IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT.—With the first number of the new volume of THE NEW AGE, beginning on Nov. 4th, the paper will be considerably improved in quality and enlarged in size, the number of pages increased to twenty-four, and the price raised to Threepence. The Editorship and policy of the paper will remain the same.

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

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Why does the Press protest so much that the King is not taking a hand in the political game? For once, the King’s interest is obvious, and his concern clear to everybody. He has no desire to be the sole remnant of hereditary privilege in the Constitution, and consequently the Lords must be left very much as they are. This, we imagine, was the King’s warning to Lord Rosebery, Earl Cawdor, and to Mr. Asquith. If there has not been a “deal” in the horse-sense, there has at least been under the King’s direction a discussion the outcome of which will probably be the passing of the Budget through the Lords. This will stave off a constitutional revolution, and meantime leave the threat of the Lords’ veto still always hypothetic, even on Finance Bills.

Certain Liberal papers are anxious, however, to precipitate a General Election, even if the Budget be passed by the Lords. This is not policy, though disguised as such. What excuse can they give for throwing up the sponge before they have been seriously hit? The Budget rejected, there would have been not merely the Lords’ veto on account of the Irish Land Bill or the English Housing Bill: and not because we should be afraid of losing, but lest our victory should prove empty. There is not enough in these Bills to move the Lords; and nothing short of that is of the slightest value to us. For the present it is enough to know that the Lords will probably pass the Budget even though it contain several Bills within its intricate folds. Surely that is the real Liberal lesson of the whole affair: to incorporate more and more Bills in the Budget. We shall shortly be preparing Mr. Lloyd George’s next Budget.

Suppose the “Nation” and the “Daily News” have their way, however, and an election is fought even though the Budget be passed. The pressure issues will not be to-day what they were yesterday. Yesterday we should have put the issues of the election in the following order of importance, Lords, Budget, Tariff Reform, Socialism. To-day we should be inclined to reverse the order. After all, you cannot fight an election on your own terms, and when one issue which promised to be predominant has dropped, the minor issues must scramble to the front as best they can. And in that scramble Socialism, we know, will not be the least successful. At any rate, the “Nation” may be warned that the atmosphere will change at once when the Lords pass the Budget. A reaction in their favour will set in, and people will be saying the dukes are not such bad fellows after all. They fight for their rights, of course; but they abide by the law at the last. In such a popular mood the proposal to end or extend the Lords would be suffocated with sentiment.

We do not underestimate the perils of delay, but they are at least as great for the other side. No doubt it seems bad tactics not to strike while the iron is hot. Twelve months ago the Liberals would not have been returned; twelve months hence, argue some of them, the Liberals will not be returned. But to-day there is no doubt of it. Therefore, to-day is the time. Yes, we reply, to-day is the day if the Lords reject the Budget, but not if they do not. If they do not, next year is the time for the election, and meantime the promised legislation on Poor Law Reform may be got through. Who doubts that if the Unionists are returned they will balance their Tariff Reform by Poor Law Reform? With every certainty we may say that they must do so or perish. Why, then, should not the present Government with a year of life before it anticipate the Unionists, and by down the foundations of the reformed Poor Law or the lines of the Minority Report? We undertake to say that the Government in that case would be quite as popular this time next year as now. Failing the adoption of some such plans, we shall infallibly conclude that the Government has either lost heart, or that it never seriously meant business. A General Election, if the Budget is passed by the Lords, ought to be made finally disastrous to the Liberal Party. That is our view.

We do not quite know why we should be anxious to continue in power a Government like the present.
Perhaps because it contains such excellent elements. But it also contains elements so bad as nearly to nullify its better parts. We have had our say about Mr. Herbert Gladstone, for instance, whose constant harrying of the Suffragettes goes far to disgrace not merely the Cabinet, but, in the eyes of the world, England herself. Does the Cabinet mean to say that it has handled the Suffragette movement with skill? Not one of them has in our opinion behaved better than the usual masculine noodle in the presence of women with a grievance. Both Mr. Asquith and Mr. Herbert Gladstone in particular have behaved distinctly worse. Pet lambs of the Government, like P.W.W. of the "Daily News," may see something heroic in Mr. Asquith being bundled through a pneumatic tube to escape a few Suffragettes, or in Mr. Gladstone "facing the ordeal" of explaining to the House that he was reduced to employing a stomach pump as a political stock. We would willingly drop the Budget to escape the humiliating spectacle. Great gawks! Without humour, wit, imagination or commonsense. The woman might abandon bricks for bodkins with these creatures.

What none of them seem to realise is that the women have been driven in sheer despair to the use of tactics of violence. It is perfectly monstrous to suppose that political parties will interpose any form of protest when the Suffragettes turn to throwing bricks at Mr. Asquith: still less to starve themselves, or to be tortured by prison wardresses. Not for nothing a week, or even for £10 a week, could we find men of the same class willing to undertake the risks and endure the certain hardships undergone and endured by the Suffragettes. Not, that is, without a passion for a cause: and passion dispenses with payment, counting it at best no more than means. The "personal" fall into the error this week of attributing the initiation of violence to the Suffragettes in breaking up meetings and the like. If questions at question time break up a meeting, such a meeting should be held in a church, and no questions asked. In the early days, the Suffragettes asked questions of a legitimate character in a legitimate manner and at the legitimate time; and it was only when Liberals refused to reply that they took to asking questions more inconveniently. As a matter of fact, no woman can legitimately ask a question at a political meeting, at question time or any other time. In short, she has no legitimate political weapon whatever.

If we dwell rather at length from week to week on this topic of the Suffrage we do so because the movement is rapidly becoming formidable not only to public life but (and we say it seriously) to civilisation. When an English Government allows itself to be driven to enemies, we may be sure that the cause is not only a mistaken vote for Women than the objections of Mr. Belfort Bax the cause is intellectually won. It may be that the real objections to women's franchise have not yet been articulated. In that case the sooner they are the better. What we ask is that the demand of the Government be implicitly understood, and the contrary case, if it exist, fairly and openly made. Should reason prove in vain, there is still another alternative to be tried where the desperate remedy of force, which is the only remedy, is resorted to. Suppose, for example, that the real motive of the women's movement is economic, would it not be possible to drain off its energy by opening up to women more favourable economic conditions? In other words, if men would legislate for women, possibly women would not so anxiously to legislate for themselves.

Mr. Lloyd George is sometimes Mr. Lloyd, a Welsh Liberal attorney, and sometimes Mr. George, a descendant of the great Henry. At Newcastle on Saturday he was each in turn. There is no doubt, for instance, that in raising the question who ordained that a few should have the land of Britain as a perquisite and made 10,000 people owners of the soil and the rest trespassers in the land of their birth, it was the spiritual descendant of Henry George that was speaking. But when he declared that the Budget was not an attack upon private property, and that the rich Liberals who voted for it did so unselfishly, it was unmistakably the Welsh Liberal attorney who spoke. We are under too many obligations to Mr. Lloyd George to be unduly critical of him; but we observe, and it is not more often with us. If the Budget is not an attack on private property, albeit a feeble and timid attack, it is nothing to us. We would not write a line in defence of a Budget that proposed to leave private property intact. And it is sheer madnessness in Mr. Lloyd George to pretend as Mr. Lloyd that what he does as Mr. George is not precisely this.

At the same time, we cannot too often repeat that taxation even of unearned incomes, of land values, and all the rest, is only a means to Socialism: it is not Socialism itself. Mr. Lloyd George sometimes appears as willing to tax and yet afraid to take. He would tax the fruits of private property and acquire property for the nation. It is, however, precisely this latter intention that gives Socialist taxation its raison d'etre. For this, taxation involves no more principle than any other means of raising necessary money. When, however, taxation is definitely regarded, as it is by Socialists, as the means whereby the State can acquire complete ownership of the means of production, it becomes of the highest practical importance. Given the Socialist investment of the national revenue and we would undertake in ten years to abolish taxation altogether. If the nation owned all the land, all the railways, and a fair proportion of the national industries, it could easily run the Government and the profits that now go into private pockets would be drained into national income from a nationalised railway-system alone would build half a dozen Dreadnoughts a year without the imposition of a farthing of tax or the raising of the cost by a penny of railway fare or voter rates.

That is the line that Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Winston Churchill will take if they are wise. And there is not a doubt about the country being behind them. Every single genuinely Catholic or Protem is absolutely certain to be popular if only it be understood. What militates against us is the interested misunderstanding that is so sedulously manufactured. Lord Rosebery's fatuous remark that Socialism means the end of all, of faith, family, Empire and King, is an example of the manufactured misunderstanding. If Lord Rosebery knows no more of Socialism than that,
he should really be confined in Epsom; for such folly is dangerous when loose. But, of course, Lord Rosebery does not mean that land nationalisation, railway nationalisation, or the municipalisation of the milk-supply involve atheism or republicanism. Yet, what he means, in the sense of stimuli to a considerable change, and any proposal for such a change finds him shocked into inaccurate though purple epigrams. But epigrams do not kill; and we still believe that our legislators having begun to tax like Socialists will find themselves driven by sheer common sense to spend like Socialists, by acquiring profitable property for the enrichment of the State.

The Bishop of Truro was very eloquent at the Church Congress as to what he calls the thermodynamics of Socialist thought. But our own misunderstandings of Socialism are nothing to the misunderstandings of Socialism which prevail in clerical minds. There is anarchy of Socialist thought, if you like. One set regarded Socialism as Christianity in practice, another set regarded it as anti-Christian in both theory and practice. The Bishop of Truro opined that we might safely be Socialists to-morrow if only we were Christians to-day: to which we reply that we might safely be Christians to-morrow if only we were那天。Shadwell of Ham had the agreeable task of playing devil's advocate in a meeting inclined to sentimentalise Socialism. He declared it to be materialist, selfish, etc., etc. What a waste of words over a simple theory concerning the best means of creating and distributing wealth.

Reflections on Revolutions.

I was asked, a few days ago, by a puzzled politician: what course but dissolution of Parliament would be open to the Government, if, instead of passing or rejecting, or offering to amend the Finance Bill, the F's would simply decline to read it? Might it be after all, in our day we were a day so to read that the Prime Minister asked, a few days ago, by a puzzled politician: what course but dissolution of Parliament would be open to the Government, if, instead of passing or rejecting, or offering to amend the Finance Bill, the F's would simply decline to read it? Might it be after all, in our day we were a day so to read that the Prime Minister asked, a few days ago, by a puzzled politician: what course but dissolution of Parliament would be open to the Government, if, instead of passing or rejecting, or offering to amend the Finance Bill, the F's would simply decline to read it? Might it be after all, in our day we were a day so to read that the Prime Minister asked, a few days ago, by a puzzled politician: what course but dissolution of Parliament would be open to the Government, if, instead of passing or rejecting, or offering to amend the Finance Bill, the F's would simply decline to read it? Might it be after all, in our day we were a day so to read that the Prime Minister asked, a few days ago, by a puzzled politician: what course but dissolution of Parliament would be open to the Government, if, instead of passing or rejecting, or offering to amend the Finance Bill, the F's would simply decline to read it? Might it be after all, in our day we were a day so to read that the Prime Minister asked, a few days ago, by a puzzled politician: what course but dissolution of Parliament would be open to the Government, if, instead of passing or rejecting, or offering to amend the Finance Bill, the F's would simply decline to read it? Might it be after all, in our day we were a day so to read that the Prime Minister asked, a few days ago, by a puzzled politician: what course but dissolution of Parliament would be open to the Government, if, instead of passing or rejecting, or offering to amend the Finance Bill, the F's would simply decline to read it? Might it be after all, in our day we were a day so to read that the Prime Minister asked, a few days ago, by a puzzled politician: what course but dissolution of Parliament would be open to the Government, if, instead of passing or rejecting, or offering to amend the Finance Bill, the F's would simply decline to read it? Might it be after all, in our day we were a day so to read that the Prime Minister asked, a few days ago, by a puzzled politician: what course but dissolution of Parliament would be open to the Government, if, instead of passing or rejecting, or offering to amend the Finance Bill, the F's would simply decline to read it? Might it be after all, in our day we were a day so to read that the Prime Minister asked, a few days ago, by a puzzled politician: what course but dissolution of Parliament would be open to the Government, if, instead of passing or rejecting, or offering to amend the Finance Bill, the F's would simply decline to read it? Might it be after all, in our day we were a day so to read that the Prime Minister asked, a few days ago, by a puzzled politician: what course but dissolution of Parliament would be open to the Government, if, instead of passing or rejecting, or offering to amend the Finance Bill, the F's would simply decline to read it? Might it be after all, in our day we were a day so to read that the Prime Minister asked, a few days ago, by a puzzled politica...
dissolve Parliament in order to obtain the opinion of the electorate?" That, said I, depends on the Government personnel; to what degree it is united and resolved and strong. To say that I am ashamed of the term, he is not an example of the hereditary part of the Legislature. Commons a resolution declaring that the House of Commons, on condition that they "fight to a finish," know well enough what would be the result. To dissolve Parliament under such conditions, and it is impossible to regard the result of an election as conventional action of the Lords in attempting to force the Commons to pass it in an acceptable form, to dissolve Parliament in order to obtain the opinion of the electorate. The prudent and most constitutional Course of precedent and run, into the sea of revolution many times more than twice, before they quitting the high-shoulder (as it surely would) to creative imagination, and resolution, but in which apathy and stupidity and cowardice are doomed to the dich. Capables on occasion; unable to interfere with financial matters (they must always be dealt with by the Government which has the confidence of the Commons); but, in all other matters, of equal authority and power with the Commons, all questions in dispute between the two Houses being subject to a referendum by plebiscite. Let the Lords make their House worthy of the nation's respect and confidence, and they need not fear being flouted as they have been. These are revolutionary times, when much is possible to creative imagination and resolution, but in which apathy and stupidity and cowardice are doomed to the dich. The whole Bill and nothing but the Bill.}

**Budget-Lovers.**

**CHARACTERS:**

**HARRY** An Artist.

**LUCY** A Duke's Daughter.

**DICK** Her Cousin.

**Scene:** Outside Roven Cathedral.

**HARRY** (who is seated on a camp stool, sketching. He wears a seedy suit of clothes, a slouched hat, and a red necktie): The last of my happy days! To-morrow night I shall be back in London. And what am I going to take back with me? A few miserable sketches and the heart-ache. I shall never be happy again! Never be able again to take pleasure in my work! I shall be a miserable failure! Oh, how I wish I had never met her! But the memory——

**LUCY** (entering): Good morning! (Looking over his shoulder): Oh, it's quite beautiful! And is that young person with the parasol intended for me?

**HARRY** Yes, if you like.

**LUCY** And who's the young man?

**HARRY** (handing her the sketch): Look and see.

**LUCY** Why, it's Dick!

**HARRY** I thought I saw you go into the Cathedral with him just now.

**LUCY** Well! (About to return to the sketch).

**HARRY** You can keep it if you like.

**LUCY** That's sweet of you. I do indeed like it. Maybe I go into the Cathedral with Dick?

**HARRY** No! That is to say, yes! And I am going home to-morrow.

**LUCY** So soon?

**HARRY** Yes! My sketches are finished. My holiday is over (sighs).

**LUCY** (laughing): What's the matter?

**HARRY** It is only natural, I suppose, that I should feel a little depressed.

**LUCY** When you paint so beautifully?

**HARRY** Oh, bother my painting! I have lost all interest in it.

**LUCY** How strange! I wonder why.

**HARRY** I wish I had the courage to tell you.

**LUCY** Now, aren't we fishing for another compliment.

**HARRY** No! I have done with compliments.

**LUCY** That's unfortunate for me. Ha! Ha! Ha!

**HARRY** I can hear this suspense no longer!**

**LUCY** Am I your "suspect"? Ha! Ha! Ha!

**HARRY** (whole Bill & procession): Mr. Smith forgive my presumption—Lucy! Oh, I'm the most audacious of beings!**

**LUCY** I begin to think you are. You take my breath away.

**HARRY** I must tell you. I can't go away without saying it. Lucy, I love you! Oh, how I love you! Can't you see——?

**LUCY** Not if you make me cry (breaking down). My Harry! How could I have admired your beautiful sketches without loving you, dear?
Harry: (teasing her hands and smothering them with kisses): My darling! Oh, you have made me so happy.
Lucy: How blind of you, Harry. I am sure everyone else must have seen it.
Harry: You know, they say that love is blind. But it seemed to me so impossible. There was your cousin—
Lucy: Why, Dick saw it the first day he came here, and he teased me about it ever since.
Harry: Oh, if you knew how unhappy I have been about him. I was sure that I had been forestalled, and that you were lost to me for ever.
Lucy: Harry! Why, he's engaged to a girl in London. And, Harry dear, I want you to be nice to him. He is very clever, you know, and his advice would be useful to us.
Harry: You would rather that I spoke to him before speaking to your father?
Lucy: Well, if you don't mind. The course of true love, you know, never does run smooth.
Harry: But ours will, darling.
Lucy: Dick's father and mine are neighbours, and in order not to break up the property they want Dick and me to marry.
Harry: And you refused?
Lucy: Well, the best laid plans of mice and men, you know. Dick was determined to marry the loveliest girl in London. And, why should I not marry the handsomest man in the world?
Harry: My darling! Why not, indeed? My teaching brings me in a regular income, and—
Lucy: Oh, never mind about the money, dear. All I ask is that you will never regret the step you have taken.
Harry: How could I? You are all the world to me.
Lucy: My Harry!
Harry: I couldn't live an instant without you!
Lucy: Precious one!
Harry: Oh, I'm the happiest man in the world!
Lucy: (laughing): They part each other with rapture. Here's Dick coming. I must go, love. Be guided by him; he is the best of fellows. We will go up to the hotel separately. I don't want them to see us together. We shall soon meet again, Harry, dear one. [She runs out.]
Harry: Was there ever such an angel! (He packs up his sketching materials.)

Lucy: (entering): My hearty congratulations, sir. I know. She's told me all about it, and I was lost in thought. I assure you I am feeling almost too happy to speak.
Harry: I know. I can appreciate your emotions. But you're in luck.
Lucy: Isn't she divine? I should like to speak to you about our engagement. In fact, Lucy wishes me to consult you.
Harry: Yes, I know. She's told me all about it, and I hope to be of use to you.

Harry: When we are married and settled in Hammersmith, you must come and see us.
Dick: Oh, lor', yes! But there's a lot of manoeuvring necessary before you can get her to—well! to Hammersmith. Lucy's father is simply rabid on the question of her marriage.
Harry: Why, he has always treated me so kindly.
Dick: Of course he has, because I told him you were engaged to a girl in America.
Harry: Oh, come now!
Dick: Don't you know that when a great fortune is at stake there has to be no end of scheming? Under the sun are you talking about?
Harry (thunderstruck): A great fortune! What under the sun are you talking about?
Dick (chuckling): Now comes the fun!
Harry: If you refer to Lucy, I can assure you I never knew that either she or her father had a spare dollar between them.
Dick: And I as solemnly believe you. Now listen to me. Her father's rating at Coppertown is just over a million, and it's all wrong.
Harry (with a sigh of relief): Thank God for that!
fourth dimension, wherein thought and taste become impartial as air.

"I see dirty slimy streets, and dirty weary men and women," remarked Rothes with some bitterness; "I see very workers hastening home to miserable fare and sleep. It is all ugly."

"Why should we wander in this lugubrious wilderness of stone and lime?" asked Rammerscales; "really, Quarles, there is no redeeming feature in it."

"If I am not to be argued, and perhaps we had better return to the centre of the city," replied Quarles, who still maintained a far-away look.

"We are among the habitations of the poor and working class," said Sully, "and why the poor should be afraid of the commonest element of life and beyond divination. I am not a sociologist or an economist, but I like to see fair play. It is strange when you come to think of it that laziness is always associated with those who work. An idle aristocrat is never called lazy."

"The poor must work out their own salvation, they have the power, they have the numbers," remarked Rothes. Then he added somewhat sadly: "But they need not have the stomach for the job."

"Like Sully, I'm not a specialist, and it seems to me a matter of business that those who work should contract to live in comfort," said Rammerscales.

"In my practical view, that he who is industrious should see to it that he is well-housed, clothed, and fed. If he is not congenially conditioned, he had better ask himself whether or not his job is more than his life. Working folk have to spend too far too many hours daily to extract by labor the necessities of a bottom-rate existence. They are driven deeply into the crime of false industry, and their prayers should ever be for leisure in which to effloresce." Prayer is not enough," remarked Rothes; "I dare say it is something about the excellent teaching of Carlyle. The writings of the sage of Chelsea were at once a tonic and a trumpet-call. Carlyle advocated work as a specific.

"Industry does not consist in working hard, working long, being pushful, increasing production, or any manifestation of expenditure effort: to be industrious is to be continually doing and making good," said Quarles. "If we are busy ourselves about the production of shoddy, adulterated, ugly, or trumpery things, we are not industrious; we are rather restless fools and knaves. Life with sham industry is guilt."

"You spoke about Carlyle," said Rothes, looking at Rammerscales; "now, please don't mention the name of that hollow muckery to me again. His superlative doctrine of work has kept the people enslaved. He was a snob and not fit to lick the boots of Robespierre and Marat whom he decried. He will be exposed the day of the last day."

"The usual rendering of the doctrine of utility is poor enough too—the production of what are called useful things is not an exalted aim," added Sully. "What the world needs is an output of sincerities, be they useful, beautiful, or merely curious. As for the writings of Carlyle, they are passing away, and our descendants will purchase them in one small slim volume containing only such poetic passages as the march to Versailles and the procuration of the stars. In my opinion man is too much called upon by his teachers to perform: he should bethink himself of allowing himself to grow, and he might with advantage consider the ill of the field."

"Experience is a walk, the rain, which fell at first in a timid hesitating fashion, had developed into a steady downpour, and as we reached Gordon Street the torrent became so drenching that we were glad to scamper unceremoniously into the Central Station for shelter. The great open space between the platforms and the offices was covered with people who carried dripping umbrellas and waterproofs. The majority were travelling to the suburbs from business, the others were either bound for distant places or, like ourselves, escaping the rain. They had a prosperous confident appearance, and were evidently persons of respectability and competence. On the fringe of the crowd were congregated beggar men and women, flower girls, match-sellers, newsboys, street porters, out-of-work, loafers, and thieves. They hung around the cold draughty doorways just beyond the deluge and no more. Sometimes a gust of wind carried the shower over them. A man of evil appearance entered the main entrance. Her head and feet were bare, and she held in her hand a few wet bootlaces."

"She is not in the least concerned," said Rammerscales; "I suppose it's a question of habit."

"And so are we," Rothes rejoined, with a drawn smile.

"Her feet and ankles are red and her hair is grey. She is wet through," added Sully; "how the deuce do we become so callous?"

"A modern city is so full of disagreeable sights and incidents," answered Quarles, "that callousness is an almost inevitable growth in man, but there are pictures which refuse to become dim, and the spectacle of a lad whom I recently saw walking with his feet after the slushy thoroughfare comes sailing up to me when least expected. The cold wind, the frost, the snow, the thaw, the slush, and through it all—bare feet! I had often been familiar with the absence of boots, but that everything was well-managed, that there was nothing overlooked. It was even averred that progress was being made: but what about those bare feet? If you take Dr. Hume Brown's History of Scotland, there you will find that James I and James II had quite attained to a degree of luxury that seemed to call for repression rather than encouragement."

That was four hundred and fifty years ago, when there was no free education, no newspapers, no popular franchise, no heaven-born statesmen, no white man's burden, no newspapers, no we-are-the-men-ism. The sumptuary laws—an Act of March 1458—restricted all, except persons of dignity, from wearing 'clothes of silk and costly scarf and the fur of martens.' And the feet of that generations attained to a 'degree of luxury that seemed to call for repression rather than encouragement.'"

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"Come, come," cried Rothes, "respectability is no test of comfort, and comfort is no test of respectability. We are all members of one social body, and it is incumbent upon us to maintain a common standard of decency."

"That word respectability beats me: what does it mean?" asked Sully.

"Respectability does not mean the achievement of the respect of neighbours. It is the external symptom of acquiescence in the commonplace; it is the villa
dom of reputation," answered Quarles. "A man is considered scarcely respectable whose clothes are sorely worn, and he is not a whit better whose garments are of ancient cut, even although they may have the merit of being unpatched. There is a gregarious cruelty in respectability, and it allows no margin of mercy to originality. The kirk session which judged Burns was consciously and reputedly respectable, but the poet was not. The heartless force which stove Stephen and destroyed Bruno is ever with us. And the fact of a monarchical country, an agnostic in a Christian community, a lover of peace in an aggressive empire, a communist in an individualistic State, are all something out with respectability. It slays what it cannot understand."

"A deep study, large experience and courage, a flash of genius may bring a man opinions enough to bar the door of every respectable house against him. Respectability is the open gate to
oblivion: it is a dark, vast capacious shoot. Barabbas
was a robber, and Christ the Son of God, yet these two
were classed together as malefactors, neither being
respectable according to public opinion in those days.
Respectability does not and dare not discriminate.
Quarks left us and walked across to the old woman.
He bought her small stock of lace, and as he did not
wait for change we concluded from the smile that
passed over the evil visage of the ancient crane that
he had paid her well.

DAVID LOVE.

Place aux Dames!

The Suffragette enthusiasm has worked one or other
of two miracles which deserve to be placed upon record,
for either it has changed the character and nature of
women themselves, or else it has revealed something
of the truth concerning these mysteries to the dense
and tardy mind of Holbein Bagman. It is not impos-
sible that both miracles may have been accomplished,
for Holbein Bagman has observed a transformation in
the listless lives of mothers and daughters known to
him. The Suffragette of today is not the woman who
for unsuspected energies, and the kingdom of what he
is pleased to call his own intelligence has undergone a
revolution.

Who would have believed, for instance, that under-
neath the decorum they preserve in drawing-rooms,
English women concealed a robust and masculine
sense of humour? This defect or weakness of our faith
has been taken away for ever by the application
of a label to the forbidding acerbity of the countenance
of the Prime Minister—an act which added to
the gaiety of Holbein Bagman and of everybody except the
Suffragettes. have proved the philosophers
prejudices at which all intelligent people are laughing?
In other words, the loyalest efforts of wisdom and
public spirit are likely to be wasted on behalf of the
unenfranchised. The vote in the hands of the unintelli-
gent (if these are to be found in any large number) is
necessary to the effectiveness of the political and social
sagacity of the intelligent.

Needless to say, Holbein Bagman does not reckon
the Suffragettes among the unintelligent, although
the franchise for which they are working will be extended
to many who are less worthy of it than themselves.
Democracy must take its risks and proceed along the
only possible path, the path of adventure. The item of
morality that Holbein Bagman has yet to learn the right
way of taking their contentions. They are revolutionaries in moral
theory, and by their proceedings have rubbed off
scales from our eyes. It is only moral to claim one's
own. If a body of free men and women have made
up their minds to desire a thing and to obtain a thing,
where is the imperative that shall prevent them? A
demand is a right. "Claim your own at any hazard"
might be the motto of the militant Suffragettes, who
deny police, custom, order, imprisonment, and accepted
notions of propriety. Henceforward Holbein Bagman
will be far more of a person than ever he has been;
his demands, when he has made up his mind about
them, shall carry their own sanction, and the history
of the world to him as he reads it shall be the history
of the rising of the human spirit.

HOLBEIN BAGMAN.

SOUTH PLACE INSTITUTE, E.C.

(On Tuesdays, Oct. 19th to Nov. 9th (inclusive), at 8 p.m.,
JOSEPH MCCABE
WILL GIVE FOUR LECTURES ON
"THE EVOLUTION OF MORALITY,"
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Further particulars and Tickets (1s., 6d., and 5d.; Course,
2s. 6d. and 4s. 6d.) at the Institute, or from Hon. Sec.,
9, Clarence Road, Wood Green, N.
Excursus upon Romance.

The middlemen of the literary art, which, it is, unfortunately not superfluous to say, comprises the drama, have a far greater influence upon its shape and tendency than the middlemen of any other art. The music publisher and the picture dealer are free with their opinions about what will sell, but the artists are not seriously influenced by which have the greatest influence at any time and no ultimate force whatever. But the publisher, in the region of fiction at any rate, does actually seem to decree the kind of book which shall be in vogue, and makes it unprofitable to produce another kind. It is owing to the publisher that the writing of verse has become like yachting and polo-playing—a recreation confined to the well-to-do. A poet who knows that he cannot afford to pay for the publication of his verses throws cold water on his poetical impulses, and after a while succeeds in extinguishing such talent as he was born with. Short stories, too, are said to be regarded by publishers with profound disfavour, unless they are the work of a money-making author who has already written their or four or five books of a familiar kind. This excess of power which the literary middleman enjoys in comparison with his brethren who deal in the other arts arises of course from the fact that while the decision as to success or failure of a composition must ultimately rest with the people of trained taste and judgment, the decision about a novel or a play rests with the untrained, with all the world. The perception of this induces a certain timidity in the public and were a little more adventurous. A very successful novel or play is really extremely injurious to all other novelists and dramatists of any originality, because it starts a fashion, and sets the publisher and theatrical manager upon the hunt for more or less disguised imitations, and renders them more recalcitrant than ever to new forms. People often say that publishers and managers would find it to their benefit if they put more faith in the intelligence of the public and were a little more adventurous. The public take what is offered, it is said, because it is offered, not because they want that particular kind of thing more than any other kind. It is not the public, we are told, who are afraid of certain forms of drama; it is the managers. But the managers say on their side that no great body of people can be got to regard a play such as Ibsen's "A Doll's House" or a novel on any modern novel which is worth taking seriously. In most of these books, to make the concluding part fit in plausibly with what has gone before, the characters would require the stage manager to change his direction at almost any moment which would be to insult the most brilliant men and women who are constantly writing novels to suppose that they do not perceive this themselves. They could, no doubt, finish their books logically, but this is not, as is doubtless tell you that if they did their books would never get published. If this be indeed the truth, it follows somewhat amazingly that the lines which a form of art is to pursue are defined for all profitable and most practical purposes by the middlemen. Certainly, whether it be owing to the publishers or not, the genuine realistic novel, handled seriously and logically without sentiment, or concessions, is extremely rare.

Miss Beatrice Tina

Contribution to this paper some time ago must such a novel, entitled, rather unhappily, on account of the note of polemic which underlies this kind of title, "Whited Sepulchres." Here you have the characters levelled down to the surroundings. The effect is light grey; but it is at all events cut the effect intended, and does not suddenly run into crimson or yellow before our troubled eyes.

This wish, or supposed wish of readers for adulterated realism, this preference for a hero who shall be an average man, but not the curate is a millionaire's nearest relation—which, by the bye, the author lets us
know is the truth. The financier adds that he is going to New York. The curate and his beloved decide that the girl shall travel by the same steamer, so as to wear down by her charms the uncle's resistance. On shipboard the uncle falls in love with her, and as the steamer reaches New York, he persuades her to jilt his nephew and marry him instead.

That is story number one. Here is the second:—

A wealthy solicitor has a son who disappoints him by going on the stage. The son starves for three years, then surrenders to his father and is called to the bar. He is abundantly successful, and at forty-one is a K.C., with a prospect of being Attorney-General in the next Cabinet. One day he gets a note from a thoroughgoing realist, who had bought one of his farce years before. The manager intends to produce this farce, and ignorant that the author has become a personage he invites him to come to Manchester for rehearsals. The K.C. hesitates, then goes under his old stage name, the name the manager knows him by. At the charm he found in his old, precocious, vagabond life comes back to him. Instead of staying at an hotel, he quarters at theatrical lodgings. He falls in love with the leading lady. She meets her mother, who is a charwoman; when the actress is out of engagement, she does house-work and blackes the grates. After the K.C. gets back to London he is more in love than ever. He writes to the girl, and she comes to his chambers in the Temple. He reveals his true position in the world and asks her to marry him. Her head sinks on his shoulder, the fountain outside in the court tinkles dreamily, and the flowers toss their heads in the sunshine.

There you are! And very pretty too. But, one must ask, where is the realism? Does the end of either of these stories fit the beginning? Are they not rather pleasant amusements, akin to Miss Beatrix's comedies, of what the world might be if it were, oh! so different! In the days of "Caste" and "Our Boys" the second story, put on the stage, would have had a prodigious success. To say this is the same as saying that Mr. Merrick's story is not realistic art, or very good art of any kind. Mr. Merrick, of course, cannot think himself that in real life a prosperous lawyer (of all people!), with his eyes on political promotion, would hamper himself by a marriage with a little obscure actress. Young peers sometimes do that kind of thing, but would a successful K.C. aged forty-one? Many things might occur, but marriage should not. If by some extraordinary chance it did, then the story would begin from that point, and it would be a story of decay. For the man who had in it him to marry the little actress at the age of forty would not have it in him to be made a success. His psychology would be different: his whole nature would have changed.

And the financier? Is there in sober truth a millionnaire financier to be found in London who at the age of fifty would marry an insignificant actress of small talent and no renown? I don't say that some millionnaire who has dully made a dull fortune in some one-horsed town "out West," where social relations are at their simplest, might not do it, though I have the gravest reasons for doubting that too. Millionaires, wherever they rise from, have a very accurate knowledge of the value in the market of that skilful and often profound observer, Mrs. Craigie, pointedly remarked that the millionaire who sheds his wealth on pretty women from motives of pure benevolence is not easy to please. Miss Beatrice, and other thoroughgoing realists would tell Mr. Merrick that in such a case as he postulates marriage would never be the first proposition of a high-living, champagne-drinking London financier. It might by hazard be the last—but by a wild hazard.

Perhaps the explanation is that Mr. Merrick is juggling with the word "marriage" for the sake of his public or his publisher. With a writer of his talent one must not envy all the enviable. Perhaps he suggests marriage in these two cases as a superfluous feast. Perhaps when he wrote "marriage" he counted that his more intelligent readers would read—well, not marriage. If this be the case, I am not sure that any writer should count on an understanding between himself and his readers to that extent. But if, on the other hand, this is not the case, and Mr. Merrick meant marriage in the two instances just as he wrote it, then indeed you have two perfect examples of the crook which I say occurs sooner or later in most novels of contemporary life.

Books and Persons.

(AN OCCASIONAL CAUSERIE.)

I too go not to Paris to witness the fêtes in celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of Victor Hugo's "La Légende des Siècles," but I happened to be in Paris while they were afoot. I might have seen one of Hugo's dramas at the Théâtre Français, but I avoided this experience, my admiration for Hugo being tempered after the manner of M. André Gide's. M. Gide, asked with a number of other authors to say who was still the greatest modern French poet, replied: "Victor Hugo!" Salutary answer, but I thought he was a bit sanguine, and saw "La Robe Rouge" at the Français. Brieux is now not only an Academician, but one of the stars of the Français. A bad play, stuffed with good things, like all Brieux plays. (The importance attached to Brieux by certain of the elect in England is absurd. Bernard Shaw could simply eat him up—for he belongs to the vegetable kingdom.) A thoroughly bad performance, stunned with fine acting! A crook well played! Whenever I go to the Français I tremble at the prospect of a national theatre in England. The Français is hopeless—corrupt, feeble, tedious, revolutionary, fraudulently, and the ths. To me the French people would be different: his whole nature would have changed.

And the financier? Is there in sober truth a millionnaire financier to be found in London who at the age of fifty would marry an insignificant actress of small talent and no renown? I don't say that some millionaire who has dully made a dull fortune in some one-horsed town "out West," where social relations are at their simplest, might not do it, though I have the gravest reasons for doubting that too. Millionaires, wherever they rise from, have a very accurate knowledge of the value in the market of that skilful and often profound observer, Mrs. Craigie, pointedly remarked that the millionaire who sheds his wealth on pretty women from motives of pure benevolence is not easy to please. Miss Beatrice, and other thoroughgoing realists would tell Mr. Merrick that in such a case as he postulates marriage would never be the first proposition of a high-living, champagne-drinking London financier. It might by hazard be the last—but by a wild hazard.

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In this his latest work all his previous achievements are welded together, and we are presented with a general coherent account of the main operations of modern industry and of the distribution of its product.

The central feature of the book, Hobson except that from its sub-title, is its analysis of distribution. Mr. Hobson divides the factors of production into three main categories—Labour, Capital, and Land. Each of these, he points out, must receive out of the product a “subsistence wage.” Thus, Labour must receive enough to maintain the individual in a condition of working efficiency and to provide for the production of a new generation of workers. Capital must receive enough to make it “worth while” which it suffers in use, and also—under a system of private ownership—to repay the individual owner for his “effort of abstinance,” and induce him to allow his savings to be used. Land must receive enough to pay for keeping it in repair and maintaining its fertility. But in a progressive industrial community a further payment is necessary to each of the factors in order to promote growth. For labour an increasing wage—above the subsistence wage—is required; for capital an increase of efficiency in all grades; for capital an extra payment must be made to stimulate its growth in new directions and the improvement of its material forms must be an inducement to provide for the more and more extensive cultivation required by a growing demand for food and raw materials.

All these payments are necessary for the maintenance and growth of industry; and under any system they must be a first charge on the product. As long as these are provided for the industrial process will go on.

The industrial system will work for its keep, and these payments are its keep. Its actual product produces more than its keep, and so there is a surplus, which is divided among the different factors in varying proportions.

The distribution of this surplus is governed by no fixed laws. The share obtained by any factor depends simply upon the pull which it is enabled to exert by virtue of its strategical position. Land being in its nature a monopoly generally secures a large share in the form of rent—a payment which is shown to be unnecessary by the fact that its abolition would in no way affect the contribution made by land to the processes of production. In some industries, particularly where there is a natural or an artificial demand for the product, the capitalist entrepreneur obtains the lion’s share. In others it may be that the workers, owing to their close organisation, are able to secure a large part of the surplus for themselves. The shares thus obtained may or may not be just, but in any case they will naturally increase of efficiency on the part of “the factor” concerned. The “economy of high wages” is indisputable, but it has limits at any given moment. A proper distribution of the surplus would assign to each factor just that amount which it is capable of assimilating and turning to good account.

The distinctive feature of Mr. Hobson’s doctrine of distribution consists in the substitution of these categories of “costs” and “surplus” for the old categories of wages, interest, and rent. The line of division between earned and unearned income is shifted. Thus, incomes are earned or unearned in Mr. Hobson’s view according as they do or do not serve as an investment fund for industry or to increased efficiency. Thus the “interest” paid to a manufacturer may be truly earned, whilst the “monopolist” fees paid to a popular medical or legal practitioner may be largely unearned. Of every income that portion, and that portion only, is earned which is necessary to produce the effort and the efficiency required of the recipient.

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**BOOK OF THE WEEK.**

**The Theory Behind the Budget.**

Mr. J. A. Hobson’s peculiar merit lies in his capacity for combining the distinguished air and the impartial accuracy of the academic economist with the business-like comprehension of the practical sociologist, who is closely in touch with the actual needs of the age. He has to credit a number of very valuable contributions to economic science, and he has long been a member of that extremely small and select coterie of economists whose work no serious student of affairs can afford to neglect; but hitherto he has not attempted a comprehensive expression of his views.

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*“The Industrial System.” An enquiry into earned and unearned income. By J. A. Hobson. 1909 (Longmans, Green and Co. 7s. 6d. net)*
Upon this analysis Mr. Hobson bases a theory of taxation. Discarding the old theory that all taxation is a necessary but evil burden which should be made as light as possible and distributed so as to secure the greatest "equality of sacrifice," he shows that it is an invaluable instrument to be used freely to readjust the distribution of "unproductive surplus." He considers the most important duty of State-craft to be that of securing, on the one hand, the absorption of "surplus" by individual producers in proportion to their capacity for increased efficiency, and, on the other hand, the application of the remainder to the direct use of the State for public services. This involves, firstly, the regulation of industry by Factory Acts and Wages Boards and so on, and, secondly, the taxation of unearned incomes. Wherever there appears to be a waste of surplus, there the taxing power of the State should be directed. Economic rents and excessive profits, interest or salaries not merely fail to perform the true functions of a surplus as the fund of progress, but actually damage efficiency by enabling whole classes of persons to be consumers without producing; and it is on such forms of income that the whole burden of taxation should be laid, whereby it may cease to be a burden in the true sense and become a positive benefit to the community.

Here, then, we have an economic justification of all the more controversial proposals of the present Budget. The land taxes, the super-tax, the high licenses, and the increased estate duties are all more or less effectively designed to fall on "unproductive surplus," as also is the slight relief given to income-tax payers who have children to support. Our public financiers are moving in Mr. Hobson's direction, and unless the present recipients of "waste surplus" succeed in barring the way for a time there seems no reason why our system of taxation should not soon be based upon truly scientific principles. There is a good deal to be desired in the graduated annual extension of our income tax and death duties, the development of the land taxes, the abolition of taxes on food, and a far more adequate recognition of the public service performed by parents. But we shall need to be long about it once the problem is really understood; and for the spread of that understanding amongst the "sovereign power" we know of no better instrument than this book of Mr. Hobson's.

C. D. S.

REVIEWS.

Ann Veronica. By H. G. Wells. (Fisher Unwin. 6s.)

We are afraid that women will prize this volume as another proof that men can only write of women from the outside. Ann Veronica is a rather more vulgar huntress of man than even Ann Whitfield. Like Ann Whitfield, she mistakes her desires for maternal preten- tions. Instead of the Superman's "A Father for the Superman!" this heroine cries "Children! Lots of 'em!" It is a surprisingly poor book, although the practical touch of Mr. Wells is often evident and there is a good deal of the grinning kind of humour of which he is master. Ann Veronica, driven from home by overdevelopment of bearings relations, goes out to seek her independence. She falls among Euston lodging-houses and settles down finally in the dreary environment of cheaperLondon. Her first false step is to borrow forty pounds to arrange their course of action something as follows in order of popularity:—

1. Complete misunderstanding on both sides. Wife reconciled to husband in Act IV.
2. Wife leaves husband in Act III, and returns in Act IV.
3. Lover shoots himself.
4. Wife shoots herself.
5. Husband shoots himself; and so on.

All the above are quite familiar to the theatre-goer, although no one class, no one generation, is a strictly new one. We think Mrs. Sidgwick's book is a clever piece of work. The authoress possesses undoubted literary gifts, her characters are well-drawn if the revolt against journalism which is overdrawn obviously to express the authoress's prejudices. It will have a long run in many circles; the longest, no doubt, in religious circles.

DRAKA.

"Smith."

It would seem that our popular dramatists are growing a little weary of their subject-matter. They write inevitably of a small and not particularly interesting class, wealthy, fashionable, occasionally clever and epigrammatic, but amazingly restricted by convention and prejudice, and especially by an arbitrary standard of manners and good taste. Mr. Pinero recently attempted a more brutally realistic, less well-mannered study of this class, with the result that the last nights of his "Mid-Channel" are already announced. Mr. Somerset Maugham's method in his new play at the Comedy Theatre is likely to prove more popular. He must have a new subject. Evidently the matrimonial difficulties of the governing classes, although as numerous as ever, are limited for the purposes of the stage. Mathematically speaking, there are only x possibilities or permutations in domestic upheaval, and x is a strictly finite quantity. Given the factors Husband—Wife—Lover (each provided with a fixed income) we may arrange their course of action something as follows in order of popularity:—

1. Complete misunderstanding on both sides. Wife reconciled to husband in Act IV.
2. Lover leaves husband in Act III, and returns in Act IV.
3. Lover shoots himself.
4. Wife shoots herself.
5. Husband shoots himself; and so on.

Now Mr. Maugham, as a purveyor of fashionable comedies, evidently understands all this. He is out for
novelty at whatever cost, and in "Smith" he does achieve a new and original situation. Moreover, he conceals its wild improbability by four acts of witty, polished dialogue. He begins, as usual, with Mayfair and bridge. That was inevitable. Then, by way of a fresh outlook, he introduces a healthy savage, one Tom, a wealthy Colonial from Rhodesia, in search of a wife. Tom dislikes Mayfair and all its works. He looks, at first in vain, for a "strong, healthy woman" who will prefer babies to bridge, blunders good-naturedly through four acts as a missionary of the simple life, and finally discovers his complement in the parlourmaid, Smith, whom he marries. We are left to infer that they live happily together, and that Smith rears countless babies on a Rhodesian farm.

The idea of the healthy savage in fashionable London is, of course, not at all novel. Mr. Sutro used him in "The Walls of Jericho," where he thundered condemnation of bridge and other luxuries for five hundred nights. But in Mr. Sutro's play he did not marry the parlourmaid, as he should have done. The whole treatment of the comedy is acted exceptionally well by Miss Marie Llb as Smith, and Mr. Robert Loraine as the prophet of simplicity. Mr. A. E. Matthews, as Algernon Peppercorn, gave an admirable performance in a leading role. The comedy is acted exceptionally well by Miss Marie Llb as Smith, and Mr. Robert Loraine as the prophet of simplicity. Mr. A. E. Matthews, as Algernon Peppercorn, gave an admirable performance in a leading role.

"Smith" is, I believe, the phrase, with its group of attributes which their opponents do approve and which their opponents do not hold out any great hope to achieve a new and original situation. Moreover, he conceals its wild improbability by four acts of witty, polished dialogue. He begins, as usual, with Mayfair and bridge. That was inevitable. Then, by way of a fresh outlook, he introduces a healthy savage, one Tom, a wealthy Colonial from Rhodesia, in search of a wife. Tom dislikes Mayfair and all its works. He looks, at first in vain, for a "strong, healthy woman" who will prefer babies to bridge, blunders good-naturedly through four acts as a missionary of the simple life, and finally discovers his complement in the parlourmaid, Smith, whom he marries. We are left to infer that they live happily together, and that Smith rears countless babies on a Rhodesian farm.

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chise is not bestowed as a reward for "fitness." Who asks if a means matter? Why are women asked to pass two tests for man's one personally they are ruled by them.

sent presentations has driven them into a corner, leaving them the alternative— not for begging—whether courage and devotion, such true emancipation come." But, of course, one has to waken the regret that the earlier rule of the Militants was abandoned for the cult of no violence or hurt to life or property. They consider of mingled menace and appeal which constitutes the "hunger to remind those who have idly joined the chorus of abuse, what that the brilliant resourcefulness of the leaders could not have accomplished without it, that we shall make any serious headway against the miseries of the human lot, more than half of which take their rise in the belligerent and revengeful instincts of mankind. We have too little faith in the power of ideas; naturally enough, for there are few things that men so cordially dislike! Yet in the end they are ruled by them. As Miss Elizabeth Robins says, in relation to the cognate subject of slavery: "Not by battles in the field, but by victories in the mind and heart of man shall true emancipation come." But, of course, one has to waken the very somnolent "mind and heart of man" before one can begin to win victories in that land of Sleepy Hollow. There lies the question, indeed, a knotty one. Suffrage societies which confine themselves to those peaceful measures that their opponents do highly recommend do a vast amount of work, but receive very little notice. Moreover, be it part of their work the newspapers report. Moreover, be it remembered, it was not till their questions asked at the legitimate moment after public meetings, were silenced and the questioners roughly-and, surely, unconstitutionally-ejected, that they began to interrupt Ministers in the middle of their mate moment after public meetings, were silenced and the questioners roughly-and, surely, unconstitutionally-ejected, that they began to interrupt Ministers in the middle of their public speeches. Not one of their much-decried actions has been resorted to after a perfectly legitimate method had been met by unfair treatment.

I draw attention to these facts not as a plea for violence, but to remind those who have idly joined the chorus of abuse, what a tremendously difficult problem these devoted women have to deal with. Personally, I continue to believe in the possibility of achieving our object without violence, and without the device of mingled menace and appeal which constitutes the "hunger strike," heroic though it be. The logical consequences of justifying violence, even in such a case, are grave, indeed. But, apart from this question, I have always been ambitious enough for my sex to hope that they would mark their admission to full human rights by an entirely new apparatus, viz., the complete rejection of the time-worn modes of battle and fury, leaving all these to their male opponents.

"This is ascribed to hostility to the cause. Of course, it is nothing of the kind. Even those newspapers most heartily in favour of the movement could not be so foolish as to insert what, it is to be feared, few would care to read, and omit what every body would want to know about."

The Militants themselves, in fact, do employ peaceful measures on an enormous scale all over the country, but that is not the subject of their work the newspapers report. Moreover, be it remembered, it was not till their questions asked at the legitimate moment after public meetings, were silenced and the questioners roughly-and, surely, unconstitutionally-ejected, that they began to interrupt Ministers in the middle of their speeches. Not one of their much-decried actions has been resorted to after a perfectly legitimate method had been met by unfair treatment. I draw attention to these facts not as a plea for violence, but to remind those who have idly joined the chorus of abuse, what a tremendously difficult problem these devoted women have to deal with. Personally, I continue to believe in the possibility of achieving our object without violence, and without the device of mingled menace and appeal which constitutes the "hunger strike," heroic though it be. The logical consequences of justifying violence, even in such a case, are grave, indeed. But, apart from this question, I have always been ambitious enough for my sex to hope that they would mark their admission to full human rights by an entirely new apparatus, viz., the complete rejection of the time-worn modes of battle and fury, leaving all these to their male opponents.

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for bare justice for the militant suffragists (if a little large-hearted sympathy be too much to ask) is not acted out by mere bodies, but by minds.

I ask those who sit in judgment to remember the politically helpless position of those whom they are judging; to remember the almost inexpressible suffering which our constitutional remedy has tried, and tried and tried in vain; and to remember that each right that we gain is really purchased, as British subjects, at the present laws have been persistently refused them.

In such circumstances, what is, and what is not, justifiable? It is a question which the liberal-minded Russian has to ask himself as regards his own problems; and, indeed, the present crisis in England has a sort of kinship with the more terrible situation in Russia, and has brought out a spirit in English women of the same kind as that which has been roused by the iron tyranny of the Russian Government. I think that however severe may be the measures on their actions, it ought, in common justice, to be given with that respect and homage that is owing to great and self-devoted heroism. 

Mona Caird.

A NOTE ON "LA FOI".

To the Editor of "The New Age."

No review that I have seen points out what are surely the most important defects in Brieux's play. "La Foi" at His Majesty's. Even N. C. speaks of the first scene of Act 4 as the "great scene." Most people seem to think that the words of the High Priest, "I am the moral" are the best part of the play. The answer to Brieux to the various questions he raises in it. Others think that this answer is to be found in the last words of Satan himself: "I do not know how far the version at His Majesty's has been altered from the play as written by the author, but as it now stands, two defects are obvious. In his endeavor to include every phase of religious thought and experience, Brieux has not only made the play too long drawn out for its full impressiveness, but has also spelt out his answer to the question in it by ending with the death of Satan instead of with the duologue between Yaouma and Mieris outside the potter's hut. Before the final curtain goes down, Mieris asks him: "Is there any good, to whom shall we sacrifice ourselves?" He answers: "To those who suffer. Now, whether this answer is final or not, it is an answer to one only of the hundred questions raised by Brieux in the play. Neither he nor anyone can pretend to give a final answer to such questions. We cannot say whether the attainment of absolute truth is ultimately possible or immediately desirable. We cannot yet hope to build a consistent structure out of our various broken and provisional cosmic hypotheses, but we can at least lay a rock foundation on which to build. Brieux lays this foundation in the scene between Yaouma and Mieris. Yaouma, in a moment of exultation, cries out that he has, succeeds in perceiving in a less degree what the eyes of the seer have seen.

Some will object that the vision of Isis was an hallucination, and that Brieux meant us to know that it was. Brieux does not say so, and the time has surely gone when philosophers could choose to use the categories of "subject" and "object." If there is an impassable barrier between thought and matter, consciousness and nervous action, the knower and the known, how are we aware of either? We "know" that "facts" are "known," and that "thought" "knows" them: what, then, is the nature of "fact" and "thought"? Whether we explain man as a natural phenomenon, or the world as a mental one, the task of philosophy is the same. John Davidson shouted to us that "spirit is only an aspect of "matter"; others shout back that "matter" is only an aspect of "spirit." Wells doubts whether our ideas have any relation whatever to reality. But whether all, one, or none of these thinkers are right; whether what we call "facts" (this desk and paper, for instance) are merely "symbols of an unknown entity," our problem remains the same. As Wells himself says in "Mankind in the Making": "Even if life is a dream, this is the dream." Even if this desk is merely a symbol of an unknown phenomenon, here am I writing at it. Whether a sunset is a natural or a mental phenomenon, a symbol or a "subjective" hallucination, I can at least say of it (whatever it is, is not, or is not becoming) it evokes in me emotions to which I and the people I know have agreed to affix the label, "beauty.

This is our rock-bottom of fact. On it we can build, nor can any the "don't-knowist" crumble it. If anyone challenges us to prove that this sunset is not an hallucination, in challenging him in the same way about his nose. Similarly, the "inspiration" of the poet, the "vision" of John in Patmos, of Swedenborg—what can we say of them? That they must be glimpses, however distorted and fragmentary, of reality. Of reality, that is, as we can conceive, induce or deduce it from what we know or think we know. Suppose that what Swedenborg saw was a fragment of reality; what more can we say of our hands and feet, of night and day, paving-stones, or the discoveries of science? When the scientist asserts that the vision of Swedenborg was "hallucination," a mere "subjective phenomenon," we can challenge him to prove that his atom, cell, or electron is more

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from all this wrangling over horrible methods and doubtful cures and go straight to the root of the whole matter and insist that the Labour Party, with which the I.L.P. is identified, is your issue of the 30th ult., that it is "the worst sign of decay from the I.L.P.? I have done so because I no longer believe that half of our modern cities would have to be demolished. On the other hand, the working classes and the poor still poorer year by year? You know, of course, that that is the condition of India. I am delighted that my article has moved Mr. Moussa to the salutary process of rubbing his eyes, though I regret that he has not attained the happy consummation of being able to see clearly at the end of it. My article was about Egypt and the Egyptians: Mr. Moussa's letter is about the English. The article was not a panegyric on the British occupation; that phenomenon has endured panegyrics and denunciations without end, and remains unmov ed in the face of both. Panegyric is triteless, and denunciational vain. Mr. Mouza and I want self-government for the Egyptians. The first thing we have to do, therefore, is to face the fact of the Occupation. The second is to discover a way of changing the facts. In my article I endeavoured to outline the means by which, in my opinion, the change could be effected: it is beside the point at present to talk about moral values. If Mr. Mouza will read the article again he will observe that my analysis of English and Egyptian characteristics was unqualified by any reflexion of praise or blame. I stated the facts—the English had certain qualities which enabled them to dominate the Egyptians, who had not got the quality. In both cases, instead of those qualities that the Occupation, just or unjust, rests, including that very potent factor which Mr. Mouza describes as a "demoralized" French army. The day of international rivalries current moralities go by the board. Powerful nations are struggling for their existence, and in the struggle less powerful nations go under if they cannot help themselves. We deplore the fact, but there is only one way of facing it. The weak nations will have to help themselves. Regret and aspirations and hatreds are useless unless they are translated into action. Action is useless unless it contributes to the end in view. What we want in Egypt, in every land, is what was called in the recent war, "a man with Broadbent's capacity for action and Keegan's capacity for thought."

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