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A WEEKLY REVIEW OF POLITICS, LITERATURE, AND ART.

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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

THE railwaymen's leaders have made a mistake, in our opinion, in allowing the strike on the Great Western to be settled without securing the reinstatement of Drivers James and Reynolds. These men have, it is true, acted apparently on their own initiative and without rhyme or reason; but unless we are to suppose them maniacs (as the "Daily News" does!), the mere statement does not carry us very far in understanding. From the impulsive and spasmodic conduct of the men, coupled with their own somewhat incoherent explanations, and the further fact that both are usually well-balanced enough to be entrusted with driving passenger trains, we conclude, for ourselves, that we are in the presence, not of a mere question of discipline, but of a problem in psychology. How comes it, we ask, that a man like Mr. James and another like Mr. Reynolds should suddenly be found, *and find themselves*, acting on impulse and without being able rationally to account for it? The explanation to our mind is not to be sought in the circumstances enumerated by the superficial Press—the spread of Syndicalism, the contagious rebelliousness of the "Daily Herald," the "literary anarchism" said by the "Daily News" to be preached by THE NEW AGE—but in the general circumstances to which we have more than once called attention, the circumstances, namely, that the whole railway service is in a state of nervous tension, relief from which is sought by one individual after another in an act of impulse that may or

may not become at any moment general. The people who single out Mr. James or Mr. Reynolds for condemnation have certainly no knowledge of collective or group psychology or of the strange methods by which, sometimes in defiance of the individual member, it works; nor can they have any just notion of the tension to which we have referred existing in the railway service. They apparently suppose that a collective service may be humiliated as the railway service was a year or so ago, and afterwards continually agitated by speculative proposals for their future, without being more than momentarily and superficially affected by it; or without indicating the fact of the effect by one means or another. Thus they hold the individual responsible when he is nothing but a voice; and they treat him as a criminal who is nothing but a scapegoat. Had the collective psychology of the railwaymen been a little more heated than it is, there is no doubt that the spark from Mr. James would have resulted in a national conflagration; and in that event Mr. James would have been forgotten and, when all was over, forgiven. As it is, he has proved to be merely premature, or, it may be, belated; but his personal responsibility is nevertheless no more than it otherwise would have been. On these grounds, as we say, the Union has, we think, made a mistake in not demanding his reinstatement. We are no less certain that the Company has made an equal mistake in not conceding it.

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It will be observed that we make no question here of the rights of the case or of the rights of the Union as against any of its members. On the supposition that circumstances were different from what they were and that James' action had no conceivable relation with any feeling common to his Union, his action would have been unjustified in the highest degree, and he would have deserved to be dismissed not only from the company's service, but from membership of his Union. Even as it is, we do not justify his action, we are merely explaining it; and we are explaining it in such a manner as to prove that it was, at worst, irresponsible and due to the general situation, and, at its best interpretation, meritorious. The Union, we are aware, cannot in its executive authority, regard such acts in this light; it

cannot, in fact, ignore an act of rebellion, whatever its motive, that threatens the single power of the constituted governing body. We quite agree that, rules being rules and an executive being an executive, the latter has the right to refuse to countenance (when it can!) any act that may result in transferring the initiative and therewith the control, from the head of the Union to any other part of the body. But discipline having been restored and the rule re-established, the explanations of the rebellion, we repeat, are now to be taken into account, both in justice to Mr. James and as a lesson to the Union itself. For Mr. James, as we say, there should under the circumstances be a free pardon. For the Union—?

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The railwaymen's executive is not without blame and we might include with it most of the existing trade union executives. While it is true that any authority is better than no authority at all (for it is needless to say that we do not endorse the anarchic individualism ranted by "G. R. S. T." of the "Daily Herald"), it is by no means true that the present trade union authorities, and the railwaymen's executive in particular, are of a character to ensure easy obedience. On the contrary, they appear to us, like certain historic and even contemporary State authorities, to make obedience and discipline and constitutional conduct on the part of their members as difficult as possible. This they do in the usual two ways of authorities grown out of sympathy with their subjects, by failing to recognise a change of spirit and by bullying the first articulate symptoms of it. The railwaymen's executive, for example, have long been aware that in respect of innumerable questions the attitude of their men has changed. They know, or have had the means of knowing, that on questions like the sympathetic strike, the relation of one Union to another, the solidarity of the proletariat, political versus industrial action and many others, the Union distributively (that is, in its rank and file) is no longer what it was in 1910, or even in the summer of 1911. For all the warnings, however, the executive has continued as if no change had taken place, and with the effect we see, that between its members and itself a disagreeable gulf is being created across which it will be less and less easy, as it widens, to convey commands or to expect obedience. And on the other hand, as obedience is made more difficult, disobedience is punished more severely. The tone of Mr. Williams' telegram and of Mr. Thomas' speeches was such as might and perhaps should have provoked the very resistance to which it was the reply. Certainly Trade Union leaders in future should beware of adopting the tone; or, rather, they should become suspicious of themselves when they find themselves employing it; for it argues, as we have now pointed out, a distance to be travelled and a mood on both sides that call for instant consideration.

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The Company, we see, put forward as a plea to the men for "loyalty," the old excuse that it had "statutory obligations" as a carrier. But the responsibility the directors have thus assumed can scarcely be fairly divided with a party of men whom they did not consult before taking it. If we enter into a contract the fulfilment of which, to our knowledge, is contingent upon the co-operation of others, and without their consent, we cannot lay the blame on them or even upbraid them for deserting us, if they refuse to carry out what we had undertaken for them. It is not merely tacitly, it is explicit in all their agreements, that the Railway Companies by and with their own consent and on their undivided responsibility, contract with the State to run trains, etc., and never so much as include, even by courtesy, the official representatives of their employees in their arrangements. Their employees, it is to be supposed, are of no more volitional account than the horses or the rolling stock; and consequently, so far as the terms of the contract are concerned, of no more

responsibility. Yet when the difference between men and rolling stock shows itself and the former display the volitional power denied to them in the contract, the Company turns round and appeals to them as if, in fact, their consent to the agreement had been sought and not simply taken for granted! We do not deny that contracts between the State and the Railways should and must be made. We do not deny that they should and must be kept. But a contract entered into by the Railway Companies without the consent of their men cannot be expected to have for the latter the sanctity it presumably has for the former; nor, we think, should the State any more than the Railway Directors, blame the men when their part of a contract, made for them but not with them, is not carried out. Strict justice, indeed, would demand that while the Companies insist on sole responsibility they should be heavily fined for every breach of contract and that, so far from the strike of their men being assumed to mitigate their offence, it should be assumed to aggravate it. A few such fines would send the Companies in search of the Union leaders to offer recognition and a good deal more besides.

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Of neither the Postal unrest nor the Dublin lock-out are we in a position to discuss the developments our readers will learn before these notes can be published. But concerning both several new points have already arisen to demand comment. Whatever may be the practical issue of the Postal Conference on the subject of the Holt Report, the justice of the men's demand for a money wage to equal, at least, their old real wage, remains unchallengeable. We do not, taking things as they are, regard the real wages paid in the Post Office as much below their proper level; for with our comparatively wretched total national production the fairest distribution would afford to each of us little more, if any, than the average paid in the postal service; but this is no excuse for reducing the level of postal wages, and that is what is happening now and has been happening since 1895. During the last fifteen or twenty years prices have risen with such persistency that the monetary value of wages calculated on the real basis of prices ten or twenty years ago is no longer a fair index to real wages to-day. We reckon, indeed, that the 15 per cent. reduction in the purchasing power of their money wages, complained of by the postal servants, is under rather than over the actual amount lost. Thus their demand to be paid on the old basis is not only just, but generous, for, in truth, they could in equity demand compensation for losses already sustained! But added to this real injury, and as if the fact were not enough, they and we, their employers, have had to endure the insults offered them by Mr. Herbert Samuel. From threatening them with the employment of blacklegs in the event of a strike, he has proceeded to announcing that no striker will be reinstated when the strike is over. If, as Mr. D. A. Thomas truly remarks, a private employer had used such threats, he would be censured by the Government; but it appears that what is sauce for the goose is not sauce for the gander. In other words, Mr. Samuel having no superior authority can do what he likes.

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The effect on the postal service should, in our opinion, have been immediate and violent. Immediate it was, but violent we are much disposed to fear it will not be; for again it occurs, in the postal unions as elsewhere, that the officials are, almost one and all, not merely for peace at any price, but for peace on terms peculiarly favourable to themselves. We are not, be it understood, bringing the charge against the men's leaders that they are bought for money by the Government or, indeed, bought for any return specifically related to their services. When we have a charge of this kind to make, we shall make it not by innuendo, but openly. The charge of being

bought which we have in mind against the postal leaders (or some of them) is of being bought by advantages which they sincerely believe are for their Union, but which are really for themselves. And the chief advantage of this kind they hope to extract from the present trouble is an impulse that will carry them into Parliament. The diversion of the unrest from its immediate to this object is, we do not hesitate to say, the pre-occupying consideration of several of the men's leaders; and by so much as it is both a postponement (at best) and a diversion from the success of the immediate object, by so much are its authors guilty in our eyes of corruption and treachery. It is useless, we fear, to beg the men to look well after their officials and to prevent them entering into arrangements for parliamentary candidatures and the like and offering concessions from the Union in return for them. It is useless for the simple reason that the officials are all-powerful and cannot be prevented from doing what they please behind their members' backs, and especially when they imagine themselves forwarding union interests. Strange but true, they actually believe that were they in Parliament instead of in their offices, the welfare of their Union would be assured. The only remedy is for trade unions to refuse to employ as their officials any member or, indeed, any candidate for Parliament or any other public body.

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The publication in the "Daily Herald" last week of the history of the Dublin lock-out, compiled by Mr. T. Johnson of the Dublin Trades Council, confirms our impression that the whole responsibility for the four months' siege lies with Mr. Murphy. By his recent garrulousness, so typical of an Irish Catholic talking to English Protestants and so beguiling, Mr. Murphy has lately come to seem in the eyes of our innocent Press, a lamb who has taken upon himself the sins of the whole of the Dublin employers. Not even the facts, as set out in the "Daily Herald," and consisting largely of quotations from Mr. Murphy's own speeches and comments, can now, we fear, destroy the scriptural picture that Fleet Street has formed of him. At worst Fleet Street will say that there have been faults on both sides. So there have been, for the fault in Mr. Murphy's eyes on Mr. Larkin's side was that Mr. Larkin had compelled Dublin employers to raise wages; and in Mr. Larkin's opinion the fault on Mr. Murphy's side was that he took steps to put an end to this process. For evidence of Mr. Larkin's fault we take Mr. Murphy's own admission that, owing to the Transport Union, wages had been raised from one to ten shillings nearly all round; and for evidence of his own fault we take the same authority to witness, namely, himself as quoted by Mr. Johnson. On July 19 of this year Mr. Murphy first opened his mouth in public to single out Mr. Larkin as the Irish trade union leader to be destroyed; and on August 18, his plan of campaign, of which, be it remembered, he afterwards boasted, being ready, he advertised in his own journal for non-union labourers. By the 21st he had enough to take the field, and on that day he dismissed 200 of Larkin's men and filled their places with his newly acquired reserve of non-union labourers. On the 26th the Union men still in his employment went on strike, and on the following day in an interview with himself in his own journal, Mr. Murphy denounced Mr. Larkin as "scum" and appealed to Dublin employers to join him in drumming Mr. Larkin out of Dublin. Messrs. Shackleton and Messrs. Jacobs—both Quaker firms, for capital knows no religion—were the first to join Mr. Murphy, and this they did, each after their own fashion on the 27th and 30th of August respectively. On September 3 the Coal Merchants' Association followed suit, and on September 4 the well-known meeting of 400 Dublin Employers was held at which Mr. Murphy took the chair and described amid applause the campaign he had undertaken and carried out. By this time some ten thousand persons

were out of employment in Dublin, locked-out for the most part either by direct or by indirect means, but as a consequence of Mr. Murphy's action and of Mr. Murphy's action alone. On September 8 the Employers met the delegates of the English Trade Union Congress, but in the meantime brought pressure to bear on other employers to join them with this double effect: first, the Conference with the English delegates was broken up, and, secondly, the County farmers and Dublin master-builders locked out their men to join the ten thousand and to bring their numbers up to fifteen thousand. And in that state things have remained since September 13. This record being undeniable, since it is taken from Mr. Murphy's own journal, what shadow of doubt can there be that Mr. Murphy is the prime mover and the principal criminal of the Dublin tragedy? The faults of Mr. Larkin may be many and his sins may be scarlet, but in comparison with the faults and sins of Mr. Murphy they are as driven snow.

* * *

The South African Government's Commission of Inquiry into the circumstances of the recent Rand Strikes has produced, as it was expected to produce, a Report of only an official value. And by this time, too, the real crux of the affair has been forgotten by the public (as was also expected) so that few people will be aware of it. On two counts of the indictment of the Government for its conduct in suppressing the strike, the Commission's Report is both copious and emphatic. The military were necessary and they behaved admirably. This, of course, was a foregone conclusion, for it is a fact, and we do not deny it, that the military usually behave themselves on these occasions rather better than the police. What, on the other hand, we desired (and everybody at the time desired) to know was, first, whether the strike at the New Kleinfontein Mine was also necessary and admirable, who was responsible for it and who allowed it to spread; and, secondly, whether the proclamation at the last moment of the meeting of the men in Johannesburg was as necessary and admirable as the subsequent and consequent employment and conduct of our English troops. On both these matters the Report is, if not silent, as reticent and fearful of giving offence by fixing responsibility, as is compatible with an abundance of words. We can extract by prolonged boiling the admission that, in fact, the managers of the New Kleinfontein Mine threw down the match that set the Rand ablaze; we can also separate from a mass of apologies and excuses the admission on the second point that the proclamation of the meeting was either unwarranted by the circumstances or certainly by its hour. For these, however, the reader must search with patience; and not the greatest patience will reveal the names of the responsible parties in either. It is characteristic of these great days of individuality, with a whole system of industry organised to develop it, that when responsibility is seeking its disciples these should all desert it and flee into the obscurity of the general and the anonymous. South Africa has many men who take responsibility when it is accompanied by profits, but none, it appears, who will bear responsibility when it threatens to rest its weight on them.

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On the edge of the Irish Home Rule problem (which is just settling itself according to programme) one or two discussions of a more permanent interest have arisen. One relates to the old, and, we supposed, exploded theory of the Mandate; another the Right of Rebellion and, incidentally, to the duty of army officers; a third is Proportional Representation. The first and last are both related to the theory of Representative Government, and it is from that point of view that they should be judged. If it be true, as we do not believe it is true, that the Representative System has failed, both the Mandate and Proportional Representation are its practical substitutes; but if, on the other hand, Representa-

tive Government has not yet failed because it has not yet been fairly tried, the less we have to do with an alien and incompatible system the better. Against what supposed defects in the existing system are the Mandate theory and Proportional Representation respectively urged? The Mandate theory is urged as a remedy against the passing by the Government of unpopular measures, such, at any rate, as have not an arithmetical majority in their favour; and the Proportional Representation theory is urged as a remedy against the supposed evil of the inequitable representation in Parliament of the various groups of political opinion in the country. Regarding the first we have only to say that, like all errors, it is self-contradictory; that is, it contains an impossible demand. Even on the supposition that a popular mandate could be given at a General Election for the literally millions of questions on which a Parliament must decide, the judgment of whether or not the mandate had in fact been obeyed would necessarily be left to Parliament itself. In other words, they would have to be trusted in the end if not in the beginning, and thus we should fall back on Representative Government pure and simple.

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In the case of Proportional Representation the error is rather more fundamental. In the first place, it is a theory that has no relation with necessities. Would it have occurred to anybody but a pedant to wish to substitute an arithmetical for a local basis of representation? And particularly when the local basis is both generally acceptable and reasonably satisfying? We are sure it would not. On the contrary, there is as much popular distrust of mere arithmetic as there appears to be worship of it among the Proportional Representation Society. We do not find any person of good sense reckoning the social values of either persons or programmes by the exact number of people who support them; for, on such grounds, as we have once before observed, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle would be more weighty in public council than Mr. Asquith. What sensible people do is to ignore the arithmetic, save when it is abnormal, and calculate values by weight, thus arriving often enough at conclusions the very contrary of those by number. In the second place, we have a distrust both of the methods and of the personnel of the Proportional Representation Society. Their methods show them to be willing to deceive others, and their membership shows them willing to deceive themselves. For instance, at the banquet of the Association held last week, the officials complimented the company on the advance their common theory had made, and cited the constitution of the Irish Senate as an instance of their practical progress. But the Irish Senate is not the English Parliament, and its adoption there makes its adoption here all the more improbable. Any association of propaganda not disposed to deceive itself would have recognised that. Again, it was tacitly assumed that the resistance to the theory was either breaking down or was simply practical; but we can assure its leaders that resistance has scarcely begun. While they continue to ignore the existence of controversy they may certainly pretend that there is none; but in the long run, as the Suffragettes have discovered, truth cannot be dodged. The speakers and speeches, too, on the same occasion, were not only heterogeneous, but a sum in complex vulgar fractions that cancels out to zero. Lord Courtney, Mr. Garvin, Mr. Snowden, and Mr. F. E. Smith may have thought they were on the same platform, but the discord of their motives could not but be noticeable. After all, Proportional Representation cannot be good for everybody! If certain little groups who now fancy themselves under-represented hope to profit by Proportional Representation, the groups now over-represented must of necessity look to lose by it. Yet they were all there, big groups and little groups, and all prophesying advantages for themselves under the new arithmetic. This and the foregoing considerations are what lead us to dismiss the

Proportional Representationalists with that mouthful of their hideous name; and to require our readers instead to reconsider the present Representative system. What is right in it let us learn to understand. What is wrong in it let us learn to eliminate.

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The chief, certainly, of the defects in our *practice* of the Representative theory is the very defect which the arithmetical proportionalists have singled out to construct their theory upon—it is that sectional interests or, for the matter of that, sectional ideas, have any right to be represented in Parliament at all. We deny it and are therefore as much opposed to the presence in Parliament of the Labour Party as such, as we are to the presence of the delegates of railway and other groups of directors. In both instances, such delegates are sent not only to further sectional interests in a place from which by hypothesis and by oath sectional interests are excluded (lie number one), but they owe their position to private persons and speak therefore privately (lie number two), and, as well, they are in duty bound to lie, if only by omission, about public interests. Who, we ask, would believe a word Sir Frederick Banbury uttered in Parliament on any subject whatever? Who, similarly, in a public sense could believe a word uttered by a member of the Labour Party? And the reason is not that these people are more mendacious superficially than the rest, but that they are placed in the false position of having to pursue their private interests in a public medium. But it is just this fundamental lie, rotting the true Representative system, which, as we say, the arithmetical Proportionists would elevate to the governing principle of Parliament. Instead of assisting us to exterminate sectional interests as pests of society, they would multiply these vermin and trust to their internecine struggles to produce the common and universal good. We do not call this reform, but, at its worst, madness, and, at its best, despair.

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This is not to say, however, that there should be no politics for classes, including the working classes. We have been much misunderstood if in our criticism of trade unions in politics we are assumed to have condemned the interest of the working classes in politics. On the contrary, the more intelligent and widespread the interest taken by the working classes in politics the better pleased we should be. In the coming era of social reconstruction they must play an important part. What we condemn is the misuse for political ends of the trade unions organised on a non-political basis and for economic ends. This is the root of the evil of the present Labour Party. It would be ridiculous to deny to railway directors as men or to Sir Frederick Banbury as an influential citizen the right to vote and to affect public policy. Equally ridiculous would it be to deny to Mr. Snowden and his colleagues as men or to John Smith and his fellows as potential citizens the right to contribute and to make effective if they can their advice on national policy. What is not ridiculous is to deny that Boards of Directors or Trade Union Executives, private or only semi-public bodies and charged with corresponding interests, should be entitled, as interests, to determine public policy. If, therefore, by any means, both Board of Directors and Trade Union Executives can be made to confine their activities to the sphere properly theirs and to remain, what they are in fact, non-political bodies, their individual activity in politics afterwards is to be welcomed. We do not see, indeed, why a powerful working men's political party should not be formed if once the Trade Unions are excluded. As it is, however, both the Trade Unions are ruined by their misapplication to politics, and the political sentiments of the working classes are all under the suspicion of being no better than economic.

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Sir Francis Vane, we see, does come to the conclusion that under no conceivable circumstances will the State

make any "firm offer" to the Trade Unions when the latter are in a position to demand partnership with their employers, partnership with the State, or, in the alternative, the group individualism known as Syndicalism. He is therefore preaching to the Trade Unions the duty of preparing for civil war. While not disposed to deny to any group the right to make civil war if it can, we are much disposed to deny, first, that it will be necessary and, secondly, that in any event the particular civil war in question would be advisable. All things are lawful, but not all things are expedient; and a civil war between the proletariat and the governing classes could, we fear, end only in one way whatever its concomitant circumstances and after-effects. On the other hand, surprising as it may seem for us to say so, there appears to us to be signs that, after all, the reconstruction of our national industrial organisation may be brought about by reason on the one side and economic means on the other. Provided that the trade unions continue their present policy of (a) monopolising their membership; (b) federating their amalgamation so as to create eventually a unified executive, the nucleus of which is already in the Parliamentary Committee of the Trades Union Congress; (c) concentrating their attention on the abolition of the wage-system; and (d) formulating the constructive demand for responsible co-partnership with the State; and (e) conducting strikes by economic and peaceful, not by attempted forcible means; we are disposed on an oscillating balance to believe that in the end the State will make the "firm offer" of which Sir Francis Vane is, with good if not with sufficient reason, incredulous. For one thing, the State, while naturally predominantly coloured by the profiteering section of the community, is also coloured by the salariat and the managerial classes whose economic fortune is as much at stake as that of the workmen themselves, and whose affiliation with the latter we hope to bring about. For another, the reconstruction is no longer picturable as a leap in the dark with a series of revolutionary somersaults in mid-air. Its proposals are practical, they are nationally designed and they jump with both the ethical and the economic demands of the age. Listen on the point of ethics, for example, to the "Spectator" of the current week. The sentiments are identical with our own, though, for the present, the "Spectator" has no practical theory for applying them:—

We have one more word to say, though we shall be thought mad for saying it. It is that the old economists were perfectly right when they sought a remedy for poverty in raising the standard of living and the standard of desire [read: status] for the poor. We want to see more "divine discontent" among them and less pouring of unctuous rhetoric from the top. If we are told that we risk revolution by encouraging such discontent, we are quite willing to risk it if only we can strengthen the will of the poor and the destitute [read: wage-slaves]. It is in the want of will-power that in the last resort lie half the evils of social misery.

And on the economic and reconstructive point, listen to this from the "Nation" of the same date. No mention is made of us, though "Guild Socialism" is incorrectly defined as "the British modification of the French and American Syndicalism." It is not that, but rather a practical union of Collectivism and Syndicalism. However, the "Nation" proceeds: "If the State is to safeguard the liberties and to maintain the welfare of its individual members, it must take cognisance of both economic functions [that of the consumer and that of the producer]. In ordering public industries it must, therefore, devise modes of sectional self-government in industry [read Guilds] which shall duly recognise the special group interests of the workers, while reserving the rights of the general consuming public to secure that its needs and demands are duly satisfied." That, says the "Nation," is "tolerably obvious," and we have good grounds for agreeing that it is. The deduction, however, is that Sir Francis Vane may not be necessary after all.

The deputation from eighty-one out of the ninety-four County Territorial Associations that waited, by arrangement, on Mr. Asquith last week to urge the Government to do something for the Territorial Army, had, we are sorry to say, no better suggestion to offer than the payment of this branch of national service. But the pay that can in any case be offered is so trifling that men and officers would be ashamed of having it regarded as an inducement to join the force; and, besides, the inducement even of good pay would not be sufficient to draw the wealthy from their golf to become Territorial officers. It is true that on a maximum strength of 315,000, the Territorials are 66,000 men short; but, as Mr. Asquith observed, the most serious feature of the situation is the shortage of officers. Of these there are no fewer than 1,400 in defect of the demand of the service; and almost exactly as many more took French leave from the last annual camp. This, we must say, speaks volumes for the patriotism of our profiteers whom Parliament is so anxious to defend. Even with a quarter of a million men at their command the profiteers cannot supply from their own class enough public spirit to officer them. Pay, however, will not appeal to them; and nor will the "Daily Mail's" alternative of Compulsion. Compulsion, indeed, is unthinkable by anybody who is familiar with the class from which officers are drawn. But if neither pay nor compulsion is of the slightest practical use, what is to be done with the Territorial force? Put it, we have repeatedly said, upon a genuine popular and territorial basis by transferring a considerable part of its responsibility from the War Office to the County Councils. What on earth is the objection to this course; and why, when it was once favourably considered by Lord Haldane, has it been never attempted? To create a Territorial Army of a civic character without enlisting the co-operation of local and familiar territorial authorities is an impossibility. Run as it is being run to-day the Territorials will in a few years have sunk to the level and dwindled to the dimensions of the old militia. But placed under the county councils with county publicity, county rivalry and county responsibility for their support, in as few years the Territorials would become the best citizen army in the world. Some timid echoes (as usual) of our ideas might have been heard from Mr. Graham Wallas last week at the Royal United Service Institute. He suggested the appointment of a Committee to draw up a scheme for co-operation between the local and the Army authorities in time of war; and he added that the Committee might discover methods for a wider co-operation between the two authorities for times of peace. That, and neither pay nor compulsion, is the remedy for the Territorial difficulty.

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We have naturally nothing to say against the proposed Bill, outlined in the "Pall Mall Gazette" of last Monday, to abolish the modern improvements on chattel slavery. Under the names of indentured, contract and special labour, slavery, it is clear, still continues in essence what it always was; and the effort to suppress it still remains obligatory. At the same time, it is worth observing that a definition of slavery, to cover its new forms, cannot be constructed to exclude the particular variety common under capitalism—wage-slavery. In the draft of the proposed Bill, the definition of the slave is of one who is "the property of another . . . by agreement into which he was induced to enter by force, threats or fraud." Setting aside the metaphysical distinctions between whole-time and day-time property and between force or fraud initiated by the slave-owner and initiated under his direction by circumstances, the wage-slave is plainly included in the scope of the Bill. For he is virtually "the property of another" during his working hours at any rate; and he is so in consequence of a condition of propertilessness, fraudulently maintained by capitalists, and designed to force him to sell his labour in return for subsistence. What alone distinguishes him from his coloured fellows is that he has the

privilege of changing his master at will, of spending his leisure as he pleases, and of starving if he does not choose to work; but, while these are advantages, he pays for them by forgoing the complete slave's right to be fed, ill or well, and the further right to be wholly irresponsible. The conception, we are aware, must seem strange, as strange as the charge of immorality against chattel-slavery appeared to the Greeks and to the Southern Americans. But this will wear off under the influence of culture which, in the end, is only the power to transcend the intellectual fashions of the day.

Current Cant.

St. Bernard's Church.—The Very Rev. Fr. Bernard Vaughan, S.J., will preach on Sunday evening. Reserved seats, 3s.; centre of the church, 2s.; aisles, 1s.—“Halifax Evening Courier.”

“The creation of taste.”—HOLBROOK JACKSON.

“The world set free.”—H. G. WELLS.

“On the whole, we think light prevails over shade today.”—“Pall Mall Gazette.”

“Mr. J. H. Thomas, M.P., has prevailed for the moment, and that is so much to the good.”—“Morning Post.”

“Man must have the courage to marry.”—M. BRIEUX.

“Mr. Garvin is a fanatic on the wing.”—A. G. GARDINER.

“There is one constant factor in all Mr. James Stephens' work, one quality which endures unchanged . . . his admirable control of the English tongue.”—“The Spectator.”

“Christendom will surely use the new charity which is pouring into our hearts, the new wisdom which modern science and statesmanship have taught us, to make atonement for the ancient sins. . . .”—PERCY DEARMER.

“As Richard looked at the girl, her whole throat and face rose in one soft wave.”—“London Budget.”

“The new night side of London. Innocent revels behind dark oak doors. Society Frolics.”—“Daily Sketch.”

“Sir Francis Burnand has given to the world more wit and humour than any man alive.”—“Weekly Dispatch.”

“Mr. George R. Sims is confident that at an early date—probably within the next few weeks—there will be an awakening of the middle-classes. Such a happening is dreaded by the Socialistic Government.”—“Daily Mirror.”

“Mr. James Stephens, whose ‘Crock of Gold’ has won him the Polignac Prize of £100, is the most acrobatic poet in Ireland . . . he has a way of bounding over chairs and tables. . . .”—“Daily Express.”

“Six Shillings for threepence. . . . In T. P.'s Christmas Weekly, an extra Number, you get more words—actual reading matter—than is contained in the average six shilling novel. . . . Money saved is money earned.”—ADVERTISEMENT in “T. P.'s Weekly.”

“Dr. Inge never makes the mistake against which George Herbert so delicately warns the man of holiness, that of ‘simplering.’”—A. C. BENSON.

“Should all ugly men be hanged?”—“London Budget.”

Foreign Affairs.

By S. Verdad.

THE fall of the Barthou Cabinet is one of those “unexpected” incidents which even the average newspaper reader who professes to have no more than a superficial knowledge of French politics had probably come to expect in connection with every Cabinet across the Channel. I have on a previous occasion referred to the group system in the French Chamber and explained how the defeat of a Ministry in France involves much less serious consequences than the defeat of a Ministry here. There is no need for a general election; the cards are reshuffled and dealt out again, and a new and equally evanescent Ministry makes its appearance on the Government Benches. In the present case the matter in dispute is not a principle but a person. It is only natural that a certain section of the French Press, like a certain section of the English Press, should make the most of M. Barthou's defeat in order to show that it is really a defeat for the militarists. The issue, however, is not militarism nor is it the loan required for old and new military expenses. The whole affair is due simply to the desire of M. Caillaux to upset the plans of two men in French politics for whom he has no particular affection. One of them is M. Briand, the ex-Socialist Prime Minister, and the other is the President of the Republic himself, M. Poincaré.

* * *

The relatively unimportant question over which the Government fell is nevertheless of some interest. In view of the Income Tax Bill, which has been dragging its slow length along both Houses for a considerable time, M. Barthou wished to reassure the holders of rentes throughout the country that this premier Government stock of the world would never be taxed in any form. On this question of the so-called immunity of the rentes M. Barthou was attacked by M. Caillaux, not because M. Caillaux, who is a very experienced financier, thought that the rentes ought to be taxed, but because he saw in this question concerning which there was some difference of opinion in the Chamber, an opportunity of turning out M. Barthou; and M. Barthou, as I believe I stated in these columns when he took office in the spring, is simply the nominee of M. Poincaré.

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Nobody is justified in assuming from the vote by which the Government was defeated that there is any profound objection to the Three Years' Service Act or to the raising of a loan to pay for the additional military expenses it necessitates; for both the Act and the loan were voted by the very same House that afterwards defeated M. Barthou on a minor point. Even M. Caillaux, himself the most determined enemy of the present Ministry's policy, has definitely declared, on behalf of the Radical group of 150 members which he leads, that it is his intention, if he ever returns to power, to reduce the proposed three years, not to the former two years, but to thirty-two months.

* * *

Readers of THE NEW AGE will no doubt remember that there is one very obnoxious feature connected with M. Caillaux and his friends which makes it difficult for them to secure a steady following in the Chamber. About

two years ago, when the relations between France and Germany were much more strained than they are now, it suddenly leaked out that M. Caillaux, who was then Prime Minister, had gone behind the back of his own Foreign Minister, M. de Selves, to enter into negotiations with Germany for the purpose of coming to an agreement over Morocco. It was strongly suspected, indeed, that M. Caillaux and his friends had begun these negotiations even before they came into power at all. The outcome was the sending of the German warships to Moroccan waters, and the name of the Agadir Cabinet has ever since stuck to that particular Ministry. M. Caillaux' extraordinary conduct was greatly resented both in Paris and in London, and even the German authorities themselves were not pleased when the facts of the case became known.

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Mention of the personalities concerned in this crisis will no doubt remind NEW AGE readers that M. Clemenceau, in his paper "L'Homme Libre," has continually criticised the Barthou Government on account of what he calls the "personal power" at the back of it. It will be recollected that when M. Poincaré was finally declared President of the Republic I emphasised his personality as a very important factor in the future government of France. It will almost certainly be found that Prime Ministers during M. Poincaré's term of office will be either men who see eye to eye with him on every important question or else men who are concerned with de jure rather than de facto power. For example, the first politician proposed to take M. Barthou's place was M. Jean Dupuy. M. Dupuy is the owner of what is perhaps the most paying newspaper property in the world, "Le Petit Parisien," and both his two sons and his son-in-law are Deputies. M. Dupuy, however, possesses neither the ambitions nor the abilities of a good statesman, and will, if he is appointed, simply carry out the President's directions. As I write these lines I learn that M. Ribot has been summoned to form a Cabinet. M. Ribot is a statesman much older than his seventy-one years, and his views are on the whole identical with those held by the President.

* * *

Whatever happens, it may be taken for granted that the Chamber cannot well go back for long on its decision to enlarge the army by altering the term of service and, this being so, the additional funds required for the purpose must necessarily be provided. There are one or two groups in the Chamber which object to this course, but, fortunately for the French people, there does not at present appear to be any possibility of their combining so as to be able to form a Ministry that would have a chance of lasting more than a fortnight. The problem is not whether men shall be provided, but whether the money required for them shall be raised by taxing large blocks of capital or by taxing rentes, which are held chiefly by small investors. Since the next French general election will, in the ordinary course of things, be held next year, the unpopularity of the latter plan is hardly likely to appeal to those Deputies who wish to retain their seats.

* * *

The progress of the war in Morocco is causing some anxiety to the Government, and it is possible that General Weyler may be sent out. It is unfortunate at this trying juncture that the medical reports on the health of King Alfonso should be so bad. Despite his Majesty's appearance and his travels over half Europe, he suffers greatly from the old disease in his ear, and a grave operation may shortly be necessary. This is not a column of Court gossip, and these matters are mentioned only for the purpose of warning the public about the possibility of serious developments in Spain.

Military Notes.

By Romney.

NOTHING could be graver at any time than the present complete lack of any power of sustained thought in both governors and governed, which Mr. Belloc has attributed to the mental weariness consequent upon the tremendous effort of the French Revolution: and at no time could this be graver than at the present, when amid the complications of the social order the man without the faculty of sustained and subtle thinking is more than usually helpless. This is peculiarly evident in the controversy over Voluntary versus Compulsory service. Military thought in this country has fallen into the hands of the "practical" men, who stand for action without thought in the same way that the intellectuals stand for thought divorced from action. The result is that out of the score of publicists who daily hold forth upon this subject, there are at most two who can be said to know what they are talking about. The rest are capable of nothing more than the stringing together of cant words into cant sentences.

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My duties as a military journalist compelled me to spend several precious hours in reading through the newspaper comments upon the recent Territorial deputation to Mr. Asquith. I read nearly all of them, and at the end of the operation I can lay my hand upon my heart and say that either the bulk of the writers in question were deliberately talking nonsense for party reasons, or that, to use a slang expression, their brains had "gone phut." Not only ignorance was shown, but unwillingness or inability to employ the reason. It was a wearisome and pitiable exhibition.

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Take the "Morning Post." The "Morning Post" is a paper which justly enjoys a far better reputation than the bulk of our Press. It is, for an English paper, honest, and, for a party paper, impartial. Its readers are not unable to follow the simpler forms of argument, and are to a large extent well read and travelled persons who demand a certain knowledge and experience in those who write for them. Its military correspondent is a gentleman who has atoned by creditable industry for some defects in other quarters, and from whom we expect a sensible compendium of other persons' opinions if nothing very brilliant of his own. In short, the "Morning Post" is a paper which ought to know better. This is what it gives us: "The Territorials are going to fight, if they fight at all, a well drilled conscript army, and we venture to say to Mr. Asquith, in all sobriety, that it would be murder and nothing less to oppose such a force as ours to such an enemy."

* * *

I venture to say to the "Morning Post," in all sobriety, that efficiency can only be determined by reference to numbers. If I am fighting five men with five, I require in those men a far higher degree of skill and courage than if I am fighting five men with ten. And if I am fighting five men with fifteen (which is about the proportion in which the Territorial force would fight), I should require less still. The mental weariness consequent upon the French Revolution should not prevent our seeing that. To oppose an invading army of 250,000 with 250,000 Territorials would be, "in all sobriety," murder, and it would be only a little better—say, manslaughter—to oppose them with an equal number of Lord Roberts' compulsorily enrolled "trainees."

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But no such lunacy is proposed. The Territorial scheme is based upon the just assumption that our fleet should be sufficient to prevent anything reaching us except a forlorn hope of 80,000 to 100,000, with few cavalry and fewer guns, and to oppose such a force as

that with 250,000 Territorials supported by 50,000 National Reservists, ex-Volunteers and ex-Territorials, would be quite another tale. If this assumption is not correct, the only remedy is to increase the Navy.

* * *

These arguments may be just or erroneous, but they are perfectly plain. They have been stated a hundred times upon a hundred platforms, and in a hundred books and articles, and simply to ignore them, like the "Post," is to convict oneself of impudence or of ignorance of the elementary literature on the subject. They were restated in a speech of admirable lucidity and proportion by Lord Haldane at a public meeting two weeks ago. I venture to say to the "Morning Post," in all sobriety, that it has no right to do this sort of thing. In ha'penny papers one expects it, but the publication at double that sum enjoys a reputation and should act up to it. The arguments of the other side should be carefully studied by well-paid persons with the average amount of grey matter at the back of their heads, and decency should be propitiated by an attempt to refute them. If the staff fail the editor by writing utter nonsense, they should be reprimanded, and, if that fails in its effect, dismissed. The public has the right to call upon editors to act severely in cases of this description.

* * *

Lest we should be accused of party bias, the Liberal gang shall not be passed under review. The Liberal party is the party of the great employers of Labour. "Practically every great capitalist in the country is an ardent supporter of the Liberal party," says Mr. J. M. Kennedy in "Vanity Fair." Now one expects of the capitalist that he shall at least be intelligent in his own interests. But here also the French Revolution has had its baleful effects. A meeting of the National Liberal Federation recently protested that it "viewed with grave anxiety the continued growth in armaments which, unless checked, must inevitably lead to increased taxation." This motion was supported by a Devonian called Brunner, and a gentleman of Caledonian extraction whose enthusiasm for the Bible story has led him to adopt the Asiatic appellation of Jonathan Samuel. The latter of these referred in terms of some contempt to the "half-pay officers, the admirals, and the soldiers who live on us," and the former greeted the passing of the resolution with the memorable words, "Unanimous—I thank God." The repugnance which the Caledonian race has always exhibited to "living on anyone" adds force and point to Mr. Samuel's contempt, and God will no doubt sleep the sounder for this recognition of his existence by the member of a class which has not always seemed to be quite as frightened of the deity as would be good for it. Evidently our capitalists are sound at heart. But is not such a resolution slightly unreasonable in a coterie which has recently been involving this country in a diplomatic struggle with the United States over Mexico?

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The Territorial problem can be simply stated. The issue is confused by the outrageous arguments of the National Service League, who, while grotesquely undervaluing the Territorials, grotesquely overvalue the substitute which they propose for it. The question is as follows. Taking into consideration the whole problem, naval, military and economic, and the imperative need of keeping every penny we can for the Navy, is it better to spend three to five millions on a voluntary army of 250,000, supported by a reserve, registered and unregistered, of at least that number, and of excellent discipline (just because it is a discipline of goodwill), or whether it is better to spend three or four million more upon a compulsory force with greater or rather better organised numbers, slightly better training, but far less goodwill, owing to the admixture of recalcitrants which is inevitable in a compulsory force?

Chinese Guilds.

CHINESE industries, with few exceptions, are protected by a system of combination by which masters and men are enabled to meet and discuss their affairs, settle trade disputes without the dangerous intervention of native law courts or the paralysing effects of labour strikes. These guilds, or trades unions, of ancient and obscure origin, are found in every city, each conducted by a board of officials for the benefit of the crafts they represent, and for the confusion of foreign traders who venture to interfere with their regulation. Meetings are called in all cases of emergency to rearrange values according to the fluctuations of the market, to levy fines on defaulting members, and to see them enforced by the adoption of drastic measures framed to secure the common interests of the league, and strict obedience in the individual members. The course pursued in the conduct of commercial unions is no exception to that of the majority of native institutions in moulding character by dread of the penalties imposed for unlawful practices, rather than by persuasion to cultivate integrity for its own sake. The Chinaman supplies fairly plastic material for successful manipulation under pressure of his guilds. He is constrained to join the combination of his fellow craftsmen by force of ancient usage, or to submit to a system of persecution designed for his undoing. He takes no risks, as a rule, but yields his commercial endeavour to the guidance of his guild in the open market although, in secret, when opportunity offers, illicit deals are seldom neglected, for black sheep in these carefully shepherded folds are not unknown. The guilds are strongly opposed to innovations such as should save labour and jeopardise the work of the craftsmen. I recall an instance which came under my notice in a silk district of the Kwangtung province, which gave rise to a local labour upheaval. The master determined to introduce the Italian system of reeling silk. The league of operatives saw in it the evil design of supplanting hand labour by the use of foreign machinery. The employed proving obdurate, the hands struck work, but not before they had wrecked the complete plant of barbarous foreign invention, and in the end forced the master to revert to the old mode of reeling. This sort of revolt and one of force is exceptional, but it served to show the prevailing native tendency, not confined to commercial enterprises, to gauge the fitness of all things by ancient standards. For this reason the stay-at-home Chinaman has been regarded as a non-progressive type, moving in an orbit of his own from which he may not diverge without disaster to the political and social system of the nation. Yet who knows what he may yet become under the tutelage of his embryo republic? His guild that has sufficed for so many centuries offers a haven of safety in which his present and future welfare are anchored and secured against disaster. At its call he hastens to meet his fellows to study market fluctuations, to determine the price of raw material to the manufacturer, the terms upon which finished goods are sold wholesale to the merchant, the cost to the buyer when sold over the counter, the scale of remuneration to be paid for labour in their production, and all such matters as affect the profitable pursuit of industry. He also is called to sit in judgment on defaulters, slim craftsmen caught trafficking in short weight or measure for secret gain, or cutting prices so as to corner trade, rule the market, and lead to commercial chaos by destructive competition, common to the less cultured traders of Western nations.

The fines imposed on wrongdoers vary in degree. For a serious offence, the culprit may be required to provide, at his own cost, a theatrical performance lasting several days, for the entertainment of the guild; an outlay which not only absorbs his illicit gain but produces if not temporary penury, at least penitence in the reluctant provider, so as to avoid the risk of wholly losing face among his fellows, a fate peculiarly

abhorrent to the Chinese mind. In lieu of a performance, for a fault probably less heinous, he may be required to feast his compatriots at no light cost for choice food and viands to deck the table. Here one finds mingled with trade functions a social element in guild banqueting. The feast resulting from a fine is irregular, and held as opportunity offers. But the guild on national festival and patron saints' days resolves itself into a sort of convivial club, when the assembled members dine and make merry at the cost of the union. It is customary at such times to invoke the benediction of the gods of the crafts by offering the food and viands prepared for the banquet at the shrine of the tutelary deity of the trade before they garnish the mundane board. These votive offerings are incomplete without burning incense, and much paper money of considerable face value, which by sacred alchemy and de-materialisation by fire, pass into the spirit-world, where such spurious drafts are honoured and placed to the current account of the guild with their guardian gods, as a sinking fund to provide protection at a nominal cost. Religious observance in connection with trades unions are not limited to festival days. Each member has a shrine set up in his house or place of business in the shape of a graven image or placard bearing the title of some heavenly patron, to which he repairs, morning and evening, to sacrifice and pray for prosperity. Banks and offices in the evening of the second and sixteenth of each month burn incense, fake notes, paper clothing, and furniture in front of their premises, to clothe, home, and pacify the malign spirits of defunct desperadoes who haunt the neighbourhood.

Beggars are not without their professional unions presided over by Lords of the Lazzaroni, who are supposed to rule their ragged subjects for their joint profit. These chieftains are empowered to levy a sort of poor-rate for the maintenance of the fraternity. This tax, when paid periodically, exempts the citizens from harassing raids, by displaying the official stamp of the mendicants' guild. Woe betide the shop-keeper who refuses his dole; the most loathsome specimens of the naked tribe will be dispatched to invest his shop and force him to concede their demands. In Canton the chief is called Tingular, a term of obloquy for which the profession substitutes one of honour and dignity. Those who join the combination pay four dollars for the privilege of admission. After fealty has been sworn to their chief they are entitled to claim night shelter at the modest cost of one cash per bed, as well as decent burial at the end of their pilgrimage.

But there is another class of beggars, outlaws who own no allegiance to prince or power on earth, who again unite for strength in smaller bands. Some of them I visited and found dwelling in the charnel houses of a city of the dead. Passing on to a tomb where I could hear sounds of mirth, I found four inmates, members of a private league. The head man, a lusty, half-naked lout, was standing in front of the sepulchre smoking a post-prandial pipe, and he offered me a smoke with the air of a Chinese gentleman. After this he invited me to inspect the interior where his partners were busily engrossed with chop-sticks, and steaming bowls of scraps, forgetful of the cares and coffins that encompassed them. One, the jester of the party, sat astride a coffin cracking his jokes over the skull of its occupant. I found other unions of roving mendicants in less prosperous conditions seeking shelter among the tombs of this golgotha. Although these small communities may not be classed with the native guilds, they offer an illustration of the manner in which the Chinese band themselves together against encroachment in following their various pursuits. Even the meanest of these has its allotted place in which to meet, shelter, and discuss its interests.

The guild halls of merchants and traders are noteworthy for their architectural features. With the exception of the temples, the yamens, and the houses of the rich, they are the finest and most ornate buildings

in China, and in their costly fittings and apartments bear evidence of the wealth of the companies which they represent. The Fukien Guildhall, the Tien-how-kung "Temple of the Queen of Heaven," of Ningpo was built in the twelfth century, and has been re-erected at intervals, and is now one of the chief ornaments of a picturesque city. The massive granite pillars supporting the roof are adorned with dragons turned round the stems, sculptured in bold relief to symbolise the earth supporting the heavens, while the building itself is so designed to afford delightful shade while admitting light and air at all seasons. But space will not admit of cataloguing the guildhalls of the cities. In Hankon alone there are eight companies with their systems of combination and terrorism after the manner of the guilds of Europe in the Middle Ages, and in our own land when the right to be a member of a trade depended on the local guild. J. THOMSON.

In Reply to Mr. Belloc.

To the Editor of THE NEW AGE.

Sir,—In the course of Mr. Belloc's articles in criticism of the National Guilds, we have received from correspondents numerous suggestions for the proper line of our reply. A common suggestion is that we should attempt to cut away the ground from under Mr. Belloc's feet by explaining that, as a Catholic, he felt himself bound to oppose any other form of industrial organisation than one that promises to leave open to be re-established the Catholic Church or, in other words, the industrial organisation, whatever it may be, approved by Mr. Belloc's faith. But such a reply would, in our opinion, be neither philosophic nor properly convincing. At best it would be talking *at* Mr. Belloc and for the satisfaction of polemical Protestants, instead of *to* Mr. Belloc and in the interests of truth. Moreover, his attitude, as we conceive it, is but a particular application (to be justified or condemned on its merits) of a general principle which we accept ourselves, namely, that economics should be subordinated to ethics. Mr. Belloc applies this principle to one of its possible symbols in the subordination of the secular affairs of politics and economics to the spiritual principle as embodied in the Catholic Church. In this, as we say, he may be right or wrong; and for the present the matter does not concern us. But the general principle for which he stands in this attitude is one that we ourselves accept, with the reservation only of the right to choose other symbols than his.

Another suggestion that we have received and considered to reject is to attempt to prove that Mr. Belloc's criticism of our proposals is not dictated by their merits or defects, but by their value or the reverse in the restoration of Catholicism. This suggestion, it will be seen, is a little different from the first; for while that urged that Mr. Belloc should be refused admission into court on the ground that he is a Catholic, this urges that he should be admitted into court only to have his evidence suspected of ulterior and irrelevant motives. To this, however, we reply that whatever irrelevant motives may be presupposed by anti-catholics to be mingled in Mr. Belloc's mind, the same, if they exist, will appear in his evidence if it is carefully examined, and can thereupon be ruled out. To assume that our reason may be deluded is to confess ourselves incapable of a clear judgment; and since we are confident of ourselves we do not need to put ourselves on our guard against possible deception. The only considerations we find it necessary to bear in mind—as regards Mr. Belloc in particular—are that, like us, he also starts from certain fundamentals which of necessity must determine the direction of his criticism; and, secondly, like ourselves again, at critical moments in the presentation of his case he will be tempted to call a fear or a hope a fact, and to base a practical conclusion on a matter of strict doubts. For the rest, Mr. Belloc is, and has proved himself to be, a singularly impartial and a singularly sympathetic reasoner and debater. We have no fault whatever to find with his re-statement of our case. He has not misrepresented us, either by omission, exaggeration or diminution, in any essential respect; and his criticisms, whatever others may think of their motives, are for us—the subjects of it—both fair and illuminating. We have, indeed, to thank Mr. Belloc for the courtesy of his conduct of his part in the debate.

The classification by Mr. Belloc of possible Guilds into the two categories of Proletarian and Owing Guilds, and the further sub-division of each of these into two types is a useful contribution to the whole theory and one that we accept. There are thus four classes; and we will set them out again for convenience of reference:—

Proletarian Guilds.

I. Guilds in subordinate partnership with State.

II. Guilds in subordinate partnership with employers.

Owing Guilds.

III. Guilds with a Common Capital.

IV. Guilds with a Distributed Capital.

Now of the two main categories, the Proletarian and the Owing Guilds, we agree with Mr. Belloc that either of the second type is preferable to either of the first, but that either of the first is more immediately practicable and probable than either of the second.

In other words, if the choice lay for us as practical sociologists between Proletarian and Owing Guilds—the matter of the *form* of the Owing Guild, whether communal or distributive, would weigh less with us than the difference between both forms and the Proletarian Guilds. For, as Mr. Belloc is quite right in contending, a Proletarian Guild consisting of a chartered Trade Union in partnership with the State or with a Federation of Employers, would remain essentially an association of wage-earners—that is, in our sense of the word, no Guild at all; whereas, in either of the Owing Guilds, the elements of Rent, Interest and Profits would ex hypothesi have been absorbed in pay, and thus the association would be a Guild in the true sense of the word; it would, that is, have transcended the wage system.

Our difference from Mr. Belloc is, therefore, not on the ground of the abstract desirability of one or other of the two main types of Guild, since we agree with him that either of the latter is preferable to either of the former. Nor is it on the ground of the relative practicability of one type or the other; for here again we agree that either of the first is more probable, things being as they are, than either of the second.

Our points of disagreement with Mr. Belloc are, first, on the relative merits of the two forms of the Owing Guilds; and, secondly, on the absolute demerits of both forms of the Proletarian Guilds considered as possible intermediaries between the present organisation of industry and a future true Guild organisation.

Taking these two points in the order of their importance in *time* (for the more immediate decision to be made is not between the Communal and the Distributive forms of Guild, but between either of the Proletarian forms and the existing system), we have first to note Mr. Belloc's agreement with us that either form of the Proletarian Guild would in itself be better than no Guild at all. This, however, is to say that the immediate and direct consequences of the establishment (which we predict but do not advocate) of Proletarian Guilds, whether in the form of partnership between the existing Unions and the State or of partnership between the existing Unions and the Federations of Employers, would be to mitigate some, at least, of the present industrial horrors—an achievement which, if otherwise the price to be paid is not too high, would be worth accomplishing.

But Mr. Belloc's second point is that it is precisely the price to be paid for the admitted immediate improvement that would be too high; for to the extent that the wage-system is mitigated in its rigours the inducement to wage slaves to abolish it would be reduced. In this we do not agree with him.

What are Mr. Belloc's grounds for believing that once a Proletarian Guild always a Proletarian Guild? They are, as just suggested, that the security afforded by the new system would lull to sleep the desire of men for a complete liberty, or so nearly to sleep as to leave awake only an insufficient desire; and the further doubt whether men so unaccustomed as such men would be to holding property in any form could conceivably raise the enthusiasm necessary to dispossess their capitalist owners, State or private. Their habit of regarding the rights of property as sacred, confirmed by the comparatively easy security guaranteed them by a Proletarian Guild, would make highly improbable, much more improbable than it is to-day, the development of the class consciousness with its resulting class solidarity indispensable to an assault upon capital.

To these objections we reply as follows, and as closely as we can in the spirit of the actual and not in the spirit, which Mr. Belloc rather ascribes to us, of the theoretic and the logical. First, there appears to us to be no more necessity in the rule of once a Proletarian Guild

always a Proletarian Guild than in the more general form of the same thesis that once a proletarian class always a proletarian class. For this latter it is true that a generalisation of history is a warrant; no proletarian class has, in fact, ever emancipated itself in all the historic period. But a generalisation is not a universal, and cannot, therefore, be a law; it is merely a shorthand description of what has been and carries no more, at most, than a precarious validity into the future. The fact that *our* proletariat in *our* time will, if Proletarian Guilds are formed, have *forced* the capitalist classes to this much concession (however paid for subsequently) is evidence of an amount of will to emancipate themselves greater than any previously known. And persistence in the same propaganda (if propaganda it be) that has stimulated proletarian class solidarity to this point may obviously stimulate that will to the point one day of a successful attempt at emancipation. But would, in fact, the secure conditions provided by Proletarian Guilds lull to sleep and thereby make against the success of the propaganda we have referred to? Mr. Belloc, we should have thought, would be the last man to admit that a system, contrary as capitalism is in any of its forms to the nature of man, could suppress the desire for liberty or put a period to its enactment. This may conceivably happen in the case of an individual; it may conceivably happen in the case of a small selected class such as certain ranks of the Civil Service; but, without formal pessimism, it cannot be conceived to happen to the human and naturally heterogeneous class of the proletariat. And this a priori affirmation is supported by observation of the facts immediately under our eyes. What association of proletariat most nearly approximates to the association of the hypothetical Proletarian Guild? The postal service. But it is in the postal service that "unrest" at this moment is most apparent. What associations are next nearest? The railway service, perhaps, and the men of the cotton industry. But is the railway service lulled to slumber, or are the cotton men fast asleep? If in appearance this is the case with the latter, the fact is otherwise. We should not be surprised to find that cotton has been merely resting after its labours in the pre-Brooklands days. Also it must be remembered that the trade has, in a small degree, one of the features of Mr. Belloc's guild—for many of the wage earners are also shareholders. We conclude on the general point that there is nothing inevitable in the rule of once a Proletarian Guild always a Proletarian Guild; but, on the contrary, that the immediate evidence (admittedly not the historic) is against it.

Mr. Belloc's second suggestion is that, by custom, the Proletarian Guildsmen will become inured to propertilessness and thus disinclined to make, and, therefore, incapable of making, the effort required to obtain property. But if property is power, power may become property. Power and property are convertible terms. Since, therefore, we have assumed that the proletariat have developed (by means of a monopoly of their labour and the collective will which *that* implies) power enough to force from their capitalist owners the concession of a Guild (though only proletarian), the consciousness of this achievement is not only a realisation of power, equivalent in psychological effect to a realisation of property (power being potential property) but it carries with it both the seed of itself—namely, the desire for more power, together with one of the conditions of success, namely, confidence. So well known is the fact that men who have once tasted power desire more power that we are surprised that Mr. Belloc has omitted to take account of it. Why are the employing classes to-day so anxious not to permit any, the smallest, item of "management" to be determined by their men? On Mr. Belloc's suggestion a small concession on this point would lull the men's desire for more power to sleep. But the employers know better! Without further argument, we conclude that the establishment of a Guild, even a Proletarian Guild, *forced* on the capitalist classes by the existing Unions, so far from closing the door on the future complete emancipation of the wage-earning class, would actually both open the door and lead to an increased desire on the part of the proletariat to enter it.

The respective attitudes of Mr. Belloc and ourselves on the subject of the immediately practicable and probable establishment of Proletarian Guilds are, therefore, in one sense similar and in another different. They are similar in this respect, that we with him shall oppose to the best of our ability the formation of Proletarian Guilds, devoting ourselves to the attempt to create true Guilds; and they are different in the respect that he will

oppose them desperately and in the belief (mistaken as we think) that they will lead away from emancipation, while we shall oppose them hopefully and on the ground that, though emancipation is not thrust further off by them, emancipation is not brought more than a little nearer. The road, at any rate, leads, we believe, to Rome; even though Mr. Belloc believes that it leads from Rome!

As this dispute is by common consent the subject of most immediate practical importance, we might spare ourselves and your readers (and Mr. Belloc) the discussion of the differences between us on the subject of the relative merits of the two forms of the true or Owing Guild. Since the parties agree that for the moment the odds are much in favour of the establishment of one or other of the two Proletarian Guilds, the discussion of the case of the more remote Owing Guilds may seem a little premature. For three reasons, however, we shall examine the matter here; and, first, because we believe the choice is much nearer practicality than is usually assumed; secondly, because by so much nearer as is the practical discussion of the Proletarian Guilds, by so much is the practical discussion of the true Guild nearer; and, thirdly, because Mr. Belloc, a practical thinker, has belied his pessimism by seriously discussing the true Guilds on the very eve of the establishment of the Proletarian Guilds which are to postpone the true Guilds practically for ever!

Now, of the two forms of the true or Owing Guild, the form in which the capital is held collectively and the form in which the capital is held distributively or severally, Mr. Belloc favours the second while we contend for the first. And his reasons for making this choice are partly certain objections to a collective Guild which, he says, would be eliminated in a distributive Guild; and partly, certain positive merits in the latter form that are not, and presumably could not be, contained in the former.

Let us then examine first Mr. Belloc's objections to a Collective Guild and afterwards proceed to examine the objections, unnamed by him but present in our minds throughout the writing of our articles, to the distributive Guild, commended by him in preference to the collective Guild, commended by us.

Before doing so, however, we must thank Mr. Belloc for summarising in a phrase (*c'est son métier!*) the means by which, if the State ever forms a true Guild, the expropriation of the existing owners must be carried out. In our articles we have assumed, perhaps too readily, that under no conceivable circumstances would the State assist with any initiative of its own the transformation from profiteering to the true Guild system. We have, therefore, been compelled to assume that the operation would require to be carried out by the force—not the physical force, but the moral and economic force—of the proletariat organised in Unions. And we have scandalised some of your readers by suggesting that in this event and on the supposition that the revolution is to be wrought by moral as well as economic means, the expropriated owners should receive a compassionate allowance for the period of two lives, their own and their immediate heirs'. But Mr. Belloc's suggestion, if there should prove to be any ground of actuality in his assumption that the State may conceivably set up a true Guild, displaces ours and we willingly acknowledge it. For his suggestion is that the "expropriation" should be carried out by State purchase, but by State "*purchase out of revenue.*" That is the phrase we owe to Mr. Belloc, though, as you have pointed out to us, the idea was contained in your Notes of the Week a few months ago; and it is a phrase of which we intend to make use when the schemes for nationalising industries come up for discussion. For plainly if we can induce the State to nationalise, but out of revenue instead of by loans, the first great obstacle to true Guilds is removed and with it the certainty of at least a period of the system of Proletarian Guilds.

In making this suggestion, however, Mr. Belloc has helped us much more than he has helped his own case. For, by assuming that the State may assist in the formation of true National Guilds, he thereby ensures for the State a right, morally obtained, of control much greater than would be the case if its hand had been forced. Against Syndicalists who repudiate the supervision of the State over the proposed Syndicalist organisations on the ground that, *ex hypothesi*, they will have owed nothing to the State, having syndicalised industry in the teeth of the State, the only possible reply is of the nature of a philosophic principle. We can, and do, say to the Syndicalists that if they abolish the State they will be com-

pelled to set it up again, and not as their creature, but, paradoxical as it may seem, O Gaylord, as their acknowledged creator. If, however, the State is to play (as it will if it is wise) the part of fairy godmother to the infant true Guilds, the moral and inescapable obligations of the latter are considerable, so considerable, indeed, as to remove the ground of the main objection Mr. Belloc offers to the Collective Guild. What is that objection and how would the moral authority of the State remove it? The objection is that, being necessarily large in numbers and falling consequently under the control of an oligarchy of officials, the Collective Guild can offer no more freedom to its members than can be offered by Mr. Jones, the head of a trust. The Guild Executive and Mr. Jones are, in fact, identical as regards the position they occupy in relation to any single member of their staff. Mr. Belloc concludes from this that unless each member of a Guild has "property" in it, not only his own skill as a workman, but a specific share of the Guild's capital, such that he can sell it, live on its interest, or share of profits, and on it defy the Guild to starve him, he will be as much a proletarian and a slave, in fact if not in name, then as now.

Apart from the objections we might offer to Mr. Belloc's assumptions that a true Guild would necessarily develop an oligarchy of officials; apart also from the objections we shall offer to the right, contradictory to the nature of the Guild, of any member to live perpetually on the interest and profits of his fellows' labour; it should have occurred to Mr. Belloc, when he made his suggestion of the State gift of a Guild, that, in so doing, the State both should and could, and probably would, provide in its Charter for the very case cited as an objection to the Collective Guild by Mr. Belloc. Mr. Belloc quite rightly insists that property is the condition of liberty; he quite rightly insists that without property a man cannot be free. What he fails to see is, first, that the condition of property in society is no other than a legally enforceable claim either to the fruit of one's own or of somebody else's labour; and, secondly, that this essential property, individualised to the last member, can be made by the State to co-exist with the collective property of the Guild by a simple provision. Let it be provided by the State in its Charter to the Guild that every member once accepted shall be entitled to "pay" for life and the thing is done. After all, the claim of the children in a family, though these have not been "selected," is legally enforceable and constitutes their property; and to the order of the family, a natural order, belongs the true Guild, an equally natural order. We see, at any rate, no insuperable obstacle to liberty on the ground of lack of property in the Collective Guild; since the same guarantee, namely, that of the State, that does, in fact, constitute in general the right to property or its proceeds even now, could just as easily be given to every member of the collectivist Guild without, at the same time, making him, in Mr. Belloc's sense of the word, a shareholder.

Having examined the main objection to the Collective Guild, we may now conclude with a brief examination of the objections to a distributive Guild. The most startling discovery to be recorded of this form of Guild is that, as Mr. Belloc conceives it, it is not a true Guild at all, but a co-operative association of producers engaged in extracting for themselves (by means of Capital given to them or taken by them) the Rent, Interest and Profit previously absorbed by private capitalists. The idea that we have throughout our articles insisted upon that the true Guild is chartered by the State to produce for use is transformed by Mr. Belloc into the idea that the Guild is chartered to produce for profit. We have conceived a Guild delegated by the State to produce *use* and to live by the reciprocity of its services and those of the other Guilds. Mr. Belloc conceives a Guild commissioned and equipped to make as much profit as it can out of the monopoly of its labour plus the monopoly given to it of its capital. It is all the difference between a province (say Cape Colony) entrusted with a Constitution and a province (say Rhodesia) handed over to a company to farm for profit.

The safeguards Mr. Belloc deliberately creates in his distributive Guild to provide, as he believes, for personal liberty (which, as we have seen, can easily be provided for by other means) are at the same time the annihilation of the liberties of the State at large; and not only of the State at large, but even of the Guild itself. For he proposes that not only shall the individual member be possessed of dividend-paying shares in his own Guild (thus assuming that his own Guild must pay to itself Interest and Profit—thereby first subtracting from its

members their "surplus value" and afterwards giving it back to them; or, robbing the community of consumers by charging more than the cost of production), but any member of one Guild may "invest" money in another Guild and thus live on the Interest and Profits extracted from them. But the wage system is obviously not abolished if Rent, Interest and Profits can continue to be paid—for these are merely the present difference between the product and the pay of labour. And assuredly it is not abolished for the national advantage if, instead of subtracting Rent, Interest and Profit out of the producers, it is subtracted, by virtue of the monopoly of the Guild, out of the consumers.

And one or other of these courses is not merely left open by Mr. Belloc for his distributive Guild to take, but he provides for either course by insisting on the right of each member to share in profits. And this he does for no other immediate purpose than to safeguard a personal liberty which, we repeat, can be safeguarded by a less disastrous means.

To what is due, we ask ourselves finally, this extraordinary conclusion of Mr. Belloc's, a conclusion that actually defeats the very object for which the true Guild is, if ever, to be established? We can only speculate that, in the first place, it is due to the prevailing obsession of our day that industry must of necessity be conducted for profit, since it is the supposed nature of man to want something for nothing; and, in the second place, to the apprehension of Mr. Belloc for the safety of personal liberty. On both these points we might say a great deal; but we have, we fear, already outrun for this occasion the zeal of the most earnest students of the Guild System. With your permission we will therefore defer the discussion as irrelevant to the immediate objects of this reply to Mr. Belloc.

THE WRITERS OF THE GUILD ARTICLES.

A Pilgrimage to Turkey During Wartime.

By Marmaduke Pickthall.

XIV.

Assassination a Tonic.

NEXT morning, with the first sunlight, I was out walking in the maze of avenues which stretched between the village and the sea. The trunks of plane and mulberry trees red-stained in splashes by the sun's first rays, the mystery of their enormous shadows joined to the heavy rolling foliage, made of the suburban thoroughfares a sacred grove, the haunt of nymph and faun; while, beyond the twisted columns and the shade, the sea was visibly the sea which Jason sailed, the sea whose foam gave birth to Aphrodite. Strange as it may seem, such classical illusions flourish in the atmosphere of Turkey rather than in that of modern Greece. A veiled and shrouded woman fitting under the trees from one garden-gate to another brought this home to me. She belonged to the unconscious, ancient world. The Turks preserve the old Greek's love of beauty for its own sake; his delight in sea-side vistas, colonnades, white temples, solemn cypress-groves; his clear poetic gaze at love and death; whereas the modern Greek's romance is simply money.

I walked a mile or two along the Baghdad road to open country between the purple mountains and the shore. The world was well astir, for Turks are early risers. Peasants with bullock wagons, laden mules or donkeys passed me, going in to one or other of the landing-stage on the Bosphorus. A new white mosque among some trees inland attracting me, I made for it across the fields. A poetical inscription stated that it had been erected by a Pasha of the neighbourhood in memory of his beloved wife whose name it bore. It was a lovely temple in a lovely spot, but for the Anatolian railway running close at hand; and even that was more incongruous than ugly. A single line of metals ran along the middle of a broad rough road, busy with the morning traffic of the district, which road meandered among wooded gardens occupied by quaint kiosks. Men in bright-coloured clothing, black and white-veiled women, horses, sheep, and oxen moved upon it. Pursuing it in my way home I happened on

a youth, whom I knew slightly, returning from the railway station, whither he had gone for news. He told me that the Government held firm.

All the Turkish papers at the station had been sold before the gardener, who went each day to buy one for us, got there. Therefore, I heard no further details till I went to town. I started about ten o'clock, to find, on my arrival in Stamboul, that the State funeral accorded to the Grand Vizier was over. It had been, I was assured, a most imposing ceremony, attended by the representatives of all the Powers, followed and watched by patriotic crowds. One of the assassins, Topal Tevfik (lame Tevfik), had been caught, they told me, and the police were confident of laying hands on all the others. The humble funeral for which the Grand Vizier had stopped his car had been proved, upon investigation, to be genuine, the men who led it absolutely ignorant of any plot. The conspirators had drawn up their car beside the public fountain on one side of the square of Sultan Bayazid, meaning to run it out and block the way for Mahmud Shevket's motor. The appearance in the nick of time of a funeral procession, filling up a street made narrow by some building operations then in progress, removing the necessity for this manoeuvre, they had jumped out and run the few steps necessary in order to fire point blank at their victim. Having achieved their object they had scurried back and set off in the motor at a furious pace, attracting general notice—a fact which was of signal help to the police in their researches—all except Topal Tevfik, who, being lame and consequently slower than the rest, was left behind. He limped back to the tavern where he lodged, and was arrested there a few hours later. The scene of the assassination was the space immediately before the mosque of Sultan Bayazid known to tourists as the "pigeon mosque," whose lovely cloister is among the glories of Stamboul.

Walking about the streets, I found them just as usual, except that the patrols were doubled, and that here and there at points of vantage troops were picketed. The business of the town proceeded just as usual. It struck me, I remember, as remarkable, that neither in my going nor my coming did I meet a single Liberal of my acquaintance. When I remarked to a man, who came and talked to me, upon the absence of some notable from his accustomed place, he laughed and said:

"They are all in it, from Kiamil Pasha, that high pattern of respectability beloved of England, to miserable hangers-on like Topal Tevfik. Well, they have brought it on themselves; they had their warning. You remember what a fuss was made when Kiamil Pasha was forbidden to remain here. Many people thought it hard on the old man, but Jemâl Bey had certain information, and he warned them then."

He added gravely that the danger was by no means over, which seemed to be the general opinion. A group of military cadets with whom I travelled on the homeward boat were in a state of wild excitement and anxiety. They had all been to the funeral of Mahmud Shevket. Most of them had known the blessed martyr (as they called him) personally in his capacity as Minister of War; and their cry was all for vengeance on his murderers.

"They have slain the best hope of our country," cried one youth, an Arab. "If they kill Talaat, Jemâl, and a dozen more as they propose there will be no one left to guide and save the nation."

These young men, drawn from every quarter of the Turkish Empire who, after eight or ten years' study in the capital, are once again dispersed throughout the different provinces, are a valuable asset of Young Turkey. Their rage on this occasion did me good. In Turkey one grows sometimes weary of resigned philosophy.

That evening, as we sat at dinner, a messenger arrived with the news that certain of our neighbours wished to visit us at half-past eight o'clock. Pleasure was of course expressed on the announcement, but a good deal of embarrassment was felt by us, for the people coming

were the couple I had called upon the day before, the same who had betrayed such savage glee on hearing of the murder of poor Mahmud Shevket. We agreed, as far as might be, to keep conversation distant from the burning topic; began, I recollect, by laying out some French and German illustrated papers, of which Misket Hanum kept a store, to make material for conversation. But the pair, as it turned out, had come to talk of nothing else, resolved to have the matter out with me. They did not apologise for their behaviour of the previous day—I never knew a Turk whose pride would brook the notion of apology where one was seriously owing—but they made concessions and decided overtures. The man and I embarked on a long argument which led at length to understanding, though without agreement. I confessed that party madness was excusable considering the harassed state of Turkey, and he admitted in the end that it was undesirable, going so far as to describe both parties as "two clouds of greedy crows" intent upon the body politic. Our friendship, far from being weakened by the wrangle, was increased.

"It remains, however, to be seen," he said at parting, "whether the Unionists will be able to find men to fill the vacant places in the Ministry. Few men will choose to court assassination. They are to be pitied truly. All this bluster and parade of strength proclaims their weakness."

But though the vacant posts were filled but slowly, I saw no sign of fear or weakness in the Government. One day when I was going into town by train there entered my compartment at a wayside station that same influential member of the Committee of Union and Progress who had shown me kindness in the matter of the Balkan massacres. He was one of the new ministers, a man marked out for murder. Yet he appeared as merry as a schoolboy. When I offered my felicitations to him, apologising for the word as hardly fitting in the circumstances, he laughed and said that someone must help carry on the government. At Haïdar Pasha, where we all got out, I saw him beam to right and left, returning the salute of notables, clapping young men on the shoulder, his benevolent large face expressive of the highest glee.

That day I had been asked to luncheon by a friend and, landing at the Bridge, went straight to his abode. He hailed me with a jollity which seemed a little shocking in an intimate of Mahmud Shevket Pasha on that, the first occasion of our meeting since the sad event. "Well," he inquired, "have you made up your mind about our parties yet? Can you now differentiate them and define them clearly?"

I said that I should call the Liberals the Cosmopolitan, the Unionists the Nationalist Turkish party; that the latter seemed to me to wish to raise the common people to intelligent participation in the work of government; while the former wished, without malevolence towards the subject people, to keep things pretty nearly as they were, securing their own status as the ruling class, and figuring as the wardens of the Powers of Europe over savage hordes; but that the fierce reactionary attitude recently assumed by Liberals, in my opinion, put them out of court.

"Bravo," he cried. "But what is your opinion of these last events? We have now got the list of those to be assassinated. It is lengthy. The conspirators who bound themselves by oath to do the work are many. Most of them are still at large. But Jemâl Bey is wonderful. He has arranged things so that if they kill him and all the present leaders, government will still go on. A little disappointment for them, eh? The situation is both interesting and amusing."

My friend seemed strangely happy and in better health than I had ever seen him, for he was generally something of an invalid. He, too, was on the list, I found out later. It really does exhilarate a man of feeling to have the complicated and distracting villainies behind him reduced to one plain issue for him—sudden death. To die is such an easy thing for man to do—the simplest thing of all, as Turks behold it.

A Study in Progress.

By Duxmia.

An understanding of the history and principles of Thalattophilu is of peculiar importance at the present moment, when unsound theories are in the air and a revival threatens of those mediæval notions which constricted the movements of our fathers, binding them to the earth with ligaments of dogma and traditions that remained unbroken for a thousand years. And above all the student should pay attention to the origin and growth of the infant science in the maritime provinces of Holland, Zeeland, and Overijssel, and its final triumph in the breaking of the dykes. Apart from any material lessons, there is to the Thalattophilic mind something at once majestic and comforting in the tale of how the sea, excluded for centuries by the stupidity of princes and governments, was at last permitted as the result of enlightenment to resume its natural boundaries, sweeping away in its return the relics of mediæval barbarism and bringing freedom and unity in its train.

Those whose zeal for research has made them acquainted with the history of that distressing time when a rigid and inhuman Geophily terrorised Europe, and when the standard of fluidity and freedom had not yet been raised upon the dunes by Van der Tosch, will recollect that somewhere about the termination of the Dark Ages the inhabitants of Holland and Zeeland, prompted by a discreditable superstition, started to thrust back the sea from off the land by the erection and extension of dykes. The arguments in favour of that course were specious though fallacious. The Geophilists—by which title the classificatory zeal of modern times had designated those who, in the flesh, would have disclaimed the right to any distinction beyond that implied in the possession of common sense—argued with apparent reason that the land was preferable to the sea if only because man can live on land, whereas on sea he cannot, and, the science of Thalattophilu being at that period non-existent, the unfortunate population of Holland expended its time and resources in a never-ending struggle with the force of the ocean—a struggle in which victory could only mean disaster. Believing as they did that terra firma was indispensable to the happiness of man the misguided nation, led by an equally misguided government, pushed and continued to push that element which they regarded as their natural enemy back to its furthest limits, and since their fanaticism was equalled by their industry the results were appalling. The land, once recovered, had to be apportioned between men, and the process, irreconcilable with the principles of abstract justice, was inevitably attended by disgraceful quarrels in which, apart from the dreadful language used, heads were frequently broken and lives occasionally lost. Estates had to be divided at death in the form of inheritances, and this pernicious system resulted in the growth among the expectant legatees of the most horrible jealousy and avarice—passions from which, after the victory of Thalattophilu, the bulk of mankind were quite exempted by having nothing to bequeath. The coveted land, once acquired, had to be tilled, with the resultant evils of toil and labour, and, its surface being stony and unnegotiable, movement upon it was only possible at a vast expenditure in shoe leather. Indeed it is reckoned that the annual loss to the nation in that commodity was no less than thirty shillings a head or over seven million pounds! The disposal of sewage and refuse was difficult; pipes and channels were provided by the local authorities for its evacuation, in spite of which it frequently accumulated, causing epidemics. The land being partitioned into "properties" and "holdings," free movement became illegal save on the roads, and though during the later stages of the Geophilic epoch an attempt was made to overcome this harassing difficulty by the extraordinary expedient of flying in the

air (!) the imperfection of the machines rendered the attendant dangers so appalling that the majority of inhabitants preferred to remain in servitude to the roads. Finally there was a distressing rigidity about things in general which denied their proper influence to initiative and enterprise. Those who attempted to restore some slight fluidity to the body politic by appropriating the property of others without their consent, or by other methods of flouting the doctrine of meum and tuum which was the most appalling superstition of the time, were persecuted unmercifully and, imprisoned in loathsome dungeons, were condemned to an even more exasperating degree of constrictedness than that which they had rebelled against. For the false philosophy of the age attributed to the so-called "original sin" of human nature those evils which have since been shown to be merely incidents of dwelling upon earth, and fanaticism, having caused covetousness, jealousy, and dishonesty by erecting dykes, proceeded to the complementary folly of punishing those who suffered from them. So true is it that ignorance and neglect of science are the cause of the majority of human woes, and that misguided benevolence will do far greater harm than the conscious perpetration of wrong.

The dawn, however, was at hand. The fatherland of Vanderdecken could scarcely fail to produce the man to cure its own misfortunes, and in the earliest years of the twentieth century there took place at Herderwijk in the province of Guelderland an apparently insignificant birth, that of Jan Dummkopje Van der Tosch, the inundator of his country and the pioneer of modern Thalattophily. Even before the age of seven years his guardians noted signs that his infant finger had been placed upon the origin of his country's troubles. A fondness for the sea and a sympathy for the undeserved suffering of that misused element pervaded all his thoughts, and his especial resentment was directed against its exclusion from that land which was its rightful prey; so much so that upon his sixth birthday he was heard to exclaim, "When I grow up I'll break down all those dykes and let it in!" For this speech he was punished in accordance with the ideas of the times by being whipped and sent to bed, but in later years those responsible for the infliction were able to remember with mingled pride and humiliation that they had been present at the earliest prophetic utterance of the saviour of his country.

At seventeen he attended the University of Leyden, and at twenty-five his essay upon the English master's theme, "Wot's the good of anyfin? Why, nuffin'!" won him the chair of philosophy at that venerable establishment. At thirty he retired to the sandy island of Schiermonnikoog off the coast of Groningen, where, as the result of communing with the winds and waves, he wrote his first and famous book, "The Ethics of Liquefaction"; whence Thalattophily starts. Its success was immediate and enormous. Men felt, in the words of a contemporary, "as though the obstacles had been washed away from their brains." The phrase aptly expresses the astonishing service which the immortal Dutchman rendered to Thought in disposing of the conflicting claims which so long had distracted humanity, by simply denying their existence. Degree, boundary, and limit vanished from the philosophic earth, and the influence of this epoch-making work upon economics in particular was felt at once in the formation of the "Abolition of the Dykes Society," which, reconstructed under the title of the "Inundation League," played the leading part in carrying the master's theories into practice.

The principles of Thalattophily are now too widely disseminated for the necessity of any detailed explanation here; nevertheless a short resumé of the subject will not come amiss. The followers of Van der Tosch based their deductions upon the universally admitted principle of any interference with the free course of Nature and of things. Such interference, it was maintained by abstract reasoning and historical demonstration, had

invariably brought disaster, especially when undertaken by the State, and had only augmented the evils which it was intended to prevent. In the present instance Nature had undoubtedly meant the sea to be where man had substituted land, and that with so many social evils as the consequence, man had better make amends by letting the sea back again. Even granting in a few exceptional cases that the maintenance of land might be desirable for special reasons, the Thalattophilist objected, "Where will you stop?" and the somewhat hesitating and empiric Geophilists were confounded by a telling representation of the evils that would ensue from, say, the draining of the Atlantic or the desiccation of the Mediterranean. Those who felt themselves naturally inclined to avarice and cunning were enticed by the assurance that the present evil effects of those passions were due not to any inherent nastiness but merely to the constricted conditions of dry land, and that after the reform which should readmit the ocean they would be at liberty to give them free rein, not only without compunction, but with a positive sense of benefit to the State. "More efficacious than a thousand Theologians," cried Van der Tosch, "we will abolish evil by turning it into good! Avarice, greed, and oppression will be converted into virtues after the replacement of the land by that sea whose distinguishing marks they are. True wisdom will find the highest happiness not in obedience to the arbitrary decrees of an unreasonable theology, but in self-assimilation to that mighty element from which we are, in which we have our being." The poetry of his eloquence awakened enthusiasm, especially in the upper classes, whose quicker minds were the first to grasp the material advantages of a system which permitted them to beat, cheat, and rob their helpless dependants unrestrained by even so much as that measure of compunction as had been hitherto fostered in them by the obscurantism of Geophilist priests.

Enlightenment at last prevailed, and on April 1, 1941, the simultaneous destruction of the dykes admitted the water over two million acres in Holland, Zeeland and Overijssel. A mighty concourse of the whole population, the richer portion provided with lifebelts and collapsible boats, beheld the awe-inspiring spectacle whilst the slowly rising tide engulfed the final vestiges of human folly and superstition. Cheer after cheer was raised as first hedges, then houses, then everything save the tops of tallest trees vanished beneath the swirling waters, and thousands greeted with every appearance of enthusiasm the disappearance of their homes. The poorer or less provident, whom an excessive attachment to the ways of their fathers, a failure to appreciate the situation, or simple poverty had prevented from providing themselves with the means of safety, were either compelled to flee the country before the incoming tide or suffered the penalty of dilatoriness by being caught and overwhelmed. Here and there a few irreconcilables, perched upon the roofs of lofty houses whose gables still showed above the rising waters, cursed the supposed authors of their misfortunes and, if provided with firearms, sought a futile revenge in sniping the passing boats of their more deserving neighbours. But before long their tottering refuges were either engulfed or levelled with the surrounding waste by the shells of the Government gunboats, and they themselves perished in the flood. Pity may be felt for their fate, but history must call attention to the working of those inexorable laws of progress, whereby each step in advance is won at the expense of those who shut their eyes to opportunities.

The surplus population having in this manner either emigrated or perished, the nation was in a position to adapt itself to its altered circumstances. These were interesting in the extreme and well adapted to the furtherance of progress in accordance with Thalattophilic ideas. The inhabitants found themselves distributed between a number of vessels of varying size, from large steamers to outriggers and punts, and, manufac-

tures and agricultures having vanished with the dry land, were at liberty to maintain themselves by the elevated intellectual pursuit of fishing. Clothing and housing which formerly had been a daily care to millions, were now dispensed with altogether, and the national health showed a marked improvement owing to the elimination by hunger and cold of all save the hardiest lives. Liberty of movement was free and unrestrained by nothing except the fatigue of the oarsman or the uselessness of shifting one's position upon a waste of waters which was everywhere the same. The science of Meteorology, whose horrible neglect had been one of the chief reproaches to Geophilic conditions, progressed with leaps and bounds, and thousands studied daily with gratifying attention the fluctuations of that weather which formerly they had only regarded as furnishing material for small-talk. And indeed in this condition things might have continued indefinitely, for the population were becoming reconciled to their lot and had almost ceased to lament their habitations on dry land (to which superstition and human weakness still attracted them; since we see the past in a rosy light and in the contemplation of their vanished security the foolish people forgot the avarice, the jealousy, and the greed which had rendered their lives so miserable)—but for the accident that the North Sea is subject to storms. Now since it was soon discovered by practical experience that the smaller boats could not survive these tempests, it became an urgent necessity for their occupants to take refuge in the bigger ones, which of course they were able to do only on the owner's terms. These were usually harsh, for the accepted principles of Thalattophily laid down that pity was out of place in maritime affairs. "The sea," said Van der Tosch's disciples, "extends no pity to us; why should we extend it to you? Indeed we cannot, for even were we sufficiently generous to wish to treat you in a manner that your improvidence scarcely deserves, the limited accommodation on our boats would prevent our taking more than a small number, whom we shall naturally choose with regard to what we can make out of them." Thus the unalterable laws of Thalattophily soon effected the elimination of all the small unseaworthy craft, and, incidentally, of a large proportion of the passengers, whom it became customary to allow to perish without mercy upon failure to produce the fee demanded for assistance. The Thalattophilists (most of whom were passengers on large vessels) pointed out that this eradication process had a salutary effect upon the stock.

At this point the restlessness of weaker minds (to whom the unalterable laws of Thalattophily and the relentless nature of maritime processes will always appear revolting) produced a curious and ineffectual doctrine which was the more fallacious for an element of truth. Its authors, observing the gradual concentration of the population from small boats into large boats and from large boats into larger, concluded with reason that the process would continue until all were gathered into one stupendous vessel; when, as they said, the poorer and more unfortunate need only seize the ship to enter into their heritage. So attractive was this solution, laying repentance no less than sins at the addo of an evolution which could be relied upon to accomplish everything without troubling us for assistance, that its advocates forbore to hinder, even actually assisted the amalgamatory process, whose later stages—since the sea could not be relied upon to eliminate competitors of beyond a certain tonnage—were hastened by force of arms, the rival vessels ramming one another till only two were left. These, the Hollandia and the Zeelandia, engaged in a furious contest, which ended in the whole of the vanquished Zeelandia's passengers being crowded on board the other vessel, whilst their own craft disappeared beneath the waves. The millennium however still tarried, for the defeated crew, having lost its arms in the water, was easily driven into the Hollandia's hold by the owners of that vessel, where they were joined to another crowd

of unfortunates, survivors of other vessels. Here, scantily fed and hard worked, their situation was parous in the extreme and aggravated in its misery by the sounds of music and dancing which proceeded from the upper decks. For the captain and owners of the vessel there consumed the lifelong day in revelry, the principles of Thalattophily—which told them that all was inevitable and in consequence of Nature's law—absolving them from any obligation to the unfortunate multitude below, which indeed included over nine-tenths of the population.

At this juncture some reactionary spirits, perceiving the uncomfortableness of such conditions, advocated a return to dry land, which according to them alone would solve the problem. But it was discovered that in the meantime all recollection of dry land had vanished from the minds of the bulk of educated and uneducated alike, many being found to deny that such a condition had ever existed save in legend and romance, and that in any case it was impossible to return to it. "The evolutionary process," said a contemporary Thalattophilist, "cannot be reversed. Here we are; it is not our fault; we could not other. We have no choice but to go forward on the path which the decrees of the sea, as interpreted by Thalattophily, lay down for us, remembering that in the end only complete conformity to her laws can bring us happiness."

The situation was now terrible. Whilst the oppressed remained in the last stages of destitution and physical want, ground down by constant labour and dwelling in the fœtid and sunless regions below deck, the oppressors were in continual suffering from the mental sickness engendered by their situation. Their mental eyes regarding a world of thought which, stripped of the green of pity, goodfellowship and the generous emotions, resembled nothing so much as the barren and everfluxing waste of waters that wearied their outward eyes longing for fields, hills, and the habitations of men, they sought an unobtainable relief in the stranger and more awful forms of debauchery. Many placed an end to their own existences; others continued to live only in a state of listlessness and coma that sought and found no interest in things. Their lives became assimilated in greyness to the ocean which they moved upon; their thoughts and desires persisted only as the mists and vapours by which its face was fitfully and ineffectually veiled.

At last the inspired brain of Arminius Leyden carried Thalattophily to its logical conclusion in the poetical doctrine of physical as well as mental union with the ocean. "Back to the sea!" was his cry. "We are of the sea. Let us return to it!" The intolerable evils from which they suffered were due to separation by the walls of a ship from the bosom of that vast ever-fluid unity. The sea knew no limits, no half-measures, no meaningless and causeless variety. Their happiness lay in making themselves the same. Thus would the last feature be removed from the featureless surface of the sea.

Persecuted at first as a fanatic by those whose minds were not yet attuned to the sublime poetry of his conception, Leyden and his followers (calling themselves the Old Men of the Sea) were imprisoned in the lowest regions of the ship. But the unconquerable faith of the little band found in their distressing situation nothing but a means of furthering their cause. By the help of dynamite which one of their number had secreted on his person, they contrived a breach in the vessel's side, and in three minutes the Hollandia had gone down with every occupant. The dream of worthy Jan Dummkopje Van der Tosch was realised.

Such in a few words is the history of Holland's gallant struggle for liberation from the bonds of an obsolete Geophily and the attainment of complete liberty and fluidity of existence. It is not given to every race to reach so completely a glorious ideal; nevertheless I sometimes think that my dear England is also approaching very closely to it by another road.

Readers and Writers.

I CANNOT think that England has treated Dr. Brandes very well. So far as I have read them, his speeches, with the single exception of the address on Nietzsche, the banality of which may have been due to the "Times" Library where it was delivered, have each contained some ideas worth attention; but the speeches of his entertainers have scarcely had the adornment of a well-turned phrase. In one instance, indeed, Dr. Brandes' invitation to discuss a subject, namely, the influence of contemporary foreign writers on modern English, drew a blank. The very persons who had lately been medalling Tagore, patronising Ibsen, cackling of Bergson and Maeterlinck, and drawing their skirts from Nietzsche, had apparently forgotten their swans and their ugly ducklings and sat tittering in silent embarrassment. Was it to these and for this that Dr. Brandes described the England he loved as the England of the common people? He excepted Mr. Edmund Gosse, it is true, but Mr. Edmund Gosse was in the chair and Dr. Brandes has probably never heard that Mr. Gosse was once the literary editor of the "Daily Mail." But otherwise no living English writer that I can discover was mentioned by Dr. Brandes with praise. The critics of Shakespeare, Mr. Shaw and Mr. Frank Harris, came in for a bad quarter of an hour while Dr. Brandes was explaining their offence. A characteristic lack of humility, he defined it; an unwillingness to recognise greatness. The rebuke is just in one case at least, for Mr. Harris has undoubtedly tried to prove that Shakespeare was very like Mr. Harris. In the case, however, of Mr. Shaw, quite another feat was attempted! Dr. Brandes, I gather, while defending Shakespeare for it, did at any rate adopt one of Mr. Shaw's criticisms of Shakespeare. Mr. Shaw has said in effect that Shakespeare would not have been fit for the Fabian Society; and Dr. Brandes agreed that Shakespeare had no notion of sociology. The people for Shakespeare either did not exist or was no more than a background, usually ludicrous and always contemptible, for his heroes. On the subject of Nietzsche, as I say, Dr. Brandes was banale. "One of his distinguishing characteristics was his disgust with humanity." That is what we expect newspaper reviewers to say. "Yet he loved life." Dear me!

* * *

We are threatened, it appears, with a new enemy of culture in the form of a propaganda for the creation of a Ministry of Fine Arts. The scheme, I feel sure, will not be carried out, but the attempt will involve almost as much mischief as the accomplishment. The supposition that an official body, attracted to their office by motives irrelevant to the fine arts, can become a power for good in art is, of course, fallacious. The best critics, and the only judges worth listening to, are not only the unpaid, but, nine times out of ten, the best hated, the least recognised, and consequently the last to be invited to join the Ministry of Fine Arts. This has so repeatedly been illustrated that I am almost tempted to abandon my belief in reincarnation at the spectacle of the continued ignorance on the point. Surely by this time it should have become the instinctive knowledge of every soul not now taking its first plunge upon our planet. A spontaneous and informal Ministry of Fine Arts there ought certainly to be in every country, consisting of the critics of a common standard, a high culture and a terrible pen; but this is a very different matter from the formal and selected body the present propagandists have in mind. In fact, if I may guess, the first official act of the latter would be solemnly and ceremonially to ignore the former.

* * *

The case of the Academic Committee of the Royal Society of Literature comes conveniently to mind. At its meeting ten days ago, four new members of the

maximum mortal forty were admitted and the de Polignac prize of £100 was awarded to Mr. James Stephens for his "Crock of Gold." Now does anybody believe that if we had not condemned Mr. Stephens the Academic Committee would have applauded him? For he is not alone in receiving consolation for our stripes. Mr. Masefield and Mr. Tagore have both been given awards in money or praise and both of them have suffered at our hands. The coincidence between our criticism and their awards is too improbable to be mere chance. My mathematics simply will not hear of it. The conclusion is that the Academic Committee select our worst and make them their best, thus, by contrariety, acknowledging what they would most strenuously deny. Mr. W. B. Yeats, who presented the cheque with a speech to Mr. Stephens, was happier in the first than in the second. The "Crock of Gold," he said, was "wise and beautiful, weighty with new morals, lofty and airy with philosophy"—which might pass with plenty of champagne; but when he went on to claim Mr. Stephens as a Dublin product the self-contradiction should have brought a full house down. "Mr. Stephens had been educated by the literary discussions, by the books, and by the critical standards he had met in Dublin." In Dublin, you understand—where, of course, no English literary discussions, no English books and no English critical standards ever penetrate! But I shall have something to say about Dublin on another occasion. The foregoing shall be sacred to Mr. Stephens.

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Of the four new members of the Committee who were hastily tucked in before the "Crock of Gold" incident, three certainly have as little (or rather as much) right to be there as a good hundred I could name. Mr. Max Beerbohm is the exception, and I do not challenge his right but his taste in the matter. How *could* a satirist, however slight, join in a foursome with Mr. Masefield, Dean Inge and Mrs. Margaret L. Woods (not to be confused with Mrs. Henry Wood)? He was there, however, and the deed was done, with what effect upon Mr. Beerbohm's prestige let him ruefully calculate before the bill comes in. My addition of his sum for the future works out to nothing. I will say, however, that his introduction inspired Mr. Binyon to the only phrase of the evening, a sentence of excellent criticism, excellently constructed: "As a writer he masked a delicate effrontery with an imperturbable decorum." Contrast this with the mouthfuls of eulogium delivered by Mr. Benson in introducing Dean Inge: "The scandalmonger and the sensationalist took him for a pessimist and a cynic; but it was at once plain to all intelligent men that here was a mind of the first order, bewildered by no cant and hampered by no prejudice, uttering the freest and most clear-sighted dicta on the dull reverberations of deferential opinion and the stupid platitudes which are taken for the fruits of thought." P.S.A., Y.M.C.A. Also the Academic Committee.

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In the "Christian Home Chat," otherwise the "Christian Commonwealth," of last week, there appeared an interview with Professor Gilbert Murray from which I learned the explanation of his oddities. It appears that he was born in Australia and was only transplanted to England when he had reached the dangerous age of eleven. Parents, I beseech you, never transplant your children if you wish them to become unified in their culture. Only an astonishing genius can profit by it. A total change of circumstances in early youth is almost as bad for culture as the intermixture of races. The transplanted often, it is true, develop precociously, but precocity in manhood is a form of misplaced childishness. Professor Murray has all the signs of precocity together with many of the qualities of maturity, and the mixture is one of the bizarreries of our time. Would, for example, an Australian born and bred and brought up or a native English scholar ever mix together in a single sentence.

the words here recorded: "Freedom and law, brotherhood and justice and the pursuit of beauty . . . these a Greek would lump all together as freedom, virtue and wisdom." *Lump*, if you please! And the "Christian Commonwealth" says that Professor Murray "belongs in the true sense of the word to the aristocracy of letters." One other nugget from the bush I cannot refrain from mentioning. "The rebels I like best," Professor Murray told his interviewer, "are those who rebel out of pity for others." But are they not the rebels also who do least? For pity is akin to contempt.

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Mr. Gosse's address on the occasion of the bicentenary of Sterne contained nothing new, but a great deal that was true. Sterne's style, he said, was the best conversational style in the language; and appearing when it did it assisted in the break-up of the rhetorical manner of composition. For this, however, in my opinion, we have had to pay rather dearly. A stricter sense of taste would merely have added the conversational style to our language without sacrificing to it the rhetorical style which for certain subjects and in certain moods is necessary. The effect of Sterne was to laugh rhetoric down, not entirely to the conversational level, but half-way, and to create thereby the compromise of styles familiar in the leading article of journalism. He would be a bold man who dared, and a great man who could, restore the rhetorical style to English; and at present I see no likelihood of it. Nevertheless, the style is legitimate and even noble. In a greater age we shall certainly recover its use.

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The claim of Mr. Eden Phillpotts to speak for "us artists" is sufficiently impudent without his further claim for artists to be above ethical criticism. Writing in the "Times" in reply to the Headmaster of Eton he asks whether the artistic "specialist" is alone to be at the mercy of the world, of the same world that "stands in respectful silence before the technical operations of a plumber." The artist, he says, "is in the world to give the world what it cannot possess without him," for "he who merely offers what his neighbour's dim eyes can perceive for themselves has no excuse for his artistic existence." I will not make the obvious retort on Mr. Phillpotts; but will reply that unless the artist shows us truth we do not want to see his work, and of truth "us critics" have as good an idea as any artist that ever lived. Boast for boast, in fact, we have a better idea of truth than artists; for while they produce for our appreciation it is we who by still a subsequent act judge. I am quite prepared, of course, to admit that judges are few; but I am not prepared to admit that artists can distinguish them. The artist demands praise and praise only; the judge ignores his demand, or, rather, satisfies it, but in his own way which is criticism: a way the artist usually fails to approve! Assuming for the sake of argument that Mr. Phillpotts is the typical artist, can he truthfully say that had the Headmaster of Eton praised his works, he would have resented his incursion into judgment? Is not the weakness of the artist to identify good judgment with praise? But it is notorious even down to Dartmoor; and the assumption still remains an assumption that Mr. Phillpotts, the rural cinemelodramatist, is an artist except by his own claim.

* * *

Have any of my readers heard of Croce—Benedetto Croce? If so, they have done me and THE NEW AGE an injustice in not communicating the fact; for Croce is, if I am not mistaken, the philosopher of THE NEW AGE. When a man is past forty and has read practically everything (and, besides, written upon nearly everything) he does not expect to make a fresh literary discovery. It has occurred to me, however, to have discovered Croce within the last few weeks and to find myself delighted. Plato was once a delight and I read him for seven years,

until, in fact, Lutoslawski established the chronology of the dialogues and burst the bubble I had blown of Plato's "ideas." Nietzsche for another seven years. I adventured in with great pleasure and with no small profit; until his whimsicality became a burden. The "Mahabharata" I will simply leave out of my reckoning for if any work is superhuman that is. Confining myself to the human plane, since Nietzsche I have read nothing to compare with Croce, and I hasten, like a benevolent fool, to say so.

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Four years ago, now that I recall it, Croce's "Aesthetic" (Macmillan, 10s. net) came into my hands for review. "Aesthetic," I said wearily—another blether about Art—and deferred even to read it. (No, I did not review it either.) Recently a new work of his fell my way—"Philosophy of the Practical" (Macmillan, 12s. 6d. net), and, in curiosity, I began to read it. The first passage I remarked in it runs as follows: "The philosophic method demands complete abstraction from empirical data and from their classes, and a withdrawal into the recesses of the consciousness, in order to fix upon it alone the eye of the mind" (p. 9). The method was familiar, but is it, I asked myself, compatible with the practical? Can it lead to verifiable truth, to universal truth? For the common criticism of this discovery of truth in one's own inner consciousness is that one discovers only one's imaginings, and the imaginings of the heart are logically fallacious and consequently wicked. At the same time, it is not to be denied either that no other philosophy than the ideal has any right to the name (for empiric or inductational philosophy is generalisation but not universalisation), or that good common sense accepts this form of philosophy as true. And when both the metaphysician and the person of plain sense are agreed, they are probably agreed about the truth. Croce, as I read on, appears to me to be aware of the real strength of his position, and the title of his book is the key to it. He supplies the philosophy of the practical, the universal (note again, not the general merely) of the particular; and from this point of view he justifies by the inverse method my contention that mysticism is common sense by proving that common sense is mystical or philosophical. I feel sure I shall have a good deal to say about Croce in future notes; more especially as still another of his works has just been published: "The Philosophy of Giambattista Vico" (Howard Latimer, 10s. 6d.).

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The Report on Modern Indian Architecture issued by the Government Press at Allahabad ought to be of the utmost interest to guildsmen, for it describes, though naturally from the outside, the actual working of the surviving building tradition of the Indian guilds. What few modern minds, divorced as they are from many craft traditions, cannot understand is that a tradition is an active power operating by a distributive as well as a collective instinct. The analogy of the construction of a wild bee's nest is here instructive; for just as these creatures, though apparently working individually and without direction, work nevertheless to a single plan and as if they were under the superintendence of a master-architect, so, in a guild still inspired by tradition, the total plan appears to be contained as much in one workman's mind as in another. This "mystery" of the guild spirit was noted with astonishment by the surveyor who examined the native work, in progress, of building the Daoji Temple at Agra. Neither observation nor inquiry could discover the existence during the ten years already spent in the building, of plan, of architect, or even of any programme of work. There is a kind of foreman, paid a shilling or two a month more than the rest of the craftsmen, but his superintendence is of the slightest and is confined, I gather, to acting as a sort of adviser to any workman in doubt. For the rest, the building appears to be "growing up before our eyes like a living organism."

R. H. C.

Under which King?

By Vance Palmer.

A STRAGGLING collection of gunyahs in the elbow of the creek marked the headquarters of the tribe. It had been the ancestral camping-ground for many generations, for the water in the rocky basin had never dried up within living memory, and thither game and birds flocked when the rest of the country was dry and withered. The primitive joys of the chase may appeal to well-nourished sportsman, groomed and accoutred, but these simple blacks believed in having their next meal always well within reach of their boomerang or nullah. That, at any rate, had been their idea in the past, and they had no reason to change their camping-ground now, even though only a few of the old men went out hunting with the dogs. The younger ones preferred to earn a little money to buy flour by working for a few weeks of the year among the cattle, and to hang around when a bullock was killed, lending perhaps an inefficient hand so that they might be offered the supplementary portions of the carcass.

Between these two sections of the tribe, the young and the old, there was a deep and eternal conflict that did much to mar the harmony of the camp. Never was it more openly manifest than at the beginning of the winter season when the corroborees were begun and everyone far and near who could claim a blood relationship trooped in to keep the festival. The new arrivals were generally young men whose eyes had long lost their innocence and whose quick brains were never shadowed by tribal memories. They played cards together and loafed in the sun, talking idly about roping and branding; and in the afternoon they spent more time in washing out their moleskins and coloured neckerchiefs than in painting their bodies for the nightly corroboree.

In many little things the conflict between the generations was apparent, but it found a concrete cause in the question of who was the rightful king. The office had, in the modern way, fallen into disuse. There was no need of a leader in war, and many institutions like the borah had suffered decay. At these times of festival, however, it was necessary for someone to take on the function of leader, to invent and organise corroborees, to act as poet and priest, and to symbolise the tribe in his person. And (uninfluenced by the monarchical idea of to-day) they wanted someone who was at once popular and worthy of respect.

I say they wanted this, but indeed it was only the young men who brought up the question. The others had always considered that an old fellow named Targan was the lawful king, by right of blood and unbroken custom. He was white-haired and of great age, and in his deep-set eyes overhung by shaggy brows an unquenchable fire burned always. Never once had he eaten flour or crossed the creek from his territory to where our sleek horses cropped the herbage of the home paddocks. Never yet had he acknowledged a salute that a white man had given him. This stern old man with his tattered shirt, his skinny legs, and his towzled mop of white hair was the fragile repository of a spirit as implacable as any that ever fought against the easy acceptance of injustice or corruption. Watching him start out over the ridge with his boomerang in search of game, his dogs and his gin trailing behind him, one forgot his fugitive kingdom and the incongruities of his clothing. He loomed a mysterious and isolated figure against the sky.

The younger men, however, thought him a little odd. He lived much alone and talked very little, even to his gin and those of his own age. Of an evening he would sit by himself muttering, or looking dreamily into the fire, and in the excitement of the corroboree (especially during those of his own composition) he was apt to become possessed and tear off his fragmentary supply of clothing. They objected also to the style of his corro-

borees which were long, melancholy chants, without action or excitement, embodying little lyrics such as this:—

A water lizard was lying basking on a log when a man came along and threw his boomerang at it. As it slipped off into the water it said, reproachfully: "Why did you disturb me when I was happy in the sun?"

Their nominee was Albert, Prince Albert they called him, though he could lay no claim to royal blood. He was a big fellow with a plausible manner, regular features, and a fairly accurate knowledge of English. Although he had never been known to work, he always wore boots and a complete outfit of clothes, but that was due to his proficiency in gambling. It was wonderful with what regularity he would hold the right bower at euchre or turn the double-six out of the dice-box; and the loser was never sceptical, even though he had to part with his last garment. Moreover he had spent part of his youth in one of the little cattle-townships on a river to the South, and that gave him prestige. By day as he strode about among the gunyahs the young men hung around his heels and the girls followed him admiringly with their eyes.

It would have been enlightening, however, to have heard Targan's opinion of him and his ways. All one week the struggle went on between the two factions, little groups knotting together and whispering by day, and shouting epithets at one another from the doors of their gunyahs at night when the fires had died down. Yet beneath all the bellowing of raucous voices and the barking of dogs there was the suggestion that it was not merely the contest between two individuals, but something deeper and less transitory, something nourished by whatever forces are eternally opposed. Even the contestants felt this; Targan with his shining legs and brooding eyes, and Prince Albert with his flash ways and his preoccupation with things sensual and visible.

It ended (how otherwise?) in a compromise. Targan was to compose and arrange the first half of the corroborees, and Prince Albert the remainder. Lying on my verandah on the other side of the creek I heard one night the wail go up, then the beating of skin drums, the thud of naked feet, and the slow chant that seemed to be older than the wind that moaned in the mulga. It was strange how those first few days retained that cadence and gave it forth again, even in the sunlit lanes. It seemed to infuse a poetry into the breathless, sweating work of struggling with young steer in the branding-yard or holding uneasy scrubbers on the cattle camp. There was in it an echo of something far beyond the region of trivial and temporary affairs, beyond even that human past into which old Targan's eyes always appeared to be gazing. One morning, however, as I sat in the saddleroom plaiting strands of greenhide into a rope, Prince Albert's head slid round the corner of the open door.

"My turn to-night, boss," he said. "You come along—you come along after dark. This time good corroboree. Mine thinkit you like it."

His eyes twinkled eagerly, whether in the hope of approbation or a plug of tobacco it would be hard to say. In the latter, however, it was the more easy to oblige him. Sitting that night on the outskirts of the cleared space between the fires I watched the performers file on, the dim light dancing on their painted bodies and bringing a ruddy glow to the encircling trees. Then the corroboree commenced. The women in the chorus slapped their thighs and beat upon their drums of hide; the piccaninnies clashed their crossed boomerangs; the dogs began their howling. The whole earth seemed to echo to the thud of feet and the clamour of voices.

It was not difficult to follow the story. There was no trace of the classical form about it, nor any hint of symbolism. It fed the eyes to the point of surfeit and withheld its rightful sustenance from the imagination. A tribe of blacks had come upon a lonely man in his hut and found him counting his gold. They stole in

upon him, set the hut afire, and tomahawked him with an unnecessary display of emphasis, leaving his body to the flames and appropriating his gold and whisky. Followed scenes of revelry which lasted till another tribe came stealing out of the bushes and fell upon them, exacting revenge and a sufficient tribute of blood to satisfy even the white god of justice. The whole was interspersed with shouting and singing, every movement being made with violence, and every action carried out to its bitter end.

And through it all moved Prince Albert, his conception of morality expressed and underlined in his every attitude. It was he who objected to the killing of the white man, he who betrayed his tribe to their rivals and was foremost in the pursuit of vengeance. With the white spirals glistening on his bare, black chest, he pranced up and down the dusty arena, his face shining with perspiration and fictitious emotions. He was the hero of the evening, the new Dionysos, or whatever they called their god of innovation.

But where was Targan? Not his that evening to become possessed and tear off his clothes in the abandon of the dance! Probably he was sitting alone at the door of his gunyah, his lean, mangy dogs about his feet, his old eyes staring at the fire and remembering those traditions that alone held sanity and a safeguard against decay.

A Contemporary Account.

By J. S. Machar

Some extracts from the "Catholic News," published at Jerusalem during the reign of Tiberius Cæsar.

(Translated from the Czech by P. Selver.)

MARCH 5. *Day by Day.* Palestine is troubled with a strange kind of misfortune. Just as the Lord sent locusts and vermin upon Egypt, so his wrath has visited our country with—"prophets." The facts are these:—The crazy "prophet" Jochanaan from the Jordan has obtained a colleague and a rival, in the person of a certain carpenter of Nazareth. He has made his appearance, it seems, in a very self-assertive manner. We regret that we have no more detailed news about this latest light, or we should gladly publish it for the entertainment of our readers.

MARCH 10. *Day by Day.* The new "prophet" of Nazareth has turned out to be an ordinary "miracle doctor," the kind of mountebank with which we are already overstocked. A correspondent from Capernaum informs us of a story circulating about the town, to the effect that the man of Nazareth has healed a gouty patient. Our correspondent understands that he gave him a cold poultice. The "miracle" doctor calls himself Joshua. We advise him to return to his carpentering and to leave healing severely alone—we have qualified doctors by the thousand and they are none too flourishing as it is.

MARCH 18. *Day by Day.* It is clear that Master Joshua, the Nazareth carpenter, is himself uncertain who he is. Sometimes he makes his bow as a "prophet," sometimes he "cures" the sick, but we can inform him of the whole affair in a nutshell. This rascal made his way here from Cana, where the daughter of the Chairman of the Town Council has just celebrated her wedding with Mr. Ephraim, a well-known figure in the building line. Master Joshua marched bold as brass among the guests, got as drunk as a lord, danced and frolicked in a manner becoming to his origin and education. When wine was to be brought for the guests, he announced that he could supply wine, and—what a magician!—he set before the guests—pure water. Naturally, the excited, tipsy, and sweating roysterers relished the water like nectar, whereupon the shameless Joshua declared that he had changed the water into wine! Normal people in any other place would have thrown him out, but the good-natured and bemused Galileans were quite taken in by such jugglery. We shall keep a sharp eye on this worthy fellow, and

we specially request the clergy to give us all information; this person is on the tramp from parish to parish and is clearly bent on performing more such tricks.

APRIL 2. *Day by Day.* One fool will quickly make a dozen others. Joshua, the carpenter of Nazareth, has his "disciples." Not in the carpentering trade, but in his "prophetic capacity." He has found some fishermen and vagabonds like himself, and with this escort he proceeds from town to town, from village to village. We understand that he promises these simple fellows the "kingdom of heaven" and "riches in heaven," at which prospect the poor wretches are quite dazzled. We would remark that certain of them are fathers of families, and that their deserted wives and children are now in the greatest distress. It is a comforting sign that his own father and mother (his father is also a carpenter at Nazareth) have washed their hands of their "prophetic" son for ever; likewise have his brothers. They are all simple but honest people and enjoy the greatest esteem at Nazareth. This fact should certainly open the eyes of all who would like to see in this precious carpenter more than he actually is—namely, a rogue and a vagabond.

APRIL 15. From an article: "Unparalleled impudence of a vagabond." Joshua is in Jerusalem. We said nothing when this vagrant was up to his tricks in the provinces, but we feel ourselves constrained to speak now that he has brazenly entered Jerusalem and caused a scandal that must bring us into discredit throughout all Asia Minor. Devout Christians, here is something for you to marvel at. Yesterday, just as His Eminence, Cardinal Baron Chlumchansky was celebrating Holy Mass in honour of His Majesty our most benignant Lord and Emperor Tiberius, this impudent Nazarite vagabond entered the temple, picked a quarrel with those worthy financiers, who from time immemorial have changed money for our devout pilgrims, overturned their tables, spilling their hard-earned possessions on the ground, and even laid hands upon them. At this, the uproar was so great that the Cardinal turned away from the altar. The devout worshippers were excessively exasperated, and there was general dissatisfaction at the complete absence of the police. Of course, when our sacred religion is being insulted, the arm of righteousness is singularly weak. We live in a pleasing age. . .

APRIL 16. *Day by Day.* Joshua has disappeared from Jerusalem. It would seem that things have become a trifle too hot for him there.

MAY 20. *Day by Day.* A dispatch from Nazareth informs us that the carpenter Joshua is prowling round about his native place. By his babbling, which is known as "preaching," he is keeping credulous people from their work. In all modesty we venture the opinion that the police officials in that town might for once be commissioned to inquire of the individual in question what his real intentions are and especially how he obtains his living—both he and those poor dupes, his "disciples."

JUNE 13. *Day by Day.* The vicar of Capernaum sends us a communication to the effect that the residents in that place have received a visit from the "prophet" Joshua. We gather that he conversed with a certain foolish man who laboured under the impression that he had an evil spirit. This caused much amusement in the town. The reverend gentleman adds pertinently enough that "one evil spirit conversed with another." And so say all of us. We are not informed whether the police interfered in any way. But, of course, it only concerns our holy faith and church.

JULY 18. *Day by Day.* The "Galilean Herald" reports an assembly of the people, the cause of which was the notorious Joshua. It appears that he collected the people round him on a certain hill and preached in his own special manner. The "Galilean Herald" publishes a few samples; we do not re-print them, but merely remark that every sentence smacks of high treason and affront to the church and its dignitaries, and that all this "preaching" should make interesting read-

ing for the public prosecutor—that is, if he had the slightest concern for such matters.

December 17. *Day by Day.* For some time we have refrained from all mention of the "prophet" Joshua, expecting that his brawling would be attended to by the proper persons. That, however, has not been done. It would be a good thing if devout Christians forwarded their complaints direct to the Cabinet Secretary of His Majesty Tiberius Cæsar at Rome. It rather looks as if His Excellence the Lord Lieutenant Pontius Pilate fails to see the full gravity of the affair. We do not wish to cast any doubt on his good intentions. And yet, perhaps . . . ?

January 12. *Day by Day.* A gentleman in holy orders informs us of the unpleasantness that has been caused in his parish by the vagrant and "prophet" Joshua. The individual in question entered the house of Mr. Simon (we must express our wonderment that Mr. Simon shows any liking at all for such visitors), sat down at a table, whereupon the door opened and in came—Magdalene, a notorious harlot of this town, to hold "conversation" with the master. Every man of the world will easily realise what kind of conversation that was. Mrs. Simon and her daughter left the room with outraged feelings. It is rumoured that Mr. Simon remained. We simply record the fact. . .

April 17. *Day by Day.* Joshua is back at Jerusalem. His boldness is increased by the forbearance of those in charge. He continues with his juggling, persists in his "preaching," and is an offence to the orthodox believers. On one occasion he proclaimed himself as the Son of God. It is about time that the Christian race took steps itself, if such blasphemy is tolerated by the authorities.

May 25. *From a leading article* :—The "preaching" that the rebel Joshua propagated in a meeting by the lake, and from which we have given a few extracts, forms the culmination in the doings of this desperate firebrand. He has declared war not only against the Holy Church, but even against the whole instrument of State. He has dealt a blow at all principles hitherto formulated, and made strides on the path of revolution. If the Imperial Government still continues to keep silence, let the responsibility for all that is happening be upon its head. . . We are informed besides that His Eminence Cardinal Baron Chlumchansky has submitted a detailed memorandum to the Holy Father at Rome, with the request that His Holiness should intervene in the matter with His Majesty Tiberius Cæsar.

July 14. *Provincial News.* At last! It would appear that worldly justice has realised its duty in support of our holy faith. King Herod has ordered the crazy Jordan "prophet" to be suppressed. Jochanaan is no more. This action meets with our glad approval; in it we see the finger of God, and we hope that this is only the first step to something further. Joshua is still at liberty. Well, King Herod has better notions of his duty than have certain rulers. . .

October 17. *From a feuilleton by Father Lapok.* Such a prophet is a thousand times better off than I who am hammering out this feuilleton about him! A fine life he has of it. He goes about prophesying and there are people good-hearted enough to give him what they have: money, butter, eggs. And when that is finished, he goes into a field, gathers carrots, plucks maize or even ears of corn. And a nice thing it would be for anybody who wanted to resist. Why, Master Joshua is the Son of God, forsooth, and here are his disciples: grovel, man, and show your gratitude for this favour. . . .

. . . . And these miracles! Master Joshua has nothing to eat himself, but he satisfies five thousand men with five loaves and two small fishes. We recommend this skill to the minister for war; what savings there would be, what a relief for all who are groaning beneath the burden of taxation. . . .

. . . . And charming sages these "disciples" of his are! Joshua has not completed his course of car-

penry, but he has himself dubbed "master" and goes in for "disciples." To one of them, a certain fisherman named Simon, he has promised the job of house-keeper in heaven. We beg to offer our congratulations. He has offered another one a place next to himself. Pleasant company. . . .

. . . . Certain foolish mothers gave him their children to nurse. Master Joshua knows how to work on the feelings of credulous people. Praise up any whimpering object and the mother will go through fire for you. There's nothing like diplomacy.

. . . . By the way, the "Son of God" can be got at even by the "eternal feminine." In Bethany there are two sisters, elderly ladies, and it is hinted that Master Joshua is not indifferent to them. Nor they to him. But he does not know which one to decide on. One can cook very well, the others listens nicely. O Mary, O Martha, how hard the choice is, even when a man is a prophet. . . .

December 16. *Day by Day.* Joshua has turned up in Jerusalem again. His blasphemous impudence has reached its climax. It is vouched for by reliable witnesses that he announced: "I and the Father are one"; not his father the carpenter, but God above! This is really a dangerous kind of madness. And the authorities? . . . They hold their peace.

December 20. *Day by Day.* Joshua has left Jerusalem scot-free. We merely state the fact without any remarks. But we are bound to say that in future the sanctity of the powers that be shall remain of as little concern to us, as the holiness of the church and its agents is to the public prosecutor. . . .

April 10. *Day by Day.* Yesterday Joshua rode triumphantly into Jerusalem. The people hailed him as the "son of David." If His Majesty Tiberius Cæsar had deigned to visit his trusty city, He could not have been received with greater demonstration. Jerusalem is in a state of revolution. The police authorities were slumbering yesterday and they are slumbering to-day.

April 13. *Day by Day.* We are informed that the notorious agitator Joshua has been arrested and imprisoned.

April 14. *From a lengthy article.* At last the Government has come to its senses. At last the responsible agents are opening their eyes. We record this with a certain satisfaction. We have always been on the watch for revolutionary schemes directed against throne and altar. We have raised our voice only in the interests of the peace and order to which devout citizens are entitled. To-day the Government acknowledges us to be in the right. Tardy, but still. . . .

April 15. *From a report.* The examination of the insurgent Joshua corroborates what we asserted three years ago. An enemy of the Holy Church, an enemy of our illustrious emperor. . . .

. . . . During the examination he displayed an insolent bearing and answered in a thoroughly self-assertive manner. His Excellence the Lord-Lieutenant was present at the examination, and himself asked a few questions.

. . . . All the barristers are of the opinion that the revolutionary Joshua cannot evade the death penalty. And the voice of the people is with them. . . .

April 16. *From a lengthy report.* However dreadful the execution on Golgotha may have been as a spectacle, satisfaction was nevertheless to be observed on the faces and in the talk of the people. There is no occasion for surprise; is not a man unwilling to let his most sacred possession be injured? Joshua's death was richly deserved. . . .

One trifling hint for the future. All three criminals were hanging on their crosses in a state of complete nudity. Could not the Government find at least some bathing-slips for them? We saw quite a number of devout women and maidens blush for shame and turn away in disgust. It is a good thing to give a cautionary example, but we must not offend the modesty of the spectators. . . .

Tesserae.

By Beatrice Hastings.

MEN speak of the disunion between rich and poor as though human nature itself were divided thus; and, in a sense, this is so, since particular passions distinguish each state respectively.

The poor have envy, malice and servility; the rich have avarice, scorn, hardness and arrogance.

The policy of the poor is self-deceit—of the rich, deception of the poor.

As a poor man enriches himself he becomes automatically freed of the vices of poverty and shackled by those of wealth.

* * *

From a day-dream the Mind awaked above a Heart boiling with pain.

"What ails thee, Heart?" asked the Mind.

"Thou hast encircled me with a hateful thought like flame around a vessel of oil."

"Take, then, a new thought to cool thyself of pain. Malice is not in thee, but a malicious thought can burn thee, thou incapable of resistance! For my own sake and lest we burn together, I give thee a second thought. O innocent and incorrigible one, think this: that I only am to blame for thy excitement. Instantly the fire will go out."

* * *

Some women reproach men with desiring us for our sex: but for what do we desire men—for what, if not to fill a vacuum? Of vacuum Womb may be the nadir. The female animal is contented when the womb is filled, and, this accomplished, she is ready to dispense with the male. But women have, also, a vacuum of the intelligence for the filling of which they become more and more helplessly reliant upon men. Out of such reliance arises another reproachful cry—"How terrible to be dependent on a man for one's whole happiness!" Terrible, indeed! But why be so?

I see that wives, when temporarily deserted by their men, experience boredom, panic, suspicion, resentment, envy and shame—whereas men, left to themselves, appear very joyous, full of freedom, ready for amusement and occupation. Of all these miserable states in women shame is the only constructive one; the rest is destructive. We may build on shame and, through it, find youth-saving occupation and, perhaps, amusement.

When modernist women say that it is disastrous to be dependent on men for happiness, they seem often to be thinking of such sort of happiness as is connected with money; they run abroad to earn money as though in lack of this lay the trouble. But these money-earners become bitter as any dependent wife, and more desperate than the wife, who has security of at least some kind. What is really disastrous to women is to be dependent on men for company: from this helpless self-disrespect there are no depths too low for a woman to sink to.

* * *

I said once that bad manners keep many women single. Bad manners imply ignorance. It is ignorance, breeding impertinence, which permits a woman who has read philosophy to fancy herself a philosopher and fit mate only for a philosopher. While she is showing off her reading, the man is saying to himself—"Little parrot!" If he is ill-natured he will question her so as to make felt, if not understood, the difference between reading and thinking. He will not marry her.

It is ignorance which allows a business woman to talk to business men as though inequality in this sphere no longer existed. Men know that, even among themselves, inequality exists. It would be unbusinesslike to assume otherwise. A business woman should suppress any appearance of rivalry towards a man with a business career before him. He will laugh at her rivalry, and not marry her.

It is ignorance which makes a craftswoman impatient with the craftsman, so often slower as he is than she. The race of craft is not to the swift, and the craftsman's impatience is against impatience. He will put the finish on his work and go off with a shrug at hers.

It is ignorance which makes any marriageable woman scheme to be alone with a man before he has exhausted his resistance. Except during the decisive few minutes of solitude à deux, it takes more than one woman to be attractive. And a feminine companion markedly ill-equipped for conquest is worse than no rival at all. Men are incalculably pitiful.

* * *

One thing amazes me most—that in London where society is so varied and free, and where every woman has opportunity to shine if she is able, some handsome and talented women should occupy themselves with very inferior men, falling in the shade, and that when they emerge from one of these eclipses, it should appear to be for nothing but to court another eclipse. The world will forgive these women just so long as they are a loss to it.

* * *

A certain fault in the single-minded reformer is that he frequently approaches tyrants with an indignation which gains for these tyrants the sympathy of their very victims. He fails to realise that his own strength is itself terrifying to the weak.

* * *

Less than a mile in space from our doors is so much human misery as it would seem enough only to know about to make us perpetually grave. Yet we amuse ourselves while others despair, we eat well while others go hungry, we tend our houses while people lie sick and neglected. It is hard to believe ourselves more sane than the rapt lunatics. Nature, that consoles the lunatic for the loss of his senses, consoles all sufferers. Us, by resignation, she enables to bear our vicarious misery.

* * *

Sinecures belong to the plane of gift. The recipient of a sinecure should be himself already gifted with influence, social and intellectual, beyond what may be acquired by industry. When sinecures are given as a reward for ordinary service, the Government is corrupt.

* * *

The arch-courtesans are those who have gained a reputation for native chastity. Thus Aspasia, until her fall after the death of Pericles, was regarded by the best of the Athenians as unapproachable; thus Ninon, to her end, by several immaculate friends: thus La Vallière by everyone, priests, statesmen, and women alike. Not even some stupidities in this woman's conduct towards the court could shock people into forgetting the value she had forever put upon herself as the choicest sinner of her generation.

* * *

It cannot well be made an indictable offence to print advertisements as ordinary journalistic matter, though the only purpose of such "articles" may be to cheat one into buying what one would not buy unless it were vouched for by someone of experience. I see that the boastfully respectable "Daily Graphic" is passing off pro lactum, pergol, and other proprietary articles as though these were simples recommended by dear old ladies of families renowned for their beauty. There should be some means of stopping such traffic. A test case brought against a journal which had recommended an injurious article might put an end to the disgraceful business—even though the case were lost.

Women subscribe money for the campaign of the vote. But how much more practical it would be to subscribe towards some society whose business was really to obtain women's rights: the right to obtain unadulterated articles, the right to know whose jam has

changed since it gained the Gold Medal, whose frying-pans cut the hand and do not fit the stoves with which they are sold, whose lunch-tongues—the only genuine ox-tongue at one and threepence to be bought—are boycotted for some trade reason which deprives the public of an article it needs. It would pay us to pay for such a committee of rights.

* * *

Three things are not in one's power to hold or to cast away, namely, fortune, fame and vocation. The lucky person understands the nature of these things and neither clings to nor despises them when they come, but one is luckless who turns, with fortune, miserly or extravagant, with fame, self-conceited or falsely humble, and, with vocation, who dallies or madly rushes upon works.

Views and Reviews.*

THE publishers have not been very kind to me this autumn. I suppose that good books are being published; the reviews that I occasionally read in the daily papers seem to me to be as eulogistic as ever; but never a good book do the publishers send to me. On the principle of "what does not fatten will fill," I have to be satisfied with Tory dialogues, Neo-Malthusian heresies, or the work of the egregious Saleeby. But horror on horror's head accumulates; abyss below abyss appears, and all the other metaphors that may be mixed with these. I am reduced at last to Mrs. Pember Reeves, to an account of an investigation conducted by the Fabian Women's Group into the causes of infantile mortality, or, correctly, report concerning the effect on mother and child of sufficient nourishment before and after birth. I need hardly say that Mrs. Pember does not make clear what effect is produced on mother and child by the supply of sufficient nourishment before and after birth. Probably with thoughts of "Tales of Mean Streets," and similar fiction, of Seeborn Rowntree's "Study of Town Life," and similar works, Mrs. Reeves set to work to produce a record that could not be conclusive, because the area of observation was too restricted, and that could not touch the imagination, because the method employed was not the artistic method. In short, she tried to write what is called an "interesting" book.

It may well be asked, what is the value of such a book. The fact of poverty is well known, and the causes and consequences of it are equally well known. It is really only on the question of remedies that there is any dispute; and what should be the purpose of dispute? "To show capacity," a Frenchman described as the end of a speech in debate: 'no,' said an Englishman, 'but to set your shoulder at the wheel—to advance the business.'" The business should be the abolition of poverty, for Mrs. Reeves expresses no opinion that the condition is in any way admirable or desirable; but apparently, she does not want to abolish poverty. According to the Fabian philosophy, there are perquisites pertaining to poverty; nice, soft jobs as inspectors, supervisors, and helpers of the poor can be obtained by members of the middle classes if only they specialise in poverty. The investigation into the conditions of living among about seventy families has taught Mrs. Reeves that "one woman is not equal to the bearing and efficient and proper care of six children. She can make one bed for four of them; but if she had to make four beds; if she even had to separate the boys from the girls, and keep two rooms clean instead of one; if she had to make proper clothing and keep those clothes properly washed and ironed and mended; if she had to give each child a daily bath, and had to attend thoroughly to teeth, noses, ears, and eyes; if she had to cook really nourishing food, with adequate utensils and dishes, and had to wash up those utensils and

dishes, after every meal—she would not only need more money, but far more help." But that is so obvious. The questions really are: "Ought she to have six children? Ought she to do all these things herself?" If these questions are answered in the affirmative, there remain the further questions: "How is she to get more money and help?"

Mrs. Reeves answers the first question not with a positive affirmation, but with a confession that the poor cannot be prevented from marriage and its consequences. "The fact is they want to marry and they want to have children. As either of these courses is unwise on 24s. a week, they are in for a life of imprudence anyhow. The very fact of their poverty—close quarters and lack of mental interest and amusement, and, above all, lack of money—help to make the limitation of their family almost an impossibility to them." Neo-Malthusianism is no solution of the problem, in the opinion of Mrs. Pember Reeves. The other suggestion that the poor can house, feed, and clothe themselves and children very well with the money at their disposal, if they choose, she dismisses as being made by people ignorant of the matter. "No teacher of domestic science, however capable, can instruct girls scientifically and in detail how to house, clothe, warm, light, insure, and feed a family of four or five persons on 20s. a week in London. The excellent instruction given by the L.C.C. teachers is based on budgets of £3, 35s., or 28s. for a family of six persons. . . . If the scientific and trained teacher cannot solve the problem, the untrained, over-burdened mother should not be criticised because she also fails." What is to be done? The State insists on certain minimum conditions of health and decency, but makes no provision for their attainment; it only punishes the people who cannot attain them.

The State must make provision. "It must endow every child who needs it with a grant sufficient to secure it a minimum of health and comfort." That means more taxation, not more production; and it will mean either an increase in prices, or a fall in wages. The minimum wage, which Mrs. Reeves insists is a "necessary part of legislation," will not increase the total amount of wages, although it may, in certain trades, increase the rate of wages; but as she says, "no minimum wage legislation now proposed, or likely to be proposed, will deal adequately with the question of all the children of the working poor," we may dismiss the question of the minimum wage from consideration. Mrs. Reeves concentrates her attention on the State endowment of every child that needs it, with, of course, the appointment of officials to see that the grant is really being properly used. The State, from the moment of birth, must constitute itself co-guardian with the parents of the child. It could work through many institutions already in existence; for example, the feeding of school children could be made national, if endowed with national wealth, the system of school clinics could be made universal, and the children be not only examined but treated; and evermore, in the background, there could be the inspector, or health visitor, or whatever you choose to call the person, who, not too often, of course, would make it her business to help and guide the harassed mother in her duties.

Such is the conclusion to which Mrs. Reeves comes, and it seems almost irrelevant. She remarks herself that "at this moment any weighing centre, school for mothers, or baby clinic which does exist is fighting the results of bad housing, insufficient food, and miserable clothing—evils which no medical treatment can cure. Such evils," she continues irrelevantly, "would be put an end to by the State grant." But, how? Are we to suppose that a health visitor, who discovers that a child's chest is affected because it sleeps in a damp basement room with the window closed (by order of the police) will be empowered to provide a healthier room at the same rent? Most of the houses visited by Mrs. Reeves are unsuitable for a family, and are inimical to health. Are we to suppose that the health visitor will

* "Round About a Pound a Week." By Mrs. Pember Reeves. (Bell. 2s. 6d. net.)

have power to order their demolition, and the erection of suitable dwellings? An efficient housing scheme is a necessary condition of an adequate health service: is the State or the local authority to be empowered to build, or will health visitors have power to enforce penalties against landlords? We know that none of these things will happen. We know that the State, as co-guardian, can only tell people to live as if they had £3 a week, without taking any steps to provide that £3.

The fundamental question Mrs. Reeves does not answer. Poverty, even as she sees it, is, in these days, a necessary consequence of the wage-system. Men are not allowed to employ their own energies for their own profit; lacking property in the means of production, they are entirely at the mercy of men who will not employ them unless they can do so at a profit. Mrs. Reeves' suggestions (admirable as they are for the inspectors who would be appointed) do not touch that problem. The State will see that the child is reared into an efficient and healthy worker, who will then be at the mercy of the employer. But the State will do nothing at all except on certain conditions; and to differentiate between parents or between children, as the State would almost certainly do, would not have the result of abolishing poverty. The State, under the influence of the Eugenists, would probably penalise the birth of children from sickly or diseased parents; it would probably attempt to penalise marriage among such people, the clause in the first Government Bill for the segregation of the feeble-minded was a hint to this effect; and if the State does differentiate, the problem of poverty will become only more intense among the people who now suffer the most extreme penalties of poverty. Amelioration, which is all that Mrs. Reeves advocates, never ameliorates; and poverty is not to be cured by the best of good intentions. A. E. R.

REVIEWS.

S. Bernardino of Siena. By A. G. Feters Howell.
Pius II. The Humanist Pope. By Cecilia M. Ady.
 (Methuen. 10s. 6d. each.)

These are two biographies that we might well have been spared; their characters mean little or nothing to us at this time of day, and their biographers seem to be incapable of realising them in their own environment. To disentangle a man from his circumstances is only one half of biography, for the effect of the process is to provide us with a picture of the human being and not a picture of the man. The insistence on resemblances is really the work of scientific generalisation; biography, being an art, should be more concerned with the emphasis of differences. Either the characters must be contrasted or compared with their own time, or they must be related to this time, if the art of biography is to have any value at all. S. Bernardino, for instance, is a character who, if he appeared in England to-day, would speedily become the special charge of the Poor Law authorities. It is true that he may be styled the second Founder of the Franciscan Order, but the love of poverty, which was the cardinal principal of that Order, does not rank as a virtue in this heathen land. It has become clear to us that "what ye love, that ye have," and a good deal more; if we love poverty, we have that, and the command of our own lives is taken from us. All that we can do then is to develop the virtues consonant with the state of poverty, the repressive virtues of humility, gratitude, self-restraint and self-denial, and the rest; and that without any regard to the general idea of life that we or others may have. The miraculous element in the ministry of S. Bernardino is not without interest, but is not too well attested. Pius II, who witnessed one incident that is described as a miracle, was by no means sure that the incident was not a mere coincidence. Certainly, we should feel more surety of its truth if a man could hold open-air meetings in England without having them disturbed by rain, or

if, when rain threatened, a mere prayer would disperse the clouds. But what, after all, was the value of the ministry of S. Bernardino? He made himself very popular, and, at the moment, his influence seemed powerful; he could get crowds of people to sacrifice their "vanities," to subscribe largely to works of charity and devotion, to reform to some extent their manner of living. But, within a few years of his death, Savonarola had to do exactly similar work; and the similarity between the history of the two men is so close as to lead us to suppose that there is what we may call a saintly convention. S. Bernardino had the gift of prophecy; so had Savonarola: Bernardino attracted great crowds, so did Savonarola; Bernardino induced thousands to burn their "vanities," so did Savonarola; Bernardino was accused of heresy, so was Savonarola; and so on. It cannot be denied that if either of these men were resurrected to-day, they would find exactly similar work to do, and would do it; but there must be something wrong with a teaching that, in spite of its success, has to be repeated in age after age. The probability is that none of these inspired persons ever got down to principles, ever got beyond the emotional reaction to economic stimuli. Is a man in want? Relieve him, and you will go to Heaven. Denounce the rich, sympathise with the poor; but never realise that economics is the basis of social life, and will determine even the spirituality of a society or of its members. That limitation marks the boundary of the usefulness of the saints to us; they do not consider economics as a basis of spirituality, *they cannot work economic miracles*. S. Bernardino thundered against usury, which flourished in spite of the supposed injunction against it in St. Luke's Gospel. With what result? "A merchant of that city [Milan] often came to him, begging him to preach without respect of persons against the vice of usury, which was very common there. Bernardino made inquiries about his visitor, and found that he was the principal usurer in the place, who hoped that through the power of the friar's preaching all his rivals would shut up shop and leave him with a monopoly of the business." Here, at least, was an antagonist worth beating, but we do not read that S. Bernardino preached against him, or even convinced him privately of the error of his ways.

Pope Pius II was a less obviously futile person; and he is one of the many poets, from Chaucer to Li Hung Chang, who may be quoted against those people who suppose that poets are necessarily unable men, as Carlyle would say. With nothing but his pen, a modicum of natural gifts, and a plentiful stock of perseverance and enthusiasm, he rose from poverty to the Papal chair. Like Milton and Machiavelli, he was a secretary, and a pamphleteer; like Machiavelli, he was a diplomat, an historian, and a writer of ribald comedies. Proud in his comparatively young days to be crowned a poet by the Emperor, he was probably none the less proud to be crowned a Pope at a later date. There is this much to his credit, that he reformed his way of life as soon as he took holy orders; although the fact that he did not take holy orders until women had lost their attraction for him measures the extent of his sacrifice. But at least he had the idea of restoring the power of the Papacy, an idea that had to wait for its fulfilment until the Borgia ascended the Papal throne. But his great conception was a belated one; the Turk had taken Constantinople, and Europe seemed to be content to let him have it. Pius II exhausted all his diplomatic wiles without being able really to convince those whom he begged to help that he was really serious in his determination to head the last Crusade; and he died at Ancona just after the galleys that Venice grudged had sailed into the bay.

Which Temple Ye Are. By A. H. W. (Elliott Stock. 6s. net.)

This is a series of sermons on the ascetic ideal, using the word in its proper sense and not in the morbid sense of mortification of the body. It contains no very pre-

cise teaching on any subject; its main assumption is that the promises of Christ (contained in the spurious addition to St. Mark's Gospel) will or should be fulfilled if those who profess Christianity adopt its teaching on all matters. The body enervated by luxury, poisoned by over-feeding or wrong feeding, responsive to every morbid stimulus as the result of a developed sensitiveness, is not a fit temple of the Holy Ghost. The body should be a fit temple of the Holy Ghost, and, therefore, Christians should turn their attention to the purification of the body. Miracles are not unconnected with metabolism. But as Christ is reported to have said that "whatsoever thing from without entereth into the man, it cannot defile him. . . . that which cometh out of the man, that defileth the man," we do not feel justified in accepting as Christianity the common principles of hygiene. The Spartans were at least healthy, and lived strictly; but we are not aware that they developed Christian virtues. It is at least probable that a healthy nation would reject Christianity; that was Nietzsche's argument, and it is one well worthy of consideration; and, indeed, we know already that bodily discipline may be used for any purpose, from black magic to prize-fighting. That, to Christ, there was undoubtedly a risk attached to any such purification of the body, a consideration of Luke xi, 24-26 will prove. "When the unclean spirit is gone out of a man, he walketh through dry places, seeking rest; and finding none, he saith, I will return unto my house whence I came out. And when he cometh, he findeth it swept and garnished. Then goeth he, and taketh to him seven other spirits more wicked than himself; and they enter in, and dwell there; and the last state of that man is worse than the first." This would suggest that a healthy man is more commodious of devils than a sick one, that there is no necessary connection, at least, between a pure body and a pure spirit. But the proper inference to be drawn is that the Gospels are not authoritative on any subject; one passage contradicts another, and what is offered with one hand is withdrawn by the other. Hygiene can gain no surer sanction from the Gospels than can any other system; and the sooner we cease to turn to that collection of epigrams and fables for authority, the sooner we may be able to think intelligently of the problems that now confound us. Christianity is not a cure for social evils.

Minds in Distress. By A. E. Bridger. (Methuen. 2s. 6d. net.)

If there is nothing particularly new in Dr. Bridger's little treatise, yet the clarity of its statements alone should commend it to practitioners. We know already from the psycho-analytic school that repression of instincts has morbid results, and that simple inhibition of energy, or, more correctly, too narrow an application of it, may have incalculable results; in other words, specialism is inimical to health. In the main, Dr. Bridger does no more than tell us this; but, as the problem is not a merely academic one, every report of the practical application of such a theory is of use. Dr. Bridger does not mention French, nor does he use these terms, nor speak of re-education, or the therapeutic use of suggestion; but, at bottom, his theory is the same. He sweeps away all question-begging terms such as Hypochondriasis, Psychasthenia, Nervous Debility, Nervous Breakdown, Depression, and chooses, quite arbitrarily, the word Neurasthenia to describe all these disturbances, which he describes as being due to a "loss of balance in the masculine type of mind." Hysteria he describes as a "loss of balance in the feminine type of mind." These terms, masculine and feminine, are not co-determinate with sex; the masculine type is simply the logical, reasoning type of mind, and the feminine is the spontaneous, intuitive type. Nor is the division other than ideal, made for the purpose of clarity. It is easy to deduce (Dr. Bridger argues the case) that a loss of balance in the masculine type of mind will be of a logical nature; and that the loss of balance in the feminine type will be

due to some repression of instinct. On that main division, Dr. Bridger bases his treatment. The neurasthenic is a reasoning animal whose reasoning has gone wrong; Dr. Bridger helps him to put it right. In both types of mind, the trouble is due to an intensification of self-consciousness, and both have to be taught how to reduce the ego to its proper proportions: the cure is really in their own hands. Work is, in both cases, an essential part of the cure. Dr. Bridger denies that either type is really suffering from nervous weakness; but the neurasthenic has to be reasoned out of his trouble, the hysteric sympathised, so to speak, out of his. He refuses frequent interviews to the neurasthenic; he provides a written opinion of the case, which helps to convince the reason of the patient; he gets round the "bogey" in various ways, seldom using direct suggestion, but making very good use of indirect suggestion. "I find a great help from an *Infallible*," he says. "An *Infallible* is a medicine that cures without being taken, a formula of great mental potency, but composed of real drugs capable of actually and really displacing the enemy, but which it would be inadvisable for the patient to take regularly. Therefore, the prescription is marked 'Emergency only,' and is carefully guarded by the verbal direction: 'Take a dose of this only if you feel that you have come to your last ditch!' Now the typical neurasthenic, being an anxious man, says to himself in an emergency: 'I will not take this medicine lest it should injure me. The doctor told me that, though certain in effect, it was a little risky by reason of its potency!' Or again: 'If I take a dose and it fails my last hope will be gone, I will reserve it for a still worse attack'; and one peculiarity of all crises in which the bogey plays the principal part is that they cease just before they become absolutely insupportable. The disturbed balance of mind in the neurasthenic is comparatively easily corrected; what is logically caused can be logically cured, and if the reason of the patient be convinced, his excess of self-control can be used to assist in his cure. But the profounder disturbance of hysteria prevents greater difficulties. It ranges wider than neurasthenia, and may affect any and every function of the body. Dr. Bridger insists that nothing can be done until the doctor has really got down to the cause of the trouble, to the "cherished desires frustrated, secret ambitions balked, keen emotions and feelings chilled"; and determined his treatment accordingly. Practically a new way of life has to be indicated, a way of life that will exercise all the energy, necessary and superfluous, of the hysteric, and give him or her some satisfaction in following. Other measures are stated in the book; but the fact that "with the advent of organic disease neurasthenia and hysteria take their temporary departure" shows how important is the mental factor in cause and cure of these troubles. That these troubles are due to a lack of balance of the mind, that the lack of balance is caused by mental isolation and a corresponding increase of self-consciousness, that the method of cure must be by taking steps to bring the mind into normal contact with the external world and thus diminish the sense of self, these are the main arguments of Dr. Bridger; and practitioners should find them useful. To the ordinary public that is not morbidly inclined, the book may be recommended for its warning against routine work and unnatural repression of instincts and emotions.

Chronicles of Half-Text History. By Ascott R. Hope. (Black. 3s. 6d.)

A reprint of some schoolboy and schoolmaster stories, disfigured by what the author calls "moralising," and some inept quotations. The command of English is not complete; for example, we are told that a boy rubbed the back of his neck with doleful grimaces. The author has forgotten, too, that even a volume of short stories ought to have some cohesion; we ought not to jump from a narrative of the author's adventures as a schoolboy to a narrative of his trials as a schoolmaster. "Then and Now" is only an excuse for a pastiche.

Pastiche.

TO J. STEEKSMAN.

You watched from far with morbid glee,
Saw blow returned for blow;
"Lord, it is good! (They can't hurt me.)
My, it's a splendid show!"

And now you jump about our heels,
Snapping at both of us.
Be off with you, and stop your squeals;
'Tis cur-like, acting thus.

We fight each other, and our fight
From bitter hate has sprung.
Cease mocking and get out of sight;
Take sides, or hold your tongue.

E. WASSERMAN.

EPIGRAMS: MANNERS SERIES.

TO MR. ROBERT LYND.

When you declare in a literary sheet that, if you did not "hate clubs," you would found a club for the devotees of Stevenson, your presumption of interest in your personality provokes me to parody you and seriously to advise England that I cannot sleep until I may tell you what a silly old maid you appear to me. You do not hate clubs so much that not for your darling object would you found one—but you would not found one for the purpose stated even if you loved clubs. Why indulge in such prattling self-psychologies? Your business is to write literary criticism for Goliath, and thereby to provide amusement for me. But you must talk about literature and not about yourself—otherwise I shall lose one of my diversions, which is to compress your lettered opinions into one quarter their original space. Be as garrulous as you please, O Critic of Gath, but on your subject!

TO MRS. H. B. IRVING.

O thou, by plum-adoring childhood termed the Pudding Lady, why does my soul feel fears of indigestion while others swallow thy bounty? Can it be that I find something disgusting in thy benevolent marketings and cookerics, in thy personal purchase of the little scraps of meat at threepence or fourpence a pound and a halfpenny-worth of onion with which thou regalest thy protégés? You say that you find it exciting to pick out the little bits on the meat stalls. But why steal away from thy poor this agreeable excitement? Even though the mother of the family were ill, hath she not poor neighbours to whom, also, marketing is a treat? Give thy sixpence if thou wilt, and, if thou wilt not, keep it in thy purse; but refrain from this exhibition of thine which might only be practised before such humble wretches as 'twere damage to keep alive at all.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "DAILY NEWS."

That you should attribute to Genius the loathsome imitations of sexual elementals now being distributed as toys among children is only the last among the many insults you have offered to Genius. Genius might have nothing to do with these toys you describe, to be bought, as you say, at Mr. Gamage's, and which inculcate cruelty, lust, and that love of diabolical joke whose chiefest victim is one delicate and nervous. The mental debauchment of children is frightful in this age, and such articles as this in your journal certainly contribute towards the prevailing irreverence of childhood. You record a statement that modern men play with toys. That seems to cause you not even surprise. Perhaps, O Mannikin, you play with them? Ah, you find this insulting!

TO THE "NEW STATESMAN."

Do not, O dull one, allow the gibes of the young generation to awaken thee to friskiness, for in that case there is danger we might lose thee, O thou of indispensable sedativity! We value thee as a foil to our versatility, indeed we do, and we address thee for our mutual good. Thou art too old to risk being frisky, and, so becoming wouldst die of the laughter of those very ones that prod thee. I see signs of hysteria and incontinence in thy most recent pages. An elderly lady details romantic kissings: Spenser's amour is réchauffé: an expatriated young Irishman pretends to be a philosophic old buck: a modern old maid implores your readers to be courageous in their reading: the naughty old dramatists are declared to be the newest fad: "Beauties of Badness" is the lureful title of an effusion full of perversity: there is a lively

allusion to the nastiness of sex (joke intended): and the very safest article for thy pages, O best of mummies, is still a collection of anecdotal chestnuts! Step back from this jiggery, we entreat thee. Remember that "Rhythm," younger soul by a thousand incarnations than thou, O well-evolved fossil, could not survive skittery.

T. K. I.

A CHRONICLE OF WOE.

There lived a man (but now his life is o'er)
Who toiled from dawn to night, yet evermore
Found that prosperity escaped his hand:
Yea, he was the most wretched in the land.
At brutish tasks his meagre strength he spent,
With care his soul, with toil his back was bent;
Yet would he gladly have endured his lot,
To work and work, to bear and grumble not,
If even so he'd had security.
Alas! e'en drudgery was denied him; he
With cheerless gait tramped the cold countryside
Seeking the phantom labour. Oft he'd hide
In barns or under haystacks for the night,
Or in bare fields drenched in the chill starlight.
But even the farm-horse browsing on the lea
Was worthier in the sight of man than he.
For toil had broken, fever burnt his frame,
Contumely cowed his spirit; where he came
Men looked askance, or scoffed, or turned away.
Yet though upon his gloom no single ray
Of mirth or friendship dawned, though misery
Consumed his night, involuntarily
He clung to life: 'twas dread that cast the spell
For after death he feared the pains of Hell.
"For," he would argue, "well, too well, I know
That suicide is sin, and sinners go
To that dread land where the lost spirits rave.
Therefore will I endure this life, and save
My soul from torture, and await the time
When Death shall give release. In other clime
Eternity I'll spend among the blest."
Alas! to *will* man has the power; the rest
Is with the fates. Now trouble wave on wave
O'erwhelmed the wight, cruel misfortune drave
Him on the path whose last bourne is the grave.
And on a starry night, serene and cool,
He drowned himself within a mountain pool.
(Unhappy man! the wrath of God that burned
Upon thee here, has now, appeaseless, spurned
Thy weeping soul into eternal fire!
A cruel god pursues thee with his ire!)
He died: his soul descended where the lost
Are in the gloom with fiery tempests tost.
To limn the mansion pale I'll not assay,
But this I know, that he who wept away
His earthly life eternally must weep
In Hell; nor can the kindly truce of sleep,
The balm of sweet oblivion rescue him,
For one brief moment from his torture grim.
Yet, reader, think not that in Hell his fate
Is harder than on earth. Oh! ye who prate
And write of Progress, ye who would dispel
With one reform the horrors of earth's hell,
Who weep profusely o'er the people's shame,
Talk of Goodwill, the Larger Hope, acclaim
A saint resigned, the slave cooped in his den
(While optimism trickles from your pen
So unctuously) ye err who dream that Hell
Is any worse than Ancoats or Shadwell.

EDWARD MOORE.

A POET'S WORTH.

How vast a realm of unexplored delight
Awaits the poet's fancy, ordains flight
On wings of Beauty to Her groves serene,
To make of mortal life what might have been,
Had worldly man been fashioned by a god,
Whose symbolled power, enshrined in magic rod
The joy of Life, eluding sadder tone
Than poet's song to Beauty's goddess frown.
The loveliness of rare Parnassian heights,
Or melancholy's dreams, those sure delights
Of inspiration's old immortal Kings,
Soaring aloft like eagles on whose wings
The sun sheds streams of splendour, Light of earth—
Are more than this to man—a poet's worth.

THOMAS FLEMING.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

THE PSYCHOLOGICAL FACTOR.

Sir,—Mr. Cowley need not explicitly assure us that his philosophy is his only by adoption, for, in truth, he handles it as a pupil and not at all as a master. Admitting for the moment his distinction between the two possible modes of improvement (namely, by the individual and by the social method) it does not follow that the distinction really separates. Rigid categories, as Mr. Belloc, a more accomplished Catholic, has shown, are useful and even indispensable in thought; but in actuality they are mixed, so that things fall into one or the other only on the balance. To admit as we do, and as Mr. Cowley does, the validity of categories in their own sphere, which is theory, is philosophic; but to carry them in all their rigour into the practical is to fall into the error of intellectualism, that is, of converting logical categories into practical actions.

The penalty of such an error is invariably to tie up oneself as well as one's opponent; and thus we find that in order to prove that our system is impossible Mr. Cowley has to admit that his own method is equally impossible. So they both are, given that each of them is as Mr. Cowley describes it, namely, an unmixed intellectual concept; but neither need be, if it is understood that in each method the other is implicit. Thus, in our "fluid-minded" way we accept the actual fact that not in this world can the individual live entirely for his own morality (as Mr. Cowley recommends), nor, on the other hand, can the most systematic society dispense with individual morality. Each is, in fact, the complement of the other; and while in sociology it is the individual morality that is implicit, in personal religion it is society that is implicit. But Mr. Cowley, as we say, is not only, as we are, rigid in his philosophical categories, but he is equally rigid in a region where they are mixed in actuality; in other words, he is rigid, as we are, where he ought to be; but he is also rigid, as we are not, where "fluid-mindedness" is really philosophical.

Importing his categories into the actual, he challenges us to affirm that a Guild System which assumes no preliminary moral change in men's motives can possibly last. He may challenge on, for we do not affirm it. Implicitly we have assumed, in fact, that without some moral change in men our Guild System can never be established, let alone be made to endure. What, however, we do affirm is that this moral change is actually in progress, and as it progresses seeks in sociology for some means to register itself.

By the same intellectualist error, however, Mr. Cowley challenges himself to an equally impossible feat. He assures us that without a moral change we cannot establish or maintain the Guild System; but in the same breath he assures himself that without some such external means his own method of individual reform must fail. For not only does he assert that our Guild System must fail because it has no moral and personal basis; but he asserts that "this preliminary reformation of morals and motives has not so much as begun."

If Mr. Cowley were right in these conclusions, therefore, it would not be ourselves alone who should retire before an impossible task, but himself, on his own admission, also. But Mr. Cowley is not right in these conclusions; and he is not right for the reason we have given, namely, that he has mistaken facts for categories, and applied to practical affairs the concepts of theoretic philosophy. And the practical conclusion is that, however he may deny it, he has no real ground of quarrel with us nor we with him, but, on the contrary, a common though a distinguishable ground. Against his efforts to inspire in men a change of heart we shall offer no objection, nor, if we can help it, lay any obstacle; for what he and his Church profess to specialise in (namely, individual morality) is implicit in our own plans. But also it follows that he should offer only practical criticisms of our efforts, since our speciality is social morality of which his specialty is a precedent condition logically but not in point of time.

THE GUILD WRITERS.

P.S.—Mr. Cowley will, we hope, recognise the philosophic vocabulary in which we have replied to him on this occasion. Our previous attempt was apparently over his head, for he prides himself on never having heard before of "Purusha." A rigid doctrine, he should know, is compatible with a "fluid" vocabulary as well as with a "fluid" actuality.

"THE WORLD OF LABOUR."

Sir,—I quite agree with Mr. Cole that whatever may be the effect of THE NEW AGE review of his invaluable book upon the readers' minds, substantially we are agreed. When he corrects the misunderstanding as to our attitude upon the relations between the State and the Guild, and the necessary inferences from the correction are stated, this will become clear.

The differences between us are really of little importance, but are none the less interesting.

Mr. Cole reiterates his belief that American capital is more concentrated, industrial method more advanced, and industry more trustified than elsewhere. In my review I denied these statements, not because I wanted to discover faults in the book, but because it is important to realise which industrial country is most developed, for it is probable that in that country we shall first see the Guild in being. Now in this regard I pointed out that America was not economically homogeneous. I will readily grant that in quantitative production the trust is better adapted to the purpose of the largest unit of production. But may it not be argued that quantitative production is not the test of economic development? Mr. Cole himself quotes with approval in this connection your own contention that there is an ideal in qualitative production to be pursued. Probably, in practice, we shall find that the highest economic development will be in that country which combines appropriate quantitative output with equally appropriate qualitative work. If this be so, then America is certainly not so advanced in method or in capitalist organisation as is Great Britain. So far as concentration of capital is concerned, the subject is difficult and technical, but I will merely observe that America is still borrowing largely from Britain and France. But from the labour standpoint, which is what we were discussing, the test is not whether the "trust," qua trust, is more efficient in large production than the informal combinations practised in England or the cartels adopted in Germany, but whether capital is more responsive to capitalist organisation in America than elsewhere. Inasmuch as America lacks unity, because it is not economically homogeneous, it is quite certain that capitalist organisation in Great Britain has reached a higher stage of development. I may perhaps add that I am writing from a tolerably intimate knowledge of America during the past fifteen years. In reaching any conclusion on the point, I advise Mr. Cole always to remember that American industrial facts are blazoned through the Press with endless refractions, whilst the British method is silent, sedulously avoiding publicity.

As to native-born and immigrant labour, I can only reaffirm my previous criticism. A prominent American labour leader at present in this country told me, since my review, that, as a fact, it is the native-born American wage-slave who is most prone to blacklegging.

On the more vital issue of a general strike in contradistinction to a national strike, will Mr. Cole contend that a national strike would not involve other trades? No trade, and no individual, can live a self-contained and isolated existence. But I agree that when we have reached such a stage as that predicated by either a national or a general strike, the change will almost certainly come without the final arbitrament. But the way to achieve that end is to prepare for a general strike on the assumption that it must come.

There is, I think, no substance in Mr. Cole's fear that the producers would use their power to the disadvantage of the consumers. The discussion on this point is only relevant on the assumption that the producers would be better organised than the consumers. Apart from the fact that, with rent, interest, and profits eliminated, even such superior organisation would be futile, we must remember that all the Guilds would be equally producers and consumers.

YOUR REVIEWER.

* * *

WAGES AND WORK.

Sir,—On page 130, December 4, you say: (1) "Profits" [generally, inferred] "would increase with the increased efficiency of higher wages"; (2) "He" (W. Long) "adds an unjustified remark that a statutory wage would beget a statutory return in services . . . in general, the quality and quantity of service arise from character, and have little or no relation with wages." Which do you prefer? These opposites are only a few lines apart. We all would like to believe the first. It was so; under another system it might again become so. But practical personal ex-

perience (in this case my own, and very varied) only confirms your second. A. G. CRAFTER.

[Even as between the passages as quoted, the contradiction is only apparent, not real. But in fact each statement was guarded by a proviso which our correspondent fails to quote. The increased efficiency of higher wages is assumed to operate only if the previous wages were so low as to have impaired the general health and well-being of the worker. Beyond the point at which these are secured, an increase of wages would not be economic. The fallacious assumption of Mr. Long lies in this, that, given a statutory minimum (assumed to be of a sufficient amount to secure well-being), he concludes that the return in service would be a statutory minimum also. But, "provided," we said, "that the wage is neither too small nor too large for a reasonable life," the quantity and quality of the work done depends on the individual character of the workman. Two equally paid workmen, and both sufficiently well paid to provide reasonable subsistence, might nevertheless differ considerably in their output.—ED. N.A.]

* * *

THE INSURANCE ACT.

Sir,—In the "Notes of the Week," in the issue for June 1, 1911, regarding Mr. Lloyd George's proposed National Insurance Scheme, you commented:—"It is the principle as well as the proposed administration of Mr. Lloyd George's scheme that is defective." At that moment you stood almost alone, in hostility to the Act, and your isolated position was due, principally, to the speech in which Mr. Lloyd George had introduced the measure to the House on the 4th of the previous month. In that powerful address, which gained him almost universal applause, nothing gave greater pleasure than Mr. Lloyd George's proposals for dealing with slums, slum-owners, slack local authorities and others, who could be proved to be responsible for excessive sickness amongst the working classes. I quote the references:—"What are the further powers of the County Health Committee? The societies, as I have pointed out, are responsible for their own sickness. It is not fair to make them responsible for the cost of sickness that is due to somebody else's fault. *Sometimes there is excessive sickness in a district due to bad sanitation, to bad housing conditions, and generally to the neglect on the part of local authorities to enforce such powers as they have got, either through ignorance, incapacity, or very often through a combination of interests.*

What we propose is that the County Health Committee shall have power to go to the Local Government Board whenever there is excessive sickness coming on the funds of a society, and apply for an inquiry into the cause of that sickness. Whenever the Commissioners of the L.G.B. find that it is due to the neglect of the authority to discharge functions imposed by Act of Parliament for the housing of the people, or for improved sanitation, they shall have the power of imposing that excess, not on the societies who are not at fault, but on the local authorities who are at fault." (General cheers.)

The idea contained in the above extract, was embodied in Sections 62 and 63 of the Act; but with a new and very important addition, namely, local committees on whom were conferred very considerable powers as will appear from the following:—"Section 62 (1) Where it is alleged by the Insurance Committee of any approved society or Local Health Committee that the sickness which has taken place among insured persons being, in the case where the allegation is made by a society or Committee, persons for whose administration of whose sickness or disablement benefit such society or Committee is responsible is excessive, and that such excess is due to the conditions or nature of employment of such persons, or to bad housing or insanitary conditions in any locality, or to an insufficient or contaminated water supply, or to the neglect on the part of any person or authority to observe or enforce the provisions of any Act relating to health in factories, workshops, mines, quarries, or other industries, or relating to public health, or the housing of the working classes, or any regulation made under any such Act, or to observe and enforce any public health precautions, the Commissioners or the society or the Committee, making such allegations, may send to the person or authority alleged to be in default a claim for payment of the amount of any extra expenditure alleged to have been incurred by reason of such cause as aforesaid."

I have quoted sufficient to show that the whole of these Sections were framed, in the words of Mr. Lloyd George, that the cost of excessive sickness should fall upon those

who were responsible for it. Many people flattered themselves, and were encouraged by the politicians to believe, that at last the slum-monger was caught. Mr. Lloyd George had taken every precaution to prevent his escape. Alas, for their simple faith.

I come, now, Sir, to the point of this letter. On Tuesday evening last I attended the meeting (as a spectator) of the Jarrow Local Health Committee, and took a note of the proceedings, which should prove interesting to you, considering the attitude you have maintained towards the Insurance Act since the publication of the measure. It also proves how clearly you foresaw the consequences of the Act when in operation.

The Secretary of the Committee read the minutes of the previous meeting, which, among other matters, contained a resolution instructing him to write to the Secretary of the County Health Committee asking that the Local Committee be supplied with information as to the exact localities of those who were applying for sanatorium benefit, so that the Jarrow Committee might tabulate such information for future reference, seeing that the Jarrow Committee had reason to believe that most of the applicants came from a very small area.

Before proceeding further, and to enable readers to grasp what follows, I wish to make it clear that the town of Jarrow is practically cut in two by a line of the North-Eastern Railway, and that things locally are generally referred to as having occurred south or north of the railway line.

In reply to their request for information the Jarrow Health Committee received from the Secretary of the County Health Committee the following:—

"19, New Elvet,
"Durham,
"November 11, 1913.

"Dear Sir,—Referring to the minutes of the meeting of the Jarrow District Committee held on the 4th instant, I am to point out that all information with respect to applications for Sanatorium Benefit is to be regarded as confidential, and I am to inquire whether the purpose of the list falls within the terms of paragraph 21 (1) (c) of the scheme?"

"Yours faithfully,
"EDWIN POTTS."

In answer to the above, the Chairman of the Jarrow Committee wrote to the County Committee:—

"Gentlemen,—In respect to the letter from Mr. Potts, I would like to point out to you, that the Committee do not desire the names. What is asked for is the name of the streets the cases come from so far as Jarrow is concerned. In my opinion, the reason we require the information falls within the terms of paragraph 21 (1) (c) of the scheme, we believe that the vast number of the cases are coming from a very small area, and, if so, we wish to report to the Committee, with a view to action being taken in accordance with Section 63 of the Insurance Act of 1911.

"Yours faithfully,
"AMBROSE CALLAGHAN, Chairman."

To the above very plain communication the Chairman of the Jarrow Committee received the following astounding reply:—

"20, New Elvet,
"Durham,
"Nov. 18, 1913.

"Dear Sir,—Referring to the communication from the Chairman of the Jarrow District Committee, I am to state that under Section 63 of the Act the Insurance Committee may only seek an inquiry into cases of excessive sickness, etc., among the persons for the administration of whose sickness and disablement benefit it is responsible (e.g., *Deposit Contributors*). Under these circumstances it does not appear that the proposed report would serve any useful purpose at the present time.

"Yours faithfully,
"EDWIN POTTS."

When the Secretary of the Jarrow Committee had finished reading the above extraordinary document, the Chairman, Mr. Callaghan, very justly remarked:—

"If Mr. Potts' interpretation of the Act is correct, then the Act is dead, and this Committee may as well dissolve, as it's of no further use."

Then a member of the Committee, Mr. John Willcocks, explained the reason why they had sought the information. Said he:—"During last month we had eighteen cases before the Committee, and *seventeen* of these came from the north side of the railway, whilst only one case came from the south side. That shows that there is something wrong somewhere, as I believe that most of these cases are coming from a small area. I had intended, had we got the information from the County Com-

mittee, to move that a Committee be formed to investigate the conditions of the neighbourhood from which the cases are coming, so that we might put the provisions of the Act into force. But if Mr. Potts is correct, then there's no more to be done."

So you see, Sir, from the above, after only a few months of existence, Sections 62 and 63, which were going, according to Mr. Lloyd George, to work a revolution in the health of the working classes, by throwing upon the slum-owners and local authorities the cost of excessive sickness, are as dead as the dodo. PETER FANNING.

* * *

THE INSURANCE TAX.

Sir,—It is clear from the admissions of Liberal newspapers after the Reading by-election, that, although the benefits of the Insurance Act have been available for the refreshment of thirteen and a half millions of insured persons since January 15 last, the monetary advantages of the measure are insignificant compared with the humiliation of its compulsory character. Wherever the electors find a candidate who is a sincere opponent of the compulsory Act they invariably give him their support.

We believe this to be due to the fact that the Insurance Act is based on a fundamental injustice which no talk of benefits can obscure or remove—the injustice of dealing differently with rich and poor. Under the Act, compulsory thrift is imposed on the poorer citizens and not on the well-to-do. Compulsory registration is imposed on the working classes and not on the employers of labour. The wage-earner may not work or live without his card or official licence, while no such condition attaches to the lives or work of persons possessing private means.

The simple remedy lies in making the Act voluntary. A sound insurance scheme, backed by a State grant or subsidy, should surely attract by its own merits, and, indeed, it has been established actuarially that it will be possible to give better and more varied choice of benefits by converting the present oppressive measure into a State-aided voluntary scheme, open to all who can afford a contribution. For those who cannot afford to insure, and who now do so under compulsion at the cost of their daily necessities, some wise and generous provision should be made, and the country would secure the further relief of a reduction in the number of entirely unnecessary officials who can only find excuse for existing under a compulsory scheme.

Already a large number of M.P.'s have declared their support of the proposal to make the Act voluntary, but in order to secure this change it is necessary to carry on a vigorous, independent campaign at by-elections. This was done at Reading by the Insurance Tax Resisters' Defence Association, and the success of the campaign on that occasion shows the supreme importance of maintaining a separate organisation to fight this issue.

We therefore make an urgent appeal to all your readers to help us to establish a substantial Voluntary Act Election Campaign Fund so that this association, the only organised body that exists for the specific purpose of abolishing the compulsory character of the Insurance Act, may have their support in defraying the cost of literature, meetings, and other necessary expenses.

The Association includes among its members persons of all political opinions, and will conduct its campaign on independent lines and give its support to any Parliamentary candidate who will pledge himself to work for the voluntary amendment.

We make this appeal on the broad grounds of justice and liberty, and we are confident that if all who resent the card, stamp-sticking, and the deduction from wages will contribute, we shall succeed in removing from our Statute Book the disgraceful tyranny which, masquerading as social reform, imprisons men for refusing benefits they do not wish to buy.—Yours faithfully,

ELLEN DESART.
SHERBORNE.
WILLIAM RAMSAY (SIR).
HILAIRE BELLOC.
JOHN BOYD-KINNEAR.
G. K. CHESTERTON.
ANNE COBDEN SANDERSON.
W. F. COBB, D.D., St. Ethelburga's.
D. C. LATHBURY.
HENRY W. NEVINSON.
WILLIAM SUTHERLAND (Perth).
MARGARET DOUGLAS.

Cheques and postal orders should be made payable to Lord Mowbray and Stourton, Hon. Treasurer, Insurance Campaign Fund, 9, South Molton Street, London, W.

"GRAFT" IN THE LABOUR PARTY.

Sir,—It's an auld Scot's saying, and a true one, that "the King comes i' the cadger's wye—ae day."

When I read the article in last week's "Forward," "Lies About the Labour Party," I felt inclined to give thanks, for I have waited long for the Labourists to come out on this subject—and be trounced.

I have, as it were, a few interests in the matter. I have been a Socialist since 1892, when, as a mere boy, I studied Marx, Bax, Aveling, and Gronlund. This was before the days of Labour Party "leaders," with their silver tongues and golden pens. One could, in the quiet, then, read up, and get a thorough grip of Socialist economics. There appears to be too much din and swank in the movement to-day for economists. The pushful person wanting a job is the dominant feature in the Labour landscape.

I am also a Civil Servant, passed into the Service, years and years ago, by examination, mind you. If I had waited and made up to some of the well-dressed females in the Liberal or "Labah" parties, I might to-day have a better-paid billet than I am ever likely to get.

This brings me to the point, that Mr. J. S. Middleton, Assistant Secretary to the Labour Party, bewails.

He complains that a statement has gone forth that recently 374 "Labah" supporters, flesh potters, or camp followers have been jobbed into billets with a total minimum salary of £71,130 per annum.

When I first read this statement, in the Civil Service Press, I was surprised at the smallness of the figures. It is, in my opinion, a conservative estimate.

For instance, this is the way the business was worked. In the Customs and Excise Service about 1,000 officials applied, after four separate invitations, to be allowed to take the examination for Inspector and Assistant Inspector, under the Insurance Act. After a deal of official shuffling in high quarters these men were instructed to fill up an official form which bore this farcical and fearsome warning:—"Any attempts made by candidates seeking posts to enlist support for their applications either through Members of Parliament or Commissioners, or in any other way except as directed in this memorandum, will disqualify."

Of course, when we read that, we knew that all was up. It was just as I feared. The nominees of Liberal and Labah membahs, with a few make-weights to keep up the force, were the only parties accorded the privilege of an interview with the Commissioners, and these men, of whom, say, in Scotland, half a score were "Labah"—got the posts.

If the Tory party had done anything so dirty, so cynically mean, so full of insolent humbug and gratuitous insult to a great Service, which nearly wrecked itself in attempting an impossible task in 1910—the irate Rads and Labah parties would have howled to the North Star.

What in the captain's a choleric word is, in the soldier, rank blasphemy, and corruption in the Tory party becomes in the Lib.-Lab. coalition movement "appointments by selection keeping in view the highest interests of the public service."

Not content with this, those responsible for this job had the effrontery to issue a White Paper on January 22, 1913, in which this beautiful terminological inexactitude occurs:—"With the exception of the chief inspectorship and the deputy chief inspectorship, all the appointments on the outdoor staff given above were the result of competitive examination." This lie was nailed to the counter in the "Glasgow Herald" of January 25. Since when, peace and plenty—for the blacklegs—have reigned presumably.

I am, like Mr. J. S. Middleton, a busy man. I have neither the time nor the inclination to kick the dead horse of Parliamentary Labour. But if you will publish the information, I will undertake to get the names of, say, twenty or forty of the "Labah" men who have been swanked through the portals of the Civil Service.

I would, however, refer Mr. J. S. Middleton to the "Civil Service Press" of, say, the last eighteen months. He will find there remarks upon the Willie Walkers, or, wouldn't it be better to say "Crawlers," which will, I fancy, bring him out of his day dreams.

Believing, as I do, that the members of the present Labour Parliamentary Party are the greatest foes to organised labour, I have great pleasure in writing this small exposure, which will, being at first hand, carry weight.

The only member of the Labour Party in Parliament who appears to have retained any sympathy with the

workers is Keir Hardie, and he is reported to have said that the slump in Socialism was due to the fact that not a few in the I.L.P. have now found billets in connection with Labour Exchanges, the Insurance Act, and other similar undertakings.

Dear old Keir! What a trial he must be to smart men like Mr. J. S. Middleton.

Or is Keir's speech also a lie? I pause and wonder.

JAS. W. K. LEIPER.

* * *

WILE OR WHILE.

Sir,—There was a time when people used to "wile away the time." The expression was easily understood. By doing something interesting, if not vitally important, the time was beguiled or wiled into passing more rapidly, but the verb "to wile" is of more recent origin. It reached THE NEW AGE from below only a few years since.

I had till then thought that "wile" and "while" were confused only by habitual h-droppers—but in THE NEW AGE! Eh, w'at, w'y, w'en, and w'ere? Shime!

Perhaps Mr. Ludovici or Mr. Selver is whiley enough to find justification. Both gentlemen have done whiling in your columns lately.

R. S. GRAHAM.

* * *

ENGLAND AND TURKEY.

Sir,—With your permission I shall refute the misconception and misinterpretation given to my article by your two correspondents. In the first place, I respectfully ask them to go to the editor of the "Times," who may inform them that the substance of my article was in his hands at least a week before the existing Ottoman Committee was established. It was almost the first thing I discussed with Turkish officials, four months ago, who gave me much of the information in my article; and in a letter to Professor E. Browne, on August 10, I laid the plan before him. The very phraseology of the leaflet of the Committee is cited from my article in the *July* number of the "African Times." On August 11 there came Mr. Arthur Field, the originator of the existing Committee, to establish a Turkish Committee, which I had called in all my letters a "Near East Committee"; and it was on my proposition that it was then called the Ottoman Committee; and I do not expect that my friend, Mr. Field, forgot that I took the main part in the discussions of the principal aims of that body. I do not quite remember whether my article was sent to and returned by the "Manchester Guardian" before or after the Committee was started. Nevertheless, I have the letter of the editor of the "Spectator," dated October 16, in which he says: "I have read your article twice and regret that, after careful consideration, I do not see my way to publish it"; and the letter of Mr. Spender, editor of the "Westminster Gazette," dated October 17: "I am sorry not to be able to use the enclosed article, but the question of Turkish and English relations is always an important one, and I think, for the present, I must keep it for treatment in editorial articles." I do not think that my polite friend demands me to give more details, which would certainly destroy the aims for which the Committee was established, and for which I, as an Ottoman subject gratefully thank him, as the originator of the Committee, and one who brought an idea of mine into existence. But I am surprised to learn that I "was" for a short time a member of the Committee. I was neither discharged nor did I resign! In fact, I received a letter of "thanks and appreciation" from the Committee on the 23rd ult. It gives me satisfaction to see that, at last, competent and authentic politicians like Lord Lamington and Sir John Rees have joined the managing Committee, which is just beginning to develop itself.

As to my friend Mr. George Raffalovich, though I may respect him personally, I have to take his remarks with some contempt. I beg to assure him that, perhaps long before he knew the position of Turkey on a map, I had written in all the Egyptian (Arabic) papers on Ottoman and Mohamedan affairs. Only four years ago I wrote a series of articles in "Misr-el-Fatal" (Young Egypt), which were again published in "Al-Manar," the largest and most widely circulated Arabic Muslim magazine, and which were re-issued in a pamphlet called "The Islamic Caliphate and the Ottoman Empire," printed at the expense of H.H. Princess Nimat Mokhtar and circulated throughout the Arab-speaking provinces of Turkey directly by the Committee of Union and Progress. I am sorry I have no copy of it here in England, but a copy which I once sent to Mr. Blunt, and which he returned me here, was taken from me by M. Aarif Bey, a Turkish deputy, who sent it to "Janin." He was in England (and sometimes in

France) on a mission concerning the financial boycott which Mr. Raffalovich emphatically, but naively, denies! But still these people claim to be in close touch with Ottoman authorities!

Finally, I beg to say that, although I am an Ottoman subject, my friend Mr. Raffalovich, the Anglo-French subject, resents my interference in Ottoman affairs! Following this logic, if I interfere in anything purely English or French, my friend shall bury me alive!

ALI FAHMI MOHAMED.

* * *

Sir,—While I am grateful to Mr. George Raffalovich for his indignation with a gentleman who is going (as he thinks) to queer my pitch in THE NEW AGE, I do not share that indignation in the least. The article in question, "England and Turkey," by Ali Fahmi Mohamed impressed me as entirely inoffensive, and far more right than wrong. The writer did not err in his assertion that the continued presence of certain persons in the British Embassy at Constantinople is offensive, and a source of great misgiving, to the Turks; and Mr. Raffalovich errs when he supposes that the Young Turk leaders could easily get rid of such obnoxious persons, if they indeed existed (which he doubts). It would undoubtedly be a boon to Turkey if all known Russophiles could be removed from posts where they can influence or work our Turkish policy. I am sure that Mr. Raffalovich will here agree with me. Why, then, does he quarrel with Ali Fahmi Efendi for making, in effect, the same assertion?

MARMADUKE PICKTHALL.

* * *

THE NATIONAL UNION OF CLERKS.

Sir,—Mr. Reginald Cloake has, knowingly or otherwise, done a useful service in bringing forward the question of Clerks and the National Guilds, for although the immediate issue between him and the supporters of the National Union of Clerks is comparatively unimportant to outsiders, the question raised by a consideration of his motive for seceding from that Union is of considerable importance indeed, and the attitude he adopts is symptomatic of an attitude which will certainly become widely prevalent as the ideas underlying the National Guild proposals become more widely known and discussed.

The salaried must certainly take its place with the manual workers in the Guild organisation, and if, as it is impossible to doubt, the future Guild will develop from the present Trade Union, it does seem a dissipation of energy to join a Union which can only lead its members to a cul de sac. Moreover, I greatly fear that by the time the N.U.C. has enrolled a sufficient membership to render itself in any degree formidable, the Guild System will have established itself, and, hey presto! where is the Clerks' Union? I say this, notwithstanding the cheery chirrupings of Mr. Percy Bastow. (I worked for three years in an organisation employing over 500 clerks, and never once did I hear the name of the Clerks' Union mentioned.)

I do not know if any, or how many Unions open their doors to the clerks engaged in the industries covered by them, but at first thinking I can only remember one—the Union of "Shop Assistants, Warehousemen, and Clerks," which indicates the fact in its title, and I suspect the number of clerks in this Union could be measured by a three-foot rule.

It would seem, therefore, that an important step towards Guild organisation will have been taken (1) when the various Unions begin to propagand among the clerks engaged in their respective spheres of influence, and (2) when those clerical Unions—such as the Railway Clerks' Union—now organising the clerical workers in any particular industry take steps toward federation with the kindred Unions of manual labour. They could (and would probably find it advantageous to do so) still have their own section, plans, and methods of organisation, but the "National Union of Railway Workers, Clerical Section," would be much more imposing than as at present constituted.

At any rate, it seems clear that this is one of the steps shortly to become necessary if the Guild is to obtain that monopoly of its labour necessary before Guild organisation can be established. It is in the hope of advancing this that I welcome the correspondence on the subject, and I hope some more capable readers will go more deeply into the question, and give us some practical ideas on the subject.

EDW. J. REED.

THE FIRST STEP.

Sir,—Your correspondent, Reginald Cloake, in THE NEW AGE of November 6, states that, because the National Union of Clerks, as an organisation, does not conform to his ideas, he has resigned his membership; and that, after only twelve months' trial.

I would remind him that, if every member gave up his membership of an organisation because he had failed to bring about the Millennium in the period mentioned, very little progress would have been made, and our friend would, I venture to suggest, be in a far worse position than he at present enjoys.

I am sorry that in his letter he made no mention of his activities during the period of his membership, but no doubt this is due to his modesty, although it would have enabled those of us who have been working for a far longer period on behalf of the union to estimate how much more energy and educational work it will be necessary to put in before the N.U.C. becomes just such an organisation as we desire.

I would suggest that the better way would have been for him to have retained his membership, and made strenuous endeavours to educate the members to his ideas, rather than have become a non-member and arm-chair critic, of whom there are so many nowadays.

His idea that the "rank and file" clerical worker would join the union after a little encouragement from those who supervise him does not speak very well for the manhood of the clerk; and those that will not join without the patronage of the individuals mentioned are not, to say the least, very desirable members. The Labour movement to-day wants "men," not "worms"!

Again, the idea that the managerial side would join forces with the clerical workers is contradicted by facts, for if they did so they would be no longer the loyal servants the employing class desire, and would, on showing the least trace of sympathy with a fighting organisation, be dismissed.

The tendency, borne out by experience, is for those who are elevated to head clerkships, and to other positions on the managerial side, to gradually lose their interest in the welfare of those they are set to supervise, and to lapse from the organisations to which they belong, if those organisations show a fighting spirit, which, they think, is inimical to their interests as supervisors.

With regard to the clerks employed in one industry striking with those who are engaged in another, the N.U.C. have won many reforms without any dependence on the sympathetic strike—and this with a membership "hardly worth troubling about."

Various firms and public bodies have granted the reforms asked for, and the union is becoming a great asset to the clerical profession. Our friend's idea that the other unions should admit clerks because they are in need of organisers hints of the official mind, and a moment's reflection will convince the members of the clerical world that the other workers have already a larger number of efficient organisers than we possess.

If, however, he is willing to become a member of a union catering for all the workers in an industry as a rank-and-filer, without thought of official position, which is the curse of the whole movement, he would, no doubt, be welcomed as a fellow-worker in the cause of Freedom by those who are striving to bring about the great consummation, "the World for the Workers," in which the shirkers and "superior persons" would have no place.

Now a word to my fellow-member, Percy Bastow. The greatest drawback to the *thoroughly practical* suggestion of R. Cloake, that clerks should become members of the unions representing the industry in which they are engaged, is—officialdom—from which the N.U.C., together with the majority of other unions, is suffering. He says, farther on, that "unless the members of the Guilds are much more enlightened than the members of the trade unions to-day, there will still be the necessity for the N.U.C. as a trade union." If, however, he will give a moment's thought to the question, he will realise that until the members of the present trade unions are more enlightened there will be no Guilds!

He also says, "I can say that the clerks employed in trade union offices are amongst the badly paid of the clerical profession to-day. . . ." I would add to that, "except those in the head office of the N.U.C., whose staff, and officials, are amongst the best paid in the country, and whose hours of working compare favourably with those of clerks throughout the land."

In conclusion, I would appeal to all those who are not satisfied with the progress their organisations are making

to remain members of their unions and endeavour, by agitation and education, to "mould them to their heart's desire."
"REMUS."

* * *

EDUCATIONAL POLICY.

Sir,—In order to diminish the size of the classes in elementary schools sufficiently to produce any appreciable result, you must double the amount of money spent on education. Now, however skilfully you tax, some part at least of the rates and taxes is bound to come out of the pockets of the poor. You therefore advocate the imposition of an additional burden on the poor. How little able to bear this burden they are no one knows better than yourself. Further, anyone who studies the methods and ideas of the elementary education of to-day can see at once what its object is. For the establishment of the Servile State it is necessary not only to impose the servile status on, but also to induce the servile disposition in, the proletariat. This latter process is the function of State education. The chief difficulty which State education now has in carrying out its function is the size of the classes. Reduce this, and the process becomes much easier. Anyone who supposes that when this reform is carried out history will be taught à la Thorold Rogers instead of à la Macaulay, lives in a fool's paradise. Your policy, just as much as that of any other social reformer, means making the poor pay more for their tea and more for their house, in order that they may have something which is worse than useless to them. It means making the poor pay for their own fetters.

BARTHOLOMEW HELVELLYN.

[Our point is precisely that large classes are *not* "the chief difficulty which State education now has in carrying out its function," but, on the contrary, its chief means. A servile education is impossible with small classes; it is inevitable with large classes. We appeal to the unanimous opinion of theoretical and practical teachers.—ED. N.A.]

* * *

ELEMENTARY EDUCATION AND THE SIXTY CLASS.

Sir,—I was pleased to see a letter on the above subject in your correspondence columns. Black as Mr. Guttery paints the picture, I am afraid it is only too true. He has omitted, however, the one little gleam of light. The younger teachers are beginning to rebel. Last Easter the executive of the National Union of Teachers was instructed to organise a national salary campaign. After six months the campaign opens with what will probably turn out to be a futile skirmish in Herefordshire. Since then, the "Schoolmaster" has been bombarded with indignant letters from men whose temper will brook no such trifling with definite instructions. More than one local association has expressed strong condemnation of the inaction of the executive. Unfortunately, they are too much like the trade union leaders—more willing to be pushed than to lead—but the demand for freedom and reasonable conditions of work and wages is strong and growing amongst the rank and file. Personally, I should not be surprised to find the teachers among the first to form a Guild.

You may also be interested to know that within the last few weeks two letters have appeared in the "Schoolmaster" from NEW AGE readers. One quoted THE NEW AGE as saying: "Mr. Pease's best is not so good as the worst of the National Union of Teachers." The other quoted your dictum: "Economic power precedes political power."
JOHN DALLEY.

* * *

NATIONALISATION AND RAILWAYS.

Sir,—With regard to your extract in the notes of the week from the Railway Act of 1844, pointing out that the purchase price of a railway is to be partly governed by the "prospects" of the company, I would point out that this should apply to both enhanced and depreciating prospects. Railways at present are being hit very hard by the use of private motor and steam lorries. In the future, and not far distant either, the competition will be very much worse. The Government and railway directors foresee this. Hence, one of their strongest reasons for pushing nationalisation before the competition has gone so far as obviously to affect dividends.

B. MAYNE.

* * *

"CURRENT CANT."

Sir,—The compiler of "Current Cant" might at least quote the words of his victims fairly. I am reported to have said:—

"Stage technique is one of the simplest things in the

world to learn, if you have any gift at all for creative writing."

It seems hardly credible that an honest journalist, wishing to quote my opinion for the single purpose of stigmatising it as "cant," should bring the above sentence to a halt at the word "learn," and yet sleep soundly o' nights.

I say "honest." HERMON OULD.

* * *

DRAMA IN PARIS.

Sir,—It is curious how the work of a truly great man can appear quite topical centuries after his death. An instance of this has escaped notice in the English Press. One of Voltaire's *contes*, quite one of the most charmingly satirical, "L'Ingénu," has just been adapted into a little play in three acts at the Theatre Michel in Paris, really a drawing-room theatre, which is crowded every night at present by people astonished at the up-to-date nature of the entertainment. Londoners themselves might enjoy it, were it not in many places delicately, and sometimes broadly, salacious. That would make them have to pretend to dislike it. Yet, though it seem a paradox, the third act would irresistibly appeal to the disciples of Miss Christabel Pankhurst, as being specially written for them.

Voltaire's language and atmosphere have been strictly preserved in the play. The first act is laid in the dining-room of M. de Kerkabon, the good prior of a little seaside town in Brittany. From the balcony he and his sister, and his charming niece, Mlle. de Saint-Yves, are watching, when the curtain rises, an attempted landing by the English. Suddenly they behold a herculean youth rush to the head of the French and lead them in a frantic charge against the enemy, who is rapidly repulsed. The hero, who wears little but a bearskin, is carried shoulder-high in triumph, and the good prior invites him into his house.

He is a Huron, he says, called "L'Ingénu," because he always speaks his mind. A medallion he carries presently reveals, in the approved manner, that he is none other than M. de Kerkabon's nephew, the son of his brother, an army captain, who was killed by the Hurons. He is thus to make his home with the good prior, and he is delighted at the prospect, for he has already cast eyes of love upon Mlle. de Saint-Yves. So he is shown his room, and invited to retire. Darkness on the stage, as the candles are removed. Then creak, creak: Mme. de Kerkabon, looking very *passée* at night, creeps across with her petticoats held up. She bends down and peers through the keyhole of "L'Ingénu's" room. "How does a Huron sleep?" she asks. Apparently satisfied that she sleeps like anyone else, she turns to go back. But, heavens! the path is barred. Here comes Mlle. de Saint-Yves, also to find out how a Huron sleeps. Mme. de Kerkabon steals away, but she makes an unintentional noise. The two women stand discovered by each other, and the curtain falls.

In the second act "L'Ingénu" has a long argument with the good prior and a delightful Jesuit, Father Tout à Tous, on the discrepancies between the precepts given in the Bible and those applied by the Roman Catholic Church. On learning that, to marry his pretty cousin, he must first become a Christian, he rushes off to get baptised. They are now in Paris, where they have come to seek a lieutenancy for this strange young man. He runs down the street to the Seine, and throwing off his clothes, plunges in, baptising himself as instructed in the Bible. While he is in the water some wastrel steals his clothes, so he runs back to his uncle—naked. Of course, his uncle will not let him come on to the stage in that state, and that greatly disappoints both the prior's sister and his niece, who are both in love with the giant. He is given a cloak, and hardly has he put it on than an officer of musketeers arrives and carries him off to the Bastille for having struck some clerks at the War Office.

The third act deals with the way he gets out. Mlle. de Saint-Yves wants to save him at any price. The Jesuit father, to that end, brings her to the house of a Mme. Leblois. The appearance of this adipose lady shows you at once she is a kind of upper-class Mrs. Warren. She gives the girl some ambiguous advice, and then leaves her with one of the bloods from the Court, who can save her lover if he will, but only on condition that he himself shall be her lover first. The child is so naïve that in her simplicity she winds the young buck round her finger more easily than the most practised intriguer could do. She makes him go and fetch the order of release and a

lieutenant's commission for "L'Ingénu." He does more than that. He sends his coach to take him from the Bastille. Then the poor girl finds she has to yield. She is about to do so still most unwillingly when her real lover arrives and saves the situation.

The acting of M. Harry Baur in the title-part, and of Mlle. Isane, who has never been on the stage before, as his cousin, add tremendously to the charm of this fresh little piece. M. Levesque as the Jesuit makes a remarkable study. MONTGOMERY BELGION.

* * *

"THE NEW AGE."

Sir,—The notice on the front page of your paper of September 25 filled me with alarm. That the one paper in England that has real thought in it, should be threatened with death by starvation, is not only a cause of sorrow to a friend, a merely personal matter, but is proof of a state of the general mind that fills me with gloomy thoughts.

I have tried to understand how it is that you are thus struggling for life in a fierce and hideous sea like the wise and much enduring hero off the rugged coast of the Phæacians, albeit he was held up by the veil of an immortal goddess.

That you are hated and feared is obvious; that jealousy would strangle you is no less clear. But this is not enough. For the hundreds who hate and fear there should be thousands to admire and stand with you.

I tried to find the cause in the paper itself and my own feelings while reading it, but that which offended sank into insignificance before the thought and earnestness of its writers.

At last I tried my own kindred and a few "eminently respectable" acquaintances and pleaded your cause with all the earnestness that my pen could give. From that attempt and from the evidence of your own paper, I have learnt that the two forces which will overwhelm you, unless some kindly god holds out a saving hand, are those of "respectability" and ignorance.

To entreat you to become "respectable" or to cease to be "offensive" would be to ask you to blow out your brains, and the gods know there is much need of brains just now.

And after all this what can your friends do? They can, and if they are friends, they will see that you do not have to part with that weapon, which, like the goddess's veil, maintains you in the storm. There must be many like myself whose present rate of subscription has many months to run.

Let them follow a good example and pay up the balance really due after November 6.

Thank Heaven, you are pledged to me for eight more months, and here is what I owe with my best wishes and thanks to your band of noble contributors.

W. P. N.

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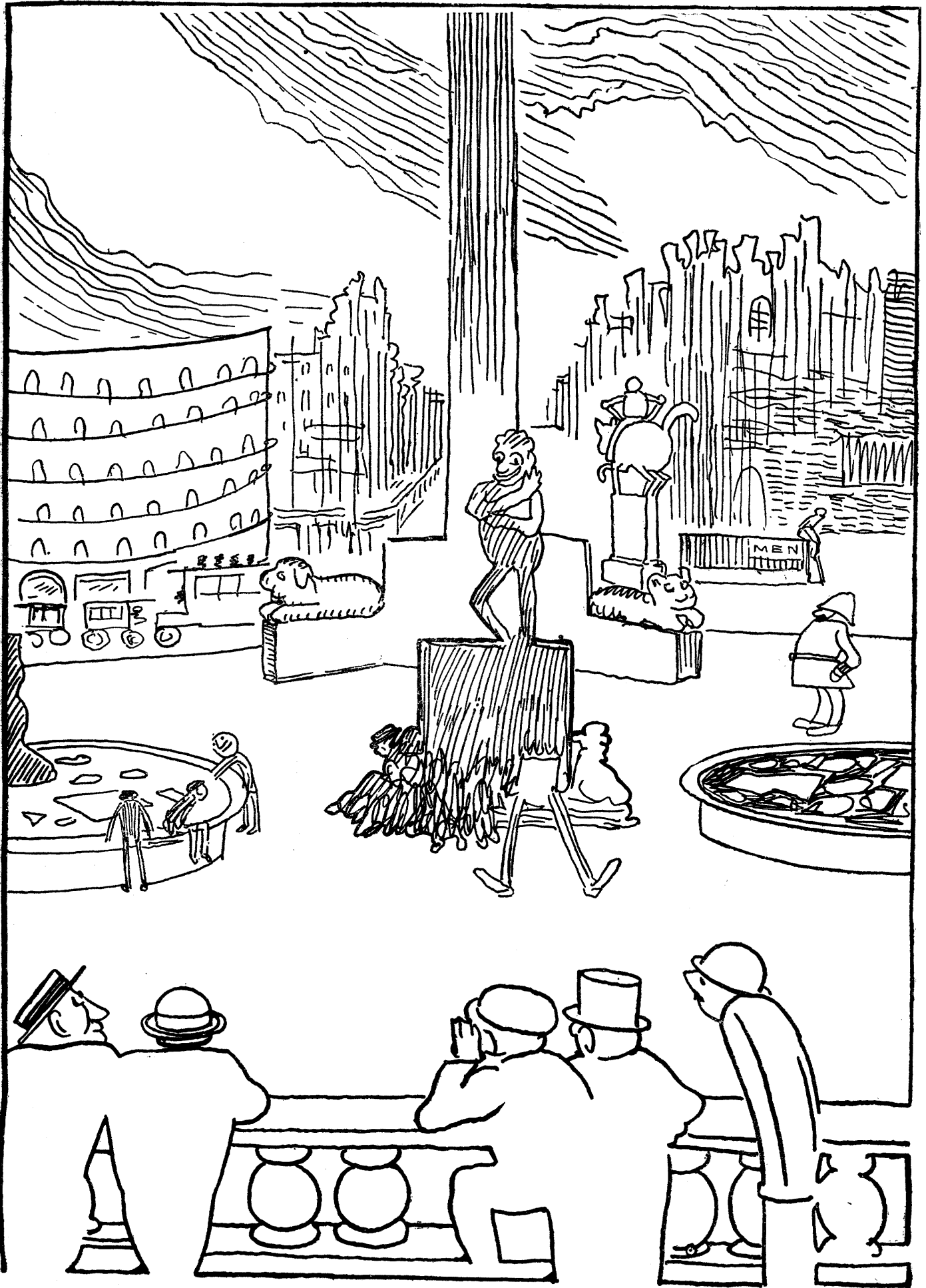
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