The Chesterfield election has done more than all our
present our case as if only ourselves were maintaining
it. The danger, in fact, is that the defence of the
Labour Party, or rather the excuses it may offer for its
face at least, promising. After the manner of the old
room in Parliament only for a third and completely
true, as all the journals are now saying, that there is
conduct, will now be as unfairly neglected as a little
while ago its merits were exaggerated. It is perfectly
of making a political alliance between the Liberal Trade
Mr. MacDonald, with the support of Mr. Keir Hardie,
dependent party
Unionists and the Socialist Labourists was, on the sur-
strong back and the I.L.P. was to supply the seeing
partners were actually intent on different objects neces-
eyes. Few people foresaw then that in fact the two
Indian fable, the Trade Unions were to supply the
those days reasonably convinced that the union of the
situating different means and involving different methods.
The majority, including most of those who subsequently
become the strongest critics of the alliance, were in
Hastings, Miguel Zapato, D. T., Frank Crowshaw, Beatrice
Hastings, Miguel Zapato, A. Ditton
To have a member in Parliament was an ornamental
distinction for a union, but no great faith in his power to
supersede the weapon of the strike was indulged in.
The unions trusted in their political god, but they kept
their industrial powder dry. With the advent of the
separate political party, this wise precaution was
was laid aside. The little group that before had per-
meated the Liberal Party from within now aspired to
force the Liberal Party from without, only to find that,
at the same time the unions slowed down and in
some cases practically discontinued their industrial pro-
paganda. The effect up to last year—for the neglect
is rapidly being repaired—was that the unions were
growing weaker even while the political party was mani-
festly failing; in short, both methods were simulta-
neously in course of decay. The purely political sec-
tion, on the other hand, had likewise sacrificed its creed
on the altar of practical compromise. For an indepen-
dent group of members, voting in Parliament absolutely
regardless of the conveniences of the two parties, there
was, as we have said, a real place. Such a group could
never be large, since the nation is composed mainly of
sheep with a native horror of independence; it certainly
could not confine itself to purely Labour questions, since
these, after all, do not constitute the attraction of popu-
lar politics. But the group could, at any rate, have
served the purpose of a national critic, constructive as
well as destructive, and have ensured for itself a degree
of permanence. The I.L.P., in its earliest days, had,
indeed, some such plan in its mind. All classes were re-
presented in its ranks, and all classes might equally
expect to provide its candidates. The alliance with the
Trade Unionists put an end to this national character of
the early I.L.P. by first eliminating from its pro-
gramme any idea not narrowly Labour, and then by
choosing those who had not graduated through a Trade Union
office. Moreover, its methods in Parliament had immediately
conformed to the practical, to the immediately practical.
Before the alliance Mr. Keir Hardie could raise in Par-
liament any awkward and embarrassing question he
chose. After the alliance he became as discreet (and
useless) as an under-secretary of State. Nobody who
is familiar with the early history of the I.L.P. will doubt
that the change from its first idealist enthusiasm to its
present cold and fruitless practicality has been one long
fall; and nobody competent to judge will dispute that
the cause is to be sought in the alliance. The conclu-
sion, however, is not that the alliance must be violently
annulled; things have gone too far for that; but it must
be gradually dissolved. Chesterfield is another of the
long series of events that will in the end produce this effect.

At the same time we must plainly warn the present critics of the Labour Party that the cry of political independence is not enough in itself. Independence is undoubtedly an ideal and a valuable method, but it can neither be produced nor maintained save by an object that unmistakably demands it. For instance, if a new party should arise, or if the I.L.P. should break away from the Labour alliance with the notion of forcing the government to adopt independent political action in the House of Commons, it is doomed beforehand to failure. The reason is obvious; in a scramble for present legislation not the most independent, but the best organised and numerically the strongest party will certainly win. A group which they had a score of Parnells, could do nothing directly in Parliament. If, therefore, they appealed to their constituents on their practical programme they would never be returned a second time. What alone would entitle a small group to political independence and to its apparent fruitlessness would be an idea. Parnell did not keep the Irish Party together by promising immediate reforms, but by despising reforms in comparison with his leading idea; it was the latter alone that supplied the necessary power as well as the driving power of the group he led. Similarly a group of Labour men in Parliament who desire to act independently of the existing parties must aim first, not at independence, but at the possession of an idea differentiating them from existing parties and justifying and necessitating independence. Independence, in fact, must be dictated by the idea, and not simply imposed upon a party by a whim. But where in the so-called "rebel" ranks of the Labour movement is such an idea today? It is certainly not in the I.L.P., for without exception its members are getting along however. All around us in the trade union world the order to close ranks is being made. Where is the power to be found to make free school feeding practical politics; and whose leaders are still bent on squeezing Utopia by their own exertions out of Westminster? Nor is it to be found in the British trade unions; whose former reincarnation, the S.D.P., still survives in shadow form to boast that it made free school feeding possible; and whose leaders promise immediate reforms, such as, at best, the Liberals or Tories would pass without damage to themselves when they had been made popular. Nor is it to be found in the British trade unions; whose leaders promise immediate reforms, such as, at best, the Liberals or Tories would pass without damage to themselves when they had been made popular. Nor is it to be found in the British trade unions; whose leaders promise immediate reforms, such as, at best, the Liberals or Tories would pass without damage to themselves when they had been made popular. Nor is it to be found in the British trade unions; whose leaders promise immediate reforms, such as, at best, the Liberals or Tories would pass without damage to themselves when they had been made popular.

Even this comparatively simple conception of an independent political group is, however, contingent in realisation upon an economic backing. We may prove conclusively, as we hope we have, that the National Guild System is desirable and possible; we may even in the long run convince a considerable number, perhaps a majority, of the electorate that the National Guild System is the only way out of wage-slavery; but the conviction would be useless unless power existed to carry it into practice. Where is the power to be found to abolish the system? Is it proved to be both desirable and possible? It is to be found, we reply, in the organised unions in the first place and only secondarily in the independent group we have postulated in Parliament. A group, it is clear, might be ever so lucid and articulate in Parliament, but, in the parlour of Westminister, the choice upon the nation. But Compulsion, we observe, is much favoured by the Conservative as well as by the Liberal Party when the object is the preservation of their class in the name of the nation. But Compulsion is equally justified in the case of the trade unions when they can prove that what is at stake is their class and therewith the nation also. For as the official parties are no doubt sincerely convinced that their compulsory measures are necessary to the welfare of the nation, so and more are we convinced that the abolition of wage-slavery is necessary to the nation as well as to the class that would be freed. Other Unions are also, we learn, adopting the same methods as the union of Railwaymen. In a very little while there will be scarcely a blackleg in the land.

They are getting along, however. All around us in the trade union world the order to close ranks is being obeyed. Nobody knows order, three times three people know why it is being obeyed. Nevertheless, the most careless observer cannot fail to realise that the trade unions are not only stronger to-day than they ever were (we say nothing about their present funds—money is of secondary account), but they are growing stronger. In part, it is the reply of the movement to the attempt of Mr. Lloyd George to suppress it; in part, it is due to the reaction against raising prices; but, in major part, we believe, it is due to the instinctive apprehension of the movement that consolidation is necessary for the next step. At the recent Conference of the Federation of Trade Unions we are told by Mr. Appleton, its secretary, the single subject of discussion was the means of closer union; to create in each union a monopoly of the labour of the union was apparently the unanimous and articulated desire of the delegates. In the short space of five months the National Union of Railwaymen has increased its membership by over fifty per cent; and new members are being made at the rate of three thousand a week. This Union, indeed, has announced its intention of compelling every railway worker to enter his union on peril of being denounced and treated as a blackleg. We entirely approve of it, contrary to liberty as it may appear. If the nation were threatened by some tremendous danger or had need to gird itself for a real struggle against an object, we would admit that liberty is a right of the individual and no "amateur oarsman" one "who is, or has been by trade or employment for wages, a mechanic, artisan, labourer, or engaged in any menial duty." This rule appears to our contemporaries to be an example of snobbishness, and to constitute an insult to the working classes. In our opinion, however, it is nothing of the kind; or, if an insult, it is a well deserved one. It is all very well to pity the poor and to commiserate with wage-slaves on their servitude; we do it ourselves and unless they had their spokesmen in Westminster itself. What it is clear we need is a power outside of Parliament and a voice inside Parliament. The eyes must be at Westminster. This, we believe, is the solution of the problem of the legitimate alliance between industrial and political action, between the trade union and the so-called Socialist movements. The business of the former is to create unions, the latter strength of combines; their object partnership with federated employers or with the State. The business of the latter is to see, when the time comes, that the State and not the Employer is the partner chosen. But obviously the politicians can do nothing until the industrialists have supplied the power. A score of advocates of National Guilds would be able to do as little in Parliament as out of it at this moment. The choice, in fact, between the partnership of Unions and Employers and the partnership of Unions and the State has not yet become a political issue. It waits of necessity upon the will of the Trade Unionists to force the choice upon the nation.
quite sincerely. At the same time it is impossible for a free mind not to despise them or for an honest mind not to admit the contempt. We have noted before in these columns that under the Mosaic law a willing chattel-slave was placed on a sign that he deliberately preferred to be something less than a man. Similarly, those wage-slaves to-day who are satisfied with wage-slavery go about, to our mind's eye, with holes in their ears. After all, their condition is subject to their own consent. No Government in the world could maintain them in it unless they were disposed to submit to it. The Amateur Rowing Association may, therefore, be indiscriminate in this openly despising willing wage-slaves; but its justification is complete.

While on the subject of the Labour Party we note a characteristic fallacy in the "Saturday Review." Writing patronally and disinterestedly of the failure of Mr. MacDonald's party, this organ remarks: "We should like to see a party which stood for the interests of labour as consistently and exclusively as Mr. Redmond's party has stood for Home Rule." Doubtless some notion appears to be reasonable and proper to more people than the writers of the "Saturday Review." Nevertheless, the assumption on which they rest is hopelessly wrong. In the first place, there is no real parallel between a general and a national object like Home Rule and a particular and exclusive set of interests like those of the working-classes. The former, since it is not a maximum benefit to the whole Irish nation, irrespective of class, is a legitimate political object, politics being, in theory at any rate, the art of the whole. The latter, however, is awesomely sectional, and only considers the whole as its welfare may or may not be comprised. In the second place, it is improbable that such a class-group could exist longer than a single Parliament, and for reasons we have already given. The public generally does not in general government see that a greater evil to us than to others: he tolerates it for the practicality of the "Spectator's" proposal. Theoretically the case against the Referendum is, as we have often maintained, even stronger. It is true that we are now threatened with a Cabinet oligarchy, are, indeed, already under it; but the remedy of the Referendum, even if it were possible, would not in our opinion prove a remedy at all. If the Referendum were possible, in fact, it would not be necessary; and if it were necessary it would not be possible. It is true that we rely for defence upon the same power which supports the Cabinet in their attack—namely, public opinion, first, as represented by the House of Commons, and secondly in its raw state as active popular resistance. That there is practically none of the latter, we fear, that the former is passably representative of the nation. Certainly, whatever may be the view of the Cabinet entertained by the "Spectator" or by ourselves, the Cabinet can point in its defense to having the House of Commons of, at least, technically popular con-stitution, and to an acquiescent public opinion, passive if not active. Where is the authority, then, that can fairly challenge the right of the Cabinet to act as an oligarchy? In all probability, and judging by the most recent elections, the Cabinet would be supported in most of its measures even by Referendum: less, however, we believe, for its merits than by reason of the contempt in which the "Spectator's" alternative Unionist Government is rightly held. In the goodness of the Opposition is the real strength of the present Government.

It appears probable that the boycott of Jack Johnson, the negro pugilist, on the music-halls will be effective. The case is so compelling, that there is but little to come to a just decision. On the one side, Johnson is probably as harmless a man as ever fought in the ring or displayed himself on the public boards; his offence against the law in America was purely technical and was constituted solely by his colour. Where he has done nothing that in England would be regarded as criminal; and his chiefest accusers in this country could scarcely stand a cross-examination as to their own character. On the other side, the colour prejudice is real, and in our opinion properly so. Miscegenation is one of the worst of fates that can befall any nation. To the extent that individual coloured men are publicly applauded here, the wise tabu on intermixture is weakened. The habit of music-hall managers of inviting on to their halls the notoriety of the day is likewise thoroughly bad; by a kind of benefit of clergy they can by this means practically reverse the judgments of the best-instructed on any evil-doer; and it is usually the Barabbas they release. Unfortunately, however, Johnson appears to us to be one of the best instead of one of the worst of their choices. He is, in fact, an infamously bad case to make an example of. His skill as a pugilist is undeniable; his personality is said to be engaging; and his morals are as sentimental and correct as any white novelette hero. If his sacrifice were to lead to the purgation of the very tastes on which is Voltage deprivations we should approve of it. But we fear he is being used as a convenient scapegoat for sins much less innocent than himself.
Current Cant.

"The public is clamouring for the best."—SYDNEY DARK.

"The Insurance Act is doing the work of the Man of Nazareth."—LOLY GEORGE.

"The 'Daily Mail' raises a question of profound importance. . ."—Everyman.

"The modern girl is all right."—T. P. O'CONNOR.

"The Labour caucus, with all its faults, is actually controlled by working men."—The New Statesman.

"London has learned from foreigners sufficient to make London: a cosmopolitan city."—ARNOLD WHITE.

"The newspaper is learning the importance of the things that, as Bacon remarked, 'come home to men's business and bosoms.' Nowadays many a one treats his or her particular newspaper as guide, philosopher, and friend."—Evening News.

"Harry Thaw's escape."—Times placard.

"Mr. Masefield marks a stage in the renaissance of poetry and drama."—GILBERT CANNAN, in the "Blue Review" (last number).

"If the scenes are not always as attractive as the poster suggests, that is the fault of Nature."—C. LEWIS HIND.

"T. P.'s Weekly—January to June, 1913. A record of all that is best in Life and Literature during the first half of 1913."—Advert. in "T. P.'s Weekly.

"The young man of to-day is much the same as his predecessor of yesterday, but we think he has a little more imagination."—The Academy.

"Barrie's great success as a playwright has been achieved because he has based his drama on the bedrock of human vanity, passion, and folly."—The Book Monthly.

"The newspaper reader enjoys his newspaper as a personal and intimate pleasure. He does not want it blazed before his eyes or shouted in his ear."—Daily Express.

"Exactly three years ago we instructed our special commissioner to make a tour of the London massage establishments, with the specific object of placing before the public these facts—so much of them as was printable. . ."—John Bull.

"The story, 'Casserley's Wife,' should certainly serve a useful purpose as a warning to young men."—Glasgow Herald.

"By the time this number of the 'Millgate Monthly' reaches the hands of its readers, King George and Queen Mary will have made history."—Millgate Monthly.

"Those who are eagerly anticipating the disruption of the Labour Party are cherishing false hopes and will wait in vain."—Daily Citizen.

"Votes for women means an equal moral standard for men and women . . . the abolition of white slavery . . . promotion of sexual purity . . ."—The Suffragette.

CURRENT COMMERCIALISM.

"Little daughters are becoming more and more expensive luxuries."—Daily Mirror.

CURRENT COOKERY CRITIC.

"Some little time ago I drew attention to certain very definite changes that have come about in recent years in all matters relating to eating."—HOBART JACkSON.

CURRENT SENSE.

"Fewer musical artists are accused of mean acts than clergymen."—Daily Sketch.

Foreign Affairs.

By S. Verdad.

The prestige of the Wilson Administration began to decline within a week of the President's inauguration. The American public seemed to realize by instinct that it was not quite what it ought to be; and diplomatists knew in advance that Mr. W. J. Bryan would make a very indifferent Secretary of State—i.e., Foreign Minister. It is not merely that nothing has been done to check the Trust system; for several firms openly said months ago that a lowering of the tariffs would be followed by a lowering of wages. Other causes have combined to discredit the Cabinet. The extra session of Congress, which was to last a few weeks, has now lasted a few months, and looks like holding out until the regular session begins. Further, this extra session did not see the passing of the Bill on which the Cabinet had set its joint heart, viz., the Currency Bill. This measure, when its terms were definitely known, was hung up on account of the opposition of the banking interests; and the influential Senator Owen, who was supposed to be in favour of it, has now suddenly let it be known that the Bill does not meet with his entire approval.

There are minor matters in home affairs which have not shown the new Administration in a very favourable light; but, apart from these, Mr. Bryan's conduct has not been what we might have expected from President Wilson's chief Minister. Imagine, if you can, Mr. Asquith complaining that his salary was too small, and that he must go about a bit and lecture in order to make up the deficit. Further, imagine him complaining that the lecturing fees did not bring him in enough and that he would, in addition, have to go on editing the paper with which he was connected in order to be able to pay the premiums on his insurance policy! Far from being ashamed of these things and at least trying to keep them in the background, Mr. Bryan has blamed them forth to the world as if he took a "proper pride" in them. Nothing more vulgar has ever been authoritatively reported, even from the United States.

It is, however, in matters appertaining to foreign affairs that the present United States Cabinet has shown itself to be deplorably ignorant and misinformed. There has been a sad struggle, not yet ended, between the Federal Government and the State Government over the question of the Japanese in California; and in the official views exchanged between Washington and Tokio the Japanese Government was easily first. Then came Mr. Bryan's blunder over Nicaragua, when he was "squeezed" by the Senate, and his still more inexusable blunder when he cabled certain suggestions respecting religious liberty to the peace delegates at Bucharest—suggestions which the delegates were right in receiving with smiles of contempt, seeing that Mr. Bryan's proposals had been considered and carried into effect (on paper) years before.

Then Mexico: worst blunder of all up to the present. No great Power has even allowed itself to be flouted as the United States has been by Mexico without taking instant and drastic reprisals. Dr. Wilson, as I stated some weeks ago, had the alternative either of recognizing President Huerta or of refusing to do so and taking steps to protect the lives and property of Europeans, in accordance with the Monroe Doctrine. Instead of making up his mind he shilly-shallied. To withdraw Mr. Lane Wilson, the American Ambassador, and to substitute Mr. Lind as a "Special Envoy" was a piece of diplomatic incompetence which not even the Huerta Government could tolerate. President Huerta was quite within his rights in refusing to receive Mr. Lind and in insisting that the "Special Envoy" should say what he had to say through Señor Urrutia, the Foreign Minister. And, in the end, the only satisfaction Washington receives is a dispatch from President
Towards a National Railway Guild.—VI.

In emphasising that no general reductions of rates or fares should be a condition of a railway guild charter, I have in mind that many incidental benefits to the general public and the trading community would naturally follow.

Tickets (ordinary, excursion, season and traders') would become available over all the lines between the towns which the ticket is taken out to cover, instead of by one route or specified routes as now.

Traders at present unable to qualify for special traders' contract tickets because the nature of their business necessitates its being divided between different unrelated companies, although in the total it would reach the required value if sent by one company, would qualify for traders' ticket or tickets by their business being dealt with under one railway authority.

For the travelling public three trains are preferable to four between the same towns if re-timed say from two trains at 1.0 o'clock and two trains at 2.0 o'clock, leaving different stations, to three trains at 1.0, 1.30, and 2.0 o'clock. Local services would have to be provided for in those cases where the cancellation of long-distance trains withdrew an intermediate stop.

Goods would be sent in the best manner and by the most expeditious routes able to take them, as there would be no interest in the forwarding company taking traffic by circuitous routes in order to retain as much proportionate mileage interest as possible.

Canvassers would change their name and functions and be available to advise the trading and travelling public, and help in the expeditious handling and movement of traffic.

A strike would be a disgrace to guild management, except in remote contingencies, which would carry public sympathy for the whole guild.

All traders would be given the same treatment, on business lines, be their payments for transport worth three hundred or three hundred thousand pounds annually.

Above all, what esprit de corps exists now in the railway service (and there is a wealth of it alive, slumbering though it may), may be lost if the railway system is divided universally amongst all grades. Everyone knows the difference which guildisation would bring, and which could not naturally follow.

No one man knows what economies in money, brain, and muscle are possible by amalgamation of railway companies, by State ownership, or by guildisation. When artificial restrictions have been removed true development will begin. The method of stimulating these developments will be indicated in a later article.

Here, as always, "all men are wiser than one man."

There is not a railway manager in the country who could not point to some improvement, impossible to-day, which he would regard as practicable under unified management.

Take any provincial town in which there are three or more goods depôts owned by different companies;
The Bondage of Wagery.

An Open Letter to the Trades Union Congress.

GENTLEMEN,—We address ourselves to you because it is tacitly understood that the Trades Union Congress applies itself, more or less exclusively, to industrial affairs. Several years ago, your Congress founded the Labour Representation Committee, which has developed into the Labour Party as we know it to-day. To it you referred your purely political questions. Not so very long ago, so greatly did labour politics loom up in your imagination, it was suggested that the Trades Union Congress might formally consider the Labour Party as the sole governing body. There is an alluring quality in politics that distracts men’s minds from the material problems of life. It needs strength of will and spiritual discipline not to be enticed away from the actualities that beset us in our daily work. It is because your Congress addresses itself to these actualities that we venture to discuss with you the most important aspect of your daily lives—the question of wages and the necessity for the abolition of the wage system.

In the first flush of excited satisfaction that followed the General Election of 1906, and in consequence of the marked deference paid to the Labour Party at that time, a great number of serious and loyal Labourists sincerely believed that the conquest of political power was at hand, and that the conquest of political power was a condition precedent to the conquest of economic power. They accordingly contended that there remained no vital function for your Congress this year, because you concerned yourselves only with industrial, that is (roughly stated), with the economic problems that daily confront you. If the political power was really the precursor of economic power, then it was obvious you, to-day, are strong in self-defence against the political party that is likely to reach it. For example, each may have cranes of twenty-five to fifty tons lifting capacity, and by converting the railway dividend incubus to a trust fund the burden would not be increased, but the additional trade of the railway would provide larger income to the guild without, for some time, adding to the staff, except in those grades where shortage occurred.

Stagnation in promotion, which would certainly follow company amalgamations or State ownership, would be compensated for by the general improvement of pay and working conditions of the guild. The gradual diversion of labour to other businesses of a productive character, as, for instance, agriculture would be a distinct gain in national wealth, and, provided the guild idea materialised with it, a gain to the workers.

The commercial regime gives us but an imperfect, yet the only, criterion of comparative values of various kinds of labour, and during the period of transition by general guildisation of industries this apparatus might be substantially followed; although so long as wages paid by private enterprise are taken as the broad standard of values just so long it will remain obscure what really is a fair return for any class of work.

With the progress of guilds, many industries will have been worked under the system and the dividend incubus has been entirely removed, a different standard will have been revealed, and those private industries complying in such standard will be considered, in comparison, sweated trades.

The element of competition will also have made it more difficult for private enterprise to command the same class of service, and in its own struggle for existence it will have had to pay higher wages even at the expense of decreased profits.

By transferring the railways to a guild there need be no displacement of labour, the surplus being applied to reduction of hours, of officials and men.

The money economies in the beginning, say after the first year, should be apportioned to the various grades. Salaries of officials, though sufficiently low in all conscience for the responsibility assumed, might be substantially unaltered in the beginning, adjustments only being made to remove glaring inconsistencies revealed by the comparison of different companies’ salary lists.

The first attention should be given to reducing hours of labour and personal risks, and to providing at least a dignified and healthy life for the lowest paid grades.

Advantages peculiar to guild working would arise out of the spirit engendered throughout its members. It would be interesting to compile figures of all railways and show the amounts paid annually for loss and pilgrimage of goods and parcels to be compared afterwards with such disbursements under guild management. Give every worker an interest in the business and an army of detectives is created which would make the risk of discovery and punishment such that the game would not be worth the candle.

Henry Lascelles.
Gradually the exact facts became clear to the political leaders, with the result that the Labour Party sank in political value, and finally were regarded as negligible.

What were the facts which unmasked the pretensions of Parliamentary labourism? They may be summed up in one word—Rents. Rent, interest and profits were unmistakably increasing; real wages were declining. Therefore, argued the Parliamentarians, why worry about the Labour Party. They do no harm in Parliament, and they apparently divert their constituents’ minds from the most important factors—prostitution and wage-slavery. As long as rent, interest, and profits can rise 22½ per cent. and real wages fall by 7 to 10 per cent., there is obviously no fear of any return to the industrial struggle. Gentlemen of the Congress, your Labour Party has been a very expensive amusement.

Now let us state the case in pounds and pence. Luckily, just before you meet, the Board of Trade have opportunistically stated them in an important report which every delegate should possess and study. It was in 1906 that Labour went into force in Parliament. Since that date how have the workers fared? Remember, it is the purchasing capacity of your money, shows a decrease in factory and workshop. The men who own and control not only the wealth, but the machinery (human and material) that produces wealth will inevitably control and guide our national affairs. This has been the case from the very beginnings of human association and it will go on so continue until the Judgment Day. We have, therefore, repeatedly urged the wage-earners never to forget the formula that economic power precedes and dominates political power. The failure of parliamentary labourism is, in consequence, purely and simply a fact that economic power resides in the employing classes, who, being in a position to exploit your labour, possess and control wealth, and therefore govern the nation.

The ancient and searching question again comes home to you: What must you do to be saved? At the risk of appearing either intellectually arrogant or priggishly superior, we can answer that question with certainty. You must so organise yourselves on the industrial plane that the wage-system can be abolished. To men and women who have lived their lives in an atmosphere of wagery, and who regard wagery as something inherent in daily life, to suggest its abolition sounds Utopian or as a counsel of perfection. We are writing this letter, hoping that we can convince you that to abolish wagery is entirely practicable. Please remember that capitalism depends upon the wage-system, but you do not. So long as you have skill to produce wealth and organise its distribution you are entirely free from and independent of profiteering.

It is first and foremost necessary that you should have a clear understanding of what wages are. Wages is the price paid in the competitive market for labour as a commodity. A wage is not a salary; it is not even pay; nor is it remuneration. Salaries and pay and remuneration are for individual services rendered. Individually, the human element, enters into these rewards for services rendered; but wage is the smallest price of a commodity, the last in the price of your living, how have you fared in the matter of wages? In the trades common to all towns we discover that the mean percentage increases in rates of wages in all the towns are as follows:—Building trade, skilled men, 1.9; labourers, 2.6; engineering, skilled men 5.5; labourers, 3.9; printing trades, compositors, 4.1.

Is it not evident that you cannot contend with an economic movement such as this by Parliamentary means? The problem is an industrial question, pure and simple. Consider! Whilst Mr. Phillips has been busy pamphleteering and lecturing on women’s suffrage or national finance, the cost of living in his own constituency has advanced 16 per cent. Whilst Mr. MacDonald has been on a Royal Commission in India, the cost of living in Leicester has advanced 23 per cent.; whilst Mr. Parker sat upon the Marconi Committee, in the interests of Parliamentary purity, the cost of living in Halifax went up 12 per cent. Probably Mr. G. H. Roberts was too busy acting as whip of the Labour Party to notice that his own constituents were being plundered to an increased tune of 12 per cent. Whilst Mr. Keir Hardie has been gallivanting over Europe and America, talking old-fashioned and extremely ignorant State-socialism, his Merthyr constituents have been “had” by an increased 11 per cent. You must seriously consider whether the meat is worth the salt. The Frankenstein of your aggregation, the profiteers, have increased their incomes by 22½ per cent., and real wages fall by 7 to 10 per cent., there is obviously no fear of any return to the industrial struggle.
modern capitalism is only matched by the slave-owners of previous generations. It is fundamental, then, to the argument always to remember that wage is the price paid for labour as a commodity. It is not paid to you as human beings, made in the image of God; that consideration never enters into the minds of the profiteers. They merely buy a quality, a force, inherent in you. To them it is nothing more and nothing less than a marketable commodity.

Observe carefully the consequences that flow from the theory that labour is a commodity. The profiteers buy it from you at a bare subsistence rate and accordingly claim possession of all the wealth subsequently created by the labour which you have sold for a mess of potage. Now it is in wealth, in property, that economic claim possession of all the wealth created out of it. But you are at a critical moment in your history. We fear that our argument seems to you to tend to that end. Had you been strongly industrially organised you might have resisted this attack upon your means of living. Take Leicester for example. It is represented in Parliament by Mr. J. R. MacDonald, your political leader. Between 1905 and 1912 rents rose in Leicester 6 per cent. Food and coal rose no less than 15 per cent. Had Mr. MacDonald devoted his time and abilities to organising an effective resistance to this special form of capitalist plunder, do you not think he would have been more profitably employed, and accordingly the working class, and exploiting classes in India? Duty, like charity, begins at home, but the eyes of the fool are upon the ends of the earth. In Ireland, they successfully resisted the depredations of the rent-mongers; in America they successfully organised against the rise in the price of meat. But there is no glory in detailed local struggle; there is no drama, no opportunity to strike heroic attitudes. Not the least of the curses that Parliamentaryism brings in its train has been the indolent hunger for the lime-light. Your Parliamentarians are as touchy on this point as music-hall artists. The pity of it! In any event, this fact stands sure: When one class consciously seeks to plunder another class, conscious resistance is a duty, and, until you have resisted, those plundered are tame slaves and actuated by servile instincts.

You are fully justified in retorting upon us with the question: What is our alternative to the wage-system?

During the past two years we have been at great pains in elaborating a constructive programme to be followed after the wage-earners had repudiated wage. It is not easy to sum up what we have already written at length and which we hope will appear in book form. But we will endeavour briefly to summarise our argument. Let us suppose that labour in this country were completed to constitute a monopoly. On one side we should have the profiteers possessing the machinery and the other, the army of workers in complete possession of the labour. Obviously, a dead-lock. What would be done? The State Socialists would contend that the way out would be for the State to buy the assets and to work them. But the amount of money involved in the purchase would remain a permanent charge upon labour equivalent to the existing rent, interest and profits. Labour would be no better off. Worse remains: the State would have to maintain the wage-system because there would be no other means to pay the interest on the purchase price. Does that puzzle you? It is really quite simple. All rent, interest and profits come out of the difference between the price of labour as a commodity and the selling price. If, therefore, Labour had organised itself to abolish wage, it would have naturally reject the overtures of the State to continue the wage-system. There would, therefore, be no fund out of which to pay interest to the discharged profiteers. This is the fatal objection to State Socialism. It predicates purchase, the purchase price to be a national debt, paying interest in the usual way. It must, therefore, equally predicate the continuance of the wage-system. Worse still remains to be told: The State would find that the cost of production would so seriously increase as to put it out of action in the world’s market. Every serious student has now finally discarded State Socialism, either as an economic improvement upon existing capitalism, or as a curse for the ills of wage. Nevertheless, the present owners of the plant and machinery are entitled to recompense. Our own proposal in this regard is to pay them 504,000 for so small a purpose, are you afraid to spend five times—aye, or ten times—that amount on achieving an industrial revolution? Make no mistake about it: the next revolution is the abolition of wage and the constitution of guilds for the purpose of creating wealth and equitably distributing it. We entreat you to forget such purely external things as Parliamentary politics and to concentrate upon wage and the way to destroy it. Your executive body is inaptly styled the “Parliamentary Committee.” Give it imperative instructions to forget its name and to get to the main purpose of your fellowship—the extension of the trades union movement and closely related to knavery) the possessing classes remain the governing classes and do not care a fig for your Parliamentary Labour group. Indeed, they look upon it with indulgent contempt.

What must you do to be saved? And as salvation obviously depends upon your capacity to destroy the wage-system, how must you set about it?

There is only one way to destroy wage and that is to determine never again to sell your labour for wages. wage-system, how must you set about it? The State Socialists would contend that the way to destroy it. Your executive body is inaptly styled the “Parliamentary Committee.” Give it imperative instructions to forget its name and to get to the main purpose of your fellowship—the extension of the trades union movement and closely related to knavery) the possessing classes remain the governing classes and do not care a fig for your Parliamentary Labour group. Indeed, they look upon it with indulgent contempt.

What must you do to be saved? And as salvation obviously depends upon your capacity to destroy the wage-system, how must you set about it?

There is only one way to destroy wage and that is to determine never again to sell your labour for wages. Labour to you is something more than a mere commodity. To you it is your property; it is the only instrument or weapon in your possession whereby you can achieve economic emancipation. Therefore you must claim the absolute disposition of that labour power and possession of the wealth created out of it. But you cannot do this unless you possess a monopoly of that labour power. Here, then, we come to the special function of the Trades Union Congress. First and last, it is your business to organise the working population in such a way that this labour monopoly can be acquired. We warmly congratulate you upon the large accessions to your Parliamentary Labour group. Indeed, they have already spent (and largely wasted) over 1,000,000 on a daily paper. You do not yet muster more than one in six of the working industrial army. We invite you to take the necessary steps to bring under your influence every working man and woman in the United Kingdom. You cannot do this without money. But you have money that runs to millions sterling. We seriously urge you not to spend that money upon strikes that merely mitigate wagery, but to spend it upon a great campaign (including a house-to-house canvass) to acquire a complete monopoly of labour and then to abolish the wage-system altogether. You will need to spend £250,000 on spreading unionism in the industrial centres and another £150,000 in organising the agricultural wage-slaves. You have already spent (and largely wasted) over £100,000 on a daily paper. If you can manage £100,000 for so small a purpose, are you afraid to spend five times—aye, or ten times—that amount on achieving an industrial revolution? Make no mistake about it: the next revolution is the abolition of wage and the constitution of guilds for the purpose of creating wealth and equitably distributing it. We entreat you to forget such purely external things as Parliamentary politics and to concentrate upon wage and the way to destroy it. Your executive body is inaptly styled the "Parliamentary Committee." Give it imperative instructions to forget its name and to get to the main purpose of your fellowship—the extension and sane organisation of every man and woman who works with head or hand. The Board of Trade Report, to which we have alluded, proves with deadly accuracy that you can do it if you have been at it for 20 years. We believe that in your own way you will rise to the occasion. We venture to remind you that you have not much time. A trade depression may be upon us in a year or two. That would add enormously to your difficulties.

Perhaps the greatest obstacle you will encounter will be a kind of Oriental fatalism convinced that no human effort can frustrate the economic movement. The increase in the cost of living is the result of human effort directed to that end. Had you been strongly industrially organised you might have resisted this attack upon your means of living. Take Leicester for example. It is represented in Parliament by Mr. J. R. MacDonald, your political leader. Between 1905 and 1912 rents rose in Leicester 6 per cent. Food and coal rose no less than 15 per cent. Had Mr. MacDonald devoted his time and abilities to organising an effective resistance to this special form of capitalist plunder, do you not think he would have been more profitably employed, and accordingly the working class, and exploiting classes in India? Duty, like charity, begins at home, but the eyes of the fool are upon the ends of the earth. In Ireland, they successfully resisted the depredations of the rent-mongers; in America they successfully organised against the rise in the price of meat. But there is no glory in detailed local struggle; there is no drama, no opportunity to strike heroic attitudes. Not the least of the curses that Parliamentaryism brings in its train has been the indolent hunger for the lime-light. Your Parliamentarians are as touchy on this point as music-hall artists. The pity of it! In any event, this fact stands sure: When one class consciously seeks to plunder another class, conscious resistance is a duty, and, until you have resisted, those plundered are tame slaves and actuated by servile instincts.

You are fully justified in retorting upon us with the question: What is our alternative to the wage-system?

During the past two years we have been at great pains in elaborating a constructive programme to be followed after the wage-earners had repudiated wage. It is not easy to sum up what we have already written at length and which we hope will appear in book form. But we will endeavour briefly to summarise our argument. Let us suppose that labour in this country were so completely organised as to constitute a monopoly. On one side we should have the profiteers possessing the machinery and the other, the army of workers in complete possession of the labour. Obviously, a dead-lock. What would be done? The State Socialists would contend that the way out would be for the State to purchase the assets and to work them. But the amount of money involved in the purchase would remain a permanent charge upon labour equivalent to the existing rent, interest and profits. Labour would be no better off. Worse remains: the State would have to maintain the wage-system because there would be no other means to pay the interest on the purchase price. Does that puzzle you? It is really quite simple. All rent, interest and profits come out of the difference between the price of labour as a commodity and the selling price. If, therefore, Labour had organised itself to abolish wage, it would have naturally reject the overtures of the State to continue the wage-system. There would, therefore, be no fund out of which to pay interest to the discharged profiteers. This is the fatal objection to State Socialism. It predicates purchase, the purchase price to be a national debt, paying interest in the usual way. It must, therefore, equally predicate the continuance of the wage-system. Worse still remains to be told: The State would find that the cost of production would so seriously increase as to put it out of action in the world’s market. Every serious student has now finally discarded State Socialism, either as an economic improvement upon existing capitalism, or as a curse for the ills of wage. Nevertheless, the present owners of the plant and machinery are entitled to recompense. Our own proposal in this regard is to pay them a reasonable annuity for two generations. It is, at least, rough and ready justice.

We fear that our argument seems to you to tend towards Syndicalism. Fundamentally we do not accept Syndicalism because it argues for the possession by every union of its own land and machinery. We do not assent, because all wealth—particularly plant and machinery—belongs to the community, and does not, and ought not, to belong to any particular group.  

THE NEW AGE AUGUST 28, 1913.  

504
The International Medical Congress and its Lessons.

By Dr. Herbert Snow.

That influential and generally well-written Sunday journal, "The Observer," headed its notice of the International Congress: "Great Advance in Science." Its editorial of August 10 begins: "Dull indeed must be the imagination of the man who is not inspired by the proceedings of the International Congress of Medicine, which has been sitting in London during the past week."

We have consequently realised how completely barren of results the method has ever been, the obvious spread-eaglesm of the speech and its unscrupulous disregard of facts were decidedly amusing. But it served to bring down the house; and Sir Thomas Barlow, the President of the Congress, proceeded to eulogise it as "one of the most splendid apologias for medicine and surgery it and ever there was." Alas, for the fairest of English medicine. That is now past tender mercies the dog passed its second reading in the House.

Our Transatlantic professor goes out of his way to note

The papers were full of similar panegyrics hardly less fulsome or less ridiculous. What was their foundation? After careful and prolonged search I have been unable to discover anything worthy of the title of "great advance in science"—in fact, any merit at all which could judicially be held as partaking of the character of "advance." To my humble and possibly prejudiced view, a very considerable proportion of the proceedings savoured much more strongly of degeneration and decay.

On a general view of the whole of those two points stand out with quite remarkable prominence and distinctness. The first and most striking by far is the tremendous force with which the big drum was beaten, in all corners of the Congress, and on every possible occasion, on behalf of vivisection. In praise of living animal experimentation, and its results, some of the speakers exhibited perfectly appalling powers of terminological inexactitude and arrogant bluff. It was, to the Lily, Dr.-Albinism. The papers were full of similar panegyrics hardly less fulsome or less ridiculous. What was their foundation? After careful and prolonged search I have been unable to discover anything worthy of the title of "great advance in science"—in fact, any merit at all which could judicially be held as partaking of the character of "advance." To my humble and possibly prejudiced view, a very considerable proportion of the proceedings savoured much more strongly of degeneration and decay.

The foremost performer on the big drum aforesaid was our Transatlantic professor goes out of his way to note

The papers were full of similar panegyrics hardly less fulsome or less ridiculous. What was their foundation? After careful and prolonged search I have been unable to discover anything worthy of the title of "great advance in science"—in fact, any merit at all which could judicially be held as partaking of the character of "advance." To my humble and possibly prejudiced view, a very considerable proportion of the proceedings savoured much more strongly of degeneration and decay.

On a general view of the whole of those two points stand out with quite remarkable prominence and distinctness. The first and most striking by far is the tremendous force with which the big drum was beaten, in all corners of the Congress, and on every possible occasion, on behalf of vivisection. In praise of living animal experimentation, and its results, some of the speakers exhibited perfectly appalling powers of terminological inexactitude and arrogant bluff. It was, to the Lily, Dr.-Albinism. The papers were full of similar panegyrics hardly less fulsome or less ridiculous. What was their foundation? After careful and prolonged search I have been unable to discover anything worthy of the title of "great advance in science"—in fact, any merit at all which could judicially be held as partaking of the character of "advance." To my humble and possibly prejudiced view, a very considerable proportion of the proceedings savoured much more strongly of degeneration and decay.

The foremost performer on the big drum aforesaid was our Transatlantic professor goes out of his way to note

The papers were full of similar panegyrics hardly less fulsome or less ridiculous. What was their foundation? After careful and prolonged search I have been unable to discover anything worthy of the title of "great advance in science"—in fact, any merit at all which could judicially be held as partaking of the character of "advance." To my humble and possibly prejudiced view, a very considerable proportion of the proceedings savoured much more strongly of degeneration and decay.

On a general view of the whole of those two points stand out with quite remarkable prominence and distinctness. The first and most striking by far is the tremendous force with which the big drum was beaten, in all corners of the Congress, and on every possible occasion, on behalf of vivisection. In praise of living animal experimentation, and its results, some of the speakers exhibited perfectly appalling powers of terminological inexactitude and arrogant bluff. It was, to the Lily, Dr.-Albinism. The papers were full of similar panegyrics hardly less fulsome or less ridiculous. What was their foundation? After careful and prolonged search I have been unable to discover anything worthy of the title of "great advance in science"—in fact, any merit at all which could judicially be held as partaking of the character of "advance." To my humble and possibly prejudiced view, a very considerable proportion of the proceedings savoured much more strongly of degeneration and decay.

The foremost performer on the big drum aforesaid was our Transatlantic professor goes out of his way to note
this question of the dog; a fact which at once shows the forces working under the surface. There has been no such question in America. He proceeds to argue that dogs must on no account be exempted; that the animal must in its own interest be vivisected because there has been discovered an inoculation "cure" for distemper. Not being a veterinary expert, he was possibly unaware that the efficacy of this "vaccine for distemper" has long been exploded here. The fifth edition of "Veterinarian" says: "1. The warnings addressed to Huxley and others, restric-
tive legislation was passed. Since then, in the British Isles, and consequently in other English-speaking coun-
tries, medicine had been placed in the absurd position of defending the character of the labours necessary to its advancement." I do not think Huxley ever pro-
tested, or even hinted at so doing. On the other hand, we have his letter to Darwin upon the evidence of Dr. Klein, who had just told the Commission that he paid no regard to the sufferings of any vivisected animal, and never gave an anaesthetic if he could help it. By that we learn that he (Huxley) considered legislative restric-
tion absolutely imperative.

We are further told in this address that "the spirit of investigation, the truth, must be generously sub-
sidised." (Those who have studied the question know well that it is fundamentally based, not on science, but on pure commercialism.) . . . . It (the recent Royal Commission on Vivisection) "bared to the public gaze a science of medicine which in thirty years had been transformed throughout the world as a result of the very activities the Commissioners were called upon to investigate." This may be a big hang on the drum. Otherwise we could hardly take it seriously, and should think it was only a specimen of Yankee humour. For think it was only a specimen of Yankee humour. For this very Commission composed of men for the most part strongly biased in favour of vivisection, was unable to indicate definitely a single step in knowledge thus acquired in the thirty years aforesaid. It has never attempted to confess that whatever improvement in medical science had actually taken place, must rather be ascribed to improved hygiene.

The next of these performers at the fair, in order of importance, was probably Professor Paul Ehrlich, of Frankfort, who is celebrated, not for any advance in medical science, but for the extraordinary jargon he has invented to denote a number of substances assumed to exist in the blood. (See his "Studies in Immunity," which are purely hypothetical. The jargon, including such terms as "amboceptor," "bapto-
phore," "toxophore," "receptor," "toxous," "toxoids," and a host of similar words, would throw science back to the days of the alchemists. But it serves its purpose.

Ehrlich's address "might be summarised as an ac-
count of the workshop of chemico-therapeutic practice." His style has nothing of the American's bounce and bluster. It inclines many a performer from promises wholly academic, and to rationiation from assumptions totally unproved. We hear much of Salversan, the arseneal preparation invented by the professor; which, though it has caused some sudden deaths, and has often involved the death of the vivisected, is largely hypostatised, i.e., extravagantly praised by the manufacturers and their agents. We are reminded of the "immunity theory which was inaugurated so brilliantly by Metchnikoff!" of the "wonderful discovery of anti-toxin by Von Behring." And, lastly, we may mention the speaker's ignorance of what is going on in the world outside his laboratory, perhaps estimate also his mental calibre by one of his opening sentences. "Like a star in the darkness of his age, Jenner's great achievement, which broke the power of such an awful public plague as small-
pox, still shone with peerless splendour."

A noteworthy paper was read in the section of sur-
gery by Dr. Ernst Jeger, of Breslau, who described various operations of a novel character on blood-vessels. "He had been able to shift the branch of an artery on the main trunk upwards or downwards for a considerable distance." He showed "some preparations exhibiting endo-side anastomoses of the renal veins into another part of the vena cava" (chief vein in the body). Also an anastomosis between the pulmonary arteries. Also a preparation in which Dr. Israel and himself had extirpated a kidney and ligatured the vena cava or "tied it on a long piece of the jugular vein, cut out a piece of the jugular vein, "tied it on a long

magnesium tube specially made for this purpose, and im-
planted it into the vena cava centrally, and peripherally to the tied part of the (renal) vessel, all on the same unfortunate dog.

For these horrible and blood-curdling operations were all (apparently) on the dog. The author states that "they are quite out of the question" on the human sub-
ject. They were "professionally puffed by the manufacturers and are not at all likely to be invoked on behalf of the sub-
human animals. They cannot possibly advance science, surgic-al or other, in any conceivable way. Yet the "Morning Post"—from which these Press reports are taken—states that the procedure of ligating vessels "died out to its ruthless perpetrator; and that his paper was listened to with rapt attention." Could anything more significantly indicate the prevailing trend?

The employment of Salversan for our unlucky soldiers was advocated in the strongest terms by two Army medical officials who work in Rochester Row. Its dangers and ill-effects are notorious; and have been amply proved in many quarters. Yet these Army doc-
tors contended (1) that it was a sufficiently safe remedy to justify its routine use in the Army; (2) that its"routine use in the Army was likely to effect an annual saving of 70,000 to 80,000 hospital days, an economy equivalent to the cost of keeping a battalion of infantry in hospital for three months." An Army doctor of the section, Sir Malcolm Morris, considered "that it was highly creditable that an official department should have undertook this work."

The authors propose to administer the nostrum by in-
jections into the veins, combined with elto, and into the muscules. There are to be two of the former, nine of the latter, the treatment extending over nine or ten weeks. Under military discipline it will, of course, be compuls-
ary. Every doctor knows that injecting almost any-	hing directly into the veins is more or less dangerous, and that his paper was listened to with rapt attention." Could anything more significantly indicate the prevailing trend?

His American comrades are already in the toils of the serum-monger, who probably drives a more lucrative trade in the United States than anywhere else. Compuls-
ory inoculation with anti-typhoid serum was introduced into the American army in 1911; and we now learn that about 300,000 men have had to undergo this outrage, no less upon common sense than upon prejudiced medical experience. It was popularly believed that our frightful mortality from typhoid fever during the Boer war was due mainly to the "preventive" inoculations. However this may be, its insularity was amply proved by the statistics adduced to our late Royal Commission by pro-
vivisection witnesses; and the supposed value of the trash to all practical purpose exploded. But it would never do (in the States, at any rate) to let a paying trade die out. We accordingly find that the French use "a vaccine prepared from a mixture of ten different races of bacilli taken from the country concerned"—i.e., in the particular campaign, Morocco or elsewhere! This shows a pleasing variety of anti-typhoid sera, already much more numerous than that of the new. It is refreshing to turn from this wearisome recapit-
lation of vivisection performances, or asserted remedies —only a fraction of those reported are here alluded to — and to hail a very unwonted note of common sense in the address on such heresy by Professor Bateson. He said that "the Mental Deficiency Bill was a wise beginning of reform, but they could not hear without disquietude of the violent measures that were being adopted in
certain parts of the United States with similar objects. It was one thing to check the reproduction of hopeless defectives; it was another to recognise that this was not the way to prevent the spread of bodily harm. The fault lay not in the science, but in the way it was applied. Eugenics, as a field of study, was liable to prohibition. Would follow if any marriage not regarded by officials as conducive to the welfare of the community was not allowed. This was another to recognise that it was one thing to check the reproduction of hopeless defectives; it was another to recognise that this was not the way to prevent the spread of bodily harm.

The speech of the Rt. Hon. John Burns—"Is Saul also among the prophets"?—would doubtless have attained a far higher grade of excellence had it relied on his own conspicuous shrewdness and ability; and not been so very obviously indebted, both for figures and for sentiments to his subordinate medical officials! It was all very well—and, of course, most pleasing to the audience—to remark that "Humanity was indebted for the saving of life and suffering to the vast improvements in the science of cure as well as of the prevention of disease". But it was hardly ingenuous to imply that the fall in the average death rate for the particular disease has considerably increased. Such, no doubt, there have been; but it may be gravely questioned whether they have much affected the average death rate. The decrease in mortality is rationally ascribed to increasing cleanliness, improved sanitation, more wholesome and enlightened habits of living—indeed, a far higher degree than improved medical facility to any novel curative agent.

And what about tuberculosis consumption, which is so rapidly dying out among us? No genuine "cure," beyond nature's, has been so acceptable to the community as the tuberculins, which are so rapidly dying out. They have vastly augmented the death rate in the science of cure.

"Humanity was indebted for the saving of life and suffering to the vast improvements in the science of cure as well as of the prevention of disease". But it was hardly ingenuous to imply that the fall in the average death rate was attributable in an appreciable degree to "improvements in the science of cure." Such, no doubt, there have been; but it may be gravely questioned whether they have much affected the average death rate. The decrease in mortality is rationally ascribed to increasing cleanliness, improved sanitation, more wholesome and enlightened habits of living—indeed, a far higher degree than improved medical facility to any novel curative agent. Where, indeed, a generally accepted "cure" has actually come into vogue—such, for example, as the anti-toxin for diphtheria—we almost always find that the average mortality for the particular disease has considerably increased. And what about tuberculosis consumption, which is so rapidly dying out among us? No genuine "cure," beyond nature's, has been so acceptable to the community as the tuberculins, which are so rapidly dying out. They have vastly augmented the death rate in the science of cure.

The "Morning Post" opines that "the work that the Congress has done is exercised to exercise very considerable influence on the progress of medicine and surgery in this country." That may well be so. But can we contemplate such a project without the gravest apprehension and misgiving? Is this influence likely to be otherwise than profoundly unwholesome, and fraught with grievous harm to the community?

A resolution in favour of the encouragement by all possible means of vivisection experiments, was passed in all or nearly all the sections. In view of the findings of the recent Royal Commission, its utter inability to discover any good result from living-animal experimentation, its exposure of the severe cruelties, the crushing expenses of the whole venture, the trifling utility of the practice by Dr. George Wilson, nothing need be said of that. But what of the resolution (passed only by a majority, and with some important dissentients) to seek the compulsory notification of a class of diseases which hitherto it has been almost shameful to mention in civilised society?

What possible good can be anticipated from such endeavours to place in the full light of day the festering corruptions of weak humanity, in their foulst and most repulsive form? It is for all the world like making regulation in a climate where leprosy prevails that lepers shall go about naked. What vistas of blackmail, of bureaucratic meddling, of family disruption, of possibly undeserved branding and life-long misery, does such a proposal disclose.

The attempted sugaring of the pill—otherwise the phrase "confidential notification"—can only excite derision.

Moreover, outside this Congress, there have lately been expressed in medical circles a loud aspiration for "research"—the current euphemism for vivisection—in connection with this subject. To within a few years, we have read of Neisser, the atrocious German criminal, fined in his own country for inoculating young children with the malady in its worst form without the consent of their parents, will know what would probably involve. Neisser, by the way, who was recently sent by a London medical society, and presented with the Cavel- lish gold medal—was prevented by illness from attending the Congress. That, however, was honoured by the presence of a hardly less notorious personage, George W. Crile, of Cleveland, celebrated for his unspeakable cruelties to some 140 hapless dogs. For these our Royal College of Surgeons has just made him an Honorary Fellow!

Carlyle, describing France under "The Terror," says, "All men were mad—mad with the times." Would not this phrase aptly denote the present attitude of the medical faculty, as revealed at the Congress?

I would ask any judiciously minded reader of its proceedings to weigh them carefully, and consider whether they do not merely indicate, but even prove beyond question:

(a) Such an alarming decay in medical knowledge, and such a devotion to purely academic ideas, as urgently to invite the attention of the Legislature to the question of sound medical education.

(b) Strenuous efforts to constitute a tyrannical and all-powerful medical bureaucracy, "generously subsidised.

(c) Impenetrable attempts to grasp social and economic power, which, if successful, will destroy the very foundations of civilised society.

A King in Bohemia.

Translated by P. V. Cohn.

In the August number of "Der neue Rundschau" (Berlin), Herr Albert Haas, writing an article on Bohemian periodicals in Paris in the year 1896, gives some interesting reminiscences of Mallarmé. The following is an extract:

The offices of the "Revue Blanche" were in a respectable neighbourhood, at the corner of the Rue Lafitte and the Boulevard des Italiens. It was there that the brothers Natasohn, who were also the proprietors of this long-since-defunct periodical. The "Revue Blanche" has won for itself a place in the history of French literature of yesterday. It contained the first efforts of many who subsequently became widely known, and that not only in France. But the best thing about the "Revue Blanche" was its great editorial room. Here the editorial secretary, Bogdan, worked in his noiseless way. Behind a wire network sat the business manager, Félix Fénéon, a quiet, distinguished-looking man, who spoke but rarely, for the reason that he was cleverer than most of those about him. But around the big table and on the sofa one found a most free-and-easy group of all kinds of workers on the "Revue." It was a great haven of those who felt that they were under no one's yoke. They met here, made appointments for the evening, exchanged the little-tattle of the day and discussed literary projects of every description. And when from all this bustling there emerged something of real worth the conversation ended in the room of the three chief editors with the ordering of an article. Usually it was the younger and lesser men who sat together here, but now and then the dii majores came also and paid the "Revue" a visit. They would then be beleaguered by the whole horde, and everyone basked in the great man's presence. This was especially the case with Stéphan Mallarmé, who was on all sides the object of genuine reverence.

Mallarmé was then regarded as the acknowledged leader of the moderns. Verlaine was dead, after having...
the crown of French poetry bestowed on him by his younger contemporaries. The throne could not remain vacant, and the Latin Quarter decided on a sort of plebiscite. What constituted the right to a vote, I do not know. Probably everyone who aspired to the honour of voting was allowed to go to the poll. The result was that Mallarmé was unanimously elected "King of Poets." He was by no means anxious to accept the position, although the "orthodox" aesthetes declared the whole affair a sorry farce. Nay, the new dignity even tended to enhance the naturally ceremonious manner with which Mallarmé received his visitors in his quiet den on the Butte Montmartre—a remarkable circle, grouped about a remarkable personality; Mallarmé always remained the idealist of the purest water, and in the best sense of the word; no idealist of the Suhanian type, which always keeps in mind the bridge between the ideal and the practical, and even in social questions never loses its equilibrium. For Mallarmé there was no reality but that of aesthetic vision. Towards every other reality he showed the helpless naivety of a child. On this point the most extraordinary legends were current. Thus, the story went that some years before one of his "disciples," in order to make himself agreeable to the master, had paid court to his daughter. It had even been his wish to marry into this royal family, as it were, of poetry. As years went on, however, the disciple became more enlightened about the real needs of life, and preferred a marriage into academic circles and into one of the greatest French families. Yet Mallarmé had noticed nothing of either act of this tragi-comedy, and had always been glad to see his "disciple." The outward aspect of Mallarmé's "at home" was in keeping with this simplicity of his. In the Rue de Rome, all loyal servants of the purest art, however the unlucky wight repeated his misplaced remark. Now and then a newcomer would perhaps try to amplify or even to refuse a statement of Mallarmé's. Mallarmé would affect not to hear such an interruption, even when the unlucky wight repeated his misplaced remark. For the younger poets of the day Mallarmé was not only the idolised leader of the whole movement; he was also the living bridge that connected it with the history of French literature, and, so to speak, incorporated it with that literature. He had known Victor Hugo personally. He had shared in the foundation of the "Parnasse Contemporain." For him Victor Hugo was not a man whose books one can buy and read, but a worthy grandfather to the living generation. He actually called Leconte de Lisle "the prince of French prose." Now and then a stranger left. Meanwhile the other guests wrapped themselves in thick clouds of cigarette-smoke. For on the dining-room table there stood a big Chinese vase, strips of "Job" cigarette-paper, and everyone could help himself, and did so liberally. Opposite Mallarmé, at the table, sat his wife and daughter, the former always dressed in black, the latter always in fiery red. The daughter always had a great cat in her lap, which she was continually stroking. Neither of the women ever spoke a word. About ten o'clock Madame Mallarmé, still silent, counted the heads of those present, and with a brief nod left the room with her daughter. Soon afterwards there came a tray with as many glasses as strange chairs and other forms of seats, and peered out from their". The charm of the evenings in the Rue de Rome lay solely in Mallarmé's narratives, and watching him was one of the greatest pleasures imaginable. Apart from him, no one spoke except to ask a question or to confirm the validity of his remarks. Now and then a newcomer would perhaps try to amplify or even to refute a statement of Mallarmé's. Mallarmé would affect not to hear such an interruption, even when the unlucky wight repeated his misplaced remark. For the younger poets of the day Mallarmé was not only the idolised leader of the whole movement; he was also the living bridge that connected it with the history of French literature, and, so to speak, incorporated it with that literature. He had known Victor Hugo personally. He had shared in the foundation of the "Parnasse Contemporain." For him Victor Hugo was not a man whose books one can buy and read, but a worthy grandfather to the living generation. He actually called Leconte de Lisle "the prince of French prose." Now and then a stranger left. Meanwhile the other guests wrapped themselves in thick clouds of cigarette-smoke. For on the dining-room table there stood a big Chinese vase, strips of "Job" cigarette-paper, and everyone could help himself, and did so liberally. Opposite Mallarmé, at the table, sat his wife and daughter, the former always dressed in black, the latter always in fiery red. The daughter always had a great cat in her lap, which she was continually stroking. Neither of the women ever spoke a word. About ten o'clock Madame Mallarmé, still silent, counted the heads of those present, and with a brief nod left the room with her daughter. Soon afterwards there came a tray with as many glasses as strange chairs and other forms of seats, and peered out from their
letter quoted by Mallarmé one evening. She had also said that she would put no obstacle in her son’s way, if he wished to attend his father’s funeral; but she must decline to inform him of the event. Poor Lélian! as Verlaine once called himself. Mallarmé had known him and loved him, the poet of the gutter and the sacristy, one of the greatest masters of the French speech, at whose graveside there stood only the companions, male and female, of his last years.

In addition to historical disquisitions came aesthetic dissertations, not less valuable for their philosophical clearness than colorful, in the speech of the greatest masters of the French speech, at whose graveside there stood only the companions, male and female, of his last years.

The opportunity was afforded by a dinner which the appearance of these volumes was celebrated by a dinner at Notta’s. Even Catulle Mendes came with the queen poetess, who a short time before had left her husband for him and loved him, the poet of the gutter and the sacristy. With a graceful gesture Mallarmé raised his champagne-glass and in slow measured tones told his speech was reduced to the simplest, free of all rhetoric. Whoever heard him thus, and also reads him, will find that one might almost have regarded it as childishly simple and commonplace, if it had not been marked by such a boundless wealth of poetic feeling. Mallarmé put into words the subtlest impulses of his own pure heart, without condescending to them in the least. Whoever heard him thus, and also reads him, will find that one might almost have regarded it as childishly simple and commonplace, if it had not been marked by such a boundless wealth of poetic feeling.

The Irish in England.

By Peter Fanning.

After an absence of seven years I returned to England in 1890, and in the autumn joined my brother in New- castle. Although less than eight years had passed since I was last on Tyneside, I soon became aware that the standing of the Irish had materially changed.

The anti-Irish feeling, so conspicuous in 1883, had disappeared, and the Irish moved about freely, participating in all political and social affairs. I asked my brother whether my impressions of the change were correct, and he assured me they were. He also explained to me how the change had been brought about, and no man was better qualified than he to afford me information on such a matter. The account he gave me was somewhat as follows:

"The change was due primarily to the Parnell movement, by means of which Englishmen had gained a better knowledge of Ireland and Irishmen."

I interpolate here a statement made by Mr. James Bryce, M.P.: "In January, 1886, one found scarce any politician who had ever heard of the Irish Parliament of 1782. And in that year, 1886, an Englishman anxious to discover the real state of the country did not know to go for information, except to the Irish Parliament." Then Gladstone’s Home Rule Bill had swung one political party definitely on the side of Ireland. But more decisive still had been the effect of Gladstone’s Franchise Bill. No sooner had that Bill come into force than both the Nationalist politicians and the Catholic priests realised what a potent instrument of intimidation influence upon the younger school of French writers at the end of the nineteenth century. But Mallarmé’s greatest power lay in the spoken word. This is also true of his poems, which must be heard; best of all if one could hear them from their own author. This picton of cold calculation must be energetically set aside in the case of this Parsifal of modern French literature. His works are certainly very peculiar; and from a superficial glance we may perhaps ask ourselves how it was that this extraordinary poet, whose name is so famous, did not often happen, but when it did they assumed a wonderfully magical reality. Then there vanished the barbarousness of vocabulary and word-order, and the otherwise apparent jerkiness of the intellectual, or, rather, emotional process. All became crystal-clear, so that one might almost have regarded it as childishly simple and commonplace, if it had not been marked by such a boundless wealth of poetic feeling. Mallarmé put into words the subtlest impulses of his own pure heart, without condescending to them in the least. Whoever heard him thus, and also reads him, will find that one might almost have regarded it as childishly simple and commonplace, if it had not been marked by such a boundless wealth of poetic feeling.

The Irish in England.

By Peter Fanning.

After an absence of seven years I returned to England in 1890, and in the autumn joined my brother in New- castle. Although less than eight years had passed since I was last on Tyneside, I soon became aware that the standing of the Irish had materially changed.

The anti-Irish feeling, so conspicuous in 1883, had disappeared, and the Irish moved about freely, participating in all political and social affairs. I asked my brother whether my impressions of the change were correct, and he assured me they were. He also explained to me how the change had been brought about, and no man was better qualified than he to afford me information on such a matter. The account he gave me was somewhat as follows:

"The change was due primarily to the Parnell movement, by means of which Englishmen had gained a better knowledge of Ireland and Irishmen."

I interpolate here a statement made by Mr. James Bryce, M.P.: "In January, 1886, one found scarce any politician who had ever heard of the Irish Parliament of 1782. And in that year, 1886, an Englishman anxious to discover the real state of the country did not know to go for information, except to the Irish Parliament." Then Gladstone’s Home Rule Bill had swung one political party definitely on the side of Ireland. But more decisive still had been the effect of Gladstone’s Franchise Bill. No sooner had that Bill come into force than both the Nationalist politicians and the Catholic priests realised what a potent instrument of intimidation influence upon the younger school of French writers at the end of the nineteenth century. But Mallarmé’s greatest power lay in the spoken word. This is also true of his poems, which must be heard; best of all if one could hear them from their own author. This picton of cold calculation must be energetically set aside in the case of this Parsifal of modern French literature. His works are certainly very peculiar; and from a superficial glance we may perhaps ask ourselves how it was that this extraordinary poet, whose name is so famous, did not often happen, but when it did they assumed a wonderfully magical reality. Then there vanished the barbarousness of vocabulary and word-order, and the otherwise apparent jerkiness of the intellectual, or, rather, emotional process. All became crystal-clear, so that one might almost have regarded it as childishly simple and commonplace, if it had not been marked by such a boundless wealth of poetic feeling. Mallarmé put into words the subtlest impulses of his own pure heart, without condescending to them in the least. Whoever heard him thus, and also reads him, will find that one might almost have regarded it as childishly simple and commonplace, if it had not been marked by such a boundless wealth of poetic feeling.

The Irish in England.

By Peter Fanning.

After an absence of seven years I returned to England in 1890, and in the autumn joined my brother in New- castle. Although less than eight years had passed since I was last on Tyneside, I soon became aware that the standing of the Irish had materially changed.

The anti-Irish feeling, so conspicuous in 1883, had disappeared, and the Irish moved about freely, participating in all political and social affairs. I asked my brother whether my impressions of the change were correct, and he assured me they were. He also explained to me how the change had been brought about, and no man was better qualified than he to afford me information on such a matter. The account he gave me was somewhat as follows:

"The change was due primarily to the Parnell movement, by means of which Englishmen had gained a better knowledge of Ireland and Irishmen."

I interpolate here a statement made by Mr. James Bryce, M.P.: "In January, 1886, one found scarce any politician who had ever heard of the Irish Parliament of 1782. And in that year, 1886, an Englishman anxious to discover the real state of the country did not know to go for information, except to the Irish Parliament." Then Gladstone’s Home Rule Bill had swung one political party definitely on the side of Ireland. But more decisive still had been the effect of Gladstone’s Franchise Bill. No sooner had that Bill come into force than both the Nationalist politicians and the Catholic priests realised what a potent instrument of intimidation influence upon the younger school of French writers at the end of the nineteenth century. But Mallarmé’s greatest power lay in the spoken word. This is also true of his poems, which must be heard; best of all if one could hear them from their own author. This picton of cold calculation must be energetically set aside in the case of this Parsifal of modern French literature. His works are certainly very peculiar; and from a superficial glance we may perhaps ask ourselves how it was that this extraordinary poet, whose name is so famous, did not often happen, but when it did they assumed a wonderfully magical reality. Then there vanished the barbarousness of vocabulary and word-order, and the otherwise apparent jerkiness of the intellectual, or, rather, emotional process. All became crystal-clear, so that one might almost have regarded it as childishly simple and commonplace, if it had not been marked by such a boundless wealth of poetic feeling. Mallarmé put into words the subtlest impulses of his own pure heart, without condescending to them in the least. Whoever heard him thus, and also reads him, will find that one might almost have regarded it as childishly simple and commonplace, if it had not been marked by such a boundless wealth of poetic feeling.
the floor, and stamped his heel on it. I rose from the table and went to bed. Next morning I quitted his house.

From that day to the day he died (recently), not a word of that night's incident ever passed between my brother and me, but our relations were never the same again. We both possessed tempers, we could both fight, and we were both conscious that had a solitary word been spoken on either side, blood would have been spilt.

I have related this incident because it was typical of the relations which were to exist between millions of Irishmen and the English people alone. The wounds inflicted during the days between November 17 and December 6 are still unhealed, and I am inclined to think they never will be healed, so long as some of us who were actively engaged on either side remain above the clay. Have we any justifications for our resentment against our opponents? Against two men in particular, Messrs. T. M. Healy and T. P. O'Connor, the readers of these papers shall judge for themselves.

On November 25, the Irish people alone to choose their leader, and besides, all English statesmen acknowledge that Mr. Parnell is the greatest Parliamentary leader that the Irish ever had. His disappearance from that post would create dismay amongst Nationalists.

On the following day Mr. O'Connor was absents for a resolution moved, endorsing the action of the anti-Parnellite members of the party. This led to a very able and well-conducted debate for and against. Amongst the speeches in support of the motion, two things stood out conspicuously to my mind. One was for Tim Healy. (Healy was well-known on Tyneside, and while he was speaking I took stock of the meeting. Although I knew and was known to only one man or four and twenty years of age stood up, and for some reason I do not know whom, shouted out: "All who support Parnell, come to the meeting hall downstairs." Nearly half the meeting rose and followed him.)

Arrived in the room below a chairman was appointed, and while he was speaking I took stock of the meeting. Although I knew and was known to only one man present, my early training enabled me to get the better of the speakers in the meeting which would follow Parnell to hell without hesitation and consign his enemies there without compunction. When the chairman had finished he called upon Mr. James Louis Garvin (present editor of the "Pall Mall Gazette"). A young fellow, some three or four and twenty years of age stood up, and for some seconds made frantic efforts to speak, without, however, enunciating a single word. As this was the first time I had seen this gentleman I observed him closely. Thin wispy hair, large bulging eyes, arms swinging like the planes of a windmill, every muscle jigging as he spoke, no enunciation of a single word.

Be it resolved in Committee Room 15, and re-elected Parnell chair-

"It is for the Irish people alone to choose their leader, and besides, all English statesmen acknowledge that Mr. Parnell is the greatest Parliamentary leader that the Irish ever had. His disappearance from that position would create dismay amongst Nationalists.

The case of Mr. T. M. Healy is equally interesting, and as a piece of political "Jump Jim Crowism," it will be hard to find its equal.

On November 20 the Nationalists of Dublin called a meeting to consider the new situation. At this time Mr. Healy was confined to bed with sickness. What occurred is related by Mr. William Redmond:—"I went to see Healy to talk about the coming meeting. "Have you any resolutions prepared?" Tim asked. "No." "Then give me a sheet of paper and I will write them." We'll test these damned Nonconformists to mind their own business." So Healy wrote the resolutions. Be it resolved that this meeting, interpreting the sentiments of the Irish people that no side issue shall be permitted to obstruct the great cause of Home Rule for Ireland.

As a noble spectacle before the nations, giving Mr. Garvin too much credit to say that it was his hand, but it is perfectly true to state that it was his hand, which called the Parnellite Party into being; for Tim Healy came to the meeting hall downstairs, and while he was speaking I took stock of the meeting. Although I knew and was known to only one man or four and twenty years of age stood up, and for some seconds made frantic efforts to speak, without, however, enunciating a single word. As this was the first time I had seen this gentleman I observed him closely. Thin wispy hair, large bulging eyes, arms swinging like the planes of a windmill, every muscle jigging as if a galvanic battery were beneath his feet, he was most emphatically not a pretty sight. At last he mastered his agitation, and his words began to fall: What a flood! They rushed forth like a millrace. I had never listened to such a torrent of words. And all of the most fervent Nationalist character. It would be giving him too much to say that his words began to tell like a galvanic battery beneath his feet.

Of those whom the priests drew out at that time and sent into the camp of the anti-Parnellite Party, and of those who yet survive are now sound Tories, anti-Home Rulers and strong pillars of the Church. Of all those who then took the side of Parnell, Mr. Garvin is the only man I know, or have heard of, who has become a turncoat.
The Restoration of the Guild System.

By Arthur J. Peatty.

VI.

In passing to the constructive side of our theme, it is first necessary to realise clearly that as commercialism, not competition, is the evil from which modern society suffers; the real battles of reform are to be fought in the industrial, not in the political arena. To control the industry from the hands of the financier is not the solution; it is necessary to transfer the control of industry from the hands of the financier into those of the craftsman, and as this change is ultimately dependent upon such things as the recovery of a more scrupulous honesty in respect to our trade relationships, the restoration of living traditions of handicraft, and the emergence of nobler conceptions of life in general, it is evident that the nature of the reforms is such as to place the centre of gravity of the reform movement outside the sphere of politics.

At the same time it is well to remember that, though the solution is not a political one it has, nevertheless, a political aspect, for in this endeavour to reform the industry the legislature may assist. Recognising the truth that nobler conceptions of life are essential to the salvation of society, and that the desired change should be in the direction of simpler conditions of life, the legislature can greatly facilitate such a change by the wise expenditure of that portion of the surplus wealth of the nation which they would derive from the taxation of unearned incomes. In the long run it is the expenditure of surplus wealth which determines in what direction industrial energy shall be employed; and just as foolish expenditure is the forerunner of depression and decay, so wise expenditure imparts health and vigour to the body politic. "The vital question is not, how much they make? but to what purpose do they spend?" As to the way in which the expenditure of wealth could be used to facilitate the spiritual regeneration of society, the first condition of success is a more generous and magnanimous spirit than is customary to-day; in a word, we should not expect too much for our money, since, until the spirit of society is changed in this respect, there can be no possibility of returning to simpler conditions of life. Until then, sweating, jerry-work, dishonesty and quackery will remain with us, and the producers will continue to be slave-driven.

The evil, moreover, does not end here. The attendant symptom of this pernicious system is that with our minds bent always upon making bargains, it comes about that less regard is paid to the intrinsic value than to the market value of things, and we thus create conditions under which the gulf separating the two is ever widening, until finally the anti-climax of the ideal of wealth accumulation is reached in the circumstance that it becomes daily more impossible to buy things worth possessing. To reverse this unnatural order, therefore, and to let our choice be determined by the intrinsic value rather than by the market value of things, is the second condition of successful expenditure.

There are two directions in which an immediate increase of expenditure is called for in the national interest. In the first place there can be no doubt that a serious attempt should be made to revive agriculture in this country. In institutions like the Guilds and the Tweed Communal there is a factor in the national life, in that it strengthens the economic position of the country at its base. Secondly, a substantial increase should be made in our national expenditure on the arts, particularly by more generous and sympathetic patronage of the humbler crafts; for not only would such expenditure tend to relieve the pressure of competition, but since the true root and basis of all art lies in the health and vigour of the handicrafts, a force would be definitely set in motion which would at once regenerate industry and restore beauty to life—industry and beauty being two of the most powerful factors in the spiritual regeneration of the race.

In answer to some who complained that Athens was over-adorned, even as a man tricks herself out with jewels, Pericles replied that "superfluous wealth should be laid out on such works as, when executed, would be eternal monuments of the glory of their city, works which, during their execution, would diffuse a universal plenty; for so many kinds of labour and such a variety of instruments and materials were requisite to these undertakings, every art would be exerted, every hand employed, almost the whole city would be in pay, and be at the same time both adorned and supported by itself." Such was the old-time solution of the unemployed problem; both the spiritual and material needs of the people are here provided for.

VII.

The conclusion to be deduced from the last section was that the wise expenditure of surplus wealth, and, incidentally, all exercise of wisdom, demands that man be spiritually regenerated.

It is obvious that by spiritual regeneration something very different is meant from the morbid and sickly sentimentality which very often passes for spirituality today; rather must we be made aware of how the individual nature is unchangeable, the fact remains that the intellectual atmosphere which we breathe will determine the particular mode in which it will express itself; and that whereas a prejudiced and sectarian atmosphere, by refusing the higher nature its medium of expression, will encourage the expression of the lower nature, so a wider outlook on life, an atmosphere in which the nature and essential unity of things are more clearly discerned, will by transmuting values keep the selfish motives more effectually in subjection. It is thus that the recovery of the sense of the large proportion of things by the individual members of the community must precede all substantial reform. It is this sense which is the great socialiser, making possible for Collective action. There can be no Socialism without it.

No better example could be found of the way in which its absence militates against social reform than the common attitude of sociological thinkers toward the present proposal of re-establishing the Guild system in society. One and all of them, without further inquiry, dismiss Ruskin's proposal as a harking back to mediavalism merely because the links which separated his proposals from practical politics were not in his day capable of being forged. In all this we see that characteristic failure of the modern mind to distinguish clearly between what is immediately practicable, and what must ultimately be brought to pass, and its incapacity to adjust the demands of the present to the needs of the future.

Tested by such principles the restoration of the Guilds will appear not merely reasonable but inevitable. Being social, religious, and political as well as industrial, their postulates are that the Guild system should precede the reorganisation of society on a Co-operative basis, it is equally certain that the same or similar fundamental principles underlying the Guild system must ultimately precede the reorganisation of society on a Co-operative basis, it is equally certain that the same or similar fundamental principles underlying the Guild system must ultimately precede the reorganisation of society on a Co-operative basis, and that whereas a prejudiced and sectarian atmosphere, by refusing the higher nature its medium of expression, will encourage the expression of the lower nature, so a wider outlook on life, an atmosphere in which the nature and essential unity of things are more clearly discerned, will by transmuting values keep the selfish motives more effectually in subjection. It is thus that the recovery of the sense of the large proportion of things by the individual members of the community must precede all substantial reform. It is this sense which is the great socialiser, making possible for Collective action. There can be no Socialism without it.

For the present we shall regard them merely as political and industrial organisations, for these are the aspects which immediately concern us. The question
of their restoration as religious and social organisations is outside the scope of the present series, depending as it does upon the settlement of many theological and scientific questions which we do not feel qualified to discuss. The reader will give the ideas to what the Guild system really was one cannot perhaps do better than quote from a lecture by Professor Lethaby on ‘Technical Education in the Building Trade’ (for this has particular reference to the building of wool, the same argument being used in every trade), and to supplement this by adding the rules of the Cloth Weavers of Flanders as given by William Morris in ‘Architecture, Industry and Wealth.’

“In the Middle Ages,” says Professor Lethaby, “the masons’ and carpenters’ guilds were faculties or colleges, and the like, were established in the town: each craft aspired to have a college hall. The universities themselves had been well named by a recent historian, ‘Scholars’ Guilds.’ The guild which recognised the apprentice and master craftsman with whom he was placed; but he was really apprenticed to the craft as a whole, and ultimately to the city, whose freedom he was granted as it does upon the settlement of many theological and scientific questions which we do not feel qualified to discuss. The reader will give the ideas to what the Guild system really was one cannot perhaps do better than quote from a lecture by Professor Lethaby on ‘Technical Education in the Building Trade’ (for this has particular reference to the building of wool, the same argument being used in every trade), and to supplement this by adding the rules of the Cloth Weavers of Flanders as given by William Morris in ‘Architecture, Industry and Wealth.’

“In the Middle Ages,” says Professor Lethaby, “the masons’ and carpenters’ guilds were faculties or colleges, and the like, were established in the town: each craft aspired to have a college hall. The universities themselves had been well named by a recent historian, ‘Scholars’ Guilds.’ The guild which recognised the apprentice and master craftsman with whom he was placed; but he was really apprenticed to the craft as a whole, and ultimately to the city, whose freedom he was granted as it does upon the settlement of many theological and scientific questions which we do not feel qualified to discuss. The reader will give the ideas to what the Guild system really was one cannot perhaps do better than quote from a lecture by Professor Lethaby on ‘Technical Education in the Building Trade’ (for this has particular reference to the building of wool, the same argument being used in every trade), and to supplement this by adding the rules of the Cloth Weavers of Flanders as given by William Morris in ‘Architecture, Industry and Wealth.’

“In the Middle Ages,” says Professor Lethaby, “the masons’ and carpenters’ guilds were faculties or colleges, and the like, were established in the town: each craft aspired to have a college hall. The universities themselves had been well named by a recent historian, ‘Scholars’ Guilds.’ The guild which recognised the apprentice and master craftsman with whom he was placed; but he was really apprenticed to the craft as a whole, and ultimately to the city, whose freedom he was granted as it does upon the settlement of many theological and scientific questions which we do not feel qualified to discuss. The reader will give the ideas to what the Guild system really was one cannot perhaps do better than quote from a lecture by Professor Lethaby on ‘Technical Education in the Building Trade’ (for this has particular reference to the building of wool, the same argument being used in every trade), and to supplement this by adding the rules of the Cloth Weavers of Flanders as given by William Morris in ‘Architecture, Industry and Wealth.’

“In the Middle Ages,” says Professor Lethaby, “the masons’ and carpenters’ guilds were faculties or colleges, and the like, were established in the town: each craft aspired to have a college hall. The universities themselves had been well named by a recent historian, ‘Scholars’ Guilds.’ The guild which recognised the apprentice and master craftsman with whom he was placed; but he was really apprenticed to the craft as a whole, and ultimately to the city, whose freedom he was granted as it does upon the settlement of many theological and scientific questions which we do not feel qualified to discuss. The reader will give the ideas to what the Guild system really was one cannot perhaps do better than quote from a lecture by Professor Lethaby on ‘Technical Education in the Building Trade’ (for this has particular reference to the building of wool, the same argument being used in every trade), and to supplement this by adding the rules of the Cloth Weavers of Flanders as given by William Morris in ‘Architecture, Industry and Wealth.’
Readers and Writers.

Visitors to France have probably noticed the difference between the soldiers to be seen in Paris and the soldiers to be seen in any of the provincial towns. The difference is entirely one of carriage. Indeed, I was told that if a soldier showed signs of being able to walk well he was at once marked out for promotion and sent to Paris for exhibition. A similar system appears to prevail among our novelists. To be distinguished among them a writer has only to produce a work in correct English and with a fair amount of wit; instantly he is heralded as a phenomenon, and given a place in the front rank. Mr. C. E. Montague, a leader-writer of the "Manchester Guardian," was selected for distinction some years ago when he produced his "Hind Let Loose."

The story was trifling and the humour was elaborately forced. All the same, Mr. Montague could turn a phrase or two; and by virtue of this alone, the book went into several editions before its death. The same author has now written a second novel, even sillier in substance than the first, but containing the same tricks of phrase (The Morning's War. Methuen. 6s.). One of the phrases is the following: "the round, rimmed hedge-sparrow eyes would brighten frostily for a moment." How that conceit has captured London, I do not know. By the way, these sculptors have a talent for divining the character of their subjects. Rodin recognized Mr. Robert Lynd, an old-hand, too, at the game, succumbs to it with only the feeblest protest at the moment."

Thus, the "Truth About an Author" which it hastened to summarise for its readers. The choice of the correspondence between Nietzsche and Strindberg is the following: "the round, rimmed hedge-sparrow eyes would brighten frostily for a game, succumbs to it with only the feeblest protest at the moment."

Mr. W. P. James in the "Evening Standard" alludes to the "Round, rimmed hedge-sparrow eyes" conveyed to him. To me the description is meaningless. Come to the situation is so invariable in Strindberg that an explanation is perhaps not out of place. An Italian sculptor who was modelling a bust of Strindberg remarked that with such a forehead it was a pity he had so plebeian and weak a chin. Ah, said Strindberg, I had the misfortune to come of a marriage between my father, who was a landed gentleman, and a servant girl! Strindberg's face was thus in his own opinion his fate and his misfortune. Always there were the foreground and the incredible yet incomparable. But he should have been satisfied, I think, with that internal war. Why enlarge the field by marrying so many times? By the way, these sculptors have a talent for divining the character of their subjects. Rodin remarked of Mr. Bernard Shaw when he had finished him: he is a Christian!

Mr. W. P. James in the "Evening Standard" continues to dispute my definition of the novel as essentially a love-story, and cites a further list of exceptions. He could do the same, but they would continue to be exceptions. There are some two thousand novelists in this unhappy country at this moment, each of whom produces at least a novel a year. Of these it is safe to say that ninety per cent. are concerned with sex-love. The novel is living in England and reading, writing, and, above all, talking, English.

Who would have guessed that my comments on the prospects of the "New Witness" Company would have passed unnoticed by Mr. Cecil and Mr. G. K. Chesterton? That they read them I take for granted; but why then have they offered no defence? It will not do for the "New Witness" to pretend that it is above criticism. So were Sir Rufus Isaacs and Mr. Godfrey Isaacs, but even they, with fewer professions than the "New Witness," of unique honesty, were compelled at last to make a kind of reply to a public challenge. The case is made worse for the "New Witness" by the fact that it claims to be a controversial organ always ready to reply to criticisms, by the further fact that its writers
are exceedingly skilled with their pens, and by a third fact, namely, that unless the truth is on my side I myself am no match for the least of them. Under these circum-
stances, I really think their Front Bench might venture at least an official explanation.

While I am looking for quarrels—curing, however, for the cause—I may mention the "New Statesman." This platform of Medusa, Shaw and Webb publishes weekly a literary page of gossip under the pseudonym of "Solomon Eagle." In last week's issue Mr. Solomon Eagle mingled his tears with those of Mr. Shan F. Bullock over the sad state into which reviewing has fallen in America. Mr. Eagle must say that he is at one with Mr. Bullock in pronouncing reviewing to be in England "uniformly mealy-mouthed and dis-
genious." "It is certain," he goes on, "that after surveying the review columns of the Press we well get the impression that England was [is] full of distinguished writers, and that thoroughly noisomely bad books are never published." Having a pen in my hand I would not issue an act of libel against any writer in the world; but so far as a pen may prosecute, I indict Mr. Solomon Eagle as an ostrich who deliber-
ately hides his head from the—yes, why should I not say it?—from THE NEW AGE. Are its reviews mealy-mouthed, disingenuous, or undiscriminating? Thanks to a literary conscience which actually troubles us, we can safely challenge appeal on every judgment we have delivered. By the way, it is only a few weeks ago that the "New Statesman" was joining in the claque of Tagore!

America may boast its freedom as it pleases, but in literary matters it is the slave of slaves. England in particular has the right to expect of her independent colony an independent judgment. Nevertheless, all we get from America is an echo of the most correct opinion of the most correct circles here. No writer that I can remember who has been "passed" by journals like the "Daily Telegraph" and the "Bookman" has ever been plucked by the literary examiners of the States: and none that has been plucked here has been passed there. For Mr. Bridges, it is obvious, America cannot, as they say, have any use. He must be caviare to them. But since he has been made Laureate and the title is a cachet, Mr. Bridges must be found to be a poet. Surely this not say it?—from THE NEW AGE. Are its reviews mealy-mouthed, disingenuous, or undiscriminating? Thanks to a literary conscience which actually troubles us, we can safely challenge appeal on every judgment we have delivered. By the way, it is only a few weeks ago that the "New Statesman" was joining in the claque of Tagore!

A Mexican Patriot
By Vance Palmer

The landlord had said he would wake me before dawn, but no Mexicans was ever quite as good as his word. It was an hour later before the bedroom door creaked and he poked his head into the intimacies of my toilet, a dishevelled head with long hair disordered by sleep, and dark eyes still under the same influence. It was not easily possible to distinguish what he said or to understand whether his gestures meant that a rideable horse had been secured or merely an announcement of breakfast. He was an ignoble-looking little man, especially suspicious of gringos, and long after his mission was accomplished he stood at the door, watching curiously, as if to make sure that none of his furniture had disappeared during the night.

As it happened he had carefully fulfilled one of my requests. Into the little bare room where I ate my eggs and tortillas came a smiling mestizo with the information that a horse was ready outside and that he himself would accompany me for the insignificant sum of two pesos. He was a picturesque swashbuckler who would have looked at home on a ten-cent magazine cover, and he took the chair beside me on the table and puffing cigarette-smoke genially in my face as he gave an account of his various aptitudes. He knew all about fighting, for he had not served with great distinction in Madero's forces two years before. As for knowing the country, had he not lived in the sight of the Rio Grande ever since he was a boy? The questions were rhetorical and admitted no answer whatever. His eyes searched my face with a half-triumphant intensity, and then with an air of satisfaction he began to roll another cigarette and to make his plans for the day.

It was only then that I began to get a glimpse of the importance of the crisis. The rebels, it appeared, were occupying a hacienda about nine miles to the south, and the Federal forces would surely make an effort to dislodge them about noon. My companion spoke as if in anticipation of another Waterloo, gradually working up his interest as he went on, and exhalting cigarette-smoke in a thick cloud. He was a Maderista (for his mother's second cousin had once worked on the Madero estates at Torreon), but his political sympathies were tempered by a feeling that the rebels always got the most loot, and that the Federal army was largely made up of convicts taken from the gaols of Mexico City.

The landlord standing in the doorway and giving belated requests. Into the little bare room where I ate my eggs and tortillas came a smiling mestizo with the information that a horse was ready outside and that he himself would accompany me for the insignificant sum of two pesos. He was a picturesque swashbuckler who would have looked at home on a ten-cent magazine cover, and he took the chair beside me on the table and puffing cigarette-smoke genially in my face as he gave an account of his various aptitudes. He knew all about fighting, for he had not served with great distinction in Madero's forces two years before. As for knowing the country, had he not lived in the sight of the Rio Grande ever since he was a boy? The questions were rhetorical and admitted no answer whatever. His eyes searched my face with a half-triumphant intensity, and then with an air of satisfaction he began to roll another cigarette and to make his plans for the day.

It was only then that I began to get a glimpse of the importance of the crisis. The rebels, it appeared, were occupying a hacienda about nine miles to the south, and the Federal forces would surely make an effort to dislodge them about noon. My companion spoke as if in anticipation of another Waterloo, gradually working up his interest as he went on, and exhalting cigarette-smoke in a thick cloud. He was a Maderista (for his mother's second cousin had once worked on the Madero estates at Torreon), but his political sympathies were tempered by a feeling that the rebels always got the most loot, and that the Federal army was largely made up of convicts taken from the gaols of Mexico City.

The landlord standing in the doorway and giving belated requests. Into the little bare room where I ate my eggs and tortillas came a smiling mestizo with the information that a horse was ready outside and that he himself would accompany me for the insignificant sum of two pesos. He was a picturesque swashbuckler who would have looked at home on a ten-cent magazine cover, and he took the chair beside me on the table and puffing cigarette-smoke genially in my face as he gave an account of his various aptitudes. He knew all about fighting, for he had not served with great distinction in Madero's forces two years before. As for knowing the country, had he not lived in the sight of the Rio Grande ever since he was a boy? The questions were rhetorical and admitted no answer whatever. His eyes searched my face with a half-triumphant intensity, and then with an air of satisfaction he began to roll another cigarette and to make his plans for the day.

It was only then that I began to get a glimpse of the importance of the crisis. The rebels, it appeared, were occupying a hacienda about nine miles to the south, and the Federal forces would surely make an effort to dislodge them about noon. My companion spoke as if in anticipation of another Waterloo, gradually working up his interest as he went on, and exhalting cigarette-smoke in a thick cloud. He was a Maderista (for his mother's second cousin had once worked on the Madero estates at Torreon), but his political sympathies were tempered by a feeling that the rebels always got the most loot, and that the Federal army was largely made up of convicts taken from the gaols of Mexico City.
but in those days did not Madero talk of a little land and five span of mules for everybody? Better bring the old hacienda days back again, for then the peons had at least their feast-days and their merry sprees on pulque, and no gringo stood over them to bawl out at least their feast-days and their merry sprees on and five span of mules for everybody? Better bring the bag and then secured the horses with his tallow-greased lariat. A rope is to a mestizo horseman what a pocket-knife is to a boy, and if he has to hunt a chicken from the yard he sets out by lassoing it. Getting what cover the horses nibbling at stray tufts of mesquite grass, and my companion told me in detail about a man he had known who was hit in the cheek, but not seriously in- the patches of stubbly undergrowth, sniping with the horizontal sun set, so we mounted and rode home. The hills and everywhere else, and whether the landlord took the food and glasses up out of his saddle-bag and then secured the horses with his tallow-greased lariat.

THERE may be readers of this journal who are not yet convinced that Socialism is unable either to secure an efficient service for the public or an adequate wage for the wage-earning classes. Such readers may be recommended to read Mr. Pratt's book. There is a good deal of mere debating in it, on the assumption that private enterprise is more efficient than State control, and is not merely more able, but is more willing to consider the apparent interests of the public. But apart from the mere logomachy, the range and significance of the facts cited are practically conclusive against State management of the railways. The commercial test of surplus, surplus value (variously called interest or dividends), is destructive of the claims of the advocates of railway nationalisation. I notice, for example, that even Mr. Chiozza Money says that the net profits of the Prussian State Railways were, in 1908, £318,000. These figures are about £7,000,000 above those quoted above as representing the "balance on year's operation"; but as the English estimates of the profits of the Prussian State Railways vary from £20,000,000 to £60,000,000 a paltry £7,000,000 does not matter. The question is: "Are these £71,000,000 net profits, and available for general State purposes?" Mr. Pratt answers in the negative. "From such balances," he says, "substantial payments have to be made on account of interest on capital expenditure, sinking fund, and other charges"; and he quotes from an official report with an incredible little knot gathered around him, and my companion told me in detail about a man he had known who was hit in the cheek, but not seriously injured, during one of the fierce fights of the last revolution.

And so the day wore on. The vertical sun beat down on the nape of our necks with relentless heat, and everything was bathed in that vivid glare which seems designed to expose the pretences of man and to show up his naive simplicity. We had no idea (until we read about it in the newspapers afterwards) that we were watching one of the great battles of the South. There were, I suppose, four or five hundred men in the Federal forces, professional soldiers who had to serve their Government and reformed criminals who preferred a little excitement to counting the flies on the whitewashed walls of a cell. There was probably half a dozen in the rebel camp, ambitious adventurers, and peons with a native dislike for the whirring of machinery and all the successful industrialism that has changed the face of Mexico in less than a generation and made a handful of men so rich.

But down in the south the whirring of wheels was still going on, the clatter of hydro-electric plants, the plank of oil-drills, the clink of new rails being laid, and the concession-hunters in Mexico City were not uneasy. It was not likely that this handful of peons, fighting sparsely on the hillside and knowing less what they wanted than what they disliked, would make much difference. As my companion said with a shrug of resignation: "We fight and fight over a gringo's seat and wait." It was not difficult to picture him sitting still in his office writing out glowing prospectuses setting forth the unparalleled resources of Mexico, its untapped fields of oil, its inexhaustible water-power, and (with a crescendo of earnestness) the cheapness of its labour supply... There was no fresh development up till an hour before the sun set, so we mounted and rode home. The hills had become tipped with gold and the impalpable white dust had brought a touch of blue to the valleys. It was pleasant, too, the twilight glow on whether the politicians would always skin the cream, here and everywhere else, and whether the landlord would have sufficient decency to keep a hot supper waiting. My companion was tired and a little dispirited. From time to time he brought the conversation round to the coming bull-fight, the brilliancy of the famous matador, the inconvenience of having a seat in the sun, and (when the town was in sight) the indignity of having to haggle with a gringo about a contemptible peso.

Views and Reviews.*

There may be readers of this journal who are not yet convinced that Socialism is unable either to secure an efficient service for the public or an adequate wage for the wage-earning classes. Such readers may be recommended to read Mr. Pratt's book. There is a good deal of mere debating in it, on the assumption that private enterprise is more efficient than State control, and is not merely more able, but is more willing to consider the apparent interests of the public. But apart from the mere logomachy, the range and significance of the facts cited are practically conclusive against State management of the railways. The commercial test of surplus, surplus value (variously called interest or dividends), is destructive of the claims of the advocates of railway nationalisation. I notice, for example, that even Mr. Chiozza Money says that the net profits of the Prussian State Railways were, in 1908, £318,000. These figures are about £7,000,000 above those quoted above as representing the "balance on year's operation"; but as the English estimates of the profits of the Prussian State Railways vary from £20,000,000 to £60,000,000 a paltry £7,000,000 does not matter. The question is: "Are these £71,000,000 net profits, and available for general State purposes?" Mr. Pratt answers in the negative. "From such balances," he says, "substantial payments have to be made on account of interest on capital expenditure, sinking fund, and other charges"; and he quotes from an official report with an incredible little knot gathered around him, and my companion told me in detail about a man he had known who was hit in the cheek, but not seriously injured, during one of the fierce fights of the last revolution.

And so the day wore on. The vertical sun beat down on the nape of our necks with relentless heat, and everything was bathed in that vivid glare which seems designed to expose the pretences of man and to show up his naive simplicity. We had no idea (until we read about it in the newspapers afterwards) that we were watching one of the great battles of the South. There were, I suppose, four or five hundred men in the Federal forces, professional soldiers who had to serve their Government and reformed criminals who preferred a little excitement to counting the flies on the whitewashed walls of a cell. There was probably half a dozen in the rebel camp, ambitious adventurers, and peons with a native dislike for the whirring of machinery and all the successful industrialism that has changed the face of Mexico in less than a generation and made a handful of men so rich.

But down in the south the whirring of wheels was still going on, the clatter of hydro-electric plants, the plank of oil-drills, the clink of new rails being laid, and the concession-hunters in Mexico City were not uneasy. It was not likely that this handful of peons, fighting sparsely on the hillside and knowing less what they wanted than what they disliked, would make much difference. As my companion said with a shrug of resignation: "We fight and fight over a gringo's seat and wait." It was not difficult to picture him sitting still in his office writing out glowing prospectuses setting forth the unparalleled resources of Mexico, its untapped fields of oil, its inexhaustible water-power, and (with a crescendo of earnestness) the cheapness of its labour supply... There was no fresh development up till an hour before the sun set, so we mounted and rode home. The hills had become tipped with gold and the impalpable white dust had brought a touch of blue to the valleys. It was pleasant, too, the twilight glow on whether the politicians would always skin the cream, here and everywhere else, and whether the landlord would have sufficient decency to keep a hot supper waiting. My companion was tired and a little dispirited. From time to time he brought the conversation round to the coming bull-fight, the brilliancy of the famous matador, the inconvenience of having a seat in the sun, and (when the town was in sight) the indignity of having to haggle with a gringo about a contemptible peso.

Views and Reviews.*

There may be readers of this journal who are not yet convinced that Socialism is unable either to secure an efficient service for the public or an adequate wage for the wage-earning classes. Such readers may be recommended to read Mr. Pratt's book. There is a good deal of mere debating in it, on the assumption that private enterprise is more efficient than State control, and is not merely more able, but is more willing to consider the apparent interests of the public. But apart from the mere logomachy, the range and significance of the facts cited are practically conclusive against State management of the railways. The commercial test of surplus, surplus value (variously called interest or dividends), is destructive of the claims of the advocates of railway nationalisation. I notice, for example, that even Mr. Chiozza Money says that the net profits of the Prussian State Railways were, in 1908, £318,000. These figures are about £7,000,000 above those quoted above as representing the "balance on year's operation"; but as the English estimates of the profits of the Prussian State Railways vary from £20,000,000 to £60,000,000 a paltry £7,000,000 does not matter. The question is: "Are these £71,000,000 net profits, and available for general State purposes?" Mr. Pratt answers in the negative. "From such balances," he says, "substantial payments have to be made on account of interest on capital expenditure, sinking fund, and other charges"; and he quotes from an official report with an incredible little knot gathered around him, and my companion told me in detail about a man he had known who was hit in the cheek, but not seriously injured, during one of the fierce fights of the last revolution.

And so the day wore on. The vertical sun beat down on the nape of our necks with relentless heat, and everything was bathed in that vivid glare which seems designed to expose the pretences of man and to show up his naive simplicity. We had no idea (until we read about it in the newspapers afterwards) that we were watching one of the great battles of the South. There were, I suppose, four or five hundred men in the Federal forces, professional soldiers who had to serve their Government and reformed criminals who preferred a little excitement to counting the flies on the whitewashed walls of a cell. There was probably half a dozen in the rebel camp, ambitious adventurers, and peons with a native dislike for the whirring of machinery and all the successful industrialism that has changed the face of Mexico in less than a generation and made a handful of men so rich.

But down in the south the whirring of wheels was still going on, the clatter of hydro-electric plants, the plank of oil-drills, the clink of new rails being laid, and the concession-hunters in Mexico City were not uneasy. It was not likely that this handful of peons, fighting sparsely on the hillside and knowing less what they wanted than what they disliked, would make much difference. As my companion said with a shrug of resignation: "We fight and fight over a gringo's seat and wait." It was not difficult to picture him sitting still in his office writing out glowing prospectuses setting forth the unparalleled resources of Mexico, its untapped fields of oil, its inexhaustible water-power, and (with a crescendo of earnestness) the cheapness of its labour supply...

There was no fresh development up till an hour before the sun set, so we mounted and rode home. The hills had become tipped with gold and the impalpable white dust had brought a touch of blue to the valleys. It was pleasant, too, the twilight glow on whether the politicians would always skin the cream, here and everywhere else, and whether the landlord would have sufficient decency to keep a hot supper wait-
cases from Australia and South Africa; where, he says, "the Government lines were, in fact, operated as part of the political machinery, and what amounted to bribery and corruption was openly practised—at the public expense." Indeed, it seems impossible to examine the case for railway nationalisation in any detail without realisation that nationalisation is not the effective method of improving the railway service of this country. Mr. Pratt scores against the advocates of railway nationalisation because he meets them on their own ground, the retention of the wage-system; the only thing that he does is to abolish ignorance of the wage-system by the formation of a guild among railwaymen.

It is certain that, however good a case he may state against nationalised railways and in favour of those privately owned, the fact that the railway companies pay more in dividends than in wages cannot be ignored. On the assumption that he makes, in common with the advocates of railway nationalisation, that the investors are entitled to their interest, it does not matter whether the £43,000,000 per annum are paid as dividends on railway shares or as interest on Government bonds. The railwaymen will still be working for an average wage of 25s. per week, for the internal economies that might be made would not be likely to increase the £30,000,000 paid in wages, but would be more likely to decrease the number of railway employees. Moreover, if State management did prove to be more economical than private management, the tendency would be to make the railways like the Post Office, a revenue-producing concern. The wage-system would still persist, and strikes against the Government for increases of wages would be as necessary then as now. It is clear that no real alteration in the condition of the railwaymen is possible unless their monopoly of their labour is as complete as the monopoly of capital.

When Mr. Pratt, referring to the suggestion that wages could be increased by £11,500,000 a year under nationalisation, says: "The question is, however, not if anyone would begrudge such increase if it were practicable, but if the payment of a further 11½ millions a year in wages for railwaymen could be arranged with a due regard for other interests," he has the nationalisers in a cleft stick. The whole of his argument was stated in summary in an editorial article on "State Socialism and the Wage System," in The New Age of May 16, 1912; but Mr. Pratt does not stop here. He assumes that because the burden of charges on the railways will not be decreased under nationalisation, wages will not rise or, alternatively, economic working with due regard for the public service will not be secured, therefore things must remain as they are. But an average wage of 25s. per week cannot be regarded as the latter end of life for railwaymen; and Mr. Pratt is really assuming that there is no alternative to the wage-system. He will discover that he is mistaken if he reads the articles referred to.

The way out is the formation of a Guild among railwaymen. All the practical difficulties of State management are obviated by the simple proposition that the men themselves shall manage the railways; they do it now, and they could do it then. All the apparent disadvantages of State management would be obviated by the fact that they would be dealing with practically the same officials as those with whom they now consult, with the same, or some similar, appeal to Government as they now have. But the Guild, precisely because it would have a monopoly of its labour, would be able to demand terms at least as favourable to itself as those now granted to capital because of its monopoly. The fact that £43,000,000 a year means only 3½ per cent. on the nominal capital of the railways does not morally entitle the investors to claim that amount, or more, in perpetuity: the £30,000,000 a year paid in wages represent nothing a year interest on labour, but is the mere cost of its subsistence.

A. E. R.
happy matrimonial alliances which—for social or religious reasons—no divorce can ever dissolve. And, worse than that, no separation either, for a poet is—through his mother tongue—so intimately wedded to his country that not even a separation can effect any sort of relief in their desperate cases. All of them have tried separation, all of them have lived in estrangement from their country—we might almost say that only the local and lesser poets of the last century have stayed at home—and in spite of this the most extreme recriminations of these passionate poetical husbands and their obstinate national wives have never ceased. Again and again we hear the male partner making proposals to win his spouse to better and nobler ways, again and again he tries to ‘educate’ her up to himself and endeavours to direct her anew, pointing out to her the danger of her unwise and stupid behaviour; again and again his loving approaches are thwarted by the well-known waywardness of the feminine character, and so all his friendly admonitions habitually turn into torrents of abuse and vilifications. There have been many unhappy unions in this world, but the compulsory marriages of such great nineteenth-century writers, as Heine, Byron, Stendhal, Gobineau, or Nietzsche with Mesdames Britannia, Gallia, and Germania, the otherwise highly respectable ladies of grotesqueness anything that has come to us through divorce court proceedings in England and America. That, as everyone will agree, is saying a good deal.

The German Emperor, as I have said, had some justification for motives that do credit not to his intellect, at least to what in our days best takes the place of intellect; that is to say, his character and his principles of government. The German Emperor appears at least to realise how offensive and, from his point of view, dangerous, the spirit of Heine. He is to this very day, how deeply his satire cuts into questions of religion and State, how impatient he is of everything which the German Emperor esteems and venerates in his innermost heart. But the German people, on the whole, and certainly all foreigners, have long ago forgiven the poet, not because they have understood the dead bard better than the Emperor, but because they understood him less well. It is always easier to forgive an offender if you do not understand him too well, it is likewise easier to forgive him if your memory is brief and the peoples likewise resemble our womenfolk in this respect, that as soon as they are widowed of their poets, they easily forget all the unpleasantness that had ever existed between them and their dead husbands. It is then and only then that they discover the good qualities of their dead consorts, and go about telling everybody “what a wonderful man he was.” Their behaviour reminds me of a picture I once saw in a French comic paper. It represented a widow who, in order to hear her deceased husband’s voice, had a gramophone put at his empty place at the breakfast table. And every morning she sat opposite that gramophone weeping quietly into her handkerchief, gazing mournfully at the instrument—decorated with her dead hubby’s tasselled cap—and listening to the voice of the dear departed. But the only words which came out of the gramophone every morning were: Ma’m’selle, ma-paix—tu m’empêches de lire mon journal! (For goodness’ sake, leave me alone and let me read my paper.) This, however, did not appear to disturb the sentimental widow at all, as she continued to listen to those words, “Attat Troll.”

The German Emperor, as I have said, had some justification for motives that do credit not to his intellect, at least to what in our days best takes the place of intellect; that is to say, his character and his principles of government. The German Emperor appears at least to realise how offensive and, from his point of view, dangerous, the spirit of Heine. He is to this very day, how deeply his satire cuts into questions of religion and State, how impatient he is of everything which the German Emperor esteems and venerates in his innermost heart. But the German people, on the whole, and certainly all foreigners, have long ago forgiven the poet, not because they have understood the dead bard better than the Emperor, but because they understood him less well. It is always easier to forgive an offender if you do not understand him too well, it is likewise easier to forgive him if your memory is brief and the peoples likewise resemble our womenfolk in this respect, that as soon as they are widowed of their poets, they easily forget all the unpleasantness that had ever existed between them and their dead husbands. It is then and only then that they discover the good qualities of their dead consorts, and go about telling everybody “what a wonderful man he was.” Their behaviour reminds me of a picture I once saw in a French comic paper. It represented a widow who, in order to hear her deceased husband’s voice, had a gramophone put at his empty place at the breakfast table. And every morning she sat opposite that gramophone weeping quietly into her handkerchief, gazing mournfully at the instrument—decorated with her dead hubby’s tasselled cap—and listening to the voice of the dear departed. But the only words which came out of the gramophone every morning were: Ma’m’selle, ma-paix—tu m’empêches de lire mon journal! (For goodness’ sake, leave me alone and let me read my paper.) This, however, did not appear to disturb the sentimental widow at all, as she continued to listen to those words, “Attat Troll.”

But this moonshine and all the other paraphernalia of the Romantic School Heine handled with all the greater skill, inasmuch as he was no longer a real Romanticist when he wrote “Attat Troll.” He had left the Romantic school long ago, not without (as he himself tells us) “having given a good thrashing to his schoolmaster.” He was now a Greek, a follower of Spinoza and Goethe. He was a “Romantique déróqué”—one who had risen above his neurotic fellow-poets and their hazy ideas and wild endeavours. But for this very reason he is able to use their mode of expression with so much the greater ability, and, knowing all their shortcomings, he could give to his Dreamland a semblance of reality which they could never achieve. Only after having left a town are we in a position to judge the height of its church steeple, only as exiles do we begin to see the right relation in which our country stands to the rest of the world, and only a poet who had bidden farewell to his party and school, who had freed himself from Romanticism, could give us the last, the truest, the most beautiful poem of Romanticism.

It is possible, even probable, that “Attat Troll” will appeal to a majority of readers, not through its satire, but through its wonderful lyrical and romantic qualities—our age belies the old saying of Lord Byron, viz., that to give it to a poet to write about the moon is to ensure that he will give to his Dreamland a semblance of reality which they could never achieve. Only after having left a town are we in a position to judge the height of its church steeple, only as exiles do we begin to see the right relation in which our country stands to the rest of the world, and only a poet who had bidden farewell to his party and school, who had freed himself from Romanticism, could give us the last, the truest, the most beautiful poem of Romanticism.

It is possible, even probable, that “Attat Troll” will appeal to a majority of readers, not through its satire, but through its wonderful lyrical and romantic qualities—our age belies the old saying of Lord Byron, viz., that to give it to a poet to write about the moon is to ensure that he will give to his Dreamland a semblance of reality which they could never achieve. Only after having left a town are we in a position to judge the height of its church steeple, only as exiles do we begin to see the right relation in which our country stands to the rest of the world, and only a poet who had bidden farewell to his party and school, who had freed himself from Romanticism, could give us the last, the truest, the most beautiful poem of Romanticism.
his ideals, and you will see us in "Atta Troll"—what a generous friend, what an ardent lover, what a great poet he is. Thus no one will be in the least disturbed by Heine's satire: on the contrary, those who object to it on principle will hardly be aware of it, so delighted will they be with the wonderful imagination, the glowing description, the poetic art of which the poetry of "Atta Troll" abounds. The poem may be and will be read by them as "Gulliver's Travels" are read to-day by young and old, by poet and politician alike, not for its original satire, but for its picturesque, dramatic, and enthralling tale.

But let those who still believe that writing is fighting, and not sham-fighting only, those who hold that a poet is a soldier of the pen and therefore the most dangerous of all soldiers, those who feel that our age needs a hailstorm of satire, let them, I say, look closer at the wonderfully ideal figures that pass before them in the mysterious light of the moon. Let them listen more intently to the flutes and harps and they will discover quite a different melody beneath—a melody by no means bewitching or soothing, or inviting us to dreams, sweet forgotten, soft couches, and tender embraces, but a shrill and mocking tone that is at times insolently discordant and that strikes us as decidedly modern, realistic, and threatening. As the poet himself expressed it in his dedication to Varnhagen von Ense:—

"Aye, my friend, such strains arise From the perished day of dreams! Though some modern trills may oft Caper through the running theme."

"Spite of wanton jests thou'lt find Here and there a note of pain..." Let their ears seek to catch these painful notes. Let their eyes accluse themselves to the deceitful light of the moon; let them endeavour to pierce through the romanticism on the surface to the underlying meaning of the poem... A little patience and we shall see clearly. . . . Atta Troll, the dancing bear, is the representative of the people. He has—by means of the French Revolution, of course—broken his fetters and escaped to the freedom of the mountains. Here he indulges in that familiar ranting of a sansculotte, his heart and mouth brimming over with what Heine calls "frecher Gleichheits-swindel" ("the barefaced swindle of equality"). His hatred is above all directed against the masters from whose bosom he has just escaped, that is to say, against all mankind as a race. As a "true and noble bear" he simply detests these human beings with their superior airs and impudent smiles, those arrogant wretches, who fancy themselves something lofty, because they eat cooked meat and know a few tricks and sciences. Animals, if property trained, if only equality were given to them, could learn these tricks just as well—there is therefore no earthly reason why

"these men, Cursed arch-aristocrats, Should with haughty insolence Look upon the world of beasts."

The beasts, so Atta Troll declares, ought not allow themselves to be treated in this wise. They ought to combine amongst themselves, for it is only by means of proper union that the requisite degree of strength can ever be attained. After the establishment of this powerful union they should try to enforce their programmes and demand the admission of private property and of human privileges:—

"And its first great law shall be For God's creatures one and all Equal rights—no matter what Be their faith, or hide, or smell, Strict equality! Each ass May become Prime Minister, On the other hand the Lion Shall beat corn unto the mill."

This outrageous diatribe of the freed slave cuts deeply into the poet's heart. He, the poet, does not believe in equal, but in the 'sacred innate' rights of men, the rights of valid birth, the rights of the man of aperit. He the poet, the admirer of Napoleon, believes in the latter's "la carrière ouverte aux talents," but not in opportunity given in the guise of fortune; he who holds Atta Troll's opinion to be "high treason against the majesty of humanity," and since he can endure this no longer, he sets out one fine morning to hunt the insolent bear in his mountain fastnesses.

A strange being, however, accompanies him. This is a man of the name of Lascaro, a somewhat abnormal fellow, who is very thin, very pale, and apparently in very poor health. He is consequently not exactly a pleasant comrade for the chase: he does not seem to enjoy the sport at all, and his one endeavour is to get through with his task without losing more of his strength and health. Even now he is more of an automaton than a human being, more dead than alive, and yet—greatest of all miseries!—he is not allowed to die. For he has a mother, the witch Uraka, who keeps him artificially alive by anointing him every night with magic salve and giving him such diabolic advice as will be useful to him during the day. By means of the sham health she gives to her son, the magic bullets she casts for him, the tricks and wiles she teaches him, Lascaro is enabled to find the track of Atta Troll, to lure him out of his lair and to lay him low with a treacherous shot.

Who is this silent Lascaro and his mysterious mother, whom the poet seems to hold in as slight regard as the noisy Atta Troll? Who is this Lascaro, whose methods he deprecates, whose health he doubts, whose cold ways and icy smiles make him shudder? Who is this child of all monsters? The chilliest of all—men we may find the answer in "Zarathustra"—is the State and our Lascaro is nothing else than the spirit of reactionary government, kept artificially alive by his own witch-mother, the spirit of Feudalism. The nightly anointing of Lascaro is a parody on the revival of mediaval customs, by means of which the frightened aristocracy of Europe in the middle of the last century tried to stem the tide of the French Revolution—the anointed of the Lord becoming in Heine's poem the anointed of the witch. But in spite of his nightly massage, our Lascaro does not gain much strength or spirit: no mediaval salves, no feudal pills, no witch's wiles will ever cure him. Not even a wizard's experiment (we may add, with that greater insight bestowed upon us by history) could do him any good, not even the astute magic tricks that werelavished upon the patient in Heine's time by that archwizard, the Austrian Minister Metternich. For we must not forget that the time of "Atta Troll" was written, the time of the omnipotent Metternich! Let us recall to our memories this cool, clever, callous statesman, who founded and set the Holy Alliance against the Revolution, who calmly shot down the German Atta Troll, who skillfully strangled and stifled that promising poetical school, "Young Germany," to which Heine belonged. Let us recall this man, who likewise artificially revived the old religion and the old feudalism, who repoliticized and regilded the scutcheons of the decadent aristocracy, and who, despite all his energy, had at heart no belief in his work, no joy in his task, no faith in the anointed dumies he brought to life again in Europe—and those puzzling personalities of Uraka and Lascaro will be elucidated to us by a real historical example.

Metternich is now part of history. But, alas! we cannot likewise banish into that limbo of the past those two superfluous individuals, the revolutionary Atta Troll and the reactionary Lascaro. Alas! we cannot join the joyful, but inwardly despotic, life of Heine's poet, who sings the psalm of eternal progress, who pretend to believe that the times are always "changing for the better." Let these good people open their eyes, and they will see that Atta Troll was not shot down in the valley of Roncevalles, but that he is still alive, very
much alive, and making a dreadful noise, and that not in the Pyrenees, but just outside our doors, where he still keeps haranguing about equality and liberty and occasionally breaks his teeters and escapes from his masters. And when this occurs, then that icy monster Lascaro is likewise seen, with his hard, pallid face and his joyless mouth, and his disgust with his own task and his doubts and disbeliefs in himself. He still carries his gun and he still possesses some of that craftiness which his mother the witch has taught him, and he still knows how to enrap that poor, stupid Atta Troll, and to shoot him down in the spirit of "order and government," the spirit of a soulless capitalism, requires it.

No, there is very little feeling in the man as yet, and he seems as difficult to move as ever. There is an apparent thing that can rush him into action, and that is when a poet appears, one who knows the truth and who dares to speak the truth not only about Atta Troll, the people, but also about its Lascaro, its leaders, its emperors and kings. Then, and only then, do his hard features change, and his affected self-possession leaves him; then, and then only, his mask of calmness is thrown off, and he waxes very angry with the poet, and has his name banished from his court and his statues turned out of his cities and villas—nay, he would level his gun to slay the truth-telling poet as he slew Atta Troll.

From which we may see that the modern Lascaro has become a sort of Don Quixote—for, truly is it not the height of folly for a mortal emperor to shoot at the poet, and has his name banished from his court or the poet, and has his name banished from his court and his statues turned out of his cities and villas—nay, he would level his gun to slay the truth-telling poet as he slew Atta Troll.

The Under Dog. By Sidney Trist. (The Animals' Guardian. 38. 6d.)

These articles on the horrors of sealing, of the slaughter of birds for their plumage, of the trapping of field vermin, of the cruelty in slaughter-houses, of the docking of horses' tails, of the sufferings of horses in war, of the use of the bearing-rein, of the traffic in worn-out and diseased horses, and so forth, are so sickening in their effect that we cannot conscientiously recommend them to our readers. If there were anything to be done in the matter, and to be done quickly, we might excuse this harrowing of our souls with the recital of these iniquities. But the cruelty that is here denounced is nothing compared to the cruelty of the revelation; our capacity for suffering pain is greater than that of the animals, and is intensified by our love of classification, and in the absence of a practicable programme, we can do nothing but suffer in imagination the tortures that are probably not felt to a similar extent by the animals. We have no taste for mental masochism, and, if we had, we should indulge it in the horrors suffered by our fellow-men under a system of profiteering manufacture and transport; indeed, it might well be argued that, as the greater includes the less, so the cruelty inflicted on animals can only be diminished by the same process that will diminish the cruelty of man to man. Most of the horrors here denounced are not due to production for use; indeed, we can imagine a number of them becoming extinct as soon as this general conception of the purpose of production is accepted; they are directly related to a system of production for personal profit. It is, therefore, apparent that for us to concentrate on the reform of one of the results of the present system would mean that we should leave the main cause untouched. We should have suffered agonies ourselves in the contemplation of the sufferings of the animals without really being able to do them much good. We should have forgotten our fellow-men, and the prime economic cause of the sufferings of both the animals and them. We cannot afford to scatter our energy or divide our forces for what is really only a sentimental diversion of attention, and a painful one at that; we must prefer to regard the animals as subsidiary to ourselves and in order that the state of the animals can be improved only by the change that must be made in our treatment of our fellow-men.
Drama.

By John Francis Hope.

A correspondent, who agrees in the main with my last article, asks me to indicate a way out. I must confess that, at the moment I am in a state of mind similar to that admitted by Moltke concerning the invasion of England. I know a dozen ways in, but not one out.

However, as Ruskin wrote a book because he knew nothing of that particular subject, I may be able to arrive at some conclusion if I write an article; for, according to Goethe, inspiration accompanies, but does not always precede composition. I may, first of all, devote a little attention to the question of theatre prices, although I do not think that art is to be controlled by economics. It is, of course, true that managers choose their plays with particular reference to their judgment of the taste of the people who use the cheaper parts of the theatre. I confess that the manager would still consider with flesh and blood; in other words, the manager was unaware of my presence in the theatre, for I went privately to the gallery. About eight people entered the theatre when the doors were opened, and not more than fifty of the audience took part in the mimetic dances from which drama arose, there would be no dramatists whose plays would be successful in attracting a larger number of people to the theatre, the taste of this committee would really be progressively lowered. We have only to consider the programmes of the suburban theatres, where low prices are charged, to see that there is nothing to hope from a mob that has been very badly educated in drama.

No! Action may be communal, but art is individual; and only the appeal to the individual must be allowed. We need, therefore, the awful scorn, the sneer, the cold and searching sarcasm, the subtlest processes of irony. There are no arts which the critic need not avail himself of in order to render art great. Let them put the dramatists in fear of them; let them metaphorically slay the wicked, not necessarily by violence of language, but by unrelenting criticism. No profession in England has done its duty until it has furnished its victim. The pure administration of justice dates from the deposition of Maclesfield. Even our boasted Navy never achieved a great victory until we shot an admiral. Such an anathema is in the interest of modern drama; but I expect criticism to devote itself to the intellectual and spiritual equivalent is. The appeal to principle with orators that the larger the audience, the less that is contributed to the art of the mob, the greater the responsibility rests. Let them put the dramatists in fear of them; others need only the goad of criticism to arouse us not to criticise what all condemn. But how remedy the evil? What is wanted in architecture, as in so many things, is a man. Shall we find refuge in a committee of taste? Escape from the medium of taste to the mob, the greatest common measure is the test of success. If, therefore, a policy of low prices were successful in attracting a larger number of people to the theatre, the taste of this committee would really be progressively lowered. We have only to consider the programmes of the suburban theatres, where low prices are charged, to see that there is nothing to hope from a mob that has been very badly educated in drama.

No! Action may be communal, but art is individual; and only the appeal to the individual must be allowed. We need, therefore, the awful scorn, the sneer, the cold and searching sarcasm, the subtlest processes of irony. There are no arts which the critic need not avail himself of in order to render art great. Let them put the dramatists in fear of them; let them metaphorically slay the wicked, not necessarily by violence of language, but by unrelenting criticism, by sarcasm, and the subtler processes of irony. There are dozens of dramatists who ought to be tickled to death by flattery; others need only the goad of criticism to put them in touch with themselves. The critic should beware of making suggestions. An artist can only exercise his craft on another man's ideas, and what is need is inspiration. Criticism should be devoted to creating a state of feeling in the artist, and what is called an "atmosphere" about him. He must be encouraged, or kicked, into producing what is indubitably his own, and he must be taught that the appeal from the critic to the audience is ignored. Criticism cannot create drama, for it is a consequence of drama; but I expect criticism to devote itself to making a place for the artist by the ruthless criticism of those who are now usurping his place and functions.

The retort will be that even if such a man were to arise, there would be no dramatists whose plays would be worth production. Well, Sir Henry Wood has had to wait some years before what could be called a British school of composers were inspired to write interesting music; meanwhile, he played the classics, and took a dual; and only the appeal to the individual must be allowed. We need, therefore, the awful scorn, the sneer, the cold and searching sarcasm, the subtlest processes of irony. There are no arts which the critic need not avail himself of in order to render art great. Let them put the dramatists in fear of them; others need only the goad of criticism to arouse us not to criticise what all condemn. But how remedy the evil? What is wanted in architecture, as in so many things, is a man. Shall we find refuge in a committee of taste? Escape from the medium of taste to the mob, the greatest common measure is the test of success. If, therefore, a policy of low prices were successful in attracting a larger number of people to the theatre, the taste of this committee would really be progressively lowered. We have only to consider the programmes of the suburban theatres, where low prices are charged, to see that there is nothing to hope from a mob that has been very badly educated in drama.

No! Action may be communal, but art is individual; and only the appeal to the individual must be allowed. We need, therefore, the awful scorn, the sneer, the cold and searching sarcasm, the subtlest processes of irony. There are no arts which the critic need not avail himself of in order to render art great. Let them put the dramatists in fear of them; let them metaphorically slay the wicked, not necessarily by violence of language, but by unrelenting criticism, by sarcasm, and the subtler processes of irony. There are dozens of dramatists who ought to be tickled to death by flattery; others need only the goad of criticism to put them in touch with themselves. The critic should beware of making suggestions. An artist can only exercise his craft on another man's ideas, and what is need is inspiration. Criticism should be devoted to creating a state of feeling in the artist, and what is called an "atmosphere" about him. He must be encouraged, or kicked, into producing what is indubitably his own, and he must be taught that the appeal from the critic to the audience is ignored. Criticism cannot create drama, for it is a consequence of drama; but I expect criticism to devote itself to making a place for the artist by the ruthless criticism of those who are now usurping his place and functions.
Art.

The Poster-Impressionist Exhibition.

By Anthony M. Ludovici.

At the Doré Gallery there is an interesting show, the proper title of which is the "Post-Impressionist Poster Exhibition." It is interesting and sad at the same time, because it shows how utterly the last possible opportunity of this age, all its vulgarity has become enslaved to the very power which it ought to have done its utmost to undermine and to overthrow. This despotism of the last hundred and fifty years, if such there has been, has consisted of the uncontested supremacy of uncontrolled industry and commerce. This despotism has been one of vulgarity, the unscrupulous spurning of all that constituted flourishing and desirable life, the deliberate flouting of all that made desirable humanity, the tasteless abuse of power in bad taste. The last really vigorous attempt to arrest the movement of uncontrolled industry and commerce was made two hundred and fifty years ago, when Charles the First died for the "liberty of the people," and its appeal to the "liberty" of its oppressors. Since then it has met with no formidable foe. It was able to do its worst in the nineteenth century, and the present age is its creation.

Ever since Charles the First's death, however, there has existed a class of people which might be considered the depositaries of the nation's best traditions. I refer to the artists. Whatever may have been the extent of the fund of taste originally possessed by the English nation, at least these people, the artists, were the heirs of its residue. They had a sacred trust, a sacred duty. They should have felt themselves the only cleats things in a population of hogs. They should have formed themselves into a select priesthood, or aristocracy, and should have refused all intercourse with the hawkers and chapmen of the market-place. By this time they ought to have been able to point to a list of noble martyrs, or saints, who had given up their lives in the struggle. It is true that there is such a list, and upon it we find such men as 

Jean François Millet and Van Gogh, but men of this stamp have been rare enough in this country.

As a matter of fact, artists have done no such thing. They have never felt that they were the last scions of a clean and true race which would become extinct unless some sense of the sacredness of its traditions were kept alive and cultivated, not only by sentiment, but by active, exclusion, isolation, contempt, hostility, hatred, self-respect—aggressive self-respect, endogamy! They have given up the struggle to stamp out uncontrolled commerce and industry. But for a mere handful of anchorites and pariahs, who wisely realised that the only way to preserve their kind was to keep their best traditions pure in their hearts, the tendency among artists has been to abet rather than to oppose the grand movement of vulgarisation, exploitation, and degeneracy which reached its zenith in the last fifty years of the nineteenth century. And now it may fairly be said that the distinction between artists and business men, poor painter and plutocratic purveyor is little more than a mere matter of words. As traitors to their own cause and race, artists cannot hope to go unpunished for what they have done. Indeed, they have been punished. Their profession, which is surely excellent in every way, and "Gaîté-Rochecourtois," by Roger de Valersé (No. 42). The daintiest and prettiest poster in the whole exhibition is that by Kate Wolff, designed for the Silhouette Exhibition (No. 50). It is the quiet charm of this good work, and not only its prostitution to the Moloch of the age, that constitutes its most depressing feature.

An interesting piece of work, showing how a striking effect can be obtained with the very luxuriant and voluminous details of which are dear to the German artist is the "St. Benno Bier" poster (No. 1), by Otto Obermeir. It is neither naked nor garish, and yet it is the most forcible in the show.

Among the truly poor and tasteless posters I would refer "La Joie" (No. 3), by Klinge; "Rheinertasse," by P. P. H. No. 24; "Le Grand St. Bernard," by M. M. (No. 35); "Paris Modes," by J. D. Ferguson (No. 36); "The Night Watchman" (No. 37), by V.

You cannot have your cake and eat it. You cannot grant the dignity of a public appeal to the incompetent amateur and maintain the prestige of the true artist's appeal. This is only one of the signs showing that the graphic arts, at least in their modern aspect, are beginning to lose their seriousness and their importance. They are beginning to be despised. So much, indeed, is this the case, that the inartistic fundholder himself regards them as mere auxiliaries, mere subordinate machinery to his business, to his purpose. And the only excuse for those who are interested in this unprecedented piece of vulgar impudence, is the fact that for the artist some sort of patron is almost a necessary of life.

From the time of Johnson's magnificent rebus to his mock patron, the Earl of Chesterfield, the sort of art patronage which does not kill art, has been practically dead in England, and in its place there has arisen only this foul substitute—the exploitation of art for commercial purposes, the damnation of art as an imp of the devil of uncontrolled commerce and industry! If you want a proof of this examine our advertisement hoardings, or go to the Doré Galleries.

If it was possible for Huysmans, the well-known art critic and author, to say with some truth of Cheret's poster, "There is more talent in one of his posters than in most of the pictures which cover the walls of the Salon," the far-reaching results of this modern "patronage" of the arts, even in the nineteenth century, becomes unmistakably plain. Not only are uncontrolled commerce and industry in themselves necessarily opposed to the type which represents art, beauty, and culture, but by their very patronage and appropriation of that type, they have unwittingly killed the last nail into its coffin.

However much we may deplore all this, nevertheless, with Huysmans, we cannot help admiring some of the pictures in this last flare-up of Art under the auspices of its sworn enemy. And for this reason even if you leave it in tears, the exhibition at the Doré Gallery is well worth a visit.

By far the best, from the purely artistic standpoint, are the posters of Steinlen, a wonderful child and cats in the famous poster for Nestlé's Milk (No. 64)—a lesson to that maligned of cats, Louis Wain, if nothing else—and B. C.'s "The Russian Ballet" (No. 38). How mechanical, vulgar, and stupid so such posters as those of Hassall, for instance, appear, beside these two child-creations in the art! That the truth of the good taste and discrimination which some French engineers and businesmen must have shown in order to have selected the delightful series for the "Chemin-der-Fer de l'Est" (Nos. 38, 59, 62, 63, 66, 68, 69, 70, 74, 77)! Posters of Mucha, with his Louis XV hair curls and twists, are so plentiful that one only understands the kind of life which attempts to manufacture it in tears, the exhibition at the Doré Gallery is well worth a visit.

By far the best, from the purely artistic standpoint, are the posters of Steinlen, a wonderful child and cats in the famous poster for Nestlé's Milk (No. 64)—a lesson to that maligned of cats, Louis Wain, if nothing else—and B. C.'s "The Russian Ballet" (No. 38). How mechanical, vulgar, and stupid so such posters as those of Hassall, for instance, appear, beside these two child-creations in the art! That the truth of the good taste and discrimination which some French engineers and businesmen must have shown in order to have selected the delightful series for the "Chemin-der-Fer de l'Est" (Nos. 38, 59, 62, 63, 66, 68, 69, 70, 74, 77)! Posters of Mucha, with his Louis XV hair curls and twists, are so plentiful that one only understands the kind of life which attempts to manufacture it in tears, the exhibition at the Doré Gallery is well worth a visit.

By far the best, from the purely artistic standpoint, are the posters of Steinlen, a wonderful child and cats in the famous poster for Nestlé's Milk (No. 64)—a lesson to that maligned of cats, Louis Wain, if nothing else—and B. C.'s "The Russian Ballet" (No. 38). How mechanical, vulgar, and stupid so such posters as those of Hassall, for instance, appear, beside these two child-creations in the art! That the truth of the good taste and discrimination which some French engineers and businesmen must have shown in order to have selected the delightful series for the "Chemin-der-Fer de l'Est" (Nos. 38, 59, 62, 63, 66, 68, 69, 70, 74, 77)! Posters of Mucha, with his Louis XV hair curls and twists, are so plentiful that one only understands the kind of life which attempts to manufacture it in tears, the exhibition at the Doré Gallery is well worth a visit.

By far the best, from the purely artistic standpoint, are the posters of Steinlen, a wonderful child and cats in the famous poster for Nestlé's Milk (No. 64)—a lesson to that maligned of cats, Louis Wain, if nothing else—and B. C.'s "The Russian Ballet" (No. 38). How mechanical, vulgar, and stupid so such posters as those of Hassall, for instance, appear, beside these two child-creations in the art! That the truth of the good taste and discrimination which some French engineers and businesmen must have shown in order to have selected the delightful series for the "Chemin-der-Fer de l'Est" (Nos. 38, 59, 62, 63, 66, 68, 69, 70, 74, 77)! Posters of Mucha, with his Louis XV hair curls and twists, are so plentiful that one only understands the kind of life which attempts to manufacture it in tears, the exhibition at the Doré Gallery is well worth a visit.
Hicks; the "Costume House," by Julius Känger (No. 61)—a striking piece of coloured inanity, consisting of a heap of polychromy eggs whose very claim to attention is an insult; and the "Salon des Cent," by A. Mucha (No. 97). The Brothers Beggarstaff (Messrs. James Pryde and William Nicholson) are very good in their simplicity and nice draughtsmanship; but it is difficult not to feel that their "Hamlet" is a little too self-consciously the poster. It sacrifices too much to the object of being merely striking. It is, indeed, is the tendency of all modern poster work, and it shows how the artists themselves were bound to suffer from their close connection with commercial and industrial enterprise. Compare Cheret's "Chap Book" (No. 57) with the more recent work of poster artists, and ask yourself whether the munificent patronage of the Macenas Commerce has done even these traitors to their cause any good!

There are many very bad posters which it would take too long to enumerate here. But their general failing is of a kind which one would expect from any class of artistic work directed by the commercial mind. When they aim at caricature this note is forced to the point of incongruity; where they aim at being funny they reek of the far-fetched saloon-bar joke, belched between two gulps of adulterated beer or synthetic whisky; and where they aim at being pretty they are full of the maudlin sentiment of the bargain and money-besotted company director.

Pastiche.

AN EPIC WITH EXPLANATIONS,

Superior critics will agree or at least view with approbation the economical choice of machinery made by the poet. I have started with the crown and worked downwards. Local mythology could not utilise, unless I borrow from Heine's "Gods in Exile." But the spectacle of a God being discovered in the Cabinet, though pleasing to Tho New Agar, might cause some little perturbation in the minds of the British Public. Furthermore, I was in a quandary; he could not be Apollo, "a bitter God to follow, a beautiful God to behold!" The last description being antagonistic to anything our modern tailors can create. Of course, there are many who will agree that the former designation is suitable, especially those who have been the recipients of ten and sixpence instead of thirty shillings. Summed up briefly, the poet's contention is this; that the foundation of the Empire rests on four-cream and sapphire blue horse for the remuneration. Compare Cheret's "Chap Book" (No. 57) with the more recent work of poster artists, and ask yourself whether the secrets are locked, like the maker's name of the margarine, metal polish, or the servants' threepences. For the Biblical references I am indebted to the Daily Papers. The Tho New Agar cannot give the maker's name of the margarine, metal polish, or the address of the Panel Doctor. The secrets are locked, like David's lips, and the Editor, he knows, he knows. For the last couplet I tender my apologies; it is vile. It is also a garbled version. I have only good enough for a revival meeting. I must get a rhyming dictionary. The curtain goes up with Herr Hunkstein's German Rand playing selections from Racitine in a room decorated in cream and sapphire blue; "R. H. C." will accept my acknowledgement of indebtedness.

The careful and discriminating reader will discover that Shakespeare, Campbell, and Byron have been a garbled quotation, but only for the remuneration. From dunghill, dungeon, muck-heap and the street:

To keep the hungry workers into line.

"Faugh, sodden! you, my ocean-loving friend, would cry, and, holding your paddling nose, would scanner headlong for a taxi-cab to whisk you off.

But I find beauty here

If truth is beauty, as young Keats affirmed.

Three stately steamers seawards gliding past,

Upon the amber sky. The shapely curves

Of hirelings, drudges, Saturday-released.

Lack-lustre hue

Has overturned boats and idle windlasses,

How sad to think that Juvenal has passed

And now the ferry comes

Out of its paddle-box, and laden with

And now, M.D.'s, your greatness I will sing.

Sad is the tale, for Honour has ta'en wing.

From out those ranks where Honour held her sway

Gone is she now, and I, s. d. d. display.

Their whitened bones through garbs of selfish greed.

O! how you bless the fawning great Welsh breed!

And two a penny now the cry resounds.

Gone is she now, and the "Salon des Cent,"

And now my epic breathes its noble last.

How sad to think that Juvenal has passed

Ere yet he saw the greatness spewed from Wales,

Adorned with grace and wit, and Bible tales.

No statesman ever filched from Holy writ

Unless he stood by it "to make a bit."

For he that giveth to the needy poor

Shall be rewarded o'er and o'er and o'er.

WOLLIWICH: A DIVERSION.

You, friend, are all for ocean; you delight

In musings on a snowy ridge of sun

When on the wafting tumbles waves the sun

Squanders a hoard of trinkets; or the moon

Stills a best clot of silver, with the stars

Mirrored as serpent-images.

In sooth

This ocean with its wrinkled polychromes,

To wear it here and by the poor be seen.

Dustless breeze,

Until this year nineteen thirteen.

It shows how the artists them-

merely striking. This, indeed, is the tendency of all

and nice draughtsmanship

William Nicholson) are very good in their simplicity

of a kind which one would expect from any class of

and nice draughtsmanship

AN EPIC WITH EXPLANATIONS,

Superior critics will agree or at least view with approbation the economical choice of machinery made by the poet. I have started with the crown and worked downwards. Local mythology could not utilise, unless I borrow from Heine's "Gods in Exile." But the spectacle of a God being discovered in the Cabinet, though pleasing to Tho New Agar, might cause some little perturbation in the minds of the British Public. Furthermore, I was in a quandary; he could not be Apollo, "a bitter God to follow, a beautiful God to behold!" The last description being antagonistic to anything our modern tailors can create. Of course, there are many who will agree that the former designation is suitable, especially those who have been the recipients of ten and sixpence instead of thirty shillings. Summed up briefly, the poet's contention is this; that the foundation of the Empire rests on four-cream and sapphire blue horse for the remuneration. Compare Cheret's "Chap Book" (No. 57) with the more recent work of poster artists, and ask yourself whether the secrets are locked, like the maker's name of the margarine, metal polish, or the servants' threepences. For the Biblical references I am indebted to the Daily Papers. The Tho New Agar cannot give the maker's name of the margarine, metal polish, or the address of the Panel Doctor. The secrets are locked, like David's lips, and the Editor, he knows, he knows. For the last couplet I tender my apologies; it is vile. It is also a garbled version. I have only good enough for a revival meeting. I must get a rhyming dictionary. The curtain goes up with Herr Hunkstein's German Rand playing selections from Racitine in a room decorated in cream and sapphire blue; "R. H. C." will accept my acknowledgement of indebtedness.

The careful and discriminating reader will discover that Shakespeare, Campbell, and Byron have been a garbled quotation, but only for the remuneration. From dunghill, dungeon, muck-heap and the street:

To keep the hungry workers into line.

"Faugh, sodden! you, my ocean-loving friend, would cry, and, holding your paddling nose, would scanner headlong for a taxi-cab to whisk you off.

But I find beauty here

If truth is beauty, as young Keats affirmed.

Three stately steamers seawards gliding past,

Upon the amber sky. The shapely curves

Of hirelings, drudges, Saturday-released.

Lack-lustre hue

Has overturned boats and idle windlasses,

How sad to think that Juvenal has passed

Ere yet he saw the greatness spewed from Wales,

Adorned with grace and wit, and Bible tales.

No statesman ever filched from Holy writ

Unless he stood by it "to make a bit."

For he that giveth to the needy poor

Shall be rewarded o'er and o'er and o'er.

WOLLIWICH: A DIVERSION.

You, friend, are all for ocean; you delight

In musings on a snowy ridge of sun

When on the wafting tumbles waves the sun

Squanders a hoard of trinkets; or the moon

Stills a best clot of silver, with the stars

Mirrored as serpent-images.

In sooth

This ocean with its wrinkled polychromes,

To wear it here and by the poor be seen.

Dustless breeze,

Until this year nineteen thirteen.

It shows how the artists them-

merely striking. This, indeed, is the tendency of all

and nice draughtsmanship

William Nicholson) are very good in their simplicity

of a kind which one would expect from any class of

and nice draughtsmanship

AN EPIC WITH EXPLANATIONS,

Superior critics will agree or at least view with approbation the economical choice of machinery made by the poet. I have started with the crown and worked downwards. Local mythology could not utilise, unless I borrow from Heine's "Gods in Exile." But the spectacle of a God being discovered in the Cabinet, though pleasing to Tho New Agar, might cause some little perturbation in the minds of the British Public. Furthermore, I was in a quandary; he could not be Apollo, "a bitter God to follow, a beautiful God to behold!" The last description being antagonistic to anything our modern tailors can create. Of course, there are many who will agree that the former designation is suitable, especially those who have been the recipients of ten and sixpence instead of thirty shillings. Summed up briefly, the poet's contention is this; that the foundation of the Empire rests on four-cream and sapphire blue horse for the remuneration. Compare Cheret's "Chap Book" (No. 57) with the more recent work of poster artists, and ask yourself whether the secrets are locked, like the maker's name of the margarine, metal polish, or the servants' threepences. For the Biblical references I am indebted to the Daily Papers. The Tho New Agar cannot give the maker's name of the margarine, metal polish, or the address of the Panel Doctor. The secrets are locked, like David's lips, and the Editor, he knows, he knows. For the last couplet I tender my apologies; it is vile. It is also a garbled version. I have only good enough for a revival meeting. I must get a rhyming dictionary. The curtain goes up with Herr Hunkstein's German Rand playing selections from Racitine in a room decorated in cream and sapphire blue; "R. H. C." will accept my acknowledgement of indebtedness.

The careful and discriminating reader will discover that Shakespeare, Campbell, and Byron have been a garbled quotation, but only for the remuneration. From dunghill, dungeon, muck-heap and the street:

To keep the hungry workers into line.

Here follows an advt. for overweight margarine:—

A wizard, who of words has quite a wealth,

Has, martyr like, insured the nation's health

For fourpence weekly so this Saviour cries,

A slight advance on him whom Jews despise.

From dunghill, dungeon, muck-heap and the street

For fourpence is no simple human feat,

So let us now his halo polish clean,

To wear it here and by the poor be seen.

Insert here an advt. for metal polish,
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

THE INSURANCE ACT.

Sir,—The following is from the "Notes of the Week" of your issue dated May 18, 1911:—

"It [Unemployment Insurance] will tremendously weaken trade unionism. . . Non-unionists, in fact, will be provided by Government with a sort of union of their own, in which they will have the most powerful attraction of unionism only, namely, unemployment pay, will be provided, with none of the onerous responsibilities that membership of a trade union involves. Any trade union secretary can prophesy without much difficulty that membership will increase, with the snow in summer. With this section of the Bill in operation, the unions, in ten years, will cease to exist."

"Another is from the "Notes of the Week" of your issue dated August 14, 1913:—

"Recent returns indicate a numerical increase in the membership of the trade unions, together with a marked disposition amongst cognate unions to amalgamate."

Has the writer any explanation to offer? 

R. NORTH.

[The writer of the "Notes" replies: The forecast was naturally conditional on other things remaining equal. As a single isolated cause, Unemployment Insurance would, I contend, have had the effect of weakening the unions even numerically. The spiritual weakening is, I fear, still in progress. At the same time I regard this probable effect as a reason for renewed union activity. In ten years, I said, under the operation of the Insurance Act, the unions will be dead, unless vigorous measures are at once taken to counteract it. Fortunately there have been such measures taken, and in consequence of the revival of industrial action and not as a mere outcome of the Insurance Act—

INTERNATIONAL PARTNERSHIP.

Sir,—In your issue of July 17, Mr. Joseph Finn points out that there is great competition between manufacturers to sell their goods, and from this fact he infers that the supplier of goods is the demand. There is no justification for such an inference.

It is evident to me that Mr. Finn has not a clear picture in his mind of the working of our industrial system. He imagines that manufacturers produce quantities of goods, and then try to sell them. Such is not the case. As a general rule, goods are sold before they are produced. Travellers are sent out to take orders, and then the goods are produced according to the order. When there are no orders, no goods are produced. Each manufacturer, however, tries to get as many orders as possible, because the amount of his profits depends on the quantity of his orders.

Suppose two woolen manufacturers, A and B, and a thousand trained hands. Suppose A to be so clever that he can get four-fifths of the orders. He will then be able to employ eight hundred out of the thousand trained hands, and make one-fifth of the goods, and pocket four-fifths of the profits. The unfortunate B will only be able to employ two hundred hands, and will make one-fifth of the profits. Even if A's factory is too small to do all the work, he will still pay him to get the orders, for then he will be able to employ B to make a portion of the goods for a share of the profits, or very likely he will be able to buy out the unsuccessful B on very favourable terms. In short, the man who can get the orders is master of the whole situation; and therefore, as Mr. Finn says, the great aim of manufacturers is to find customers, and a good commercial traveller is worth far more than a good workman. All this, however, is no proof at all that the supply of goods is greater than the demand.

R. B. KERR.

POLITICS AND ECONOMICS.

Sir,—With the utmost pleasure I take upon the proposed alliance of the B.S.P. with the Labour Party. I think that such a union may well be productive of valuable results. Even The New Age, I understand, believes in the utility of the socialistic alliance. Members, though they cannot obtain any advantage for the proletariat, can conserve what the latter gains by industrial action, or can render counterenforcement on the part of the capitalist more difficult. As the men who entered politics to retain what they had gained in economics, with like purpose will the wage slaves secure political unity? The political power waits upon the attainment of a labour monopoly, small but real gains in wages, hours, and the like (all of which give the workers greater opportunity for that thought which is required for their ultimate salvation) can be conserved or partly conserved by the presence in the House of Commons of a small number of Labour politicians who understand their business. Many members of the B.S.P. and of the Labour Party are beginning to recognise the true nature of politics, and there is hope that little more experience is needed to teach the others. If this hope prove an illusion, there remains the desperate resort to a federated Socialist Labour Party, which, pace the reviewer who rent the L.W., partly recognised the relation between politics and economics, even before The New Age.

There is one other point at which, it seems to me, the writer of those excellent "Notes of the Week" fails. I refer to his horror of class politics. If the national unions were an organic unity, national politics would be possible and this horror justified. But the nation is not an organisation. There are, at least, two contending interests—trade unionism, and the like (all of which give the workers greater opportunity for that thought which is required for their ultimate salvation) can be conserved or partly conserved by the presence in the House of Commons of a small number of Labour politicians who understand their business. Many members of the B.S.P. and of the Labour Party are beginning to recognise the true nature of politics, and there is hope that little more experience is needed to teach the others. If this hope prove an illusion, there remains the desperate resort to a federated Socialist Labour Party, which, pace the reviewer who rent the L.W., partly recognised the relation between politics and economics, even before The New Age.

There is one other point at which, it seems to me, the writer of those excellent "Notes of the Week" fails. I refer to his horror of class politics. If the national unions were an organic unity, national politics would be possible and this horror justified. But the nation is not an organisation. There are, at least, two contending interests—trade unionism, and the like (all of which give the workers greater opportunity for that thought which is required for their ultimate salvation) can be conserved or partly conserved by the presence in the House of Commons of a small number of Labour politicians who understand their business. Many members of the B.S.P. and of the Labour Party are beginning to recognise the true nature of politics, and there is hope that little more experience is needed to teach the others. If this hope prove an illusion, there remains the desperate resort to a federated Socialist Labour Party, which, pace the reviewer who rent the L.W., partly recognised the relation between politics and economics, even before The New Age.

The forecast was, I submit, that this was rather sur-
lack of unity is sickening. I take it that "Press-Cutter" is not a landed proprietor, and that he has read "The Siege of Troy." Why all these gibes at a struggling halfpenny evening paper which has objected to our own excellent journal? Is it not easy to see the simple task that Hebrew, Welsh, and Scotch lawyers, and cosmopolitan dock labourers have to get through every week that they are wage slaves; you see how easily your lessons are learnt. Therefore, Sir, do you not think that the time has come when we ought to turn all these differences, and turn our eyes to the common enemy. Suffragettes march up the Strand with the caps of liberty held aloft, ought we not be able to say that they are doing as much for the common cause as, say, one of your contributor's articles on the "GUILD System"? To revise an old adage, I would say, "Never despise your friends. I have often imagined the sly smile which must steal over the faces of those who sit in high places when they read of these disagreements among the propertyless and the property-rich! As an intelligent reader of your journal, I submit that this spirit of superiority is only worthy of halfpenny evening paper. As Mr. G. W. Foote used to say of life, we are all in it, and we shall all have to get out of it. He was speaking of the parson's bag of tools, Death. In a similar manner, we are all plastered up with the demoralising wage-system; therefore, I am going to get out of it is completely possible, even what is to be found in the roguish, uncultured columns of the "Daily Herald." The recent agitations have blown many holes in the bogey of government, and we have more done to strip away the superstitious of the governing classes than centuries of talk. Let us have no delusions, let us have the full strength of the police out, let us have also those brainy rats out, too, who instruct the men of beer to truncheon their own class; in fact, let us have the spectacle of a Government trying to govern, and then, by popular demonstration, shall see by whom and what we are governed.

I was once a disciple of Shakespeare, a student of Greek, in fact, anything which may lead to mental improvement; now all that is done with. The Insurance Act came and classified me as a person unable to know what is good for me in so far as making arrangements which I had already made previously, and also much better than those supplied by the present crowd. However, the Act has done much good. You mentioned in your "Notes of the Week" that the governing classes were creating a vacuum of distrust and of hatred into which human nature will pour its distracting force one day within the limits of its capacity. By many other personal friends, I can endorse the truth of such a statement, and only say that we are waiting for our opportunity, which will come by looking down on the "Daily Herald." In my humble opinion, every man who curses Lloyd George is a true patriot, as also is every man who puts his finger to his nose when speaking of Liberal Government, which gives me an idea; why not have the House of Commons transported to Jerusalem? In "Don Quixote" there are only two parties, the "Haves" and the "Have-Notes;" the motto of each of the latter should be Unity, Unity, Unity, and six votes each for any woman who wants them.

CHRISTOPHER GAY.

THE GREAT HERESY.

Sir,—Mr. Joseph Hattersley has, I think, successfully disposed of Mr. John Morley, but he has performed no service to the movement. He has unwittingly stated the fundamental error of our social reformers in the following words:—"If all sorts of social reforms were not so cogistic, if they could sink their cherished ideas for the sake of suffering humanity, then they could not help arriving at the same conclusion. I have chosen international socialism and Socialism; I have chosen international socialism...anyone who desires to understand the idea behind the idea of Socialism. Personally, nothing would contribute to my happiness more than to live in a pure communist society, but I am a believer in social reforms..." (The italics are mine.)

I submit, sir, that this is the heresy of heresies, and is the central reason why the social reform movement flounders for the lack of a central idea. It sounds altruistic, but it is false. It is a subtle form of intellectual insincerity which corrupts our thinking, because it is impossible to divorce personality from thought, and to attempt to do so is to attempt the impossible. I would suggest to Mr. Hattersley that he should adopt the other extreme, that is to say, putting the personal influence of the person at the truth of things by the repression of his personal inclinations, he should attempt to define for himself what his personal influence is really doing to predict that in his first attempt he will find himself involved in a series of contradictions. Let him relate these contradictions to each other, and decide which of his impulses are desirable and which will have to be sacrificed. When he has gone through this process, he will emerge with a unified personality. He will not talk any more about evolution, but will seek the one coherent answer which alone desires, and he will then discover that what he desires is identical with the interests of mankind. This is the true patriotism of Mr. Sinn's present bastard altruism which is establishing the servile State.

ARTHUR J. PENTY.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

Sir,—Will you have the great kindness to give the Senor Verdad his congé, what you English call "the sack"? He appears to have written little experience in the affairs of the great world. If you refer to some journalist very distinguished to assume his important function, I have the honour to make a suggestion. Fill Senor Verdad's chair with a journalist whose Mediterranean friends say to me is very intelligent.

The Senor, in your last number, writes this extraordinary statement: "The real Mexican problem is connected with the opening of the Panamá Canal and the influence of Mexico on the Central and Southern American Republics." He also writes some other very foolish writings. They tell me your NEW AGE is very intellectual. That is why I ask you, with my whole heart, to give this Senor Verdad his congé. He is extraordinarily ignorant not to know that the Mexican problem was greatly acute before ever the Government of the United States had any claim to deal with. The real Mexico trouble was, and continues to remain, financial.

The Senor Verdad—what a funny name sounding like truth—probably never acquaint himself with the relations between Mexico and Nicaragua, or he would not have wrote so foolish. The other republics know nothing about Mexico.

There is no military problem for the United States to consider in their policy in Central America. They believe that they will succeed eventually by what they call "dollar diplomacy." I have the honour to inform you that Senor Verdad has written very foolish about Mexico and Panama.

The Senor also write earlier in the number identical that the Austrian army is "tied up" in the Balkans. I recently take a little voyage to Austria. Only a hambout of its army is in Bosnia and Herzegovina. It is very foolish, I write so.

MIGUEL ZAPATO.

THE ECONOMICS OF JESUS.

Sir,—Mr. Randall will, perhaps, find it impossible to maintain the integrity even of the Jesus he has extracted from the Gospels. Small wonder is it that Christendom is so confused, for the "Master" is so. Indeed, "Master" is the last title which can calm and fair judgment will allow. Those who call themselves Christians can by no abuse or entreaty be brought to make up their mind about Jesus of Nazareth. Even the modern "Liberals" have the same tenacious desire for vague allegories and abstractions as the "Master." There is no military problem for the United States to consider in their policy in Central America. They believe that they will succeed eventually by what they call "dollar diplomacy." I have the honour to inform you that Senor Verdad has written very foolish about Mexico and Panama.

The Senor also write earlier in the number identical that the Austrian army is "tied up" in the Balkans. I recently take a little voyage to Austria. Only a hambout of its army is in Bosnia and Herzegovina. It is very foolish, I write so.

MIGUEL ZAPATO.

THE NEW AGE.

August 28, 1913.
bed-rock data can we hope ever to make anything more than a conjunctural estimate of intellectual and ethical value.

What did Jesus create, and what merely repeat? Pre-Church, particularly the "Testaments of the Twelve Patriarchs," supplied the bulk of the ethical teaching.

Jesus is not himself, has not realised what he is for and against, nor what is for and against himself. Hence the need: I shall now, at the cost of repetition, discuss this question.

Now the kingdom cometh not by observation; again they shall see the Son of Man coming in his kingdom, with power and great glory. (Matthew 24:27)

The reason is not far to seek. Two kingdoms are in conflict, or rather he is not sure which of two forms it shall assume. Too plainly is he affected by the prevailing desire, in a Jewish conception, in the New Testament antithesis of good and evil, of Messianic power and of eternal ruin.

Hence the "Master" is a slave when he says Ye; but a rebel when there is no hope, who says Nay, according to the Nietzschean use of those terms.

Sir,—Mr. Randall is clamouring to be refuted; if after the exposure he has suffered, he had begged to be forgotten, I should have understood him; but since he asks for more, he shall have it.

I. Coming to the Gospels I say—without attempting to put a value on the teaching of Jesus—that no clear word can be said about the economic until we have gained a notion of the spiritual signification of the teaching, and therefore, affirm that the economic capitalistic and the society represented by "Babylon the Great." There are parables in it in the great religions. The New Life needs as much wisdom as the old life.

II. Of the contemporary religious and ethical ideals. The New Life is ready for all—but some are pre-occupied and will not have it. Like the feast that was spread for all, the New Life is for all who would enter it—"eternal tabernacles." If, therefore, we are not faithful in the unrighteous mammon, who will commit to us the treasure hid in a field? It is, in fact, a New Life; let Mr. Randall's critics note, that the high and the low, the rich and the poor, have to go. I may not spend more space, but I may say that Mr. Randall I challenge them to contradict the foregoing statement.

(a) A knowledge of the early and contemporary development of capitalism in the Greek-Roman world;
(b) Of the parables and the life of the Church;
(c) Of the sources of the Gospel narratives, supplied by New Testament criticism;
(d) Of the parables for doubtful or disputed cases;
(e) A conception of the significance of the mission of Jesus regarded as spiritual, ethical, and social propaganda;
(f) A recognition of his peculiar aesthetic and poetical method of teaching, especially that of the parables;
(g) An analysis and discrimination of the elements of the teaching into several categories; viz.:

(i) His attitude towards contemporary conditions;
(ii) His positive and negative ethical teaching;
(iii) His inferential economic and political teaching;
(iv) Finally, a degree of personal honesty and sense of proportion in the critic himself.

Randall may have it for a shilling, that would have bowled him over. I admit I edit "The Ploughshare," and that Mr. Randall's work by the above canons of criticism, with the knowledge of the early and contemporary development of the Church as a movement whose whole impulse was a hope of the old Life, and the ethical and political teaching, especially the parables, are perhaps the most vivid picture of the social system represented by "Babylon the Great."
ye have not been faithful in that which is another's, who will give you that which is your own?" Sabotage's note! It only needs a word to say that the spiritual state referred to as the Kingdom of God must have, and was expected to have, a moral and political implica-
tion. "My Kingdom is not of this world" is obviously true; but that does not mean that it does not affect this world.
On the contrary, the Christians themselves hailed the
day when the kingdoms of this world would become
the Kingdom of Christ, and all who have in any sincere
degree preserved the Christian tradition in the world have
always maintained their struggle to change the
spirituality, the world would be captured for the New
Life. Consequently, there is a specifically Christian
economic doctrine, in time, from the Christian
life-conception and a Christian political also. Hard, indeed,
to maintain itself in the world, but, nevertheless, in the
view of Christians, worth the effort. Its first expression
was communism.
There are about as many "central themes" as there are
sects, and, at most, I have only added another.
Nor is Mr. Hare's interpretation germane to this discus-
sion. I specifically excluded the spiritual meaning of
the parables, and they cannot be held a fair argument
against me. A controversialist can choose his own ground,
and be only be called upon to defend what he asserts.
I have never asserted that the Gospels were not capable of
interpretation; and, therefore, it is no refutation of my argument to offer that one from the beginning
justified the article by an appeal to the common practice
and, as Mr. Hare is compelled to admit that "some Christians may wish to deduce it (the economics and
politics) to Communism and Anarchism, others to
Socialism, and many even think Individualism of a kind
is logically deducible from it."
All that is necessary is that Mr. Hare's method of
interpreting his parables, "Thou art Peter, and upon
this rock I will build my Church..." be the true one, or
nothing worse, than the others. If I can accept an article
by Mr. Hare, I can accept another by Mr. Hare, the	
premise that "Christ's teaching. The esoteric doctrine
"The Kingdom of God is within you," is obviously compatible
with any economic system; it is not incompatible with capitalism.
"Isn't there any "Social Science" that
"it must be remembered that thousands of saintly
Christian souls are the victims of economic conditions.

CHASTITY AND HEALTH

Mr. Randall replies: I was amply justified in inferring
that Mr. Hare did not write as a critic, because, beyond his correc-
tion of a wrong attribution, his letter contained nothing
but personal abuse. I knew that he was a Christian, and
I could not believe that the leopard could change his spots,
or the Ethiopian his skin, or a Christian his peculiar
nature. Mr. Hare's pretence to impartiality is only a
pretence for the delusion of readers of The New Age. I find him writing in the current number of "The Plough-
share": "The simultaneous efforts that are being made
to subject China to the power of European finance, and
corrupt China's integrity, are only too likely to give birth to the end of Chinese religion. Only, as we write, are we reading in The New Age that Christ is the 'founder of capitalism,' and that "the 'church and synagogues' is the religion of capitalism and militarism."
Mr. Hare cannot have it both ways. If, when he writes for his Socialist Quaker friends, I am "the enemy," he
cannot be accepted as a critic. If he accepts me as a
"critic," he must have passed a turning point in his
career, and the charges of perversion, dishonesty, and
every fault that might be considered from the point of view
of criticism, a vice," to quote his own phrase in reply to
the "Writer of Notes of the Week." He is not merely a
Christian; he is a professional Christian; and the language
that he has thought fit to employ to describe me proves it.
Mr. Hare's canons of criticism, except the last, do not
concern me. I stated in the first paragraph of my article
the grounds on which I based my argument, and the
method I intended to apply; therefore, the accusations of
dishonesty and personal abuse I made against me. Not one
of these canons is necessary to belief in Mr. Hare's inter-
pretation, and they cannot be held necessary to disbelief in
him; nor, by the way, can these canons be applied to the
economics of Satan, as Mr. Hare promised. The
inference to be drawn from these canons is that no one has
any right to express an opinion about Christ except
by permission of Mr. Hare, a preposterous claim. Let
him compel the Christians to silence until they conform
to his rules, and he may then be able to make the
enemy accept thereby what he has his own opinion of
Christ, and states it, I am not to be denied a similar
licence. Mr. Hare is not a censor recognised by me.
I only attempted to show that there was Scriptural warranty
for the present system; and I did it not by any "perven-
sion" or "dishonesty," but by accepting the statements
of Christ as being really capable of things that we know.
It is all very well for Mr. Hare to affirm that the
Kingdom of God is its central theme," and that it is
"without you and your social science.
Sir,—In the "Daily News" of 15th inst., there appeared
an article by Dr. Helen Wilson protesting against the
proposed introduction of the Continental system for
registering prostitutes. With the main theme of this
lady's article I have no quarrel; registration seems to
have been very little use in checking disease. But she
quotes, apparently with approval, from a resolution
of the Medical Congress held at Brussels in 1902:
"It is necessary to teach young men not only that chastity
and continence are not injurious, but that these virtues
are highly recommended from the medical point of view."

Now, speaking both as a physician and as a man of the
world, I would suggest an emendation of the above from
Nietzsche:—"Chastity is a virtue with some, but with
many almost a vice" (Thus Spake Zarathustra, I, 13).
There are some cases where continence does no harm,
but there is no doubt that for many individuals (espe-
cially before the age of thirty-five), it may prove in the
highest degree injurious. The injury is sometimes only
physical, but there is no doubt that in the latter case it is often attended with serious results, for
instance, neurasthenia. It may be added that neurasth-
thenia may also supervene after moderate indulgence,
where the Peritropical and Teutonic nations brings in the element of self-reproach.
M. D.

BEAUTY RECIPES.

Sir,—You may be interested to hear that your old non-
existent friend, Miss St. Aubyn, of the "Daily Mail," who so benevolently unlettered I used to advise regarding procutum, stallaxin, pheminol, and other
"simple" beauty adjuncts to be obtained from any
chemists, my dears, and so much better than those nasty
proprietary articles offered by commercial firms—has
turned up in, of all papers in the world, "The Daily Graphic." There is a whole column of toilet notes without a sign that the space is paid for by an advertiser, and, in fact, the notes purport to be bona-fide recipes collected from different journals, and are quoted thus: "Home Science," "Daily Graphic," and so on. Also, "an old lady of seventy" with a miraculous complexion, is a new contributor to the "Daily Graphic," and recommends a certain special lotion, recipe been in the family for venerations—ingredients obtainable like the stallax, and "the mercolised wax," and "the phemiono" from any chemist. There may be no precaution so "wise," but one would have their "Graphic!" above tricks upon the female public. Mediaeval in spirit and iniquitous in practice. To urge and "the pheminol" from any chemist. There may be no protecting the "mug," but one would gave thought to any change of tactics can help them now. If they would only get some knowledge and forget their theories, if they would just understand that marriage is not a bargain but a state, that the element of property cannot enter, that there are no rights between the parties, if, in fact, they could realise that the present laws of marriage and divorce are the enemy, and would help and not hinder in destroying them, they would find that they had solved not only their own problem but many another on which at present they expend their harrowing efforts. Until then there is a worse or none whatever.

Sir.—Out of the literally unsqueezable correspondence addressed to me on this subject, only two of the writers desired publication. I interpret this to my own satisfaction to mean that the rest are more interested in doing than in saying. A second phenomenon is that there is one only letter, this "not for publication," which could be called abusive; I am so accustomed to abuse that I am religious in this as in other matters. A woman disdained to come to the feminine side may be given in a few words: "Let us do what we feel like doing and not bother about things. . . . 1 . . . 1 . . . I am sick of the move-. . . ." The personal touch in dress can only be given by one's own fingers. I am far from saying that all women should, for instance, build their own "tailor-mades," though I remember that my friend Madame de Stael had one to suit me in all moods, and the richest lady must select and arrange her attire if she is to avoid being mistaken for a mannequin. Personally, I am most unfortified that she will need a helper to suit one to me in all moods, so that I have to beg crowns and brims from anyone who will give them to me, and trim them myself, as the "pheminol" cannot enter, that there are no rights between the parties, if, in fact, they could realise that the present laws of marriage and divorce are the enemy, and would help and not hinder in destroying them, they would find that they had solved not only their own problem but many another on which at present they expend their harrowing efforts. Until then there is a worse or none whatever.

The personal touch in dress can only be given by one's own fingers. I am far from saying that all women should, for instance, build their own "tailor-mades," though I remember that my friend Madame de Stael had one to suit me in all moods, so that I have to beg crowns and brims from anyone who will give them to me, and trim them myself, as the "pheminol" cannot enter, that there are no rights between the parties, if, in fact, they could realise that the present laws of marriage and divorce are the enemy, and would help and not hinder in destroying them, they would find that they had solved not only their own problem but many another on which at present they expend their harrowing efforts. Until then there is a worse or none whatever.

Feminism and Common Sense.

Sir.—The behaviour of modern women which Mrs. Hastings so much deplores has so small an influence upon the marriage rate as compared with other causes as to be practically negligible. A second phenomenon is that there is one only letter, this "not for publication," which could be called abusive; I am so accustomed to abuse that I am religious in this as in other matters. A woman disdained to come to the feminine side may be given in a few words: "Let us do what we feel like doing and not bother about things. . . . 1 . . . 1 . . . I am sick of the move-. . . ." The personal touch in dress can only be given by one's own fingers. I am far from saying that all women should, for instance, build their own "tailor-mades," though I remember that my friend Madame de Stael had one to suit me in all moods, so that I have to beg crowns and brims from anyone who will give them to me, and trim them myself, as the "pheminol" cannot enter, that there are no rights between the parties, if, in fact, they could realise that the present laws of marriage and divorce are the enemy, and would help and not hinder in destroying them, they would find that they had solved not only their own problem but many another on which at present they expend their harrowing efforts. Until then there is a worse or none whatever.

...
MR. RIDER HAGGARD.