THE NEW AGE
A WEEKLY REVIEW OF POLITICS, LITERATURE, AND ART.

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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Lord Robert Cecil’s prophecy during the debate on Friday that “no Government would ever again be defeated in the House of Commons” ought, if anything can, to indicate where Parliament now stands. The Caucus, it is clear, has at last succeeded in its darling object, which was “to safeguard and doubly safeguard the rights of a Parliamentary majority.” But in accomplishing this object the Caucus has at the same time destroyed every safeguard for securing that the powers of its protégé shall be exercised rightly. There is literally nothing now left between the nation and the Cabinet. The latter is indeed in a more powerful position than any personal sovereign has ever been in England. Unfortunately, too, it so happens that the only hypothetical check upon a despotic Cabinet is missing at the very moment when it is needed most: there is no alternative Government to be created from the Opposition. The Tory party, as any tyro can plainly see, is not merely on its last legs, it is already in a condition of decadent fragmentariness. With the final transfer of the centre of national gravity from Land to Capital the very reason for its existence will disappear. Liberal and Tory will become—have already become—two wings simply of Capitalism, with as little reason for even mock differences between them as barely sustain a division of benches. Under current conditions, the chances of an alternative Cabinet are therefore more than remote, they are non-existent. The dictatorship of the Cabinet is firmly established.

It is useless at this time of day to analyse the causes that have led to the rise of the Cabinet and the concurrent decline of Parliament. Future historians will only need to note that among the doctrines which proved our ruin was the apparently commendable doctrine of the corporate responsibility of the Cabinet. That the several Ministers of the Crown should be individually responsible and that the dismissal or resignation of one should not involve the rest are axioms which perhaps were acted upon too rigorously in the past; but the contraries of these doctrines are certainly being pushed at this moment to an insane extreme. There is, we believe, nothing in the form of conviction, opinion or even common honesty, which would induce a Cabinet Minister nowadays to resign and jeopardise a Ministry; and equally, it must be admitted, there is nothing he can say or do that will not be slavered over and finally swallowed by his colleagues for the sake of preserving their idolaous unity. As for the Commons itself, and, in particular, its majority, we have still to discover in recent history—in the history, that is, of the last seven years—a single occasion on which they have not considered the safety of the Ministry first, and their duty to the nation secondly and subordinately. And how should they not, since they owe their seats to the Ministry’s servants and hope, most of them, to owe the Ministry much more than their seats before their brief candle is extinguished?

Mr. Asquith may contend, if he pleases, that in spite of all these momentous changes in the spirit of the Constitution, the prestige of Parliament remains as high as ever. But it is not true. Among the cinema-sodden mob, doubtless, Parliament is still what it was, and would be if even it ceased to meet except to rubber-stamp the decrees and interdicts of the Cabinet. Among the few, however, whose minds are above their eyes and belies, Parliament has not only lost prestige, but it is rapidly becoming the most contemptible of surviving institutions. And nothing that is being done, or that appears about to be done, promises the least recovery. When ambitious persons or bodies are in pursuit of power they preach that power brings responsibility; but when they have attained power their sense of responsibility vanishes. Even so the present Cabinet, before its last competitor was defeated, was so warm in sentiment that butter would melt, you would say, in its mouth. Attention was then paid to the shiest whispers of the electoral public; but for two years now, and at this moment above all, the Cabinet, like every other unmitigated authority (save divine genius alone) presumes on its powers, stops up its ears, hardens its heart, and behaves generally like...
the maddest of Pharaohs. Someone remarked during
the debate that the present Cabinet, the greatest of all Cabinet's decisions do not and
in Parliament are heard only by Hansard, what reason
is there for the Press to report them or the public to
read them, or anybody to comment on them? With
an absolute Cabinet in existence, it is as idle to spend
one's day and nights in political study
as and Parliament grows power-
less; and as Parliament grows powerless, its members
become objects of merited contempt.

We are not defending, be it noted, this laissez-
ally attitude of the public, but we are explaining it. And
the explanation appears to us to carry the indifference
a long way into the future. It is not to be expected
that the electorate, accustomed to the periodical de-
bauch of the polls, will unlearn all at once its relish for that
kind of amusements-but in time, even in England
where ideas travel more slowly than elsewhere, the
realisation will dawn on the common mind that, for all
the effect popular votes have on the Cabinet, they might as well be blown. In short, mugwumps will increas
crease and multiply in Parliamentary, as they have increased and multiplied in municipal, elections. That
will be merely one effect. But other effects are much
more serious. With the decline in the prestige of Par-
liament will disappear also the last remaining induce-
ment to politicians to behave with tolerable honesty.

The corruption of which we have heard so much lately
will become a fact very shortly if it is not a fact to-day.
Therein, indeed, lies the one real horror whose pro-
spect we, well frightened by the more into its senses
and teach it to regain control over its servant now be-
come its master. For of all nations in the world the
English has the greatest horror of open corruption; and if
it is passed away, it is also the last remaining induc-
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The character of the Cabinet that has achieved the
untimbered dictatorship of England should be carefully
examined. Without in the least intending by the phrase
any even oblique respect for any established religion, we may say that the present Cabinet is through and
through atheist or, what is the same thing, materialist.
It follows, as a matter of course, that with or without
their deliberate intention, the actual operation of their
legislation is in the direction of mechanism; and mechan-
ism, too, of the type which prevails in the physi-
ological speculation of the day. We have repeatedly urged
that every piece of social legislation for which the
present Cabinet has been responsible has had the effect,
designed or not, of paralleling the experiments of the
physicist in the laboratory: reducing the natural and
historic composites of society to their primitive indivi-
dualist atoms and thereafter putting these together again as syntheses controlled by State officials.
The effect on society itself, however, of this barbarity is in-
calculably disastrous; for the mechanisation simply does not act as living groups of persons, but merely as
groups bound partly by fear and partly by a cash nexus.
Thus it is that every "corporate" sense is dying out from
England as a state. Unfortunately, it is almost impossible to say that the very sense of nationality is dying out
amongst us. We mingle without knowing, live with-
out loving, and die without regretting, each other. And
more and more, rather than less and less, will this state of things come to prevail while materialists in the form
of men are placed in power over us. The qualities,
nevertheless, of which, when they are alone, the disin-
tegration of the nation is the consequence, are, when
duly balanced by other qualities, indispensable in states-
manship. We have never denied that the present
Cabinet, on its political side, is the strongest ever
known in England. In the sphere of governmental mechanism the present Ministry seems to have both the
skill and the good fortune to be good. Everything polit-
ical goes well with them. The South African Union,
the Imperial Conference, the Abolition of the Lords' Veto—all these have been accomplished within the short
space of seven years; and to these may be added Irish Home Rule, Welsh Disestablishment, the Reform for
the Lords, and Electoral Reform, within a compara-
tively short time. If nations lived by re-arrangement of
Imperial and local administrative areas, by the perfec-
tion of their machinery of living, England might at this
moment be flourishing under all nations, like individuals (who are not brutes), live by admira-
tion, hope and love, by maintaining, that is, the natural
ties due to the natural passions of man. In respect of these, as we have said, the present Cabinet is a disinte-
grating force purely. Swift to devise means for re-ar-
ranging the machinery of administration, its invention
in the matter of society proper is barren. Neither in
sociology nor in economics, neither in the soul nor the
body of the nation, has the Cabinet any knowledge,
insight or skill.

We have but to examine two of the social debates of
the past week to note the shameless confessions of help-
lessness made by Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Buxton
respectively. The former is in the midst of the middle
impu dent demagogue yet hatched in this country; but
the latter we hitherto regarded as a politician with,
least, a vestigial sense of political decorum. In the
course of his reply on the subject of Imperial and local
taxation Mr. Lloyd George as good as admitted that,
whatever he had declared to the contrary in the past,
he and the Government had no policy on the subject
to-day. When it is remembered that this very problem was
raised by Mr. Buxton himself in 1906 and that you clared by him in 1911 to be urgent, and promised "ex-
pedient, treatment" in the same year, the impertinence
of his admission of Wednesday is obvious. No doubt
there are difficulties in the problem. It would not be a
problem, in fact, unless there were difficulties to be
overcome in it. But a Cabinet that deliberately raised
the question and secured support on the strength of
promising a solution, have no right, when the moment
of fulfilling its promise comes, to declare that they have,
after all, no solution whatever. And even more offensive
abdications of responsibility, however, was committed
by Mr. Buxton on the following day. For he had the
effrontery not only to admit that the Government had had
no policy on the subject since ages, but to go so far as to say that Mr. Snowden, the mover of the amendment, for failing
to produce a "concrete and practicable proposal." Who,
at his best, is Mr. Snowden, a private and
almost insignificant Member of Parliament, to lay down a
policy for a Minister paid £5,000 a year to devise a
policy of his own? Nothing, of course, would better
suit lazy or stupid Ministers than to draw the emolu-
ments of office and to perform only the work of critics.
And that is precisely the attitude now being generally
adopted by members of the Government. Indisposed
to do anything themselves, they perpetually endeavor
to throw the onus of devising measures upon private
Members, when they can enjoy the satisfaction of criticising
these measures, instead of securing the Opposition instead
of his Majesty's Government.

The debate itself was the subject of a good deal of
self-congratulation on the part of those who shared in
it; but in a careful reading of it we have failed to find
much light. Mr. Snowden, who was afterwards infor-
mated that he had risen to heights of statesmanship in
his speech, really contributed nothing either to the
statement of the problem or, still less, to its solution.
We are all familiar now with the fact that real wages
have declined by over 20 per cent. since 1895, and that
they are still declining. Everybody is equally aware of
the fact that the workmen who suffer from it do not
like this state of things. But the mendicancy in broad-

March 20, 1913
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**The New Age**

A modicum of credit is due to Mr. Chiozza Money and Mr. Amery for the manifest pains they had taken to prepare their speeches, at any rate. At his present rate of progress, indeed, we do not despair of Mr. Money one day discovering the gravity of his blunder in supporting as a political principle for an Wednesday Motion disposed of the single-taxers in a series of arguments which appeared first, our readers may recollect, in The New Age of February 13. Carried a little further, the same line of reasoning should convince Mr. Money that nothing short of the abolition of the wage-system can effect the economic emancipation of labour. Neither "amelioration" by State doles nor even State Collectivism can alter the laws of economics which assign to the instruments of production, be they labourers or horses or raw material, their subsistence value only. So long, in fact, as Labour remains in its present status of an instrument, but not an owner of the means, of wealth, so long will it be use less to attempt to raise wages as to ordain by Act of Parliament that water should flow uphill. Mr. Amery, though not flying high, soared at least in his speech to the heights of the economics of the "Spectator." He, it appears, like the "Spectator," has the notion that the final test of any economic legislation is its effect on the total national production. Well, let us take him at his word; for we are not without one important qualification, to accept this as the criterion of economic progress. The question to be discussed is therefore whether, in the first place, the nation is as well ordered for quantitative production as it can be under the existing arrangements; and, if the given proposed change would be likely to improve or reduce the total output. About the first part of the question there is, we imagine, no doubt in anybody's mind. Our annual national productivity can only be described, in the light of the recent Census, as disgraceful. That it is greater than the productivity of the Patagonians, or even than that of the Russians, is no great achievement, but that it should amount, with all our machinery, natural resources and fanatical devotion to business, to little more than a beggarly hundred pounds per head per annum is a reflection on the organisation ability of our marvellous captains of industry. But what is needed to increase this production to an amount compatible with a respectable general civilisation? The "Spectator," if we remember, suggests that what is necessary is more capital. Capital, in the form of machinery, credit, etc., should become so plentiful that its rent or interest should fall to a figure that almost anybody could pay. The fallacy, however, in this simple proposition is that it may be assumed by the "Spectator" that Capital created in England has at least a preference, if not a necessity, for being employed in England, even in competition with itself. But the world-market is under no such illusion. Before Capital nowadays can become appre-

ibly "cheap" in one country, it must be relatively as cheap in every other country in the world. There are not two prices for the same thing in the same market; and with every new ocean-going steamer, with every new cable, the world-market tends more and more to become a single market. The notion therefore that Capital may become cheap as well as plentiful in England while abroad it is at once dear and rare, is antiquated. Capital can only become cheap when the world-market is surfeited with it. On the "Spectator's" argument, the question should therefore have to wait for the least developed country to catch up with the most developed, before the latter could hope to raise wages by means of cheaper capital.

Mr. Amery's contention is a variation of the argument of the "Spectator." To produce the maximum annual amount of commodities all that is necessary, according to Mr. Amery, is to have if we have been fatigued by extension of our foreign markets. There is something in this, but not much; and the little it contains is likely to grow less as international capitalism develops. Our contributor, Mr. Joseph Finn, concludes this week his series of articles advocating international trusts as more practicable alternative to Socialism; but, in truth, as financiers know, the ideal of Mr. Finn is already in process of realisation. But to the same extent that international capitalism develops, the production of one country must approximately to that of another. Wages and wages fall to the same relative level in practically all parts of the world. Again, in short, by Mr. Amery's argument as by that of the "Spectator," the solution of the problem of low wages in England is made to wait upon the rest of the world; in the case of the "Spectator," until capital has developed the least developed country on the map; in the case of Mr. Amery, until the effective demands of other countries, over and above their own supplies, set governments more laboured in this country to satisfy them. But by the time that these conditions are reached England assuredly will have more difficult problems than those of low wages to meet. We doubt, indeed, if there will by that time be an England to meet them. If we have been fatigued by contending, as Jeremiah says, with the footmen of the world, how shall we fare when our enemies are horsemen? If with our long lead in industry, our providential resources, our superiority in business character over the rest of the world, we are prepared for the problem of poverty and low wages, it is not to be expected that when these advantages are universal we shall then excel. On the contrary, in quantitative production alone, as far as we can see, England is already faltering short, and sooner or later, we shall never obtain a superior quality of production. But from wage-labour we have obtained, it appears, a quantity of production not inferior to that of other countries. But from wage-labour we shall never obtain a superior quality of production. For quality is only character and spirit externalised. To bewitch the world with noble craftsmanship, therefore, it is essential that our workmen be emancipated from their present status of wage-slaves. And we know no means of doing this save the establishment of National Guilds.
Current Cant.

“My relations with foreign powers ... my government ... my dominions of Canada ... my ministers ... my dominions of New Zealand ... my Indian empire ... my governor-general ... my Indian subjects ... my commissioners.”—King George V.

“It might be said by some that we are over-educating the native in Western civilization, but our rule in India can only be justified if we do what we can towards the enlightenment and the progress of the people of that country.”—Lord Ashtorn of Hyde.

“Captain Arthur Wood, son of Field-Marshal Sir Evelyn Wood, and Captain Henry Green, D.S.O., are perceived to-night at the Aldershot Hippodrome as the ‘Two Captains.’ They were educated together at Beaumont College and Sandhurst. ... Their ‘turn’ concluded with Tosti’s ‘Good-bye,’ sung with a rapturous accompaniment.”—Daily Mirror.

“It is sheer bunkum to talk about Royalty being above politics, the law, and everything else. ... Their Majesties jot down their opinions daily in two diaries. One is written with a view to its being published.”—London Mail.

“The sweetest thing of all in connection with a large business is to watch young men and young women gradually grow into strong positions and receive the remuneration to which they are entitled.”—Gordon Selfridge.

“Week-ends are killing the work of God in London and in many a city.”—Rev. G. Anderson Millar.

“Society in these latter days has developed a new conscience. ...”—J. B., in the “Christian World.”

“At what age is a man most attractive to a woman?”—Daily Mirror.

“Thanks largely to Mr. Winston Churchill, the unrest that prevailed in India has been removed. The men are all the better for what has been done for them, and through the abolition of discontent the country has been appreciably strengthened.”—Leeds Mercury.

“Were London’s posters ever better or more varied than at the present time? By day the streets are a pageant, by night a carnival, and for the man with imagination ... the posters provide stuff from which to weave our dreams.”—Fox-French.

“Ladies and Gentlemen,—We beg to offer ourselves as candidates for the office of Guardians. ... We come forward as candidates free from party bias, our sole desire being to work in the interests of the unfortunate and the sick and infirm. ... Our programme, if elected, would be:—Out-Relief: To see that the aged, particularly those between sixty and seventy, who have to apply for relief, have it granted adequately, so as to keep them in their own homes, and prevent them from having to go inside the workhouse. For, once they lose their homes and go inside the workhouse, they become a permanent charge upon the rates. Thus, from a ratepayer’s point of view, the humane policy is as best, as in the interest of the poor again.”—James E. Ward, Mrs. L. Amy Thomas, William S. Robinson.

“Mr. John Masefield, the writer, has shed so many tears of ink over the white slave and the village drunkard that the question naturally rises to the lips—what is Mr. Masefield’s attitude towards the defenceless animals?—To our sorrow we write it—he is to be found in the camp of the vivisectors.”—The Animals’ Guardian.

“The toast of ‘Literature’ will be proposed by the Archbishop of Canterbury.”—Lord Curzon.

“We are now attacking, and we are mastering, the very fundamental facts of existence.”—L. Britton.

“You have a soul for music. But your soul, developed under Pedereuwelik’s personal instruction by means of the metröstyle of the Pianola Piano-player, will make you a far better musician than you can ever hope to be. ...”—The Aeolian Company.

Foreign Affairs.

By S. Verdad.

Once more we have heard the old, old story. Mr. Asquith, in reply to Lord Hugh Cecil, denied that the Government had entered into any undertaking to send a large force of troops to the Continent for the purpose of assisting France, etc., etc. Readers of The New Age will recollect, no doubt, the history of this undertaking. Mr. Jowett, some eighteen months ago, vainly endeavoured to extract from Sir Edward Grey some definite statement regarding the obligations which the British Government had entered into with France. To set the matter at rest I propose to set forth exactly how the matter stands at present.

The original undertaking to support France against Germany in time of war was given by the Balfour Cabinet in or about 1904, when the Anglo-French Agreement was signed. When the Morroco crisis arose in 1905 it was Great Britain’s definite threat of interference which prevented war between France and Germany and led to the amicable settlement at the Algeciras Conference. This settlement, as we know, did not prove to be permanent. However, it is expected that it would. Constant bickerings led to the Agadir crisis later on; and the autumn of 1911 once again found France and Germany facing one another like determined enemies. This time the situation was more serious; but the Balfour Cabinet, when they were confirmed in office by the autumn, had to recast its military plans. The Slav revolt, made it necessary to convert the Turks into a military force, and to set forth exactly how the matter stands at present.

The first month of the Balkan war showed clearly enough that the whole military situation of Europe had completely changed. The military attaches of the new states in the neighbourhood of Albania, who could be rapidly transplanted to the army, were under the impression that the Turks had at least a firm ally in the Balkan States. Germany and led to the amicable settlement at the Agadir conference of 1911.
the reservation is this: If Germany attacks, English support will instantly be forthcoming for France; but England will not support France if any attempt be made by the French war party to take aggressive action with a view to the recovery of Alsace-Lorraine.

It is perfectly legitimate for Mr. Asquith or Sir Edward Grey to say that no undertaking has been given to France that a force of British troops will be sent to her assistance in time of war. An undertaking, agreement, or assurance, in diplomatic parlance, connotes, except in certain specified cases, a written document; and of written documents in this connection the Government is innocent. But the question asked by Lord Hugh Cecil was a trifling one, with all respect to his lordship. Opinion, surely, sufficiently familiar with German public opinion to be familiar with the aims of the German people. We know that a rising nation is expanding and throwing off the fetters of its spirit. Is not at all dead. But, as certain German aims are avowedly directed against us, it would be madness if we were not prepared to support our ally by military means. The Navy alone is insufficiency. It is all very well for the Kaiser to talk about German sacrifices in the War of Liberation, but Napoleon was not defeated at Leipzig, or even at Waterloo. He was defeated in Spain by the Duke of Wellington’s troops; and the battle of Vittoria, on June 13, 1813, was a more important factor in the liberation of the German States than the battle of Leipzig exactly a hundred months later in the year. At that time, remember, we were supreme on the sea; but Vittoria and Leipzig and Waterloo were more important than Trinflagar and Alouckir.

Now, these victories were gained, not by the Spanish troops alone, but chiefly by the British troops associated with them. It will be the same if war occurs between France and Germany. Much more will be at stake than the fate of Alsace-Lorraine. There will be a struggle for the hegemony of Europe; and we shall be lucky if it is confined to merely two or three nations. What, we may ask, will be the effect of a Franco-German war on the Slav races? It is on the Slav element that the Archduke Francis Ferdinand is relying for the preservation of his throne; for a rising Austria will never rest until that territory becomes Servian. Hence the grim energy which Vienna is insisting that the town of Scutari (including as a necessary concomitant the fortress of Monastir) shall be occupied, and the fate of Salonika has not yet settled. The revolution in all military theories which succeeded the Franco-German campaign furthered the arristic tendencies which had already started. Tactically there was, or seemed to be, a new heaven and a new earth, and the arrivistes seized the opportunity which swept away, or seemed to sweep away, the advantages of experience possessed by the older officers and placed everyone, general and subaltern, in the position of having to start afresh, on equal terms. "Individuality" was the cult of the time, and the idea arose that moral agility and self-advertisement could raise a man as well as moral worth and proved experience in action. * * *

The old spirit was ridiculously exaggerated. It made good regimental officers, but bad generals; for a man whose individuality had been eliminated to the extent of requiring to be very brave for fear he might become conspicuous was scarcely likely to display the moral courage and the enterprise of a great commander. However, good or bad, it has gone, and has been succeeded by a very inferior substitute. By arrivisme the French denote the attitude of the gentleman whose aim is the immediate success of number one, and to whom the ultimate interests of the regiment and the army are of secondary consequence—the man, in short, to whom truth, reality, and the construction of things that will endure matter not, provided he can be sure of a temporary success. There are varying degrees of this attitude: anyhow, it started in the post-Mutiny times with Wolseley, and today it is predominant. At first it was not altogether unuseful. Something was necessary to counterbalance the self-immolatory tendencies of the older school. But lately it has grown to an extent which threatens the morale of the whole British Services.

The dissension among the Balkan Allies has spread. Servia and Greece have reached what their representatives call a "tentative understanding"; but Servia, Greece, and Bulgaria insist emphatically on the justice of their separate claims to Monastir and the fate of Salonika has not yet settled. The theory of the court-martials was, of course, this—to gain the Victoria Cross (then quite a novel institution) was a piece of "push" and "side," and anyhow there were dozens or hundreds of other officers and men who did their duty bravely, and would have done the same as Wolseley or Roberts had occasion demanded. If the lucky conspicuousness which earned those two officers the decoration in question was not the result of mere good fortune, they must have gone out of their way to find it out, and probably neglected their proper duty in the process. In either case, there was nothing for them to "put on side" about.

How far we have travelled in spirit from then! Then was the aftermath of the old Peninsula days, and the doctrine of "the regiment first, and yourself nowhere" was so ingrained in every officer’s mind that there was nothing extraordinary in such a repression of individuality as is implied in the case of these court-martials. It was not that there was any diminution of the state—a narrow ideal, but a very real one. It is a strange thing that this fanatical esprit de corps was at its height at the very moment when the Manchester School was preaching an extreme individualism, or even anarchy. * * *

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The dissension among the Balkan Allies has spread. Servia and Greece have reached what their representatives call a "tentative understanding"; but Servia, Greece, and Bulgaria insist emphatically on the justice of their separate claims to Monastir and the fate of Salonika has not yet settled. The revolution in all military theories which succeeded the Franco-German campaign furthered the arristic tendencies which had already started. Tactically there was, or seemed to be, a new heaven and a new earth, and the arrivistes seized the opportunity which swept away, or seemed to sweep away, the advantages of experience possessed by the older officers and placed everyone, general and subaltern, in the position of having to start afresh on equal terms. "Individuality" was the cult of the time, and the idea arose that mental agility and self-advertisement could raise a man as well as moral worth and proved experience in action. * * *

This moral disintegration was completed by the South African War. It is characteristic of that unfortunate campaign that, whilst so bloody, it was scarcely ever to call upon the courage, skill, and discipline or self-abnegation to a greater extent than on occasion engaged in it, the guerrilla warfare and partisan fighting...
in which it abounded did make a very genuine demand upon the sharpness of men's wits. The idea arose, and persists, that battles may be won by trickery, as opposed to courage and self-sacrifice. The arriviste flourishes in an atmosphere like this. The moral qualities form three-parts of efficiency in war, and they are hard to cultivative. Self-discipline and trial are never pleasant things, and least of all will they recommend themselves to those who would only be too anxious to gain the world at the cost of their own souls. That skill, however, which forms the fourth part of efficiency can be cultivated easily enough, for nothing is simpler than the principles of war, and, for the rest, a knowledge of a few small books, an eye for country, and a certain amount of commonsense, coupled with the power (inherent in arrivistes and sycophants in general) of divining what the umpire wants, will carry a man very well through manoeuvres or any other peace training that he is likely to encounter. It is not until an inconsiderable enemy starts firing at you with genuine bullets that the need of moral training begins to assert itself—but your arriviste will risk that. Men of his character live in the present; and, after all, war may never come, whilst there is the certainty of present advancement.

Hence the vogue of fads which has plagued the army of recent years. Men gained a notoriety by advocating some silly innovation or other—the abolition of smoking, the use of tom-cats as scouts in the field, the cult of games amongst the rank and file, and other exaggerations of otherwise excellent notions, until they degenerate into nonsense. The arriviste at the top starts these things, the arrivistes all the way up gain favour and advancement by "running" them. Everybody else has a hearty contempt for the whole silly business, but it brings the arriviste promotion, and that is all he cares about.

But there is worse to come. Intrigue and unhealthy rivalry have arisen: esprit de corps is almost dead. The old regimental spirit was often an exaggerated thing, and in South Africa its narrowness was the origin of many disasters. But it had at least this virtue, that within the limits of the mess, men were brothers, and it was regarded as a shameful thing to intrigue or cabal against fellow members of your regiment. Now that is dead. A shameful competition for advancement has succeeded it, stopping at nothing, even at delation and the secret bearing of false witness against one's comrades—things commoner in the Army than anywhere except the Navy and the Civil Service, two institutions stricken with the same disease. At the same time, the men must be preserved; and as thirty odd men simply cannot live together on terms of open rivalry and enmity, whatever harm they may be working to one another in secret, the Army has become cursed with a thing which itself it would probably call a fact, but which I, as an unsympathetic observer, would prefer to stigmatise as treachery and dissimulation of the meanest sort. In the course of a short existence I have come across more varieties of nationality and profession than most men encounter in the course of longer lives, as I can understand it that the preserved, which I should be more inclined to mistrust than that of the British officer. He will be more pleasant to your face and more treacherous behind your back than anybody else, including politicians (to whom he has come to be an unfortunate resemblance). The business man is a George Washington in comparison, for to do that distressing species justice, they are at no pains to hide the fact that they are out to rob you, and make no pretence of honour in the game.

One must not be too hard on them. In their case, as in so many others in England, their dissimulation is due to that mental malady which we may call the "gentlemanly" one; I mean the fear of outraging outward decency and "good form" by revealing the un-

pleasant truth. And it is fair to say that certain individuals, and regiments, have made a stand against this sort of thing. Yet it has not availed them. For whether out of sheer contrariness, or from a spirit of sheer fatuity, which prevents them from seeing the reason of things, these have rushed to the other extreme, and in disgust at the self-seeking energy of the arrivistes have made a point of discouraging all energy whatsoever, and cultivating a bored and amiable listlessness which are likely to prove as disastrous in the day of trial as the opposite vices which they endeavoured to avoid.

What is to be done? It may be asked. Frankly, I do not know. A bloody war would sweep the arrivistes away all right—gentrify of that sort become less pushing when the bullets whiz about—but it might sweep the Army and the country away in the process. For the present I am inclined to say that the most effective remedy will be found in insisting upon the moral side of training, and in subjecting officers and men to a continuous course of physical and mental hardships—in short, by making peace training something likable. I am not unaware of the difficulties in the way of this, yet I do insist that in default of war itself, it is only by subjecting men to trials resembling those of war that we shall awake in them a conception of the moral qualities which war demands. When such a conception exists the arriviste will disappear at once. It will not pay to be one.

The New Capitalism, or International Partnership.

By Joseph Finn.

To mention "monopoly" as the future redeemer will, perhaps, shock many readers, and it is quite natural that it should, since in its present stage of development it is very repulsive. Why? Because it is only in the first stage of development. Socialism is not attractive in its first stage. Anti-Socialists often taunt Socialists with examples of the incapacity and clumsiness of the Civil Service. To this Socialists reply that the Civil Service is not a fair example of what Socialism would be when fully established. The same is true of monopoly. At present monopoly has to fight with competition, and whenever there is conflict of interest the victor is the monopolist. When monopoly has conquered competition, not only nationally, but also internationally; when all the industries of all the capitalist countries belong to international syndicates, then all will begin to reap the benefit of monopoly.

The monopolists themselves, as a class, are not yet aware that economic evolution is using them as agents to bring about a system of international partnership, although some individuals amongst them, like Judge Gary, the president of the U.S. Steel Trust, and a few others, gave signs of some awakening at the international conference of steel and iron magnates, held in Brussels in July, 1911. The writer conceived the idea of international partnership as a compromise between Capitalism and Socialism several years before the said conference took place. International monopoly or partnership should not, however, be looked upon as an invention, but as a discovery. It is a development going on now, and is rapidly growing. Like the early Socialists who observed the concentration of capital, leading in their opinion to Socialism, so does the present writer observe the trustification of industry, which, in his opinion, will lead to international partnership, though not before the eyes of both the working classes and the capitalists are opened to that development and its ultimate result. Then, instead of trying to fight monopoly in favour of competition, as the Government of the United States is doing now, they will reverse their policy—i.e., they
will help monopoly to crush the remnants of competition which have been doomed by economic evolution, and meantime will control the trusts, so that the people as producers and consumers shall not suffer whilst the process of evolution is going on.

Let us now take a review of the structure of international partnership: After monopoly shall have wiped out all competitive industries and businesses, and when all the workmen are amalgamated into inter-national syndicates, the result will be:—(1) Society will be composed of only two classes: the producers and the owners. Whether the latter will be few or many, it is at present impossible to predict. It is quite probable that they will be shareholders of the syndicates. (2) The international income, instead of being divided, as it is at present, amongst a variety of social functionaries, as landlords, bankers, merchants, shopkeepers, middlemen, all sorts of agents, brokers, speculators, travellers, etc.; instead of being expended on labour which has for its object the selling of goods simply; instead of being expended on the production of useless, harmful, and nasty things, as it is at present, in order to make trade; instead of being spent by these industrious armistries and in quantities on persons in want, owing to unemployment; instead of being wasted on the emigration of people from one country into another for the sake of business or the shooting of all that, the working income will be left to be divided between the above-mentioned two classes. Students of political economy will easily realise how much larger that income will then be, considering that all who are able to work amongst them will produce commodities that enormously-increased income will be enough to satisfy the most extravagant desires of the owners of capital, and to enable them to give the workers such favourable terms of employment and remuneration as they do not even dream of at present. (3) The universal law will be that all needing work must be employed by the owners of capital; that will be the basic principle of international partnership. Under old capitalism the "right to work" is an impossible principle. If you cannot assure the individual employer constant orders how can you compel him to give his workers constant work? Under the new capitalism there are no individual competing employers. The owners of international capital could easily, without any economic difficulty, so organise work that there will be no "busy" and no "slack" times. There will be no inducement for the capitalists to exploit the workers. Profits as now understood will cease. The capitalists would maintain certain numbers of workers to be employed in the production and supply of their own needs or even luxuries, whilst the rest would produce the needs of the working classes. Even assuming that the capitalists will require unheard-of luxuries, there would still be enough labour power left to supply the workers with an easy and comfortable living. Even to-day the productive capacity of labour, if given full play, could, so to say, smother mankind in riches. How much greater that productive power will then be can be imagined if we only consider one point. About thirteen millions of healthy men are now kept under arms in Europe alone, doing no useful work. Imagine such an army to set production wage! Under old capitalism such a thing would be a calamity, as the disbanding of so many idlers and letting them loose on the market would increase unemployment, bring down wages, and increase the "surplus." (4) With the cessation of modern commerce modern finance will disappear. Our metallic medium of exchange will become unnecessary. The precious metals, either as coins, or as security for paper notes, are necessary only under a system of trading between individuals and being accompanied with the buying and selling of goods. In exchange such a medium which in itself contains equal value to the goods for which it was exchanged. Under international partnership the distribution and exchange of goods are carried out by several international syndicates, each controlling throughout the civilised world its respective industry, and all amalgamated in one fraternity. Under such a system of society a medium of exchange is not at all necessary. Each person, whether capitalist or share-holder, could have a deposit book on the credit of that book to be entered the value in £ s. d. of his services, or the value of dividend due to him, and on the debit side the value of commodities or services he received. With the disappearance of the Stock Exchange, high finance, and all kinds of financial speculations and manoeuvres, which, next to modern commerce, are the chief causes of war.* (5) General security will prevail under international partnership. One of the gravest evils of competitive capitalism is the general insecurity which affects all classes. The working man is in constant fear of losing his job. The existence of the small trader hangs on a thread. Even the rich are not secure in their riches, as the following example will prove: During the financial crisis of 1907 in the United States—which was a slight affair in comparison with previous crises—various stocks in the State of New York alone depreciated in value by the fabulous sum of £1,000,000,000. The capitalists and workers would appoint certain numbers of workers from one country into another for the sake of business or the shooting of all that, and strife would naturally occupy themselves more and more with intellectual and moral pursuits. Material pleasures have not only a limit, but often cause pain when too much indulged in. Intellectual and moral pleasures are infinite, and would lead less to the overthrow of all the above arguments into consideration, it is quite reasonable to conclude that the relationship between the capitalists and the workers under the international partnership will be radically different from what they are to-day.

(6) The superiority of international partnership over all other reforms and plans for a social reconstruction consists of the following:—

(a) All other plans, more or less, propose to change existing institutions, with the exception of leap-frogging reform, which only bids you to allow the industrial evolution now going on in the form of "trustification" to proceed unhindered by foolish legislative measures, and to help it on to reach its final stage of "internationalism." (b) All other social schemes and reforms propose to take from one class and give to the other; but international partnership takes nothing away from any class. It secures the working classes in permanent work and a comfortable living, not by diminishing the income of the capitalists; on the contrary, it guarantees an income which will even be increased. International partnership derives its benefits from an increased national income derived from the elimination of economic waste. * It is hardly necessary to point out to the intelligent reader that, under international partnership, war will die a natural death. It has already been shown in a previous article how modern commerce, with its "surpluses" and "world market" is the chief cause of war. The cessation of competition for the world market will end the commercial jealousies between the various nations. Economically and materially, all countries will become one country, and that is bound to act politically on the various nations to regard each other as belonging to one country. The bonds of religion, language, and race are nothing in comparison with the bonds of material interests. The War of American Independence, the Civil War, the South African War, and others have proved the above statement beyond controversy. If Mr. Carnegie and others were to take the writer's advice, he would, instead of wasting his money on building "peace" palaces, and urging professors to compile statistics which one in a million might read, rather spend his money in propagating the idea of international partnership; and as a director of the United States Steel Corporation to do much to establish an international steel syndicate, which would go a long way towards the abolition of war. His lead might be followed by Rockefeller in establishing an international oil syndicate, by张先生 in establishing an international shipping syndicate, and by the Sugar King in establishing an international sugar syndicate. Four such international syndicates would almost be enough to lay the foundation for international partnership and peace. Will those four gentlemen take the hint and make themselves immortal?
The Civil Service.

By B. Walker Watson.

With whom resides the control of the Civil Service—
with the Crown, the Commons, or the Cabinet? Whatever the reader's answer it will probably be that of a misguided one, for it is often a three-card-trick of the deepest dye. Nor, as is the custom in this innocent pastime, is it for nothing that the question is put.

Giving first consideration to the King, as the head of a free country, we shall quickly pass on, because a free country is one in which a man must do as his fellow men wish. We may be servants of the Crown, loyal servants, too, but we know it to be one of those delightful fancies which we preserve along with our "As You Like It" and other essential romances. Even the King's Privy Council is nowadays but a shadow, and its functions merely formal, so much so that of late years membership in the council has been conferred upon notabilities as a sort of decoration! The formal adoption of Orders in Council, requiring the presence of only three members, is performed under the direction of a Cabinet Minister, who is himself ex officio a member. So much, then, for the Crown's effective authority over the Civil Service.

To our next card, the Commons. The Press never fails to remind us how a full House freely burns its midnight oil upon things Naval and Military. But who ever hears of an angry word or a dramatic passage being flung across the gangway when the third Ser- vice is under discussion? How often does one hear of a discussion even? It is true, there is opportunity when the Estimates come up for debate, but what an opportunity! Mr. Asquith exposed the position some years ago.

"With regard to the voting of public money, the theory of the Constitution was that the people's representatives were sent to the House of Commons to control the expenditure; but what was the practice? In 1904, under the Supply closure thirty-one millions of money were voted, not one item of which had ever been discussed, and yet this year the amount rose to fifty millions sterling. This was a most serious state of things. For it amounted to nothing more nor less than a creeping and progressive paralysis of the state of things. For it amounted to nothing more nor less than a creeping and progressive paralysis of the Parlia-

mentary organism."

Bringing the figures more up to date, it was in 1909 (the year when the Lords were informed that they were impotent in finance, and that the Commons were supreme). The House of Commons voted without dis-

cussion the sum of seventy-five millions. In 1912 the Supply Vote reached seventy millions, an amount equal to those of the Army and Navy combined. This year it will approach eighty millions. Yet under no circum-
stances does the House of Commons part with its privileges in the matter of supply! Some ten years ago a Select Committee on National Expenditure reported that—

"Six hundred and seventy members of Parliament, in-

fluenced by party ties, occupied with other work and in-

terests, frequently absent from the Chamber during the 20 to 23 Supply days, are hardly the instrument to achieve a close and exhaustive examination of the immense and complex Estimates annually presented."

Those interested in the question will find adequate confirmation in Sir William Anson's "Law and Custom of the Constitution." The fact is undeniable that the Commons do not exercise control over the Civil Service. The existence of the Caucus makes it difficult to imagine any sphere in which the Commons do possess real power. Certainly it is not that sphere which forms the subject of this article. After all, it is but a continuation chapter of the fiction, familiar to New Age readers, that the Commons are controlled by the electorate; the truth being, of course, that the economically dependent are grasping the power to choose their representatives from the nominees of the economically independent.

Then it must be our last card, the Cabinet, that holds the "lady." There is an interesting theory that to produce good results, to avoid the dangers of ineffi-
cient control, we ought to turn once again to the Society of Friends, the Quakers. As a form of government, it is necessary to have in any administration a proper combination of technical opinion with know-

ledge of the world. The collaboration of expert and layman is seen in the judge and jury; in the justice of the peace and his clerk, and, with the positions relevantly placed in the Cabinet Minister and the permanent officials of his department. The relations of the Minister with the Civil Servants immediately in touch with him are peculiar. The man of the world, temporarily placed in contact with workmen of the vocation, the life-work of the departmental experts, is from the first in an awkward dilemma. If he sets out to act boldly upon his own initiative, ignoring any course which propose, he is very likely to find himself guilty of glaring errors for which he alone is re-

sponsible. Advice ceases to be forthcoming, for the officials have a way with them, and know only too well how to bring to the book the Minister who disregards them. He makes a fool of himself, risks his reputation, and at last reluctantly decides for the future to place himself in the hands of the permanent staff. Or, if he is a glutton for work, he will get it in such proportions that the documents overwhelm him, and he is not long in coming to the conclusion that detail is not exactly his forte.

If, again, he is challenged in the House at question time, materials for the reply are usually prepared, often the actual answer is drawn up by the staff, and the reply is read in instrument verbatim. As a result, when a telling supplementary question is put he has to inform the Member that notice should be given of the question. It might be thought that question time would provide a splendid opportu-

nity to exercise a certain amount of control, at least, over the Service, but only those who have per-

suaded Members to seize the occasion can realise the shamelessly evasive nature of the majority of the replies.

George Higginbottom, afterwards Chief Justice of Victoria, once remarked in the Assembly,

"It might be said with perfect truth that the million and a-half of Englishmen who inhabit these Colonies, and who, during the last fifty years, have been possessed of self-government, have really been governed by a Cabinet Minister, who is himself ex officio a mem-

ber, during the whole of that time by a person named Rogers."

Sir Frederick Rogers (afterwards Lord Blachford) was permanent under-Secretary at the Colonial Office. He was succeeded by Sir Robert Herbert, who retired in 1892, and was referred to as the man "who controls the destinies of the Colonial Office."

These instances are quoted merely to show the possible power and scope of the permanent official. The fact is that Ministers, under the growing stress of the national business, are more and more cease to be administrators and have be-

come legislators. They are not always responsible even for the legislative ideas they put forward. With one or two notable exceptions, recent Ministers have taken their ideas from their officials, rather than from the heads of departments. Once more, the Cabinet do not control the Civil Service.

The Crown, the Commons, the Cabinet! The cards are exposed, but not the "lady." It is another Great Illusion, this three-card-trick. The British Constitution must really be made up of Great Illusions. At any rate it should be apparent that the control of the Civil Ser-

vice lies within the Service itself, and not with any of these constitutional authorities.

The questions naturally arise, How is this power built up, where situated, and in what way is it disposed of? The Service seems to be a self-contained, self-

controlled organism. How is it constituted? Is it a co-operative all or the early members of a mutual guild? Or is it arranged despotically, like the later and corrupt stages of such a guild? Professor Michael Sadler, Vice-Chancellor of Leeds University, in telling us what it should be, implies what it is. "In great Government offices everybody ought to work together and feel they are a part of a great co-operative enterprise." The statement is true, but both literally and by implication. But for such an enterprise the co-

opera-

tive feeling is at a discount, if the form is not at the same time so to assume the name. A perfect organism is one in which the spirit and the
framework are in complete accord, the one made for the other, whether it be a sonata or a sonnet, an egg, or a house. The success is comparatively easy to construct, since nothing more nor less than arrangement or re-arrangement is required in the process. But the spirit is the life of the thing, and cannot be so built up, but only fostered and developed. It will be well, therefore, to see how far the existing framework of the Civil Service is inspired with the co-operative feeling, or esprit de corps, or as New Age readers may prefer it, with the guild-spirit. Whatever the system of organisation, unless it be in- formed somewhere and somehow with the guild-spirit, it is a frame only, and already coffinied. On the other hand, the spirit may waste itself in beating ineffective wings against an inappropriate exterior. The immediate inquiry must be, Is the guild-spirit alive within the Service, and sufficiently alive to be a force worthy of a true home of its own?

II.

Although there exists in matters official an abundance of snobbishness and separateness in the Civil Service (and be it remembered that these are by no means the monopoly of any one class of society), yet in affairs that are less purely official there is one found a fellow-feeling which is one of the most remarkable features of Service life. Even the separateness which is caused by "water-tight compartments" is responsible for much crystallisation within the grades thus differentiated. The Separations are of appreciable numerical strength sooner or later gather themselves into an association, of membership ranging from hundreds to many thousands. It was but four months ago that a number of these bodies federated, and although so young, the Civil Service Federation, under the Presidency of Mr. Charles Duncan, M.P., already comprises more than 100,000 members. Its objects are to protect and to promote the interests of Civil Servants. Within a fortnight of its birth, the Federation gave evidence of its capacity for the Royal Commission on the Civil Service. The Chairman of the Commission, Lord Macdonnell, was quick to foresee the possibilities of this new body as a trade union of a most powerful character, for the State employs in a civil capacity nearly a third of a million servants. The Federation has a great future in store, particularly so if its members realise that its functions may be developed into something higher than the merely aggregative aspect. Its advisory and constructive powers may in time become invaluable to the State. The present programme includes the following reforms: The establishment of a Court of Appeal, or its equivalent; amendment of the Superannuation Act; inquiry into the application of the Insurance Companies Acts of Civil Servants; Establishment of all State employees; inquiry into Hours and general conditions of Service; removal of Civil Disabilities; together with a watching brief over the Royal Commission now sitting.

The Reform Insurance Societies shall next provide testimony of the powers of co-operation. The largest of these has, within twenty years, arraigned 30,000 policies, insuring nearly £9,000,000. Another, the Customs Fund, which is a good example of departmental enterprise, was established with £25,000,000 of well-invested stock, and is said to be one of the strongest of its kind in the world. There are Benevolent Funds, Orphanage Funds, Provident Societies galore. As a mere instance, one of these recently paid to the widow of a Civil Servant the sum of £1,000, for the support of her despairing child. Why should not a more divinely human expression of the guild-spirit? There is excellent work standing to the credit of the Post Office Sanatorium Society, and one finds even a voluntary fund for providing and endowing life-boats, which have already been the means of saving as many as seven hundred lives.

Finance receives, as one might expect, a due share of attention, with the presence of a Civil Service Bank, not to mention a useful Mutual Share Purchase Society. As for activities of general consumption, the "Stores" are world-famous. The amount of business done by the C.S.S.A. is not far below two million pounds annually. Its messengers are privileged to pass through the various Government buildings, to make the rounds all day, and to deliver the goods in the course of the afternoon, a convenience much used and valued by the subscriber. This is only one of the many similar societies, amongst which may also be mentioned the Dublin Guild, the Glasgow Guild, the Cardiff Guild, and the free-thinkers' Guild, which goes even further with its food requirements, for there are a number of refreshment clubs serving up thousands of meals daily in a highly efficient and economical manner under the control of elected office committees.

The guild-spirit is equally active in sport and amusement, and it is only to begin by mentioning into a catalogue that the multitudinous sports, arts and rifle clubs shall be given only this mere reference. The Civil Service Rifles, however, cannot be so passed over. They form one of the most intelligent and best trained of the Territorial battalions. The "Daily Telegraph" Cup, which, as is well known, necessitates the severest tests, was lifted by them for four successive years and against all comers. Finally, to pile proof upon proof no longer, the literary energies of the Service find an outlet in a score of well-founded monthly periodicals, which are managed and maintained almost exclusively by Civil Servants.

Here, surely, is a sufficiency of guild-spirit, and enough to move mountains, were it coupled with a little more faith, a little more consciousness, a little more direction. Everything and anything that is productive of all, it has yet to turn. As will be shown, the Service is so controlled as to preclude even the desire, certainly not the opportunity, to harness all this scattered energy and to concentrate it upon official work, the very work for which it is recruited.

One might say, with perfect justice, that the Service is a guild in the making, for the spirit is intensely alive. It should be a pleasant and affable profession indeed. But is it? There is something wrong somewhere. The great labour unrest of the industrial world has crept in, even here. The Service, notwithstanding all its possibilities, is unhappy. Permeated with grievances, of which comparative poverty is not the least, it is murmuring more and more in discontent. Its spirit is consuming away upon a hotbed of everlasting agitation. Royal Commissions, inquiries, massed protest meetings, wholesale canvassing of Members of Parliament, what do all these mean? Is not the Service its own master, in spite of Crown, Commons, and Cabinet? Truly enough, it may be self-contained and self-controlled, but it is the disposition of the controlling power that causes the trouble. The reins are in the hands of a small central group of men (as is natural), but these men are of one class, one education, one god. They might well be called the Reform Service Committees, for they are but an administrative counterpart of the Caucus which dominates the political world.

Their attitude is signified by caste and its by-products, patronage and favouritism. Their esprit de corps is as concentrated as it is narrow. They are not as other Civil Servants are. It was one of the greatest of them who spoke of a quite excellent, but scandalously-served grade as "the scum of the Service." It is a grim bit of humour that some years ago the Service Caucus exceeded its already considerable numbers, and that the constitutional prerogative of the Privy Council by calling this very grade into existence. The apathy, amounting almost to antipathy, displayed by these Autocrats towards the hundreds of thousands below them is inevitably the solution of the unhappy state of the Service. This anti-social, anti-guild spirit exhales its deadening influence downwards to the humblest sections of the general body. Fortunately, although individual members of the Civil Service, in personal grievances, a few of the Associations are dimly beginning to see first causes. They know that incentive is negated for the vast majority. They feel that ideas are not forthcoming, that men's hearts are not in their work, and that if they were, small consideration and less credit would accrue therefrom.
The Service Caucus, by its very existence, paralyses the State business into a condition known to commercial life as "red tape." When it positively snatches from the natural expectation of the rank and file valuable opportunities that friends and relatives of their own or of political notabilities may be "jobbed" into, the situation becomes even more desperate. This has been a well-known practice of the past, but one which has reached alarming proportions in recent years. Once it is certain, the Service cannot be organised on jobbery and patronage. It is, of course, pretended that suitable men cannot be found for promotion from the ranks; but whose is the fault, if this be true? Let Government Service be recruited in a business-like manner from the body that is available in the nation, whatever the social class, and the excuse will find no champions. There is no justification now, but this, that the present system devitalises men during the early part of their career, so that their adaptability and elascity do not merely cease to develop, but actually disappear. The Service has its thousands and its ten thousands in ruts. The Caucus first fails to organise properly, a process which includes the training of men, complaints that suitable men are not at hand, and then sets out to "job" the upper appointments with unqualified outsiders. If the Service is a guild in the making, corruption in high places results in a mal-organisation against which the guild-spirit, struggling for natural growth, vainly beats its wings.

III.

There is little likelihood of Ministers recovering control over their respective departments. The growth of legislative business has made that impossible, a position of affairs which, however, is by no means alarming. What is matter for greater regret is that the Commons, lost their power in respect long ago. Members themselves would gladly welcome its formal restoration in place of the continuous bombardment to which aggrieved Civil Servants subject them. It is an open secret that the Exchequer staff are now engaged in canvassing nearly every Member of Parliament in the country, in regard to the badly organised amalgamation of the Customs and Excise; an activity which represents the efforts of a comparatively small section of the whole Service. When it is remembered that grievances are rampant everywhere in the Service, the amount of pressure now being brought to bear upon Members throughout the land may easily be imagined. This pressure upon our Parliamentary Committees is unfortunate and most undesirable from every point of view, yet it is an evil which is a sheer necessity at the present day. There exists no machinery by which an appeal from the autocracy of the Treasury group can be made. Parliament, as it stands, can exercise no automatic check upon the tyranny of the Service Caucus.

The House of Commons will never yield up its prerogative over the Service, though that prerogative may be incapable of being exercised. One can hardly conceive their consent to the establishment of any outside authority as a substitute. The solution seems inevitably to resolve itself into the appointment of Parliamentary Committees. This suggestion is one which received during the recent agitation; it was one of the rare debates which treat of the troubles of the Civil Service. Mr. John Burns was reported as saying:—

"The leader of the House, not for the first time, had told them that he was prepared for redress of grievances, but, since they were a new compendium, there could be none of the redress of grievances was the right one? He ventured to suggest a better course. He suggested that for every spending department, such as the Post Office, the Board of Trade, the sitting yearly, or periodically, a strong but small Committee of the House of Commons, composed of men from both sides, who would not be drawn from postal employees who would not be susceptible to State servants' clamour, and who could be trusted to do their duty to the State. Until the House of Commons appointed such a Committee, money would be wasted and money would be granted to the wrong people, as it was, in the case in which money was given as a result of a Government servants' agitation."

The proposal might with advantage be extended. All State departments need decent Select Committees, the smaller ones being grouped for the purpose. Further, is place of the recently appointed Select Committee on the Estimates (which is really inadequate for so vast and complex a task), the Estimates might be divided amongst the several Government Committees and each Committee would then be responsible for its respective department or group of departments, regarding both finance and grievances. Finally, in matters which affect the Service as a whole rather than sectionally, the Committees could sit in conference, or, if the Chairman alone might form a General Purposes Committee. In effect, this proposal, if carried out, would set up machinery by which the Commons could regain efficient control over the finance of the Service, at the same time providing a Court of Appeal, not merely for the Service as a whole, but for individual departments. Meanwhile, however, the subject is engaging the consideration of the Civil Service Federation as one of the main planks of its platform. Assuming that Parliament will use the prerogative over the Service in some such manner, there still remains the Service Caucus, somewhat chastened, maybe, but still an anti-guild element. Select Committees are probably as impartial as anything we are likely to find in the way of Government machinery, and the danger of "packing" is small. The Treasury would therefore be constrained to render a more or less true account of its stewardship, the most tyrannical features of which tend to disappear. The true guild spirit will remain, nevertheless, if for the whole staff at headquarters, the Civil Service proper, a more enlightened scheme of recruitment and promotion be not adopted. The principles underlying such a scheme seem simple enough. In the first place, the posts must be put into the open market of competitive examinations. These examinations should be related to the educational systems of the country in order that recruitment may be effected from the finest material of all classes. What is found necessary, there must also exist an open avenue of promotion from the lowest grade to the highest positions. Many years may pass before these principles are applied to the organisation of the Service, if they are ever applied at all; but once they are put into practice the Civil Service would gradually give place to the picked men of the whole body.

The coping stone of the structure has been already digested, unless the fact may be mistaken, by the Second Division Clerks' Association. This would take the form of an Advisory Council for each department, and would consist of elected representatives of all the grades. It would be the business of such a Council to consider in good faith the ideas evolved by any of the staff, as bearing upon the economy, efficiency, or well-being of the department. Ideas might then have a chance of being considered realities, instead of unnecessary interference with established practice, as is now the case. Ideas might even be sought by sending specially chosen men into other countries to study the various systems of civil administration. Certainly a few tours through some of our best reputed commercial concerns would stimulate what hardly exists in the Service as a whole, the sense of appropriate organisation, both in men and work.

In these three reforms the future of the Civil Service may safely be sought—Parliamentary machinery for the adequate consideration of the working of the Service, a sound scheme of recruitment and promotion, and Advisory Councils within the Service itself. The framework will then respond to the guild-spirit which at present must be put aside, and there will be unity of purpose from bottom to top, and the Service, now but a guild in the making, distressed with growing pains, may at last come into its own, living an efficient and corporate life as a great National Guild.
The Male Suffragist.

By Morley Seymour.

Writing some time ago on "The Kissless Bride," Mr. James Douglas pointed out that the American beauty, as she is seen depicted in American magazines—a frigidly contemptuous creature, with scornful lips and an infinitely crafty affectation—is the resultant rudiment of the "discussed humility" of the American husband. It is he who encourages his wife in every form of extravagant, who is proud of her ability to waste the money he earns, and who wears himself out in the effort to please her fancies. She is money-mad, clothes-mad, and to the ninth, fifteenth and sixteenth, as now again in the twentieth centuries, the whole unnatural movement collapses. If ever women in this country are cursed with the vote, and besmirched with the fault will be entirely due to the folly of the male suffragist, and will, as the suffragette is not altogether responsible for her acts, a sanatorium or private hydro would be a more suitable place to detain her than a prison, when she gets out of hand.

It is, therefore, the male suffragist, not the suffragette to whom we must turn our attention. It is he who must be made to see the folly of his ways. To imprison the militant suffragette for smashing panes of glass, or assaulting policemen, has so far proved useless, as she is too illogically minded ever to see how unreasonable, childish and futile such conduct is. No, we must go to the root of the evil, and the root of the evil is the male suffragist. It has been lately suggested in "Notes of the Week" (indeed, where else have the fallacies of the Woman's Movement been so ruthlessly exposed?) that, as the root of the male suffragist is not alterable for her acts, a sanatorium or private hydro would be a more suitable place to detain her than a prison, when she gets out of hand; but, so far as we can remember, no suggestion has as yet been forthcoming as to how to deal with the male suffragist—after he has been turned out of the house. It is, therefore, with that end in view that we now venture to suggest one or two remedies. This, however, we realise, will have to be done carefully, else we may merely succeed in raising a spirit of obstinacy which is specially characteristic of the manly woman and the effeminate man. Indeed, as Weinger points out, they have many traits in common, the one being the complement of the other, and they are as naturally drawn together as the manly man is to the womanly woman.

Our first suggestion would, therefore, be a course of Nietzsche. "To be mistaken in the fundamental problem of 'man and woman,'" says the philosopher, "is to dream of a kind of dandified homosexuality which is specially characteristic of the manly woman and the effeminate man. Indeed, as Weininger points out, they have many traits in common, the one being the complement of the other, and they are as naturally drawn together as the manly man is to the womanly woman.

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The French Revolution the influence of women in Europe has declined in proportion as she has increased her rights and claims; and the 'emancipation of women,' in so far as it is desired and demanded by women themselves (and not only by masculine shallowpates), thus proves to be a remarkable symptom of the increased weakening and deadening of the most womanly instincts. There is stupidity in this movement, an almost masochistic stupidity, of which a well-reared woman—who is always a sensible woman—might be heartily ashamed. Certainly, there are enough of idiotic friends and corrupters of women amongst the learned asses of the masculine point of view to de-feminise herself in this manner, and to . . . ."

But perhaps Nietzsche is a little too severe for a start, and may, as we feared, merely create a spirit of obstinacy, instead of producing the result we are aiming at. Otto Weininger's Sex and Character, among other things, proves that, as he got badly out of his depth when denying a soul to women, as the Chinese do, thus discrediting an otherwise profound and subtle work; but what he has to say about the suffragist and the suffragette is very true and pertinent. "The suffrage element or feminine influence in our social life, much might have been done.

For every working man knows—if every woman doesn't— that the suffrage element or feminine influence is doing an immense amount of harm in this country. That our foreign policy, for instance, has lately lost prestige, both at home and abroad, must be apparent to the least observant; but what we think only the few realise is, that the feminine point of view may be sometimes useful in raising a spirit of obstinacy which is specially characteristic of the manly woman and the effeminate man. Indeed, as Weininger points out, they have many traits in common, the one being the complement of the other, and they are as naturally drawn together as the manly man is to the womanly woman.
Notes on the Present Kalpa.

By J. M. Kennedy.

XVII.—Science and Art. (Continued.)

To mention Pope yet once again in connection with this distinction between art and scientific pseudo-art, we may recall that Pope's verse has, above all, been called "finished." It is everything that verse should be; but, if it possess one predominant quality, that quality is "finished." Even in the juvenile stanzas that Pope wrote when he was twelve and sixteen, there is hardly a careless line; and in everything he wrote after twenty every syllable is weighed.

All art is "finished." You may take music, painting, poetry—anything you like, if it be art it is complete. For art is, in its very essence, the triumph of man over nature, over matter, over chaos; and its characteristic is strength, repose, achievement. Here art differs fundamentally from science, which is never complete, always restless, making one achievement merely the starting-point of another. Science is always struggling, evolving, modifying, adding, subtracting; and any essay, poem, picture, or piece of music that exhibits any of these qualities cannot be classed as art. A sonnet by Milton, a satire by Horace, and a melody by Beethoven, are all as complete and carefully, unobtrusively finished as a design by Leonardo or a slocka of the Upanishads.

If anyone, then, looks for one of the most prominent differences between what is classic and lasting and what is romanticist and ephemeral, he will find it here. For, as it is the essence of the classicist that he shall have the clear perception which enables him to complete his work, so is it the essence of the romanticist that he is cloudy, inchoate, incomplete—in short, a scientist rather than an artist. You may, for example, pick out one of Mr. Bennett's books and read one of those long descriptions of some scenes in the Potteries. It may vaguely interest you, it may perhaps arouse in you some sort of sluggish curiosity; but how does it help in the realisation or achievement of the story? Really, in no particular. There are some dreadfully long descriptive passages in Scott, and the general construction of these novels Mr. Bennett would probably smile. But Scott, while at his worst he is dull, does manage fairly well at his average, and very much better when he rises above his average, to convey his atmosphere to the reader—you can almost smell the flowers and the corn and feel yourself moving in the soft grass, or watch the knights at a tournament. Yet there is no detail on detail such as we find in works by Mr. Bennett, or Zole, or Mr. Wells, and scores of the lesser try. A selection, sometimes large and sometimes small, from his materials, and Scott has finished. Two pages of detail by the modern writers and we feel that "atmosphere" is an elusive thing.

To keep to novels for the moment, it is strange enough that no novelist of recent years has created anything like a lasting character. Of all the puppets in "The New Machiavelli," or "The Card," or "The Secret Woman," or "Tono Bungay," or "The Irrational Knot," how many do we think of when talking over fiction in the last twenty years or so? Hardly springs to the mind; to recollect something about them we must take down the books and turn over the leaves. Sherlock Holmes and even Robert Elsmere, considered simply as definite characters in fiction, will long hold the field against Hilda Lessways and in everything he wrote after twenty every syllable is weighed.

Arthur: they may say that you are dull and turgid and prosy and illogical; not do I deny the indictment. But, after all, you must have written a book; for we all know Sherlock Holmes. I confess that Mrs. Humphry Ward's work is a pleasant subject to me. Yet I am bound to admit that Robert Elsmere, much as I dislike him, lives and moves and has his being, and that Uncle Ponderevo and "the Card" are impelled like rhymatic puppets.

In other respects the advantage is with the new school. Those who compose it are better craftsmen; their "situations" are more fully "developed" and "worked out"; their minds are "broader," especially when it comes to including in their range of vision the dunghill, sordid crime, lechery, and brutality. It is a constant delusion of the artistically weak-minded to imagine that "strength" in literature means the reproduction of bad language and "realistic" descriptions of murders, drunkenness, and debauchery. Juvenal and Martial, or Plato for that matter, could do this sort of thing far better. There are conversations about women in the "Dialogues," which would startle a groveling wretch like Remington out of his skin; and not even Lascelles Abercrombie himself could improve on Martial's references to certain functions of the human body. But what a difference in the art in each case; how remote the savagery of Juvenal from the filthy floating of some of our dirty little contemporaries! They have even made it impossible for us to leave them of our own free will and retain our own. Such slovenliness in Greece, used to be a noble and courageous act; but not a few of them have by their practice debased even that. Nothing is sacred from them, and their touch befouls. The law of libel happily makes it impossible for the writer of these lines to soil the pages of this New Age by referring personally to some of the writers he has in mind.

But to praise the newer school of writers for their craftsmanship, their technique, is not to praise them for the best qualities that we expect to find in writers. Craftsmanship is not creation. It is true enough that nothing is sacred from them, and their touch befouls. The law of libel happily makes it impossible for the writer of these lines to soil the pages of this New Age by referring personally to some of the writers he has in mind.

In the course of time language assumes a certain standard to which writers and speakers are expected to conform. The odd speech forms that we may often hear in country districts—in Somerset, Yorkshire, or Cornwall, for example—are of interest to the philologist. They may throw light on etymological obscurities; they may bring us back to the pre-Norman period of our history. But he that writes for posterity has nothing to do with them, and the more sparingly he uses them the better. It is even worse to use slang to excess; for hardly anything looks more ridiculous than out-of-date slang. When Addison spoke of the French king as "an old put," and when Cowper fancied he was "pitch-kettle," they were, in expressing themselves thus, making concessions to the slang of the period; but this slang does not appeal to us. We know that some words, such as "cab," were slang originally; but it is very rarely that slang phrases are incorporated into our language to become a permanent idiom. All the more reason, then, why the artist should be chary of lending his authority to linguistic distortions. There are, of course, languages within a language, such as Sicilian and Venetian in Italian; but they do not come into this category.
The "output" is in full swing. One does not like to use the commercial term in talking about any artistic work; but artistic is probably the last adjective which can be applied to the torrent of volumes now pouring from the printing machines. It is deplorable that novels—for novels naturally outnumber all the other varieties of "literature"—should be hounded towards us for consideration at the rate of seven per working day. It is terrible to think that in England alone there should be two inhuman beings for every individual minute breakfast and our lunch, every day, a novel is conceived, and the clock is with just as much horror we realise that in the interval between our breakfast and our lunch, every day, a novel is conceived, two more between lunch and dinner, two between dinner and supper, and so on through the small hours. And we must add three units to this birthrate if we include in the term "output"—as we must—most of the biographical and children's books.

"Output" is an excellent word to apply to the three chief varieties of the things that come to us nowadays in the shape of books. For these volumes—novels, biographies, and children's books—are not even remotely associated with art. They are either the deliberately manufactured products of circulationists or the efforts of hopelessly incompetent persons to write. It would be an excellent thing for literature if people, who really thought they had something to say, were made to serve an apprenticeship for five years or so before they were allowed to say even a word of it. Such a process would not render the public wholly immune, but it would at least weed out scores of incompetents. Anybody can write books now and get them published, and everybody wants to write novels. We almost come back to the commercial formula of supply and demand. If authors want to publish books, publishers will be found willing to oblige them, on terms. There are reputable firms of publishers who will make themselves responsible for the printing and distribution of the books in exchange for, say, £50. It is a form of hobby, no doubt, this desire to rush into print, to set forth imma-

On this supposition, which we imagine is perfectly just, we can rule out at least half the novels now turned out, books entirely lacking in merit, challenging the distinction of any kind. There are others less easy to explain. Why, for instance, should Maxime Formont's "La Louve" reach us in English dress as "The She-Wolf, a Romance of the Borgias"? (Stanley Paul, 6s.) Pity the poor Borgias; how they have been swamped under sheaves of printed paper! The author, as he explains in the preface, has carefully studied the period of Alexander VI, and also Burckhardt and Machiavelli; and he half hints that he wishes Cesar Borgia, as he depicts him, to be taken as the incarnation of Nietzsche's "superman." Listen: "At a time when the most insignificant individual, misled by some of Nietzsche's words, which he but little understands, imagines he feels a "superman" boving in his own breast, I thought it might not be inopportune to call to mind how a man once actually lived above human law, a life that was well-nigh superhuman. And thus Cesar Borgia, the criminal and the lover, became the hero of this book." The name of Cesar Borgia, who was an intensified type of the Italian of his day, always appeals to the erotic public on account of his love affiars, so no doubt the book will sell. But it is sorry stuff. At the end of the bull-fight: "Alba had fainted. When she opened her eyes again the crowd was frantically applauding a man who was smiling and holding up a bloodstained sword in his hand. So red was the blade that it looked like the fiery sword of the archangel who drove Adam and Eve out of the Garden of Eden, and the man who held it was as fair as the messenger of God." We are glad that this sort of thing is not typical of modern French literature, else we should despair. The pity of it is that the anonymous translator has done his or her part of the work extremely well.

One of our popular contemporaries ("T.P.'s") has an article on "The Gospel of Eden Phillpotts." It must be confessed that this sounds to cultured readers very nearly like blasphemy, as well as being a contradiction in terms. Mr. Phillpotts has published a new novel, "Widcombe Fair" (Murray, 6s.), and to this novel he has prefixed some remarks which are hailed, we observe, as a confession of literary faith. We pass over the references to Nietzsche (we are all Nietzscheans now) and to pessimism; for it really seems too much to suppose that Mr. Phillpotts is entitled to speak of pessimism after certain ancient and modern philosophers who could be mentioned. Listen to this instead: "I can conceive possible fiction enriched with a far closer understanding of unconscious life than we have yet attained; yet when our intellect shall gauge the brain of the tiger and penetrate the bark of the tree, so that the artist may look out of the brute's eyes and from the tree's leaves, not with human values—a thing done in books for children—but with measures animal and arboreal . . . ."

Now, that sort of thing is too bad. Man, according to Mr. Phillpotts, is no longer to be the master of things; but in his degenerate search for novelties and new sensations, he is to look at things from the brute's eyes and the tree's leaves; his standard is to be animal and arboreal. Strange, is it not, how this never occurred, say, to Aeschylus? It has hitherto been looked upon as pre-eminent characteristic of man that he was essentially the naming animal; the animal superior to all other animals precisely because he established standards and valued things from his own superior brain. He need not go back to the brutes, for he understands them perfectly well, and despises them. What greater antithesis can we imagine than Saul and his father's asses? Mr. Phillpotts searches for the superman and finds the eyes of an animal and the bark of a tree!

For the rest, the new novel fails to inspire us. There is the usual namby-pamby character, in this case the grave-digger's son Jack, who becomes the father of an illegitimate child, his father having refused to allow him to marry the wench, Margery. Scene in church-yard at dead of night; son wishes to bury child secretly; father intervenes and talks about religion and law and order; gentle Margery suddenly becomes tigress; quarrels; bad language; brute force. "You coarse, cowardly, blackguard beast!" "I'll scratch your toad's eyes out!"

Lord, Lord! "There is one sweet lenteat at lest for evils which Nature holds out to us," said Sterne after looking at the dead ass, "so I took it kindly at her hands, and fell asleep." Nature still holds it out to us.

The New Age has often had to complain of modern literary criticism, and certainly no complaints which have ever appeared in these pages have ever been better grounded. What seems to be lacking, apart from judgment, is that wide knowledge of literary history and good books which has distinguished every critic, no matter what the age he lived in. The well-trained man of letters, such as Johnson or Lessing or Macaulay, or Sainte-Beuve, appears to have given place to the superficially-read journalist, whose standards are founded on Henry Harland, or Shaw, or Wells, and whose comparisons, made within a narrow circle of writers, are consequently ill-judged. In turning over the pages of the March "English Review," for example, we
The Chronicles of Palmerstown.

By Peter Fanning.

IV.

ALTHOUGH it is somewhat out of the order of time, the next event I shall relate here is the 1907 by-election at Palmerstown. In that year "the great captain of industry" who founded Palmerstown passed away, and we were flung into the turmoil of a contested election. And such an election! Never since the immortal days of Eatanwill has its like been witnessed in these kingdoms. It is said that politics is a dirty business. I believe it. Since the General Election of 1874 I have seen and participated in many parliamentary contests, but, were they all rolled together, they would not equal this one for villeness.

Five candidates appeared in the field: Rose-Innes, a Scotchman from London; Curran, an Irishman from Glasgow; O'Hanlon, an Irishman from WallSEND; Hunnable, an eccentric from Iford; and S. L. Hughes, the professional funny man of the "Daily News," whom, since he declares that he was born in every parish in the five kingdoms, I am unable to place.

In the wake of the candidates there came such a host of prime blackguards that one could easily imagine that there had been a general good delivery, and all the professional crooks of the kingdom had by some instinct been drawn to Palmerstown and turned politician.

What, however, in sober fact had occurred was this: The Tariff Reform League, the Labour Defence League, the Coal Consumers' League, the Union Defence League, the Primrose League, the Trade Defence League, and endless other Leagues whose names I forget had rated together the political scene of London, Liverpool, Birmingham, Manchester, Glasgow, and Belfast, and dumped them down on us.

To understand the effect produced by the importation of this horde of rascals, it is necessary to describe the situation of Palmerstown. The town is cut completely in two by a line of railway running from west to east. In that half of the town lying south of the line there is not a single fully-licensed public-house; whilst on the north side, and especially within a small radius in the centre, they are so numerous that it is little more than a hop, step and jump from one to another.

It was, of course, in this small radius that the political boosters congregated; and as some of the publicans were running free taps, or lush ad lib., and as the imported fellows had done nothing since the General Election except cultivate whilst on the north side, and especially within a small radius in the centre, they are so numerous that it is little more than a hop, step and jump from one to another.

This person came with a Swan and a camera; he gave coppers to a few of our youngsters to pose for him while he snapped them. Then he retired to a quiet corner in the smoke-room of an hotel, and with the assistance of a number of cocktails concocted his awful story. The stuff appeared in the "Sunday Chronicle," under a startling headline, in one-inch paragraphs:

"PALMERSTOWN. A CHILDREN'S HELL."

"A TOWN WHERE MONEY IS A CURSE."

The nature of the article which followed these arresting captions will be gathered from the first and last paragraphs:

"One day this week I gave coppers to a tagged, bare-legged child, whose father I had left drinking 'Heidseck' in the buffet bar of a first-class hotel, and my experience..."
was one amongst hundreds. This appalling anomaly occurred in Palmerstown, which place has just passed through the excitement of an extraordinary political contest.

"When one thinks what can be done on £4 per week one realises the crime committed against the children of Palmerstown. All, Palmerstown is PROSPEROUS. The workmen can celebrate their PROSPERITY in champagne, and although the children run about in rags, the little beggars will soon be able to lock after themselves and participate in the PROSPERITY of a national industry."

I have emphasised the word "prosperity," used three times by this reliable scribe in the last paragraph. They didn't know everything down in Judee even. And this fellow did not learn all there was to be learned about Palmerstown in a week.

Of course, he had before him the following report, which appeared in the "Glasgow Herald" at that time:

"During 1907 the following amounts were voted to 'Palmers, Limited,' for Admiralty work, £48,399."

Also, whilst the contest was in progress, "Palmers" published their own balance-sheet for the year, thus:

"The directors beg to submit the audited accounts for the year ending June 30, 1907. The profits for this period, after providing for cost of repairs and upkeep of the plant, and after making allowance for contingencies, amount to £80,672 19s. 1d., to which must be added the amount brought forward from last year, £20,458 17s., making a total of £101,131 16s. 1d."

Add to these the fact that 1907 was a national boom year in trade, and it was easy for a stranger to suppose that we were flourishing gloriously, or, as he puts it, we were prosperous.

Unfortunately, however, for this rosy story, other persons were keeping records of our condition, and among these were the Poor-law Guardians. Now, it happened that at the very time when the penman described us as prosperous we could throw money away on champagne, the Guardians were issuing the following report:

"From 1902 to 1906 the increase of pauperism in Palmerstown is 50.7 per cent., and the increased cost of pauperism 106.5 per cent."

The man of the "Sunday Chronicle" was, I feel sure, totally unaware of the above report, or he might have modified his opinions. He might even have adopted the style of the Guardians themselves, who declare, in the report already quoted:

"So far as can be seen, from casual observation, no exceptional or unusual circumstances have operated within this town during the past few years to cause this increase."

A strange thing about this report is this: the words "exceptional" and "unusual" are heavily underlined, to emphasise, I suppose, that the Guardians were stamped for a reason for our poverty. The penman was not so modest. Yet the causes were there to see, and producing their inevitable effects. Our stagnant pool of surplus labour was full every day. Chronic poverty had many people in its horrid grip. The day-books of butcher, baker, and grocer told the same tale of people unable to pay for what they consumed. We were in truth at that very moment sliding down a slippery slope which, within a year, nearly ended in a gulf of tragedy—nothing less than the destruction of the community, which was only avoided by the slight margin of two hundred. That story, however, I shall relate elsewhere. To return to the by-election.

It is true the "Sunday Chronicle" writer saw what appeared to be local working-men drinking champagne in the buffet bar of an hotel. I saw them myself—drank champagne, brandy and so on, whisky and pollys, and lashings of beer with them—but they were not working-men, and they were not locals. This buffet was at the corner of the street which contained the two public-halls where political meetings were held. If a Liberal or Labour meeting was on, the buffet gang attended, and formed the opposition. If a Tory meeting was held they went and provided the cloak. When the big guns were away from Palmerstown, they went and did a stump on their own at the street-corners. But, whatever they did, they always found their way back to the buffet. Now, a sociable fellow like myself, who would stand and listen while they related how they'd 'cuckoo'd' some meeting of the enemy, could get as much drink as he cared to consume. They always appeared to be flush of money; but who was providing it? I have no idea.

In normal times in Palmerstown we wereמקוק with the stink from a paper mill when the wind blows from the south. When it blows from the east it carries the effluvia of a vast expanse of mud and slime called the Slake. If it blows from the north we get the stiles from the lead works on the opposite side of the river, and when it comes from the west we get the cinders and smuts from the blast-furnaces. But this election added something fouler than all these to our atmosphere.

With the aid of nine hundred Irish votes, and notwithstanding all opposition, Curran, however, won the by-election. And then there was the fun. Hughes lost his alleged humour, and wrote pathetically in the "Daily News": "The Irish told me they ran O'Hanlon to enable me to win. I should like to see them prove it." So should I. And then John Redmond went over to Wexford and declared that neither he nor the Irish Party was responsible for O'Hanlon or the opposition to Curran. On reading that, O'Hanlon's comment to me was identical with Hughes': "I should like to see him prove it."

And yet I know personally that Redmond could "prove it." But what a flood of light it would let into English politics! In the meantime, whilst lacking proof, I may remind S. L. H. that in recommending O'Hanlon for adoption T. P. O'Connor related the fact that the late lamented member was a generous contributor to the Irish Party funds. Now with all due respect to S. L. H., I think he will agree with me that, as a business proposition, a Liberal penman is not as good a speculation as a Liberal plutocrat. I leave it at that for the present; but once the Home Rule Bill is safe upon the Statute-Book, I shall have something to say concerning the conduct of the Irish movement in England since the betrayal of Parnell.

"THE GARDEN OF PASSION."

A long white Road, beneath a glorious moon,

Where little Things of Shadowland do work;

Strangest thoughts we vainly grasp at, in the murk

About the Veil, which bars the Path too soon.

Wherein we beat our hands, and cry again:

"Come, let us through!"—but beat and cry in vain.

Impatiently we bide without the pale,

Until, when the Appointed Time is nigh,

A Breeze from the irradiating sky

Sweeps down, to clear the Mist and rend the Veil.

And lo! the Grandest Garden is laid bare

Before our eyes, while we stand trembling there!

Bank upon bank of Blossoms redly glow;

Whose perfume, subtly sweet, divinely rare,

Impinges on the myst'ry-laden air.

And some Small Voice within us bids us go,

The while the Scarlet Blossoms bid us stay,

And through the Glowing Garden make our way.

The lovely Blossoms bloom before our eyes,

And sometimes there is a cheerful sound;

Yet oft they seem to scorch our very souls

And hold us captive, when we fain would rise

To seek the tall, fair lilies, where they glow

In some cool garden, where white roses blow.

But whether we are captive held or no,

Within that Garden, where the Blossoms red

Diffuse seductive perfume from their bed—

Once we have gazed into that mighty glow,

And been caressed by one fierce tongue of flame,

Our lives can never more be quite the same.

—WILLIAM J. ELLIOTT.
Views and Reviews.

A correspondent wrote to The New Age last week on the subject of women's suffrage; and, had he simply agreed with everybody from Sir Almroth Wright to the most extreme feminists, even to arrive at the illogical conclusion that "the Conciliation Bill should be received," I should not have noticed his remarks in these columns. But he put forward an explanation of the women's demand for identical powers with men that is so much at variance with observed facts that it may be useful to show that the explanation is not likely to be accepted. He said: "I am firmly convinced that the woman's movement of to-day (blind and sub-conscious in much of its manifestation and so both repellent and unintelligible to many) is essentially the protest of a mighty race vitally against conditions which threaten to destroy it."

A little earlier, he said: "The whole business is biological, and as much Nature's deliberate concern as her normal arrangements are. Be sure she never stirs up woman, the passive agent of her mighty purposes, to take the active rôle, save for one cause—race preservation."

It would be easy to say, as Matthew Arnold said in a similar case, that this correspondent talks of Nature as though it were the man in the next street; but I may forbear to be ironical when facts are at hand.

Some of his arguments I do not pretend to know the mind or purpose of Nature as intimately as our correspondent; but it does seem to me strange that she should manifest her purpose in so unprecedented a manner. I understand from biologists that an accession of female attractiveness is Nature's usual method of counteracting the attempt at race-suicide, supposing always that Nature cares at all about the persistence of any race. It cannot be pretended that the suffragists, to whom, ex hypothesi, the women's rights movement will usually not come into heredity, will but will constantly tend to die out. Notwithstanding, should woman-rule—contrary to all expectation—become so strong in any single State that it will be able to enforce all its demands, then the influence of this race at its extreme, that result could only be possible where the men are completely degenerated. Such a nation would soon be supplant ed and dissolved by healthier peoples, who might, perhaps stand on a lower level of culture."

Nature has evidently impelled to the wrong people for the regeneration of the race.

Indeed, the whole movement is symptomatic of decay. I have seen, even in The New Age, protests by women against "the cow-like function" of suckling, a protest that implies that women are protesting against Nature, rather than Nature protesting against race-suicide. In a book recently published on Diet, a subject which is just as much concerned with the "advanced" woman, it was suggested as a probable consequence of adopting and maintaining a pre-historic diet that ovulation might not be accompanied by hemorrhage. It is not a far cry from this attitude of mind to parthenogenesis, a subject which, I understand, is particularly discussed by the "advanced" women of Germany. The protest against domestic drudgery is, of course, the first symptom of the lot; and an extended observation of the feminist movement suggests that the women are simply protesting against being women. Indeed, as G. K. C. said in one of his brilliant flashes, feminism is really femininism; the women want to be men.

It is not my purpose here to speak of the pathological consequences of induced sterility; some of them may be seen in the militant movement, others are observed only by gynaecologists. But it is clear that the woman's rights movement is not Nature's protest against race-suicide, that the two progress together, and that feminism is really the symptom of racial decay. The fact adduced by Mrs. Besant, that women were only waiting for the information to which their insistence was made, that they were already decadent; for, as Nietzsche declared, vice is not a cause, but a symptom of decadence. It may be, of course, that feminism is a process of cure; there are cases of the spontaneous cure of cancer, for example, and it is not impossible that feminism is a remedy for the long way round to what is called stuffy domesticity. But there are, I believe, five-and-a-half millions of women in industry, and the feminists take all industry for their province; there is a progressive decline in the birth-rate, pari passu with the rise of feminism; we see that feminism is a protest against womanhood, and that it results in sterility; and it seems that if feminism is Nature's protest against race-suicide, it is only by means of offering an awful example to the mass of "merely mothers."
Go and look at his churches. They are as tasteless as French mourning.

Santa Maria Maggiore. I find these among other notes. “The mosaics of 450 A.D. in the nave would be pleasant if one could see them. The pillars carved from Greek marble, and the door-panels and other pavements are really beautiful. The roof is execrable. (I find subsequently that it was gilt with the first gold brought from Peru—stained with the blood of the martyrs, in other words.) I loathed the place pretty well. The effect is absurd. But it is not uncomely. The high altar is abominably and the tombs nearly as bad as Westminster Abbey.”

I skip a lot of notes on Santa Maria in Cosmedin, S. Sisina, S. Clemente, S. Agnese, and other churches and basilicas, and come to this—“I have found something real and beautiful in Rome at last.” It was the cloisters of S. Giovanni Laterano. I had admired, in a fashion, the remains of Imperial Rome and the ostentatious buildings of the Popes—but I was not easily easy in my admiration. The over-restored Gothic of S. Maria sopra Minerva and the mosaics of Ss. Cosmo and Damiano had not satisfied me. The church of S. Giovanni Laterano had angered me with its vulgarity. A cross-grained oak sells a ticket, and perhaps in the north aisle I stepped suddenly from the eighteenth century to the early fourteenth.

The open part of the cloisters was an arcade of slight, twisted columns, many of them still bright with fragments of the gold and red mosaic work in which formerly the stone was inlaid.—What is the use of description? Those who have seen the church will not need it, and those who haven’t would never visualise the clear Romanesque work—so far off in beauty, so far off in sentiment. It seems to me that I cannot do better than give a few more of my rough notes.

“I write this sitting on the marble steps about a cavern well-head in the midst of the cloisters of S. Giovanni Laterano, I have a feeling that perhaps a few of the twisted columns around are restored, but at least the frieze above them is real; the mosaics are broken, but decorative; and the fretted stone above curves and moves “rightly” between the grotesque heads of bulls and men. Inside the church I was stilled with its artificiality; its vulgarity was like a continual clattering—distressing and insupportable. But it is quiet here. The palm trees just move their highest aeries; the palm leaves are from last year, and already the tall jonquils are breaking into blossom.

“This is not the perfect calm of the beauty of those god-like lads on the Parthenon frieze, it is not the carved sliver of Sappho, nor the macarone of Villon—it is another kind of beauty, derived, if you will, but real.”

And so I sat on the marble steps in a kind of half-vision, thinking of many fair things I had forgotten. The water dripped slowly and gently in the well, and the end wall of S. Giovanni—still beautiful and unrestored—cut the blue sky with its lines of brown bricks. I thought about St. Francesco—the “Little Bedesan of Christ,” and all those pleasant, affected stories of him in the “Fioretti.” When I was quite little I read a book with tales of the King Orgulio, of St. Simeon and the goose-herd, of a little girl who was guarded by angels, and of Saints in Ireland. I forget the name of the book and the author, but it is the only Christian thing I ever liked. And so I droaned and meditated, until I suddenly found myself by afternoon—“Deus te comminatus est”—that broke it. I was delivered from temptation.

“This silly sort of literary stuff You must have heard enough,” or something of that sort. But I promised I would be dull; and soon I could begin to lose my suavity, I hope everyone who comes to Rome will go and look at those cloisters. It isn’t so damp a place to sentimentalise over as the Protestant cemetery, and stinks less than the Ghetto.

Rome.

Richard Aldington.
The giant is failing. We, who rarely assaulted him when he approached the height of his arrogant achievement, may assail him now, sure of sympathy. Every effort brings him nearer our reach—in the theatre he preaches his funeral sermon, through the Press he proffers his elegy. A critic, he permits himself to cover his dramatic failure by the praises of Brieux like failure; a self-styled seller of lampshades in the Fabian fog; a prophet, he turns to the ass in search of medium, and projects the plan of a newspaper directed by the Arch-Spiders of modern futility. Risum teneatis, amici? When he waited the end, and assisted in the collected edition, in the triple thread of social reform, rampant womanhood, and the youthful critic, and saved the dramatist a wearisome search for the subject. The brothel, the problems of Denmark Hill and Brixton, the primitive wonder of village life—is there a limit to its possibilities? A triple thread of social reform, rampant womanhood, and physiological blather composed the vicious circle of the drama. The critical phraseology of this time is significant enough; criticism bristles with the terms "sex problem," "daring treatment," "preacher of revolt," and the like. The physical necessities and hardships of commonplace individuals assumed universal importance, and with discussion is developed an aesthetic impotence. John Tanner preaches a doctrine in which a least-bemused, of the dramatists retained a suggestion of self-respect and a sense of humour, only to accept the rôle of enlightened journalist, with more or less of wit and insight, and nothing of dramatic vision. In this latter class we find a place for Mr. Shaw, whose claims to it date from the writing of his first play. With more skill than is accorded to his immediate predecessors or to his followers, he has turned to good account the interest simulated in moral and social problems, and, ranged against the capitalist in politics, has outdone them in the exploitation of failure and evil. He heaped mockery and insult on his public, and has been repaid by their faith in his supremacy; it is now not only that pitiable army, the advanced in thought, who read, quote, and search the "Plays Pleasant and Unpleasant," but the private school head-mistress, the jack-priest, the cocoa philanthropists, and the Gardans of the hour. That alone is sufficient to place him where he belongs, with the opportunists and the dramatic bottle-washers of to-day. In all his plays there is but one character that claims from us any feeling other than irritation or pity, one only that belongs to the outer ring of the immortals, by virtue of its unity and the implicit criticism on life which it embodies. Andrew Undershaft is a dramatic creation, wrought of the flesh and blood of the dramatist. Mr. Shaw's work there are no others—from the annoying Candida to the futile Tanner, they belong to an age that is passing, and will pass with it. To create them, their author has spent much wit and little humour, much mockery and little irony; much intellectual sky-rocketing and little truth; no beauty, and hardly anything of inspiration. Call the scenes of his plays before you. What is it that has remained in your memory? A clear vision of personality, of men and women who live by the vitality and truth of their presentment? Or is it a play of wit, some piece of intellectual jugglery that springs first to the mind? What does the thought of "Man and Superman" recall? The speeches of the Devil and Don Juan at an internal debating society, wherein the motion before the house appears to have run: Is a Nietzschean philosophy compatible with the programme of the Liberal-Labour Party? John Bull's Other Island? Variations on an old theme—English misunderstanding of Ireland. Alas! poor Celt, will thy spirit never rise above those wondrous assertions of the lady's indispensable services to humanity. Misalliance? Does the thought of "misalliance" recall anything to your mind at all? Throughout the list—it is not his men and women that we remember, but the persiflage and hotch-potch of ideas with which he has bedecked them—not character, but words; not personality, but the wrappings of personality. It is not that his men and women fail to impress because they are not the many-sided beings with whom we deal in the world; in a novel they acquire no life, but neither by temperament nor dramatic training is their author fitted to call forth more than one side of their complexity. He fails altogether in presenting them as free men and women to be judged on their merits, possessing neither the sympathy nor the technical skill to shape them into unity. His wit, his well-simulated scorn, his show of easy philosophy, cannot in the end conceal his want of craftsmanship and the superficiality and confusion of his thought.

No fallacy is deeper rooted in the Shavian tradition than the belief in the dramatist's clarity and power of thought, and for final proof of his supremacy, the Devil's Disciples turn to the plays in which "Man and Superman." Examine that interlude for evidence of philosophical depth, and clear thinking. The belief in Mr. Shaw as one of the clearest of modern thinkers is so well-established that a mental readjustment is difficult, but could anything be more confused than the dramatist's floundering in a half-understood philosophy? He pricks the bubble of cant on the sacredness of sex, and wears us with a kindred form of cant, the metaphysics of woman's yearning for motherhood. He murmurs of a life force which has every appearance of being our old friend Unaqueaque res, quantum in se est, in suo esse perseverare const, in a new and less impressive form, and drugs it out until the very devil protests. Would to God a philosopher-dramatist might be granted us, with something of the satirist's wit and humour—will nothing persuade these people to take themselves less seriously? One clear result the discussion has, in the conviction that devil and philosopher are equally well fitted to lead a popular debate, and serve thereby as much useful purpose. Sooner or later as much of the actual state of things, and render as great service to the cause of truth and clear vision as such debates are wont to do. As in "Man and Superman," so through his plays; cross-currents of belief, echoes of things heard and read, fallacies rooted in superficiality, toss the dramatist's train of thought hither and thither. Blown by all the winds of opinion, he finds neither satisfaction nor self-conviction, and the end thereof in his work is confusion unutterable. Let us fling our worthless generosity at him—he is the easiest debater of his day, and the Wittiest.
Given a man cursed by a restless necessity to chase opinions on life, and a desire as restless to possess a sense of power, it is natural that such a one should find refuge for the body, held within the tenacity of weakness, are currency, and where the desire for power is gratified in the cheapest way, by a semblance of political wirepulling. Mr. Shaw's connection with the Fabian Society, the apotheosis of political futility, dates back to within a year of its formation. In that Society a number of opinions, worthless in themselves, and harmful as applied to the body politic, are established on the firmest foundation, that of invincible smugness. Their firmness has an air of strength, in accordance with which, with this specious mediocrity endears them on the one hand to the orderly and mindless plebeian, and on the other to the disordered mind of the confused thinker. Here Mr. Shaw found a first necessity of his nature, conviction nor research, and here satisfied the desire for power in the delusion that with the Webbs he formed one of the controlling forces of social progress. For these things he has paid in full. The Fabian Society has taken the keetle that he had to offer and placed him in a second place on the platform; has helped to settle the form of his plays as dramatic tracts, and limited him to the stock-in-trade of ideas which his drama reiterates in many forms; and, more than all the things he did, has swept, and garnished the house of the mind of his spirit to fit it for the devils of sterile discussion and self-dissatisfaction.

In the twilight of his work, as at its high noon, Mr. Shaw plays the proud mountebank, his tortured self-consciousness driving him to yet further laceration of that self. He explains himself and his failure to Mr. Shaw and to the world, with a persistency which compounds the inward doubt. With 'Misalliance' he placed his weaknesses in the strongest light—his love of the debating society, his sterility of ideas, his imperfect craftsmanship—he must needs picture the failure as his triumphant vindication of the dramatic unities. So a child, mortified by a sarcastic reproof, creeps away to dream of strange adventure, to save in a body where opinions, held with the much wit in which he clothed his works, are turned again to work for the barren wages of life, to set forth the principles and tenacity of weakness, are currency, and where the desire for power is gratified in the cheapest way, by a semblance of political wirepulling.
...to chuck the hopera.' Then, 'e says, 'e can't spare no coppers for the crossin' sweep'—'O, 'e's a rar' un is Jim, 'no more contributions to the church plate, my dear,' an' 'tain't got no more, I'm sure, in one, two, three,' and at this climax of the facetious Jim's airy wit, poor 'Melia's voice rose to a cackling, hysterical giggle, in tragic contrast to the gavotte of a careless passer-by, tickled by the humour of the chance-caught jest. "'Ho, yes! It's a lovely hact, ain't it. As' for that thing!—Oh, there's quite a few of the ladies, they are, bloomin' west-end toffs, that's wot (it struck amazement.

'Ah, well,' sighed tender-hearted, simple Mrs. B., 'poor 'Melia. She allus wos 'igh-strung, was 'Melia; an' she's a deal to put up with."

...and also run through cinema film No. 484, 'The Potential Wife' (The Bosse reports, was not parted "dead centre," as was originally determined. Kindly attend to these instructions.—Yours, Henry Bosse (Actor-manager and scientific producer)."


LITTLE BOTTLES IN A LINE.

Off hands! Off chains! Off jup'rous hands! My Muse must be foot-lose and free To amble, rush, or sing, or talk, To hurry, scurry, scurry on, Or drop into a quiet walk, Or, like a host whose guests are gone, To sit among the candies pink And say no word at all—but think!

...and scientific producer) Temporary signs of the time.

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LITTLE BOTTLES IN A LINE.
GOVERNMENT TYRANNY IN AMERICA.

Sirs,—I believe that his consistent denunciations of bureaucracy and the "servile state" and his lack of faith in parliaments and the social schemes of Fabians and Liberals disqualify him as a Socialist in "the only legitimate sense of the word."

I have no intention of claiming Mr. Chesterton as a Socialist, sympathetic as I believe he is to many real Socialist aspirations. But I cannot find in everything in his criticisms of current social reform that would prevent him from being a Socialist in a sense every whit as legitimate as any one has it. The truth is that in England at least Socialists are coming more and more to look upon the functions of the State in a light very different from the old-fashioned Collectivists.

Without in any sense becoming Anarchists or even Syndicalists, many of the keenest and most independent minds of the English movement have openly announced their rejection of the ideals of Ideal Socialism. For example, at the recent dinner to Prince Kropotkin, that veteran Collectivist pamphleteer, Bernard Shaw, declared that his experience was leading him ever nearer to the views of the great Russian thinker on the future organisation of industry, and even further away from the principles of the early Fabians. And more recently still, at the recent meeting of the Labour Party, Mrs. Sidney Webb—with her husband, the most active of the Fabians—was heard to express her doubt as to the desirability of the legal minimum wage.

But most significant of all, though apparently no echo of it has yet reached the Socialists of America, is the campaign now being waged by the London New Age for what its editor calls "Guild Socialism." Now, in Guild Socialism the organisation and control of industry, instead of being entrusted to a bureaucracy of State officials, would be left to the workmen themselves, organised in self-governing guilds or unions for production and distribution. These guilds would act as industrial guardians of all their members, providing them with useful and honourable means of livelihood, with a masonic body of workmen and employers. And in the community of interest and in the security under all the circumstances and against all the accidents of life—in a word, with the whole system of insurance and old-age pensions, the burden and administration of which Collectivists have invariably thrown on the State.

Yet—for Guild Socialists are neither Anarchists nor Syndicalists, but Socialists—the State itself would not disappear. On the contrary, it would have as definite a rôle to play as the guilds themselves. In industrial matters, it would be the ultimate owner of the land and capital, and it would "control in the matter of policy—precisely as private shareholders own and control in policy to-day." In non-industrial matters it would exercise the same functions as at present. Not bureaucracy, then, nor yet Anarchism would characterise the "Socialist State" as conceived by the pioneers of Guild Socialism.

R. S. CRAKE.

THE MONEY TRUST.

Sir,—The accompanying letter was addressed by me—a Canadian—to Mr. Hamar Greenwood, M.P., who, also, was a Canadian. I am now (if I like) a voter here. But I happen to be of no party.

Anyhow, would it interest your readers to see the enclosed letter? Yours and the "New Witness" are the only papers which might publish it. It does, I think, suggest in some degree the present situation. The old-fashioned Collectivists and the new do suggest some basic considerations which men concerned in the fundamental social question of wages may ignore.

Mr. Greenwood wrote, regretting that he "could not deal with the important points," I raised. Of course not. He did not.

Dear Sir,—In connection with the finding (dated last month) of the House of Representative Committee on Washington (1) that a "Money Trust" does exist in the United States, with Messrs. J. P. Morgan (or Mr. Morgan) at its head; and in connection with the evidence before that Committee (2) that that Trust would (I quote) "be a national danger if it got into wrong hands"; furthermore, that (3) an international money-plutocracy, comprising the British, French, German and American markets, did exist; also, in view of the close interlocking and "community of interest" of Britain's and America's money markets, and in conjunction with the six undermentioned current "rumours" or facts, in view as well of the present discontent, of high taxation and low wages in this country, of this nation's and this Empire's security, will you press the Government to appoint a Committee or Commission to inquire (completing its report within, say, six months) into the true status of the money-plutocracy, or money-plutocracy of interest, by whatever name it may be called," of the Money-Power in this country, in its relation to taxation in this country; and as well as in connection with the devaluation of the expressing of the lack of interest, or the power of the Money-Power (or Money-Plutocracy) in this country, the devaluation of the pound and the corresponding devaluation of the price of the pound, and the corresponding devaluation of this country's and the United Kingdom's currency, as well as with the corresponding devaluation of this country's and the United Kingdom's money market?

For instance:—

(1) Who ultimately is responsible for the "rumours" recently current that the Princes of India intended to present specific, or any, warships to the Crown? Is it the Money-Power?

(2) Is it a fact, as suggested by the Colonial Secretary, that the voiceless subject natives of the Malay States were consulted, and did themselves unconditionally offer the battlefield lately accepted by the Government? Who ultimately will pay for this ship? How comes it that this offer exactly fitted in with the above false "rumour" of India's intentions? Is this ship an expression of patriotism? If so, patriotism to or for what, or how is it defined?

(3) Germans propose to increase their army. That addition will necessitate corresponding measures of defence, offence, and taxation in other countries. Therefore, as a matter of business, it would pay manufacturers of munitions of war, the Armour-Plate Trust and so on, of this and other countries, to subsidize that movement for other things, the Press, of that country. Is this done?

(4) Is the "Six-Power Group," or the "Six-Power Group," of financiers, now, and for the past twelve months, coercing China's Government through this Government, the same thing, or in any way identified with the Money-Power—i.e., with the cosmopolitan interlocking and affiliated financial combinations assumed to be more or less tangible protection and good of the people? Those who have dared to protest publicly have brought on themselves the full malice and assault of such powers. Seldom have they escaped with their property, health, or even their lives.

To dare to protest against these conditions, and the certain rapid loss of all true freedom, is to set as certainly in quick motion the powerful agencies of suppression, ruin, and silence, vested in the hands of federal bureaux through a vast national spy system, yet certain indictment by federal grand juries at the behest of federal officials, followed by certain ruin, the confiscation of all property and resources, federal receiverships, forced sales, the deprivation of the second-class privilege, and, if possible, the driving the protestors to suicide. The citizen who incurs the malice of a petty public servant in federal employ has, as has been noted, "always the chance of a tallow-legged rabbit chased through hell by an asbestos dog." * * *

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actuality in this country's, and this nation's, social, industrial and economic affairs for this time. (3)

How is it (for there must be an explanation) that, with an admittedly rich Empire financed primarily from London, the bulk of the people of this country courages (as poorer) to the 170,000,000 people who comprise the balance of the English-speaking States and the Germanic races, or a necessary result of, the "Glory of Empire"? (4)

Has the Money-Power any connection with, or amount to, the Marconi contract, (b) in India's balances and finance, (c) in the persecutions apparently intended to silence the three or four independent journalists in this country, (d) in the secrecy of the two political parties, which is undoubtedly the real power of the present, in effect, bi-party system, and, finally (e) in the misrepresentation and caprice of the daily Press of every party complexion?

In connection with the foregoing I quote the following from the "World" of New York: "Is the financial power of a single individual? It asks, "greater than the financial power of the 5,000,000 inhabitants of New York?" It then discusses an issue of bonds for a contract of over £250,000,000 in the lump sum, which, too big for a small firm to tackle, necessarily falls into, and is designed to fall into, J. P. Morgan's hands, resulting eventually that his investments have rates over £31,000,000, though, and because, this deal cannot be discussed in public with or by other brokers, who (I quote) refuse to express an opinion within the Morgan firm (in, which case they will get his monopoly and profits, though they will be ready enough to buy these bonds later from Mr. Morgan at a substantial discount.

It is worth while adding that the "Morgan Money Trust" controls, according to an official Parliamentary estimate, more than £3,000,000,000 of the total revenue of Great Britain, Germany, the U.S.A., France, and Italy. Yet this same financier, this same Money-Trust, though of, is only incident in and great Trust centre prevalent in London, which, this writer affirms, is unquestionably exploiting, among other things, this people, this country, the Crown, and most of the British subject Empire.

Near one-half of the foreign trade of the States is with this Empire; nearly £500,000,000 of publicly subsisted British capital is invested in the United States; consequently their markets are our markets, and their Money Trust, for good or ill, our concern. In fact, we know that that Trust is affiliated with, and less than, the Money Trust in London, near St. Stephen's. These things are shirked, but demonstrable. I have said nothing of the comparatively trivial inclusions, I mean, by certain sections of the Power, of ex-Colonial and ex-Government officials; of the Shipping Combination; the Jesser Canadian Money Trust; the British Indian Company and the British capital in British; of the opium monopoly; of the exportation of capital drained from, and at a definite cost to, this Labour market and its Labour; and so on.

But perhaps the foremost national issues, rather than petty things of mere partisan phraseology, you may deal with some or all these, and the fundamental British Money-Power, at your meeting here next Tuesday.

I am, sir, yours truly, (Signed) A. G. CRAFTER.

Hamar Greenwood, Esq., M.P., Temple, E.C.

THE SINGLE TAX.

Sir,—Mr. Fairley's letter has puzzled me. He tells me that, "while it is always useful to scrutinise carefully the motives of a party who bring forward a measure, the measure, nevertheless, stands on its own legs as a step towards, and necessary for, the time. The advocate has nothing whatever to do with the advocate," this is an astounding affirmation, so far as politics is concerned; for we know that the cleverest and most determinate principle means different things to different people. The recent case of insurance against sickness is an example. I hold that you could only insure people against sickness by keeping them in good health, and would argue that any scheme that made provision for perfunctory medical treatment of disease or disability would be an insurance against sickness in any intelligible sense of the word. To Mr. Lloyd George, insurance against sickness means "nine

for fourpence," and a whole host of unimaginable and unrealisable social reforms for this time. He, and the Socialists that private property in land is the root of all our trouble. But the Single Tax, proposed by Henry George, would not abolish private property in land; the landlord would still be the buyer of the land; the landlord would still have to bear all charges, including the Single Tax, laid on the land. That, I think, was sufficiently defended by the party. I quote Flurscheim. But I am now asked: "What is the difference in position between a tenant who pays the economic rent of his holding to a landlord who, in turn, hands it over to the State, and a landlord who pays the economic rent of his estate to the State?"; and I am told that there is no difference whatever. There is one important and fundamental difference between the two propositions, for the alternative assumes that Socialism has been established and that the land has been nationalised. As a matter of fact, Mr. Fairley tells me that Mr. Morgan has a monopoly and profits, though they will be ready enough to buy these bonds later from Mr. Morgan at a substantial discount.

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Hamar Greenwood, Esq., M.P., Temple, E.C.

THE SINGLE TAX.

Sir,—Mr. Fairley's letter has puzzled me. He tells me that, "while it is always useful to scrutinise carefully the motives of a party who bring forward a measure, the measure, nevertheless, stands on its own legs as a step towards, and necessary for, the time. The advocate has nothing whatever to do with the advocate," this is an astounding affirmation, so far as politics is concerned; for we know that the cleverest and most determinate principle means different things to different people. The recent case of insurance against sickness is an example. I hold that you could only insure people against sickness by keeping them in good health, and would argue that any scheme that made provision for perfunctory medical treatment of disease or disability would be an insurance against sickness in any intelligible sense of the word. To Mr. Lloyd George, insurance against sickness means "nine
to know the Socialist solution of the problem, he can read the book by Alfred Russell Wallace, or the publications of the English Land Nationalisation Society, or the chapter on Land in Michael Flursheim’s “Over-Production and Wealth.” He will also be recommended to read the series of articles on Guild-Socialism now appearing in The New Age. If he really wants something done, he can read the proceedings of the English Land Nationalisation Society, or the publication of the Paris journalist whom he quotes as saying, “The Single Tax is only an ideal, and will add nothing to the welfare of the people. For it is, or should be, clear that taxation (whether single or multiple) by a capitalistic State is simply the means whereby that State is maintained; and if one set of monopolists uses the destruction of another set of monopolists, the result is that monopoly becomes more monopolistic; and if monopoly is the evil, the last state is worse than the first.”

A VIEW FROM PARIS.

Sir,—Your correspondent, Mr. Moulder, appears to endorse the narrow utilitarian view of Captain Scott’s mission entertained by the Paris “Midi.” That it is narrow may be stated from a single reflection—namely, that its utility can never be estimated. Utilitarianism has suffered a great deal from its disciples, the majority of whom apparently think that the first hasty addition of advantages or disadvantages disposes of any given problem. Remembering, however, that the consequences of any action are unending, the philosophic utilitarian postulates his judgment of value until an act of practical imagination he can seize its destined nature. Your cheap utilitarian, on the other hand, reckons the sum no further than to-morrow. I should say myself that nobody is excusable on the principle that ends which are worse than the first.

Sir,—Mr. F. Moulder and the Paris journalist whom he quotes wish to know what is the practical utility of Antarctic expeditions. The answer is that in respect of at least three branches of knowledge—earth-magnetism, meteorology, and geology—they bring nearer to complete or not complete or not (generalisations have to be based. These generalisations may be of purely intellectual interest, or they may have practical applications (e.g., to navigation), but in any case the more complete the survey the more correct are they likely to be. The actual attainment of the Pole is, of course, a merely sentimental matter, excusable, perhaps, on the principle that “the ox shall not muzzle the corn when he treads out the corn.”

But, oh, this “practical utility”! In any but a Socialist paper it would mean a grumble at Captain Scott for not discovering a gold mine. But why do those who are so ready to charge scientific workers with being the tools of the capitalists claim of them just as much when they obviously are not? You do not ask what is the “practical utility” of a poem or a picture: why demand it in the case of scientific research?

THE ARTS AND CRAFTS.

Sir,—In making my exit from this discussion I will make a bargain with Mr. Ludovici: I will hang over my works the notice he suggests I’ll write in future. I do not write for not discovering a gold mine. But why do those who are so ready to charge scientific workers with being the tools of the capitalists claim of them just as much when they obviously are not? You do not ask what is the “practical utility” of a poem or a picture: why demand it in the case of scientific research?

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WILSHIRE’S MAGAZINE OF SYNDICALISM.

I’d like to thank you, sir, for your courtesy in extending to me the hospitality of your columns.

HAMILTON T. SMITH.

P.S.—Since sending the above, I have seen Mr. Romney Green’s letter on this subject. May I say that the peculiar excellence in his writing-table, upon which I commented, was its “high finish,” as a shopwalker or an Academician might use the word, but its rightness of finish as understood by an artist. In this sense I interpret it to be a mysterious grounds, and not interpreted literally.

A CORRECTION.

Sir,—My bad handwriting in revising or a printer’s humour was responsible for a sentence which I did not write to you on “Woman’s Suffrage” which I should like to disown. I did not write “too quite,” but “his quite internally able letter.” May I add that I used the qualifying word advisedly, not wantonly. To my feeling, Sir Ninroth Wright’s letter to the “Times” was in a sense an appeal, ad inferos, an irreverence, enhanced by his unpractised skill. His very doublet has his place in the scheme of things. Nevertheless, one may choose to honour the physician before him and to prefer his conclusions where they concern the living.

CHARLES CECIL.

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