

THE NEW AGE

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF POLITICS, LITERATURE, AND ART

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[And shall the NEW AGE die?
And shall the NEW AGE die?
Here's twenty thousand Socialists
Will know the reason why.

Eight weeks ago we were compelled to raise the question. This week we can venture to answer it: **The NEW AGE shall not die.**

We are glad to be able to announce that the required minimum number of shares having been taken by our readers, the **NEW AGE** and **New Age Press** have now been formed into a Company, under the title of the **New Age Press, Limited.**

Our particular thanks are due to the host of small subscribers who at the last minute, when all the "leading" Socialists had utterly failed, came in and saved the situation, thus proving once more our constant contention that it is the rank and file of the Socialist movement that alone matters.—Ed. N.A.]

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—All Business Communications must be addressed to Publisher, "New Age," 139 Fleet Street, E.C.; communications for the Editor to 1 & 2, Took's Court, Furnival Street, E.C.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

THE Prison Warders Relief Bill, as many call Mr. Gladstone's latest measure, was read a third time on December 7. We expected not otherwise from a majority which represents the plutocracy at its ugliest. Mr. Lyell the Liberal and Sir F. Banbury the Tory erred in their pretensions of sympathy for the poor who were robbed. In comparison with these members and the class they represent, the fraction taken by those they cast in prison is a mere bagatelle; it is, one is almost tempted to say, clean, honest, above-board stealing. The Bill is in truth nothing but a further attempt by timid, cowardly bullies like Mr. Gladstone and his majority, who represent the power of property in the House, to safeguard their moneybags. Mr. Gladstone's amendment does nothing to remove the fundamental objections which we hold to this Act, whose vindictive nature should be thoroughly grasped by our readers. Hitherto the Judges have sentenced any prisoner on conviction to a definite number of years of imprisonment—the prisoner knew the worst at once. Under the new Act, anyone who has been thrice convicted and upon whom the Court then proceeds to pass a sentence of penal servitude will be further punished, "after

undergoing the penal servitude," to a period of detention "not exceeding ten or less than five years." Mr. Radford, who opposed the Bill, said it was a measure for making short sentences long. It is that and more; it is an inducement for the Judges to gratify their lust of torture by sentencing people to penal servitude. It is also a measure for the easier administration of prison discipline; one which makes many prisoners submit to all kinds of brutalities of warders, prison doctors, chaplains, governors, and the like rather than make a complaint. The prisoner who complains about his treatment *will not* have his period of detention reduced.

* * *

Mr. Belloc, who ruthlessly criticised the Bill, had no difficulty in disposing of the scientific arguments advanced in its favour by some members. Lombroso, he said, was a charlatan, and he might have added a discredited one at that. The whole concept of scientific criminology is a gross superstitious sham. One professor spends his life-time in repudiating the pretensions of another. Ferri shows that Lombroso is all astray; Lacassagne and Turati that Ferri is quite mistaken; Kowalewsky that the others know not of what they are talking. Then comes Ingegnicos to tell us this is all as it should be; criminology is pursuing the natural path of evolution; and that with an increasing knowledge of heredity, we shall be able to treat criminals in some quite certain fashion. But only amateur scientists like Mr. J. M. Robertson can be induced to put faith in these boasts; only dilettantes like Mr. Robertson are led to believe that social legislation may now be based upon the laws of heredity. If we turn from the amateur to the workers in science we find them all at loggerheads. Thus Mr. Bateson, the Professor of Biology at Cambridge, quite recently told us that knowledge about heredity "will chiefly be accomplished by the application of experimental methods, especially those which Mendel's discovery has suggested." A few weeks later Professor Karl Pearson, of the Galton Eugenics Laboratory, writes: "It seems to me very dangerous in the present state of our knowledge to accept any sweeping application of Mendelism." Whilst then the priests are thus confounding one another, we, who, unlike the Member for Tyneside, have no pretensions to be scientific, demand human treatment of human beings, whether they are in prison or out of it. Mr. Gladstone's Bill is the most dastardly outrage upon the weak and the ignorant of which his Government has yet been guilty.

* * *

Mr. Asquith has spoken! O wicked House of Lords! But for you the Government would have solved the Ur-

employment question. But for you there would be no Sweating question to-day, no overcrowding, no slums. Were it not for the House of Lords there would be no Suffragettes, and there would not have been 721 English men and women imprisoned for political reasons. If it were not for the House of Lords, the workers would not have been suddenly thrown out of employment at Woolwich. If it were not for the House of Lords, the Small Holdings Act would have been enforced. We should have had no taxes on tea and coffee; there would have been a graduated income-tax; and the land would have been nationalised. We should have had a National Marine Service and a National Transport Service for the Interior. The Irish would have had Home Rule and the Scotch and the Welsh. But for you, O wicked Lords, the wishes of the people of India had been respected; and we should have given them representative government. We should have followed the enlightened rule of the Sultan of Turkey and made Egypt a free people. Dinuzulu would not have been imprisoned on a faked charge. And we should not have passed an Act for lengthening sentences upon people we are afraid of. But for the House of Lords we should have squared the circle, discovered the cause of cancer, known who was the man in the iron mask, and found a remedy for corns. The House of Lords stands in the way, and the best thing that we as Liberals can do is to leave it standing. We shall continue to take our emoluments and sweets of office until we can no longer cajole the people into placing their trust in us. Remove the House of Lords and we are undone; our pretensions at being concerned with the people's welfare are discovered. Long live the House of Lords!

* * *

There is ample and impartial evidence that women were handled with the coarsest brutality by Mr. Lloyd George's friends at the Albert Hall meeting. Mr. Carl Hentschell writes to the "Times": "The women were handled with a brutality which was a disgrace to our sex and to any civilised country. Here was a witness to the fact that men hurled themselves on women, smothered their mouths, and carried them out with violence. Mr. Cunninghame Graham writes to the "Daily Mail" that the chuckers-out "carried out ladies with their legs in the air and their petticoats over their heads." Dr. H. H. Mills writes to Mr. Lloyd George's organ that "five or six burly men, standing about in rows, wearing steward's badges, immediately rushed upon her, clapped their hands over her mouth, dragged her from her seat, threw her down, and carried her out feet first." That the women were amply justified in their protests at the meeting is clear enough. Mr. Lloyd George told a deliberate lie when he said he had a message from the Government. He had no message at all. He merely repeated Mr. Asquith's remarks that the Government had no mind on the subject. It was he who should have been carried out of the meeting as a false friend to the Suffrage movement. He, unlike Mr. Nevinson, knows how to behave at public meetings—his passions are not roused by any amount of ill-treatment so long as he is not personally touched. We ask the women who were injured if they do not intend further action. Let any woman who was assaulted, but whom modesty deters from bringing action, send us a written statement for publication on the understanding that her identity is not disclosed. At future meetings we hope stalwart male sympathisers will be in attendance in sufficient numbers to cope with the bullies provided by the opponents of Women's Suffrage.

* * *

The Milton Tercentenary was celebrated with great fervour in Calcutta. Sir Harvey Adamson, at a meeting of the India Council on December 11, observed that here was a splendid opportunity of honouring the great apostle of liberty. His Bill provides for an enquiry before a proper magistrate—that is, one who would be known to Council, and whose partiality was therefore assured; trial by jury would be abolished as a useless expense; the Government meant to get a conviction anyway. Of course the Government would not allow bail to any prisoner. If a witness gave lying

evidence before a magistrate which it was feared he might not corroborate at the trial, the Government proposed to get rid of the witness by death or other convenient means and to make use of the dead man's first evidence. This would be very convenient for the Government, as no one could cross-examine a dead or absent witness. In the interest of that liberty which was ever the proud boast of those of Milton's race, Sir Harvey Adamson next alluded to the second part of the Bill as India's Magna Charta. Under these provisions any persons who formed an association hostile to the Government would be fined and imprisoned, and the managers would be sentenced to three years' imprisonment. Of course a measure like this must be rushed through, otherwise, such was the extraordinary notion of liberty entertained by Hindu journalists, there would be "highly improper" Press comments. Sir Harvey Adamson concluded by observing that this Bill was, of course, intended to test the fitness of the Hindu for self-government. If India did not now rise en masse and overthrow tyranny, as the English in Milton's day had done, it would be taken as a sign that the Indians were not ripe for self-government; if, as he hopes, as a consequence of the drastic proposals he had introduced, British rule will be more speedily abolished and the English expelled from India, it would be proof positive that the Hindus were men.

* * *

"The Peasant," most living of Irish weeklies, is still discussing Sinn Fein and Socialism as if these ideas were mutually destructive. W. E. F. approves of "the distinction between Socialism as an economic theory and Socialism as implying love of the people and a desire to elevate them socially and morally." He regards the economic theory as "at best a controversial question reserved for students of political economy." The Dublin carters are on strike, and in the same number of "The Peasant" we find "Light on the conditions of their work," in which the writer states: "Taking all classes together, the carters' wages in Dublin average 15s. 4d. per week for hard work through very long hours and in all sorts of weather. If this is not sweated work we would like to hear a new definition of the term." So should we; and think Irish common sense will admit that an elevation of wages would be more to the point here than any desire to elevate the carters socially or morally. The carters have studied economy (political and social) too long, and are attempting to settle the controversy off their own bat. Are the Irish people to take no hand in this game? For the rest we are with you. Drive the English out of Ireland by all means, but whilst you are about it don't forget to drive the Irish capitalists out with them. And Sinn Feiners, we implore you to start from the East Coast and drive them both Westwards out of the land. Show us this crumb of mercy.

* * *

The Duke of Wellington writes to the "Times" begging people not to give money to beggars in the streets because it "is very harmful." To whom? The Duke, who is President of the London Mendicity Society, corroborates somebody else's statement that the average street beggar earns 5s. a day. The London Mendicity Society seems a mis-spelling. He assures us that his Society relieves cases of distress after due inquiry; we like that spirit of Christmas charity—due inquiry about distress. We wonder if the Society has ever inquired into the Duke's case? What relief is he entitled to because an ancestor killed a number of Frenchmen? Of how much should the Duke be relieved? As the Duke writes: "Persons relieve their own feelings without troubling themselves whether the particular beggar is deserving or likely to be really helped by the gift." That explains exactly our own sentiments about the Duke of Wellington, only we do not regard him as a *particular* beggar. Quite the contrary. He takes from all of us, and trades upon the doings of his ancestors. We do wish people would commence to trouble themselves as to whether the present holder of the title is deserving of the alms the nation gives him. Meanwhile we counsel all not to believe half of what the police, magistrates, and so-

cieties say about the earnings of street beggars. Relieve your feelings by giving whatever you like to the pinched, cold, and hungry-looking beggars in the streets. Pause before renewing your alms to the Duke of Wellington and sturdy beggars like him.

* * *

In reference to our remarks about the L.C.C. Report on Underfed Children, we are asked why we consider it an impertinence for the investigators to even allude to "causes other than underfeeding of inability to profit by instruction. The investigators were asked to say how many children were necessitous in the more defined sense of wanting food." They admit that they "have seldom seen the children themselves," and that "to the purely physical side of the feeding question our inquiry has not been specially directed." In view of these admissions, which assuredly imply that they cannot tell us what the effect of feeding would be, what means have they now of knowing that: "when its (the child's) parents are drunkards and the home is filthy and its clothing insufficient, considerably more than the provision of meals is called for ere the teacher may be given satisfactory material to work upon"? They are asked if food will help; they reply in substance: "We cannot say how far they want food, but in many cases the homes, etc., are dirty. Elsewhere we are informed that "out of the number of school children investigated 78.88 were necessitous in the sense of lacking sufficient food, and that school meals will be required until effective care committees are able to check the diseases attendant on partial employment, bad housing, and other evils." Diseases attendant on partial employment can only be remedied by full employment. What fatuous nonsense to suggest that care committees are going to find employment, proper houses, and the like. The evil of these uncalled-for suggestions is seen in Mr. Jay's covering remarks: "The organisers' report seems to prove that with properly constituted care committees the feeding list should be reduced by nearly 50 per cent. . . . The reference of the Sub-Committee on underfed children has always seemed to me to be too narrow and to have the effect of emphasising the feeding out of proportion to the other needs of the child."

* * *

Here is a hint for the Chairman of the Sub-Committee on Underfed Children to the L.C.C. that the feeding is but of minor importance. Of course, we want all the conditions of the children's lives, their homes, their education changed. But this does not alter the necessity for prompt and proper feeding. As Mr. Blair, the Education Officer, writes: "It appears to me also that while much curative work can be done, there are a good many cases of homes so bad that they cannot be mended, and that their ending must come as the result of a measure of poor law reform, which it may be hoped will set up a requirement of a minimum of comfort and respectability as the condition of continued existence of any home." Mr. Blair does not suggest that care committees are going to alter these homes. We do not think there is the slightest need to spend another farthing on investigation. Everyone with average eyes, ears, nose is fully aware of the conditions. These investigations are nothing but dodges to avoid taking action. This is no fault of the persons who are told off to make them, nor did we intend to imply that it was their fault that the widow with a weekly income of 2s. 6d. should have been badgered by 11 official kinds of persons. This is a complaint which we register against a system that has 2s. 6d. widows, finds time to make report after report about her, and then leaves her a 2s. 6d. widow with four persons to support. The money spent in making these reports would have given the widow a decent income for life.

* * *

In its issues of December 5th and 12th "Forward" gives a full report of Mr. George Bernard Shaw's recent Edinburgh address, of which we give below an extract. All who want to know where Socialism stands to-day, politically speaking, should buy the Glasgow Socialist paper, from which we reprint the following:—

There are certain measures they might get in the course

of time—a longish time. These measures were strongly Socialistic. Railways might be nationalised either by the Unionist Party or the Liberal Party. He (Mr. Shaw) was going to propose a programme which he could not honestly say would be taken up by either party. He saw nothing for it except the formation of a Socialist Party in Parliament. He had said nothing about the Labour Party. He was not disaffected to them. He had spent the best years of his life in working for them, but now he was compelled to admit that the Labour Party might be left out of account, because it had no programme at all. He thought, as a sensible man, he would have to vote against the Labour Party. Liberals and Unionists apparently knew what they meant. The Labour Party had no ideas, and did not know what they meant. They were not giving the country a lead in any direction. Either they had no ideas, or else they knew that if they were to bring out their ideas they would not agree, and so they had agreed to have no ideas.

Let them suppose that he (Mr. Shaw) was in Parliament, and that he was a party. (Laughter.) He should immediately constitute himself a Socialist Party. The first item on the programme would be the communisation of bread. He meant by that, that in every place in the country there should be public stores of bread where every person might get as much as he liked for nothing. He believed that to be practical and necessary. These people did not get enough bread. They got it in a wasteful way. And the children were the people who went short. They grew up into bad citizens, and bad workers. There was no difficulty about his proposition. By the communisation of bread they would remove that particular incentive to action to get bread which led to almost all the crime and meanness in the world. (Some applause.) He was glad a few people saw that. Some people thought the desire to get bread was the incentive to the noblest deeds. It was the other way about.

Everything that came from the weakness of a man's constitution they had to pay for in the long run. They were paying for it now. All that they would save, and they would have great relief to their own minds. But when he said it would be cheap, it would not be cheap the first day. On that day they would have to be prepared with bread enough to supply almost the whole world. People would come with pantehnicon vans to carry it away; they would come with bags and sacks; the poorest would borrow a perambulator. They could imagine the scene. After eating as much as they could possibly hold, people would ask what they were going to do with the rest of it. Here was bread getting stale, and bread would be there tomorrow in the public stores. They could imagine shame-faced people sneaking about, dropping the bread down areas, or crumbling it up and pretending to feed the birds. (Laughter.) As a matter of fact, they would find on the second day no mortal power would induce any being to take away one crumb more than he wanted. The result would be an enormous economy in bread. At the present day there was great waste of bread.

Cleanse Yourselves

By J. R. Clynes, M.P.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

YOU are wrong in saying that I began my comment in your last issue "by telling you that you had changed your principles." I said nothing about your principles, and discussed only questions of method and policy. To rest your reply to my comment on a foundation of quotations from previous issues is a convenience for which I am thankful, but from your own point of view the space could have been used to better advantage. For what is the good, for instance, of showing me that your issue of November 21, 1907, declared that "Most of the Trade Unionists are ready for a bold Socialist lead at this moment. Mr. Macdonald is a Socialist, as are many members of the Labour Party; and their hesitation in declaring themselves as such on every platform is by no means to their credit," when you overlook the fact that these men are on Socialist platforms every week preaching to Trade Unionists, who, instead of being ready for a Socialist lead twelve months ago, so comport themselves in a Labour Party that Mr. Grayson says now that he is driven to the "conclusion that real Socialism is being strangled in the embrace of Radical Trade Unionism"?

Half of your other quotations state contrarily that on the one hand the Labour Party is but a wing of the Liberal Party in alliance with the Government, and on the other hand that the Government either insults or ignores us on every occasion. In one sentence the Labour Party is admitted by you to be so successful as

to have forced a Court of Appeal to stay the advance of the party by the device of legal restrictions, and in another we are assured that alliance with the Trade Unionists is of no advantage to those who want to fight for genuine Socialist progress on independent lines.

Mr. Grayson repudiates as nonsensical and malicious any charge of "assailing the elected representatives of the Labour Party," but if he can so well remember our own misdeeds as to enumerate them so often in press and on platform, he should not so readily forget what he has said and written against us. It may be only your playfulness, and that no harm is intended, but do not blame plain people for applying to your language the common meaning. Is no one, for example, assailed when Mr. Grayson, in your last issue, says "the Labour Party offered various other candidates to Colne Valley" to keep him out, and that he had "had every reason in the world to protest against the shabby and petty treatment meted out to him by the Executive of the Labour Party"? For some years I have been connected with the Executive, and have missed few of its meetings. We do not offer candidates beyond printing approved names on a list, which is obtainable by all; but, indeed, insist upon compliance with the conditions and constitution of the Party which will ensure the selection on democratic lines of such a candidate as local feeling prefers. The Labour Party Executive meted out no ill-treatment of any kind to Mr. Grayson, whose position in respect to the Colne Valley contest was never before it.

To "win Colne Valley for Socialism without diplomatic dilution" is not, as he says, Mr. Grayson's offence at all, for those who know Colne Valley and the conditions of the contest know that he is innocent of this charge, however guilty he may plead. The literature and speeches of the contest hinged on the necessity of strengthening the Labour Party and pressing for those things which Socialists and Trade Unionists had long alleged men should be sent to Parliament to work for. I can show you the bold type of "Vote for Grayson, THE WORKERS' CANDIDATE," used on leaflets printed in the division, and have been in contests where the candidate proclaimed his Socialism and spread its principles at least as fully and earnestly as was done in the Colne Valley contest. The Jarrow victory a few days before was worth much to Colne Valley.

You did not quote from your issue of June 13 that in considering our difficulties there "is no room for calling each other fools or traitors," nor did you remind us that room has often since been found for either one or the other. You did not quote your further statement in favour of discipline in our ranks, and that "whichever side is right, the minority must abide by an authoritative decision." Discipline and obedience to decision are impossible if one man is to settle, even without discussion with the rest, what the plan of a party should be and pursue some course individually chosen without any consultation with those who are straightway denounced by you for not following the minority, and defying discipline. In short, you convinced me when, on June 13, you told us in THE NEW AGE that "there must be no hysterical clamour, even when it takes the virtuous form of waving the red flag."

You say that: "During the last few months, with Newcastle unfought; the Licensing Bill allowed to go before an unemployment settlement; and generally, an utter failure to defiantly assert the dignity of down-trodden Labour in the Commons, the Party, in our opinion, has gone from bad to worse." You are entitled to your opinion when it is against us, but please do not in the same issue back up the opinion that the party "has gone from bad to worse" by telling us that you "have not the slightest hesitation in saying that this decision [Court of Appeal] is due to the success of the Labour Party." Dignity is a thing we are expected to despise, but we have not failed to demand treatment for the down-trodden, and by Bill, speeches, resolutions, and pressure of every form short of the hysterical clamour and red flag-flapping against which you have warned us, we have demanded attention to and got something for the unemployed. As to some folks the job is so

easy, we should perhaps apologise for not having got an "unemployment settlement," and I shrink from the punishment we deserve for having "allowed" a Licensing Bill to take up any time at all. The Lords, however, knew better, just as some people would stupidly prefer to measure their means and prospects to keep one seat at Newcastle, and were driven to the conclusion that an effort to take two would mean losing both! Of course, as you say, our plan should not be to preserve any particular place, but to build up a party, and to that end we have tried to find the best site and have used our building material as far as it would go.

Every man cannot be his own party, and each man's judgment, if there is to be a Parliamentary Party at all, must be submitted to the test of his fellows' wisdom. An Independent Socialist Party in Parliament, if more than one composed it, would reveal, no doubt, some differences on the method and plan to be followed. The alliance of Socialists and Trade Unionists has not shown more than its share of differences nor less than the return which can come from the untiring use of such opportunities and powers as we have.

[Just as he did, by his last article in these columns, so once more, by his present contribution, does Mr. Clynes convince us very completely of one fact. That fact is that we are wrestling in argument with one who is aiming at the same goal which we ourselves have in view, and is as determined as we are to go there by the quickest possible way.

Mr. Clynes opens by a statement which very materially clears the way towards an understanding of the points really at issue; for he candidly says that he has not accused us of changing our principles; that he is only concerned about "questions of method and policy." That avowal is so much in harmony with our own outlook that we can surely now narrow down to the point of actual difference which is at the root of this controversy between the Socialists who support the Labour Party and many of the Socialists who have lately been compelled, sorely against their hopes and wishes, to oppose the action of that Party. Mr. Clynes is right. It is not a matter of principle; the solid rock on which we all stand is the principle of Socialism, as the only real remedy for all our social chaos and disaster.

But although we agree altogether with Mr. Clynes and his friends in desiring Socialism, yet we entirely disagree, so it appears, as to the "method and policy" which will carry us most quickly to our goal. Here, then, is the point at issue. Mr. Clynes says the Labour Party has made the best possible fight for Socialism; we say that it has not. Mr. Clynes taunts us with having written sentences which gave the Labour Party credit when we honestly considered it due; while we were at the same time compelled to strongly criticise its action when it fell short of what, in our opinion, it might have done. Is it possible that anyone can imagine that we do not support, and shall not continue to support, the Labour Party, with all its faults, in its struggle against the broken-down collections of legislators who call themselves Liberal or Conservative Governments? As against all such remnants of prehistoric statesmanship, we are solid for the Labour Party.

But—and we cannot in any way qualify the meaning of what we are now about to add—if we find any people who are ready to press forward faster than the Labour Party sees fit to go, then, with our whole strength, we will back the efforts of the men and women who are in front. We cannot again reiterate all the instances when the Labour Party has sadly disappointed us. We have discussed them in detail until we are tired. Suffice it to say that at Dundee, at Newcastle, in the matter of the Licensing Bill, and, above all, in its treatment of the Unemployed debates, the Labour Party did not, in our view, do one fragment of what it might have done, either for Socialism or for Labour. On all those occasions it has, unconsciously, played into the hands of a Liberal Cabinet. The facts are before the workers of this country; it is for them to decide whether a more spirited policy was possible for the Labour Party during the last two sessions, and whether it must do better in the future. We, for our part, are quite sure that a more defiant attitude was both possible and expedient; and the aim of our criticism has been, and will continue to be, towards arousing the Socialists and Trade Unionists to call upon their Parliamentary leaders to show more courage than they have in the past. If the delegates at the coming Portsmouth Conference do not demand more energy; if the Parliamentary members of the Party do not obey them, then the capitalists of this country can sleep happily in the knowledge that they have nothing to fear. This journal, at least, stands for the sheer common sense of Revolt.—
Ed. N.A.]

The Case for the Scottish Graduates.

By Helen Douglas Irvine, M.A. (St. Andrews.)

THE Suffragists have turned upon their critics. The policy of that section of them hitherto most prominent has been to actively declare themselves unbound by laws made without their concurrence; and thus they have come to be judged and punished, actually though not professedly, for rebellion. Now some of their party have carried allegiance to the law so far that they have brought their claims to its highest tribunal; they have sought to transfer their needs from the realm of moral right or of policy into that of legal justice.

The Scottish women graduates who appeared before the law lords on Tuesday (the tenth) and on Thursday (the twelfth) of last month founded their case on three statutes. In 1868 a section of the Representation of the People (Scotland) Act conferred the vote on all persons whose names are on the registers of the General Councils of the four Scottish Universities and who are subject to no legal incapacity; and ruled further that membership of those councils should accrue to any on whom the Universities had conferred degrees. This law is unique among franchise Acts in that it contains no word denoting sex. In 1881 a second statute required the registrars of the Universities to send voting papers to all persons whose names are on the roll of the General Councils; and finally, in 1889, the Universities (Scotland) Act empowered the Universities to admit women to graduation in one or more faculties.

Women have been enabled accordingly to take degrees in arts, science, medicine, divinity, and law; and as they have graduated their names have been entered, automatically, on the registers of the General Councils. They were never, before 1906, considered "legally incapable" to exercise any of their privileges as members of those bodies. They voted for the Lord Chancellors and their assessors, even as, in their student days, they had a vote in rectorial elections. In 1906 the first contested election for a member of Parliament in any of these constituencies, since a woman had taken her degree, occurred in that of St. Andrews and Edinburgh. The women did not receive voting papers; and when they applied for such to the registrars they were met by refusals.

They appealed, therefore, to the Court of Session, first against the unauthorised action of the registrars in withholding the papers, and secondly against their general disability to vote as graduates. Their case was heard in Edinburgh, and lost, in July, 1906, and in November, 1907. When they resolved to appeal finally to the House of Lords they determined also no longer to employ counsel, but to plead in the persons of two of the appellants, Miss Chrystal Macmillan, M.A., B.Sc., and Miss Frances Simson, M.A., warden of Masson Hall, Edinburgh. All the appellants are, for technical reasons, graduates of Edinburgh, and the respondents are the University Court of St. Andrews. The case, however, has been supported equally by graduates of St. Andrews, Aberdeen; and Glasgow.

Miss Macmillan submitted to the Lords that if she could prove women to be necessarily subject to no legal incapacity, she had established her claims. She justly remarked that this phrase had, in the Act of 1868, an equal exclusive force in reference to other privileges which, as members of the General Council, women actually enjoy. She cited the School Board Act, as well as those which enfranchised women in New Zealand and the Isle of Man, all of which gave to "persons" rights exercised in virtue of them by women. The amended Municipal Franchise Act actually conferred votes on women by substituting the word "person" for "man." Further, the School Board Act stipulated for legal capacity in exactly the same terms as the statute of 1868. That proviso cannot be understood necessarily to impose a sex disqualification, for it occurs in the Act of Union of

1707, and the Reform Act of 1832, whose effects are otherwise limited to men. It seemed to the litigants that Miss Macmillan had indeed won recognition for her sex as persons legally capable; that Miss Simson in her short speech summed up the case when she said to their lordships, "We ask you to declare that the statutes mean what they say."

Experience in Edinburgh has proved, however, that the respondents have a tower of defence in what they term variously common law or principles of the constitution. Lord Maclaren based his final judgment in the Court of Session on an inherent principle of the constitution adverse to women's suffrage. Miss Macmillan made her most damaging attack on this position when she pointed out that University constituencies were constructed on an entirely new principle. I was sorry the Lord Chancellor saw fit to interrupt her historical arguments, for I think she was on the way to prove that the Act of 1868 went counter to a yet older, a yet more inherent principle, than that which may forbid the votes of women. She cited some of the instances, not unfamiliar to antiquaries, of women who have returned members to Parliament, or who have sat in Parliament, as conditions of land tenure. It would be very much more difficult to find examples of persons who, before the Universities were enfranchised, exercised votes in virtue of other than property rights. The case of Dame Elizabeth Copley, who in the reign of Elizabeth returned a member to Parliament in right of her jointure, although her husband's heir was of age, shows whether the qualification of property or the disqualification of sex was the stronger principle.

We understand the opinion of the law lords in Edinburgh to have been that common law has, in this matter, such overbearing strength as to impart to the phrase "persons not subject to legal incapacity" a reference to sex which it has not in statutes that are unconnected with State suffrage. Why, I wonder, has it never been held to preclude the votes of graduates without property rights, whether those of occupiers or other? Why did the statute of 1868 eliminate from the constitution one principle rather than another?

The announcement on the afternoon of November the 12th that their lordships would let the respondents know if they wished to hear their arguments left the appellants in little doubt that they had produced only a moral effect. Yet the verdict had unexpected interest. It is true that the Lord Chancellor had forgotten Miss Macmillan's statement that Scottish peers have been excluded from representation in the House of Commons by an express resolution of that body. At the same time, however, he gave a reason for his judgment: he refused to extend the franchise beyond the limits contemplated by the framers of the Act of 1868. Does he then credit those legislators with prophetic faculty of a limited kind, or is he of opinion that bachelors of music should be deprived of their votes?

Socialism and the Drink Supply.

By Cecil Chesterton.

"THERE was rejoicing in the drinking hells of London last night," said the "Daily News" when the Lords rejected the Licensing Bill; "the purveyors of our national poisons were glad." I was in my favourite "drinking hell" (which I may so far advertise as to say that it is situated in the neighbourhood of Hammer-smith Broadway) on the night in question, and observed no unusual signs of exhilaration, nor did the lady who "purveyed" to me the particular "national poison" which I affect (a quite patently good and honourable girl whom the Government proposed to deprive of her means of livelihood) display any extravagant glee. Indeed, they all set an example of abstinence from hysterical emotion which political Nonconformity might well follow with advantage. But one person at least "rejoiced" and "was glad"; and that person was myself.

I was distinctly glad that the Lords rejected the Licensing Bill instead of trying to amend it. Amendment would have meant a compromise, and I know by

experience what such compromises mean. An agreement between the Moderate Men of both sides always means in the long run an agreement between the Rich Men on both sides. The abortive compromise on the Education question would have been an agreement between Dr. Davidson and Sir Robert Perks, and a compromise on the Licensing question would mean an agreement between Lord Burton and Mr. Cadbury on the basis that the brewers might be allowed to plunder the people provided the teetotalers were suffered to oppress them.

In making some suggestions as to the policy which might legitimately take the place of the extinct Bill, I may say at once that I shall leave on one side those who take the Mahomedan view of the drink problem, and regard all alcoholic liquors as "national poisons." I shall assume that my readers agree with me that the Drink Problem is the problem of how to supply drink, not of how to prevent its being supplied. I shall assume that we wish to see drink supplied with the greatest possible social profit and the least possible social damage, and that we resent the existing monopoly just as we resented the monopoly of the water supply because we want the supply to be good and cheap, and believe that private monopoly makes it dear and bad. Our attack upon the water companies would have presented more difficulties if we had been embarrassed by the support of persons who regarded water as a "national poison," and abused the companies, not for supplying it inadequately, but for supplying it at all!

"Peace to all such!" But let me for a moment consider the position of those Socialists who, while quite free from Puritan leanings, honestly thought themselves bound to support the Bill as an attack upon monopoly. Now, I will grant that if the premises of these friends of ours are granted, their conclusions follow. If the first principle of the Bill were the recovery of the monopoly value by the State, then we might well have supported that principle in spite of our dislike of its Puritan provisions. But I altogether deny that such was the first principle of the Bill. Even the time-limit was not its first principle. Its first principle was the reduction of the number of public-houses, and, in consequence, the concentration of the profits of monopoly in still fewer hands.

We were frequently told that the issue was whether the license was or was not a freehold. Of course it is not a freehold; it is something, to the Socialist point of view at least, much more important than a freehold. It is a permission given to a man to earn his living. I care very little for the Rights of Property, but I care a great deal for the Right to Work. The Licensing Bill proposed to deprive the publican of the right to work at his trade. Nor is the publican the only or even the greatest sufferer by this sort of legislation. What about those whom he employs? They would lose their jobs without receiving a penny of compensation, even during the twenty-one years of grace, for, as Mr. Belloc said in *THE NEW AGE* the other day, no one ever compensates the poor. Nor could they hope to find others, for the reduction of public-houses must mean the reduction of the numbers of men and women employed in them.

Anyone can see the true nature of the question at issue by taking some parallel case where the Puritan prejudice does not arise. An auctioneer has to take out a license. That license is not a freehold, and no one ever supposed for a moment that it was; yet anyone would see the injustice of telling a man who had built up by hard work a good auctioneer's business that he should not be allowed to sell any more, not because he had committed any offence, but because the governing class thought that there were too many auctioneers in his neighbourhood.

Note that the licensing of auctioneers does not lead either to a monopoly of auctioneering or to exorbitantly swollen fortunes made by auctioneers or to the "tying" of auctioneers to large landed proprietors. This is because anyone who likes to pay for a license can get one. If the number of auctioneers was limited, and if all legislation aimed at still further reducing it, all these

consequences would certainly follow. But, then, there is no sect which imposes a religious taboo upon auction sales, nor have I ever heard any alarm expressed at the demoralising "facilities" (utterly destructive of the virtue of thrift) offered to both buyers and sellers by these pernicious institutions. On the other hand, there are people who think public-houses inherently evil places, and there are still more who vaguely believe that the excessive number of such places is the cause of the evils connected with the drink trade. With this view (of which I have never yet heard any valid justification) I shall deal in another article. Meanwhile, I merely want to point out that the drink monopoly, the vast fortunes it produces, and the social evils which result from it, are the direct product of temperance legislation.

But I have devoted enough space to a Bill which is not only dead but damned. In vain has the Government apparently solicited the assistance of Mrs. Carrie Nation, the famous "saloon-smasher" of the United States. Even her vigorous aid cannot resurrect the Bill. The people have not the slightest intention of allowing Mr. Asquith and Mrs. Carrie Nation to dictate their mode of life, and will enthusiastically endorse the verdict of the House of Lords upon the joint policy of these two well-known abstainers.

I understand that the present intention is to separate what we may call the Puritan from what we may call the financial portions of the Bill. The former, including, I presume, the further plunging of England into gloom on Sunday to typify the regret which we feel for the fact of Our Lord's resurrection, the odious system of espionage in workmen's clubs, and perhaps the infamous proposal to throw thousands of honest girls upon the streets, will be embodied in a separate Bill which, since it only oppresses the insignificant English people, it is hoped the Lords may pass. The place of the financial clauses will be taken by a system of High License which is to form part of next year's Budget.

Now, for my part, I am glad that Mr. Asquith and Mrs. Carrie Nation have decided upon this course, because all democrats can now concentrate in opposition to the new Puritan Coercion Bill without prejudice to their differences in regard to the financial part. But in regard to High License, I confess that I have doubts.

High License has a Collectivist air, and many Socialists have hastened to welcome it as a means of recovering for the public part at least of the monopoly value without interference with personal liberty. I myself inclined strongly to it for a considerable time. My first doubt was, I think, awakened when I found Mr. Pease recommending it as tending to confine the grant of licenses to "responsible" men. By "responsible" men Mr. Pease clearly meant rich men—men who could afford to pay the high license duty. Doubts came thick upon me when I found the Liberal papers supporting it on the ground that it would automatically reduce the "redundant" public-houses. In nine cases out of ten these "redundant" public-houses would prove to be the free public-houses. The independent publican with little capital who is now just able to exist might then have to sell out to the huge Trust which can easily put down from £100 to £500 without feeling the loss. So the tied-house system might be riveted more firmly than ever upon the nation.

I know that a Marxian of the old school might agree to all this and yet support the proposal on the ground that the concentration of capital would make easier its ultimate transfer to the State. Such a doctrine seems to me to neglect the principal danger of our age, the danger that the power of the rich may become so great as to render their ultimate expropriation impossible. Our battle is at best a desperate one, and it is surely a wild policy to strengthen the enemy's entrenchments in the hope that we may some day occupy them.

Tax the wealthy brewing and distilling corporations by all means by imposing a heavy graduated tax on unearned incomes, but do not by prohibitive taxation strike out of the hands of the comparatively poor man the weapon with which he is trying to defend himself against powerful rivals and oppressors.

At Random.

THEATRICAL NEWS.—The Liberal Women's Amateur Suffrage Society engaged a member of the Westminster Theatrical Company to amuse them at the Albert Hall. His fee was that the Liberals should turn out of the meeting every woman who had the sense and the pluck to demand real politics instead of oratorical humbug.

The new melodrama, "Down with the Lords," is now in active rehearsal. The actor-manager, Mr. Asquith, in his National Liberal Club speech, said: "I invite the Liberal Party from to-night to treat the veto of the House of Lords as the dominating issue in politics." What a sleepy land of dreams some people inhabit, to be sure!

Mr. John Burns informed the House of Commons last week that over 38,000 names were on the unemployment registers of the London Distress Committees; and work had been found for less than 8,000 of these. This is the way they play at government. Nobody seemed particularly shocked; of course it was very hard on the odd 30,000. If the odd men had sense they would make it hard on those play-acting politicians.

The fourth Education Bill passed quietly away on Monday. We are glad to hear that no inquest will be necessary; for the doctors have given a certificate of "natural causes"—Christian convulsions. We also understand that the Government has entered into a contract with a well-known Crematorium Company to do this annual funeral at special prices. The Chancellor of the Exchequer should move that the cost thereof be transferred to the permanent Consolidated Fund. What a very elderly Cabinet it must be, to waste so much time on religious education. Will it propose a "right of entry" for the Inquisition? Will the Primitive Christians be allowed to contract out? Will this aged Cabinet please give up mediæval fancies and attend to modern education?

It is, apparently, quite true that the "Spectator" is now edited by the Fabian Executive. At least, the rumour is strengthened by two sentences from the last issue, containing these words: "The true principle of taxation must obviously be that each man shall contribute to the needs of the State in proportion to his ability"; and "We have always held that the holders of monopolies created by the State should pay a reasonable and proper price for the highly lucrative privilege granted them." It is understood that this will shortly be followed by editorials advocating a heavily-graduated income tax and the most stringent assessment of ground-values. A Society which can permeate the "Spectator"! Well! Nunc dimittis.

It seems that, ever since its foundation by the great Duke of Wellington, in 1818, the London Mendicity Society has toiled and troubled to put an end to street begging. They have never succeeded, for the current Duke, who keeps the presidency of the Society in the family, writes to the "Times" that "with hardly any exceptions the giving of money to beggars in the street, far from being beneficial, is very harmful." It's quite interesting to note that this objection to almsgiving is the essential feature of much more modern societies called the I.L.P. and the S.D.P., etc. Only they say that the really harmful thing is to give money (rents, ground values, interest, and so on) to Dukes and all that sort. And it's much more expensive to satisfy dukes than beggars. A modest penny gets rid of the most palatial of beggars; while the most beggarly of lords wants an income that would run all the soup kitchens till Utopia comes.

So it seems "The Sphere" does not like my name. Of course, I'm sorry—heaps and heaps. But how, indeed, could I help it? One passes through the baptismal waters before the gift of speech has arrived. My protest was loud, but incoherent; a wandering fist,

placed in the ecclesiastical eye, was misunderstood. I came out as Peter Pan, for good or evil; my fierce struggles all in vain. It was the first tyranny of stupid age over the wisdom of youth. The lesson went home: I determined I would never become old and stupid; I was "the boy who would not grow up."

And, with all respect to the "Sphere," I have not the slightest intention of ever growing up. I shall remain Peter Pan. I don't want to waste my time as grown-up people do. I want to attend to the serious business of life—enjoying myself: I don't want to consider statistics and attend conferences. I want, instead, to get the work of the world done quickly, and not merely talked about in a dreamy way, as if I were a member of Parliament or a town clerk. Old people are so sentimental; only the young are really practical; after twelve one forgets wisdom for the folly of sober caution. A cautious man never does anything, he is always saving himself from doing the right thing.

When Peter Pan understands the thoughts of grown-up people he will at least respect them; he will keep silent, he would not give them away. When they go about calling Licensing Bills and Education Bills (four) politics, he will firmly refuse to waste his time with such elderly nonsense. When they say they are doing something for the Unemployed by expressing grey-haired sympathy, instead of voting money, he will decline to be tricked by such antiquated hypocrisy. He will turn to the young for mature wisdom; and when he wants stubborn folly he will turn to the old. That's how he came to be named "the boy who would not grow up."

PETER PAN.

At a special meeting of the Halifax I.L.P., held on December 10th, the following resolution was passed unanimously: "That this branch condemns the Parliamentary policy of the N.A.C., and believes that each branch of the I.L.P. should have full local autonomy in the promotion of Parliamentary candidates."

The following was also passed: "That this branch censure the N.A.C. for expunging Victor Grayson's name from its lecture list."

THE SCIENCE OF FOOD AND DIET.

The famous food expert and scientist, Eugene Christian, has just completed the formation of a company for the sale and manufacture of his food products, called Christian's Natural Food Company, Limited. For list of goods, see advt., page 167. Mr. Christian claims on the most convincing evidence that his foods provide a diet that maintains the body and mind in the highest health and vigour. [Advt.]

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A Letter to Wells.

MY DEAR WELLS,—I foolishly and rashly took your book upon *First and Last Things* with a promise to do what is called "reviewing" it. For this task I am not competent. I am not sure that anybody is, but I am quite sure that I am not. A review is either a summary, telling people what is in the book, or a judgment of that book, or a mixture of both. Now your book upon the *First and Last Things* contains so much of a human being, and is so full and so free from repetition that I don't see how it would be possible to summarise it, except as one summarises a character or an historical period by reading over and over again, and by leaving one's judgment to the process of time. As for judging, which is the second part of "reviewing," I again confess myself incapable. I can only measure by certain clear standards where generalities are concerned; for instance, I can distinguish between what is known and what is guessed in physical science, and between the emotion produced by good verse compared with the emotion produced by any passionate patriotic revenge mixed up with good verse. But when it comes to the appreciation of something so organic as a personality and what that personality thinks, I can only express an opinion equally personal, and that would not be "reviewing."

What I had better do, I think, is to tell you how the book strikes one in the literature of our time. What its place is and will be.

You will agree with me, I think, that the distinction between men to-day is the distinction between those prepared to discover and to express the truth, and those not concerned in this matter. The former happen to be in modern England as we know it, a very small body indeed. It was but yesterday that I was analysing to my constituents the exact nature of the power which a man like old Rothschild could exercise over the financial Committee which we call the House of Lords. My constituents were delighted, but (will posterity believe it!) the Press, that is, Harmsworth, who owns two papers in that district, and sundry other wealthy men, reported everything in the speech except that capital passage. There is one example. And you may say in general that the world around us to-day in this island (not in Ireland) thinks the truth less important than it has been thought at any other period of which we have record.

You know what the politicians are; the professional politicians; a clique of men all closely intermarried with a few dependents hanging on to them. The last thing they think about is the truth. They are so far removed from it that they do not even understand that some few men about them care for it. You know the journalists. You know how everything is written to order; how many a hearty drinker writes purulent teetotalism because his cowardice is owned by some wealthy gutter snipe or other who was never taught to drink like a man. You know the rich, and the amazing contrast between what they say at table and what they say in public. You will agree with me, therefore, I am confident, that the men who want to know the truth and to express it, are in England, and especially in London to-day exceedingly rare.

Now you are one of these. If you find Paris is well built you say so. The discovery gives you pleasure, and the expression of the discovery gives you pleasure, and you are indifferent whether for the moment some rascally Jew millionaire is on his trial for treason in France or not. If you think you have discovered an honest speech-maker in the United States, you say so, and you are indifferent to the prejudices of intimate friends in the matter. And so forth. I am confident that if, by personal experience, you discovered that a man had actually lifted himself off the ground by force of will, and had done a piece of "levitation" you would record the fact with enthusiasm, and would take a great deal of trouble to impress it upon your fellow beings, and so forth.

Now the people who want to tell the truth to-day are the people who will count with our immediate pos-

terity. The hypocrites won't count—you can smell around you the tawdry and malodorous relics of the reputations of dead Cabinet Ministers; the vast host that repeat phrases don't count. The few who discover and desire to express do count. Therefore, your book will most undoubtedly be regarded one year after another as the development of our time proceeds.

My next business is to lay down as a proposition which I shall not prove, but upon which the whole of this my appreciation depends, that the modern world is very rapidly settling down into two fairly clearly marked bodies of opinion.

You know how, at high tide, a harbour will look like a big lake, full of every sort of diversity and conflicting interest of wind and minor current, and ripple and patch of calm. You know how, as the sea begins to suck back its own the currents grow stronger and more defined, but there is still complexity and confusion; and you know how at last some great sandbank will heave itself above the falling waters, and they will run in two single, direct, silent, puissant bodies of water solid upon either side.

Something like this has happened to the modern world. A generation or so ago it was that pleasing, complex, easy thing that older men will remember. At least, it was that upon the surface. Only those who knew the depths (Lacordaire was one) were sure by the conformation their surroundings showed them, that deep currents were in the nature of our society. The tide has fallen, and with every day it is more clearly apparent that conviction is dividing into two bodies of thought, violent, hating each other, utterly distinct. One of them is Catholicism, the other is that which you see shaping around you.

I say wisely "bodies" of thought. Not theories, but things, not conclusions but enthusiasms alive with passion.

I remember in one of your books you represented some fashionable fellow or other, whom I think you talked of as a cleric of the "Huysman" sect. He, in that future society you were describing, stood for some paltry fad or other, some millinery, some archæological amusement, such as may tickle wealthy women. You know, of course, when I say Catholicism I do not mean that. When I say Catholicism I mean what the people mean who sell flowers near Victoria Station, and what the little hump-backed man means who sells papers somewhat further on. (This is not libel, for the hump-backed man is poor.) For I had a game the other day, laying a bet as to whether those in communion with the See of Rome were properly described in current English as Catholic. I referred it to the popular voice, and discovered all the day down Victoria Street that when an ordinary Englishman says Catholic he means Catholic. On this account do I use that word, but if anyone prefers that in writing to you I should use the word Papist or Romanist, or R.C., or even that to me meaningless word "Christianity," I should be delighted to use it so that we know what is meant by the word. Well, then, to return. I say the world is falling into these two bodies of thought, and falling rapidly, and the proof is, that the transcendental dogmas unproved and unprovable of the anti-Catholic side in Europe are beginning to be accepted wholesale and in bulk, precisely as are accepted the dogmas of religion.

Now I confess the interest of your book to me is to guess upon which side of the sand-bank thought of your book's kind will fall.

Here, I beseech you, Wells, to wait a moment. I am not interested to discover whether the sources from which it springs are Catholic or not. They obviously are not Catholic. What I am interested in is the process of appreciation apparent in such thought and the development of it. I catch at once in your book the opposite of mere words: the salt of reason. You would never say (as Shaw says only this week) that life is a "miracle." That is Hyde Park. A miracle is a highly unusual event: something out of the order. Life isn't. You would never say (as Bax says only this week) that Catholicism is reduced to lessening "peasant areas."

You know that New York, Paris, and the rest are not a peasantry. You have met men: you know that the men who all over Europe and the world are saying that they have loved too late the unspeakable beauty are — worse luck for them — not peasants. You may even know—so wide is your reading—that my quotation is a tag from Hippo. When you say that the “personality of Christ” does not appeal to you I naturally remain indifferent, because the phrase “personality of Christ” means whatever any reader chooses to make it mean. It is (to use the faded jargon of the Universities) “subjective,” or, to talk plain English, “made up out of one’s head,” and I can understand that you or any honest man would be repelled by any simulacrum made in their own image by those who go about doing good in a quiet way. The root of the interest in your book lies surely not in your attitude towards such things, but in its hesitation between positive assertion and sympathy. Perpetually do I find in it marks of sympathetic or emotional attraction to that which has given all its life to the anti-catholic camp. On the question of immortality, for instance, you do not ask yourself whether men continue to live or do not continue to live after death, but rather whether you feel inclined that they should do so. On that prime question whether things are a pyramid which grows from an apex or whether they are not rather a cube whose molecular structure is pyramidal; whether we should feel the dynamics of the universe to proceed from or towards personality; whether a certain direction is *up* or *down*; whether the Universe was made or makes, and in general, *whether there is a God*—on this prime question (whereupon all true thought reposes) you tell me that sometimes, looking at a view or at the night, you feel a mysterious communion with a great personality. In words far less admirable than your own, and with intelligences wholly inferior to yours, the very modernists say such things. But surely the problem with which the mind of man wrestles is not whether he likes it or feels that such a personality should be, but whether it *is*.

When you talk not of that with which you sympathise or of that which you feel, but of that which you intellectually accept (or as we Catholics should say, of your Faith), you give a certain number of postulates upon the one side, but you give also a certain number of postulates upon the other.

For instance, next to the prime question whether there is a God, comes the quarrel between nominalism and realism; the great awakening of the human mind after the Dark Ages fought out that quarrel, and the Church decided against nominalism. Now your book is nominalist, whereas we are realist. You are nominalist when you say that matter in its ultimate analysis is no longer matter, and you are nominalist when you say that general terms lead men astray. In general, the intellectual framework of the book is of the school, or rather, the army, opposed to ours; but every now and then, like a man choosing things in a shop because he likes them, and therefore choosing divers things, you strike a strong note upon our side. For instance, you distinguish in more than one place between what is known and what is guessed—that is a purely Catholic habit. To-day we Catholics alone maintain that sanity as a body. You show in more than one passage a distaste for the dreary, repeated assertions of things never seen: things the supposed existence of which reposes upon nothing less flimsy than a Jacob’s Ladder of hypotheses; that distaste is a profoundly Catholic distaste. I think if it were put to you which meant more to you, beer or the chemical analysis of beer, you would say beer. I think if it were put to you whether you were more sure of oak than of the analysis of oak upon any scientific lines you would plump for oak. More: in that vastly most important point, the stuff of humanity, you are perpetually dragged by your powerful intelligence towards seeing men. You try to mix your Socialism with the fact, Man. It won’t mix, but at any rate you try to do it, and no other Socialist to my knowledge does.

So I ask myself as I lay the book down for the third or the fourth or the fifth time, into which watershed the stream of thought you represent (and largely originate) will fall when we are all dead. It is a profound question, the answer to it is all important, and I do not pretend to furnish that answer; but of one thing, at the risk of repetition, I will again affirm that I am certain, and that is that it *will* fall upon one side or the other; there are only two. Their dualism and their antagonism will be increasingly apparent as we grow old, and perhaps before the end of our time they will have led to wars. Already in France, which is the arena, men are quite ready to die upon either side. Is it not an entertaining debate? HILAIRE BELLOC.

Nominalist and Realist.

QUITE apart from the pleasure I feel in being written about by an artist so strong and subtle and admirable as Belloc, I rejoiced to read his letter in THE NEW AGE, that organ of all that is most “advanced” in contemporary thought. As one who has adventured into “advanced” circles and tried to get some sort of collective effectiveness out of their mental activities, as one who has retired at last baffled and temporarily disheartened before their immense, their invincible incoherence, I can appreciate perhaps more vividly than anyone else the urgent need there is to say and say again and keep on saying until the unfamiliar idea works its way home, that there is a need of thinking about how one thinks before one sets out upon the higher thought, or advanced or progressive thought, or indeed any sort of thinking about things in general at all . . .

Lord! the time I have had! It has been like trying to walk up a luggage chute while some lunatic above was raining down trunks, hand-bags, hat-boxes, dead cats, live cows, and cabbages!

The incapacity of most of these people to keep up for five minutes the distinction between a theory of social reconstruction and the strategic and tactical necessities of a political campaign!

Their incapacity to realise that a propaganda of ideas is hampered by a Basis that entirely mis-states what you are trying to make people understand!

Their artful secondary reasons! Their earnest search for the true motives behind a proposition! Their sudden plunging resorts to suspicion!

Their conceptions of research! . . .

Well, that is by the way. There are two matters upon which Belloc dwells in his illuminating criticism. One, the reality of God, I cannot deal with here, because there is not available space enough nor time enough to go at all beyond stark initial propositions; the other, the (mentally) more fundamental issue, the issue between Nominalist and the Realist. I disagree with Belloc in his interpretation of the situation. I do not think there is to be that deep separation and conflict ahead of us that he foretells. Nominalist and Realist are, I think, convergent systems of attitude that are giving place to re-stated reconciling propositions. That he finds me, for example, astraddle and doubtful between the two channels he marks is just one of many considerations that disincline me to agree with him. I know it is tempting to sweep in the lines of a broad separation through all the twisting of human thought, to separate as Nominalists one great body from—I snatch at names haphazard—Heraclitus, through William of Occam to William James, and put over against them the intellectuals from Plato and Aristotle via Abelard, let us say, to Dr. MacTaggart. Only—it isn’t so. Two sets of influences have subtly and profoundly altered the fundamental conceptions on which this opposition rests. One is the growing realisation of a factor of will in thought, due to the invasion of psychology by observation; the other, the perception of what I may call inter-specific, as well as intra-specific, individuals—that is to say, of “links”—which Darwinism brought home to the human mind. In place of absolute qualitative oppositions, it follows that we get quantitative differences, and the nature of the issue is changed altogether . . .

Life is not only short but urgent, so that one must write of these things in a kind of shorthand, but I think that will convey my point to Belloc anyhow.

H. G. WELLS.

The Single Tax and Socialism.

Is there any good and sufficient reason why single taxers and Socialists should not work shoulder to shoulder in close alliance for that amelioration of social conditions—for that radical change in the basis of society which both feel is essential if this world is to become a fit place for the vast majority of its people to live in? Differ as they may concerning some of the means by which this bettering of conditions is to be accomplished, they agree as to others, and their ultimate aim is practically identical: namely, to make the mass of the people full participants in the vast wealth and the immense store of material advantages which the industrial forces of the world, rightly used, might produce.

It is true that the Socialist—or so we understand the matter—regards the nationalisation of all means of production, distribution and exchange, as the only way towards the adequate socialisation of wealth, while the single taxer believes that such socialisation can be brought about by nationalising, through taxation, the land, and those things which are in their nature monopolies. But this difference ought to count for little in the face of the wrongs and abuses which Socialists and single taxers agree should be attacked here and now. Two men who are travelling the same road, whereon enemies must be fought before progress can be made, would be foolish in refusing to join forces because one of them, after miles of the journey had been accomplished, intended to take a turning which the other believed would not lead to the objective which both had ultimately in view. Such travellers are the single taxer and the Socialist, and surely they should combine to fight their way along the first stages of their perilous economic journey.

In proof of our contention that their ultimate aim is practically indistinguishable, let us quote a portion of the passage from "Progress and Poverty," in which Henry George points to the changes he desires to accomplish, and believes would result from the single tax:

"There would be a great and increasing surplus revenue from the taxation of land values, for material progress, which would go on with greatly accelerated rapidity, would tend constantly to increase rent. This revenue arising from the common property could be applied to the common benefit, as were the revenues of Sparta. We might not establish public tables—they would be unnecessary; but we could establish public baths, museums, libraries, gardens, lecture rooms, music and dancing halls, theatres, universities, technical schools, shooting galleries, playgrounds, gymnasiums, etc. Heat, light, and motive power, as well as water might be conducted through our streets at public expense; our roads be lined with fruit trees; discoverers and inventors rewarded, scientific investigations supported; and in a thousand ways the public revenues made to foster efforts for the public benefit. We should reach the ideal of the Socialist, but not through government repression. Government would change its character, and would become the administration of a great co-operative society. It would become merely the agency by which the common property was administered for the common benefit."

No Socialist, we take it, hopes, at least for a long time, to accomplish more than this. The question remains, is there anything in the present practical proposals of the single taxer which is either foreign to, or not directly tending towards, the Socialist's ideal?

The single taxer wishes to tax land values. This would take for the community a portion of the value which the community created. It would, in our view, do much more, but looked at from the point of view of the Socialist, it should be of the first importance, for it both reduces the value of the land, which he wishes ultimately to nationalise, and provides a fund for purchase, or redeeming bonds paid for the land, if he has purchase in view.

Again, the single taxer desires to nationalise, or municipalise, railways, tramways, gasworks, waterworks, canals, telegraphs, telephones, electric supply—all those undertakings, in fact, which can be exploited by the individual only when some special privilege is conferred upon him by the State. These are in their nature monopolies, and to monopolies of almost every kind in the hands of the individual the single taxer is a sworn foe. Such limited exceptions as copyright and patents are of small importance.

Admitting that the Socialist considers this programme insufficient, it surely, nevertheless, affords a basis for a working agreement which would occupy reforming energies for the present and years to come. The single taxer wishes to begin with an attack on land monopoly. Cannot the Socialist go with him there? No one has pointed out more forcibly than Karl Marx how potent an agent is land ownership in the enslavement of labour. Let us destroy such ownership, and take the next great step that may prove needful, when the ground is clear.

Private property in land cannot be abolished in a day, or in many years, without unwearied effort, but the time is propitious for striking a telling blow. Government is in need of another £20,000,000 to meet next year's demands on the revenue. A tax of 1d. on the capital value of land in the United Kingdom, which cannot be less than six thousand million pounds to-day, would supply the sum and about £5,000,000 to spare.

Let wasteful expenditure be cut down, as it might and ought to be by many millions, and still social reformers would find plenty of use for the balance.

If space permitted, we could show how, besides raising revenue, this tax would do much greater things in forcing land into use, in town and country, which means employing men now unemployed, who in their turn would spend their wages in employing others. We could show how it would raise wages, by reducing the competition of men driven out of the country with workers in the towns; how it would reduce rents, by forcing owners of unoccupied land and houses to build and to secure tenants.

These things, however, Socialists know. What we would urge upon them is to put a tax upon land values in the forefront of their programme, to make it their political battle cry for the coming months, and to ask help of the hundreds and thousands of single taxers and land value taxers, who are scattered throughout the country. They would be surprised at the response. And if, when the first battle of the land is won, question arises whether Radical and Socialist forces can still advance together, at least they will understand one another's objectives better, after being comrades in arms.

H. CHOMLEY.
JOSEPH FELS.

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Socialism and the Woman.

"THE term Socialism," says the "Imperial Dictionary," is applied to any system which requires that the land and the instruments of production should be the property, not of individuals, but of communities, or of the Government."

This definition would be accepted, I think, by most Socialists. It is definite and concise. It sums up their ideals and aspirations in a nutshell. Yet I think we must pause before we lay it down as a final definition.

For Woman has spoken.

"Your definition may suit men," she says, "but to me it is not definite; it is vague and uncertain. Above all, it is Masculine."

I think I am safe in asserting that while Socialism, with its humanitarian teaching and its sound economic principles, is appealing more and more to the intelligent men of this country, it has found a much less hearty reception among intelligent women. Not only so; we find many advanced women who were formerly warm adherents of the cause now openly state that, while agreeing with the economic principles of Socialism, they fail to see in it any guarantee of justice for their sex; and that until sex equality is placed at the head of the programme they will take no part in forwarding the movement. Thousands of women—and the number is increasing by leaps and bounds—have taken up this strong position, and as this is tantamount to a vote of censure, let us see if the censure is deserved. Women are sceptical of Socialism. Let us ask ourselves if there is any reason for their suspicions.

The position of women under Socialism is often discussed, but seldom fairly. It seems to be an understood thing that when economic freedom arrives she will participate equally with the men in the happiness which under a perfect system should be experienced.

But the sex oppression which woman has suffered at the hands of man through the countless ages absolutely forbids any such assumption. The reader has only to listen to the conversation of a group of men when the subject is woman to see for himself the work that must be done before this gross masculinism can be destroyed. This sex-dominance, which is plainly evident in Socialist men as well as in men of the older parties, can never be destroyed by a mere change in the economic conditions of the people. It will never be annihilated until the political freedom of woman has been won, and even then the death will be slow. Undoubtedly, Mrs. Pankhurst is right. Sex freedom is the first and greatest steps towards true Socialism.

The Socialist (I speak in a general sense) fails utterly to grasp the situation. He has mapped out his route to glory. He has fixed his eyes on the goal—the masculine goal—and refuses to look either to the right or left.

The woman nudges his elbow.

"Votes for women?" she queries.

"That is not Socialism," he snorts, without turning his head. "Seek first the kingdom of Socialism and votes shall be added unto you."

The woman's face wears a peculiar smile as she shakes her head and inquires the nearest way to No. 4, Clement's Inn.

Let us do a little heart-searching. Why do Socialists, as a body, oppose the agitation for Votes for Women? (I use the word "oppose" because official silence counts as opposition.) It cannot be because of its so-called "limited" character, for it is absolutely unlimited in its essential, or rather, its only principle. It breaks down at one blow the iron doors of sex-disability through which women must pass to gain sex freedom. The fact that only a small section of women, wealthy or poor, will be enfranchised does not bear on the case. By the passing of the Votes for Women Bill the political status of all women will be immediately raised.

I have another reason to offer for the Socialist opposition to what is, perhaps, the greatest and noblest agitation in all history. I hesitate to give it, however, for if it be the true reason it discloses to the world a most humiliating example of human weakness in a quarter where the highest ideals are professedly held.

Have Socialists allowed their innate love of justice to dominate their attitude towards this agitation? Is there not a suspicion that they are suffering from a sense of pique? Amid the warnings which have appeared in the Socialist Press against the dangers of "side issues" and "side tracks" may be clearly distinguished a note—a "Clarion" note occasionally—of resentment that women should occupy the stage. Man has so long dictated the course which woman should follow; he has so long considered himself the controller of her destiny, that an attitude of hostility was to be anticipated in men of a low order of intelligence. The fact that Socialists, who so glibly parade the "starving wives" before their audiences, have adopted the same attitude of hostility to the women who are

fighting for their freedom, seems to me to be capable of only one explanation.

A lady friend with whom I was conversing the other day said:

"Do you really think that Socialist men want women to be free?"

"Certainly," I replied.

"Quite free?" she pursued.

—I have not yet answered her.

A. O. BICK.

University Franchise: The Lords' Judgment.

[House of Lords, Thursday, 10th December, 1908. *Nairn and others, Appellants, and University Court of University of St. Andrews, and others, Respondents.*

Lords Present: The Lord Chancellor, Lord Ashbourne, Lord Robertson, Lord Collins.]

JUDGMENT.

THE LORD CHANCELLOR:

My Lords, this appeal has been argued temperately with the evident knowledge that your lordships have to decide what the law in fact is, and nothing beyond that simple question.

Two points were raised by the appellants. The first and main point was that they were entitled to vote at an election of a member to serve in Parliament for the Universities of St. Andrews and Edinburgh. The second was that at all events they were entitled to receive voting papers, and on tendering their votes to have their claim decided by the authority set up under the Universities Elections Amendment (Scotland) Act, 1881. I will take these contentions in order.

In regard to the alleged right of voting, the appellants assert that if ancient records are explored, there is evidence of women having enjoyed this right, and no adequate ground for affirming a constitutional or common law disability on the score of sex. And, further, that the Representation of the People Act (Scotland), 1868, taken with the Universities (Scotland) Act, 1889, and the Ordinances made under the last-mentioned Act do upon their literal construction confer upon women, if they comply with the requirements, a right to vote for University Members.

Now, my lords, it may be that in the vast mass of venerable documents buried in our public repositories—some of authority, others of none—there will be found traces of women having taken part in Parliamentary elections. No authentic and plain case of a woman giving a vote was brought before your lordships. But students of history know that at various periods members of the House of Commons were summoned in a very irregular way, and it is quite possible that just as great men in a locality were required to nominate members, so also women in a like position may have been called upon to do the same; or other anomalies may have been overlooked in a confused time. I say it may be so, though it has not been established. A few equivocal cases were referred to. I was surprised how few. And it is the same in regard to judicial precedents. Two passages may be found in which Judges are reported as saying that women may vote at Parliamentary elections. These are dicta derived from an ancient manuscript of no weight. Old authorities are almost silent on the subject, except that Lord Coke at one place incidentally alludes to women as being under a disqualification, not dwelling upon it as a thing disputable, but alluding to it for purpose of illustration as a matter certain. This disability of women has been taken for granted.

It is incomprehensible to me that anyone acquainted with our laws or the methods by which they are ascertained can think, if indeed anyone does think, there is room for argument on such a point. It is notorious that this right of voting has in fact been confined to men. Not only has it been the constant tradition, alike of all the three kingdoms, but it has also been the constant practice so far as we have knowledge of what has happened from the earliest times down to this day. Only the clearest proof that a different state of things

prevailed in ancient times could be entertained by a court of law in probing the origin of so inveterate a usage. I need not remind your lordships that numberless rights rest upon a similar basis. Indeed, the whole body of the common law has no other foundation.

I will not linger upon this subject, which, indeed, was fully discussed in *Chorlton v. Lings*. If this legal disability is to be removed, it must be done by Act of Parliament. Accordingly, the appellants maintain that it has in fact been done by Act of Parliament. They say that the Act of 1868, while confining to men the franchise described in other sections, adopts different language in Section 27, using in that section the words "persons." I agree that the word "persons" would, *prima facie*, include women. But in speaking of "persons," this same section limits them to those who are "not subject to any legal incapacity." I cannot doubt that by this limitation, if not otherwise, are excluded all such persons as may by law be disabled from voting. Peers are excluded, as are women. So, also, are others.

If the word "persons" in Section 27 of the Act of 1868 is wide enough to comprise women, then they are shut out by the exception of those subject to a legal incapacity. If the word "persons" is not wide enough to include women, then there is nothing in any Act of Parliament that gives the smallest foothold for the appellants' contention.

I will only add this much as to the whole case of the appellants. It proceeds upon the supposition that the word "person" in the Act of 1888 did include women, though not then giving them the vote, so that at some later date an Act purporting to deal only with education might enable Commissioners to admit them to the degree, and thereby also indirectly confer upon them the franchise. It would require a convincing demonstration to satisfy me that Parliament intended to effect a constitutional change so momentous and far-reaching by so furtive a process. It is a dangerous assumption to suppose that the Legislature foresees every possible result that may ensue from the unguarded use of a single word, or that the language used in Statutes is so precisely accurate that you can pick out from various Acts this and that expression, and, skilfully piecing them together, lay a safe foundation for some remote inference. Your lordships are aware that from early times the Courts of Law have been continuously obliged, in endeavouring loyally to carry out the intentions of Parliament, to observe a series of familiar precautions for interpreting Statutes, so imperfect and obscure as they often are. Learned volumes have been written on this single subject. It is not, in my opinion, necessary in the present case to apply any of those canons of construction. The Act invoked by the appellants is plain enough to repel their contentions.

In regard to the second point made by the appellants, namely, that they are entitled to receive voting papers, in my opinion they are not so entitled, because the Act only says that voters shall receive them. They are not voters.

For these reasons I respectfully advise your lordships to dismiss this appeal with costs.

Lord ASHBOURNE :

My Lords, the claim of the appellants is founded on their status as graduates of one of the two Universities named. By the Universities (Scotland) Act, 1889, the Commissioners thereby appointed were empowered to make Ordinances "to enable each University to admit women to graduation in one or more faculties," and to provide for their instruction. By the Ordinance of 1892 this power was exercised, and it was declared "to be in the power of the University Court of each University to admit women to graduation in such faculty or faculties as the Court shall think fit."

The first thing which at once attracts attention is that neither the Act nor the Ordinance gives the slightest hint that the franchise was at all in contemplation, and there is no allusion to the Register of the General Council.

The appellants, therefore, must look elsewhere to support their claim, and they accordingly in their

careful arguments rely on the Representation Act of 1868 and the Universities Elections Act of 1881.

By Section 27 of the Representation Act of 1868, a vote is given to "every person whose name is for the time being on the register, if of full age and not subject to any legal incapacity," and the appellants claim that they come within the description—that they are persons whose names are on the register. The case turns mainly on the meaning of the word "person" in that Act. It is an ambiguous word, and must be examined and construed in the light of surrounding circumstances and constitutional principle and practice. Holding the views I do, it is not necessary I should discuss the words "legal incapacity."

In 1868 the Legislature could only have had male persons in contemplation, as women could not then be graduates, and also because the Parliamentary franchise was by constitutional principle and practice confined to men. The appellants strongly relied on the use of the word "man" in some earlier sections dealing with counties or boroughs. It is, however, to be noted that in six later sections before the twenty-seventh the word "person" is used instead of "man," and must mean "male person," and I cannot hold that the same word "person" in Section 27 could have a different meaning, even if I could ignore other arguments. I can give but little weight to the few old cases referred to, which are obscure and unexplained, and which are opposed to uninterrupted usage to the contrary for several centuries.

I can, then, entertain no doubt that, when examined, "person" means male person in the Act. The Parliamentary franchise has always been confined to men, and the word "person" cannot by any reasonable construction be held to be prophetically used to support an argument founded on a statute passed many years later.

If it was intended to make a vast constitutional change in favour of women graduates, one would expect to find plain language and express statement. So far from the Act giving any intimation of a serious innovation, it guards in a saving clause, subject to the provisions of the Act, all existing "laws, customs, and enactments."

But here the Act of 1889 and the Ordinance are absolutely silent on the subject, and only refer to graduation and academic arrangements. The Act of Parliament itself does not confer the right of graduation, and only delegates that authority to Commissioners, who did not directly exercise the power, but ordained that it should be in the power of each University Court "to admit women to graduation in such faculty or faculties as the said Court may think fit," and directed how academic functions are to be provided for.

It is to my mind impossible to imagine that the Legislature should have conferred by a delegation to Commissioners the power either of extending the franchise themselves to a perfectly new class, or by devolution passing on that power to University Courts—a power always jealously kept in its own hands. It is inconceivable that Parliament should do this by implication without a word to indicate the intention, and should thus indirectly place a new construction on an Act passed years before and reverse a settled and uniform constitutional practice and principle.

Having reached this conclusion, I must hold that there is no substance in the argument that the appellants were entitled to be sent voting papers. It is true that voting papers should be sent to voters; but if they were not voters, where was the right and where was the damage?

In my opinion, the judgments of the Lord Ordinary and of the Lords of the Extra Division were quite correct, and this appeal should be dismissed with costs.

Lord ROBERTSON :

My Lords, the central fact in the present appeal is that from time immemorial men only have voted in Parliamentary elections. What the appeal seeks to establish is, that in the single case of the Scottish Universities Parliament has departed from this distinction, and has conferred the franchise on women. Clear expression of this intention must be found before it is

inferred that so exceptional a privilege has been granted.

We had not the assistance of counsel; but fortunately the question is not difficult. In truth, the case of the appellants rests on a very narrow and slender basis, and that is the word "person" in the first and second sub-sections of Section 27 of the Representation of the People (Scotland) Act, 1868. It is said that, while in the clauses relating to counties and burghs, the persons enfranchised are described as "male persons," the neutral term "person" is used in describing the University elector, and the suggested inference is that this was done deliberately so as to admit women.

I am afraid, however, that a much more superficial reason was what led to the variation. If we turn to the Universities (Scotland) Act, 1858, which set up the University Councils (the bodies which constitute the constituencies), we find that the word used is "person." Now this is exactly what Parliament would naturally do; minded to give votes to the members of the General Councils, it turns to the description of them in the Act which established those Councils and adopts the term there used.

This is the genesis of the enfranchising section. What is its effect? Now the "persons" so described were, in fact, solely men; for in 1858 and in 1868 the Universities did not receive women as students, and did not confer on them degrees. It is obvious, therefore, that the persons contemplated in the enfranchisement of the Scotch graduates were men.

As the case of the appellants is entirely one of words, it may be added that in 1858, as in 1868, the avail of the words "male persons" as distinguished from "persons" had been greatly reduced by Lord Brougham's Act, so that the choice of the word "person" had of itself the smaller significance in the direction of including women. The one expression, like the other, needs to be read in the light of the subject matter.

The case of the appellants has, as I have said, the word "person" (in the Act of 1868) for its basis, but it is necessary to remember that it is only by virtue of an Ordinance of the University Commissioners under an Act of 1889 (dealing purely with academic, as distinguished from political matters), that women were made eligible for graduation, and thus were introduced into the University Councils. Now it must be allowed that if Parliament has, by this means, conferred the franchise on women, it has taken the most roundabout way to do it. Whichever view be taken of the merits of the question whether women should vote for Members of Parliament, it is at least a grave and important question for Parliament to decide. This question, according to the theory of this appeal, Parliament devolved on a Royal Commission about the details of academic affairs which had power, moreover, to provide graduation (and by consequence, the franchise) for women in one University or in all, according to its absolute discretion. It is difficult to ascribe such proceedings to Parliament, and at the same time retain the conventional respect for our Legislature.

I have only to add that if I have not in this judgment relied on the words about legal incapacity, it is not that I do not consider the argument on them to be legitimate. But I prefer broader grounds, and I think that a judgment is wholesome and of good example which puts forward subject matter and fundamental constitutional law as guides of construction never to be neglected in favour of verbal possibilities.

Lord COLLINS: My Lords, I am of the same opinion.

Questions Put: That the Order appealed from be reversed?—The Not Contents have it. That this appeal be dismissed with costs?—The Contents have it.

C. H. NORMAN.

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The Hideous Dream of Mr. Bertram Bodlett.

By Ashley Dukes.

MR. BERTRAM BODLETT, when I first came to know him, was a resident of Finsbury Park. There he possessed a house, a bicycle, a wife, and three children. Prudence and a limited income forbade any further addition to the family; indeed, as it was, Uncle George had frequently been heard to say— But that is another story. Mr. Bodlett occupied a position of trust in a commercial office. He was, in fact, a clerk. And for his services he received as remuneration the sum of three pounds five shillings per week. If he had been content with this moderate but certain income, this story would never have been written. He would doubtless have had many hideous dreams, but he would never have had the particularly hideous dream that I am about to describe.

First of all I must explain about the Two Hundred Pounds. The Two Hundred Pounds were in a Bank. And they were Mr. Bodlett's Private Property. Once they had belonged to Uncle Joseph, but he had died, and with obvious reluctance left them to his nephew. They had been in the Bank seven months, so that Mr. Bodlett might have leisure to decide upon what to do with them. He had thought of buying Consols; but when he mentioned the idea to a friend the latter solemnly warned him on no account to do so, throwing out dark hints of imminent national disaster. "May have a war with Germany at any moment," he prophesied, "and then where'll your Consols drop to?" Mr. Bodlett made no attempt to answer this conundrum. But he refrained from investing the Two Hundred Pounds in British funds. At this moment of doubt and hesitation light was shed upon the problem from an unexpected quarter. Glancing down the pages of his morning newspaper, Mr. Bodlett came upon the following interesting announcement:—

GIVEN AWAY.

A BOOK THAT WILL INTEREST YOU.

Why be content with 3 and 5 per cent., when you can make 80 per cent. on your capital *without risk*? Reap your golden harvest *now*. Do not delay. This book will tell you everything. Send for it at once to the Anglo-Parisian Corporation, Cheapside, E.C.

Mr. Bodlett was possessed of a profoundly religious nature. He perceived the Hand of Providence in this announcement—"advertisement" would, he felt, be a vulgarism. And he sent a post-card for the Book at once, as directed.

On his way to the City that morning he was more than usually contemplative. He was engaged in mental calculations. Eighty per cent on the Two Hundred Pounds—that would be £160 a year! The idea startled him at first. It seemed too good to be true. But why not, he said to himself on reflection. Why not? Why should he not reap a golden harvest? Didn't he deserve it, just as much as the prosperous brokers rolling by in hansoms on their way to 'Change? Whole vistas of hitherto unimagined possibilities were opened up by the thought. And he reached the office in a most amiable frame of mind.

When he returned home at seven o'clock, the Book awaited him. It had just arrived in a sealed envelope labelled "Private and Confidential." Its subject matter was at first completely unintelligible to him, for it dealt with such problems as "How to Operate in Copper," "Cotton Fluctuations," and "Options on American Rails." It prattled cheerfully of bulls and bears and contangoes; and Mr. Bodlett gasped. But at the end he found a Dictionary of Terms, and at last, after many hours of study, he understood the Book.

Three days later, Mr. Bodlett found himself possessed of the complete control (for one month) of thirty tons of copper, five tons of tin, eighty tons of lead, and one hundred and twenty bales of cotton. Where these substances were situated Mr. Bodlett did not know. He

only knew that they were Somewhere, and that for one month they were his Property. It would be hopelessly inadequate merely to say that he felt pleasure in their possession. They were the joy and pride of his life. Every morning he bought the "Financial News" and marked their fluctuating value; every evening he clutched the "Star" with feverish hands, and "Copper 59 $\frac{3}{8}$, Lead 13 $\frac{7}{8}$, Tin 138, Cotton 5.93," tumbled over one another in his brain. When the Stock Exchange belched forth its turbid stream each afternoon he gazed upon the faces of its members with newly-awakened awe. Were these not the custodians of his copper, his lead, his cotton, and (I have no desire to be frivolous) his tin?

The thought became an obsession. From early morning until late at night he gave up every spare moment to reflection upon his purchases. Sometimes he had an irresistible craving to see them, touch them, handle them. . . . He saw in imagination the red glint of the mass of copper, the dull bars of lead, the snowy whiteness of mountained cotton. . . . And that was the origin of the Hideous Dream.

It happened in this way. One night, scarcely three weeks after the opening of the transaction, Mr. Bodlett fell asleep dutifully by his wife's side, after listening patiently to her complaints as to the behaviour of Aunt Elizabeth. It seemed to him that he had only slept for a few moments when three knocks sounded at the hall door. In amazement, he lit a candle and looked at his watch. Midnight. The knocks were repeated, and he descended hastily. After unbolting the door, he peered out cautiously, and perceived a man in the uniform of Carter, Paterson and Co. standing upon the doorstep. "What do you want?" demanded Mr. Bodlett. "Just brought your copper, sir," was the reply. "Sign, please."

Mr. Bodlett took the paper with trembling hands. There it was written, "B. Bodlett, Esq., 30 tons copper. Carriage paid." He shivered, and his nightshirt fluttered in the cold wind. "W-what do you mean?" he asked. "W-where is this copper?" The man pointed to the roadway, and there, to his horror, Mr. Bodlett perceived five vans drawn up in line. "Six tons in each," the carter continued, remorselessly. "Unload, Jim."

For one instant Mr. Bodlett was speechless. Then he recovered himself. "Stop, stop!" he shouted. "I don't want it. Take it away!" "Want it or not, you'll 'ave to 'ave it! You're the consignee, ain't yer?" was the callous reply. "Now, Jim!"

Mr. Bodlett shuddered and stood aside. Bar by bar thirty tons of copper were carried in and piled in the hall until they almost reached the ceiling. After what seemed hours of labour, the last bar was stacked, and the carman turned to go. Mr. Bodlett, still shivering, made an attempt at cheerfulness. "Good-night," he called. "Don't you be in no 'urry to go to bed," was the reply. "The cotton's got to come in yet." Mr. Bodlett was petrified. "Cotton?" he managed to gasp out. "I should think it was cotton," answered the carman. "Six vans of it. Twenty bales in each."

Mr. Bodlett peered out into the misty night, and lo, it was so. This time, he told himself, he would be firm. He would refuse to receive his cotton. But the carman was inexorable, and vast white bulks were tumbled out before the gate. "Are those bales?" Mr. Bodlett almost shrieked. "Course they're biles," was the reply. "But—but—they're not what I wanted," he stuttered out. "A bale of cotton is like this." With a trembling hand he described a circle in the air indicative of some object the size, perhaps, of a Gladstone bag. The carman laughed satirically. "Like this, you mean," he answered; and he made a gesture which seemed to the horrified Mr. Bodlett to include the whole house, if not the whole of Finsbury Park. One by one the huge shapes were squeezed through the narrow doorway. They filled the hall in a moment. They overflowed into the dining-room, the kitchen, the scullery. Even the sacred precincts of the drawing-room were invaded. The residue were conveyed by a side door into the back garden, and piled upon the lawn

until they reached what seemed to Mr. Bodlett's fevered imagination, the height of the Matterhorn. At length the procession ceased, and, damp with dew and chilled to the bone, he limped to the front door to see the carters off the premises. The head carman smiled—an ugly smile. "Now when we've just got the tin and the lead in, you'll be nicely fixed up," he remarked cheerfully.

Mr. Bodlett's soul froze within him. But this time he acted promptly and without hesitation. He sprang to the door, slammed, locked and bolted it in the face of the astonished carman, and turned to flee. He struck his bare knees against ingots of copper, he clambered and fought his way over mountains of cotton until at last, bruised and bleeding, he reached his bedroom and crept in at his wife's side. Vain hope! Thunderous knocks sounded upon the front door in quick succession. Bang! Bang!! Bang!!! And he awoke, clutching at his wife's arm.

"Don't let them in!" he cried. "Let who in?" asked Mrs. Bodlett sleepily, and with complete disregard of grammar. "The—the men with the tin and the lead," answered her husband trembling. "It's all full downstairs. Full of bales of cotton. 'Undreds, 'undreds of 'em." "Stuff and nonsense!" responded Mrs. Bodlett unsympathetically. "You go to sleep again, Bert."

And then he understood that it had all been a Hideous Dream.

* * *

Next morning, on opening his newspaper, Mr. Bodlett read the following headlines:—

BUCKET-SHOP FRAUDS.

Prosecution of Anglo-Parisian Corporation.
Hundreds of Victims.

"There goes my money," he said to himself, half aloud. But the memory of the night was with him, and his grief was tinged with a certain secret satisfaction. At all events, no tons of copper or bales of cotton could be delivered now.

The Two Hundred Pounds is now One Hundred and Thirty. The sum has been invested in Consols, and Mr. Bodlett frequently refers with contempt to the scaremongers who talk of a German war. Mrs. Bodlett is unaware of the diminished value of Uncle Joseph's legacy. There are a number of subjects on which Mr. Bodlett does not honour her with his confidence, and one of these is Finance. On the rare occasions when he refers to this topic he does so with an air of extreme gravity and importance. In his opinion the subject is only completely comprehensible to the superior, or male, intelligence.

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Books and Persons.

(AN OCCASIONAL CAUSERIE.)

THE Mrs. Humphry Ward of France, M. René Bazin, has visited these shores, and has been interviewed. In comparing him to Mrs. Humphry Ward, I am unfair to the lady in one sense and too generous in another. M. Bazin writes perhaps slightly better than Mrs. Humphry Ward, but not much. Per contra, he is a finished master of the art of self-advertisement, whereas the public demeanour of Mrs. Humphry Ward is entirely beyond reproach. M. Bazin did not get through his interview without giving some precise statistical information as to the vast sale of his novels. I suppose that M. Bazin, Academician and apostle of literary correctness, is just the type of official mediocrity that the "Alliance Française" was fated to invite to London as representative of French letters. My only objection to the activities of M. Bazin is that, not content with a golden popularity, he cannot refrain from sneering at genuine artists. Thus, to the interviewer, he referred to Stéphane Mallarmé as a "fumiste." No English word will render exactly this French slang; it may be roughly translated as a practical joker with a trace of fraud. There may be, and there are, two opinions as to the permanent value of Mallarmé's work, but there cannot be two informed and honest opinions as to his profound sincerity. It is indubitable that he had one aim—to produce the finest literature of which he was capable, and that to this aim he sacrificed everything else in his career. A charming spectacle, this nuncio of mediocrity and of the Académie Française coming to London to assert that a distinguished writer like Mallarmé was a "fumiste"! If anyone wishes to know what is thought of Mallarmé by the younger French school, let him read the Mallarmé chapter in André Gide's "Pretextes." In this very able book will be found also some wonderful reminiscences of Oscar Wilde in the same vein as those printed in last week's NEW AGE.

* * *

Speaking of the respect which ought to be accorded to a distinguished artist, there is an excellent example of propriety in Dr. Levin Schücking's review of Swinburne's "Age of Shakespere," which brings to a close the extraordinarily fine first number of the "English Review." Dr. Schücking shows that he is quite aware of the defects of manner which mark the book, but his own manner is the summit of courteous deference such as is due to one of the chief ornaments of English literature, and to a very old man. "A Man of Kent" ("British Weekly"), in commenting on the article, regrets its timidity, and refers to Swinburne as the "howling dervish" of criticism. This is the kind of lapse from decorum which causes the judicious not to grieve but to shrug their shoulders. Probably "A Man of Kent" would wish to withdraw it. I trust he is aware that "The Age of Shakspere" is packed full of criticism whose insight and sensitiveness no other English critic could equal.

* * *

By the way, the case of Jacob Tonson v. Claudius Clear of the "British Weekly" is proceeding. Claudius Clear would not put five guineas on his opinion, but he offered, if I would write the essay on "Work and Worry," to pay me for the right to print it in the "British Weekly." Lest I might be mistaken for Hackenschmidt, I accepted this suggestion. The essay is now written and in the hands of Claudius Clear, and will, I presume, appear in due course. Claudius Clear will take nobody's opinion but his own as to whether I have succeeded in doing what he defied anybody to do. But he has said: "I shall not be in the least surprised if he does succeed." I may be allowed to recall the terms of his challenge. After defending the platitudes of Mr. Arthur Christopher Benson and quoting some extremely platitudinous sentences from Bulwer Lytton, he wrote: "We have any number of clever young men with an eye for what are called Tupperisms . . . but I defy any of them to write an essay, say, on 'Work and Worry,' which shall be readable, intelligent, and

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helpful without putting in some sentences as bad in themselves as any of Bulwer Lytton's." I shall expect Claudius Clear, if he thinks I have failed, to state exactly how and where.

* * *

Referring to Lord Alfred Douglas as a poet, I said recently: "I have an early and unprocurable volume of his that, to speak mildly, is not for sale." Lord Alfred Douglas has filled nearly a page of the "Academy" with abuse *apropos* of this statement. He says that in stating that I possess an unprocurable volume of his I made a "serious blunder." Of course, in one sense, no book is unprocurable. A first folio Shakespere is not unprocurable. I naturally meant that the book was unprocurable through the ordinary trade channels. It is. Lord Alfred Douglas admits that it is for the present out of print. He says, further, that in stating that my volume is not for sale I made a "further blunder of an even more serious nature," and he talks of solicitors. I know a great deal more about solicitors than Lord Alfred does. Still, I venture to repeat that my volume is *not* for sale. I suppose I ought to know. Though I was once one of the most regular contributors to the "Academy," that fact does not give the present editor and proprietor any right to dictate to me as to what books I must sell and what books I may keep. My statement was intended as a high compliment to the poet in Lord Alfred Douglas. It of course meant that nothing would induce me to part with the volume. It has caused pain instead of pleasure. I regret this. I also regret that Lord Alfred Douglas could not express his pain with more dignity. And he himself should beware of solicitors. To describe the Christmas plate of THE NEW AGE as "horrible" before he had seen it was an act which could not possibly be defended in a libel action as fair criticism.

JACOB TONSON.

REVIEWS.

The "Londons" of the British Fleet. By Edward Fraser. (John Lane. 5s.)

In the beginning, Lucretius said, fear created the gods. The gods created the British Navy. It is characteristic of the South English to build temples of fear, and has been since Cæsar, Hengist, and William crossed the Channel and left us a conquered people with the spirit of the conquered. Hence our taste for war, strengthened by three things—hard drinking, mistaken emotion, and devotional duties. We only go to war under the influence of liquor and the religious instinct. Parliament makes war, and Parliament has always drunk more than is good for it—as an examination of its liquor statistics and members will show—and this probably because liquor has the delightful property of making men mistake fear for courage. This book aims to perpetuate the glories of the "Londons" of the British Fleet and thereby to awaken in the minds of all its readers a sense of the dignity and worth of our Navy and to give them an impulse towards a closer investigation of its stirring annals. Boys and others who believe in our steel-clad supremacy should have it.

Cults, Customs, and Superstitions of India. By John Campbell Oman. (T. Fisher Unwin.)

Mr. Campbell Oman, formerly a professor in the Government College at Lahore, is a writer of facile books about certain aspects of Indian life, mainly religious. We do not altogether admire his method. It consists in putting together a large number of chapters on separate subjects, each commonly about the length of an ordinary newspaper article and not much more satisfactory in treatment.

Thus, the few pages devoted to Buddhism show little real acquaintance with the subject, and the account of Bodh-Gaya (Mr. Oman prefers to call it Buddh-Gaya) will give an altogether wrong impression to anyone unacquainted with the intricacies of the current dispute respecting that famous shrine. Mr. Oman thinks that Ram Mohun Roy was the only Indian religious reformer to discourage suttee—a curious misreading of history. Mr. Oman must be strangely ignorant of life in the West if he imagines that certain of the in-

stances quoted of sexual irregularities and the position of the wife are in any sense peculiar to India. And why call the custom of Niyoga "repulsive," unless all marriage customs unsanctioned by our peculiarly scrupulous society are to be dismissed in the same fashion? It would be a poor compliment to Mr. Oman to say that his attitude in relation to Indian thoughts and ways is less contemptuous than that of the average Anglo-Indian. We have not noted a single instance in which to Mr. Oman an Indian is other than a "native." The fact is significant.

Modern English Poetry. Edited by Andrea de Zwaan. (Nutt. 3s. 6d.)

This book is intended primarily to give the Dutch an adequate survey of modern English poetry; but it has no right whatever to the title of a modern anthology. There are too many omissions of important names; Dowson, Francis Thompson, A. E. Housman, Laurence Binyon, Crowley, John Davidson—these are a few names taken at random which seem to have some claim for consideration before Edward Carpenter or Wilfrid Gibson. All the Irish poets are excluded too, because, forsooth, Mr. W. B. Yeats has already edited an Irish Anthology. This is making too great a claim for Mr. de Zwaan's compilation, and is a falling between two stools with a vengeance. Either there is room in England for the book or there is not. We conclude that there is not. Then why leave out Irish poets, since the main purpose is to inform our Dutch friends? The book is of no use to Englishmen as an anthology of modern English verse because it is incomplete, and tantalising to Dutch readers because they are told that in order to read "the beautiful work of the Irish school" they must buy another book. Really, Mr. de Zwaan should have thought of his countrymen first, and then obtained a competent survey of modern English (and Irish) poetry to guide him in his compilation.

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THE LAST OF THE MIRACLE-MONGERS.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

Mr. Belfort Bax can, I am sure, take good care of himself, and I would not venture to reply to Mr. Chesterton—indeed, I do so with great reluctance—were it not that I fear he will not be replied to.

Not that he deserves a reply; he does not. But these claims and pseudo arguments of his have too often passed muster, simply because the men who could answer them have allowed them to stand uncontradicted out of sheer amusement and sheer weariness; treatment which simply encourages Mr. Chesterton in his wild career of unsupported assertion.

It is a very funny business, after all, isn't it now? Here Mr. Bax impeaches Mr G.K.C. as a spoofeer; whereon G.K.C. comes out to repudiate the charge, and does so by firing another volley of spoof, behind the smoke of which—for he does not use smokeless powder, not he!—he retires in triumph, vindicated.

Just think of the two weapons he wields. An uncontrolled output of paradox, on the one hand; and on the other a bland assertion that the nineteenth century attack on religion has broken down. He has used the latter on previous occasions, always with effect. And yet, fancy anyone seriously stating, with every expectation of being believed, that the Christian Church—a very different organisation from the Church of Christ, as G.K.C. himself might say—has disproved and defeated the criticism directed against it! Why, its very ministers—save those who are Catholics, *i.e.*, those who in religion are third-century-minded—are (some of them) giving up bit by bit doctrines and beliefs which were integral portions of the Christian religion fifty years ago, and are adopting with discreet modifications views, the expression of which would, at no distant period of the last century, have ensured their being devoted to eternal damnation.

Mr. Chesterton has accurately imitated the procedure of the Church in regard to destructive criticism. For what has the Church always done? Simply ignored the unanswerable disproofs of its theory and denunciations of its practice; gone on in the sweet old way, as if its critics did not exist. And this it could safely do, because its beliefs are based upon, and supported by, ignorance; and ignorant people, intellectually indolent people, form the bulk of its adherents.

People like G.K.C., who are by no means indolent, have to vary their tactics in order to belong with some appearance of consistency to the Christian Church. And so they affect to disparage the attacks of scientific writers; and if these writers or their successors do not keep up a perpetual stream or repetition and rejoinder, lo! "the attack has broken down!"

One gets tired of refuting, and explaining, and protesting. The initial criticisms await even a candid reply from the Church champions. But instead of replying it is cheaper, of course, to sneer about "Hall of Science" methods and "materialism"; to decry rather than vanquish the arguments of such men as Huxley and Spencer; it is cheaper to assert roundly something perfectly immaterial, and so elude the point. Thus it is that we get Mr. Chesterton's remarkable statement that the criterion of a live topic is that Bernard Shaw shall be able to speak upon it with epigrammatic sagacity!

Just one more point, and I have done. Mr. Chesterton should know by now that Rationalists (or Agnostics—it is the better word) are not necessarily scientific materialists. And he should know, too—he does know, I dare affirm—that the discrediting of scientific materialism does not necessarily imply the rehabilitation of the Christian doctrine, or even of the belief in miracles. But Mr. Crowley was right when he said that Mr. Chesterton's defences of Christianity and of miracle-working are last shots fired from a retreating

army. Spoof of the spoofest. And, after all, a miracle is really not an argument.

A last word on miracles. If, in any rejoinder which Mr. Chesterton deigns to make, he refrains from an easy paradoxical victory over this plain letter of a plain man; if he seriously pretend to restore the shattered mathematical ingenuities of the Trinity in Unity, to defend the discredited doctrine of the Fall and Atonement, and to assert his belief in Hell and the Devil: if he does this—it will be a miracle.

ERIC DEXTER.

* * *

A DOCTOR'S DILEMMA.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

So long as I believed that he wrote (as a wise man should) merely to amuse, I heartily admired Bernard Shaw; indeed, that admiration would still remain unqualified had not ardent disciples broken in upon my illusion, clamouring that he is a teacher sent from God. Is it not cruel to have one's favourite authors poisoned for one in this fashion? For I hold teachers in the utmost horror. There is within me—possibly a survival of schooldays, possibly the effect of editing an edition of Carlyle for the Patagonians—a deep, unreasoning hatred of all teachers and all teaching. For my own part I had as lief cut my throat as attempt to teach anything to any son of Adam.

And, in my reading of Shaw, I had never suspected (such was my innocence) that there lurks in his writings any of this cursed, egotistical, intolerant, teaching, preaching, missionary spirit. Nor, by the gods, do I believe it still—nevertheless, I begin to have doubts.

Where is the happiness I knew

When first I read my Shaw?

Whence comes this mischievous itch to teach? Sugar-coat it as you will, 'tis but a bullying, highwayman-like method of approaching the minds of one's fellows. Better have no wit at all than make it the occasion of poisoning some fellow-being's peace of mind, or of venting one's own ill-humour in the luxury of three hundred octavo pages.

For myself, I give notice that I flatly refuse to learn anything from novels and plays. In this matter of Shaw my practice shall be old Khayam's, "Aye, take the play, my lad, and leave the rest." I never insulted any mortal by offering to teach him—well equipped as I am for the task—and he who seeks to teach me shall be called fool for his pains. I will, indeed, read any man's books, but, by your leave, I shall read them after my own fashion. The more Nietzsche raves of the strenuous life and sounds the call to arms, the closer shall I draw up my armchair to the fire and bury myself in Henry James; the more Shaw girds at my inconsistencies and chuckles over the irrational arrangement of my life, the deeper shall I snuggle into my cushions, for I make no claim to consistency, and never boasted my life was rational; and when Ibsen, in a stage whisper, imparts the fearful information that I live in illusions, I shall smile cheerfully, and ask: What then? One's nerves must be jumpy, indeed, if one is to be scared by the Nietzsche-Ibsen-Shaw bogey.

Progress, say you? Tush, my friend, I have no desire to progress—especially as there is not a little uncertainty as to the direction one must take. Moreover, my Upper Tooting Zarathustra progress is too damned uncomfortable—and there is a good dozen of James's novels still to read.

HARRISON AMBLER.

* * *

THE INDETERMINATE SENTENCE.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

Your leader of the 30th ult. on the indeterminate sentence confuses the issues. Why should your indignation at the general ineptitude of Herbert Gladstone blind you to the rightness of the principle underlying the indeterminate sentence, which will surely be the rule when we are socially regenerate?

Which do you think would be the most effective deterrent of crime: The knowledge that we may be kept in for years, "it may be for ever," or that a few weeks or months will suffice for the social revenge and we are free again to repeat our offence?

Increase your indignation at our prisons and their criminal, their stupid management, but don't talk of abolishing them. Purify them, and get trained saviours of souls to oversee the working warders; but keep society clean and

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free by keeping apart those who have abused its privileges, and forbid their return until proved worthy—how, must be worked out; but that is the root principle, not vindictive punishment (who are we that we should punish?) but detention till society is safe with them again.

Humanise the prison regulations; get understanding humanitarians for their control; have no work therein that is not useful and helpful and suitable; have no sort of punishment for the recalcitrant but one, that of deprivation of food; no work, no food till it is done, bad behaviour, no food till repentant; there is no cruelty or degradation to those inflicting such a punishment.

Make it possible for those leaving to at once take a respected place in the world's work; no more to be regarded as criminals driven perforce to a re-commission of crime; and thus realise that the principle of the indeterminate sentence is the only one that makes real reformation possible. A prisoner will work for his release when he knows that when he goes he goes out as a purified, respected man. At present he goes out absolutely hopeless, knowing that his punishment is never ending, because it has been merely vindictive, not remedial; and that he is a Cain with every man's hand against him.

FREDERICK EVANS.

P.S.—Indeterminate does not necessarily imply lengthy!

* * *

WORKERS' EDUCATIONAL ASSOCIATION.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

May I, as a Socialist and a constant reader of your valuable paper, offer a humble protest against the note which appeared in your issue of last week advising "all Socialist organisations to denounce the scheme now being promulgated by some amiable gentlemen" for making Oxford more serviceable to the community as a whole?

I cordially agree with your statement that "we want a broader culture, a more richly varied education than is served out at these institutions for the training of young gentlemen": indeed, the Report just published by the Clarendon Press on behalf of the Joint Committee of Labour Representatives and University men has for one of its objects to convert that pious wish into a working reality. But may I venture to point out (i) that the "amiable gentlemen" who published that report include Mr. Shackleton, M.P., Mr. Bowerman, M.P., Mr. Mactavish, I.L.P., and Socialist member for the Portsmouth Town Council, Mr. Wilkinson, Socialist member of the Rochdale Town Council, as well as Mr. Richardson Campbell, secretary of a leading Friendly Society, Mr. Berry, of the Co-operative Union, and Mr. Mansbridge, secretary of the Workers' Educational Association? As an acquaintance of most of these gentlemen, I can certify that they are "amiable." But they are not unrepresentative, or ineffective, or likely to be outmanœuvred by Oxford (supposing it wished to outmanœuvre them) into betraying the cause of Labour. (ii) that they, together with seven persons appointed by Oxford, now form a permanent Committee for dealing with the matter discussed in their Report. The Committee includes in addition Mr. Sidney Ball, a late member of the Executive Council of the Fabian Society, and has as its secretaries Mr. Temple, a member of the Fabian Society, and Mr. Mansbridge. Thus the all-important principle that the governing bodies of Universities shall include outside representatives receives partial (though inadequate) recognition; (iii) that the Committee has for its main object to use part of the endowments of Oxford for establishing classes in industrial towns under the control of workpeople, with teachers approved by them, in subjects selected by them, under conditions settled by them. Thus University teaching is placed under democratic control, and a portion (though too small a portion) of the endowments originally given for poor men is restored to the use of poor men.

As a Socialist I hope that all Socialist organisations will criticise (and read) the Report in which these proposals are set forth. But I sincerely hope that they will not follow the rather over-hasty advice given in your note. It is surely the duty of Socialists to improve what is inadequate, not merely to denounce it.

R. A. TAWNEY.

[The above is one of many letters we have received on this subject. We propose to devote an article to their consideration next week.—ED., N.A.]

* * *

THE ALBERT HALL MEETING.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE"

I am not a member of the Women's Social and Political Union, neither do I approve of militant methods, but I must protest against the cowardly brutality of some of the stewards at the Albert Hall meeting.

A woman was being carried out from the platform up the steps on the right hand side of the chair. She was completely overpowered and surrounded by some half-dozen or more stewards. The other stewards on the steps seemed to have drawn back to allow the procession to pass, when

a steward, clenching his fist, rushed out at her and struck her a terrible blow on the throat.

His action was brutal and unnecessary, yet no steward protested.

On the order paper issued by the Women's Liberal Federation Executive I read the words: "Do no violence to any person. We have cast aside physical defences."

If Liberal stewards can treat any woman in this way after these orders, of what are we to believe them capable when no such restraining influence is exercised? We Liberals have been complaining of the Tories at Chelmsford. Had we not better set our own house in order first?

Women ought not to allow men to help them who cannot govern themselves, and whom they are unable to restrain.

I cannot take the moral responsibility which would be mine were I to continue to belong to any association which countenanced such treatment of any man or woman, and I have, in company with my sister, resigned from the Liberal associations to which I belonged.

Such action cannot be called unwomanly or unconstitutional. Yet I venture to think it may not be without effect.

ALEXANDRA WRIGHT.

(Former member of the executive committee of the North Kensington Liberal Association.)

* * *

OSCAR WILDE IN DIEPPE.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

Probably more myths and legends have grown up around the birth, life, and death of Oscar Wilde than of any man for nearly nineteen hundred years. I will not say that Wilde did not meet and dine with Fritz Thaulow at Dieppe on a certain day in 1897 subsequent to June 21. But from the

Swansea Socialist Society.

(I. L. P.)

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fact that I can disprove at least one of the statements attributed to him by Mr. Christian Krogh, and that the story of his asking a favour at a garden party from the Prince of Wales is, to say the least, antecedently improbable, I think it may fairly be assumed that the whole episode is more or less founded on fiction.

Monsieur André Gide visited Wilde at Berneval, near Dieppe, in the summer of 1897. He has described how, at the time of his visit, Wilde was still living in the hotel, and that the Jubilee entertainment to the children had already taken place. Wilde moved into the villa, Châlet Bourgeat, some time in July.

I will, Sir, with your permission, provide you weekly in consummationem "Saeculi Novi" with any quantity of fiction concerning Oscar Wilde (and in every case it shall be "Translated with the author's kind permission") similar to the contents of your article last week.

The stories of his life exhausted, I will then treat you to a series of articles dealing with his imaginary death, and his subsequent appearances to various people, myths with which the American and European papers are filled just now. I have recently seen a full-page illustration depicting Oscar Wilde's resurrection from the tomb. Doubtless we shall soon hear of his assumption.

If, Sir, you had devoted your space to an account of the Dinner given on December 1 to your distinguished contributor, Mr. Robert Ross, at which dinner you were yourself so distinguished a guest, you would have gratified many of your readers. But perhaps you are keeping this as a *bonne bouche* for your penultimate number. STUART MASON.

THE I.L.P. AND MR. GRAYSON'S DATES.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

I note that it has been decided to arrange no more meetings for Mr. Grayson through the head office. Does this mean that the I.L.P., through the Organising Committee, has decided to repudiate Grayson as a National speaker? Is this decision due to the fact that Grayson has grievously offended the Party leaders? Of all the tactics that make for disruption this is about the worst. It has not even the merit of being a dignified repudiation of Grayson. It is a miserable and, fortunately, vain effort to boycott the "boy" who has had the temerity to disturb the respectful complacency of the Labour Party.

I cannot believe that the "rank and file" of the I.L.P. are prepared to endorse this exhibition of petty spite. Socialists ought to be above doing anything mean. To prove that most I.L.P.'ers will disapprove of this action, I may mention the fact that Mr. Grayson has been besieged with applications for the date (February 7th) cancelled by the Blackburn I.L.P., most of the applications being from I.L.P. branches.

Of course, Grayson will survive all the attacks of small-minded people. But, for the sake of Socialism, it is to be regretted that the Organising Committee have adopted a rather mean attitude. I hope those who are for unity will protest against the latest attempt to boycott Grayson. Southport. W. FAULKNER.

* * *

"ON GUARD."

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

It is impossible for me to reply personally to the correspondence, confirmatory, incredulous, and abusive. Whether the actual facts shall be made public or no is a question for the victims themselves to decide. The freemasonry among women, ancient as the days of Electra, rather makes for a secretive sort of vengeance; and, surprising though it may seem to some minds, an age-long distrust of outside aid is not to be removed by lip-sympathy. "Deeds, not words!" Among the letters received are some from stewards, avowing that their only object in getting themselves appointed was to defend the women. My article must have done these a great injury. I apologise. I suggest that next time they should wear a different button from the rest. One such letter, however, I do not doubt as genuine; and, in the case of Miss Ogston, the stewards certainly fought among themselves. I note the shivery hand of the informer trailing through other communications. Let it be hoped that as, according to many correspondents, the barbaric spectacle at the Albert Hall has aroused men and women, hitherto apathetic, to the degraded condition of women without political rights, we may believe that with the gaining of the vote a more righteous policy on the part of all men will be gained towards all women, and for England, the certainty of a second youth. Upon the happiness of a nation's women depends its happiness and its desire to excel. The admiration and gratitude which thrill a woman towards a man who lays aside his pride of mere sex and treats her as an equal, filling her with a passionate want not to disappoint him, induces in her just that latent self-control, useless, and actually prejudicial to one who has to appeal for, or extort, her rights. BEATRICE TINA.

THE UNJUST DISHERISON OF CHILDREN.
TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

It is proposed to form a society aiming at an alteration in the law, by securing that, except for an adequate reason, a child shall not be wholly disinheritable or omitted in a parent's last will and testament.

It is not proposed to curtail testamentary liberty, but to give to an English jury a new power, namely, that of revising such manifestly unjust wills on equitable grounds.

I shall be glad to hear from any of your readers who may be interested in this cause. GEO. W. BOWER.

50, Moorgate Street, London, E.C.

* * *

A QUESTION OF SCIENCE, AND ART, AND MORALS.
TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

The reflection on the "intellectual eminence of Mr. J. M. Barrie, who delights to peep and botanise upon his mother's grave," is original to an excess, and reveals a state of mind in its author, Mr. Arthur James, which has aroused my interest.

Without dwelling on the mental confusion involved in charging Barrie with "peeping and botanising," when the real charge, if I may fathom Mr. James's meaning, in spite of what he says, is that Barrie thought and wrote of his mother, I would ask Mr. James why Barrie ought not to have done that considering that St. Augustine did the same thing, and Carlyle, and Ruskin, and that Whistler made a picture of his mother? A. N. MELDRUM.

* * *

AN ERROR.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

I wish to apologise to Mr. W. B. Yeats and Mrs. Patrick Campbell for an absurd misprint in last week's NEW AGE, by which I am made to quote and endorse Mr. Yeats's opinion that the acting of Mrs. Campbell is cynical. What he said, and what I wrote, was "lyrical."

W. R. TITTERTON.

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