

THE NEW AGE

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF POLITICS, LITERATURE, AND ART

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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.

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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. 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.

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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" hears "with 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 sychophancy out of the Cabinet atmosphere, and restore something to Liberalism that Liberalism sadly needs.

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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. No possible harm can befall the prospects of Adult Suffrage by the immediate extension of the franchise to women.

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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.

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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.

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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 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.

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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."

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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 unemployment 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 com-

mercialism. 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.

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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 decidedly beyond the scope of that of 1905, cannot be far off."

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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.

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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.

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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 miscalculate 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.

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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.

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Goodness knows that Labour, not to say Socialism, is not yet strong enough in the House of Commons to be able to make political presents to its enemies. And as enemies we shall continue to regard all political parties who do not profess the abolition 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 demi-semi 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 attitude, by the way, quite consistent with any amount of Parliamentary co-operation) their days as the most advanced political party are numbered. Hence while we deprecate the tone of the recent discussion of the political errors of the I.L.P. we deprecate still more the existence of any real ground for such discussion. And of real ground there appears to us to be indubitable evidence.

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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 Labour Party 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.

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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 "half 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 last 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, anarchist organisations can spring 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.

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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.

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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 succeeded in 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 run counter 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 natives 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 Britain. 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.

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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 many respects railway organisation 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 are led to conclude that many of the companies already give preferential terms to foreigners; and this, too, on the very soil of the country which is fleeced. 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.

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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.

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[NEXT WEEK.—Miss Millicent Murby 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 Georgie-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 political 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 movement has been is evident from the electoral facts 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 democracy in the hands 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 obtusenesses of minds like the Duke 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 redeem 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 (and 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 enfranchisement 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 new 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 underrate 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 resisted oppression, resolutely 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 stood for genuine discontent, 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 one 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 as 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 patting 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 to-day 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. Harold Cox, the abolition of the Factory Acts and of free education—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 considered attempt 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 Denshawai 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 taunted with 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 obsolescent 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 those changes he is as profoundly ignorant as we are. 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 definitely adopt a new set of aims and 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 tradition 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 generally missed by all but revolutionists 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 expediency 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 revolutionary. 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; have ceased to fear change for its own sake, and have placed before 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 that very road on our backs protesting the 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 £1,800,000, 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 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 approve of it is shown by the fact that nearly 80,000 out of the 120,000 Danish Trade Unionists 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 days. 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 the disease 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 ours. For example, I was in 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 paper which has more readers than any other. They are generally regarded as "serious people," although inclined to demagoguery. And their plan of "going slow" and taking anything they can get, even though it be open to objection, has some advantages certainly. It would be foolish for a foreigner 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 from either parent, say grey? Or 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 safest 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 thus 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 (remembering that dark means simply not blue). What colour eyes will the children have if blue and dark marry?

* * *

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 dominant, and another retiring 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.

Blue-eyed Jane Smith
married dark-eyed Tom
Jones, and had issue.

Dark-eyed Matilda-
Smith-Jones.

Blue-eyed Mary Burr
married dark-eyed Will
Robinson, and had issue.

Dark-eyed Henry
Burr-Robinson.

Matilda and Henry married,
and had issue.

Edwin (dark) Irene (dark) Moses (dark) Frances (blue)

Observe that Frances with her blue eyes comes from

parents with dark eyes. If Frances marries blue-eyes 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.

* * *

If Edwin marries another real dark-eyed girl, all the children will be real dark-eyed, continuing so from generation unto generation; if he marries blue-eyes my chart is reproduced—it is the case of Tom and Jane over again. Having disposed of Edwin and Frances, let us consider the cases of Moses and Irene—our two unreal dark-eyed children. It doesn't matter which sex you take—the result is just the same.

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.

(2.) Unreal dark-eyed Moses marries real dark-eyed Jael, one-half the children will be real dark-eyed, and one-half will be unreal dark-eyed.

(3.) Unreal dark-eyed Moses marries blue-eyed Angelina, one-half the children are 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 are 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). Putting the recessive character (B) in brackets, all the marriages and offspring are included in the following formulæ:—

1. $B \times B = B$
Blue eyes marries blue eyes. Children all blue eyes.
2. $D \times D = D$
Real dark eyes marries real dark eyes. Children all real dark eyes.
3. $D \times B = D(B)$
Blue eyes marries dark eyes. Children all unreal dark eyes.
4. $D \times D(B) = 1 D + 1 D(B)$
Real dark eyes marries unreal dark eyes. Children one-half real dark eyes and one-half unreal dark eyes.
5. $D(B) \times B = 1 B + 1 D(B)$
Unreal dark eyes marries blue eyes. Children one-half blue and one-half unreal dark eyes.
6. $D(B) \times D(B) = 1 D + 2 D(B) + 1 B$
Unreal dark eyes marries unreal dark eyes. 1 child is real dark eyed; 2 are unreal; 1 child is blue eyed.

All these cases actually occurred in Mr. Hurst's model village. Thus in 66 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.

M. D. EDER.

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, one 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 to the dominance of the female. That this means countering evolution with a vengeance I will merely remark in passing. In early forms of life the female may perhaps be taken as representing the most important element of the species. As the male element evolved, however, the higher function of the species became more and more absorbed by the male, and the female more and more relegated to the function of reproduction. The subordination of the female element by the male has been a characteristic feature of evolution from the lower to the higher throughout the whole course of biological, as of sociological, development.

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 debt ("contempt of court") no matter what means she may possess, although her husband may be for the 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 statement 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, certainly by a wife on her husband, 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

(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 wife assaults and for common assaults generally where a female is the object of them.

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 incited by the latter, who, by virtue of her sex, is held guiltless 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 women 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 Scrubbs. 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 in all essentials to-day, has been studiously ignored and boycotted by the feminist faction, well knowing, as they did, that a perusal of it would have burst up once for all that exploitation of popular ignorance and prejudice on which their agitation is based. In the face of the statement of law and of facts there given, the game of bluff by which the advocates of "woman's rights" succeed in drawing tears from guileless simpletons by diatribes on the cruelly unjust status of Women under man-made laws, would have ceased to be possible.

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-biassed laws, or for the administration of the law. The answer to this is, that the chief argument for the imperativeness 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? Instead, not only do those who are most zealous in clamouring for the franchise do their best to bluff their dupes by posing as the victims of a non-existent male oppression, but they, often enough, expressly proclaim their intention of pressing forward legislation the effect of which would be to enhance the existing privileges of their sex. Moreover, it must not be forgotten that,

although it may be true that women in general are not directly responsible for the present state of the law and public sentiment, this is largely due to the persistent action of the feminist agitation during the last two generations, so that sex-conscious women at least, are in a very definite sense responsible for it. Finally, their position, as a specially privileged class, is surely incompatible with the claim to the possession in addition thereto, of the political rights of those not so privileged.

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 *per se* 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 governance 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

DELICIOUS COFFEE

RED WHITE & BLUE

For Breakfast & after Dinner.

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 to create 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 end of the seventeenth century onwards especially exerted an effect of this kind, and the visitations of cholera were in this respect notably beneficent. 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 that the establishment and preservation of the conditions of health are part of its functions as a State, and it is even yet far from generally accepted that this is one of its primary and most stringent functions.

The first definite recognition of this duty of the State was, as usual, stimulated by an epidemic, but this time the temporary scare led to the beginning of permanent organisation. In 1847 medical officers of health began to be appointed; in 1866 the State began to compel local authorities to be responsible for the healthy condition of their districts; and in 1872 medical officers of health were made general. By little steps, by slow stages, the movement is broadening and deepening, but it is still only at the beginning. The State is allowed to shirk its responsibilities in this matter. It is all very well that local authorities should be forced to cultivate a sense of responsibility for their local health conditions; but at present the local authority is allowed to appoint its own health officers, and to dismiss them whenever their reforming activity is disagreeable to local bumbledom. However satisfactory a sanitary organisation on this basis may look on paper, it largely becomes illusory in practice. It is quite impossible for health officers to cope with the abuses fostered by local vested interests if they only hold office at the good pleasure of those interests. It is an essential part of a sound sanitary system that the health officer should be ultimately responsible to a central authority alone. At present there is no such central authority; health, so far as it is recognised at all in the government of the country, is merely one of the multifarious concerns of the Local Government Board; there is not even so much as a Minister of Public Health. Not only is this so, but the doctor plays an entirely insignificant part in our legislative chambers. In France, Germany, and Italy during recent years doctors have sometimes occupied the chief places in the Cabinet or become leaders of political parties; but with us the lawyer is everywhere and the doctor is nowhere. There are no doubt excellent reasons why the doctor should not achieve success in our political squabbles or desire to mix himself up with them. Yet, if there is no place in the State for knowledge or experience on sanitary matters the State must inevitably be the loser. With the growing public recognition of the supreme urgency of the great problems of public health, and the inevitable transference, which cannot be long delayed, of the authority in these matters to the central government, the necessity for making such knowledge and experience more available will become increasingly felt. This end might be in part attained by giving the chief county health officers ex officio seats in the House of Lords, such as are already possessed by the Bishops, the spiritual lords being thus counterparted by a new order of lords who would no doubt be popularly termed "physical." Certainly there is no argument for the retention of the Bishops in the House of Lords which is not far more favourable to the introduction of the higher health officers, who would represent not the special interests of a single ecclesiastical body, but the wider interests of the whole population.

A step of this kind—in association with the creation of a Ministry of Public Health and a central health

authority—would serve to mark a national recognition of the great fact that the function of medicine in establishing the conditions of health is supreme over its merely curative functions. As far as these latter functions are concerned, the problem is fairly simple, and it may almost be said that it will settle itself. We have but to nationalise and organise our hospitals and our difficulty is solved. It has been lately stated in a medical quarter that even to-day, if the hospitals consented to open their doors to out-patients in the evenings they would be able to render the private practice of medicine unnecessary. The statement is inaccurate, but the fact that it can be seriously put forth shows how much progress we are making along these lines. Every day the burden of the private practitioner of medicine becomes more difficult to bear. The knowledge of diseases is increasing, and the instrumental methods for investigating and treating them are becoming more complicated and more expensive. If the private practitioner is to do the best for his patient, he must be a specialist in a great variety of diseases, and he must possess an elaborate instalment of instruments; even then he has to compete not only with his fellow-practitioners, but with the hospitals. He is usually an estimable person; he is not seldom a man of ability, but he is engaged in a struggle in which before many years he must certainly succumb. It is only within the walls of a hospital that all the specialists can be gathered together and brought into touch. It is only here that the scientific appliances of modern medicine can be installed and the conditions for good nursing be rendered possible to all. By the nationalisation of the hospital the doctor will gain, for he will be lifted out of a life of degrading and petty struggle to become 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.*

In an address on "The Place of Physicians," 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 a truly human base. He made no attempt to sketch the socialisation of medicine; at that time a collectivist scheme of this kind would have seemed too far ahead. To-day it begins to seem not only practicable but inevitable. There are some who seem to think that we have but to reorganise the economic basis 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 problem, 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 hygienic 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 the conditions of health. 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 Owen, played by J.

False Minister, played by B.

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 goes to cupboard and searches in it.)

(Miss Belloney climbs through window, unnoticed, and runs into the well of the table.)

Asterisks: Ah, well, a Secretary of State has a dog's life. (A growl.) Dear me, and there's the dog! (Looks round.) Owch! it's bitten me. (Jumps up, and hops about, holding his leg.) It's under the table! (Miss Belloney crawls out.) What in the name of heaven do you want?

(Miss Belloney displays placard.)

Belloney: The Vote!

Asterisks: 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.)

(Enter James.)

Asterisks: James, you will find the mangled remains of an elderly and hideous female on the lawn. Inter them decently.

James: Indecently; yes, sir. (Exit.)

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

(Enter James.)

James: The Monsters' Petition, sir.

Asterisks: Put it down!

(James does so—it is an immense brown-paper parcel, tied with string. Exit James.)

Asterisks: There'll be a hot time in the old House to-night. Hum! hum! (Bending to his work.)

(The parcel rises, bursts, and clasps hands over his eyes.)

Belloney: Guess who it is.

Asterisks: Oh, there's only one person it can be—you, my own darling.

Belloney (Mimicking): Oh, yes, it's me, my own darling. But who's "you, my own darling"?

Asterisks: Not my wife. Surely it isn't Flossie Slapdash!

Belloney: No, it isn't, you old sinner! Now, you've given it away a bit.

Asterisks: Gertie, by Jove! I wouldn't have had you guess—I mean, it isn't what you think it is.

Belloney: Nor am I what you think I am—oh, your Gerties and Flossies!

Asterisks: Who are you then?

Belloney: I'm Votes for Women! (Releases him.)

Asterisks: Oh, you . . . (Rings.)

Belloney: Hush! hush! What would Flossie think if she heard you? (Enter James.)

Asterisks: James, this isn't the Monster Petition; it's the Monster itself. Remove it!

James: Yes, sir. This way, Monster! (Pushes her out.)

Asterisks: Dear, dear, these interruptions are very trying. To work, to work!

(The door opens, James gives a series of little discreet coughs, then withdraws.)

(Enter a bearded spectacled gentleman.)

Asterisks: Hullo, Druce, the top of the morning to

you (Advances to door, and holds out his hand.) Oh, my mistake. Portland, of course. How de do?

Belloney. How de druce?

Asterisks: What can I do for your Dru . . . grace?

Belloney: A trifle, a mere trifle.

Asterisks: We are quite alone—won't you take your beard off?

Belloney: I will. (Does so, and is discovered. Asterisks startled.) All I want is Votes for Women.

Asterisks: I suppose *you* came through the Underground Passage! Good morning; just a word. I'm going to send for a constable, and if you come in here again—Hollow way—the other one.

Belloney: So that's what Highgate (I get). (Exit.)

Asterisks: This sort of thing really does take one's mind off one's work. (At telephone.) James, let a constable come up and guard the door, please. Now to my letters!

(A knock at the door.)

Asterisks: Come in!

(Enter Constable.)

Asterisks: Just stand at the door, please, officer, and if any aged and decrepit female of gigantic size and murderous disposition . . .

Constable: I understand, sir. (Draws his truncheon, and whacks at an imaginary Suffragette. Asterisks buries himself in his letters. The constable whistles "God Save the King." Asterisks looks up as he stolidly goes through the tune. Constable sings:

"Confound their politics!

Frustrate their knavish tricks!"

(Seeing Asterisks listening.) That's the women, sir?

Asterisks: Yes it is, I'm sorry to say, constable. But I am very busy this morning, and I must really ask you . . .

Constable: Begging your pardon, sir, there's only one way to do it—(Sings:

"On thee our hopes we fix")—

and that is to give them Votes. (Throws off helmet and tunic, and is disclosed. She thwacks the Minister with truncheon, still humming:

"And make them fall.")

(Knocks down Asterisks, and runs out.)

(Asterisks slowly rises.)

Asterisks: God save us all!

(Enter James hastily.)

James: Oh, sir, such a awful riot in the square. There's a lady with a shot-gun and two loaders, and she's bagged a hundred and thirty-three and a half braces of specials before lunch, and—well, sir, the millinery was to fire on her, sir . . . but they couldn't bear to look at her, sir!

Asterisks: Peace, James; be a man!

James: I'm sure I'd be a woman if I could, sir. O the awful—

Asterisks: Peace, James. We are not without resource. You may go now, and—be very careful not to enter the room again. But you may allow anyone else—*anyone* else, James—male or female—

James: What about herumfrodites, sir?

Asterisks: *Anyone* else, James, is to be allowed to pass unchallenged.

James: Very good, sir. (Exit.)

(Asterisks goes to cupboard, takes out a drawer and a very large stone bottle of ink. He pours this into the drawer, and poises it deftly on the door, which he leaves ajar. Executes a dance round the room, rubbing his hands, nearly knocks the door and drawer over himself; returns to desk.)

Asterisks: Now, we await the assault. For (declaims)—

"In the hands of men supremely great

The Ink is mightier than the sword."

(Bends to his work.)

James (Off): Walk straight in, my lord, I pray you.

(The door opens, and the drawer falls. A mass of ink, partially concealing a Field-Marshal in full uniform (played by James) rushes into the room.)

Asterisks: (squaring up): Now, Votes for Women! Come on!

Field-Marshal: My dear Asterisks, a joke's a joke,

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 aw— (Very pompous, to contrast with his 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 you such a schoolboy trick! We are both victims of these terrible women, I fear. That trap was meant for me, I make no doubt. Come along, I must give you a 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 bath-towel, with his hair full of soap (played by Asterisks); starts at seeing the presentation of himself in the chair.)

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

James: Ho, yus, La Milo. That's Mr. Hasterisks, the 'Ome Sekertury.

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 labour involved in such an edition, it is very cheap. I would sooner pay fifteen shillings for a real book like this than a guinea for the memoirs of any tin god that ever sat up at nights to keep a diary; yea, even though the average collection of memoirs will furnish material to light seven hundred pipes. We have lately been much favoured with first-rate editions of poets. I mention Mr. de Selincourt's Keats, and Mr. George Sampson's amazing and not-to-be-sufficiently-lauded Blake. Mr. Smith's work is worthy to stand on the same shelf with these. A shining virtue of Mr. Smith's edition is that it embodies the main results of the researches 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's "Selections" were issued to the public at the price of half a crown. I suppose that 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, Shakespeare, 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 con-

fessed, 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, while utterly conserving his reverence for the most poetic of poets, can discover a keen ecstasy 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:

Is gone from me. . . .

But that does not impair the magnificent funniness.

* * *

From his tenderest years 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, yon 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 furtive watch pursue her as she moves,
The female with a meeker charm succeeds. . . .

* * *

Wordsworth richly atoned for his unconscious farcicalness 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 that masterly phrase (from, I think, the "Prelude," but 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 a 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 "fittings," compiled by that arch-Stendhalian, M. Paul Léautaud. It begins with a portrait.

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BOOK OF THE WEEK.

Sane Science.*

Ample is our patience rewarded who have waited these many years for Professor Thomson's exposition of the biologic 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 formulæ 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 breeder's—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 then 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 potent influences act upon an organism whose fundamental 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 grip, and they cannot afford material for selection to work with. For the human race, the external heritage of tradition, institutions, and law, the permanent products of literature and art, the registered 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 unanalysable 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 undoubted 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 handed down to the next generation, which will remain unharmed only so long as it abstains from hitting the dynamite. The disease might remain dormant for many generations until one fine 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

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 beget 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 teetotalism, it seems that the Lamarckian view is admitted, a modification in the parent has affected the offspring. However, one requires more space 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.

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* "Heredity." By Professor J. Arthur Thomson. 605 pp. (John Murray. 9s. net.)

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 his corroboration for a view which I have expressed in these pages that "not a few of the biologically and socially unfit are *modificationally* veneered, or repressed, or arrested." He points out how absurd it is to talk about "the prevention of an artificially exaggerated infant mortality, as if it were an interference with the order of nature." Is not man's interference, and his will to interfere, also a part of the order of nature? We do not think the Professor at all old-fashioned when he pleads 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 societies, "the whole venue changes so much that we have to be very careful in our application of biological formulæ." But that we can do a great deal, on the lines suggested by Mr. Galton, any reader of this book will remain assured of. We who are Socialists of course echo the writer's concluding words, that if we are to avoid fallacious endeavour, our ideal must include "eutopias" and "eutechnics" as well as "eugenics."

M. D. EDER.

REVIEWS.

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

Mr. Prelooker takes us back as far as 1645, 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 1671. Since then there have been many vain 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 revolutionary 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 in, the heavy door slammed, and the bolts rattled 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 vegetate uselessly abroad," and that was indeed 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-

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FOREWORD.

To hear a woman with a very beautiful voice singing in the streets stirs the latent sense of romance in the dullest of us. We always feel that thereby hangs a tale.

The author has seized on this element of romance for the starting-point of his story, "DAVID STRONG, SOCIALIST," to begin as a serial in "The Christian Commonwealth" of June 3 (next Wednesday).

The heroine, Leila Guiscard, tours London and the provinces as a street entertainer. She is the companion of a drunken juggler, who declares that she is his daughter; but everyone who sees her, fascinated by her youth and beauty, and her wonderful voice, asks, "Is there not a mystery here? Can she be what she seems?"

The scene of the story is laid in London, chiefly in those sombre parts that belong to the very poor. The hero, David Strong, is the son of a potter, and enters a pottery himself when he leaves school. By his own lot he learns the toll that this deadly industry levies among the workers, and he struggles to find an opening in some other employment that he may escape from an inevitable early death.

Born and bred among the people, through all his changes of fortune his sympathies remain with them. He feels their wrongs, he knows their wretchedness. His sympathies are given force and direction by two interesting minor characters in the story—lovers of the people also—an escaped Russian Nihilist and a Salvation Army Lassie.

The situations involved in the plot are varied and exciting. Now the hero attends a Grand Testimony meeting; now visits the Elysian Gardens, a disreputable music hall; now is involved in the Unemployed Riots; now makes a tour of the Churches to see if those who claim to speak with the authority of Jesus of Nazareth have a place among them for the poor.

The author does not write merely to entertain: he writes of what he has seen and felt; he writes because he knows the wrong, and longs that it should be set right; because he believes that it can be set right; because he wills that it shall be set right. He writes as a Christian Socialist.

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nessed such a butchery." The name of Marie Spiridonova is still fresh in our memories. She shot Lujenovsky, 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 with the object of making Marie tell the names of her accomplices, but bruised 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 midnight Abramoff, on reaching the station Ternooka, 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 delight in thrilling incidents; the plots are more exciting than ever written by novelist's pen. There are hairbreadth escapes galore; romantic marriages, plots and counterplots 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 nowadays 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.

The Case Against Socialism. A Handbook for Speakers and Candidates. By the London Municipal Society. (Allen. 5s. net.)

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.

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DRAMA.

Masefield's "Nan"; Kingsway Matinees; Others.

THE obvious comment on Mr. Masefield's new play, produced by the Pioneers on Sunday, is: Why haven't we got an endowed theatre where such drama can be presented as a matter of course? The play is beautiful; the audience was most enthusiastic, and there must be a great many more people prepared to be just as much so, the chance of whose seeing it is left to the whim of commercial management. If something does not speedily happen I can confidently prophesy that an irresistible raid will be made on the pockets of New AGE readers, Fabians, and those who collect about the pioneer dramatic societies, for the purpose of guaranteeing the rent of a small theatre to be permanently devoted to first-class and experimental plays.

"Nan" is the daughter of a man hanged for stealing a sheep. She lives in her uncle's house, and is constantly reminded by her uncle's wife that she is a "gallows bird." She is maltreated, and wishes she were dead. She is in love, and just after his declaration of love her lover is cheated from her, and then by a freak of irony brought back to her displayed pitilessly despicable. There is an old fiddler in the play, half-witted, talking always of his dead wife, "his flower," and of her beauty. He acts as a sort of chorus. The events of the play proceed and are, as it were, mystically interpreted by the fiddler. The drama shows how Nan is driven to desperation, how she sees into the soul of her "little Judas friend," the cousin who stole her lover, how she sees her lover, and how she is herself displayed. In the end, seeing her lover as a man "greedy for a mouth upon your mouth," whose life shall be all sweet tastes, and under it the women broken and weeping, she is driven to "save those women," and kills him, rushing out to drown herself. But the action is subsidiary although inevitable. The thing that matters is the gradual unfolding and lighting up of the people in the play until all of them glow as if they had light inside them. And they glow beautifully. The final murder, with the fiddler standing by hailing "the bride," the full harvest moon outside, the rushing bore in the river, and the sound of the horn, is one of the most wonderful pictures I have seen. It is not horrible, it is beautiful. And it is so because we see it inevitable, essential. Almost as fine was the moment when, after her lover has asked Nan to be his wife, and she has consented rapturously, she is telling of the dances they used to have at home, "when the shepherd came with his flute," and they danced the moon down. Hardly in any play lately has there been a hint of the freshness and sweetness of natural things. In Mr. Masefield's play this is part of the necessary beauty of the whole.

There is, nevertheless, something inhuman about Nan. It is a tragedy as one imagines a tragedy of the forest, when a panther tears the life out of some timid creature. Could one get inside the mind and emotions of the panther, translate the glances of his victim into words and actions, frame all in the beauty of leaves and flowers, stars and moonlight, interpret all by some mystic chorus which would reveal their essential connection with the scheme of things, the result would be beautiful. The beauty of "Nan" has all this remoteness, it moves but it does not touch, it is a "mystery" play of life with real human beings for its puppets. Its tragedy has just the note of the tragedy in Hudson's "Green Mansions."

Much of the success of the "Pioneers" performance was due to Miss Lillah McCarthy. I have seen Miss McCarthy in many parts, but never in anything which suited her so remarkably. Almost without a single hesitation her impersonation was perfect. And just that remoteness of beauty which made Miss McCarthy so excellent a Donna Ana in the Hell interlude in "Man and Superman" enabled her to catch the spirit of Nan.

"Nan" is a strange play, one almost feels inclined to say it ought to be played behind faintly golden glass. It is drama, but it is drama in which the art of the painter has a big share. Almost as great a pleasure as

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BOOKS

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 "Nan" was followed by George Paston's "Feed the Brute," a one-act "conversation" between a labourer in Mawson'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 did their best with "mussels and ginger-beer." The snappy version by the way makes it "pop and cockles." But, despite this, the comedy was very good, although it would not be so well received by an audience containing real poor people—some of the jokes would not be so obvious. 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 Anstruthers' platinously 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 at 121, Kingsmere Road, N., is excellent. 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 respectable, 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 marred the ease and grace 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.

All of these one-act plays are cast splendidly. In "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 and manner 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 vinegary 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 deserve 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. Lillah 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 mind and emotions of a contortionist to properly appreciate. Madame Bartet is a great actress, Lillah McCarthy is great, and discrimination without the use of the graphic method is difficult. But the comparison is useless if not

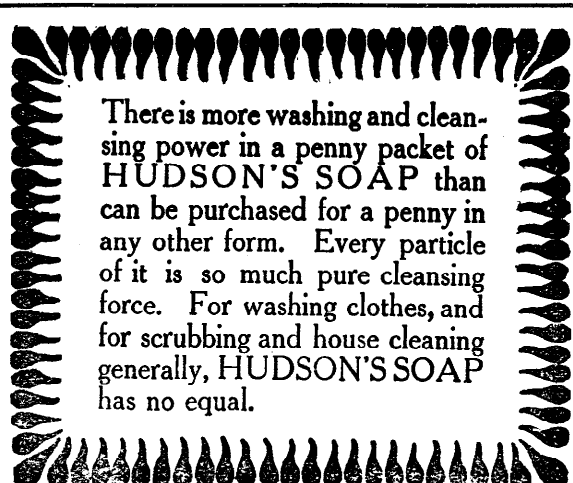
impossible. Madame Bartet's art is supremely the presentation of life in action, Lillah McCarthy's method is to light up and glow—as she did in Donna Ana—and display what she acts like an illuminated sign. Probably the kinds of emotions and ideas and actions to be presented by these two methods are completely different. If both actresses were plotted on curves with so much allowed for elocution, so much for emotional timbre and 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 Flue Mignot did this in the big scene in "La Loi de l'Homme." And to even an amateur naturalist this is so reminiscent of the fluttering antennae and gill apparatus of Crustaceans.

L. HADEN GUEST.

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 idiot enough 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? I 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—like 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 it reminds one painfully of 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 sanction to the existence of such published drivel is sad beyond words. Really great artists like Ysäye and Pugno are wiser and more sincere, and their recent performances at the Queen's Hall will be remembered, I am sure, by all those who were there as long as they have memory for beautiful things. For myself, I have never heard in any other playing than Ysäye's the cry that is in Bach's music; it is the kind of feeling that makes one want to think and say things like Shelley in his Adonais, and even then feel that language is halting and inadequate.



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Madame le Mar sang through a good programme at the Bechstein Hall one afternoon. Her singing of Verlaine's "Fêtes Galantes," which Debussy has set to such wonderful music, was very carefully executed and thought out; but, alas! too carefully. So few singers have learned to treat a great song spontaneously, as an improvisation. Schubert's "Ave Maria" (which I have the bad manners to loathe) is a case in point. Here the song, a famous and excellent song in its way, was sung with such anxiety for expression that it barely escaped being lugubrious. Her unnamed accompanist must have shared my detestation of the thing, for his playing of the accompaniment was horrid.

* * *

As soon as one artist has made a striking success with some novel form of entertainment others follow inevitably. In songs to lute accompaniment Madame Bokken Lasson was heralded by a nice French (?) poster and a sheaf of biographical details and family records. But she followed Sven Scholander, who is an accomplished artist. She is an interesting and amusing singer enough, with very charming manners and her entre-nous remarks to the audience before each song were delightful and entertaining. She is a Scandinavian, and sings in French and the Scotch dialect as well and easily as in her native tongue. But her choice of songs was not entirely worthy of her interpretive talent, and her thumb-and-first-finger kind of accompaniment on the lute was tedious to listen to and her harmonies crude and unmusical. Mr. Scholander gave another recital a few days after her first appearance.

* * *

Mr. Lyell-Taylor has been doing extremely good work with his orchestra at the St. James' Hall Promenade Concerts, and I hope he will be rewarded with success. I spent one evening there, and heard Miss Marie Novello play the piano part in Tchaikowski's great concerto. It was really the concerto that drew me there, for I love it, and although this young artiste has not the astounding force and gallery-shaking technique of Mark Hambourg, her charming personality and artistic sympathy carried the whole audience with her. The slow movement of this composition is as high a test as anything in the whole literature of music, and she certainly played it as well as anybody I ever heard in my life. Once, at a Queen's Hall Promenade, I was there through the same inducement; but it was Master Percy Grainger then, and he, fair-haired and angelic-looking, dropped those beautiful phrases like a steam crane on a coal quay.

* * *

This is a thoroughly exasperating season. It always is, musically, for there are far too many concerts and recitals and far too many books about music. Among the books that have come into my hands is one entitled "Music and Memories"; the author is anonymous, and the publisher Mr. Elkin Mathews. It is in the form of a diary, or rather, of unforwarded letters to some "fair unknown." Obviously, the letters should be written by a man, but there are many reasons for believing that the author is a woman. The style is pleasant enough reading, the form of the thing distinctly boring, and the criticism is only at times tolerable. Who on earth, for instance, can stand a whole chapter of Gounod-worship? Or, if a musician, the comparison (after a wordy wallowing in novelette sentiment) of a blameless life with the monotony of a Gregorian chant? (Try again, dear young lady; we don't believe any more than you in the blameless life, but compare it with the monotony of the London Symphony Orchestra, for choice. You don't know your Gregorians.) And the author boasts over and over again of her catholicity of taste! This fearful little book contains many such conceits and many amateur dogmatisms. One in particular I do not pass over. She says: "One does not look for romance to countries where the motor-car, the telephone, and the halfpenny paper flourish." This is ghastly rubbish. I am sure Mayfair and Bermondsey are to-day as full of romance as Camelot; and the Boul'Mich as full of tragedy and dramatic and wonderful occurrences as Rome in the purple days of Nero.

This lady's ideas of Romance are evidently of the kind imagined and fondly admired by the middle-Victorian spinster of seventeen, the hero being a nice Fausty kind of person with flowing locks and a large lace collar, and a background of languishing maidens and vermillion 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 Watteau less pleasing to the eye and to the imagination." Nobody ever said they were less pleasing to the eye; and besides, the Wagner parallel is very unfortunate, for, like every other revolutionary, he was entirely one-sided. Altogether, the little book is an excellent example of the misunderstanding that is possible about music. Would this dear person, I wonder, enjoy all "the delightful variety of the Opera House" (her meditations and enthusiasms are entirely upon luxuriously catered music) if it were a bald, 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: "Your return 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.

HERBERT HUGHES.

CORRESPONDENCE.

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

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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 correspondent Belfort Bax possessed the former he would not have needed to display so ostentatiously his acquaintance with polymorphic nursery phrases.

Belfort Bax has evidently no knowledge of the constitution 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 the use of such bias-mongering phrases as "snivelling," "piteous whine"), I would like to shortly re-state my case and clear up one or two points.

The Society for the Abolition of Capital Punishment has no sex theories. Its aim is to abolish capital punishment so far as it relates to the whole human race in the British Isles. Many of its members would protest against such stupid penalties as that of putting the Crystal Palace elephant to death because it deliberately destroyed its cruel

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keeper, but the Society would not officially interfere. In the same way, the terrors of legal maladministration in Russia are outside its scope, but in the British Isles primarily, and by means of sub-committees in other parts of the British Empire, the aim of the Society is to get the various crimes which are now indiscriminately termed "murder" graded, and to suggest curative sentences to replace the present unscientific penalties, and to eliminate the death penalty entirely from the Statute-book of the land.

Gladly will we welcome the co-operation and assistance and zealous work of all who have this object in view, so long as they will really work and not carp at those who are in the fighting line, but with different weapons to their own.

For myself, in writing three articles, "Shall we Hang Women?" "Should we Hang Children?" and "Shall we Hang Men?" I could not shut my eyes to the fact that different arguments applied to the different classes. I should rejoice greatly if we could get the legislature to go a single step towards the complete abolition of the death penalty by exempting women altogether, or infanticides in particular, from hanging, although I have no quarrel with those who would perpetuate all hanging until they could abolish all hanging.

Even while men continue to hang men I am of the opinion that it is wholly indefensible for men to hang women. As to those who differ from me, and who would let men hang women so long as men hang men, I offer them the heartiest invitation to join in the work of the Society for the Abolition of Capital Punishment, and if they will only help to achieve the final result we all agree upon I shall gladly forgive their sarcasms upon my personal views.

JOSIAH OLDFIELD.

SKETCHES FROM LIFE IN TOWN AND COUNTRY.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

Your reviewer, in noticing my book with the above title, falls into an error which I hope you will allow me to correct. He assumes that my song "England Arise" has been amplified for purposes of this later publication, and regrets that "its familiar and inspiring three or four verses have now grown into twelve"—the more so as, according to him, some of the later verses are "the merest doggerel."

As a matter of fact, the twelve verses now published in "Sketches from Life" are the original form of the song, as written about twenty years ago. They were published almost exactly as they now stand in an early number of one of the Labour journals; and when the song became popular, as of course it was out of the question to sing all the twelve verses, three or four were picked out for use—though not always the same three or four, as may be seen by comparing the different Socialist song-books.

How it happened that of the twelve verses, all written at one time, some turned out so inspired while others were the "merest doggerel," I cannot of course say. It is well known that the ways of the Muse are queer! But as so much, rightly or wrongly, has been made of "England Arise," and as hitherto it has only been circulated in fragmentary condition, I thought the public would be interested, and might have a sort of claim, to see the song as a whole; and that is why I have given it complete in its original form.

EDW. CARPENTER.

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 stumbling block, so far, to progress, being given only to women of property so far as the Legislative Council (Upper House) is concerned. Thus we find rich men endowing their wives and daughters with the necessary amount of landed property to enable them to vote, while the poor man, owning no land, is not able to thus multiply his vote. The result is that, whereas before we had women's suffrage the Legislative Council was about equally divided between democrats and reactionaries, the numbers now stand in a House of 18 members: Democrats, 4; Reactionaries, 13; 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 ask whether a wise democracy should not first get Manhood 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, 28; 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.

JOHN W. HARRISON.

Adelaide.

* * *

PORTUGUESE EAST AFRICA.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

We notice the reference you make in your issue of May 16th to the labour question in Portuguese East Africa. We venture to think that you have scarcely realised the proportion of the matter, as from one paragraph you suggest that our whole business depends on this African product, which is not the case. The cocoa from S. Thome consumed by all the manufacturers of England is only one-twentieth of the world's total supply.

Some years ago now, when we first heard of the matter, we felt bound to give it our very careful consideration, and made personal investigation in Lisbon, and accepted a 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 be 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 acting as friends than we should 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 buy 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 years 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 extremity 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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