NOTES OF THE WEEK.

A weekly issue will be raised to SIXPENCE.

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God Save "The New Age."

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

In those who are denouncing the doctrine and the practice of the sympathetic strike had any better alternative for raising wages than trade union solidarity, we might be disposed to credit their intentions and to weigh their advice. But it is now well known, and almost self-confessed on their part, that the very men and journals now tumbling over themselves to prove the folly of sympathetic action have not even the shred of a notion of any other means of raising wages. The "Spectator," as we saw a few weeks ago, openly admitted that no means known and approved by it exist; all that the men might do, so far as Mr. Strachey was concerned, was to endure their present condition and to regard it as unalterable. But the "Times," the "New Statesman," the "Daily News," the orthodox economists, many of the men's leaders and, of course, the employers, are, without honestly admitting it, in the same boat with the "Spectator." Not for a million pounds, still less for the mere honour of the leisured and intellectual classes, could one of these entities give a reasonable explanation of the alternative they nevertheless profess to hold for raising wages by other than trade union action. At the same time, however, that they are by admission or by demonstration bankrupt of ideas, they denounce or, worse still, boycott, every idea which the trade unionists themselves devise or which the friends of the trade unions devise for them. We have seen with what unanimity these sterile monsters of the Press, whether Liberal, Tory, or Collectivist, have combined to boycott the idea of the National Guilds. That in a few years' time they will all be discussing the subject as now, after years of neglect, they are discussing Syndicalism, brings no sense of shame to their minds.

The National Guild System, however, can be trusted to take care of itself. We are really not much disturbed by the cowardice and snobbery that prevents the subject being discussed in the pages of our contemporaries. For one thing, it is, as we say, by a law of their nature that the capitalist journals should be deliberately blind.
to every idea that actually threatens them; and, for another, the march of events will inevitably present industry with the choice between the Guild System and Anarchy. The case is not, on the other hand, the same with certain doctrines of strategy necessary now to the efficiency of trade union action. These, unless they are defended as vigorously as they are attacked, are in danger of being altogether neglected or dropped altogether. And one of them is the doctrine of the sympathetic strike. Of this doctrine the "New Statesman" (presumably because Mr. Webb did not think of it first) declares that it is "indescribable." It is "inde-
fensible," we gather, for the sole reason, other than the one we have named, that it cannot be effective. And this, if you please, is maintained at the very moment when the sympathetic strike is proving to be the only effective method yet invented by the trade unions! The "Times," it was only to be expected, finds the sympa-
thetic strike indefensible on grounds different, but equally absurd. "It arises," says the "Times," "from an exaggerated estimate of the power of combination," and from "distorted views of the function of the wage-
earners in the social organism." Well, we shall see about this as time goes on. In our opinion, the power of combination among the workers cannot possibly be exaggerated. Indeed, we promise to the first union that makes itself blackleg-proof such a power as will compel the employer, or the State, to take the union into partnership and to regard views of the function of the wage-
earners in the social organism, it is not we who have these distorted views, but journals like the "Times" that accept as a natural and inevitable fact of society the existence in its midst of a class of slaves in all but name. Such "distorted" views were doubtless held by the South of the "inevitability" of black slavery; and such, we know, were held by respectable men in the ancient Greek and Roman States. But these views, also, are doomed to pass away, as all distortions in the end must pass away. A century hence the "Times" will look back with horror, let us hope, on the acquiescence in wage-slavery shown by its predecessors of to-day.

The "Daily News," the lay parson of Fleet Street, must needs approach its condemnation of the doctrine of the sympathetic strike by an admission, through the channel of Professor Ashley, that there is something quite nice and noble in the solidarity of the trade unionists and in their unselfish sacrifice of the comfort of the many for the rights of the few. With this preliminary homage to virtue—as full of meaning in the "Daily News" as the mucus of the rattlesnake slathered over its victim—the "Daily News" is free in its capacious conscience to proceed to denounce the sympathetic strike as "impossible in theory and ineffective in opera-
tion." What the antithesis between these two phrases is we confess we have no idea. If the sympathetic strike is effective in operation nobody save pedants cares whether it is possible in theory or not. That is a question for the marvellous economic ass to chew. And if it is ineffective in operation, all the theories of its possibility in the world will not make it practical. What, however, the "Daily News" appears to have in mind is that the solidarity of the unions is not enough at this moment to make the sympathetic strike a practic-
able instrument. But the fault of this does not lie with the nature of the instrument, that is, with the doctrine of the sympathetic strike, but with its present practice. And the remedy is not, as the "Daily News" suggests, to renounce the doctrine altogether, but on the contrary, to preach it but to practise it better. Here, however, we reach the rock upon which, so far, all the most promising methods of labour emancipation have split—the im-
penetrability of the average trade union leader. There appears to arrive a stage in the development of the trade union official when his mind simply cannot work any more. Like a children of the modern races it is quick to learn for a few years, but the effort is soon exhausted. By the time he has reached the highest office his union can offer and is aspiring to sit on the bench to punish criminals or in Parliament to make them, his brain is closed to further enlightenment from below. All his hopes and ideas are set on things above. Thus it happens that with few exceptions the trade union leaders of to-day are men whose past is still in front of them and whose future is behind them. Having no further idea for their class than to continue them-
selves in office, they fall back for guidance in their march upon new provinces on the traditions that brought them where they are. The last thing that can be expected of them is the entertainment of a fresh idea for the fresh circumstances that time has brought round them.

This is said as much in extenuation of the utterances of the railwaymen's leaders during last week as in condensa-
tion of them. To tell the truth, their utterances need only be remembered to carry their condemnation with them. Addressing their English members, all or nearly all burning with fraternal passion at the wrongs done their comrades in Dublin, the Railway Executive [what a farce of a word to apply to a body that executes nothing but retreats!] not only condemned the doctrine of the sympathetic strike, but urged the very arguments against it that we have heard from the railway com-
panies. The railway companies, poor things, are statu-
torially bound to expect traffic; and, otherwise, Refusal to do so "carries with it heavy penalties which can be enforced in a court of law." Consequently, the executive plead, the railwaymen should be considerate of these obligations, and deal with traffic even when such traffic is designed for no other purpose than to break their union! Such pitiable reasoning would be ludicrous if it were not so naive. For, in the first place, the railway companies, whatever their nominal obliga-
tions, do actually refuse traffic when they cannot carry it; they have been refusing it both at Dublin and at Liverpool. And in the second place, what penalties would be imposed on them by their own magistrates if the cause of the breach of the statute could be shown to be a strike? It is nonsense with the railwaymen to consider the interests of their employers when, in fact, their respective interests are at variance and, moreover, the real interest of the latter is not involved. The men, indeed, are asked by their leaders to yield the substance of their own strength in consideration of the mere shadow of the strength of their masters. They are to refrain from an effective means of strike lest a hypothetic loss should be contingently entailed on them. And the remedy is not, as the "Daily News" suggests, for the sole reason, other than the one we have named, that it cannot be effective. And this, if you please, is maintained at the very moment when the sympathetic strike is proving to be the only effective method yet invented by the trade unions! The "Times," it was only to be expected, finds the

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September 25, 1913

THE NEW AGE

619

the Dominions and the Mother Country. With that doctrine and in both those spheres we have no quarrel, but quite the contrary. Solidarity, so it involve mutual service, and endangers neither the reasonable liberty of the individual, nor the reasonable authority of the group on the other, is to our mind a good and proper doctrine. But what is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander. The employing classes who mostly form the National Service League cannot approve of the application of the law to their labour, and the railway companies will not denounce the same principle when it is applied in another direction. Nor can they maintain against fair argument that the two sets of circumstances are dissimilar. As trade will not allow the railway companies to paragon among the trade unions, neither will the employers regard the solidarity of the proletariat necessary against the rest of the world, the solidarity of the proletariat is necessary against the proprietors of the world. At the best, the maintenance of the Empire in the world would keep things very much as they are on this planet. But at the best the solidarity of the proletariat, even in this country alone, would produce a revolutionary that would transform in time the present human cul-de-sac into a path leading to something at least promising. Regarded as the proletariat are certainly entitled to demand that the leaders of whom the employers do justice, of which every capitalist nation is made up, the doctrines of nations apply no less to the units of the unions than to the State units. If it is rightly regarded as the great achievement of Palmerston that he established for his nation the principle and the practice of his famous Cives Romanus sum; it should be equally well regarded when on behalf of their "nation" the unions establish the solidarity of labour by giving it the warrant of the sympathetic strike. Palmerston, it was believed, gladly had best the Empire, and the Employers, he maintained the rights of the most obscure citizen abroad. Similarly we look forward to the day when the leaders of the proletariat will throw the federation of unions into the scale of the Empire, by employing themselves on principle against the rights of the least of its members. That this doctrine is not immoral or impossible or indefensible in theory we hope we have now established. Its practicability, on the other hand, is simply a matter of experiment and experience. The type of character is familiar that insists on its rights more than its direct object. It may, for all we care, even fail to effect its direct object for the present. In other ways its fruits will still be worth the labour. * * *

Before examining another element in the decision of the railwaymen's strike we take a brief glance at the case of London and North Western Railway Company. With the railway companies there can be no quarrel. The workers allowed Mr. Larkin to remain in prison while they returned to work is a blot on their scutcheon, and the railway companies in relation to their men is not far from the bottom. We might say "wait until their men are asked to be loyal are the leaders of whom the employers approve. When it is a case of being loyal to Larkin, or Mann, or Tillett, or, in fact, to any leader not in the forefront of the governing classes (and they have innumerable kinds of pocket) disloyalty is then preached as loyalty. That the English transport workers allowed Mr. Mann to remain in prison while they returned to work is a blot on their scutcheon that will one day have to be rubbed out. That the Irish transport workers allowed Mr. Larkin to be imprisoned, if only for a night, is a reflection upon themselves. But these acts of neglect, not to say cowardice, for which
rent issued at Liverpool during the recent sympathetic strike: the men of Dublin had promised "to handle all goods and to obey orders." To Liverpool was "refusing, or, in other words, refusing to obey instructions." If the railway companies were a military army engaged in a national service, this language might be permissible—though the best military commanders would hesitate to use it in addressing whole army to a sulky men. When this tone is taken by a small body of men engaged in exploiting the nation for their own profit and is addressed to a large body of men to whom servility is just becoming a thing of disgust, the proverb of the preceding week is realised: "Insurrection is order called. We repeat that the day has gone by for profiteers to command obedience— in name at any rate. Partnership, to stave off something worse from their private point of view, will shortly have to be offered by them.

The last current lie on which we shall dwell for the present is the fact that the public against the men in any strike. What on earth is this public that invariably acquiesces in the continuance of a state of things that condemns three out of four of its numbers to poverty and as invariably condemns every attempt made to deliver itself? Apart from the wisdom of any particular strike, it is obvious that when a question vital to profit and is addressed to a large body of men to whom their conscience, however, is of their Fellow-wage-slaves not their orders; a good sprinkling of the professional unions, and, we charitably assume, a proportion from the classes that date on Social Reform and run papers like the "New Statesman" and the statistics of the slums.

Add to these, again, the politicians who avow that the working classes must deliver themselves, and the economists who preach that by and with and through the unions emancipation must be won. And what is left? A minority of profiteers supported by their own small crowd of speculators and a swarm of habitués of the streets. Their salvation, in fact, is in the public imagination until it seemed that the Trusts, though formidable, are not magical; they are the profiteers; and civilisation, at least, will not mourn their extinction. The exchange, in short, is of the frying-pan for the fire.

a General Strike on a mere scare grievance or turn out the whole brigade for a chimney-fire; but it is not a sufficient reason to rank and fall for this. They are not entrusted the leaders with the duty of defining broad issues and a comprehensive object, nor is it a sufficient reply to the general public's demand for a railway settlement. We have no desire to exaggerate the risks now being run by the public on the railway lines. They are probably more negative than positive and take the form of efficient service refused rather than of service openly withheld. On the other hand, it is difficult to overestimate the bad psychological effects on the public of the constant worry of the lines. Trained to consider itself powerless and, in fact, a minority of itself, the public will not, of course, rise in its wrath and command the railway share-holders to discharge their duty or resign; but we have no doubt that by one channel or another they will procure relief. Briefly, the situation is growing intolerable. But it is plain that the movement of reform must come from either the State or the men themselves. The directors are the paid servants of the shareholders and are as much in dark fear of them as there is actually no need to be. In other words, the directors will not move until their shareholders give the word; and this, if we know them, will be never. There remain, then, only the State and the Unions to initiate a broad issue and an object worth consideration and the question for the leading spirit is which of the two is to take the first step. We may say at once that the onens point to nationalisation as the first broad issue to be formulated; and we may add at once that the blame will be with the men's leaders rather than with the State officials acting on behalf of private shareholders.

The policy alternative to nationalisation, however, is one which the men's leaders have so far never considered to our knowledge. And it is for that neglect in finding a "brave alternative" that we are not surprised. If the assurance of experts, both on the managerial and on the men's side, that the guildisation of the railway service is a matter of a few years' re-organisation, and no more. Mr. Henry Lascelles may be said, with all confidence on our part, to know enough of railway management to make his conclusions authoritative. Mr. Rowland Kenny, on behalf of the men, in his recent work on "Men and Rails" (Unwin, 6s.), concludes an
argument originally intended to establish nationalisation with a non-sequitur in the form of advocacy of the Guilds. The more closely, in fact, either nationalisation or guildisation is examined the more certainly will the latter alone be found to answer to the needs which make one or other inevitable. The responsibility on the men's leaders is therefore, in our opinion, one that they deserve to be shot if they neglect. And it is not enough that they must suffer a good deal of trouble until they have found the "broad issue" on which to bring their Union into action. Their personal trouble, we freely confess, is of no more concern to us than ours is to them. Relief of a kind awaits them when they have declared for one or other of the three policies awaiting their decision; keeping (if they can) things much as they are; nationalisation; or the Guild System. We do not doubt that the union in the end will decide for the Guild System even if its present leaders decide against it.

Two paragraphs almost side by side in the "Railway Clerk," the magazine of the Railway Clerks' Association, are in sufficient contrast to be worth noting. On one page the fact is recorded that Lieut.-Col. Sir Arthur Yorke, who recently held the position of Chief Inspector of Railways under the Board of Trade, has been made a director of the London, Chatham and Dover Railway. The assumption is, as the "Railway Clerk" gravely points out, that Sir Arthur Yorke was a shareholder in this company while he was its official chief inspector. We do not know about this, and the matter is of no importance; for the truth is that the State departments exist for the preservation of property and not for its distribution. Every State official, whether his shares in any private company are few, many, or none, is the servant of those who own property. It is, therefore, from Peter to Paul that the Government servant goes who retires from Suite to private service. The contrasting paragraph on the opposite page is an appeal to the members of the Association to confide their interests to the ballot-box and to pay a representative to promote their welfare in the House of Commons. Poor silly fools! The most successful of the unions in adopting this policy has been the National Union of Teachers. This organisation has now four Members of Parliament, one of whom is in the Ministry, to be worth nothing. On the other hand, Mr. Goldstone would be a success. Mr. Ernest Gray has been a success. Mr. Goldstone will be a success—but their union? In the "Schoolmaster" of last week the announcement was made that in consequence of the low salaries paid by the Herefordshire County Council to its elementary teachers, the union was preparing, for the first time in its history, to call a strike over a whole district. The strike will be effective, we are pretty sure, before even it is declared. But the reason will not be that the union has four Members in Parliament; but that it has practically no blacklegs! The Herefordshire County Council has for years ignored the Parliamentary protestations of the union’s M.P.’s; it will not ignore the protest of the union’s economic leaders!

Mr. Quelch, whose death at the early age of fifty-five occurred on Wednesday last, was one of the few geniuses of character the working man has given to the Socialist movement. In ability he was considered, but it is chiefly by his weight in discussion, counsel and knowledge that he will be remembered as well as missed. His authority, in economics in particular, was of a kind to give even fanatics pause. Nobody ventured lightly an untried proposition in that subject upon Mr. Quelch. The best memorial of his services to the movement he lived and died for would be to bury the journal he so ably edited with him.
Mr. D. J. Cassavetti’s name has turned up in several papers recently, at the foot of letters warmly supporting the cause of Greece against the Bulgarians, and indeed against everybody. He is usually justified in his arguments; and I therefore refer with pleasure to a letter of his to the Editor of The New Age which has kindly been handed over to me. In the course of his letter Mr. Cassavetti, who takes exception to remarks of mine about the Greek Prime Minister, M. Venizelos, says:—

The whole nation is with Venizelos. The old Opposition leaders, Ralli and Theodotis, are left almost without a supporter. In fact, there is no serious opposition, and I understand that M. Venizelos would be glad to see some one like M. Dimitropoulos, former Minister of Justice, become the leader of a new serious opposition party.

As regards the King and M. Venizelos, I am assured by an Englishman who has just returned from Greece, a man who enjoys the confidence of both M. Venizelos and King Constantine, that they are working in complete agreement, and that the latter accepted M. Venizelos’ views on the question of an armistice as soon as it was brought to him definitely.

If you and S. Verdad had spent some time in Greece during the last year you would realise the serious purpose which has actuated the Greek nation and which has been satisfied by having a statesman like M. Venizelos at the head of affairs.

As one who is interested in Greece’s future, I should like to appeal to Mr. Verdad not to throw mud at the Greeks now. It may do a great deal of harm, for they are trying honestly (though they still talk too much) to replace their old light-heartedness with serious endeavour. Perhaps in these circumstances S. Verdad would, when an opportunity arises, find space to say a few words about the new Greek spirit, and correct the wrong impression (as I am convinced) which he is giving your readers about M. Venizelos’ position and the attitude of the Greeks today.

Let us see where we differ—I do not think we differ to such a very great extent. At the moment, unfortunately, I cannot refer to my previous articles and letters; but my recollection is that I said nothing about the Greek people being unfavourably disposed towards M. Venizelos. I think, indeed, that I referred to personal disagreements between the Prime Minister and King Constantine and to intrigues on the part of the Opposition Leaders. Now, I have every ground for assuring Mr. Cassavetti that intrigues against M. Venizelos are proceeding, and that the King is, if not directly encouraging them, at least not going out of his way to put an end to them. Further, M. Venizelos and M. Venizelos have never been on very cordial terms; though during the war, as may easily be understood, the new Sovereign had no alternative but to follow his Minister’s advice.

The war is now at an end; but every European Foreign Office, as Mr. Cassavetti is doubtless aware, would like to see M. Venizelos remain in office. His name is a guarantee of efficiency, honesty, and sound administration; or at all events as near an approach to these things as we can well expect a modern Greek to achieve. Mr. Cassavetti may judge this, perhaps, that I am uncharitable; but the truth is that the Greek nation, while it has done well, has not done enough to merit very great praise. Even my critic admits that the Greeks are still talking too much, and this is obvious enough. I have been told by members of the French Military Mission who accompanied the army throughout its campaign that the war that the Greek troops had never at any time more than thirty or forty thousand irregular Turkish troops to face, so that the infidel was outnumbered by about four to one. Further, what was sauce for the Greek in the matter of atrocities was sauce for the Bulgarian too, and there is no doubt that King Constantine’s troops gratified their lust for blood on Bulgarian non-combatants as well as combatants—priests, schoolmasters, and the like. War in the Balkans has never been a very civilised proceeding, and no nation is entitled to assume virtuoso airs more than another.

To this extent it is quite possible that Mr. Cassavetti might, in general, be prepared to agree with me. So far as the remainder of his letter is concerned, I am in general accord with him. It is perfectly true that there is a new spirit in Greece, exactly as there is in France. We all know that France has now “found herself,” and we all know what France was like in 1905. Such a revival of national feeling, especially when it is accompanied with a successful war, is a very good thing for a nation: the self-confidence which it engenders is an asset of importance. I should not, then, care to throw mud at the Greeks (nor do I think for a moment that I have done so) merely because they are pleased with themselves after their encounter with the Turk.

In all such circumstances, however, a word of advice, a warning indication, cannot be held to be entirely out of place. The Greeks gained what was, on the whole, an easy victory, and they were rewarded for it, not to King Constantine, who showed himself, indeed, to be a gallant enough officer; but to the French Military Mission which had done so much good work for the Greek army. But it is now known in Sofia, as it is known in all the European Foreign Offices, that it was M. Venizelos who, while the war was still going on, insisted on precautions being taken against Bulgarian aggressiveness; and these precautions emerged as the treaty between Servia and Greece—hurriedly concluded, it is true, but at any rate adequate enough to assure, with Enver Bey’s army and Roumania’s intervention, the thwarting of Bulgaria’s plans.

King Ferdinand and his advisers may be right or wrong; but the fact remains that at the present moment they are disposed to blame Greece for the scrape that Bulgaria has got herself into more than the Turks or the Servians. This is a fact of some consequence; but even if the Bulgarians regarded the Greeks as angels of light it still remains necessary for Bulgaria to get a good seaport and more land towards the coast. This alone would render another Balkan war inevitable, though it will naturally not be fought until the Balkan States have recuperated a little from the fatigues of the last two campaigns. I do not say that Bulgaria will do better in the next war than she has done in this; but it is nevertheless true that Greece cannot and must not believe that her troubles are all over.

One more point. As I stated a few weeks ago, the Greeks were maladroit efforts to come to some sort of arrangement with Turkey. For once not even M. Venizelos had a definite plan in mind; but everyone in authority at Athens realised that a Turkish army of three hundred thousand men was not a trifling force to have at one’s frontier. These negotiations, which a few weeks ago looked promising, have fallen through, and now the Bulgarians are tried their luck. I mention these facts just to show that the Balkan League is absolutely broken up; for the partners in it are quite ready to sell one another to their former enemy.

I think all the friends of Greece will try to impress upon her that she will be doing petty well out of the war if she manages to retain a strip of inland territory and the coast-line as far as Salonika, plus Crete and a few of the Islands. That is not a bad little haul, considering that Greece, by the sudden doubting of her territory, has incurred the envy of the other Balkan States; for she took the least part in the war, so far as men and money went, and she gains more in proportion, both territory and population, than the other States to which, so far, so well done, if you like; only remember the pertinacity of the pitiless Bulgarians.

622 THE NEW AGE SEPTEMBER 25, 1913
Towards a National Railway Guild.—X.

No one can foretell what the position of affairs in the railway world will be when the present crisis is past, possibly before this article is in the hands of the public.

It is clear that the Union officials have in front of them the opportunity of a lifetime, not only of showing themselves capable of moving fast enough to satisfy the veriest firebrand in their following, but also to expound an idea in advance of anything ever known in this country or any other; and the practicability of which cannot be effectively assailed by the most experienced railway officer in the world.

Should it be too much to expect that the foregoing articles on this subject will have been carefully digested by the Leaders of the Railwaymen; in order that he who runs may read, I will enumerate a few essential points which if acted upon are quite capable of rendering the present leaders immortal.

Assuming that a general strike takes place and the railways are stopped, the usual negotiations will be entered into, through Government representatives, between the men and the officials.

The issue will undoubtedly have widened from the question of the sympathetic strike, and it will almost certainly be found impossible to agree upon any policy satisfactory to both sides and the public as to whether men should be compelled to handle goods from firms whose employees are out on strike.

The Government, as an extreme step, may offer to nationalise the railways. If the men's leaders are weak-kneed enough to accept this, surely they will be sufficiently alive to require conditions. The conditions to be demanded should include at the very least—

(1) That no general reductions of rates, fares and charges must be given with the change, as this would affect the revenues from which the betterment of the men's hours and pay must come.

(2) No wholesale displacement of labour must take place, the reductions in numbers being left to the effluxion of time retirements, superannuations and deaths.

A nationalised railway service pure and simple would be no better for the rank and file of the workers than the Post Office is to-day.

May we hope that the Union Leaders will advance beyond the Nationalisation idea, put forward a firm, de-mand, and stand by it, for the railways to be managed by a Guild composed of officers and men. If they will do so and require the foregoing conditions with an additional one that all savings in money and hours are to be apportioned strictly and fairly to the present salaries and wages attached to various ranks whether representing mental or physical labour; they will have shown a capacity and grasp which will never and cannot ever be disputed.

The Guild on its part could fairly pledge itself to pay to a Government Trust Fund, for the purpose of enabling it to acquire the railways on business terms, an annual amount equal to the average annual total dividends paid for the last five years.

It will be easy to test afterwards whether the Government make a good bargain or not by quotations on the Stock Exchange of the shares of the respective private railway companies, and if too much is paid for the railway properties it will be at the door of the Government to answer for saddling the Guild Trust Fund with an unreasonable debt.

The outstanding feature of such an arrangement would be that the first step would have been made to remove for ever from the shoulders of the workers the burden they carry in the shape of dividends to non-workers.

This article is purposely brief, and intended to place a clear policy before the men and the public in the present crisis.

Henry Lascelles.

Unemployment Insurance.

"Smash the Act!"

Such is the watchword of the trade union committee which has been formed for the purpose of organising a strike against the Insurance cards, stamps, deductions from wages, and all the hidden oppressions which lie under these outward symbols of bureaucratic control. It is significant that this vigorous, if inelegant, expression of revolt was not evoked during the first six months of the Act in force when contributions were payable without any return, but that it is the outcome of eight months' experience of the actual benefits to be derived from Parts I and II of the "great" Liberal Insurance Act. In other words, it is not so much the expression of resentment at the payments exacted as a revolt against the conditions on which the rewards of "thrift" are obtainable.

In order to realise what those conditions are it is necessary to examine in some detail the working of both parts of the measure. Under Part I, with which most people are familiar, the workers are promised, but not guaranteed, "benefits" during ill-health on condition that they—

(1) Submit to a weekly deduction from their wages.

(2) Undertake to make good all the deficiencies that may occur in the funds to which they are compelled to invest, although these societies have been "approved" by the Government.

(3) Undertake to inform local insurance committees of their movements from place to place.

(4) Carry in their pockets a card bearing their name, number and stamps, which card they must produce to their masters or be denied employment. This card has in practice become for all wage-earners a license to live—since work means livelihood and none may work without a card. Those who will not take out this license may starve, unless they chance to find a resister who is able to give them a job.

This then is the achievement of Part I of the Insurance Act. It will do little for the health of the nation, but it has enrolled in a new Domesday Book the names and addresses of fourteen million working men and women, and it has made it impossible for those who will not enrol to live.

No great harm, so far, you may say, but wait until the second supply of refreshing fruit is brought forward; Part I has no meaning without Part II. This section applies at present only to the workers in seven scheduled trades, of which the building, construction of works, shipbuilding and mechanical engineering trades are the most important. It requires the general ignorance of its provisions, but we are told that if this section works smoothly it is to be extended to include the whole of the fourteen millions in the Domesday Book; so that it is immensely important to study the effect of its operations.

The two and a half million men engaged in these scheduled trades are compelled by means of a second card, stamp, and deduction from wages to make provision against the chance of unemployment. Employer and worker each contribute 2½d., and having solemnly affixed the 7d. health stamp on one card proceed to complete the weekly rite by sticking a 3d. stamp on another.

Three Cheers for Simple Social Reform. As the "Daily Chronicle" so beautifully said: "No longer will the workman's home be haunted by the grim spectre of poverty."

Let us see how the social-reform-stamp-on-the-card-machine works in practice. Tom Brown being out of work reports himself, as he is in duty bound, to the local Labour Exchange. He enters the green building, with its artistic white lettering over the door, in all innocence, and explains his position to the clerk behind the counter. Until recently Brown did not know that while he talks, giving particulars of his calling, rate of wages, address of his late employer, and so on, the clerk, acting under instructions from the Board of Trade, has been jotting down, by means
of code letters, his impressions of the applicant. He is told to judge Brown's height by his "position at the counter, grille, or hatchway," to estimate his strength by his appearance—who says we live in an unscientific age!—and he is ordered to give his impudient opinion as to whether he will be a suitable class of work he wishes to obtain. Finally, when the unsuspecting victim has taken his departure, he sits down to write and ask Brown's late employer whether he lost his job owing to misconduct or not! There is no out-of-work pay in any case. For Tom Brown during the first week of unemployment, but if his employer writes back to say he was impertinent, or lazy, or intemperate, there is no pay for him until he has purged his soul of sin by five days of starvation! Meanwhile, pay or no pay, Brown keeps up his appetite. "Walking to the Labour Exchange every day—a compulsory visit—and in due course is offered a job. It may be just round the corner, it may be at Greenwich or Ealing, Holloway or Peckham Rye. It may be at Peterborough or Portsmouth. He must take the job, provided the rate of pay is that generally observed in the district, or lose his unemployment pay. For instance, a Bradford man who refused to go to Southampton because the Labour Exchange declined to tell him whether the job was temporary or permanent, was denied benefit on the ground that he refused "a reasonable offer of employment." It must be remembered that this man was the only one paying his tax, and he has paid his tax for Southampton, though the Labour Exchange generously offered to advance the money and deduct it from the wages he would earn there. A Coventry man, who accepted this advance, came up to London, but unfortunately failed owing to age to satisfy his employer, and received £7 as the reward for three days' work! The Labour Exchange officially intercepted the rest of his earnings to repay the railway fare.

During the first four and a half months, that is from January 15 to May 30, no less than 37,400 claims to benefit were disallowed on one or other of these grounds. Of course, there are Courts of Referees with their impartial" chairmen, chosen by the Board of Trade, but the mere mention of these evokes a laugh at any out-door meeting. In his conversations with the clerk, Brown is usually asked if he is a trade unionist or not, and a corresponding "Y" or "N" is jotted down on his record. Some of the trades unions, if I am informed, are contenting enough to lodge their books at the Exchange, and this of course simplifies the process of dividing sheep from goats. It is easy to see how, by means of this dossier system, the employers get the mercy of the workers. Is there a trade dispute? The Labour Exchange can easily find ten or twelve men whose papers bear the useful letter "N"—non-unionist. The workers on strike can get no pay from the safes at the Labour Exchange, nor can those who are locked out obtain any benefit. At this moment there are one million six hundred thousand pounds in the unemployment fund, half of which belongs to the workers. This three quarters of a million would be very useful at a time of strikes like the present, and all employers must feel grateful to the good Mr. Beveridge.

The common aim of Part I and Part II of the Insurance Act is to register and enrol all the workers, and by a system of insurance to distribute their wages over periods of work, ill-health, and unemployment, just as by spreading butter more thinly one can make it cover a larger piece of bread. The special aim of Part II is to make labour a completely fluid commodity, regulated and controlled as easily as any other form of power, gas, electricity, or water. Fortunately the human element has to be reckoned with, and thanks to the early reverses of bureaucratic methods, workmen are at last beginning to realise that they have walked blindly into a neat little trap baited with false promises. One can only wish them success in their effort to organise their fellow workmen to strike against the cards and numbers and secret codes, and all the rest of the paraphernalia of the servile Act.

MARGARET DOUGLAS.

The City of Deferred Hope.

When last I came to Dublin, it was to pay a last tribute to Parnell, when half a million Irishmen marched behind his coffin to Glasnevin. Memories of it crowd upon me as I sit here in the same hotel that gave me shelter from the pitiless rain that poured down from a leaden-grey sky all through that day of unrelied gloom. Even the coffin calls up uncanny memories. It was placed on the promenade deck abait the funnels in a rough outer box. All through the night we paced the deck, sleep far from us. As we neared the Irish coast, we ran into a thick mist, the one howling desire faintly to warn off disaster. Disaster! And all the time, disaster and tragedy and misery lurked in the clay of the dead leader or stalked the deck, grim companions to the desperate men who there kept vigil. Then, out in the moon, loomed up the mass of highly wrought onlookers and, moved by some common impulse, they rushed the barriers and crowded round the coffin with its small posse of the undertaker's assistants. Knives were drawn and, quicker than I can tell it, the partisans of the Gaels, with the mass of highly wrought onlookers and, moved by some common impulse, they rushed the barriers and crowded round the coffin with its small posse of the undertaker's assistants. Knives were drawn and, quicker than I can tell it, the partisans of the Gaels, with
again at home unconquerably hopeful. An Irish journalist interviewed them as they passed through London and their words stare at me in the morning paper as I leisurely discuss my breakfast. They help wonderfully to an understanding of the Irish people:

In my rotation of Salisbury where the invalids are quartered. The doctors and nurses were, as usual, busy looking after their patients. Most of them looked travel-worn, but buoyed up with the spirit of having accomplished something very dear to their hearts. One poor old woman who has not stirred hand or foot for years was typical of the lot. "I suppose, now, you're a bit better in mind," I said, "going so far, and coming back no better."

"Indeed, you're wrong, sir," she answered. "We're all better in mind; we've got a great deal of work and I'm ready to go back again this minnit, and, if the Blessed Mother asks God to spare me, I'll go every time I'm let."

From the blind, the lame, and the stricken I heard the same opinions in different words. Not one word of grumbling or discouragement could I hear, and I have been amongst them this day.

If not now, why then, please God, next year or the year after. Hope deferred!

And now let me come to closer grips with this faith that has so subtly entrenched itself in the heart and conscience of the Catholic instinct. If I please I must not assume that only Catholics are held by it.

The granitic Presbyterianism of Ulster is at one with it in all essentials. I will quote an amusing instance. Two Ulstermen were discussing the approach of Home Rule. "'Tis one. "A sad business, do ye say?" shouted the other, and, as he hifted the table, "I tell ye, if the Almighty has a drop of Protestant blood in His veins, He'll never permit it."

I am now, however, peculiarly interested in a movement known over here as "Larkinism." Dublin talks of nothing else. James Larkin I must reserve for a subsequent article. A simple man with a magnetic quality and a gift for practical affairs, he has drawn to himself and welded into something of organisation the transport and unskilled workers. Thousands look to him to lead them out of bondage. He challenges the existing order. Conceive, then, the minds of these poor people for ever living on the verge of destitution. They look to their faith for guidance, and they also look to Larkin. Certainly one man is alive to the situation—the Rev. John Condon, O.S.A., Spiritual Director of the Arch-Confraternity of the Holy Cincture. Two days ago was held here in Dublin the Good Anarchy of the United Confraternities of the city. We are told that "there was an extremely large and devout congregation, the spacious church being taxed to its utmost capacity, and the rapt attention paid to the words of the eloquent preacher was unanimously no bolting of the door corner affair. Father Condon was the preacher, and his was the task to square the circle of faith and Larkinism. Ticklish work!

The preacher first proceeds to paint the picture:

Dublin, at the present moment, is in such a deplorable condition that it can only be fittingly described as one of economic war; the fiercest passions have been unchained; intemperate language has run riot; misguided counsels have been followed; the Christian virtues of charity and justice have been trampled under foot; and we have, unhappily, been brought to reap the inevitable harvest of ruined honest starving children and weeping women, of horrible bloodshed and the tragedy of death. I am painfully aware that unscrupulous men will strive to make use of what may be said from the pulpit to set up an antagonism between the working man and his Church; but, having a duty to do, I rely on God to do Him to it.

The congregation listens, as we have been told, "in rapt attention." But the situation, as we see, is serious, and we want to know what to do. Put bluntly, we want to know on which side in this struggle is the Church. Patrician Church is not a Church of spectacle of persons; the working-man is as dear to her as the capitalist. But she must insist on justice. Gradually we come to the point. I fear I must quote:

What her attitude is now, what it has always been—solicitous care for the poor and for the oppressed—we have abundant evidence in the words of the late Pope Leo XIII. Let me quote an excerpt from his famous encyclical:

"The employer's great and principal duty is to give every one a fair wage. Doubtless, before deciding whether wages are adequate, many things have to be considered; but wealthy owners and all masters of labour should be mindful of this fact, that exercise pressure upon the indigent and the destitute for the sake of gain, and to gather one's profit out of the need of another, is condemned by the Church, who has always held that the laboring man is as a rule weak and unprotected, and because his slender means should, in proportion to their scantiness, be generously considered, and, therefore, the Holy Father:—"Were these precepts carefully obeyed and carried out, would they not be sufficient of themselves to keep under all strife and all its causes?"

One clear fact emerges: The Vicar of Christ pronounces definitely for the continuance of wagery. Christ and wagery are in happy union. Jacobs, the Quaker biscuit manufacturers, who have locked out their employees, are clearly obiyng the behests of "The Master." It is the will of Christ that there shall be no interference with the divine law of wages. Have faith, brethren!

Somehow the reverend preacher is not quite happy. After all, there are hundreds of poverty-stricken people listening, and "the Church is no respecter of persons." Better rap the employers on the head.

Have all the employers in the city of Dublin been doing their duty? Have they, in their treatment of the working man, striven to put into practice the teaching of the Pope? I believe that they have not done so, and, if we were to seek authority for what I say, I could quote for you the words of one of themselves—the President of the Chamber of Commerce. Yes, the working man has his grievances, and I should be the last to deny it, for my sympathies are with the working man, because, as the late Pope said, "he is, as a rule, weak and unprotected." And the women who are working from dawn to dark for a pitiable and miserable wage to keep body and soul together—have they not their grievances—grievances that cry aloud to God for redress?

Something must be done. Larkin stands by willing to do it. Now what is to be done about Larkin? The Church is no respecter of persons, so we must crack Larkin on the head. If you come to think of it, the Church cannot have Larkin at any price. But we must walk warily. Larkin has raised wages all round. We must condemn him and line his. After all, the Congregation is devout and hangs on the preacher's words "in rapt attention." Have at you, Larkin!

But how, I ask, can a priest continue silent when to the flock committed to his spiritual teaching pernicious doctrines are preached from Press and platform, when the leader whom a Christian people are invited to follow proclaims himself a revolutionary, denies the right of ownership, declares solemnly that the doctrines of Socialism are in harmony with the teaching of the Catholic Church, and sets up for himself the arrogant claim of a divine commission to preach to Christian men and women the gospel of discontent? This is what the leader of industrial revolt in this city is reported to have done, last Sunday, in Manchester. "I care for no man," he is quoted as saying. "I have a divine mission to make men and women discontented." "I am out for revolution." "The man who tells you that it is impossible to be a Socialist and a Catholic, I tell you, beloved brethren, that the word Socialism connotes a body of doctrine which no Catholic who values his faith can accept; and I say further that the Catholic who, with his eyes open, gives his sympathy and support to the methods and aims of Socialism is a recreant to his creed, and a traitor to the ancient faith for which his forefathers bled.

Poor, sorrowful, sweated wage-slaves of Dublin, Larkin will not do. Larkinism does not commend itself to the Church. But who shall assume Larkin's task? Wait patiently on God.

Hope is again deferred.
Relativity in Continuity.

By M.B. Oson.

The fickle jade Fortune played a trick quite in keeping with her best tradition when she arranged, regardless of those in authority, that Professor Schafer should be followed by Professor Lodge as President of the British Association. There is certainly effective, and a touch of humour is also added by the whisking off of Professor Schafer to San Francisco at the critical moment.

Two Presidential addresses, so little separated from one another in time, could hardly have differed more completely in matter. Needless to say, Professor Lodge has my sympathy more than Professor Schafer; but I fear that the Principal of Birmingham University has fairly laid himself open to the man of criticism, and it has certainly evoked the subject-matter of his address is excellent, the method questionable and both are but a short resumption of his activities during the last ten years. The only commendation which I could bestow on Professor Schafer a year ago was that he had stuck to his last; Professor Lodge has for a long while not done so, and in my humble opinion there has thereby wasted a chance of doing work more valuable than that which he has achieved. It is of course only my personal opinion, and as such of no more value than that of anyone else; in fact, it may be considered as of less value than Professor Lodge’s own, so I will try to show reasons which may justify a criticism which must otherwise be valueless.

I think there is little doubt that during the years that Professor Lodge has occupied himself with psychism, metaphysics, and religion, his reputation—or perhaps rather his prestige—in the world of science has diminished. To many people who are not abnormally captious his metaphysics has seemed amateurish, and his religion to savour of a little Bethel, and though these are not really sound reasons for loss of confidence, yet no doubt they are just the kind of reasons which lead to a man’s becoming “suspect.”

But it may be said that by so doing he has influenced many people to inquire into, or to accept, psychism as it has escaped from any rate of censure. This is no doubt true, but there are many workers in the field who are well able by their capable marshalling of the facts to convince any who are open to straightforward conviction, and I would maintain that had Professor Lodge been more careful he might have done good work among the others, from which he has now, in a moment, debarrered himself. It is rather a case of using a razor to cut pencils.

The first mistake, and, indeed, the one which probably led to the others, was that in the early days of his connection with psychological research he let himself be swept off his legs in a way not in keeping with a cold scientific discrimination. He began to speak and write on the subject while he should rather have been balancing his views in the cooler atmosphere his school might have provided. He gave his “discovery” to the world prematurely, as has happened with other discoveries, and usually with similar results. Moreover, he did so before he had made himself acquainted—far less familiar—with what was already known on the subject. I do not mean the very small sub-branch of the subject with which he was nominally concerned—psychical research—but the larger one of which it is a small part—they are the same.

The earlier part of his speech shows that he has plenty to say on this—arrived at probably by that disgrace but yet best of all methods—an intelligent questioning of his own intuition. And my contention is that if he had had the courage of his conviction, and had been able for years been preaching his doctrine in language so strict that science that no one would have suspected that he was a traitor to the materialist camp until they found themselves undone by the seductive arguments of the intruder. Representatives of both parties are quite willing to talk without ill-feeling on the subject of catalytic action, for example, and the Materialists, had they been left in ignorance of it that there was a stalkling-horse behind which the Vitalists were preparing to cut off their retreat, might by now have been induced to make many damaging admissions.

There are at least half a dozen other Fellows of the Royal Society who have been interested in psychical research, but they have most of them followed this better way, convincing themselves of the reality of the phenomena, and then babbling to translate their meaning into the language of physical experiment, abjuring all psychology, metaphysics, and religion. They recognise that “Relativity in Continuity” is only another way of saying “Diversity in Unity,” and forbear from frightening the timid by underlying this, which is clear to all who have eyes to see (who are the only people really interested), by talking about “Trinity in Unity.” As the President says, it is only in and on matter that we can experiment directly, and it is only by experimentation that we can at first sight appear no doubt to prove, namely, that mind is inferior to mathematics, but it will lead in time to the full recognition that the meaning of mathematics is not so simple a thing as it has in the past been considered, and that mind and self and being till it no longer has to take refuge in the “imaginary” numbers and “unreal” values by which it clips mathematics to fit its own measure. But, comes to recognise that mathematics is the framework of the universe and that as far as mathematics goes the universe extends.

Psychical Research is a double-edged sword, and let us hope that Science in dealing with it will both beware of this and also make use of it. It has in its power to confuse things “earthly” and things “heavenly,” and things “faery,” and this either for the helping or hurting of all men. It may also make use of it. It has in its power to confuse things “earthly” and things “heavenly,” and things “faery,” and this either for the helping or hurting of all men. It may also

In the meanwhile it is a great thing to know that whether on earth or in heaven man does continue to exist after he “passes over,” for it shakes the foundations of modern conventions and aims, and gives us a sight of the very grand line of investigation which exists between earth and heaven—a line not perhaps to be drawn on paper, but only on the subtle tablets of the mind.

And now I stumble on one of Ireland’s miracles. In the island of the Saints you must expect miracles. Hopes are deferred—but Ireland’s heart is not sick. S. G. H.
The Irish in England.

By Peter Fanning.

XVII.

In a previous article I promised to return to the case of that precious pair of pure patriots, T. M. Healy and T. P. O'Connor. We have already seen how Healy, by the destruction of Parnell, hoped to secure the leadership of the Irish in Ireland, and how, by the desertion of Parnell, O'Connor hoped to obtain the control of the Irish in England. After the death of Parnell these two went spent several years intriguing against each other, in order to baulk the other of his object. At last fortune favoured O'Connor, who, in 1895, moved and secured the expulsion of Healy from the National Party.

It was then that 'Tiger Tim,' true to his nature, went on the war-path, to sup O'Connor's blood. He opened his attack in the columns of the "Irish Catholic," a paper which bears the Papal Crown and Peter's Keys of Heaven on its front page as a guarantee to the faithful that what it contains may be accepted as Gospel truth. It would not be possible to quote the whole of Healy's charges here, but I will give a summary of them.

"A MERE MATTER OF MONEY.

"We have hesitated to expose a great national disgrace, but the time has come when the whole truth must be spoken. Mr. T. P. O'Connor is the most blame-worthy of the triumvirate who are plunging Ireland into a sea of turmoil. The latest flight is of his making and starting. It was the paid organisers in Mr. O'Connor's service who first got up the cry to turn Healy off the various national executives. It was Mr. T. P. himself who moved his expulsion from the National League of Great Britain.

"The reason for his activity is perfectly obvious. Mr. O'Connor has a conscience. He is alive to the stain on his record as a Nationalist, and he knows that if the facts were placed plainly before the people it would soon be impossible for him to retain his present place in Irish politics. As it is, with the power which his political position gives, he has extracted within the last few years considerably over £25,000 from the pockets of Liberal Members, candidates and ex-candidates. Does anyone believe that the Liberal Members and ex-Memb- ers would have poured out their gold into Mr. O'Connor's lap if they had not looked upon him as the necessary connecting link between the Liberals and the Irish? The cash nexus is the only solid one for T. P. During the last Parliament there was no more familiar sight than Mr. T. P. O'Connor walking arm-in-arm through the lobbies with rich English Liberals. Nobody ever saw him showing any special affection for a poor one.

"The really saving circumstances about the levies of this freebooter were their size. One man may have the reputation of borrowing five-pound notes from those whom he assists on the platform, but nobody ever alleged any meanness of that kind against Mr. O'Connor. His impudence was colossal. As will appear from the list which we will presently publish, no Liberal insulted him with a contribution under £50.

"To tell the whole story one would have to begin with the 'Star.' The directors took a different view to T. P., regarding petty cash, and at last in a lordly way T. P. said he would pay the whole lot of them out. 'Name your buyer,' and T. P. announced with much pomp and circumstance that the 'Star' would be bought from them by Jabez Balfour and a builder named Hobbs and they declined to hand over their paper to such persons. But at last they consented to pay T. P. £7,000, for the enormous sum of £17,000, which he got in addition to £1,500 a year for less than two years' work.

"But he neatly managed to extract £2,000, as the price of his shares in the concern. This £2,000, declared T. P., I had to borrow from Mr. McEwan, M.P., and it is only fair, as he invested it on my editorship, that he should be repaid. So T. P. got the £2,000, but instead of refunding it, he went to his patron, the mil- linaire brewer of Edinburgh and said: Mr. McEwan, you are a rich man, and it is only fair that £2,000 is nothing to you, and if you don't mind I will pay you back at the rate of £100 a year.

"The most delicate negotiations were passing between the Committee of the Irish Party and the Cabinet. Yet all the time Mr. T. P. O'Connor was making financial arrangements of his own with every Member of the Liberal Party whom he could bleed.

"The next venture was the 'Sun Newspaper Company, Ltd.' Amongst those who subscribed to the venture were the Solicitor-General, the Under Secretary for the Colonies, Sir Arthur Hayter, M.P., and ex-Liberal Whip, Mr. H. G. Tennant, M.P., Mr. Asquith's brother-in-law, Sir James Kitson, one of the heads of the Liberal Caucus, and a number of other Liberal Members and ex-Members. The catalogue of those whom he merely pestered for money without bleeding them, would be as long as the 'Catalogue of the Ships.'

"But when the Liberals had been bled white and their Government became shaky, this matchless mendicant calmly turned his begging box on the Tory Brewers.' Tim then proceeds to show how the pure patriot, by holding the Irish interest in English constituencies as a sword above their heads, was able to plunder various Members and ex-Members of some £37,000. I think I have quoted sufficient to make apparent what was the object and what the result of T. P.'s desertion of Parnell.

Later on I was able to get inside evidence from another Irish M.P. which went to confirm, in some measure, the statements of Healy. One night a member of the party was the speaker at an Irish meeting where I was engaged to sing. After the meeting we travelled back to Newcastle together, and as he had two hours to wait for the London express I invited him into the station hotel. Whilst there, this gentleman entertained us with an account of his experiences, which I will quote here, in his own words, as near as I can.

"I was asked to stand for Parliament because it was known that I could afford to pay my own election expenses and maintain myself in London without being a burden on the party funds. Well, I put up and was returned. I went over to the House, and went through the usual form of the old hand, the by-elections being introduced to the Speaker. And then I went and took a seat on the Irish Benches. I had been watching the proceedings with great interest for an hour or so when one of the old hands came and sat down at my side. After some small talk about the country and politics which I of course readily accepted. After trailing me about for half an hour we returned to the lobby, where a most fusillly amiable gentleman accosted us. The old hand introduced me as a newcomer, and then my new friend asked him: 'Have you any particular engagement for this evening?' 'No,' replied the old hand. 'Ah—then dine with me. And then,' continued he, 'perhaps our young friend here would join us also.'

"Certainly,' replied O'Connor, accepting the invitation on my behalf, without my consent. Well, I dined with the amiable old gentleman and that was the beginning. For some time after that, nearly every evening I was bailed off to dine with some other amiable gentleman. But at last I began to grow suspicious that there was something crooked about this winning and dining on the nod. It was known that I was a man of easy means and yet I was never allowed and, apparently, never expected, to pay for any of this feasting. So I began to get engagements or invent them, to escape the hospitality of the amiable gentleman. I kept my own counsel and waited for developments. Towards the end of the Session they came. First one amiable gentleman with whom I had dined and another would buttonhole me in the lobby: 'Ah—my young friend, there is a little Bill, relating to so and so, and it is only fair, as he invested it on my editorship, that he should be repaid. So T. P. got the £2,000, but instead of refunding it, he went to his patron, the mil- linaire brewer of Edinburgh and said: Mr. McEwan, you are a rich man, and it is only fair that £2,000 is nothing to you, and if you don't mind I will pay you back at the rate of £100 a year.

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"The next venture was the 'Sun Newspaper Company, Ltd.' Amongst those who subscribed to the venture were the Solicitor-General, the Under Secretary for the Colonies, Sir Arthur Hayter, M.P., and ex-Liberal Whip, Mr. H. G. Tennant, M.P., Mr. Asquith's brother-in-law, Sir James Kitson, one of the heads of the Liberal Caucus, and a number of other Liberal Members and ex-Members. The catalogue of those whom he merely pestered for money without bleeding them, would be as long as the 'Catalogue of the Ships.' But when the Liberals had been bled white and their Government became shaky, this matchless mendicant calmly turned his begging box on the Tory Brewers.' Tim then proceeds to show how the pure patriot, by holding the Irish interest in English constituencies as a sword above their heads, was able to plunder various Members and ex-Members of some £37,000. I think I have quoted sufficient to make apparent what was the object and what the result of T. P.'s desertion of Parnell.

"I was asked to stand for Parliament because it was known that I could afford to pay my own election expenses and maintain myself in London without being a burden on the party funds. Well, I put up and was returned. I went over to the House, and went through the usual form of the old hand, the by-elections being introduced to the Speaker. And then I went and took a seat on the Irish Benches. I had been watching the proceedings with great interest for an hour or so when one of the old hands came and sat down at my side. After some small talk about the country and politics which I of course readily accepted. After trailing me about for half an hour we returned to the lobby, where a most fusillly amiable gentleman accosted us. The old hand introduced me as a newcomer, and then my new friend asked him: 'Have you any particular engagement for this evening?' 'No,' replied the old hand. 'Ah—then dine with me. And then,' continued he, 'perhaps our young friend here would join us also.'

"Certainly,' replied O'Connor, accepting the invitation on my behalf, without my consent. Well, I dined with the amiable old gentleman and that was the beginning. For some time after that, nearly every evening I was bailed off to dine with some other amiable gentleman. But at last I began to grow suspicious that there was something crooked about this winning and dining on the nod. It was known that I was a man of easy means and yet I was never allowed and, apparently, never expected, to pay for any of this feasting. So I began to get engagements or invent them, to escape the hospitality of the amiable gentleman. I kept my own counsel and waited for developments. Towards the end of the Session they came. First one amiable gentleman with whom I had dined and another would buttonhole me in the lobby: 'Ah—my young friend, there is a little Bill, relating to so and so, and it is only fair, as he invested it on my editorship, that he should be repaid. So T. P. got the £2,000, but instead of refunding it, he went to his patron, the mil- linaire brewer of Edinburgh and said: Mr. McEwan, you are a rich man, and it is only fair that £2,000 is nothing to you, and if you don't mind I will pay you back at the rate of £100 a year.
Simon de Montfort's View.

It has recently been proposed to erect a statue in the town of Lewes, in honour of Simon de Montfort, the hero of the battle of Lewes, A.D. 1264. Some of the citizens suggested that to wing this idea would be a fitting memorial of the Champion of Liberty. The following letter was addressed to the editor of the "Sussex County Herald" on the subject.

Monsieur le Lecteur:—

Par les Saints Evangelistes j'ai été hautement couronné par les lettres que j'ai joints dans votre "Gazette" de ce mois! Avant d'ériger une statue ou de faire grandir une rue à mon honneur, je vous savoyez si vous possédez encore les libertés, dites l'âge pour vous il y a tant d'années avec mon esprit? J'ai donc dire que votre Parlement m'a pas à présenter la liberté de parler, et que le contenu (dit la Guillotine) a tranché les langues de quelqu'un de vos hommes les plus sauvages, et qu'ils n'osent pas dire mot quand Le Cabinet leur défend d'ouvrir la bouche! Et qu'est-ce c'est ce Cabinet? Mort de ma vie! Il me semble que ce sont de grands parleurs eux-mêmes, qui ne vest pas entendre parler les autres! Par les saints ossuaires! est cécy la liberté pour laquelle vous troubez de faire? Oui ces coquins la veulent aussi abolir La Chambre des Pair? En quel but, je vous en prie? Par parler sans cesse, sans peur, sans contradiction contre les parlements de Lewes, et de Sussex! Votre liberté est morte, et au lieu de m'ériger un monument, allez-vous en au plus vite à tes funérailles et à sa force en la courage de combattre pour elle? Ha! Saint Jacques! Si j'étais encore dans le beau pays de Sussex! Il m'a été seulement permis d'écrit ce lignes de ce lieu ou j'av trouve la paix, après une vie orageuse pendant laquelle le Seigneur Dieu m'a ordonné le fardeau pesant de combattre sans cesse pour la liberté! Est elle morte, cette chère déesse? Non, elle reviendra! Et alors, messieurs les citoyens de Lewes, je vous permettrai de faire ériger une statue de moi, ou plutôt à la Liberté que j'ai tant aimée! Le Dernier de vous en Sa sainte Garde! Monsieur, votre serviteur obeissant.

M. de Montfort.

SIGNED:

Cathedral Church, Commercial Road, London, E.

The undersigned Irish National Priests send hearty sympathy to Irish electors who are waging so brave a battle on behalf of our Catholic rights. The constant intermingling with English Nonconformists—those arch-enemies of our race—has corrupted the national integrity of the Chiefs of United Irish League of Great Britain. There is nothing Irish left, to many of them, but their names; therefore, to audit their secretarian friends, they intrude themselves upon the Irish electors in an attempt to filch from our Irish children their own Irish schools and their inheritance of the Catholic faith.

Indifferent to that faith themselves, they permit the organisation under their command to become an engine of digested Nonconformity to the teaching of the Catholic Irish children. There is treachery at headquarters. Are you people going to play into its hands? We hope better things, for the sake of the old land and the ancient faith.

Follow your faithful soggarths, who live amongst you and share your exile and hopes for your country's resurrection.

(Signed)

Canon Murstone, Camberwell; Canon Fleeming, Moorfields; Rev. E. Murstone, Dockhead; Rev. T. J. Ring, Silvertown; Rev. T. O'Mahony, Canning Town; Rev. E. O'Doherety, Millwall; Rev. J. Drady, Commercial Road; Rev. T. Carey, Holloway; Rev. J. Bunnin, Limehouse; Rev. J. McCarthy, Marylebone; Rev. J. Carey, Commercial Road; Rev. T. Nolan, Greenwich; Rev. T. Doyle, Poplar; Rev. J. Cawley, Fulham; Rev. A. Staunton, Mellor Street; Rev. M. Twony, Commercial Road; Rev. M. Grace, Wapping; Rev. J. J. Crowly, Holloway; Rev. W. O'Grady, Hackney; Rev. J. Cullinan, Wapping; Rev. J. Sheen, Deptford; Rev. T. O'Sullivan, Hounslow.

It is therefore the duty of every Catholic to vote for the Conservative candidate.

Now: we have seen Healy, a colleague, and the clergy on Mr. T. P. O'Connor, and yet, notwithstanding all this, this "matchless mendicant" had the effrontery a few weeks ago to commission Mr. P. W. Wilson to state in the "Daily News" that after the establishment of an Irish Parliament:—"Mr. T. P. O'Connor, whose life lies largely in London, will doubtless be available as spokesman of Irish interests in the Imperial Parliament.

We have heard the patriot priests on the Parliamentary patriots. We will next take the clerics themselves into consideration, and show what they are doing and what they propose to do, if allowed, with the Irish in England.
A Pilgrimage to Turkey During Wartime.

By Marmaduke Pickthall.

III.—House Hunting.

Letters of introduction are a lottery. Out of the three which I presented on arrival in Constantinople, two were productive of mere courtesy, while the third enriched me with a friend for life in Rifaat Bey, called "English Rifaat" from his sympathies, and to distinguish him from all the other Rifaats, Beys. No sooner was this friend informed of my arrival than he came to see me and place his interest entirely at my service. He procured for me a Turkish teacher who knew Arabic, then set his mind to gratify my strongest wish, which was to get away from Pera quickly into Turkish life. The difference of faith and customs made this desire of mine extremely hard to meet. There were Turkish hotels, he told me, but they were neither very clean nor very comfortable. All the comfort and the charm of Turkish life were in the home, and that was absolutely inaccessible. Would it not be best, he asked, to stay where I was, in a luxurious hotel, where he would bring Turks to see me—anyone I wished to know—in particular a friend of his, a naval officer who knew English, well, played golf and tennis, and could teach me Turkish and all other matters incident thereto?

My answer was a most emphatic no. I had not come to Turkey to play golf or tennis, nor with the least desire to hear my native tongue. I had been offered introductions to some English people in Constantinople, but had refused them for fear of the conventional "good time," which means sheer waste of opportunity. I would identify myself with Turks for the few months at my disposal, as the only way of learning what I wished to know.

He seemed astonished by this declaration, and in the discussion which ensued between us eyed me curiously. There was nothing for it but that I should take a house, either at Stamboul or in the country. If I did not mind the country, a house could more easily be found there than in a cosmopolitan hotel in Pera. My vehemence amusing him, he said: "Why is it that you all hate Pera so?" He had heard so many Englishmen inveigh against it. Still it was the nearest approach to European smartness to be found in Turkey; and those who sought a merry life had best remain there. Perhaps, after all, it was not in my desire to leave it—again I caught him looking at me curiously—for people who knew chiefly Europeans gathered quite a wrong idea of Turkish manners. All the same he feared I should be bored to death. There would be absolutely nothing to divert me—no games, no parties, nothing. He was afraid that I should be disgusted with the people and the life. I then confessed—that the thing had hung so long between us, and I felt guilty under his bewildered gaze—that I was not, I greatly feared, a proper Englishman, since the chosen pastimes of my race had no delight for me. I told him something of my Arab life, my love of Muslims. His face then brightened with intelligence; he pressed my hand, and said that there would be no further difficulty.

What difficulty there was arose from the objection which all Turks—indeed, all Orientals—have to the intrusion of a lone man in their neighbourhood, who may—quite naturally, since he is alone—cast longing eyes upon their women. My friend declared it was a pity that I had not brought my wife with me, since her presence would have simplified the whole affair. But it would also have prevented the complete immersion in things Turkish for a term of months which was my way of studying the country.

At last, one evening Rifaat came to say that he believed that he had found the very thing for me. He had just that minute thought of Misket Hanum, an old friend of his. This Misket Hanum, though a European lady—real Western European (he insisted) without a taint of the Levant—had become a Turk to all intents and purposes, having from a child thrown in her lot with Muslins, and speaking Turkish as her native tongue. She inhabited a fine house on the coast of Asia. Since her father's death the house was much too large for her. He was going to persuade her to let me have part of it. Her European birth, my friend considered, would prevent her feeling shy of a male visitor; while the Turks would be quite satisfied of my respectability if guaranteed by her.

I hung my hopes at once upon this project, and when my kind friend came again upon the morrow to tell me it was all arranged I jumped for joy. He passed me off at once to see the house, writing me out a paper of directions which I was to show to anybody if I lost my bearings. Arrived at the village, I was to call first upon one Hilmi Bey, who wished to know me, and Hilmi Bey would take me on to Misket Hanum's. Thus charged, I took a cab down to the bridge, where without much difficulty I procured the necessary tickets at the landing stage and presently made one of a dense crowd of pleasure-seekers—it was Friday afternoon—on the deck of a steamer gliding out into the Bosphorus. It was a brilliant day, the sea was calm, and towns and hills of Asia smiled a welcome, already seeming home to my imagination. Landing at Haldir Pasha before the station of the Anatolian railway I passed with the crowd up a broad flight of steps and through a doorway. A train was waiting. Everybody made for it, so I did likewise, shirking the natural question which presented difficulties. I could not have done better as it happened, for after half an hour of doubt and some anxiety, I heard the name that I was listening for called out by porters, and alighted in what seemed a public garden, under trees, full of a gaily-coloured Eastern crowd, with a white mosque behind it, and a booking-office somewhere in its depths. Following my friend's instructions, I sought out the station-master, showed him my paper and was brought his aid. Rifaat had decreed he was to put me in a carriage. I refused to do, protesting that the house I wanted was but two steps off. He pointed to a big kiosk across the line, and I set out to reach it. But as the road went round among the garden walls, I found it necessary to make fresh inquiries, and I did so at a corner shop, a kiosk, in a cavern under trees, in which a group of men sat gossiping; again of one who led a bullock-waggon and an old man at work upon a broken wall. "Where is the house of Hilmi Bey?" I asked. The answer came invariably: "Hanghi Hilmi Bey!" (Which Hilmi Bey? "The son of Hasan Pasha." "Hanghi..."
Hasan Pasha?" It seemed there were a hundred of that name. I could only shrug and show my paper helplessly, and no one could read a word.

The big kiosks or country houses had no names or numbers. Their gardens were surrounded by forbidding walls, their gates were high and solid, shutting out all view of them. They were distinguished locally, I found out afterwards, by natural or artistic features—"the tree kiosk," "the kiosk with the bright green gates." "The kiosk with the judas trees in front of it," "The kiosk before whose gate there is a big bump in the road," and so on. Add to this that the Turks have no family names, so that one is forced to ask for Mr. John or Mr. Richard in a land where Johns and Richards are as thick as olives! I began to realise the superhuman difficulties with which the Turkish post has to contend, and since then have had reason to admire the keen intelligence displayed on two occasions by that much-maligned department. It is unusual for Turks, unless near neighbours or extremely intimate, to call on one another in their country houses, these being regarded as essentially the home, where women can enjoy more liberty than is possible in the house. The men go into town for business and society. The women know the houses of their friends from childhood generally; though I did once encounter an old lady in a state of tears, who begged me for the love of Allah to direct her to a certain house for which she had been searching for four solid hours!

Well, there I was, in a road of high blind walls with leafless trees behind them, through whose boughs I peered at me helplessly, and none of those I asked could direct me. Mockingly, there were a hundred lordly-looking gates, and not a soul who could direct me.

At last I put my question to a turbaned elder in an open street. I looked round for some clues, and hoped the one who spoke was not a German family, which were delightful, looking out into the upper branches of the deodars.

"What luck?" asked Rifâát, greeting me on my return to Pera. "Hearing of my disappointment, he seemed much aghast. Misket, he said, had led him to think that she was willing to receive me; she was like his sister, and had to business to play fast and loose in this way. She had, be now remembered, murmured of a German family, but he had treated it as mere evasion, which indeed it proved. He told me not to worry, he would put things straight. In fact, when next he called, it was to tell me all was well. I was to move to Misket Hanum's, and bag and baggage, on the Monday following. He more than hinted, laughing, at excursions he had undergone, long arguments diversified with little journeys to bring in diverse neighbours to persuade the lady, whose reluctance—unexpected in a European—he set down to the natural frowardness of girls.

As I now look back on them, the sixteen days which I spent at the Pera Palace were both amusing and instructive. The company consisted of a few war-correspondents and photographers, a few explosion hunters, two Egyptian princes, and one Turkish gentleman, Ali Haidar Bey, son of the great reformer, Midhat Pasha. The fast-named, to whom Rifâát had presented me, took pity on my stranded state and generally spent the evening with me, in discussion of all sorts of topics. Our humour changed, we became fast friends. Unpleasant-looking Levantines, attendant on the correspondents, came and went. One horrible Armenian in particular would strum among us with a knowing air and, when questioned of the news, would say: "I have your priate informashuns!" This man was pointed out to me, I know not why, as "the 'Times' correspondent," which he certainly was not. I worked for two hours daily with a Turkish teacher, a Roman Catholic Arab from Diar-Bekir, one of the under-masters at the Galata-seri school. He proved a capable instructor, and was besides a modest and well-mannered youth, quite like a Turk in his behaviour. Though we talked together, I could not discover that he had ever so much as heard of Turkish fanaticism—Christian though he was, and mixing, as he did, continuously with Mahomedans. Indeed, he was a most enthusiastic Ottoman, and my acquaintance with him gave me the first intimation of the revolution might be doing for the rising generation. I had to part with him, when I retired to Misket Hanum's.
The Approach to Paris.

By Ezra Pound.

IV.

It is a silly thing to give people labels, and I am, I dare say, no more fortunate in conferring the title of Humanist on M. Vildrac than was Georges Duhamel in calling his chapters “Jules Romains et les dieux,” and “Charles Vildrac et les hommes.” No one who has read “Un Etre en Marche” would say that M. Romains is less interested in humanity than is his friend. I do not know whether M. Vildrac subscribes to the unani-

mist “religion.” Or perhaps no cult has ever more than M. Romains seems a sort of counterblast to the “Ode à la foule qui est ici.” M. Romains flows into his crowd, or at least he would have us believe so. The subject of M. Vildrac’s poem is of the Nietzschean, pre-unanimist type. He tries to impress his personality on the crowd and is disillusioned.

The poems are in contrast, not in contradistinction, and they make interesting comparison.

The “Ode to the crowd here present” begins roughly as follows:—

O crowd, you are here in the hollow of the theatre
Docile to the walls, mounding your flesh to the shell,
And your black ranks go from me as a reflux.
You exist.

This light where I am, is yours.

The city is outside, quite near, but you no longer hear it;
In vain will she make large the munition of her streets
To beat against your walls and to wish your death;
You will not hear it, you will be full
Of your own peculiar silence and of my voice.

He feels the warmth of the crowd, he feels the focus of eyes.

Je ne vois pas si sa prunelle est noire ou bleue;
Mais je sens qu’il me touche;
He becomes the “crater” or vortex.

Ecouté; Little by little the voice issues from my flesh—
And seeks you—and trembles—and you tremble.

The voice is within the crowd “invasion and victory”
the crowd must think his words:—

Il pénètre en rages dans les têtes penchées,
S’installent brutalment, ils sont les maîtres;
 Ils poussent, ils bousculent, ils jettent dehors
L’âme qui s’y logeait comme une vieille en pleurs.

All the meditations of these people here,
The pain they have carried for years,
The sorrow born yesterday still increasing and the
grief
That they do not speak of, of which they will not speak,
That sorrow that gives them tears to drink in the evening,

And even that desire which dries their lips,
Is over. Is needless. I do not will it. I drive it out.

Crowd, your whole soul is upright in my flesh.

A force of steel, whereof I hold the two ends
Fierces your mass, and bends it.

Ta forme est moi. Tes gradins et tes galeries,
C’est moi qui les empoigne ensemble et qui les plie,
Comme un paquet de souples joncs, sur mon genou.

You should not defend yourself crowd-woman,
Soon you will die, beneath the feet of your hours,
Men, unbound, will flow away through the doors
The maws of darkness will tear you apart.

What of it.

If you are mine before death.
As for the bodies here,
Let the city take them!

They will keep upon their foreheads the ashen cross,
Your sign, god that you are for the moment.

Such, in rough outline, is the “Ode à la foule qui est ici.” I have naturally lost all semblance of the original sweep and of the original sound, partly because the translation rights are reserved and there is not

time to write for permission to break them, partly because I do not wish to interpose a pretentious translation between the reader and the easily obtainable original.

M. Vildrac’s poem begins almost as if in antistrophe.

GLOIRE.

He had been able to gain to him
Many men together
With a cry that they all loved to hear
With a high deced whereof they spoke together.

There was a scrap of the world
Where they knew his life
His acts and his face.

He stood up before the crowd
And knew the drunkenness
Of feeling them submissive to his speech
As wheat-blades are to the wind.

And his happiness was to believe
That, when he left the crowd,
Each one of these men loved him
And that his presence lasted
Innumerable and strong among them
As, in brands dispersed,
The gift and mark of the fire.

Or un jour il en suivit un
Qui rebourrait s’cher boire, tant seul;
Et il vit son regard s’étendre
Dès qu’il fut vu peu loin des autres.

Then he meets a man who remembers him, “mais n’avait rien gardé de lui dans son esprit ni dans son cœur,” and then he sees a crowd under the influence of a charlatan.

Then he knew that he had conquered too much
And too little .

That to make a crowd-soul
Each man lends for an instant
But the surface of his own.

He had reigned over a people—
As a reflection on water;
As a flame of alcohol
Which takes no grip,
Which burns what it strokes
Without warning.

Then he begins to take men one at a time.
En demeurant et devisant avec chacun
Où ils étaient bien eux, quand ils étaient bien seuls.

However far these compositions may be from
“poetry” it cannot be denied that they contain poetical lines, and the latter poem is convenient to quote as it gives us, I think, a fair clue to M. Vildrac’s attitude.

M. Vildrac is, I dare say, over prone to imaginative reason, still it is not my intention to discuss the short-comings of contemporary French authors, but to tell what virtues and what matters of interest I have found in their works. If M. Vildrac were merely a writer with a philosophy of life slightly different from that of M. Romains I would not trouble to read him, but M. Vildrac is an artist. He is at his best, I think, in short narrative sketches such as “Visite” and “Une Auberge” (both in “Livre d’Amour,” published by E. Figuiére, 7, Rue Cornelle). “Visite” has been often quoted and, I believe, translated, but as I have not the translation by me, I give a rough prose version of my own, printing, where convenient, line for line of the original.

VIS TE.

He was seated before his table,
His dreams indolently marked out
Within the domain of his lamp,

And he heard against his window
The fragile attacks of the snow.

And suddenly he thought
Of a man whom he knew
And whom he had not seen for a long time.

And he felt an oppression in his throat,
Part sadness and part chagrin.
He knew that this man was without pride
Either in heart or in word
And that he was without charm
Living like the trees
Isolated, on a barren plain;
He knew that for months
He had been promising this man
To visit him, And that the other
Had thanked him gently for each one of these promises
And had pretended to believe it.
He goes out through the snow to pay the long-de-
dferred visit. After the first words, when he had come
into the light and sat down, between this man and his
companion, both surprised and "empressés"—however
you want to translate it. Eager.
Il s'aperçut qu'on lui menaçait.
(Another intranslatable word, I suppose we might
say, "He felt that they were beating about the bush.")
These silences full of questions
Like the white that one leaves
In a design of writing--
He noted upon their faces
A furtive inquietude
He thought, and then understood it.

These people did not believe
That he had come without forethought
So late, from such distance, through the snow
Merely for his pleasure and theirs,
Merely to keep his promise:
And both of them were waiting
Until he should disclose, of a sudden,
The real cause of his visit.
They were anxious to know
What fortune he brought
Or what service he wished of them.

He wished to speak all at once.
He wished to undeceive them but
He was thus separated from them
Until the long delayed moment
When he rose to go.
Then there was a "detente" (literally a discharge
as of a pistol).
Then they ventured to understand
He had come for them!
Someone had wanted to see them,
Just that, to see them, to be in their house,
To talk with them and to listen,
And this desire had been
Stranger than the cold and than the snow!
In short, someone had come.

Their eyes were gay now,
And tender
They spoke very quickly
And both together
Trying to keep him.
They stood up before him
Betraying a child's need
Of skipping and clapping their hands...

He promised to come again.
But before reaching the door
He set clearly in his memory
The place that bordered their lives,
He looked carefully at each object
Then at the man and woman also,
Such fear did he have at the bottom of his heart
That he would never come back.
I have been told that this is sentiment and therefore
damaged. I am not concerned with that argument. I
dare say the poem makes a poor showing in this rough
and hurried translation; the point is that M. Vildrac has
told a short story in verse with about one fifth of
the words that a writer of short stories would
have needed for the narrative. He has conveyed his
atmosphere, and his people, and the event. He has
brought narrative verse into competition with narrative
prose without giving us long stanzas of bombast.

You may make whatever objection you like to genre
painting. My only question is: would it be possible
to improve on M. Vildrac's treatment of the given
situation?
M. Vildrac had given us a more serious story in "Une
Auberge," I think he has written two lines too many;
I mean the last two lines of the poem; but he has
achieved here some of his finest effects, in such lines as:
Mais comme il avait l'air cependant de d'être des nôtres!
The poem begins:—
C'est une ab auberge qu'il y a
Dans le pays où il fait toujours froid.
There are three houses there:—
Et la troisième est cette auberge au cœur si triste
C'est seulement parce qu'on a soif qu'on entre y boire,
Et l'on n'est pas forcé d'y rater son histoire.
A work-wrecked man drifts in, leans heavily on the
table.
Il mange lentement son pain
Parce que ses dents sont ascès,
Quand il a fini
Il hésite, puis timide
Va s'asseoir un peu
A côté du feu.
He sits there all in a heap, until a child comes in
Et voilà qu'elle approche tout doucement
Et vient appuyer sur la main de l'Homme
La chair enfantine de sa bouche;
Et puis lève vers lui ses yeux plein d'eau
Et lui tend de tout son frêle corps
Une pauvre petite fleur d'hiver qu'elle a.
Et voilà qu'il l'homme sangle...
Then the drab woman at the counter begins her nar-
ration:—
Il est venu un homme ici qui n'était pas des nôtres.
Il n'était pas vieux comme nous, de misère et de peine,
Il était comme sans doute les fils des reines.
Mais comme il avait l'air cependant d'être des nôtres!
Et quand il s'est levé, a fallu que je pleure
Tolémèt il ressemblait à celui de mes seize ans...
Il ouvrait déjà la porte
Pour retourner dans le vent
Mais quand il apprit pourquoi
Me venait des larmes,
Il la renferma, la porte.
 malgré sa jeunesse et malgré mon lit si froid,
Malgré mes seins vidés et mes épaules si creuses,
To some these very simple tales of M. Vildrac will
mean a great deal, and to others they will mean very
little. If a person of this latter sort dislikes the choice
or from half a hundred finer and less obvious matters
of sound.
I do not think that the public is under any moral
obligation to take interest in such affairs.
If the gentle reader wishes to
Crush the something drops of pleasure
From the something grapes of pain.
It is certainly no concern of mine. I, personally,
happen to be tired of verses which are left full of blank
spaces for interchangeable adjectives. In the more or
less related systems of versification which have been
adopted by Romains, Chennevières, Vildrac, Duhamel,
and their friends, I do not find such an excessive allowance of blank spaces, and this seems to me a healthy tendency.

If the gentle reader still enjoys reading or writing such "amorous twins" as mountain and fountain, mother and brother, him and forests, dim, God forbid that I should interfere with his delights.

If a man wants his jokes in "Punch" and his rhymes where he expects them it is no affair of mine. God forbid that I should exhort any man to satisfactions of the senses finer than those for which nature has designed him.

I am aware that there are resolutions of sound less obvious than rhyme. It requires more pains and intelligence both to make and to hear them. To demand rhyme is almost like saying that only one note out of ten need be in melody, it is not quite the same. No one would deny that the final sound of the line is important. No intelligent person would deny that all the accented sounds are important. I cannot bring myself to believe that even the unaccented syllables should be wholly neglected.

I cannot believe that one can test the musical qualities of a passage of verse merely by counting the number of syllables, or even of stressed syllables, in each line, and by thereafter examining the terminal sounds.

God, or nature, or the Unanim, or whoever or whatever is responsible or irresponsible for the existence of the race has given to some men a sense of absolute pitch, and to some a sense of rhythms, and to some a sense of verbal consonance, and some are colour-blind, and some are tone-deaf, and some are almost void of intelligence, hence we are led to believe that it would be foolish to expect to move the hearts of all men simultaneously either by perfection of musical sounds, either articulate or inarticulate, or by an arrangement of colours or by a sane and sober exposition in wholly logical prose.

Those who are interested in ritual and in the history of invocation may have been interested in M. De Gourmont's litanies, those who are interested in a certain purging of the poetic idiom may be interested in the work of such men as Vildrac and P. J. Jouve.

Readers and Writers.

Others may write of the pride which they call the conceit of America, but I marvel more and more at America's servility. Her business-men may, for all I know or care, think something of themselves, but such literary men as she possesses write as if they were ashamed of their country. I refer chiefly, of course, to American literary critics. The "New York Times Book Review" has already been mentioned in these columns, I think, for its crawling Europeanism— and its third-America's servility. Her business-men may, for all I know, of invocation may have been interested in M. De Gourmont's litanies, those who are interested in the work of such men as Vildrac and P. J. Jouve.

Edwin Bjorkman, for example, is an American critic of some amount of perception and of a fair sincerity. He has not the vice of "brilliancy"—a faded virtue when it is not clothed upon common sense; he does not, that is, write like Mr. James Huneker, whose work is full of paste diamonds. But his perception and his sincerity he must needs devote to a group of writers, not one of whom is an American, and not one of whom he really understands. The title of his volume is alone enough to show his misunderstanding. "Voices of To-morrow" (Kennerley, os.) is the phrase he applies to the following: Strindberg, Bjorson, Maeterlinck, Bergson, Selma Lagerlöf, Francis Grierson, Edith Wharton, Gissing, Conrad, and Robert Herrick. None, none of these, as we in Europe know very well, is a voice of to-morrow. Doubtfully, excepting Bergson, the whole of them belongs to to-day or yesterday, or even to the day before yesterday. Strindberg was, in my opinion, an applied Schopenhauer on women—no more, but rather less if anything. Bjorson was a manly writer but without genius or any pretensions to philosophy. Maeterlinck—who reads Maeterlinck now? Bergson— but I need not go through the list. For the ideas of to-morrow it is certainly safe to say that we shall not go to any of Mr. Bjorkman's "voices." Yet these are the writers he offers to Americans for their guidance! These, in effect, he says, are the intellectual princes at whose courts young America must learn its manners. And all the time, I have no doubt, there are young writers in America (let alone in Europe) whose promise for to-morrow, if Mr. Bjorkman could only see it, is as great as their performance under such depressing influences is likely to be small. But the impudence of Mr. Bjorkman's undertaking is not a whit less than both its servility and its treachery to young America. If the writers he names are genuine "voices of to-morrow," how can he convict them all of "self-contradictoriness"? They are all, he says, "intellectually inconsistent." Being "intellectually inconsistent," it follows that their message is ambiguous; in other words, they have not a voice, but make a sort of riddling sound. I agree, but how can Mr. Bjorkman? Surely he can find better material for criticism at home than amongst writers he at once belaude and despises. . . . An American millionaire of culture—if the compound is not impossible—would transfer The New Age to America and compel its editor to select his contributors from native American writers. I feel certain that a first-rate review would result that might really put some pride into that great province.

Mr. John Lane's monthly catalogue, issued nominally at a penny and under the title of "The Bodleian," comments in its September issue on my notes of the other week. I remind the writer, it seems, of the gentleman in Gilbert's ballad who stood before the prison-door, shouting: "Come out, you cad, and fight." But the illustration, I confess, is lost on me. Is Mr. Lane in prison? Cannot he come out and fight? Have I been taking advantage of a poor publisher with no means of replying? My questions, in fact, were two, and both were so simple that Mr. Lane has answered them after a fashion. I asked what kind of "text-book" Mr. Grierson's "Celtic Temperament" would make in Japan; and Mr. Lane's reply is that he knows no more than I do. I also suggested that the name "Bodleian" applied to a publisher's monthly advertisement circular, was "impertinent"; to which Mr. Lane replies that he should have said "insolent," not "impertinent." Well, I will say both if he likes, for both are true. "Bodleian" is a word consecrated all over the world to the great...
Sir William Ramsay cannot be said to have advanced the cause of Spelling Reform by his paper at the British Association. His suggestion for the spelling of the word "usual" is "yuuzhyual." That, I am sure, will never become usual out of Bedlam.

Being in most cases irresponsible by necessity, reviewers were bound sooner or later to make a virtue of it. In the "Times," review of Mr. Wells' "The Passionate Friends" (carefully not sent to The New Age for review—O, Mr. Wells, how do you hate free discussion!) the writer remarks: "It is not the business of the reviewer to pass moral judgments on the persons of the novel." His sole business, apparently, is to say whether the characters are plausible and consistent. But this paltry unmoral attitude is not only a cowardly retreat from the duties of criticism, it is impossible consistently to mortal man. In this same review, for example, the writer concludes that there is no lesson to be taken from the fate of Lady Mary. What is this, if not a moral judgment—of a kind, at least? Like literature in general, the good critic takes all life for his province. Not even other reviews, his business is to find the truth about things and to propagate it. I can conceive an artist writing with no propaganda in mind—though such are rare if not altogether non-existent—but I cannot imagine some original worth his office who does not judge with a single eye to the upholding of the moral laws. Far from being an offence to literature, this attitude of the true critic does literature honour. It assumes that literature affects life for better or worse.

My readers, at any rate, will not be surprised at the announcement made on another page that the price of The New Age will shortly be raised to sixpence. The truthful balance-sheet I published some weeks ago must have prepared them for either a cessation of The New Age altogether or a fresh attempt to get its head above water. In the way of journalism we have had, I should say, an almost unique experience. Not only has The New Age never paid, but it has never been able to pay its contributors. A witty remark of it, indeed, was this: The New Age is the only journal written by gentlemen for gentlemen, since its writers are not paid and its readers do not pay. I confess that I, personally, should prefer this condition to continue indefinitely: there is a freedom in paying to write for people who will not pay to read that amuses me greatly. I can think of a great deal of Yeats and very little of my readers with a most happy conscience. Unfortunately, it requires an unlimited resource to find the mere paper and printing; and no resource accessible to us is unlimited. To the loss of a thousand a year by a single individual there is necessarily an end sooner or later. The New Age will be conducted at the price of sixpence for a period as an experiment; but after a year, say, if the loss is still as great, we shall say farewell to our dear contemporaries, who have loved us so.

The psychology of thence-p superficially, is as interesting in journalism as the psychology of the farthings in drapery. The New Age, for example, is usually quite equal in amount (I will not compare the quality) to any sixpenny review: it contains, that is, as often as not, thirty-two pages. You would naturally suppose that, bulk for bulk, The New Age would be reckoned as giving the same amount of matter as the sixpenny reviews but at half the price. Not at all. The price of thence-p is not reckoned as the half of sixpence, but as the treble of a penny. In other words, the average purchaser grudges two of his three pence and counts them as lost. All this I have been told by numerous "experts" in the newsgagencies. But it has the better authority of everybody's experience if they examine the matter.
After "The Service" : Sunday.

By Caleb Porter.

Here they come from church and chapel, the poor little wasted, stunted, sidelong, oblique growths. Oh! the poor little brains growing up without ever seeing the sun, growing up inside a thick, straight, narrow, iron, gun-barrel, growing year by year by year into a cramping, distorted rectitude, lucky if by some accident, some mechanically induced bias in conception, that barrel be just a little rifled. Their highest hope in life, did they but know it, is the freedom of a lunatic asylum; their highest ecstasy is to beward Christian Soldiers' sung supposedly in unison. There is a slip pasted on each pew, much mauled at the edges by the feverish fingers of hassock-elevated children strenuously striving to "be good" during the Litany.

O Christ hear us.

Lord have mercy upon us.

Christ have mercy upon us.

And also—

In the day of judgment, Good Lord, deliver us.

for we, who look from the window, wear our rue with only such a very slight difference.

Here they come, Mr. and Mrs. Church Service, along the wet, grey, puddle-spotted road, between the gleaming, straight tram-lines ("follow the trams" is the direction anywhere for strangers in our town). Here they are! in the silly Sunday sun—for we in our Christian smugness have made the Sunday sun so very silly. Let us pick out a couple, man and wife (God bless the mark), and let us look well at them. Can you do so "sickus occulis"? I doubt it, if you really see them. He is dry and lean and bowed as to the shoulders, puffy as to the eyes, and rheumy, and the edge of a grey hair is observable between his clean collar and shining "dicky." There should have been a pin there; in fact there was, but it worked out, and indeed caused some measure of discomfort during the sermon. He wears a dull black frock coat, a dull black "made-bow," and dull black boots—no, not elastic-sided—they have passed, though passing they have left their blight well in evidence. Then there is an umbrella. It was described in the catalogue as "natural horn handle, steel ferrule, Fox's Paragon frame," and it is a devil of a bird, this same umbrella; it has a large nine-carat gold band, on which a legend is inscribed: 'An extraordinary thing or other Foresters or Buffaloes, or Druids. It was described in the catalogue as such aUli-umbrella.'

Yes, I saw them cross the road just now, each thinking wholly and solely of their Sunday dinner, a gorgeous affair of pork and crackling, and "seasonings," and apple pie and "green stuff" and cheap grapes, and nuts, and sticky port wine, and much belching and sour eructation to follow. But mark you, these latter symptoms of an outraged stomach are always abjectly apologised for with many ex postulatorium similes of the chest, so that "I beg pardon," "Pork always 'repeats' with me." And so on; thus do we show our breeding. And mark with no uncertain hand the great hiatus yawning "twist Pithecantropus Erectus and the heirs of the ages.

But we must not forget the wife; she is angular and flat-chested, and slightly mauve-tinted as to her large, thin, and not very straight nose; her colourless eyes are set rather close together under heavy lidded stye-inclined eyelids; the spectacles which aided her to find "the lessons" are now in a worn leather case, and the case is now in her muff with her salt-lozenges, rosy guardians against a "repeat" during service. Things are rather-blurred without the spectacles, and she moves her face about and about—now to see if her petticoats are clear of puddles, now to gird to guard against the proximity of her Sunday hat to that hostile rain-dripping umbrellas—peering up and down with jerky animal movements that remind one of the long-faced baboons one sees in the Zoo. Her lower lip is pendulous and aquirer, and indicates an abnormal secretion of saliva, all of which synopsises, due no doubt to emotional disturbance caused by retrospection of the feast of prayer and praise she has just quitted, or else to anticipations of the more mundane meal now near at hand. The jealously guarded hat was admired from a window with a displayed legend: "All one price, ten and six," and during the "Sale" it was marked down to "six and eleven." And then the hat-pins! These are rather interesting. They were displayed in all their glory at the Marché Dammer, and the Marché Marché, amongst the deadly brooches and bangles, and the horrible safety-pin watches, and six of them were neatly stabbed through a white glazed card inscribed "Nouveau de Paris," or "Beautes des Dames." (Think of it—"Beautes des Dames." (Think of it—"Beautes des Dames.")

They were offered at the ridiculously advantageous bargain price of one and tenpence half-penny (I'm not quite sure that Mrs. C. S. wouldn't say half-penny—is a moot point). But what hat-pins those are! I dare say they would be a grey imitation of the fleur-de-lis at the unstabbing end of dull, hammered gold, and a sparkling diamond, or emerald, or ruby in the centre, and, in the Rue de la Paix they run to twenty louis apiece, but Birmingham—our great modern whore (methinks) manufacture—glibly prostitutes them at you at threepence three farthings, everything reproduced most meticulously. Threepence three farthings each! that is exactly what Mrs. C. S. paid. She didn't want more than three pins, and they wouldn't split the card, so she and the lady next door "clubbed together," and—as they remarked when dividing their purchase, "They get these things up so wonderfully nowadays you can scarcely tell the difference. I don't know how they can do it." And there I entirely agree with the worthy ladies. "I don't know how they can do it," this faithful Brum production at "three-three." Oh! but I see the splendour of it all the same, this wonderful oxymoron, this splendidly dull product, this full crammed void. Isn't it the real spirit? and essence of harlotry? Isn't it all conceived in olentini fornic? And between the lustrious leman of Lutetia and the brazen bitch of Birmingham is there any difference at all save in degree? Not the least very in the world, not the tiniest title or jot of difference!

Lord have mercy upon us.

Christ have mercy upon us.
The Clear Tongue plus Pindarism.

By T. K. L.

It occurs to me that one may as well anticipate the future. Yesterday Romains clarified the language, in tongue. To-day some few English poets begin to give us clear, bald, chaste wordings—Yeats, Massfield, Flint—you know the kind—

A man sat on the kitchen stove; it burned him severely. Goodbye! This is where I live with my wife and her domestic... I don't say that any one of them is as clarified as Romains—but they approach! The future, which is only to-morrow for men who live, is offering new modes—not to be rejected. They need nothing but a mentioning. Pindarism has been mentioned. Welcome Pindarism. Two cafés in France welcome Pindarism. At noon to-morrow you will all be scaling Olympus. To-day, to-morrow, will show you how to Pindarise it.

Romains is an Unanimiste, of excellence even among his order. He looks at you, groups you—you are grouped. With nothing between you, that you are merely an entity! You may not, in such a state, be sure that the Rhythms wish to have their nodes in you! You don't understand? Never mind. Romains understands. It is only that you are not yet used to clear language. I explain a little—the Rhythms have definite wishes! "Groups!" says Romains. "They show us that life...is an intensity between abatements...the first togethers take life by a sort of slow success, then they extinguish themselves without catastrophe. I illustrate this clear tongue. The crowd at a cock-fight gathers slowly—successfully if there are no police about. Then they extinguish themselves without catastrophe. You can't call a cock's extinction a catastrophe. They go home having betted away their week's wages as individuals—ask their wives!

Romains' prose is, I daresay, as yet super-clarified for general needs. He may even give the impression of fumbling—you are used to the obscure and find in the sudden white light, darkeness. Romains grips you by the nose—you are possibly insulted, your custom being to offer the hand—or possibly you think he fancies your nose your hand, or possibly you don't think at all.

Romains' poetry may take you easier. You are somewhat used to clarity in verse; Yeats has taught you—

Because I bade her go and clean the pots, She took that old book down out of the latch. Permit me to make it perfectly plain that Romains is only potentially a Pindarist—which is to say that he has not hitherto published any Pindaric stuff. I doubt not he has bags full of it. I doubt not that by noon to-morrow when you are all Pindarising, you will discover that midnight to-night has seen Paris heaped upon Olympus. Romains will have published his Pindarics! I do him brotherly service, and anticipate him in the translations which shall be offered here. If further justification be needed—consider! Pindar crowned his odes; Romains edifies his crowds. There is a distinction between the two poets, their epochs being remote from each other. Romains selects his crowds. Pindar had to take what was given him. Olympic cruises were all much alike; hence the odes, monotonous, uncomplex, beef-Celebrations. Romains might have sung the red song of crowds—Balkan armies—the blue song of crowds—Oxon and old Cam—the green song of crowds—Dublin—the yellow song of crowds—Park Lane, Pimms! He might have sung these mighty beefs enough! Pindar would have from force of habit. Romains sings the pale pink song of crowds—girls in "crocodile." Ah, you see that we have now the poet. I proceed to quote him, the best of comments!

The crocodile, still in by-byes, hears the rising bell ringing. It rubs its eyes and sits up in bed—

O bother, there's that old bell again! So, Destiny, thou doggest us swaying the fates of all directly, Miss Parkinson can stop in bed as long as she likes. But for us we recuse punctual, blissless. And we were dreaming of strawberies—Just got hold of the basket. Wherever's my chemise? O pitiful Mercury! discover me the thief—Then who didst bone Apollo's oxen? Restore a poor maiden her chemise! I always get into trouble through other people! I'm sorry, Miss Lee, but I really can't find it. Slept in it! Got it on! So I have! Lose a mark! Yes, Miss Lee.

(The aunt of Hera is on the chivy, kids!)

Romains uses all rhythms; wherefoare nothing is incongruous to him. To see there the poet! Naturally, where a man's kares employ what is his own, from hexamer to doggerel, he need not limit his subject. Romains achieves new epic. Pindar never got beyond ode—

Mademoiselle's going to take us for the walk. Blessed Aphrodite, beloved of Ares; careless of keen-eyed Brinny's grant. That Mademoiselle may take it into her head to visit Windsor, where her lover, le capitaine, is!

The smallest girls walk on in front. To save the pavement space. The high-school kisses the street—as such went—In boots of button and lace. They wend through squares without surprise, All as a river flows. The road's no sight for municipal eyes—It badly needs the rose! How the street loves the high-school! Demeter! didst teach Triptolemus Among other things. To make streets? Not otherwise might this street be so intelligent! The street loves the high-school Because of its (the latter's) air of a little crowd new-washed, Because it skips along like a little zephyr. Romains misses nothing. Nothing that concerns a school miss is alien to him. Some soldiers pass—Giggling crocodile pretends To poke the soldiers with the ends Of its umbrella. "Me! what is that you believe so shocking?" I re-porrt you on ze retour."

O Mam'miselle! I wasn't doing a thing! Daisy pushed my arm, didn't you, Daisy? Yes.

There is the whole psychology of the crowd. Liars to a girl. But what would you? Monsieur Romains is not inventing his crowd. He recreates its group—that is all. Despite one's manly aversion from damsels inaccessibly in the grip of a crocodile, one is intrigued by Romains' crocodile. Ah, the dainty emotions of it, the delicate collectiveness of Daisy! It turns out to be—Windsor.

They get in the train; their skirts modestly cover their boots. The high-school squeaks as the train starts. The train has more soul— and hoots!
They go out into the country and meet a flock of geese. What an eye has this Romains!—A long-drawn rhythm greets their ears, like puppies with the group—It is a little flock of geese that comes towards the group! Immobile on the brown earth, the two flocks coax each other far-off with profound thoughts and try prudently to get out of each other's way.

The poem touches you! Why not? Hear the ducks babble, hear the lark chatter. Alas! now they are parted, perhaps for ever—What a lot of silence there is, Daisy! The crocodile goes over a field and into a wood in collective expectation—

I say, do look at Mademoiselle; she's red as the torrid zone! What's happened? what—what—O, I say, do tell me! Can't you see, stupid? There's le capitaine in a car all alone! He, he! Kee, kes! Kee-he-he-he-he!

Each man thinks himself alone, says Romains, and each thinks the other alone. But behold—a group! The high-school salutes its friend in collective expectation—

Touche, toffice, we implore
Captain Joy of the skivvy Corps!
No beastly little toe-guard be,
Keverly, keverly, kevercle!
He picks the queen's pup up,
And guards the king's knee.
Captain Joy of the Valetrous Corps:
Cheer him for toffice—he'll give us some more!

Victorious forty-power car.
Heem we célébrer, thy owner, by divine descent
From thee the fortune-cherished sons of Hermes!
Father of Light-fingered schemers!
Teach us to extract toffice from thee pockets! The Fig! He's gone right on!

Mees! I sink you forget you very muchly!
Allons! Ve mezze retour 'ome.

Mon dieu! qu'est que ça?
O mam'selle, here comes the whole army!

You discern? The troops were out in attendance on His Most Gracious. The gallant captain had had a break-down and was now racing into Windsor like blazes. Romains lets the new crowd pass, collective, one soul from those the fortune-cherished sons of Hermes! He's gone right on!

"It is in some respect unfortunate," he says, "that co-operators have been obliged to adopt current terms like 'profit' and 'dividend,' for the use of these words has led to much misconception." Yet his very explanation shows that there is no such thing as "saving," in mutual shop-keeping to manufacturing; even if we admit that the word "saving" is applicable to the store movement the dividend that its members receive is actually the "reward of abstinence." Why the consumer should be rewarded any more than the abstainer or the producer, is not clear; but as Mr. Redfern offers some new definitions of economic terms, it may be worth while to examine them.

There would be no need to notice this book in The New Age if it did not illustrate so admirably the fundamental infirmities of the wage-system. As a history of the growth of the Co-operative Wholesale Society, it has the merit of being interesting, particularly to co-operators; and the facts that the author is the editor of the "Wheathead," and that the book is "The Jubilee History of the C.W.S., Ltd.," give it at least an official authority. But the principles it enunciates, and the terms it misuses, reveal the poverty of imagination of modern co-operators. At its inception, co-operation meant "not trading and accumulating, but producing and enjoying;" co-operation was primarily invoked for the purposes of production. The movement, owing to exceptional difficulties at the time, not the least of which was an unbounded belief in the efficacy of phrases, collapsed; but, says Mr. Redfern, "even if these causes had been removed there would still have remained a more potent root of failure. This was the old idea of the superiority of production, which led these co-operators to organise labour first and search for consumers afterwards. The newer co-operation succeeds by organising and rewarding the consumer, and afterwards employing labour." This, of course, a reversal of the original idea of co-operation; and the idea of "rewarding the consumer" is, of course, in contradiction to the now discarded definition of the consumer's interest, "the reward of abstinance." Why the consumer should be rewarded any more than the abstainer or the producer, is not clear; but as Mr. Redfern offers some new definitions of economic terms, it may be worth while to examine them.

"It is in some respects unfortunate," he says, "that co-operators have been obliged to adopt current terms like 'profit' and 'dividend,' for the use of these words has led to much misconception." Yet his very explanation shows that there is no such thing as "saving," in mutual shop-keeping to manufacturing; even if we admit that the word "saving" is applicable to the store movement, the dividend that its members receive is actually the "reward of consumption," and is only possible because of the existence of the wage-system and have no part in the control of production. The purpose of the C.W.S. was to eliminate the "profit" of the middleman by purchasing in large quantities from the producers, and thus to affect a "saving" for its members. It is clear that co-operation effected no change in the economic condition of the producers; and as profit is simply the surplus value produced over and above the cost of subsistence of the producer, the C.W.S. from the beginning has only diverted some of the profit of production for the reward of the consumers. When the C.W.S. was compelled, by a number of causes to undertake manufacture for its members, it left untouched the economics of production. In the first instance it put itself (or its members) in the place of the middleman; in the second, it put itself (or its members) in the place of the manufacturing employer. But, in both cases, it obtained "profit," and merely calling profit "saving," does not affect its real nature. The "saving" was possible only because labour

Views and Reviews.

"The Story of the C.W.S." By Percy Redfern.
(C.W.S. 3s. 6d. net.)
could be bought as a commodity at an average cost of subsistence. That M. Fothergill Robinson should be able to say, in "The Spirit of Association," that "the Stores may therefore be said to have very generally adopted the usual existing type of relationship between employers and employed," is a proof that the newer co-operation is not really distinguishable from a joint-stock company.

But if the newer co-operation has reversed the old order of co-operation, it finds itself in opposition to any organisation of producers. In Ireland, for example, the Irish Agricultural Organisation Society (which is primarily a society for co-operative production) fought until it defeated the C.W.S. in the control of the dairy-farming of Ireland. Mr. Redfern, very probably, thought that the I.A.O.S. 'neatly reversed the business of the consumer going to the producer to buy at the first cost by substituting a going to the consumer to secure the last price.

Indeed, while production for profit remains, there is no co-operation, it is clear, cannot destroy it. Co-operation in production necessarily means the "last price," just as co-operation in consumption means, as far as possible, the "first cost." But neither application of the co-operative principle of solving the economic problem of the day; for the wage-system persists in both cases if the consumers win, the producers suffer; if the producers win, the consumers suffer; and the employees of both bodies remain employees whatever happens.

There is, of course, no accusation against the co-operative movement as employers. M. Fothergill Robinson, in the work previously cited, says: "It is sometimes asserted that in the past the English stores underpaid their managers and shop-hands. And at the present time, however, co-operators may be said, generally speaking, to be good employers, paying at least trade union rates of wages and making reasonable arrangements with regard to hours of work and conditions of employment. In connection with this point, it is interesting to recall the fact that co-operators were the first to institute the weekly half-holiday, which has recently been enforced by law. It is, indeed, claimed, and probably with justice, that co-operative hours and general conditions compare favourably with those of the outside world. It is, however, a significant fact that the employees have formed a strong trade union to protect their interests, and the vigorous campaign which has been carried on to secure success by the Women's Guild to secure a minimum wage is indicative of a movement.

Moreover, the store which has been quoted as an example of the co-operative organisation of com-

consumers may find considerable opposition if it does not depart from the capitalist economics that it now maintains. To such a body, with a slightly better tradition than competitive industry has, the principles of the National Guild system might appeal; for the interests of producers and consumers cannot be reconciled while the wage-system remains. To a fusion between the trade unions and the co-operative movement we might look for the nucleus of a Guild; but while the co-operators regard profits as savings there is not much hope for them.

A. E. R.

Art.

Over Production in the Graphic Arts.

By Anthony M. Ludovici.

I HAVE been treating lately of the depression in the prestige of the graphic arts, and it occurs to me that something perhaps has conducted more to this depression than the vice of over-production. I forget for the moment the precise number of important pictures that a Royal Academy, and an annual volume of academic work on canvas or paper may send to the annual exhibition at Burlington House; but, even if that number be only three (and I feel certain that it is more and not less), it is obviously ridiculous to expect the whole batch to be works of art every time—and for the reason that an important work of art ought to be something essentially in the nature of an amputation, a generation, a loss of blood, and that it is absurd to expect any man, however genial to survive three really severe amputations and bleedings annually throughout his adult life. If he really did survive the process for ten years, he would be a maimed cripple at the end of the time.

But among the artists I know, and have known, how many do you suppose would think three good, necessary and inevitable pictures sufficient for his painter's output? Not one! The number of canvases which get covered during the twelvemonths in one studio, and which the owner of that studio regards as important works of art, is sometimes so enormous that, even in the spectator of a trustful turn of mind, some suspicion must be roused, when he looks first on the mass of work and then at its robust and hearty generator. He cannot help asking himself: How much blood can this possible generator yield? How much would he in such work have?

There are certain kinds of animals whose period of gestation is exceedingly rapid, and whose powers of reproduction are exceedingly high. Among these kinds of animals we find chiefly vermin, parasites, low orders of mammals, cold-blooded inhabitants of the water, and microbes. A great creature, a valuable and noble organism as a result of a species is definitely a generation, a loss of blood; and inevitable pictures a sufficient number for his year's output? Not one! The number of canvases which get covered during the twelvemonths in one studio, and which the owner of that studio regards as important works of art, is sometimes so enormous that, even in the spectator of a trustful turn of mind, some suspicion must be roused, when he looks first on the mass of work and then at its robust and hearty generator. He cannot help asking himself: How much blood can this possible generator yield? How much would he in such work have?

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runs the risk of having his offspring drowned, or at
the very least, merely despised by kind-hearted people.
Over-production, however, cannot be a cause in itself.
Something must have declined besides the mere period of
gestation, and that is the demand made upon the
offspring itself as a completed article. If an artist
finds it no longer necessary to go about for many days,
not to say weeks, maturing his conception, enriching
it daily with his imagination, and gathering strength
for the final act of parturition, it is simply owing to the
fact that two unwelcome new principles have entered
into the domain of the graphic arts. In the first place
a certain impatience and irritability in the presence of
so-called natural beauty, which I believe to be the
result of the generally terrifying ugliness of modern
environment and modern people; and secondly a
degradation of the artistic creation into a mere act of
feebly honest reproduction or transcription of reality
for the spectator.
To speak of the former principle first, it is obvious
that if beauty were a more frequent occurrence in our
mode of living, the uncontrollable nervous spasm which thou-
sands of people, quite incapable of artistic production,
now feel in the presence of anything which is at all
unlike the slum or suburb of a modern city, or the
typical urban dweller, would be considerably mitigated.
The unfortunate fact of genuineness—the utterly commonplace mistake this nervous spasm
for an artistic lust of expression. They might just as
well imagine that the shock of their cold bath makes
artists of them. In all probability more than two-
thirds of mediocrities in the arts at the present day is
due to this misunderstanding. But these people who suffer from this nervous spasm in
the presence of what they conceive to be beauty, would
never venture to interpret it falsely were it not for the
prevalence of the second principle which, with the help
of every modern contrivance from the Kodak to the
pochade box, induces them to believe that a mere
photographic or plastic snap-shot of the thing that
excites them constitutes a work of art. What is
there for a man to resist the momentary lust for in-
stantaneous expression and to gather strength from
resisting it; what need is there for him to carry his
conception for long beneath his heart, to let it mature
and become some day: if, like the Aphides, he can print his brood at so many per day?
It would be an arduous and complicated undertaking
to trace exactly how the public, as also the very critics
themselves, have come to regard this fatile multiplication
of mere or competent transcripts of worldly
facts as art. For it is so easy to explain the stupid
repetition ad infinitum is of the civilised world's common little-tattle by the various organs of the daily Press.
No wonder a man can preserve both his health and
his vigour while producing any God's quantity of such
dull stuff! No wonder he can live to a great age, be a
cheerful and urbane dinner companion or society man,
and tread on nobody's corns to boot, when, provided
he have the usual modest modicum of technical skill,
he can lead a life which differs in no material respect
from that of the ordinary studio camera or snap-shot
Kodak.
Old age, or an accident, is the only thing that can
ever impair his constitution. If, however, to-morrow
the world and its benighted shepherds was to realise
suddenly that art is something more vital than
the camera or the Kodak can produce; if it began to
understand that serious art is the earnest endeavour
to discover, to lay stress upon, and to produce things of
quality—necessitating month after month of travelling
in Morocco or Switzerland, in picturesque Scotland or
historic Italy can lay bare to the seeker if he himself be
not, in the first place, a man of quality, thousands
would have to drop out of the ranks of "artists" straightaway; nor would there be many to band to fill
their places.
The true seeker after quality could not be a society
man as society is constituted to-day. He could not be
a tame entertainer at fashionable functions; nor could
he help treading upon people's cons; for part of the
process of seeking out quality consists in eschewing,
or actually routing, those quarters where it is absent.
But everything is becoming easier. Soon it will be
quite a simple matter to be a genius, and maybe, if we
only live long enough, we shall see the Prix de
Rome awarded, not to a woman as it was this year,
but to an infant in long clothes. Perhaps my critics
will reply that there is serious effort and also earnest
eavour in spite of all this over-production of mere
transcripts in the graphic arts, but I do not deny this.
Any order of human occupation, however, is
pursued with earnestness—think of golf, for instance!
But how precisely does this earnestness show itself to-
day in the graphic arts? It is to be found only in
maters of technique; only in the means; it does not
concern itself with the kind of thing to be produced,
but with the mode of production. You will have
observed that almost every recent sensation in the
world of art, from the innovations of the Pointillistes
to the revolting anarchy of the Futurists, has been a
matter of a new technique, a new fancy, so to speak,
in the manner of laying on the paint. And even here
the changes have not constituted a general movement
towards perfected drawing and perfected craftsmanship
in the use of colour, which, indeed, would have
been worth while, for it would have prepared the way
for the true artist, and would have laid perfected
weapons in his hands; it has been rather a stampe in
search of pure novelty for novelty's sake. In our days
of self-advertisement and laudatory paragraphs, however,
novelty must consist of something that the vulgar
can understand. Thus it must not be a new quality, a new
virtue, or an old one resuscitated to sudden perfection;
it must be a mere trick of the brush or of the lens, a
simple new feat of legerdemain, which every smoke-
sidden suburbanite can comprehend at a glance, and
over which he can exclaim amid a circle of admiring
grown-up and cultured daughters: "How wonderful!
How could the fellow do it? I couldn't, could you?"
Inarticulateness in answer to this question is the proof
of excellence in the work discussed.

Drama.
By John Francis Hope.

Since writing my last article, I have seen Mr. John
Galsworthy's "The Fugitive" at the Court Theatre;
and as I do not really like writing of drama in the
abstract, or stating principles apart from concrete
examples, I shall describe this play to the consideration
of this play. Some years ago, a little girl was intro-
duced to me with the remark that she had written some
verses. I looked at her very sternly, and asked:
"What do you mean by it?" Naturally enough, the
poor child could not tell me. But when Mr. Gals-
worthy was asked, by the "Observer," what he meant
by "The Fugitive," he said: "All that I can say
concerning the story of the play is that 'the fugitive' is
a woman lying in the face of the world. I leave people
to draw their own morals." Mr. Galsworthy's descrip-
tion is much more dramatic than his play; Clare
Dedmond contra mundum ought to be a drama for the
gods; but as always with Mr. Galsworthy, the anta-
gonists are not well matched. Clare Dedmond is that
hopelessly inefficient type of woman that can do nothing
but be the wife of a man, and cannot do even that well.
Until she had been under medical treatment, or had
borne a child (she is only the modern "hopelessly ineffi-
cient" woman), Clare Dedmond never acquired the
ability that no system of relationships other than imaginary ones would suit her. To put such
a woman in conflict with the world, is one of those
instinctively brutal and undramatic things that Mr.
Galsworthy is always doing. The Fugitive, as I have
said, is without antagonists, and Clare Dedmond is only the last example of Mr. Galsworthy's invertebrate
creations.
It is really no part of criticism to enlarge the issues
of a play; but I find "The Fugitive" so parochial in
itself, that to preserve my good temper I am compelled to regard it only as a symbol. I must talk of what the play makes me think about, rather than what it is or actually says; indeed, to excuse myself to myself for having wasted an afternoon over it, I must supply it with a background of the facts of life. Having done so, I must get sex off the stage, and all that sex means. It is a commonplace of psychology that consciousness intensifies whatever sensation may be the cause of it; and without the will to preserve order among our conscious sensations, the direction of consciousness is random. If any one of them can only result in mental instability. There is a use for convention, properly understood; it is a psychological discipline, the effect of which is to concentrate consciousness on those factors of life that society regards as imperative. If for this reason one can judge society by its conventions; it reveals thereby its apprehension of the purpose and object of life. Conventions do arrange an order of importance among the instinctive factors of life; they do direct the judgment. But what I want to get round to is this: the spinster in Shaw's "Getting Married" was given to the world, there has been the "intellectuals" are at last realising that the world is hard, and moments in which he is filled with what he calls "happiness," said Mrs. Malaprop. Heep) who tells Clare Dedmond all the usual rubbish. The Devil laughed, not, as most authorities on satanic cachinnation have represented him as laughing, sardonically; but the "intellectuals" are at last beginning to feel the "call of the home"; the prodigal is at last realising that this is here and offers prodigals only the husks that the swine do eat. "The Fugitive" offers us no more than this at present; but I expect Mr. Galsworthy, during the course of another century or so, to write "The Return of Nora." We have had a surfeit of plays in which the woman responds to the power of abstract terms; and Clare Dedmond, like most other heroines, feels herself in "prison," and longs for "freedom." I am crediting Mr. Galsworthy with all my own ideals, so I may remark on the satirical subtlety that lurks in the fact that it is a journalist (looking remarkably like Uriah Heep) who tells Clare Dedmond all the usual rubbish. The "bird in the cage," "the soul in prison," and all the rest of the clichés are used by the journalist; and Clare at last flies from those ill she has to others that she knows not of. She is without money, of course; all heroines flying from oppression are without money; and she comes to the journalist for advice. She seems to be debarred from every occupation by ignorance, and be debarred from every occupation by ignorance, and is, indeed, to excuse myself to myself for excusing myself to myself for excusing myself to myself for excusing myself to myself. "And love is more cruel than lust," is morbid psychology with a grain of truth in it. Marriage was ordained, indeed, according to the Prayer Book, "for the mutual society, help, and comfort, that the one ought to have of the other, both in prosperity and adversity"; and if anyone imagines that that state of imperative and shameless self-revealing that we call "love" is a preparation for marriage, I can only say that he is incapable of recognising incompatibilities. The domestic affections are of a different order, and are not necessarily allied with love. I have not said much about "The Fugitive," because it really deals as a play of importance. The problem that Mr. Galsworthy proposes is not a spiritual one; the "world" is not really a world, but a number of psychological, physiological, and economical considerations that cannot be efficiently treated on the stage. Why Clare Dedmond married without persisting (in her own person or by proxy) on a settlement, is not really a problem: Mr. Galsworthy, being a "realist," had to forget realities like that. Why Clare Dedmond, being a clergyman's daughter, and one of a large family, should be utterly ignorant of any means of earning an honest living, is not really a problem; Mr. Galsworthy wanted to have that "realistic" scene in the restaurant, and he did not want it to be supposed that Clare Dedmond could earn it by prostitution, which he knew was not an incentive for married women, because of economic reasons. Why George Dedmond did not put his wife in the hands of a doctor, is not really a problem: Mr. Galsworthy wanted to write a play. But I think that problem that are capable of a practical solution do not need to be stated in so strong a form; there is not a phrase of life, but a contemplation of it, as expressed by character. From the artistic point of view, there are literary obligations on the dramatist that Mr. Galsworthy does not fulfil. Art is an expression, and we are not justified in reading into commonplaces subtleties of meaning or beauties of thought that are not thereby expressed. The language must be commensurate with the thought, and we can only deduce from the fact that the language is commonplace the inference that the thought is of a like nature.

Pastiche.

HIGH LIFE IN HELL, OR THE BETTER MOMENTS OF BEELZEBUB.

The Devil laughed, not, as most authorities on satanic cachinnation have represented him as laughing, sardonically, but kindly and in high good humour. "Mr. Galsworthy is a much milder man and has, like others, moments in which he is filled with what various originally-minded young men have termed "the milk of human kindness." Doubtless at the other pole of existence... but no blasphemy.

On the particular day that I am describing the cause of His Majesty's serene temper was that he was enjoying the perusal of the works of the late ingenious M. Alphonse Allais. Seated comfortably in his easiest Bunsen-burner
PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.

Now, in our thoughts the awful question lies,
What is it that we do? No answer flies.
It more returns as we become in sense
Just conscious of each minute in suspense.
Our mind with storm in hours of night is filled;
Our brows on mocking bounds of day are bent.
Life's noxious joys we leave within her tent;
We greet the pious morning full of spite.
Then we condemn our soul for each and all,
When, driven mad, we would fly to sun,
For she is more a plague than Devil's band.
On sweets of penance having richly fed
We find in moral luxury a bed,
But full of love for earthly bridegroom's side,
But stay and weep, so bold has faith begun,
But hungry lions of evil on us tread
Abandoned on this barren soil of mind,
In agony of fear we meet the dead.
Allais.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

SINGLE TAX.

Sir,—Your long reply to my letter appearing in The New Age of September 19th, was an invitation on my part to an inducement to continue the discussion, always remembering I am a "fanatic" on the subject of taxing land values, and I have thought much about the reason. I dare say there are readers of The New Age who would look on it as a useful publication if it were not so drowsily fanatic on the subject of Guild Socialism, and probably Free Traders, Tariff Reformers, Conscriptors, and Home Rulers would make more headway if they did not allow their fanaticism to be such a sad handicap. A charge of fanaticism is the most effective tribute to sincerity forced from opponents who have a preference for the ad hominem methods of argument.

But the madness of March hares was scarcely more deplorable than the want of intelligence which persists in arguing the land question as if it dealt only with agriculture. Worse follies are committed in assuming that Socialism, and probably Free Traders, Tariff Reformers, and Capital is what the Single Taxer means by "land value." It is a puerile question to ask me if I have ever "heard of manure." A charge of fanaticism is the most effective tribute to sincerity forced from opponents who have a preference for the ad hominem methods of argument.

It would appear that in your effort to coin new terms for the "new conception of society," the "land," upon which towns are built, and on which capital and labor are considered, but you have some other phrase up your sleeve which suits better the "new conception." It is a subtle way of trying to cloak the fact, or moral fact, that land values applies to all land having a value, whether in town or country, and that the man it evokes to deal with is the holding out of use, or if the owners demand an excessive price, interest for the use of his land. Builders, smallholders, ironworkers, quarrymen, coal-miners are all in the same position. They are all dependent on the landowner's idea of what they should pay for the use of the land.

As you confess that the "fine distinction between rent and interest" does not concern you, I can understand your disinclination to enter into the argument. The natural element of land and the products which are the result of applying human labour to land. But no blind-ness on your part can shut other people's eyes to the fact that access to land is a condition of all existence. No one can get employment unless he uses land. Builders will be out of employment if building land is withheld. Farmers, smallholders, ironworkers, quarrymen, coal-miners are all in the same position. They are all dependent on the landowner's idea of what they should pay for the use of the land.

Some examples will show what I mean. In Hampshire, strawberry-growing was undertaken on furze land, the land rated at £1 per annum, and new-comers 10s. an acre, and new-comers ran down such land as if it dealt only with agriculture. Their motto is "The State has set up a scheme of buying land for small-holdings, and it has broken down. Why? Because a constitutional war against the landowners, for rents have risen and interest has been too high even for the least productive land available to him without payment of rent. They have reached subsistence level because in this and other important respects there is no agricultural land available without payment of rent. It is all owned by someone or other, and the terms demanded by the owners are such as to take from the producer all save..."
enough to allow him to live and reproduce his species. In fact, the greater part of land is withheld from use in order to create the rent. To raise wages far beyond the subsistence level it is only necessary to force into use the limitless natural resources now withheld, and provide the least productive land to which men need resort will give a big return to labour without payment of rent. That is not to say rent would not be paid, for only the land that produced income would still command a rent—only the rent would belong to the community as a whole in public services, with all other taxation abolished. This is the Single Tax, or instalment of the above policy by placing some taxation on all land values would have corresponding effects.

To return to illustration you would give "annuities" to those who prevent production on strawberry land, lead mines, small holdings, and towland, and you would of course give some serious flippings of rating and taxing all the improvements these would-be producers would make. I would tax and rate the value of all the land, and rigidly exempt the improvements from rates and taxes, and I leave you and your readers to judge whether under this plan "prostituts" would continue in the possession of their present economic privileges, A system relevant to the nature of wages. Wages, with the definition of wages as the residue after rent, interest, and profits have been subtracted from the total product. And this cost is roughly equal to the cost of the production of labour—wages, with the cost of the raw material called labour. And this cost is roughly equal to the cost of the production of labour—wages, with the cost of the raw material called labour.

In commending the taxation of land values I have only one more word to add for Mr. Fels's communication. That he has not yet done us the honour of reading our articles on the National Guilds is obvious to his cursory reading of our case. For example, we have never suggested that the Guilds should hold, and provide conditions in which the least productive land to which men need resort will give a high return. The nature of rent is similarly a subject of gross error. The nature of rent is similarly a subject of gross error. Mr. Fels admits this himself by stating that, even if the rent were paid to the State instead of to the private owner. The proceeds from rent will enable the State to abolish any other form of taxation. Supposing it does, how will better off will the wage system. To abolish the class of the proletariat the contrary, capital would be no less necessary than it is today. In other words, with all the free access to land (at a rent, mark you, or profits for his present employers) still be barred from its effective use unless they could raise—that is, pay interest on the capital necessary. Why, we know, and probably Mr. Fels knows too, of plenty of evidence for the truth of whatever—good land, too! The only obstacle to its use by the proletariat is the provision of capital. But that obstacle, if it exists, and in one form or another rents have not been charged, would obviously remain when the preliminary enclosure of a rent was also to be negotiated. In short, interest and profits would still bar the free access to land, even if rent were paid to the State instead of to the private owner.

We will not leave the subject without a solution, however, though we have discussed it many times before. In our proposals for the establishment of National Guilds, the factors of rent, interest, and profits are all there abolished, together with wages of production for profit (or profit and wages) which is the present system of industry, implies the existence of two classes—a class that owns land and tools and a class that owns nothing. The abolition of this institution, the payment of subsistence wages to the proletariat in return for the product of their labour operating on land with tools, is the only obstacle to the elimination of other taxation. In our opinion, be sufficient warrant without purpose from rates and taxes, and I leave you and your readers to judge whether under this plan "prostituts" would continue in the possession of their present economic privileges. A system relevant to the nature of wages. Wages, with the definition of wages as the residue after rent, interest, and profits have been subtracted from the total product. And this cost is roughly equal to the cost of the production of labour—wages, with the cost of the raw material called labour. And this cost is roughly equal to the cost of the production of labour—wages, with the cost of the raw material called labour.

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quotations from The New Age; still less were the conclusions drawn from them ours. We have never suggested that by vesting the ownership of land and capital in the State, the State may become the recipient of Rent any more than of Interest or Profit. The monopoly of labour-power in the Guild is a sufficient guarantee against this. By virtue, however, of its suzerainty, the State may "mandate" the performance of these functions, to regulate their own industry, and to look after the industrial well-being of their members—in return for a pro rata contribution (or levy) from each Guild towards the annual national civic Budget.

We are quite as sorry if we have misrepresented Syndicalism as we are that Mr. Wilshe should have misrepresented the National Guild System. We are open to him for an authoritative exposition.—Ed., N.A.]

THE INSURANCE ACT.

Sir,—I see you say in last week's issue that the cry for making the Insurance Act voluntary—which if it can once be heard will be replied to all over the country—will be met by the Chancellor of the Exchequer in this way: He will propose that the Act shall be still compulsory but free, that is, that all charges shall be met out of taxation. You give the parallel of that compulsory school system which is now proceeding at work in this country.

I doubt the possibility of any such a State, and I am certain that if it were made in a moment of madness by a desperate man that man would be defeated. The Poll Tax was imposed upon the people by an understanding between the two Front Benches. That is, by an order given from the paymasters. It was specifically ordered, and was all known at the beginning of the session, that the payer was to be limited to a very small proportion, that proportion being swallowed up in salaries for the new offices. In other words, the subscribers to the Secret Party Funds of both parties sign, "You may add an insignificant fraction to taxation—part of which will fall upon us—and your reward shall be increased patronage. But you shall only add an insignificant fraction. The rest shall be paid for out of our profits, interest, or rent, but by the wage earners themselves."

Had not this been the attitude of the paymasters nothing could have been simpler than to put on the Income Tax (the equivalent of the portion nominally paid by the employers) to the Incomes. A millionaires who own parks and sporting land could act against the orders of their paymasters and defy the people who pull the strings; they have always gone under. Looking round the professionals of the present moment, I see none who are of a temperament to risk such a fall, let alone of a capacity to achieve success in such a struggle; and the power of the paymasters who have the poorer politicians at their mercy is far greater than ever it was before at Westminster.

No: the difficulty will be in getting the voluntary principle properly mentioned in the Press, or clearly put forward as his chief matter on the platform of even one candidate. If it can once be got a hearing it will win, and nothing serious will be opposed to it. The difficulty will be the breaking down of the boycott.

H. BELLOC.

SABOTAGE.

Sir,—As, apparently, the bone of contention between Mr. Henry Lascelles and "Syndicalists" was my reference to Syndicalism as one of the methods to be adopted by Syndicalists in order to obtain possession of the various industries, in your issue of July 17, kindly allow me to say a few words further about the subject, or at least to that extent it was an indication that I had done you "the honour of reading" your articles. I suggest that you turn the compliment, and when you comment on Syndicalism quote exactly what they say.

GAYLORD WILSHIRE.
fluences which would assuredly follow perseverance by the
Sabotage I advocated," it would ennoble and strengthen
the characters of those practising it, requiring as it would,
courage and brains to carry out successfully the ideas
underlying this doctrine!

I should, however, be pleased if our friend, Mr. Las-
calles would give us his reasons for thinking that the
practice of Sabotage would weaken the workers, arsenals
and physically, as probably there are some points over-
looked by us in our advocacy; and no harm, but much
profit, may come from an intelligent discussion of the
subject. 

REMARKS.

THE WILSON ADMINISTRATION.

Sir,—Mr. David Lamb is an ingenious controversialist.
From my article published in your issue of August 28 he
quotes the words: "The prestige of the Wilson Admin-
istration began to decline within a week of the election,"
and then he writes the rest of his letter as if I had
spoken of Dr. Wilson personally. Clever, eh? My
statement was quite correct, and even the Democratic
newspapers that support the Wilson Cabinet have been
confirming it ever since it was made. The Wilson Cabinet
has declined for reasons I have already given; but chiefly
because of Mr. Bryce's ''The World, As I See It," whose
approval of the Democratic Party is beyond ques-
tion, is the latest to express its regret at Mr. Bryan's attitude,
and to his new salary. I say a salary of $1,000 a year if only he will stop complaining
about his earnings and attend to the duties of his office.
Mr. Bryan, the man whom he-which he means to the
average American, Republican or Democrat, that the
curry sauce dared not put him forward as the candidate
at the last Presidential election, and his appointment as First
Minister was regarded everywhere in the United
States as a joke. Any Administration would suffer from
such an attitude on the part of the public towards so
important an officer as the Secretary of State.

As for Dr. Wilson himself, that is quite another matter,
and one on which I did not touch. I must say, however,
that I should indeed make a hash of my weekly article
on Foreign affairs if I allowed myself to be guided by the
leaders in the "Times" and Mr. Wilson's talents for govern-
ment may be seen in his books. I should put him on a
level with Mr. Lloyd George—he is a trifle more senten-
tive; but otherwise the parallel is fairly good. The
papers of his own party naturally praise him, exactly as
the Liberal Press here praise Mr. Lloyd George; and
even the Opposition will occasionally give him credit.
Nevertheless, he is simply a tool in the hands of much
more important people, as he was when he was Governor
of New Jersey. Where does Mr. Lamb imagine his elec-
tion expenses came from?

Dr. Wilson has not settled the tariff question. And if
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formulated the principle of persecution for the guidance of future generations." Mr. Belloc himself is constrained to admit that one cannot argue that inaccuracy in the statement of dates abolishes the opposition expressed, or, I may add, anything else; and in this work of a nature, which obviously is not a book of reference, the defect is so trivial that it is scarcely worth while drawing attention to it. Mr. Belloc's manner of proceeding precludes him from drawing the conclusion that Professor Bury "is selling bad goods." If the dates are not important, then the inaccuracy of their statement does not invalidate the opinions expressed (by the way, I do not know where Professor Bury in this book can find an opinion, favourably (or unfavourably, of the Trinity), then the opinions expressed are not invalidated. The book may be read for what it is, "the hotch-potch introduction to the subject.

In conclusion, I may say that I do not feel compelled to adopt Mr. Belloc's creed of opposition to academic historians, as such. If Mr. Belloc's judgment of them is all justified, I am well qualified to be one myself.

And says, "there is the contradiction. If all is Infinite Mind, and that she only refers to matter and the material world as being a false view of the infinite manifestation of the Infinite Mind.

It is nonsense for your reviewer to say that the philosophy of Christian Science is not necessary, because matter appears absolutely real to the human consciousness; but, as Huxley intimated, it is not necessary by proving it. Neither is the Christian Science philosophy contradicted by the fact of Science healing, because the very basis of that healing is the assumption that all illness is, as matter, a mental manifestation that appears real to the human consciousness, but is unreal in the ultimate sense of reality. Your reviewer says the essential fact is not the perfection of God. It may not be so to him, but it is the essential fact of the philosophy of Christian Science, and its standard of reality is God and His infinite manifestation, which it assumes is spiritual and perfect. Hence, if the basic assumption of Christian Science is correct all else is unreal and only appears real to the human consciousness.

It is nonsense for your reviewer to say that the philosophy of Christian Science is not intelligible to him. It is perfectly intelligible to those people who have adopted it, and to everybody who takes the trouble to consider it sufficiently to understand it. My offer was not an offer for the sake of bettering the cause of truth; but because I knew if he had the courage to deal with it seriously, he would be obliged to give sufficient thought to the subject to understand it, and would then have to acknowledge that it is not contradictory and cannot be proved unsound, whether he agrees with it or not.

As evidence of my good faith I agree not only to withdraw my book from circulation, but also to pay the sum of $100 to the President of the British Medical Association if you, in renewing your challenge, or anyone else on their behalf, can prove the philosophy of Christian Science to be contradictory, and therefore unsound.

I press the issue because my experiences of the past five years have given me abundant evidence that the foolish and misleading attacks on Christian Science mean the unnecessary sacrifice of human life and the equally unnecessary continuance of human suffering.

Your reviewer may be justified in thinking that the British Medical Association will not investigate Christian Science because of its vested interest in allopathy, but that is no excuse for the failure of responsible men who know they have to defend Christian Science, to withdraw their attacks, or for the issue of a misleading report on the subject of spiritual healing.

I have drawn attention in my last letter to the fact that in nearly every city of importance in the United States Christian Science has long been a recognised system of healing: that in the various States in which the medical profession has published bills for the like purpose for years, academies of healing have rejected the bills on the ground that they have been promoted in the interests of the medical profession and not the interests of truth.

Have the attacks on Christian Science in England been made in the interests of the public or in the interests of the medical profession, and in renewing his challenge Mr. Lea was not justified in starting from which to start. For example, his sporting offer (which he has now increased to $100) asks me, or any other person, to prove a negative, a feat which, as every one in logic knows, is an impossible one. Besides, the rule is that the onus of proof always lies upon those who affirm, not upon those who deny; and it is enough for me to say, and to offer reason and evidence in support of the assertion (as I have done), that Mr. Lea has not proved his case, to end the matter so far as I am concerned. The rule is that the onus of proof lies upon the party who asserts that Christian Science is not a false view of the material world, and that is Mr. Lea means by "proof"; by what method he arrives at his conclusions remains a mystery to me; and I might go on for years arguing the matter without ever offering anything that Mr. Lea would regard as proof. Besides, who is to judge when I have proved my case? Mr. Lea and myself are members of a body of interested parties, and therefore not really entitled to decide the question. The validity of Christian Science philosophy must be proven by those who affirm it; it cannot be proved by default, nor can the public judge on the part of those who do not accept it to attempt the hopeless task of proving a negative.

In my review, I met Mr. Lea on his own ground. He argued that the philosophy of Christian Science was not proved by the cures effected by Christian Scientists. I showed in the article, and in my subsequent letters, that there is no apparent copula between the two systems, that they do not stand in a relation of cause and effect to each other. For if the cures prove the truth of Christian Science philosophy, then the onus of proof is thrown upon the party who asserts that the philosophy is false; and there are failures, admitted by Mr. Lea as well as by other writers. This was the only instance of evidential reasoning offered by Mr. Lea, and by showing its unsoundness, I destroyed his argument for Christian Science philosophy. I do not claim to have disproved Christian Science philosophy, but I do claim to have rendered Mr. Lea's argument for it. But we differ so in understanding the nature and meaning of evidence that Mr. Lea would never reply to anything that I have said, and still calls upon me to disprove Christian Science philosophy. We simply cannot understand each other.

To come to the question of the philosophy itself. It is the old, old difference between a metaphysical and scientific method; that makes us unintelligible to each other. Let me quote a passage from
Achilles's essay on the "Diseases of Individuality." Personality, he says, "is the highest form of individuality. In order to explain this attribute, which metaphysical psychology recognizes, we must state that science is satisfied with the hypothesis of an ego; that is, a perfect unity, simple and identical. Unfortunately, however, this is an abstract, and lower than a truism, as a basis of a solution. Unless we attribute to this ego a supernatural origin, it will be necessary to explain how it is born, since it must be the product of contemplation and experiment. Experimental psychology does not propose the solution in the same manner, or treat it according to the same methods. Experimental psychology learns from natural scientists that it is impossible to determine the characteristics of individuality, even of those creatures that are by far less complex than human persons. Hence it is necessary for us to make neither assumptions nor generalizations. We are compelled to derive our knowledge of illness, for example, from the study of the perfect ego. And indeed, if we are encumbered with a general concept that adds nothing to our knowledge, as we may term it, we are thereby deprived of all knowledge of individuality, even of those denizens of this technique were inherited. "Both assonance and rhyme . . . beautifully mingled," were familiar to the Elizabethans and, as a poet, as A.D. 1900. The game was not invented in Britain.

It does not advance the discussion to misapply what I say technical terms, and to pretend that I am speaking about the technical terms. When I come to the question of vorticism, the French had François Villon, and the English have never been able to follow him in poetical rhyme.

Replying to Mr. Fanning: I think St. Colum was at some time in England. He was, assuredly, in Scotland, which is near to the island. And even if I should have written "Islands," is not the greatest "English Poet" of today Irishman? Is it not in this of speaking? And for that matter I am not sure that the second best is not also an Irishman. At least, after Mr. Yeats, I would rather have written two or three of the poems of "absent Cohen than anything by any living Englishman, unless it be, perhaps, Mr. Seamen Blunt's double sonnet beginning:"

"He who has once been happy is for ay Out of destruction's reach."

The passionate patriots will soon write to your paper that there was no Norman Conquest; that the English language has in it no words derived from the French, or from the Latin through French. They will begin to exalt the Dravidians.

As to the English talent for adopting, God forbid that I should allow myself the literary freedom ready for advancement. Our literature already shows the effects of my fragile critique of Paris. Our literature is already enriched by an incomparable parody from the pen of a perfect unity, simple and identical. Unfortunately, still no one will deny that Chaucer was superior to Clopinet. I was, in fact, quite clear in saying that I have not studied any of the works of the preceding. The fact, nevertheless, remains that the tools were nearly always invented south of the Channel.

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