NOTES OF THE WEEK.

KING EDWARD is rapidly becoming as completely his own Minister for Foreign Affairs as ever the Kaiser is in Germany. If affairs of the dimensions of our relations with Europe are to be continually relegated (if even that is the word) to non-representative hands, it will soon be time to drop the pretence of representative government. Domestic politics involve the fate of political parties only, but foreign politics involve the honour as well as the fate of the whole nation. We therefore regret that a professedly democratic and representative Parliament should permit these very highest national concerns to slip out of its hands into areas where criticism, much less control, is practically impossible.

How nearly we have already drifted into a restoration of the perilous traditions of monarchy may be seen from the startling announcement of the King’s proposed meeting with the Tsar of Russia. Nothing will convince us that there is the smallest desire in England for any closer rapprochement. On the contrary, the intelligence of the English Court has been grossly employed if it has not realised the positive loathing with which the name of the Tsar is regarded in this country. With the Russian people the sympathies of all England are unanimous and profound, but with the Tsar, at once the most feeble and the most despotic ruler in Europe, there cannot be and there must not be the smallest sign of friendship. The very circumstances of the proposed meeting are plainly significant of the relations of the Tsar with the Russian people. The various occasions of the proposed meeting are completely significant of the relations of the Tsar with the Russian people. Even his entertainment of the King of England must take place outside the soil of Russia, outside, in fact, the soil of Europe altogether. Moreover, as if to emphasise the banal features of England’s reported action, King Edward is to be accompanied not by the usual Minister of the Crown, but by one of the permanent officials of the Foreign Office.

It is extraordinary in our view that the announcement should have been received in England with equanimity. The “Daily News” has honourably raised and maintained the note of alarm; the “Nation” has only the mixed feelings; but for the rest, with timid exceptions, the whole Press of England has either nothing to say or only apologies and excuses to offer. If that is the measure of England’s sensitiveness in the matter of national liberty and honour, we do not wonder at the callosity of our politicians. But, as we have said, we deny entirely that England is so insensitive. The Liberal Cabinet is seriously to blame both for allowing foreign affairs to slip out of its hands and in this particular instance of assenting to the proposed visit. Half-an-hour with “Pam” would blow a good deal of sophistry out of the Cabinet atmosphere, and restore something to Liberalism that Liberalism sadly needs.

We comment elsewhere on the “sensational” announcement made by Mr. Asquith to a deputation of sixty Liberal members on Wednesday last. The deputation asked for the half loaf of facilities for Mr. Stanger’s Bill on Women’s Suffrage; but in reply Mr. Asquith promised instead a whole loaf of Reform before the end of the present Parliament. Unfortunately there is no virtue in political promises; and half a loaf at once is generally better than a whole loaf in two years’ time. Nobody can foresee what may happen to the present Government from session to session, still less from year to year. The Suffragettes, at any rate, are not disposed to be put off again; and with excellent promptitude resumed on the very next day their violent demands for their Bill in this session. Mr. Asquith has shown commendable weakness in opening a mind long declared to be finally closed on the subject of the enfranchisement of women; but there is no reason whatever why it should not be open as well on Mr. Stanger’s Bill as on the hypothetical Bill of next year or the year after. Now possible harm can befall the prospects of Adult Suffrage by the immediate extension of the franchise to women.

The second reading of the Education Bill was carried on Wednesday by a majority of 165. In spite of this, it is safe to say of the Bill, as Mr. Balfour said of it, that it has not a single whole-hearted supporter in the House, or, we may add, in the country. Everybody realises by this time that the Bill has nothing to do with education. Its sole object is to settle the religious
difficulty. And this is the very last result likely to be achieved by it. Further, everybody knows that on the third reading compromises of all kinds will have to take place. As it stands, the Bill is as impossible as it is unnecessary. We observe that Mr. Ramsay Macdonald on behalf of the Labour Party again urged the "Secular Solution"; but even if the Secular Solution were not dead, it would in practice prove no solution at all. Theoretically, of course, the Secular Solution is the only logical solution of the problem; but logic no more prevails in politics than in life.

Mr. Macdonald, however, made a good point in demanding the representation of the Labour Party on any proposed Board of Conciliation. It is clear that there are features in the present Bill which are intolerable to Socialists. Contracting-out, for instance, is as bad in educational as in industrial affairs, and, moreover, seriously militates against the Socialist plan of complete national organisation. On the other hand, no Socialist desires to see a monotonous uniformity of type in educational institutions, and, once given national control over all schools equally, individual differences are rather to be encouraged than repressed.

Disraeli having made some extravagant electioneering promises regarding Ireland, and being reminded of them when Premier, cynically observed: "It is some time since the observations referred to were made; and a good deal has happened in the interval." The same remark might have been made by Mr. Asquith in introducing his proposals for Old Age Pensions—proposals with which the more they are examined, the worse they appear. From the recent correspondence in the "Times" we gather that many Liberals are dissatisfied with the proposals, though not on our own grounds. Yet surely the point is that Mr. Asquith so far from overstepping the limits of his promises of twelve months ago has fallen far short of them in performance. Introducing his Budget of 1907, he said, speaking of Old Age Pensions: "I shall have in hand next year, free and ear-marked for the purpose.... a total of at least £2,250,000, and an additional sum from increased death duties." On the Unemployed Amendment to the King's Speech, Mr. John Burns stated in the House that within a year a million old folks would have been pensioned. Now what do Mr. Asquith's proposals amount to? Firstly, only half of his lowest promised figure is to be set aside for Old Age Pensions, and, secondly, Mr. Burns' estimate of a million persons is to be divided exactly by two.

In view of this discrepancy we are not surprised that Mr. Keir Hardie should be wondering if the Labour Party will be wise in accepting the proposals at all; or that Mr. Philip Snowden should employ the "mildest language" and yet denounce the proposals as amounting to a "breach of contract."

On Saturday of last week the Central (Unemployed) Body for London issued their report of the work of the Committee from May 12, 1906, to June 30, 1907. It is an illuminating document, and a scathing commentary on the miserable inadequacy of the Unemployed Workmen's Act of 1905. Realising, as it is about time we did, the inevitable existence of unemployed under the present commercial system, one might suppose that the least that might be done would be for the State, if it will persist in maintaining commercialism, to safeguard the interests of the victims of commercialism. Yet the Act of 1905 has proved if not completely yet almost completely abortive; and not from any idleness or deliberate wickedness of the unemployed themselves, but from the sheer inadequacy of its machinery.

The conclusion of the London Committee, after three winters' experience of the working of the Act, is that "it is impossible to deal adequately with unemployment by Local Authorities." The Committee is therefore of opinion that "in any future legislation the question should be dealt with nationally."

Commenting on the report on the following day the "Times" remarks: "A new Unemployment Act, with provisions distinctly beyond the scope of that of 1905, cannot be far off."

There appears to have been a series of muddles in connection with the Labour candidatures at several of the recent bye-elections. North-West Manchester was distinguished by the appearance of Mr. Wells in the rôle of political adviser to provincial electors; and now in the pages of the current "Labour Leader" we are edified by a discussion between the chief parties to a pretty dispute over the Labour candidature at Dundee. We are as anxious as anybody to maintain the spirit of loyalty in the Socialist movement, particularly in the political field. On unsettled problems of Socialist philosophy we claim and exercise the right of free and open discussion; but in the matter of political tactics and party policy the less discussion the better. At the same time, it is useless to pretend in public that there is nothing wrong when all the time private bickerings are taking place; and when, as now happens, these bickerings thrust themselves into print we cannot pretend to do more than regret the cause.

The administrative council of the I.L.P. has not been characterised by consummate political skill these many months. Nobody will forget the hash that was made over Mr. Grayson's candidature at Colne Valley. On that occasion, Mr. Grayson found himself to everybody's surprise forced into the unique position of first Socialist member of Parliament, solely by reason of the refusal of the I.L.P. Council to share in his triumph. It now appears that Mr. Stuart, who did actually run as a Labour candidate in the recent election at Dundee, and polled the excellent number of over four thousand votes, was considerably hindered instead of helped by the I.L.P. Council in his campaign. Mr. Stuart even suggests that the hindrance was more than negative; and hints that Mr. Churchill was largely induced to accept the invitation of Dundee Liberals by the fact that he was aware of the local Labour divisions.

The whole problem is exceedingly difficult, and we are far from maintaining that the I.L.P. Council is bound to support any and every candidature promoted by a local branch. Some control must certainly be exercised by the central body if there is to be organisation at all. On the other hand, it is singular and unfortunate that the Intelligence Department of the central body should be so laxly served as to miscalculcate very grossly on two occasions the prospects of a Labour candidate. As events proved, there was a good chance of Mr. Stuart actually winning the Dundee seat. With Mr. Churchill absent and the fighting force of the I.L.P. present, the return of Mr. Stuart might easily have been assured.

We do not understand the modesty of the I.L.P. in refraining from running a second candidate in a double-
barrelled constituency. If a constituency has the good sense to return two Labour candidates, what has the Council of the I.L.P. to object to? There is surely no obligation on the part of the I.L.P. to walk delicately like a captured Agag before the political kings of any political party. For our part, we affirm that after the first business of Socialists which is to make Socialists, the second business is to get Socialist candidates returned wherever and whenever possible. If the Council of the I.L.P. has any other views than these, we have no desire to hear them.

Goodness knows that Labour, not to say Socialism, is not yet strong enough in the House of Commons to be able to make political parties pay for itself. And as soon as we shall continue to regard all political parties who do not profess the abdication of poverty as the first object of their existence. When we see either the Liberal or the Tory Party settling down earnestly to the eradication of poverty and not merely to its demisemi-amelioration, we shall cease to look upon them with politically unfriendly eyes; but till that day—and it seems distant enough—the stern and unbending attitude of political Socialists must be maintained. If the National Administrative Council of the I.L.P. or the joint body known as the Labour Party departs in purpose or in effect from this uncompromising attitude (an part of Trade Unionists has, been astonishingly rapid, recent Hull Conference. The change of attitude on the advanced political party are numbered. Hence while with politically unfriendly eyes; but till that day—and the Liberal or the Tory Party settling down earnestly to the ranks of organised political labour. And of real ground there appears to us to be indubitable evidence. + + +

We say all this with the more confidence because in many respects the Labour Party, of which the I.L.P. is an important section, is making extraordinary progress. The complete figures of the recent ballot taken by the miners' Federation of Great Britain are not yet available, but already it is certain that about half a million members will be added in the course of the next few months to the ranks of organised political labour. And this, too, in the face of the Socialist resolution at the recent Hull Conference. The change of attitude on the part of Trade Unionists has been astonishingly rapid, and is very largely due to the good temper and able management of the Union itself. Powerful economic causes have not been wanting, nor has recent Government legislation in the matter of Arbitration been without its effect. Yet the fact remains that despite the conflict of leading personalities of the old and new régimes the fusion has been practically accomplished in an incredibly brief time.

We are glad to see that Mr. Keir Hardie is asking for adequate discussion of the causes of the present unrest in India. The "Globe," we observe, has discovered that "hail the trouble" in India lies with the Press. Judging from the reports circulated in the London papers, we are compelled to agree, with this difference, that in our opinion it is the English not the native Press that is the blame. It is quite impossible for any sane person to believe the cock and bull stories of wholesale anarchist organisations in India. If they exist, and have only been discovered within the past few weeks, there is something seriously wrong with the Government Intelligence Department; so wrong, in fact, that its heads are no longer fit for their place. But we prefer not to believe it. As in England, so in India, anarchists organisations can sprout up like mush-rooms in a single night, given that is, the fertile soil of a policeman's mind or the even more tropical fertility of Reuter.

But this is not to deny that there is discontent in India; nor to minimise the increasing strength of the extreme section of malcontents. Malcontents they are from the English point of view, but patriots from their own. For their recent recruits the British Government, we hold, is directly responsible. Everybody knows that we won India by dividing the Indians against themselves. It is equally clear that we can retain India by the same means. Yet the Cabinet, in the person of Lord Morley, appears to have done its level best to throw the Moderates of India into the arms of the Extremists; and by a course of non-discrimination in the treatment of native demands to mass the whole discontent into a single lump.

Lord Milner's lugubrious speech on South Africa last Thursday, at the Hotel Cecil, is an ironical comment on the South African policy of the late Government. That policy of blood and iron has in the end proved nothing but doing little or nothing to reverse the original condition of affairs. True, Krugerism is dead, but the Dutch ascendancy is restored. For ourselves, we have no complaint to make of this, except of the terrific waste of money and life involved in the attempt to return to the drift of things. Lord Milner would have been better employed in his speech in emphasising the present dangers in South Africa instead of ignoring the facts. With his insistence on Imperial supervision of the African nates we entirely agree. That, we contend, is the serious defect of the present administration. But once that guarantee is given, we desire to see an end in South Africa of the unreal and bitter distinctions of Boer and Briton. In ten years there should be neither Boer nor Briton in the whole Southern Continent; but South Africans only. Lord Milner has still influence enough to help in bringing about that result.

Mr. Asquith's new view of a mandate may perhaps be responsible for the formation of a new Railway Nationalisation Society. With a strong executive committee the Society ought to be able to educate the country sufficiently to make the demand which constitutes a mandate. In no responsible section in England is the most perfect symbol of commercialism. Practically a federation of monopolies, every intelligent Free Trader realises the extent to which the railway system militates against Free Trade. From hundreds of instances we appeal to the Board of Trade. For instance, many of the companies already give preferential terms to foreigners; and this, too, on the very soil of the country which is flocked. The appalling extravagance due to overlapping, duplication and clearing-house expenses is a drain on industry; and the prospect of a gigantic railway trust is too American to be contemplated seriously. Mr. Lloyd George, we believe, is a convinced Railway Nationaliser. He and the Cabinet have also received some useful advice from Sir John Brunner. The prospects of the new Society are, therefore, far from black.

The meeting at the Lyceum Theatre, on Tuesday last, to elect a committee for the Shakespeare National Theatre Memorial, was as useful as it was certainly dull. Incredibly wearying speeches were delivered over an eternity of two or three hours; yet, in spite of the speeches, the audience left the theatre still convinced of the importance of the proposal. The rival committee, which favours a monument in Portland Place, is prepared to discuss with the National Theatre Committee; and we see no reason why both schemes should not now be carried out. We shall await the reply of Mr. Asquith to the deputation with interest.

[NEXT WEEK.—Miss Millicent Murphy will reply to Mr. Belfort Bax. "Feudal Socialism," by Captain F. P. Fletcher-Vane.]
A New Reform Bill.

Mr. Asquith appears to have an extraordinary notion of the meaning of a mandate. We have frequently affirmed that the mandate theory of representative government is absurd in any case; but Mr. Asquith's conception of the theory is nothing short of grotesque. In his reply to the deputation of sixty Liberal members that waited on him on Wednesday, he appears to have invited women in particular to demonstrate the strength of their demand for "Votes for Women" by an even more vigorous propaganda than they have hitherto practised. That, at least, is the obvious conclusion to be drawn from his remarks. Your propaganda, he said in effect, has not yet convinced me that you are in earnest. True, my mind, which before was closed, is now open; but you must do a great deal more before you can convince me that women generally really want the vote.

After such a declaration the prompt besieging of his Downing Street door by Suffragettes was not to be wondered at. It was indeed playing the part of George-Peorgie for him to refuse to meet the very women he had invited and challenged to convince him. Hopelessly ungrateful and all-the rest as their action seemed on the face of it to be, we hold that the cause lay at Mr. Asquith's own door, and was quite properly met there.

However, the Suffragettes are thoroughly able to take care of themselves; and having struck but thus much show of fire from Brutus may be trusted to continue until there is a steady blaze. Meanwhile the question that interests us is the extent of Mr. Asquith's proposed Reform Bill, and the prospects of its success. Let us say at once that we entirely agree that Women's Suffrage should be granted as part and parcel of a universal scheme of Adult Suffrage. So long as there was no likelihood of Adult Suffrage being conceded, we were prepared to take our cherry in two bites, and to accept Mr. Stanger's limited Suffrage Bill as the first bite. But now that, contrary to expectations (for we did not realise the mutations of mind consequent on Mr. Asquith's elevation to the premiership), Adult Suffrage is on the political cards, we naturally look to see the whole Reform carried at once.

And high time too. It is all very well for women to complain that they have been excluded from the franchise. So they have, and a mighty bad job it has proved. England will never be a Paradise under any circumstances, but we cannot conceive that the joint political labours of men and women during the last hundred years would not have resulted in something less like Hell than the present England of exclusive male political manufacture.

On the other hand, it must not be forgotten that if all women have been denied the right of citizenship, thousands of men have been and still are denied the same right. The electoral arrangements of England are as chaotic as its economic arrangements. There is neither order, consistency, reason or method in the existing system; and, what is worse, since 1867, nobody appears to have troubled much about it. For the simple reason that unenfranchised and the temporarily disenfranchised have not joined together and broken Cabinet Ministers' windows or pulled up park-railings, Liberal Government after Liberal Government has utterly ignored the existence of anomalies and injustices of which the early Liberals, at any rate, would have been ashamed.

For we may fairly ask: What is the use of a Liberal Party that does not practise Liberalism? We are willing to admit that Liberalism had a philosophy, and in its way a quite respectable philosophy. Owing, as we do, a great deal to Liberalism we will even admit that that philosophy has actuated Liberal policy to a greater extent than most Socialists are wise enough to recognise. At the same time, if we may sum up the object of Liberalism in a single phrase: "Political Liberty," we are keenly conscious of the lacunae that remain after a hundred years of Liberal practice. Briefly, the purpose and object of Liberalism have been Political Liberty, in the sense of the utmost freedom in the matter of responsible political representation. Theoretically free from Feudal prepossessions, and frankly desirous of experimenting in complete democracy, the Liberal Party has at least professed to stand, and on many occasions has actually stood, for the forward movement in social organisation.

But how lamentably idle and hesitating that move-ment has been is evident from the election of to-day. Of the total number of adult citizens in this country, less than half the number under existing laws can ever vote at all; and of this small half, at least a third are incapacitated by one anomaly or another, leaving the whole political Liberal democracy of England of about one adult person in every four. That is scarcely a notable achievement for a century's political labour by a great party.

If Mr. Asquith really means what he says, he will, therefore, be merely carrying out to its not alone logical but inevitable conclusion, a task that Liberalism should have completed long ago. All opposition of the type of Robert Lowe's has vanished. Vanished, too, are the obfuscations of minds like the Party of Wellington's. Nobody to-day is afraid of political democracy. The House of Lords would not wake from its sleep to flick off a single franchise qualification. Grievously enough, political liberty even in the most extended form has no terrors for the most conservative. All the more reason, therefore, that Mr. Asquith should boldly put the coping-stone on the Liberal edifice, and enfranchise the adult population of the British Isles.

But will he? We confess we have our doubts. Remembering Mr. Asquith's failure to more than half deem his promise of Old Age Pensions, we are entitled to doubt whether his Reform Bill on "democratic lines" will incarnate in anything like the dimensions we have suggested. Between promise and performance there flows that fatal river Lethe, of which whosoever drinks "will not only lose his sight, but lose the use of his senses." Nobody to-day is afraid of political democracy. The Lords of the Realm, and even the House of Commons, and a few politicians resist the temptation, straightway he loses one-half at least of his memory. And Mr. Asquith has already too often drunk.

Yet there are hopes. As we have said, the Suffragettes may be trusted to see that their "mandate" is made clear. And, as a sort of quid pro quo to men as well as a salve to his own conscience, Mr. Asquith may balance the enfranchisement of women by the complete disfranchisement of men. The sixty Liberals who formed the deputation, together with the Labour and Irish Parties, are also in duty bound to see that he does so.

Further than demanding Adult Suffrage we do not propose at this moment to go. Other electoral anomalies exist of which public opinion is becoming daily more aware. It is plain, for instance, that without Payment of Members we can never hope to abolish class representation. Again, minorities are shockingly misrepresented in this country, and without some such device as that of Proportional Representation or the Preferential Ballot, can never be properly represented at all. Under a system of Adult Suffrage, we are convinced that minorities will need a good deal of protection. Finally, the plan of a genuine Reform Bill would include the abolition of all the petty defects of the existing machinery in respect of plural voting and the absurdities of the "qualifying period."

Once the work of democratising our institutions has been accomplished, we may look forward to the political party which shall undertake the enormously more difficult task of economic enfranchisement.
Liberalism and Socialism.

"Perhaps the revolutionists will explain their panacea," said Mr. George Sturt in our correspondence columns last week. We fear we cannot satisfy Mr. Sturt's demand, for we have never claimed to possess a panacea; but we can perhaps explain why we are not satisfied with the Liberal evolution in which he puts his trust.

We are by no means disposed to Underestimate the record of Liberalism. Historically it stands for the revolt of the industrial bourgeoisie against the landed aristocracy, a revolt which was a necessary preliminary to any sort of political or social advance. Actually it has stood, and to some extent still stands, for a great many other good things. It has stood as the champion of political democracy and of liberty. It has placed the sovereign power in the hands of the people; it has given us religious freedom, free food, free education, and a free press. It has recently given the Transvaal a free constitution, and it wants to do the same for Ireland. It has in general estabished all the essentials of modern democracy, has absolutely opposed jingoism, and recognised more or less effectively the common humanity of other, even of black, races. Moreover, it has often fought for political purity, and has kept itself fairly free from entanglements with vested interests. Above all, it has genuine disinterestedness, and has shown itself ready on occasions to sacrifice party interests for a principle or an idea.

We will admit that this is a fine record, and say nothing here of the things that have been left undone. But in politics it is concerned not with the past, but with the future. Its great traditions, its ancient and honourable record give the Liberal Party a claim to our respect, but not to our votes. The mere fact that it has such a record to dwell upon tends to make it conservative and hopeless, and to prevent an instrument for carrying out great reforms in the future. It is too proud of its old formulas and too content with its old ideals to be of any use for constructive purposes. When it should be considering the causes of unemployment and poverty, it is putting itself on the back for having secured the blessings of Free Trade. If we are to maintain the two-party system, it is a vital condition that only one of them shall be ancient and honourable. The party of progress must have no past.

What is the programme of Liberalism? We cannot accept the hackneyed reply: Social Reform. For what is Social Reform? To Mr. Asquith it seems to mean the restriction of the common man's right to get drunk, the reduction of the National Debt—and the preservation of Free Trade. To Mr. Chiozza Money, Socialism; and the preservation of Free Trade. To Mr. Chiozza Money, Socialism; and the preservation of Free Trade. Amid this confusion of ideals and ideas, but one thing stands out clearly as a common party aim, and that one thing is a barren piece of conservatism.

But it may be urged, the Liberal Party should be judged not by its abstract principles or aims, but by what it is actually doing. Well, let us take its Housing Bill, its Licensing and Children's Bills, its Very Old Age Pension scheme. All these measures have excellent points; they are ameliorative efforts, but of a haphazard character. We can perceive no constructive ideal behind them, no consistent effort to redress the inequalities of the present distribution of wealth. The aged poor, or some of them, are to be provided with pensions, it is true; but at whose expense? At the expense of the middle and working class taxpayer. To our mind the end of Social Reform is the abolition of poverty on the one hand and of unearned riches on the other. If we are to give the Liberals credit for having realised this, then we are bound to convict them of something worse than mere stupidity, for they have made no attempt to shift the burden of taxation on to the shoulders that should bear it.

At its worst Liberalism means inconsistency and political cowardice. Under the present Government we have seen anarchy in Ireland and coercion in India, we have seen Home Rule dropped and the abolition of Chinese labour indefinitely postponed, we have seen a Denshawi affair tolerated and a sugar tax re-enacted, and we have seen a campaign against the House of Lords enlivened by the creation of many new peers. At its best—and let us take it at its best—Liberalism means good intentions qualified by fear. Fear of upsetting routine, or of violating precedent, fear of the financial powers that be, and fear of being tagged as Socialism. We will not claim to possess greater goodwill than the Liberals, but we do claim to lack their fear; and this lack is the new and potent factor that has entered the field of modern politics and rendered Liberalism an adolescent force.

Our correspondent Mr. Sturt is in favour of evolution. "Of the organic forces of evolution," he says, "one knows something ... we have begun to regard them as the only real force in the world." We hope Mr. Sturt will pardon us if we suggest that in point of fact he knows nothing whatever of the organic forces of evolution, not even the meaning of the words which he uses. He knows only that certain changes have taken place; of the why or the how or of the will that lies behind them he speaks in terms of the commonplace. The analogy between biological and social evolution is at best a poor one; but if we are to accept it we must, in view of the latest additions to our knowledge of plant and animal life, admit the possibility of a revolution creating a new and stable organisation.

Its incapacity to accept the idea of revolution is the fundamental defect of Liberalism. It refuses to see that its work of securing political freedom is nearly done, and that, if it is to avoid being crushed out of existence here as it has been in other European countries, it must define and adopt a new set of ideals. It is already borrowing from Socialism, it is true, but it fears to acknowledge the source of its inspiration, for such an acknowledgment would amount to revolution. The moment a Government with a majority behind it consciously and openly adopts the aims and principles of Socialism, at that moment the revolution will begin. Such a Government will not perhaps work miracles, but, after all, that is a comparative term. Certainly its achievements will approach nearer to the miraculous than do those of the present Liberal Government; for it will set out to abolish poverty unhampered by tradi-tion and careless of the opinion of those who are interested in the maintenance of the present régime.

To say that the institutions of the future must evolve gradually out of those existing to-day is the merest commonplace. The point so far as the political evolution is concerned is that gradually does not mean slowly. We may admit that Liberals are advancing to-day along Socialistic lines, but that does not mean that we are satisfied either with their rate of progress or with the principles that guide the advance. Laissez-faire tempered by prudence is a very different sort of force from Socialism tempered by prudence, and although the two may conceivably lead us in the same direction, at the present moment there can be no comparison between the quantitative results which we may expect from each.

A Liberal Government likes to make its boldest schemes appear conservative; a Socialist Government will prefer to make its slightest reforms seem revolution-ary. For routine is the deadliest enemy of progress, and the disturbance of it is a worthy end in itself. When the majority of Englishmen have ceased to repose on a consciousness of their own good-will and have been born again as revolutionists; when they have ceased to fear change for its own sake, and have begun to regard themselves the clear, though perhaps distant, ideal of Socialism; then we shall have set our feet firmly on the road to Utopia. And then, perhaps, we shall not care to remember that once in bygone Liberal days we were dragged along a long that ver done with our backs to the testing while that our mode of progression was the one designed for us by nature and, moreover, saved us from falls.
Insurance against Unemployment.
A Glance at the Danish Plan.

Socialism in the North of Europe is of quite a different type from Socialism in the South. It is more practical; more social and less political; more businesslike in its aims.

In the South Socialism is chiefly negative. It is opposed to the constituted authorities, opposed to Parliament, opposed to the Church. Its hand is against every man. It is "anti" everything. Southern Socialism expends its passionate energies chiefly in furious denunciation, which leaves things very much as they are.

In the cooler, more calculating North, Socialism appears in concrete form, with positive ideals and with a preference for grafting new shoots on to the old tree rather than blowing the old tree up and trusting to luck to send a new one along.

In Denmark, for instance, the Social Democrats have gained a great deal of influence by steady agitation towards better conditions of life for the labouring classes, and by their readiness to accept from any party measures tending towards improvement. They do not trouble themselves about the monarchy. It is cheap and unassuming. Parliament is useful, because it gives them the opportunity to make their influence felt. Out of 114 members of the Lower House, 24 are avowed Socialists; and even in the Upper House, which is partly elected by representative bodies and partly nominated by the Government, they have a little leaven of four among 66. As for the Church, they are neither for it nor against it: it has nothing to do with practical politics, and your Danish Socialist is, above all things, a practical politician.

The leaders of the party realised more than thirty years ago the necessity of spreading their views by means of a daily newspaper. They started a tiny sheet, which gradually grew and prospered until now it has the largest circulation of any daily paper in the kingdom. I paid a visit to the office of the "Sozial Demokraten" one evening recently, and had a very pleasant talk with the assistant editor, Herr Brockmann. He showed me with pride all over the fine building which the paper shares with several other Socialist activities—including a People's Bakery, which makes excellent bread—and explained that their object was to make their journal better in every way than any other. "We have made the nation recognise that we are serious people," he said.

In Copenhagen these "serious people" are so strong that the complexion of the Town Council is almost entirely Socialist. This is to be attributed chiefly to the influence of their newspaper. They have a magnificent Town Hall, a regular palace of a place, vast and convenient, with pleasant courtyards and marble corridors and splendid staircases; decorated and furnished with really delightful taste. The cost of building and fitting up was not more than £300,000. Yet we in London are going to spend on our town hall £4,800,000, six times as much. I should like someone to explain to me why?

One sees few signs of poverty in Copenhagen. The working-class quarters are well built. The children in the streets seem well fed and warmly clothed. It is pleasant talk with the assistant editor, Herr Brockmann. He showed me with pride all over the fine building which the paper shares with several other Socialist activities—including a People's Bakery, which makes excellent bread—and explained that their object was to make their journal better in every way than any other. "We have made the nation recognise that we are serious people," he said.

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One sees few signs of poverty in Copenhagen. The working-class quarters are well built. The children in the streets seem well fed and warmly clothed. It is generally admitted that the Town Council have done a good deal for the people who work with their hands, in the way of raising wages and undertaking public works. The City Fathers are very anxious just now to buy up the excellent and very profitable system of electric street cars. "In Glasgow you do it successfully: why not we here?" asked the President of the Council, a Socialist surgeon, with the chin of a man of business, but the eyes of a dreamer of dreams.

All the same, in spite of prosperous appearances, the Unemployed Problem is calling for solution here as elsewhere. Capital requires a floating surplus of labour which can be absorbed at busy times, and which prevents wages going up, as they would tend to do at once if every man in the community had a job that enabled him to live. The chief anxiety of the working class leaders is to find means of avoiding a drop in wages owing to the existence of unemployment.

For some years past the Trade Unions have been paying their unemployed members about 10s. a week so as to keep them from being forced to seek work at less than the present minimum wage, and last year a system of insurance of employment was instituted by law. This measure was introduced by a Conservative member, and had the support of all parties. That the working class approved of it is shown by the fact that nearly 80,000 out of the 120,000 Danish Trade Unions have already taken advantage of it.

The worker pays a weekly premium and the National Exchequer adds a third of the amount. (In the case of Old Age Pensions, by the way—which are given at 60, but are so small as to be very little good—the State pays the whole premium. No charge falls on the worker.) The sum assured during unemployment is the same as the Trade Unions have been paying—about 10s. a week. But no member of an insurance society established under this law can draw unemployed pay for more than 200 weeks. If he is out of work for a longer period than that, he is regarded as a loafer or an "unemployable." The system seems to me to be a very bad one, a mere palliative. It is like a drug which for a while relieves pain, but makes you worse in the end. How many of us are there who would not deteriorate if we were deprived of our occupation, and paid a small weekly sum, not enough to live on decently, just to keep us quiet? Our physical energy would decline, our moral fibre would grow flabby. A month's hanging about the streets with nothing to do has been fatal to numberless workmen in every community. It takes an exceptionally strong character to resist the evil effects of irregular work. Subsidised unemployment would be even worse. Far better than this surely, would be any system of national or municipal workshops.

It is true that it has the effect of keeping up the wages of those who are in work. But at what a cost! And, furthermore, it leaves the difficulty of the casual or unskilled labourer untouched. Attempts are being made to organise unskilled labour, but, strangely enough, the official Socialists do not seem to look upon them very kindly. It must be remembered, of course, that they are engaged in reforming a society very much more backward politically than our own. In England, the work of the Lower House the other day during a debate on the Trial by Jury Bill. This measure has been passed time after time by the People's House, but always thrown out by the Upper Chamber. With so much ground to make up, the Danish Socialists must not be judged hastily if they seem to English Socialists to be in some ways behind the times.

At all events, they have more than a fifth of the Parliamentary representatives elected by the nation, and they run a daily newspaper which has more readers than any other. They are generally regarded as "serious people," although inclined to demagogy. And their plan of "going slow" and taking anything they can get, even though it be open to objection, has some advantages certainly. It is far more foolish for a man to come on a short visit to say that their policy of "peaceful penetration" is not in the circumstances the best they could pursue.

H. Hamilton Fyfe.
Good Breeding or Eugenics.

If a woman with blue eyes marry a man with brown eyes what will be the colour of their children's eyes? Will they be all blue, all brown, or perchance something different, either from parent to parent, or from one generation to another? Again, will some of the children have blue eyes, others brown, and others grey? If so, will there be any fixed proportion? Out of, say, twelve children, will there be six of one colour and six of the other, or four each of the three varieties? To this conundrum there is to-day some kind of answer; the solution will, indeed, take us a little further, because we shall be able to talk about the grand-children and the great-grand-children.

When I look at " Bonnie Bell, with her winsome eyes of blue " I do so for purely scientific reasons—to convince myself that the blueness of her eyes is due to her having all the pigment at the back part of the iris and none at all in the foreground of the iris. Any reader can make this observation for himself by looking at his or her neighbour's blue eyes. In default of a blue-eyed neighbour any baby will do; perhaps that is the easiest way to satisfy one's scientific curiosity. All the eyes that are not blue owe their colour-schemes to the presence of some additional pigment in the front part of the iris. Dependent upon the quantity of pigment and upon the thickness of the iris tissue are the various shades of browns, greys, blacks, greens, and so on. It is easy to divide all eyes from the colour standpoint into two classes—blue eyes and non-blue eyes. To avoid confusion let us call the latter, dark eyes (recessive); we must just accept it as so. Now when dark-eyed Matilda and Henry married, what more natural than that Matilda and Henry should have children? And they had issue.

Dominant dark eyes (male or female indifferently) marry recessive; we must just accept it as so. Now when dark-eyed William Robinson, who are both dark-eyed. The child of Mary Burr and William Robinson, who are both dark-eyed. The child of Jane Smith and Tom Jones was named Matilda; her eyes were dark. The child of Mary Burr and William Robinson was named Henry; his eyes were dark. The child of Jane Smith and Tom Jones was named Matilda; her eyes were dark. The child of Mary Burr and William Robinson was named Henry; his eyes were dark. Brought up together in the little village of Burbage, they became quite a number of children. What would one expect? To this conundrum there is to-day some kind of answer; the solution will, indeed, take us a little further, because we shall be able to talk about the grand-children and the great-grand-children.

Mr. Hurst has supplied the answer; he personally examined the eyes of the inhabitants of a small village in Leicestershire, and it is the results of his investigations I shall give. In the first place it must be noted that dark eyes are lordly eyes, prepotent; "dominant" is the term used by the writers on this branch of science; blue eyes are shrinking, timid, retiring or "recessive" to employ the technical term. Nobody, as yet, knows why one particular physical trait should be prepotent or prepotent, and another retreating or recessive; we must just accept it as so. Now when Dominant dark eyes (male or female indifferently) marry Recessive blue eyes, all the offspring appear with dark eyes. Let us give a concrete case.

Jane Smith and Mary Burr are two blue-eyed damsels, who married respectively Tom Jones and William Robinson, who are both dark-eyed. The child of Jane Smith and Tom Jones was named Matilda; her eyes were dark. The child of Mary Burr and William Robinson was named Henry; his eyes were dark. Brought up together in the little village of Burbage, what more natural than that Matilda and Henry should fall in love, marry, and have children? And they had quite a number of children. What would one expect the eye colour of these children to be, seeing that their parents were both dark? Not to make a mystery of it, let me tell you at once that three are dark-eyed and one is blue-eyed. Let us put it in a neat genealogical chart.

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Let us see what are the possibilities of fatherhood for Moses with his unreal dark eyes. (1.) Unreal dark-eyed Moses marries unreal dark-eyed Judith, one child will be real dark-eyed, one will be blue-eyed, and two will be unreal dark-eyed. (a) Unreal dark-eyed Moses marries real dark-eyed Joel, one-half the children will be real dark-eyed, and one-half will be unreal dark-eyed. (b) Unreal dark-eyed Moses marries blue-eyed Angelina, one-half the children will be real blue-eyed, one-half unreal dark-eyed.

Now you see the distinction between Edwin (real dark eyes) and Moses (unreal dark eyes); although they look alike, the difference of their constitution comes out in their children; if Moses marries Angelina one-half the children are blue-eyed; if Edwin marries Angelina all the children will be dark-eyed. Marriage (1) also shows the difference plainly enough. The unreal individual carries with him (or her) some of the traits of both parents, and although the dominant trait overshadows the recessive in the individual, it cannot do so entirely in the offspring—some of the children—one in four, show the recessive character.

If anyone prefers symbols we can easily represent—Blue eyes by B; real dark eyes by D; unreal dark eyes by D (B); real blue eyes by B (D). In brackets, all the marriages and offspring are included in the following formulae:

1. B x B = Children all blue eyes.
2. D x D = Children all real dark eyes.
3. D x B = Children all unreal dark eyes.
4. D x D (B) = Children one-half real dark eyes and one-half unreal dark eyes.
5. D (B) x B = Children one-half blue and one-half unreal dark eyes.
6. D (B) x D (B) = Children one-half blue and one-half unreal dark eyes.

All these cases actually occurred in Mr. Hurst's model village. Thus in 60 children where the parents were (like formula 3) dark and blue-eyed all the children were (unreal) dark-eyed. In 258 children, the offspring of marriage (like formula 5), half the children should be blue and half should be dark-eyed; the actual figures are 121 children dark-eyed, and 137 children blue-eyed; which is very near the theoretical figure.

[Edwin Irene Moses Frances]

| (dark) | (dark) | (dark) | (blue) |

Observe that Frances with her blue eyes comes from parents with dark eyes. If Frances marries blue-eyed all the children will be blue-eyed, and will continue so from generation to generation so long as there is no intermixture of brown eyes. If there is, of course the same state of affairs will occur as when Jane and Tom got married. Take the other children; there is no perceptible difference in the eye-colours of Edwin, Irene, and Moses; they are all dark-eyed—that is, all have the two layers of pigment in the iris. Yet there is a difference which I shall presently describe, and so we must distinguish between them; Edwin we will call real dark-eyed; Irene and Moses, unreal dark-eyed.
Feminism and Female Suffrage.

By E. Belfort Bax.

First and foremost amongst the rights claimed by Feminists for women is the political franchise. The reasons for this claim are based, on abstract justice, the assumption being that women are, on the average, substantially similar and equal to men in intellectual and moral capacity; and the other on the practical consideration that, as things are, women constitute a cruelly-oppressed section of the community, and that, as with any other division of the community similarly situated, the political franchise is the first essential to their obtaining their legitimate social rights. Now, in the present article it is proposed to deal exclusively with the last point while conceding the other for the sake of the argument. In doing so, I propose to show, as briefly as possible, not only that women at the present time, considered as women and apart from the class to which they belong, suffer no sort of social injustice to which the men of their class are not equally exposed, but, on the contrary, that as women they enjoy privileges, and hence constitute a privileged order of human beings, not only as against the men of their class, but as against men generally, as men. If this be so, I contend not only does the practical urgency of the Suffrage claim, even if it were conceded in the abstract, fall to the ground, but even the abstract right itself would disappear, since the granting of it would amount to the piling up of an additional privilege on an already privileged class.

That the object of a large number of these women who are now clamouring for the franchise is not merely to maintain but to extend their legal privileges is evident to anyone. They want the suffrage as a weapon wherewith to carry on a sex-war, with a view countering evolution with a vengeance I will merely merely to maintain but to extend their legal privileges.

But to address ourselves to our more immediate purpose, which is to show the privileged status of women before the law, alike in itself and still more in its administration. Let us begin with the civil law, and, first of all, with that relating to the status of the married woman. No woman can be imprisoned for non-payment of her debts. Not even can her property be attached for the payment of a debt if settled on her in due form. Neither can she be served with a bankruptcy order unless in relation to a business carried on apart from her husband and in her own name. She is free to leave her husband, and he has no legal power to detain her or compel her to return. He has no control over her personal property. She, on the other hand, can obtain an order for restitution of conjugal rights, by which he is ordered to return, or she can obtain alimony or maintenance, according to her “station in life.” The husband is responsible for any slander or libel she may commit although he knew nothing of it or even disapproved it. He is liable, that is, for damages and costs, while she escapes with absolute impunity. From the above it will be seen that the infamous British law sticks at no outrage on the most elementary principles of common rectitude in privileging the married woman at the cost of her husband. Not that this is by any means a complete statement of the case. To have given such, with the necessary detail and references to law reports, would have carried us much beyond the limits admissible in the present article.

Among all the women’s rights advocates I am not aware of one who, in her zeal for equality between the sexes, has ever suggested abolishing the right of maintenance of the wife by the husband. On the contrary, they are usually only too eager to increase the husband’s burdens in this connection. By an Act passed in 1895 this liability for maintenance was extended to a wife notwithstanding her adultery. It must be remembered here that it is not alone by actual statute that wives are favoured at the expense of their husbands, but that judge-made or decision law is even still more operative in this direction. As has been remarked of the judges in this matter, “every moth-eaten scrap of privilege which is in favour of the wife they retain. All privileges of the husband, no matter how firmly established, they deny as ever having existed.” An illustration of this is to be found in the case of Lord Halsbury in the Jackson case that a husband had never the right in English to restrain his wife! The pro-Feminist bias of judges is no less marked in civil than in criminal proceedings.

Let us now turn to the criminal law. A wife enjoys, at present in this country, practical immunity for all offences of which her husband is the victim. Gaol and public obloquy are the lot of the husband, as we all know, for similar offences towards the wife. The wife, without forfeiting her right of maintenance, may insult, slander, or libel her husband. The wife is free to neglect every one of her recognised duties, while the husband has no redress. If, on the other hand, the husband neglects her he is at once liable to a police-court separation order with confiscation of property, or wages, for her maintenance. It must be remembered here that everything of which the wife chooses to complain (e.g. coming home late at night) will be held by the Court to constitute neglect, just as everything the wife chooses to call cruelty will be construed as such by a similar chivalrous tribunal. A husband can be arrested and imprisoned for deserting his wife, whereas a wife may desert her husband with impunity. But it is not so much in the letter of the law that its sex-favouritism is most conspicuously illustrated. It is in the spirit of its administration that this sex-favouritism appears in its strongest light. An assault by a woman on a man is usually punished by a fine only, while a man is lightly punished if at all. That this is so can be tested by anyone who likes to read the police reports regularly. Again, a case is hardly known of a woman being sentenced to imprisonment for bigamy. Men commonly receive seven years for this offence. Similarly, a woman is practically allowed full freedom to commit perjury in the Divorce Court with a view to establishing a case of adultery against her husband. Let the husband but try the same game on and he will find quite another pair of shoes awaiting him. Even if the perjury be committed to exculpate himself—a thing regarded as a matter of course in the wife—the husband is by no means secure from the danger of penal servitude. The only case in which perjury is permitted to a man without consequences is where it is committed
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in criminal cases is supposed to apply equally to both sexes, but the practical difference in its application is so flagrantly glaring as to hardly need animadversion. We all know the savagely vindictive sentences passed by police magistrates and judges for the most trivial (say in the Divorce Court) in order to guard or white-wash the character of a woman. The letter of the law in criminal cases is supposed to apply equally to both sexes, but the practical difference in its application is so flagrantly glaring as to hardly need animadversion. We all know the savagely vindictive sentences passed by police magistrates and judges for the most trivial (say in the Divorce Court) in order to guard or white-wash the character of a woman.

As regards indecent assaults, the late Baron Huddleston remarked that in his experience men required far more protection against women than women against men. The reason for this is obvious. It is hardly known, even in the most malicious charge of this kind, that the female plaintiff has ever been prosecuted, much less convicted, for perjury. With this absolute immunity, this dastardly form of blackmailing has naturally flourished among a certain section of the female population. It is even encouraged by the law, for by the Criminal Law Amendment Act of 1885 a boy of fourteen can be convicted for committing a sexual offence with a girl of sixteen, to which he was actually invited by the later, who, by virtue of her sex, is held guilty by the law. I know of a case in which a female was produced as witness against several boys, younger than herself, whom she had seduced, but the Court held that this precocious creature could not be punished, although her victims were duly sent to gaol.

As regards prison treatment, it is well known that flogging is absolutely abolished by the Act of 1820 where woman are concerned. Hanging is practically abolished by usage for women who murder men. Women, if they find prison discipline irksome to them, have as a rule only to create a sufficient disturbance to get it relaxed. A very flagrant case of this kind occurred some years ago at Wormwood Scrubs. In any case the duration of sentence is, on the average, about one-third that which a man would receive for a like offence, while the "hard-labour" is generally little more than nominal.

I have above given a few of the leading points in the favouritism of the law towards women. Those who wish to pursue the matter in further detail, list of cases etc., may be referred to a pamphlet published some twelve years ago by the Twentieth Century Press entitled "The Legal Subjection of Men." This pamphlet, I may observe, which gives the state of the law and its administration at the time of writing, and which holds good to-day as an asylum to create a mental disturbance to get it relaxed. A very flagrant case of this kind occurred some years ago at Wormwood Scrubs. In any case the duration of sentence is, on the average, about one-third that which a man would receive for a like offence, while the "hard-labour" is generally little more than nominal.

We will now turn to an argument which is sure to crop up. What, it may be said, has all this to do with the right of women to the franchise? Women, it may be urged, are not responsible for these iniquitously sex-biased laws, or for the administration of the law. The answer to this is, that the chief argument for the inequality and urgency of votes for women insisted on by Suffragettes is mainly the unfairness of treatment meted out to women. Now, it is clear that when it is shown that much-decried man makes laws wholly and solely in the interests of the opposite sex and to the detriment of his own, any conclusions drawn from the contrary assumption vanish in smoke. If it be alleged, further, that women do not want these privileges, my reply is, why do they not say so in the course of their agitation? In the present article I have only dealt briefly with one aspect of this question. I may point out in conclusion that the existing state of public opinion on the subject registers the fact that sex-conscious women have exploited the muscular weakness of their sex and have succeeded in forging a weapon of tyranny called "chivalry" which enables them to ride rough-shod over every principle of justice and fair play. Men are cowed by it, and fail to distinguish between simple weakness and to which should command every consideration, and that aggressive weakness which trades upon "chivalry" and deserves no quarter.

**Medicine and the State.**

By Havelock Ellis.

The growing recognition of the intimate relation of Medicine to the State—clearly reflected of late in the columns of The New Age, and notably in the discussion of eugenics—certainly corresponds to a real phase of social development. No doubt the co-operation of medicine in the general government of the world is primitive enough. The priest, the lawyer, and the physician were once indistinguishable; the great religious leaders of mankind have been healers of the body as much as of the soul; the specialisation of medicine, with the concomitant development of its professional rather than of its social aspects, has been a comparatively modern and temporary phenomenon. A necessary stage, unquestionably, it has yet had some unfortunate results. It has led to an unnatural divorce of the health-regulating functions of the community from its general regulative functions, and to an undue neglect of those health-regulating functions, since they cannot be maintained adequately except by the community acting in its collective capacity. It has further led to an equally unnatural and unreasonable subordination of the hygienic aspects of medicine to its merely therapeutic aspects, to the substitution, that is to say, for the method of prevention of the more hazardous and expensive method of cure. It would be unjust to charge the doctor with the responsibility for this substitution, although, under existing conditions, it happens to be a professional advantage to him, just as the confusion resulting from the long delay in codifying our laws is a professional advantage to the lawyer. The doctor has to work under the conditions which are imposed upon him as a member of a special caste on which the community has conferred no social authority. He can only help those who come to him, and none come to him if they can avoid it. His work is among human wreckage. He is compelled to be a mere cobbler of decrepit bodies, because he is shut out from the larger creative and constructive social tasks. From the time of the Renaissance onwards some of the most brilliant minds of Europe have occupied themselves with medicine, but...
they have always been compelled to concern themselves mainly, not with the creation of the conditions necessary for the production of splendid men and women, but with the patching up of the feeble beings resulting from the neglect of those conditions.

At times indeed the community has momentarily awakened to a sense of its responsibilities for the establishment of the conditions of health. Great epidemics from the eighteenth century onwards especially exerted an effect of this kind, and the visitations of cholera were in this respect notably beneficial. More than two centuries ago an epidemic ensured the favourable reception of a proposal of Mead, the most influential physician of his day, that a Board of Health should be established; but when the wave of disease had spent itself, the public sank back into indifference, and the scheme was never carried out. It is little more than half a century since the State began seriously to realise itself, the public sank back into indifference, and the establishment and preservation of the conditions of health are still only at the beginning. The State is allowed to shirk its responsibilities in this matter. It is quite impossible for it to be served by the possibility of bringing the medical service of the country into close touch with the health service, a measure of the very greatest importance.

In an address on "The Place of Physicians" in 1892, James Hinton, not only a distinguished surgeon, but a pioneering thinker in social matters, eloquently set forth, more than thirty years ago, the great rôle which the doctor will have to play in the development of the life of man on its true human base. He made no attempt to sketch the socialisation of medicine; at that time a collectivist scheme of nationalisation of health was but to-day, if the hospitals continue to be the servant of the State; the general public will gain immensely, because they will be enabled to avail themselves honestly of the best that medical science can at present give; and the larger interests of the community will be served by the possibility of bringing the medical service of the country into close touch with the health service, a measure of the very greatest importance.

The economic factor is indeed everywhere, and to work at it is to work towards, among other things, the cause of national health. But that is very far from enough. If we all lived in palaces, if we all worked for only four hours a day, the hygienic problems of life cannot guard themselves against epidemics, and millions cannot erect around themselves the massive economic reorganisation of society and everything will be settled automatically; diseases will disappear, the conditions of health will assert themselves spontaneously. It is impossible to over-rate the importance of the economic reorganisation of society, but we have to realise what economic reorganisation is able to effect and what is outside its sphere. There are no social panaceas, and those who regard economics as the alpha and omega of all social progress merely cast ridicule on the cause they wish to serve.

The economic factor is indeed everywhere, and to work at it is to work towards, among other things, the cause of national health. But that is very far from enough. If we all lived in palaces, if we all worked for only four hours a day, the economic problems of life would call for solution with equal imperativeness. Kings cannot guard themselves against epidemics, and millionaires cannot erect around themselves the massive machinery needed to secure a healthy life. That is why we may welcome the present tendency to recognise that the establishment of the conditions of health must be an active duty of the State, and that the problems of medicine are by no means the exclusive concern of the professional caste which is entrusted with their investigation.

* I may be permitted to mention that in a little book on "The Nationalisation of Health" (published in 1892), I attempted to set forth in more detail this modern movement towards the socialisation of Medicine.
The Suffragette: a Farce.

By Lavinia King.

MR. ASTERISKS ... ... ... Home Secretary.
JAMES... ... ... ... His Valet.
MISS BELLONEY ... ... ... A Suffragette.
A Policeman, played by B.
Duke of Portland, played by B.
Field-Marshal Lord Ovea, played by J.
False Minister, played by H.
A Constable, played by J.

SCENE: The Home Secretary's Study.

(Enter Asterisks, ushered by James—Asterisks has a very large red hooked nose and a drooping fair moustache.)

Asterisks: I shall be writing all the morning, James. James: You're always right in everything, sir.

Asterisks: True, James. Bring up the Monster Petition from the Associated Bottle-Washers when it arrives, James.

James: Yes, sir. (Goes.)

Asterisks: Now for my letters. (Settles down.)

James: The Monsters' Petition, sir.

Asterisks: Put it down!

James: It's the Monster itself. Remove it!

Asterisks: What in the name of heaven do you want?

Belloney: Up the spout.

Asterisks: Where your clothes came from. Well, I thought you were a dog; it seems you're a . . . Never mind, I'm going to see if you're a bird. (Throws her out of the window. Rings.)

James: You've got it. I vote you a public nuisance. How did you get here?

Belloney: Up the spout.

Asterisks: Where your clothes came from. Well, I thought you were a dog; it seems you're a . . . Never mind, I'm going to see if you're a bird. (Throws her out of the window. Rings.)

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Belloney: Up the spout.

Asterisks: Where your clothes came from. Well, I thought you were a dog; it seems you're a . . . Never mind, I'm going to see if you're a bird. (Throws her out of the window. Rings.)

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James: You've got it. I vote you a public nuisance. How did you get here?
I dare say, but I must say that when I call on official business upon one of His Most Gracious Majesty’s Principal Secretaries of State, it is highly unbecoming and indeed indecorous, partaking, almost, I might almost say, of the nature of an—Very pompous, to contrast with its absurd appearance. Asterisks, who has been shrieking with laughter, recognises that this is the real man, is struck with the most dreadful apprehension—collects his wits...

Asterisks: My dear Lord Oven, this is a most dreadful business. That you should suspect me of playing these terrible women, I fear. That trap was meant for bath and a change of clothes. See! I’m a good deal splashed myself!

Field-Marshal: Well, I suppose—

Asterisks: No supposing: come along. (Exeunt.)

(Belloney disguised as the Minister re-enters almost immediately, and starts busily writing letters, humming cheerfully in a shrill falsetto. After him—

Enter a real Constable (played by James) and salutes.)

Minister: Constable, I expect to be attacked by a most desperate female woman. Destroy her instantly when I give the signal!

(The Policeman exhibits a brace of revolvers and three toy cannon, which he trains on doors and window.)

James: Ready, sir, ready!

(Enter, wildly, a man in a hath-towel, with his hair full of soap (played by Asterisks); starts at seeing the pre-acknowledgment of himself in the chair.)

Asterisks: By heaven, I’m going mad! Constable (grasping his arm), you’re sold anyhow! Tell me, before I rage—is there anybody sitting in that chair, or is there not?

James: Ho, yus, La Milo. That’s Mr. Hasterisks the Ome Sekertery.

Asterisks: It’s the devil! It’s the woman! And she’s got my clothes!

Belloney (rising with dignity): Constable, arrest that woman!

(A struggle. They go out. Belloney gives a short dance of triumph, comes forward and bows, removing the false nose and moustache.)

Books and Persons.

(AN OCCASIONAL CAUSERIE)

I have had great joy in Mr. Nowell Charles Smith’s new and comprehensive edition of Wordsworth, published by Methuen’s in three volumes as majestic as Wordsworth himself at his most pontifical. The price is fifteen shillings net, and having regard to the immense perseverance of himself in the chair.)

This line is a most convenient and effective stone to throw at one’s languid friends. Finally let me hail Mr. Nowell Smith as a benefactor, such a commencement, the singularly agreeable volume of the reckonings and excavations not only of Professor Knight, but, more important, of the wonderful Mr. Hutchinson, whose contributions to the “Academy,” in days of yore, were the delight of Wordsworthians.

Personally, I became a member of the order of Wordsworthians in the historic year 1891, when Matthew Arnold and Sir Leslie Stephen were the two sanest Wordsworthians of us all. And Matthew Arnold put Wordsworth above all modern poets except Dante, Shakspeare, Goethe, Milton, and Molière. The test of a Wordsworthian is the ability to read every line that the poet wrote. I regret to say that, strictly, Matthew Arnold was not a perfect Wordsworthian; he confessed, with manly sincerity, that he could not read “Vaudracour and Julia” with pleasure. This was a pity and Matthew Arnold’s loss. For a strict Wordsworthian, who is keenly conserving his reverence for the most poetic of poets, can discover a keen ecstacy in the perusal of the unconsciously funny lines which Wordsworth was constantly perpetrating. And I would back myself to win the first prize in any competition for Wordsworth’s funniest line with a quotation from “Vaudracour and Julia.” My prize-line would assuredly be:

Yea, his first word of greeting was,—“All right... It is true that the passage goes on:

From his tendercast yecara Wordsworth succeeded in combining the virtues of Milton and of “Punch” in a manner that no other poet has approached. Thus, at the age of eighteen, he could write:

Now while the solemn evening shadows sail,
On slowly-waving pinions, down the vale;
And fronting the bright west, you oak entwines
Its darkening boughs...

Which really is rather splendid for a boy. And he could immediately follow that, speaking of a family of swans, with:

While tender cares and mild domestic loves
With turtie watch pursue her as she moves,
The female with a meeker charm succeeds...

Wordsworth richly atoned for his unconscious farcefulness by a multitude of single lines that, in their pregnant sublimity, attend the Wordsworthian like a shadow throughout his life, warning him continually when he is in danger of making a fool of himself. Thus, whenever through mere idleness I begin to waste the irrecoverable moments of eternity, I always think of this than a guinea for the memoirs of any tin god that I will not be sure:

Unprofitably travelling towards the grave.

This line is a most convenient and effective stone to throw at one’s languid friends. Finally let me hail Mr. Nowell Smith as a benefactor.

There seems to be some chance of Stendhal becoming relatively popular in this country. I have been asked about editions. I should like to recommend, as commencement, the singularly agreeable volume of selections issued by the “Mercure de France” at 3½ francs, or, bound in half-calf in a style that does not offend a bibliophile, 6 francs (less dis.). This book, of over five hundred pages, is a model. The selector has taken no thought for the jeune fille; he has simply chosen the best. The book ends with eight appendices, some learned, including a biography and an exhaustive list of Stendhal’s numerous “fitting’s,” compiled by that arch-Stendhalian, M. Paul Léautaud. It begins with a portrait.

The Rev. R. J. CAMPBELL, M.A. (of the City Temple), WILL LECTURE AT THE St. James’s Hall, GREAT PORTLAND STREET, LONDON, W. On Wednesday next, JUNE 3rd. Subject: PRACTICAL HOUSING.

Sir JOHN DICKSON-POYNDEK, Bart., M.P., will take the Chair at 8 p.m.

The Rt. Hon. W. BUHRN, M.P., to the Right of the Railing Tenants, Ltd., on Whit Monday, to be made to Mr. F. LITCHFIELD, 6, Bloomsbury Square, W.C.
BOOK OF THE WEEK.

Sane Science.*

Amply is our patience rewarded who have waited these many years for Professor Thomson’s exposition of the biological tendencies of our time. Having all knowledge for his province, master of a lucid and vigorous language, he reproves with a deliberate calm the vain pretensions of quacks and mathematicians who, armed with their newest formulae and ignorant of any forms of life, especially ignorant of human lives, “assume the possession of more science than is really available.”

The chief exponent of biology, in this country, protests against the “impetuous recommendations of some who seem to adhere too exclusively to the biological—the breeders—point of view, who sometimes do not hesitate to suggest methods of surgical elimination to an extent that is almost grotesque.”

The keynote to Professor Thomson’s position is his definition of heredity as “the genetic relation between successive generations.” The relative values of heredity, environment, and function are so clearly displayed in the following sentences that we shall express a hope, which we may not share, that a mastery of the book by some of the leading exponents of biology and eugenics will dispose them to a saner judgment. “Great importance undoubtedly attaches to Environment in the widest sense—food, climate, housing, scenery, and the animate milieu; and to Function in the widest sense—exercise, education, occupation, or the lack of these; but all these pertain only to an organism whose mental value is determined, though not rigidly fixed, by its heredity. They (bodily modifications) are individually important, and in human society they are of much moment, but if they are not transmissible they do not take organic place, and they cannot afford materials for selection to work with. For the human race, the external heritage of tradition, institutions, and law, the results of science, and so on, are of paramount importance, but they are outside the immediate problem of organic and natural inheritance.”

To distinguish between what is due to heredity and what is due to environment, to nature and to nurture, is often no easy problem; it is especially difficult in the case of mammals, which like man, are subject to analyseable conditions within the mother for months before birth. “Life implies persistent action and reaction between organism and temperament.”

Sociologists who think the controversy closed as to the transmission of acquired characters will profit from chapter seven, which is devoted to a “discussion of this problem because of its great importance, both practically and theoretically.” Professor Thomson is strongly inclined to the Weismannian view; or rather as he states it—there is no unoubted proof in any single instance of an acquired character being transmitted as such. It is, however, not necessary to accept Weismann’s theory of the germ-plasm, which is one explanation of the manner in which the reproductive-cells remain unaffected by changes in the body-cells of the organism. One of the difficulties is to distinguish in practice between an unknown variation and a modification which may only become real under the influence of certain conditions. Gout is most probably an inherited disease, a variation due to some peculiarity of the tissue-cells; but in the presence of a suitable nurture—or perhaps in the absence of an unsuitable one, say lead or alcoholic poisoning—the children of a gouty parent may never betray the disease. But the tendency to the disease will nevertheless be transmitted to the next generation, which will remain unchanged only so long as it absteins from hitting the dynamite. The disease might remain dormant for many generations until the day one of these potentially gouty persons gets lead poisoning, for instance, and gout. Of course we should say the lead has caused the gout (the old gouty ancestor being forgotten). Now, if a son of

* “Heredity.” By Professor J. Arthur Thomson. 603 pp. (John Murray. 92. net.)

this individual develops gout, perhaps from inattention to his diet, it would serve as an instance of an acquired character being transmitted.

On the other hand, Professor Thomson insists that the positive side has not been strengthened by the experiments on mutilations. Will Lord Cromer kindly observe “altogether apart from convictions as to the ethical limits of scientific enquiry, a sound biology is not likely to gain much from experiments the conditions of which are so utterly different from those arising in the state of nature”?

I have never been able to understand why arguments for mutilation should have been considered as valid evidence one way or the other; no one has ever suggested that a man whose leg has been amputated would have one-legged children. The effect is purely local, but we can understand how the fact that a one-legged man, being less energetic than a biped, might lower his whole constitution, and he would thus begin less vigorous offspring.

Professor Thomson admits that this may be the case, but he states that it is not relevant, because there are changes in the reproductive-cells along with changes in the body-cells. He will not admit it unless the exact structural modification of the parent is reproduced. If he be technically correct, it still seems to me, from a practical point of view, he has admitted everything the Lamarckians want—given them more than a good deal as he says. Let me put a possible case. That alcohol acts as poison to the reproductive cells as well as to the body-cells is granted. Some change is produced in the germ-cells; whether that change be one that will lead the child to alcoholism, to some form of insanity, or even to tectotalism, it seems that the Lamarckian view is admitted, a modification in the parent has affected the offspring. However, one requires more than can be allowed here to discuss this important question. Professor Thomson’s caution “to say dogmatically that such transmission is impossible is unscientific” should be taken to heart by whose who do not possess his knowledge.
All interested in heredity and disease, in the newer facts procured by the statistical method, by the experimental method on Mendelian lines, will find full and lucid descriptions, with diagrams, that will make Mendelism plain to the lowest intelligence.

The final chapter on the social aspects of biological results is replete with wisdom. Professor Thomson protests against the "materialism of pretending that sociology is merely a higher department of biology, and a human societary group no more than a crowd of mammals."

Human society is a new synthetic unit, with laws of its own, "with a life and soul of its own." I am glad to have Professor at all odd-fashioned. When he says that "even when the physical constitution is miserable, the weakling may be a national asset worth saving for its mental endowment, for instance: and for other reasons."

We would exchange a score of physically sound men for another Spinoza or Keats. As he says when we pass from organism to human society, "the whole venue changes so much that we have to be very careful in our application."


M. D. EDER

REVIEWS.

Heroes and Heroines of Russia. By Jackoff Prebon. (Simpkin, Marshall, Hamilton, Kent and Co. 10s.)

Mr. Prebon takes us back as far as 1045, in the first years of the Romanov dynasty, when Stenka Razin raised the standard of revolt and succeeded in founding some Cossack republics which, however, fell to pieces when Razin was captured and quartered alive in Moscow in 1667.

At the same time, there have been many attempts at freedom, but it is impossible to touch on them all in the short space of a review, and we must admit that it is the heroines of Russia who attract us most, for they work side by side with the men, organising, spreading the gospel, and dying for the cause as readily.

Of these women, Catherine Breshkovskaya (still alive and still working for the freedom of Russia) has spent twenty-three years in prison and exile. She is the daughter of a Russian nobleman, and gave herself up to revolution propaganda amongst the peasants, doing manual labour by day and organising by night. In 1874 she was arrested, and tells us:—

"In jail I was led down to the 'Black Hole.' ... I was pushed into a heavy door slammed, and the hoists raised in total darkness. At once I was sickened by the odour. I took a step forward and slipped, for the floor was soft with excrement. I stood still until deadly sick, I sank down on a pile of straw and rags. A minute later I was stung sharply back to consciousness, and sprang up covered with vermin. I leaned against the walls, and found them damp. So I stood up all night in the middle of the hole. And this was the beginning of Siberia."

Sophie Perovskaya, another aristocrat, devoted herself to the movement, and when urged to seek safety abroad, replied: "I would rather be hanged in Russia than walk only abroad," and what he said was true of her fate, for she was practically the chief organiser and leader of the conspiracy which resulted in the assassination of Alexander II. Sophie was hanged on April 15, 1881. Of her execution the correspondent of the "Cologne Gazette" reported: "I have been present at a dozen executions in the East, but never have I wit.
essed such a butchery." The name of Marie Spiridonova is still fresh in our memories. She shot Lujenovskya, and was seized by a Cossack officer, Abramoff, who swung her in the air and threw her on the platform. She was put into a cell at the police-station, where

"Abramoff and the police officer Zhdanoff took off all her clothing, and began to kick and throw her about from one to another as in a football game. Next they began to belabour her with the nahaika (Cossack whip) and to burn her skin with lighted cigarettes. With their nails they tore away from her body portions of skin and tufts of her hair. All this was done in the object of making Marie tell the names of her accomplices, but brutalised and wounded and mutilated as she was, with one eye nearly knocked out and the whole face swollen and bleeding, she did not utter a word."

Marie was then sent by train to Tamboff in charge of the same Abramoff. She was so weak that, fearing she might die on the journey, the authorities sent a male nurse, Zimin, with her.

"But after reaching Tamboff, on reaching the station Ternovskaya, sent Zimin away, and then took Marie to a compartment, where he committed the cruellest atrocity upon his helpless victim, an atrocity all the more revolting and unspeakable as he contaminated her with a certain disease from which the profligate brute suffered himself." There is some small satisfaction in knowing that Abramoff and Zhdanoff have since been assassinated, not, however, by order of the Tsar, with whom our Government has lately entered into an alliance.

Such outrages do not stem the revolution; they give it force. Whilst Russian women give not only themselves, but their daughters to the holy war (does not Marie Spiridonova's mother call herself "the proudest mother in Russia!") it must triumph.

There is sufficient material in this book to provide sensational reading for the public that delights in thrilling incidents; the plots are more exciting than ever written by novelist's pen. There are hairbreadth escapes galore; romantic marriages, plots and counter-plots abound.

It is a pity that Mr. Prelooker's English was not carefully revised by some one acquainted with the fact that our language is a literary one; there is no excuse nowaday for bad grammar that is no help to the meaning, nor for a slipshod style. The writer does not belong to any Continental school of thought; he is not a Socialist. We have a quarrel with the publishers; the get-up of the book is horrid, the size unhandy, the paper poor, and the cover deplorably ugly.


Burke did not know how to draw up an indictment against a people. It is equally difficult to draw up an indictment of a movement. The London Municipal Society, however, has made a gallant attempt, and for what it purports to be, the present volume is admirably and, on the whole, fairly done. Under various headings the questions of Socialism in relation to Religion, the Family, the Army, etc., etc., are discussed with a wealth of reference to various Socialist writers, obscure and the reverse. Naturally we do not complain of this; but we regret the expenditure of so much time on a futile defence. There is only one case against Socialism, and that is a positive alternative. In their introductory chapter the compilers emphasise a popular fallacy, the fallacy, namely, that "the sole remedy for social evil is to be found in Socialism, and in Socialism alone." Well, if that is a fallacy, let the London Municipal Society prove it by telling us how, without Socialism, they propose to abolish poverty. We are quite content to make the question a test question. Unfortunately for their case, however, the writers refer to unemployment and poverty as "distressing facts which are to be found in all systems of society" (177). In other words, they regard unemployment and poverty as inevitable. By that non possumus they simply reduce themselves and their case against Socialism to sheer negationism; with which no sensible person will trouble himself.
WE SIMPLY ASK YOU THIS:

Why are you pale and thin, with hollow cheeks, a sallow complexion, and a listless manner?

It is because you are Anaemic?

Why are you Anaemic? It is probably because you do not properly assimilate the food you take, and it does no good. Hence your blood has become poor, thin, and watery through lack of suitable nutriment, and your whole system suffers.

For the blood nourishes the tissues of the body, and if the blood is starved, the body is starved also. Vi-Cocoa when taken with other food, will help you to digest it. Therefore make Vi-Cocoa your habitual beverage with your meals, and it will put flesh on your wasted bones and bring back roses to your pallid cheeks.

What will it cost you? A packet of Vi-Cocoa will cost no more than six-pence, a price which places it within the reach of all. It is the very best value ever given for the money, and in combating Anaemia is far preferable to drugs or any other Food Beverage.
the thing in itself was the watching of the sure and certain laying on of the strokes of the brush. It is a beautiful picture behind faint gold glass, very beautiful, but I have just a suspicion of a desire to throw a stone at the glass.

Whether this proletarian vulgarity of idea was shared by the management I should not like to say, but "Naxos" was followed by the Corroboree Patrick Scoles "Feed the Brute," a one-act "conversation" between a labourer in Mason's Dwellings, West Ham, and his wife. Many of the old wheezes about poor people were trotted out, and some hoary old jokes. Once we had that antique about the doctor ordering "champagne and oysters," and they went their way with it. The old father and manages to make him realistically troll-like. The discerning playgoer does not miss Mr. Edmund Gwenn, who produced the play, made the success which is usual with him in the chief part.

The boom in one-act plays has been given a distinct impetus by the Kingsway Matinees. Miss Lena Ashwell's bill of four one-act plays is a very competent affair, if not very striking. Two of the plays are just passable, Mrs. Clifford's phantasmagorical study of neurotics in "The Latch" and "Ena Anstruther's platitudeously pathetic "The Whirligig." But the other two are good. "Charlotte on Bigamy" is a jolly play, dealing with the life of working folk in a northern manufacturing town, and "A Nocturne," in the back-sitting-room of Charlotte by the way contributes an item to the discussion on Marriage omitted by G. B. S. Two men, a lawyer's clerk at 35s. a week, and an engine-driver at £2 10s. a week, lodgers in her father's house, are in love with Charlotte. The clerk is liked but respectably, the engine-driver is loved but crude. The driver gains the day, but he is already married to a woman who left him years ago, and of whom he has no trace. And divorce is a rich man's luxury. Perhaps this aspect of the matter would have marked the case and gadget of "Getting Married." Charlotte recognises that no need for a legal marriage exists except from the point of view of "the street"; hence her suggestion of bigamy. For the solution of the problem apply at the Kingsway.

Of these three one-act plays, one of them was splendidly cast, "Charlotte." Mr. Michael Sherbrooke takes the part of the old father and manages to make him realistically troll-like. The discerning playgoer does not miss Mr. Michael Sherbrooke if he can help it; his delightful voice, his self-control, his ability would go far to make even a poor play tolerable. Miss Gertrude Scott as Charlotte was very successful, but needed more practice in maintaining the north country accent.

The acting success of these matinées is undoubtedly that of Miss Haidée Wright in Wharton's "Nocturne"; her portrayal of the fierce vineyard resentment of the overworked, disappointed, inefficient, ugly, and inferior schoolmistress was so actual as to make it easily possible to diagnose the actual physical maladies from which she was suffering. The greater proof of its actuality was its beauty. The one-act sketch of life in "Kingsmere Road, N.," with its unreal dream and all was precisely what it calls itself, a beautiful "Nocturne." It is very much to be hoped that these matinées will have the success they desire to have; they introduce such a much needed flexibility into our dramatic arrangements.

For the moment, however, what I feel in need of is not more flexibility in dramatic arrangements, but more dignity and solemnity. Lilah McCarthy, the Kingsway people, and I've not mentioned Constance Collier and Norman McKinnel, who struggled bravely with the (pardon the slang) rotten parts in "The Latch," capped by Madame Bartet at the Shaftesbury—need the training and emotions of a contortionist to properly appreciate. Madame Bartet is a great actress, Lilah McCarthy is great, and discrimination without the use of the graphical method is difficult. But the comparison is useless if not impossible. Madame Bartet's art is supremely the presentation of life in action, Lilah McCarthy's method is to light up and glow—as she did in Donna Anna—and display what she acts like an illuminated sign. Probably the kinds of emotions and ideas and actions to be presented by these two methods are completely different. If both actresses were plotted on curves with so much allure for eloquence, so much emphasis, so much force, so forth, one might come to an approximate judgment. Madame Bartet was more charming in de Musset's "La Caprice," the kind of one-act comedy that has such thousands of inefficient imitators. And in this Madame Bartet had no opportunity of that curious method of expressing emotions by causing the hands and fingers to rapidly vibrate. Both Madame Bartet and Madame Flie Mignot did this in the big scene in "La Loi de l'Honneur." And to even an amateur naturalist this is so reminiscence of the fluttering antennae and gill apparatus of crustaceans.

**Music**

Some recent Recitals and a Book.

There is nothing in the world quite like the playing of MM. Ysäye and Pugno. This season they have joined in a series of recitals of very serious music and everybody has flocked to listen to them. A critic, with opinions, is surely dumb before such amazing perfection unless he is idle, N. is excellent, Michael Sherbrooke if he can help it; his delightful voice, his self-control, his ability would go far to exhaust all the superlatives of praise and admiration in the language. Indeed, he must, when listening to the Bach and Mozart sonatas, find it difficult to give any justification for his calling. What does anybody's opinion matter upon such high merit? To often think a "list of those present" would be a sufficient criterion of most concerts, and far more exciting than the reiteration of familiar adjectives. An habitué of the concert-rooms could then easily (except in the case of an unheralded début) form some opinion of the importance of the occasion. Until the occasion is too popular, when it is difficult—or an Elman concert; for then the suburbs go to hear the music of Spohr and Mendelssohn and Tartini, and a gentle sop is thrown to the elect in the shape of a piece by Delius or Debussy. This is admirable enough, however, as things are, but it2 reminds one painfully in Professor Hugo Becker's recent performance of shockingly bad music by some nineteenth century virtuoso—Boccherini, I think. To hear such a fine performer publicly give in his Adonaïs, and even then feel that language is impossible. Madame Bartet's art is supremely the presentation of life in action, Lilah McCarthy's method is to light up and glow—as she did in Donna Anna—and display what she acts like an illuminated sign. Probably the kinds of emotions and ideas and actions to be presented by these two methods are completely different. If both actresses were plotted on curves with so much allure for eloquence, so much emphasis, so much force, so forth, one might come to an approximate judgment. Madame Bartet was more charming in de Musset's "La Caprice," the kind of one-act comedy that has such thousands of inefficient imitators. And in this Madame Bartet had no opportunity of that curious method of expressing emotions by causing the hands and fingers to rapidly vibrate. Both Madame Bartet and Madame Flie Mignot did this in the big scene in "La Loi de l'Honneur." And to even an amateur naturalist this is so reminiscence of the fluttering antennae and gill apparatus of crustaceans.

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**Hudson's Soap**

There is more washing and cleaning power in a penny packet of HUDDSON'S SOAP than can be purchased for a penny in any other form. Every particle of it is so much more cleansing force. For washing clothes, and for scrubbing and house cleaning generally, HUDDSON'S SOAP has no equal.
This lady’s ideas of Romance are evidently of the kind imagined and fondly admired by the middle-Victorian spinner of seventeen, the hero being a nice Faustian kind of person with flowing locks and a large lace collar, and a background of languishing maidens and ver-
million villains. Again, in pleading that there is room
for specialists in every department of art,” she says
that “a Wagner may be as many-sided as Leonardo da
Vinci, but the nobler, stronger qualities of the pictures
do not make the work of such a man as Wtattanau less
pleasing to the eye and to the imagination.” Nobody
ever said they were less pleasing to the eye; and,
between, the Wagner parallel is very unfortunate, for,
like every other revolutionary, he was entirely one-
-sided. Altogether, the little book is an excellent ex-
ample of the misunderstanding that is possible about
music. Would this dear person, I wonder, enjoy all
“the delightful variety of the Opera House” (her medi-
tations and enthusiasm are entirely upon luxuriously
catered music) if it were a bade, white-washed room
with wooden forms for seats instead of curtained and
cushioned boxes?

The love motif in the “letters” is dragged in at odd
moments between opinions on music and performers.
What can one say to this: “You have brought a
curious experience. For the two nights of your absence,
the music had appealed merely to the intelligence”? If
the writer of this book is a man, God forgive him; if
a woman, man will forgive her easily enough.

Hastser Hughes.

CORRESPONDENCE.

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

Correspondence intended for publication should be addressed to
the Editor and written on one side of the paper only.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—Correspondents are requested to be brief
Many letters weekly are omitted on account of their length.

SHALL WE HANG WOMEN?

TO THE EDITOR

OF "THE NEW AGE.”

To possess a spirit of accuracy is of greater value than to
own a variegated vocabulary. Had your charming corre-
spondent Belfort Bax possessed the former he would not have
needed to display so ostentatiously his acquaintance with
polymeric nursery phrases.

Belfort Bax has evidently no knowledge of the constitu-
tional or aims of the Society for the Abolition of Capital
Punishment or of the Bill which I have drafted and which
has been adopted by several societies; and because of his
want of knowledge he writes with the usual assurance of the
irresponsible. The subject, however, is so important that
while I bid good-bye to Belfort Bax (with the hope that when
he next takes up his pen he will drop
no sex theories. Its aim is to abolish capital punish-
ment as that of putting the Crystal Palace
on the Bechstein Hall one afternoon.

UNITARIANISM AN AFFIRMATIVE

"ZION’S WORKS

BEAUTIFUL HOLIDAY CENTRE. — Dean
Forest, Svern and Wye Valleys. Spacious House, ex-
tensive grounds (altitude 600 ft.). Excellent piano, billiard
room, bath, swimming bath, tennis. Good proprietors, many
suitable excursions and entertainments. Vegetarians accommo-
dated. Board Residence from 27s. Photos, particulars—
HALLAM, Littledean House, Newnham, Glos'thire.

FION’S WORKS

"UNITARIANISM AN AFFIRMATIVE FAITH,” "UNITARIAN CHRIST-
ianity Explained" (Armstrong), "Eternal Punishment" (Sophie Brookes);
"Atonement" (Pag Hopp) gives post free—Ms. BARMBY, Mount
Pleasant, Gloucester.
Democrats, for the sake of Adult Suffrage (without any property qualification) for both Houses, and is more democratic each election.

John W. Harrson.

Portuguese East Africa.

To the Editor of "The New Age."

We notice that the "New Age" of May 16th is being rather freely used in Portuguese East Africa. We venture to think that you have scarcely realised the proportion of the matter, as from one paragaph you suggest that our whole business is based on this African product, which is not the case. The cocoa from S. Thomé consumed by all the manufacturers of England is only one-twentieth of the world's production.

Some years ago now, when we first heard of the matter, we felt bound to give it our very careful consideration, and we made personal investigation in Lisbon, and accepted the challenge of the planters to send out and see for ourselves. Some of our friends consider that we should have acted more properly in immediately refusing to buy any more African cocoa. This would have been a comparatively easy thing to do, but we have been advised by the Foreign Office, whom we have consulted all along, and by several other authorities whose opinion we trust, that we have much more power among us than we have as enemies of the Portuguese; they value very much the moral support of the English trade, although they are equally well aware that any hasty threat on our part to discontinue buying would have extremely little practical value, as the whole of the rest of the world would greedily take up surplus stocks, possibly at a fraction under prevailing market prices.

We have never committed ourselves to follow the present line of action indefinitely; indeed, we think that if future planters should prove that the fair promises made to us in good faith by the Portuguese are not followed by action in Africa, we may have to consider whether it is not our duty to break friendship with those who prove themselves not worthy of our trust; but we consider that the Portuguese should be treated as honourable men in such a matter, and that reason should be used before one thinks of the exciting of force. It is clear that if once we were to declare a boycott we should have no further influence, and there would be no chance of further argument from England except the last extremity of warships.

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Women's Suffrage in South Australia.

To the Editor of "The New Age."

Your issue of February 22 has just come into my hands, and I see that you are advocating the Women's Suffrage movement. I should like to point out that, although theoretically the movement is democratic, it may not work out so in practice. In South Australia it has proved somewhat of a failure, being given to women of property so far as the Legislative Council (Upper House) is concerned. Thus we find rich men enrolling their daughters as voters, and a large number of landed property to enable them to vote. While the poor man, owning no land, is not able to thus multiply his vote. I feel that whereas before we had Suffrage, the Legislative Council was about equally divided between democrats and reactionaries, the numbers now stand in a House of 18 members: Democrats, 14; Reactionaries, 13; total 27; doubtful, 1.

It seems possible that what we have here in our little House, you may get in your big House of Commons, and I feel that democracy should not first get Womanhood Suffrage, and afterwards work for Womanhood Suffrage.

Our Lower House is elected by Adult Suffrage, and is constantly becoming more democratic; the numbers being Democrats, 30; Reactionaries or Liberals, 14.

The Commonwealth Parliament is, as you of course know, elected by Adult Suffrage (without any property qualification) for both Houses, and is more democratic each election.

Edw. Carpenter.
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