NOTES OF THE WEEK.

The Railwaymen's leaders were pompous a few weeks ago in their attitude towards what they called "popular clamour." Like their colleague in another Union, Mr. Stephen Walsh, they knew what was what, and when to set their citizenship before their trade unionism and when their unionism before their citizenship. Above all, they were not going to be dictated to by outsiders who knew a damned sight too much about their business. At the proper time their programme would be ready, and then let the world look to itself! Well, the programme on which the National Union of Railwaymen threaten us with a strike next November is now out; and of it we must say, after our usual candid and friendly fashion, that a worse one never issued from the stupidest officials that ever clung to the coat-tails of a great Union. What are the items on this national programme that is to dislocate industry perhaps for several weeks? They are four: a 48-hour week; a full day a week off; a general advance of 5s. for all grades; and official recognition of the Union. Even as a specimen of the programmes of the bad old days of Trade Unionism, when each Union hoped to steal an advance on the rest, the present programme is bad; for it omits altogether to demand a minimum wage and it substitutes for that demand a flat-rate advance of five shillings, which is preposterous on the face of it. But as an example of what the greatest Union in the world at a critical period in the world's history can put forward, it is lamentable and tragic.

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Let us consider some of the implications of the case. To begin with, we know very well (and so do the Railwaymen's leaders) that under the provisions of the Railway Act of last year, itself the outcome of the last disastrous strike, the Companies for the first time in their history are now legally empowered to raise passenger and freightage rates to cover every increase of wages. It is calculated, we see, that the present demands of the Railwaymen would entail, if conceded, an additional wage-bill of something like seven million pounds per annum. Where, we ask, is that to come from? The answer is clear. It will not fall upon the shareholders of the railway companies, but first upon the travellers and traders and finally upon the great body of consumers; in other words, it will fall in the main upon the self-same class to which the railwaymen themselves belong. But what better off will the railwaymen be if, in consequence of their own demands, prices generally are raised to the detriment of themselves and their class? Absolutely no better off, we reply; and all their labour will have been in vain. But, secondly, examine, not the final effects of the demands which, as we say, must prove suicidal—but the intention and the public consideration lying behind them. In intention, no doubt, the demands are designed to better the income and conditions of the railwaymen at no matter whose cost; for in public or even in class consideration they are completely empty. We have seen that the burden of the advances would fall upon the class to which the railwaymen belong; but this conceivably would be tolerable if some compensating advantage were to be given to the public or even to Labour as a whole. But is it? On the contrary, no new privilege is to be gained by the men themselves and no advantage whatever to the public is so much as promised. Are the men, for example, to assume responsibility in any degree for their work upon the railway lines? None whatever. Are they to share, even in a small way, the onus with the Companies of conducting the railway business of the country? Not in the least. But can the public, then, expect, in consequence of the satisfaction of their demands, a superior service from the Companies, more consideration, comfort, safety? Will the men guarantee these? Not a word of it. All that is expected is that the public shall return whatever and without the enlargement of anybody's liberty or anybody's responsibility. Why, the Trusts themselves treat us better than that. If they employ the pistol of their monopoly to force us into surrender, they do, at any rate, guarantee a certain standard of commodity, and, on the whole, a standard price. But the Railwaymen with their monopoly of Labour offer us nothing in return for our surrender. They will neither guarantee us good service nor themselves accept any responsibility. In short, it's our money they want, and every other consideration, both their own and ours, may look after itself for all they care.

Under these circumstances we do not hesitate to say that we both believe and hope the Railwaymen may be well beaten if they should strike next November. For it is not as if their leaders have not now been fairly apprised of their duty and warned of the consequences
of its neglect. We know with as much certainty as anything can be known that while the wage-system remains, the wages of one section of the proletariat can be raised only at the expense of another section; and this being the fact, the duty is laid upon every Union of striking only to abolish the wage-system. And further than that, in the case of the Railwaymen and their Industry in particular, we have been at the pains to state in the last number, so exactly have the trade unions as the pioneers of the National Guild System which will succeed the Wage System, may be accomplished. The programme is there, the means are to hand, the utmost good-will among both the men and the general public exists, and all that is needed is that the leaders should recognise these facts and put themselves at the head of the new movement. But they have chosen to emulate the Psalmist's dog and to return to their vomit, with the consequence that as surely as they lead their victims to strike for their wretched programme, they will lead them to defeat upon it. Do they really suppose that the main body of consumers will easily consent to a fresh tax of seven millions upon their food, if even the companies are ready to pass it on? And a tax of seven millions which in the end will profit neither the railwaymen very much nor the railway service at all? It is unthinkable. Rather than submit to it, some general boycott will be devised or, in the alternative, other means of transport will be employed. Already, indeed, motor and electric traction is threatening to compete seriously with railway service. Add seven millions to the cost of the last, and with no added advantages, and the former will certainly become popular. All this, we may be sure, will be in the minds of the public when November comes, the leaders order their men to down tools. We should not be surprised, in fact, to find that it is in the men's minds as well; for half a million men do not (and, we firmly believe, cannot) act unjustly and it must seem like real injustice to demand a pistol with which to blow out their own and the public's brains at a single shot. No, we are fairly confident that November will prove that we are right, and that no wage strike on a great scale will in future be successful. If the Railwaymen will not strike for status, implying higher wages, it is true, but more responsibility as well, they must look to be denied even the scraps for which they ask.

There is no wonder that, with the foolish tribe of Labour leaders to deal with, employers generally hold them cheap and presume upon their simplicity. But in the Building trade the rank and file have fully been placated with words. The terms on which the London builders are now balloting differ in no material respect from the terms already twice offered and twice emphatically refused. It is possible, we do not deny, that the terms on this occasion may prove to be formally acceptable to the men who have suffered so long and so much during the three months' lock-out; but it would be madness on the part of the employers to expect an agreement so concluded to last. The Hobo-crisis involved in forcing a disagreeable agreement upon starving men and repressing them for its subsequent breach is obvious. Such an agreement in the first place should never be made, for it is a contradiction in spirit of the very definition of an agreement. And in the second place it is certainly under no moral obligation to be kept. We may therefore condemn in advance the building employers for forcing an agreement upon their men and acquit in advance the latter for its inevitable breach at the first opportunity. The question of non-union labour is not one to be settled by a coup de main and in stress of starvation. Since it is vital to Trade Unionism, no settlement short of its final settlement can be more than a truce.

At the same time, the world, as we have often said, cannot and will not wait for ever upon the pleasure of the Trade Unions. It is, we admit, our fervent hope that the Trade Unions may become the active instruments of the transformation of industry, and with industry of the society based upon it; but every week's events prove that, if the Trade Unions are right, and in the end, they must be, they have not the opportunity, their duty and the great occasion, the more masterful sections of society both can and will. We have seen that the latest Budget of Mr. Lloyd George definitely and almost in so many words recognises the necessity of supplementing the wages by fixed taxation. What is this but to charge the Trade Unions with hopelessly failed to raise wages, and to take the responsibility out of their feeble and trembling hands? But the hands into which the duty, neglected by the Trade Unions, will be driven there already foredoomed to failure, is that opposed to be the State as described apocalyptically by Mr. Lloyd George in his tabernacles. It is, on the contrary, the State as conceived and moulded to their service by the capitalists of the country. They will not hesitate to substitute truck for wages provided that they can secure greater labour efficiency. If the trade Unions have failed to raise wages to a level permitting an amplitude of education and health for industrial purposes in their children, the latter must be taken over by the employers acting through the State. No doubt about that, we say. For with marvellous swiftness the event is already coming upon us.

In the light of this grandiose but sinister conspiracy on the part of capitalists to obtain by means of the State the control of the future labour supply of the country, look at the results of the meetings held last week of the National Women's Liberal Association and of the Imperial Health Conference. The modern Western world is not so abounding in the milk of human kindness, that common sense will permit us to credit the ladies and gentlemen who attend these meetings with purely philanthropic motives. Even if we were not aware how cunningly self-interested motives may disguise themselves as benevolence; and even if we admit that not one in a hundred of these reformers is conscious of his or her real impulse; the fact would still be strange that while, with scarcely an exception, they oppose every attempt to raise the wages of the parents of the proletariat, with no exception whatever (unless it be Lord Robert Cecil—and he in a sad muddle), they profess an intense interest in the children of those parents. What can the reason be but that the instincts of self-preservation and of increasing power push them in the direction of least resistance and greatest advantage? We have only to imagine the successful conclusion of their efforts to see what, in fact, is their motive, however for the moment it may be disguised. Would not the necessary consequence of all this State and public assumption of responsibility for the children of the poor end in the poor becoming the property of the State? There can, indeed, be no other conclusion. And why should we now be charged with malice for attributing to them as motive an intention that time will certainly make plain even to themselves? But let us look at some of the remarks made at the meetings to which we have referred. These, if they are carefully examined, should support our case even if they cannot prove it. At the National Women's Liberal Association Conference, for example, Lady Mond appealed to the employing classes to take as much care of their "human machines and human animals" as for their mass of steel and their cattle. Now is this, we ask as psychologists, a metaphor that Lady Mond or any other person of her class would use of her own class? You may say, if you like, that the metaphor is commonplace and has no significance. But no philosopher (as Mr. Hulme has shown) dare despise a metaphor; and nobody acquainted with the history of education would minimise the significance of dominant metaphors. The conception of the child's mind as a tabula rasa governed the theoretical practice of education for centuries. For fifty years our schools have been under the tyranny of the metaphor of the organism applied to the mind. With a new metaphor a new system will be inaugurated. What can be expected
in practice from the metaphor of a machine which Lady Mond applied to the proletariat? What else but that its needs must be considered only and strictly in relation to its utility?

At the same meeting one of those indefatigable jackals that hunt for the tigers and tigresses of society—Mr. J. J. Mallon, to wit—complained of the "terrible underpayment" of women in industry and suggested more and still more Sweated Wages Boards as a remedy. At the very best, as employers, known to Mr. Mallon and regarded by him as almost model, have told us, the Sweated Wages Boards only raise wages at the terrific cost of women unmercifully strapped on efficiency. At their worst they do not raise wages at all. But what a mockery it is to push women into industry and to hold them there, and to encourage them all the time to hope for a betterment of condition that you know can never come. Yet to this class of servile labour Mr. Mallon belongs by choice. And how probable is it that from women "terribly underpaid" a race will be eugenically bred? It is scarcely credible that educated men and women, such as by courtesy we suppose Lady Mond, Mr. Mallon and the rest to be, can continue in their absurd propaganda for half an hour of their society time without discovering that with one hand they are producing or stimulating the very conditions which with the other they are trying to suppress. Wages, we say, cannot be raised while Labour is bought hourly as a commodity. A thousand Wage-Boards cannot do it. A Wage-Board in every shop could not do it. A, Mallon, Mallen everywhere could not do it.

At the Imperial Health Conference, as might be guessed from the name, even larger views of the question under discussion were expressed. It would seem, to anybody not driven mad preparatory to its destruction, that of all the agencies for the nature and nurture of children parents are the best; and that, if the wage-system cannot provide parents with the means to bring up their children properly, it is the wage-system and not the parents that must go. So it seemed to Lord Robert Cecil, who warned the Conference that if they ignored the parent their schemes of health would not get very far... But was his warning heeded? No where has it been greater. On the contrary, we are told that the prevailing impression (meaning the settled prejudice) of the Conference was that "children who were not fed and cared for at home must be looked after by the State." It will be noted, we hope, that the human and natural remedy did not even occur to the Conference: the remedy, namely, of enabling parents to do what, after all, the State in their place will equally have to be enabled to do—feed and care for their children. No, there was the determination to procure the children for the State and to employ the poverty of the parent as an excuse for it; and with an object that Sir William Anson clearly enough suggested. In our popular education, he said, we must more and more relate the curriculum to the future employment. Children must be trained—nay, they must be bred—to industrial life. As a comment upon this, what can be no more appropriate than the recommendation of the Highways Committee of the London County Council to employ boys of sixteen as tram-conductors?

"Pup to eat dog?"

At Ipswich on Friday Mr. Lloyd George in the inspiring company of Mr. Masterman flew a few more of his gaudy lies to agricultural labourers. Fresh from countersigning a Budget in relief of low wages and convinced, as he must be, that wages will never rise again, he nevertheless assured the agricultural labourers that the Government meant business in land reform and would "put the matter of wages right in a year or two." The device he professed to employ is that of the Wages-Board which, as Mr. Mallon admits, still leaves the workers under it "terribly underpaid." What is there that the device, a failure everywhere else, will succeed in a more difficult field? What evidence is there that in promising success to it, Mr. Lloyd George is not a liar in his heart? There is a proverb that says you can take a horse to water but you cannot make him drink. Applying it to the employers of the country we maintain that you can raise the rates of wages but you cannot make employers pay them. As well try to fix the price of any other commodity as try to fix the price of Labour, which is a commodity among commodities. It cannot be done. No power upon earth can do it; no power in heaven; no power in Mr. Lloyd George! What is more, we venture to say that not only is the price of Labour as a commodity falling, but, relatively to the cost of its production, it is likely to fall faster in future. What we mean is that food-stuffs (roughly, the determining cost of producing proletariat Labour) are rising in price with the consequence that soon only the cheapest Labour will be worth its keep to any employer. American contractors, we are informed—busy in food while our proletarians are monopolising oil—have now cornered the meat supply of the whole of Argentina. A Trust is being formed and very shortly our meat, now dear, will be dearer. At the expensive rate of consumption that must soon be expected to prevail, how many of our working-classes will repay their cost of production? Like old machines scrapped in favour of machines of less wastage of fuel, half our proletariat underclass will be forced to be domestic paupers. Mr. Lloyd George’s promise to "put matters right in a year or two" will certainly not save them.
ever, who professes himself a competent critic of mere Labour leaders and occupies a column a day on the “Daily Herald” platform, many needs not only and on many occasions distorts, misrepresents and generally misunderstands and calumniates every conception of National Guilds that we have put forward, but on simple matters of a little reflection ostentatiously abnegates the duties of his position by flatly declining to think matters out. For instance, in writing on the subject of Proportional Representation last week (a subject which is finished with by any competent thinker) “G. R. S. T.” remarked that Proportional Representation must be given a trial since, though nobody knew whether it was good or bad, it was understood that it could not be worse than they were. Such a remark may be forgiven a wage-slave with no time to think; but it is a scandal in a man professing and paid to think for him. It is nothing less than dishonourable desertion; and has called for this court-martial.

Another intellectual, Mr. Rudyard Kipling, has intervened in politics only to bring disgrace upon the profession of letters. We do not expect of our literary men that with all the privileges of leisure, detachment and ease they should neglect the politics in the rôle of party dupes. Yet Mr. Kipling, it is plain, is nothing more. Not a sentiment, not even a phrase, in his speech at Tunbridge Wells distinguished him from the average Tory hack. The Government, he said, was clinging to office for the sake of the salaries and would not ready to purchase the support of the Nationalists at the price of Ulster blood. Would that this were the worst that could be said of the political situation. Unfortunately, as every instructed observer is aware, far more serious questions than bribery and corruption are involved in the present state of affairs. What threatens to become an acknowledged fact is the complete failure of the whole of our party system and, perhaps, of the whole of our parliamentary system as well. For the first time in recent history a parliamentary majority, created and maintained strictly according to the accepted rules of the game, finds itself unable to govern England; and the opposing forces are those of an Irish province and of the other political party. We may say, if we please, that the Government has been foolhardy, the Government has been tyrannical. So it has, but so also has every party government been since party government was instituted. The Balfour parliament which came to an end in 1906 was open to at least as many of the charges as can be brought against the present Government. The point, however, is not that this Government is worse than any other—for it is not—not that it is more unpopular than other government has been—for it is not; the point is that though all the rules of the party game have been kept, it is not permitted to govern. Whenever before has a party leader like Mr. Bonar Law repudiated the rules when they did not suit his party, and thrown into the scales with his Caucus the subornation of the Army, the encouragement of rebellion in Ireland and the repudiation of the authority of the Speaker? It is as if the losing team at football were to braise the police to hamper the winners, encourage a section of the spectators to rush the ground, and hustle the referee. Admitted by all means that the game of party politics is a game and little more. It is nevertheless the game as it has been played, and is under rules which have never been challenged by Mr. Law’s party while they were winning. But if not the rules are to be ignored, more will be stipulated than this government resists. It is probable in fact, that parliamentary government may temporarily be suspended.

The defeat of Mr. Masterman at Ipswich must be taken as a fresh blow at the Insurance Act, and not as, in any sense, a blow to Home Rule. The evidence, indeed, what we have always affirmed, that the Insurance Act remains the paramount issue, and will so continue until it is drastically transformed. Even a General Election, if it were held at this moment, would be fought, we believe, upon the Insurance Act rather than upon Home Rule. We would go further, in fact, and maintain that the Home Rule policy of the Government is, if not popular, at least not unpopular, and loses them not a tithe of the votes lost to them by the Insurance Act. What is to be added is that the Home Rule attitude of the Government is not the policy, but the Government’s extraordinary vacillation in carrying it out. After all, this is England in which we live; and English opinion is always in favour of the “Nelson touch,” win or lose. But, whatever it may be, it is specifically developed from the rejection of the Budget by the House of Lords requires for its conclusion the completing Acts of Home Rule, the Establishment of Federalism, and the abolition of the House of Lords. It is in the reception of England that these will be boldly attempted even if they cannot be successfully performed. Public opinion approved of the Parliament Act as a fitting reply to the rejection of the Budget; it consented to the coalition at the price of Home Rule to Ireland; and it awaits now the passing of the Act and the writing of its sequel in Federalism and the abolition of the hereditary character of the Second Chamber. All this, we say, is expected of the Government, and all this, we say, the Government is morally empowered by national opinion to carry through. In mid-career, however, it appears that the Government is met by the obstacle of Ulster magnified, if not largely created, by the Unionist Party; and there upon that accident the drama is for the present interrupted. What is to be done? Is the Government to confess that it planned more courageously than it dares build? Is it to sacrifice its entire programme to the mediavial superstitions of Ulster and the furious irresponsible opportunism of Unionists who themselves dared not defeat the Insurance Act? If that should be the case, the Liberal Party need not expect to get credit for it from any section whatever of the nation. Their own party, it is clear, will give them no credit, for they will be proved to have been Bobadils bragging of what they would do and bolting from its execution. The Unionists, neither, will give them credit, but will jeer their flight and proceed to sack their camp. But, above all, English opinion will hold them in contempt as a Party that sacrificed the traditions of England from public cowardice. We cannot believe that the Government will betray England in this fashion. Win or lose, they will and must go on.

This is not, however, to say that they are justified in their present methods. These, as far as we can discern them in them at all, are confined in their scope to dodging with the Caucus, to whispering behind the Speaker’s Chair, and to phlantering and flirting with the Ulster situation. In a word, there is nothing either public or manly in it. The determining factors of the case, however, are both public and manly and must be met and dealt with in that spirit. What in the end must settle the matter one way or the other? Not the shuffle of the political cards or the game of thimblerigging with Ulster; but, in the first instance, English public opinion, and, in the second, Ulster public opinion. But both these factors, if the Government, it appears to us, has so far treated as if they were of no account in comparison with the figures and dummies at Westminster. Are they not thougt! They are of final account, and so it will appear if they continue to be ignored. We suggest that so soon as the Home Rule Bill is passed the Government should inaugurate a frankly educational and explanatory campaign in England and Ulster simultaneously. After all, it is well understood that Home Rule is an Imperial necessity. If England consents to it Ulster may upon the same grounds consent. The enmities of the King, the Army, and the Unionists, to the people of England and Ulster.
Current Cant.

"The common rights of the poor."—"The Nation."

"Away with the family."—George Bernard Shaw.

"In five short years the defences of the rich have waxed weak."—"The British Weekly."

"Civilisation teaches us to love one another."—"Daily Citizen."

"Mr. T. P. O'Connor's weekly articles in 'Reynold's Newspaper' deserve the most earnest consideration."—"The Star."

"When is Sir Edward Carson going to get married?"—"Daily Mirror."

"Sir William Lever's essay on prosperity sharing is a classic."—Arnold White.

The Literary paper that does not bore—T.P.'s. Weekly. . . . A cipher of the times, and a Library of ideas."—Advertisement in the "Westminster Gazette."

"Admitted our Labour Party is unique—there is nothing like it on earth."—Fred Kneel in the "Labour Leader."

"The publication of 'Round about a Pound a Week' at a time when social upheavals and mutterings, strikes and revolutions were as much the rule as the exception, was extremely opportune."—Charles N. Kerans in "Everyman."

"The men had, or imagined they had, a grievance with regard to the replacement of a stoker. . . . The matter was dealt with by giving the men a point-blank refusal. . . None of the strikers have been re-engaged. It is only by such firm action as this that an electric supply undertaking can be carried on."—"Mechanical World."

"The Chancellor of the Exchequer is much in demand for forewords, prefaces, and introductions to new books treating of Social and Labour subjects."—Daily Chronicle.

"It is always a pleasure to stop writing for the sweated rewards of Capitalism."—H. G. Wells.

"Queen Alexandra as young as ever."—Daily Sketch.

"The 'Evening News' is a likable paper. It vibrates the spirit of goodwill, of knowledge, and an appreciation of one's inner thoughts."—Charles F. Higham in the "Evening News."

"Hurrah! The 'Egoist' has found an ego at last."—Horace Holley.

"Machinery is wanted that will engrave on metal."

"Ideas."

"Ipswich rises into prominence—a subject for discussion for England for one short and glorious week. It is because Mr. Masterman is there. . . No more brilliant than he. . . crucified and transfigured . . . a still young and faun-like creature about whose head has collected a halo of romance. . . There is no jealousy about Mr. Masterman; no illusion about the conventions of Parliamentary life . . . without such people politics become wholly abstruse, stale, and unprofitable."—R. A. Scott-James in the "New Weekly."

"There is not in the Liberal ranks to-day a lover or more helpful soul than Mr. Charles Masterman."—Mr. T. P. O'Connor.

"Our own beggar poet, W. H. Davies."—"Poetry Review."

CURRENT CERTIFICATE.

"George R. Sims, the Devil in London."—Advertisement in the "Daily Chronicle."

Foreign Affairs.

By S. Verdad.

When I wrote from Paris, in the issue of The New Age dated May 14, to say that the King of Albania was in the hands of Essad Pasha, his War Minister, and was appealing to Austria and Italy for assistance, I did not know that the assistance was to be given so soon. The news that Essad was plotting against Prince William of Wied, and that he had even gone so far as to make arrangements for an attack on the Royal palace, reads too simple to be true. This Essad, a born plotter, was scheming to secure for himself the highest power which Albania can offer, whether that be the kingship or the chiefship of the most important tribe, has always been known. It is less common knowledge that Essad has himself a great many enemies who were only too glad to take advantage of favourable circumstances to implicate him in one of the numerous plots from which Albania has not been free for a century. The capture of Essad Pasha in his own house, his seizure, and his trip on an Austrian warship to Brindisi, from which place he went to Rome, accompanied by his wife, are events that short and rather scattered messages from Durazzo and Scutari have made known to the world.

But it is not enough to say that Essad plotted and has been found out, and that now all is for the best in the State of Albania. On inquiring, I find that Essad was encouraged, not merely by the less important families and tribes over which his own family exercises such a great influence, but also by a Western European Power. And this Power is the friend of Italy, who was jealous from the very beginning of the influence which Austria threatened to exert, and at length managed to exert continuously, on Albanian affairs. To Austria was due the difficulty experienced by the Powers in finding a suitable heir for the throne of Albania. I remember that, at the time the various candidates and their prospects were being discussed, some diplomatist said that Austria was trying to coerce the parties concerned as if they were cardinals conferring over the Habsburg veto when selecting a pope.

* * *

Chafing under the predominance of Austria in Albania—the arrangement was that Austria should take the northern half and Italy the southern, the division being made first in theory and then in practice—the Italian Government looked round for opportunities of making things even; and the diplomatic telescope was brought to a thoughtful pause when Essad Pasha came within its sweep. Emissaries from Rome urged him to hasten his plans, and hinted that a substantial aid might very likely reach him from unexpected quarters if his agitation showed the least sign of being successful. If Essad's colleagues had only been as discreet as he is himself, Italy might have been mistress of Vallona next month. Even as it is, the rebellion—for it is nothing less—which Essad Pasha was organising has not by any means been put down. As I write I have a telegram to say that the peasants whom he was leading against the government of his own family, who were ready to say that the King of Albania was in the hands of Essad Pasha, was the ex-King himself. The Austrian Government looked round for opportunities of making things even; and the diplomatic telescope was brought to a thoughtful pause when Essad Pasha came within its sweep. Emissaries from Rome urged him to hasten his plans, and hinted that a substantial aid might very likely reach him from unexpected quarters if his agitation showed the least sign of being successful. If Essad's colleagues had only been as discreet as he is himself, Italy might have been mistress of Vallona next month. Even as it is, the rebellion—for it is nothing less—which Essad Pasha was organising has not by any means been put down. As I write I have a telegram to say that the peasants whom he was leading against the government of his own family, who were ready to say that the King of Albania was in the hands of Essad Pasha, was the ex-King himself.
Towards National Guilds.

Referring recently to the proposed Parliamentary can- didature of Mr. Allen Upward with the support of a group of Chelsea artists and craftsmen, "G. R. S. T," of the "Daily Herald" remarked, in a tone suggesting that he felt himself to be right this time if never before, that "it is surely sound to represent a craft in Parliament; just as we should want it represented at a National Trade Union Congress." This confusion of thought involved in this strange parallel would be remarkable in almost any other writer than "G. R. S. T." But in him it appears to be a habit. For allowing it to be "sound" that a craft should be represented in a Trade Union Congress (and who in the world would deny it?), how can it "surely" follow that the same representation should be "sound" in a national Parliament? The two organs of national life are as distinct from each other (though both rooted naturally in the common life) as any two organs of the body, and to give to both identical functions, is either to make one superfluous or both diseased. We do not propose to have crafts represented in Parliament or, indeed, any of the specialised functions of sections of the community. The place for crafts is the Guild Congress and the members of that body are delegates of their industry. Parliament, on the other hand, is the organ of citizenship; and its members are (or ought to be) representatives of the whole of the community.

In his new book "Progressivism and After," Mr. Walling writes that the Governmental attitude to Labour is being completely revolutionised by new economic factors. What are those factors? They are the need for more efficient labour for the management of large scale business. The economic situation of India is complicated enough, and not less so since the Tariff Reformers began to write books about it. I hope, by and by, to refer to the Report in some detail. In the meantime I would direct the attention of New Age readers to the Indian unrest of which we hear so little. Taking political murders alone, there were eight in 1911, two in 1912 (Delhi Durbar year, when the ring-leaders gave orders for the proceedings to be suspended), five last year, and one this year. These are crimes definitely classed as "political murders." Of recent murders and assassinations indirectly connected with the political situation, I could treat only in a separate article, or a series of articles.

When Mr. Mohandas K. All and Mr. Wirza Hasan were in London last year I referred to the Indian situation at length, and gave some explanations of the causes of the unrest. India is of so much importance to us, politically, strategically, and economically, that every effort should be put forth to make our rule humane and efficient. To this end any organisation which is likely to be beneficial to the Indian students here ought, in my view, to be encouraged. The students we see among us are, in many cases, the representatives of the best Indian families; and most of them will one day have to fill important positions. If I thought it would be of any help to them I would advocate support for the All-India Moslem League, in spite of its quarrels with its highest officers; for the National Indian Association (I have heard ex-Indian Civil Servants unhappily call this a "potty show"); and I am not sure if it still exists—my apologies in advance for lacerated feelings, if any) and, above all, for the London Indian Association. The little I know about this latter body is entirely to its credit. When I mention these things I must also mention Mrs. Naidu, whose force of character was obscured in Mr. Brookfarming's jejune account of her speech last week. What Mrs. Naidu has accomplished for India is best known to the Indians—and to the India Office. Neither agitators nor Viceroy will, I think, fall into the error of discounting Mrs. Naidu's services to her country. Her voice is by an occasional speech, or by her two volumes of poetry.

We do not deny that efficiency is now more desirable, because more profitable, than ever; and it stands to reason that, if not within immediate, then within measurable time, this monopoly of capitalism will be exhausted. And it naturally follows as a foreseen business conclusion from these two contingencies that capitalist Governments are beginning to prepare their measures for meeting the new conditions. The State, in fact, is beginning to capitalise labour as one of the chief assets of either of its two stocks of business. But not only is this no "revolution" in the attitude of
the State towards Labour, but merely a continuation suited to the fresh circumstances of its old attitude; but it can only be described as Progressivism in relation to Capitalism, not in relation to civilisation in general, and, least of all, to Labour. Yet Mr. Walling is an enthusiastic advocate of it! Our position, on the contrary, is not only to deplore and condemn it, but to oppose it. While the wage-system remains, we would neither lift a finger to assist the capitalists in making Labour more efficient in respect of industry nor consent to any fresh importations of (women or) cooies into the wage-system in general.

Wages and the cost of Labour are by no means the same thing. Labour is not necessarily cheap because wages are low, nor is it necessarily dear because wages are high. Labour, in fact, can be paid more and yet given him. In a very short time his output was nearly quadrupled, with the result that the cost of his labour was reduced by a good two-thirds. The movement of to-day is worth, about £500. That is to say, the profit that can be made out of each, over and above his keep, during his working life of thirty years is about that sum. It follows that as the guarantee to the population of Western countries is worth, when capitalised, about £6, he is worth investing in. As much, perhaps, as twenty-five per cent. of his capital value may be spent upon him with a fair amount of safety. And hence the movement of to-day in the direction of social reform.

It is a mistake, of course, to imagine that revolutions are brought about by obviously revolutionary means. As a rule, the origin of a revolution appears at its birth to be a mere trifle. Only the most imaginative and far-sighted observers, for example, could have divined the fall of the Feudal System in the discovery of gunpowder and the rise of the Press in the invention of movable type. In the Trade Union world the greatest results, we confidently predict, would arise from the abolition of what is known as the "twicer" in office: that is, of the official who can be at once an officer of his Union and a member of any other public or political body. Until we have separated the two functions in the same person neither function will be properly discharged, but each will be hindered by the other.

At present the Trade Unions have only the prestige of power. Publicly they are not yet either respected or admired, but only a little feared. They would, however, become respected at once if they established a rule to denounce shoddy work and to protect their members from it. And they would instantly be allowed to do so, instead of begging for more wages without more responsibility, they were to demand more responsibility.

The principles of Social Reform are not nearly so recondite as its professors allege. They are, in fact, of precisely the same order as the calculation of the relation between a sprat and a mackerel. Provided that it can be reasonably assumed that by the expenditure of wages or indirectly on their behalf by the State, the health or efficiency of the latter will be increased even a little more than proportionately, the expenditure is a good capitalist investment. For instance, it has now been calculated that on the average every unit of the proletariat population of Western countries is worth, when capitalised, about £6. It follows that as the guarantee to the whole system of wage-paid employment and capitalist domination, strikes centre more and more around "recognition" and questions of management. Rising prices alone, to say nothing of that widening of the worker's horizon which stands mainly to the credit of the half-penny Press, and that diminution of economic forces for which Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Lloyd George are jointly responsible, would have sufficed to teach him that higher wages serve by themselves be the end-all of working-class effort. His new master or mistress, or landlord, with her loud daily complaint that bacon, meat, cheese, clothes, shoe-leather, coals, rent, everything, has gone up, drives it home. At first he thinks the tradesmen daylight robbers. A Larkin comes from Dublin, saying not so very much about wages, except to speak of them with contempt. Our position, on the other hand, is that wages are high, nor is it necessarily dear because wages are high. Labour, in fact, can be paid more and yet given him. In a very short time his output was nearly quadrupled, with the result that the cost of his labour was reduced by a good two-thirds. The result is that the cost of his labour is about £500. That is to say, the profit that can be made out of each, over and above his keep, during his working life of thirty years is about that sum. It follows that as the guarantee to the population of Western countries is worth, when capitalised, about £6, he is worth investing in. As much, perhaps, as twenty-five per cent. of his capital value may be spent upon him with a fair amount of safety. And hence the movement of to-day in the direction of social reform.

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National Guildsmen.

Wealth And Life.

I.—Labour.
By Stephen Reynolds.

These two articles—Labour (I) and Labour (II)—were written for the same author's series of articles, which the Nation has been publishing under the general title, Wealth and Life, but have not there been printed. Their proper order is immediately before the article printed in the Nation under the sub-title, Labour.

If proof were needed that wage questions form the sign rather than the substance of labour unrest, the cutting-edge rather than the weight of the blade, it is to be found in the fact that the strength of the two chief political instruments of Labour—Trades Unionism and Socialism—has lain not among the most down-trodden victims of industrialism, but among the comparatively better-paid workers. It is those on the move who press onwards. The Labour Party's gentle and reasonable ineffectiveness has brought it into disrepute. The older Trades Union leaders with their almost comical insistence on wages and industrial bargains, and their political vision so curiously focused to some shoddy prudential middle-class Utopia, have been left in the far-off rear to go on doing their useful spade-work. On the road they made, and made well, the worker has travelled to the edge of fresh open country. He disputes his wages still, but he disputes with the whole system of wage-paid employment and capitalist domination. Strikes centre more and more around "recognition" and questions of management. Rising prices alone, to say nothing of that widening of the worker's horizon which stands mainly to the credit of the half-penny Press, and that diminution of economic forces for which Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Lloyd George are jointly responsible, would have sufficed to teach him that higher wages serve by themselves be the end-all of working-class effort. His new master or mistress, or landlord, with her loud daily complaint that bacon, meat, cheese, clothes, shoe-leather, coals, rent, everything, has gone up, drives it home. At first he thinks the tradesmen daylight robbers. A Larkin comes from Dublin, saying not so very much about wages, except to speak of them with contempt. Our position, on the other hand, is that wages are high, nor is it necessarily dear because wages are high. Labour, in fact, can be paid more and yet given him. In a very short time his output was nearly quadrupled, with the result that the cost of his labour was reduced by a good two-thirds. The result is that the cost of his labour is about £500. That is to say, the profit that can be made out of each, over and above his keep, during his working life of thirty years is about that sum. It follows that as the guarantee to
bloody quid a week or thereabout? What is it, for a man, time out is paid for? What can a fellow do on it, 'cept get older till he dies?" (Observe the for a man, not for such and such work.) It is their all-round situation in life—squeezed out of them as hidden—from the better-to-do—which keeps in the back of their minds a simmering resentment that boils over in argument. The day is past when a few per cent. on wages could quieten the working classes. It is not a crumb or two more from the pie that the House could draft his own Bill. In any case, it is patent that money has more political influence than in the House of Commons and in Governmental circles, working-class life is rough and property more votes than citizenship or manhood; plural voters have been shamelessly moved about the political scenes. 'The one thing he has no chance of voting for is what he wants, though it must be admitted that in nine cases out of ten he could not formulate it into a practical political measure any more than an ordinary Member of Parliament could draft his own Bill. In any case, it is patent that money has more political influence and property more votes than citizenship or manhood; plural voters have been shamelessly moved about the country to turn the balance at elections. Parliament remains almost working-class feeling as if working men had not the franchise, and their own Labour Members find that if they go to Rome, they must do as Rome does, or get nothing done. Besides, compared with life in the House of Commons and in Governmental circles, working-class life is rough and prone to irregularities; from the point of view of wealth (not nearly so much so from the wider point of view of life) it is ill-organised and wasteful. See what they spend on wine and beer, on foot and drink and gambling—and, the Lord preserve us, what not! The Labour Member can always be got to support the moral coercion of his people. It is easier in a polite assembly to try and repress their naughtiness than to reform them as workers. Liberty is the bird in the hand to be prized; benefits the two in the bush. Each scheme of social reform in turn shows the cloven hoof. "This ought to be done. This must be done, for the poor, reckless, inefficient working classes." And the savings are sent to the working classes: "You are being screwed by fresh business, they are being socially screwed down by the new governing class; registered, ticketed, numbered, not permitted to change the employment or residence, or even have medical attention, save in the new bureaucracy. . . . What a chain of laws it will be! Hours Acts, Minimum—very small—Wages Acts, statutory joint boards to separate men into the efficient and non-efficient; labour exchanges to classify the workers according to their ages, heights, weights, complexions, and grammatical attainments against not sickness and unemployment, administered by multitudes of committees; Compulsory Arbitration Acts to fix wages, while leaving capital free to manipulate prices; gridding taxes to maintain hordes of commissioners and inspectors to tell us how to work, and how and when to be sick, what and when to eat and drink, when and whom to marry, and how to breed the next generation of workers—these are the lines upon which the new England is being fashioned.

Our civilisation, in fact, emergent from the might is right stage of evolution, seems to be passing through a phase—perhaps a necessary one—in which our governing classes are making desperate efforts to avoid the redistribution of wealth, on a basis of wealth for life, by accelerating its production and by merely readjusting its distribution on the old basis of life for wealth. Like a railway company, they are trying to maintain or increase profits not so much by attracting fresh business, as by speeding up work, cutting down expenses, and putting the screw on all. The social machine is plainly not up to its work, but instead of being renewed, it is tinkered up and run faster, so that every bearing and bolt needs some one at hand with spanner and oil-can. Hence the necessary increase (not alone in Government, as is too often assumed) of non-productive officials, middlemen, go-betweens, and men of every sort; the more so since the general tightening-up is being effected, not by the patient method of voluntary reorganisation from the bottom upwards, but by compulsion from the top; by precisely that method which runs counter to the impulse towards life, in that it encroaches on personal liberty and inhibits initiative. The worker is told in effect: "No. You shan't have a bigger share in the total fruits of Labour; you aren't a shareholder; but if you make yourself more efficient and by working twice as hard, produce twice as much well, you shall have, say, ten per cent. on what you're getting now. And you've got to do it, too, whether you like it or not. England expects . . . . Duty and discipline, my man! Another joint for me, and you shall have the bone. You are really shall see you get it, real servants, for whom you must pay, shall see you get it, if you do what you're told." It is not a process which can go on indefinitely, and workers of any spirit are naturally restive under it.

Of politics and politicians, then, the worker asks: "What have 'em done to better things? Have 'em made it any easier for the likes of us to live?" Demonstrably they have not. It is harder and more troublesome to live, and many freedoms which added to the liveliness of his existence have been suppressed or driven underground. As politicians have driven him without those rewards for responsibility, as apart from work done, which the better-off classes never fail to claim. It is true, things might have been worse. It is true, also, that the material standard of working-class life has been somewhat raised. But that costs the worker more money, and, as we have seen, a raised standard of life tends to become a new minimum. Acute observers hold that the only way really to enrich the worker is to force up his (material) standard of life, leaving himself in the process. But that increases rather than diminishes the strain of living, for it means that his standard of life is always in advance of his power of paying for it. . . . The fact remains, that the political bird is in the bush, promised to the worker, are still in the bush, and his legs are well scratched with running after them.
Rudolf Eucken. 

By Carneades

"I AM saved, I have found Jesus."

It seems a far cry from these words to the rolling rivers of phrases and periods in the writings of the recipient of the Nobel prize for literature. "But the difference between the author of "The Truth of Religion" and the vendor of the "War Cry" is not so very great. The one, the plain child of the people, has but a couple of hundred words at her command, and uses the same few phrases over and over again; the other, the world-renowned professor of philosophy, has the whole vocabulary of four or five languages at his disposal. But the mental levels of the Salvation Army and of "the creator of a new Metaphysic" are fundamentally the same.

Both are dissatisfied with the existing orthodox Church; both, therefore, reject or ignore theological dogmas and try, the one, to restore the simplicity of the early Church, the other, "to proceed a step upward in the direction of the summit." However excellent Professor Eucken may be as a teacher of philosophy in his University, however much praise he deserves as a distinguished historian of philosophy in general and that of Aristotle in particular, from his recent constructive books but one fact can be gathered. Eucken is not a philosopher at all, but a preacher of Christianopolis!

During the Whitson week of 1911, Eucken visited England on the invitation of the British and Foreign Unitarian Association, delivered the Essex Hall lecture for the year and—preached at Unity Church, Islington. The "Christian World" and the "Guardian" review his works; the latter actually styles him the "champion of religion." We find the English version of his books in "The Crown Theological Library" and the "Theological Translation Library." And in the closing section of his work—"Can we still be Christians?" he says, "Our question was whether we still can be Christians. Our answer is, that at the present day we are not only still able to be Christians, but are compelled to adhere to that faith. But we can be Christians only if Christianity is recognised as a movement of import for the history of the world, though a movement still in course of development, if it is shaken up out of the Churches' orthodoxy and afforded a broader, more comprehensive basis." What need we any further witness?

No wonder that here in England, this land of the most Christian of Christian nations, he is so greatly in vogue, especially amongst those cultured classes who look down on the unlettered mass of the people in the parks. We must take ourselves seriously, you know, and anyone who strengthens the belief in our importance, anyone who invents beautiful words with which we may clothe our shameless concepts shall be deemed a great man! Money and dinners shall be given unto him, and the newspapers shall proclaim him a benefactor of humanity.

Eucken's popularity begins with his books, "Main Currents of Modern Thought" and "The Problem of Human Life, as reviewed by the Great Thinkers from Plato to the Present Time." His previous writings are mostly of the profoundly serious kind for which German professors are noted. The love for minutiae, the careful attention to details, are still to be found to some extent in the books just mentioned. They are good books. But after them Eucken began to preach; he discovered he had a message. In the prefatory note to his "Present-day Ethics" he says: "These lectures appeal less to students and philosophers than to the cultivated public at large." Cultivated public at large!

The Independent Spiritual Life, the New Idealism, Activism—these proved to be powerful catchwords. With these he hooked the fish that proudly avoid the shallow waters of materialism; these words have brought about the metamorphosis of a distinguished German professor into the world-renowned Messiah of Christianity to be rejuvenated by our Sociinus the Third. Quite rightly, therefore, a critic concludes an article in the current number of the Quarterly: "What we gain is not philosophy. There is in Eucken's immense literary output since the days of his early Aristotelian writings no really precise and serious contribution to philosophical science."

The pivot of Eucken's philosophy is the Independent Spiritual Life. We live on two planes simultaneously, in the visible world and in the invisible world of the spirit. The life in the latter world ought to be the most important to man. But since he is tied to the visible world by many bonds it needs an effort, a determination on the part of man to put this spiritual world above the other, really to live that independent spiritual life. And to retain that spiritual life, to make oneself ever more perfect, spiritually, one has to fight for it, to fight till the end. Life is action! Activism is a doctrine that will help us in the gradual spiritualisation of the world. By perpetually fighting for super-individual ideals the soul may plant itself on the shores of the over-world where the True, the Good, the Beautiful reign! I think that will do for the present! What a lot of old friends of ours in disguise: the two worlds of Plotinus; the Christian "putting-on-of-the-New-Man"; the "War Cry"! We are quite at home. Of course there is not a scrap of evidence anywhere. Eucken sneers at Psychology; his method is not to start with the individual psyche. No, his methodological start with the "Independent Spiritual Life," the existence of which we are to take for granted. About the origin and the goal of this "Spiritual Life" we hear nothing. It suffices to enter this over-world and then something happens which makes all the difference in our lives. And this "something" is the equivalent of the whine before the penitential bench of the Salvation Army. We are going to be good! Thank God! For Eucken parts company with the wicked Hegel and says: "The list of religions is, with Hegel, but the absorption of the individual in the universal intellectual process. How such a conception can be identified with moral regeneration of the Christian type, with purification of the heart, is unintelligible to us."

A again and again he told the over-individual norms and ideals of this Independent Spiritual Life are realities of cosmic significance, whatever cosmic significance is to mean. The words "Cosmic," and "Life," are everlastingly recurring terms in Eucken's language, vague to the extreme, terms that he never defines. How which together with the catchwords of Independent Spiritual Life and Activism are some of the most powerful soporifics in the laboratory of this modern mystic.

Although according to him the axiom of the Ethics of Spiritual Life is "man's power to rise by free action to the higher plane of cosmic life," the independent spiritual life is that one's determination to attain it, one's power to rise by free action to the higher plane and to live it, do not avail much. It is a gift of grace. "Man never succeeds in reaching the Divine unless the Divine works and is acknowledged in his own life." This new life cannot have proceeded from nature, nor can it be a creation of man alone; it is a cosmic movement, a movement of the universe, a movement in which man is privileged to participate but which he could never engender from out of his own natural being.

What do the Scriptures say? "Without me ye can do nothing." Exactly the same—only in non-Euckenian language. And there are hundreds of passages in Eucken which are nothing but venerable scripture-texts in the garb of popular philosophy. When he says "A
complete negation of the ‘small self’ and emancipation from it are requisite,” what else is this but a paraphrase of: “let each esteem others better than themselves.” When he tells us that in the new world “we shall become indifferent to outer profit and success, and shall find entire satisfaction in the manifestation of genuine spiritual life, in spite of the trials and difficulties it may offer,” is that anything but a long-winded edification based on “It is the spirit that quickeneth, the flesh profiteth nothing”?  

Socialism, consequently, does not fare very well at the hands of Eucken. “Socialistic culture is shallow and one-sided; it suppresses all tendencies towards depth; it knows with its problems no infinite development of the soul; it excludes all understanding of the movement of universal history. Socialism as a philosophy of life wrongly defines the average man, ignores great and original individualities, forgets that no combination of majorities ever has initiated any real progress.” Thus spake Eucken. After that, of course, Socialism is as dead as a door nai.

Mysticism, Irrationalism, Hegelism, Christianity, Intuitionism, egoism, a medley of all these, that, in short, is Eucken’s “philosophy.” His early historical and critical books did really without merit; is there no room for a constructive philosopher that he is a failure. He is certainly to be praised for insisting on a life of heroic spiritual activity in contradistinction to a life of spiritual lethargy or mediocrity. A finer remark has scarcely ever been made than his maxim, “Not suffering but making use (etc., etc.)” His chief fault, how-
proves them...they are his fools, no longer his masters; no longer wild horses...but well-broken shiedes. ... (Points at Christ, neither, nor the audience, knowing which.) It is because he has realised the inner God-ah...for him no obstacle really exists...impossible to harasst him with anxiety(!) to him...the form is nothing, the God within is always welcome... (Points at audience.) What are the things that prejudice your judgment? (Audience moans.) My last advice is this! Let (etc.). Never (etc.). Let your religion be small in belief unless it is pregnant in action (etc.). And truth herself, she will come with open arms, but remember she never gives herself except to those-sah who give-ah themselves to her. (Exit Mrs. B., bowing, with that awful smile. Two more Christs appear, still darker and more gloomy, of Godhead round Stud, who escapes by force.)

Whitechapel.

The exhibition of twentieth century art at the Whitechapel Art Gallery is interesting and stimulating. The classification suggested in the preface I will not quarrel with. It is perhaps as just as attempts to write conventional position at once of an original talent, and of the expressionist group. Mr. Pissarro, holding the exceptional position, I may as well say that it is my practice that was received thus.

Concerning the work of the painters who derive from the French Impressionist group, the work deriving from the influence of Cézanne, and the work deriving from the influence of Augustus John. A third category consists firstly of the painters who have been misled by Mr. Roger Fry to see what could be done by caricaturing in a superficial manner the faubourg Cézanne, and also to attempt Cézanne's meticulous and colossal laboriousness, and secondly a group for whom Augustus John may, on the principle of lucus a non lucendo, again be said to be responsible. A certain number of Slade students and others appear to have come, quite justly, to the conclusion that to go on trying to learn to draw as well as John would be not only a long and arduous, but probably an impossible task. The Cubists may perhaps best be described as the group who have thrown up the sponge of Augustus John.

But here again the greater personalities escape from classification. We may register and enrol as we please the work of Thérése Lessore; she will always appear to be the most interesting and masterful personality of them all. She seems to me to have the merits that all the groups would like to claim. First and foremost, she has human interest, without which art on this planet probably cannot exist. Her pictures are seemingly not painted from models pretending to do certain things. By some strange alchemy of genius, the essentials of their being and movement are torn from them, and presented in ordered and rhythmical arrangement of the highest technical brevity and beauty. She seems to have no partis pris like John, of a certain processional solemnity, or like Henry Lamb or Stanley Spencer, of a certain fateful strangeness, only perhaps a point of cold and not unkindly malice. I cannot see her pictures going out of date.

As between the realists and the followers of Augustus John this question may fairly be said to arise. An attitude may, in the hands of its inventor, be sufficiently interesting to resist the sycophancy. The Burne-Jones attitude is almost intolerable to the present generation, though it certainly charmed a great many people thirty years ago. Augustus John's intensity and virtualITY have endowed his peculiar world of women, half-way, half model, with a life of their own. But his whole make-up is personal to himself, and the last thing a wary young man had better do is to imitate John. When it comes to a whole school who imitate his landscape panels the limit of thinness has been attained. The realist has no sooner taken the derivative painter this advantage. The realist is incessantly provisioning himself from the inexhaustible and comfortable cupboard of nature. The derivative romantic, on the other hand, can hardly expect such varied and nutritious fare if he restricts himself to the mummies he can find in another man's Blue-Beard closet.

WALTER SICKERT.
Unedited Opinions.

Beyond Good and Evil.

It is some time since Nietzsche was discussed in The New Age—how do you find he wears?

As to that, I am inclined to believe now that Nietzsche was much more profound than even he considered himself; also that he correctly defined himself as a nihilist.

Not surely as a nihilist in the philosophic sense—as one, that is, who denies that any purpose can possibly exist in things?

No, as a practical nihilist; one, that is, who destroys with no notion of what is to take its place. Did not Nietzsche, for instance, destroy morality as commonly conceived; but did he succeed in defining the standards of conduct that were to succeed it? In so far as he attempted to do so, he fell, in my opinion, into the very errors he had just demonstrated; in other words, he never really transcended his negative doctrine at all, but remained a moralist even when he was beyond morality.

Then you think that Nietzsche really destroyed Morality without realising what he had done?

Certainly.

And that he therefore never succeeded in bringing into the light the doctrine that transcended morality?

That is it. But let us be sure of our ground, for in this region words are very treacherous. When I say that Nietzsche destroyed Morality and actually thought beyond Good and Evil, I do not mean that in so doing he got beyond Morality really.

This is very confusing. I am afraid! He destroyed Morality and yet did not get beyond it? How can that be?

It should occur to you that in such a paradox the probability is that the word is two-edged. Firstly, what was the morality Nietzsche destroyed? Secondly, what was the morality still left when the first kind had been destroyed?

Will you tell me?

The morality Nietzsche destroyed was the morality of Good and Evil: the morality he did not destroy was the morality of Right and Wrong.

Then he transcended Good and Evil, but not Right and Wrong?

Exactly.

But how are they to be distinguished?

Well, as a lover of plain words, I think the phrases carry their distinctions with them. Good and Evil are terms relative; but Right and Wrong are terms absolute. Good and Evil are related either to some end desired or not desired by us; or to some feelings peculiar to ourselves. Right and Wrong, on the other hand, are independent of our predilections or aversions and are of the nature of things. What Nietzsche did was to prove that Good and Evil are not absolute terms. What he failed to affirm was that Right and Wrong are. Indeed, the one was comparatively easy to prove: the other is much more difficult.

So I should think, for I still fail myself to see the distinction.

Nevertheless, we have only to examine the history of moral ideas—in Westernmarck, let us say—to see that, in fact, Good and Evil are terms of expediency or indepedency as arrived at by the experience of men; in other words they are relative to some human end. And we have only to examine the history of science to see another kind of morality peeping into view—the doctrine, namely, of Right for its own sake and with no regard to expediency. Scientifically a thing is so or it is not so; similarly, as I believe, of actions in general, they are either right (that is, so) or not right (that is, not so). Not all the unpleasantness in the world will alter a truth of science; and not all the evil consequences imaginable will make a right action wrong.

You are assuming, are you not, that Good and Evil are related to consequences?

Certainly; and that undoubtedly is the assumption of the morality Nietzsche set himself to destroy. What he said in effect to the world at large was this: You imagine yourselves to be Good when you are only prudent and calculating; and Evil when you have been hurried into imprudent courses. But this does not deserve the name of Morality; or, if it does, then Morality ought to be destroyed.

But did he not also say that what is commonly regarded as Good is often not prudent?

He did; for it does not follow that because men calculate the consequences of their acts they necessarily calculate correctly. Similarly with actions said to be Evil because as a rule they have been followed by unpleasant consequences—Nietzsche affirmed that many such actions are not followed by unpleasant consequences at all. In short, while the terms Good and Evil relate to consequences and are a generalisation of the experience of the race, they are not infallible guides even as counsels of prudence. The “good” is not always followed by pleasant consequences; the “evil” is not followed always by unpleasant consequences. The calculations, in fact, are only rule of thumb and often turn out to be mistaken.

But may we not eliminate errors in course of time and arrive at correct calculations?

You are asking whether men will one day be able to adjust means to ends perfectly; and so to ensure to themselves nothing but what they desire. Such living would be practically scientific—would it not?

Yes, it would be perfect prudence.

But that assumes that the future is calculable and that accident does not exist; neither of which propositions is true. In other words, perfect prudence is impossible. From the nature of things, no man can be so forewarned of the future as to be able to forearm himself in respect of everything that shall occur. At best he can be only relatively secure.

But is absolute security possible by any other means than prudence?

Ah, now we are about to transcend Good and Evil! Assuming that the Good is the prudent and being now aware that perfect prudence is impossible, we begin to feel that the Good, simply, is not a perfect guide. And you ask what is it?

I do.

But tell me first how you would know that an action you thought to be good was not really good—by its results, of course? And similarly the evil?

Yes, I know no other test.

Nor do I, of Good and Evil; but you see the ideas labour under another disadvantage than the one we have discovered.

What is that?

The disadvantage that we cannot know at the moment of its performance whether an action is Good or Evil. It all depends on how it turns out. At best we can only make a guess at it. But is that walking by faith (superstition!) or by sight?

By faith, of course; but where is the sight?

At this point, as I have said, Nietzsche himself broke down. Like Moses he got us over the desert, but like Moses he never took us into the Promised Land.

But what is the Promised Land?

Let us consider our requirements of it. A doctrine to transcend the old morality must be (1) uncalculating; (2) independent of experience; (3) immediate in its knowledge; and (4) independent of consequences. Now what notion answers to all these? Not the doctrine of Good, because it depends upon all these circumstances.

Well, what?

You mean the notion of Right?

Excellent. For the right is the right and there is no other; it needs not to be calculated; experience is not required to teach us it; we know it at sight; and it is unaffected by its consequences.
Readers and Writers.

M. Bergson has the knack of intriguing me against my inclination. Is it because he raises issues that so few can touch without petrifying? The problem of the diseases of the will—for example—one of the very greatest in human history—yet who but artists have yet made it enthralling? Shakespeare in Hamlet, Ribo in psychology! But in his ninth Gifford Lecture, delivered last week, M. Bergson succeeded in discussing it psychologically and curiously at the same time. More reasoning, he said, cannot lead to action; action depends upon an internal impulse; and this that we call Will may be insufficient to carry out a reasoned plan. Under such circumstances, resolution is sickled o'er with the care of thought, or seems to be; and we find ourselves in the presence of a "psychasthenic." The line of thought is not only interesting, as my readers will see, but it is for intellectuals pretty vital. For most of us who develop our brains by daily exercise must be often made aware of a correlative tendency to irresolution in action. Like Mr. Petyt's dog, we develop long noses but pay in short legs. But is this necessary? I ask because Mr. Petyt's dog is not the last word on the subject. The Darwinians may go to the animals for their models but as for us intellectuals, let the beasts come to us!

"For the incident of the laurel crown, for example—ample, proves Keats t'o have worn his poetry with an immense and reverent responsibility, such as no living poet has dared to assume. What strikes me about the comments of the critics upon them is their will and brain in health together. How is it done? Will may be insufficient to carry out a reasoned plan. Under such circumstances, resolution is sickled o'er with the care of thought, or seems to be; and we find ourselves in the presence of a "psychasthenic.""

The two new sonnets by Keats published in the "Times" last week have no intrinsic value. They would not, I see sure, be accepted for publication in our excellent "Pastiche" columns. (By the way, our readers must not be misled by the typography of "Pastiche.""

"The Death of a Nobody," by Jules Romains, has been translated by Messrs. Desmond MacCarthy and Sydney Waterlow, and dedicated in a preface to Mr. Roger Fry (Howard Latimer, 46. 6d.). The reason for either the dedication or the translation is not clear to me. Where in the book is the alleged "flavour of Post-Impressionism" which relates it to the work of Mr. Fry? The preface contains no hint of it. As for the peculiar feature of the story, the emergence of group consciousness in a company of unindividualised persons—it is not in any sense new. A work to which I have once before respectfully referred—Professor Gummere's "Beginnings of Poetry"—bases the whole of primitive poetry upon it. In a book by an author now writing for this journal the same idea was discussed at length nearly ten years ago. And its application to the Greek Chorus is obvious. Yet our translators must needs make a song about M. Romains as if he had discovered something. Now is his use of the theory any more novel or original. On page 21, a group
of nobodies assembled round the bed of a dead nobody utter commonplacest resembling those the deceased would probably have uttered. In this way M. Romainists tells us they came, as a group, to resemble the dead man. But they were like him to begin with! Their group consciousness was not a new creation, but simply a repetition of each component part. It was not worth two languages to illustrate this.

There can have been no provocation sufficient to justify the publication by Mrs. Parnell of her intimacy with Parnell. Concerning his public life I should have been glad to know all there was to be known; but of his private life I should prefer to guess the facts. Mrs. Parnell, however, has not been so prolific in enigmatic figures in our times; and if women are going to give men away we shall have still fewer. I shall decline to read more of Mrs. Parnell's uninvited confidences than the reviews have published. She has betrayed a public possession.

While I was wondering the other day whether the doctrine of Futurism was not familiar to us in Carlyle, a letter from a correspondent reached me, containing a possible solution. It had occurred to him after re-reading Carlyle's "Frederick the Great," of whom he said that he was "a vulgar fellow with more energy than he knew what to do with." This was pretty good criticism, but the sentence on Carlyle that followed was better. Carlyle, he went on, prostrated himself before a man of energy and obliged him by being mischievous. "If only he could find a soul 'drenched in misery,'" as he said, and yet dreading his weird in spite of it, Carlyle clapped the hero's robe upon him and proceeded to offer up bulls of adoration. How true, how perfectly true.

The reading of the letter was followed by a scene of animated discussion. One speaker remarked that the Club had got to the end of its present course of spiritual stimulus. They had had one-legged boxers and the boxing kangaroo; they had admitted models into the Club with licence to behave like children; they had entertained every music-hall star of any notoriety; and had made a point of insisting on every commissaryman being drunk on the premises at least once a week; but, somehow, inspiration did not seem to come. He was therefore in favour of accepting the invitation if the visit could be conveniently arranged. Another speaker emphasised the right of artists to entertainments not adapted for the ordinary public. The spectacle of a bull-fight, for instance, he said, was almost a necessity to an oil-painter in particular. Undoubtedly, Spain owed its artistic greatness to the provision it made in this way for the training of youth in colour coupled with excitement. The artist knew how to turn the bloodlust into a passion for beauty. He, too, approved of the proposed visit, and only regretted that the rope and not the guillotine would be used. Third and fourth speakers followed to the same effect; and, indeed, only one of all who took part raised any objection whatever. His remarks were scarcely listened to, as it was known that he held queer views of the obligation of artists to be at least as beautiful as their works; and of their responsibility for civilization during the age in which they lived. Short of the meeting was an enthusiastic acceptance of the invitation, and a sub-Committee was formed to arrange the details.

At the meeting of the Committee held a week later, the sub-Committee reported that the negotiations with the Government official had been satisfactorily conducted through the medium of the member who had originally reported the offer; and that things were now in train to be started so soon as an execution should be announced. The conditions relative to the visit were as follows: (1) the number of the party should be limited to fifty; (2) strict secrecy should be imposed on everybody concerned, though no one, naturally, should be debarred from afterwards making pictorial use of his experience; (3) members were to assemble at 7.30 punctually at a certain restaurant adjoining the Prison on the morning of the execution, and each was to bring with him his letter of admission signed by himself (or herself—for ladies were eligible) and countersigned by two members of the Committee; (4) they were to refrain during the execution from any attempt to converse with the principal actor in the spectacle; (5) after the ceremony they were to disperse quietly.

With these conditions the Committee was satisfied, and steps were at once taken for the selection of the fifty members to form the party. As a beginning every member (save one) of the Committee was included, and it was agreed that, as there were ten of them, each should have the privilege of inviting four others, preferably members of the Club. These arrangements were to be concluded by the following week, shortly after which it was expected that the event would be due.

Needless to say, none of the Committee allowed the grass to grow under his feet in the matter of sharing his privilege with his friends; and, to cut a long story short, by the next meeting, the list of fifty was complete, and all the cards necessary for the visit were duly prepared and signed. As luck would have it, the Government official himself sent down an express message during the meeting warning the Committee to hold themselves in readiness for the 7.30 post the day after that day; and in view of this proximity of the exiling event it was arranged that telegrams should be despatched to every member of the party notifying them of the exact moment.

Suffice it to say that the Government official's information proved on the following day to be accurate;
and wires were instantly dispatched, assembling the members for the Thursday morning following at the place and time agreed upon.

On Thursday morning, March 19, by 7.30, every one of the fifty was present in the upper room of the chosen restaurant, where, by arrangement, hot coffee had been provided. The party was in notable high spirits; and at least half the company were ladies. It was observed, in fact, that the latter were particularly animated; and as a result, the men of the party looked forward to an experience that would last them a whole week of high-class painting.

At 7.45, the member who had hitherto conducted the negotiations with the Government official, made his appearance at the official himself. Order was called, and the official proceeded very briefly to communicate his final instructions. His remarks were as nearly as possible as follows: "Ladies and Gentlemen—artists all—you are about to have the privilege of an almost unique experience in the affairs of the higher life of our beloved nation. Realising, as I do, that much is expected of you, it has been my wish to make you some corresponding recompense. Time is short, and I will not delay. In the sealed envelope you will now return, together with your tickets you will find the brief instructions necessary to the completion of our entertainment. You are kindly requested not to open them until I give you the word." Thereupon, the envelopes were distributed and the tickets were given up; and when all was settled, the official, standing at the door, said, "Now, ladies and gentlemen, you may open your envelopes and follow me." He then disappeared through the door.

The sealed is beyond me to describe. It can, however, safely be left to the imagination when the contents of the envelope are set out. They were in the form of a type-written letter, of which the following is an accurate transcription:

To the Artists of the Septuagint Club.

Ladies and Gentlemen,—By your presence here this morning you have shown that you are willing deliberately to seek sensations for the sake of your art that no common citizen could endure, still less wish to experience. Under the plea of superior responsibility you have been willing to accept as a privilege the spectacle of an inhuman and disgusting institution which you, above all others, should have long ago abolished. I have had the honour to observe you in your clubs and in your private life. About your personal life, nothing but this I will say: that I have observed you do not appear to me to be of a character to engender works of beauty. But of your public spirit I take the liberty of saying that it does not visibly exist. Holding, as by precepts of civilisation, culture, manners and public life in your hands as artists, you are, nevertheless, yourselves so far from being models that I am afraid civilisation, instead of being beneath you, is above you. For example, you are almost alone in being willing to witness an execution; and I do not doubt you would be equally willing to witness any other spectacle of horror that human brutes could devise. Well, I have the satisfaction of having revealed a desire on your part to receive this morning; for there will be no execution, and God save us from a company of artists that would be willing to attend at one. In conclusion, I trust that this little affair may teach you that society will not be raised by people who merely paint its exterior, and, in the meantime, revel in its degradation; but only by artists who are at the same time public-minded. You are responsible not only for your art but for your times. Failing the acceptance of both obligations, you can discharge neither. Farewell.

The party on reading this communication was much incensed with the author of the joke; and, had he disapproved of member responsibility for him. It was useless to stay any longer; and, following the instructions, the members quietly dispersed lest they should attract attention. Secrecy, too, was main-

The New Age

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Views and Reviews.*

Hart-Hole Advertising.

Poor old Progress! There should be a commandment against taking its name in vain, for it is really venerable, as venerable as the Wandering Jew. But a man who can say, as Mr. Hole says: "I contend that the Twelve Apostles were the most successful advertising men of the Christian era": cannot be expected to treat Progress with more deference. Let us be thankful that Mr. Hole uses the gentle conjunction; he really means that Advertising is Progress, and if he does not say so explicitly, the reason is that advertising compels a certain slackness in the use of words. Take the phrase I have quoted, for example. Can it be pretended that the efforts of the Twelve Apostles created a demand for a certain commodity, that the stimulation and regulation of that demand enabled the selling costs to be reduced, and assisted the making of such improvements in the processes of production that the public could be supplied with a better article at a lower price? Such are the consequences of advertising, according to Mr. Hole; and if they did not follow the missionary efforts of the Twelve Apostles, it is not irreverence, it is sheer stupidity of thought or acquiring. Let us be thankful that Mr. Hole attempt to dignify the profession of advertising agent by borrowing the hallowed glories of the missionaries and martyrs of the early Christian Church. The Twelve Apostles were not advertising agents. Indeed, there is an exact counterpart between the Twelve Apostles and Mr. Hole. They certainly believed that their Master had a monopoly of truth; but Mr. Hole says: "I follow no school or creed of economics, discerning an element of truth in each economist and a monopoly of truth in none." Mr. Hole is perceptive, and really ranks, in his own estimation, with their Master.

We may doubt the value of Mr. Hole's perception when we notice that he uses words without attaching any definite meaning to them. What is "advertising"? Mr. Hole assumes and implies that advertising is the cheapest way of selling goods, and that progress is the selling effected in the cost of selling goods. Even if the statement be true, it does not seem to justify the fatuous idea that the engraving on stone of the Ten Commandments was advertising. There are differences even in publicity, and a person of Mr. Hole's extraordinary perceptive power ought to have drawn a distinction between economic and non-economic publicity. The costs as much or as little to produce Ten Commandments now as it did then, and I think that it would be difficult to prove any reduction in the selling cost of them.

There is an equally disquieting vagueness in his argument that advertising pays both the advertiser and the public. If anyone quotes examples against this argument, Mr. Hole replies: "I mean effective advertising": and reduces his argument to the truism that the advertising which pays is the advertising which pays. Indeed, I cannot free myself from the opinion that the apparent vagueness of meaning attached to the terms is an indication of intellectual dishonesty; in some respects, it resembles the arguments for Tariff Reform. Both Mr. Hole and Mr. Hart exhort us to advertise and "make the other fellow pay." As we listen to the

* "Advertising and Progress." By E. S. Hole and John Hart. ("Review of Reviews." 5s. net.)
"Windy aspirations of forced breath," we begin to notice a recurring accent, which has a definite meaning. Put into three words, this meaning is: "Advertise and Monopolize."

Here we are on familiar ground, for the economists do know something about monopoly; and the tendency is to react against this as against a move which, however more complete. Indeed, advertising is not clearly recognized as waste until it occurs between competing monopolists; and then the tendency is to reduce the expenses of advertisement by judicious amalgamation. For example, the Railway Committee of the Board of Trade said: "It is well known that railway companies find it necessary to spend large sums of money in canvassing against one another; and if competition were removed by judicious amalgamation, the greater part of this money could be saved," (quoted by Professor Pigou in "Wealth and Welfare"). But if advertising is waste between competing monopolists, it is none the less waste between simple competitors. If Mr. Hole's argument means anything at all, it means that every advertiser may become a monopolist, which is absurd; and even if it were possible, it is by no means clear that the social effects would be of a beneficial nature, as Mr. Pigou in Wealth and Welfare). But if advertising is waste between simple competitors.

The nature of these improvements is well known; they are always improvements of machinery, and the concomitant of the improvement of machinery is the degradation of human labour. Less and less skill is required in a factory than in one which lower the cost of production. The nature of these improvements is well known; they are always improvements of machinery, and the concomitant of the improvement of machinery is the degradation of human labour. Less and less skill is required in a factory than in one which lower the cost of production.

"The mechanical skill of old is not generally credited as the most potent factor in rendering non-essential to successful manufacturing a man of what he is treading the holy ground of his own forefathers, he is visiting the land of Nietzsche's philosophy, that he needs a guide. Always supposed that he feels curious and interested enough to risk the journey. And he ought to risk it, for whatever other interesting parts of the literary world he may visit, it may safely be said that this New Hellas is, for every self-respecting traveller, what in travellers' slang is called "the thing to see." It's the "grand tour" of the modern mind, without which no education is complete. Just as France, Spain, and Italy were the "grand tour" of the forefathers, who were not considered gentlemen either without this baptism of the South. Every modern traveller has to see it, and everyone, as we saw, stands in need of a guide, Now, as a good guide for this Nietzschean.


Everyone will agree that guides to philosophies are somewhat of a nuisance. They are the same sort of nuisance as guides to foreign towns or countries, those obtrusive gentlemen whom the traveller, as a rule, begins to dislike, and even to detest, as soon as he has engaged them. And rightly so! None of us can endure for long a companion who, in a tongue that he does not understand, talks about things he does not understand, to people whom he does not understand either; a companion who interposes himself between the traveller and the beauties of nature and art; a companion who airs his prejudices regarding his own race, of which he is often a most unsatisfactory specimen; a companion who takes care of us like a piece of luggage, and from morning till evening watches our steps, so that we should not fall into the hand of a colleague of his—that is to say, of another: romancer and misinterpreter.

All travellers have come across this type of man, and, of course, most heartily detest him—but no one has yet become so dispensable as he.

The following preface has been written by Dr. Oscar Levy for the second edition of Mr. Chatterton-Hill's well-known book, "The Philosophy of Friedrich Nietzsche," the authors of which he is often a most unsatisfactory specimen; a companion who takes care of us like a piece of luggage, and from morning till evening watches our steps, so that we should not fall into the hand of a colleague of his—that is to say, of another: romancer and misinterpreter.

Now I am sorry to say that Nietzsche's philosophy is "Asia" to most of our European contemporaries. I am extremely sorry to state this, for it ought really not to be so. No European ought to require a guide to Nietzsche, for in visiting the land of Nietzsche's philosophy he is treading the holy ground of his own forefathers, he is visiting the land of Nietzsche's philosophy, that he needs a guide.

The important thing for him, then, is to take a good guide, always supposed that he feels curious and interested enough to risk the journey. And he ought to risk it, for whatever other interesting parts of the literary world he may visit, it may safely be said that this New Hellas is, for every self-respecting traveller, what in travellers' slang is called "the thing to see." It's the "grand tour" of the modern mind, without which no education is complete. Just as France, Spain, and Italy were the "grand tour" of the forefathers, who were not considered gentlemen either without this baptism of the South. Every modern traveller has to see it, and everyone, as we saw, stands in need of a guide. Now, as a good guide for this Nietzschean.
travel, into the Holy Land of strength, light and culture, I can most heartily and conscientiously recommend this book of Mr. Chatterton-Hill.

I seem to have quoted long after this recommendation. Some cynic or man of experience (and your cynic is as a rule a man of experience) will use my own simile of the guides to philosophies and the guides to foreign travel as a weapon against Mr. Chatterton-Hill and myself, and will say: "Oh yes, we know this game. It is the hotel porter who always recommends his own guides, it is the editor of Nietzsche's works, who 'writes up' his own friends. There probably is some advantage for the hotel porter in recommending his own guides, for the porter and the guides usually go half-shares between them, and the traveller is the welcome spoil of both. It's just the same with the editor and his friends. Literature, as we know nowadays, has become an affair of coterie and comradelship and business. Authors, like politicians, have adopted the do ut des policy. Poets, novelists and even philosophers of the present day dutifully admire each other, for no author can live long without some acknowledgment by his contemporaries; and as this acknowledgment is usually slow in forthcoming, they have become 'a mutual society' of their own and exalt each other—and that sometimes with more vehemence than grace. Mr. Chatterton-Hill and Dr. Levy are probably both members of this intelligent and successful guild. We understand.

Well, I have a very good answer for these clever people, or rather two answers. My first one is that Mr. Chatterton-Hill does not need any testimonials from the hotel porter of the Nietzsche edition for the very good reason that he has other and more reliable testimonials to fall back upon. His best recommendation is that of the public itself, which with quite unusual insight knew a good guide when it saw him, and bought up his first edition in a remarkably short time. My second answer is that Mr. Chatterton-Hill, from the beginning, thought himself such a very independent guide that he did not trouble to send a copy of his book to the editor, who otherwise is considered an important enough personality by his tribe. The porter had to run after the guide in this case, instead of the guide running after the porter. My attempt was drawn to the book by a third person. I then procured a copy of it myself; I read it, and was so pleased with what I read that I wrote a letter of thanks to the author, care of his publisher, as is the custom between writers who do not know each other's addresses. It was thus that our acquaintance was formed, and the proof of my statement is the fact that I did not write a preface to the first edition of this book (which I would have done with the greatest of pleasure), but have only now been honoured with the request to do so at the appearance of this, the second edition.

What I liked most in the book was the enthusiasm, which was obviously the outcome of youth. Now enthusiasm and youth are just the qualities which are most distrusted in our world of our time and that not without good reason. For we live in an age of licence and liberty, an age of irreverence and shamelessness, an age in which everybody is allowed to approach, to touch and to discuss everything. Christianity and the modern world of our time are all men equal, Protestantism has taught for four centuries that everyone is his own priest, democracy has given for a hundred years votes and privileges to this priestly congregation. What wonder that these sacred goals among the many whom in later day that they are raising their voices to a high pitch, and that especially the younger members of the community are becoming "enthusiastic"? Enthusiasm is derived from "ενθυμίζω", which means "to be inspired or possessed by the god." And, indeed, all these youthful and enthusiastic gentlemen, rebels against authority, heretics from Church and State, defenders of the holy rights of their precious ego, are possessed—possessed by the Christian God and what remains of Him in our age: the Christian devil.

But Mr. Chatterton-Hill's enthusiasm—this I could see quite clearly—was not of the ordinary, of the "possessed" kind. There was something very extraordinary about this author, for his enthusiasm was mingled with a considerable dose of intelligence. Here, then, was not a descendant of the early Christians, of whom our modern enthusiasts, not only in Hyde Park and on Clapham Common, but elsewhere, too, are an imperfect copy. This was not a man who went up when "the spirit moved him" and "spoke in an unknown tongue," nor was he able to "be here below a total stranger" and "be understood only by the holy of the holy." This man did not indulge in wild talk, he did not speak in a tongue unknown to himself and others, but in a very clear and in a very well-known tongue—known at least to people who had some and an ability to appreciate that tongue. Here, in short, was a man of culture and intelligence, who was enthusiastic about something, here then was the only enthusiasm that was worth any serious attention.

His book answered many questions of philosophy which had never been touched in before, and which had been touched abroad, but had never been sufficiently answered. There is, for instance, that brilliant chapter on Stirner and Nietzsche. Attempts have been made on the Continent to find out a sort of relation between Stirner and Nietzsche, and for a long time many professional critics and philosophers used to state that Nietzsche must have read Stirner and that he was influenced by him. There is, of course, nothing to show that he had not read Stirner, but if he did so, it can only have been with profound disapproval and even disgust. For the worst fate of a modern creative spirit is not the silence of his contemporaries, not the ignorance of his critics, not the isolation and separation to which he is irrevocably condemned: it is the terrible misfortune of being taken for someone else, it is the disgrace of being placed among the ordinary and in the ordinary rebels against State and convention, it is the insult of being thought a common atheist, a common rebel, a common criminal. An insult, an injury, for which there is only one consolation—that it has happened before. Was not the Founder of a great religion crucified between two thieves? And how could it be otherwise? Does not the rebel very often say the same thing as the saviour, the creator, the innovator? And who, in a hurried age, has time to listen? Who, if he listens, knows how to listen, how to judge, who realises that the same words in a different mouth may have a totally different meaning? Stirner, just like Nietzsche, thundered against the State, against Humanity, against Patriotism, against Liberalism, Socialism, Rationalism, against the moral law, against the spiritualisation of everything and everybody; he, too, wanted freedom for himself, for the friends and the family and the holy rights of the ego, too, claimed liberty for the individual, for the development of the ego. But—and it is the great merit of Mr. Chatterton-Hill to have pointed this out—Stirner wants that sort of freedom for everyone. This stamps him down, who thought himself an anti-Christian, as a true son of Christianity, and of Christianity in its Protestant form; as a descendant of Luther, who had pleaded for the liberty of every Christian soul three hundred years before his latest disciple. What in reality such liberty may lead to, the history of Germany with its two centuries of barbarism after the
proclamation of liberty will teach us; a barbarism, by the way, which is only half painted over, and which no commercial success of modern Germany will ever hide from the eyes of the more cultured observers of Europe. It is this Protestant liberty, this anarchical "do as you please" (which Stirner calls "right and human") but how I satisfy myself. I am my species, I am without norm, without law, without model, and the like. It is possible that I can make very little of myself, but this little is everything and is better than what I allow to be made out of me by the might of others, by the training of custom, religion, the laws, the State, etc. Better—if the talk is to be of better at all—better an unmannerly child than an old head on the State, etc. Better—if the talk is to be of better—is determined by the species, the general demands, etc., the species is law to him. And now compare will this "apotheosis of the crank" Nietzsche's exhortation to those who feel a spur to "form themselves to their own sweet wills," who in other words wish to go in for Christian liberty: "Free, thou dost call thyself? Thy ruling thought would I hear of, and not that thou hast escaped from a yoke."

"Art thou one entitled to escape from a yoke? Many a one hath cast away his final worth when he hath cast away his servitude."

"Free from what? What doth that matter to Zarathustra?" Clearly, however, shall thine eye show unto me: free for what? Canst thou give unto thyself thy bad and thy good, and set up thy will as a law over thee? Canst thou be judge for thyself, and avenger of thy law? "Terrible is aloneness with the judge and avenger of one's own law. Thus is a star projected into the desert space, and into the icy breath of aloneness."

It is Mr. Chatterton-Hill's great merit to have first seen this great difference between Nietzsche and Stirner, between the aristocrat and the anarchist— to have discovered a similarity as only a new instance of the proverb: "Les extrêmes se touchent." And there are other great points in his book, points upon which he likewise was the first to touch there is that invaluable statement that Nietzsche did not come as a destroyer of Christianity, but only as a destroyer of the monopoly of the Christian religion and the Christian morality; there is that other very important verdict, that in Nietzsche we have come face to face with a strongly religious character, a character calumniated and misunderstood by his age, because the age is, was, and always will be, profoundly irreligious. "In all religions," Nietzsche used to say, "the religious man is the exception. . . ."

But enough of praise, which I have not only bestowed to recommend the author, but to excuse myself, the hotel porter, for my running after the independent guide. I really had to get into touch with him, and I only wish I had sighted him earlier, say in 1905, when his book was already written, but could not be published on account of the British coldness towards the new spirit. Many complaints of nervous and unsatis- fied travellers would have been spared the poor porter, who in order to satisfy everyone, and in addition to all his private concern for the Nietzsche movement, sometimes himself and set apart parties of curious travellers round the enchanted city.

It is all changed for the better now—with Mr. Chatterton-Hill. Let me therefore recommend him again—and that in the orthodox fashion. Ladies and gentlemen, here is a good guide; a guide whom you may safely follow and rely upon; a guide it will be a pleasure and a profit to listen to. Go with him and hear what he has to say. But whatever you do not get to see with your own eyes. Everybody has to do his own seeing and thinking nowadays, and that in spite of the best of guides. Bon voyage! London, April, 1914. Oscar Levy.

Drama.

By John Francis Hope.

I shall never, in the years remaining, Pain: you pictures, no, nor carve you statues. Browning.

I owe an apology to my readers. In my last article, I referred to "Pygmalion" as though it were a comedy. It is not a comedy; by Thalia, no! It is distinctly described on the programme as a "romance." Without this intoxication of its nature, I should have known that it was not a comedy by the fact that the audience laughed at it. People do not laugh at jokes; they only laugh at what they think are jokes. "Pygmalion" is very sad. There was really no need for the Master to tell us not to laugh at it; I could not laugh. The ridiculous tears kept running down my face as the lump kept rising in my throat until—well, to be frank, until I went home and cried myself to sleep. I felt that "Pygmalion" was the end of all things. To me, it was no "romance"; it was an exercise in pessimism, it was a tragedy. For of all sad words of tongues or pens, the saddest are these: "I publish the banns."

I knew, so soon as the curtain rose, that the Master was in no comic mood. The thunder rolled, the lightning flashed, the rain down-poured and made Covent Garden look miserable. "Oh, Lord," I prayed, "remember your promise recorded in the fifteenth verse of the ninth chapter of Genesis." The Lord remembered, and the rain stopped; and then the significance of the scene became apparent to me. Like the wicked people in the time of Noah, the nobility at the court of Louis XV used to say: "After us, the deluge." This was the deluge; but as it occurred at the very beginning of the play, obviously the Master intended to represent what followed the deluge. All the weird things of the earth sheltered under the "portico of Daniel Jones's Church of St. Paul in Covent Garden"; they all came under the arch, for to get out of the rain, as the old nursery rhyme said that they did. "After the deluge, us," they seemed to say. And what are "us"? "Oh, Lord," I prayed, "forget your promise," but it was too late; the Master had spoken, and on went the play.

Well, there you are; you can't call that a comic opening, can you? "God's in His heaven, all's wet in the world," as Browning said; none but those insusceptible to poetic suggestion would find it fit for laughter in that. The Master proceeded to develop the tragic consequences of this act of God. As the Preacher said: "God hath made man water-tight, but they have sought to escape from a yoke?"

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That was the sort of woman she was before Henry Higgins took charge of her, even if she was dirty and did scratch her calf after offering him a shilling an hour for lessons in correct pronunciation. Thus was provided the economic motive for a scientific experiment; which could preside at a garden party. Pickering put her into a little shop, or something will happen.

When she entered the house, her clothes had been burnt down; but he, Higgins, would carve her into a figure of speech, which could preside at a garden party. Pickering was a "feeder"; and he betted Higgins that his science would not prevail against the ignorance, stupidity, and unsuccess of Miss Eliza Doolittle. Thus was provided the economic motive for a scientific experiment; and Eliza went to reside in Wimpole Street.

The gloom gathers. From now onwards the tragedy develops inevitably to the catastrophe. Higgins wins his bet, and has no more interest in Eliza. She cannot purge her soul of pity for the woman she was before Henry Higgins met her. There was no rainbow in the sky when the storm ceased.

"How hot it is!" said she, and put on the marabout boa. A silly fat man on the floor above, across the court, caught me lighting a cigarette and put his hand in my face. Higgins and Pickering had bought clothes for her, strange lamp-shade dresses like those that are advertised in the papers; they had hired jewelled keys for her, they had paid for her rides in taxicabs, and now she had become possessed of a soul. "You ungrateful girl!" he said. I laughed now. Some people don't seem to care what figures they cut. He looked like—oh! did you ever see an elderly lady in a hot hooped costume? London come out on the balcony in her petticoat bodice and shake her skirt? Well, one's just done it here! I think I'll go and see the Luxembourg to-day. I am always doing the beginning of things. I am so busy. I began in four different hotels in four nights to stop forever. The noise was brutalising in all except this one. I nearly set off for the South instead of the North, but I just braved it out and had a grand toilette to walk on the wide boulevards. It is convenient, too, to have two classes in the trams. I remember seeing a crowded London "bus a young nurse-girl scarlet and white in despair. Old Paris is being filled in with huge blocks, and the trams bang along almost everywhere. Yet it is still beautiful. There is little smoke, and it is just the old thing, nothing having happened.

The poor child's happiness was spoiled for all that summer. Votes for women! Who are welcome to them. Give me all the other trifling considerations, and room for a crinoline if I choose. The crinoline (which our grandmothers demanded for room, and got!) if it arrives again, will gain all back for us that we've lost. I heard a discussion about the shabby rag of the suffragist Queen of Denmark. I was asked how these Londoners, who make so much fuss about the destruction of birds, allowed that Queen to go unchallenged through the streets flaunting the Badge of Cruelty? I said it was because the hussy was a foreigner.

The nun told me that "all is forbidden to the religieuses in France," and therefore she could only give me the benefit of her incomparable accent for a few instants if I were passing. It was forbidden for a nun to teach anything. "Je le regrette," she said, in a tone like the Dove of Eden, and put a hand on my shoulder. I wonder if I looked like somebody she had once known? That was my impression.

It is to-morrow dawn, and I have not been to the Luxembourg, but to an artists' bal. You can't walk home at dawn in Paris, even two hundred yards. The streets are all being washed. Much laughter, much applause for your frock if it is chic, three hundred people inside and outside the Rotonde, very much alive! Models are played in a flame or a half-moon, and hung up the boulevard to the bal, and absolutely unmolested, an Indian in full war-paint, Spaniards, Chinese, Bacchus, everybody you can think of! They are old women; all young, agreeable, and spirited. I set out, upon my innocent, prejudiced soul, half expecting to have my deposition taken somewhere about the small hours! Well, at five o'clock, the leisurely, roomy line if I choose. The crowd in France, "be sure your experiments will find you in,

The Master has spoken, and his message is: Fabians, beware! A Pastiche.
The Englishwoman has turned up, thank goodness! In fact, that two francs makes you fat, and Mont Farnasse is amazing for the nerves! The good air wins even over the noise and this heat, which is merciless. Everybody is a little jumpy, even my pen. And I jumped when the restaurant Lavenue demanded two francs for about twenty strawberries! "Is it possible," I asked the manager—"is it that you charge two francs?" As I regarded him, I saw that it was one of those things which are not in nature and yet possible.

SPRING (Rondeau).
From Winter's rule now comes the sky,
From wind, from coldness, and from rain,
And by the sun is clothed again
In clear and comely broodery.

There is no creature, low nor high,
Which of sweet singing is not Jain;
From Winter's rule now comes the sky,
From wind, from coldness, and from rain.

River and fount and brook near by,
A shining burden now do gain,
And run in many a well-wrought chain,
Laden with raindrops silvery.

From Winter's rule now comes the sky,
From wind, from coldness, and from rain.

MORE CONTEMPORARIES.
By C. E. Buckhinder.
(1) The "New Weekly."
"There is Nothing New Under Scott-James."
A detached onlooker at public affairs—one, that is to say, who is neither a politician nor a reader of the daily Press, nor a bishop, nor an engineer-driver, nor, for the matter of that, one interested in the slightest degree in the actual vital existence of that vast machinery of capitalism which we all so much wonder at, and some of us, to be sure, are rather inclined to deplore—a detached onlooker, we say, considering the daily trend of public opinion, the schemes and evasions of professional politicians, the all-importance of the permanent official (a mere onlooker, we say, considering the daily trend of public opinion, the schemes and evasions of professional politicians, the all-importance of the permanent official (a fact really amusing to those not seriously concerned), the flux and flow of news, with its always interesting accounts of battles, murders, cricket matches, exhibitions, and what not—a detached onlooker, we say, noticing all these things, as he will be likely to with a curiously satisfactory feeling of how important, that delightful and only too rare sensation of aloofness, of distinction from the swinking mob, of a certain place among that higher order of individuals, that is to say, thinkers, drinkers, philosophers, writers, sculptors, successful business men, successful sweaters, biscuit manufacturers, chauffeurs, and all the rest of that category—a detached onlooker may, I naturally come to the conclusion that for all the apparent sameness of our kaleidoscopic existence, altering as it does from day to day, whether, as some say, from some ever-moving progress forcing its inevitable way upwards through the diffused atoms of men's lives, or, as others hold, from a mere change of standpoint founded upon one's normal capacity for making the best of a bad job and regarding it essentially in the strong light of a providential darkness—a detached onlooker may, we say, consider, that the constant trend of events to point back to some sort of a counterpart in an older age, and their constant bringing into notice the apparent repetitions of history and the curious similarity between one set of circumstances in the present age and another in the dim past—all this may lead a detached onlooker, if such there be, to consider that it is quite in keeping with the hundreds of possibilities that to-morrow well or will not, according to one's beliefs, be in some way different from and to be distinguished from the day before yesterday.

Let the Government look well to this, before moving a step further.

THE MAN OF THE WEEK.
Queen Anne. . . .

SONGS NOT WITHOUT WORDS.
By Edwin Evans.
A critic of the inner musical circle . . . a light torch . . . a multitude of themes . . . the combination of poetic clearness and critical complexity . . . a general effect of dullness . . . .

THE ASSASSINATION OF GOD.
By W. H. Davies.
What's the use of stars on a night like this,
And I here sitting in the gutter,
With a penny for myself and a penny for my pipe,
And twopence for a bit of bread-and-butter?

What's the use of moon on a night like this,
And I all down upon my uppers . . .

Lo! the cart-horse falls, and the driver swears, And hits it such a bang across the cruppers.

What's the use of God on a night like this,
And I with stomach-ache am burning . . .

So I take up my pen, and I tell this straight to you—
There won't be any God to-morrow morning.

Next week will appear Mr. Earn Pond's Ganzoni upon the Ipswich election.

AS A LITTLE CHILD.
By Arnold Palmer.
I like carpets. Carpets waft to me faint, far-off thoughts of the distant East—spices, opium, hashish, peacocks, and—pyramids. Yes, to be sure, pyramids. There is a complexity of line about that higher order of individuals, that is to say, thinkers, drinkers, philosophers, writers, sculptors, successful business men, successful sweaters, biscuit manufacturers, chauffeurs, and all the rest of that category—a detached onlooker may, I naturally come to the conclusion that for all the apparent sameness of our kaleidoscopic existence, alternating as it does from day to day, whether, as some say, from some ever-moving progress forcing its inevitable way upwards through the diffused atoms of men's lives, or, as others hold, from a mere change of standpoint founded upon one's normal capacity for making the best of a bad job and regarding it essentially in the strong light of a providential darkness—a detached onlooker may, we say, consider, that the constant trend of events to point back to some sort of a counterpart in an older age, and their constant bringing into notice the apparent repetitions of history and the curious similarity between one set of circumstances in the present age and another in the dim past—all this may lead a detached onlooker, if such there be, to consider that it is quite in keeping with the hundreds of possibilities that to-morrow well or will not, according to one's beliefs, be in some way different from and to be distinguished from the day before yesterday.

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The exhibition of the works of the newly arrived Two-penny Tubists at the Loooghlebop Gallery is extremely interesting, especially from the fact that the artists represented have chosen to express themselves by the medium of tracing with earwigs' feet brushes upon sawdust. Particularly striking, unless, of course, I am mistaken, is Mr. Bombast's "Shiverth"; and Mr. Explain's clever "Studies in Fleshite" has a great charm of distinction. The effect, though perhaps somewhat bizarre, is striking, and nobody who is interested in the progress of Art should miss the "Miss Daubs's to be seen in London this week, Art and Art Criticism appear to be coming into their own again.

WHEN THE REGICIDE HOUNDS.
"There is no poetry in this stuffy Labour Party."—Daily Paper.

When the regicide hounds were unslipt in the streets, And prophets preached Havoc! and general wreck, And Rothschild crept fearlessly under the sheets To dream of the nightmare lasso at his neck, James R. Macdonald's star Hadn't risen; and prospects looked redder far.

Think, think of the poets the Terror let loose; The odes sent by tumbril, to Swinburne and James R. Macdonald's star With a penny for myself and a penny for my pipe, And twopence for a bit of bread-and-butter.

Rise! Rescue the lamp-posts from philistine use Slay the throts of the plutocrats—epics will flow.

Cravo crimes, Blood-coloured rises, Were the nectar of poets—in breezier times.

E. STEEKMA.
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

THE G.F.T.U.

Sir,—In a somewhat severe note in your issue of May 7, you complain that the "chaos of misdirection and no direction at all in the Trade Union world is a disgrace to the Labour movement in the economic field; where a central control is necessary and even urgent, for us to suggest one is to draw on ourselves the accusation of interference." We believe movement is as disordered as is usually ascribed to that. It has been said that direction is superfluous and the co-ordination of activity a threat of tyranny. But what can be expected of a movement that has not one head, but a thousand? We say that it is a disgrace to the Labour movement and to the movement for which, before God, they are responsible, that no central organ of intelligence or advice and information freely offered falls by the wayside of activity a threat of tyranny. But what can be expected of a movement that has not one head, but a thousand? We say that it is a disgrace to the Labour movement and to the movement for which, before God, they are responsible, that no central organ of intelligence or advice and information freely offered falls by the wayside of activity a threat of tyranny. But what can be expected of a movement that has not one head, but a thousand? We say that it is a disgrace to the Labour movement and to the movement for which, before God, they are responsible, that no central organ of intelligence or advice and information freely offered falls by the wayside of activity a threat of tyranny.

In reply to this I should like to state that the Management Committee of the General Federation of Trade Unions is well aware of the drawbacks of the Trade Union movement—it has been made painfully conscious of them by long experience. It realises the chaos which exists and the necessity of thorough central organisation. In all the literature issued by the G.F.T.U. the dominant note has been the need for centralisation of the Trade Union movement. In its circulars and pamphlets, in its reports and its paper, the necessity for a central organisation of intelligence, financial support and economic direction has been in pamphlet reprinted and issued to all the Trade Unions and Trades Councils throughout the country, emphasis was given to the original purposes of the G.F.T.U., viz., "a strong central organisation, gathering to itself all the scattered forces of the movement; unifying these, working them into well-ordered and definite capable of concerted movement and backed by a gigantic central fund, the whole of which should be at the service of any society fighting to maintain its existence, or to improve the lot of its members."

Nor is that all. The General Federation has endeavoured to satisfy this long-felt want. It has had to meet indifferences, petty rivalries and jealousies, and countless other barriers. The measure of its success has been determined by the measure of support granted to it and by the extent to which those who have given that support have been conscious of the actual needs of the movement.

The G.F.T.U. has no affiliated membership of nearly a million. Its ramifications extend in every direction. It has offices in Wales and Scotland. It has, for all its work, a staff of over a hundred, and it performs already the functions that could only be rightly conceived to be necessary for all. It manages the National Insurance for a large number of Unions. It has started a Life Assurance, a National Savings Bank, and a School Fund, and, as its name indicates it is working for the establishment of such a system would clearly be merely the substitution of collective for individual profiteering, of the Syndicalism of the neo-Anarchists for the Capitalism of to-day.

But it is clear from the Guild articles that your meaning is essentially different. In those articles it was clearly conceived that the "economic rent" with which the State would receive from the Guilds would have the effect of equalising the productivity of the various industries, or at least of neutralising any unfair advantage which one Guild might otherwise have over another. I take it, therefore, that the total product to which you refer is the total net product available for division, after all such charges have been met. The brevity of your phrase may well lay you open to misapprehension by the numbskulls who criticise your proposals, unless this explanation is made.


FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

Sir,—The writer of the article on Foreign Affairs published in your issue of the 14th instant states that "It is quite true that more than half the British Empire is linked up with the International Trade Union movement by affiliation with the International Federation of Trade Unions, and is in constant communication with the various National Trade Union centres. If it does not play a more effective and decisive part in the Trade Union movement, the responsibility cannot be laid to the lack of foresight or desire on the part of the Federated Executives or its Secretary." I myself read a telegram published in the daily papers which was stated to contain news received at Vienna from Durazzo to that effect. The report, which was denied, has not, however, been verified, and, consequently, it is surprising to find it asserted in a serious paper like your own that the report was a true one, unless the writer of the article in question has received private confirmation from an impartial source to that effect.

Failing any such information, I must appeal to your fairness to see that the statement in the article is reservedly withdrawn.

D. Casavetti.

WORKERS' ANTI-POLITICS LEAGUE.

Sir,—May I be permitted to make known to your readers the existence of the above League and also to state briefly what its objects are? The latter may be summarised as follows:

(1) To impress upon the workers of the country the futility of political action as a means of betterment or emancipation of their class.

(2) To advocate industrial action as the one effective weapon for the realisation of working-class rights.

(3) To lend whatever assistance is possible in organising unorganised workers into unions, preferably with an industrial, as distinct from a craft, basis.

As its name indicates the primary object of the League will be to destroy the belief of the workers in the wisdom of spending a large amount of their time, energy and money in politics. Many who have devoted their lives through the organised hypocrisy which pays off to a political movement in the country have come to the conclusion that active exposure of this hypocrisy is necessary. It is not enough merely to ignore politics and advocate industrialism, in the fond hope that politics will die of inanition. That is simply playing into the hands of the mountebanks who direct the political game. However much we may regret the fact, it is undoubtedly true that a belief in politics still largely prevails among the workers, and the aforesaid mountebanks and self-seekers, because they have vested interests involved, fight with the cunning of serpents to foster that belief. To meet this sort of thing a passive opposition is quite inadequate. Miltiary is needed, and that military the Workers' Anti-Politics League intends to provide.

All information concerning the League may be obtained from the Hon. Secretary, 15, Cleveland Mansions, Chapel Street, Brixton, S.W.

E. T.

S. VERDAD AND CATHOLICISM.

Sir,—Surely Mr. Drinkwater is rather puzzling. Slavery and Capitalism, he says, may be tolerated by the Catholic Church, though they are not congenial to her spirit. Collectivism, he adds, would be ungenocial also; but the Church would tolerate it if it arrived by general consent. But it seems to me that Capitalism has (at least for the present) been arrived at by so wide and tolerant a consent that it may almost be called general consent. There is, it is true, a profound re}
against Capitalism. When the guilds are in power again, the people of the country is, no doubt, a good common-sense attitude; but he doesn’t do guess how parents who are very fond of their children, but have no idea what to do with them. I have seen many such parents, and I have heard Mr. Drinkwater’s lecture a great deal about how to train children. I have also heard Mr. Drinkwater’s lecture, and I must say I am not satisfied with what he said. I think parents should be encouraged to bring up their children properly. In my opinion, parents should be the judges of how their children should be brought up. Capitalism which is threatened by the workmen leaving off work or declaring a strike is threatened by the workmen leaving off work or declaring a strike. The Church, indeed, of all I doubt it. Mr. Drinkwater refers to Pope Leo XIII and the wage system. He has in mind, I suppose, the remarkable Encyclical known as the “Quo Pastoralitterum.” It appeared first in 1892, and was re-published a few years ago as a “Clarion” Pass-on Pamphlet. (Where is that series now?) It was one of the worst encyclicals ever written by the Pope, and I am very sorry that he could not help saying something about it. One was to the effect that the Pope had evidently a desire to help the poor, but that he had just as evidently a reluctance to interfere with the rich. I have not the pamphlet by the man, but I have noted a passage which I think Mr. Blatchford passed by. Here they are:

"Ac primum tota disciplina religionis, cuius est interpres et custos Ecclesia, magnume potest locupletis et proletariis comperere unicum et coniungere, scilicet utroque ordine ad officium spectantis, certos intra fines, vis et auctoritas legum tutari privatas possessiones portere"—"it is si quando fiat ut quippiam turbatum impendeat ob secesse et auctoritas legum." That is to say, the dignity of the man, all the more so as the stamp of infamous agitators who, in specious discourses, hold out circumstances warrant some alteration in it? The old and protection to private property."
Mr. Chesterton refers to the election address of Mr. Kitchener, the Minister of France, and to the fact that he is following M. Briand. Quoted from the address, Mr. Chesterton says: "We have no faith in M. Briand's political virtues, but we may presume him to possess the political virtue of using his influence for the purpose of preserving the peace of the world."

Having quoted from M. Briand's instances as I detailed them are correct and the vast profits. The Press doesn't expect consideration for wage slaves from them, surprising to find the Press pimps leading the way. One pose. Why, then, this insistence upon a weekly after-work. And Sunday off is quite sufficient for that purpose. A week or two ago the Council sends thanks to the Telegraph for getting the announcement that the Council at Barmouth had passed a vote of thanks to the council in the Telegraph for its advocacy of weekly early-closing in shops. We may suppose, finds these visitors profitable, and so its interest in London shop assistants. But hey, presto! This is where Barmouth comes in. Barmouth, we think so meanly of "profaneness and immorality" in which, he says, he indeed do much to preserve the theatre from the slough of "profaneness and immorality" in which, he says, he found it.

Sir,—Truly Mr. Malloch is in his element when he talks of graves. I hope his will prove comfortable. Still, profitable though such a speculation might be, it may suddenly awaken to the fact that we have it. You may lose the sixpences of quite a score of empty-headed, open-minded people's children. Will they all apply for State benefit?

Your Socrates makes, however, in the last number a moment, pregnant with many women. Take heed, Sir, to learn that you do not stand alone in your glory. Indeed, it is very glorious that you should not.

It is still more glorious to think that the Feminists of Great Britain (say, 0.25 per cent. of the total population) should undertake to provide you with a hundred thousand subscribers. I suppose I must be wrong, but I always thought that Feminists only worried about other people's children. Will they all apply for State benefit or assistance, do you suppose?

Sir,—Like many of your readers, I am sure, I am glad to notice the reappearance lately in your columns of those opinions over which, to judge by their title, the editor refuses his supervision. Your Socrates makes, however, in the last number a somewhat valiant assertion when he says that history offers cut out the restoration of a restoration once it has fallen to decay. I seem able to think of more than one. Perhaps the closest analogy to the recovery of Catholicism, if that should be that of Brahminism, which finally expelled Buddhism—the Protestantism of ancient India—from the country of its origin, having, meanwhile, no doubt, absorbed from Buddhism, at the day is past and gone. It seems not impossible that Catholicism, at all events in name, may displace Protestantism in Europe, having absorbed from Protestantism a new honesty.

Meanwhile, I cordially agree that the division of men into Protestant and Catholic no longer covers a very real distinction. The "New Age," for example, is a division which suggests something much more actual. It is hard to conceive that men will ever again be named in opposite camps in purely religious matters. The decline of a priestly class, or a church, corresponds perhaps to the attainment by modern civilization of a stage at which the church and the priest cease to be necessary. The question is, would the emergence of a new church or religion or even faith, but a new instinct and regeneration of the human personality. This will not come with observation, and we may suddenly awaken to the fact that we have it.

CHERCHEZ LA PROFITE! * * *

SIR,—The Fat Press is usually so cynical in respect of the "lower classes" that it has been a wonder to me for years how it could so strongly insist upon the necessity of a compulsory half-day holiday a week for shop assistants why Barmouth shopkeepers are so much interested in London shop assistants. But hey, presto! That I can think of fits the case) as "Candida," or the unresisting dullness to keep them to work. And Sunday off is quite sufficient for that purpose. Why, then, this insistence upon a weekly after-work. And Sunday off is quite sufficient for that purpose.

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