Notes of the Week

The Awakening George to legislate to the advantage of any other class than Capitalists. We should like to believe Mr. Bonar to wage-earners. But there is no evidence for it that we believe, that is, in his belief that his proposals will be good for him could not, we believe, do more to blight their hopes an implacable and subtle enemy of the proletariat were in the present personal responsibility is plain from the present condition that proves him to be exactly as stupid as he cares to profess himself sincere, Mr. Lloyd George has done. That this is true of every piece of legislation for which Mr. Lloyd George has claimed personal responsibility is plain from the present condition of the Railway Conciliation Boards and of the Insurance Act. The one is under sentence to perish ignominiously at the hands of the railwaymen in a few months from now; and the other is simply awaiting the opportunity on the part of its victims to be torn to pieces and burnt. Not content, however, with this record, Mr. Lloyd George has now about to plunge into a course of Land legislation, the effect of which we can tell him in advance will be similar in character to the effect of his past legislation and the very contrary of his professed expectations. As surely and as demonstrably as twice two are four, the effect of the land programme, as it has so far been unbridled, will be to depress wages in general, at the same time that it enhances the profits of capitalists. This is so certain an outcome of Mr. Lloyd George’s proposals that we cannot possibly think that he has examined their incidence or, in the alternative, that he aims at any other object. But if either of these conclusions must, as one of them certainly must, be drawn, the inference is that Mr. Lloyd George is the last Member of the Cabinet who should be allowed to bring in any Bill, still less so gigantic a measure as the one proposed.

We said last week that there is no means known of dodging the law of Rent. So long as ownership remains in the hands of a class, few or many, the land that belongs to them must fetch its price in the competitive market in spite of all legislation to the contrary. The means by which economic Rent will be secured to the owners of land we do not claim to be able to guess in full. But one means we did name last week and it has now been clearly endorsed by the “Times.” We suggested last week that under the new circumstances landlords would enter into a kind of superior partnership with their farming tenants who would thus become glorified bailiffs. The Feudal System, we said, would be re-established with modern improvements to fit it as a profiteering engine on the largest possible scale. But that is just, it seems, what the landlords have already begun to contemplate practically. We wrote with no more detailed knowledge than comes of reflection upon experience; yet all the time our guess was not only preparing to be verified, but, had we known, was already superfluous. In the “Times” of Friday, under the suggestive title of “The New Landlord,” it was reported that the recent establishment at Oxford and elsewhere of Agricultural Courses for Gentlemen had not been in view of nothing in general, but of something in particular. The Duke of Marlborough, we said, has never by any means of information, even without any speculation, might not Mr. Lloyd George have known it?
But the prospective trustification of the agricultural industry in the hands of "progressive" landowners is neither the only, nor the worst, probable outcome of Mr. Lloyd George's scheme. From one point of view, indeed, we would contemplate with pleasure the application of machinery and the division of labour to the industry of agriculture. Increased productivity might very well accompany a decrease of human labour—a formula, on the whole, of material progress in general. But in a society such as ours, based, as it is, upon the labour of otherwise propertyless persons, to multiply production at the cost of the reduction of labour is infallibly to create a human problem for every mechanical problem solved. We mean that it follows with certainty from the organisation of agriculture as a capitalist industry that the number of labourers in actual demand on the land will be relatively reduced. And if, at the same time that machinery and organisation are throwing them out of employment, Mr. Lloyd George sets up a Wages Boards sieve to separate the efficient from the inefficient, the number of peasants now in agriculture of one kind or another who will drop out on to the streets, is incalculable. The comparatively few for whose agricultural employment and the few more who may be drawn into it will, we admit, find their wages nominally increased. The rates of wages may, indeed, both really and nominally rise, but the sum total of wages in relation to production in agriculture will more certainly be diminished, together relatively, with the number of labourers employed. Now is that, or is that not, the intention of Mr. Lloyd George and his friends? We are told that the Cabinet are unanimous on his proposals, and that they are as confident as he is of the results. Is the relative reduction of wages one of the results they have in view? Is the creation of a fresh exodus of labourers from our villages one of them? Is the transformation of agriculture into a capitalist industry their purpose? If so, we are able to assure them that in following Mr. Lloyd George they are on the right road. But if not, the sooner they turn back the better.

We are not the only critics, either, whom Mr. Lloyd George has this time to meet. Our opposition to the Insurance Act was attributed by the Liberal press to party spirit—though to what party we belong it would take more than the Liberal press to define; but the same cannot be said of his Wages Boards proposal, since we find ourselves joined in them by such party men—and Liberal party men—as Baron de Forest and Mr. Josiah Wedgwood. In the "Daily Chronicle" on Monday the late host of Mr. Lloyd George criticised his recent guest's land schemes with something like our own thoroughness. Baron de Forest is no more deluded by Mr. Lloyd George's naïve proposal to dodge Rent than we are. "No possible device exists," he says, "by which landowners can in the long run be prevented from absorbing the whole of the value added to the land." That is clear, we think; and if it is not, it will become clear by the time Mr. Lloyd George's proposals have become Acts of Parliament. Baron de Forest, however, goes on to say that the "only hopeful line of attack" upon the existing land system is nationalisation. And here he is as constructively wrong as he has proved himself to be critically right. What, we ask Baron de Forest, could nationalising the land do to solve our social problem—the wage-earner, to wit? Under any probable circumstances, the purchase price of the land of the kingdom would entail on the nation an overwhelming burden in the form of interest and sinking-fund; and in addition to that, the State would not only require to charge for management but for Rent as well. Conceive, if you can, the position of the producer under the circumstances, so lightly contemplated by Baron de Forest.

To the burden naturally borne of his own maintenance, he would find added, economic Rent (there is no sentiment about the State), interest on the purchase price of the land, and contributions to the Sinking Fund; the whole of which subtractions from his productivity would be transferred to bureaucrats, past landlords and financiers. The result of it all is called pleasing—to the proletariat, at any rate, since he would have to pay it all. Surely, in presenting simple nationalisation as an alternative to Mr. Lloyd George's scheme, Baron de Forest forgot his own criticism of the latter. Let us, therefore, repeat it: "No possible device exists by which landowners can in the long run be prevented from absorbing the whole of the value added to the land." If this applies, as it does apply, to the landowner to-day, how will the case be bettered if from many they are reduced to one, namely, the State?

Mr. Wedgwood, we gather, does not favour nationalisation. Being something of a thinker, albeit slow, he has been influenced by the arguments, we should say, of Mr. Belloc concerning the Servile State. No nationalisation for him, but a sweeping fine, in the form of a Single Tax upon landowners who do not put their land to full economic use! We really despair of making Single-taxers realise how ridiculous their proposals are, how Utopian practically and how suicidal if they could be adopted. Single Tax seems always to be associated with a low but hopeful order of mentality; as Voltaire—even so long ago—declared; and to debate with Single-taxers is something of a condensation. Nevertheless, as we are avowedly at Ephesus we will not shirk it. In the first place we have to point out to Single-taxers that if they could establish the Single Tax in this country they could do so much more that the Single Tax would be toying with their subject. But why, we may ask them, does not Mr. Lloyd George incorporate this tax in his land legislation? He is visibly one of them, a Georgette of Georgettes. As a "sincere" man he believes, as they believe, that only the Single Tax is necessary to salvation. Why then does "Land Values" have to complain so bitterly of him, and Mr. Wedgwood to threaten him with an opposition vote? The answer is that Mr. Lloyd George is in the wrong. He is as far from having the Single Tax colleagues are comfortably seated in Mr. Fels' armchairs speculating on the wonderfull tactics they would adopt if only they were where he is. The experiment, unfortunately for comedy, of putting any one of them in Mr. Lloyd George's place cannot be tried; but we can very well imagine it. Not one of the bunch would be able to proceed a step further towards Single Tax than Mr. Lloyd George himself; and for the simple reason, that since economic power precedes political power and ownership of land is economic power, a single step taken beyond the limits set by the landowning classes would land Mr. Lloyd George or any other Single Tax adventurer outside politics and into the obscurity of a private propagandist society again! So much for the improbability of belling the cat when the mice are only mice.

But in the second place, let us suppose that the miracle has been performed and that Mr. Fels' subscriptions and Mr. Wedgwood's arguments have established the Single Tax. What might be expected to be the outcome of it? Landowners discovered permitting their land to lie idle was now a thing to be fined for (or, in the same way) and, if they could not pay the fine, they would have to sell their land or have it confiscated piece-meal. By this means, say the Single-taxers, whole cattles of land, now unoccupied and unused, would tumble into the market, creating such a glut that any of us could buy land almost by the pennyworth. A pretty picture, indeed, if only it were true; but it is romance. It has never occurred, we suppose, to the Single-taxers to compare land and sea? No, it has certainly never
We should have thought that the reception of the proposed nationalisation of the railways as well as the present unrest in the nationalised postal service would have given at least one or two of the railwaymen’s officials something to think over. If railway nationalisation is to prove such a boon to the existing shareholders it can hardly at the same time prove a blessing to the existing workmen. And if again the postal service, after long experience, is on the point of striking against the State, then the State management proposed and apparently accepted for the railwaymen hardly seems inviting. The choice, of course, in both instances, is between experience and ineffectiveness. The shareholders of the railways are not likely to be mistaken when they contend that nationalisation is a good bargain for them. They know they have made a good one; and moreover their contempt for advice is in exact proportion to their need of it. Under these circumstances, we have no doubt whatever that the shareholders and the men’s officials are correct in their forecast that the shareholders of the railway companies anticipate from nationalisation. The little Eden is spread out for them in the “Financial Times.” Says this journal of the largest financial circulation in its issue of Saturday last week: “When all the hearers of a situation are fully realised it will be found that the prospect of State purchase...is certainly not likely to harm the interests of the shareholders.” And again: “The railways can only be acquired by the State on terms which would make existing proprietors rich.” Of the constitution of the Commission, which gave Mr. Thomas so much satisfaction, the “Financial Times” remarks: “It is such as will inspire confidence among our railway investors.” But if, as we say, the shareholders are right, it follows as a matter of course that Mr. Thomas and his friends are wrong. What is such a good bargain for the owners of the railways cannot at the same time be a good bargain for their employees.

On the question of sole State management likewise, the railwaymen can choose between the experience of their postal fellows and the ignoramist optimism of their own leaders. The men’s officials and the Labour Party are almost unanimous in thinking that sole State control will be better for the railwaymen than the control now exercised by the nominees of the shareholders. They look, it is obvious, to the efficacy of leather—this instance, their own Parliamentary and political influence. But what has political influence done for the workmen can do no more than strike. But against the worst private employment in the world

We do not know to what influence Driver Caudle owes his “free pardon” for the offences of his responsible employers, but we do know that a worse crime

occurred to them. It happens, however, that there exists all round our coasts an element comparable in many respects, if not in the amount, to the national wealth, with the monopoly of land itself—the sea. It is nobody’s monopoly, it is not taxed, it is not subject to improvements, and no rent is charged for its use. In addition, by the application of Labour applied to tools, it can prove the instrument of wealth, with the application of Labour applied to tools, it can prove the instrument of wealth, with the application of Labour applied to tools, it can prove the instrument of wealth, with the application of Labour applied to tools, it can prove the instrument of wealth, with the application of Labour applied to tools, it can prove the instrument of wealth, with the application of Labour applied to tools, it can prove the instrument of wealth, with the application of Labour applied to tools, it can prove the instrument of wealth, with the application of Labour applied to tools, it can prove the instrument of wealth, with the application of Labour applied to tools, it can prove the instrument of wealth, with the application of Labour applied to tools, it can prove the instrument of wealth, with the application of Labour applied to tools, it can prove the instrument of wealth, with the application of Labour applied to tools, it can prove the instrument of wealth, with the application of Labour applied to tools, it can prove the instrument of wealth, with the application of Labour applied to tools, it can prove the instrument of wealth, with the application of Labour applied to tools, it can prove the instrument of wealth,
has been committed by the Government in the imprisonment of Mr. Larkin. For defiance of common law, sense and sensibility, the speech of the Attorney-General prosecuting, not the direction of Mr. Birrell, has probably never been equaled by the wildest orators of Hyde Park. That his object was to get Mr. Larkin out of the way of the Dublin employers by any means in his power was clear from the opening to the close of the trial. No single item in the indictment of Mr. Larkin would in England, or, indeed, in any other city than Dublin, have carried a single member of any jury not forsworn to bring in a lying verdict. And the end to be accomplished by this anarchist outrage on law was nothing less than to give Mr. Murphy time for Mr. Larkin's absence, to starve his men without further let or hindrance, into abject surrender. We are glad to see that not only the "Daily Herald," the "New Witness," and the "New Statesman," but both the "Spectator" and the "Nation," have protested against this action of the Liberal Government. The Tory "Saturday Review" is the only once respectable exception. "The trial," says the "Nation," "seems to us to have been surrounded by every objectionable feature." And much more emphatically: "If the capitalists of Dublin... had issued a ukase to the Government... that Mr. Larkin must be put away, the job could not have been done in a manner more likely to suggest that it was managed by men anxious to call in the "Spectator" appeals to the Labour Party to resist by active means this insult to their constituents: "The Government have proved by prosecuting Mr. Larkin for seditious language that they believe that they hold Labour so fast in bonds that Labour party and every aspect of it face without a word, and even without a wriggle. If the Labour leaders were worth their salt they would have read this trial as the writing on the wall." We have ourselves no confidence even in the Labour party's desire to be free. On the contrary, we believe that had they been on the jury they would have brought in the same verdict.

It is not certain yet what the final result on Larkinism of the invasion of Dublin by Mrs. Montefiore and her friends will be; but if it is not to smash the Labour movement there, the fault will not be with these ladies. We admire as anyone the distinctions obsolete, for the intelligence, between one sect and another of a Church based upon the execution of the first and only Christian (Nietzsche's phrase); but a moment's reflection on the part of Mrs. Montefiore before plunging into Mr. Larkin's limelight would have suggested that not only was her proposal extravagant, cruel and senseless, but, in view of the sectarian interests in Dublin, calculated to multiply Mr. Larkin's difficulties. It is satisfying to the appetite for gush in this country, no doubt, to have English women playing fairy godmother to the "kiddies" (commonly called children) of Dublin; but it is certain that in a thousand ways the "kiddies" will have to pay for the luxury. To transfer them suddenly from surroundings to which sooner or later they will have to return; to give them such treatment as even few English children enjoy; to delude them with the false notion that life is a game and a pantomime, are cruelties inflicted on them by a self-indulgent kindness. And added to all this certain damage is the fact that the money spent on it could and should have been employed in feeding not the children merely, but their wretched parents as well. Lady Warwick, Mrs. Montefiore, and the rest of the gadabouts were not satisfied to do quietly what thousands of men and women have done in England, namely, collect or subscribe anonymously to the funds for maintaining the strike; advertisement, notoriety, sensation were what they were after in return for their money. Well, as we say, they have had it at the possible cost of the cause they professed to champion; and only a miracle can now save Larkinism from its deadly English lady friends.

Our assurance to the Trade Unions that the first to become blackleg-proof can demand pretty well what they please has been illustrated by the success of the brief strike of the Merchant Service to the Peninsular and Oriental Shipping Company. The matters in dispute between the company and its officers were only materially concerned with pay and conditions. Psychologically the central issue was one of recognition. This demand produced the usual reply of the profiteers that their men were claiming to "dictate" to their masters in the sacred matter of management; a reply that, to our surprise, was greeted by the "Evening News" as "decidedly old-fashioned." Was this a slip into sober reason on the part of the "Evening News," and was it due to the fact that the Union in this instance is called a Guild and is composed of officers? Whatever the explanation, the slip was not repeated; for in a subsequent issue the "Evening News" professed to be certain that the strike was for no such nonsense as "recognition," but "in plain English, for better pay." This conclusion may be contrasted with the comment on the victory by the chief leader of the Guild: "We have got 'recognition,' and that is what we wanted."

If we had not long foretold the collapse of the Unionist Party, we might have moved a little by the cri du coeur of Mr. Bonar Law last week. The spirits of his party have now fallen so low that the utmost to which they still aspire is continued existence. "I think," said Mr. Law, as if he were doing the Unionist Party a favour, "there is room for our party." There is indeed room in this country for a party that has some knowledge of our national character and the desire to give it free play again; but there is no room for a party of negations, such as the Unionist Party is to-day. On no subject on the political field have they now an affirmation to support, or even a theory to advance, that is not either identical with the Liberal programme or simply its negative. Of positive alternatives they have none. But it is the fate of all negative opposition that its strength goes into the positive idea to which it is opposed; such is the law of spiritual hydrualics. In consequence we are and have long been prepared to see the energy of the Unionist Party in general. Consider, for example, the attitude of the Unionist Party on the two subjects deliberately chosen by them as their field of battle—Irish Home Rule and the Parliament Act. In each case the Unionists have submitted themselves not merely to be driven into simple negation, but forced, before retreating thither, to give a blessing to their opponents. Everybody knows that the Unionists committed themselves to the Preamble of the Parliament Act, of which the Act itself was the necessary precursor. Thus they now find themselves resisting the thin edge of the wedge when they have already accepted and advocated the thick end. And with what ineptitude they oppose even the beginnings of these things! A party with the instinct for power, let alone service to the nation, would have found the easy, as easy as the hard, Mr. Asquith's Cabinet and to leave it the work while taking the credit to themselves. What was to prevent the Unionists declaring that both the Parliament Act and Irish Home Rule were timid cheeseparing at reconstruction efforts, and announcing as the Unionist policy the creation of a genuine Second Chamber and the establishment of Imperial Federation with an Imperial Council? Manifestly nothing but stupidity. For we do not believe that such a programme would not prove as popular with the rank and file as it has already proved acceptable, privately, at any rate, to the leaders. As it is, it is certain now that the Liberal Party will declare for this policy and possibly win several future General Elections upon it. And all the time they will be winning on what might have been the Unionist programme.
Current Cant.

"It is so nice not to want to do anything."—H. HAMILTON FyFE.

"Mr. Tagore is inclined to think that his visit to England has done good."—"Times of India."

"That prince of melodramatic writers—Mr. George R. Sims."—"The Play Pictorial."

"Mr. W. J. Stevens is quite right when he says that railway shareholders, as a whole, are not opposed to fair or even generous treatment of their employees."—"Evening News."

"Mr. Irving Berlin, the Ragtime King, has introduced heaven into this sordid and serious life, and made it worth living."—"The Friars Club," New York.

"Oh London tunes are new tunes, and London books are wise. And London plays are rare plays, and good to country eyes."—John MASEFIELD in "The Clarion."

"The Churches in keeping to their work of cultivating and developing the personal and spiritual life of men and women, are moving, albeit indirectly, along the shortest path to the attainment of the perfect condition of man."—Rev. K. C. ANDERSON, D.D., in "The Christian Commonwealth."

"Mr. Lloyd George is setting up a department which will be the active guardian of the National interests."—"The Nation."

"When your mental output is of a high quality it commands a high price."—PELMAN ADVERTISEMENT.

"The work of Mr. Bernard Shaw has risen to the height of the universal human. This is to say, as Wagner wrote, the universally intelligible."—Augustine and Henriette Hamon in "The Bibliothèque Universelle."

"There is no greater sanatorium to cure snobbishness than the little chapel."—Lloyd George.

"Mr. George Lansbury is now getting ready for his lecture tour in the United States."—"The World."

"When Colonel Sir Douglas Dawson proposed 'The Queen, the Prince of Wales, and other members of the Royal Family,' not only did the workmen guests sing the National Anthem and 'God bless the Prince of Wales,' but 'Rule Britannia.'"—"Morning Post."

"The Fabian Society—who may be said to represent the advance guard of modern Liberalism."—Tariff Commission Report.

"The views expressed are not necessarily our own; but, in harmony with our practice, we think it right to give full publicity to a view of politics and social economy which is fresh and independent."—"The Nation."

"Mr. Larkin was not prosecuted as a strike leader, but because he had broken the law."—"Saturday Review."

"Sir Evelyn Wood paid a fine tribute to the old-style soldier. . . . In eight battalions seventy-three died out of every hundred from preventable causes. But . . ."—"Saturday Review."

"In all reputable newspapers the advertising and editorial departments are things apart, absolutely independent organisations."—"Saturday Review."

Foreign Affairs.

By S. Verdel.

In spite of the development of travel, international societies, and the like factors, the relations between countries are still determined almost entirely by the small section of society which we call the upper classes. Even in an advanced democratic country such as England, it is a class of this kind which is still the driving force; and in Germany, for all the five million Social Democrats, it is still the noble classes that influence public opinion and the fine arts. As for England, Spain, Italy, Austria, Russia, and the Scandinavian countries, the official circles in them—especially those official circles concerned with foreign affairs—hardly dream of paying serious attention to the opinions of the middle and lower classes.

I am not underestimating the strength of financial interests; but it must be understood that, before financial interests can influence a country's policy, they must be exceedingly powerful and widespread. The Pearson interests for example, are everywhere. But there are at least two peers—Lord Cowdray and Lord Murray—connected with the firm; and before the Pearson organisation can exert any influence at all it must be evident that it has to pull very powerful strings in banking, society, trading, and official circles in more than one country. Even great German organisations, such as Krupps and the General Elektrizitäts Gesellschaft, would not care to risk an international move unless they were sure of the support of the nobility, even though many of the families whose support was sought were relatively poor. Officially, to take another instance, the old French aristocracy no longer exists. But it exists in practice if not in theory, and is as able as our own aristocracy to exploit for its own ends the social ambitions of the wealthy bourgeoisie.

As in England, so in France those ends are usually high and patriotic. It is still our aristocratic county families who turn their backs on commerce and send their sons into a relatively poorly-paid Civil Service and our very ill-paid Army and Navy.

This point is one which I wish to emphasise, because it explains to a great extent why personal views and experiences are still so important in international affairs. Whatever the rights and wrongs of a situation may be, they are always complicated by the men on the spot in the countries concerned. When Djavid Bey came to London in 1910 he was annoyed because some high civil servant, who had nothing but his brains to recommend him for the post, expressed the opinion that Turkey could never become civilised or make progress until ample facilities were given for the gradual conversion of the Moslems to Christianity. Although Djavid's annoyance was mingled with amusement—he understood a low-caste person when he met one—the incident was not without its effect; and what might have been a very successful series of negotiations was abruptly broken off. The consequences to this country, as well as to Turkey, we now know; and they are not to our credit.

I lay stress on this personal factor because it is one which is more and more overlooked by the newspapers and by the public generally. Diplomacy is not always concerned with matters of vital interest; financiers are not always scheming for new concessions. The-minute trinities that make up perfection have to be discussed in the Chanceries and the Foreign Offices as well as declarations of war; and it usually happens that, when the former are satisfactorily dealt with, the latter can be averted. To take England's own relationships, we have as a rule experienced no difficulty in conducting negotiations with France, Spain, Italy, Russia, and the smaller countries of Northern and Western Europe. The Balkan States have always given a good deal of trouble; and until recent years the German diplomats...
were not models of tact. As might be expected, the United States have always been the most intractable nation with which we have come in contact. The official representatives are usually charming people, both here and at Washington; but the Americans in English society often succeed in creating a favourable impression. Hence, in that small but influential class which I have mentioned, a reference to the United States has usually led to a slight shuddering and a change of subject.

It is admitted that the Americans have greatly improved in recent years. The bumptiousness has begun to wear off. Here, as Mr. Bopper in "Lady Windermere's Fan," or some such expression, "they are much less exclusive in London than they are in Sydney." The snobbishness of our cousins, to my knowledge, has not been better summed up. In brief, we cannot stand our Colonials. We do not see why we should—especially when they lecture us about the conduct of the Empire. There have been some "iffs" in consequence. What is more, there have been serious disputes about the Navy. And all because High Commissioners talk like tradesmen, and because the wives of some Colonial dignitaries are hardly up to the level of an English cook-general.

We are spending now about one-fourth of our national revenue on the fleet. From this fleet our Colonies have benefited for many years, and we have paid nothing in return. No; in return they have often snarled at us, cursed us, warned us, lectured us. And when they did finally set out, as they said, to help in defending the Empire, they did it in a way that was useless. For no strategist can pretend that the formation of local navies is anything but a farce.

Long ago the writer of "Notes of the Week" said in this paper that we would not give away one English county for all the Colonies we had. The remark was one with which everybody will surely agree. Certainly it is subscribed to by that small class of ours which is not directed from its capital city.

The federal organisation of the Empire seems recently to have assumed practical political shape. It is certainly being seriously discussed. But we write "seriously" advisedly; because it is evident to every student that any federal arrangement is impossible until Irish Home Rule is an accomplished fact. Federalism is urged in some quarters as the true solution of Home Rule, but any unbiased analysis of the situation demonstrates not only the wisdom but the necessity of first putting Ireland upon a healthy autonomous foundation. The exact relations between the Irish and the federation of the Empire have not been thoroughly grasped by publicists and politicians. Political bias has hitherto vitiated the general consideration of this question, for whereas Liberals are supposed to be devoted to Home Rule, the Unionists are generally credited with the greater desire to federate. Why there should be any political division over these two closely related projects passes our comprehension; but we must, we suppose, assume a low level of political intelligence and instinct and rely upon the more permanent factors of our national and imperial life to forced the true solution in the due course of development. But when a large number of serious politicians are confusing the issues as between Irish Home Rule and Imperial Federation, it may prove advantageous to examine the cardinal facts. These facts and the arguments based upon them will be found most clearly stated by Mr. S. G. Hobson in his monograph "Irish Home Rule."

So far as Imperial Federation is concerned, there are many parties to the proposed contract—more than is generally supposed. At the first blush, it would seem to be a convention between England, Scotland, Wales, Ireland, the self-governing Colonies, the Crown Colonies and India. But there are three unseen but very real entities not disclosed. They are the existing establishments of the Colonial Office, the War Department and the Naval authorities. If a conference were called to-morrow to discuss Imperial Federation, what would be the probable attitudes of all these constituent parts? Scotland would probably declare for autonomy but with many reservations, the most important being that as yet her people have made no constitutional declaration one way or the other. Wales would undoubtedly ask for her own subordinate Parliament but would argue bargle about financial terms. Ireland would be better armed with a concise statement of her case. She would declare that since 1832 she has consistently asked for federal home rule. She could tell an extremely interesting and pertinent story. Sharmin Crawford definitely urged the federal idea in 1852. In 1844, O'Connell discussed repeal and federation. Having weighed up the two proposals, he wrote: "It is just and right to confess that the Federalist would give Ireland more weight and importance in Imperial concerns than she would receive by the plan of the Simple Repeals. . . . For my own part, I have come to contemplate the specific differences, such as they are, between 'Simple Repeal' and Federalism, I do at present feel a preference for the Federative plan, as tending more to the utility of Ireland." In 1873, at the Conference at the Rotunda, Dublin, War Home Rule agitation was inaugurated. The fourth resolution was specific: "We adopt the principle of a Federal arrangement." Then in 1888, Parnell wrote his famous letter to Rhodes, in which he frankly agreed to the federal principle. It is no surprise, therefore, if Redmond has never deviated from Ireland's consistent declarations in this respect.

So much for the United Kingdom. What would the self-governing Colonies say? They would probably waste no words on the matter; they would instantly discuss finance. They would admit that the protection of their coasts by the British fleet is of vital consequence both in fact and in significance. They would probably admit a financial liability in respect of the expenditure necessary. But not a silver would they give unless
representation in an Imperial Parliament went with taxation. And they would want a definite representation upon the civil, military, and naval hierarchies that now administer Imperial affairs. Their language upon the red-tape and Oxford superiority that now dominate affairs at headquarters, would be too lurid for reproduction here. The official hierarchies would be distressed beyond words at such plain speaking, and would gently, in Oxford accents, point out that until our Colonists learned to restrain their language and become proficient in French, they could hardly be admitted into the new councils, where direct English is bad form. The Crown Colonies would almost unanimously ask for increased autonomy and tell queer stories of Downing Street government. As for India...

Out of the three important facts would emerge: (i) That Ireland is the only unit in the Conference that has spoken, clearly, consistently, and constitutionally; (ii) that the Irish arrangement must either become the model for subsequent federal agreements, or, in the absence of any real advance of the Irish case, continue as Imperial federation is ripe for settlement; (iii) that no British Colony would agree to any such control over their finances as that now existing between Great Britain and Ireland or proposed by the present Home Rule Bill. To ignore the political and financial considerations involved in these cardinal facts is merely to postpone federation indefinitely.

Let us look at it politically. There is not a single self-governing colony whose Parliament has not repeatedly declared for Irish Home Rule for Ireland is strong and well organised. That influence exerted in favour of federation practically secures it; but if it be exerted against, then federation is doomed. But there is another reason. Our Colonies know only too well, and from experience, how utterly derogatory is the interference of the official hierarchies in their affairs. They accordingly, both by reason and instinct, invariably declare for the greatest possible measure of autonomy for any part of the Empire, knowing that the more autonomy is granted, the more healthy will be the reaction upon their own relations with the central government. But the political necessity for federation grows year by year, and the final removal of Irish discontent accordingly grows more urgent. Mr. S. G. Hobson states the case in a few words: "World-politics is not now a force with which Great Britain can alone contend; she must soon call to her aid the moral and material support of her children. But they are grown up and demand a real and not a nominal partnership. In this great movement, a contented and self-respecting Ireland can play a reconciling and useful part; a discontented Ireland of arrested growth can never or only in mutilated form, or the Colonies are certain to refuse federation, both because the subjection of Ireland would constitute too dangerous a precedent, and because the Irish influence throughout the Empire is strong enough to frustrate federation until Ireland and her representative body is regarded as a separate entity. That is only stating the case mildly. If Ireland is again to be disappointed, it is certain that we should be plunged into a political maelstrom that would effectually kill any concerted move for consolidating the Empire. Although our interest in politics is somewhat perfunctory, knowing as we do that politics is but the reflection of economic power (and accordingly we concentrate our attention upon the economic forces) we nevertheless regret that the Government did not embody the federal principle in the present Home Rule Bill; just as the preamble to the Parliament Act specifically presaged a change in the constitution of the House of Lords, so, in like manner, we believe it would have been wise within thebounds to have adumbrated federation in the Home Rule measure.

That opportunity has now passed beyond recall, but it is surely clear that Irish autonomy is a condition precedent to any federal scheme likely to secure the consent of the Colonies.

It is interesting and fruitful to speculate how far the application of the Guild principle to industry would affect the political constitution of the Empire. Ireland, for example, has developed economically on lines almost diametrically opposite to those of Great Britain. Her political life must necessarily be dominated by her economic forces, and would differ from the British system accordingly. Campion's economic history of American, and her political life must, therefore, express itself in some way harmonious with American methods. South Africa, Australia, and New Zealand have their own peculiar economic problems which their political life must inevitably reflect. If, presumably if the Guilds triumph in these Colonies, the economic structure of the Empire will involve close economic relations between the Guilds of the Empire, with a corresponding political federation. We do not see any reason why the political formation should not be upon local and social lines, concurrent with the widest national and international Guild relations. Mr. Belfort Bax, in our last issue, too readily assumes that national Guilds exclude the widest and most intimate international relations. But we have repeatedly argued this aspect of the problem and need not now elaborate it. Meantime, it is interesting to note that at the moment there is no kind of organic connection binding together the various parts of the Empire. The Crown is not an organism but a symbol. Pending the political reorganisation of the Empire on federal lines, would it not be wise to galvanise the Privy Council into a new life and delegate to it the functions of our Imperial inter-relations? Transform it into a representative assembly, and let it be the only institution capable of exercising the functions of a federal government.

Retrospect.

We are now moving with increased momentum towards a new order of society. It has not escaped critical minds that in this social and economic quickening the political or State Socialists are completely out of the picture. The oppressed of all kinds and degrees now rely upon groups of workers, united on a common ground, but with such organisations as they possess, and no longer dream of trusting to Parliament with its serried ranks of political Tomlinsons. The strength that men have witnessed in this great movement, a contented and self-respecting Ireland can play a reconciling and useful part; a discontented Ireland of arrested growth can never or only in mutilated form, or the Colonies are certain to refuse federation, both because the subjection of Ireland would constitute too dangerous a precedent, and because the Irish influence throughout the Empire is strong enough to frustrate federation until Ireland and her representative body is regarded as a separate entity. That is only stating the case mildly. If Ireland is again to be disappointed, it is certain that we should be plunged into a political maelstrom that would effectually kill any concerted move for consolidating the Empire. Although our interest in politics is somewhat perfunctory, knowing as we do that politics is but the reflection of economic power (and accordingly we concentrate our attention upon the economic forces) we nevertheless regret that the Government did not embody the federal principle in the present Home Rule Bill; just as the preamble to the Parliament Act specifically presaged a change in the constitution of the House of Lords, so, in like manner, we believe it would have been wise within thebounds to have adumbrated federation in the Home Rule measure.

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eighteen months ago that we started on our protracted exposition of the wage-system. We never anticipated such a speedy acceptance of our analysis of wagery. We expected to discuss the subject, in its various aspects, for many years and for years to come. But—this is the story of all democratic movements—the workers grasped the idea in advance of their leaders, and of the so-called intellectuals. And their leaders were almost to a man State-Socialists and political reformists.

It was probably inevitable that the politically-minded leaders of labour should have found themselves left in the lurch when the new industrial movement began vigorously to express itself. The plain truth is that not one of them, from Mr. J. R. MacDonald to the insignificant little Mr. Pointer (who thought that jail was the right place for Mr. Tom Mann), has ever had any kind of training in economics. Mr. MacDonald is as ignorant—perhaps innocent were the better word—of economics as is Mr. Lloyd George or Mr. Boar Law. The reasons for this lamentable state of mind are rooted in the past, and can only be explained by a knowledge of the Socialist and Labour propaganda of the past quarter of a century.

From the earliest days of Socialist and Labour international congresses two facts have been predominant. In effective political and industrial organisation, the British have proved themselves pre-eminent; in the region of literature they lag behind. At the time of the first blush, it might seem that the German Socialists have surpassed their British confrères in organisation, but we must remember always that the German movement is ready a combination of Radicals and Socialists with an almost exclusively political programme. So far as an effective attack upon the possessing classes is concerned, British Trade Unionism has always been and remains the best equipped. Except in one essential: its stubborn refusal to recognize the value of living ideas. The British leaders have steadily organised their men; they have relied upon the force of numbers to accomplish little things, the emanations of little minds, when they might have accomplished great things, had they shown themselves susceptible to great ideas. This is possibly the main defect of the British quality—a faculty for dealing in the concrete, coupled with an obtuse dislike of anything that savours of the psychological. It has in this way happened that at these congresses the opinions of the British leaders have been freely negatived by the whilst their practical capacity has won universal admiration.

Whilst organised resistance to economic oppression is one thing—indeed, a very valuable asset—necessarily needing the stimulation of ideas, the time has now come, when the age of mere resistance has passed to reconstruction. In this last task, the British Labour movement will suffer, unless it can attract to itself brains of a highly constructive quality. This particular type of intellect is, of course, fundamentally imaginative. The internal politics of British Labourism in the near future will be mainly a struggle between the imaginative-constructive section and the surly resistance to new ideas which is the chief stock-in-trade of the MacDonalds, Hardies, Snowdens, and Hendersons.

As we look back over the past twenty-five years, we can only express amazement that the British Socialist movement can have possibly subsisted so long on such poor intellectual food. The old S.D.F. had an intelligible policy based upon the Marxian analysis of capital and the material interpretation of history. But they were impotent against the ingrained Puritanism of the I.L.P. and the pseudo-scientific methods (so dear to their hearts) of the S.D.F. has, in its turn, succumbed to I.L.P. obscurantism, thus neutralising its original value. This organisation for many years past has striven to reconcile the material interpretation of history with political action. It has failed egregiously because the essence of the material theory obviously is that economic power dominates both the spirit and the policy of the body politic. Trying to straddle two stools, it sprawls in undignified contortions upon the floor. Nor has it gained in spiritual influence by its curiously inept excursions into foreign politics. Whilst its economic theories are clear-cut and intelligible, it has ineffectually attempted a political construction of the facts and errors of its own economy.

On the other hand, the I.L.P., without any underlying principle of action (the formula of nationalisation is not a principle; it is a vague and unsatisfying concept of social organisation), has been frankly political and, unh hampered by principles or theories, it has played the political game much more successfully than the S.D.F. This is neither the time nor the occasion to criticise Puritanism; we need only remark that the inspiration of the I.L.P. was Puritan in its origin and that Puritanism is essentially a scheme of life particularly applicable to the middle and lower middle classes. Whilst the S.D.F. drew its inspiration from Marx, the I.L.P.'s long suit was the Sermon on the Mount. Thus, Mr. Snowden's most popular lecture in the old days was entitled, "The Christ that is to be," spongypulp, drenched with soporifics; whilst Mr. Keir Hardie's greatest coup was a tract, "Can a Man be a Christian on a Pound a Week?" The least distressing feature of these performances was that these gentlemen really believed the trash they spoke and wrote. During the twentieth-one years of the life of the I.L.P. as a single idea, not a single book or picture or piece of music has been produced under its inspiration. It has proved itself to be a blind movement, led by blind men, and it is at a blind end just at the very time when it is celebrating its majority. During these twenty-one years a considerable number of thinkers and students have joined it, but without exception they have been plainly told that political organisation is more valuable than serious thinking and they have accordingly left it and gone about their business, sadder and wiser. One observation, however, only fair to add that the rank and file of the I.L.P. is largely composed of first-class fighting material; its leadership has been its downfall. Mr. MacDonald is stupid, with a portentous air; Mr. Keir Hardie is cunning with a Christian pose; Mr. Snowden is tricky, with the affects of a martyr. For our part, we really prefer the political trickery of Mr. Lloyd George, who, whilst equally devoid of principle, at least steps out boldly.

The Fabian Society has been another factor. On the whole, it has successfully left Jesus Christ out of consideration, and has devoted itself purely to reformist measures. In everything it has undertaken it has consistently failed, but has been clever enough to cover up its failures with new proposals, in their turn doomed to failure. It has had many clever men, not leaders, but no wise ones. It is the punishment of all reformist organisations that life travels more quickly than their reforms. Thus, the Fabian chef d'œuvre of recent years was its "Minority Report." It did seem at one time that this scheme of poor law reform might come to something. Mr. Lloyd George crumpled it to pieces with his Insurance Act. The Fabian Society is now a corpse drifting about on the political tides.

It was to be expected that the journals of these Socialist factions would more or less accurately reflect the moods and modes of their readers. "Justice" had the advantage of experienced writers like Hyndman, Bax and Quech. For many years it was extraordinarily well written, and took a large view of the Socialist work. As it occupied itself more and more with politics, it lost in intellectual power. The death of Quech and the anti-German bias of Hyndman have in recent years sterilised it. "The Labour Leader" has never risen higher than a parish magazine. It is a sordid, narrow, and ignorant. The "Clarion" in early days brought to market a breezy dialect that saved the Socialist movement from falling under the complete influence of Stiggins. Its editor, Mr. Keir Hardie, has straddled its region of ideas they have lagged behind. At the first political organisation is more valuable than serious thinking and they have accordingly left it and gone about their business, sadder and wiser. One observation, however, only fair to add that the rank and file of the I.L.P. is largely composed of first-class fighting material; its leadership has been its downfall. Mr. MacDonald is stupid, with a portentous air; Mr. Keir Hardie is cunning with a Christian pose; Mr. Snowden is tricky, with the affects of a martyr. For our part, we really prefer the political trickery of Mr. Lloyd George, who, whilst equally devoid of principle, at least steps out boldly.

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is that, in his old age, his vanity will not permit him to recognise the limitations of his early creed. All the new ideas based on wage-abolition and the guild organisation of industry are rigidly excluded from his journal. Indeed, we were informed by a correspondent a fortnight ago that the editorial staff of the ‘Clarion’ had not read and so could not discuss these recent contributions to economic thought.

When original thought is thus systematically put under tabu, it is hardly surprising that a group of ignorant mandarins should succeed to leadership. And it inevitably follows that they and their dupes must either come to a standstill or run upon the rocks. This is precisely what has happened. The mandarins thought they could beat the middle-class politicians by playing the same game. They forgot two essential things: that politics is the expression of active citizenship—that is to say, of the possessing classes; they also forgot that the political leaders of middle-class England have forgotten more about politics than political labourism has. Thus all recent political measures have been carefully framed in the interest of the trading classes, hardly a thought being given to the economic oppression of the wage-earners; yet so effectively has an artificial atmosphere been created that the Labour mandarins are forced to support legislation that positively binds labour more stringently with the burden of wagery.

It is hardly surprising, then, that close observation of the work and personnel of the existing Labour movement convinces us that new men with a better order of intellect are needed for the period of reconstruction that draws near. The significance of recent revolt is lost upon the older generation. Take, for example, the operations of the Merchant Shipping Guild. This body is composed of qualified ships’ officers. Last week, they withdrew their men from the P. and O. boats, finally obtaining several valuable concessions. Now these officers probably know nothing and care less about social justice; so well and to a nicety the value of their labour monopoly, and because it is a monopoly they have got what they demanded. But the significance of their action consists in this: Hitherto these men have been regarded as a regiment in the army of the profiteers; they have never proclaimed their intention to fight for their own hands. Suppose the P. and O. had fought them. Suppose, further, that the seamen had declined to go to sea without them (as in fact the Lascars threatened), suppose, further, that the officers would slowly decline to proceed until the seamen’s grievances had been removed: how far off then should we be from the organisation of the Transit Guild? Not only so, but last week saw the marine engineers threatened with the Royal Mail Steam Packet Company (a corporation directed by a prominent Liberal politician) with what result we do not know. Have we not here the beginning of the revolt of the technical classes against their capitalist subjugation? Yet, so far as we know, the movement remains unrelated to the Socialist organisation. There was no Labour intellectual strong enough and influential enough to seize this opportunity to widen the scope of Labour activities. Nevertheless, we believe the day is coming when the bulk of the seamen, technical and commercial, will be forced to take action in its own protection. And ultimately it must look to the Labour Unions for support. That support will only be given on mutually advantageous terms, but it will mark the beginning of Guild organisation.

Therefore, we confidently anticipate great and dramatic changes in the convictions of men who are now erroneously supposed to be capitalist both in theory and practice. But the men to engineer this movement must be imbued with imagination and constructive genius. They live amongst us now. There are thousands of them. It is the task of the new industrial statesmanship to draw them into social activity and to make their way easy.

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**An Examination of the National Guild System—V.**

By H. Belloc

I come in this fifth article to the last and fourth of the ideal types of Guild between which we must choose. It is a dreary, and to many it will seem an unreal business to plod thus through the examination of abstract types before approaching the actual possibilities. But I am convinced that it is the only way of arriving at any practical conclusion in politics. We must first know exactly what we want, and then find how nearly we can get to it; and any vagueness in the idea of our reform will render our attempt at reform impotent.

The fourth ideal type of Guild, then, is that in which the means of production are owned not corporately by the members of the Guild, but severally by members within the Guild or by members of other Guilds. The idea of such an arrangement is not only novel to the Collectivist Reformer of the last fifty years, it is also foreign and a little grotesque in his eyes. He has been out to destroy "private property." Private property has been, in fact, the fundamental axiom of his, the "out of all the evil. It is private property which exploits, which produces insecurity, inequality and insufficiency. And the idea of basing a new and a better state of society on private property, seems to him an economic contradiction in terms.

When it is pointed out to him that he is really indifferent to economic inequality save where it is so grave as to produce human disaster, and when it is further pointed out to him that what he is really fighting against is insecurity, spiritual dependence, and hideous destitution, and that these proceed from the vesting of private property in the hands of a few (and a competing few) he will usually fall back upon a certain historic argument, to wit, that if property were better distributed so as to abolish destitution and for the moment insecurity—yet by the action of inevitable processes in human nature it would soon again drift into the hands of a few and the old evils would at once recommence.

In this historic argument which is the true (though often unrecognised) basis of Collectivism, I think the Collectivist can be proved wrong so far as the past is concerned; and that both on the analogy of the past and from our knowledge of the present his calculations are based on a fallacy that should not hold weight. But I shall not here enter into the full argument in favour of private property as a principle; that demands the scope of a full thesis and of a book. I shall confine myself to the ideal consequences of the ideal type as I have done in the three other jumble types of Guild which I have examined.

I ask: Given that the land and the instruments of toil wherewith any particular Guild worked were owned in shares which were the private property of men working whether in their own Guild or in some other Guild, would that state of affairs—supposing it practically possible—satisfy the Guild idea? And I reply that it would satisfy the Guild idea more nearly than any of the other three types.

The objects of a Guild are, I think, agreed to be primarily the recovery of a sense of control by men over the conditions of their own labour; and next the energising and sanification of labour by corporate association. The Guild must associate men in their work, and also, to fulfill its end, should make a man feel economically free.

Now the one and only condition of freedom in the economic sphere is the power to live whether another wills you to live or no. That is what we mean by Economic Freedom, and that is all we mean.

A man is spiritually free even if he is not possessed of this economic freedom, so long as he is willing to die rather than submit to coercion; but we know in practice that men will not be so willing. And it is obvious that even if they were so willing their will
would be futile. For death, while guaranteeing a man's freedom would extinguish his freedom with him-
self. A man is politically free so long as the forces of the State are not used to compel him to work by the
infliction of penalties, which he will dread less than death, but which suffices to enslave him. A man is not economically free unless, apart from the neutrality of the State, he is able to live without first
obtaining the permission of some other man. It is self-
evident that he cannot occupy this position of freedom unless he is able to lay his hand upon food, clothing,
shelter, and the other necessaries of life; and we call his
power to use these things at his discretion and at a
moment's notice, property.
A man working under primitive conditions with his
own instruments, with his own stores of seed and food,
and the rest upon his own soil, is possessed of absolute
economic freedom. It is true that men in association,
when that association is such that the individual can
be sure of indefeasible personal control, are also
economically free. But no man can be sure of this
indefeasible personal control, for it is a negation of
association itself. With small associations, however,
a measure of control is really present. A little club of
men may make one man their butt or their victim, but
within such a small body each individual member
normally have a great deal to say over the distribution
of the wealth produced or acquired by the Corpora-
tion. Whoever acts for the Corporation in this matter
will be subject to close personal inspection. The
moment production grows in size this faculty of control correspondingly dissipates. It is attenuated
far more rapidly than the numerical growth can ac-
count for. It is virtually lost before even a moderate
association of some few hundreds is reached. It has
no appreciable existence in an association of many
thousands.
All, I think, will grant this; but there is something
more. The power of a man to control his association has
for its factors not only the numerical proportion
borne by one unit to the whole but, secondly, the
weapons or methods whereby that unit can work, and
for a third factor, the advantage which he demands
from the officials, who are technically the servants of
the association. Thus, if I am dependent for every
moment of my life and every scrap of my food and
clothing upon an association of which I am a member,
I have no instrument whereby to affect its decisions
save my vote, and if I correspondingly expect from
my association not this or that but everything neces-
sary to man, that my power of re-assertion against
correspondingly diminished to zero. If I am expecting
from my association something less than a totality of
livelihood, I have more power, for I can threaten to
do without the Guild. I can act independently of it; and
the converse fact, that I shall in such a case be pos-
sessed of something which the association does not
control, will add to my power of resistance.
The cases are exactly parallel to the dependence of
one man upon another; for the word “association”
read the word “Jones” and this truth is manifest. If
Jones alone can provide me with livelihood, and I can
obtain nothing save from Jones, and have not even
an ounce of food apart from Jones, then Jones is my abso-
lute master, supposing I propose to live at all; and
though it is true that in the case of an association I am
a part of Jones, yet I am never the master of Jones, and
if Jones is very great I am a negligible part of him.
It is further self-evident that it was possible for
economic associations engaged in production and ex-
change to take possession of the whole field of the
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A Pilgrimage to Turkey During Wartime

By Marmaduke Pickthall

IX.

Ottoman Greeks.

In Misket Hanum’s garden I found visitors. Three bare-headed, bare-faced, black-haired, comely maidens were with my hostess on a seat beneath the deodars. Misket had talked to me about them previously. They were Greeks from a village up the Bosphorus—fearless, self-respecting girls who earned a modest living by their work as dressmakers, journeying from house to house. At one time they had gone to Christian houses only; but latterly, by Misket Hanum’s recommendation, had worked for Turks as well. As they themselves informed me they were petted by the Turkish ladies, and treated by the men with all respect. Yet they dared not let their parents know that they had ever been employed in Muslim houses. Had the fact been but suspected in their village they would have been ostracised, perhaps stoned; for ignorant Christians are as fanatical as ignavant Muslims. A native Christian girl who marries a Muslim is placed under solemn duty by her nearest relatives if they can get at her. On the steamer on which my wife and I travelled to Marseilles at the end of July, there was such a girl among the steerage passengers. Her brothers had beguiled her into accompanying them to America where her Muslim husband was already trying to make money. At Marseilles they performed her murder in a curiously open manner, seeming to think the deed would be applauded in a Christian country.

These Greek dress-makers, therefore, gave it out at seasons when they were employed in Turkish houses that they were working for a European, Misket Hanum, who thus acquired a reputation for extravagance and a love of finery. They gave her house as their address in the public street. The horror of this accusation hardly reached me. It resembled that made by the Christians of San Stefano to M. Lusanne, when inquiring of the conduct of raw Turkish troops from Asia who had encamped there by the thousand during many weeks: “Shocking! One of them kissed a girl the other day.” I had to struggle with a strong desire to laugh before replying: “That is nothing. I have been stoned by Muslims more than once.” Their astonishment at that remark was very great.

“Yet and you like them? It is hardly possible. You are joking, certainly. Why should they have stoned you? And, if they stoned you seriously, how did you escape?”

I assured them I was very far from joking. The thing had happened to me once in Hebron, once in a village northward from Jerusalem, and three or four times in the Muslim quarter of Beirut, which eighteen years ago was very rough indeed. My only crime had been to wear an ugly English hat.

“So that is why you wear a fez at present, is it?” sneered the eldest of the girls; nevertheless she begged me to proceed with my narration and say how I escaped from those fanatics.

Not being a native Christian, I informed her, and therefore not having fanaticism on the brain, I, on each occasion had looked upon the stoning merely as a piece of impudence involving danger to myself and me. I simply rode my horse at the assailants, desiring to know what they meant by throwing stones at us, and invariably I was supported by the sense of justice of the crowd. Once in the outskirts of Beirut, a friend who was with me had just thrashed the ringleader—a boy about fifteen—within an inch of his life, when the father of that boy, with other elders, came upon the scene. The men were fully armed. We looked for trouble. But no sooner had I told our tale to the newcomers than the father pounced upon his son and administered a second hiding still more awful than the first. When they discerned the moral of my tale, the three girls bridled highly and disdained it, observing that the case of Europeans was entirely different. The eldest dropped a brief conclusive word to the effect that Muslims were not Christians so could not be tolerated. She then turned to Misket Hanum and in the same chill tone congratulated her on having found a guest after her own heart.

I had many subsequent opportunities of studying the point of view of ordinary Greeks, for these girls were often in the house and our cook was also Greek and fond of argument. I never ceased to marvel at its pure fanaticism. They really liked the Turks of their acquaintance; that is to say their own experience would have made them tolerant, but for the instruction which they had received from priest and parents, in which they hurriedly took refuge if accused of such a liking. They were gentle girls, incapable of harming anyone; yet I have heard them earnestly maintain that the Greeks of Macedonia were justified upon religious grounds; that when they changed their tune directly it was known that the Greeks had suffered too. Some Turkish men, who visited our house, habitually took delight in teasing these fanatic girls. Then they would turn to me and say: “Amazing, is it not? This century! But all Greeks, without exception, are like that.”

The Greeks of Turkey were not always like that. Of old, when their women veiled like the Turkish women, how should he know anything about them, having just arrived! It was evident that he took his cue from pressed company, for peace.

At this point I was moved to say that I knew something of Mahomedans, having spent a great part of my life with them. I asked these girls to give a single instance of Mahomedan fanaticism, not hearsay, but their own experience. The two elder appeared disconcerted by the point—blank question; but the youngest, nothing daunted, answered hotly:

“I have heard them call out ‘ghiakour’ behind me in the public street.” The horror of this accusation hardly reached me. It resembled that made by the Christians of San Stefano to M. Lusanne, when inquiring of the conduct of raw Turkish troops from Asia who had encamped there by the thousand during many weeks: “Shocking! One of them kissed a girl the other day.” I had to struggle with a strong desire to laugh before replying: “That is nothing. I have been stoned by Muslims more than once.” Their astonishment at that remark was very great.

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when their men wore fez and turban like the Turkish men, there was no such bitterness between the two religions. If they are "like that" to-day it is the outcome of a century and more of anti-Turkish propaganda, first Russian, then Helene. How many Turkish students have thus cunningly and patiently been trained to be a barrier to Turkish progress, to prevent the realisation of my Muslim lehtja’s dream of peace and goodwill?

There is an aspect of this Christian question which has not been touched upon by any writer that I know of. It is the utter helplessness of the Christian subjects of the Porte before the Muslims, as compared with their immense pretensions. Their pride is not in what they have achieved themselves, but in what their co-religionists have done for them. They have seen province after province taken by the Powers from Turkey and made into an independent Christian State, and they glory in each loss to Turkey as their victory; forgetting that, but for the interference of the Powers, Turkey would have lost no territory in Europe or, if she lost it for a moment, would have soon regained it. All the achievements of the Western world, in every field, they claim as theirs upon the score of Christianity. They have assimilated themselves in dress and manners to the Europeans, who have established privileges in the Ottoman dominions, and claim to claim privileges on the strength of mere resemblance. When one remembers that these people are the conquered race, and that they constantly announce themselves as future conquerors, with talk of turning Aya Sofia into a church again, it is a wonder that the hatred should appear on one side only. Yet so it is. The Turks dislike the Greeks—chiefly, I believe, on grounds of roughery—but laugh at them; they do not hate them.

"Oh," said the friend, who, for his quiet judgments, I had chosen for my mentor, when we broached this subject: "the hatred that they have for us is imposed on them, a kind of dogma. They hate the Armenians, Bulgars, Catholics with another, much more lively kind of hatred, I assure you. If Europe would but say, 'We have thus cunningly and patiently lost no territory; but for the interference of a century and more of Great Intolerance at the end of her supremacy, your rule is over,'" what Mrs. W. L. Courtney calls "the new type of subordinate women brain-workers," whatever this shade of a creature may be. They are all forever "speaking generally," and on the whole, "We do not propose to talk based on "other things being equal." Sir Almroth Wright will begin to think that he has really been rather too personal!

It would not be fair, of course, to criticise Mrs. Webb's literary style except when it makes her quite absurd, as in her paragraph where she admits that subordinate woman-brain-romancing.

Mrs. Webb leaves "to future historical philosophers the analysis of how far the movements of labour, women and subject people, are due to the action of such a creature..." and "I can say with truth that they are generally good and kindly when the Christians of this country are—well, 'wicked'; I can find no other word for it." I cannot honestly endorse that judgment, in so far as it concerns the poorer peasant Christians, whom I know and like. It may be true of the rich Levantines; I cannot say of the poorer Christians are not wicked; only they have been misled, and schooled to great intolerance at a time when Muslim education tends the other way. After I had been two months in Musket Hanum's house the Greek cook asked me: "Do you really like the Muslims? Surely it is only a pretence. We have watched you and feel sure you are a Christian. Why, then, do you like them?"

She seemed really worried. I gave some reason which occurred to me. She thought it good, and quite agreed with me—on natural ground.

"But still they are not Christians," she suspired. "It is so puzzling.

It was the supernatural aspect of the case, at war with facts, which worried her.

"The Awakening of Women."

By Beatrice Hastings.

To attempt a summary of the special supplement on "The Awakening of Women" in the "New Statesman" of November 1, would be an ordeal suitable only to the fabulously sorted of mixed sands. Mrs. Sidney Webb begins this staid contribution to the world's difficulties by saying that "we shall never understand the awakening of women until we realise that it is not mere feminism." I certainly have looked for, without finding, any trace of "mere feminism" in the whole heap. When I say "merely" I am forgetting the contribution by Miss Jane Harrison.

It is difficult for me to realise that these writers are really women; they write (with the exception of Mrs. Harrison) as though they had not bodies. You might suppose them to be, as yet, indeterminate figures begun to be formed from the tongue as a nucleus. You would never expect them to become finished as women. Their writings are mostly in jargon—politicians' jargon, parsons' jargon, scientists', bureaucrats', doctors' and electricians' jargon, mingled with suffragettes' jargon. I have got nothing out of it all that is of use to me as a woman. There is nothing in it of interest except to what Mrs. W. L. Courtney calls "the new type of subordinate women brain-workers," whatever this shade of a creature may be. They are all forever "speaking generally," and on the whole, "We do not propose to talk based on "other things being equal." Sir Almroth Wright will begin to think that he has really been rather too personal!

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race than the men." No, no; they would seem to so to Mr. Mrs. Marmaduke Pickthall. They did not seem so to Lady Mary W. They infuriated all the men. The women in Europe by her letter on the accomplished and beautiful Fatima. I was talking yesterday to a woman who has been in half the aristocratic harems in Turkey. She told me that the introduction of a vulgar type of European woman to middle-class houses has let in a mischief-maker with whom the Turkish women scarcely know how to deal. Her methods are altogether below them, and she has no sense of feminine companionship. If one wishes for the truth, one must not listen to a woman like Mrs. Webb, this woman of "bony soul," as Mr. Wells describes her, this new type of subordinate brain-worker. Read the prefaces to the last eight fascicles of the "Mahabharata," written by the widow of Chandra Ray—there is to be heard the testimony of a superbly educated Hindoo woman. I imagine Mrs. Webb trying to talk down to Sundari Bala Ray, this seceded purdahahin widow!

The suffragette jargon in the "Supplement" need only be hinted at—woman's arrested development—and man's absurd masculinity makes the song. "Women are suffering from man's arrested development." Yet "it is interesting to notice that professional women, taken as a whole, have distinguished themselves for qualities of sterling public worth . . . for unwaried persistent industry, for sane and measured judgment, for accuracy and insight, and (to use the mere man perhaps most incredible of all) for a sense of honour and esprit de corps equalling, if not excelling, that of their male colleagues." There, she has not forgotten a single cliché, even to the excelling. Mrs. Webb has admitted that "it is interesting to notice"—and this would be evidence enough for any contributor to the "Supplement." But what has become of that arrested development? One is left to suppose that it is only unprofessional women whose development has been arrested, and who cannot become paragons at a moment's notice. "Taken as a whole," again, "it is interesting to note that the woman's movement has been singularly free from militancy, and this is intended as a polite rebuke to Miss C. Pankhurst, who is permitted to state her opinion that "Militancy is, as it were, the flowering of the Woman's Movement for Equality"; the which is the cry we get from as far away as Paris is. What is interesting for me, however, is Mrs. Webb's statement: "The capitalist system has forced millions of women out . . . as wage-earners." And this is probably the cause of women's unrest, that they have been forced out. One concludes that the millions will go back home with curious for their condition, just as the unit wage-earner goes back the moment she has a chance. It is not a spontaneous movement we are holding, but women forced out from their homes. Let us remember this, when Mrs. Webb and others romance about the Movement, for it is the wage-earner who make the present problem and not the handfull of professional women who write supplements and excel men in a sense of honour and all the rest.

Lady Betty Balfour, writing on "Motherhood and the State" mentions these "blacklegs," as Mrs. Webb unsympathetically calls them while she admits the capitalist force behind them. "Of the families in one London parish alone sixty per cent. are said to be (this is intended for Evidence) living exclusively on the low wages of women. 'Everybody works but father!' is a grinly illuminating child-saying. If it is not a child-saying at all, but the refrain of a rag-time song about a lazy old man who sat round and smoked all day. But any stick will do to beat the dog with! The pitiful tragedy of the unskilled man blacklegged by his own innocence and ignorance must be blurred in this tragedy of skilled men deliberately blacklegged by women who are not forced to go out and work, but go for "a little money of their own"—professional women and "pin-money" workers. This last tragedy will be relieved with the success of the female cry—"equal pay for equal work." The women will go "on the whole." Every woman "on the whole" who works at the same work three weeks running reaches a period which, properly observed, will be hailed as news her enthusiasm for life: ill-used, it will lay up for her nervous disorder, the effect of which is mostly premature ossification. I should say, from what I have seen, that most of the vanished suffragettes are somewhere vegetating in this condition—they simply cannot bring themselves to move any more. 

No man could have employed a woman in this condition to operate on her or to deliver her of a child. If we are to have all favourable things said, let us have this unfavourably said, for it is the most important! The woman who defies Nature that provides this period of rest and renewal, is a danger to herself and to everyone she deals with. But it will not be said by the women who are thus dangering themselves.

Lady Betty Balfour remarks on "the spirit of independence and love of trade" of the wage-earning mother who has been "forced out of the home." She does not mean to be self-contradictory. She is only rather muddled between the women who are forced out and those who deliberately go out of doors. "There are classes between such as acquire a taste for being out and such as go back at the first opportunity. She hopes mildly that education will "inspire the next generation of factor mothers with the desire to stay at home." Professional women, as we have heard, are inspired by education to go out; but perhaps education will accommodate itself somehow. I cannot puzzle out so much rubbish! The only present remedy I can see against women blacklegs is for men to refuse to work with them. Father's chances of employment would then be somewhat more numerous. "Ideal motherhood is inconsistent with the subjection of one sex to another." What subjection? And what is ideal motherhood? The Greek women were certainly subjected compared with a modern suffragette who can drag her husband to the police-court to protest against her, but bail her out. But these Greek women produced a nation of men who would certainly seem ideal children to intelligent women. The mothers of the Greeks, the heroes of Marathon, the mothers of Aeschylus, Sophocles and Plato must have been proud women, surely! The mothers of the great English heroes, thinkers and artists had no vote, nor were they content with that of the under-god of Oriental mythology, this god who, she volunteers to say, knew only enough to obey the head-god! The phraseology is infantile enough, and we are prepared to hear of a certain "happy little girl" named Jane who "half a century ago possessed herself of a Greek grammar" while an aunt said Greek grammars would not teach Jane to keep house, and Jane heard the gates of the temple of learning "clang as they closed." From which story we may conclude what we choose as to the old-fashioned absurdity of the aunt who, to use Mrs. Webb's words, "did not calculate that little Jane would remain a spinster. Yet, the fact is that Greek grammars are of no particular use to housewives; nor has the one mentioned above taught Miss H. the several things to do. But, if she had had anything to say, she might be expected to express herself simply, she is either gushing or pedantic; she borrows words from even engineering text-books. "If it be true that the femine type is
more 'resonant' than the male, more subject to induction from the social current, whereas men are better 'insulated,' then modern conditions, charged as they are with the co-operative instinct, are especially fitted to feminine activity.' If we do not know about electrical inductions and insulations we shall not, however, be missing anything more than an argument built upon a speculative hypothesis. This seems to be the usual answer. Awareness of power provides no new knowledge. If . . . then! I am not in the least interested in Miss Harri-son's encyclopedic hotch-potch, not having space for the worry which is all it deserves; but I am much interested in the one single sentence of her article which shows the tongue attached to a body. The revelation is most unexpected, for she has talked about motherhood and fatherhood as though the body of the child were an equal tenant of man and woman, and no more tax on the time of the one than the other! But she writes: 'Anyone who makes even a very small mental discovery can note how, at the moment of making, there is a sudden sense of warmth, an uprush of emotion, often a hot blush, and sometimes tears in the eyes.' Now these, it seems to me, is the whole diagnosis of feminine incapacity for creation, the explanation of the very small mental discoveries ever made by women. Thought easily stays in the head of a man, and may, so to speak, endure for a lifetime. The same is not true of a woman. "A woman's mind is a mere thing," Mr. John Ruskin once said. I cannot find that any other writer in this supplement shows anything approaching a living organ.

Mrs. Fawcett on 'The Remedy of Political Emancipation' repeats all we have heard on this subject, and professes to look forward to "equal penalties for the same offence whether committed by men or women," and that if a woman commits adultery her husband shall be denying her marital rights. But, of course, she does not mean equality at all. She means that if a man commits adultery, he is already suffering pain on the nerves—her words mean nothing unless a way of relief. But it really is "interesting to note" that Miss Harrison possesses a solar-plexus. I cannot find that any other writer in this supplement has anything approaching a living organ.

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other hand it must force the prices of all foodstuffs up.

Let us go a little further and consider the economic effect of Neo-Malthusian practices. Obviously, Neo-Malthusianism is a reform (if it be a reform) within the limits of the present economic system. It tells people to have no more children than they can afford to keep, and claims that by such a process of limitation poverty will be abolished. It is obvious that if a man is earning 25s. a week, and has no children, he and his wife will be able to live better than if they have children; but the argument that poverty thereby abates is a fatuous one. A man is poor on 25s. a week. If the limitation of families results in a diminution of the amount of human labour competing for employment, wages may rise; but there is a limit to this rise, and that limit is fixed by the cost of machinery.

But Dr. Drysdale has a paradox for us. The limitation of families, according to his figures and arguments, does not result in a decrease, but an increase, of population. The truth is," he says, "that the rate of natural increase (excess of birth-rate over death-rate) in New Zealand is nearly double that of Great Britain, and has also been growing steadily of late years." He quotes other examples. If this be so, and Malthus is wrong, for Malthusianism, let us bring about the very state of things that it set out to alter; population will increase faster than the production of sustenance, human labour-power will become cheaper, and poverty of the mass of people remain unaltered. Decrease your families to your means, and you increase population; and as poverty, according to Malthus, is due to over-population, you thereby perpetuate poverty.

It is clear, then, that if we accept the economics of Malthus, and the arguments and inferences of Dr. Drysdale, we must oppose to the utmost the Neo-Malthusian teaching of the limitation of families. But, as I have shown, the economics of Malthus are contradicted by the facts, and the artificial limitation of families (whatever its economic consequences) must stand unsupported by his doubtful authority. If there is no natural need to limit the family, why should we do it? Dr. Drysdale says that by limiting the family the rate of natural increase is decreased, and the physique is improved; and he quotes figures relating to Holland in support of these statements. With regard to infantile mortality, I can only say that the proper consideration of the subject, do not agree on it. In the " Eugenics Review" for October, 1912, in an article entitled: "Infant Mortality and its Administrative Control," Dr. Newsholme is quoted as saying: "Large families evidently [his figures deal with forty-six registration counties] do not necessarily imply a tendency to high infant mortality. They should ceteris paribus, except in circumstances of extreme poverty, have an opposite effect to a slight extent. The connection often observed between a high birth rate and a high rate of infant mortality probably is due in great part to the fact that large families are common among the poorest classes, and these classes are especially exposed to the degrading influences producing excessive infant mortality."

On the other hand, R. J. Ewart, in an article in the same review for July, 1911, says: "I have shown . . . that large families and high death rates go hand in hand." Which is true I do not know, but I must remark that statistics cannot de
definitely prove a causal relation between these two facts. For example, in a table given by Dr. Drysdale concerning New Zealand, I notice that in 1890, when the birth-rate was at its lowest (about twenty-five), the infant mortality was over 9 per cent.; while two years later, when the birth-rate was about 261, the infantile mortality was about 7 per cent. The two rates do not seem to have any causal relation to each other, and therefore prove nothing.

The general decline in the death-rate is usually ascribed to improved sanitation, an increased know-

ledge of the conditions of health, and, rather more doubtfully, to improved medical treatment. Dr. Drysdale hints so strongly that the real cause is the increased adoption of Neo-Malthusian practices that great has been this fall in the death-rate, that it has almost made up for the loss of births, and the population of this country is now increasing almost as fast as it did before the fall of the birth-rate. In fact, something like 400,000 fewer births now take place every year than if the birth-rate of 1876 had been maintained. It would be hard to imagine a more absolute contradiction to the impression given by the resolutions of the doctors and medical juries as to the value of sanitation as a correction for these resolutions in the face of this fact would be a belief that the improvement is due to the strenuous fight of the medical profession and of modern sanitation to counteract the effects of this terrible innovation. . . . Even if we granted it, we are forced at least to the conclusion that modern hygiene is fully competent to rectify all the evils supposed to arise from artificial prevention—a result which is at all events reassuring. This is a very grudging admission, if it really is an admission, of the value of sanitation; but it is quite certain that the reduction of the death-rate in Panama, for instance, was not due to artificial prevention of child-birth, but to improved sanitation and medical treatment. Even if the general death-rate in England showed no definite tendency to decline before 1876, the year of the beginning of the decline of the birth-rate, there is one notable instance where it did decline, and that substantially, before that date. Mr. Biggs, in his "Sanitation and Vaccination," gives a table that shows the average death-rate in 1838-42, to have been 28.09, and a gradual decline has occurred since that date until, during 1908-10, the average annual death-rate was only 12.39. By 1876 the death-rate had declined to 24.49, and that decline of nearly four per thousand was certainly not due to artificial prevention of child-birth, for the population had increased from 49,051 to 105,913.

Dr. Drysdale claims for Neo-Malthusianism whatever improvement may have been made during the period under consideration; but he begins to draw distinctions when the question of the pathological consequences is raised. Prevention and abortion are two different things, and Neo-Malthusians, instead of approving of abortion, the consequences are admittedly horrible, and he hints very strongly that the doctors quoted by Commissioner Beale have confused the two. Dr. J. W. Taylor was President of the British Gynaecological Society in 1904, and he devoted his Presidential address to a denunciation of Neo-Malthusianism. It is quoted extensively in Commissioner Beale's work, but Dr. Drysdale is very sparing in his quotations. He says though that "Dr. Taylor's strong remarks do not in any way inform us as to whether attempts at prevention or at abortion were the cause of the evils he mentions." Let us see. On page 256 of "Racial Decay," Dr. Taylor is reported to have said: "It would be strange indeed if so unnatural a practice—one so destructive to the best life of the nation—should bring no danger of disease in its wake, and I am convinced, after many years of observation, that both sudden danger and chronic disease may be produced by the methods of prevention very generally employed. . . . There are casual instances of sudden danger or acute illness that have come under my own notice, but none the less real and far more common is that chronic impairment of the nervous system which frequently follows the long-continued use of any preventive measures, whether open to hostile criticism or not as immediately dangerous." I omit the citation of cases, readers must turn to the book itself; but I must quote one other phrase of Dr. Taylor: "There is little question, whether by [the act of Onan] or by the use of injections, or shields, or medicated suppositories, that can be regarded as innocuous." It is clear that Dr. Taylor was not confusing prevention with abortion. Dr. Drysdale's case rests on the assumption that there are harmless contraceptives, although that fact
would not diminish the liability to nervous impairment (to say nothing of other troubles) as a consequence of using them. What contraceptives are harmless he does not tell J. Rutger as says.

"There is but one method of saving women from the risk of gynecological diseases depending on infection, and that is cleanliness. Now cleanliness is the most essential feature in the application of preventive means. Preventing infection and preventing fecundation are in principle parallel problems." Later, after making a gross mis-statement of fact concerning Commissioner Beale's book, Dr. Drysdale says: "The very anti-epileptic precautions recommended by medical men themselves for women after childbirth and at other times are practically identical with the best means for preventing conception." This is interesting, for on January 16, 1913, Dr. Herbert Snow made some statements in The New Age about antisepsis, which Lister discarded in 1860; and I make one quotation. "Lister admitted that his carbolic spray sucked them (micro-organisms) into its vortex, carried them into the operation wound in far vaster numbers than they would have penetrated otherwise, and was not strong enough to kill them. Lockwood found it all that was possible to sterilise the skin of his own hands, let alone that of the patient, completely; and further, that on areas, such as the scrotum, where micro-organisms specially abound, his operation wounds appeared to heal the better for their presence. Corrosive sublimate, the most potent of all his carbolic spray sucked them (micro-organisms) from his reply to Dr. Taylor. Dr. Drysdale has dealt with the evidence collected by its opponents, presenting the evidence by medical men themselves. It seems to me unwarrantable to infer that only "moral restraint" is meant by the phrase "prevention of the instinct of propagation"; for the prevention of conception answers the same purpose in the human being, that is, the prevention of the instinct of propagation. Dr. Taylor says: 'The incomplete act of sexual congress is but slightly removed from that of self-abuse, and is open to much the same criticism and strictures.' Dr. Ashton, in his Practice of Gynaecology, says: 'We know that the stress of the act of intercourse, both locally and in general health from interference with sexual intercourse. The most frequent excuse for the disturbance of normal relations is the prevention of pregnancy, a practice which is unfortunately but too common at the present day. The sexual act must be complete, and any interference with the normal function by the use of [the act of Onan], of injections, or other means to prevent conception, causes congestion of the pelvic organs which eventually leads to functional and organic disease. Sexual excess exhausts the nervous system, in time produces chronic congestion of the uterus and its appendages, resulting in endometritis, menorrhagia, and other forms of pelvic disease." Whether the result to health is greater or not is uncertain, it is apparent that the act of conception is also not without its dangers. Moral restraint and abortion are not alone in injuring health; prevention is just as unnatural a process as, if it is not more so than, these two admittedly powerful causes of disease.

Whatever may be the truth of the matter I cannot pretend to decide; but it seems wise, when doctors differ, to perform natural functions naturally. The economics of Neo-Malthusianism are unsound, and Dr. Drysdale's argument that poverty can be abolished in ten years by the artificial prevention of conception is an insane one. Real wages have been declining in England since 1900, at least, and the birth-rate and death-rate have also declined during the same period. The economic fact is that the wages of poverty are falling, while the wage-system exists, and no tinkering about within the limits of that system can alter the fact. But whatever the case for Neo-Malthusianism may be, I contend that it is not advanced by ignoring or misrepresenting the evidence collected by its opponents, by fatuous prophecies, and no less fatuous self-congratulation on results that are not demonstrably due to the operation of the cause that Dr. Drysdale advocates. Neo-Malthusianism did not create the fine climate of New Zealand and Australia; it took the credit to Neo-Malthusianism for the good general health that prevails in those countries. To those readers who may wish to investigate the subject, I can only say with Dr. Drysdale: 'Read Commissioner Beale's extensive work on "Racial Decay,"' and do not take Dr. Drysdale's statements of its contents as being accurate.

A. E. R.
THE SOUTENEUR: OR MORE OF THAT DREADFUL TRAFFIC.

Poet of the "Strong" School (to his Muse): Go on—down you go—down there and earn me m' supper.
Readers and Writers.

I HAD honestly intended not to say another word about Strindberg in these notes, but I think I must this time be granted a free pardon, for I merely rise on a point of order. He has come down to a shilling—and a coloured cover.

For my own part I have always thought that the most terrible thing about it is its title. But the illustrated wrapper in which Messrs. Methuen have thought fit to present the cheap edition to the world, is an easy first in the race for the epithet terrible. A lanky red-haired fashion-plate is gazing in some concern at a long-haired roc-coated gentleman, who is kneeling on the carpet before her and waving his arms about.

The book is the book of Strindberg, but the cover is the cover of Victoria Cross. *

Nobody can accuse me of bias in favour of London publishers, but there are one or two whom I am tempted to pat (somewhat gingerly) on the back now and then. The "Collection Nelson" has supplied the rare phenomenon of French books which are not only readable but also quite legible. The "Collection Gallia" is equally praiseworthy. It is now possible to read in comfort the "Pensées" of Pascal, while Nelson's edition of "Vicor Hugo raconté par un témoin de contes," which contains, how of his juvenilia, ought to make the French publishers rub their eyes. It is a pity, though, that both these series are issued in such a light-coloured binding. Some of us do not always leave our books to languish in the cloisters of a glass-panelled case; now and again we even want to read them. *

A writer in the "Manchester Guardian" has been holding forth on modern Russian literature. In speaking of Andreyev, he remarks that the "unfortunately" very little of his work has been translated into English. Well, well. The last tale of Andreyev's that I had the misfortune to read, was about a schoolboy with a vein-eal disease who dis-embullowed a whore in a brothel. The doings of this undesirable alien may well be left in the chaste obscurity of his native tongue. We can do without this kind of "frankness" that has lost its head and become rankness. Some authorities label it naturalism, but it is the same article, with the same strong smell, under whatever name it appears. Leave it to the doctors!

On the death of Arminius Vambéry the papers broke into a rash of late unattributed, as if they were dealing with some devotee of the turf instead of one of the greatest philologists in Europe. I think Vambéry might appropriately be called the George Brandes of philology. The full nature of his linguistic achievements must necessarily remain all but unknown except to a few specialists in a particularly abstruse branch of a particularly abstruse subject. As a result, the rest of us have to put up with the assurance that Vambéry hob-nobbed with crowned heads, and made entries in the birth-annals of the great. This is a heavy penalty for our ignorance.

Near the Law Courts there is a shop which makes a specialty of that type of French pocket letters, where the first word receives more attention than the second. As I passed it the other day I noticed a huge board on which was announced the appearance of Guy de Maupassant's latest work. We may get something more from Rabelais yet. And what has Sir Oliver Lodge to say to the publishers? *

It is amusing, by the way, to observe the strange attraction of the "illicit" book. Generally it consists of a revolting translation of a freak original, badly printed, bound in a smudgy paper cover, and sold amid rakish surroundings. "La Dame aux Camélias," assuredly one of the dullest novels I have ever read, is pretty certain to be there, and you may depend that "Madame Bovary" is not far off. Boccaccio and Rabelais in a very bloated and blotchy condition also smirk at you knowingly. Quite a number of people believe, acquire these treasures furitively, and hug them to their hearts, fully convinced that they are very gay dogs indeed. *

That proverb about the honouring of the prophet needs some revision. I have come across a foreign critic who will have none of Max Beerbohm. His play, "A Social Success," was recently acted in Prague, and "Tristan" of the Czech journal "Zvon" speaks of it as "an English pill which was, at any rate sweetened by the fact that its lack of significance did not take up the whole evening... and therefore, 'ego te absolvo.'" Mr. Beerbohm got off lightly that time, but it is clear he will have to be careful in future.

For some time the "Mercure de France" has been so full of discussions about the homosexuality of Whitman that I have become sick of the sight of its mauve cover. I strongly suspect the Germans of being at the bottom of this overflow of morbid pathology into literature. Anyhow, it is time the matter was brushed up. (I long ago it seemed as if the "English Review" had turned into a monthly edition of the "Lancet.") And the revelations about Flaubert by the disciples of Freud! *

To return to the "Mercure." The issue for September 1, in an oasis of some thirty pages, contains some interesting personal recollections of Ibsen, by George Brandes. Fresh light, for example, is thrown on the relation between Bjornson and Ibsen. There are also some little-known details about Ibsen's originals—Pey Gyn, Norta, Eilert Loeberg, and others. Then there are suggestive comparisons between Tostoy, Renan, Taine, and Ibsen; and, above all, between Nietzsche and Ibsen. Brandes points out the reserve and aloofness common to both, and shows how essentially akin they were in character. I notice, too, that Brandes comments on the neglect of Scandinavian culture in the rest of Europe. "Holberg is almost unknown (in spite of Erasmus Montaues); Bellman, Geijer, and Runeberg are left unstudied; Tegnér is known in Germany and England only by a single group of romances; J. P. Jacobsen has attained some artistic importance in Germany and Austria. And that is about all." On this I would merely remark that Tegnér is not known in England, and I think that Brandes (who, for J. P. Jacobsen, has under-estimated the extent to which the Scandinavians are read in Germany, and also in the Slav countries. As for J. P. Jacobsen, I have lately been looking through the Danish text of his poems, and I am left wondering why none of our Scandinavian experts have thought fit to translate them. *

Before I leave the "Mercure" for better, I must mention our old friend M. H. D. Davray, who is still at large. Modern English literature is dull enough, but M. Davray plasters his fullness on with a veneer of push, which is duller. Only one example, and I wash my hands of him. He speaks of "The English Review" having published "une pénétrante étude par Mr. Aestin Harrison sur les œuvres de Francois Thomp- son." Now anybody who read that "pénétrante étude" or "R. H. C.'s" extracts from it in these columns, is free to judge M. Davray's critical powers for himself.

My preoccupation with Czech poetry is a source of amusement to some people. But as a matter of fact my leanings towards Czech literature are quite reasonable. They need no apology. A literature which in one generation has produced Vrchlicky, Sova, Machar and Brezina—these four men were born between 1831 and 1868—obviously needs closer investigation. It is when we deal with the present generation, that the matter
becomes more questionable. Of the four writers I have mentioned—the care, of course, many others, but these four rise above local importance—one is dead and the other three have, I think, finished speaking their minds. The younger poets have yet to prove themselves. As yet only two or three have shown that they are worthy of their predecessors, and indeed that they have been missed at all. The last one, published this year under the title "Anguish and Hope," is better than his youthful "Campaigns towards the Ego," of 1900, but it still smells a little decadent. The finest things in the book are four poems, "Earth," "Wind," "Water," and "Fire." They remind me of similar lyrics by the Russian poet Constantine Balmont (I have long been waiting for English versions and criticisms of Balmont, but I suppose that, in the end, I shall have to do the job myself).

The good old custom of issuing almanacs is kept up in Germany with excellent results. These annuals satisfy every moderate taste—from the homely fare of the "Limping Messenger of Lahr" to such delicate dishes as are prepared by the "Insel" and the "Xenien." With that overpunctuality which is the privilege of periodicals, the "Insel" almanac for 1914 has already appeared. It contains a variety of literary passages, selected from the books published by this firm during the year. Yet it cannot be called scrappy. There are poems by R. M. Rilke, Richard Dehmel, Paul Claudel (in French), Verharen and others, while of the prose pieces I would mention the Balzac anecdotes by Léon Gozlan, the Indian aphorisms in Otto Bohtlingk's rendering, a chapter from Brilliart-Savarin, a letter to Mozart from his father, and Hugo von Hofmannsthal's essay on "German Story-tellers." The rest I do not mention, merely because I wish to avoid tabulation. This almanac with its 184 pages of literary text and its dozen or so illustrations costs sixpence.

I have already referred to the personal relations between Björnson and Ibsen, as forming a part of the recollections of George Brandes. Adequate treatment of the same vexed question is naturally found in Björnson's early letters, which have recently been published and reverently edited "Em Professor G. Gran in the "Vossische Zeitung." Ibsen's attitude to Björnson is often difficult to understand, unless it is remembered that Björnson, the younger of the two, was famous long before Ibsen gained a hearing, and that Björnson with his literary grants and successes was able to give Ibsen some skill in rendering them into German. Here is a bit of it as it appeared in the "Englische Studien," to be precise—a solemn and elaborated study of the linguistics in Kipling's "Stalky and Co." There were chapters on the phonetics, the syntax, the word-formations and all the grammatical peculiarities of the speech of Kipling's heroes. Now this little treatise was a supreme and crowning example of tedescanism. It was written, by the way, in excellent English, and not a single person to whom I showed it would believe that it was intended as a serious contribution to the study of English philology. Yet it was, although no man alive could have written a finer burlesque of the tedescan method.

I am reminded of a little of this achievement in looking through Heinrich Baumann's "Roadismens" (Langenschultz. Berlin. About 5 marks). The book is not new to me, but I am speaking now of the third edition, which bears this year's date, and is much enlarged and revised. This seems to show that Berlin is deeply interested in how London speaks. (Judging offhand, I should say that London does not care a damn how Berlin speaks.) Baumann's book is not pure tedescanism. Parts of it are distinctly interesting, and some parts are even useful. There is an introduction of 120 pages, containing a good summary of cant literature from Dekker's "Gull's Hornbook" onwards. (Of course, the amount of cant literature produced in England to-day was far too great to be recorded.) This section contains some queer things, the full text of "The Old Kent Road" and other vocal gems, together with some of the more delicate lyrics of G. R. Sims and Kipling! Then there are poems in coster jargon, and Herr Baumann seems to be so fond of this variety of speech that he composes a little song of his own in it. And him a Master of Arts of London University and all!

Later on, there are numerous examples of nursery rhymes, and I must say that Herr Baumann shows some skill in rendering them into German. Here is "Little Jack Horner":—

\begin{quote}
Hänschen der Kecke, siss in der Ecke,
Ass seinen Kuchen, den's Christkind ihm gab.
Es kloßt mit dem Messer, Herrn Baumann—
Und sagte: Was bin ich fär'n artiger Knab'.
\end{quote}

And here is "Humpty-Dumpty":—

\begin{quote}
Rundbauchlein auf der Mauer saß,
Rundbauchlein einen Sturz dann tat.
Den Rundbauchlein einen Sturz dann tat.
Rundbauchlein einen Sturz dann tat.
\end{quote}

This introduction is followed by a glossary of the London idiom. Apparently it was compiled before these decadent days of the nut and the flapper, whom Herr Baumann ignores. Although I am no authority on the subject, I think he might have given Henley's famous version of Villon's ballade:—

\begin{quote}
Booze and the blowens cop the lot.
But taking it all round, "Londinismen" is the best example of a moderate tedescanism that I have come across for quite a long time. P. Selver.
The Philosopher: Angler.

By Dr. Oscar Levy.

Is Mr. Holmes that most unpopular of all modern beings, a true aristocrat? It seems so, for he has discovered the utterly anti-democratic fact that danger is an element not to be neglected by those who want to see the human bee flow best. "Had Dante lived in Florence at ease and undisturbed," he says on page 31 of his book ("The Tarn and the Lake: Thoughts on Life in the Italian Renaissance." London: Warner, 1913), "his art might indeed have inherited the other exquisiter essays in the manner of the Vita Nuova: but had he not tasted the bitterness of defeat and exile, he could have given us no Commedia." And further: "Intellectual vitality, far from being dependent upon or associated with these views of universal happiness which are generally accepted to-day, is essentially alien to them."

Strange views to the ear of the social reformer—are they not? But views which seem to have occurred to Mr. Holmes by a study of the Greece of Pericles and Thucydides, of the Italy of Cesare Borgia and Machiavelli, where, in the midst of passions, tragedies and perils, a great art was born, an art which posterity has never been able to surpass.

In support of his theory that greatness and danger stand in such close relationship to each other, Mr. Holmes, who, besides being a friend of the arts, seems to be a passionate angler, tells the following instructive story of his own experience:—

There was once a lake where plenty of trout and perch were to be had. Some very wise men who naturally thought the trout a superior fish to the other, hit upon the idea to improve the trout-fishing by netting the perch, which, they said, would only starve the trout. Several years after (our author continues) I visited the lake again. The boats and the old boatman were still there, but the boats looked shabbier and the boatman had aged with them. There seemed to be little or no business doing, and in the course of the conversation the following fact emerged.

The reedy bays had been raided by the Fishery Conservators with so much thoroughness that the pike had been practically exterminated. Well, no more trout-fishing improved? Yes. If the weather was mild at the very beginning of the season there might be good fishing. As to the element of danger, of course the sportsmen had to fear nothing at all. It was a period without war, and the perch, as he thought, was not a dangerous fish. Thus the old man got his "trout-fishing improved," and as for danger, he thought the perch was not a dangerous fish at all.

And this is the explanation:—

Before the pike were netted, the nother fish, no doubt, came to an untimely end now and then; but after the pike were gone, the conditions of a trout's existence, if less precarious than before, were in other respects unfavorable. Once the trout had reasonable access to their food and were not disturbed by the pike, they had become innumerable, but so was the pike. To try to improve the fishing for the perch, the better class of fisherman, the efficient perch-man, is endangered by the multiplication of the inefficient, by the breeding of the criminal, the degenerate, the defective that is going on in our midst. It is against the latter that the pike is urgently needed. As to the element of danger for artists—this is not so entirely absent from our times as Mr. Holmes seems to fear. Of course when we enter the street, there is no more death at our door, no more "drums and trampings of incessant conflict"—only a little bit of political conflict that need not frighten any artist. But there is a great danger all the same: the fight with the innumerable perch-artists, that are only out for food, that do not care for art, cannot care for it, and must not care for it. They have been multiply ing enormously of late, the greater advantage of the tiny noble trout and at the latter's expense. So some of these fine beings have gone under, others have gone mad, others committed suicide, others died of a broken heart, others have fallen a prey to inner doubts, others have succumbed through the impossibility of communication, others have taken wives, have adapted themselves to the environment of the perches, and are now producing art-food for perches, and even pretend that this is the proper thing for them to do—poor fallen trouts! . . .

No—there is certainly no need of danger for the true artist. Let me, as a further proof refer to another splendid book of Gissing—"New Grub Street." Here the talented man, a novelist of genius, is beaten by a much inferior, but shrewdly practical scribbler, beaten so thoroughly that even his wife thinks it safer to leave him at the height of his misfortunes; finally, struck with grief, he dies a premature death, and the practical artist carries his wife away. In the meantime he has inherited a fortune, and lives happily ever after! There is, I am sure, much of Gissing's own experience in this book, the only book in modern European literature that dares truly to describe the terrible career of a gifted man of letters. In fact, there is no more a danger to the modern artist than the poison and the dagger of the Renaissance may be absent from our age, but they are successfully replaced by the apathy, by the ignorance, by the cool commer-
Ode and Other Poems. By L. E. Smith. (Methuen. 3s. 6d.)

A mind almost unconsciously trying to blend pietism and worldly lusts is here inspired to versification. No doubt the exercise of marshalling prickly reflections into correct metres will prove an adequate discipline. The metres are dignified, the diction is, at least, not insincere; and one or two pieces show some understanding of romance, its requirements, and its limitations. We beg to warn the author against any attempt to be daring; this is not in his proper line.

Daily Bread. By W. W. Gibson. (Elkin Mathews. 3s. 6d.)

We changed this baker long ago, after one trial. He is still hawking his mouldy old stuff. "How long have you been here?" "Close on three hours." "So long!" "I could have cried, I was so weary, and after all when I got here to find you out!" And Fleet Street takes this for dramatic poetry!

Pollage. By W. H. Davies. (Elkin Mathews. 1s. 6d.)

And here is another tradesman, against whose artifices we shut our door. What nonsense it is for this author to go about saying that "My pockets nothing hold." Everybody knows they hold something, thanks to an illiterate crew of reviewers. The "Atheneum," apropos of this volume, proclaims Mr. Davies as the legitimate heir of the "great poets"—adding that he has, however, contributed "nothing new to English poetry. We agree with the "Atheneum" that the verse in "Pollage" is every bit as authentic poetry as any Mr. Davies has previously written. The author is every bit as common as ever he was. One verse does delight us.

I see a maiden now Fair as a summer's day; Yet through her parted lips. I see the milky way; It makes the broad daylight In summer time look black: Her two lips close again And night comes back.

Apparently, the lady had a luxuriant dark moustache! Mr. Davies writes about the change in himself "since I have made the Muse my wife." He does not say which Muse, but we will chance one much miscalled by others of the vulgar, and congratulate Callypso's second husband. (The first was Apollo.) What a poor gross soul is the legitimate heir of the "great poets." Compliments to the "Atheneum"! The "Atheneum" is quite overemphasized by the following verses from "Dreams of the Sea."

Thou knowest the way to tame the wildest, Thou knowest the way to bend the great and proud; I think of that Armda whose puffed sails, Greedy and large, came swallowing every cloud.

Now what on earth does it mean? What is the wildest life—dolphins, whales? The sea does not tame these. Antelopes and boa constrictors might be tamed by the Roaring Forties. Perhaps Mr. Davies intends the Armda as a species of wild life. But the sea was at most no more than an auxiliary of the Plymouth bowlsmen. And what is "swallowing every cloud"? Here is a made-up piece, and nothing more. Mr. Davies continues—

But I have seen the sea-boy, young and dowered, Lying on shore, and by thy cruel hand, A seaweed beard was on his tender chin, His heaven-blue eyes were filled with common sand.

It is surprising that such a sight should suggest only the grotesque to a poet. But is it surprising? The whole of this dragged-out verse shows a feeble hand, lazily taking what it may reach. "Young" is merely suggested by "boy," and does not support "drowned," to which it is attached. "Cruel" of the sea, "tender" of chin, "heaven-blue" of eyes, "common" of sand are none of Mr. Davies' minting.

And yet for all, I yearn for thee again. To sail once more upon thy tickle blood;
I'll hear thy waves wash under my death-bed,
Thy salt is lodged forever in my blood.

The present reviewer is reminded of an old torture inflicted during the matutinal tub of a fellow-locdger who used to sing madly—

O I am a sailor bold—
And I haven't never bin to sea!

The "fickle waves" of every salt song are, to us, quite a new addition to Mr. Davies' lyrical paraphernalia. We have been used to associate him with a landsman's kit; but perhaps we have overlooked his ocean experiences.

If space allowed, we should love to analyse the "Atheneum" criticism. Herein is writing of the "living sap of poetry; established reputation; chorus of just praise; limpid note; corporate sense"—with a dozen further clichés, and the inevitable information that Mr. Davies is "not like anybody else; he is simply like himself—he has branded [sic] his own peculiar originality, etc. To brand oneself on a lyric is, perhaps, to handle things with a new firmness, though the "Atheneum" says that Mr. Davies' new volume, the successor of great poetical works, "marks no fresh departure or development." We must take it that the poets cannot be further improved upon for the present.

Bees in Amber. By John Oxenham. (Methuen. 1s. net.)

After writing thirty novels, advertised in the present volume, Mr. Oxenham apologetically offers "to his dearest this my best." This best is alleged to consist of thoughts which stereotypically "stubbornly refused" to be satisfied with the "sober dress" of prose. The poor things must still be dissatisfied, for they appear in little else but badly-rhymed prose. His would-be com references in the Preface to bees in his boot and so on ill beth a volume which opens with a religious credo, and which nowhere is nominally very far from the Christian Master, Sin and Death.

Shapeless and grim, A Shadow dim. O'erhung the ways, And darkened all my days. And all who saw, With bated breath, Said, "It is Death!"

Really, it is not proper to dub verses of this subject "my little bonnet-bees." The man seems silly. But perhaps it is only his versification that the "cloud" is not jealous of. Mr. Oxenham is no poet whatever he may be as a politician. He had better not waste more than his leisure time on verses.

The Book of Nature. 1910-1912. By John G. Fletcher. (Constable. 3s. net.)

There is a suggestion of undue pomp in appearing so very particular about the date of one's observations of Nature. Nature being eternal and man's span being, as some think, so tragically short, and as others, so comically long, last year's snows are always better
A Ballad of Woman. By W. E. B. Hazelton. (Kegan Paul. 2s. 6d.)

The poet believes that his "lonely toil" will not have been in vain—

If I've by chance illumined more or less,

Something you've felt or known but can't express.

There is, we gratefully find, not too much evidence of toil.

Not a great part of the midnight can have passed over the "Ballad of Woman."

For the years cannot smother that infinite Mother

Compact of her bone and her blood.

Tra-la! 

By sheer "intuition" She scales the position,

While man is still crossing the plain.

Tra-la!

Bread and Circuses. By Helen P. Eden. (The Bodley Head. 3s. 6d. net.)

This volume is nice to look at and to handle, and is full of genial verses. As most of them depend upon some witty point, carefully prepared, and are just too long to quote in full, we content ourselves with recommending them as a present from readers to such of their friends as like their poetry plain, neat and merry.

A Fair Conspirator. Marie de Rohan, Duchesse de Chevreuse. By H. Noel Williams. (Methuen. 15s.)

It is not so very long ago that we had to warn Mr. Williams that we could not endure any more biographies of the Bourbon reigns. We must repeat the warning in connection with this book. The history of the Duchess de Chevreuse has been told in innumerable books, one of the most recent being "The Married Life of Anne of Austria," by M. A. Freer. The whole period has been done to death, and, unless some new language is found to convey the impression that there is something new to communicate, there is no justification for this incessant striving for a place in the limelight, for each one of the characters. The facts of the history of this period are pretty well established now, and we do not need to be told the story from the point of view of Marie de Medici, of Richelieu, of Anne of Austria, of Mazarin, of the Duchess de Chevreuse, and the rest of them. When Dumas dealt with this period and personage, he made conspiracy interesting and exciting; but what is forced upon our attention by Mr. Williams is the fact that Marie de Rohan was a cantankerous person who could not govern France herself and would not let Richelieu or Mazarin do it without hindrance. The analogy between her career and that of modern political women ought to be shown, and would make a lively reading; she is the type so well described by Sir Almroth Wright, and her career should admonish the too enthusiastic admirers of female ability. For, in addition to her political ability, she had sexual charms which she exercised freely; but although she troubled both Richelieu and Mazarin, she was beaten every time that she opposed them. In her resided all the selfish ambitions of the nobility: her idea of government was the appointment of her lovers and friends to important posts; and the magic idea of a powerful monarchy, and a consolidated country, found in her a bitter and unrelenting opponent. She embroiled Anne of Austria in conspiracy after conspiracy, and was the principal cause of her estrangement from the King that nearly ended in divorce; yet she returned to France never doubting that Anne of Austria would repudiate Mazarin's guidance in favour of her own. Anne, at least, had learned something by experience; and with a reignning under her Regency, she could not impair the monarchy. The "friend" of the queen had nothing to do but conspire against Mazarin; she was chiefly responsible for the Fronde, and was ever the moving spirit in anything that seemed likely to disturb the orderly arrangement of France. She was ever a mischief-maker and a busybody, with no idea beyond the gratification of personal desires. She was formidable, but not victorious; and died humbly enough at the age of seventy-nine.
Art.
The Little Gallery and the Fine Art Society.
By Anthony M. Ludovici.

There is only one thing more tedious than doing the same task without variation again and again, and that is to watch other people doing it. It is true that some artists, like birds, can only sing one song, and they do this exceedingly well. The perfection of lifelong practice manifests itself in every detail of their work, and if you like their first picture you like them all. It is a case of never growing tired of the cuckoo in the valley.

Working, I believe, somewhere in Picardy. In cases, well, was a man named Barlow, an American, still sive of his work; but, really, in an age when everything is mediocre, I determined the other day to travel in so common among the more successful and more noted constitue a little more than a mere platitude. Nobody best possible artist, because he paints entirely from love sound very trite to say that the amateur artist is the profit by the state of absolute muddle in the graphic tentious and incompetent, and he is often too ready to arts to play the part of the professional when he meets has no decent feeling whatever. Nine times out of ten tu impose. In the female form, particularly, the with ignorant people on whom he finds it an easy matter to impose. In the female form, particularly, the amateur is most objectionable. The female amateur possesses candour and naivete about them. I understand that Professor Leonard Hill devotes his time to the distinct impression that I should have again overlooked the catalogue and that I should have again overlooked them inside, but I went to the Fine Art Society under the distinct impression that I was going to see the work of Professor Hill, and out of that position my eyes were quite spoilt in this way which is incompatible with clarity of statement. Professor Hill will realise this in an instant, if he has not already done so.

In the same gallery Mr. Paul Cooper exhibits some very tasteful jewellery. There is a gold necklace with a pendant which is treated with great skill and restraint, while the amethyst pendant, below, is, an elegant work. The leather binding by Miss Carter is good of its kind. Perhaps it shows a lack of originality in the choice of units in design—for who necessarily associates draughtsman with draughtsman; what is a blotter and an ABC guide?—but it is careful and conscientious. For the rest, Mr. R. Wells' pottery is sometimes attractive, especially the violet vases; Mr. Trevor Haddon R.B.A., seems to paint the South much as he would paint London (see particularly the little sketch of Venice), and Mr. G. Wooliscroft Head, though occasionally interesting and happy in his coloured copper-plate (I believe I am right) decorations, strikes me as being a little too mechanical and tight in his treatment which so surprised and delighted in the best of his exhibits, and it is very good indeed.

At the Fine Art Society I had a strange experience. Scarcely looking at the catalogue in my hand, I walked round the little gallery lying to the left of the vestibule, and examined the pictures, without a thought in my mind but that I was examining the work of one man. After a first preliminary survey of the show, I studied the pictures more closely, and confirmed my original impression—that, but for three works which I shall name hereafter, all the exhibits from number X to Y were generally weaker and less convincing than the rest. It may seem strange to the reader that I should have overlooked the two names on the cover of the catalogue and that I should have again overlooked them inside, but I went to the Fine Art Society under the distinct impression that I was going to see the work of Professor Hill, and out of that position my eyes refused to help me, so reluctant is one's noblest sense to act the part of an independent detective save under pressing compulsion from above.

My surprise may well be imagined, therefore, when, on asking someone in attendance at the gallery for one picture that he mentioned, I was told that the pictures were by Mr. Ernest Proctor and his wife. I will not deny that there was some pleasure mingled with my surprise; for had I not already noticed a distinct difference between pictures X and Y and the rest, and was I not now more than adequately confirmed? But perhaps after all the curious optical vagary which had kept me in ignorance of the truth, placed me in the best possible position to judge the work; and, as I have related the episode exactly as it occurred, I should advise all those who want to test their powers of discrimination, to do wilfully what I did unconsciously. I should advise them to go to this exhibition, to refuse a catalogue at the door, and then, after a careful examination of the pictures to divide the man's from the woman's work and see from a subsequent look at the catalogue how often they were right. Naturally one of the conditions of the test is that they should not read any more of this article.

After examining numbers 1 to 18 and in most cases enjoying them his skewly and fresh treatment, I became conscious of a distinct fall-off in quality, and but for "The Chapel, Versailles" (No. 20), "A Fountain, Versailles" (No. 25), and the "Restaurant Thirion" (No. 27), which were exceedingly good, numbers 19 to 23 struck me as being simply very commonplace. A man who had painted the other pictures. This is a great compliment to Mrs. Proctor, for, again and again, especially in the three pictures referred to above, she
sails so close to her husband, that willy-nilly, one cannot help thinking that the same hand has done them all, even though hers represent the hand's least happy moments.

With regard to numbers 1 to 18 and 39 to 60, let me tell Mr. Proctor that there is a decided charm about his water-colours; but that by far his best and happiest vein is that which in the present show is represented only by eight pictures (Nos. 1, 4, 5, 14, 39, 49, and 58). In these pictures the beauty is all his own, and it is of a vitality and vivacity. In the others he is less original; in the first place because he is more or less making capital out of other people's art—the sculptor's and the architect's—and secondly, because, in any case, these subjects are certainly hackneyed, and I cannot say that his treatment of them is so superior as to justify their repetition. As studies some of them may have been useful; but studies ought not to find a place in a serious exhibition. For instance, "Combat des animaux" (No. 55), ought to have been carried further; "A refreshment stall in the gardens" (No. 18), is scamped; the greens in "The Main Avenue, St. Cloud" (No. 17), show a decided slackness of observation; and "The chapel across the Bassin de Diane" (No. 50), which in many respects is very good indeed, is marred by the crude harshness of the objects and the foreground. But for all that the general impression I received was a most agreeable one. If Mr. Proctor were only to try his hand at subjects more living and nearer to life, I have the idea that he could produce work of a high degree of both interest and of quality. And then he might even be led to reduce his output, which is always an advantage.

Drama.

By John Francis Hope.

MURDER MOST FOUL,

As in the best it is;
But this most foul, strange, and unnatural.

—Hamlet.

Let us be grave, as befits the occasion. Manchester, the hub of the universe, has permitted London to see a work of art. Byron may say that "The Shadow" was first produced in Manchester because all experiments are first tried on a dog; but I am no cynic. I believe that Mr. Eden Phillpotts had none but good intentions when writing this play; I believe that Miss Horniman had none but good intentions in producing the object he has been working at in the foreground. But for all that the general impression I received was a most agreeable one. If Mr. Proctor were only to try his hand at subjects more living and nearer to life, I have the idea that he could produce work of a high degree of both interest and of quality. And then he might even be led to reduce his output, which is always an advantage.

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humour of a tourist talking like an explorer. But the biggest joke of all began immediately after this scene. Elias Waycott was arrested for the murder of his uncle and then the play began to sound the very depths of human emotion. Blanchard told his wife that he was the murderer, and the wife began to act like a tragedy queen, the incoherence between the two of which Philip announced the fact and she received it was, perhaps, the most potent example of humour throughout the play. He explained to her that the murder was no more to him "than sticking a pig;" that never had his rest been perturbed by the memory of it, that he was conscious only of a sense of relief at having rid the world of a rogue. Admitting that he could not have done it in cold blood, he was thankful it had come to him in hot, as he phrased it; and all the time Hester played up to the tragic idea of murder.

A fortnight later (to be precise, in the third act) she showed how easily an elemental woman can become an actress. Waycott was on trial, and Blanchard was at the court; so Hester stayed at home and showed the audience how she could play tragedy. Waiting for the verdict, and discussing the matter with her mother and Philip's master, she showed us the agony of a woman torn by conflicting emotions and suffering, at the same time, from the fact that she knew she would not be the cause of her strangeness. At last Philip returned, and the actress got her chance with a sympathetic audience of one. Philip did not rise to the dramatic possibilities of the situation at once; but after he had told of his trial, he began to see that he had a chance to do a bit of acting. He had seen Elias Waycott in gaol, and had told him that if the verdict should be "guilty," he need have no fear; Blanchard would not run, and Philip would not murmur. But the remembrance of the trial scared him, and he determined not to go through that. A written confession and suicide would be the method he should employ; but, by this time the dramatic talent of the pair was being exercised to the utmost. Before the act ended, the news arrived that Elias Waycott had been found guilty; and Philip dropped into his usual style, and said: "We're up against it, Hester."

The last act showed us Philip writing his confession, and Hester just troubled sleep. Not that he was actually going to leave her and shoot himself, she had to load up the joke as heavily as possible. She begged, she cried, she implored him not to kill himself, but to publish his confession and then hide himself somewhere in the world. Of course, she was herself, but to publish his confession and then hide himself, was conscious only of a sense of relief at having rid the world of a rogue. Admitting that he could not have done it in cold blood, he was thankful it had come to him in hot, as he phrased it; and all the time Hester played up to the tragic idea of murder.

The relevance of the quotation from "Hamlet" should now be apparent. These airs of tragedy were assumed "all for nothing," Mr. Phillips was really laughing at all those people who take life and death so seriously; "a blighter than me," Blanchard, called them. Murder in hot blood is not a crime, but a comedy; and the law is an ass, because it does not condemn the right man. Dartmoor for ever, even if the inhabitants do speak with a Lancashire accent; Dartmoor and its elemental passions and elementary morality, how incomparably finer is life there than elsewhere! Ginger is hot in the mouth, people have passions, murder matters less than marriage, and the people can act in Dartmoor. When I think that but for the enterprise of Miss Hester I might never have seen the humorous possibilities of tragedy, I shudder at the thought; but, thanks to that lady, I can now hail Mr. Eden Phillpotts as our great comedian.

Pastiche.

A LITTLE NOTE TO G. B. S.

DEAREST BERNARD,

I sat enraptured. When the vast Albert Hall audience saw you rise, they rose, too. It was just as it ought to be. You were indeed, the well-graced man, so experienced with such cultured aplomb. And I recognised all your clever platform ways. Before they were half-way through with their cheering, you took out your watch and held it before their delighted gaze. Deary me! I have seen you do it ten times a year for over twenty years. For perhaps you did it the last time. Perhaps the time it was just a little miscalculated. You brought off your other wheeze much more successfully. You know how you can state a degrading fact who knows it will be laughed at. But the audience laugh, you sternly remove them for their horrible levity. I was just about to laugh when I remembered the trick, so I just quietly smiled and waited. When you said: "Ladies and gentlemen, don't laugh at that!" my memory went back over fifty similar episodes. Next came your third little drollery. First, you make a plain statement which you know your hearers will resent. Then when they have audibly protested, out comes the dearest old gag (Oh! How I love it), "Ladies and gentlemen, you must not make me five minutes while I explain myself."

Then there was a rather vulgar man on my left. He chuckled and remarked to his neighbour, "Pretty Fanny!" Then, on the basis of law and order, you worked up the point about "self-respecting ladies and gentlemen women carrying fire-arms." I am afraid, the audience didn't take you very seriously. The man on my left expostulated... spat on the floor, remarking, "Ain't he a blighter!" Oh, Barney, I remember the time when they would have believed you! Isn't it weird? But the most trying part came immediately after. You remember that you were working up to your climax. You had threatened fire-arms, so the audience were now ready for something fearsome. Then you remarked, with terrific grim emphasis: "On this point, ladies and gentlemen, the Labour party must dissociate itself from the Government."

I never thought it possible an audience could be so irreverent. They literally shrieked at you. "A blighter than me," Blanchard, called them. Murder is hot in the mouth, people have passions, murder matters less than marriage, and the people can act in Dartmoor. When I think that but for the enterprise of Miss Hester I might never have seen the humorous possibilities of tragedy, I shudder at the thought; but, thanks to that lady, I can now hail Mr. Eden Phillpotts as our great comedian.

ALEC POICTIERS CHUTNEY.

SALUTATION.

I read, ye poets of today, Your verses grim, your verses gay. But little got I for my pains. My soul is weary of your strains.

For 'neath your sorrow, I perceive You grieve not, but affect to grieve. And your laughter is not glad: You smile, but ah, your brow is sad.
To weave vain words your only aim, 
Money as in a game. 
Dead is your muse, though life she feigns. 
My heart is sick with your sick strains.

Your songs I’ll shun, ye singers new, 
And love my thoughts in the crystal dew. 
Refreshed they’ll rise, laugh and forget. 
Your laughter feigned, your feigned regret.

EDWARD MOORE.

THE CO-OP. STATE.

{Every 10s. 6d. fountain pen sold in the Co-op. State costs 4s. 6d. to advertise.}

The dwellers in the Seventh Industrial Circle are so prodigiously well off, they are so pampered in luxury and leisure, yet withal they are of so extreme a niggardise that all firms wishing to do business with them can only induce them to part with their superfluous wealth by a lavish display of posters, advertisements, etc., etc. Thus it often happens that the actual value of the goods sold in the S.I.C. is not only considerably less than the selling price, but is even below the cost of production. And in the S.I.C. there are thousands upon thousands of men called Travellers, who book orders at great pains, for melled oats, and what-not, which contain never less than such priceless things of the Realm Six whole medallions a quarter value, an nth quantity of nourishment, and the quality of spook hog-wash, but which, owing to the foolish notionately priceless (and they are), it was further demonstrated before the eye that sees (and sometime be-believes), they would turn up their supercilious noses, and pay yet more for these goods beyond price. Hence the necessity, therefore, and the wisdom and kindly forethought of the benign dealers in brick-dust, centrifugal milk, lackall cheese, and what-not.

Are they not ungrateful, these foolish dwellers in the Seventh Industrial Circle?

For consider further. The thoughtful trader, in order to entice the dwellers in the S.I.C. to purchase what they needs must have, and cannot without which, if they were not thus (at great expense in persuaders forced to buy, they would starve—the thoughtful trader is compelled to engage a whole army of men whose sole business it is to design, print, pack, and dispatch to the four quarters of the S.I.C., the persuaders hereinafter referred to. And whatever of the dwellers in the S.I.C. that even his favourite has, towns, and cities devotedly given up to these costly pictorial appeals that remind him that he must not forget to buy slim milk, slit wheat, faked rice, and what-not. And even in the train the would-be thị may see the landscape efficiently interspersed with these same persuaders left in gazing upon the beauty of the peaceful landscapes necessary to cut in order to live. A thing (you would scarcely believe) the workers are prone to forget. And consider, also, that in order to counteract the lessening power of those priceless foods, still another class of traders advertise him of their invaluable rhum salts compounded of that precious stuff, Epsom, which is so refreshing and invigorating, and which is obtained with great loss of life, and at great cost, in the deadly swamps of Paypapay.

Such, in fact, is the stupidity and general thoughtless-ness of the dwellers in the S.I.C. that even his favourite Hellspool has to advertise him of its charms (the inhabitants of the said holy city kindly contributing their mite in the rates thereof). lest the annual Saturnalia find the contented worker staying indolently at home!

The greediness of the dwellers in the S.I.C. is proverbial. They want, nay, they demand, the bronze plus the ban. They actually want a six medallion article for two bronze, and their co-op, checks. These are an invention of the workers very own that their left hands may let slip what the right take up. This is a tale they tell: A woman—the women, be it said, are the foundation, the keystone, and the whole arch of the co-op swamp—a woman had a watch repaired, free. But she would not have it so.

"Nay," she said, "All 'a 'm checks." (English, "I will pay for the repair, and then I shall get my co-op checks.")

The famous tribe of the co-opers are the thrifty, hefty, hard-headed, practical pick of the S.I.C. peck; and the other traders are fit to bear them, and their beloved institution, to pieces, since in the S.I.C. the earth is the traders' and the fullness thereof. For consider that there are certain things sold at the Co-op that are a medallion more (we have known rancid butter to be as much as three whole medallions more than the best Danish elsewhere), and the regular, straight-dealing trader cannot do this. The dwellers in the S.I.C. are so well schooled in self-denial that they do not mind the extra medallions. They receive their goods, less profit, rent, and interest, and swamp, plus those extra medallions, plus the amount of their purchases in Chinese coinage. These last are the treasured tokens of the virtuous, thrifty life.

MENCUS.

THE OLD SAILOR; OR, DON QUIXOTE THE EXPLORER.

The mariner relates how he sets forth on a voyage never before attempted.

On the river of Time I hoisted my sails
And I sailed the broad seas
With a favouring breeze
To find the poor soul of a workman.

He is rather sceptical about the advice of those whom Victor Hugo and Rabelais loved so much.

I sailed far and wide and I thought with just pride
That the pilots knew they were right.
They had eyed me askance
When I said there’s a chance
That the price of living had killed it.

He encounters a storm; this can be made any day in week in the respectable suburbs. The thunder does not appear to have behaved itself, but a far, far greater poet made "the woods of Madeira tremble to a kiss."

Loud roared the waves of convention
The heavens with orthodox thunder
Smote the grey sea
Joyously free
So that my barque and I went nearly under
The noisy waves of contention.

Money considerations play a great part in keeping the hero stout of heart.

Cheered by the cheques my lectures would command
And Jason’s feat would grovel on the ground.

Nothing here to call for a remark except that; as the rape of the Gods from Greece savours of a monopoly it calls for instant attention.

At Rome I saw the roomy Vatican
And asked, "Have you the poor soul of a man?"
My question rude, and rather boldly,
They answered saying, "We have gods and gold."

The mariner here showeth up the popular fallacy that the artichoke comes from Jerusalem; if it did, Sterne’s Ass showed very good taste in refusing it. The verse also illustrates Christianity.

I touched at ports and still no sign I saw—
At Greece there was the bloody Dragon’s claw
At Palestine my question did evoke
"They’d seen no soul, nor yet an artichoke."

The burning of the boat is significant: as England is now a multhouse for sects, creeds, and dogmas, it would be an act of folly ever to sail again. This fruitless voyage, now o’er my spirit cast
A gloomy doubt, and I returned at last
To Therry Dock and burnt my boat ashore
Then in the slums I started to explore.

MORAL: If the beggared and wide-hatted union of black-beetles can bring down the price of food their business will flourish.

Most gentle readers and my faithful friends
Down rolls the curtain and my story ends
Alas! Alack! God wot! and likewise Woe!
It was not there, a sickening blow
It may be of the soul the generous Gods had well’d it.
The price of living now so high had nasty killed it.

WILLIAM REPTON.

PARTY GOVERNMENT.

Believe it proved, beyond all doubt, That our M.P.’s possess these qualities, When you observe spring blossoms sprout,
In Winter Time, from scaffold poles

Olive Davies.
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

JAURES AND SABOTAGE.

Sir,—A recent issue of "La Guerre Sociale" publishes an article by M. Emile Pouget in reply to Jaures' comment, etc. It is a view of some of your contributors to the subject, you may care to publish the accompanying translation.

The substance of all Jaures' arguments against Sabotage are that it is the natural reaction to the fact that Syndicalism stands for the development of the forces of production and seeks to raise the professional value of wage-earners and, by this the quality of modern manufacture. When, he asserts, Syndicalism is the very negation of Sabotage.

Indeed! Assertions are easily made, but is this particular one convincing? We shall see that the dilemma might be used to condemn all concerted action in the industrial field. One might just as well say: the fact that Syndicalism, etc., etc., proves Syndicalism to be the very negation of the strike, for the consequences are almost identical in the two cases. It often happens that strikes do not stop at holding up trade, but destroy it, just as Sabotage does.

Consider, for instance, the state of a mine after several weeks' idleness, if the exhaust pumps and ventilators have not been working—or of a smelting furnace with fires out—or of the raw material in the numerous factories which deal with perishable goods—or of the merchandise of every description which accumulates at docks or railway stations after even a short transport strike.

In all such cases a blow is struck at production, but to say it follows from this that the cause of Syndicalism must also inevitably be damned by such blows is quite beside the mark. Such a temporary paralysis of production, whether it is a result of a strike or of Sabotage, or of any other form of militancy, does not affect the general tendency of Syndicalism, which is towards continuous progress in industrial and social conditions.

But there is one real danger for the future of the movement and for the conditions of the working classes generally, and that is, if they should be so afflicted by scruples as to lack the courage to take the necessary steps to help themselves, and be simple enough to imagine that they can induce employers to come to terms without hurting their feelings—i.e., their pocket. Warfare, and whoever undertakes it, on any field, must possess the necessary enterprise or stand condemned to defeat from the start.

Another defect which Jaures imputes to Sabotage is that it is incompatible by claim to be such by such blows is quite beside the mark. Such a temporary paralysis of production, whether it is a result of a strike or of Sabotage, or of any other form of militancy, does not affect the general tendency of Syndicalism, which is towards continuous progress in industrial and social conditions.

The same applies in the domain of industry. The conscious restriction of output is a sign of intellectual superiority and of moral enfranchisement which foretells the fact that Syndicalism is the very negation of Sabotage.

The Writers of the New Age of October 23, "The Writers of the Articles on the National Guild System," after quoting several differences of opinion amongst those who are preaching the gospel of Syndicalism, conclude their letter with the following sentence: "We do not propose to attempt to reconcile these differences of opinion . . . and our conclusion from them is no more than that Syndicalism is an amorphous creed, with no clear ideas."

I would remind them, however, that these differences of opinion are not hetero-degrading to men's characters. That is also the favourite accusation brought by partisans of "rabbit families" against neo-malthusianism and all who advocate the general tendency of Syndicalism, which is towards continuous progress in industrial and social conditions.

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SIR,—May I draw the attention of your readers to a new organisation formed to destroy the mud, bad Act which The New Age has done so much to discredit? Thousands of the insured are still red with anger at the insult and injury they weekly suffer under the Insurance Act; and hundreds, at least, of us are determined that it

The New Age Act has done much to discredit? Thousands of the insured are still red with anger at the insult and injury they weekly suffer under the Insurance Act; and hundreds, at least, of us are determined that it
shall not continue to pollute our lives. As you have said, the Act is still a living issue, and, please God, it will be so. The new organisation is the Anti-Insurance Committee, and the address of the secretary, Mr. W. F. Watson, is 26, Priory Road, Acton Green, W. Instructions as to the proposed methods of killing the Act will be supplied on application to the above.

ERNEST HOLT

** NATIONAL GUILDS AND THE CIVIL SERVICE. **

Sir,—Would you permit me to comment shortly upon your last fascinating article, "The Guilds and the State"? In my own unenlightened way, I have naturally pondered on the relation between the two. Application of the ideas of the Anti-Insurance Committee, and the guilds, and whilst absorbing your proposals, have reached certain conclusions which I give for what they are worth.

As to the point, take the national balance-sheet of the guilded State, showing its receipts and expenditure. The receipts are contributions levied by Parliament on what I call Craft or Trade Guilds. These are handed over by Parliament to what I will term "Civil Guilds" for disposal.

The form of the national organisation would work out something like this:—

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<th>EXPENDITURE</th>
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The Trade Guilds would outnumber the Civil Guilds for these are a monopoly of labor, each would have its own congress, and the two might or might not come together. On the positive side we have a nucleus in the Trade Unions Congress; on the negative or expenditure side there is the Civil Service Federation Council.

You will observe that the Postal Service seem to fall under the heading of Trade Guilds, since they are producing or positive services in the mental sense. You have hinted that they are Civil Services, and, of course, you may right any policy point of view.

The Civil Guilds seem to be nearer formation than the others. It is evident, I think, that the Guild principle readily lends itself to practical organisation.

CIVIL GUILDSMAN.

** NATIONAL GUILDS. **

Sir,—I have been greatly interested in the articles on National Guilds in your columns. Briefly stated, the proposals are the abolition of the wage system by the economic action of the workers organised into guilds. To this end the workers must obtain a monopoly of their labour by getting every man engaged in the industry into the guild, the guilds being the trade unions modified and improved. Theoretically these proposals appear sound. Practically they present difficulties which, so far as I can see, will only be removed by the slow process of evolution and education. In practically every industry there is a large percentage of non-union men, men who will not join a union, men who prefer to obtain the benefits gained by the unions without either working or paying for them—in fact, the very men who, in addition to the employers, the trade unionist has to fight. How are these men to be induced to join the unions or guilds? And, if they are persuaded to do the right thing, to be honest and helpful to earn the respect of their fellows are organised to obtain? For the trade union is essentially a combination of men who are prepared to sacrifice something to maintain or improve their status.

Secondly, even supposing this difficulty were overcome, and assuming that every manufacturer in an industry is in his guild (in some cases I can conceive of this result being obtained by society men refusing to work with non-unionists), what power will keep the men loyal to the union or guild? In every trade union there are at present men who are net trade unionists in principle, and who are worse than useless so far as the main object of a trade union (a fighting force) is concerned, because they give a fictitious appearance of strength. As an illustration, the medical profession opposes the Insurance Act. They were in a most favour able position. There were no non-society men in their ranks. They were a sufficiently intelligent and educated class to have known how valuable it was to them to fight the New Age party, the trade unionist, the Anti-Insurance Act. They were in a most favour able position. There were no non-society men in their ranks. They were a sufficiently intelligent and educated class to have known how valuable it was to them to fight the New Age party, the trade unionist, the Anti-Insurance Act. They were in a most favourable position.

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creative principle in the centre, the systems and institutions of thought and action turn on brain existence and fluxing and changing according to the variations of the thoughts therein. You, on the other hand, mind, are not to be considered extraneous to human minds, rigid and unalterable, which forms and works upon men, who, themselves powerless, have their actions determined by it. Yours is a sort of fatalism which must be controlled by the stupendous Nature which surrounds him. You seem to have been cowed and overawed by the story. Systems have no existence in themselves. They community If at the start it were unsatisfactory it will be adjusted by common consent until it becomes satisfactory if a majority of the hearts and minds in a community are interested in schemes and systems. 'You hope by some ingenious plan for balancing these evil desires one against the other and by neutralisation, and an equilibrium of good. You cannot, of course succeed. Such equilibrium even if established, must go on: that the fault is not his but the system's. That meanwhile you have got another system which is going to save him all regenerating and repentant. This sort of thing is probably what the preacher meant when he talked about 'many inventions.' Evidently there were economists in Solomon's Jerusalem.

Before we go any further, we must therefore settle our mutual position in this matter. If you will admit that the application of your Guild Scheme presupposes and is accompanied by moral revolution which shall weaken and check that extreme avarice and other evil passions which are responsible for the whole trouble, that we must go on: that the fault is not his but the system's. That meanwhile you have got another system which is going to save him all regenerating and repentant. This sort of thing is probably what the preacher meant when he talked about 'many inventions.' Evidently there were economists in Solomon's Jerusalem.

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time effect a reformation in religion, philosophy, and morals. But any reform in religion, philosophy, and morals suffices to work the scheme of reform will at the same time prevent the abuse of half the things which you exclude by it.

In a further letter I propose to discuss the psychological factor, that moral and intellectual reform which I here assume, and to show how its net result would probably be to establish some sort of Guild.

* * *

THE FIRST STEP.

Sir,—I was recently a member of the National Union of Clerks. Disgusted with politicians, I joined twelve months ago, because the only hope of emancipation to be seen lay with Trade Unionism. At that period I was a reader of The New Age articles, but the full significance of the National Guild System had not then been revealed to me. Otherwise I should have realised that a National Union of Clerks was an idea as immediately practical as the federation of the world.

In the first place, what is a clerk? The word seems capable of as many definitions as the term labourer. There are bank clerks, manufacturers' clerks, engineers' clerks, shop assistants, and so on ad infinitum. Now, on what common ground is it possible to bring all these diverse occupations under one banner? The Brotherhood of Clerks sounds well, but it is to the Brotherhood of Man; but the universal continental gush has been preached for years with such great success that unless some of us start hissing we shall be treated to an eternal encore.

Yet to me it seems that the clerks hold the key to the industrial situation. Some of them are waking up to the spirit of rebellion is abroad? Whatever happens, the trade union of the world.

The workpeople, we suppose, strike for higher wages. The N.U.C. has never been a trade union, but the full significance of its name is that it has taken the longest way round, and consequently has a membership hardly worth troubling about. The N.U.C. is useless; already they speak of Parliamentary representation.

That the Guild System will be established with the aid of the clerk is patent. He is a member of the managing class, however long his history of failure has affected his need of organisers. Why then do they not allow the clerks to come in? Let the office man of the boiler firm join the Boiler-makers Union, and so on till each union embraces even its own special industry, whether mental or manual. It must be done. The management must join the union. Producers and distributors shall combine. That should be the objective of the next strike. It is the first step. After that the abolition of the Wage System.

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THE TWENTIETH CENTURY NAPOLEON.

Sir,—My delay in replying to Mr. Joseph Finn's last letter (August 21) on this subject has evidently created some misapprehension. Absence abroad caused me to lose touch with this correspondence, and for two months, much to my regret, I have been deprived of the joy of reading your stimulating journal.

In the August 28 number I find Mr. Arthur J. Penty saying "Mr. Joseph Finn, has, I think, successfully disposed of Mr. Kilson." How, when and where my disposal was effected, declared he, and so on ad infinitum. Now, on what common ground is it possible to bring all these diverse occupations under one banner? The Brotherhood of Clerks sounds well, but it is to the Brotherhood of Man; but the universal continental gush has been preached for years with such great success that unless some of us start hissing we shall be treated to an eternal encore.

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was a legalised institution and its abolition was effected by written enactments. Modern Commercialism and the Factory system started simultaneously with the growth of the power of money and the employment of credit. The power of the Factory owner and Manufacturer to employ and control upon his own will, the worker's inability to control—money and credit. And this arose primarily through the legal restrictions regarding money. Mr. Finn denies that the repeal of those laws which originally created or favoured a monopoly, would destroy it. What on earth have the American Protectionists been fighting and spending millions of money for all these years, until to prevent the repeal of written enactments which have secured to them many of their industrial monopolies? Why did the silver agitation spend their wealth in the attempt to enact free silver coinage unless to build up for themselves a gigantic monopoly? “If every written law were abolished to-morrow the oil, sugar, meat, steel and railway monopolies were, unless the whole of the people, including the Army and Navy, were to become Socialists.” In other words, unless rent, interest and profits are now forcibly enacted and which keep nine-tenths of the human race in poverty, were abolished, the people would continue to submit to robbery, would still go on, paying charges which they regard as extortionate, and living in misery just as though nothing had ever happened! Well, evidently, by what classes: the rich or the poor, or so, or they wouldn't spend so much time and money in becoming members and monopolising the membership of the governing and legislating classes. If Mr. Finn's statement is true, it merely shows that mankind is simply past redemption and not worthy of even Mr. Finn’s efforts. Moreover, it means that neither Banking and Currency, Land, or Finnian reforms will be of any use in the uplifting of the race.

Mr. Finn says Monopoly is the child of competition. Yes, but only of limited competition. Labourers have been in competition with each other for centuries without any single group acquiring any labour monopoly. Unlimited competition cannot end in monopoly. It may, and should, end in co-operation. Monopoly is only possible where the means of, or access to, production are limited either by law or by nature. And the limit of monopoly is determined by the extent to which the means of production can be controlled. In the absence of legal restrictions, where is the Trust or Monopoly that could not be destroyed? Indeed, how could they be even maintained? Apart from legal privileges, what do our Monopolists own which could not be speedily duplicated, over and over again?

Land and Labour are the prime factors in the creation of all wealth. With the land free for employment, with free labour and free banking, where is there an industry that cannot be replaced? Does Mr. Finn imagine that if this country were again the seat of Civil War, and every man took up the musket, every factory, and every machine were destroyed, that the entire nation would perish? Notwithstanding the vast accumulation of the means and mechanism of wealth production now owned by the Capitalists, the giant Labour can confidently exclaim, “Destroy all these things and in a short time I will build them up again.”

Let me tell Mr. Finn a secret which he hasn’t heard. The bulk of the wealth owned by the so-called rich consists merely of “rotten inky parchment bonds,” of legal claims upon the labour of this and future generations! That is the chief monopoly now existing, and it can easily be destroyed. Competition under free and fair conditions need not be feared. I admit that except in new countries for limited periods and among limited numbers the growth of free competition has probably never existed. But I believe that if freedom were extended universally, it would bring about the condition which many Socialists dream of, through voluntary co-operation. The law of self-preservation would alone suffice to bring about this result. And the first step in this direction is to break the money and land monopolies by repealing those laws under the protection of which they become possible.

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