NOTES OF THE WEEK.

We shall not be far wrong if we put down the formation of the Cavendish Association rather to fear than to love. Who, first, are the prime movers in it? They are such people as the Duke of Devonshire, the Archbishop of Canterbury, the party leaders and—Mr. Harold Smith! But none of these can be supposed to have changed his spots since last we heard of him. The more in fact they change the more they remain the same. It is very pleasing to the conscience of the governing classes, if they chose, could co-operate with the poor; and, even while examining the motives, we cannot deny the fine appearance of the movement. But is there, can there be, any reality in it? Such friendly movements were common in the Southern States under the system of slavery; and it is to be observed that their members and intensity multiplied as the movement for Abolition spread; but we do not gather that abolition itself was made any the easier by its predecessors in abolishing chattel-slavery. Not to labour the subject, indeed, we affirm that its motive, however providentially concealed from its founders, is to prop up the existing wage-system by sentimentality.

There is, it is true, a work in which the governing classes could engage if they had the mind. It is not, however, in Mr. Asquith's phrase, to tax themselves of the unearned increment of their social advantage. This, which is all very well as a palliative of the existing disparity of social advantages, is no more than a moral insurance against resentment. It has, besides, the defect of every piece of hypocrisy; it merely delays the resentment and ensures a final explosion. What we mean is that, since the wage-system must sooner or later be abolished, it being, as we firmly believe, the will of God that this should be done, the attempt to stave it off by moral means is both immoral and in the end dangerous. One of these days the wage-slaves will realise what all this affability on the part of their masters means; and when they realise it, the slavery and the sentiment will be combined in a single object of direct means visible and palpable to the poor. Let it not be by blankets and lectures, or by sanatoria and almshouses. Let it be by devoting themselves to the spread of ideas, good taste, and good manners, by personal example. At present it is obvious that the governing classes are largely Philistine of Philistine. In ideas they were always a little behind; but in taste and manners they have usually been well ahead of the nation at large. Is it so to-day? Could the governing classes of to-day be so safely regarded as models of taste and manners by any class below them? No sensitive observer, least of all such of us as care greatly about these things, can truthfully reply in the affirmative. On the contrary, most of our worst difficulties arise from the barbarisms and crudities of the very class now setting out on a moral and aesthetic crusade.

* * *

We said that there is one work in which the governing classes, if they chose, could co-operate with the proletariat. It is in the reorganisation of industry. As things are at present, it appears as if the whole work of the industrial revolution must fall upon the working classes themselves. The Southern slaves had, at least, the support of the Northern masters in their struggle for emancipation; but the English wage-earners, seek-
ing blindly to emancipate themselves from the wage-
system, have not only no organised support from their
masters, but scarcely a friend among them. Of the
governing classes the section of profiteers might be
assumed to be hostile to emancipation of necessity.
Though they are grievously wrong about it, emancipa-
tion would in all probability lessen some of their present
pleasures. In short, being muck-rakers chiefly, they
cannot be blamed for looking with Trade Unionism
upon them as savages and giving them a
company of men instead. But the official section of the
governing classes, calling itself the State, ought, we
think, to be capable of a more enlightened view. It is,
at any rate, to this section that we would appeal. The
Cavendish Association is nothing much to us and will
prove to be nothing much to the proletariat generally;
but the State and statesmen may, if they please, be
almost everything. For instance, we do not disguise
from ourselves the fact that though the wage-earners
must be prepared to emancipate themselves by them-
selves alone, it would be preferable if the work were a
joint affair between themselves and the embodiment of
society in general. The order of society that we see
the other is, as the wage-system is certainly based on
co-operation between the Guilds and the State. The
State, in other words, will not only survive the for-

ation of the Guilds, but will be their head and social
superior when they are all established. But if this is
the future order of society, the spokesmen of the State
to-day should be preparing for it. In the cleavage now
widening between the wage-slaves and their masters
the State must sooner or later take sides. Our appeal
to statesmen is to take sides in their minds, at least,
now, against the profiteers and with the mass of the
workmen who will certainly to-morrow constitute the
nation proper.

This, we admit, is a little vague; but the whole sub-
ject is for the Trade Unions. For everything, the spokesmen of the State have not yet got out of the
leading-strings of the purses of the wealthy
classes; they have scarcely begun yet to think them-
selves out of them. For another, the organisation of
the wage-earners has not yet reached the stage when
their labour is an economic monopoly constituting both
property and power. Concurrently, however, with this
latter movement the political reflection of it is certain;
and we look with confidence to seeing the first Union
that may be, not only discussion of equal terms with its employers, but meeting statesmen on relatively equal terms as well. Let us conceive a Union powerful enough to dictate terms to its em-
ployers, in such a Union that such a powerful enough to compel the State to take it into account? Our forecast is of a deadlock between the
employers in a given industry and the Union, with the
State as the only possible arbitrator. The question to
be considered by everyone before that drama is enacted
is this: on which side, in such a crisis, will the State
come down? To side with the employers will be to
attempt to re-instate a condition of affairs that has
manifestly broken down; to side with neither (merely to
keep the ring, as they say) will be inevitably to throw
the two parties into each other's arms, with menace to
the community. But to side with the Union will be to
lay the first stone of the new order of society. It is to
this that we thought, and especially political thought, in these days of apparently uneventful
preparation; for the crisis is coming and will be upon us
with the creation of the first Union having a complete
monopoly of its labour.

In the meantime it must be said that all three
parties, the trade unionists, the capitalist, and the workmen, are in a measure getting on with their respective tasks though mainly in the dark as to the future. The Trade
Union movement, unsatisfactory as it must appear to
idealists, is nevertheless from our point of view in a
flourishing condition. In fact, its promise was never
better than it is to-day. The political Labour movement
has, it is true, failed, and failed ignominiously. We are
heartily glad of it. For a time also the Trade Union
movement failed with it, but the fact is that Trade
Unionism will not only survive the death of political
Labourism, but incorporate in itself all the virtue there
ever was in it. As political Labour wanes the sun of
economic Labour is rising. We have not the statistics
to hand yet to show the effect upon the masses of the
union movement during the last few years; but we are assured that they show an enormous increase in practically every industry. And,
better than this mere growth in numbers, the principle
of Federation is spreading to the point when in no
long time the class struggle will be suggested to itself
by the organised workers and their unions. Henceforth
national guilds will be in actual existence. This aggre-
gation and organisation of Labour is, we do not hesi-
tate to say, one of the historic events of our day. Un-
recorded in the annals of the world is the fact that
the capitalistic forces of production, instead of being
swamped under the flood of justifiable sentiment about
the rights and wrongs of the wage-earners, have
proved to be nothing much to the proletariat generally
but the State and statesmen may, if they please, be
necessary at all, be directed. The less said, during any
strike, of higher wages or fewer hours is not, in our opinion, intelligent. The sub-
stance of these reforms is, of course, desirable; but the
form and the method in which they are now sought
are anything but desirable. We believe that such re-
forms (within the wage-system, be it remembered)
should be left to be brought about by catalytic or pas-
active action. Provided a Union continues to increase
its membership, and even though it should do nothing or whatever, reforms of this kind will be offered to it,
lessened and linked up beyond the dreams of its
early pioneers.

The question then arises: What will they do with it?
At this point we are bound to say that some disappoint-
ment is permissible. Here we have a gigantic force in
process of accumulation with, on the surface at any
time, little or no intelligence or foresight. It is true
that its existence alone, by what, we believe, is  called
catalytic action, exerts an influence in itself; but a
much greater influence could be exerted if the force
were intelligently directed. We may again say that
its direction to the objects of securing higher wages or
fewer hours is not, in our opinion, intelligent. The sub-
stance of these reforms is, of course, desirable; but the
form and the method in which they are now sought
are anything but desirable. We believe that such re-
forms (within the wage-system, be it remembered)
should be left to be brought about by catalytic or pas-
active action. Provided a Union continues to increase
its membership, and even though it should do nothing or whatever, reforms of this kind will be offered to it,
pressed upon it, and even forced upon it. There is,
we have often said, no concession the capitalist will
not make to Labour short of his life; this alone need
ever be really taken by force. On the other hand, the
active assertion of their power by the Trade Unions
should always, in our opinion, be undertaken for the
ultimate purpose of Trade Unionism, namely, the aboli-
tion of the wage-system. With this avowed end in
mind, provided it be intelligently directed, we believe
it is not plain that such a Union would be also
appointed to the marshalling of an army of more import-
ance nationally than the German Navy of to-day or
the Napoleonic armies of the day before yesterday. By
its mere existence as a force, whether potential or active, its influence on sociological transformations will be incalculable. Take it then that in the course of the
next few years we are to see the Labour organisations
strengthened and linked up beyond the dreams of its
early pioneers.

A little tardiness exists on the part of several Labour
leaders we could mention in special cases in being the first to
abandon the old formula and to adopt the new. At
the Albert Hall meeting the other Saturday, for ex-
ample, we were given in the “Daily Herald” to expect
that the constructive policy of the Greater Unionism
would be announced. Several speakers, indeed, to our
own knowledge, had prepared themselves to this end.
Whether, however, it was the presence of the half-penny veterans like Mr. Shaw (whom it is a shame to drag
into the meetings of this generation) or the ideas were
swamped under the flood of justifiable sentiment about
Mr. Larkin, the announcement was not made; and the
great audience were sent home with all their enthusiasm
emptied out and with no intellectual profit to show for
it. On the other hand, it is by no means always that our lying Press reports correctly or at all the speeches
made by Labour leaders that contain the new ideas. The professionally Labour and Socialist Press, of course, may be trusted to suppress any evidence of growing intelligence among their constituents; in revenge for being subsidised by the trade union money they refuse to subsidise the trade unions with ideas. The conventional Press has even more cause to apply the boycott. Thus it comes about that speeches like that of the General Secretary of the Scotch Dockers in which he declared that the object of his Union was not better wages but the abolition of the wage-system, are carefully expurgated before publication in the "Times" no less than in the "Daily Citizen." This policy of ignoring events, however, is sure to be proved foolish in the end; for, in time, even agreeable facts must be faced. And the fact is that the abolition of the wage-system and the establishment of National Guilds, as the objective of the Trade Union movement, is practically complete. All it requires now is to be recognised.

With the Trade Union movement in this comparatively satisfactory state, we may turn now to the Capitalists and the triangular problem. While for the moment his position seems to be secure, it is really precarious. It is true he has the support of the State, but that support can no longer be open; at any moment, indeed, it may be withdrawn if only under stress of emergency, and that is the support of the mass of the social reformers and social theorists most of whom have friends to bed-out in well-paid jobs of one kind or another. But even their influence is not unlimited, either in quantity or in time. The new type of social theorist now leading the Unions and not longer Fabians, they are, if anything, National Guildsmen. In no long time, indeed, the capitalist will find himself without an apologist. On the other hand, against him most formidable forces are being gathered, of which the Trade Union movement is not the greatest. A revolt of the managerial staff and salaried and of the profiteers against theirshareholding drones is one of the contingencies which these latter—the true capitalists—have now to take into account. Witness the strike which we recorded last week of the Imperial Merchant Service Guild, composed of officers, against the representatives of their shareholders. Witness before very long the tacit alliance that is being formed between the railwaymen and the higher staff. All this points to the line of cleavage between Capital and Labour being far more than once up the hill. The Guilds, however, have yet to be formed and the Unions of men have still to realise that their struggle with their masters is much more for the possession and affiliation with themselves of the salaried in their industries than for any temporary improvement of wages. The Greater Unionism, indeed, to be successful in its ultimate object of abolishing the wage-system, must effectuate an alliance between the wage-earners of each main industry. It is a difficult and somewhat prolonged task, we fear; but a necessary one. For it is certain that if the Unions cannot win over the salaried the capitalists will do their best to grapple to their souls with hooks of gold. Everything tends for the moment in this direction. While the wage-earners are storing ammunition the capitalists are preparing their defences; and their main defence, we imagine, will take the form of a general appeal of partnership, not with the Unions as a whole (including, as they would say, the tag-rag and bobtail of the industry), but (a) with the managerial staff; and (b) with selected individuals and small wages. The object will be that the Unions of men in every Union, the division and ultimate disappearance of the Unions are inevitable. This, we believe, would be the effect, however undesigned, of the plan, discussed elsewhere, put forward by Mr. Charles Booth. Nothing in fact, could more securely strengthen the capitalist interests than to induce a Union either to allow its members to be individually preferred or—what comes to the same thing—to prefer one employer before another. That way lies the disintegration of the Unions as surely as its effect would be to bolster up Capitalism.

The feudal clans are obviously very busy preparing to meet Mr. Lloyd George's agricultural agitation by putting their affairs into something like business order. We may very briefly indicate the argument of the Duke of Sutherland's offer to sell 200,000 acres of his deer forests to the Government for 22s. 6d. per acre and nearly as much more at 25s. Sir William Schlich, Professor of Forestry, in a letter to the "Times" tells us that the annual rental of these forests works out at 8d. per acre. At twenty years' purchase, this works out at £200,000. The Duke is asking £475,000. He therefore values his feudal amenities at about £200,000. But this figure would include the rental of buildings and land. The Duke demands that, in addition to the £475,000, these shall be paid for at a valuation. Witness this, Sir William Schlich thinks that the value of the deer forests is worth only about 3d. an acre per annum. If this be so, then the Duke is asking about £350,000 too much. This offer is thought to be clever politics by ducal sycophants in the Press. We think the Duke is a young fool. Suppose Mr. Lloyd George offers him twenty or twenty-five years' purchase (it is seventeen in Ireland) of his net rental? He must either accept it or look extremely foolish. His business advisers should keep this young man in his place. For us, we hope the Government will decline any purchase scheme anywhere. It is downright bad economy. Much more to the point are the arrangements which the Landowners' Rural Housing Society have made with the State for loans to build houses in country districts. Long before Mr. Lloyd George can give legislative effect to his propaganda, here are the landowners getting busy to anticipate him by an extensive house-building campaign. They will borrow the money from Mr. George and, later on, when the Chancellor tearfully describes the abomination of scanty and insanitary rural housing, the landowners will tell him that in co-operation with the State, they are rapidly rectifying the evil. The editor of the "Spectator" (who for years has shown a personal sympathetic spirit in regard to rural housing) urges his landowning readers to take advantage of this scheme. He tells them that they will find the method of obtaining a loan "in no sense difficult, expensive or likely to give trouble in the future." Now let us be perfectly clear what this means. The landowners can at once set about building. They can be financially backed to any extent. If they can build their estates with suitable houses (which ultimately become their property), it is clear that they will have a financial grip upon the land, the farmers and the labourers which Mr. George will not find easy to release. Whatever may happen, the landlord will be able to claim for his houses he has...
erected or is erecting. He will in fact be a permanent participant in the agricultural industry apart altogether from his special ownership of the land, foretold three weeks ago is therefore coming to pass far more quickly than we anticipated. Feudal rent is being merged into profiteering feudalism.

Meantime business trains are concentrating on the agricultural problem. Like Mr. Charles Booth, Mr. Seabohm Rowntree is a man of affairs as well as a scientific investigator. In the "Contemporary Review" for this year he expressed the view that any such increased expenditure would obey the law of increasing returns. The conclusion would be that the landlords would actually gain, either by arguing before the Land Commission that in view of these increased returns their existing rents were reasonable, or, in the alternative, they would make out the arrangements as would enable them to share in the increased agricultural profits. This they would manage by only letting their land on a profit-sharing basis, contributing capital by actual money advances or by guaranteeing extended credit. Mr. Seebohm Rowntree endorses the view:

"Even though a great addition may be demanded in the wages of the lower paid men, it will not be a permanent net addition to the cost of production. The men will very soon begin to produce more—enormously more in some cases; and on many farms no doubt it will be found that labour can be better organised so that each unit represents a greater value than before."

Once again then shall we witness an economic revolution with wagery as its foundation. It is indeed quite conceivable that we shall see very much the same tyranny and oppression, the horrors of unemployment, the decreasing purchasing value of the sovereign as we have witnessed in the urban industries. Mr. Rowntree admits it. He tells us that the probability of many men being thrown out of employment is a danger only to be dealt with on lines of alternative employment. But the point is that so far from benefiting labour at the expense of either rent, interest or profits, it is really to the present owners and employers who will capture the plunder. Mr. Rowntree is emphatic that under-tenant and landlord have nothing to fear. The weak spot, of course, is the lack of organisation of the labourers. Mr. Rowntree, as a pious profiteer, understands precisely the exact function of the wage: "A board, or some other tribunal must be created, with the statutory duty of fixing wages at a level which will really provide the means of physical efficiency." What is wanted is a good labour commodity. In all this, what are the Trade Unions doing? Are they content to leave their fellow wage-slaves to the mercy of the new profiteering feudalism? Are they content thus to let wagery be fixed more securely than ever upon the oldest and greatest of our industries? Is there no one amongst them with eyes to see? Surely there is some one thinking amongst them not yet hypnotised by the phrases of the Chancellor. We look with the gravest apprehension at the situation. British Trade Unionism is probably the only labour organisation in the world that has neither the courage nor the knowledge yet to tackle this problem.

We do not hanker after a prophet's reputation, but unless we subdue into the dullness of our contemporaries we shall achieve it. Our article last week on "Ireland and Federation" has been followed by a letter from a number of Liberal Members of Parliament urging that Irish Home Rule ought to be the opening of the federal chapter and by an article in the "Contemporary Review" by Mr. Arthur Ponsonby. All these gentlemen confine their federalism to the four kingdoms of England, Ireland, Wales and Scotland, but the principle admits our Colonies when they choose to come in.

We have some reason for believing that the federal solution was practically agreed upon at the round table conference held in that year. The Tories, however, wanted federation to precede Irish Home Rule, whereas the Liberals argued that Home Rule should come first. In December of that year this question of precedence went to the electorate. It was informally understood that if the Tories came in, there would introduce a federal scheme, whilst if the Liberals were successful, Irish Home Rule would ensue. The Liberals won the election, as we know. The Tories, therefore, are hardly playing cricket in calling for another election. They are really trying to stampede the electorate into another decision. So far as we are concerned, the attraction of federalism is that it would bring us into closer organic touch with our dominions beyond the seas. It is not a question of tariffs—tariffs settle nothing and unsettle everything—it is a question of increased elasticity of movement and communication between members of the same family.

In the ultimate, it will be discovered that family connections are not only politically valuable but economically complementary. It is easier to exchange surplus products with our cousins, who speak our language and with whom we are psychologically related, than with aliens. When we get down to Guild organisation (which is coming quicker than people think) a close economic connection with our Colonies may prove our salvation. It is quite possible that we shall see very much the same description of self-righteous amateurs, and we shudder at the possibility that any such contingency shall arise. But the psychology of the Government of the Empire is fascinating topic. If we could relieve our Government of its economic preoccupations, questions about the alliance of mankind would come before us calling out the finest statesmanship. There can be no greater blunder than to assume that when we have settled our economic problems, government and politics will be superfluous.

The defeat of Tammany is amusing without being particularly significant. English opinion takes a sporting interest in it, not only because to beat Tammany is like breaking the bank at Monte Carlo, but because of its attack on Sulzer. For Tammany to impeach Sulzer on the grounds of electoral impurity was surely to tempt Providence. Anyhow, it is pleasant to reflect that one Murphy has gone by the board. There is another in Dublin who requires similar treatment. But the people of New York are to be sympathised with. The Socialists argued that Home Rule should come first. In December of that year this question of precedence went to the electorate. It was informally understood that if the Liberals were successful, Irish Home Rule would ensue. The Liberals won the election, as we know. The Tories, therefore, are hardly playing cricket in calling for another election. They are really trying to stampede the electorate into another decision. So far as we are concerned, the attraction of federalism is that it would bring us into closer organic touch with our dominions beyond the seas. It is not a question of tariffs—tariffs settle nothing and unsettle everything—it is a question of increased elasticity of movement and communication between members of the same family.

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Current Cant.

"Nobody wants to work."—GEORGE R. SIMS.

"J. L. Garvin—the most dazzling of all our editors."—AUSTIN HARRISON, in the "English Review."

"Militancy is, as it were, the flowering of the woman's movement for equality."—CHRISTABEL PANKHURST, in "The New Statesman."

"Miss Christabel Pankhurst has taken her motto from Blake."—ISRAEL ZANGWILL.

"The King will confer a life peerage on Sir Rufus Isaacs."—Reynolds's Newspaper.

"Are ankles immoral?"—"Daily Sketch."

"There is a great outcry just now that something is wrong with the drama. Drama is all right."—"The New Freewoman."

"Sir Rufus Isaacs . . . the handsomest Judge."—"Westminster Gazette."

"The revival of the tall hat is an event of no little significance."—"Daily Mail."

"If I may not take luncheon with Gaby Deslys, who may?"—REV. A. J. WALDRON.

"I am keeping golf, matrimony, and Parliament for the evening of my days."—SIR THOMAS DEWAR.

"Newspaper advertising is not the blatant and unnecessary nuisance that aesthetes suppose."—"Pall Mall Gazette."

"Only the best ideas and the best manufactures will stand the test of advertising."—LORD NORTHCLIFFE.

"Douglas Stuart . . . doubles, trebles, or accumulators . . . no limit whatever, and still combined with place betting with favourite starts 'odds on.'"—Advert, in "Pall Mall Gazette."

"It is a pleasant feature of our time that, in spite of what the Americans call 'cut-throat competition,' and with the froth and fume of class division and class suspicion, the great trades and callings are being more and more knit together by organised benevolence, and the tie between kindred trades is becoming closer and more binding. It almost amounts to a revival of the old spirit of the civic guilds."—HARRY LAWSON, M.P.

"The unpardonable sin of a writer is to deceive his readers."—ARNOLD WHITE.

"English kings do not need to swank."—ARNOLD WHITE.

"The output of high-class legitimate art in America is not yet up to the demand. . . . In England and France a society has recently been organised for the avowed purpose of convincing the public that art may be both intelligible and genuine."—"The New Freewoman."

"The widespread absence of even a decent attempt to understand 'Androcles and the Lion' was an insult to both our leading dramatist and to our national intelligence."—HOLBROOK JACKSON.

After the meeting the Prime Minister and party motored back to Kilmaron Castle. At dinner there were present . . . Mr. Asquith, Miss Asquith . . . Miss Marie Corelli . . .

Foreign Affairs.

By S. Verdač.

YUAN-SHI-KAI's sudden dissolution of the Kwo-Ming-Tang party has shown the world, with greater promptness than many of us expected, the results of pseudo-democracy. When the Chinese "Republic" was proclaimed, it was stated in these columns immediately that it would not last—at all events, as a Republic in the European sense—and the prediction was verified soon after, when Yuan made himself a Dictator. The new step has not been taken merely with a desire for personal glorification: there were serious reasons for it.

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China has never been a military nation. It is part of the Chinese philosophy of life that war is an undesirable thing and that the military man is a contemptible object. There are many European thinkers who have expressed like opinions, and there are even societies for the propagation of such opinions. It is not for me to argue about the validity of such views in the abstract. It is enough for me, as one who endeavours to interpret and to explain foreign politics, to note that this philosophical basis has never yet been adopted by a people without that people suffering for it sooner or later.

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With the development of western "interests" in the nineteenth century, the fate of China became clear, inevitable. We had first of all little colonies of Europeans, then "settlements" and concessions, and, finally, spheres of influence and definite annexations of territory. Great Britain and Germany contented themselves with towns and islands and little strips of coast-line; but Russia has had whole provinces. England, indeed, not directly but through the Government of India, may be said to have tried to acquire whole provinces also, and the French annexations are not contemptible. As for Japan, we know the fate of Korea and the hordes of Japanese emigrants who have invaded Southern Manchuria.

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This gradual encroachment of foreign interest caused a great deal of anxiety among the wealthier agricultural and trading classes in China. They determined to make some sort of protest, and they had allied with them, as usually happens in such cases, numbers of men of substance who wanted more substance. The difficulties in which the country found itself were ascribed to the Manchu régime, and a strong Republican movement sprang up and spread. We know that it was led chiefly by men who had fallen to such an extent under the influences of Western thought (many of them, indeed, were Christians) that they could hardly be reckoned as typical Chinese at all; and we know, too, that Republicanism is not a form of political organisation suited to the Chinese temperament.

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It did not matter. Some scapegoat had to be found, and the young Manchu Emperor was sent about his business. Then, as always, the Dictator arose. Yuan-Shi-Kai after some most skilful negotiations and intrigues in the history of diplomacy, secured for himself what amounted to the supreme power, and he even overcame the scruples of his antagonist, Dr. Sun-Yat-Sen—at first. The Parliament met, but soon found that it could not interfere in the most important matter connected with modern States, particularly Oriental States which are subject to foreign "interests." China wanted money, and money happened to be a commodity which, when China wanted it, could be borrowed only at very high rates of interest. One says for the sake of convenience that China wanted money; but the fact is that, although China wanted it, Yuan wanted it very much more in order to make his position as President a secure one.

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The President borrowed the money, signing the contract for it, without asking his Parliament to trouble
itself about the matter. With the sum he got he was able to make certain of the loyalty of such army as existed in China—and then more money was wasted for the payment of interest on loans, the development of interior districts, roadmaking, etc., etc. These extra supplies could not be had at terms which could be discussed in Parliament—for who would wish a new Parliament to know that large armament firms were arranging loans, in consideration of the fact that a large part of the loan would go back to them in return for guns? As the Parliament seemed unwilling to approve of the doings of President Yuan, the President adopted towards the obstinate party the course which absolute rulers have always seen fit to adopt in the circumstances.

It was chiefly on the military organisation of the new Republic that the dispute arose. The Parliament, typically, proposed to take the money which had been paid to anything resembling a standing army. On the other hand, the small governing class—for, even though the Imperial régime went, the small governing class remained—realised perfectly well that a large country like China, a prey in any case to exploitation, would be liable to very bad treatment indeed unless the inhabitants could show fight. Japanese officials of high rank were known to have in mind the definite annexation of Southern Manchuria, exactly as they had arranged for the annexation of Korea. Russia was becoming very threatening, and the action of the Indian Government in regard to Tibet was not liked. The greatest enemy was Japan; but there was danger on all sides.

And the Parliament was suddenly warned because the danger became more threatening, though it would not have been politic to say so. The governing classes in Japan realised that an undefended China was not merely a prey to Japan but to hungry European Powers as well. What if these European Powers should succeed in establishing their positions more firmly; what if they marked out for themselves “spheres of interest” which Japan intended to annex? The problem was not one which demanded a solution within a few days or a few weeks; but the preparations already being made and the plans in course of execution demanded, in the opinion of Yuan and his advisers, careful counter-preparations on the part of China.

The difficulty clearly was that counter-preparations necessitated a large standing army, some pretence at a fleet, and all possible modern improvements in guns and training. The national spirit of the people was against such a thing, and the officers of the new army showed no signs of the qualities which are indispensable to understanding. Under-studious, they were not finding it easy to comprehend what their employer, Mr. Romney, intended to annex.
The stars shed their splendour unshielded, suffusing their beauty like opals divine. Alone with the moonlight effulgence and losing its splendour, a gentleman rots for the reason most aristocracies never really have to work for bread, the only thing it is known for such. Workship it for itself and it ceases to be even aristocrats. They are not men. They have ceased to be even aristocrats.---THOMAS FLEMMING.

Mr. Charles Booth's Proposals.

One of the most significant contributions to the problem of our present industrial unrest is that of Mr. Charles Booth, the veteran founder of the modern school of social investigation. He has just issued a booklet, through Messrs. Macmillan and Co., at the modest cost of 2d., entitled "The Industrial Unrest and Trade-Union Policy"—a development of certain views he expressed in his best-known work, "Life and Labour in London." We shall not be alone in welcoming him back to active participation in the most urgent and important of all public discussions.

Mr. Booth's attitude towards the present industrial situation may be briefly stated. He sees an unsettlement of balance and in his view "all life rests upon a balance of forces." This unsettlement is partly due to the policy that organised labour has adopted in the assertion of its chains, many evils resulting. But the blame really rests "upon us all; masters and men must share it; and onlookers, with their hasty and violent judgments, do not escape." He affirms that Trade Union policy has been too narrow; that it has "aimed too exclusively at amount and method of remuneration." These, however, are on the surface; and on another front disturbs Mr. Booth is the massing of opposing industrial forces into two great camps. He thinks it not only quite unnecessary but economically bad alike for the wage-earner, the employer, and the public. Further, it is inhuman. We shall see later in this number that he has not been able to recognise or admit the inevitability of this dual massing is germane to Mr. Booth's argument, because he invites us to divide the employers into a variety of classes not harmonious in motive or methods—possibly not even united in economic purposes. He agrees with us that the explanation of the Trade Union failure is economic. He quotes the New Age and then expressly says: "I am at one with it in regarding the existing industrial trouble as economic in character and beyond political cure; and as to the assumptions that underlie the political theory, these being that the working proletariat are themselves in a majority, can be united in action and could dispossess the capitalists of their property by merely voting them out of it; all three being, I am inclined to agree, ridiculously untrue." Mr. Booth's agreement with us does not end there. He also agrees that the power of any union or group of unions in any trade depends upon the monopoly it can create in its labour and that if this monopoly be effective, then the union would have direct, if not equal, power with the employers. But he believes that 

Mr. Booth has shown himself conversant with and appreciative of our case for National Guilds. In one important particular, however, he misapprehends us. He ascribes to us a dream of the millennium and a belief that our schemes are to be realised with apocalyptic suddenness; that they are to be consummated by the enforcement or the effective threat of enforcement of the general strike. Mr. Booth has no sanction for this. Oddly enough in one of his quotations from The New Age this assumption is negatived. We there remark that organised labour has a long row to hoe before even an incipient Guild would be practical politics. Later on he quotes us to the effect that what is aimed at is the enforcement of certain rights which the employers might possibly be a passing phase. There is certainly no apocalyptic suddenness in such a conception; nor have we ever in these pages or elsewhere accepted the "catastrophic" theory. Mr. Booth has really expressed our sensations upon the failure of the strike. On page 7 of the booklet before us, we read: "The power to hold up the supply of labour collectively..."
in order to enforce its claims is an ultimate resource never to be abandoned." Everywhere he refers to the Strike as "the ultimate ratio in a bargain with employers." Nobody, except a certain school of Syndicalists, regards the strike as other than a last resource.

As was to be expected, Mr. Booth's survey of the industrial problem leads up to a proposal. It brings us back with a jerk to his denial of the almost universal belief that increased labour and wages would mean an increased pay his value to his employer and incidentally to himself. Metropolitan Gas Co.

he will be supported, can bring a fresher and keener spirit in effect the employers?

Metropolitan Gas Co. (let us say managerial skill) from capitalist control is a cardinal fact in modern history. Far too often has it been confused with the more limited function of capital. Mr. Booth on this point makes a penetrating remark: "In large capitalist undertakings, those who find the money call the tune and strive but often fail to maintain control over those who, serving them as managers, actually carry on the enterprise and are in effect the employers required. Take away then, as we understand him, the balance that Mr. Booth seeks is a wise equilibrium between capital, enterprise and labour. At this point he frankly concedes that this balance cannot be reached until Labour has strengthened its capacity to bargain. That, in fact, is the immediate question. But the bargain is not to be one merely or even primarily of wages and hours. Labour must so shape its policy that the individual worker can improve his working conditions by raising his value to his employer and incidentally to himself. The spirit in the factory or workshop is the main thing.

"In most cases, special ways may be found of bringing an increase of usefulness which would fairly claim increased pay; while if this spirit permeates an entire employ, the employer, at ease about the loyalty with which he will be supported, can bring a fresher and keener mind to the many difficulties which face him and need solution. To secure an industrial atmosphere such as this, means must be found to safeguard permanently the interest of Labour. On this point Mr. Booth is a little indefinite, but he believes that absolute security for the employees would result from his scheme.

Let us see precisely what are his proposals. The Trades Unionists are to classify the labour required on the basis (i) of efficiency and success in management; (ii) moral character—honesty, fairness, liberality, public spirit; (iii) relationship with their workpeople—pay, treatment, etc.; (iv) relationship with the Unions. By giving disproportionate values to each of these points, he thinks that the various employes would be placed in a certain order of acceptability. There would ensue three groups—upper, middle and lower. This difficult and invidious task accomplished, the Unions are to give preferential treatment to the best classified group. This preferential treatment by the unions of Class A will induce reciprocal treatment by Class A of the Unions. In this way "recognition" is gained by both sides, and a more lasting body of workmen improve their working conditions by raising their value to their employer and incidentally to himself. The spirit in the factory or workshop is the main thing.

Mr. Booth agrees with us on this point is vital. For whereas individual participation would tend to weaken the Unions and to create a body —the Unions as definite units. To us this point is vital. For whereas individual participation would tend to weaken the Unions and to create a body

The rate of subsistence has doubled risen in response to the requirements of employment. Mr. Booth himself tells us that "from the highest to the lowest scale of remuneration, whilst ideally desirable, is not practical policy. As a practical, immediate proposal, we are clear that it is altogether inadequate. It is certain that the employers who would be classed as B and C would energetically protest. And it is equally certain that any such classification would be useless. So that the profits allocated not to the individual participators, but to the Unions as definite units. To us this point is vital. For whereas individual participation would tend to weaken the Unions and to create a body.

There are, however, fundamental objections which we wish Mr. Booth would meet. Has he really grasped the basic meaning of wages? He comments upon our declaration for wage-abolition, remarking that he defends it as a principle of association. 'It is a misnomer. There is no such thing as "wage-service," any more than there is coal-service or cotton-service. Employers buy coal and cotton as commodities; they buy labour also as a commodity. Where service is required apart from labour, then it receives remuneration or salary or pay (as in the case of the Army and Navy), but wages are paid for the labour commodity, as such, and the wage is based upon subsistence. So eternally true is this that we have already asserted that wages have doubled risen in response to the requirements of employment. Mr. Booth himself tells us that "from the highest to the lowest scale of remuneration, whilst ideally desirable, is not practical policy. As a practical, immediate proposal, we are clear that it is altogether inadequate. It is certain that the employers who would be classed as B and C would energetically protest. And it is equally certain that any such classification would be useless. So that the profits allocated not to the individual participators, but to the Unions as definite units. To us this point is vital. For whereas individual participation would tend to weaken the Unions and to create a body.

We hope we have presented Mr. Booth's proposals accurately, but we are not quite sure of it, for he does not pretend to offer a cut and dried scheme. It is just possible that the outline appears to him, as a man of affairs, connected with a large and prosperous business, differently from ourselves, who are interested in it as economists and social students. But we are near enough to the substance of the scheme to criticise it from our own point of view as remaining somewhat two separate camps.

As a practical, immediate proposal, we are clear that it is altogether inadequate. It is certain that the employers who would be classed as B and C would energetically protest. And it is equally certain that any such differentiation from the employees in Class A. Mr. Booth would bring peace; in effect, he would bring a blunt sword. Again, if we are upon the point of the "individual participators," then we can only assure Mr. Booth that his plan, instead of strengthening the Unions, would disintegrate them. But we would like to see the plan experimented upon to this extent: that the Unions should themselves contract with Class A on the basis of standard wages, and a definite proportion of the profits allocated not to the individual participators, but to the Unions as definite units. To us this point is vital. For whereas individual participation would tend to weaken the Unions and to create a body.

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in the development of wagery, that our fathers reached in the stage of slavery, when every problem awaits its disappearance. It took a bloody war in America to wipe out slavery; to wipe out wagery merely requires that organization, a monopoly of its labour, and then sanely apply it to industry. Assuredly wage-abolition is a condition-precedent to Guild organisation. Mr. Booth thinks that his proposals are "timid approaches to the dreams of Guild Socialism." Our reply is that if Mr. Booth would in principle agree to Class A making a contract with the Union on the basis of the Unions sharing in the profits and not the individual workmen, then a definite step has been taken in our direction. And certainly the whole community would benefit. We would be insured. It could have a declaration from Mr. Booth that the labour-commodity theory, upon which the wage-system is based, is inhuman and immoral.

Another consideration is that if the employees could so far control labour as to give preferential treatment to Class A, and could compel the employers to admit joint administration between capital, enterprise, and labour—as Mr. Booth predicates—why should the economic power of labour stop precisely at the point where capital would be assured of a permanent tribute paid to it by labour and enterprise jointly? The present industrial situation we take to be this: that capital can still command "enterprise," and through it command labour. But Mr. Booth now sees a significant change: what used to be "cheques," becomes "control over those who, serving them as managers, actually carry on the enterprise and are, in effect, the employers of the labour required." Now there is no fund out of which to pay rent, interest and profits except by maintaining the "wage-system." What will happen when management and labour join forces? If we were capitalists, we would make terms as quickly as possible.

On the other hand, if we were of the managerial order, we would infinitely prefer to work in a Guild than for private employers or joint-stock companies. We largely agree with Mr. Booth in his definition of "enterprise," or administration as we prefer to call it. "Forethought, guidance, the capacity to plan, the means to execute, the whole genius of mind and character, all this living source of human welfare and progress." Here speaks the veteran out of his large experience and wonderfully varied knowledge of our social structure. But would not these great qualities develop on infinitely more fruitful lines if their chief consideration were the present industrial situation we take to be this: that capital can still command "enterprise," and through it command labour. And the way he acted was something like this: There would be a gang of men unloading a wagon of sundries in a goods warehouse. The wagons were run into "holes" or "beds"—the names vary—inside the warehouse. The goods, the floor of the warehouse, was raised level with the bottom of the wagon. The gang would consist of three, four, or five men. One man would be in charge—the "caller-off" he was called. His duty was to get the invoices for the goods, and as his "off," he would run the goods out of the wagon and shouted out the number or mark of the package, bale, or what not, check the article by his invoice, and instruct the other men, the "truckers," where it had to be placed—in some particular corner of the warehouse, or on a waiting horse wagon.

Under proper circumstances there would be no trouble in this arrangement. With a full gang of men the wagons would be steadily emptied and drawn out by the capstans or horses and fresh ones put in. If the caller-off had a particular article to get out of the wagon, he would have the help of a trucker. But that was not good enough for the company at stations where I worked. It might go on smoothly for a time, and then some inspector, or "speedilator," or another buttoned fool or toad, would come along, take a man out of the gang and inform the checker that there had been sneaking and another couple of wagons a shift must be emptied. Then came the sabotage. The caller-off would struggle with a huge crate of, say, chinaware, which was much too heavy for one man to handle. He would run the risk of strain or rupture until he became slightly annoyed, then he would call for help from a trucker. The truckers, for their part, would be in equally bad, or worse, case than himself. Necessarily, the man who had been taken away from the gang would be a trucker, so they were the most hard pressed. Probably there would be some few "words," and then, red-hot, and cursing the company and the universe, the caller-off would drop the crate of earthenware with a "To hell with it. It can't hurt, it never had a mother." Result, a claim for damages from the company.

With regard to pilfering, I should say that the men who steal on the railway are comparatively few, and, in nearly every case, they steal more as a means of hitting the company than helping themselves. I mean they must have little out of the gang would lead to the greatest of all possible consequences, the "physical and moral decadence" of the men, which would be but "pancé," or "spiritual redemption." I do not intend to continue the discussion, or in any way deal with the opinions of the protagonists, but I should just like to give some facts bearing upon sabotage as I have known it in the railway industry. Before doing that, however, I must remind the Syndicalists that it is no new thing. If one were to accept unquestioningly all that is claimed for it at the present moment it would be necessary to blot out from memory English industrial conditions. Personally, I cannot afford to do that; my reading of industrial history is not so very extensive. But I have read of the machine breakers who tampered the North of England, playing Hell and Tommy with machinery, at the beginning of the last century, and I have seen sabotage practised on the British railways not a dozen years ago. So that, whilst trying to keep out of the region of controversy, I must give my views upon the instances that have come under my notice, and pass some remark upon the men who practised this most interesting and exciting hobby.

If one had gone to any railwayman who indulged in the practice in the early 'nineties and spoken to him of sabotage, he would not have understood what was meant. He did not call his tricks by that name, although in effect he was practising what "Syndicus" preaches. He "took it out of the company" by one of two ways, and both ways, although neither of them was directed to bringing the service to a standstill, had for their object the purpose of extraction from the company for pay for the work that he did—the fact that the extracted profit did not come to him had not much bearing on the case. He pilfered goods, or deliberately damaged them, as a method of protest against the company. I am not going to mention the case of a man who had a particularly heavy article to get out of the gang and inform the checker that there had been sneaking and another couple of wagons a shift must be emptied. Then came the sabotage. The caller-off would struggle with a huge crate of, say, chinaware, which was much too heavy for one man to handle. He would run the risk of strain or rupture until he became slightly annoyed, then he would call for help from a trucker. The truckers, for their part, would be in equally bad, or worse, case than himself. Necessarily, the man who had been taken away from the gang would be a trucker, so they were the most hard pressed. Probably there would be some few "words," and then, red-hot, and cursing the company and the universe, the caller-off would drop the crate of earthenware with a "To hell with it. It can't hurt, it never had a mother." Result, a claim for damages from the company.

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for cases and they give him away. (When I write of "the men on the railway," I do not include the police. One never includes police among "men." I might go on to give instances where men in the traffic and loco. departments practise sabotage by leaving wagons foul and crashing others into them, or, in yard shunting, turning wagons into horse vehicles for "hitting up" wagons when it is known, that they contain fragile goods and that they have been unrope; but I must get on to deal with the type of men who do these things.

Now I must confess at the outset that the men I worked amongst when I saw most of the rough part of railway work, were a set of the best, hard-bitten devils it has ever been my good luck to run into. Most of them were newly returned from South Africa. They had seen, and felt the results of, the blundering and incompetence of the class from which directive and administrative ability in nearly all enterprises, military or civil, is obtained. They believed that "discipline must be maintained," and most of them would have liked to follow the drum to the end of their time, but many of them whilst in South Africa had deliberately surrendered and became Boer prisoners because they knew they would be better treated there than they were treated whilst in the fighting line, and one or two occasionally chuckled when they thought their officers had gone under. Thus they must not be called patriots. They had little use for trade unionism, and their influence permeated the rest of us. We became careless, reckless, and, in a way, cynical. But I am letting memory run away with my story. The point is that at that period, in the lower grades, there was a type of man who was not given to thinking of social reconstruction or revolution. He would never have become a "rebel"—beloved word, meaning so little—because he could see nothing in rebellion. He hit at the company he worked for, not because he wanted to overthrow private ownership of railroads and put an end to wagery, but because the company was the winner and he was having a bad time. The biggest rogue, from the company's point of view, that I ever met told me bluntly that if he had the chance he would crush the inhabitants of the globe and turn them all into slaves if by that means he could become a rich man. He did not believe that any man living as well as it possibly could be done, saved thousands of pounds to railway shareholders. Indeed, they did that even under the most adverse circumstances. I have seen men take most terrible risks to save a wood from a parcel of goods which had become disaster—men, mark you, who had nothing whatever to thank the company for, men who, after twenty years' service, were certain of nothing so much as that they would end their days in the workhouse.

And he was typical of those who played at sabotage. The best men, wild, but straight, the men who could be depended upon in a tight corner, the men who got drunk and fought and swore, but who had sane views on politics and affairs, did not go in for smashing things. They had an instinctive dislike for waste. Under decent service conditions they would have put every available ounce of energy into their work, done it as well as it possibly could be done, and saved thousands of pounds to railway shareholders. Indeed, they did that even under the most adverse circumstances. I have seen men take most terrible risks to save a wood from a parcel of goods which had become disaster—men, mark you, who had nothing whatever to thank the company for, men who, after twenty years' service, were certain of nothing so much as that they would end their days in the workhouse.

The point of all this is, that the saboteur I met was generally a non-unionist, he had seldom any social sentiment, he would have scoffed at the idea of Syndicalism or Guild Socialism. He was a potential capitalist of the worst type. The same man, the man who had a social conscience, and who had some sense of comradeship with his mates, would seldom consider the sabotage idea. To get him to waste goods wantonly it was necessary to drive him to the point of desperation, then a feeling of spite might drive him to go in for a smash of some sort. In short, the man who is to do much good to labour, either as a Syndicalist or a Guild Socialist, is not, in my opinion, likely to believe in or act upon the principle of smash. If he does come to smashing things, then goodbye to all constructive thoughts or measures in the Trade Union world.

An Examination of the National Guild System.

By H. Belloc

VI.

So far I have explored (as great tedium for the reader; at not a little to myself) the vain country of ideals. I repeat that such an exploration is a necessary task at the beginning of any practical business; but for that I would not have undertaken it, but it is always a thankless job, and is to the attainment of real results and the pleasure of construction what looking out maps in a time-table is to the pleasure of travelling.

I have concluded that, of the four possible types of Guild, the two Proletarian Guilds were out of court because they did not satisfy the ends for which a Guild is meant. Whether the State owns the means of production or whether the Capitalists continue to own them, so long as the Guilds are no more than associations of proletarians they manifestly fail in their spiritual object.

As to the two other types of Guild which can alone pretend to satisfy the Reformer, I have given the arguments which seem to me to decide in favour of the Free Guild as against the Communal Guild.

But even if one could establish for the satisfaction of all the superiority of some one ideal type of Guild—such as that which I have called the "Free" Guild of separate owners—the achievement would only be preparatory to that constructive suggestion which may also be called practical suggestion.

Now in that next or practical department of this inquiry there are two sets of things to be considered. First, what are the conditions of establishment and survival lying before Guild-Reform in the industrial world as it is; secondly, what modification of our ideals is necessary to attain a working result?

It is almost self-evident that of all the types of Guild we have been considering, the one most immediately to our hand is what I have called Type 2—a Proletarian Guild working along with Capitalist ownership. That type of Guild is upon the very edge of maturing to-day. In some of our existing voluntary institutions (notably in those that command the cotton trade), it may be said to have come into actual being.

You have your Capitalist class there already. Organisation among the proletarian (known in this country as the "Trades Unions") gives you the Proletarian Guild. In other words, industrial life as it is now provides an immediate avenue towards my second type of Guild. In that sense this type of Guild is the one most "practical" for the moment.

My first type of Guild (that in which a proletarian organisation works side by side with State Ownership of the Means of Production) is also a "practical" one at this moment; both because the State has inherited the control of certain departments of labour—notably the Post Office—and also because the capitalist class—at any rate its less stupid portion—has woken up to the policy of "Nationalisation." That is, they design to guarantee their profits under the strong arm of the State, and to coerce labour to make profits for them by the use of the same strong arm. They are going to
have such a nationalisation of railways. I should imagine that, as the use of coal is menaced by the development of the electric power, the next step towards a similar nationalisation of mines. It is also probable that we shall have the guaranteeing of profits from agricultural land upon a large scale under the same title of nationalisation or State purchase. (The politicians, of course, take care that the people themselves do not get hold of the land.)

In general, then, we may say that both the Proletarian Types of Guild, proletarian under the State and proletarian under the Capitalists (which I have called the First and the Second Type) are invited into existence by the industrial and political conditions of modern England, have already pierced the surface of reality and have partly come into being. They are, therefore, by far the most "practical" type for the moment; using the word "practical" in the sense of easily or immediately obtainable.

Unfortunately they are, as we have seen, useless from the reformer's point of view. For they do not fulfil the purposes of a Guild at all.

Those reformers who advocate the formation of such Proletarian Guilds are really driving at my third type of Guild: the Communal type. They are aiming at the Guild which, as a corporation, controls the instruments with which it works.

That, I think, has been the policy of the New Age in all that remarkable statement which has distinguished this paper during the past few months.

The Proletarian Guild (whether of the first or second type, whether working with the State as capitalist, or with the private capitalist, whether working with the big grocer in his capacity as Port of London Authority, or in his capacity as a Solicitor or to-day as a doctor) is obviously the most "practical" type for the moment; using the word "practical" in the sense of easily or immediately obtainable.

Here I do beg my readers who are (with me) hungering and thirsting for the restoration of tolerable conditions in English life, to appreciate the acute value of this question. All will admit that in the past the worst errors of reformers have proceeded from the idea that some unworthy goal if it were aimed at would, when it was reached, prove the gate towards the worthier goal. The argument upon which this calculation reposes is that the Proletarian Guild will lead to the establishment of Communal Guilds. I would base my argument upon this calculation that the Proletarian Guild will lead to the Communal Guild, but how disastrous must be the result of a false calculation.

The argument upon which this calculation reposes is briefly as follows:

The Proletarian Guild will achieve a monopoly of labour. It will be "Blackleg Proof." That is the first step.

I readily grant it. Not only have certain Trades Unions already achieved this result (especially in the cotton trade), but the Capitalist class (whether in his aspect as Big Grocer or as Port of London Authority) will, I think, be delighted to grant State-guaranteed monopolies of labour in the near future.

I think that the Trades Unions will be "Chartered"—to use the phrase which we used at Oxford twenty years ago—and that some little time hence, through the enlightened avarice of the Capitalists, a man not in the Union will no more be allowed to drive a locomotive than a man not in the Union is allowed to act as a solicitor or as a doctor to-day.

But the next step is the crucial one. The Guild thus rendered "Blackleg Proof," the Guild thus possessed of a monopoly of labour will, we are told, proceed to expropriate the Capitalists. That is the point I do not grant. That is the step which seems impossible. That is the calculation which seems to me erroneous, and the consequences of which may, I fear, be so fatal to reform.

How and why should the Chartered Monopolist Proletarian Guild oust the Capitalist State or class and assume communal control of its own instruments?

"How" it would do so we can only conceive in one fashion. The proletarian workers would refuse their labour unless the instruments of production were handed over to them as a corporate body. But that implies a corporate consciousness and a corporate discontent with their own Chartered existence which, as a matter of fact, are and must be entirely lacking to men accustomed to wages alone, and ignorant of property. Their spirit does not demand control of corporate capital; and in their spirit you can answer the "Why?"

It is this "Why" that gives the thing away. "Why" should the Chartered Monopolist Proletarian Guild try to oust the Capitalist State or Class? What spiritual driving force would there be behind so tremendous and, in the eyes of many men, unjust a demand? Do you as a fact find that men receiving a regular wage, is one sufficient for what they have to regard as their standard of life, inclined to the big business of expropriation? What reward lies before them as the result of such a conquest?

The grossly underpaid man is angry to the point of desiring some big reform and even of suffering for it; so is the insulted man; so, above all, is the insecure man. But the man safe in his place, getting all that he is in the habit of receiving and submitting to, which he finds reasonable does not set out to change his station. The material lot obtainable is small as an addition to his wages. It would make a great difference in but some few trades; in more but an appreciable difference; in most but a slight addition. Nowhere once security and sufficiency were granted, would the foot of profit make a difference worth the strain of a big fight.

That the Chartered Guild would demand "places on the Board of Directors" I willingly grant; for these honorific things are always powerful over men's minds. That it would work more proudly and therefore more comfortably than the unchartered and unchartered Trades Unions of to-day, I also grant. But it is from all that we know of men, that if the Guild be born, proletarian it will remain. What is more, I think that the Capitalist knows this—at least, the intelligent Capitalist—and that he is going to work for the establishment of proletarian Guilds precisely because he believes that they will guarantee the permanence of his own economic position.

If, then, the Proletarian Guild, State controlled or Capitalist controlled, will not lead towards the Communal Guild, and if we are convinced (as we all are) that the Proletarian Guild, remaining proletarian, is not a solution of our problem at all but only a perpetuation of what we must detest in the disease of our time, let us inquire what practical changes lie before each of the remaining two types: the true Guilds; the 3rd and 4th types which I have called the "Communal" and the "Free"; the type which owns its own Means of Production corporately, and the type in which those Means are held as well-divided property in the hands of a Guild-organised population.

Which of these two sorts of real Guild have we the best chance of producing to-day? With the heavy odds against both, which suffers the least handicap?
X.
The Woman Question.

The nightingales were singing night and day; the croaking of the frogs waxed deafening in the evenings; hosts of tortoises which had hibernated in the thickets came out and basked upon the kitchen-garden. I fell into a very lazy way of life, the garden being large enough for exercise, and far more pleasant than the dusty roads. It also was a place of concourse and society, where all our friends forgathered in the afternoons, and strangers might be met at any time. Misket Hanum told me that her father had encouraged people to resort to it, until the place became regarded almost as a public park; and she herself had no objection to their coming so long as they refrained from damaging the trees and plants. The visitors were chiefly women, whose appearance added beauty to the vistas, their white-draped figures looking statuesque against the mass of leaves, and ghostlike in the shadow of green aisles. But their presence made my walks uneasy, for I fled before them; though it sometimes happened that in act to flee I was recalled by merry laughter; they were ladies I knew well. I was often told that my ideas were too old-fashioned, and asked to recognise the great advance the Turks had made upon the moderns. Yet the voices of the women died as we drew near the public road, and in their outdoor talk with me I could detect the flavour of an escape. Lest anyone should think that my veiled friends were, all of them, the wives of some old Bluebeard, or had ever been immured in "harems," let me say at once that such a notion is quite antiquated. Polygamy is still established as a principle, but little practised, among Turks of to-day. In cases where a married couple have no children a second wife is generally taken with the consent, or at the instance, of the first. The pride and independence of the Turkish ladies is accountable for much of the polygamy to be observed in recent years. Life at Constantinople being charming, they refuse to travel. Consequently, when a husband went away he stayed for Damascus for some years at least, he took with him, as consort, a Circassian slave, who, possibly, would urge him on to further encroachment. I remember, one fine Friday afternoon, she had arranged to travel into town with me. As it happened there had come a visitor to lunch—the same young Arab from the military school, who had nudged him on the bridge. The wretch reported that he had, in fact, stood still a moment looking after her, debating whether he should give her into custody.

Misket Hanum, who, as Turk and European, enjoyed the freedom of both worlds, assured me she preferred the Turkish ways, and loved the real old-fashioned Turks more than the moderns. Yet she could be the European on occasion. I remember, one fine afternoon when I was walking with some friends, and the hostess left us for a moment, he flung himself on me, and gave me a good nudge in passing. He stood, turned and stared, seeming much interested. I had given him a feeling of adventure. You will see!

She shortly charged her husband in my presence with having felt a moment's tender interest in a veiled one who had nudged him on the bridge. The wretch retorted that he had, in fact, stood still a moment looking after her, debating whether he should give her into custody.

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Instead of being restricted to her husband and her brothers, a modern Turkish lady's male acquaintance is extended so as to include her cousins, and all kinds of relatives by marriage, making a large circle. For these she goes unveiled, and dresses charmingly; for she has a feeling of adventure. You will see!

By Marmaduke Pickthall

THE NEW AGE November 13, 1913.

A Pilgrimage to Turkey During Wartime.

wide as those of Englishwomen, including all the eligible and polite, when the veil will be no longer any hardship, but a mere withdrawal from the crowd.

In the country one occasionally saw a man accompanying the women of his house in walks abroad; the men invariably strolled alone in following; but it was thought a strange proceeding even there, while in the city it was quite unheard of. Outside the privacy of house and garden the men and women of a family go different ways. It is improper for them to be seen together more than is absolutely necessary, for there is no grievance in the latitude their men claim with regard to Europeans. A Turkish man will travel with a French or German woman in the train, sit next to her on the steamer, walk about with her in town, not knowing that the black-shrouded, white-gloved figure passing and repassing is his jealous wife. And yet he is charged with misbehaviour by the latter he will justify his conduct by the European standard and blame his wife for lack of knowledge of the world. How should she know the world? She knows her own restrictions. The women have, however, one advantage in being quite unrecognisable when in outdoor garb.

A lady, coming from Stamboul one evening to our garden, where she had arranged to meet her lord and master, told us: "I passed my husband on the bridge the afternoon when I was walking with somebody last week, and gave him a good nudge in passing. He stood, turned and stared, seeming much interested. I had given him a feeling of adventure. You will see!"

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A Pilgrimage to Turkey During Wartime.
good up to a certain point. The risk of sudden passion is much less with us. But should the flame break out—
as may well happen, for the Turkish ladies are exceedingly attractive—the disaster, on the other hand, is greater. For it is not under any circumstances allowed to marry a Christian man; the old pride of Islam forbids it; though the reverse, the marriage of a Christian woman by a Muslim, having a taste of conquest, is permissible. If a Turkish girl does wed a Christian she must flee the country, leave her family for ever, and receive her grandparents' permission that she does this gladly, her chance of happiness is small, for Turkish women, however much they hanker after European manners when at home, are soon disgusted with them in experience, and have been known to die of homesickness. The educated Turk today has no objection to the abstract notion of allowing Muslim maidens to wed Europeans in the time to come. But for the present it is quite out of the question, public opinion being fierce against it. While this is so, the growing fashion among Turks of taking wives from Europe should, I think, be strongly deprecated. We are not yet upon an equal footing; and until we are, such inter-marriage—commonly with women of no character will be injurious. There have been brought into honourable Turkish homes women whom the husbands' mother, sisters, cousins well know to be undesirable, though obliged by custom to receive the bride with open arms. Polygamy being virtually extinct, and women somewhat in excess of such inter-marriage—commonly with women of no European she does this gladly, her chance of happiness is small; for Turkish women, however much they hanker after European manners when at home, are soon disgusted with them in experience, and have been known to die of homesickness. The educated Turk today has no objection to the abstract notion of allowing Muslim maidens to wed Europeans in the time to come. But for the present it is quite out of the question, public opinion being fierce against it. While this is so, the growing fashion among Turks of taking wives from Europe should, I think, be strongly deprecated. We are not yet upon an equal footing; and until we are, such inter-marriage—commonly with women of no character will be injurious. There have been brought into honourable Turkish homes women whom the husbands' mother, sisters, cousins well know to be undesirable, though obliged by custom to receive the bride with open arms. Polygamy being virtually extinct, and women somewhat in excess of such inter-marriage—commonly with women of no European she does this gladly, her chance of happiness is small; for Turkish women, however much they hanker after European manners when at home, are soon disgusted with them in experience, and have been known to die of homesickness. The educated Turk today has no objection to the abstract notion of allowing Muslim maidens to wed Europeans in the time to come. But for the present it is quite out of the question, public opinion being fierce against it. While this is so, the growing fashion among Turks of taking wives from Europe should, I think, be strongly deprecated. We are not yet upon an equal footing; and until we are, such inter-marriage—commonly with women of no character  

Oh! those governnesses! The havoc they have wrought in decent Tur kickish homes! The best of them have done much mischief by their inability to see that innocence can perfectly consist with a certain modesty which Europeans cover with a sentimental veil; the worst have dealt in actual corruption. When someone asked a Turk of my acquaintance if he was not going to provide a governness for his children, he answered: "Do you think me then so bad a Muslim that I should give my son for a secret agent from the Far East?"

"Only think!" Misket once said to me. "One of the girls who comes to me for lessons—a girl of twelve—knows every river and mountain, every department and chef-lieu in France, all the dates of the Merovingian kings, and yet cannot tell the date of Abdul Hamid II, nor the names of the Anatolian vilayets. With me she is beginning Turkish history—she said that she had never heard of such a subject of instruction—and geography and manners."

In truth, the need of national and patriotic education—more especially for women—is a crying one; the Turks have been so cheated and misled on all hands by their foreign teachers.

There was another subject on which Misket Hanum, as already stated, differed strongly from the greater number of her neighbours; that of politics. She was an ardent Unionist, while they were Liberals; and it was to me a marvel, seeing the fierceness and the frequency of their disputes, that our circle held together for a single day. Our friends, being good enough to wish to win me to their side, kept dinning in my ears the evil of things European wholesale on an Eastern race. "They aim at modern progress. How is it then that you who are so far advanced in that direction, object to them so strongly?"

"Progressive!" came the shriek. "Well, hear and judge! Woman's emancipation is a part of progress, is it not? When liberty was proclaimed, some women of the educated sort, as capable of good behaviour as the men, supposed that they might go about more freely. They were arrested, fined, imprisoned. One poor girl was sentenced to three years' imprisonment for throwing back her veil and drinking off a glass of arak in a public place. It was a piece of bravado, of vulgarity, if you like; but was it worthy of so great a punishment? And do they ever blame those others who allow their foreign teachers, spit at us and curse us if we wear a thinner veil or a more fashionable skirt than usual? Before the Constitution we felt no such tyranny. They, progressive? Why, they are most pure reactionaries!"

"I don't care what you say," cried Misket Hanum, "the Unionists are right and you are wrong. As for their severity towards some ladies, those ladies brought it on themselves. Did not they, when admitted to the theatre, tear down the wooden bars which set apart attended such schools, or had foreign tutors in the home. The girls had European governnesses—often of a disreputable class, for the parents were not skilled to choose—quartered upon them. 'Hadh!' I have written, but I might have written 'have,' for some of the specimens I met this time in Turkey were unworthy of a post of trust.

My wife was asked by a girl of eighteen to recommend her a good English governness. Her father, a widower, desired to find one, but had not had much success. 'I had one once,' she said, 'a Mrs. Johnson. But she was bad.'

"What did she do?"

"Nothing at all. That was just it. She lay in bed all day and drank wine. And father did not know how to get rid of her. He could not, of course, be rude to a European lady, who was in our house, alone without a friend. He gave her, I believe, no end of money, just to go."
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The Psychology of Human Nature.

By Harold Lister.

The present state of the social organism bears a sinister likeness to the condition governing the origin and growth of the cancer-cell. No amount of mutual wear and tear was a fierce struggle on the question of heredity and environment. Mark that heredity was always placed first, as it is even now by those belated scientists the eugenists. Happily the matter is now settled beyond dispute in the court of intelligence. But as the quick response to stimuli let us take the mushroom. Mushrooms can only grow in the dark. They contain no chlorophyll, the green colouring matter of the leaf, which decomposes carbon-dioxide, setting oxygen free, and thus building up the plant. Plants, of course, are of slow growth compared with the fungi, which, having no means of extracting carbon from the atmosphere, are compelled to rely on the supply upon the dead or dying matter of the soil, and which they appropriate with sufficient capacity to account for their rapid growth.

We have now a vast horde of people moulded to the will of the merchant-princes, and like them reflecting in their stunted forms and faces the impress of their environment. Look at them, master and man. How often do we see a fine eye—and the eye is a test of character? Or a fine nose or a fine mouth and chin? It is time there was more plain speaking on this subject. Again the stupifying ugliness of the people is reflected in the sickly, waxy greenness of our buildings. A visitor from the other world who saw our filthy streets and back alleys, would scurry out of it before he became familiar with the sight, since men of any party of reform. For Turkish women are intensely patriotic, and as a rule more energetic than the men.

He was quite right. And yet it seemed to me a pity that so much enthusiasm should have been repressed so brutally, when an appeal to the women was not alone the few who have outgrown such prejudices. Remember that the women whom you associate are quite exceptional, and would be murdered if they had the liberty which they desire.

The Constitution was proclaimed, we thought it the millennium and imagined that the old restrictions were no longer needed. In the first days it really looked like that. We were all mad with freedom: Christians, Jews, Mohammedans embraced as brothers. Then all at once a thing occurred which brought us sharply back to face realities. A horrible event! You must have heard of it. Just over there, quite close to us. A Muslim girl, confiding in the shadows of liberty, married a Christian. Well, my friend, there was a rising. The pair were dragged out of their house and hacked to pieces in the open street. Worse than all that, there was a howl of satisfaction from the country, from the very women! We saw a notorious pariah, to avoid which it was necessary to preserve indefinitely the rigorous seclusion of our Muslim women. There were no two parties at the time; all agreed on the necessity. The sole objectors were a section of the Christians who seemed to be the more energetic and zealous Muslims for their sake. This matter of the women is the one point of fanaticism which still survives among us. The Government must consider the whole nation, not alone the few who have outgrown such prejudices. Remember that the women whom you associate are quite exceptional, and would be murdered if they had the liberty which they desire.

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Even to-day the pastoral people of the Steppes are as scornful of the agriculturist proper, as he is, in turn, of the townsman. The discovery of coal and iron changed a comparatively small population of rural people into an urban, who multiplied prodigiously, and who inherited as much of the earth as would bury their factories scarred remains.

It is true that the change gave to a larger number of people greater security, and a taste of prosperity. But when we reflect that this surge was in mind our picture of man but as a tree walking, we must set over the two classes were in fairly close touch with each other, and left to themselves could have settled their differences amicably enough. Old King Coal decided otherwise. And the despised merchant was now come to his own at last.

But that is to descend to personalities. If we keep in mind our picture of man but as a tree walking, we shall then see that it is futile to blame the merchant. It is to be noted as a significant fact that when wealth is divided among greater and greater numbers of people decadence is not far off.

When we bear in mind that all the fine things of other days were produced under the influence of a powerful emotion—witness religion in art and architecture—it is not difficult to see that quantitative production was in the nature of things the doors of the arts and crafts.

An earth abundant in gold numbers, and without the restraints of tradition, begets a species of men who have no use for the culture of craftsmanship, rather does its restraint irritate them. We have now a class bent wholly upon gain; and as there is intelligence as well as leisure, it was to be expected that this nightmare out of Bedlam, the division of labour, was inevitable in quantitative production. The liberty of the subject was a pet parroccy of the Manchester school. To how many of my readers has it occurred that had it not been for the discovery of coal and iron in such abundance and proximity England might easily have become a second Greece? But, however, tight a grip you may keep on the money-bags, the merchant, or middle-class, cannot keep as strict a curb on its women kind; and that is where decadence runs its full course. The passion for trade, be it legitimate or not, soon gives way to the desire to amass riches for vulgar display. From this it is an easy step to the merchant or middle-class. And having hoisted the Jolly Roger, in other words, a piratical money standard, the merchant princes will see us further first before they haul down their flag. And it will not be an open, much less a fair, fight, either. And that is where the system's weakness. The tyrant knew when to strike. And you could knife the tyrant in turn. You cannot, however, geld the system; nevertheless, the system has one inherent failing. Its leading idea is money, and money is a corduroy but it is not a psychological factor. The system can acknowledge no leadership. It is therefore a dissentient camp, and held together by its women folk! The ruling idea with the more sentimental of the merchant princes seems to be a wish to get the workers moribund in return for the cultural occupations they have deprived him of. And as you can breed any type you have a mind to, there are actually workers who would say a benediction over the offerings of the Cocoa Nibs.

I honestly believe that in the National Guild idea we have re-discovered the something new under the sun, and that is the possibility of the worker exercising a genuinely democratic control over the one thing he really understands, and that is the craft. Less you know as much about a man's work as he knows himself you cannot judge, and give credit to, ability. That is another defect of the system, since the modern boss is of the fatuous type, and there are lots of him, who think they can run a business from the stalls. You cannot, and the worker knows you cannot. And therein we have the leaven that is going to leaven the whole lump.

Tradition and the psychology of the uniform is everything in inculcating discipline. And the worker, too, is learning a much-needed lesson. Past strikes, and strikes to come, will teach the men the morale of combination. What they lack in trappings will be made up to them in the increasing intensity of the governing Guild idea, plus the increasing irritation arising from the attempt to keep up the precedence of economics over the man. It is easier to defend than attack, says Machiavelli. And a blackleg-proof union would have the means both of defence and attack. (Sabotage, in a puritanical people, is dictated by the pious belief that evil is permissible so that good come of it. But that is just what Cocoa Nibs thinks. Pass Sabotage.)

Man, then, is wholly at the mercy of his environment. Given Spartan conditions you will have Spartan discipline. The merchant thinks he can enforce discipline by the aid of touts. In that he's mistaken. Discipline, in that it is voluntary, not, either. And that is why it is spiritual and it is a thing. The National Guild will recreate for us the divine faculty of discipline in the mass.
A Triumph for State-Controlled Industry.

By Recorder.

[Our contributor omits to mention that in the course of settling the Llangoed colliery dispute the State troops shot down three State miners, a State miner’s wife, a Quaker missionary, a maid-servant going to the post, and three children coming from school; also that over £200,000 worth of property was destroyed, and 56 miners sent to gaol.]

It will be remembered that the great success of the Labour Party in the Parliamentary Session of 1917 was the carriage of the Mines Nationalisation Act. By this at last the working miner won that control over his own conditions of labour without which he was truly but a wage slave. Through his local Labour Representation Committee he controls his Labour M.P.; the Labour Party in the House, holding the balance of power, controls the fate of the Government. The Government appoints a Minister of Mines; he appoints the Provincial Controllers, who appoint District Managers, who (in turn) appoint the Colliery Managers. Thus the chain of control is completed, link by link, as may be seen by the following incidents which happened in the spring of 1919.

APRIL 1ST.

The “Miners’ Arms,” Pontgoed. A deposition of Llangoed miners meets the district miners’ agent. David Davids is spokesman.

Davids (to Agent): “Look you, Jenkins, this minimum wage doesn’t meet the case in Llangoed whatever. It is all difficult places for us, and we will stop the pits, I tell you, if we can’t get a living wage for sure.”

Agent: “Now, David, don’t you go on like that, for I will just talk this over with Mr. Brace, and he will see that justice is done by Llangoed pits. Don’t you fear about that at all now, David. It is truly a great shame and it shall be set to rights at once.”

APRIL 4TH.

Cardiff offices of the South Wales Miners’ Federation. The district agent, J. Jenkins, interviews Mr. W. Brace, Miners’ M.P.

Jenkins: “And now, Brace, about that Llangoed business. They will surely stop the pits if we can’t secure them a living wage. I may tell you their condition is no better than it was under the old company. That looks bad for State mines. Something must be done, Brace, and done quickly.”

Brace: “You leave that to me, Jenkins, I will see to that at once.”

Jenkins: “Thank you, Brace. And now about the Tremynach constituency. There was some talk that I should be nominated. . . .”

APRIL 6TH.

Westminster Palace Hotel. Mr. W. Brace, M.P., in private conference with Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, M.P., Under Secretary for Labour Affairs.

Brace: “You got my note about local trouble at some of our Welsh pits, the old Llangoed collieries? Well, what can be done? We must ensure these men a living wage.”

MacDonald: “It’s the old abnormal place trouble, I suppose?”

Brace: “Yes, indeed, only these difficult places are not abnormal in Llangoed pits. It is good places that are abnormal.”

MacDonald: “Brace, you are becoming a wit.” (Both laugh restrainedly.)

“Well, I will see to it immediately. Let me see—yes, I am lunching with Israelson to-day, I’ll mention it to him. I wish we had a better Minister of Mines, but there it is, I can’t hold more than one post myself, and it is very necessary for the good of the party . . . etc., etc.”

APRIL 8TH.

State Mines Office. Israelson is signing papers.

Israelson (to Principal Clerk): “You think there’s nothing in that Llangoed affair? It’s very troublesome, anyway. Make a little more inquiry, and acknowledge the memorial in a conciliatory way meanwhile.”

A series of memoranda follows, as thus:

APRIL 10TH.

State Mines Office to South Wales Controller: “The Minister of Mines will be glad to have further advice, etc., etc.”

APRIL 12TH.

South Wales Controller to District Manager, Merthyr Tydvil: “The Controller will be glad, etc., etc.”

APRIL 13TH.

District Manager of State Mines to Colliery Manager, Llangoed: “I shall be glad, etc.”

APRIL 16TH, 18TH, 20TH.

More memoranda.

APRIL 21ST, 23RD, 24TH, 27TH.

More interviews. APRIL 28TH.

House of Commons Question Paper:—

Mr. W. Brace to ask the Minister of Mines:—Whether he has received from the miners employed at Llangoed collieries, South Wales, a memorial as to their inability to earn a living owing to the frequency of difficult places in the seam; and whether he will forthwith grant a special schedule of wages which will ensure the men a return commensurate to the energy put forth by them.

Reply by Mr. Israelson:—

The Minister finds that whilst there have been some occasional causes of complaint, these are gradually being removed by the operations of the recent amendments to the annual Minimum Wage Amendment Act, and there is no reason therefore to think, etc.

MAY 1ST.

Brace and Jenkins receiving deputation of infuriated Llangoed miners.

Davids (spokesman): “But what I want to know, Brace, is what are the party doing?”

Brace: “Well, Roberts has spoken to the Premier, and the Premier has spoken to Israelson, but finds that he is hopeless in the hands of the permanent officials.”

Davids: “Then why doesn’t George shift Israelson?”

Brace: “Come, David, you can’t shift a man when he’s giving your party pots of money. When you’re living on him, as you say—”

Davids: “Then why doesn’t Roberts threaten that the Labour Party will vote against the Government? You chaps hold the balance of power. That would wake things up a bit. Why, I say—”

Brace: “But suppose we did vote against them. Away goes all chance of the Welsh Disestablishment Bill, and the Saturday Afternoon Closing Bill . . . and what’s more, MacDonald and Henderson would go down with them—”

Davids: “And the end of all hope of jobs for you or Hartshorn, or Parker. . . . I understand, Brace . . . Come along, chaps.” (They come along.)

MAY 15TH.

Extract from “South Wales Daily News”: In addition to 3,500 miners on strike at Llangoed and
in readiness to proceed to South Wales."

2nd Eattalion Bedfordshire and 28th Lancers are Battery Royal Horse Artillery (our Woolwich correspondent states) have been ordered to hold themselves ready to proceed to South Wales.
Readers and Writers.

Mr. Holbrook Jackson is right to resent the description of his book ("The Eighteen-Nineties," Grant Richards, 12s. 6d. net) as a collection of "fugitive essays." His twenty-one chapters do, it is true, range from the pseudo-philosophic and would-be profound, was at any rate mildly curious; somewhere in the region of the negative of his affirmations a little truth might be discovered. Also it is to his credit that he first traced the negative of his affirmations a little truth might be discovered. And melancholy, in Mr. Kennedy's opinion, was the keynote of the last generation of English literature; and this was due, he suggested, to "the vogue of philosophies which tended to set the reason above the imagination."

The phrase itself is a product of our own time, but the change is at least as old as the contemporaries of Socrates. I set no store myself by such easy psychological explanations that explain nothing. How came it, for example, that reason mastered imagination, if so it did? And why under similar circumstances had we the so classic literature of the eighteenth century? The yellow melancholy of the eighteen-nineties had an origin, I believe, less philosophical than sociological. The same years that saw the debut of Wilde saw also the debut of the Independent Labour Party. A first-rate critic of the period would discover the common origin of both. Mr. Jackson, as a sometime Socialist himself, is dimly aware that the two phenomena were related; and at one point he attempts to investigate their cause. The literature of this period was concerned, he says, "with the idea of social life"; but he immediately abandons the quest in adding: "or, if you will, of culture." (My italics.) But I will not accept social life and culture as convertible terms, more especially since in the same paragraph Mr. Jackson redefines the "idea" of the period as "a determination to taste new sensations for the sake of personal development." The self-contradiction of this paragraph is something neither rational nor imaginative: it is simply careless-ness. If the idea of the nineties was social life, it could not at the same time be personal sensation; unless, as I believe is the fact, the period had both ideas and each at war with the other.

The point, however, to observe is that it did! And melancholy was quite naturally the result for a while of one or other choice. There were those, for example, who in the choice between personal and social idealism chose the former; there were those likewise who chose the latter: I am thankful to say that we were on neither side of them. Of the first set the end was in almost every instance one of melancholy, of decadence, suicide, or premature death. They had cut themselves off from society hoping to blossom on a stem cut off from the trunk of the tree; and they withered away. Of the second set it is not for me to speak. These things, however, can be said of them, that they thrust hedonism behind them, abjured Pater and his whole school, and plunged into the waters under which Mr. Kennedy superciliously calls democracy. It remains to be seen whether, after this cleansing elemental bath, this return to simple truths, simple words, and simple life, we shall, as I hope, recover an art at once national and individual. My affection for The New Age, at any rate, is based upon this growing hope.

The little dispute between Reuter's and the Press ought to illuminate the public concerning the close relations between advertisements and views. The secretary of Reuter's Financial Publicity Department, being a smart and up-to-date man (to use the pitiful jargon of the City), addressed it to the Advertising Agents with a letter stating that his firm were in a position to initiate and carry through a special preliminary Press campaign to secure for the emission of financial prospectuses] a successful reception by the investing public." This bold announcement that the advertiser carried in his pocket was at once met by an indignant protest on the part of the Newspaper Proprietors. The charge, said the "Times," needed only to be made to be denied; and yet it was published by Reuter's under penalty of something dreadful. Even the Advertising Agents rushed in a body to deny that they had ever thought of trying to influence editorial opinions or to procure editorial puff's for their articles of merchandise. In consequence of this collusive indignation Messrs. Reuter withdrew their circular and apologised for its issue. But its implication remains true all the same. One correspondent, indeed, observed that several of the signatories of the advertisers' reply were in the habit of insisting on editorial notices; and no doubt the rest did when they could. My own experience of the customs of these vultures is that they will stick at nothing to obtain illegitimate advertisement; and when they know they are being dupes by Reuter's they will begin to make up on them (as most journals are) their power is certainly super-editorial. In a small way, what, for example, does the "Times" mean by printing advertisements of soups and medicines in their columns with the title of "Cautions and Notices"? It is, of course, intentionally misleading. Another recent example is an editorial paragraph in the "Daily News" conveying the information that the rescuers of the Senghenydd mine were sustained on Oxo. Now, was that paragraph paid for or was it not? I do not imagine the "Daily News" published it for love. The "Athenaeum," however, publishes the worst case of all, in the form of the paragraph, purporting to be editorial, sent to its advertisement manager by the "Times" with a request for its insertion. Lord Northcliffe's "Times," mark you, was so shocked at the mere Barrow Reuter! I might add that quite half the so-called "Literary Columns" of the Press are written in publishers' offices.

On the subject of Mr. Rabindranath Tagore, several reviewers are not worthy of those of the more prominent writers of those days. Melancholy, I can most truly say, was not at the outset the badge of our tribe, nor was the passion for "social life" any more refractory. The reformatory zeal was not allowed to interfere with our pursuit of personal "moments" of choice sensation; nor, on the other hand, did we imagine that the latter would interfere with the former.

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Having been myself both a student of Pater and an early member of the I.L.P. I happen to remember the badge of our tribe, nor was the passion for "social life" any more refractory. The reformatory zeal was not allowed to interfere with our pursuit of personal "moments" of choice sensation; nor, on the other hand, did we imagine that the latter would interfere with the former.

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Tagore" is to be regretted. Mr. Roberts is as extrav-
agant in his sobriety as the recent intoxication was
indecent. With barely enough knowledge to spell the
manly mysticism of the "Bhagavad Gita the mass of
remembered while Mr. Tagore was taking in all Lon-
don with "the depth and intensity of the body of Christian
mysticism." If this were true, it is a pity it was not
remembered while Mr. Tagore was taking in all Lon-
don. But it is not true. In comparison with the manly mysticism of the "Bhagavad Gita" the magnate
Western Christian mysticism is effeminate. What
Mr. Roberts calls its "depth and intensity." is chiefly,
I should say, its profound sensuality.

Apropos of my recent note on Shakespeare's
"Othello," I learn, via a German magazine, that in
the East-end of London a theatrical management recently "improved" on the tragedy by adding an
amiable conclusion. The public, it seems (and rightly,
too, I hope) is not amused. Mr. Brailsford's "Shelley,
Godwin and Their Circle" (Home University Library,
Williams and Norgate, 1s. net) was so announced by the
editors, and I prepared to be confirmed in my ex-
perience. The little work, however, turns out to be
very paltry. It is a flimsy volume, and Mr. Brailsford is
an inveterate epigrammatist, but his analysis and
summaries of the work and character of Godwin and
Wordsworth are sometimes unreadable. How-
much, for example, do the recent reviews
on "The Nineteenth Century" and the "Times"
that are all nonsense. I do not rely upon prestige
for their "narratives," let them plead the same name
for their "narratives," let them plead the same name
as inspiration to an ode or a sonnet. But they prefer
to ape his worst to emulating his best.

Was it right, I have been asked, for The New Age
to allow "T. K. L. Pound's" articles on Parisian writers while these were still being published? My own answer is, Yes, and with more
reasons than I can set down. Nobody, I suppose,
thinks it odd that Mr. [Bello's] should write in The New
Age in criticism of the National Trust, and nobody will think it odd if the editorial exponents of
that system reply either currently or at the conclusion of the series. Why, then, should it be thought strange to publish Mr. Pound's articles and to subject them to
criticism while they were still before our readers? Mr. Pound, it may be said, was not attacking The
New Age, he was only defending certain tendencies
in French poetry. This view assumes too readily the
ecclesiicalism of The New Age which is as much more
apparent than real. We have, as discerning readers
know, as serious and well-considered a "propaganda"
in literature as in economics or politics. Why should
it be supposed that the economic writers are jealous to
maintain their views by discriminating against
other or antitheses; and the critics of literature be indifferent? It will be found, if we all live long enough, that every part of The New Age hangs together; and that the
literature we despise is associated with the economics
we hate as the literature we love is associated with the
form of society we would assist in creating. Mr.
Pound—I say it with all respect—is an enemy of The
New Age. His criticisms may not be, like Mr. Bello's,
direct and personal, but by the oblique or the tacit, it is
even more, in my view, as malicious for such an
egalitarian as Mr. Brailsford to publish Mr. Pound and "T. K. L." was a debate of extraordinary intensity. The weapons on
neither side were arguments, for the debate was on the
plane of imagination, not reason; but the discussion
could nevertheless be rendered to clash of syllogisms.

Another objection has been raised to these Notes
in this particular naïve form: "By what right, by
what authority, do you lay down your dogmas?" "If,"
continues my correspondent—a well-known author who
modestly writes privately to me—"if The New Age
had the prestige of the 'Nineteenth Century' or the
'Spectator,' or the 'Times Literary Supplement,'
then the New Age would be in a position of
immediacy to reply. I can only say that I do not rely
upon prestige either to carry my own 'dogmas' or to accept the
dogmas of the magazines quoted. I do know that
articles appear in the 'Nineteenth Century,' the
'Spectator,' and the 'Times' that are all nonsense. But
they may, I fear, carry weight on account of the
'prestige' of these journals, but they can have no more
at least an a priori value for any independent
reader. My own dogmas, on the other hand, lack even
the support of the prestige of the journal in which they
appear. The New Age, I hope, will never depend
upon its past for either its present or its future value.
Give us up, my friends, when you find us lying on our
cars, or presuming on your kindness or reminding you
of what we have done. No dogmas. I am always prepared to defend and illustrate or to

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retract them. Nobody can say the New Age writers decline to discuss their affirmatives. Look at this paragraph and at the one before it! Look at the next!

A recent French Academy meeting for the unveiling of a statue to Le Nôtre, a seventeenth-century writer on Gardens, M. Maurice Barrès (whom Mr. Pound did not, I think, mention) delivered the address of commemoration. A passage from his speech which I have translated, runs somewhat as follows:—

When I came to Paris in 1885, I had occasion to call upon Anatole France, and every moment of my conversation bowled their acknowledgments. No sooner, however, At Hokusai’s one hundred and twenty, THE NEW AGE passed exactly as if his admirers were where they ought to say, virtue. Perfection cannot be approached by a claim of that New this sentence from Paul Bourget’s “Psychological Essays” just then published: “A decadent style is one in which the unity of the book is sacrificed to the page, the page to the phrase and the phrase to the word.” In 1885 I scarcely realised the value of this powerful observation, but now I both realise and approve of it. For whether in literature or in a garden, design is indispensable; some general idea, some unity of purpose to which everything must be subordinated. The mind has its laws and our conceptions must submit to them. But this demand is on our part not only effort, but, I venture to say, virtue. Perfection cannot be approached by a mind that is either idle or vicious.

I will add to this the remark made of Stendhal, who endeavoured to restore the classic by means of the scientific. “This excellent man,” says M. P. Lasserre, “had only two aversions—one being emphasis in style and the other hypocrisy in sentiment.” I am far from claiming that perfect in the fulfillment of M. Barrès’ conditions, or of Stendhal’s implied qualities of the simple and the sincere. But we have Stendhal’s aversions and Barrès’ aspirations. At Hokusai’s one hundred and twenty, The New Age will be written as simply as a classic and as truthfully as the word of Man.

A story of Wagner has just appeared in the “Journal de Bruxelles.” After one of the appetitive performances at Bayreuth, Wagner was invited to drive in an open carriage with the old German Emperor to the station. As they drove through the streets the crowd cheered and both Wagner and the Emperor bowed to the right and the left as he had the carriage passed than the crowd vanished in a few moments was in a ladder of soap and enjoying the bath thoroughly. After watching her for a moment, admiring her beautiful black skin, I fetched an old petticoat, skirt and blouse, and a towel. “Now, Winnie, this towel is yours; you must keep it in your room. Come out now, dry yourself, and put these clothes on.” When she had dressed and put her old clothes into the bath to soak, I took her out to introduce her to baby.

Winnie’s face all this while had been a beautiful study. She said no word even when I gave her the clothes, but her eyes were dancing, and she just quivered with pleasure and excitement.

I had been unfortunate with the last two girls, for on asking them into the room to baby—a young Turk of three, with her father’s temper—and saying: “Look baby, this is your nice new nurse,” or something equally insinuating, on each occasion the young lady had promptly replied: “I don’t want her.” On this occasion I wished to manage without such an unpleasant opening, so I instructed Winnie that she was not to look at baby or take any notice of her until the child had made the first advances.

“Mamma,” came a shrill little voice, opportunely enough. “Come on,” I said, and walked into the spare room with Winnie following.

Baby was sitting on the floor with a tooth brush in one hand, the other holding her newest doll which had a big round hole where her pretty little mouth used to be.

“Mamma! Do you know, I was just cleaning Lucy’s teeth when—here the little darling stopped and looked at the girl behind me, her eyes taking the half defiant look I knew so well. I waited a moment and then, picking up a box of blocks, I turned and said: “Winnie, you can sit down on the floor here and play with these blocks, and when you have rested you can come to the kitchen again.” The girl promptly sat down and began to build a tower with the blocks.

Baby was amazed, but I went to her and became greatly concerned with the misfortune to her dolly. Presently she could contain herself no longer, and broke out with: “Who is that, Mom?” I said: “Her name is Winnie, but you must not worry her, darling! Just let her stay there.”

Winnie, apparently genuinely interested with the blocks, never looked up, and it struck me that so far from being “raw,” she was an extremely clever little actress.

Baby began to get restless; the picture book I put before her was of no interest at all. Her eyes could not leave this strange black girl, who simply took no notice of her—accustomed to receiving first homage and attention from everyone—but went serenely on building up her blocks.

I busied myself with other things, and presently baby got up, and walking over, stood before the girl, watching her. She clean-looking, clean-looking, clean-looking, clean-looking note paper. This she handed to me saying, with an heroic effort to keep her pride and delight from appearing on her face, “Very good.”

She was mine there and then. I would not have let her go for anything. The absolute naturalness of the girl; her hair clean-looking, her face clean-looking, clean-looking, clean-looking note paper. This she handed to my saying, with an heroic effort to keep her pride and delight from appearing on her face, “Very good.”

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baby astride on her back. I showed Jack the ‘character,” on which he commented: “Well if she is ‘raw,’ they don’t seem to improve much with cooking!” Me, say these silly things.

But we did not know our “Winnie” yet.

The next morning Jack came back from the bathroom and sat meditatively on the side of the bed.

“Well,” I said, “are you not going to have a bath?”

“I can’t think of her name,” my mother mused, “which of the Graces was black?” “Why?” I asked. “Well, she is in the bath now. A perfect picture.” Then he doubled up, and so did I. Winnie reminded me, while she was scouring out the bath, that I had told her she must keep very clean every day.

That afternoon I had visitors, and while we were having tea the door opened and Winnie walked in. She had, of course, already been the subject of conversation, and my friends were only amused at her appearance. I had never seen such a cheerful and willing girl than Winnie. Her memory was alert in its exactness. She was literalness itself. Her senses were beautifully developed, but her reasoning faculty was infantile. This probably accounted for the fact that baby loved her to the spare room where I threw myself into a chair and rocked with laughter until the tears ran down my face. After three or four minutes I went back and found my poor visitors aching and groaning and utterly exhausted.

When Jack had finished laughing at the story I had to tell him we agreed that probably the lady-of-the-noon had had reason to consider the girl “raw,” and Jack said he would have given a “fiver” to have been with us in the afternoon. It was worth it.

Never was a more cheerful and willing girl than Winnie. Her memory was frail in its exactness. She was literalness itself. Her senses were beautifully developed, but her reasoning faculty was infantile. This probably accounted for the fact that baby loved her; but however it was, that fact alone made her indispensable to me.

When she brought the teapot in one hand and a cup and saucer in the other I sent her back and said: “Winnie, you must never bring things in your hand like this. A well-trained girl should have her breakfast alone, and suddenly I heard her jolly laugh and guessed that Winnie was the cause of it in some way. He came in with a broad grin shortly afterwards. “That girl’s a treasure!” Gwendoline, Cecily, Myrtle, what’s her name? Yes, Winifred. There was a tap at the door. I said, “Come in, and it, shuffled Winifred, carefully balancing a tray with an egg rolling about on it. Oh! she is a jewel.”

A few days later I was out with baby and Winnie, who had a distinctly American voice exclaiming: “Well, now, if that ain’t Blackie.” I turned—and so did Winnie—towards the speaker, and saw a bright, gentle-looking little lady, who remarked with a smile: “You’ll excuse me, I hope, but Blackie there worked on me this morning, and I had my breakfast alone, and suddenly I heard her jolly laugh and guessed that Winnie was the cause of it in some way. He came in with a broad grin shortly afterwards. “That girl’s a treasure!” Gwendoline, Cecily, Myrtle, what’s her name? Yes, Winifred. There was a tap at the door. I said, “Come in, and it, shuffled Winifred, carefully balancing a tray with an egg rolling about on it. Oh! she is a jewel.”

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The problem really is this: "How is it that we have a surplus of women?" It is a known fact that femininity is increasing, although to what extent and since what time. I do not know, but we can say that Neo-Malthusianism attribute this increase to the practice of the limitation of families. There is something to be said for this argument; for it is known that first children are usually girls, if the mothers are young. It is obvious that any limitation of the number of children would tend, at least, to increase the disproportion between the numbers of the sexes; and the further fact that the mortality is greater among boy than girl children, particularly during the first year, would make the tendency more marked. I have no statistics on the subject, and I have no space to quote the stray facts that have led me to this conclusion; so the argument must stand for what it is worth. But as Mrs. Colquhoun confines her argument to the middle classes, my argument has much greater applicability than might appear at first sight. For it is admitted on all hands that the middle classes do practise Neo-Malthusianism; it is among these classes that the limitation of families is most marked, it is among these classes that the problem of the surplus women is most pressing.

Let it be admitted (at least, for the sake of argument) that the surplus of women is due to the artificial limitation of families; we have next to ask: Why are families limited? Professor Karl Pearson, after proving that the child is an economic asset, says: "I am very fully aware that this fundamental principle that the child is an economic asset, says something to its subject, and I have no space to quote the strat facts that have led me to this conclusion; so the argument must stand for what it is worth. But as Mrs. Colquhoun confines her argument to the middle classes, my argument has much greater applicability than might appear at first sight. For it is admitted on all hands that the middle classes do practise Neo-Malthusianism; it is among these classes that the limitation of families is most marked, it is among these classes that the problem of the surplus women is most pressing.

It is a fact to make all men pause before marrying, and the problem of the surplus women would become more acute. The legal status of marriage has been improved for the type of woman generally referred to as the "Feminist and Suffragist", but I, for one, am not inclined to abate one of the privileges of the married woman; indeed, she insists on the indissolubility of marriage, which, among other things, as I see it, is a tyrannous demand on the chivalry of men.

The fact adduced by Mrs. Colquhoun is not inclined to abate one of the privileges of the married woman; indeed, she insists on the indissolubility of marriage, which, among other things, as I see it, is a tyrannous demand on the chivalry of men.

A. E. R.

Max's Caricatures.

The art of caricature in this country died with the Georgian period. Not one of the crude but vigorous artists of that epoch left any followers. Abroad, on the contrary, caricature has produced various grotesque schools developing what the English to-day consider artless caricature into a legitimate and independent art, and undergoing the same development as the other arts. Artists abroad cultivating the eccentric art of caricature are artists both in the true caricaturist spirit and in artistic execution. Having said this much, I will proceed to show the marked disparity between the caricaturists of the grotesque school and the cartoonists who have created no schools whatever. The opportunity offers itself in reviewing the book of caricatures [Max Beerbohm].

We will confine our attention mainly to the artistic value of his caricatures. Should we believe the explanatory note of the "Evening News" to their reproduction of the cover design of Max's book, the name, "caricature" applied to his cartoons would be at least in one case eviscerable. In the caricature drawn by himself of Rodin, Max has indeed surpassed his own eccentricity in the art of getting away from the truth. He has missed all the essential points of his own characteristics. He does not see himself as a true caricaturist would see him, but unconsciously pictures himself in the light of his own self esteem! There, however, in my opinion, Max uses a strong, bold, masterly stroke to outline his figure, which his other caricatures seem to lack; I except the caricature of [Rodin]. This Rodin is, however, reminiscent of the caricature done some years ago (and reproduced in the "Manchester Guardian") by Osparot, with only this essential difference that Osparot made Rodin look great—embodying him in a huge block of marble, while Max has made him look insignificant and ridiculous.

It seems almost as if Max had been drawing at the same time his cartoon of the five Semitic plutocrats; for Rodin looks almost like one of them. As an abstract conception "Rodin" is a very good specimen of a fine or one-stroke caricature, in which form Germans excel, and [Olaf Gubbrasson] from "Simplicissimus" is really incomparable. But Max lacks the power of continuous, definite line and pictorial attractiveness. His caricatures are mere imitations of [Michelangelo]. It is a fact adduced by Mrs. Colquhoun that "social standards have advanced by leaps and bounds, and expenses with them," show us that we are travelling in a vicious circle. The middle-classes limit their luxuries, in the shape of children, to their income; with the consequence that their expenses are increased by a disproportion of daughters. Further limitation of families, in accordance with Neo-Malthusian doctrine, would probably result in a greater disproportion of daughters to sons; and the problem of the surplus women would become more acute.

Mrs. Colquhoun says something about Neo-Malthusianism, although she does protest against the maternal Feminist's ideal of a family of one or two children, and leaves it to be inferred that she is opposed to any artificial restriction of maternity. But whether her general argument would not lead to the increase of femininity, and therefore to a complication of the very problem she attempts to solve. I felt the same difficulty with Sir Almroth Wright's suggestions, which are based on the same ideal as Mrs. Colquhoun holds. The legal status of marriage has been improved for women at such a rate during the last thirty years that men may well doubt whether chivalry demands that they should make a state of matrimony compulsory. The fact that women are obliged to do nothing for their husbands or homes is a fact to make all men pause before marrying, and Mrs. Colquhoun is not inclined to abate one of the privileges of the married woman; indeed, she insists on the indissolubility of marriage, which, among other things, as I see it, is a tyrannous demand on the chivalry of men.

"Fifty Caricatures." By Max Beerbohm. (Heinemann. 6s.)
their defects, by not drawing carefully, or by carefully omitting the truth. His line, to put it conically, is really drawn more with a writer's pen than with an artist's pencil. He is a writer first and an artist after. Accordingly he has in his mind rather the idea of a literary satire than of an artistic caricature. Instead of the single stroke, his contours are complex, and once he has caught a glimpse of his victim, he heightened the "essentials" he refines and refines on the subject. His work is like a carefully-polished essay. Never would you dare to laugh audibly and rudely, only perhaps when you look at that caricatured jaw and receding forehead of Sir Edward Carson, his extremely well caught and full of character; again at the caricature of Mr. Gerald du Maurier—too wicked of Max to be real . . . and also Lords Hugh and Robert Cecil. The cadaverous-looking Gerald is a real delight from a caricaturist's point of view. And I must confess that it is impossible not to laugh at the dense expression of the Duke of Devonshire. It was a happy snapshot that caught the three figures in almost lifelike attitudes. I only smile at the Napoleonic dignity of Lord Northcliffe.

Though these are by no means caricatures, the same sensation of enjoying the capital joke (not in that mourful way as his grace did) I obtain while coming to the end of a page. As in the introduction of Mr. Balfour in the footnote of the first cartoon in the book. Here again, however, I fail to see any of Mr. Balfour's characteristics except the familiar idea of elongating his body. Equally absurd looks the "body" of the Uster. General. Why on earth Max made him thin in the waist and in an attitude of despair and pain is difficult to know. His "lord Chesterfield" may as well serve for the caricature of Earl Spencer; the "throat-cut" collar is the sole characteristic in both cases. These single, solitary figures, devoid of all the wit of Max's "legends," seem to me rather sorry looking. They seem to lose all their characteristic in both cases. These single, solitary "essentials" he refines and refines on the subject. His line, to put it concisely, is...
The Empresses of Constantinople. By Joseph McCabe. (Methuen. 10s. 6d. net.)

We know little enough in England about the Byzantine Empire, but it may be legitimately doubted if Mr. McCabe has adopted the best means of enlightening our ignorance. Biography is really only valuable to the extent that it throws light on a history, and this book is scarcely illuminative of its own subject. It was only possible to resume 1,000 years of history in 360 pages because the amount of information concerning the Empresses is so small. The reader is bewildered (and often bored) by the endless procession of Eudocias and Constantines and Basils and Marias, who marry and murder, or are married and murdered for no other ostensibly reason than the wearing of the purple. To this, at this distance of time, the whole process seems amazingly purposeless, and Mr. McCabe makes no attempt to link up his subjects with some larger issue. These people seem to have proceeded from age to age changeless in their infantries, and the confusion of names that frequently occurs seems to make no difference to the characters of the persons. With but few exceptions, the persons of every age behave apparently in exactly the same manner; and the reader is naturally inclined to ask: Is this apparent uniformity due to the paucity of evidence, or is it due to the fact that Mr. McCabe does not explain, but only recounts, the history of the Byzantine Empresses? The question is practically a condemnation of the book, regarded as a book.

Pastiche.

AN OPEN LETTER TO SIR EDWARD CARSON.

Sir,—In the “Daily Telegraph” of September 29 it is stated that the long succession of meetings in your several campaigns told that the people were deeply stirred by the prospect of losing their liberty in being placed under the control of a Dublin parliament.

How much of this feeling is due to inborn patriotism and religious fervour, and how much to your example and eloquence I cannot say; but it must be satisfactory to you to know that more than anyone living you have contributed life and fire to a worthy movement. The bare idea that Irishmen should be governed by Irishmen and not by the English, Scots and Welsh is naturally a hateful one. And Unionist as you are, you must be convinced that even the rule of Liberal Government is more beneficial to Ireland than the rule of her own countrymen.

We have recently been privileged to enjoy an extension of our liberties by the inauguration and operation of the Unemployment Insurance Act. No doubt you could tell, if you would, inspiring stories of how Ulster employers have accorded a cheerful reception to the aforementioned charter, administering it in the spirit in which it was framed; in spite of the grievous burden it imposes on all large employers of labour. But they have cheerfully assumed that burden in the sacred cause of Liberty, in whose cause they sacrifice their lives, and even money, which commodity they hold almost as dear as their souls. And their workers, having tasted of the refreshing fruits of increased liberty and material prosperity, will strike, not as Dublin strikers, for filthy personal gain, but for Liberty and the Empire. It goes without saying that all Englishmen worthy of the name are at one with you in your high-spirited adventure.

Presumably, the Ulster Army, when mobilised, will be unpaid, thus differing essentially from the Imperial Army, the hopes of which, at all times, receive their pay. But, I would, with deference, suggest that you should take steps to ensure that those of your army who are State-insured should not lose the benefits of Insurance which are their due. It is the custom, as you may be aware, of many employers to retain the custody of their men's Insurance cards (the owners being willing). Now, if these cards are left with the men's civil employers during the war they will not be stamped, as the men will not be pursuing their ordinary vocations. Hence, these patriotic warriors will be liable to lose unjustly benefits which they then will doubly have the right to expect. But though I do not suggest the rank and file should be paid for their services to Ulster and the Empire—and to do them justice they do not demand payment—it is incumbent on you to raise a sufficient sum to pay the weekly sevenpence for a stamp for each card. In the case of men who are insured against unemployment an additional favore will be required, making a total of a shilling—a mere trifle compared with the ordinary pay of the mercenary Atkins. That you will admit the force and justice of my suggestion I cannot doubt.

Further, as a great number of Insurance cards would be a serious burden to your transport department, it would be well for each insured person to carry his own card; in the case of those in the Unemployment section it would also carry its little book with the quaint blue stamps. A dual advantage attaching to this arrangement would be (1) that in the event of your army being defeated (which God forbid) there would be least look for the enemy to capture—whose whose wigs and legs were equal to the occasion would escape with their lives and cards. (2) In the unhappy case of your army being slain their cards would be an indispensable means of identification, and would enable their sorrowing relatives to erect suitable memorials over the correct corpses.

Trusting you will receive these suggestions in the spirit in which they are offered, I have the honour to sign myself,

Your obedient and admiring Servant,

VECTIS.

NATURE’S MUSIC.

Hark to songs the winds are singing,
Trilling melodies in trees.

Listen to that knell of sadness,
Wonders ’neath gain whitest foam,

To the lonely music of the winds,
To the discord of man’s metre,

Veiled in silence are the green hills,
Man’s proud bosom should be burning,

Carols from the mountain sides,
Veils of sable over our eyes.

Neither the living nor the dead
Are at one with you in your high-spirited adventure.

Thomas Fleming.
WOMEN IN LAW

It seemed hateful to be arrested the minute I set foot in the town. "You haven't a warrant," I said to the men, enormous bony unintelligences. "Don't need a warrant—Wardress of Charity would be here in a minute," they replied. And she came. She had an indiarubber face under a nurse's bonnet and a long cloak. "Oh! you've got her," she said, "well, come along then."

"But I shan't say anything," I said. It was an awfully high prison, and they carried me up and down steps until at last they sat me down quite done up where there were three magistrates' courts sitting in a row of two and of the Wardress of Charity would scarcely listen to me when I kept on asking what I had done. At last she said, smiling, "You'll very likely hear me say some very ugly things about you presently."

Then she went to give evidence against a woman. The Lady Judge was no joke, but the prisoner seemed to think she was. "Good," she said, laughing, "fancy an old — like that sittin' on me! Go hon, you're only a woman yourself. Wow, w-o-o-o-ow! Come an' have a drink, ole dear—you an' me's the same yer know—come hon hout of it—don't be so silly! I knows all about yer! 'Ere! you leave me alone, ducky!" She embraced one of the bony ones—"I'm alright, so's she! She's only a woman, she's only a woman same as me! Da-a, da-a, daddlyoodle—'ere, I tell yer wot—ye'll 'ave to flog me afore I'll dip to a comic ole cat like 'er. See!" And the bony ones had to carry her out after all.

I was pleased that the comic old cat was not going to try me. She only looked a sort of comic and she certainly didn't think comically. When order was restored, she said, "It seems impossible to postpone a law for flogging refractory prisoners much longer." And then she sentenced the absent prisoner to indeterminate residence in the School for Unruly Mothers, and ordered the five children to be brought into the presence of the Good Shepherd. Indiarubber's face was a study in angles as she gave me the verdict. The bony ones had to carry her out after all.

The Lady Judge ignored—"you had better be careful," and the prisoner smiled and said agreeably—"It is always better to be so." Then Indiarubber went into the witness box and told a story which Mrs. Mackirdy would have loved, all about champagne, and jewels, and crowds of men, and money, and her own Charitable self as saviour of a fallen sister: "My Lady, this is one of the saddest cases in London. Thousands of pounds have passed through her hands. Scores of men have spent their youth in her clutches. This is the forty-eighth prisoner you have let off this session." She beamed her horrible beam. "This is the forty-eighth prisoner you have let off this session." Very sweet smiles from the Lady Judge, and a furtively indignant look at Indiarubber, from a very thin and delicate lady who sat beside the Personage. "We must try and work together," said the latter to the indiarubber. "You see, I work for life, and we shall often be meeting. Mrs. Morning must, of course, try and live with her husband."

I broke in: "Oh, is that the charge against me? But I didn't know it was a criminal offence to refuse to live with a man you don't like!"

"Act passed yesterday," said Indiarubber, briefly, but not too simplistically.

"Well," said the Lady Judge, "I think I may release Mrs. Morning as she is the very first to be accused under the new Act. Come round to me when the Court adjourns and we'll talk over other troubles."

"But what about the child?" said the Wardress of Charity.

I caught the thin lady's eye; and something in me revolted me even while I condescended to obey it, prompted me to conciliate Indiarubber. "You shall advise me," I said, like the feminine sneak I was forced to be. She beamed her horrible beam.

BALLADE OF FOUR GENERATIONS.

Her Court was pure; her life, serene.

Around her reign great wonders grew.

The Grand Old Man. The gasogene.

The felling of red, white and blue.

Marie Cordill, Watts, The Zoo.

And, chief, the everlasting "Nay!"

They crowned her Queen of the Taboo,

Their Brixton idol made from clay.

Did Edward really suit the Dean? Or did the Dean, in secret, me

(Craning towards some might-have-been)

The triumph of the parvenu . . .

The knightly gentlemen who brew.

The Ikenbaums. And Mrs. J? . . .

They crowned him King of God Knows Who,

Their Brixton idol made from clay.

And now the Mayor of Golders Green,

The Emperor of Timperoo,

Crawl round an up-to-date machine,

Worked by a single golden screw,

Which does the things it's told to do,

Which says the things it's told to say.

(England! . . . Wake up?) . . . They'd do for you,

Their Brixton idol made from clay.)

ENVOI.

Prince, you are in for all this, too.

If I were you, I'd run away . . .

Let them bewail, at Waterloo,

Their Brixton idol made from clay.

ROBERT WILLIAMSON.

MY FIRST RONDEAU.

Ballade and Villanelle are done

With an adroitness shared by none.

Completed is the triolet

With equal sleekness of hand; but yet

Rondeau remains—and this is one.

It capers round in frisky fun

So easy once you can mount.

(Now I remark, ere I forget,

Twice two are four.)

Sometimes they end it with a pun—

A thing that I should surely shun.

I keep to matters not hest

With double trouble a lot less vain regret.

And eighty quarters make a ton,

(Twice two are four.)

P. SLIVER.
Music and Musicians.
By John Playford.

Opera for Children.

"I wrote 'Joan of Arc' because English must not be ignored in opera. Shakespeare made English the Master Tongue of the world. To-day English still dominates the Letters, the Science, and the Commerce of the Earth. Opera alone neglects it. So I am making a determined effort to right a great wrong. I have laboured for twelve years, night and day, and always firmly believe that the English language in the position it should hold on the operatic stage once and for all. It is in such delight that English alone will establish the opera-in-English not a little silly? Does it not rather rescue Opera-in-English? I surmise he cares as much for that romantic cause as he cares for the height of the Andes or for the lepidopterous life of Leighton Buzzard. The streets of Leeds are anything but fine. In Manchester Protection has gone 'smack.' Belfast is orange-coloured. Dublin police are very slack. Of culture in Chicago there's a dearth. Quebec's monument to Wolfe's attack. But Pittsburg is—I've heard—a hell on earth. A BALLADE OF CITIES.

To Westminster they keep a Labour clique; But Pittsburg is—I've heard—a hell on earth. ENVOI.

Prince of the Dollars! When you strike the track For Kingdom Come, they'll all turn black. Pack your damned libraries upon your back! But Pittsburg is—I've heard—a hell on earth! V.
Belfast and Poverty.

To the Editor of The New Age.

Sir,—In a few days a meeting of business men will be held in Belfast to protest against the passage of the Home Rule Bill. It is natural for Englishmen to be unacquainted as they are with the most elementary facts of Irish life, to regard this meeting of what will probably be called "the flower of Irish life," as a conclusive factor against the concession of self-government to Ireland. I shall be grateful if you will kindly allow me to explain what these business men, who are very far from being in a fair body of Irish people opposed to Home Rule; and perhaps you will also allow me to preface my statements by a personal note. I am a native of Belfast and a member of a Protestant family, the majority of whom either were or are connected with the Orange institution.

The reason why the business men of Ulster are opposed to the passage of the Home Rule Bill is not that they fear the dominance of the Catholic Church or unjust taxation by the agricultural party in the new Irish Commons. The manufacturers in Belfast are sufficiently well acquainted with the priesthood of Ireland to know that body nine times out of ten will sympathise with the rich and the employers. They have had ample evidence of this lately in Dublin, where the Catholic clergy, emulating the Protestant ministers of the North, have made themselves contemptible in their fulsome attentions on the hitherto unacquainted with the most elementary facts of Irish life, to regard this meeting of what will probably be called "the flower of Irish life," as a conclusive factor against the concession of self-government to Ireland. I shall be grateful if you will kindly allow me to explain what these business men, who are very far from being in a fair body of Irish people opposed to Home Rule; and perhaps you will also allow me to preface my statements by a personal note. I am a native of Belfast and a member of a Protestant family, the majority of whom either were or are connected with the Orange institution.

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Recent revelations have so shocked the people of this country that most of us have come to the conclusion that the only thing to be done with Dublin is to destroy it; but I should like to be allowed to comment on these figures of pauperism.

According to the census of Ireland, 1911 (Cd. 6,051—1), one person in 94 was receiving poor relief in Belfast. In Dublin there were 41 per 1,000 as so relieved.

In other words, there were nearly three times as many people in receipt of poor relief in Dublin as there were in Belfast. But the Unionist writers omit to state that the administration of Poor Law and it is on this that the rate of pauperism depends to a large extent) is harsh and rigorous in Belfast, while it is humane in Dublin. It is the practice of the Belfast Board of Guardians to restrict the granting of outdoor relief to the minimum; in Dublin, outdoor relief is given freely. The Bishop of Ross in his evidence before the Royal Commission on the Poor Law said that “very little outdoor relief was given in Belfast,” and Mr. Thomas Jones, one of the investigators appointed by the Commissioners, reported that for outdoor relief the House as against granting outdoor relief has been vigorously pursed.” In the two reports issued in connection with the census to which I have just referred, I find the following figures:

### Dublin, Belfast

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Indoor Relief</th>
<th>520</th>
<th>3,397</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Outdoor Relief</td>
<td>1,015</td>
<td>923</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

I do not assert that the striking difference in these figures between Dublin and Belfast is completely accounted for by the difference in the administration of outdoor relief; there are too many factors such as the greater scope for employment in Belfast, to be considered for that to be true—but I do assert that if the policy of the Belfast Guardians was the same as that of the Dublin Guardians, and, indeed, of most English Guardians, the difference would not be so great. Any Board of Guardians can reduce its statistics to any extent by restricting the amount of outdoor relief and subjecting applicants for help to the humiliation of entering the general mixed workhouse. In two Ulster Unionist counties actually decline to grant any outdoor relief at all.

The truth is, the rate of pauperism is a very poor guide to the amount of poverty in any area. Sir John Gorst, in a very interesting book called “The Children of the Nation,” refers to a London Poor Law Authority which decided to withhold outdoor relief from nursing mothers, and preened itself on the consequent decline in the rates of pauperism. Sir John pertinently states that “it would be accountable for many of the puny and delicate children that the death-rate from tuberculosis in Belfast is higher than in Protestant districts than it is in Catholic wards. This statement also applies to other infectious diseases.

Finally, sir, I would like to refer to the question of wages in Belfast. It has been established beyond doubt by a Government Committee of Inquiry that there is an enormous amount of sweated labour in Belfast. It is generally believed that the number of persons claiming sick benefits under the National Insurance Act is higher in Belfast than anywhere else in the United Kingdom, and I was lately informed by the secretaries of approved societies that three times as many claims for sick benefits had been made as had been anticipated.

There are 28,000 women workers in the mills and factories of Belfast, all of them between 18 and 60. If the number of women employed in warerooms be added, the number is 33,000. A high percentage of this number consists of married women with children. The husbands of these women are mostly employed as labourers other than in shipbuilding, and their wages (they are unorganised) run from 12s. to 15s. per week. The wages paid by these unorganised labourers in the shipbuilding trade are earned by the organised shipyard labourers range from 22s. to 25s. per week. The low wages paid to these unorganised labourers makes it almost impossible for them to live on the wages which their wives should go out to work in the mills in order to make up the difference between the husbands' earnings and the amount required to keep the family alive.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Men</th>
<th>Average Wage per Week</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Roughers (piece)</td>
<td>31 8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Spinners (time)</td>
<td>10 5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Winders (piece)</td>
<td>11 3</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

The hours of labour in Belfast mills are, as a rule, from 6.30 a.m. to 6 p.m. The bulk of the women working in these mills are permanently unhealthy. They suffer from anaemia, debility, and unaesthetic conditions. The hours of the day are long, the hours of the night are longer. Sir John says that the conditions of employment make health absolutely impossible for these women. A weaver has to work continually in a temperature of 85 to 90 degrees of steam in order to weave fine linen. Sometimes the degree of heat is higher. The yarn has to be kept moist, otherwise it would become brittle. If you enter the weaving-room
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

AN INSURANCE ELECTION.

Sir,—Having just come through the Reeding election, I am driven to say that your prophecy is coming true—the next General Election, whatever its party issue, will be fought upon the Insurance Act. This measure, I find, is detested with a bitterness unknown upon any other subject. The master mason of the Socialist poll; but I do ask them to believe that, when the unhappy sectarian quarrels have been made impossible through the removal of the irritant which makes the inflamable the incident, there will be a chance for the Protestant and Catholic workmen to forget their religious separation and unite to make their economic good.

Mr. John G. Evans

CLERKS AND THE GUILD SYSTEM.

Sir,—I have read with interest the letter of Mr. Reginald Cloake in your current issue, and am left wondering why he relinquished his membership of the National Union of Clerks. The reason, as far as I can make out, is the interest of the “500-a-year men,” and those of the “semi-semi-educated, black-garbed, eighteen-bob-a-week calculator” are essentially the same. Organising the relatively well-paid clerk is, of course, recognised by the Union, but the suggestion that the organisation, is unworthy of one who professes such ideas as your correspondent’s. The question which Mr. Cloake puts as to the possibilities of common action between clerks in different industries is quite beside the point. There are other methods of support than the sympathetic strike, useful as that may be, and it is at all events a truism that the N.U.C. cannot afford to consider the potentialities of Parliamentary Representation (in which Mr. Cloake has no faith), has also made a beginning of clerical organisation, as witness the formation of the Labour Exchange Officers’ Guild and the Trade Union Office Fraternity Guild, as examples for clerks employed in connection with other industries. Surely here, if anywhere, is a means of linking the clerks with the other workers in their several industries, while maintaining their common trade interest as clerks.

Serious, I suggest to Mr. Cloake, and those who think with him, that the first step is to lend their own aid towards the organisation of clerks as a necessary preliminary to their linking up with the larger labour movement.

Fred Hughes.
Assistant General Secretary National Union of Clerks.

“The New Age” and the Press.

Sir,—An astonishing communication concerning The New Age has reached me from the next world. By automatic writing the late Mr. Gladstone has sent one of his famous postcards via Newcastle. The message is as follows: “You must write to The New Age, and say you get the message direct from me. Tell The New Age that I am altogether opposed to their doctrine concerning Eugenics, that it is not a subject for discussion at all, but to have children.” As I do not remember any doctrine of Eugenics except Don’t, put forward in The New Age I regretfully conclude that Mr. Gladstone is as inaccurate dead as alive. Query: Does he pay for his copy of The New Age? The “Humanitarian” takes up one of our reviewers on the subject of animals, contending that the animal question is an integral part of the social question and cannot safely be ignored. Allow me to say that I agree with the “Humanitarian.” In the “Yorkshire Telegraph,” “W. G. W.,” writing on the new Cavendish Association recommends its notice of the National Guilds System “so brilliantly advocated over a course of years in the “Nation” and the “New Statesman,” to Mr. Charles Booth’s pamphlet on the Guilds System (with many quotations from The New Age) the “Nation” says: “Mr. Booth seems to find the most pleasing solution in a sort of political capital and labour in the various trades. There appear to be grave difficulties in such a solution, but it is the utmost importance that these difficulties should be applied to it.” Also, it would appear, steady boycott of its discussion in the “Nation”—which has never once referred to The New Age in seven years—gave rise to a suspicion that the “Nation” and the “New Statesman,” the twins of all that is liberal, progressive, tolerant, etc., ad nauseam, will be the last of the English press to discuss the new ideas.

Press-Cutter.

The Catholic Mind.

Sir,—Your correspondent, Mr. E. Cowley, in last week’s issue, writing as a Catholic, demonstrates the Catholic attitude towards your Guild proposals. I have often wondered why Catholics are so universally suspect. I am now infinitely pleased to Mr. Cowley for affording a clear proof that this suspicion is well founded. I remember in the days of my youth how suspicious the older generation was of anything said and done by Catholics. On reaching manhood, I rather prided myself upon having outgrown the intolerance of the Protestant community towards the Catholics. Mr. Cowley’s letter has, in a flash, shown me that there was good reason for that intolerance.

I am now not concerned with the pros and cons of National Guilds. I merely ask that the N.U.C. is not a Trade Union, and cannot be of use, because it maintains that the authority of the master mason was derived from the State, and not from the Catholic Church. This is the doctrine concerning Eugenics, that it is not a subject for discussion at all, but to have children.” As I do not remember any doctrine of Eugenics except Don’t, put forward in The New Age I regretfully conclude that Mr. Belloc is as inaccurate dead as alive. Query: Does he pay for his copy of The New Age? The “Humanitarian” takes up one of our reviewers on the subject of animals, contending that the animal question is an integral part of the social question and cannot safely be ignored. Allow me to say that I agree with the “Humanitarian.” In the “Yorkshire Telegraph,” “W. G. W.,” writing on the new Cavendish Association recommends its notice of the National Guilds System “so brilliantly advocated over a course of years in the “Nation” and the “New Statesman,” to Mr. Charles Booth’s pamphlet on the Guilds System (with many quotations from The New Age) the “Nation” says: “Mr. Booth seems to find the most pleasing solution in a sort of political capital and labour in the various trades. There appear to be grave difficulties in such a solution, but it is the utmost importance that these difficulties should be applied to it.” Also, it would appear, steady boycott of its discussion in the “Nation”—which has never once referred to The New Age in seven years—gave rise to a suspicion that the “Nation” and the “New Statesman,” the twins of all that is liberal, progressive, tolerant, etc., ad nauseam, will be the last of the English press to discuss the new ideas.

Press-Cutter.

November 13, 1913. THE NEW AGE 61
of Free Will is safe in the arms of the Catholic Church, I can only smile, remembering as I do, the earlier condemnation of Free Will! Catholic Free Will! Let us "assume for the purposes of argument" that Mr. Cowley is an Irish bull. Then, the party of Free Will is safe in the arms of the Church of Ireland. Mr. Cowley tells us that you seem "to regard the institution as the active thing and man as the passive." He further tells you, with smooth effrontery, that "you have been one in the house which shall contain man and make him go straight in spite of himself." This is pretty steep for a Catholic who puts more faith in his Church's doctrinal errors than in the judgment of the King of Kings, and shows an ordinary decent person will not be allowed to cozen people out of property and sweet them. With Catholic Dublin before our eyes, with sweating and cheating rife to the point of stinking in Catholic Spain and Italy and Austria, with Catholic infamies in Catholic Colonies perfectly well known to travelled persons, this assertion on the part of Mr. Cowley leads me to conclude that he is either very young and spiritually arrogant, or, if not young, then a grossly dishonest politician. I hate the introduction of theology into such a discussion as this upon the National Guilds, but when the Catholics arrogate to themselves the monopoly of spiritual perceptions, then it is for a Protestant to protest.

Finally, I should like to know from some authority where the Guild organisation is contrary to Catholic principles. Protestants and Nonconformists.

THE PSYCHOLOGICAL FACTOR

Sir,—As I stated in my previous letter, the economic evil of the times consists not in property but the abuse of property by concentration in the hands of a few persons with the consequent deprivation of everybody else. The causes of this evil I found to lie not in the peculiari-ties of any particular system, but in an evil motive in the minds of men sufficient to debauch or to distort any system, however cunningly devised. I now propose to describe that evil motive and to outline the history of the modernism of the times.

I have stated in my previous letter, the economic evil of the times consists firstly in an abnormal development of avarice. There is nothing new in avarice. It is as old standing and as enduring as sexual lust. Nothing will ever root it out of us because it has its origin in a sentiment which is in itself permissible or even laudable, the desire to possess and make one's own. Avarice, which is merely the exaggeration of that sentiment, can therefore not be sanitised. But when it is not held in check, it may exist; it must not be legalised or recognised. Public opinion and the private conscience must be trained to regard it as something mean and shameful, to be indulged only in secret and away from the laughter or the anger of man.

It is my belief that such a check was placed upon avarice by the principles of humility of the Catholic faith. It would be ridiculous to assert that the Catholic ages contained no avaricious men, as it would be ridiculous to assert that the present age contains no cruel ones. But the atmosphere of the epoch was hostile to avarice as the atmosphere of modern times is hostile to torture and to other forms of deliberate inhumanity. Few dared to think and none to say that the pursuit of wealth, for wealth's sake, was other than a very silly and degrading sin. That man was looked upon as sick who allowed himself to the accumulation of greater riches than were necessary for the rational enjoyment of existence. The forestaller and the monopolist were very properly hanged, and any who attempted to stamp out by the civil arm as being the immediate offspring of second-rate intellectu-alism whose peasant deity with his homely wisdom was a constant reminder of the ineffectualness of their pathos. The very idea of anything which would not will and the extraordinary indecent person will not be allowed to cozen people out of property and sweet them. With Catholic Dublin before our eyes, with sweating and cheating rife to the point of stinking in Catholic Spain and Italy and Austria, with Catholic infamies in Catholic Colonies perfectly well known to travelled persons, this assertion on the part of Mr. Cowley leads me to conclude that he is either very young and spiritually arrogant, or, if not young, then a grossly dishonest politician. I hate the introduction of theology into such a discussion as this upon the National Guilds, but when the Catholics arrogate to themselves the monopoly of spiritual perceptions, then it is for a Protestant to protest.

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separateness, and variety is the surest guarantee against the struggle. If, ignoring the fact that all human history is a series of returns, you object that return is impossible—if you reply that they have composed more or less pretty songs and dances, one would at once be asked to substantiate such a statement. I would ask her why, if it is argued that women lack the physical strength required by a cook in a large hotel, she will do it at all on account of the demands of the kitchen assistant in a busy surgeon's life? On this subject I can add nothing to what Mrs. Beatrice Hastings has said with such clearness, conciseness, and delicacy in treating of the variations to which women's normal powers are Eable.

There is one more paragraph that calls for attention in this patch of articles: Adelaide Anderson writing of Women in Public Administration puts forward the prospect that "in nearly every main branch, in sight the possibility of systematic, responsible engagement of women's faculties exactly; then, if it is held responsible for the actions of their faculties; that is to say, that logically they are bound to accept precisely the same treatment for their actions as do men. The prison accommodation and treatment must be equal, the sentences for similar crimes must be identical the same. Women procureless will have to stand to receive the flogging women consider so necessary for male offenders. Imagine it! The flogging of women, and all its concomitant evils! Then so heatedly hanging for the crime of murder is unrepealed, women convicted of murder must be hanged and not sentenced to a term of imprisonment. And lawyers have been used out to them. A female Judge and jury will be locally derbarred from admitting any pleas of weakness of provocation: they can admit no privileges. We may even see them claiming (hitherto how unjustly closed to them) and applying for the job of hang-woman. Why not? Do the "awakened" ones all imagine themselves Portia, or Joan of Arc; and never Bottom, or First Murderer? Arthur HOOD.
TOM TITT (NOT "BY HIMSELF").