A WEEKLY REVIEW OF POLITICS, LITERATURE, AND ART.


THE NEW AGE

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have no doubt that the rule will hold good of the following statements. First, it is a fact that the Unionist leaders have no intention whatever of repealing the Insurance Act in any single important particular. Their moneybags were cognizant of its ulterior purposes and fully approved of them long before the Bill received the Royal assent. It was only, indeed, after consultation with the great employers of both political parties that the Bill became an Act, and the Act was subsequently rushed into operation. We cannot give our evidence of these facts, but we can point to confirmations and indications which should satisfy the reasonable inquirer. Of all the employers of the thirteen million insured persons, for example, how many have offered more than a paper resistance? No large employer in any part of the country has refused to work the Act; and even Sir Charles Macara’s loud resistance has died down to a positive though feeble support of the Act’s operation. There is also the attitude of the Unionist Press from the “Times” down to the “Morning Post.” It is useless to turn to these newspapers for genuine news of the resistance movement which is, nevertheless, we calculate, two million strong. With the utmost difficulty will any of our readers procure the admission into Unionist journals of facts relating to the breakdown of the Act. Unionist editors simply refuse to admit them, or, when they are compelled to do so, cancel them by faked news on the contrary side. The organisations for legal resistance, of which there are several, cannot even procure the publication in Unionist journals of the address of their offices. The “Daily Mail” itself has, as we said it would, damped down the ardour of its readers by judicious sprays of cold water. But the most convincing evidence of Unionist intentions is to be found in the fact that no Unionist publicly promises to repeal the Act. When Mr. Bonar Law, in a fit of honesty, undertook to do so, he was instantly compelled to withdraw his promise; and since that date, in whatever straits a Unionist may have found himself, he has never committed his party or himself to a frank promise of repeal or even of drastic amendment.

The second fact for which we anticipate incredulity is this: that the Unionists have no desire to turn out the Government and to assume office. There is, we affirm, no member of the House of Commons and no political journalist of any intelligence who does not know that this is the real truth. But the public is encouraged to believe that both parties in Parliament are really engaged in a life and death struggle for the retention or the capture of power. This myth is perhaps losing ground in the minds of a minority of readers, but in the minds of the majority it is fixed as a dogma. Yet on several occasions we have had it demonstrated to us that the Government holds office

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

We used the romantic term illusions in writing last week of the political creations of the Press; but illusions is scarcely the word to apply to the Press’ comments on the Manchester election. That election has given a fresh proof of the unpopularity of the Insurance Act and of the determination of the nation to escape from it if the opportunity offers. Not on a single occasion when question has been made of public opinion has public opinion replied in favour of Mr. Lloyd George’s demoted legislation. In private conversation, in any public assembly of persons, by petition, by ballot and in every possible way except by active resistance, the Insurance Act has been repudiated; and nothing now remains but for a few thousand people to be prosecuted to punish an Act that should never have been passed. Clear, however, as this is, we have had both the Unionist and Liberal Press during the last week conspiring to reduce the importance of the Insurance Act as a political issue to the position of fourth or fifth plank in the party programmes. Observers at close hand of the topics of discussion at the Manchester election agree unanimously that Insurance swallowed up all the rest of the conjurers’ rods. Nevertheless, in his conversation with the “Times” correspondent, Sir John Randles, the successful Unionist candidate, declared that the election had been fought on Home Rule and Disestablishment, with Tariff Reform as a pleasing background; and the “Manchester Guardian” was so foolish or so dishonest as to declare the election a “blow to Free Trade.” But the result of the election is neither a blow to Free Trade nor a blow to Home Rule. We should say, indeed, that no part of the Government programme is really unpopular save the Insurance Act; and as for the contention that the Unionist Party is becoming more popular with the decline in power of the Liberal Party, it is preposterous. The Unionists may be said at this moment to have no policy, no programme and no men. If their candidates receive votes—as they certainly will—the reason will be neither their merits nor the comparative demerits of the Liberals as a whole, but the unpopularity of the Insurance Act, whose repulsive nature time, we are convinced, will not diminish.

It is difficult to arrive at the truth of the political situation; but it is even more difficult to believe the truth when it is stated. For our part we have invariably discovered our readers to be most incredulous when we ourselves have been most certain. And we

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by the emergency votes of its Unionist opponents, and will continue to hold office until the leaders of both parties—the Labour Party in subsequent collusion—are ready for the exchange. But if this is the case, what becomes of the frothing party discussions of the partisan Press? The charges are designed to disguise the facts and to keep the public ignorant. The hard thing, however, is to believe that these journalists can possibly be so dishonest. Their names and even their personalities are in some cases familiar to the public, and by long association an acquired respect has been attached to what they write. The Spenders and the Wilsons, the Garvins and the Bentleyes, for example, the Sidney Darke and his equally impudent lieutenant, Mr. Stephen Low, who write for the Daily Mail, and the Prudential Company, are Rothschild and others, are the apple of his eye, we had no doubt that the Act had an ulterior motive unfriendly to the Trade Unions. But it was in...
Sassoon, both notoriously in sympathy with labour—we don’t think! Between their twenty thousand paid agents and their thousand thousand unpaid colleagues amongst the employers, the gathering into the Prudential sect of the working classes as prefer general political ends fits to future liberty is absolutely assured. Not all the protests of the too-late Union leaders will stop it now. “J. J. M.” of the “Labour Leader,” who, during the passage of the Bill was loud in its support, now in the “Daily Herald” is weeping with rage at the betrayals, as he calls it, of labour’s interest. Betrayal! There has been no betrayal of labour by employers. Labour has been betrayed by its professed friends, of whom, to the extent of his poor ability, “J. J. M.” has been one useless, useless, unhelpless. As upon our appeals to his intelligence have proved will prove his appeals to the readers he is now addressing. Even if they grasped the meaning of the Act they have not now the power to resist it.

We should like some time to lay before our readers a prospectus of the Labour situation as it reveals itself to a close and a wide observer. Certain demarcations appear on it of a sort as if the material map on which, apparently, but a few of the Labour spokesmen are aware; for if they were aware of the real configuration of the country they could not pursue their present strategy. In general we are now in a position to estimate acurately of the main economic forces. The Insurance Acts enable us to grasp in detail the dimensions of the wage army and the dimensions of the employing army respectively. Of wage-earners with no more economic security than a week’s wages there are, it appears from the insurance figures, some thirteen millions; and these we may suppose are in the employment of some one million private employers. Now this, we do not hesitate to affirm, is the most important fact in English social geography. As with every other political action which has had its first fruits, “J. J. M.” of the “Labour Leader,” who, during the Parliamentary half-session which has just closed, was amongst the most important facts in English social geography, we may now review briefly the social work of the Parliamentary half-session, which has just closed. Setting on one side as legitimately political the Home Rule Bill and such like measures, there remain to the “credit” of Parliament two Acts of a designedly labour and social character. One of these is the Insurance Act and the Minimum Wage Acts. Now it is to be observed that both these Acts had to a certain extent been advocated by self-styled reformers before they were brought in as Bills. The Minimum Wage Act, in particular, had its advocates as recently as the N.A.C. or the I.L.P. be created, its results would be little different from the results now produced. At no time could such a Cabinet force a million employers to employ without profit. At no time could they legislate detrimentally over the heads of the employers. Every Parliamentary measure destined to benefit the working class has had first to pass the foreman’s needle’s eye of the employing classes. And there, as surely as we are human and cannot act contrary to our own interests, its burden of benefits would be dropped. If this were really unduly so, and if it had passed and passed by, we should hear no more of political action being superior to economic action. Political action, even when it results in social reform measures, means the administration of Acts of Parliament by the employers. Hence it means that fifty per cent. of the million wage-earners feed daily by permission of one million employers. Actually they are children of the latter, or slaves, if the word is not offensive. Economically they are minors, and as minors, whatever political rights they possess, they cannot exercise them effectively than when the offspring of their parents.

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the taxes now gathered individually for keeping the poor out of the hands of the Guardians. What a happy stroke of devilish genius! Tax the poor for workhouses and then make them so intolerable that you can tax them again to keep themselves out.

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This is the main product of the Insurance Act; but its by-products will prove little less disappointing to its few honest advocates—if ever it had any. We will not enumerate them all at this moment, for space will not allow. Moreover, we should only be accused of inventing them. But we may now, with the full concurrence of the Trade Unions, affirm that the destruction of the friendly side of Trade Unions and the total destruction of the Friendly Societies are merely matters of time. To this terrible blow to the working class movement we may add pains and penalties of a more distributive nature. Child labour between the ages of thirteen and fifteen will now come into redoubled demand. Already in several villages we know, every eligible girl between these ages has gone to domestic service within the last few weeks; and old age pensioners likewise find themselves in unexpected demand. Brutal it may be of employers, but it is unfortunate that those who were told what would happen and deliberately ran the nation into it. Again, wages will certainly continue to fall by the amount of the employers' levy. Impossible, said Mr. Masterman; employers have no more power now to lower wages than they had before the Bill was passed. But a universal tax, any economist knows, can be passed on even if a discriminating tax cannot be. The Insurance tax is universal; it will be passed on. And it is usually happens that employers as a class are shrewd, not only will the levy be passed on by means of a reduced wages bill, but it will be added to prices as well. Prices, said the "Wesminster Gazette," on the authority of one of the Insurance Commissioners, may be raised by employers to meet the new demands. And they are being raised. Set against these certain economic losses of the working classes any conceivable gain in health that may possibly arise, and the balance is still a tremendous loss. By accepting the Act they have sold their mess of potage for what should be their birthright.

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So much, for the present, of the damnable Insurance Act, a measure whose author deserves to occupy the lowest circle of hell. But there is the Minimum Wages Act as well; and the way Senator Pauncefote, in August, and the forthcoming Arbitration Act; and God knows how many more of these fiendish devices for robbing the poor and keeping them quiet during the operation. The fact is, that employers as a class are shrewd, not only will the levy be passed on by means of a reduced wages bill, but it will be added to prices as well. Prices, said the "Wesminster Gazette," on the authority of one of the Insurance Commissioners, may be raised by employers to meet the new demands. And they are being raised. Set against these certain economic losses of the working classes any conceivable gain in health that may possibly arise, and the balance is still a tremendous loss. By accepting the Act they have sold their mess of potage for what should be their birthright.

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Foreign Affairs

By S. Verdad.

During the holiday season, as it is called—the season when the froth of the nation rushes to the Continent, the seaside, and the mountains, and the remainder swelters in factory and slum—it is hard to interest the reader in international politics. It seems to be taken for granted that because there is "nothing doing" at home there is likewise "nothing doing" abroad, and this opinion, existing though unexpressed, is baseless. But holidays and primitive and healthier ages, when our modes of existence were not so contradictory arranged, our lives were too regular to render holidays necessary. This desirable state of things still prevails in a few countries where capitalism, as yet, counts for very little, and among such countries are Turkey and China. Here at least the progress of events will not pause until the jaded Britisher returns from Lucerne or Biarritz: things go on just as if holidays had never been invented and the name of Lubbock were not known. And in one country, which has the distinction of being in theory the most democratic and in practice the most capitalistic on the face of the earth, an event has just occurred which may possibly give The Hague Tribunal something to do—the United States Senate, when dealing with the Panama Canal Bill, rejected by 44 votes to 11 an amendment providing for the omission of the clause exempting American vessels from the payment of tolls.

* * *

About Turkey and China we can perhaps speak only in general terms, if we except the squabble over the dissolution of the Turkish Chamber. But the United States has provided us with a specific cause of complaint. Everyone who has taken any interest in the Panama Canal knows perfectly well that no preference of any sort was to be extended to American vessels—words could not have made this plainer in the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty. That Treaty, in view of the prelimentary arguments over the question of preference for American ships, has lately been sued and commented on in every State in the Union, and by all classes of American society. Few persons knew it better both in letter and in spirit, than the very Senators who have just so glaringly and cynically disregarded its provisions. Yet they did disregard these provisions, and in doing so it must be acknowledged that they had no small amount of support from the American people. One Senator, as the Washington correspondent of the "Telegraph" recently reported, summed up the situation pithily by saying, "Our dollars built the Canal, so to hell with the Treaty!"—a financial point of view which may be of some interest to the followers of Mr. Norman Angell.

* * *

I should be a hypocrite if I expressed surprise at all this; for I have seen too many Treaties broken in my time to worry over the breaking of another. But I am at liberty to express disgust at the action of the representatives of a collection of psalm-singing hypocrites, and I hereby do so. The best newspapers in the States have been pointing out for weeks that the proposed exemption of American ships from Canal dues is a

possessed for twenty-five years." We will not pretend to be able to decide whether the "Times" is correct in either of its statements; but the "Times" has nothing to gain by confusing any one, and, the evidence has been received; and its report, moreover, is confirmed for us from many private sources. Nevertheless, the same leaders who brought about the disaster continue in control of the Unions—Mr. Thomas being one of them—and they continue the same policy of alternately bullying and misleading both their men and the public.
grosse breach of faith, a gross disregard of America's sworn word, a gross piece of unfairness. No matter, the Senate's view is that no one can do anything and still small voice of THE NEW AGE reaches even to that America in consequence can do what she likes, so Washington, I may state the position thus comes up €or discussion.

We shall, nevertheless, still hear—need I say it?—references to our "cousins" and to "the great nation that speaks our language " and to the "kindred institutions" and "tess" and "bonds" and all the rest of the commentator's patter that serves some writers for the language of diplomacy. But the fact remains that the Americans have long ago ceased to be any relatives of ours, however distant. The descendents of the original English immigrants are becoming fewer and fewer, and there are being given up some of the lowest elements in Europe. It may be taken as a general axiom that the best European people now remain at home and that the worst of them emigrate to the United States. I shall have more to say on this subject when the question of the Panama Canal again comes up for discussion.

In dealing generally with international affairs, I have found a certain satisfaction in noting that, however much financiers try to shape the policy of a country, they are often brought to a sudden halt by the traditions of the people. I say nothing of the anti-traditional Insurance Act; for this has not yet had time to touch the English people on the raw, and, besides, our old traditions may really have been swept away by the capitalistic flood of the last century—I hope not; but you never know. In China, however, they are all right, I fancy. A determined attempt was made by an international group to force a £60,000,000 loan on China some time ago, to be settled in a former issue of the New Age, and the bland, ceremonious, polite firmness with which it was repeatedly declined was quite funny. This sort of thing always puzzles capitalists, who are usually men of little imagination when taken out of their ordinary routine. But observers and critics of social phenomena such as one naturally associates with this journal ought to be interested by it. A non-capitalistic and agricultural country presents an element of uncertainty which I find almost fascinating. Englishmen made political history in pre-capitalistic days; in capitalistic days they made poor-laws and workhouses. Pre-capitalistic France made the Revolution; but capitalistic France lost a couple of provinces. Pre-capitalistic United States drew up the Constitution on which modern Americans expectorate.

** Capitalism, in short, destroys the finer traditions of a country, dispossesses the masses of the people, enslaves them, makes them lead a life free in theory, and renders them incapable of practical action. Possessed of land, a man can live a social and spiritual life; and a spiritual life does not necessarily presuppose the ability to read and write; but, possessed only of a "job," a man is liable to be turned into the gutter at an hour's notice—well! such a man cannot think of the rights of man. International politics means to me, and, I am sure, to readers of THE NEW AGE, more than the grapple of first principles, unless we are to be blown about by every wind of opinion. And, unless exceptional experiences, such as the South African "police raid,"

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**Military Notes.**

By Romney.

The lower degrees of criticism may perhaps be easier than the lower branches of creation, but it is certain that there is nothing rarer than a first-rate critical faculty. There are so many poets, and so few great critics. In England alone we have a score of the former from Shakespeare to Swinburne, and of the latter barely half a dozen. There are so many great generals, of whom the United Kingdom by itself has generated two, Marlborough and Wellington, with innumerable lesser leaders, such as Crauford, More, and Lake, whom European opportunities might have gained a European reputation, but of military critics worthy of the name critics, that is, who can analyse facts as well as collect them—only two, and those in the last half century, when lengthy peace has forced the most unlikely men to thought from action. Colonel Hender- son, of the last, and Colonel Maude are the first and last names in British military literature. There are others who successfully collected facts, but, unfortunately, had not the brains to use them. Such light as they were able to throw upon the subject was borrowed, like the light of the moon and the stars, and that very feebly. Shake- spearean criticism is the same. About a hundred years ago a man called Hazlitt and a man called Coleridge saw some things in Shakespeare for themselves, and from that day until this day Harris no other person has seen anything Shake- spearean at all. They simply repeated, with variations, the remarks of Hazlitt and Coleridge.

"Ulm" (Geo. Allen and Co., 5s.), forms the last issued of a trio. "Ulm," "Jena," and "Leipsic," in which Colonel Maude explains the stages in the development of the Napoleonic strategy. Good generals are born, not made, in the sense that certain qualities of mind and will must be present from the beginning. They may be increased, but cannot be totally destroyed. Such qualities, however, even when far developed, must be studiously educated, and no one is unaware of Bona- parte's famous advice to "read and re-read" the cam- paigns of the seven great commandments of Napoleon. He was an extraordinary power of the mind, who could grasp in his eyes the essentials of a problem and to solve it in a moment, but even so there is no doubt that he learned much from books and more from experience, and it is the special merit of Colonel Maude and his three studies that they trace with clarity and detail the growth of his strategic skill from its first imperfect, albeit successful, stages to that period at the end of his career when he had made his mind, as it has often been said in words, an exact science. The errors of Ulm were not re- peated at Leipsic—still less at Waterloo.

History of this description is the first need of the British Army. That service, which up till recently has relied more than any other upon empirical methods, is precisely the one where empirical methods are the most certain to end in disaster. The German Army has fought and will fight only in Europe. In its case, therefore, it might be reasonable, though it would not be safe, to rely upon rule of thumb and the immediate experience of practical men for a solution of problems as they occur. But the experiences of our own Service have far too variegated a quality for that. Generals who are fighting one day in South Africa and the next in Afghanistan, or who could not carry the military reputations learned in those countries to carry them through the totally different conditions of a campaign in Europe without meeting the fate of the Bonapartist generals in 1871, who adopted, against the Prussians, the tactical formations of Algerian warfare, with disastrous results. The confusing variety of our experience renders it more than usually necessary that we should possess a firm grasp of first principles, unless we are to be blown about by every wind of opinion, and unless exceptional experiences, such as the South African "police raid,"
are to upset in our Service just ideas which have originated in the tactical experience of centuries. And it is here that we are confronted with that unfortunate mental inertia—that firm refusal to get to the root of matter, which increases as a national characteristic from day to day and is likely to prove the ruin of the British nation.

The first need of the Army is unity of military doctrine. This can only be achieved by the creation of a historical section of the General Staff, similar to that which exists in Germany and in France, whose researches shall guide the thought of the Army upon sound lines. At present, without a knowledge of German and French, such guidance can hardly be obtained.

The unfortunate general who at Ulm was in command and was not—Mack, whose name has become a byword for irresolute incompetence—receives a re habilitation at Colonel Maude’s hands. Though not a genius, the man was unquestionably a vigorous and able soldier, who had even grasped some of the secrets of Napoleonic success, but, as is usual in the Austrian Service, his subordinates “let him down.” Those who are inclined to exaggerate the military value of aristocracy should remember that Austrian annals contain the two most astonishing episodes of military anarchy—the anarchy which ruined Benedek at Sadowa, and the anarchy which ruined Mack at Ulm. Yet Austria is not a democracy. Aristocracy and anarchy are the same body, the same neck, but two heads. When the military value of the aristocratic principle must be sought, not in any advantages of discipline, but in the superior vigour and initiative of men born to command.

I

It would not be so very untrue if one were to remark that in democratic armies indiscipline, where it exists, is found in the subordinate ranks, among privates and corporals, whereas in aristocratic forces, whilst the men are imbued with a natural and firm respect for their officers, these in their turn are apt to imagine that they can do anything they please and to act accordingly. In Poland, which is the classical example of an aristocracy ruined by indiscipline, there is no evidence to show that the serfs and hinds contributed to the general confusion by revolting against their lords. The confusion was occasioned by the lords themselves, who, whilst exacting the strictest obedience from their subordinates, failed to render the same to the central power. I do not say that in all aristocratic peoples such anarchy exists, but I do say that it is aristocracy’s ever present danger, and as it is not an obvious one, we are very apt to forget it.

The Economics of the Wage System.

IV.

We have repeatedly emphasised the fact that the community is charged two rents, two sets of interest, and two sets of profits—a fact of sufficient significance to which it is not appreciated unless we approach the economic problem through the gateway of the wage system. The wage-earner, although a serf because he has sold his interest in production by his acceptance of wages, is, nevertheless, the real producer of wealth. As a producer, he pays the manufacturer’s rent, interest and profits. But as a consumer he again pays the distributor’s rent, interest and profits. The orthodox economists clump together these two sets of economic phenomena, so that the costs of distribution are reckoned as a charge upon production; that the machinery of distribution in the final analysis is part of the machinery of production. Therefore, it is argued, if the community were to take possession and control of land and machinery, it would be compelled also to take over the distributive machinery. No doubt the average State-Socialist would fall into the trap, because his scheme of life contemplates the purchase of all machinery at its capital value and the payment of interest upon that capital value out of the profit yielded by the State. As we have already proved, this method involves the continuance of the wage system, because without wages there can be neither rent, interest, nor profits. Even the Guild Socialist and the State Socialists are agreed that any such solution means a mere superficial modification of the existing industrial system; there can be no fundamental change without the abolition of the wage system. The truth is that the distributive elements of economic organisation, preserving the real interests of the producer, actually blackmail the producing capitalist, extracting from him the maximum amount of surplus value—“what the traffic will bear,” as the American railway directors grimly phrase it. If the blackmail stopped there we might be content to accept the dictum of the orthodox economists and simply regard the producing and distributive capitalists as the same body, the same neck, but two heads. But the facts do not warrant so simple an explanation. For two reasons: (a) because possession of the created wealth passes from the producer to the distributor, from the manufacturer to the merchant; and (b) because the distributor, gainfully possessing the producer, either the producer, proceeds to levy still further blackmail upon the consumer. How is it done? The reasons are rooted in history. The merchant of to-day, in league with the banker (formerly they were one and the same person) is the true lineal descendant of the original usurer. He it was in the old days who actually “assembled the parts,” paying cash for the products of the home industrialist, who had no capital, and making his profits by selling to the consumer, directly through his own organisation or indirectly through local merchants. To this day, the small manufacturer, notably in Lancashire and the Midlands, depends upon the merchant, not only for the distribution of his product, but for the capital to carry on his business. Broadly speaking, the successful manufacturer is he who has worked free from the dominance of the merchant. But to achieve this, the manufacturer has to acquire capital equal to the requirements of both production and distribution. To attract capital for production, it is imperative to prove effective demand. This once accomplished, the banker forsakes his natural ally, the merchant, and ranges himself with the manufacturer. Be it always remembered that this struggle between manufacturer and merchant is absolutely contingent upon the capacity of both sets of exploiters to extract surplus value out of the products of labour—of labour purchased in the competitive labour market as a commodity: the labour commodity, like the slaves of a former day, were to say: “I am no longer a commodity; I am a living entity; you can no longer command me; henceforth what I produce I shall control,” where, then, would be the manufacturer and the merchant? Tradition has it that when Moses crossed over to dry ground, and looking back saw the Egyptians struggling in the water, he raised his hand to his nose, elongated his fingers and shouted aloud: “Where are you now?” Labour, transformed from the inanimate to the animate, would find itself on the vantage ground occupied by Moses.

Now the plain fact is that the labour commodity theory—to wit, the wage system—is a direct incentive to the merchant to expand his profits. Depending upon the so-called iron law of wages, and having squared the manufacturer, he is in a position to rob the community in every direction. Number one middleman, commonly known as the merchant, is not a merchant, is not a producer, is not a manufacturer, his profits range from 20 to 30 per cent.; number two middleman, commonly known as the retailer, wants another 30 per cent. Thus the consumer bears the middleman’s depredations at one end, and the manufacturer’s depredations at the other. In any case there has grown up on the foundation of the wage system a gigantic superstructure, the burden of which upon labour is now too heavy to be borne. One simple fact will illustrate the enormous extent of this distribu-
The question is not easy to answer. But we may first remark that the benefits of varied, high qualities do not touch the wage earner under the existing régime. Our present standards and canons of beauty and craftsman-ship are false because they have grown in an atmosphere of false economy and artificial conditions. There will, likely enough, be no encouragement for Bond Street, for Bond Street depends not upon beauty, but upon exclusiveness of price. In any event, labour to-day produces what Bond Street demands, and what labour has done before can do again. Nevertheless, it is highly probable that labour will rightly regard as wasteful much that to-day is regarded as beautiful and in good taste. But the craftsman's innate passion for creating beautiful things cannot fail to be stimulated by his increased capacity for himself the enjoyment of his hands. It was under the mediaval guilds that craftsmanship reached its highest development; we may be sure that the spirit of craftsmanship will continue to express itself. Nor will it be necessary to spend £100,000,000 a year to bring the craftsman and the lovers of beauty into touch with each other. The guilds will be the means whereby labour conquers the production of wealth; we may rely upon a widely extended development of general culture to render life not only spiritually but physically more beautiful. We are now in a position to sum up the economic bearing upon the national life of the wage system. We see:—

i. That the wage system is the spine of the existing industrial anatomy.

ii. That it condemns the wage earners, who represent four-fifths of the community, to complete economic proscription, leaving the instruments of production and all surplus wealth in the absolute possession of rent, interest and profits.

iii. That when wages rise above the subsistence level, as in the case of the skilled or organised trades, the margin is practically absorbed by the burden thrown upon wages of maintaining the reserve army of the unemployed.

iv. That by the power invested in capital to purchase labour as a commodity, a vast uneconomic army of middlemen has arisen, which expands surplus value to such unhealthy proportions that distribution has ceased to be a factor in production, but constitutes a separate and dangerous interest, having exactly the same relation to the producer that the shearer has to the sheep.

v. That, in consequence of these conditions, the industrial structure of Great Britain is artificial and dangerous to the economic health of the community.

vi. That the only way to abolish rent, interest and profits is to abolish the wage system. No wages, no rent; no wages, no interest; no wages, no profits.

vii. That economic power is the progenitor of political power. From this it follows that the political power of the Labour Party is strictly limited by its economic power; that inasmuch as wages involves the sale of economic power to the possessing classes, labour cannot possess economic power, and in consequence its political power is “passive,” whilst the political power of the possessing classes is “active.”

Finally, we see that the real solution consists in a fundamental reconstruction of the system of wealth production; that it now only remains for the wage-earners with one accord to proclaim that they will no longer work for wages. Out of the ruins of the wage system will spring a new economic society, in which society shall discover new conditions of wealth, of value, of art, of literature—a new scheme of life. To this new order of society every wage-slayer must look for emancipation; to it fervently looks the artist, the craftsman, the writer. Dead are the industrial ideals and dead is its religion and paralysed are its devotees. After a decade of troubled sleep, the pioneers are again on the march. A new hope inspires them. Will the main body of the army respond to their signals and follow? Will it? If it would!
Belfast and Poverty.

By St. John G. Ervine.

I have brought Mr. Stirling so far in agreement with me, in the course of this controversy, that I do not despair of bringing him into complete agreement with me. But he does not make any mention whatever of those precious rates of pauperism of his, or of my exposé of them, denotes, I take it, that he has abandoned the contention that they prove to an administrative fact, and that I am a paradox in matters of pauperism in Belfast is. Without those beautiful rates, whereby, to the simple-minded, Dublin was made to appear three times more poverty-stricken than Belfast, Mr. Stirling is a lonely figure; I had almost written a naked figure. But Mr. Stirling is going easy from the punishment of quoting statistics foolishly. I wish to impress upon your readers how easy it is for a Poor Law Authority to publish figures which seem to show that pauperism is small in the particular district. The Belfast Board of Guardians could, if they so chose, still further reduce the rate of pauperism in that city; they could refuse to give any outdoor relief at all. When the Poor Law Commission was receiving evidence in connection with facts was, I think I wrote to Mr. Jones, one of the investigators appointed to collect information on that subject, stated that the Belfast Union was one where "for many years a policy of offering the House as an outdoor grant has been rigorously pursued." The Bishop of Ross, in giving evidence before the same Commission, stated that the Belfast guardians "give very little" outdoor relief. The effect of so restricting outdoor relief is to intensify poverty among the decent poor. The guardians, intent solely on keeping down the rate of pauperism, care nothing for that. However, we will not pursue that matter further. Mr. Stirling has climbed down, and there is an end of it. Now that he is down, however, I suggest that he should consult his good friend, Dr. Baillie, on the subject of the rate of infantile mortality in Belfast among babies under one year. It may astound him to learn that the rate in Belfast is as high as, if not higher than, the rate in Bethnal Green, a plain, unvarnished slum. Perhaps it is not too much to ask that the well-meaning, but uninformed, persons who write to ask me what I have to say about "the rate of pauperism will now, like Mr. Stirling, desist from so doing.

Although I have brought Mr. Stirling a long way towards agreement with me, I have not yet, however, brought him to full agreement with me. Your readers will remember that I asserted in my first article that Dr. Baillie, the medical officer of health for Belfast, had published a report which revealed so frightful a state of poverty and sweating that the Belfast Corporation sat to consider the report of their medical officer, and they then decided to hold a special meeting, which was done on the following day. The Press were excluded from the meeting. On August 29, another meeting of the Public Health Committee was held, from which the reporters were again excluded. The report was discussed at length, and Dr. Baillie agreed to delete the word "the" from line 9, page 166, of his report, and to substitute the word "that" for the sentence which in the original report ran as follows:—

Much the same scale of pay is found among workers at various processes of the linen trade,

was altered to:—

Much the same scale of pay is found among workers at various processes of the linen trade.

This was an extremely adroit alteration, for it meant that Dr. Baillie, instead of stating, as he had done in the original version, that the scale of pay (which I will quote later) applied to all the processes of the linen trade, applied only to some of them.

Here are some of the rates of pay. They are taken from Dr. Baillie's report:—

In the week of December, for instance, a woman was observed embroidering small dots on cushion covers; there were 300 dots on each cushion, and for sewing these by hand she received the sum of one penny. She said that for a day's work of that sort she would have received a sixpence. Nor is this an exceptional case. Quite recently our inspector was shown handkerchiefs which were to be ornamented by a design in dots. These dots were counted, and it was found that the worker had sewn 354 dots for one penny. Other classes of work are as badly paid. The finishing of shirts, which consists of making the button-holes, sewing on buttons, and making small gussets at the wrists and sides of the shirts, may be instanced. In every shirt or seven button-holes have to be cut and hand-sewn, eight buttons have to be sewn on, and four gussets made. This work is paid at the rate of sixpence for one dozen shirts. Now that I have a chance of seeing this a shocking trade of scamped work. The sewing has to be neat and well finished, and the button-holes evenly sewn, the shirts being of a fine quality, for which the public buying have to give a good price. The making-up trades in general pay very poorly. Among the various kinds of badly-paid work noticed may be mentioned children's pinafores, flowered and braided, at 4d. per dozen; women's chemises at 7½d. per dozen; women's aprons at 2½d. per dozen; men's drawers at 1½d. per dozen; blouses at 9d. per dozen; and ladies' overalls at 9d. per dozen. From these very low rates of pay must be deducted the time spent in visiting the warehouse for work, the necessary upkeep of the workers' sewing machines, and the price of the thread used in sewing, which is almost invariably provided by the worker. After these deductions are made the amount left to the worker is so extremely small as to make one wonder if they are benefited by the work at all.

I break the quotation from Dr. Baillie's report in order to accentuate the remainder of it. It is from this passage that the article "the" was omitted by Dr. Baillie at the request of the Public Health Committee.

Much the same scale of pay is found among the workers at various processes of the linen trade, those workers constituting the largest proportion of out-workers in Belfast. One penny per hour is the ordinary rate, and in many instances it falls below this.

Dr. Baillie can authorise Mr. Stirling to nail that to the country as an unqualified falsehood until he is blue in the face, but his authorisation will not authorise it away.

There were in 1910 at least 8,393 outworkers in Belfast. There probably were a great many more, but Dr. Baillie was unable to obtain complete statistics owing to the trickery of the employers, some of whom sought to evade their responsibilities under Section 107 of the Factory and Workshop Act, 1901, by dismissing from their service all out-workers for a short period. On February 1, and August 1, when the lists are due, "One firm," wrote Dr. Baillie in his report, "sent in a list having 80 per cent. of the names and addresses given incorrectly." Among these were only 10,000 outworkers in Belfast, surely these alone, with their dependents, constitute a very remarkable contribution to the ranks of the poverty-stricken in a city of about three-quarters of a million inhabitants. Are we to infer from Mr. Stirling's article that these 10,000 persons are employed simply out of the goodness of their employers' hearts.

Mr. Stirling a few months ago wrote an article in the "Spectator," expounding the principle of paying the worker by the piece. He is, I think, writing in that same vein. The following is an extract from that article:—

The portion of the report in which the "sweating" references appeared was written by a lady sub-inspector, well known for her Socialist views, who has since got a well-paid post under the Insurance Act. Dr. Baillie admitted afterwards to the City Council that it had escaped his attention,
and that the facts of the case did not, in his opinion, justify the statements made by his subordinate. His report was amended accordingly.

It will be observed from this quotation that Mr. Stirling virtually admits that the original report was suppressed in favour of the amended report. But observe on what grounds it was done. We are asked to believe that the able Dr. Baillie allowed himself to be bull-dozed by a woman into signing a report, of the contents of which he was ignorant! I wonder whether Dr. Baillie authorised Mr. Stirling to make this statement!

I am sorry to have occupied so much space in The New Age in discussing this business. I shall not occupy much more. It will be sufficient to repeat in reply to the remainder of Mr. Stirling's rejoinder to me what I said in my previous article, namely, that the question of the amount of poverty in other cities is not the point under discussion. The Belfast man denies that there is much poverty in his town, and asserts emphatically that there are no slums except in Mr. Devlin's constituency. I named a number of streets in Protestant parts of Belfast which I definitely described as slums. Mr. Stirling does not deny that these streets are slums, and so again he is on my side. On the whole, his rejoinder to my article is a contradiction of all that he had previously written; and since it contains valuable support of what I have stated in The New Age and elsewhere, I shall treasure it. May I add that I am grateful to Mr. Stirling for his offer to send copies of Dr. Baillie's report, if he offers gladly. My address is 9, Arcade House, Temple Fortune, Hendon, N.W.

Problems of Sex.

By M. B. Oxon.

III.

It is a difficult thing to decide what we really want—to understand our emotional needs—even if there are no artificial difficulties in the way, put there by convention and education. In fact, except in some special conditions, almost the only means of discovering what we want is by experiment or experience. Even when we have thus discovered intellectually what "we" want, the knowledge is not always strong enough to direct our actions, and an intellectual decision in one direction, with an emotional or physical one in another, is the secret of most of our diseases, whether of body, soul, or spirit. The body wishes to go to bed; the mind observes that it is not quite ten o'clock, or whatever time it has fixed on as the magic moment; and, unless the emotions are strongly in favour of body's views, there is no bed till the clock strikes. Cranks may, or otherwise, do what they will, but a normal man's body is expected to eat when it is ordered, to stop eating when it is not; to stop still when it is wished to; to continue, if the clock says so, to grope its way to the water closets, or to go to bed. The mind will be so to some extent until the child is father to the man; and then, rather, just as the different grades of gravel are not one better than the other, but one more fitted for this and one for that purpose, so it is with all the parts of man. If they are to be recognised in the State. Conventions are an acknowledgment of lack of sympathy or understanding, either between states or individuals, an acknowledgment that the state or the individual feels itself too weak to venture outside the shell. But continued residence in a shell does not increase its strength, and makes more perilous the day when, under the increasing outside forces, the shell breaks. To break the shell too soon is a cruel thing to do, but not so surely destructive as to prevent us from breaking when the life inside needs to expand.

As long as the bliss of ignorance and isolation is real, there is no good in being wise and sympathetic; but to think that ignorance is a synonym for bliss is clearly not true, unless, perhaps, we only mean intellectual ignorance. Intellectual knowledge, dealing as it does almost exclusively with "unreal" things or appearances, is clearly not to be desired, except as a complement to all the other kinds of "knowledge," which are based on awarenesses of (comparative) "realities." Owing to the belief that formal mind is included under the word. If sympathy with the Every-
multiplicity of himself, and then the needs of all his parts—the real needs, and not those imposed either by repressive conventions or by a formal mind which leads them astray for its own purposes. The ordinary conception of a Man is really a very strange thing.

The one certain fact is that he has a body. This every-one believes. Wiseacres have pointed out that he has a mind, and most people believe that they have discovered it; in that it differentiates them from animals, for the reason that a pig who can add two and two together is a rarity fit for a music-hall stage, while almost all men can do so. But though Mind is in the vulgar mind associated with Man, and praised as the lord of all, yet at the same time it is really regarded as almost a non-extant thing.* The activity of mind is not admitted to exist, except in so far as it eventuates in words or acts. The power of an unspoken "thought," both on the thinker and the world around, is quite ignored. So long as a man or woman is all prunes and prisms to the world at large, they are considered good citizens, and fit persons to direct the conduct of others. The language which such people sometimes use when under an anaesthetic would be a revelation to their admirers. The bedrock of all convention is Fear—fear of realities, and the most fearful is fear of what is called the "reality." For the word reality is a hopeless labyrinth as compared with the straight paths of the Greek. The hopeful sign is that in all branches of man's activities there are such marked evidences of a longing to discover true needs and a recognition that action is the right road are not without fears as to what the transitional period may be like. For there will be a new and more complicated in proportion than our inward life, if such a thing could be conceived! And it is doubtful if the spiritual welfare. And what shall it profit the human race if we improve a man's body and overlook his spiritual side? Scotch and German metaphysicians have done their worst with us; and the modern mind is an irresponsible and the world at large, they are considered good citizens, and fit persons to direct the conduct of others.

Greece and India.

By J. M. Kennedy.

Serenity is surely more difficult of achievement in this age than in any other. We have almost forgotten the thing represented by the word. Our inner life has grown more and more complicated, though not in a spiritual sense. Three centuries ago we might have been deep in Calvinism, talking earnestly about the ways and means of seeking the Lord; and this, although dismal enough theology, would have been better than digging our fingers into the entrails of our domestic animals in order to find out how to breed the superman. The Eugenists are much more learned than John Knox: but John Knox at least attempted to form and direct the nation in a way which makes any attempt to displace it by repressive methods not only futile but dangerous. Such action is only putting a fresh coat of whitewash on the sepulchre.

But not perhaps quite in this place, I would suggest that this estimate is perhaps, in truth, very well founded; that, in fact, "mind" is only a "Great Common Measure" between the parts of man's bundle, a thing of quite a different order of reality from all the rest of him, and, so far as it also measures his inheritance in the Everywhere, of very great importance. But if it does not measure the Everywhere, it is only a coercive majority under whose hide-bound rule no real justice is done.

is no use pretending that bodily sex holds anything but a very chief place in the realms of Civilisation, and this in a way which makes any attempt to displace it by repressive methods not only futile but dangerous. Such action is only putting a fresh coat of whitewash on the sepulchre.
such contemplation is high or low in its significance and intensity. Less than the philosopher and the artist, must have his glimmerings in spiritual light; must ask himself, in his own uncouth jargon, what his place is in the scheme of things, why he is and what his answer to the lives of any of us be lived? Here, perhaps, we have the three questions concentrated into one. Should life be lived at all? Is it good or bad? Shall we say Yea or Nay to it?

Fundamentally only two philosophers exist: the one that has said Yea and the one that has said Nay. The whole difference between East and West, it seems to me, lies there: Asia alone has said Yea; Europe and Europe's colonies in all parts of the world have said Nay. Again, what is the place of the art? What is the result of the whole of Western social life? He is an agriculturist, his wants are few, "progress" (rightly enough, from a spiritual point of view) is anathema to him: he looks with indifference on the railway or the telegraph, and the whirl of Western social life would only arouse his risibility. His theory and his practice correspond. The European, however, keeps his renunciatory faith for church on Sundays; hardly even for this short space. In theory he abhors the flesh, and in practice he takes full advantage of the first, indulges the second, and fraternises with the third. But why is this possible if his faith forbids? If he does these things, what is his philosophical basis for his actions?—for philosophical basis he must have, though he realise it not.

Now, this question provides us with two most interesting philosophical contrasts. We have on the one hand the ancient (as well as the modern) Hindu and his renunciation, carried out in the belief that it was a step on the way to his "moksha" or deliverance—or, only, however, after having acquired merit in their earthly lives, the number of reincarnations varying with the merits of individual lives, but the final renunciation of the world with a vengeance: the devotee had to be as poor as the followers of St. Francis, and his time was spent in lonely meditation. The power of this faith, which I have touched upon only in the briefest outline—has not been mentioned in the rest here, and those who regard the world as illusion—may be conceived, even if only faintly, from the number of saints that have existed in India from the very dawn of history, and from the fact that even now the Indian people in general have not been contaminated by the feverish "progress" of Western civilisation.

Then there is our contrast. The Greeks, even in name, conjure up realms of spiritual achievement and endeavours, that Europeans have for centuries found it an inspiration. And, if the mere name of the Greeks can uplift us, how must we feel when we survey the priceless marbles and read the written works that they have left us? What effect must they not have had on countless generations of our ancestors! These Greeks, however, show us the reverse of the medal; they accepted Life and all it had to offer; and they were mean and dangerous trick to be played on them; they were trained to display at the same time an apparent ferocity likely to alarm any timid person who saw it. As I walked back to the van I thought it strange that the people living in the district allowed this mean and dangerous trick to be played on them; but before the end of the day I learnt that they had good reason for doing nothing to put a stop to it.

There were one or two interesting places we wished to see while in the neighbourhood, so we looked for a camping ground near a small village on the border of the heathland. It was towards the end of the afternoon when we entered the village and, leaving the van in the driver's charge, I went in search of a meadow in which to spend the night. The first man I approached shook his head and went away muttering something I could not understand. The next person I asked, a woman, said she could not let me use her paddock, but she advised me to see the keeper of a small shop who had a meadow near his house. The shopkeeper proved more approachable than the first. If required permission, and to account for the strange behaviour of the other person to whom I had made a like request.

The entire parish, I learnt, belonged to a rich man who had bought it because he wanted a large game preserve. With it he had bought every house in the village, and, my informant said, "everybody who had to live in it." Nine out of ten of the villagers had never seen their wealthy landlord, but most of them
were well acquainted with a formidable personage known as "the agent," without whose permission they might not go about the village. There, as I could see, very few cottages, and if a young man married, he had to find a home elsewhere, or, if his services were required on the estate, someone had to "move out" to make room for him. No new cottages were built, for one old cottage, that was sufficient. The agent so arranged it that the land was held in perpetuity for the pheasants. Neither the shopkeeper nor anyone else in the village dared let me draw my van into a meadow; anyone who did would probably be turned out of his shop or house. Several of those who had saved a little money, had wished to buy small pieces of land in the parish in order to build houses for their own occupation; but not so much as a square foot could be

There was nothing else to be done. Night was coming on, and we must find a camping ground of some kind near at hand. Lady dear, we'll camp on the road. We started on the road again, feeling that we were no longer alone, but in company with the world. Yet even then we did not know the worst of their case. That we were to learn, not from their own lips, which were sealed by fear, but from those of some of the fortunate inhabitants, small owners who could call their souls their own.

That night, when we had found a spot in which to pitch our "wandering tent," I discussed the state of affairs in the rich man's village with the owner of the land on which I had made my camp. He said that only people who lived in such a place knew how easy it was to give offence to the landlord or his agent, but there were several such parishes in the neighborhood, and their labouring folk were more or less in the same state. All over that parish you may walk over hundreds of acres of land without meeting anyone except a keeper. They call England a free country, but nobody can call the people of that village free. If they complain to the agent, they're told that they're free to leave the parish, and that's all the freedom they've got. I've sometimes heard such places as -- called 'model villages.' All I can say is that if all our villages were such model villages the country wouldn't be fit to live in.

On the following Sunday afternoon I walked back to the village. Its few cottages were neatly kept, so far as I could judge by their exterior, but I missed the signs of individual ingenuity and taste which in most villages distinguish one cottage from another. Few young children were to be seen—probably they were at the Sunday School—but on a long walk bordering a meadow some dozen or more lads and young men were seated, amusing themselves by throwing stones at a tin can. It was a fine day with just enough breeze to make walking pleasant, and I wondered why these lads and young men, instead of loafing in the village street, were not rambling about the country. My acquaintance with the previous week appeared on the scene and explained why they were not doing so. There was, he said, nowhere for them to go. The big plantations and wide, breezy heathlands were closed to them, and as the parish consisted of little else but plantation and heath the only walks they could take were along dusty, monotonous roads. Although they lived in the midst of a district containing miles and miles of waste land, they had actually less space to ramble about than the London slum-dweller who lives near a public park. I asked why they could do no those broad tracts of fern and heather, and I learnt that "they might disturb the pheasants!"

The views and 'reviews.'

The life of Henry Demarest Lloyd should be of peculiar interest to Englishmen just now, for there is not an aspect of the social and political problem, except perhaps Eugenics, that he did not reveal his own intense and, what is not less important, his own suffering. His life was as clear in his diagnosis as Leonard Hall. Never before was Nietzsche's advice more necessary: "Above all, brethren, become hard as carabolic acid, and keep to your own native village."

By Caro Lloyd. (Putnam. Two vols. 21s. net.)
the convention, as the biographer says, voted itself call for service reform and tariff reform were the other items a secret conference, of which Lloyd was a member had the programme for Machiavellian reasons. The New formers to another meeting. It was decided to hold a bolt. There was a possibility that the conference out of existence. Lloyd "bolted," and called the re- date, and to vote solid for him. Lloyd refused, and arranged to nominate Greeley as Presidential candi- date. Greeley's nomination was voted in ac- York delegates justified their action in supporting in fighting running rearguard actions, but he never "in his career, that the people had not suffered enough. What he really meant was that he could not dare measures; and Lloyd was quite sure, at every stage of excuse that the people are not yet ready for heroic "his bolting from a bolt within a bolt.

That was always the way. Lloyd was clever enough in fighting running rearguard actions, but he never captured the citadel. There was, and is, always the excuse that the people are not yet ready for heroic measures; and Lloyd was quite sure, at every stage of his career, that the people had not suffered enough. What he really meant was that he could not dare enough; his heart was always too tender. When he said, as he did early in his career, that the "wages system must go," it was "because the heart of man has grown too tender to endure the miseries of the wages system." That his tenderness of heart deluded him is seen by his approving quotation at a later date of Thorold Rogers' dictum that "revolutions are born of prosperity." History, which he was always calling to his aid, proves just the opposite of his sen- timental conclusion that "the people had not suffered enough." They never have; the capacity for human suffering is illimitable, for there is no known limit to human adaptability. The people had not suffered enough to make the reign of Charles I. unbearable to them; for Cromwell could never command a majority in the commonwealth of France, people of France not suffered enough to make the return of the Bourbons impossible. The people never have suffered enough to make any tyranny unbearable, be it beneficent or maleficent; and in that simple fact is much instruction.

With this radical defect in his nature, it is not sur- prising that Lloyd was a practical failure in everything he attempted for the emancipation of the people. The man who could say: "There is something better in this world than success," might be of much value to his generation; but not as a politician. It was for this something better that he struggled, and for which he did valiant service. He was a currency reformer, with the full programme of the Banking and Currency Re- form League, including the ideal unit, in his young days of journalism. He was the first to expose the theft of the American land by the railroad companies, to point to its disastrous consequences, and to argue for nationalisation of the highways. He worked as the man who did quite fail. He failed at last; he failed for the Standard Oil Company; and his book remains the authority on the subject. The Standard Oil Company, of course, has been abolished; but its death will probably resemble that of Tammany, of which Lloyd said: "Tammany was killed for the first time in my life." I was one of those who patriotically determined that Tammany must die, and in the hackneyed phrase of Artemus Ward, we saw to it that the corpse was ready to point to its disastrous consequences, and to argue for nationalisation of the highways. He worked as the man who did quite fail. He failed at last; he failed for the Standard Oil Company; and his book remains the authority on the subject. The Standard Oil Company, of course, has been abolished; but its death will probably resemble that of Tammany, of which Lloyd said: "Tammany was killed for the first time in my life." I was one of those who patriotically determined that Tammany must die, and in the hackneyed phrase of Artemus Ward, we saw to it that the corpse was ready to point to its disastrous consequences, and to argue for nationalisation of the highways. He worked as the man who did quite fail. He failed at last; he failed for the Standard Oil Company; and his book remains the authority on the subject. The Standard Oil Company, of course, has been abolished; but its death will probably resemble that of Tammany, of which Lloyd said: "Tammany was killed for the first time in my life." I was one of those who patriotically determined that Tammany must die, and in the hackneyed phrase of Artemus Ward, we saw to it that the corpse was ready; for the future was one of those deaths which it periodically suffers, but which never succeed in extinguishing all its lives."
count it an accident, for example, that put an end to the lives of Anastasus and Polydamon while their group was still in process of formation. As esoteric scholars know, both these promising creators were treacherously murdered, the one after a pseudo-judicial trial, and the other by assassination, and both at the instigation of women who naturally resented a proposed trespass upon their miserable natural monopoly. In the case of Pythagoras and of Plato the political current of their day proved too strong for their respective dis- ciples. Within a few years of the former's death the Pythagoreans were supplying Greece with statesmen— the best of both kinds—but what kind of life had Pytha- goras to do with the economics of the belly? As for Plato, he himself set a fatal example by writing "The Republic," and, still more, by his absurd exhibition of political vanity in Sicily. This politicoising weakness of the Pythagoreans and Platonists had an even worse parallel in the communities of the Church. The Church substituted religion for politics as the main object of its groups, with the result that over all its efforts there lay the dead hand of a creed, suitable, of course, to the populace, but utterly inimical to the edification of a group of friends of intelligence.

It is now our turn, after all these centuries, to at- tach ourselves to these, or their predecessors, failed. I am quite ready to admit that the task is, even still, impossible. The world may not be ready or we may not be ready; but we shall, at least, avoid the avoidable mistakes of our ancient friends. Thus far we may not be ready; but we shall, at least, avoid the dead hand of a creed, suitable, of course, to the worldliness. What do we mean by our work? We are not the ex- istion of women who naturally resented a proposed tres- pass upon their miserable natural monopoly. In the case of Pythagoras and of Plato the political current of their day proved too strong for their respective dis- ciples. Within a few years of the former's death the Pythagoreans were supplying Greece with statesmen— the best of both kinds—but what kind of life had Pytha- goras to do with the economics of the belly? As for Plato, he himself set a fatal example by writing "The Republic," and, still more, by his absurd exhibition of political vanity in Sicily. This politicoising weakness of the Pythagoreans and Platonists had an even worse parallel in the communities of the Church. The Church substituted religion for politics as the main object of its groups, with the result that over all its efforts there lay the dead hand of a creed, suitable, of course, to the populace, but utterly inimical to the edification of a group of friends of intelligence.

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of the tawdry romance of the motion through London streets, Transome inquired whether I would not prefer a tart to the club; there'll be time enough for them after we've had a chat at the club; I can even give them a miss one evening, if you can. Oh, I shouldn't feel happy in depriving you, he said. For the fact is, that I had begun to draw conclusions about my new acquaintance. His excessive dagginess was a monstrous 'poor'! There was nothing to it, as the old régime of Pinguinie. Transome's bubbling references to nocturnal adventures with the visitors to his pension were spurred out of him by the digs into his mind of some foreign novel or other. He could not possibly be so gauche in his conversation with a comparative stranger unless, firstly, he was anxious to impress that stranger with his own indubitable virility; and, secondly, he was totally unversed in the manners of the accomplished man-about-town. I suspected, indeed, that his effusions of salacity were designed as a protective resemblance to some person who expected salacity of him, and that in actual truth he was in practice as innocent as on the day he was born.

Transome's last remark has been ringing in my ears ever since. What a damned humbug you are, Transome, I said, and hastily retreated into the club, leaving him to his own reflections. (To be continued.)

M. Anatole France and the Revolution.

(Translated by P. V. Cohn from an article by M. André de Chaumeix, in the Journal des Débats, June 16, 1912.)

"The life of a nation," wrote M. Anatole France in "L'Ile des Pingouins," "is a mere succession of miseries, crimes, and follies. This applies to the Penguin nation as to all others. Apart from this, its history is admirable from beginning to end." Some time after these gloomy maxims, M. Anatole France summarised the history of the Revolution as follows: "At the close of the age of philosophers, the old régime of Pinguinie was overthrown from top to bottom; the King was put to death, the privileges of the nobility were abolished, and the Republic was proclaimed in the midst of the disorders and during the shock of a terrible war. The Assembly which governed Pinguinie at the time gave orders that all the metal work in the churches should be melted down. The patriots outraged the tombs of kings." He added that, the sovereign people having retaken the lands of the nobility and clergy and sold them at a low price, the middle-class and the peasants judged the Revolution good for acquiring land and bad for keeping it. This made them wish for the coming of a government more inclined to respect individual property.

It was scarcely to be feared that after these cynical remarks, M. Anatole France, when he came to write on the French Revolution, would err on the side of indulgence. "The Gods are Thirsty," with its title resonant of antique fatalism, is a terrible book. The revolutionary period, towards which one might have imagined the author to show some leanings, is painted with an unsparing hand. Humanity as a whole there appears to consist of brutes. And the peculiarly human qualities, reason and conscience, which appear in the desire of proving anything. He is content to paint, as history seems to him an art rather than a dulgence. M. Anatole France foregoes, in this book at any rate, the light hand, has traced an appalling picture of the period which M. Aulard's manuals for the use of schools represent as the dawn of real life. Not that anything in the book smacks of polemics; M. Anatole France foregoes, in this book at any rate, the desire of proving anything. He is content to paint, and as history seems to him an art rather than a science, he is at pains to give fresh life to a number of miniatures which, taken together, will call up the whole epoch. No great slab of history, no epic, no yelling and excited crowds invade the pages of the books; we are far from the lyricism of a Michelet. M. Anatole France...
notes trifling facts, and tries to present them in their simplest aspects. He does not offer them to us pompously like historical events. On the contrary, he enjoys reading them, and finds in them as they struck him in a contemporary. It is the way in which Stendhal narrates the Battle of Waterloo. And it is the way in which M. Anatole France himself has always recounted things of the past, thus depriving them of the fame which they have acquired after the event. Hereby he achieves his art.

In M. Anatole France's book we see men and women living in 1793, and with much the same desires and cares that occupy humanity in all ages. The Terror, indeed, slightly disturbs the order of things, for men are continually hearing that one friend is in exile, another on his trial, another to be put to death; and these hazards threaten everyone at any moment. But life goes on, and, as is fitting, each man follows his bent. The engraver Desmahis, he is a handsome fellow fond of shopgirls. Passing over the Pont Neuf, he sees one whom he finds charming, and he eagerly follows through the crowd her straw hat and her fair hair. A procession separates him from her; he rushes between the horse-shoers and the sabers, to find her again. And this inconvenient procession which he crosses without even seeing it, do you know what it is? It is the first revolutionary tumbril. The engraver Desmahis, he is the first to see that virtue is natural to man and that society is organised by Citizen Blaise. It is an idyllic story, recounting things of the past.

There are many others of the same kind. You will read the description of a charming country excursion organized by Citizen Blaise. It is an idyllic story, producing the gaiety of all the guests and the rustic tastes of an impressionable society. This Citizen Blaise, a bookseller by profession, is a philosopher in his way. He utilises events, and anxiety about public affairs does not prevent him from thinking of his personal interests. But he has ideas on the Revolution, and, knowing his fellowmen, he feels that it will come to an end. To Gamelin, a thorough-paced revolutionary, who proposes him "civic" games of cards, he answers rather rudely that he has long-felt doubts of ever finding any certainty, and that of intelligence, which delights in fresh fuel, and that of experience. M. Anatole France has used the sterile joy of seeing everything reduced to ashes. The novelist agrees in his judgments with the philosopher. Where, perhaps, they will cease to be at one is in methods of action. Evariste Gamelin, a painter, is a theologian. The engraver Desmahis, of whom M. Anatole France has drawn so amusing a portrait. Coquetish and scheming, Mme. de Rochemaure, a Barnabite monk, who will die superbly, unhappily only at the thought of being confused with a Capuchin. Tolerant otherwise, and resigned to everything, he will be courageous with simplicity.

M. Anatole France has lost nothing of his admirable art, or of his scepticism. It seemed of late that after having long-kept doubts of ever finding any certainty, he had suddenly attached himself through despair, or through passion, to the most intolerant and improbable dogmas. He paints us no flattering picture of the Revolution. Perhaps it is because he finds it insufficient and hopes more of the next. Perhaps it merely is that he has looked at it, and that in spite of the uncertainty of many things, there are all the same truths of experience which impose themselves. Read after 'The Gods are Thirsty' that curious book of Doctor le Bon on the French Revolution. You will there find remarks such as this: "The Revolutionary assemblies justly all the known laws of the psychology of crowds. Impulsive and timorous, they are dominated by agitators and move in a contrary sense to the individual wishes of their members. The founders of the Revolution tried for the first time to transform men and society in the name of Reason. Never was enterprise started with such elements of success equal to the resources of the government. In spite of the Draconian laws, in spite of the repeated coups d'état, the Revolution did nothing but heap ruin on ruin and end in a dictatorship . . . . . . The facts of the Revolution teach that a people liberated from social restraints, the bases of civilisations, and abandoned to its instinctive impulses, soon relapses into its ancestral barbarism." The novelist agrees in his judgments with the philosopher. Where, perhaps, they will cease to be at one is in methods of action. Evariste Gamelin, a painter, is a theologian. The engraver Desmahis, of whom M. Anatole France has drawn so amusing a portrait. Coquetish and scheming, Mme. de Rochemaure, a Barnabite monk, who will die superbly, unhappily only at the thought of being confused with a Capuchin. Tolerant otherwise, and resigned to everything, he will be courageous with simplicity.

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Rhythm for August. (Swift. 1s. monthly.)

The present number is a little flattened. Mr. Frank Harris writes of Richard Middleton in that Soho style:—

"He was set among the paper idols; Tennyson, he thought, had only written half a dozen lyrics, and 'Downow, you know, left three.' And again, in a style we thought was long since given over to frumps; Middleton was in some poems to 'Vanity Fair.' Too free, the sub-editor reported; he was afraid they would shock Mrs. Grundy. " needlessly to say, "vows Mr. Harris, "that made me eager to read them." You might conclude from this article that poor Middleton was a man.

The latest thing to be told about Middleton are that he sent in some poems to "Vanity Fair." No one would shock Mrs. Grundy. "Needless to say," vows Mr. Harris, "that made me eager to read them." You might conclude from this article that poor Middleton was a man.

M. Picasse has a drawing of what looks like a famine-stricken father sitting on a studio block, nursing a baby; his shoulders start out of his skin, his knees and hands are in robust health, but his thighs are either swollen or over-drawn. Mr. W. H. Davies—but we know—the lies of last night—green hedges and the black patch as destructive at once of line and of seriousness in the aesthetic spectator. The female is much more beautiful than the male.

"The crazy thought jagged in her brain—it's like a black patch over the inferior abdomen, and you are to become paralysed. Mrs. Mansfield, too, has gone dowdy: three tales without hostesses.

"open to me light laughter . . . . . . ."

"light laughter of big waves too curious detail for a threnody in eight lines. Mr. J. M. Murray tells the tale of "A Little Boy," a little nervous boy to whom Mr. T. Moult has two commonplace verses with the olden refrain concerning a town and a tomb and a dear

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dominated educational practice, Professor Adams, we think, is himself labouring under a false theory. He attempts to maintain (pp. 95-6-7) that educational theory actually manifests progressive evolution in point of time from Plato and Aristotle to, let us say, Professor Adams. But except in relation to a known end which might be criticized, the very vogue of evolution is missing in educational theory. Organic evolution we can understand, but the evolution of the mind of men who can understand or discuss within the limits a few thousand years? We ourselves see, at least, no progress between Professor Adams and Plato, either in conception of purpose or in means of carrying it out. On the contrary, and without making invidious comparisons, the theory of education held by Professor Adams appears to us to differ in kind from the theory held by Plato.

But because no progressive development of educational theory can be traced, the history of educational theory need not be written. History, we say, not evolution. And its history would consist of the record of the successive theories current among educationists at different periods, and an account of the conditions under which these theories were developed. The tabula rasa theory of comparatively modern times, with its accompanying adaptation to practice in cramming, arose naturally from the psychology of Toche. It was followed in practice by the "vegetable" theory (as it used to be called by teachers), which regarded the mind as an organism in process of unfolding. "Eliciting" was its adaptation in practice. This in turn is now, we understand, deposed and a new metaphor reigns in its stead. The history of all these theories might be interesting, but to attempt to establish progression among them would be misguided. And not all Professor Adams' learning can erase this impression.

In our author's attempt to forecast the education of the future; and we confess we are not impressed by it. In a deal of padding we discern, we think, the few ideas which Professor Adams has to offer; and, if we are right, they are not only few, but unoriginal and banal. That education in the future will tend to become more "vocational" is the natural desire of capitalists, but hardly, we should have thought, the ideal of educationists. Nor is this prospect made pleasant by the pious affirmation that "education of the future will not neglect preparation for the leisure of life." What evidence for this hope exists in educational theory, let alone practice, to-day? Professor Adams' hope only in the belief that a little culture will be necessary even to the professional theory of tenant farmers, teaching them class-consciousness, and making plain the need and means of reform.

Initiation. By Annie Besant. (Theosophical Publishing Society. 2s. 6d. net.)

The Theosophical movement, in England, is under a cloud. In the attempt to popularise certain mystical doctrines, there has been a continual degradation of the subject-matter. Theosophy has become a catchword and in this corner; and the great mystery of Initiation is merely an opportunity for Mrs. Besant to indulge in some personal reminiscences. It may be of interest to admirers of Mrs. Besant to know that a voice proclaimed to her the early advent of the Light, and that shortly afterwards Mr. W. T. Stead sent her Blavatsky's "Secret Doctrine" to review: but the Initiate will smile at this matter-of-fact interpretation of a mystery. This revival of interest in her own autobiography shows us that the man who is still only at the beginning of the Path, that she has not surrendered her Self; and we have one more illustration of Christ's phrase: "Many are called, but few are chosen." For the rest, the quotation from Tennyson's "In Memoriam" and similar verse convinces us that Mrs. Besant has lost such grip as she ever had of the mystical nature of truth, and has condescended to compete with the mere literate class of mission-hall preachers.

Lee the American. By G. Bradford. (Constable. 10s. 6d.)

As biographies go—especially American biographies—this is excellent, for it possesses the virtue of discrimination, which is by no means common in a country where a certain insularity and passion for national advertisement would manufacture Titans from some very tuppenny celebrities. Lee is a peculiarly difficult subject for a biographer. No account of his life yet written has succeeded in depicting him as anything but an irritating prig—something after the style of Washington—and yet we know from the devotion with which he inspired his contemporaries, from the record of his achievements and the verdict of all who knew him, that he was a fine soldier, a very great and noble character. Such men probably possess a personal magnetism and obvious natural goodness which enable them to "carry off" a perfection of deed and word that would be unendurable, and therefore annoying, in lesser men, but the impression of which is hard to convey in cold print. Mr. Bradford has felt this difficulty, but has not overcome it. None but a poet could become so intimate with the interior, if incidental, success in the case of Stonewall Jackson, upon whose character some of his remarks cast much-needed light. It seems a pity that this far more human personality was not made the centre of the book.
August 15, 1912. THE NEW AGE

Pastiche.

A FRAGMENT.

TIME: A few months hence.

"In regard to the spread of bee distemper throughout the country, Mr. Runciman states that he hopes shortly to introduce legislation to deal with the question."—"Evening News."

Mr. Runciman, at the end of a closely reasoned speech introducing his Bill, expressed the hope that members opposite would regard the measure from a non-party standpoint. The presence of disintered amorists—a latterly contented class of workers—was traceable to the larger problem of labour unrest. The disaffection among the workers could not be treated lightly or dealt with in a single measure.

It was the intention of the Government to deal with the problem sectionally, and he hoped that the Prevention of Distemper Amongst Bees Bill would be followed by constructive legislation of a like character. (Loud Ministerial cheers.)

It would, of course, be necessary for the Government to have the services of a very large and competent staff in order that the possible benefits accruing to the community through the efficient working of the Act. He was pleased to be able to state that this would entail no additional charge on the finances of the country, for, owing to the regenerative failure of the Insurance Act—(Opposition laughter)—there were large numbers of Government employees anxious to do the work, and, with a few exceptions, these had expressed their willingness to serve as Bee Bunglers under the new Act without any extra remuneration. Such self-sacrifice was worthily worthy of the highest praise.

Mr. Lloyd George, in rising to support the measure, said that he agreed with his hon. friend the President of the Board of Agriculture that this was part of the problem of labour unrest. He had hoped to bring in a Compulsory Co-partnership Bill, but the base tactics of members opposite in wilfully misrepresenting the Insolvent Act had set back social reform for an indefinite period. He regretted to say that he knew of no real remedy for labour unrest. The action of the Government had made it plain that A for four proved clearly that a rise in wages was no solution. (General cheers.)

However, as the bees appeared to have no labour organisation, he did not despair of success in their particular case. He understood that there were large numbers of queen-bees who did nothing towards garnering the honey and were clearly a part of an old and vicious aristocracy, reaping where they had not sown. (Cries of "Limehouse.")

Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, in supporting the measure, said that it was legislation of this kind that the Labour Party would welcome with open mouths. He considered the bees were the only things he placed before citizenship. He hoped no one would drag trade unionism into the debate. It was the intention of the Government to deal with the problem of bee distemper might be solved by introducing a policy provocative of civil war. There was a national shortage of clover due to the Government's policy of playing pigs in clover on every conceivable occasion. The National Telephone swindle and the "Titanic" inquiry—(loud uproar and cries of "Order, order," amid which the hon. member sat down).

Sir E. Carson wished to know whether the Bill would apply to bumble bees, as, if so, the Government were pursuing a policy provocative of civil war. There was no distemper amongst bumble bees.

A. W. G.

THE HILLS OF SOUL.

O, my heart is torn in the rabid strife
Of a Brute that shrieks for an Angel's life—
Of a Brute conceived of the thunder's roll,
And an Angel-shape from the hills of Soul.

O, an Angel sighs for the heart of me,
But a Brute has lured me to apathy;
And my heart calls out to the Hills of Soul,
But a Brute drags down to a garish goal.

Yet I yield betimes to his sweetened pain
Till my heart calls out to the hills again.
For the Hills of Soul are array'd in light,
But the depth below are the haunts of Night.

May my riven heart yield its last pulse whole
To an Angel-shape from the Hills of Soul.

TOM SEXTON.

OUR CONTEMPORARIES.

By C. E. Bechhofer.

XVI.—"THE THRONE." WHAT IS SOCIALISM?

By Comyns Beaumont, John Foster Fraser, Arnold White, or Others.

Socialism is a dream. It is impossible, because all men are not created equal and never will be so, despite the efforts of firebrand Fasciocratic anarchists like Messrs. Lloyd George and Ramsay MacDonald and other Socialists, to make a...
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

GUILD-SOCIALISM.

Sir,—I am inclined to regard myself as a NEW AGE Socialist. Such a term does not impress me as containing a sound idea—an idea necessary to make Syndicalism fruitful. What a pity that "scientific Socialism" should degenerate into a narrow, academic, doctrinaire pose, instead of an open invitation to courage and interpret every impulse springing from the ranks of the labourers.

I would interpret your phrase "Guild-Socialism" by one of my own "institutional rationalism," coined for a time before I knew anything about Socialism, which means that the complexity of modern society demands a greater complexity of institutions. My present outburst of futile efforts to express and realise "my own individualism," would not this last phrase be a better translation of Max Stirner's "The Ego and Its Own"—which I am just reading.

There is one criticism that your comments on the British Labour Party have suggested. Can a political party be fairly denounced for lacking political power until it wins control of the Government? Are the Syndicalists justified in repudiating political action as useless to the workers before a majority of Labour votes have been cast for a Labour Party? Is not economic power transmuted into financial and political power as fast as you possessors come really conscious of it? "Really conscious," that is, an evolutionary educational process must obtain before a new system can be established. The main purpose of the Socialist movement is to aid and abet this process.

T. J. LLOYD.

"REVOLUTIONARY" AND "EVOLUTIONARY.

Sir,—A few weeks ago I was at a meeting in Trafalgar Square. Mr. Mann, Mr. Tillett, and others prominent in the current "social unrest" were among the speakers. The gist of the speakers, of the orations was advocacy of the rights of the manual workers and denunciation of the wrongs committed by the rent, interest, and profit taking classes. So far as I gathered the new theory—by dispossessing them of plunder they have got is the same as naturally occurring monopolies. The exploiting or capitalistic classes own. Now, the hand-toiler, writhing under the torture of this law-given ownership, is trying to subvert it on the very same false assumption through which it originated and is now maintained—the assumption that man is a producer. The worker—"as collier, mechanic, dock-hand—urged by his mental lethargy by the rhetoric of fanatical emotionalists such as Mr. Tillett and Mr. Mann, is now trying to overthrow the law-given monopoly of those who have come to own the very same false assumption regarding production (or causing to exist) as is now being laboured on behalf of the victims of the "wage system." So we get the "class-war" as written up to date—the word "class" which has been going on ever since men associated together as communities.

We are told that this present conflict is something fresh—"revolutionary," as distinguished from "evolutionary." Really, it is "old as the hills"—the primordial effort of the "have nots" to oust the "have" of their property as appertaining to men as monopolists of the means of sufficient enjoyment. Attempts of the "haves" to obviate the difficulties set for them by the "have nots" result in the current expedients, involving what is called "social reform," of politicians whose concern is to maintain the present anti-philosophic, anti-religious, brutal system of "everybody for himself, and devil take the hindmost." That you, sir, see through this political device and "nail it to the counter" as the subject of the "Notes." But such exposure is not enough for the times. We now need a positive, constructive, intellectually valid message to the people only and not to the via religion and its intellectual construction as causal science dealing with the problem of the producer.

This message is as small-pox to the "haves"—"meaning by the term those whose monopoly of the general wealth is totally inconsistent with its distribution as God's by right. Nobody in this world, I think, has ever had a more vivid experience of the pestilence of this doctrine of a revolutionary message than I have. With this message on my lips and pen for about twenty years, I have practically worked another revolution by at least as much as £1,000,000—my books being distributed free to the "haves," notably as £1,000,000-a-year bishops, who are beginning to pipe in my key—that I shall "stew in my own fat," if I have any more bite in my hair after giving the "haves" make it difficult for me to pray—as I do every night—"Forgive all, my God!" As to the "have nots," they are—lips in mind—that I shall "stew in my own fat," if I have any more bite in my hair after giving the "haves" make it difficult for me to pray—as I do every night—"Forgive all, my God!" As to the "have nots," they are—lips in mind—that I shall "stew in my own fat," if I have any more bite in my hair after giving the "haves" make it difficult for me to pray—as I do every night—"Forgive all, my God!" As to the "have nots," they are—lips in mind—that I shall "stew in my own fat," if I have any more bite in my hair after giving the "haves" make it difficult for me to pray—as I do every night—"Forgive all, my God!" As to the "have nots," they are—lips in mind—that I shall "stew in my own fat," if I have any more bite in my hair after giving the "haves" make it difficult for me to pray—as I do every night—"Forgive all, my God!" As to the "have nots," they are—lips in mind—that I shall "stew in my own fat," if I have any more bite in my hair after giving the "haves" make it difficult for me to pray—as I do every night—"Forgive all, my God!" As to the "have nots," they are—lips in mind—that I shall "stew in my own fat," if I have any more bite in my hair after giving the "haves" make it difficult for me to pray—as I do every night—"Forgive all, my God!" As to the "have nots," they are—lips in mind—that I shall "stew in my own fat," if I have any more bite in my hair after giving the "haves" make it difficult for me to pray—as I do every night—"Forgive all, my God!"

We now want the manual workers to be revolutionary, not evolutionary—to claim real, not bogus, rights. The writing on the wall is now "God's rights or social ruin," Syndicalism, Socialism, on present lines, will merely precipitate the ruin. They are merely means to an end. If the end is to exact rights as men's, these expedients are merely means of accelerating social catastrophe. For this epoch the prime consideration is motive, not means. Given the motive—the good will—for what you term the objective standard of justice, there will be no difficulty as to means of realising it. As Archimedes is reputed to have said: "Give me a fulcrum, I will move the earth." I say: "Give me the money for this standard" (honesty to the producer), "I will move humanity."

We now want all these agitations for material readjustment to cease on the ground that the prime consideration is motive, not means. The principle that ownership-right exclusively appertains to God, and on the practical realisation of this principle as the nearest approximation to equal distribution of God's property—the general wealth. The means of effectuating this right distribution—whether through the present system of control and ownership, or through the State in conjunction with the industrial worker—is
merely a matter of expediency. The vital matter is of motive—to exact rights as exclusively appertaining to God. Failing this sole moral and religious motive, the practice of revolution cannot result in the one purpose of establishing this, the only revolutionary motive and principle, expressed in my phrase: "No rights but God's!" Guild-Socialism, State-Socialism, Syndicalism, Equalism—all are founded on penalisation of individual influence involving robbery of God—is a matter entirely secondary to that of establishing the moral motive and principle. When workers, as a revolutionary body, are organised according to this motive and principle, we shall co-operate with other nations similarly constituted to accomplish this moral motive and principle as their sanction for revolution there will be no need for strikes, general or sectional.

God-is penalisation of individual affluence involving robbery of the moral motive and principle. When we, as a nation, can monopolise abundance while another has not the where-withal to buy it, this morally unjust, notoriously unpopular, notoriously undemocratic, act is the visible proof of the acceptance of a measure notorioustly unjust, notoriously unpopular, notoriously undemocratic, passed by unconstitutional methods, and insolent contempt of the people by their paid servants. Therefore, I hold that everyone who sticks a stamp in full knowledge of these facts commits an unpardonable and abashed of, and in nine cases out of ten he is ashamed. But why does he do it?

You may think, Sir, that I am making too much of the stamp-licking, but I hold that this rite is the outward and visible sign of the manner in which the men who are required to lick the stamps at the bidding of an under-sized Welshman. There are millions of Liberals who ought to have retained enough independence of spirit to break with their party where their party broke with the first principles of its existence. There are millions of working men who ought to have retained enough independence of spirit to put up a fight for the liberty and their right to work in peace. Where are these men?—Sticking stamps.

It is the cook and the housemaid who are getting the sack because they refuse to get cards, it is a "daily girl" who is refusing to go back though her late mistress now offers to pay the whole 6d. if she will only accept a card. It is a housemaid who is asking her employer, for the third month in which she has not been paid, to give her £10. Isolated, we agree, each of the Persons may he his fellow citizens and tell you with a smile that he wonders they put up with it, or that a canvasser for an industrial association of which I am one of the original members and hon. secretary to pay my fine, so would Lady Desart, who runs a heavy risk. And so here one little man has said "the Insurance Act is now the law of the land" and another, whose appearance alone belies his words, has uttered the phrase "If I were dictator," for this these men of the towns lie down and lick the stamps, I mean. As a Newbury farmer I say last Thursday, "England has never been so frightened since the days of the Spanish Armada. You men are so frightened that if the law said that after licking the stamp you had to lick Lloyd George's boots you would go and do it. I know you would!"

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Now, Sir, consider of Tory squires and gentlemen who ought to have retained enough independence of spirit to refuse—in bullet-headed fashion—to stick stamps at the bidding of an under-sized Welshman. There are thousands of Liberals who ought to have retained enough independence of spirit to break with their party where their party broke with the first principles of its existence. There are millions of working men who ought to have retained enough independence of spirit to put up a fight for the liberty and their right to work in peace. Where are these men?—Sticking stamps.

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with enough stories of battles and bloodshed to satisfy the most exacting fire-eater. They certainly gave a pretty good account of themselves fighting against the Greeks, and Romans found them no easy task.

When dispersed in small communities over Europe and held in the Ghettos, the Jews were curtailed in the field as in every other walk of human life. "Romney" draws too much on his imagination in comparing their condition with that of the Irish. The Irish found refuge with people of their own faith and were not treated as social outcasts, which was the lot of the Jews. If the Jews once have their liberty and desire to test the larger world without had to do so at the cost of his religion and identity. Even the French Revolution, which gave liberty to every race and religion, denied it to the Jew; and it was not till four hundred years later, when a modicum of liberty was given them. It is only with the decrease of tolerance that the Jew could proclaim himself as such and take his place as citizen, and that he has not been false to his ancient tradition is seen by the fact that he gives more than his quota to every army.

As to "Romney’s" sporting offer, I can only recommend him to take his gladiators to “Wonderland.” Of the few pretty things Jews have newly cornered “Romney” has omitted mention. But I do believe that mere brute force should be the only qualification of a soldier. What says Ulysses? "He lay in concord nostro pectora sunt potiora manus; vigor omnibus in illis." MICHAEL DAVES.

THE BRITISH EMPIRE

Sir,—The time has come when all clear-headed men should frankly recognise the fact that we are living in the last days of the British Empire. All the well-known signs are present. Not many years ago Mr. Chamberlain boasted of the "splendid isolation" of Britain. Anyone who spoke that way now would be manifestly a fool. Britain now lives by alliances, by her link with the barbarians divided. A few years ago the British Navy was supreme in every sea; now it is supreme only in the North Sea. Perhaps the best evidence of Britain’s decline is that in Berlin there will no longer even be anybody to pay any attention to the greatest dangers. Once every move of Russia was watched with suspicion. To-day she can do what she does not unite with Germany. It is the universal opinion of Canadians, Australians, and New Zealanders that the main attack on the Empire will come from Japan and China; but it is impossible to get the British people to give even a thought to that subject. They are completely hypnotised by Germany, and cannot see that there are many Germans!

As nothing can save the Empire, the task of wise men should be to bring it to an end in the most humane manner. Empires do not usually end pleasantly. If the British Empire is ended by force, there will be a huge war indemnity, great loss of life, and a vast number of widows and wooden-legged men. Of course, all the British territories abroad will have to go. If Britain will now make up her mind to abandon her territories, she can avoid all the rest. Stripped of her possessions, Britain would be as safe as Sweden or Switzerland.

The Mother Country should, therefore, frankly inform South Africa, Australia, and New Zealand that she can no longer afford to maintain them. She will try to make as lenient terms for them as possible with other Powers. It would be very easy to arrange for the peaceful surrender of South Africa to Germany. If Australia and New Zealand would agree to pass under the Japanese flag, and adopt Japanese as the official language, no doubt it could be arranged that they should retain a large measure of home rule. India and Egypt should at once be given home rule, under a guarantee from the Powers. Canada is in a very favourable position, for the United States will undoubtedly protect her from foreign conquest; yet I think annexation will be insisted on in exchange for this protection. That will not hurt Canada however.

All this sounds unpleasant, but would really work out very well. No people was ever made less happy by the loss of an empire. They had more freedom and peace, as the loss of her empire than she ever had when she was "great." Spain has advanced more, intellectually and morally, since she lost her independence than Britain has in the preceding four hundred years. Denmark and Switzerland have more freedom and fewer burdens than Germany. Britain will live fifty years after her empire is gone. I am sorry for Australia and New Zealand, but it would be a monstrous crime to sacrifice forty-five millions of people to any attempt to save five millions. British Columbia.

R. B. KERR.

THE GILBERT AND ELLIS ISLANDS.

Sir,—Really your correspondent, Mr. Mervyn Roberts, seems to be somewhat nigh in his ideas as to "what the Empire is." Does he really think that the elegant dude who now presides over the Colonial Office is seriously going to interfere with the years’ notice of the Pacific Phosphate Co. to "develop our imperial patrimony"! As for his base insinuation against the late Sir John Stanmore, ex-Commissioner of the Pacific, I think, well, really, what on earth is the use of being a member of the Government if Satrap Class if one is to be prevented from paying natives blessee on the ground of sixteen a ton for phosphorus selling in Europe now at £20 a ton. If our Bureaucrats are to be subjected to petty persecution of this nature, we shall soon find Bureaucrats at all, and for all we know they may take to honest work in shipbuilding, and what is to become of the "Hemiphere" then, donker know? By the way, to show the contagious effect of good example overcoming moral resistance the following little numbers may be quoted: not many hundreds have within the last two or three years been successfully "developing" the island of Makatea, north of Tahiti.

A French company has been formed to "exploit" (appropriate word that) the phosphate deposit in that island, and the natives who had the bad taste to lay claim to the land of the said island receive royalties from one to two pence per ton for phosphorus worth in Europe about fifty shillings, say 62 francs. Instead of carping criticism ought we not rather to admire these companies who thus give a practical proof of their destitution of the pernicious system of royalties by cutting the same down to zero—or as near thereto as they can get?

In the meantime let us recognise that it is very kind of Mr. Harcourt to negotiate with the Pacific company for the payment of a further contribution for the special benefit of the natives of Ocean Island, who have no right there at all. F. I. S.

Sir,—The elaborate game of bluff now being played by us in the name of the Colonial Office the fact that he gives more than his quota to every army.

The Queen knew same of the facts stated by Mr. Pointer, he appears in Bond Street. Our name by Mr. Harcourt of the Colonial Office was more displayed on July 29 in Parliament, when, in reply to Mr. Pointer, the Colonial Secretary admitted that he knew some of the facts "but not others." But there is no doubt that Mr. Pointer’s facts, whether known or unknown to Mr. Harcourt, are all real facts; and they constitute incomparable evidence of the decay of our Colonial administration. Among the concessionnaires of the valuable phosphates of these Islands were the late Lord Stanmore, ex-Commissioner of the Pacific. Now that he is dead we can distinctly state that it looks at least as if he had spied out the land while still a Government servant and turned his knowledge to account for himself and his friends when he hastily retired. Others of his colleagues were, or are, Sir W. H. Lever, Sir Edwin Durning Lawrence, Lord Balfour of Burleigh and another ex-Government official. These gentlemen still pose in public life as purists of one kind or another. The public little guesses the source of a great deal of wealth. In further reply to Mr. Pointer, Mr. Harcourt announced that inquiries would be made of the Company itself. How very obliging! But what should we say if King Leopold had graciously offered to have our own Company? Mr. Morel would have been jumping in all the papers, and another Liverpool man, Sir W. H. Lever, would have subscribed for the purpose. (But the way you know that Sir W. H. Lever has now concessions in the Congo—was that the Return our English Reformers had in prospect? The facts about the Gilbert and Ellis Islands are as simple as they are shameful. For a beggarly 6d. per ton of phosphate, paid to the Government, a private company, founded as they can get?

Sir,—I call the attention of readers of the New Age to an article by Mrs. Florence Barclay in the "Women Teachers’ World." As if from a safe position the writer addresses a message to the teachers of the young. I had thought that the age of childish inquisitions in the public Press had gone by; but, apparently, I was mistaken.

Mrs. Barclay, it is true, has established for herself among certain of the reading public here in England, a name, and I refer to the opinion, in American estimation as a writer of fiction, or the wordy sentimentality which passes for fiction. I must say of Mrs. Barclay’s merits as a novelist, however, it is not my intention to be critical. But I do desire to say a word apropos her remarks on education.
At the present time there are new and splendid opportuni-
ties presenting themselves to teachers throughout the world. The cheapening, and ready accessibility to all, of the most important literary classics and of knowledge gene-


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something or other in the "fertile soil of the human mind"


the parish where her husband ministers.


once a little child," she says. This type of truism Mrs.


A QUESTION.


SNAPSHOT. IMPUDENCE.


your place is to review books in your nasty


A QUESTION.


YOU might also publish this is taking action against you.


Newnham women. Eut


and I am going away now for a much-needed rest. How-


Such work brings its own reward. I hear another author


I, to be termed vulgar, by you!


with which it is concerned. Mrs. Mackirdy may have


maddened by the fact that "General Booth and


paper which I, who am so well known in my parish church


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yellow press. Have you seen the "shot" of the Prince of


something or other in the "fertile soil of the human mind"


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