

WHO ARE THESE SOCIALISTS?

(By a Socialist contributor.)

There are people who think they are up-to-date who still believe that Socialism is "rot" and that Socialists are "rotters." There are publications which throw scorn on all Socialists as mere dreamers and windbags, and who assert that their "dupes" are only to be found amongst the Weary Willies and Tired Tims. There are orators who allude to Socialists as "madmen."

What are the facts?

The Socialists of our generation have included in their ranks a preponderance of the highest, deepest, and most brilliant intellects of the age.

In political economy their inspiration has been derived from Karl Marx, Engels, Robert Owen, John Stuart Mill, John Ruskin, and Fourier. In science they count such masters as Haeckel, Russel Wallace, Geddes, Oliver Lodge, Kropotkin, and Havelock Ellis.

In politics they have included Liebknecht, Bebel, Vollmar, Singer, Adler, Cipriani, Millerand, Viviani, Vaillant Jaurès, John Burns, Keir Hardie, Sydney Webb, Sir Sydney Ollivier, &c.

In poetry they are represented by the great names of Shelley, Edward Markham, and William Morris.

In art their exponents include Watts, Burne Jones, Walter Crane.

In literature their ideas have been supported in various forms by Wagner, Tolstoy, Zola, Anatole France, Maeterlinck, Ferdinand Lassalle, Charles Dickens, Robert Blatchford, H. G. Wells, J. K. Jerome, Morley Roberts, Edward Bellamy, George Gissing, Edward Carpenter, Richard Whiteing, W. Dean Howells, Jack London, Robert Barr, Upton Sinclair, Frances Willard.

In the theatre of today their dramatists include Sudermann, Hauptmann, Octave Mirbeau, Bernard Shaw, Granville Barker, John Galsworthy, Cecil Raleigh, &c.

In the churches Socialistic views have been championed by Maurice, Charles Kingsley, Cardinal Manning, Bishop Gore, Dean Kitchin, Canon Scott Holland, and the Rev. R. J. Campbell, &c.

These names include the most illustrious of our time. The Socialists comprise the legitimate modern intellectual heirs and successors of Copernicus, Galileo, Spinoza, Hobbes, Locke, Montesquieu, Rousseau, Voltaire, Tom Paine, and Darwin. Their ethics and philosophy are the development and sequel of the teaching of Buddha, Plato, Jesus, Epictetus, and Marcus Aurelius. Their genius has illuminated every department of learning, culture, and refinement.

FROM A SENTIMENTAL DIARY.

VIII. THE IMPERFECTIONS OF NATURE.

It was Whistler, was it not, who told us that Nature was sometimes guilty of a very foolish sunset? Very pious people and many people professing an intense passion for Nature, people who are sometimes called Nature-worshippers and sometimes fresh-air faddists (it is a difference of expression, surely, not of feeling) gather up much righteous indignation at such a phrase, flinging it back like vitriol into the face of its author, and sparing neither imprecation nor disgust in easing their virtue. Yet Whistler is not absolutely a hooligan among the decent conventions, and his own biting wit, even when it attacks sleek hypocrites, does not abjure reverence. He worships after his own manner, sometimes silently but oftenest with a leer: it is not, perhaps, the way for common men, yet here and there it carries a not invaluable hint, like a bodkin thrust into a soap-bubble. When in his own vain, dashing, defiant, applause-mongering way he asks us to believe Nature guilty of foolishness, his quarrel is not of course with Nature, whose most foolish moments were often his most precious opportunities, but with us, or, at all events, with those of us who have more enthusiasm than taste.

My friend, my friend, says I to myself, there is a taste for the beautiful and a fashion in taste; the one is constant, the other fickle; the one is real, the other false; the one endureth for ever, the other for today or tomorrow, or for so long as my lady's whim or my lord's caprice supports it; the one is art, the other is trash. Think you Marie Antoinette thought her monstrous head-gear short of perfect, that Prudhon reckoned aught but smooth Venuses and nymphs and airy Cupids truly beautiful; think you Leonardo da Vinci would not have smiled a little at a blue painting of Hammersmith Bridge, yes, though James McNeil Whistler stood by his side and expounded its wonders? There are more things in heaven and earth than can be squeezed into one epigram.

Max Beerbohm—let me call him Whistler's foster-brother, since they are both contemptuous—this foster-brother of the paint-pot-flinging Irishman, his caustic pen dipped in satire that laughs shrilly, and, goodness knows, perhaps venomously; this vinegar-faced little mannikin in the region of art (I speak metaphorically: for all I know, though I suspect the opposite, Max is big as Atlas and

STOP PRESS NEWS.

DARING RAID IN MANCHURIA.

Vladivostok, May 6. A band of about 40 Chunchuses armed with rifles attacked a village in the South Usuri district and carried off two Chinese shopkeepers. The number of people they killed and wounded has not yet been ascertained. Although soldiers have been sent in pursuit of the band, they attacked two other villages about 10 miles from the Usuri station. Here, however, they were attacked in turn and driven off by a military detachment, which killed 30 and wounded one of them.

THE ANTI-JAPANESE AGITATION.

Tokio, May 6. The Chinese merchants in Tsing-tsin are selling off their stock at any price, as they fear that the Chinese boycott of Japanese goods will spread to the northern districts.

brawny as a showman), this Max, making up in wit what he lacks in skill and exploiting the clumsiness of his pencil to make his wit the more piquant; this Pope of the caricature, who has made the world into his Dunciad, has incidentally smitten hip and thigh poor, placid Mr. A. C. Benson. Mr. Benson, I am sure, would never call a sunset foolish nor bear to wish a single twig or a single caterpillar other than it is. Mr. Benson, I fancy, accepts Nature as his goddess, whom he worships as a knight of chivalry worships his mistress, neither seeing nor seeking blemishes. Alas! we live in modern days, and how think you has Max depicted the mediaeval constancy of Mr. Benson? He has pictured him beside a strange figure of a matron melting like candle-grease and clad like Peace; her hair is very flat; she has the hyper-cultured look of an intellectual woman; and she carries an umbrella. And the legend is, "Mr. Arthur Christopher Benson swearing eternal fidelity to the Obvious." A plague on your impudence, Mr. Beerbohm, but I believe you are right; Mr. Benson is too spiritual to be artistic, and too conscientious. And is too good-humoured to be shocked, though it would be interesting to try his patience with "foolish" sunsets and such like.

I vow I owe Mr. Benson an apology for allowing myself to expatiate on the deficiencies of his perfection. Yet he occurred to me so spontaneously as the very type whom Whistler tried to bite in his epigram (again I apologize: Mr. Benson is not of course so prosaic a thing as a type, only a lot of people would love to be like him), he occurred to me so spontaneously, I say, that I could not but use him. Mr. Benson, and the many lesser Bensons who are the cream of human virtue, reverent, peaceful souls without malice or passion enough for a contempt though with goodness enough for hatred—they will grant us an angry sunset, a rich sunset, a poor sunset, a partial sunset, anything but a foolish sunset. And quite rightly: reverence will reconcile itself to petulance or criticism; it cannot reconcile itself to contempt. Reverent people, as distinct from artistic people, do not care to understand "art for art's sake," and consequently they cannot achieve the supreme mood of detaching reason from taste and sermons from colour. Nor is it of any use to argue a matter in which Reason is dismissed until she is wanted; reasonable people may argue one down to the conclusion that a fine piece of marbled paper is the last ideal of "art for art's sake," and with what can one then answer them? Not, to be sure, with an epigram about a foolish sunset? *C. M. K.*

IMAGINARY POISONING.

A man named Hoffman was found half dying in Berlin with all the symptoms of lyssol poisoning. It was afterwards learned that the bottle which a chemist had sold him contained not lyssol, but a harmless liquid, and he has sent the chemist a handsome present. This reminds one of the blindfolded criminal who thought he was being bled to death, and who died just when the surgeons who were describing his supposed symptoms said, "Now he is going to die," although he had not actually been bled.

MRS. ASQUITH AS HOSTESS.

The hostess *par excellence* of the London season will, of course, be Mrs. Asquith. Her first party, shortly to take place, will be of an original sort—a reception, combined with a private concert, at which only musical amateurs will perform, and among them Lady Marjorie Manners, pupil of Signor Tosti, who possesses a voice of unusual timbre and charm, and her beautiful cousin, Miss Ruby Lindsay. Mrs. Asquith was once described by Mr. Gladstone "as the cleverest young woman he had ever met."

DRESDEN

Seated Furniture

Club arm-chairs, leather and cane chairs, greatest variety at surprisingly low prices.
DRESDEN, Trompeter Strasse 12, first floor.

French School for young ladies,

conducted by Parisienne (diplôme). English and French classes.
München Strasse 16, II.

TYROL. Weissenstein Castle (3,410 ft.) First-class Priv. Hotel, near Windisch-Matrel, station Lienz. Every modern comfort. Good maintaining centre; fishing, tennis.
Apply, Proprietor.

Fine hand-painted Dresden China.

Own designs. Wholesale and Retail.

Sent to all parts of the world.

DRESDEN, Zinzendorf Strasse 16.

RICHARD WEHSENER.

Brühl & Guttentag. — Artistic needle work. — Embroideries, Prager Str. 20.

Pension Meincke, Dresden-A.

Prager Str. 58. Tel. 602. Close to Central Railway Station.

CAFÉ DE PARIS, See Strasse 7,
in Louis XVI. style. Superior artistic concerts in the afternoon and evenings up to 2 a.m.

Lawn Tennis Courts

to be let by the hour, week or month.

Reichenbach Strasse, top of Uhland Strasse.
Frau Felber-Jacob.

Electric Cures Summer and Winter Cures.
Prospectus gratis and post-free.
J. G. Brockmann
A Reformed Natural Cure. Dresden A 3, Moszkowsky Str. 6.

Flowers for Hats, vases, ball dresses; ostrich feathers, heron feathers, stoles, palms, fruits, flower-papers, &c. from H. HESSE, Scheffel Str. 10-12.

SCHOOL FOR GIRLS.

Classes in English, Arithmetic, Mathematics, German, French and Latin.

A small number of resident pupils taken. German and French resident governesses.

Private instruction if desired.

Miss Virgin, Schnorr Strasse 80 (Villa).

HARRY M. FIELD,
Pianist,

Studio: Lindenau Strasse 35, II.

WORCESTER HOUSE SCHOOL

DRESDEN, 19, Gutzkow Strasse,

preparatory for Schools and Universities.

Instruction in Classics, Mathematics, English, German, French etc. in class or privately.

Boarders received.

H. Virgin, M. A. Oxford. J. H. Hallam, M. A. Cambridge.

TAILOR Carl Krause, 40 Lindenau Strasse.
First class work, to measure, for Ladies and Gentlemen.

MOVEMENTS OF LINERS.

North German Lloyd S. S. Co., Dresden office:
FR. BREMERMAN, Prager Strasse 49.

YESTERDAY'S REPORTS.

"Frankfurt" from Bremen for Baltimore, passed Borkum Riff May 5th.
"Bremen," from Sydney for Bremen, left Southampton May 5th.
"Bilow," from Hamburg for Japan, arrived Hongkong May 5th.
"Kronprinz Wilhelm," from Bremen for New York, passed Borkum Riff May 5th.
"Kaiser Wilhelm II," from New York for Bremen, arrived Bremerhaven May 5th.
"Kronprinzessin Cecilie," from Bremen for New York, arrived New York May 5th.
"Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse," from New York for Bremen, left New York May 5th.

WEATHER FORECAST FOR TODAY

of the Royal Saxon Meteorological Institute.

Moderate southerly winds, variable skies and slightly lower temperature, thunder-showers at times in the west, in the east mostly fine, but with tendency to thunder-storms.