw.

One of Mr. Shaw's delightful anecdotes concerned William Morris and a memorable appearance of that sturdy Socialist leader in the days of the now defunct Socialist League. It was at an amateur performance by the League of a play called "Nupkins Awakened," in which such personages as Lord Tennyson, Tyndall, and the Archbishop of Canterbury were introduced. The performance has been described in detail somewhere by William Archer. William Morris appeared as the Archbishop of Canterbury, and never, on any first night, Mr. Shaw declares, has he heard such a storm of applause and laughter as burst forth when Morris appeared in all the glory of lawn sleeves.

Since then "the idle singer of an empty day" has made many notable appearances in



From a picture by

[Bertha Newcombe.

MR. GEORGE BERNARD SHAW'S ATTITUDE TOWARDS AN AUDIENCE.

connection with his socialist work; one was before a magistrate in the trial of the Social Democratic Federation members who fought for freedom of speech in Dodd Street. While listening to the trial in court Morris was laid hands on by a policeman. As a matter of course Morris promptly

loyalest of chums, he yet could not bear to be out of any socialist row that was going; even his more pacific appearances at lectures were generally characterised by a vigour of Saxon invective greater than is customary.

The sturdy seamanlike figure, usually attired in rough navy serge and coloured



SOCIALISM AT KELMSCOTT HOUSE.
(The residence of Mr. William Morris.)

knocked the policeman down, hence the admonition from the bench. The Trafalgar Square riots were a glorious opportunity for a fighter like Morris, who on several occasions was discovered laying on vigorously all around him on behalf of his comrades. A man of the kindest instincts and the

shirt, and the fine head with its mass of curly gray hair are less familiar to audiences of to-day than they were some years ago when Morris lectured several times every week in London and the provinces—once, as he relates gleefully, to an audience of seven all told, including the chairman, and that after a long

journey from west to east. In Scotland, where he used to lecture once or twice a year to audiences in Aberdeen, Glasgow, and Edinburgh, Morris was a great favourite, and he loved his Scotch audiences. To-day if he were to go a-lecturing over the Border he would have a welcome from thousands of the Independent Labour party, many of whom, unregenerate in the old days, have never heard him. It is strange to think of the author of "The Earthly Paradise" selling pamphlets and papers at an open-air meeting or taking round the hat, yet Morris, a democrat of democrats, used to be seen any Sunday morning doing this as readily as any of his socialist comrades at the meeting on Hammersmith Bridge.

The *Commonweal*, like the Socialist League of which it was the organ, has died, and its early numbers, edited by Morris, are scarce and valuable. Not only did Morris edit the paper and support it (it cost him some three or four pounds a week all the time), but he contributed to it some of his best work. The first number contained his "March of the Workers," much sung by socialists, the second "The Message of the March Wind," one of his finest poems, while

his "Dream of John Ball" and his "News from Nowhere" appeared in the *Commonweal* as serials. In no sense a sectarian socialist, Morris has shown himself quite ready to work with whatever body will push on the propaganda in which he believes. A member of the Executive of the Social Democratic

Federation, he seceded from that body because of its zeal for electioneering—its endeavour to attain socialist ends by parliamentary means. He founded the Socialist League, but in 1891 that body dismembered, and Morris, with others of the League, cast in his lot with the anarchist-communists. Two years ago, having apparently realised that John Bull would have none of a socialism that did not disguise itself as politics, Morris returned to the fold of social democracy. The Kelm-scott House meetings are a sequel to those held by the society on Sunday morn-

ings at Hammersmith Bridge. Fabians, Independent Labour men, and members of the Social Democratic Federation lend a hand at both. The Independent Labour party, with its young and enthusiastic leaders, its thousands of workers eager to be led, is still too young for its work to be criticised.



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MR. WILLIAM MORRIS.

[Frederick Hollyer.]