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All communications for the Editor should be sent to 38, Cursor Street, Chancery Lane, E.C.

### NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Mr. Balfour’s speech at Birmingham cannot be said to have thrown much light on the probable action of the House of Lords on the Budget. For our part we cling to the notion that the Lords will not be so foolish as to risk the spoiling of their ship for a halfpenny worth of tax. After all, a Budget is not irretrievable, but the abdication in set terms of the veto of the House of Lords would be. And it is nothing less than this that would be demanded as the price of a Radical victory. The destinies of Great Britain may, it is true, be in the melting-pot; but perhaps, the wisdom of the Lords’ point of view of throwing it into it at a comparatively early stage of the cooking all the hinges of the constitution. Of course if the Budget is rejected there is no help for it. Nothing will save the country from a constitutional revolution, in which, however, we do not suppose, as Mr. Frederic Harrison supposes, that kings will lose their crowns, but in which certainly a good many reformers will lose their heads and the House of Lords some of its powers. Naturally we should not be dissatisfied to see the last named result, but if the price to be paid is the suspension of the economic revolution that is taking place, we think the price too high.

Mr. Egerton Swans takes us to task for regarding constitutional questions as comparatively unimportant. We only believe in this matter what everybody believes. There are, no doubt, Republican circles and Single Chamber circles and Disestablishment circles. We know that we belong to them. But we are far from supposing that they are more than small circles or that they have any immediate prospect of becoming large circles. The unwritten Constitution of the country, with its King, Lords and Commons, is in particular too great an object of adoration to be butchered for the sake of a Budget. Nor, as we have said, do we believe that the Lords will be the first to risk it. All the agitation, so far, has been without any foundation. It is a newspaper war and no more. Lord Lansdowne has said nothing much. Mr. Balfour has said still less. What evidence is there that the Lords intend to provoke a trial of strength? Plenty of individuals who in troubled waters would like them to, and their wish has been father to the thought. We hope the Lords will not oblige them; until a Budget worth a civil war is brought in.

For the life of us we cannot see in Mr. Balfour’s speech any indication that by Tariff Reform he means any of the nonsense talked by Tariff Reformers. Probably, of course, he does not. Probably Mr. Balfour’s Tariff Reform is as much like the Tariff Reform League’s Tariff Reform as a snare and rush is to an egg. Probably his Tariff Reform and their Tariff Reform differ as much as his conception of Socialism and Lord Rosebery’s conception of Socialism. Lord Rosebery, it will be remembered, with his usual facile romanticism, depicted Socialism as the Beast in Revelations, heralding the end of all, of faith, home, empire, king, and liberty. But this trilling with a serious subject was not to be found in Mr. Balfour’s references to Socialism. There was in his speech no attribution of immorality or atheism or anarchism to the theory of property which is named Socialism. On the contrary, Mr. Balfour took the trouble to define, and to define accurately, the main planks of Socialist doctrine and to discuss them as if they were what they are, namely, perfectly legitimate and perfectly sincere attempts to solve a problem that presses equally upon every country and every party in every country.

Mr. Balfour, indeed, went further than he has ever gone before in what may be called praise of Socialism; for he did Socialism the honour of regarding it as the protagonist of Tariff Reform in the political discussions of the immediate future. This affirmation by a great political leader, incidentally a thinker of a high order, marks a turning-point in the history of Socialism in this country. Henceforth Socialists may safely lay emphasis on the academic theory of Socialism, wisely refrain from the public propaganda of irrelevant or extreme issues, and devote themselves to the task of responsible constructive criticism. We do not say that it is yet the duty of Socialists to criticise as if they might be called in to legislate to-morrow; but certainly as if they might be called in the day after. Mr. Balfour has placed upon Socialism the responsibility of official opposition.

We cannot begin better than by discussing in this spirit one of the points made by Mr. Balfour against a piece of Socialist legislation of the present Government. The present Government, he said, had in its Small Holdings Bill turned its back on the time-honoured system of freeholds in favour of severalholds under the State. This, he contended, was neither public policy nor popular policy. He personally desired to see a numerous class of peasant proprietors, each with his own plot and figtree, whereon and whereunder he might sit, no official daring to make him afraid. That, he believed, was also the desire of England.

It happens, strangely enough, that Mr. G. K. Chesterton holds the same views both of property and of the general desire of men in regard to it. In The New Age on several occasions, and in the *Daily...*
News of September 25th in a brilliant article, Mr. Chesterton comes to the support of Mr. Balfour. In his opinion, the real enemies of property in this country are the big landowners and the big capitalists. There is, he supposes, no evil in little landowners or in little capitalists. It is the monstrous dimensions of individual ownership that are the real disease and not individual ownership itself. The desire to own, he concludes in familiar terms, is natural to man: it is an ineradicable desire; and since public ownership will not satisfy it, public ownership is itself undesirable and if established unstable.

Now there are many lines of reply to this view which is common to Mr. Balfour and Mr. Chesterton. It may be replied, for instance, that in regard to the particular example of the Small Holdings Bill the Government was right to insist on leasing and to positively prefer leaseholds under the State to private ownership. After all, the private ownership of even a small plot of land is a tie which may on occasion become inconvenient if not ruinous. Mr. Chesterton will discover perhaps, now that he has himself bought a house and a bit of land, that he is slave as well as master, bond as free. A leasehold guaranteed under a public authority gives all the advantages with none of the disadvantages of ownership. If there is any least reason why, if a man likes, he should not have his plot and hand the holding of it on to his son. He is not debarred from rooting himself in the soil if he chooses. On the other hand, no law of change; nor must he ever change be forced upon him so long as he does his duty by the land he holds.

This line of argument, coupled with the difficulty that always presents itself to people like Mr. Balfour and Mr. Chesterton, the difficulty, namely, of providing yeomen with the initial capital with which to buy a freehold and enough over to start it, probably accounts for the actual fact that though the Small Holdings Bill gave facilities to would-be freeholders, and even provided for land purchase by offering four-fifths of the purchase money on loan, the number of applicants during 1908 for leaseholds was only 629 out of a total of 23,295, or 2.7 per cent. Ninety-seven per cent. actually preferred the condition that Mr. Balfour and Mr. Chesterton regard as undesirable. We may add that only 26 acres were sold during the same year for Small Holdings as against 5,586 leased.

This does not look very much as if the desire to own land is very strong when once the conditions of lease are made just and permanent. And, indeed, we do not believe that this strong desire to own land, in particular is largely a reaction from the bitter experiences of leasing land from private landlords. Abolish private landlords with their vagaries and subterfuges, and the County Councillors, and the desire to own individually is merged in the pleasure of owning communally. After all, the loss of the village Commons has been more mourned than the loss of the separate plot.

Again, if Mr. Balfour and Mr. Chesterton tell us that public ownership of land is unstable, we may ask how they can possibly know, since it has never been tried, at any rate in historic times. There was a kind of public ownership of land and other means of production in ancient Peru, and from all we know the system proved stable during several millenniums. Whether it will prove stable in England depends, we conceive, on the intelligence of the public bodies that administer it. It is for this reason that we infatuated the Parish Council to the County Council and the County Council to the Board of Agriculture as the actual owners. In all probability a Parish Council would act more liberally with more intimate knowledge, than any larger or remoter body. Parish Councils, in our opinion, must be the first word in practical Socialism. Socialism that begins with the State ends in bureaucracy; but Socialism that begins in the village will end in real democracy. We believe that if public ownership of land is begun in the parish the system will prove eternal in its stability. Nothing save conquest could destroy it.

On the other hand, we have every right to say that private ownership, even in the peasant sense, will prove unstable, since we know that it has over and over again proved itself so. What, in fact, are Mr. Balfour and Mr. Chesterton asking for now but a system which has proved itself as unstable as Humpty-Dumpty should be restored and set on its wall again? But the same causes that led to its last fall will make it fall again if it is re-established. Not all the King's horses or all the King's men could keep it up even if they could set it up. We challenge Mr. Balfour to devise a Bill which would secure the stability of peasant proprietorship in the world of modern commerce. Everything is opposed to it as to small shops and small businesses. Doubtless a few specimens of peasant proprietors would always survive as a few small shops and businesses survive, but not in such numbers as to denounce a system, nor so securely as to found a family on them. The fact is that Co-operation in one form or another is indispensable in modern industry; and only public control tantamount to public ownership can establish Co-operation in agriculture without risking that form of Co-operation known as the Trust. We have to choose between public ownership and the Trust in land. Peasant proprietorship is a thing of the past.

With Mr. Balfour, who is an Agnostic, we cannot pursue the subject at this moment any deeper; but to Mr. Chesterton, who is a sincere Christian, it is possible to address an argument that could not leave him, if he were not an intellectual millepede, a leg to stand on. This desire to own, what is it, good or bad? How can the desire to own be more fundamental than the desire to do? And just why it is precisely the private property in one's own will that every sincere theist gladly abandons. How can the abandonment of the desire to own oneself be less difficult or less unnatural than to abandon one's own bit of land? We should have thought that the paradox of public property would have struck Mr. Chesterton as an analogous paradox in the doctrines of his faith. If life is more secure only when it is held in trust, that is, as a leasehold and not as a freehold, we may safely say that property in general is most secure when it is held after the same manner.

The absolute security of property follows when nobody owns property and nobody is desiring property until all property belongs to everybody.

Mr. Snowden’s criticism of the tea-tax as pressing unfairly upon the poor was quite just; and the appropriately tannic flavour of his speech did not deserve Mr. Lloyd George’s heavy and rather pedagogical rebuttal. There was no denying the facts that Mr. Snowden had adduced in proof of his contention that the rich are growing richer and the poor poorer year by year. That, in our opinion, is the worst sign of decay a nation can manifest. In the last twelve months the rate of living has gone up over five million pounds, while the cost of living has gone up 15 per cent. Yet in spite of this growing disproportion, the proportions of taxation allotted to the rich and the poor remain about the same. True, the present Budget makes a move in the right direction, and each year of its life will improve the pate. But Mr. Snowden has added Lord George credit for this in too unqualified language according to Mr. Ben Tillett and others. It is a pity if Mr. Snowden cannot blame one item of the Budget unreservedly praised by him and praise another item unreservedly. Besides, we are not aware that Mr. Snowden is a member of Mr. Lloyd George’s party. He is under no obligation either to conceal his views or to save the Government’s face with Tariff reformers. The Budget is the curate’s egg; and it is bad in parts.
The discussion in the House of Lords of the danger to Free Speech arising from Suffragettes in the first instance and from Budget agitation. The enthusiasm of the most recent instances, ended in a general agreement among all parties to do their best to prevent the breaking up of meetings. This is really essential if democracy is ever to be firmly established. No speaker with his wise advice to the contrary will ever make public speaking impossible are to be the provocation of an interruption. Mildly disorderly present during the discussion, had probably no such about him ever objects to what may be called legitimate ever to be firmly established. No speaker with his wits deterioration of public life instance and from Budgetary enthusiasts in the more recent instances, ended in a general agreement among the simple one that a much higher standard is de- mandated from the Government than from the private enterprises.

Let us examine housing reform. The London County Council at present has power to build dwellings for the working classes. The present writer lives in a magnificent source of revenue would have been a cutie Councillor of the Exchequer ten years ago had bought up the land adjoining Hampstead and Golders Green, a magnificent source of revenue would have been under his control now.

We do not believe in governmental monopoly. Private enterprise would have ample scope, and could act as a spur on the Government. Private capitalists contend that Government competition is unfair, since it is rate-aided or subsidised. That may be true to-day because governmental enterprises have not the ideal of profit in view. But the ordinary objection to Government administration, that it is wasteful and extravagant, may be balanced against "rate-aided" competition: the priy article of the loss will be the disadvantage of the one equalised by the advantage of the other. Obviously a business which was run with the motive of gaining profits could not be described as "rate-aided," because it would not be the best nor the greatest revenue for the shareholder owning it. Before that happy event, undoubtedly, the business might be eating away capital, but that is true of all private enterprises.

The reason governmental enterprise is distrusted is the simple one that a much higher standard is de- mand ed from the Government than from the private company. Yet it can be demonstrated that municipal and governmental failures are ludicrously small when
put in fair ratio against the bankruptcies and windings-up of private individuals, firms, and companies.

We do urge our readers to consider these points, as they afford an admirable way of ridding the country of rates and creating a national interest at a profit. So long as every governmental and municipal enterprise is attacked with the bogy cry of Socialism, so long shall we be the victims of the landowner, the tax-gatherer, and the rate-collector.

The Present Discontents.

All thoughtful men and women must regret the dead-lock between the Suffragists and the Liberal Government; the women are asking merely for their just rights, and because the Government has departed from the great traditions of Liberalism the Nemesis that follows injustice has fallen upon them.

Four years ago, to the eternal shame of Liberals, two young women, asking a question at question-time according to the historic procedure of public meetings, were ignored and insulted, rushed from the hall with violence, arrested on a false charge, and sentenced in imprisonment. On that day they lit up a fire of indignation in the country that by God's grace shall never be put out.

For nearly sixty years women had asked for enfranchisement quietly and consistently, and bad been mocked at and ignored, but the hour had come, a new spirit of revolt had broken out amongst women, and since then the movement begun in poverty and scorn has grown and prospered; there are now about twelve societies working for "Votes for women," money rolls in, and time, brains, enthusiasm, devotion, personal liberty, and health are willingly sacrificed for the Cause.

Mr. Asquith requires that women should show that they desire the vote; surely they have done so. Thousands if not millions of meetings have been held up and down the country, two large outdoor processions have been organised, and one demonstration in Hyde Park, said to be the largest ever seen. A memorial signed by practically all the medical women of Great Britain was forwarded to Mr. Asquith, ably and eloquently setting forth the evils of the present unprotected condition of women, pointing out that the sweating of women was closely bound up with prostitution and its far-reaching curse upon innocent women and children yet unborn. The Head-mistresses of the High Schools, most of them graduates of Universities, have urged the unreasonableness of permitting the special need of political freedom for the women engaged in education, but Mr. Asquith seems deaf to all argument.

Since July 4th the members of the Women's Freedom League have held their "epical watch" outside the House of Commons watching patiently to lay their complaint before Mr. Asquith, and to-day (September 23rd) the great total of 10,000 hours has been reached.

In the world's history there has been no such record of fortitude and endurance on the one hand, of such insconsiderate obstinacy on the other.

No attention is paid to constitutional appeals to justice and reason, and more forceful protests are met with the most bitter and imprisonement of women of blameless lives as common criminals amongst the thieves and the drunks and the women of the street. On February 13th, 1907, London saw the House of the People surrounded by hundreds of mounted police against orderly women bringing a resolution passed at an orderly meeting. To many onlookers in the street the whole thing was shameful and ridiculous, so small and frail were the women, so huge and violent the police. Since then we have heard of the complete abettance of the Dreyfus case, had better sweep out the dark corners in her own courts of injustice.

After the imprisonment of well-nigh four hundred women of blameless lives as common criminals, it was rumoured in legal and scholarly circles that it is the Liberal Government and the magistrates who are breaking the law; but it is the Government, and that trumped-up and ridiculous charges of obstruction have been allowed to override the great charters of English liberty.

"It is lawful for subjects to petition the King, and all commitments and prosecutions for such petitioning are illegal." So runs the fifth clause in the Bill of Rights (1689), and that clause has never been repealed.

Meantime over one hundred women are out under remand till England decides what her laws really are; an object lesson on the incompetence of highly-paid magistrates.

In last week's issue of "John Bull" a correspondent comments on the strange anomalies of English law:

When an employer of labour is afflicted with a strike or lock-out, his establishment is picketed. He may not enter the interference with his liberty, but Mr. Asquith has passed a Trades Disputes Bill to get over the difficulty, and picketing is legalised. When there is a lock-out at Mr. Asquith's establishment, and he fits it picketed, the pickets find themselves at Bow Street. How's that, umpire?

To many of us who had never been to a Police Court, but had an optimistic belief in our great system of English justice, the shock that our wider experience has given us has been very great. 'To think that all my life I have been waiting for my time; to think that our magistrates might have grace to execute justice and maintain truth'; they have not paid for being prayed for," said an indignant Churchwoman to me as we walked dejectedly away from the Court.

Meantime the disorders in the country are going on from bad to worse; women have forced themselves into Cabinet Ministers' meetings and heckled them in season and out of season; the girls have been attacked and thrust out with great violence, some of them, it is alleged, being indecently assaulted by Liberal stewards. Now women are practically shut out from all meetings, the just being confounded with the guilty, to the great indignation of orderly tax-paying women, who have naturally anxious to learn something of the Budget under which they will be taxed exactly as if they were men. In spite of all precautions, Suffragettes make speeches from organ pipes or lurk in ambush under platforms, others scale roofs or arrive swinging on ropes through skylights. Even if they are kept out, the riots of huge crowds outside are said to render the speeches in the hall practically inaudible, or men sympathisers have the pluck to rise and plead their cause in their absence. The violent and brutal methods of the ape and tiger, but violence and rioting are the direct outcome of tyranny and injustice, and the responsibility is upon the Government, who have failed so signally to keep order in the country.

In the whole history there has been no such answer ever been given to petitioners asking for reform as that which Mr. Asquith gave to the orderly delegates from the Women's Freedom League, "Don't be silly!"

"Ye have all dealt falsely, for ye have lightly heaped the hurt of the daughters of Peace," when there is no peace. Thus Jeremiah on the present crisis. MARGARET WYNNE NEVINSON.
The Castilians—are the men of the centre of Spain—and the Basques are also very different from the turbulent, energetic Catalonians. The language of the Catalan is also different from the true Spanish—the Castilian. As I tramped through the mountains to the north-east, on my way to Saragossa, this was borne in upon me. I had to revise my stock of Spanish words. Distinctly ugly was the gossa, Gaelic spoken in a rough and guttural way and you will have some idea of the way Catalan sounds.

I found them to be a rough, sudden, hurry-up people. And while I was amongst them I often longed to be back South amongst the calm and easy, come-day go-day Andalusians. There was an electric energy about the Catalonians that was calculated to upset a person of easy thought such as myself. They were workers of a swift, abrupt character. And that is another trouble springing out of the difference of race. The Catalan works, and he knows he works. And he knows that the rest of the people of Spain won't work. And therefore is it that he would like to be separated from the toll-shy Spaniards. He wants all the fruits of his labour for himself.

I may say that in Andalusia no one works. Or if they do, they do it in such a secret, unobtrusive manner that it escapes the observer. I was nine weeks in Granada, and during all that time I never saw anybody doing anything. When next I am born again I sincerely trust that it will be in dear old Granada, where the merry mine-owner, who dearly loves work, is disagreeing with a root of the trouble is not really in him. He is an ancient, easy race who dearly loves rest—and plenty of a gay and light and airy nature about them. They don't care much for the Catalonians. They are distrustful of their energy. They look upon the dark and benighted. He feels as the tramp feels towards the honest worker who likes to work hard for thirty shillings or a pound a week.

Speak to the Catalan of the Andalusia and there will come into his hard, energetic face a look of fierce contempt. And he will tell you many rude things concerning the Andalusians with volcanic abruptness. He will go on about his lack of energy and push.

As I meandered up through Catalonia I heard a good deal of this. By that time I had been long enough in Spain to acquire a stock of what you might call green, or siving, Spanish, and by the aid of that and gestures I was able to converse with these rugged and serious men.

Serious? Yes, they are serious. There is nothing of a gay and light and airy nature about them. They never seem to have time to make a joke. I remember trying to make a joke with a Catalan in Saragossa, and for a moment I thought there was going to be war. I had made a joking remark about some soldiers who were passing, and he gave me a snap-your-head-off glare. It was with difficulty that I soothed him and made him understand that though I was a foreigner I was one of the best.

The truth of the matter is that the Catalonians do not consider themselves Spaniards at all. And as a matter of fact they are not. Any observer who goes through the length of Spain would be forced to this conclusion.

Through the centuries there has been friction—if not about one thing, about another—between them and the rest of the people of Spain. There is a story to the effect that when Columbus landed in Barcelona with presents for Spain the municipal authorities were so vexed that they would allow no record to be made of his landing.

How the trouble is to be really composed it is difficult to see. For it springs inherently from a racial difference. The political differences and the war in Morocco—arising out of the dispute about the mines—only mean that any stick is good enough to beat a dog. If it was not this, it would be something else.

In the end Catalonia must become a separate State.
Woman's Suffrage—A Lost Cause?

By W. L. George.

II.

The last three issues of The New Age have been for me thorns in the cushion, and yet | must return to the charge, avowing myself still among the unregenerate. I will not intervene in the little private sparring among adult suffragists which has taken place between Mr. Ward and Mr. Rubinstein, even though the latter look upon me as dead and buried. By the way, has Mr. Rubinstein noticed that the Women's Co-operating Guild has just plumped for Adult Suffrage? Nor will I support or attack Miss Louise Rogers, who seems to think that Suffragism and Arrivism are synonymous; I hope it isn't as bad as all that.

I have been attacked frontally by Dr. Roberts and Miss Muriel Nelson. The former hardly takes the bull by the horns, for he merely urges that the old methods are useless without definitely endorsing the new, such as stone-throwing or disturbances on golf-courses. I see, too, that he does not answer the question: what are we going to do now? I wish he had expressed a view on my suggestions, such as bombing, which are hardly those of a peace-at-anything.

Both Dr. Roberts and Miss Nelson seem appalled because I say what I think. That is rather a bad sign. Are the enthusiasts afraid that the voice of the Cause is so weak that mine may drown it?

Miss Nelson pushes forward the new, such as the turncoat and the post-Asquith figure, and I do not deny that, at first glance, the figures she gave as to the postcards sent to Mr. Asquith by postcard. She told me that the turncoats were sent, but the following calculation leads me to believe that this is not at all certain that they were sent by Liberals: ATTERCLIFFE ELECTION.

1906. 1909. (over 16,000 voters.)
Liberal 6,253 6,271 Liberal 3,175
Tory 5,736  Libery 2,683
Labour 533
Total 12,259 12,889

So as to be able to compare the 1909 with the 1906 poll, let us asportion pro rata the extra 630 votes cast. We then obtain approximately: ATTERCLIFFE RECTIFIED POLL.

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<th>Liberal</th>
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<tr>
<td>Tories</td>
<td>3,359</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Labour</td>
<td>3,020</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Total</td>
<td>12,619</td>
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To make the comparison fair we must also reduce the 2,300 postcards sent in 1900 to 1906 conditions. This gives 2,188. This being done, we find a decrease in the Liberal poll of 3,903, and an increase of 146 in the Tory poll. Miss Nelson can have these 146 as turncoats, which leaves 2,142 to account for. As Labour polled 3,359 and the turncoats must have voted either Tory or Labour, these 2,142 must have voted Labour. If this is so, then the real Labour strength must have been 3,359—2,142=1,217.

On this basis only 1,217 persons were genuine Labour supporters. But it happens that in 1894 Mr. Frank Smith fought the seat, and obtained 1,249 votes out of 11,684 on the roll. As there were in 1909 over 16,000 electors, the normal Labour poll would be 1,710. Therefore, here is a discrepancy of 1,710—1,217=493 votes, and these we must knock off the turncoats. But let us go a step further. In 1909 a Labour poll at Sheffield of 1,710 out of 16,000 electors is absurd, and I feel certain that Miss Nelson will not deny that it is nearer 3,000. I leave this to the verdict of Mr. Peirce's agent, and if I am right then Labour only benefited by, say, 350 votes. Thus the turnout figure would be about 146 to the Tories and 350 to Labour, say 500 altogether—i.e., less than 1 elector in 30.

The upshot of all this is that, while believing that the Women's Freedom League figures are perfectly correct and the postcards were collected honestly and loyally, the signatures must have largely been those of men either indifferent, pestered, or cajoled. I have done some canvassing myself, and everyone who has will agree with me that many voters have not the faintest idea of what they are doing, and that most of them will sign anything to get rid of a canvasser if worried long enough. I asked Miss Nelson for evidence, and this is all she can supply I advise her to provide evidence in future; I recommend "L'Ile des Pingouins," where she will find Greatuk's splendid words to Panther: "Des Preuves? II n'en faut pas. Les preuves, cela complique les choses."

Miss Nelson gave vent to a great deal of fervid rhetoric, but she did not tackle an important practical point I made, viz., that no Government will sign its death warrant before it need. Thus I still maintain that no amount of bullying can draw a Reform Bill from any Government before its time. Thus also I repeat (being uncontradicted) that if the Liberals go out the Suffrage Bill cannot come up before 1916, if it goes up at all. It is all very well to say that Asquith is the obstacle, but the fact remains that Mr. Asquith will accept a Suffrage amendment to his Reform Bill, whilst Mr. Balfour has promised nothing.

As regards policy, I discard some indigination because I say that present methods are stale and useless. Well, if the Suffragists do not know better than to think that peaceful propaganda and want a demonstration, I ask once more: Why has only one seat been fought by a Suffrage man, when the Social and Political Union can collect £1,000 in an afternoon? If they think they are strong enough to face the music, let the societies collect a national fund of £20,000, select 20 seats where the Liberal has only a small majority, and fight them at the general election. A big contest like this would inflame the enthusiasm of supporters so much that funds would not be lacking. If some seats were won the sensation would be enormous; this must be obvious to anyone who remembers the to-do when Mr. Grayson slipped into Parliament unexpected and unknown. Even Liberal defeats at the hands of Tories would be a great demonstration. I warrant that it would do the Cause more good to break half-a-dozen Liberal seats than the crowns of 300 policemen.

A leaving this vigorous remedy to be considered by those who do not agree that peaceful propaganda is once more the order of the day, I am compelled to adhere to my view that the present agitation is sterile because, to sum up: 1. I must doubt the value of the post-card pledges as much as they were signed by M.P.'s; 2. Nobody has been able to explain why any Government should pass a Reform Bill enfranchising women now or at any time; 3. Nobody has explained why the societies, popular and wealthy as they claim to be, have never ventured to repeat the experiment resulting in their defeat at the Wimbledon election in 1906.

P.S.—The above article has been kept back a week to enable me to answer Lady Onslow. I must be brief as the editor has set me a space limit. Lady Onslow makes two points. One is a point of indignation because I want women to sell their support in exchange for the vote. She suggests that women are above this. Well, I hope not, for then the cause would be lost indeed: failing terrorism the women must use diplomacy. Let them sell their votes to a given party if it will buy; they can later turn upon that party and rend it if they will. Surely those who use violence should not be above political manoeuvring; indeed, I will go further: why scruple to deceive him whom you would slay? said M.Labour poll at Sheffield of 1,710 out of 16,000 electors is absurd, and I feel certain that Miss Nelson will not deny that it is nearer 3,000. I leave this to the verdict of Mr. Peirce's agent, and if I am right then Labour only benefited by, say, 350 votes. Thus the turnout figure would be about 146 to the Tories and 350 to Labour, say 500 altogether—i.e., less than 1 elector in 30.

The upshot of all this is that, while believing that the Women's Freedom League figures are perfectly correct and the postcards were collected honestly and loyally, the signatures must have largely been those of men either indifferent, pestered, or cajoled. I have done some canvassing myself, and everyone who has will agree with me that many voters have not the faintest idea of what they are doing, and that most of them will sign anything to get rid of a canvasser if worried long enough. I asked Miss Nelson for evidence, and this is all she can supply I advise her to provide evidence in future; I recommend "L'Ile des Pingouins," where she will find Greatuk's splendid words to Panther: "Des Preuves? II n'en faut pas. Les preuves, cela complique les choses."

Miss Nelson gave vent to a great deal of fervid rhetoric, but she did not tackle an important practical point I made, viz., that no Government will sign its death warrant before it need. Thus I still maintain that no amount of bullying can draw a Reform Bill from any Government before its time. Thus also I repeat (being uncontradicted) that if the Liberals go out the Suffrage Bill cannot come up before 1916, if it goes up at all. It is all very well to say that Asquith is the obstacle, but the fact remains that Mr. Asquith will accept a Suffrage amendment to his Reform Bill, whilst Mr. Balfour has promised nothing.

As regards policy, I discard some indigination because I say that present methods are stale and useless. Well, if the Suffragists do not know better than to think that peaceful propaganda and want a demonstration, I ask once more: Why has only one seat been fought by a Suffrage man, when the Social and Political Union can collect £1,000 in an afternoon? If they think they are strong enough to face the music, let the societies collect a national fund of £20,000, select 20 seats where the Liberal has only a small majority, and fight them at the general election. A big contest like this would inflame the enthusiasm of supporters so much that funds would not be lacking. If some seats were won the sensation would be enormous; this must be obvious to anyone who remembers the to-do when Mr. Grayson slipped into Parliament unexpected and unknown. Even Liberal defeats at the hands of Tories would be a great demonstration. I warrant that it would do the Cause more good to break half-a-dozen Liberal seats than the crowns of 300 policemen.

Leaving this vigorous remedy to be considered by those who do not agree that peaceful propaganda is once more the order of the day, I am compelled to adhere to my view that the present agitation is sterile because, to sum up: 1. I must doubt the value of the post-card pledges as much as they were signed by M.P.'s; 2. Nobody has been able to explain why any Government should pass a Reform Bill enfranchising women now or at any time; 3. Nobody has explained why the societies, popular and wealthy as they claim to be, have never ventured to repeat the experiment resulting in their defeat at the Wimbledon election in 1906.

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A Lost Art.
By William Poel.

II.

A county squire, whose hobby was horses, once told me that although at twenty he thought himself a good judge of a thoroughbred, he now, with fifty more years of experience at his back, hesitated a long while in determining a nag's good points. It is the same with the student of Shakespeare: the oftener he has read one of the poet's plays, and the more study he has given to it, the longer he hesitates to criticise. The art of the dramatist is too thorough and too subtle to be lightly discussed. To all stage-managers who wish to mend or improve Shakespeare I say: "Hands off! Produce this play as it is written or leave it alone. Don't take liberties with it; the man who does that does not understand his own limitations!"

There is, in my opinion, but one rule to be followed when it becomes necessary to shorten one of Shakespeare's plays; that is to omit lines, but never an entire scene. Shakespeare of all his contemporaries, unless it be Ford, gave to his dramas—especially to his later ones—a unity of design; so that each scene has a relation to the whole play. But in the preparation of the stage version of "King Lear" at the Haymarket neither Ford nor method has been observed; neither love nor respect has been shown; and, what is less pardonable, not even knowledge. Scenes and passages have been torn out of the play, just as children tear up bank notes, regardless of the value of the parts to the whole. No matter if the story is unintelligible, the characters are incoherent, and the ethics of the play unconvincing, the matter if the story is unintelligible, the characters are incoherent, and the ethics of the play unconvincing, the matter if the story is—

"The gods be good unto us! No, in such a case the gods will not be good unto us," etc. (Act V. Sc. 4.)

Now, of course Edmund's speech is cut out of the Haymarket version, so that the playwright who does not know his Shakespeare misses the irony of the terrible tragedy he is called upon to witness. The poet wishes us to understand that if a community leaves to the care of the gods the responsibility of a man's obligations to his fellow-men, instead of taking that responsibility upon itself, then life will go on to-day—and does go on—just as it did in the age of Elizabeth. All through the play Shakespeare denies omnipotence to man's self-made gods. In his drama they are represented in the person of Edmund, who has good looks, intelligence, and good intentions (Act I, Scene 2). The community, however, in which he lives decides that because Edmund is an illegitimate child these gifts shall not be profaned, instead of taking that responsibility upon itself, then life will go on to-day—and does go on—just as it did in the age of Elizabeth. All through the play Shakespeare denies omnipotence to man's self-made gods. In his drama they are represented in the person of Edmund, who has good looks, intelligence, and good intentions (Act I, Scene 2). The community, however, in which he lives decides that because Edmund is an illegitimate child these gifts shall not be profaned, instead of taking that responsibility upon itself, then life will go on.
And where were the critics with their responsibilities? Not a single one of them has pointed out what was amiss with the performance or the injustice which is paid to the author by the producer and stage-manager. That the critics could know their play no one who understands the conditions under which they write could expect; and yet they are men of intelligence and judgment. What indictment is there for a critic to put forth his best powers to giving an able and exhaustive criticism of a performance when he is hampered by consideration for the feelings of those who are his editor’s custom. His work is to give to himself familiar with Shakespeare when nothing but platitude is required of him? Surely both the Public and the Theatre suffer in consequence.

Verse.

A Century of French Poets. By Francis Yvon Eccles. (Constable. 1s. 6d. net.)

La forme la plus parfaite de la poésie—la seule vraie peut être pour les nations françaises, c’est le lyrisme.

VIGIE LECOCQ ("La Poesie Contemporaine.")

It is difficult to know for whom Mr. Eccles has compiled this book. He would call it (were not the word pedantic) a Chrestomathy, which the dictionary defines as a book of selections from foreign languages, usually for beginners. Perhaps that is why he has thought it necessary to explain the difference between assonance and rhyme, and to give, in the notes at the end, etymologies and explanations of words, useful sometimes even to the "advanced student"—sometimes impertinent. Yet though he would call it a Chrestomathy (were not the word pedantic) only the "advanced student" could read with any pleasure the selections from the different French poets represented. Then Mr. Eccles has found no place—he says so—for better poets than some of those he has chosen, because (perchance) they do not represent a phase; just as a man might say: "Here are my turnips. Don’t look at the hills over there; they only prevent you from seeing the potato crop on the other side." And he has given a long historical introduction on the English plea that one must go back to Adam in order to present—Mr. Herbert Trench, shall we say? This introduction shows that Mr. Eccles is not too fond of the Chrestomathy, and can set his value between the different classes; but it overloads his book, and since the book deals with the last hundred years of French poetry, it is incomplete because deficient in the significance of the Symbolist movement. The "Introductory Essay on the Development of French Poetry" fills 65 pages, Victor Hugo has 44 pages, and there are 58 pages of notes: in all, 167 pages out of 400, which leaves 233 for the rest of the century. The consequence is that the splendid lyrical outburst of the last thirty years, of which the two volumes of "Poètes d’Aujourd’hui" by MM. van Bever and Léautaud are the living proof, is unaccounted in some 50 pages.

It is a pity, because Mr. Eccles’s competence to talk about French verse is undeniable. A study of MM. van Bever and Léautaud’s volumes, and of the books referred to therein, would have helped him to a better understanding of the nature of poetry; as yet he hardly knows the difference between good composition, rhetorical and essential poetry; and so he gives us that intolerable deal of Victor Hugo, most of which is the merest sublimated rhetoric, and will be one day, I hope, the most barren and looked upon by futurists. Hugo has enormous power; so has the wind, but the wind has no beauty except as a symbol to a poet, and Hugo was too fond of lashing a sea of things to be quintessential. His verse is a giant bore, tricked in magnificent finery, a spectacle of which one becomes sick. Imagine a mountain writing poetry—avalanches! Mr. Eccles has one very profound remark in his notice of Hugo, where he speaks of “that presence of mind or instinct of verbal association which is perhaps the ultimate secret of fecundity”—perhaps too, let me add, the ultimate secret of poetry. The short studies of each poet prefixed to the selection from his work are all well done and carefully thought out. They are satisfying. It is an individualistic movement, more, therefore, that the so-called Symbolists should be so poorly represented both in the number of poets and in the choice of poems. It is not by the poets of the first half of the century that the book with much of the work of the poets is done by those who are the most authentic voices France has had. In this M. Walch’s three volumes of “Poètes Contemporains,” which Mr. Eccles knows, are much more comprehensive and give a far better idea of the richness of the period than those Mr. Eccles’s book. There is a kind of confession in his preface of a tiredness and unwillingness to complete the book. It is a little significant of his attitude towards the symbolist poets that while he knows the poet’s emotion, a creation out of a form of life, as mysterious, and with inter-correspondence of star with star. A poet, there-
George.

They were brothers, but unlike as brothers sometimes are. Beyond the fact that both were good fellows, and that they worked in the same business, which had been their father's old firm, there was little resemblance. George was a breezy, hearty, practical-minded man, very much married, the father of a young family, a church worker, and of course a sound Conservative.

Ronald was thoughtful, idealistic, romantic even in some ways, given to long wanderings in the woods, watching the ways of the live things and the growth of the plants. It seemed to be too much in his way, he was given to scientific speculations and a Socialist in politics, tastes that much astonished and worried the excellent George. How could an otherwise sensible fellow like Ronald go wasting his time and brains over pursuits that led to nothing? A football match or a tramp round the golf-links—there was some sense in that; but to spend the day like an owl in an ivy-bush? Not that that mattered if Ronald liked it by his Socialist principles; a bit too much. What sense was there in wanting to divide everything up? It would all have to be done over again tomorrow (here Ronald would attempt a re-statement of the case, which, however, he supposed was by his brother when once under weigh). A man must be master in his own works, and there was no good being too sentimental over it. There was no use in keeping a man to do skilled mechanic's work if a new man and who would do for two, could do the same in half the time. There was no use in keeping on elderly men when young ones could pick up what was wanted quicker. He was sorry enough for old Tom Smith, as Ronald knew (and here the excellent George did himself no more than justice, for he did many a kind thing for his men when thrown out of work), but you could not put back the clock and prevent the machines being invented, and if they were invented, he supposed, it was hard luck for the individuals perhaps, but good in the long run. You couldn't guarantee the men work if there were no work for them to do, and you could not give them security that their special skill would always be wanted—it was a case of demand and supply, and they must take their chance like the rest. And capital now—of course those fellows at the street corner wanted to get rid of capital because they hadn't got any, but how a man like Ronald, who knew that business was, could be such a fool as to go against capital was more than he could understand. (Renewed attempts at re-statement from Ronald, no more heeded than before.) No business could be carried on without capital, and you would suffer so much as the workers if capital were all driven out of the country. Where would wages come from if there were no masters and no capital? Why not tell him that? As it was, were not they, the employers, many of them, running the works at a loss sooner than turn the hands off? If business were made less profitable than it was already, through Socialist legislation, it would mean ruin and starvation in many a working class home. Unless there were some security that a man could do business in his own way, and get the profits of his own industry and enterprise, why should he keep working at all? Much better to realise and go and start a boarding-house at Monte Carlo! (Some alarm at this suggestion shown by Mrs. George, who would not have felt at home in Monte Carlo society, but reassuring smiles from Ronald, who knew his brother.) Insecurity was the greatest evil that could happen. For once he supposed that his industry and his business ability were no good, that his reward might be snatched away from him, and the whole fabric of commerce would crumble away. ("What about Tom Smith's industry and ability?" from Ronald.) He remembered that his father had built up his business year by year, working hard and putting his back and his brains into it; and a better father never stepped. What inducement would there be to a man to work like that if he had no security, if he didn't know but what a Socialist Government would turn him out any day?

And here George, having to his own satisfaction completely confuted his brother and proved the superiority of the present system to any possible modification of it, went off and started playing with some of the little Georges, who were glad enough to get him for a romp.

But though George was thus in theory an optimist, he knew, and his brother knew too, that things were not very well with them. Their firm was an honest, trusted, respectable, but somewhat old-fashioned business, built up in the days when small capital and the master's eye could make a go of things, where there was a trust and the syndicate were as yet unknown. George and Ronald were beginning to be hit hard by what George usually spoke of vaguely as "foreign" competition, but which Ronald at least was beginning to perceive, dimly, that the old time went on, was really the immense, destructive competition of larger businesses, larger capital, the trust, the amalgamation, or combine. How could they, to whom the introduction of a new machine was an exciting and interesting event, the cost to be carefully calculated and foreseen, hope to compete with vast undertakings where wonderful automatic machines were continually brought in, then "scrapped" and thrown aside, the least bit of residue, and an extension of business to put the old firm on its legs again. Accordingly an enterprising and obliging American was discovered who was willing to undertake the job, came down and looked over the place, with a disparaging expression, and proposed scrapping machines that George still looked upon as new and exciting innovations, but gave it as his opinion that the business had something in it and might be brought up to date, and started the firm on the practised air and considerably less commotion than Mrs. George would have put into giving a tea party.

At first things went on smoothly enough, but gradually relations became extremely strained between George and the other directors. George's methods were perhaps old-fashioned, but he had got used to them, and he could not understand the ways of the new men, what he considered their extravagance in advertising and the expedients they adopted to capture the market and drive out their trade rivals. To him the business still seemed his, and he wanted to manage it in his own way. He could remember his father taking him in as a little chap of six to see the works, and the foreman holding up "little Master" to look at the big engine. He had taken his little Socialist security, which he had supposed to be safe, to the mighty throat of the engine and the never-cessing hum of those tireless machines. And he objected most strongly to the interference and patronising airs of the strangers he had brought in upon himself to keep that very engine running.

The inevitable end came. There was a period of depression of trade, which made things more difficult than ever, and eventually George was invited, with cold expressions of regret and some empty politeness, to resign his post as managing director on the plea that a younger man would be more suited to the place. Poor George looked round the office, when he began to realise what it all meant, and knew he would never come there again, and let a man who had started in the business still seemed his, and he wanted to manage it in his own way. He could remember his father taking him in as a little chap of six to see the works, and the foreman holding up "little Master" to look at the big engine. He had taken his little Socialist security, which he had supposed to be safe, to the mighty throat of the engine and the never-cessing hum of those tireless machines. And he objected most strongly to the interference and patronising airs of the strangers he had brought in upon himself to keep that very engine running.

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in his mature work, and he is fond of employing German words when the proper English word does not leap straight to his pen. Nevertheless, despite this trick, which would have damned anybody else in their eyes, Mr. Keary strangely became the idol of literary dandies. I remember that. I used to think him rather fine myself—I knew not why. He was a great darling of the "Pall Mall Gazette," when that singular paper had a collection of darlings. At the period when the "P. M. G.," in its enthusiasm, once reviewed a book by Mr. Marriott Watson long before the book was published, it would head its reviews of Mr. Keary with such titles as "A Novel by a Novelist," subtly implying that novels were usually written by grocers or publishers. I am quite sure that "A Mariage de

keeps me from being envious. But it took my interest by the throat and slowly throttled it. The scene is laid in a midland town which is explicitly affirmed not to be in the Potteries but which cannot realistically be elsewhere. Both in construction and in style it shows the old frigid slovenliness. It has the old narrow sympathies, and the old wide antipathies which are largely due to a vast unconsciousness of life. Possibly this would not vitally matter, for many good novels are both slovenly and prejudiced, if only the book were a novel. But, like most of Mr. Keary's fictions, it is simply the raw material of a novel. Mr. Keary can neither construct nor select. Hence his affecting tediumness. But he is splendidly anti-sentimental, and in an Anglo-Saxon writer this quality merits gratitude. He strives finely after truth. Also, with all his fantastic carelessness of writing, he produces in you the impression that he does in some twisted way care for letters. The present is a moment of solemn decision for me. I have resolved never again to try and read another of Mr. Keary's novels. He has had twenty years in which to accomplish the task of interesting a friendly reader who enjoyed "A Mariage de Convenance." If he cannot do it in twenty years he cannot do it in two hundred. I bid him a respectful adieu and softly close the door.

B. L. H.

Books and Persons. (An Occasional Causerie)

Mr. C. F. Keary makes a curious figure in letters. He has been an author for thirty years, and it is twenty years since he published his first novel, "A Mariage de Convenance." This title, by the way, illustrates Mr. Keary's habit of writing in several languages at once. I think I could find even the phrase "et hoc genus omnem" in his mature work, and he is fond of employing German words when the proper English word does not leap straight to his pen. Nevertheless, despite this trick, which would have damned anybody else in their eyes, Mr. Keary strangely became the idol of literary dandies. I remember that. I used to think him rather fine myself—I knew not why. He was a great darling of the "Pall Mall Gazette," when that singular paper had a collection of darlings. At the period when the "P. M. G.," in its enthusiasm, once reviewed a book by Mr. Marriott Watson long before the book was published, it would head its reviews of Mr. Keary with such titles as "A Novel by a Novelist," subtly implying that novels were usually written by grocers or publishers. I am quite sure that "A Mariage de Convenance." This title, by the way, illustrates Mr. Keary's habit of writing in several languages at once.

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Fellow of the Physical Society of London.

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LONDON: CHAPMAN & HALL, LTD., 11, HENRIETTA STREET, W.C.
We are going to have new editions of at least two manuals of English literature. Mr. Maurice Browne (whose name is not unknown to readers of this paper) is engaged by Messrs. Cassell's upon a modernisation of Henry Morley’s “First Sketch of English Literature.” Part of Mr. Browne’s scheme is to devote special attention to living authors. A difficult task, if it is to be executed with a full regard for letters! For example, will Mr. Browne put down the literary truth about the novels of Mrs. Humphry Ward, Sir Gilbert Parker, etc., or will he ignore such names, or will he, agreeing with every daily paper in England, imply or roundly state that they have genuine permanent artistic importance? A still more difficult task will be to render Henry Morley readable. I am inclined to the opinion that Henry Morley was the most unreadable writer that ever wrote in any language not German. And I suspect that his critical views were without value. I fancy that as a disseminator of mere factual information he was praiseworthy. For personal reasons I have a weakness for Henry Morley. He was one of the most active of all introducers. I am aware of over three hundred different introductions that he has compiled for various cheap editions of the classics. Also, he had a trick of selecting, for reprint, classics that could only appeal to a handful of fairly expert readers, and then pretending that everybody would enjoy them. A very pleasant trait in his character, and agreeable to those with a taste for byways! His vast history of English literature was begun—indeed, it was begun twice, in 1864 and 1887—but never finished. It may startle those who know Henry Morley only by his introductions, to learn that he started his literary career as a poet and humourist. Dickens mistook him for a humourist. Dickens was, of course, impossible for such a man to write so badly, or to display such a profound ignorance of a taste for byways.

An enterprise of Messrs. George Bell and Sons has a certain interest. “Masters of Literature,” a new series of handy volumes containing the finest passages of the greatest authors. In other words, a series of selections. There is a great deal to be said for the volume of selections, in opposition to the complete works. For instance, Defoe wrote two hundred and fifty volumes, nearly all good and all somewhat monotonous. I should be glad to have a selection of Defoe; but I do not desire the task of Mr. John Masefield, who has undertaken to make the selection. Messrs. Bell’s volumes are to be lengthily prefaced by experts of the calibre of E. V. Lucas, Thomas Seccombe, and Professors Saintsbury and A. J. Grant; and these prefaces are to link the excerpts together. Novelist are to be included, even as far as to George Eliot. The singularly well written prospects of the series states frankly that it is in a large measure constructed to suit the special needs of the student who is “getting up” a given author. Reference is made to a similar series in French. Now there are two similar series in French. One, “Pages Choisies,” published by Armand Colin, and the other “Les Plus Belles Pages,” published by the Mercure de France. I prefer the latter, because it expresses the susceptibilities of theoretically innocent girlishness. It gives “the finest pages,” whether they are suitable for schoolrooms or not. Almost

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always in this sort of series there is a tendency to play down to the young person. And it is a tendency to be avoided. Fielding, Stern, and Defoe, for example, would have bleed horribly under the Bowdlerian knife. I trust that the publishers have not ordained that the unfit shall not survive. If they have done so, they have made a grave mistake. The volumes of Scott and Fielding are ready, and Carlyle, Defoe, Thackeray, Dickens, de Quincy, Emerson, Hazlitt and Sterne are some of the names to follow. The price is 3s. 6d. net. I doubt not that at this relatively high figure the books will be faultlessly produced. Jacob Tonson.

BOOK OF THE WEEK.

The Moral 'Forties.

The Countess of Cardigan was born in 1824, has been married twice, has intermarried with the best section of English Society, and has published at the age of 84 a remarkable book of recollections, grave and gay. The Countess herself says: "I have enjoyed my life thoroughly, and at 84 years of age I am still capable of entertaining a somewhat jaded reviewer in the month of September." "I can amuse myself with singing and playing; my business faculties are as keen as ever, and I have a strong digestion, and can enjoy my dinner heedless of any new-fangled fads about food." (Ah! Mr. Shaw!) "I sleep as peacefully as a child, and my doctor says I shall live to be a hundred! I do not even feel old; perhaps that is because I know the secret of keeping young at heart is the most valuable asset in life." Truly, in some cases, those whom the gods love live long! We quote this passage as there is a fine philosophy in it and the secret of keeping young at heart is the most valuable asset in life. The Countess can hardly have her testimony to be ungracious, for we should be delighted to see the Countess of Cardigan at this age. The Countess has been married twice, and both her husbands have been well-known. The first was Lord Colville, who died on the morning of July 12th, 1858, and this is what happened. "On the morning of July 12th, 1858, I was awakened at seven o'clock by a loud knocking at the front door. It was Lord Cardigan. I had just time to slip on my dressing gown when he came into my room and said: 'My dearest, she's dead; let's get married at once.'" Lord Cardigan was certainly a man of action in love as well as in war. However, the union was a very happy one, and we leave it to moralists to cavil.

Here is a racy story: "Caroline, Duchess of Montrose, was a very well known figure at Newmanick, but she was rarely popular, and was once mobbed on the road by Mr. Crawford, Mr. Crawford was a great horseman, and as there was not enough money on it! She was very much in love with Mr. Crawford, whom she afterwards married. Crawford owned a horse called 'Corrie Roy,' and the Duchess was named 'Carrie Red,' whereupon Lord Winchelsea perpetrated these lines:

Corrie Roy and Carry Red,
One for the course, the other for bed,
To have Carry Red and Corrie Roy?

The next story to be quoted has some political interest, and is not very flattering to Disraeli. I was much exercised in my mind about a proposal of marriage I had just received from Disraeli. My uncle, Admiral Roux, had said to me: 'My dear, you can't marry that d—d old Jew,' but I had known D. all my life, and I liked him very well. He had, however, one drawback so far as I was concerned, and that was his breath. In ancient Rome a wife could divorce her husband if his breath were unpleasant, and had Dizzy lived in those days his wife would have been able to divorce him without any difficulty. Eventually the Countess consulted the present King, who advised her not to marry Disraeli.

Another merry episode is told with some gusto. "An amusing story was told me by a friend who, when examining one of the 'smallest squares' of Madrid, had just had the two tips of his index finger being laid down on all sides of it. D. was puzzled at the unusual sight, and said to the man: 'Why are you covering all the square? Is there a very bad case of illness?' Well, sir,' replied the man, 'the lady at No. — has just had a child, and as he is a gentleman I have sent straw I thought it better to put it all down, so as not to favour anybody.'"

The Court of Spain has always been in bad odor, but this story of the present King's father reminds us that Spain is still in the Middle Ages. "The King once greatly admired a very lovely married woman at Madrid, and he hit upon the idea of sending the unwanted husband, like Uriah of old, to the war. One day secret instructions were given that he was to return to Madrid in a hurry. All went well; the husband left Madrid, and his wife and her lover were free to meet without fear of detection. The disconsolate husband seemed to bear a charmed life, and it was commented on by a friend who liked him. 'Don't you think it curious that you are always selected for dangerous posts?' he asked. 'You will never return to Madrid unless you have the Devil's own luck, for you have"

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Consider for a moment the daily routine of your life. Does it tax your intelligence to the utmost of which it is really capable? Has not the bulk of your work become almost mechanical through sheer force of habit? Even though it does require a large amount of thought and care, is not your brain working in one direction only—being developed along one little narrow line? And when the closing of your office door sets your thoughts free for other interests, private and general, how many subjects are you able to find pleasure in? Is not the number lamentably limited—do you not neglect many of those which are within easy reach?

When you read your morning paper, in how many of the subjects can you take a really intelligent interest? Are you not content to accept the cut-and-dried opinions dished up for your consumption without bringing any original thought to bear upon them, and forming an opinion of your own? You say, perhaps, that life is too short to enter deeply into the many questions of the day—yet how many hours of boredom do you endure in the week?

How often do you feel “out of it” when others are discussing subjects which you too are expected to know something about. In business, politics, science, art, literature, in the ceaseless drama of life itself, there is an inexhaustible fund of interest and fascination for those whose minds are capable of extracting it, for their pleasure or profit. It is not a question of “reading up” any or all of the subjects; but of stopping the leakages in your memory—of training it to serve not as a sieve, but as a capacious and well-ordered storehouse—in short, to double its power and efficiency.

Think what it would mean to you to acquire a two-power standard of mental efficiency—to double your present mental power, to banish mind-wandering and brain-fatigue, to enlarge your outlook and optimism, and gain greater self-reliance and faith in yourself.

It would double your earning capacity, double the chances and the speed of your promotion. It would open up new avenues of enterprise and interest, make your mind more alert and receptive, fit you to fill a better-paid position, and remove the dread possibility of dismissal after years of faithful service, because a younger man can do your work.

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been sent here solely that the King can enjoy your wife undisturbed.' The husband, mad with jealousy, deserted and made his way back to Madrid. He learned that his servant when the King was next expected to visit his wife. On the evening in question, Alphonso and the Duke de Sesto went to the lady's house, and just as Sesto was about to leave the lovers alone the door opened and the husband appeared. . . . The Duke did not waste a moment, for he drew his sword and killed the husband before he had time to realise his danger. The body was removed and interred secretly, and the death of the unfortunate man was only added to the adventure which has taken place at the camp. 'Costas España,' said De Sesto when he told me the story. 'And, Duke, you felt no remorse?' He smiled at me. 'It was the quickest way for an interfering husband to be disposed of, madame.'

This strange book, written by an aristocrat for the amusement of her friends and the entertainment of her enemies, is a revelation of life in English Society. Its frankness is a healthy symptom; madame believes in plain speaking. We see the difference between the Socialist and Conservative ideals of Free Love. Some Socialists advocate Free Love to secure a better moral foundation for society. This Conservative society practises Free Love for the mere gratification of sensual pleasure and its desire for sensational and risky amours. All unwholesome and unpleasantness, indulgence, and extravagance. She notes the passing of the claims of birth, family, and husband to be disposed of, madame. "Then I would like to ask you a question, sir." "All right, fire away," I said, not at all impressed by his ceremonious manner. "Now, sir, I should like to know what you would do with the thirsty man under Socialism." ("Living off and on Capital," p. 35). In this duel Mrs. Hartley takes the platform and proceeds to meet the common objections to Socialism in a business-like and convincing manner. Decidedly a little book of facts and figures to make Socialists.

CORRESPONDENCE.

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

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

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

REVIEWS.

The Birth of Modern Italy. By Jessie White Mario. (Unwin. 12s. 6d. net.)

A mass of somewhat incoherent notes by an enthusiastic and sympathetic woman journalist and correspondant to an Italian patriot, "The Birth of Modern Italy" tells with enthusiasm the whole history of the Italian Revolution. Some fifty or more characters appear, Italian leaders and agitators, Austrian, English and American correspondants. The book rounds the two central figures, Mazzini, the philosopher, and Garibaldi, the soldier, who are thus seen as the focal points of riots and battles. The object of the authoress has been to show the conflict of the elements of democracy and autocracy rather than to trace the new democratic growths therefrom. While it is easy to see Italy tearing off the strait-waistcoat of Austrian tyranny and putting on the democratic robe of freedom, it is not so easy to trace the threads of the many and complex movements of which the robe was composed, and to which the International Revolution of '48 gave birth. Thus only disconnected bits of an important International Labour Movement development appear at the surface and are respectively as the Italian Workingmen's Association (38), the International League (107), and the European Democratic Committee (222). An introduction sheds light on the 'heroic' part of the authoress, and an epilogue brings events up to date. Altogether, this is a compilation of facts which nobody who would understand how the nations of Europe are drifting to a great unity can overlook, and which may serve to inspire a much-needed history of an eventful revolution.

The Adventures of a Pretty Woman. By Florence Warden. (Stanley Paul. 6s.)

Miss Florence Warden continues, as she has done these thirty years, to pour out novels by the yard, so to speak. Her latest book is characteristic both of her matter and manner. The adventures of the half-American—minus the star-spangled manner—are typically Dreulionian. Her hustling sympathy for the good baronet wrongly accused of murder, to whom she is introduced by a knock-down blow from his retriever, and whom she marries after his innocence has been established by a jilted lady who apparently escapes from asylum and cuts her hair to suit up to the Drury Lane standard. The most we can say for this book, which will doubtless serve its purpose, is, the developments are most sensational.

Train Talks. By Edward Hartley. (Twentieth Century Press. 13.)

"Is this Mr. Hartley, the Socialist?" On my admitting the impertinence, he said: "Then I should like to ask you a question, sir." "All right, fire away," I said, not at all impressed by his ceremonious manner. "Now, sir, I should like to know what you would do with the thirsty man under Socialism." ("Living off and on Capital," p. 35). In this duel Mrs. Hartley takes the platform and proceeds to meet the common objections to Socialism in a business-like and convincing manner. Decidedly a little book of facts and figures to make Socialists.

EGYPT AND THE EGYPTIANS.

To the Editor of "The New Age."

I have been rubbing my eyes, not being able to believe that The New Age has joined the ranks of the "Daily Telegraph" and the "Daily Telegraph." Mr. Shuttleworth, in his article about Egypt and the Egyptians has been calling me dishonest, unfit for self-government, and all the rest of the argot of the Imperialists. I know the failings of my countrymen too well to say that they are in any way dishonest, but self-government cannot be won without honesty? The English firms here are crying aloud on account of the dishonesty of the Japs. Caving is in order in the Jew and the Armenian, but there is no one who wants to abolish the Constitution in Japan or to disfrock the Jews. An oppressed nation has to resort to certain modes of dishonesty to effect its survival. Hence the Jewish morality. The truth is that Mr. Shuttleworth is sadly muddled in his moral values. He does not see how far dishonesty goes with the Liberals or Conservatives, or even Socialists. Dishonesty is inherent in the party system, and therefore favours self-government. What Mr. Shuttleworth needs is a solid book of Nietzsche's.

If I may retaliate, I would like to ask Mr. Shuttleworth if an Egyptian can stand English hypocrisy, English prudery, or an English pipe? He says that the Fellah is politically unconscious, and at the same time The New Age laments the same quality in the English workman. He talks of the "backsheesh" as an Egyptian national failing. Only last winter I had to take back mygo cestines at a Paris restaurant and put on my overcoat without the help of the waiter, who turned his back on me because the tip was not large enough. Have the Egyptians ever been savage to the Sudanese (when the Sudan was our colony) as the English were with them at Dahshawa? Now, Mr. Shuttleworth, is it not dishonest to talk of the Egyptians like that?
The fact is that the Egyptian movement is horrifyingly capitalistic in its policy. Everything is done to increase the wealth of the wealthy. Education is meant to make officials of the rich class. Lord Cromer stupidly confessed that.

Think you, reader, how can the Fellah hope to educate his children if his whole income does not exceed £20, and the yearly fees for elementary education are £10?

How can the English official in Egypt be called honest if he takes the small landowner 31 shillings an acre, and spends Dewar's whisky to go in at the minimum tax allowed by the European Powers?

How can I call him honest if he imprisons boys of 17 and 18 for democratic speeches, and gags editors and dramatists through his fear of the ghoul of Nationalism?

Ten years hence Syria, and even Tripoli and Arabia, will, through compulsory education, be more advanced than Egypt, where the English official is standing in the way of its progress?

How can an Egyptian contemplate this state of things without a feeling of hatred for the English?

Yes, Egypt is not only to make cotton for Manchester, to give pensions to incompetent officials, and salaries to demoralised English armies.

SHALL FERRER DIE?

To the Editor of "The New Age."

I am deeply indebted to you for sending me a copy of the article on "Shall Ferrer Die?" The protest is necessary and most urgent; and the appeal to the Lords (to meet with an instant and wide response. Immediate action is necessary to rescue an imperilled nation..

Ten years hence Syria, and even Tripoli and Arabia, will, through compulsory education, be more advanced than Egypt, where the English official is standing in the way of its progress.

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Yes, Egypt is not only to make cotton for Manchester, to give pensions to incompetent officials, and salaries to demoralised English armies.

S. MOUSBA.

IN SPAIN.

To the Editor of "The New Age."

"Stanhope of Chester" betrays annoyance at something that is happening in Spain. I do not question that abominable things are happening there as well as everywhere else. It is possible that they differ in nature as well as in degree from the abominable things happening in (let us say) Paddington. But I do question the wisdom of "Stanhope of Chester." What, for instance, is all this nonsense about the sodomitical practices of the Jesuits? I have no evidence, documents forged by the Jesuits are to be brought against him. The prosecution is part of an anti-education campaign. Rome in Spain is a determined, subtle, and resolute foe of all education that is not engineered and directed by the priests, and made contributory to the interests of the Romac Catholic Church.

Will not Mr. J. M. Roberson put a question in Parliament, and, if necessary, raise a debate on the queer case?

What is done should be done quickly.

JOHN CLIFFORD.

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