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 upon their own initiative and without rhyme or reason; but unless we are to suppose them maniacs (as the "Daily News" does not), the mere statement does not carry us very far in understanding. From the impulsive and spasmodic conduct of the men, coupled with the mere statement does not carry us very far in understanding. From the impulsive and spasmodic conduct of the men, coupled with the superfluous, for ourselves, we are in the presence, not of opinion, in allowing the strike on the Great Western to be preached by THE NEW AGE of the "Daily Herald," the "literary anarchism" said apparently on their own initiative and without rhyme or reason.

It will be observed that 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. The railwaymen's leaders have perhaps not carried 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 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 what 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 concealing 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 the execution of an order. But that act 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 contumacy (which in their arrangements. Their employees, it is to be remembered, have a charge of this kind to make, we shall make it not by innuendo, but openly. The charge of being

The Company turns round and appeals to them as if, in fact, their consent the handling of the mails had been 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

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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 of these now can be already seen. 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 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 comparative backwardness the Union's gains and losses, 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 that, 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 been expected, if the war in which he was the reply. Certainly Trade Union leaders in future 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 mails 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

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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 the handling of the mails had been 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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THE NEW AGE  December 11, 1913.
bought which we have in mind against the postal leaders (being bought by agents 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 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 last) and a diversion from the success of the immediate object by authors guilty in its 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 afraid of interests. Strange but true, they actually believe that they are 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.

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' strike lies on Mr. Murphy. By his recent garrulousness, so typical of an Irish Catholic talking to English Protetants and so beguiling, Mr. Murphy has lately come to seem in the eyes of our innocent Press, a lamb in comparison to himself the sins of the whole of the Dublin employers, to witness, namely, himself as quoted, 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 by means known as the provisional which 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 Power authority to witness, namely, himself as quoted by Mr. Johnson. On July 9 of this year Mr. Murphy first opened his mouth in public to say 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, he had 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 4th 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' strike was so followed up, 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 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 law has taken up the case and, if so, whose case, 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, but 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 allegations and denials of last year's evidence, namely, the facts, 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 insidiousness of the facts. The reality 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 ready to 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. 

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, exploded theory of the Mandate; another to 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, Representatives...
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 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.

In the case of Proportional Representation the error is rather more fundamental. In the first place, it is a theory that has no practical value. Would there 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, it is a 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 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 having to do with the exact number of 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 vote and to affect public policy. Equally ridiculous would it be 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. We do not see, indeed, 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 interneigeux struggles to produce the common and universal good. We do not call this reform, but, at its worst, madness, and, at its best, despair.

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 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 of their interest and to 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? We cannot imagine, 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 interneigeux struggles to produce the common and universal good. We do not call this reform, but, at its worst, madness, and, at its best, despair.

The chief, certainly, of the defects in our practice of the Representative theory is the very defect which the arithmetical proportionists have singled out to confound—its 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? We cannot imagine, 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 interneigeux 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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The New Age

1913

Sir Francis Vane, we see, very come to the conclusion that under no conceivable circumstances will the State...
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 weekday wage-slave, in the full force of his real absence, to the colours of the Territorial Army.

Mr. Asquith observed, the most serious feature of the situation is the shortage of officers. Of these there are considerably less than are required to do service in the Territorial Army, and to meet the situation the Territorials would have to be increased in number. This, we must say, is of one who is 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 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 anathema hecatomb from the top. If we are told that this is 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 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 anathema hecatomb from the top. If we are told that this is 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.

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 anathema hecatomb from the top. If we are told that this is 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.

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 weekday wage-slave, in the full force of his real absence, to the colours of the Territorial Army.

Mr. Asquith observed, the most serious feature of the situation is the shortage of officers. Of these there are considerably less than are required to do service in the Territorial Army, and to meet the situation the Territorials would have to be increased in number. This, we must say, is of one who is 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 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 anathema hecatomb from the top. If we are told that this is 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.

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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.


“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. Gardner.

“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 stone for the ancient sins . . . .”—Percy Dearmer.

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


“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 Socialist Government.”—“Pall Mall Mirror.”

“Mr. James Stephens, whose ‘Crock of Gold’ has won him the Polignac Prize of £200, 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.”—Advertising in “T. P.’s Weekly.”

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

“Should all ugly men he 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 rents 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 rents M. Barthou was attacked by M. Caillaux, not because M. Caillaux, who is a very experienced financier, thought that the rents 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.

* * *

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 Cabineat 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.

* * *

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 Bartheou Government on account of what he calls the "personal power" at these back of it. It will be recollected that when M. Poincare 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. Poincare'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. Bartheou'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. Belloe has attributed to the mental weariness consequent upon the tremendous effort of the French Revolution: and at no time could this be graver than 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.

* * *

My duties as a military journalist compelled me to spend several precious hours in reading through the newspaper comments upon the recent Territorial depature to Mr. Asquith. I read nearly all of them, and at the end of the operation I can say with 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.

* * *

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 is madness. In all sobriety, this murder, and it would be only a little better—say, manslaughter—to oppose them with an equal number of Lord Roberts' compulsorily enrolled "trainees."*

* * *

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 testated 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 act up to it. The arguments of the other side should be carefully studied! by the staff 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 testated 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 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 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 interest. Here is 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 in the back of their heads, and decency should be propagated 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.

* * *

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 controlled 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, and 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 virtue. For this or other reasons, the Chinese have supplied 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 is thus made practically to yield 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 strong enough to improve such innovations 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 great labour upheaval. The master determined to introduce the Italian system of reel ing 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 disas ter to the political and social order. Yet, who knows what he may yet become under the tutelage of his embryonic 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 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 last ing several days, for the entertainment of the guild; an outlaw which not only absorbs his illicit gain but produces if not temporary penury, at least penitence in the reluctant plunderer, so as to avert the risk of wholly losing face among his fellows, a fate peculiarly
In Reply to Mr. Belloc.

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 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 admitted into 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 we should be subordinate to the orders 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 the head of the guild, and 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 price of one cash per night, 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 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 men 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 edifices in China, and in their costly fittings and apartments bear evidence of the wealth of the companies which they represent. The Fukien Guildhall, the Chong-kung "Temple of the Queen of Heaven," of Ningpo was built in the twelfth century, and has been 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 at the season. But space will not admit of cataloguing the guildhalls of the cities. In Hankow 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, where the right to be a member of a trade depended on the local guild. J. THOMSON.
The classification by Mr. Belloc of possible Guilds into the two categories of Proletarian and Owning 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:

I. Guilds in subordinate partnership with State.
II. Guilds in subordinate partnership with employers.
III. Guilds with a Common Capital.
IV. Guilds with a Distributed Capital.

Now of the two main categories, the Proletarian and the Owning Guilds, both Mr. Belloc and we, believe that the choice is, for present thought, preferable to either of the Guilds; that either of the first is more immediately practicable and probable than either of the second.

We are practical sociologists between Proletarian and Owning Guilds—the matter of the form of the Owning Guild, whether communal or distributive, would weigh less with us than the differences between the Communal and the Proletarian Guilds. For, as Mr. Belloc is quite right in contending, a Proletarian Guild consisting of a chartered Trade Union in agreement with us that either for 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 Owning Guilds, the elements of the community practically have been absorbed in pay, and thus the association would be a Guild in the true sense of the word; it would, that is, be real and beyond the wage-earners.

Our difference from Mr. Belloc is, therefore, not on the ground of the abstract desirability of one or other of the two main forms of the Guild, since we agree with him that either of the latter is preferable to either of the forms of the Owning 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 that between the Communal and the Proletarian forms of Guild, but between either of the Proletarian forms and the existing system), we have first to note Mr. Belloc's second suggestion is that, by custom, the Proletarian Guildsmen will become imbued to propertinessness and thus job and industrial class will be capable 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 a sense of property (power being the hypothetic Proletarian Guild? The association of proletariat most nearly approximates to the association of the hypothetic Proletarian Guild?

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 the class consciousness with its resulting class solidarity indispensable to an assault upon capital.

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oppose them desperately and in the belief (mistaken as we think) that they will lead away from emancipation, that, though emancipation is not thrust further off by the most immediate practical importance, we might spare Rome the form in which the capital is held collectively and the organisation in Unions. And we have scandalised some of our readers (and Mr. Belloc) by the discussion of the differences between us on the subject of the relative merits of the two forms of the true or Owning Guild. Since the moment that for the first time in history such a great power as the State has belied its 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 Owning Guild, the form in which the capital is held collectively and the form in which it is held distributively, Mr. Belloc favours the second while we contend for the first. And his reasons for making this choice are partly comprehensible. The ex hypothesi, they will have owed nothing to the State, the only possible reply is that the State may develop an oligarchy of officials; apart also from the objections we should offer to the right, contradictory to the nature of the State, of any member to live perpetually on the interest and profits of his own capital; 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 shall and will be destroyed and the State the only possible reply is that the Guild should 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 we 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 meaning 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 anything but the true 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 of the State. It has been our impression, as also 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 it were carried to an extreme 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 may 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 industry are discussed. We can induce the State to nationalise, but out of revenue instead of by loans, the first great obstacle to true Guilds is removed, so much of the confidence of at least a period of the system of Proletarian Guilds.

In making this suggestion, however, Mr. Belloc has helped us more than he helped his own case. For, by assuming that the State must be the profit-maker 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 it would be 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 compelled to set it up again, and not as their creature, but, paradoxically, as it may seem, O Gaylord, as their acknowledged creator. If, however, the State is to play (as it is wise, and if it is wise, it is as fairy as it is otherwise) the role of a true Guild, the moral and inescapable obligations of the latter are considerable, so considerable, indeed, as to remove the ground of the main objection Mr. Belloc makes to the Collective Guild. What is the true Guild? How would the moral authority of the State remove it? The objection is that, being necessarily large in numbers and above all controlling the capital, the establishment of one or other of 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 makes to the Collective Guild.

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 of the personal liberties of individuals which are not only not only shall the individual member be possessed of dividend-paying shares in his own Guild but assuming that his own Guild must pay to itself interest and Profit—thereby first subtracting from its income, 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 in the same manner as, 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 collective Guild without benefiting him, in Mr. Belloc's sense of the word, a shareholder.

Having examined the main objection to the Collective Guild, we may now examine the objections of the objections to a distributive Guild. The most startling discovery to be recorded of this form of Guild is that, as Mr. Belloc notes, 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 Kent, 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 true Guild is chartered to produce for profit. We have conceived a Guild delegated by the State to produce use and to live by the reciprocal services among its members. 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 private ownership and see, at any rate, no insuperable obstacle to liberty on the ground of lack of property in the Collective Guild in the same manner as, 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 collective Guild without benefiting him, in Mr. Belloc's sense of the word, a shareholder.

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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; or, allowing any member of one Guild may "invest" money in another Guild and thus live on the Interest and Profits extracted from that system. But if we proceed 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 he 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 defies the very object 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 his clear poetic gaze at love and death he brought this home to me. She belonged to the un-conscious, ancient world. The Turks preserve the old Greek's love of beauty for its own sake; his delight in the conscious, ancient world. The Turks preserve the old Greek's love of beauty for its own sake; his delight in the modern Greece.

Strange as it may seem, such classical illusions flourish across the fields. A poetical inscription stated that it sailed, the sea whose foam gave birth to Aphrodite. 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 in 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 worshipper of respectively the self-sacrificing and the self-satisfied 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 I for my part could not help admiring how he 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, Memâlîk, 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...
A Study in Progress.

By Duxnia.

An understanding of the history and principles of Thalattophily is of peculiar importance at the present moment, when unsound theories are in the air and a revival threatens of those mediaval 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 Overyssel, and its final triumph in the breaking of the dykes. Apart from any material lessons, there is a moral by the 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 mediaval 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 Geophilic 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, pariahs by the 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 has designated those who, in the flesh, would have claimed 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 Thalattophily 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 Thalattophily, the bulk of mankind were quite exempted by having nothing to bequeath. The coveted land, once acquired, had to be filled, with the resultant evils of toil and labour, and, its surface being stony and unegotiable, 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 the stages of the stagecoach were short an attempt was made to overcome this harasing 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 road which had been a distinct thing 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 flowing 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 was perpetrated by 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 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, "What'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 combining 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 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, according to the province of Gelderland and an association known as the Foundation League," played the leading part in the carrying out of 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 resume of the subject will not come amiss. The followers of this school have 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 unrigged the whirlpool of human folly and that misguided benevolence will do far greater harm than was perpetrated by the inundator of his country and the pioneer of modern Thalattophily. Thalattophily 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 more naturally and perhaps less misguidedly 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!"

The dawn, however, was at hand. The fatherland of the so-called "original sin" was about to be washed by the sea whose distinguishing mark was the true wisdom will find the highest happiness not in obedience to the arbitrary decrees of an unreasonable theology, but in 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, 1914, the simultaneous destruction of the dykes admitted the water over two million acres in Holland, Zeeland and Overyssel. 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 lofty houses whose gables still showed above the rising waters, anmd 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 irremediables, 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 observing neighbours. But before long their tottering refuges were either engulfed or levelled with the surrounding waste by the shells of the Government gun-boats, and they themselves perished in the flood. Pity may be felt for their fate, but history must call attention to the working of those immutable 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 "epoch-making" advantages 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-
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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, once an object of care, were no longer necessary, nor was the health of the individual. Liberty of movement was free and unreserved, except in the case of the organism, 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. In the computation of the weather which formerly they had only regarded as unfounded speculation, and the contemplation of their vanished security and dwelling in the foetid and sunless regions below deck, the oppressors were in continual suffering from the mental oppression which characterized the last feature be removed from the featureless surface of the sea. The Thalattophiliasts, (most of whom were passengers on large vessels) pointed out that this eradicator process had a salutary effect upon the stock. 

At this juncture some reactionary spirits, perceiving the unfortunateness of such conditions, advocated a return to dry land, in which the仍然是不甘心的。
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 medallist 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 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 Mr. Shaw was explaining their "cynic; but it was at once plain to all intelligent men 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 banal. "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 concerted ignorance on the part of the public. Such a thing ought 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 orde, 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.

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 orde, 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.

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 in the qualities of maturity, and the mixture is one of the bizarries 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 jump all together as freedom, virtue and wisdom." Jump, 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 not the rebels also who do least? For pity is akin to contempt.

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 that ever existed in the language in which he wrote. 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 rational style to our language without sacrificing to it 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 level to Sterne's style.

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 operants of a plumber." The artist, he says, "is in the world to give the world what it cannot possess without him," for "the artist himself who offers what his neighbour's dim eyes can for perceive for themselves has no excuse for his artistic existence." 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 "Mahaabharata" I will simply leave out of my reckoning for if any work cannot make one fall away from it, it is the Mahabharata. It has blown of itself from the human plane, since Nietzsche I have read nothing to compare with Croce, and I hasten, like a benevolent fool, to say so.

Four years ago, now that I recall it, Croce's "Aesthetic" (Macmillan, 10s. net) came into my hands for review. "Aesthetic," I said to myself, blushing all over 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 in 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 inadmissible to the human spirit. 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 inductive 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 supposes 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 Gimbattista Vico" (Howard Latimer, 10s. 6d.).

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: 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 for 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 pittance for 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."
A STRAGGLING collection of gunyahs in the elbow of the creek marked the headquarters of the tribe. It had been the 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 sportsmen, groomed and accoutred, to hang around when a bullock was killed, lending perhaps 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.

Under which King?

By Vance Palmer.

boreses 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 lay 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 plausable 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 this 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 one another occurred among 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 nailed 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 lane; it seemed to infuse a poetry into the breathless, cadence and gave it forth again, even in the sunlit lane, the breathing, sweating work of struggling with young steers 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 the open door.

"My turn to-night, boss," he said. "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 became possessed and tear off his clothes in the abandon of morality expressed and underlined in his every action. The hero of the evening, the new Dionysos, or whatever they called their god of innovation, was foremost in the pursuit of vengeance. With the white spirals glistening on his bare, black chest, he made his way here from Cana, where the daughter of a prosperous father 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 his "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.

A Contemporary Account.

By J. S. Machar

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

(March 5. Day by Day. Palestine is troubled with a strange kind of misfortune. Just as the Lord's prophets and 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 Nazarene carpenter, is himself uncertain who he is. Sometimes he makes his bow as a "prophet," sometimes he "cures" the sick, but we can form no impression 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 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 found 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 their 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 may be a good thing if devout Christians forwarded their complaints direct to the Cabinet Secretary of His Majesty Tiberius Caesar 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 to prevent such blasphemy. It is time that the Imperial Government still continues to keep its eye on such matters. If the Imperial Government still continues to keep its eye on such matters, 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 Caesar.

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 Joshua to suppress himself, to the satisfaction of all. Joshua has 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 our 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 to the minister for government. 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-
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 this resentment. 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 Worth may be the radir. 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 reproachable 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 knowledge, her 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 craftsman 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 a dwix, 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 inecunably 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 hand-some 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 less to it.

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-courtisans 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 to indelible 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 prolactum, petrol, 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...
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 dreams if one could have them when they cannot, but one is luckless who turns, with fortune, miserly or extravagant, with fame, self-conceited or falsely humble, and, with vocation, who dally 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 the principle of "what does not fatten will fill," I have but one is luckless who turns, with fortune, miserly or extravagant, with fame, self-conceited or falsely humble, and, with vocation, who dally or madly rushes upon works.

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

_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 marrying by any of 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 amusement—lead to marriage 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 become self-supporting by the training of the women and children, is altogether against the evidence of experience. She remarks herself that "after the first month 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, at the same rent? Most of the houses visited by Mrs. Reeves that "one woman is not equal to the bear- ing 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 in one room 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, 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?"

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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 their dwellings, or 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.

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, and, 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 this problem. The State will see that the child is reared into an efficient and healthy worker, who will then be answer effect; and if the State does differentiate, the problem then of the Eugenists, would probably penalise the such people, the clause in the first Government Bill for 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. In the early days of the first Government Bill, a specification 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. F. R.

REVIEWS.

S. Bernardino of Siena, By A. G. Ferrers Howell, Plus II. The Humanist Pope, By Cecilia M. Myd. (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. This is the reason 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 discontent amongst people who have nothing to do... 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 reparative virtues of humility, gentleness, 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 hallucination. Certainly, the incredulity 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 same moment, his influence seemed powerful; he could get crowds of thousands to burn 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," and Savonarola was accused of heresy, so was Savonarola.

A. F. R.

REVIEWS.

S. Bernardino of Siena, By A. G. Ferrers Howell, Plus II. The Humanist Pope, By Cecilia M. Myd. (Methuen. 10s. 6d. each.)

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A. F. R.
hygiene. The Spartans were at least healthy, and lived in a climate teaching on any subject. It is at least probable that a healthy nation cannot defile him. Indeed, we know already that bodily discipline is a healthy man is more likely to reject Christianity; that was Nietzsche’s argument, and it is one well worthy of consideration; and, in fact, 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. And, in fact, the idea of self-discipline 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.)

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 intractable results; in other words, we know already that repression of instincts and emotions. On that main division, Dr. Bridger bases his treatment. The neurotic is a reasoning animal whose reasoning 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 proportion of it. The neurotic is really in his 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 neurotic has to be reasoned out of his trouble, the hypothesis is the result, out of order of his. He refuses frequent interviews to the neurotic; he provides a written case of the patient, which helps to convince the reason of the patient; he gets them to write 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 is the enemy? The typical neurotic, 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 this 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 the nervous system is comparatively easily corrected; what is logically caused can be logically cured, and if the reason of the patient is convinced, his excess of self-control can be used to assist his recovery. The profounder disturbance of hysteria prevents greater difficulties. It ranges wider than neurotism, 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 body, 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 neurotism 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. Sterksma.

You watched from far with morbid gleam,
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 with you, and stop your squalls;
'Tis ear-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 decry 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 this facet, 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 and you would launch it for the purpose stated even if you loved clubs. Why indulge in such prattling self-psychologies? Your business is to write literary criticism for Galliath, and thereby to provide amusement for me. But you must talk about literature and not about yourself—otherwise I shall lose one of my diatribes, 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. R. Irving.

But, by plum-adoring childhood termed the Pudding Lady, why does my soul feel tears of indigestion while others swallow their licorice? Can it be, thou hast found something distasteful in thy benevolent marketings and cookeries, in thy personal purchase of the little scraps of meat at threepence or lowprice a pound and a halfpenny-worth of onion with which thou regalest thy protégés? Thou sayst that thou hast not excited to pick out the little bits on the meat stalls. But why steal away from thy able discussion and say: I know that the mother of the family were ill, hast 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 intimations of sexual elements 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 incite cruelty, lust, and that love of diabolical joke whose chiefest victim is one delicate and nervous. The mental decumberance 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 one and one, allow the gibe of the young generation to awaken thee to frizziness, for in that case there is danger we might lose thee, O thou of indispensable sedativeness! We value thee as a foil to our versatility, indeed we do, and we address thee as 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 petulance in thy most recent pages. An elderly lady details romantic kissing: Spenser's amour is réchauffé: an expatriated young Irishman pretends to be a philosophic old buck: a modern man impersonates your theme in their reading: the naughty old dramatists are declared to be the newest fad: "Beauty of Badness" is the hurtful title of an effusion full of perversity: there is a lively allusion to the nastiness of sex (joke intended): and thy very safest article for thy pages, O best of mummers, is still a collection of anecdotal chestnuts! Step back from this jiggery, I entreat thee. Remember that "Rhythm," younger soul by a thousand incarnations than thou, O well-evolved fossil, could not survive skittery.

A CHRONICLE OF WOE.

There lived a man (but now his life is over) 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, Even so he'd had security. Alas! even drudgery was denied him; he With cheerless gait tramped the cold countryside Seeking the phantom labour. Oft he'd bide 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 drove Him on the path whose last bourne is the grave And on a starry night, serene and cool, 'Tee drowned himself within a mountain pool. Unhappy man! the wrath of God that burned Upon thee here, is now appeaseless, spurned Thy weeping soul into eternal fire! Cruel god pursues thee with his ire! He died: his soul descended where the lost Are in the gloom with fiery tempests tossed. To limn the mansion pale I will 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. O ye who prate 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 Sounctuously) 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 flown. 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 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 implies it will as a matter of course, resulting 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. Cowley does, the validity of categories in their own individual and by the social method) it does not follow that the distinction really separates. Rigid categories, as Mr. Cowley does, the validity of categories in their own personal religion it is society that handles it as a pupil and not at all as a master. Admitting, 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 possible. 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. In so "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 individual, can the most systematic society dispense with individual morality. Each is, in fact, the complement of the other; and in the individual morality that is implicit, in personal religion it is society that is implicit. But Mr. Cowley, as we say, is not only rigid in his philosophical categories, but he is equally rigid in a region where they are mixed in another world, he is rigid, as we are, where he ought to be; but he is also rigid, as we are, where "fluidly 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 exist. 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 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 we assert that our Guild System must fail because it has no moral and personal basis; but he asserts that "this preliminary reform 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 concept 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 ground. Agreed, the ground of 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 (namely, individual morality) is implicit in our plans. But also it follows that he should offer only practical criticisms of our efforts to secure our specialty in social morality in which his specialty is a precedent condition logically but not in point of time.

THE GUILD WRITERS.

Sir,—I quite agree with Mr. Cole that whatever may be the effect of the New Age, it will be an invaluable book upon the readers' minds, substantially we are agreed. When he corrects the misunderstanding as to our attention on the relations between the State and the Guild, and the 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 that American capital is more concentrated, industrial method more advanced, and industry more trusted 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 System. I have, however, assumed, in fact, that without some moral and personal basis the assumption that it must come. The differences between us are really of little importance, but are none the less interesting.

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

[Even as between the passages as quoted, the contradiction is only apparent, not real. But in fact each statement was garbled by a proviso which our correspondent fails to quote. Hence the efficiency of old 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 that point, at which those were secured, an increase of wages would not be economic. The fallacy is only apparent, not real. But in fact each statement confirms your second.]

To the worker. Beyond the point at which these are secured, June I, Mr. Lloyd George’s proposals for dealing with slums, and your isolated position was due, principally, to the societies who are at fault.” (General cheers.)

In that powerful address, which gained him almost the principle as well as the proposed administration of the workman. Two equally paid workmen, and both sickness. Whenever the Commissioners of the societies, as I have pointed out, are responsible for their sickness. It is not fair to make them responsible for the cost of sickness that is due to somebody else’s fault.

Sickness is not a disease of the body but of the 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. Where it is alleged that the sickness which has been inflicted by a society, or to the neglect of the local authorities to enforce such powers as they have got, either through ignorance, incapacity, or very often through a combination of interests. If sickness is not a disease of the body but of the local authorities to enforce such powers as they have got, either through ignorance, incapacity, or very often through a combination of interests.

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The following minutes of the Jarrow District Committee held on the 4th instant, I am to inquire whether 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.

"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:—")

"EDWIN POTTS."

In answer to the above, the Chairman of the Jarrow Committee wrote to the County Council as follows:

"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."

"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., Depast Contributions), and, in those 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, viz., the marked cases. 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. 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. He said he had a charge to be in default, and payment of the amount of any extra expenditure alleged to have been incurred by reason of such cause as afore-said.

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 them-
mittee, to move that a Committee be formed to investigate the conditions of the unemployed, 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.” 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, upon whom the plan 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 refresherment 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 character, 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 halcyon days can wipe away. The complaints are voiced 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 class 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 official licence, while no such condition attaches to the lives or work of persons possessing private means.

The Association, in 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.

The make this appeal on the broad grounds of justice and liberty, and we are confident that if all who resent the card, stamp, or licence—be the injustice of dealings 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 class 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.

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Mr. George Rafflesovich, though I may respect him personally, I have to take his remarks with some caution. I beg to assure him that, while before he knew the position of Turkey on a map, I had written in all the Egyptian (Arabic) papers on Ottoman and Turkish officials, four months ago, 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. The very phraseology of the leaflet of the Committee is cited from my article in the July numbers of the "African Times." In August there came Mr. Arthur Field, the originator of the existing Committee, to establish a Turkish Committee, which I had called in all my letters as the "Near East Committee," and it was on my proposition that it was then called the Ottoman Committee. And it is not expected 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 a delicate one, and I do not expect that my friend, Mr. Field, will use it." And the agreement is quite an important one, 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 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. And I greatly fear that the N.U.C. has enrolled a sufficient membership to render itself in any degree formidable, the Union System will have established itself, and, having once obtained the 'labor' or 'clerk's' Union, the majority of the Guilds upon the whole are determined to mould the world into existence. But I am surprised to learn that I was for a short time a member of the Committee. I was 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 Laming and Mr. John Rose have joined the managing Committee, which is just beginning to develop itself.

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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 only when he had failed to bring about the Millennium in the period mentioned, very little progress would have been made, and our friend would, I fear, have resigned his interest, be in a far worse position than he at present enjoys.

I am sorry that in his letter he made no mention of his active duties in the trade union field. I 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 enlightened than the members of the trade unions to-day, there will still be the necessity for the rank-and-filer, without thought, is inimical to their interests as supervisors. And to lapse from the organisations to which they belong, and the idea that the managerial side would join 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 trick trailing 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 younger teachers, and I am not 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, your correspondent has had hundreds of letters from young teachers saying: “Mr. Fease’s best advice is: remember that you are no one’s servant, and would, on showing the least trace of sympathy with a fighting organisation, be dismissed. The tendency, born out by experience, is for those who are elevated to head clerkships, and to other positions on the managerial side, to naturally 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.

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 as 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 the other workers have already a larger number of efficient members. Our friend’s idea that the managerial side would join 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 these bodies 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, born out by experience, is for those who are elevated to head clerkships, and to other positions on the managerial side, to naturally 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.

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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 "learnt," and yet sleep soundly on it. I say "honest." — * * *

HERMON OULD.

DRAAMA 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 fugitive satires, quite one of the most charmingly satirical, "L'Ingénû," has just been adapted into a little play in three acts at the Theatre Michel in Paris, really a troupe of actors, 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 Christineankhurst, 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 the house of Mlle. 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-Ves, are watching, when the curtain rises, an attempted landing in the water of a Huron youth who, having crossed the sea, imagines that the front of the French and lead them in a frantie charge against the enemy, who is rapidly retreating. The hero, who wears little but a baskin, is carried shoulder-high in triumph, and the good prior invites him into his house.

He is a Huron, he says, called "L'Ingénû," because he always speaks his mind. A number of Hurons carry him in, and 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 is delighted at the prospect, for he has already cast 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 in the right and plead your cause with the hundreds who hate and fear you.

W. P. N.

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