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NOTES OF THE WEEK.
We claim no particular credit for having foreseen these months past the approach of Railway Nationalisation. What forecasts of ours are still in doubt, however, concern the future of the railwaymen as a union. It has been our contention that the sole power possessed by the proletariat lies in their ability to form a monopoly of their labour; and to the first union that makes itself blackleg-proof we have promised, on the authority of common sense, a practically dominant position in industry. But long before this monopoly is actually complete, the economic power, of which it is the culmination, begins to produce its effect. Power of whatever kind must always act as power; and with every step on the road to monopoly labour shakes down fruit from the capitalist tree. Is it supposed, for example, that the Royal Commission just appointed for the purpose of recommending Nationalisation is the outcome of reason alone? and that the arguments of the Railway Nationalisation Society that both the State and the shareholders are now disposed to listen to proposals consistently rejected during the last seventy years? He would be a very superstitious rationalist and a naive observer into the bargain who should suppose any such thing. The facts that the membership of the railwaymen's union has trebled since the strike of two years ago; that it is still increasing at the rate of three thousand a week, and that with the coming year the union promises a strike of at least four times the power of the last strike, are the immediate causes which have produced a Royal Commission and may, if the men's present leaders can be got out of the way, produce much more than the Nationalisation this Commission will recommend.

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The present is the time also for another forecast to be verified. We said that in some months from the date of our complete exposition of the National Guilds system we should find Nationalisation being opposed to it in the general Press. There is no doubt that this will shortly be visible to the naked eye. It is by no means singular in our opinion that no journal (the "Daily Herald" excepted), Liberal, Unionist, or Labour, has uttered a word in protest either against the names of the Commission or against its foreseen recommendation. Why is this? It is ridiculous to conclude that profiteers and the bat-eyed social reformers who maintain the wage-system for them, have recently been in the throes of a conversion and are now about to sell all that they have to give to the poor. The same instincts which have hitherto led them to maintain the private ownership of the railways now lead them to accept, and, in a resigned mood to advocate, the national ownership of the lines. The reason is not that under Nationalisation they expect to find themselves worse off and the wage-earners better off; it is that they hope by Nationalisation to improve on their present position and especially their prospective position. In short, Nationalisation is, in time-honoured phrase, a capitalist dodge. It is a device for transferring the responsibility of extracting dividends, from the present shareholders to the State, but with no immediate fear of transferring the dividends with it. But if this is the case—and we, as usual, challenge any economist to deny it—it follows that the same authorities that have until this moment been defending private control against State control, will, and for the same reason, be shortly defending State management against Union or Guild management. It also follows that they realise that they have good reason for doing so.

Neither here nor in our "Open Letter to Railwaymen," published elsewhere, do we oppose to Nationalisation a mere negative. It would be easy enough from the wage-earners' view (the only one that we concern ourselves with) to prove our contention that Nationalisation alone can effect no essential change in the status of wagery. How should it? The only scheme of Nationalisation likely to be recommended or adopted will require that Rent, Interest, and Profit, and probably the purchase-price as well, must be paid out of the surplus value created by the men's labour; and that the sole return to the workers will be the cost of their subsistence. The status of wage-earners, in short—of persons engaged in production for bare living expenses—will continue as now whether the State or the Shareholder is the employer. But to prove this simple truth is obviously not enough; for, if it were, it would be possible to revolutionise not merely railways, but industry in general, since all industry to-day...
is based on this fact. What, therefore, we oppose to Nationalisation is the complementary policy of the
Guild. We say that, provided the men now engaged on the lines fairly take responsibility for the position under Nationalisation will differ little, and that for the worse, from their situation under private ownership. Already, indeed, we see that their opinion as a Union is not even to be invited on the Royal Commission. Its terms of reference are to the relations of the State with the railways; and railways here connotes the shareholders who own them. But the Union has the right by virtue of its strength to assert that though the shareholders may own the Capital of the lines, they do not own what is quite as essential, namely, the Labour that works the Capital. And provided that when the time comes their monopoly is as complete as the monopoly of the shareholders, it is obvious that they can demand as good terms for the transfer of their Labour to the State as the shareholders can demand for the transfer of their Capital. What, in fact, we wish they would say is something to this effect: "We agree to the transfer of the Capital of the railways from the shareholders to the State; we agree that the State is the only legitimate owner of national Capital; but we do not agree that our property—namely, our monopoly of skilled labour—should be transferred save on such terms as we were just about to extract from the shareholders."

For, as we have already pointed out, it is not from love that the shareholders are now contemplating Nationalisation. If they are now seeking shelter under the State's umbrella, it is to avoid the threat that they know to be threatening. But it is precisely in that prospective rough weather that the men may fairly hope to come by a little of their own. They do, in fact, look forward with assurance to the prospect; and if not with very clear pictures of what they anticipate, with plenty of us to tell them. Suppose that Nationalisation were for some reason to be delayed for even so long as the next five years, is it conceivable that a Union now the most powerful in the world would obtain from its employers no more than a paltry increase of wages or a reduction of the hours of labour? It is not conceivable. On the other hand, we are certain that, if the railways continue under private management, in five years' time the National Union of Railwaymen will not merely win 'everything' that they would win under State ownership, but will win the right to nominate a proportion of the directorate on every Railway Board. This, as we say, is certain; nothing, save an earthquake, can stop it. But it follows that the Union would be foolish to accept proposals for Nationalisation that did not put them in at least as strong a position strategically as they occupy now. To safeguard themselves against a set-back in their present prospects, it is therefore essential that they should demand of the State before Nationalisation as much in the way of concession as they would otherwise be certain of obtaining from the companies; the essential item of which, in effect, is to be counted as active responsible partners in the control and management of the national lines.

It is strange that while in general opinion the railway men are ranked as Labour in the abstract and the directors and shareholders as persons, the valuation should be reversed when responsibility is to be brought home. Take, for example, the bringing home of the responsibility for the Airclipse equities. It has been demanded that the acknowledged responsible authorities in railway management should be at the same time the legal entities to suffer punishment as they are also the legal entities to enjoy profits. There is no doubt in this instance which is the responsible party; it is the Midland Railway Company. On every occasion when there is profit to be made or when profits are in jeopardy, the Midland Company, like all the other Companies, is loud in its claim of sole responsibility. It not merely accepts responsibility; but insists upon exercising its privileges to the very last particle, so that even the shadow of the men's claim to care for their own is treated as if it were their spirit and they deny their men the harmless necessary trade 'investment' of "recognition." But there follows from this absolute responsibility of the directors the doctrine of the absolute irresponsibility of their employees. Strictly these latter are no more to be praised or blamed than the other commodities operated upon by the railway lords. Yet we have seen these absolutely responsible directors acquiesce in the imprisonment of one of their servants, thereby imputing responsibility to him and repudiating it on their own account in a manner not of profits but of lives. What blindness of soul and narrowness of intelligence are implied in this distribution of the kicks to the men and the halfpence to their employers, the disgrace to the one and all the honour and profit to the other? If there were a man of real heart among the directors he would certainly insist on taking the "responsibility" of Driver Caudle upon himself and of suffering imprisonment in his place.

The railwaymen, we are told, are up in arms against the abominable sentence of Caudle. They have been only every right to be, but they have every need to be. If they will consent to be treated one day for profit as cattle and another day for their loss as men, the ignominy they now suffer will be increased upon their shoulders; for their subjection to what is called "active responsibility" when the men can sink but other men will rise to equal heights of tyranny. The case, it appears to us, for the release of Caudle is not only clear, but, if a victim be needed, the case for the punishment of a director in his place is even clearer. An editor does not escape personal punishment for wrongs committed by his contributors, though these are ten times more nearly partners with him than their men are with railway directors, and though, again, he may himself be only one of a body of directors. Why, under substantially similar circumstances, should the men's claim to share it with them vexes their spirit and to the very last particle, so that even the shadow of the men's claim to care for their own is treated as if it were their spirit and they deny their men the harmless necessary trade 'investment' of "recognition." But there follows from this absolute responsibility of the directors the doctrine of the absolute irresponsibility of their employees. Strictly these latter are no more to be praised or blamed than the other commodities operated upon by the railway lords. Yet we have seen these absolutely responsible directors acquiesce in the imprisonment of one of their servants, thereby imputing responsibility to him and repudiating it on their own account in a manner not of profits but of lives. What blindness of soul and narrowness of intelligence are implied in this distribution of the kicks to the men and the halfpence to their employers, the disgrace to the one and all the honour and profit to the other? If there were a man of real heart among the directors he would certainly insist on taking the "responsibility" of Driver Caudle upon himself and of suffering imprisonment in his place.
and the interpreter of justice as conceived by the genius of the English people. But to his natural disability as a Jew perfectly to appreciate what is bred in the bone of the English, nor is his interpretation of justice without its explanations. It is true that in the coming period of revolutionary unrest which everybody now foresees, we shall feel our feet as firm upon national justice as other "Experts" know them before. Sir Rufus Isaacs will be the last man to maintain any popular rights against the encroachments of a parliamentary dictatorship—a régime by no means improbable. But, on the other hand, his appointment with the express approval of his profession has already had the effect which the wholesale blacklegging of the doctors has had; it has removed from us the threat of a new priesthood and the establishment of an unchallengeable caste. Think of what the medical profession might have become had they, in addition to their scientific service, saved the country from the Insurance Act. There is literally no amount of confidence that would thereafter have been too much for them to ask. And so it is only when all power must be checked, it is perhaps as well that the doctors pricked their swelling bubble for us. The appointment of Sir Rufus Isaacs, we suggest, will do for law what the panel doctors have done for medicine; it will discredit the legal profession as nothing else could. Henceforth the lawyer, like the priest and the doctor, must present his credentials as a man before being accepted among men. The explanation of the appointment we commend to the "New Witness," that the removal of the British Empire in Egypt is merely a farce. For months before Marconis were heard of, the Cabinet had been forewarned. If the Commissioners turn a deaf ear to this plea, the landlords can still play an uncommonly good trump card. They will say to the farmers: "You want more capital if you are to pay higher wages and get better returns because better men are the inevitable outcome of higher wages. Why should we suffer," they will ask, "because the farmers in days gone by were so foolish as to pay low wages and so get poor results?"

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The Liberal land policy adumbrated last week by Mr. Lloyd George is a repetition of the old extravaganza known to all as "How to Dodge Rent." We know very well that rent cannot be dodged because it is the economic tribute levied by superior economic power.
Current Cant.

"Dogs or husbands — which are the better companions for women?"—"Daily Mirror."

"We have known Sir Rufus Isaacs as a man of highest honour."—LORD HALDANE.

"We are going to take the land out of Chancery."—LLOYD GEORGE.

"I have decided to invite my readers to become reviewers, and to encourage them to this end offer prizes for the best efforts."—"T.P.'s Weekly.

"Most of the politicians have this year been taking a good holiday in September, feeling (quite rightly) that they have earned their holiday."—"Liberal Monthly."

"Writing of apples reminds me of Pears."—GEORGE R. SIMS.

"'Everyman' is an open platform. The essential point is that public opinion should be fully enlightened. . . ."—"Everyman."

"Liberalism is successful because it does not treat the symptom, but always seeks the cause."—"Christian Commonwealth."

"Real Hair-grower discovered at last."—ADVERTISEMENT in the "Christian Commonwealth."

"Mr. Lloyd George is a true orator. . . . His is the pure magic of the spoken word . . . his beautiful voice. . . ."—A MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT in "Everyman."

"King George has found a means of associating the Crown directly with the lives and interests of the people."—"Daily Express."

"Evidently Mr. Lloyd George has at length come within range of the real problem—how to restore the use of the land for the benefit of the Nation."—"Daily Citizen."

"To-morrow will be observed throughout London as Citizen Sunday."—"The Standard."

"Minds which evolve ideas are diseased."—"The New Freewoman."

"The Land Monopoly has controlled the State. The object of the New policy is to reverse this, and to restore to the State the control of the land."—"News and Leader."

"Sir Rufus Isaacs is justly popular at the Bar . . . fastidiously honourable in his professional work, and conspicuously free from the reproach of ever taking an unfair advantage."—"Daily Chronicle."

"The arts, literature, poetry, are a science, just as chemistry is a science."—EZRA POUND.

"The aristocracy of the future—the privileged class will probably be composed of healthy, handsome, not wildly intelligent people."—CICELY HAMILTON.

"Rabindranath Tagore, the most spiritually-minded poet of the day."—"Fall Mall Gazette."

"Lord Howard de Walden has put the worst behind him. . . . His nature has been tried in the fire of adversity, and true metal only remains."—"The Saturday Journal."

"In the Cambridge Circus Theatre last Tuesday morning, Mr. Thomas Hardy sat for rather more than an hour and a-half watching a cinematograph version of his famous book, 'Tess of the D'Urbervilles."—"Evening News."

"The growth of the Church of England Men's Society has been phenomenal. It has been one of the most striking proofs of the Church's vitality."—"Morning Post."

"In Strathvaich Forest, Mr. J. C. Williams contended himself by shooting 85 stags."—"Scotsman."

Foreign Affairs.

By S. Verdad.

HISTORY makes short work of the theories of pacifists. Who has not been sickened during the last twelve months by hearing of the Hundred Years of Peace, the Treaty of Ghent, Eighteen Hundred and Twelve to Eighteen Hundred and Fourteen, the same race, breathing across the seas, and the rest? The ninety-ninth year, now almost at its close, sees the beginning of a struggle between Great Britain and the United States which, even though it is unlikely to develop into war and bloodshed, is bound to rankle and to leave bitter traces. This struggle, although primarily one of financial interests, has already awakened the light-sleeping American jingoism, and is likely to bring about more than mere financial disaffection before it is concluded.

* * *

If blood is thicker than water, oil is thicker than blood. Sir Lionel Carden, the new British Minister to Mexico, has been reviled by the American Press because he presented his papers to General Huerta after Washington's denunciation. The papers have joosely called him "Lord Cowdray's man," and Lord Cowdroy's large interests in Mexico are well known. But the British papers, if they were sufficiently well informed, might with equal justice refer to the special non-official American representative, Mr. John Lind, as Rockefeller's man. The fact that President Wilson differs in politics from Mr. Rockefeller does not matter. At a very famous Trust prosecution in the United States it was admitted by one of the financial magnates who was being examined that his class was in the habit of "backing both sides" at election times so as to make sure that financial interests would be adequately protected. It follows that the Wilson Administration, whatever its feelings may be, must march, or rather must set the soldiers to march, at the capitalist word of command. The Democrats in the United States are as much under the thumb of the capitalists and vested interests as are the Liberals in this country.

* * *

The parallel, indeed, is close. It is well known—clear, even, in the published dispatches—that our Foreign Office is supporting President Huerta. This means that the Foreign Office is supporting the British financial interests in Mexico, which are chiefly oil and railways. Lord Cowdroy is probably the individual most deeply concerned with Mexican affairs. Apart from commercial interests, the Mexican State loans are held in London, Paris, and Berlin to a much greater degree than they are held in Washington. Briefly, although there has been a scramble in recent years for a share of Mexican concessions, England is interested in them to a greater extent than any other nation. We were there first, as we were in South America first; and in both places the Government may be trusted to support English capitalists and merchants and their agents to the utmost of its power.

* * *

Nobody associated the Liberal Party, when it took up office, with leanings towards armed strife, towards quarrels with the United States. These things have been forced upon us. It will yet be learnt by somewhat apathetic Anglo-Saxons that even a Liberal Administration may have to adopt what are called "strong measures," and it is significant, profoundly significant, that the British attitude of support for President Huerta is being heartily approved by the German official Press organs, notably the "Vossische Zeitung," and Lord Cowdroy is a Liberal. The incorruptible party of pacifism and plain living has got rid of its odour of sanctity and taken on the odour of petroleum.
Lord Cowdray is a type of omnivorous capitalist for whom it is not easy to feel any sympathy; but there are others. There are men in the western half of Europe who are greatly interested in Mexican affairs, and it seems to be taken for granted that a sort of demonstration will be made jointly by Great Britain, France, and Germany if the United States shows signs, as she is now doing, of interfering to an unwarranted extent in Mexican affairs.

The signs I refer to are the emphasis which the leading American newspapers and responsible public men are beginning to lay on the Monroe Doctrine, despite their knowledge that the Monroe doctrine, which practically prohibits interference on the American Continent, north or south, by a European Power, has never been officially sanctioned by the Senate or the House of Representatives; and the fact that the Washington Government has shown quite unjustified opposition to General Huerta. It is true that the Mexican President has not done all he might have done to pacify American interests, but he has taken some steps in that direction, and at each step he has been more and more fiercely assailed from over the frontier. It is evident that the American financiers are determined to "shift" General Huerta and his friends exactly as the unfortunate President Madero was "shifted" by the opposite interests, both Mexican and European.

The whole attitude of the United States—and much of the country is now articulate—is "Hands off Mexico!" Mexico cannot control herself; the United States cannot control her, and other nations are not to be allowed to try. And the secret of all this misgovernment is oil—oil and railways and like concessions. All the American interests are against Huerta, and all the European interests are for him. Sir Lionel Carden has had more diplomatic experience than Mr. Lind, and he is supported by our Government. A further form of this support may have to take is not clear at the moment of writing; but not the least ironical feature of the situation is the fact that neither Europe nor America wishes to interfere with Mexico by armed force, although the Americans are talking of doing so.

I have previously mentioned the military situation, and there is no need to go further into it. The United States cannot get together within a few weeks more than 30,000 troops; and, although other men would be available in time, it would take, at present, such a large number to make any impression on Mexico that the game would not be worth the candle. General Huerta sensibly recognises this in his threat to the United States; for his casual reference to the fact that an invasion of Mexico would cost the United States, in the end, more than the amount of the Mexican National Debt was not without a significance which even the amateur diplomatists in Washington will be able to appreciate. As for the three European countries I have mentioned, they are so much preoccupied with home affairs that interference with a country three thousand miles off is not a task any of them would undertake with relish. There is really only one adequate solution of the problem, but it is to be feared that it will not be reached. It is that the American financiers should recognise that they have been defeated by the astuteness of their European competitors. They are not likely to recognise this awkward fact until sterner events make them fully aware of it.

There was some talk at the end of last week of Zanzibar being ceded to Germany in return for other concessions. Nobody quite understood what these other concessions were, and in any case the story was denied. I may say that our Government is desirous of getting a clear English track for the Cape to Cairo line, which at present runs partly through German territory; but Zanzibar has not so far been mentioned.

Military Notes.

By Romney.

The main thing about modern armies is their power of forcing a decision. There is singularly little shilly-shallying in the modern European war. The opposing forces come to grips at once. Almost as soon it becomes apparent that one side or the other is about to win, and Fortune, no longer fickle, seldom gives the under dog a chance to recover himself, once that he has gone under. The wars of 1866, 1870, 1904 (in Manchuria), and the recent Balkan campaigns, have all this quality of even, uninterrupted success on one side or the other. The war of 1879 afforded the losing side a breathing space, but it proved nothing but an episode, an interruption, and even such influence as it possessed must be attributed in great part to the foodless, roadless state of the country in which the Russians found themselves "held up"—a state not likely to recur in European war. The weaker or less prepared combatant is given no chance to remedy his mistakes. Blow succeeds blow with merciless rapidity. Once on the run he keeps on the run. The political factor—dissensions among his enemies, or intervention—is in all he can rely on for a breathing space.

All this is due to the fact that now, as always, one party is generally far better prepared than the other in the essentials of success, and again to the fact that now—not as always—the stronger party is always able to force the weaker to fight. In this last respect modern war differs radically from that of any preceding period. The Fortune of warfare, or, more properly, of armies, even of the eighteenth century, never possessed this power of forcing the enemy to grips. In the first place they were too small. For a stronger (of, say, 20,000) to look for a weaker (of, say, 15,000), over the campaign grounds of Flanders and Germany was very like looking for a needle in a bottle of hay. Unless the weaker wished to fight, he could always escape somehow, and it was difficult to make him stand even by the Napoleonic trick of marching upon some vital point, such as his capital, which he might be expected to fight in defence of.

For the capitals themselves and the practicable routes to the capitals were barred by fortresses which were inexpugnable to the inefficient artillery of the period. And even when you did run up against the enemy you could not force him to fight. This operation is effected nowadays by the holding power of the rifle. A very small force armed with the rifle can, by making use of invisibility, of bluff, and of the general uncertainty and fog of modern war, hold up a very large one until its weakness is discovered, which may be for a considerable time. The modern general, therefore, who wishes to bring his enemy to terms, precedes his advance with a sweeping movement of small detachments extended in a fan shape across the area of operations. Any one of these encountering the enemy can fix its teeth in him, bluff him, and hold him, though perhaps at the cost of its own severe mauling, until the main body arrives to finish him off. But this was impossible when your enemy was armed with pikes or arquebuses. For the combat was then at such close quarters that concealment of numbers was practically impossible. Before you joined battle you could almost count the enemy's ranks. There was, therefore, no holding up by bluff. And even if the holding up detachment was prepared to sacrifice itself entirely, it could not purchase much delay. For the battle being decided not by rifle bullets at long range (of which Heaven knows how many thousands are required to hit a man), but by musket balls at short range or push of pikes at close range, at all or to the other far more quickly over. The detaining force would have been wiped out long before support could reach it, and the enemy would have continued on his road rejoicing. In addition to all this, maps were bad, so that combined operations between the various parts
of a widely disseminated force were almost impossible. And armies were clumsy and devoid of manoeuvring power to such an extent that, even if you persuaded your enemy to stand, he could frequently lumber off again whilst you were "offering battle"—that is to say, disposing your ill-drilled troops in elaborately necessary formations, which it took them anything up to a day to assume. All this, combined with the fact that battles, once joined, were far deadlier and more decisive than at present, and therefore joined far less tightly, was to the disadvantage of the stronger party who wished to force a victory. For the stronger had both greater reason to avoid a fight and greater power of avoiding it. He simply "spared for wind" until his forces were approximately equal to the enemy's.

Here we have what has been called the "battle by consent." Now so far as I can tell the aeroplane is going to restore these conditions as soon as it acquires destructive powers of its own—as soon, that is, as it becomes useful for the purposes of reconnaissance as well as for reconnoitring—we shall find things very much as described in Mr. Wells' prophetic work, "The War in the Air." You have two sides who will not wish to fight unless there are sure victories; because the consequences of defeat will be unusually terrible. It will require strong nerves to face the prospects of war in the air. On the other hand, the battle, once joined, will be short and decisive, like eighteenth-century battles or naval battles. The enemy's strength will be apparent, and the stronger or swifter party will be able to overwhelm the other in a little time. We shall therefore find a state of things similar to eighteenth-century war. The weaker will have more interest in avoiding a contest and will find it comparatively easy to avoid. He will be able not only to escape around his enemy, as in the eighteenth century, but over or below him. Nor do there exist rivers, mountain ranges, or deserts in the air against which he can be forced and cornered.

Aerial warfare will therefore resume that somewhat desultory character which results from the "battle by consent." This will, of course, be limited by the dependence of the aircraft on the earth for petrol and food, so that once the enemy has thoroughly subjugated your territories, your airships will have to descend and surrender. On the other hand, the movements of the opposing air-flights will not be hampered by that system of fortresses and "lines" on all the main routes of communication with which conditioned military movement in the eighteenth century. There are no fortresses in the air, and there is nothing to prevent a weak but mobile army slipping by the stronger under cover of fog or night, or by simple audacity, and burning down his docks, his arsenals, his factories, and other precious, vulnerable things. The stronger can retaliate. But the weaker, if an agricultural or non-industrial State like Spain, may have precious little to retaliate on. Spain could do us no end of harm, especially if her airships have sundered our defence without a declaration of war. But what could our airships do to Spain? It is no good raining bombs on the deserts of the Guadarrama.

Airships, again, are comparatively cheap, and small, poor States can easily indulge in enough to constitute a standing threat to their richer neighbours. Since they can be quickly built and easily concealed, surprise will be doubly easy.

These factors all exist. I may have exaggerated their importance or overlooked other factors: but these things are only ascertainable by experience. One fact remains. The airship has introduced an element of anarchy, of fluidity, of instability, to military affairs. It will decrease, not increase, the advantage which the large, rich, organised Power possesses over its poor, primitive rival. It will reintroduce the element of insecurity. Nothing short of erecting a wall some few thousand feet high around your frontiers will ensure complete safety from the visits of the unscrupulous marauder. Every nerve-centre of our civilisation—power stations, important viaducts, shipbuilding yards—will have to be surrounded with a ring of high angle guns, constantly manned (for surprise is the danger). Air patrols will have to keep a constant watch. Society, in other words, will revert to its former, and, I may say, normal condition, when security to life and property can not be bought for granted; and this intrusion upon our artificiality of the old, deep forces of death and danger will probably effect an automatic extinction of that crop of fads and fancies and monstrous political and economic growths which have arisen in a people divorced from reality by a century of unbroken peace.

Incidentally, I may remark that an imperfect analogy to aerial warfare may be found in naval warfare, which, for reasons easily deductible from what I have said above, is far closer to the warfare of the eighteenth century than that of to-day. But the battleship is conditioned by the shape of the seas, the need of harbours, the need of land forces to support it, and so forth. The airship is a battleship which can "climb hills," in the Sultan's famous phrase, and can therefore dive without the aid of armies, vital blows to inland States. The battleship is also the expensive luxury of wealthy Powers. The airship is cheap and acquirable (in quantities sufficient to do vital damage) by anyone.

The Danger Signal.

An Open Letter to the Railwaymen of Great Britain.

GENTLEMEN,—The announcement that a Royal Commission has been appointed "to inquire into the relationship between the railway companies of Great Britain and the State in respect of matters other than the safety of working and conditions of employment and to report what changes, if any, are desirable in that relationship" marks a crisis in the industrial history of this country. It is an open secret that the purpose of this inquiry is to give the necessary sanction and authority for nationalising the railways.

Needless to remark, this proposal affects your present and your future; for weal or for woe, it strikes at the very foundations of your economic and social status. To you more than to the other members of the community a right decision is vital. The urgent question, therefore, is: Are you prepared to state your case and, if necessary, are you ready to enforce your claims?

You will observe that you are excluded both by the terms of reference and in the personnel from this the work of this Royal Commission. Including the salaried staff, who are servants as you are, there are 600,000 of you, the men that work the railways, the men who spend their lives, and too often lose them, in the supremely valuable service of transportation. Yet at this critical moment in the economic history of the railways you are, without ceremony, informed that the question of railway ownership is no affair of yours. The Commission is explicitly instructed not to inquire into the safety and conditions of your employment, and it is therefore inferred that there is not the slightest need for your presence. Whether you want it or whether you do not does not enter into the calculations of the politicians. You must take what the tin-gods send you and rest satisfied. Apparently, however, your leaders do not object to this impudent denial of your claims to consideration at this new departure. Your Assistant Secretary (where in God's name does he come from?) fatu-
ously remarks that "no complaints can be made about the composition of the Commission, inasmuch as there is no railway management and no railwaymen's interest on it." In other days, slaves were not permitted to express any preference for this or that master; they went willy-nilly to the master who bought them. It is precisely the same with you. You have nothing to do with it. If the private companies choose to buy your labour as a commodity they can do so; if it be deemed better for a State Department to buy your labour, who are you that you should complain? Mr. J. H. Thomas, M.P., Assistant Secretary of the National Union of Railwaymen, is clearly of opinion that the matter does not concern you. On the Commission is a prominent banker who is daily concerned with the varying values of railway-stock, who daily advances money to clients upon the security of railway-stock, who depends upon you to give that security to railway stock by obediently and passively selling your labour as a commodity. He is put upon the Commission; you are excluded, and the fool who acts as your Assistant Secretary and sits in Parliament by your side and tells you that "no complaints can be made about the composition of the Commission." Next to the banker comes an extrarailway constructor and administrator, Director General of Railways in India. This gentleman, trained in the atmosphere of universal labour where labour is the cheapest in the world, goes upon the Commission and you are excluded. Yet your Assistant Secretary remarks that there is no railway management upon the Commission. Gentlemen, we have had your Assistant Secretary under close observation for some time. We advise you to dispense with his services. If you do not, you will pay a long price for your complaisance.

Why is it that you are not represented upon this Commission? It is because your only purpose in the existing industrial system is to passively sell your labour as a commodity called labour. This is bought from you at a price, called wages, and the price is determined by the average cost of your subsistence. In the mind of the Government and of the directorates and of your Assistant secretary, there is no more reason for your representation upon the Commission than for the railway coaches or the permanent way. How do you like it? Are you content with this the prevailing conception of your function? If you think of it, is it the time to demand your recognition as human beings whose lives are more profoundly concerned with railway affairs than everybody else? Indeed, when you seriously think it out, the conclusion is clear: if you can monopolise railway labour and official bureaucratic posts, you can run the railways without you. And what is more to the point, if you work out the problem, it will be found that you can run the railways without the bureaucrat. If you do not resolutely aim at your own control of the railway system, you and your fellow-workers are liable to suffer indifferently from the contemptuous prescription indicated by the personnel of this Commission. It is primarily the outcome of the capitalist conception that you are of no social consideration, your bodies not being temples of the Holy Ghost, but merely fleshly packages. containing the labour commodity. This gentleman, trained in the atmosphere of universal labour where labour is the cheapest in the world, goes upon the Commission and you are excluded. Yet your Assistant Secretary remarks that there is no railway management upon the Commission. Gentlemen, we have had your Assistant Secretary under close observation for some time. We advise you to dispense with his services. If you do not, you will pay a long price for your complaisance.

Let us pass on to the point of purchase, the entirely practical question to be answered? After a sympathetic acknowledgment of your difficult position, you will be told that the Government has incurred immense liabilities over the transaction and that you are less to be compensated for than any other rent-mongers and profiteers, have turned from their blundering and their blundering, have asked the Government to buy them out for not less than £1,000,000,000. In other words, they calmly ask us to multiply the national debt by two and a half. The railway directorates by their incompetence and the commercial schemes by their expense at the hands of the railway service, having brought the Government to the point of purchase, the entirely practical question arises: Who is to pay? Namely, the State will pay by exchanging Consols for railway scrip, but the only section of the community that will actually pay will be the railwaymen. You are not good enough to be represented on the Commission; but it is you who will inevitably pay every penny of that £1,000,000,000. You will pay in three different ways. First, you may so sell your labour commodity that a profit is secured large enough to pay £30,000,000 every year as interest on the purchase-money. Next you will pay at least another £10,000,000 a year to the sinking fund to amortise the debt. Until this payment is completed what possible chance have you to emancipate yourselves and your children from this vast burden? Thirdly, then, you will pay by an indefinite postponement—thirty years at least—of your rightful share in the wealth you create. (Distribution, of course, enters into the cost of wealth production.) Suppose that nationalisation is consummated. You will promptly put in a claim for recognition and for improved conditions all round. Possibly you may exact some trifling betterment, but, taking a large view, what will be your Assistant Secretary's Government's answer? After a sympathetic acknowledgment of your difficult position, you will be told that the Government has incurred immense liabilities over the transaction and that economy must for some considerable time be insisted upon. You will then be asked (to exercise great patience and be assured that nobody is more carefully considered by the Government than your noble selves. In short, the burden of rent, interest, and profits will be far more securely fastened upon you than it is to-day. Nor is that all. Great mechanical improvements, involving further capital outlay (more plums for the profiteers) are already foreshadowed. These—probably will—displace a considerable proportion of your labour, releasing thousands of you to seek employ-

What, then, do we ask of you? First, that you should as a trade union declare absolutely to pay one penny piece in satisfaction of the debt which the Government proposes to guarantee. In God's name why should you pay? Have you not borne the heat and burden of the day? Have you not toiled in the direc-

Note: The text provided is a condensed version of the original document and may not fully capture the complexity and historical context of the original text.
swindling transaction? If you sell your labour as a commodity, those who buy it can easily extract out of it rent, interest, and profits. They ascertain the cost of your labour as a commodity, it has ceased to be yours and has become the much for interest, so much for sinking fund and so much for profits. Having bought your labour as a commodity, it is rent, interest, and profits. They ascertain the cost of your labour as a commodity, who buy it represent the existing companies or the Government. But if you resolutely decline to sell your labour as a commodity, if you determine that for the future you will only apply your labour to a concern in which you are definitely partners, then there is no fund available out of which to pay rent, interest and profits. You can, however, only kill the commodity value of your labour first by monopolising all the railway labour available and then corporately applying it to the railway system on terms of partnership and control. When you have reached this point in your organisation, you will inform the legal owners of the railways that you are no longer in servitude to wagery, and that you propose to run the railway system yourselves. (You may depend upon the Government to let down easily-existing shareholders.) We observe the railways that you are no longer in servitude to wagery, and that the fighting men in your ranks must promptly assert themselves.

The Epitaph of Radicalism.

The publication of "The Life of Henry Labouchere," by his nephew, Mr. Algar Thorold (London: Messrs. Constable and Co. 18s. net) marks the final disappearance of that Radicalism that played such a picturesque part in political events from 1870 (or thereabouts) down to the deaths of Sir Wilfrid Lawson and Henry Labouchere. Before we attempt to sum up this phase of British politics, let us remark that the book before us successfully pictures Mr. Labouchere both in his manner of life and his way of thinking. The few errors that have crept in are negligible. Some names are not correctly spelt and the author suffers from the curious delusion that Mexico is in South America.

In 1870 Mr. Thorold was not professionally concerned with the political events in which his uncle was prominent, with the result that we do not get quite a correct view of the relative positions of the public men of that period. For example, Sir William Harcourt's personality is underestimated, whilst Mr. Gladstone comes into the picture as a rather cunning old hypocrite. We are not con- vinced that two prominent Liberal leaders, but it will have been Sir Henry Harcourt's life comes to be published (by the way, is anybody doing it?) when Harcourt's life comes to be published (by the way, is anybody doing it?) that in point of political skill, Gladstone and Harcourt were Chamberlain's superiors. The result is that Mr. Chamberlain, whom Labouchere wanted to make Prime Minister, looms larger than his worth warrants. But these disproportionate estimates are inevitable in a biography. Mr. Thorold wants us to see Mr. Labouchere as he was in the flesh. In that he has been successful. The only point of our criticism is that because Mr. Thorold does not place the street Labourer's case in point of political skill, Gladstone and Harcourt were Chamberlain's superiors. The result is that Mr. Chamberlain, whom Labouchere wanted to make Prime Minister, looms larger than his worth warrants. But these disproportionate estimates are inevitable in a biography. Mr. Thorold wants us to see Mr. Labouchere as he was in the flesh. In that he has been successful. The only point of our criticism is that because Mr. Thorold does not place the street Labourer's case

The NEW AGE. October 30, 1913

Your sincere friend,
Labouchere drew his political inspiration from America. Writing in 1884 he wrote: "I was taught young and sent to America; there I imbued the political views of the country, so that my Radicalism is not a joke but perfectly earnest. My opinion on most of the institutions of this country is that of Americans—that they are utterly absurd and ridiculous." In February (1884) number of the "Fortnightly Review" he sketched out the Radical programme. He asked for manhood suffrage, redistribution, triennial Parliaments and payment of Members. He wanted the House of Lords abolished. He saw the Dukes, Marquises and Earls swarming down upon the Treasury and drawing huge sums of money, clamouring for well-paid sinecures "like a pack of hungry hounds." He next called for greater economy in the expenditure of moneys upon the whole gamut of constitutional tinkering and changes.

It is altogether remarkable that so clever a man as Labby failed to see that all the political schemes had no kind of vital bearing upon the poverty and spiritual squalor of the mass of the population. On this point he was peculiarly obtuse. Thus in the Hyndman debate, he was astonished, turned to the chairman and asked, "Is that a fact?" The plain truth is that he did not know.

This, we think, was typical of the whole Radical movement. It did not know. It did not believe that Parliament could do anything important to industry, to business, to commerce, to the whole whole gamut of constitutional tinkering. There was, of course, no reason why rich plutocrats and sweaters should not be sound Radicals. Indeed, there were many such. To them the establishment of their order was ultimately paramount. They proceeded on their task by demanding absolute political equality. Once drag down the Dukes and the Marquises and the Earls and the Barons and the territorial magnates—and the plutocrats would dominate British politics. Subsequently, the plutocrats changed their policy and sought political co-operation with the aristocrats. In this they have been successful, and Mr. Bonar Law now leads them in the Commons. The point to be emphasised is that the English Radicals were most of them wealthy, and so politics was to them a game. Mr. Thorold, in this connection, says of his uncle: "Politics were never really more to him than a means of self-expression, and, it must be said, amusement. He loved watching the spectacle of life, and he came to find in the game of politics a sort of concentrated version of life as a whole." No politician going through life in that spirit could really ever accomplish anything substantial and, as he was typical of the Radicals, it is not surprising that they have ceased to count.

Very instructive too was Labouchere's and Chamberlain's attitude towards the electorate. They never dreamt of carrying their doctrines into practice by actually asking the electorate to decide upon all the questions that vexed them. A General Election was a necessary nuisance to be avoided at the utmost. Accordingly, they fell back upon intrigue (in which "Labby" revelled), upon all kinds of absurd combinations. They were perpetually wondering what this or that politician would do, and preparing their moves accordingly. The picture of high politics portrayed in this book is to us the strangest imaginable phantasmagoria, utterly unreal and completely unrelated to actual life.

The facts of economic development have swept this school of politicians off the stage for ever.

An Examination of the National Guild System.

By H. Belloc.

IV.

The third type of Guild, the theory of which I next propose to examine, is that in which the means of production or instruments of production by its activities are owned corporately by the members of the Guild.

With this third type we enter into a much more real department of our discussion because we are beginning to deal with true Guild, not proletarian but free. We have already seen that Guilds, the membership of which was proletarian, would certainly fail in what was, by definition, the object of a Guild; and that a proletarian Guild, whether its capital were owned by the State or by a capitalist class, would not be a true Guild at all. In proportion as it compelled the State or the capitalists to give it the status of a true Guild, in that proportion it ceased to be a Guild of the proletarian type, whether type No. 1 or type No. 2, and passed into being a Guild of the third type which I now intend to describe.

I repeat what I have said in my former papers, that in this first half of my subject I am dealing only with the theory of the matter. I am only asking which of the only four possible types which a Guild would most exactly satisfy the human needs for which a Guild should be constructed, and the appetite which now demands the establishment of Guilds as a remedy to the reforms that the Socialists and the economists are proposing to control large areas of the means of production, that Guilds will in fact prove far more complex and exist as modified types if ever they come into being, is self-evident; because human affairs are never mechanical, always organic. It is necessary to decide what the theory first before we can approach our practice, and to know exactly what we want before we decide whether or how or in what degree it may be reached.

Now, the Guild which is in corporate ownership of its own means of production, and therefore the economic master of its own product, is the ideal most nearly approaching that of some Socialists as have abandoned the strict Socialist theory of Collectivism, as have wakened up to the inhuman consequences of handing over land and capital to the politicians, and as propose a solution more consonant with humanity. I suppose that if one could compel one hundred advocates of Guild Socialism to a defaulction, ninety-nine would be found to incline to this third type of Guild, or some modification of it nearly approaching the ideal type of a corporately owning its own instruments. This verdict would be rendered because most of those reformers are wedded to the idea that men owning corporately, in no matter what numbers, enjoy all the results of ownership without suffering the corresponding disadvantages of competition and insecurity. I shall deal with that idea in a later paper, for I believe it to be fallacious, and its falacy to be at the root of every wrong solution of our economic troubles. But my point, for the moment at any rate, is that the type of Guild passes better than any other the test that it satisfies those who are at present urging the establishment of Guilds.

Apart from this agreement among so many reformers there is a series of valuable theoretical tests which if applied to this third type of Guild would seem to support its claims to be the ideal at which we should aim.

Thus, a Guild satisfies in man the natural association of fellow workmen with common real interests in daily work as opposed to the present unnatural political units. Therefore (it may be argued), there could be a real control over its officials which there never is over politicians. Again, all the well-known arguments in favour of corporate property, of its longevity and stable arrangement, are here available. We have again the power such a Guild would have of ensuring discipline among its members, who cannot but obey the
Guild under penalty of losing their livelihood. And finally, we have the test of logical finality. The whole of the product of the Guild would remain under the control of the Guild. The State might and would tax it in proportion to the rent of its privileged positions (in that position were privileged), but the surplus thus deducted would leave the total product of labour (less rent) in the hands of the producers.

Not to show how any body within which they are working. The control of a Guild of this sort does not fully meet the objects for which a Guild is demanded, and why, in my opinion, it would fail to meet those objects in so large a measure as to leave it still seeking for another form of Guild as our ideal. It is true that men engaged upon the same occupation will work heartily in it from a sense of fellowship, and will lose their spontaneity and their vigour if that position were privileged, but the surplus thus possessed in corporate ownership of the means of production must not be confused with the general sense of fellowship.

The sole reasons for aiming at corporate ownership (in addition to corporate labour) are, first, that the total produce of labour (less rent) may remain in the hands of its actual producers, and secondly that men should feel that they have some direct control over the conditions of their own lives. Now as to the first of these objects for which this transformation in property is sought, it will vary much with the trade, and it will in most trades be much less of a consideration than those reformers imagine who have not looked closely into the matter. That labour should enjoy the result of labour is a fundamental principle. That the mass of Englishmen who produce should be at the same time the mass of England who consume, satisfies—and alone can fully satisfy—the sense of right in this matter. But that result can be roughly attained by any method which gets property out of the hands of the mass. Corporate Guilds would certainly do this; but then so would a well distributed system of private property if it were stable; and if it be objected that distributed property would be unequal in its effect, why so would the corporate Guild.

Let us take three concrete cases, the compositor, the railway guard, the agricultural labourer. If you had a Compositors' Guild to-morrow as part of a great Guild of such men possessed of the means of production, but mulcted in rent would have had little, if anything, more than they now earn. I mean, of course, supposing that they did not produce more or work in a livelier manner on account of the change. That this is true may be proved from a consideration of the simple fact that a hundred years ago the wage of the farmer until lately was growing poorer and losing his capital, and this although the landlord in the same districts was also holding on at a loss. If I take the particular case of half a dozen farms which I know well in my own neighbourhood, I do not find it difficult to prove that with the State in possession of the land and drawing from it even no more than the rent drawn by the present owners, the wages of the labourers upon those farms would not upon the average have been increased. I think it will be found in the most varied category; in some cases you would be heavily and suddenly endowing a group of workmen at the expense of the community, in others you would be making little or no difference to their mere consuming power as it is to-day.

Note, I am not yet discussing the other effects of such property, especially its spiritual effects. I am only dealing with the point of dividend. And such Guilds would have to work for dividends precisely as a Capitalist system does now. It would be to the advantage of each Guild to work to the advantage of the community, and the only force that could restrain it would be the control of the State forbidding it to take advantage of its monopoly. I am not saying that such a system would not make a far happier state of society than that in which I think we now live. I think of it would, but it would not destroy the inequalities of which reformers complain, nor would it very largely raise the income of the workers upon the average, though like many another conceivable system it would give both sufficiency and security to the poorer paid sections of employment.

But it is when we come to the other effects of universally corporate property that we find the gravest potential quarrel with such a state of affairs. The sense of control over one's own life—in so far as one's life is controlled by one's share in the national wealth—and the sense of ownership of one's means of production—is very rapidly dissipated according to the size and complexity of the corporation in which we are members.

Thus no one has or can have the slightest sense of corporate ownership of the national material possessions of a great nation to-day, because there the unit is infinitely too large. No one feels the least power of control over Hyde Park or the Fleet or the Post Office. There would be more of this sense, of course, in even a very large Guild which dealt with the means of production peculiar to that Guild. The Railway man who knew that the engines and the buildings and the stores of coal were owned by his Guild would certainly feel freer than he does to-day; but he would be a world away from that full sense of control which men had in other and simpler states of society, when they actually possessed as their own goods the instruments of their daily labour. And between the two poles the first that ideal (impossible of realisation in modern industry) of the man who was the immediate owner of the things in his hand, and corporate ownership by a very large Guild, the boundary between a real sense of freedom and its dissipation in large numbers comes far away towards the beginning of the scale. Quite a small body of men working together might feel in the joint ownership of their tools a considerable measure of freedom. Even with them there is friction and some necessity for an irksome discipline. But when you extend the unit to several "shops" the members of which control at one time the sense of freedom is already gone. When you extend it to the whole of a trade throughout the nation, it certainly has very nearly disappeared.
The engine-driver in a National Railway Guild would find himself doing what he was told by officials, and subject to nearly as complete a control from without as ever he is to-day. We have all of us discovered by this time from mere experience the futility of electoral control. The member of a national Guild would have the privilege of choosing for his bosses one or another among certain candidates of a list drawn up with no regard to him or his kind. I do not say that the privilege would be quite valueless. I do say it would be a world awash of a sense of real control and freedom at which we are aiming. At the best he could only slightly affect his Executive on quite large issues when he was really angry; the myriad posts would be in the patronage of that Executive, tempered probably by routine. Any individual or even a group of individuals at issue with this internal power would sharply feel a total loss of freedom, for they could not live a week without the leave of their Guild, that is, of their caucus.

I believe that such a system could be created. I believe that if it were created men would suffer much less than they do to-day. The poorer of them would suffer less in body, all of them would suffer less in the soul, but they could not fail to find the new order of things as great a disappointment of their hopes of freedom as Parliamentary institutions are a disappointment of the old hopes for political freedom. Parliaments are despised and hated to-day throughout Europe almost in proportion to their power, and far more than was ever the case with the old monarchies even the old aristocracies; and the reason of this is that men cannot control their servants when action is upon so large a scale, whereas those servants can plead for the most tyrannical abuses a nominal mandate from the very citizens they oppress.

There is not one Englishman in a thousand who would not punish if he could get him, and punish sharply, anyone of those rich men who paid for the Poll Tax, with its registration of and spying over the workers; yet that particular abomination passed through Parliament almost unanimously, and similar experiences, not perhaps so evil but of the same kind, would follow the action of any large body of men who should attempt to govern their property corporately. They would be in the hands of their own officials; those officials would inevitably form an Oligarchy and would inevitably betray them. While the system so far as energy of supervision might be discovered; just as in countries quite fresh to Parliaments, Parliaments remain for a time in fear of the people; but once the system had established a tradition of its own, and once the official clique had learnt to manipulate the mass, freedom would be gone.

To this criticism I see no effective reply; men know by bitter experience to-day the futility (and worse) of any large electoral machine, and the profound truth our fathers registered when they said that "Everybody's business was nobody's business."

I conclude, then, that of the two owning types of Guild (that in which the instruments of the Guild are held only in a corporate fashion and that in which these instruments may be owned separately) that the first will fail to subserve the true Guild idea because its members will be the bound servants of a body too large for them to control and will have no method of reacting against so absolute a master. This Guild may be nominally subject to its members; and it will really be in the hands of some caucus or machine.

There remains only, unless I am to despair of the Guild altogether, the fourth type; that in which men associated in a Guild for the purpose of controlling the conditions of their labour shall, in the form of individual families or small associations, be the possessors of several property—whether within their own Guild or outside of it. And this, both because I believe it to be the true solution, and because I know it to be an unusual and a very contentious one, I will next proceed to examine in some detail.

The Guild System and its Implications.

The variant of Socialism on its economic side, i.e., the scheme of the industrial revolution as promulgated in the columns of The New Age under the designation of "National Guilds," has had, as yet, few serious critics. The theory, as propounded by the writers in The New Age put briefly, I take it, is as follows: The trade unions—organised in the form known as the 'Industrial Union,' understanding thereby the syndicalised workers of a complete branch of industry, in contra-distinction to the special unions of the various elements and processes of which that industry is built up—should acquire control, complete in all saving one particular, of the means and instruments of production necessary to the trade in question. Of course there are some prime industries, the workers of which are already in a measure syndicalised collectively in the manner suggested, though as yet incompletely, e.g., the miners, the railway workers, the transport workers, etc. But on the other hand, very important industries, e.g., the printers, the builders, tailors, etc., are not amalgamated at all as industrial unions such as the theory of "National Guilds." This process, of course, is no insuperable difficulty to the realisation of the theory. The tendency of things is undoubtedly in the direction of the Industrial Union as opposed to the Process Union, and it may be reasonably inferred that a complete syndicalisation of labour on the new basis is only a question of time and not such a very long time either.

Let us assume, then, the complete syndicalisation of all industries on the basis of what is sometimes known as Industrial Unionism, which is, as I take it, practically the same as the Guild principle of The New Age.

This being so, the next step is, of course, the accomplishment of the revolution, which expatriates the capitalistic individuals and syndicates who now possess and control the means of the production and distribution of the national wealth. The precise way in which this is affected, whether by general strike, by street fighting, or by the ballot box, or finally by a combination of all these methods, is not affect the ultimate issue. The capitalist, whether as individual or syndicate (joint stock company) is eliminated. We are left with, on the one side the Industrial Unions, the "New Guilds," as The New Age writers term them, and on the other side the power of society organised as a governing or directing force, call it State or not as you will. Now 'National Guilds," in this respect differing from ordinary syndicalism, postulates the continued existence of the State in the sense named and vests in it the ultimate ownership of the land, means of production, etc., together with the last word in matters of direction and distribution. In this way our friend the "Guildsman" comes into line with the common or garden Socialist sans phrase.

But notwithstanding the ultimate possession and function of the State as ultimate ratio in all matters social and industrial, the usurpation and immediate control of the raw materials and instruments of every trade, are to reside in the members of that trade as organised in their Industrial Union or "Guild." There is to be therefore, according to the theory of "National Guilds," what practically amounts to a dual control in matters industrial. The Union or "Guild" is to have the immediate control and regulation of the working conditions of the industry in question, and the State, as the organised power of all society, is to supervise in some way, the whole machinery of production, and is to have the last word. Now, it is clear we have here, as it seems to me, the elements of serious friction ready to hand. On the one side are the workers of a particular industry controlling that industry, and on the other the State as representing the interests of all industries—
i.e., of the whole community. Now, the power of the “Guild,” as defined by the writers in _The New Age_, over its own industry and the means of production therein, is apparently very great. The question, therefore, at once arises if it is to happen that the “Guild” of one of the prime industries wishes to assert itself unfairly to the detriment of that of another related industry, or of the community generally.

The potentialities of a very serious conflict arising out of the power of a strong “Guild,” such as the coalminers or the railway workers to hold up the whole industry of the country by a strike for the purpose of enforcing their own separate and selfish claims against those of the rest of the workers, is hardly to be denied. Should a situation of this kind arise, the question is, what did arise it is difficult to see how it would be dealt with on the basis of _The New Age_ scheme. The whole question would seem to turn on the relative powers possessed by the Social Democratic State as representing the collectivity of the Industrial Unions or “Guilds,” and the special controlling power vested in each “Guild” separately over the instruments and conditions of its own special branch of production. The interference claimed by the expositions of the writers in _The New Age_ is certainly that a powerful control on the part of the individual “Guild” over the conditions of its own production and the relatively weak control on the part of the State as representing the interests of the community as a whole. But if I am right in my interpretation of National Guilds as expounded in this journal, the theory, notwithstanding its reservation in the part of the individual “Guild” over the means of production, etc., and hence the ultimate control on the part of the State as representing the total interests of the community, is to have the ultimate decision in all disputes arising between the various industrial bodies and their separate interests, and also the power to enforce its decisions as the ultimate directive agency—then the theory of National Guilds would seem to be scarcely distinguishable from that of Syndicalism or Social Democracy as generally understood. In discussing the theory of National Guilds it is necessary above all things to have a clear understanding as to what differentiates it on the one hand from the modern Syndicalist theory, and on the other from the orthodox Socialist doctrine. Now any clear differentiation such as that suggested seems to be lacking in the various articles that have appeared in _The New Age_ treating of the subject hitherto. And yet it is surely of the first importance to know in how far the possession of the means of production, etc., and hence the ultimate control of the industrial life of the community as vested in the Democratic State, are to be real or little more than nominal. If the former, in how far would it have the right and the means of coercing any recalcitrant “Guild” to conform itself to just action as regards any other “Guild” or “Guilds” with which it might be in conflict or as regards the general social welfare?

Again, another point on which the voice of National Guilds seems uncertain is the question of _Inter-

Nationalism_. Does it imply the International outlook of modern Socialism generally? Is it intended to convey the notion that the present National State is to be the ultimate political and economic framework of human society? I have read statements in _The New Age_ which would seem to point to the latter conclusion. There are many other questions as yet unelucidated or insufficiently elucidated by the protagonists of National Guilds which seem to require further explication before an effective criticism or appreciation of the theory can be made. But the leading points which suggest themselves, I think, I have indicated with sufficient clearness in the present article.

E. BELFORT BAX.
of schoolbooks, one of which, entitled "Altın Kitab" (the Golden Book), he said was splendid. We at once began to work at it; but, as I read, I must confess that I was filled with horror. I can hardly enough with praises of school and diligence in study, reverence to parents, love of friends and brethren. But when, proceeding, I read statements like the following, I could only gasp and ask my teacher what it meant—

"Time is Money."

"To waste no minute of our time but always work means money."

"Whoever recognises time as money, always has his pockets full of money."

"The Way to Grow Rich."

"Hoseyn had resolved to become rich. Hoseyn did not, as greedy children do, spend all the money which his parents gave him at the sweetshop or at the fruit-seller's. He liked to save money. He was always saying: If I can only save a mejdi, I shall cause it to increase. By such means he became the owner of a great emporium. To-day the largest store in all the markets is his property. He is rich and at his ease. Lo! great riches thus arise from little savings. One has only to save money and then use it in a trade.

"They say that gold is a yellow snake which bites the body. A pretty saying! But in the struggle of life we need it as a weapon. With that we can overcome every adversary, even fortune, and gain such a victory that time will applaud us, saying "Well done!"

"To grind the wheat to flour, of which we make our bread, mills are necessary. Mills are of three kinds. One turns by wind, another by water, and the third by steam. The wind and water mills work slowly. The steam mills quickly make quantities of flour, and naturally for this reason gain much money. If in the future you should desire to do a service, work to become the master of a big steam mill. By this means very many have grown rich."

There was much more to the same purpose. In short, the whole book seemed, as far as we had gone, to be a work of Mammon, pernicious, against true religion. I protested, and my khoja told me that this transitory world above the other, and made no mention of the power of God. With dignity he bade me wait until we reached the end; and, in fact, towards the end there were some passages of a religious tendency. The last thing in the book was this small parable, entitled "Kismet."

"Do not listen to such empty sayings as 'Well, that was not my fate' (Kismet). 'What was in his fate came out in his spoon.' Everybody's fate is one and always present. God gives the fate of each into his own charge. Well, one day when on his way to school, met a grape-seller. The bunches hanging from the edge of the basket were extremely fine. Well longed for the fine grapes. He wished to buy twenty parsa's worth. The seller of the grapes was an aged fruitner. After weighing the grapes on the scales he gave them to Well's hand. Well took the grapes, but, slipping somehow from his hand, they fell into the mud. The old grape-seller seeing the grapes and the mud, was very grieved. Poor Well tried to find some consolation by saying to the grape-seller: 'Well, it was not my fate.'

The grape-seller replied: 'It was your fate, but you did not know how to take it.' Well pondered much upon that word. From the grape-seller's remark he understood that everything in the world is man's fate. Only every opportunity must be taken. And he must know how to work."

"Well." said my teacher, "now do you understand the purpose of this book?"

I did not altogether, I confessed; for in spite of the sound sense of this last parable and a little piety infused toward the end, it was not designed to lead me to preach of the faith of Mammon, God of Europe, which I hate like a good Muslim. My khoja then informed me I was too fanatical. He invited me to put apart all prejudice and then consider whether, while Christendom had gone too far in worldliness, Islam had not gone too far in carelessness of mundane things. God, the Almighty Maker of the World, he said, did not intend good men to leave the world aside, resigning its affairs to rascals and the poor. The provisions from Scripture wherein rules were laid down for the conduct of the faithful in the market-place, the seat of power, the battlefield, and so on. Yet that was what had happened in the Guarded Kingdoms and elsewhere.

Religious people were unpractical and loved retirement. They spoke of money as a cause of sin, and in their hearts despised the rich and powerful. They were loth to meddle in affairs, with the result that there was nothing left to check the ambition and the avarice of evildoers. All this was named "wealth," which might with equal justice have been called the cause, of their subjection to unbridled despotism. Such a despotism was against the teaching of Islam which stood for mutual responsibility of governor and governed, for equal rights and duties. By such means reformers, not natural that reformers faced with such inertia should try in the public schools to rouse the scholars to personal endeavour? The chief need of the Muslim population was prosperity, which could only be attained by means of private wealth. And the hope of gain or high preferment had always, in all nations, been the chief incentive to exertion, was it not reasonable that, in these instructions, money should be given the importance which actually has? Money or desire of gain or desire of gain may be desirable if associated with love of country, mercy, justice, and consideration for the needy—all which virtues were (if I had deigned to notice) taught as essential in this Golden Book. I was further bidden to remember that the work in question was not designed exclusively for use in Muslim schools. It might be read in schools where Muslims, Jews, and Christians—Islam, and its two branches—studied side by side. It would, therefore, be unfair, these children being at the teacher's mercy, to give instruction there too strong a Muslim tone. The rich men of the present generation, he asserted, were useless to the country as a rule. They had gained their wealth by plundering the country, and their khoja told me that this transitory world above the other, and made no mention of the power of God. With dignity he bade me wait until we reached the end; and, in fact, towards the end there were some passages of a religious tendency. The last thing in the book was this small parable, entitled "Kismet."

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THE NEW AGE

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The Holy Grail.*

By M. E. Oxon.

Not long ago a controversialist scoffed in these columns at the suggestion that the pendulum was now swinging away from Materialism. Almost as an answer to his scoff Messrs. Bell have started to produce a cheap and popular series of books dealing with things so immaterial as mystic quests.

The latest volume, "The Quest of the Holy Grail," is a very interesting book on what is perhaps the most interesting subject which exists. The interest of the book is twofold. Miss Weston, who is an authority of European reputation on Grail literature, has hitherto written books more for the specialist than for the general reader, in which technical details rather obscure the outlook. She has now taken her opportunity, and has contrived in fifty pages to marshal the leading evidence on a most complicated literary question, so that anyone who will can get a glimpse of the subject as a whole, and at the same time know that the data are as correct as twenty years of work can make them. Further, in three other chapters she has considered the arguments for and against the origin of the Romance from Christian and pre-Christian sources, and has expounded more fully and unreservedly than has been possible in previous books the mystic interpretation, which she looks on as the right one, and which we are told has been received with favour by other professional Grail students.

In briefest outline her contention is that the Chalice of the Christian Eucharist could never have come to be so variously described as is the Grail, at one time an invisible cup, at another a stone. Whereas this very variability becomes natural if the Grail is looked on as representing the Cup of Life—Eternal, Human, or Car nal—a mystical and immaterial thing. The publication of such an idea and its acceptance by professional critics seems an event which may have great consequences.

I am only one of the "irresponsible and ingenious amateurs," for whom the writer has a mild contempt, not, I fear, quite ill founded, and can, therefore, not venture into the maze, but looking at the matter as a whole, it seems as if Miss Weston had made such a systematic use of the touchstone which she has found as she might with advantage have done. It would be foolish and ungracious to carp because her idea has not been born fully fledged, the more so as most probably the millions of feathers which belong to it can never find their true places before the coming of the Coqcigrues, but still a fuller use of the touchstone will, I think, help things along.

The whole subject divides itself under three heads: The Meaning of the Romance; the source from which the thirteenth century writers got their material and the origin of the whole conception with its history till the thirteenth century.

To those who attempt to answer the first question no better advice can, I think, be given than is contained in the preface to the "Shaving of Shagpat"—"and my belief is, that, designing in his wisdom simply to amuse, he attempted to give a larger embrace to time than is possible to the profound dispenser of knowledge, which, to be of any value, must be perfectly clear, and, when perfectly clear, are as little attractive as Mrs. Malaprop's reptile." But in so far as the other two headings can be separated from this one, they are a most legitimate and entrancing study.

It is probably true that in this search the two opposed methods of mystical and materialistic criticism will give equally valuable, even if quite contradictory, results, but they should be most carefully, and it is here that I venture to think that Miss Weston has erred.

For example, she thinks that the "Vegetation Rites of Adonis" are not dead, and the earliest stage of the--"*The Quest of the Holy Grail." By Jessie L. Weston. (The Quest Series. Crown 8vo, pp. 157. G. Bell and Son. 2s. 6d.) to reject Dr. Nietzsche's suggestion that Eleusis was its birthplace. If it comes to a choice between these suggestions I, too, would choose Adonis, but having glimpsed the profoundness of the mystery, it appears rather unreasonable to set one as closer to the direct line of Grail descent than the other.

No doubt Miss Weston is attached to the Rites of Adonis since these first gave her clue, but I feel that she overrates these as the origin, except as an arbitrary one behind which she is actually troubled for her present purposes. Having once postulated that the Grail is a mystic and immaterial thing, why look for a material origin which can at best only be a death and derangement of the matter? For it is the fact that they were Vegetation rites is no guarantee that they were the primitive form. I think that before being Vegetation rites they were something else far less tangible, and in fact an example of a general truth that the material comes after, and is a degeneration (or shall we say a transmutation?) of the nonmaterial.

In the Isha Upanishad (and for what it may be worth *Ish* means Lord just as does Adonis) there is a verse which says: "To me whose quest is the All, open, O Nourisher, the door (or mouth) hidden behind thy shining dish." (Patri!). There is little doubt, I think, that this is the Sun, and my belief is that Adonis was also the god behind the sun in his earlier days. Light as a wild boar. He died as a violent death as the result of the chase of a wild boar." (It has been suggested, and I think well, that this wild boar, who is also found in Scandinavian myth, was the sun on the horizon with its rays standing up like golden bristles, as in the Persian crest.) "He descended into the Netherworld," and was restored to life, etc. The fact that in the Adonis rites his effigy was thrown into the sea points the same way.*

Again, Miss Weston recognises that the three chief Grail Heros are three types of seekers—though not, I think, quite clearly or she would not wonder at Gawain's fall. How, then, can we expect to find a true genealogy of one story from the other? They must closely resemble each other, the derivation of one from the other is illusory. In the Back of Beyond one may have existed before the others, but which, it would need a brave man to guess, they may have followed each other, they did not displace one another—except, perhaps, on the purely literary side in the thirteenth century. The Mysteries are not dead, they sleep and wake among the nations, they live always in man. Except when asleep they have no localities, no castles, no days. They can be marked on maps, except when by chance (?) a castle of stone happens to surround them—built perhaps on a raft in a swarm! Wagner placed his Grail castle on the same map as the Pyrenees, but that (pace Moser) does not mean in France. It is the Back of Beyond, where the gods live, on the unseen and everlasting northern side of Meru.

The Mysteries are not dead. The History of the Holy Grail is not ancient history, and each man who makes a little piece for himself makes it rather different in detail. The country to be crossed is the same, the road taken may be different. So when it comes to appraising how much of knowledge, how much hear-say the writers of the different stories had, it is quite possible that instead of thinking that those who held fastest to the tradition were the knowers we should invert our valuation and look on variations in details as signs of first-hand knowledge. Some day perhaps we may be able to read how and why the Middle Ages produced Grail Romances and Crusades, who inspired Europe, where and when he did it. In the meantime we may thank Miss Weston for a very useful book.

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* Questions for the Curious—What is the real day of Adonis' death? Was it originally three days before his rebirth? If so, did the cult arise just on the present Arctic Circle? If not, what was the latitude of the Earth's axis at that date? Did the land look Westward over an ocean, etc.?
Readers and Writers.

A good biographical criticism of Paul Bourget by M. Ernest Dimnet appears in Constable’s “Modern Biographies” Series (ls. net). Of the same series we have already had J. M. Synge, Lefacido Hearn, and W. E. Henley. Samuel Butler is shortly to follow. L’Abbé Dimnet’s study, however, is likely to prove the best of the procession, since, like many Frenchmen, he is at once classic in his standards and sympathetic in his valuations. Of his standard the following description is true: “I have estimated Bourget,” he says, “from the canons gathered from the best of his period, and I do not measured him by the greatest. I know of no greater honour that could be given him.” And his sympathy is revealed in the many fair allowances he makes for Bourget’s defects and in his whole-hearted admiration of Bourget’s devotion to his trade of aristocratic novelist. Where does he place Bourget? Far above most of his contemporary novelists, but well below the greatest. And I agree with him, in this. Bourget, who was elected to the Academy in 1895, has written now some thirty novels as well as many studies and a few plays. At least twenty of them are cast in the same mould, repeat almost the same characters and situations and certainly aim at inciting the same set of doctrines. These last, if Bourget were English, I should be inclined to describe as “High Tory and Historical.” Being French, his doctrines are better indicated as Catholic, Royalist of the ancien régime and aristocratic. M. Dimnet lightly but clearly suggests the explanation of Bourget’s reaction. I would put it in a couple of words—snobishness and success.

I have just read a full report of Lord Northcliffe’s remarks to Canadian journalists on the comparative qualities of Canadian, American, and English journalism—newspapers in particular. The proprietor of a newsheet with a circulation of nearly a million copies daily has, perhaps, some right to give advice to men who would become the same if they could. Nevertheless, to many of us in England Lord Northcliffe’s brag will seem absurd. For instance, he remarks that with newspapers in England “accuracy of reports is the first consideration.” Is that so indeed? I thought it was their sensation first and their accuracy a long way after. “The English public,” he continued, “are very exacting, and they are quite an important factor in keeping the daily journals up to the scratch.” Deary me, who would have thought it? I should now like to have as candid an opinion of Lord Northcliffe’s papers from the editor, let us say, of the “Figaro” or the “Journal des Débats” as he has given of theirs to the Canadian editors. In the first great French novel, journals ever dreams of creating a sensation that does not naturally exist. I mean that they report, but they do not invent. Secondly, a sense of proportion always marks their spatial distribution of the news of the day. They would not, not, for example, allow the world’s affairs to wait while they were examining poor Crippen’s pyjamas. Thirdly, they lead as well as follow their readers, and daily give them something to think about as well as something to gape at and forget. Fourthly, no great French newspaper compares to a clique of interests, personal or general. In the “Journal des Débats” you may find any day of the week news not only of politics, but of art, science, literature, drama, manners, customs and of every subject of interest to humanity. At the year’s end he believes such a “Journal” could boast that nothing human in the whole twelve months had been alien to it. Lord Northcliffe’s Press, on the other hand, is confined to the narrow circle of his journalistic interests. What does not interest his small and mediocre mind (energy apart) he not only will not himself have published, but he will ignore when it is published. He has never been able to employ a man of a better education than himself, and, in consequence, his whole Press is confined to the subjects of interest to the lower middle classes. Lastly, I should say, the “Journal des Débats” frequently appears without a single advertisement. Imagine what Lord Northcliffe would feel if the “Daily Mail” had to depend on the intelligence put into it.

In a recent letter to the “Frankfort Gazette,” Dr. Richard Oehler of Bonn enters a charge against most of the drawings and representations of Nietzsche. They do Nietzsche no good, he says, and they are in need of new subjects of research. Hence he has seen Nietzsche at least once in three weeks for many years, and having frequently conversed with him even during his long last illness, Dr. Oehler says that he was struck and continued always to be struck by the severe nobility, the “royal dignity,” of Nietzsche’s expression. Usually, as we know, the impression conveyed by drawings of Nietzsche is of a man in a state of perpetual crucifixion. Some of his disciples, it appears (not his English admirers, I am glad to say), positively prefer to think of him as having lived in agony. For them he is what Jesus is for many Christians—nothing without the cross and passion. Dr. Oehler, on the contrary, saw little if any of this osten- tations suffering in the particular “portrait of the greatest German who ever lived.” He was,Dr. Oehler says, happy, he was at least habitually serene. A “spiritualised seal” is Dr. Oehler’s description of him, and from Max Klinger’s bust of Nietzsche—the best representation extant, in his opinion—the phrase appears to me to be happy.

Biographers who have raked the British Museum empty of the records of notable pimps and prostitutes and are in need of new subjects of research may be recommended to look up the lives of the great revolutionaries. We are certainly in for a revolutionary epoch, and as certainly it will be preceded and accompanied by a good deal of literary and historic parallelism. It is true, of course, that the sexual “romance” will be missing, but it usually is from the lives of men who have done anything else. But I believe that sexual romance also has had its day. Its last refuge is the plane of the “British Weekly,” and its appearance there marks its disappearance from intelligent circles. Of real romance, the romance of ideas in action and of ideas being brought into action, the revolutionary movements are, of course, full. What, for example, can be more exciting than the siege of Paris before 1871 by the workers of the idea of Marx and Proudhon and Marx? I could make, if I had the time, a rare story of it. Figure Proudhon concentrating his ideas at Brussels preparatory to marching on Paris. See him arrive there with a bold plan of campaign—no less than the abolition of the wage-system (How history repeats itself!) Mark his circumnavigation of the intellectual coasts of the city and his mapping out of the areas of the favourable and unfavourable to his ideas. Now it is the cry of electoral reform that threatens him. Strange remedy, comments Proudhon. Will more numerous electors, he asks, and more noisy orators save the country? If a parliament is accurately representative, it must represent all opinions, and therefore give us chaos. But if it is not accurately representative, then either it is corrupt or some idea must dominate it—and where is the idea? At another time it is Marx who stands in his way. Marx approaches him to suggest a union of forces. But Marx is not a constructive revolutionary himself, he is a “bouche-livre,” a tospsy-turvyist. As for me, said Proudhon to Marx, “I am the true conservative; I preserve real society; I am a revolutionary, but I am not a sub- verteur.” In the end, however, it was neither Marx nor Proudhon who won, though, it may be noted, Proudhon was visited in the midst of the ’48 revolution by a body of armed citizens with the request to formulate the basis of the new social order for them. Does the story not attract some of our unemployed biographers or idea-forsaken publishers? Come, let us have a first-rate series of them.

To continue for another paragraph, I should like to
observe that Proudhon had much the same standards of literary values as prevail in these pages. Of Victor Hugo, for example, whom he did not read until he was nearly forty, he commented in a margin: "The cult of the ugly." That is not to say he did not realise Hugo's great literary gifts, but he despised Hugo's judgment. He says of the "Lucretia Borgia" and the rest of the so-called tragedies: "They play with death, suicide, and murder in the abstract; they are insincere and untrue." He could not understand how a great writer could allow his mind to dwell so long upon details of absorbing interest only to butcher boys and decadents. If poets and imaginative writers, he says, want subjects for their legitimate work, let them choose from what humanity may and ought to become. A race of men led by justice, that, he declared, was poetry! To understand and to carry out the revolution—that was poetry! To establish equality and peace—that was poetry! To honour the creative love of virtue—that was poetry! To maintain these affirmations is permissible even to The New Age. Indeed, to the best of our ability, we do maintain them. It is, however, when we attempt to defend their legitimate work, that we are forced against us. Most people will agree that God is good; few like to hear that the Devil is bad.

I have lately been much perturbed by a phenomenon observed, to my knowledge, by several editors, literary agents and publishers' readers. They complain in unison that both the variety and quality of articles submitted to them are not what they were a few years ago. The superficiality, the unoriginality and the dullness of the modern occasional writer are something to worry over. Less than a decade ago the complaint of the non-professional writer that he could not get a hearing was perhaps legitimate. At least, it is of the number of books it's reviewers damn. Is there not a man, for example, whom he did not read until he was nearly forty, he commented in a margin: "The cult of the ugly." That is not to say he did not realise Hugo's great literary gifts, but he despised Hugo's judgment. He says of the "Lucretia Borgia" and the rest of the so-called tragedies: "They play with death, suicide, and murder in the abstract; they are insincere and untrue." He could not understand how a great writer could allow his mind to dwell so long upon details of absorbing interest only to butcher boys and decadents. If poets and imaginative writers, he says, want subjects for their legitimate work, let them choose from what humanity may and ought to become. A race of men led by justice, that, he declared, was poetry! To understand and to carry out the revolution—that was poetry! To establish equality and peace—that was poetry! To honour the creative love of virtue—that was poetry! To maintain these affirmations is permissible even to The New Age. Indeed, to the best of our ability, we do maintain them. It is, however, when we attempt to defend their legitimate work, that we are forced against us. Most people will agree that God is good; few like to hear that the Devil is bad.

Complaints continue to be received by The New Age of the number of books its reviewers damn. Is there not a pretty piece of psychology in this? It is characteristic of most of us to remember the censure much more easily than the praise of others. Our vanity is momentarily flattered by the comparison of our unscathed selves with the scathed reputation we see before us. Besides, the praise of others, on the contrary, both humbles our conceit (if only for an instant) and challenges our envy. We tend to suspect either that the subject is unworthy of it or that the praise is offered from corrupt motives. In short, it is often unpleasant or, at least, indifferent; and in either case we tend to put it out of our memory. A simple question I have put to several such critics as those I have described is this: Have you noted and purchased or read the books praised in The New Age? The edition, in fact, is not one to buy for use, but only as a wedding present to pair with the family Bible.

My mind can never hear the statement that "England produced Shakespeare" without wondering what it means to its author. Stop, my reader, and challenge yourself, for you, too, doubtless, have used the phrase. Is it merely that Shakespeare was born of English parents? Not that alone. Is it that he was born of English parents in England? Not that only, either. Then is it that he was born in England to English parents and was brought up and lived his life in England? That is nearer it, you say. And now tell me what is meant here by England. The soil, the air, the food, the landscape—or what? Oh, the people as well! Without the people Shakespeare would have had no material for his portraiture—very well. And it was a happy union of the born eye and mind with the very material most congenial to them? Very well, again. But what, I now ask, sustained Shakespeare in the writing down of his observations? What maintained in Shakespeare the man the Shakespeare we alone know as poet? For what, for whom, by virtue of whose approval or in defiance of whose censure, did Shakespeare not only write, but write at his stretch—at his stretch, mark—not at his full stretch? Here I mutter to myself something about the spirit of the age. Everybody was writing in those days. It was the noble craze. Writing then was what cricket is to-day. In every village there was a little nest of scribbling-larks. Yes, but without some authority it could not be. Take the good from the bad, how should such chaos result in the ordered judgment, the ranking of writers according to their degrees? Suppose that everybody played cricket, but that there were no judges—would cricket ever become more of an art than hops? Answer now, there must have been judges in Shakespeare's day. You are right. And it was these who "produced" Shakespeare! Artists are born, but critics make them.

I have received a note from Mr. Chalmers Dixon in reply to my recent comment on the "English Review." He "thinks" that if I took up the records I shall find that The New Age was the first to discontinue the exchange, whereupon the "English Review" followed suit by a "firm rule." Mr. Dixon adds that the "English Review" is not so childish as to cease sending out copies on account of unfavourable notices. Well, I am glad to know that this is the case, and that there has been no more than a misunderstanding. Having, however, "looked up the records," I find that The New Age was actually sent to the "English Review" office for nine weeks after the last copy of that review was returned.

R. H. C.
From “Multatuli.”
(Translated from the Dutch by P. Selver.)

A TRAVELLER was laden with gold and silver. He had provided himself with weapons, for fear of robbers. His attendants followed him in great number—in fact, there were more of them than all the robbers in the whole land put together. He was so well armed and attended that a whole camp would not have been able to deprive him of his treasures.

Certain robbers who did not know this attacked him, but they long regretted having done so—those at least who were not immediately slain. A robber, rendered wary by the example of his brethren, sought counsel from a holy anchorite, who was versed in all things, because he had lived long in retirement with two death’s heads and a jug of water.

“Whither away, 0 Philoinous?” asked Hudor his comrade, whom he met in the streets of Athens.

Hudor, staggering, said. But the traveller and his retinue were very badly off indeed as a result. The rope was called “Belief,” and has preserved its power to this day.

“Father, tell me why the sun doesn’t fall down.”
The father was ashamed at not knowing why the sun does not fall down, and he punished his child because he was ashamed.

The child feared its father’s anger, and asked no more questions—why the sun does not fall down, nor any other things that it would have so much liked to know.

This child never became a man, although it lived six thousand years. . . . no, much longer. It has remained stupid and dull even to this day.

“Whither away, O Philoinous?” asked Hudor of his comrade, whom he met in the streets of Athens.

“I hasten to drink the three measures of bad wine that await me with the ugliness of my three mistresses” answered Philoinous, staggering.

For he was drunk.

“Come, you have enough wine, and too many mistresses, I fear.”

“Three, Hudor, Three! The Master said so! Three! . . . he said it!”

“The master spoke neither of wine nor of women, come, . . . .”

“He said three . . . three . . . THREE!”

And Philoinous fell down for the third time that evening.

But this time he remained prostrate. And he has remained prostrate even to this day.

A child was born for the first time! The mother was in raptures, and the father also gazed at it with devout love.

“But, Genius, tell me, will it always remain so small?” asked the mother. “And,” she added, “see, I myself do not know whether I want that! I should like to see it big as a human being, but it would be a pity if it changed so that I could no longer carry it and give it my milk.”

“You child will grow up to a human being,” said the Genius. “It will not always be fed with your milk. It will one day no longer be carried by you.”

“O, Genius,” cried the mother in terror, “shall my child go away? When it can walk, shall it then go away from me? What must I do to prevent my child from going away when it can walk?”

“Love your child,” said the Genius, “and it will not go away from you.”

That’s how it was. And it remained so for some time. But then many children were born. And it was very troublesome for many of the parents to love all the children.

Then they discovered a commandment that was to replace love, as many commandments do. For it is easier to give a commandment than love:

How to love your father and thy mother.

The children left their parents as soon as they could walk. So to the commandment a promise was added:

That it may go well with thee.

Then some children remained with their parents. But they did not remain in the manner that the first mother had meant when she asked the Genius: “What must I do to prevent my child from going away from me as soon as it can walk?”

And so it has remained even to this day.

“Le premier roi fut un soldat heureux,” said Voltaire, but I do not know if it is true. It just was likely—even more so, in fact—that the first king was somebody who had acquaintance with rope-making anchors.

But the following story is true:

Krates was very strong. He could break down ramps of tree-trunks with his thumb and middle finger, and slay thirteen enemies with one blow. When he coughed a fire broke out through the compression of the air, and the moon shook if he only thought of movement.

Through all these merits Krates became king.

And after he had been king for a long time, he died.

But little Krates, his son, had had rickets, though that did not prevent him from wishing to become king, in place of his father who had been so strong.

He took his seat on a chair that they called throne, and cried:—

“I am king!”

“Why are you king?” asked the people, who were still stupid.

“Well, because my mother lived in the same hut as old Krates, who is dead.”

Actually he said palace, but it was a hut.

The people did not understand this reasoning, and when Krates II cried:—“Come!” everybody went home.

But when he said “Go!” then they came running hard.

In short, the authority was gone, and Krates the Second was too stupid to issue his commands by countered.

The opposition newspaper of those days contained the following:—

Why, O Krates the Second, you who are hand-legged and lacking in sense, why do you take your seat on the chair of the man who twenty years ago lived in the same hut as the woman who bore you? Stand up and make room, and do not say “Go!” or “Come!” as if you were the real old Krates! Where are the bulwarks of oak trunks that you have snapped with your finger? The moon does not shake, even if you think of the bursting of the Universe. You cannot kill a flea, and no fire breaks out when you sneeze. Stand up, and make room for another, who understands all these useful things.

So spoke the opposition.

Krates would probably have had to get up from the chair which he had called throne, if an old wet-nurse had not spoken thus to the people:

“Hear me, 0 people, for I was the wet-nurse of little Krates, when he was even smaller than he is now! When he was born, his father anointed his own head with oil, and lo! a drop of the oil fell on my nursing. Therefore he need not tip the walls over, and there is no need for the moon to shake, or for a fire to break out when you coughs, I tell you. . . . .”

But the eloquent nurse did not have to say any more.

The conclusion was so easy to grasp, that all the people—the staff of the opposition newspaper loudest of all tried out as if with one voice:

Long live the Lord’s anointed!

And Krates remained seated on the chair which he called throne.

And he has remained seated there even to the present day.—“Minnebrievn.”
Ride a Cock Pegasus.

By T. K. L.

If it might be my destiny, I would fain be first to hail the long-awaited English Epic. In fact I am determined, destiny or no, to be the first, for the crown of the English baby ever hears, is the staple of Mr. Hewlett. His very name falls in as pat as may be as to make room when one aspires to death certain words as so to make room when one has a great many to get in. Mr. Hewlett’s own lines do not always achieve this literally fatal facility, but they may be relied on to do so at every emotional crisis.

When the poet is determined on saying something particularly pathetic, a dactylic foot dances down all opposition. Here are some examples:

Rich-with-his blood and sweat and tears,
Warm-with-his love, quick-with his toil,
Where kings and their stewards come and go.

They shall perish—but he endure
(Thus-saith-the Scripture, old and grim),
He shall shine them like-a-vesture
But he is the same, his tale untold;
And to his son’s sons shall endure
The land that was his own, bought and sold.

It would seem as though some other English poets had tried to master the dactylic octosyllable; but almost always their attempts have been limited to lines here and there, the which only defeats an occasional iambic or a trochee, and appear, in fact, as though poetical sense had momentarily failed in them. Mr. Hewlett’s genius, on the contrary, only appears to have failed when the dactyl is either absent or not strong enough to dominate the iambic. His opening lines are imperfect:

I sing the Man, etc.,
but he often enough abandons this manner to enable us to forget it. Whenever he comes really near to Hodge, all is Hodge and the iamb. Hewlett might at least believe that his own bright young son had written the poem, and this says sufficiently for the thoroughly, if, as some say, the narrowly, English treatment of the subject.

Then, as regards the rhythm: Mr. Hewlett has been so daring as to venture with the octosyllable, the so-called “fatally facile” octosyllable. Mr. Hewlett is no stranger to this metre. One of his most celebrated lines will be remembered—Menelau’s address to Helen:

Ruinous face, O ruinous face!

Nevertheless, there are so many varieties of octosyllabic verse that it must have puzzled Mr. Hewlett to avoid the fatal ones. Byron’s “Sennacherib” exhibits the perfect anapletic octosyllable—but he achieved the perfection only once. In the “Isles of Greece,” Byron was inspired to employ the iambic octosyllable.

In “The Forsaken Merman,” Arnold shows us the trochaic octosyllable, that enchanting metre of simplicity, and almost the rarest to find perfect. Quite the rarest of all is the dactylic octosyllable; in only one or two English poems is it to be found at all, and of these the most notable one, curiously, is anonymous. No one knows who wrote “Ride a cock horse to Banbury Cross”!

Simors Hewlett on

The metre is assuredly in his own. His lines fall, as may be:
Ride a cock horse to Banbury Cross—
Afield at five, luncheon at nine
Under the hedge, and at midday
Under the hedge to sit and dine.

And now for tea and homely cheer.
Of currant bread upon a platter.
And then comes work for fork and knife.
A time to get one’s bellyful.
And sleep after for man and wife.
Bread and bacon on the knife’s edge.
And all is as it has ever been.
And so it is even as it was.
Out and home goes he, back-bent.
Heavy, patient, slow, as of old.
Father, gramer, ancestor went.

I put it to the fair-minded that these lines equal any of Mr. Masefield’s. Mr. Hewlett, moreover, has something of the other poet’s knack of making feminine rhymes upon words not structurally feminine, the which knack provides homely and lean-at-ease intervals very suitable to the subject. The strain of serious attention is undoubtedly, relieved by such rhymes: “lord it—award it—scored it;”

And is Mr. Masefield freer with his gifts to Hodge of Sábbatical terms than the new Epicist? God, God, God, Thou, Who, Christ, Lord Christ, Sunday, Scripture, Parson, Easter, Lent, Church—I think Hodge is given these almost as well as the memory of his belly and his connubial relations. Mr. Hewlett is indeed faithful to his master, if one must, by courtesy, name the author of

* In the “Westminster Gazette,” October 18.
Recollections.

By Peter Fanning.

I.

Every Wednesday morning was devoted to a full marching order parade and every man in the regiment, not otherwise engaged, was expected to be present. The inspection on this occasion was very strict, every detail of clothing and equipment being closely scrutinised by Colonel "Paddy" Stockes, our commanding officer.

In preparation for this event, considered the most important of the week, immediately after dinner on Tuesdays beds were made down, strips and gear taken from the pegs and shelves, and for a few hours every man was industriously employed in the application of pipeclay and brass polish. The preliminaries were usually got through to the accompaniment of the first pipe after dinner, during which time conversation was at a discount. But after the consumption of the first pipe things began to occur.

Of the twenty-four men in the room at this time, six were Dublin men and eight County Kildare men. The rivalry between these two counties is old and keen, as may be seen in the Phoenix Park during a wrestling or football match. Being unable to indulge in their ancient pastimes in a barrack-room, and being loth to forgo the pleasure of taking a rise out of each other, they adopted the musical course of singing each other down never by any means praising their own county as the most desirable spot on earth, but contending that the other fellows' county was the most detestable.

Things would be going quietly and smoothly, every man busy trying to raise an extra polish on his brasses, when "Kit" Browne, a thorough Dublin Jackeen, with the least appearance of malice, but in a voice that would drive a professional ballad singer crazy with envy, would trot out:—

Arrah sweet Kildare, I love your grass Where the cuckoo never hid her And the cow won't bost her boiler By the chewing of her cud.

This gross reflection on the "short-grass county" would be continued in a dozen verses, the Kildare men in the meantime making ridiculous pretences to appear unconscious of the skit. When "Kit" had finished his stave, "Tinker" Riley would try his hand, but in a far more obnoxious strain. It was generally left to "Spud" Murphy, however, to put the "tin hat" on the performance, in, I am sorry to say, unprintable doggerel.

To those of us who belonged to neither side the performance was great fun, and although we did not appear to favour either party, we encouraged by every means every contribution to the contest. The stock ribaldry of the Dublin men being at length exhausted, the Kildare men now had a look in. Their side of the argument was suddenly opened by "Paddy" Denneny, who, lacking the polish of the city men, would burst out in the traditional Irish style; but in a voice of exorcising solemnity a score of verses like the following:—

Oh, the fust thing I've to tell yer is, I'm but a cantry clown, To seek a situation I've just come into town. I hail far from Ireland, from a place called Tipilow, On the thumb-hand side, and north-east of the Bay of Pimlico.

As I walked down Arran Quay, the fust thing I espied Was the shipwreck of a wheel-barrow, in the mud at the other side I saw the hot-wall rangers, and their hundred thousand Micks Doing the Grecian stuck up, up against the hot-wall bricks.

(The whole barrack-room "change feet").

The accusation of the last two lines lay in this. The Dublin Jackeens, being too poor to purchase boots, congregate at the hot wall on Arran's Quay, belonging to Guinness' bakery. There they put their caps upon the ground, placing one foot upon it, whilst they hold the sole of the other to the hot wall, and thus they keep changing feet from the wall to the cap.

As Denneny developed his song, telling of his adventures and experiences in the city, the Dublin men would begin to grunt. According to the Denneny legend there was not a decent thing to be found in the capital. Feeling their advantage, the Kildare men add charge to charge and insult to insult till at the finish "Dear, dirty Dublin" had not a rag of character to her back.

Our cleaning and the contest ended at the same time. Every man's traps were fit for the morrow's inspection. So, having no further cares, we adjourned to the canteen, where we could extend the number of singers and the nature of the songs.

II.

The first time I mounted guard in Belfast I was much surprised at dinner time to see the corporal of the guard go round the table, and without your leave, take a piece of meat off each man's plate. I was more surprised still to see him carry his collection to a corner of the guard room and then, with the aid of a knife, raise one of the boards of the floor and pass the meat below. "Who is the corporal feeding underneath the floor?" I asked one of the men.

"Do you not know?"

"No, thinke me your first guard."

"Oh, well you'll learn soon enough."

So, for the present I had to restrain my curiosity. Just before the eight o'clock relief I saw the corporal go again towards the corner of the room, and I watched his manoeuvres. For some time the corporal had been active, and now there emerged from the aperture a sorry-looking mongrel dog of the black and tan variety. A more woeful looking brute is impossible to imagine. And yet the soldiers made no end of fuss over him, and he on his part returned every embrace with a wag and a gladsome whine.

Scenting me as a new hand, he came and did his wriggle in front of me, and thus I got my introduction to "Chum."

A few minutes later the sentry on the main gate shouted "Sentry go," and the five men for the relief, of whom I was one, prepared to turn out. While I was getting my rifle from the rack I noticed "Chum" sneak cautiously out of the guard room and scamper off along the wall. Where he was going, or what he was up to at that moment I had no idea.

I was posted on the magazine number three post that night, and my two hours, eight to ten, had nearly expired, the relief in fact were in sight, coming from the hospital post, when who should appear but "Chum." Again I noticed he slunk along the wall, hiding himself as much as possible; so I stood stock still and watched him. When he got opposite my sentry box he darted out and caught me by the great coat and shook it gently. "It's all right, Chum," said I, and with that he drew off some ten yards away till
he saw me in the act of being relieved, then off he scampered towards number four post. When the relief arrived at number "four" I could see "Chum" in the distance, and the same again at number "five," but after the last man was relieved "Chum" disappeared.

On returning to the guard room I could see nothing of the dog, so I made inquiries regarding him. "He's in his retreat," I was told. "And will remain there till after lights out."

After lights out the board was raised again, and "Chum" reappeared. I was so fascinated by his actions that I watched his every movement, and the more closely I watched him the more my wonder grew.

As soon as the sentry on number one shouted "Sentry go," "Chum" was on the alert, and if necessary would rouse up the men for duty. When "Visiting Rounds" came he was off like a shot. Not taking the same route as on ordinary relief, but making a detour round the barrack square, and reaching number two long before the officer and his escort had any chance of getting there. There was no chance of catching him before the officer and his escort had any chance of getting him, and reaching number two long before the officer and his escort had any chance of getting there. There was no chance of catching him before the officer and his escort had any chance of getting there. There was no chance of catching him before the officer and his escort had any chance of getting there.

The fame of "Chum" got rumoured abroad, and eventually reached the ears of the C.O. "Oh, yes," Colonel "Paddy" was told, "there is a dog, Sir. Comes in here of a night time, but it's only to scavenge for food."

So, for a year or more from our first meeting, whenever I was on guard, "Chum" and I were great pals. And then one night, just before eight o'clock, the provost sergeant or one of his men entered the guard room. Without hesitation the provost walked over and raised the board, and out jumped "Chum" with his usual joyful whine. But as he did so the sergeant clutched him by the throat and prepared to carry him off. In a moment the guard room was in an uproar. Several men threw themselves upon the sergeant, determined to rescue their friend at any cost. But his four satellites drew their bayonets, and being joined by the sergeant and corporal of the guard, they carried our "Chum" away. They took him to the cells at the other side of the main gate, and in a few minutes a revolver shot rang out, and our poor "Chum" was dead.

It transpired shortly afterwards that the information concerning "Chum"'s retreat had been given to the C.O. by his batman, "Footy". Laughter. It appeared that "Footy" had got hold of a man out in town, whilst under the influence of drink, and wheeled the information out of him. When this came to the knowledge of the troops "Footy" found it advisable to go on furlough for six weeks. Alas, poor "Chum."

RONDEL.

Could I expire, I know not how to say,
How grief has now its own sad weary sway.
My eyes are blind, my brain throbs, mad with fire,
With heavy heart I wait the coming day.
And no man knows the things that I desire
Could I expire.

If I could sleep, down in a cavern deep,
Where lush ferns grow, and deep green mosses creep,
Where no sad thought, nor tedious days can tire,
And fairies sing and with mad revels keep
Their hearts so light. "Would raise my spirits higher
Could I expire."

Could I expire, and fly from grievous pain,
And with soft winds and cooling showers of rain
Have my poor corse, in tenderest fadure, swept
Blown and cool washed of every earthly stain;
No other gift of God's would I require
Could I expire.

WILLIAM REPTON.
says: "After all, what is the essence of Christianity? What is the kernel of the nut? Surely common sense and cheerfulness, with unflinching opposition to the charlatanisms and Pharisaisms of a man's own times. The essence of Christianity lies neither in dogma nor yet in abnormal, but in normal, in thing-in-itself-in doing one's duty, in speaking the truth, in finding the true life rather in others than in oneself, and in the certain hope that he who loses his life on these behalves finds more than he has lost. What can Agnosticism do against such Christianity as this? I should be shocked if anything I had ever written or shall ever write should seem to make light of these things. I should be shocked also if I did not know how to be amused with things that amiable people obviously intended to be amusing." Yet he wrote: "That it is a question of the possible to do no social disgrace that I have ever been able to discover. I might attack Christianity as much as I chose and nobody cared one straw; but when I attacked Darwin it was a different matter." To which of these utterances we are to give credence I suppose it is left to the reader to decide: the only thing that is certain is that, on this subject, we are dealing with a mind that despises definitions ("All ideals gain by vagueness and lose by definition, inasmuch as more scope is left for the imagination of the reader, while the missing detail according to his own spiritual needs," he says in his chapter on "The Christ-Ideal"), and is determined to be on the safe side, whatever happens.

If we accept his definition of Christianity, it is easy to state a case for and against the historicity of Christ, and nobody cares one straw; but when I attacked Darwin it was a different matter. To which of these statements we are to give credence I suppose it is left to the reader to decide: the only thing that is certain is that, on this subject, we are dealing with a mind that despises definitions ("All ideals gain by vagueness and lose by definition, inasmuch as more scope is left for the imagination of the reader, while the missing detail according to his own spiritual needs," he says in his chapter on "The Christ-Ideal"), and is determined to be on the safe side, whatever happens.

But I will never bother to descend to the details of Butler's argument, for the excellent reason given by Matthew Arnold. "The valuable thing in letters—that which I did not know how to be amused with things that amiable people obviously intended to be amusing." Yet he wrote: "That it is a question of the possible to do no social disgrace that I have ever been able to discover. I might attack Christianity as much as I chose and nobody cared one straw; but when I attacked Darwin it was a different matter." To which of these utterances we are to give credence I suppose it is left to the reader to decide: the only thing that is certain is that, on this subject, we are dealing with a mind that despises definitions ("All ideals gain by vagueness and lose by definition, inasmuch as more scope is left for the imagination of the reader, while the missing detail according to his own spiritual needs," he says in his chapter on "The Christ-Ideal"), and is determined to be on the safe side, whatever happens.

No Place Like Home. By John Trevena. (Cassell. 6s.)

An intricate story of people who leave their homes and return to them; pathos supplied by an agricultural labourer who does not return to his home, which has been destroyed, but goes mad, and is led away to America. "Raffles" is in the story as a clergyman-burglar, quite unnecessarily, except as one of Mr. Trevena's complications. The scenes are laid in Devonshire and Ireland. Irish poet comes to Devonshire, upsets every home in the place, and returns to Ireland with a brother and sister to whom he had preached Catholicism and Irish romantic poetry, and to whom he had promised freedom from parental tyranny. "Liberty? It is but to change your master," said Anthony Hope; and this Irish knight of chivalry tries to compel all his importations, including the agricultural labourer, to adopt some ridiculous political conspiracy in which he is engaged. He fails, largely through the machinations of the aforesaid "Raffles," who, after all, hits the Irish knight between the eyes with a flagging-duster such as he can find their mother; the brother rescues her from "Raffles," and escorts her back to her husband, and bullies the pair of them into letting him have his own way. The girl sends for her former lover, who takes her back to her home. When he returns, he finds, when the creditors sold it to pay the father's debts; and
there they will live happily ever afterwards. The Irish knight is left lamenting.

**The Masterdillo.** (Melrose. 6s.)

This anonymous novel purports to be what "John Brown" calls "a human document." Master is supposed to be a literary genius, and is himself the hero of the book. He is an acrobat, among other things; but, owing to a number of other things, cannot get her living on the halls. Money coming to an end, they wonder what will happen if his book does not sell. Probably the literary genius will write some more penny novelettes, and thus keep the wolf from the door. Said novel is a record, in the form of the diary, of the steps by which this young couple came to their present pass. Story is supposed to be told by the typewriter (and, presumably), which has become vocal, presumably, by the addition of a metal owl. Occasionally we read: "Tu-whoo," as in Cole-ridge's "Christabel," to remind us of the necessities of dramatic impersonation; for the rest, we have a record, and a running commentary from the owl (who talks only about eating mice), of the day to day progress of the couple. What Master did, what dolly said, how they looked, how they felt, what the owl thought they ought to have done, said, looked, and felt, three hundred pages of the whole move forward, apparently, as a begging letter. The hint about Tragedy, with a capital T, on the last page has no terrors for us. Tragedy is a work of art, and happens only to artists. The writer of this book should turn his attention to writing political leaders; they are not mice, and perhaps do not read the book.

**The Malady of the Ideal.** By Van Wyck Brooks. (Fifield. 2s. net.)

This essay on Obermann, Maurice de Guérin, and Amiel, is not a particularly illuminating one. It is based on the usual distinction between spirit and matter, the outward and inward order, what Nietzsche would call, Apollo and Dionysos. "Obermann is the work of a man out of harmony with the order of the world; the Méditations [of the same author] the work of a man in harmony with the order of the universe." It may be so, but the distinction conveys very little to us. "The mere fact that a man, like Guérin, cannot formulate is no proof that he is acquainted with anything of greater import than the order from which he attempts to flee. Mr. Brooks arrives, somewhat inconsequently, at a critical conclusion on Amiel. His A. E. Guérin the "half-artist," and thinks that Amiel ought to have remained in Germany. "That essentially fluid mind of his would have found a way, in the German tongue, to crystallise itself." This is prophecy of no very valuable kind. The two orders are of different kind, and the writer has an instinctive preference for the least formulated, the mere adoption of another language will not make the task of formulation easier. The simple fact is that none of these men had the talent of the artist, and, without it, the genius is useless to themselves and others.

**Young Delinquents.** By Mary G. Barnett. (Methuen. 13s. 6d. net.)

Miss Barnett has made a study of Reformatory and Industrial Schools to show that they are not, in their present state, the best means of dealing with young delinquents. These children, it is argued, are not criminal, but only untrained; and therefore, the education given should be of a kind that will create self-reliance and self-control, and, of course, teach the children to be obedient and efficient workers. Miss Barnett goes into the details of finance and administration, and shows that all the improvements in diet, education, housing, and clothing, will not cost so very much more than the now inefficient system costs, and will have very much better results; and the report of the Royal Commission and Departmental Committees to show that recommendations made over twenty years ago have not been adopted, and that the time is ripe for their adoption. She makes a plea for more American methods of treatment; and is really quite an efficient worker. Her book will probably be quoted extensively by Members of Parliament who are interested in the subject, and by the various societies who have some vested interest in the poor. But the matter will never be settled (even if all Miss Barnett's suggestions are adopted) until we ourselves decide of the inherent character, of the psychological value of punishment, of the nature of crime, and so forth. For example, we discover that of 4,350 children committed to Industrial Schools during 1911, 1,704 were Education Act cases. The assumption that these children need a more constant and repressive discipline, and a less efficient education, than are supplied by the elementary schools, is a preposterous one. It would be more reasonable to look to the inefficiency of elementary education for the causes of these delinquencies, than to an inherent depravity or deficiency of the delinquents. The offence disguised as an "Education Act case" is a factious one, created by Parliament in accordance with an absurd educational ideal, that of compulsory education. It is a debatable question whether a child who refuses compulsory education will be amenable to a still more compulsory education; the probabilities are that the element of compulsion in both cases is just that psychological factor that makes the education difficult, if not impossible. On the other hand, the mere fact of delinquency character, it is at least probable that these "delinquents" are a better type than those docile, obedient, and effi cient types into which Miss Barnett desires to see them transformed; and we can only regret that Miss Barnett did not criticise the whole of the book from a point of view that had more intimate relations with our national life.

**Joan Thursday.** By Louis Joseph Vance. (Grant Richards. 6s.)

Shop-girl, tired of shop, and of the beastliness of men attracted by her beauty and sexuality, leaves home and occupation with the intention of becoming a ballet-girl. Has a love-affair with a dramatic author, kills him, and marries an actor; but is compelled to leave him as he is a dipsomania. Obtains her great chance as an actress by promising to become the mistress of a man who has too many mistresses already; is carefully coached by a "producer," is proclaimed a "success," and goes home with her "backer." Backer is shot by one of his former mistresses, to whom he had unfortunately entrusted a latchkey; and Joan, being a "success," becomes the property of the theatre manager who managed the business of the "backer." The story is reminiscent of "Nana," in its own diluted American fashion; and is disfigured by too obvious attempts at brevity. For example, the dramatic author is dearly loved by a lady who proposes to him, and elopes with another man; Joan practically proposes to him, and eventually falls into the arms of the same man, the "backer." Joan despises the dramatic author as an author, not knowing that her success, and her marriage, were the result of her playing in one of his pseudonymous sketches; and so on. A distinctly unpleasant story without any good purpose or good writing to redeem it.

**Otherwise Phyllis.** By Meredith Nicholson. (Constable. 6s.)

The only girl, apparently, in a community containing some thousands of inhabitants, a tolerable creature, of course; there is a sketch of her by Gibson as a frontispiece. Knows everything better than anybody else, can do everything better than everybody else; and is, of course, a literary genius. After passing through a crucial period in the history of Montgomery, and of the Montgomerys of Montgomery, becomes engaged to be married to a farmer. Finances all right; her uncle is a banker, becomes the banker of Montgomery; her mother leaves $10,000 in trust for her. Farmer not penniless, for he is a lawyer. Phyllis' brother had improperly withheld from an official receiver are, through the instrumentality of Phil, otherwise Phyllis, handed over to him. It is to be expected that we shall have another novel about her books and her bocsh. Marvellous America, where even the women are geniuses, and the college girls get married, in novels!
Pastiche.

THE CHAIRMAN'S SPEECH AT A CERTAIN CONSERVATIVE GARDEN PARTY—

OR RATHER WHAT THE CHAIRMAN MIGHT HAVE SAID HAD HE BEEN SUDDENLY ENDOUSED WITH CANDOUR.

DONE INTO VERSE BY THEODORE MAYNARD.

Assembled friends, you see in me
A visible apology.
Lord D., who should be here to-day
To take the chair, has stayed away.
I take his place (confound his eyes!) To tell the usual silly
I have his lordship's letter here—
And hope you'll find it pretty clear.

"My dear"—um... ah... "Mr. A., I very much regret to say That I'm away in Badenbad, So cannot listen to your speeches.
(I really mean I'm very glad)

This morning's post has also brought
Me letters from Sir Guy de Flaught, By drivelling about Home Rule.

Lord Crossley wires me (Lord D., who should be here to-day)
That I'm away in Badenbad, So cannot listen to your speeches.

THIS morning's post has also brought
Me letters from Sir Guy de Flaught, By drivelling about Home Rule.

I very much regret to say
That I'm away in Badenbad,
So cannot listen to your speeches.
(I really mean I'm very glad)

I'm sorry that I can't be there
This morning's post has also brought
Me letters from Sir Guy de Flaught, By drivelling about Home Rule.

Hi-i-ti-umpti-foodleum'!

To set things right in dulcet tones,
To set things right in dulcet tones,

But as you very soon will see,
To set things right in dulcet tones,

But as you very soon will see,

For I've the honesty to own
That when opponents get in holes,
For I've the honesty to own

This morning's post has also brought
Me letters from Sir Guy de Flaught, By drivelling about Home Rule.

The broken heads in Ireland testify to the eternal truth
That when opponents get in holes,
The broken heads in Ireland testify to the eternal truth

That when opponents get in holes,
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That when opponents get in holes,
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I'm happy that I can't be there
This morning's post has also brought
Me letters from Sir Guy de Flaught, By drivelling about Home Rule.

To set things right in dulcet tones,
To set things right in dulcet tones,

To set things right in dulcet tones,
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To set things right in dulcet tones,
THE NEW AGE.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

MR. J. M. KENNEDY ON THE NATIONAL GUILD SYSTEM.

Sir,—"The Writers of the Articles on National Guilds" conclude their note by threatening me with what they presume to be an unsound argument, and suppose me to reply to a challenge of theirs in your columns. If your contributors had been as well acquainted with me as they implied they were, they would have known that I am not susceptible to bullying or confusion. It would give me much pleasure to explain the passage in my article to which they refer. But, hearing in mind the honour of controversy which "The Writers of the Articles on National Guilds" professed to have so much at heart, how can they expect me to do so in the present circumstances? If they will wait until I have read your article for the last time, and repeat their request after the manner of gentlemen, I will answer them.

The Writers of the Articles reply: We had no intention of "threatening" Mr. Kennedy and if our words carried that suggestion to him we are sorry. As his last letter denied our right "to catechise him on any point" we concluded that the correctness of his peremptory denunciation of the National Guilds System would require to be made in the journal in which the perversion itself appeared. However, we shall be glad to have Mr. Kennedy re-consider his hasty resolution to shirk the discussion and will now proceed to justify your columns and from our articles his attribution of political power to the Guilds.

THE STATE AND THE GUILDS.

Sir,—I came across the following passage in Burke's Speech in his Impeachment of Warren Hastings. It appears to me to have an illustrative value for your article, and I offer it. The Act of Union of Great Britain and Ireland, 1800, c.3. ... But the effect of such a change cannot be measured by the amount of legal profit which might be acquired. The power of all the Guilds are established by Charter. The very form, the very nature of a Charter, renders it impossible to take from any power whatsoever any other charter, to acquire any other offices, or to hold any other possessions. They are a public body, or at all capable of any public function. It is from thence they acquire the capacity to indemnitate and consequential powers are derived. As they have them responsible to the party from whom all their immediate and consequent powers are derived. As they have emanated from the supreme power of this kingdom, the whole body and the whole train of their servants, the corporate body as a corporate body, individuals as individuals, are responsible to the high justice of this kingdom. In delegating great power to the East India Company (the East India Company) derive the capacity by which they are con

THE NEW AGE IN GERMANY.

Sir,—In the "Archiv für Sozialwissenschaft und Sozialpolitik," a German periodical of high repute, edited by E. Jaffé in conjunction with Werner Sombart, Max Weber and Robert Michel (Tübingen, Vol. 37 No. 2), I read an excellent article, Syndicalism in England, by C. K. Ogden, Cambridge. From it I extract the following passage: 'Many facts are brought forward as apparent proof that Syndicalism does not exist in England. But it is very ill-advised to adhere to this view. Who would have said twenty years ago that Syndicalism was influential? And yet to-day Sidney Webb passes almost universally as the saviour of the country, and with the very people who would have shunned him and did not know him. If Alfred Mond spoke of Ramsay Macdonald as "the chosen confidant of the English Labour Party"?—and this, after he had expressed the opinion that these leaders distinguish themselves by a rule, by their instinct for responsibility, and, in consequence, are recognised as the moderating factor in the labour movement. It is a new experience for Labour leaders, even though they are M.P.'s, to receive the official blessing of Liberal capitalists.

But however great the influence that these ideas had on the younger trade union leaders, it is clear that they passed into revolution on the Collectivists, or any of those who had been bred in Radical notions. It was not until the autumn of 1912 that a change became noticeable, and two weighty influences furthered the problem. The journalistic activity of The New Age created the system and set the researches of the Fabian Industrial Inquiry. The New Age was alone among the periodicals of the upper sections of the English nation in devoting itself throughout the year 1912 to the labour question—to the wages problem as the one essential factor. At an earlier date it had already published three articles by A. J. Penty on the dangers of great organisations, and on the remedy, which was to be sought only in the guild system. The New Age published in the following months a lengthy series of articles, which extended to October, 1912, with editorial explanation was offered, and presumably the incident is now closed, though not forgotten. A few more such, and the New Statesman will acquire quite an extinct reputation. A newspaper which has been able to belong Mr. G. R. S. Taylor, who, judging by his latest signed article in the Daily Herald, is similarly disposed to intellectual kleptomania. Under the title of 'Syndicalism the Remedy,' Mr. Taylor advises the railwaymen that nationalisation without a supplementary policy is useless to them. What is that supplementary policy? Mr. Taylor, the stewed creature, having a mortal objection to the New Age, defines it in your phrases, but calls it Syndicalism! Listen to this for Syndicalism: 'Let the men who are to be tried in this particular bloodless and non-violent struggle make sure that they are not confused in their aims, and then make a united offer to work the railways on specified terms... The railwaymen must draft a charter which they are prepared to contract with for the benefit of the community.' In my guild, the Guild of Journalists, Mr. Taylor would lose several stripes for this derangement of episcopate. The label that the whole phrasing of his paragraphs belongs to the National Guilds System, that it has as much relation with Syndicalism as he has with a sense of fact, that, in short, Syndicalism applied to it is a gross perversion both of Syndicalism and of National Guilds. Is this the new form of rebellion? The same journal announces that at its "rally" at the Albert Hall, on November 1, the "larger ends" of trade unionism will be unfolded. It is about time, as you said about a fortnight ago. Let us hope that Mr. Taylor will not call this "larger ends" Liberalism or Suffragism. Like Habakkuk, he is "capable de tout." Our dear beloved "Justice" likewise does you the honour of one of your paragraphs with his acknowledgment. To compensate you for this, it quotes a sentence from a Mr. E. B. Osborne, who refers to THE NEW AGE columns a wide influence furthered the problem. The New Age was alone among the periodicals of the upper sections of the English nation in devoting itself throughout the year 1912 to the labour question—to the wages problem as the one essential factor. At an earlier date it had published three articles by A. J. Penty on the dangers of great organisations, and on the remedy, which was to be sought only in the guild system. The New Age published in the following months a lengthy series of articles, which extended to October, 1912, with editorial explanation was offered, and presumably the incident is now closed, though not forgotten. 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He is safe there! In the "Bedfordshire Express" likewise does you the honour of one of your paragraphs with his acknowledgment. To compensate you for this, it quotes a sentence from a Mr. E. B. Osborne, who refers to THE NEW AGE as the "organ of a few intellectual anarchists." He is safe there! In the "Bedfordshire Express"...
discussions in provincial journals. London journals, while they have a standing in the provinces for news, have none for the local journals, as the real newspaper. This suggests a duty upon students of the National Guilds, namely, that of educating their provinces by means of discussions in local papers. Two other of these journals, I have a notion to add in, is the "South-West Daily Post" and the "Yorkshire Herald." Both commend your "Counsels to Mr. Lloyd George's" and policy. The "Montgomery County Times" quotes and endorses your analysis of the minimum agricultural wage. In a review of Mr. Kennedy's book on "Men and Rails" the "Railway Clerk" mentions that Mr. Kennedy advocates "the Guild System now being promulgated in The New Age," and in "Frontyard" your cannibals and enemies by means. "The New Age" will ever be published in book form. However, even if it be true what the old newspapers say, "There's not a decent paper in the paper," I will cheerfully pay the proposed tanner. Sir, my object in writing is to ask whether or no the articles on National Guilds will ever be published in book form. An examination of the strike leaders had prepared a provisional Government. I believe that not the harshest outline of a provisional Government had been drafted. The strike developed encourages a belief in the men's elaborate organisation and unanimity of purpose; but the belief is not wavered by the facts. Beyond the least degree of an agreement, the strike had been taken there would have been an overwhelming majority against a strike. None the less, the men were, and are, gravely dissatisfied with the strike leaders; and they were supported by the Government; and it is a standing in the provinces for they are, every reader of The New Age will be a purchaser, and would not that cover the cost of production? Of course, the purchasers of The New Age do not pay for its production, but with a book, the price need not be such an obstacle as a weekly periodical. I trust that, unless you have already done so, you will take steps to maintain the feasibility of such a venture. Would it not be a good idea to sound your readers on the matter?

"THE NEW AGE." "The alternative to tariff reform will be a general revolt was made off. The native labourers were to be marched from mine to mine and driven off the point of the gun. The strike leaders had prepared a provisional Government. I believe that not the least outline of a provisional Government had been drafted. The strike developed encourages a belief in the men's elaborate organisation and unanimity of purpose; but the belief is not wavered by the facts. Beyond the least degree of an agreement, the strike had been taken there would have been an overwhelming majority against a strike. None the less, the men were, and are, gravely dissatisfied with the strike leaders; and they were supported by the Government; and it is a standing in the provinces for they are, every reader of The New Age will be a purchaser, and would not that cover the cost of production? Of course, the purchasers of The New Age do not pay for its production, but with a book, the price need not be such an obstacle as a weekly periodical. I trust that, unless you have already done so, you will take steps to maintain the feasibility of such a venture. Would it not be a good idea to sound your readers on the matter?

"THE NEW AGE."

Sir,—I have just become a distinguished, though somewhat mysterious, person locally. My newspapers say to all and sundry in the village, "There goes a feller, what will pay sixpence for a Penny Pilot," and "The New Age," and I never heard on abre he come; and he can get 'John Bull' for a penny! However, even if it be true what the old newspapers say, "There's not a decent paper in the paper," I will cheerfully pay the proposed tanner. Sir, my object in writing is to ask whether or no the articles on National Guilds will ever be published in book form. An examination of the strike leaders had prepared a provisional Government. I believe that not the harshest outline of a provisional Government had been drafted. The strike developed encourages a belief in the men's elaborate organisation and unanimity of purpose; but the belief is not wavered by the facts. Beyond the least degree of an agreement, the strike had been taken there would have been an overwhelming majority against a strike. None the less, the men were, and are, gravely dissatisfied with the strike leaders; and they were supported by the Government; and it is a standing in the provinces for they are, every reader of The New Age will be a purchaser, and would not that cover the cost of production? Of course, the purchasers of The New Age do not pay for its production, but with a book, the price need not be such an obstacle as a weekly periodical. I trust that, unless you have already done so, you will take steps to maintain the feasibility of such a venture. Would it not be a good idea to sound your readers on the matter?

"THE NEW AGE."

Sir,—Your contributor of last week, Sir Francis Vane, Bart., appears to have mistaken his personal amiability for the inestimable joys received at some of them were rather bitter. For the inestimable joys received at the "Steam-Cloud," Arts and patrollers of Parnassus can employ their wits. In a review of Mr. Kenney's book on the "Steam-Cloud," it is notorious. It is notorious that the miners should be driven to work at the point of the bayonet, and if not shut down by the Government, by the point of the dogs, to the "Morning Post," which points out that after all the miners "accepted employment of their own free will," all are in agreement in their attempt to get the strikers in the wrong. I have been at some trouble, in a quiet way, to find out the facts bearing on the recent strike on the Rand, and my disclosures almost entirely confirm your analysis of the affair. I should tell you that I have been living on the Rand for over six years, and am in a position to hear both sides of the question. The only serious criticism I have made on your comments is this: you exaggerate the men's unity of purpose, and attach far too much importance to the clause in Lord Rosebery's dispatch, which says that the strike leaders had prepared a provisional Government. I believe that not the least outline of a provisional Government had been drafted. The strike developed encourages a belief in the men's elaborate organisation and unanimity of purpose; but the belief is not wavered by the facts. Beyond the least degree of an agreement, the strike had been taken there would have been an overwhelming majority against a strike. None the less, the men were, and are, gravely dissatisfied with the strike leaders; and they were supported by the Government; and it is a standing in the provinces for they are, every reader of The New Age will be a purchaser, and would not that cover the cost of production? Of course, the purchasers of The New Age do not pay for its production, but with a book, the price need not be such an obstacle as a weekly periodical. I trust that, unless you have already done so, you will take steps to maintain the feasibility of such a venture. Would it not be a good idea to sound your readers on the matter?

Sir,-you say that The New Age is probably better informed on South Africa than other papers, and the book you have recently reproduced, with full acknowledgments, several of your articles, among them being the sketch of Mr. A. F. Thorn, entitled the "Steam-Cloud." PRESS-CUTTER.

* * *

THE WORLD ORDER OF JOURNALISTS.

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* * *
useless to deny that the industry could be more profitably worked with a much smaller proportion of Europeans, relatively to the number of natives, than is the case. The execution of the conspiracy is, however, only postponed; and it is as certain as death that the mine owners will make the necessary arrangements and accomplish their design at the first favourable opportunity. I believe men now see the danger and will do what they can to ward it off, but just how they are going to have a very rough time of it. Due to the shortage of coal, the strike was caused mainly by the deliberate suspension of recruiting operations during July and a part of August, nearly 2,000 men have been dismissed, and the unfortunate men, deprived of the prospect of any employment because no other industry which can absorb them exists in this country, are gratifying to the revengeful appetite of the Rand lords.

Sir Lionel Phillips' organ, "The Star," discusses the situation daily with infinite gusto. It is the men's own fault; they allowed themselves to be made the dupes of irresponsible agitators, and all the rest of it. No occupation is so congenial to a Rand lord as kicking a poor man when he is down. The first real victory of labour will not be on the Rand. The capitalists here are in a position of exceptional strength. The industry is not a competitive one, and, if necessary, the whole rural population of the country can be used to crush the proletarians. They have too much up against them. The anti-capitalist agitation in this country would have to be conducted with the greatest skill to have the smallest prospect of an even partial success. Labour on the Rand must base its propaganda on the murder of their contemporaries and the loss of the market rigging, the watering of stock and the commissions; and generally expose the methods whereby the financiers enrich themselves and the plutocracy. There is no way of making useful work by bringing the plutocracy into bad odour among the middle classes. The first thing essential to the cause of labour is, as you have convinced me, that it should organise industrially to secure a monopoly of its work. They only prevent them from interfering in men's business, they are (very properly) prevented—but this is not to say that the sex is "kept down."

As to the abolition of this sort of women and of their contributions to discussion that your very many correspondents have in mind, no doubt the latter is in view. It seems likely that the first thing essential to the cause of labour is, as you have convinced me, that it should organise industrially to secure a monopoly of its work. They only prevent them from interfering in men's business, they are (very properly) prevented—but this is not to say that the sex is "kept down."

Mr. Stafford's difficulties, I beg his forgiveness. When a man's nerves are in such a shattered condition that he cannot see a schoolgirl in the street without crying out despairingly for the Editor of The New Age to have her "shut up," his case is obviously one more worthy of commiseration than of blame. All the same, since there are many thousands of at least I hope so only one poor ailing Mr. Stafford, it seems to me, Sir, that, on the whole, you would find it less trouble to shut Mr. Stafford up away from the flappers, than to try to find him away from Mr. Stafford.

PALLISTER BARKAS.

[Mr. Edward Stafford replies: Woman's champion is, as usual, a woolly-head.]

PALLISTER BARKAS.

1. Muddy stream. . . unwholesome course. . . very excellent journal. . . over a year. . . greatest respect.

2. Public women. . . not samples of womanhood. What are they then? My subject was "Women in Public."

3. Ten minutes too much for a genius. . . half an hour beneficial for an ordinary man. Interference—ordinary man is woman's inferior. Disguised. Woman, however, may gain by strictly limited association with man. Let him be generous!

4. Women despise men who frequent them. Agreed. But, being irrational, they like tom despise, whence the artificiality of civilisation in women—evidence, their furious sensationalism, their preference for fierce punishment. Their monied and middle-class women the small section that is not to say that the sex is "kept down."

5. Manly Correspondents have in mind, no doubt the latter. These are clearly marked and understood; if women try to interfere in men's business, they are (very properly) prevented—but this is not to say that the sex is "kept down."

6. Mr. Barkas and I, and those who think as I do are in delightful accord. I think so, too.

7. One of the signs of "decent, wholesome women" is that they are never heard of. Agreed, again. My subject was the women who are heard of.

8. There is no misunderstanding between men and decent, wholesome women. My laundress, who darns my socks, and I come to a perfect understanding at certain. I could not do without her, and the sexual contemptibility of your correspondents as they can of women.

"All nations at their manliest have kept their women down," says Mr. Stafford. I rather suspect Mr. Stafford of having strayed into History from the more congenial fields of fiction. Nations at their manliest no more "keep down" their women, than their men; each sex has its proper bosom. The sex questions are clearly marked and understood; if women try to interfere in men's business, they are (very properly) prevented—but this is not to say that the sex is "kept down."

Sir,—Having followed patiently that somewhat muddy stream of correspondence on the Man-Woman controversy which has wound its unwholesome course through your columns, I am led to the conclusion that what is one drop more or less to such an Ocean as must be the subject of industrial organisation. The capitalists here are in a position of exceptional skill to have the smallest prospect of an even partial success. Labour on the Rand must base its propaganda on the murder of their contemporaries and the loss of the market rigging, the watering of stock and the commissions; and generally expose the methods whereby the financiers enrich themselves and the plutocracy. There is no way of making useful work by bringing the plutocracy into bad odour among the middle classes. The first thing essential to the cause of labour is, as you have convinced me, that it should organise industrially to secure a monopoly of its work. They only prevent them from interfering in men's business, they are (very properly) prevented—but this is not to say that the sex is "kept down."

The moral of the situation is—since there are already many women who would be delighted to hang the heads of their sisters of the Pankhurst persuasion strongly and refreshingly together, the first thing essential to the cause of labour is, as you have convinced me, that it should organise industrially to secure a monopoly of its work. If Michael Angelo was too busy with his art to solve the social problem of the polite relations of men and women by any means more serious than that of total abolition, so much the better, since the first was his business and the second was not. But I take it that even readers of The New Age would not claim to have quite reached that attitude; and then there is the matter of manners—and our sense of humour, and see things in their due proportions.

Finally, if anything at all seems to me a little unsympathetic to Mr. Stafford's difficulties, I beg his forgiveness. When a man's nerves are in such a shattered condition that he cannot see a schoolgirl in the street without crying out despairingly for the Editor of The New Age to have her "shut up," his case is obviously one more worthy of commiseration than of blame. All the same, since there are many thousands of at least I hope so only one poor ailing Mr. Stafford, it seems to me, Sir, that, on the whole, you would find it less trouble to shut Mr. Stafford up away from the flappers, than the flappers up away from Mr. Stafford.
9. Mr. Barkas may exercise his humour on my shattered condition. My poor nerves must try to stand it. I retort that a brain tonic is what he needs. He endorses almost everything I have written—only to attack me for writing it. He sneers at my objection to the uncontrolled flapper. Let him go to Bresil and sneer. There he will find eight graves, eight men in prison, and seventy-two houses with each an indigent, unhomely young girl.

* * *

"YOUNG AUSTRALIA."

Sir,—Your readers are likely to conceive a very strong dislike for Australians if they take your contributor, Mr. Grant Hervey, as representative of the views, but while one comes across an occasional Australian who has an unreasonable dislike to all things British, the majority have a sound appreciation of the value of the tie to the mother country. I leave it to Australians to repudiate his absurd contention that they "may be compelled ere long to look to Germany or towards some other foreign State for an effective international champion," but, writing as a South African, I can assure your readers that not even leaving the full control of their affairs to Australians and South Africa, even to the thorough exclusion of Asiatics, there is volume there is goodness and this treaty I readily grant is disliked by South Africans as well as by Australians, but we must not forget that there are other interests besides Colonial.

Let Australia cut the painter to-morrow, and a peremptory demand would be made by the Japanese for unrestricted immigration. To prevent this, would Germany sacrifice the bones of a single Grenadier? It is certain the United States would not raise the slightest protest. During the last year, I have been living in California, and have been able to watch the attitude of the people towards a very mild measure aimed at restricting the Japanese from overrunning the State. There is no enthusiasm for it, and most of the other States think it at variance with the Federal Constitution, and will not risk war for it, having no sympathy with California. The problem, however, remains a very serious one, and it would be considered a very happy solution for the States if Japanese emigration were directed upon Australia, a country with a larger area than the whole United States, but with only a twentieth of the population. Ninety per cent. of Americans hold that the Australian policy of excluding the Japanese is utterly selfish and intolerant.

Let Mr. Grant Hervey cease his fulminations against Australians, but we must not forget that there are other interests besides Colonial.

Los Angeles.  
T. Riordan.  
* * *

"THE STEAM CLOUD."

Sir,—Referring to Mr. Arthur F. Thorn's article in your paper, how could he expect to find any inspiring faces on people who have just experienced, or are just looking forward to a journey on the S.E. and Chatham Railway? One Who has to do Both Daily.

* * *

"THE LENGTH OF POEMS."

Sir,—I have long thought exactly what Poe and your correspondent, Mr. Malloch, have done in regard to "long poems." It seems as if most of the "long poems" are merely a play on words to produce a higher species to whose government mankind is destined to be subject. As a Representative of the Order of the Seraphim, I can well believe that the time is approaching when the "long poems" will be turned to account to produce a higher species to whose government mankind is destined to be subject.

Let Mr. Grant Hervey cease his fulminations against Australians, but we must not forget that there are other interests besides Colonial.

Mr. Allen's article is best known to readers of The New Age as the prophet of the "Order of the Seraphim." In this volume the story of religion and science is told. In the author's view the desire of the Creator is not to transform humanity as a whole, but to produce a higher species to whose government mankind will benefit by submitting.
LORD CHARLES BERESFORD.