

and English observers are constantly celebrating French characteristics which critical France is trying to get rid of. The variety of such international views is invaluable; they may be often crooked, and no one could expect them to be always straight, but they are rarely dull.

England is not more surprised to find France discovering Individualism than is France to find England discovering Socialism. In fact, the two countries agreeably surprise each other. The rights of the individual are as old as the hills here and a burning topic there; here the theory of Socialism is still a subject to talk about, there it is worn threadbare; here an agrarian question exists, there a question exists how long district civil servants directly and solely answerable to the Home Office are to continue lawfully to wield judicial powers which are a negation of habeas corpus.

On the subject of Socialism, the Englishman in the street has latterly learnt a cheerful glibness, though a boy of twenty can easily remember when a Socialist with a vermilion tie was a lunatic, harmless if British to the backbone, dangerous if tainted with foreign ideas. Who fears to speak Socialism or meet Socialists now? Of course, these, *ipso facto*, have ceased to belong to the smart set, but the man in the street is now familiar with them. Any one can hear him reasoning gently with them on the tops of motor 'buses, or hear them holding forth with all the freshness of neophytes. Nationalisation of the soil, the unearned increment of capital, natural wealth versus artificial wealth, and so on, are all "in the air"—in the street air. They have even penetrated into the City man's suburban home, where ten years ago you might as well have put a bomb on the hearthrug as have thrown out some suggestions that labour alone produces wealth, or even some milder one than that. The thinking young generation is still jumping at the theory of Socialism with an eagerness which seems very fresh to any one who has lived latterly abroad. One finds the subject still perfectly alive and wild in literary sets, the equivalents of which on the Continent have long since