NOTES OF THE WEEK.

However often the presence at Buckingham Palace of the sacred and silly Archbishop of Canterbury may be reported, we should hesitate a long while before believing King George capable of taking an initiative over the heads of his constitutional Ministers. The recent Radical apprehensions of a coup d'état are, in fact, not the smallest doubt that Mr. Asquith in this instance has been the real power behind the Throne. On the other hand, groundless as the Radical fears may be, they are not altogether unnatural in view of the circumstances. A good deal of silly talk has lately been heard of restoring the power of the Crown and of setting the King in judgment over the House of Commons; and from freedom to speak what is absurd often follows, as Aristotle observed, the attempted doing of it. The recent incident of the contingent refusal of officers to serve against Ulster, rumoured at the time to have had the King's personal if not official approval, must also be taken into account. And so must the gossip of the House of Commons that its responsibility may not be shirked or transferred to any other shoulders. Look at what the House of Commons has done to gather strength, it has reduced the House of Lords to the same decorative position. There remains, constitutionally, in fact, no power in the State capable of challenging the paramount constitutional power. But that is just what we believe England has no intention of allowing! On the contrary, for good or ill, it is Parliament in general, and the House of Commons in particular, in whose hands alone national opinion means to place and keep supreme power. There is thus still another reason for thankfulness that the Royal Conference has failed. In failing, it has not only brought to the ground the airy castle erected in a few minds for the restoration of monarchical power, but it has sharply reminded the House of Commons that its responsibility may not be shirked or transferred to any other shoulders. Look at what the House of Commons has done to gather supreme power to itself. With the aid of the House of Lords it first reduced the Crown to an ornament of Parliament; and then, within quite recent years, by its own strength, it has reduced the House of Lords to the same decorative position. There remains, constitutionally, in fact, no power in the State capable of challenging the power of the House of Commons. Having now, however, won to supreme power, supreme responsibility naturally rests with it; and we are disposed, with the rest of the country, to insist that this responsibility shall be discharged by itself alone.

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Without pretending that the Government's difficulties are small or that there is not strong temptation to call in some other power to its aid, we must still maintain its final and sole responsibility. No salvation is to be found in the Lords, for the authority of the Crown has failed to produce a successful Conference. As little salvation, we believe, would be found in an appeal to the country by means of a General Election; and for these reasons. In the first place, there is no sign whatever of a popular demand for a General Election. If it were the fact that public meetings were everywhere being voked, and the precedent of his success at the present Conference would have been cited as the justification. The Radical fears, in short, now insubstantial, would prove to be substantial, for with the acknowledgment of the right of the King to intervene over the heads of his Ministers, the Crown would be undoubtedly restored as the paramount constitutional power. But that is just what we believe England has no intention of allowing! On the contrary, for good or ill, it is Parliament in general, and the House of Commons in particular, in whose hands alone national opinion means to place and keep supreme power. There is thus still another reason for thankfulness that the Royal Conference has failed. In failing, it has not only brought to the ground the airy castles erected in a few minds for the restoration of monarchical power, but it has sharply reminded the House of Commons that its responsibility may not be shirked or transferred to any other shoulders. Look at what the House of Commons has done to gather supreme power to itself. With the aid of the House of Lords it first reduced the Crown to an ornament of Parliament; and then, within quite recent years, by its own strength, it has reduced the House of Lords to the same decorative position. There remains, constitutionally, in fact, no power in the State capable of challenging the power of the House of Commons. Having now, however, won to supreme power, supreme responsibility naturally rests with it; and we are disposed, with the rest of the country, to insist that this responsibility shall be discharged by itself alone.

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held to protest against the continuance of the Government in office or to denounce its Home Rule policy; or if even we could believe that under an appearance of apathy the electorate were really out of sympathy with the Government, they would be held to be wrong; even the Unionists can pretend that these things are so. The Unionists are among the first, in fact, while demanding a General Election, to deplore the absence in the public mind of anything like support in this demand. In the second place, it cannot be denied that the immediate cause and occasion of a General Election, if it were decided upon at this moment, is constitutionally shameful; for the fact cannot be concealed that it would be at the dictation of Sir Edward Carson and his volunteers, that the Government had dissolved. Is it likely that, whatever the difficulties of the situation, the country that has recently empowered the Commons to destroy the veto of the Lords, would relish the substitution of the veto of Sir Edward Carson? Finally, we do not believe that a General Election would be one whit more conclusive than the simple decision of the Government. The same situation mutatis mutandis would re-arise, involving the House of Commons, if not, indeed, the present Government, in the same dilemma. A way of escape would have then to be found exactly as now; and on a score of grounds it is better to look for it now and find it, than to postpone the search. We hope, in short, that a General Election will not be dreamed of.

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Before considering the situation any further a digression may be allowed concerning the Labour Party. Mr. Dyson in one of his cartoons represented the Labour Party as a dog shut out from the Conference-room after most exemplary service to the Coalition. Very gallant, we hope, the exclusion of the Labour Party from defying the Imperial Parliament must become clear to the public mind of anything like support in this demand. The Conference, it will be observed, was confined to exclusively of Trade Union officials, bound by Trade Union instructions and financed by Trade Union money, the Labour Party is no more a national party than an equal group of lawyers, brewers or railway directors. Its interests are sectional, its outlook is class, and its objects are not a large national object. Under these circumstances, its members have as much title to prenounce upon the affairs of England in general as upon the affairs of Sirius and Aldebaran. They have taken a pledge, in fact, to repudiate such a title for themselves; and to do so, they must expect to be treated accordingly. To become a "British Party," the Labour group must open both its membership and its programme: the one to include any citizen, whether a Trade Union official or not; and the other to embrace a national object. Until this is done, the party, whatever its chance services to the Government of the day, may no more expect political recognition than a Labour deputation arriving at a country house and volunteering to put out a fire, could expect in consequence the freedom of the house.

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Returning to the political situation as left by the failure of the Conference, we would again emphasize both the supremacy and the responsibility of the House of Commons. If the one cannot be shirked, nor may the other be challenged. Yet it is precisely the supremacy of the House of Commons that Sir Edward Carson and Ulster are challenging at this moment. Doubtless attempts will continue to be made to shift the issue from one of Parliament and Ulster to one of Mr. Redmond and Ulster, but in the end the naked fact that Ulster is defying the Imperial Parliament must become clear to public opinion. And when it does, neither Sir Edward Carson, we are sure, nor any of his English aides and abettors will long be tolerated in England. Even right they would still be wrong in their opposition at a moment when both the House of Commons is weak after a precarious victory over the Lords, and Parliament itself should be attending to foreign affairs. But wrong (as we believe they are) and wrong as politicians can possibly be; for they are not only wrongly defying Parliament, but they are wrongly defying Parliament at a wrong time and in a wrong manner. Think what the position would be when the declarations following in men's eyes has settled—an English Parliament legislating under the guns of Ulster! Mirabeau was really no more justified in rallying the Convention with his "Catalina est à vos portes et vous contribut à s'enflammer; on be in calling upon Parliament instantly to vindicate its independence. Surely, we say, this will become clear to everybody before very long as already it is clear to many! Surely it cannot be many more days before English opinion ceases even to overbear the man who is leading an attack upon Parliament. "What!" we shall then say, "Parliament commands respect enough to compel us to swallow a detested Insurance Act and yet does not command enough to compel you to accept an Act which we think fair?" If it comes to the point, we shall either thrust the Act upon you or leave the lot of you to fight the matter out among yourselves, in the meantime cutting the painter that now unites us!" That or something like it is what genuine English opinion is bound to say to Ulster at this moment. It is not politic, of course; it is not wise; probably it will not be necessary; but we are sure it is English.

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It may be replied that we have no right, merely because we have the power, to coerce Ulster against her wish. But in the first place it will not be denied that when two parties clash the right that has the power is the superior right; nor need we stop now to argue that England's need of Irish Home Rule is of more importance to the world than Ulster's dread of it. The assumption of Ulster and the Unionists that Home Rule is being granted to Ireland as a reward for good service is, as we have many times pointed out, entirely mistaken. Though Nationalist Ireland should be as much opposed to Home Rule as Ulster, the desirability of Home Rule would still remain without, however, the practicality. In the second place, we believe that the attitude of Ulster that in her very method of opposing Home Rule she is claiming and exercising Home Rule. If the Union means anything at all, it implies the submission of Ireland to the Parliament of England. But, as we have seen, it is the Parliament of England that Ulster is defying, and for the purpose of remaining in submission to it! Again it appears to England at any rate that Ulster's fear of Home Rule is childish and ridiculous; and we claim to know as much about the realities of the case as Ulster herself. It is not, therefore, the fact that in forcing Home Rule upon Ireland (admittedly for our own convenience) we believe we are doing Ulster any harm or any injustice. Her alarms on this head we are convinced are baseless. On all these grounds, therefore, our national conscience is void of offence. We mean no wrong to Ulster, and we believe we are doing her no wrong.

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But though both our right and our power are beyond dispute, it does not follow that these need be exercised at full length. As a matter of fact, to our thinking the danger is in the other extreme; that Ulster is not too little. It may have been policy that led the Government to tolerate and almost to succumb the Ulster Volunteers, but the course, in view of recent events, seems extraordinarily like weakness. Nothing at any rate has been gained by it except the recognition of the inevitable decision, and, on the other hand, a good deal has been lost by it. With all this consideration, Ulster has still contributed no suggestion for settlement to the common pot. Ulster re-
mains as obstinate and as negative to-day as on the day Mr. Birrell first closed his eyes to the enlistment of a rebel army under his nose. In short, consideration has been mistaken for decision, and the postponement of definite action for vacillation in the main policy. It is time, in our opinion, that an end should be put to this misrepresentative and misleading attitude. For as we have said, it is not the English attitude, which, in fact, would occur. Nor has it any longer the merit of being possibly conciliatory. But how to put an end to it? The answer, fortunately, is simple. The Home Rule Bill must be passed, signed by the King, and made the law of the land—with or without the Amending Bill.

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On the question of the Amending Bill the problem, we frankly say, is one rather for English than for Irish opinion. On the assumption that the passage of the unamended Home Rule Bill may lead to civil strife in Ireland, such a fact must be taken into account. It does not in itself alter our opinion that had really is necessary to England; nor does it convince us in the least that, because Ulster is prepared to fight, therefore Ulster is right. The willingness of Ulster to fight is no better proof that she is right than the willingness of Suffragettes to destroy public pictures is a proof that Votes for Women is a right policy. Nevertheless, desperate people, however wrong, have to be dealt with; and though it is useless to attempt to act reasonably by them in their opinion (since every movement is hysterically construed as hostile), it is not useless to attempt to act reasonably in the opinion of such as still remain sane. What we mean is that England must act in the matter of Ulster with no further consideration for Ulster itself, but with consideration for public opinion here and abroad. In short, to speak, of a doctor or policeman charged with an obstreperous patient. While we cannot any longer consider the wishes of the patient, we can and must consider the opinion of our national colleagues. From this point of view, we think that an Amending Bill may be advisable, but an Amending Bill to satisfy our conscience rather than the inflamed conscience of Ulster. What would be the minimum requirements of such a Bill? What, in fact, would satisfy public opinion that Ulster is not only right but really so loudly? The county option proposed in the Government's first Bill appears to us amply sufficient to meet the case. Nothing more, in short, is in our view necessary. We would abolish the time-limit as needlessly aggravating; but we would maintain the right of every county in Ulster to vote itself in or out of Home Rule at all costs.

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There remains one duty for the Government when its Parliamentary duty is finished: it is the duty of taking English and, if possible, Ulster opinion, into its confidence. This, we are sorry to see, has never yet been attempted. Ministers rely upon the publication of their debates in the Press, and assume that the public reads and understands them. So in a measure the public does; but the personal extra-Parliamentary word is still the most powerful means of touching public opinion. So far it may be said that the Government has succeeded wonderfully in maintaining the support both of Parliament and the country; but is that support sufficient for the task that may be before the Government now? We doubt it. At any rate, to make sure we think it would be wise if the passage of the Bills were followed by a Ministerial campaign of education in the country. The issues will by that time have become clear and all the available moral strength of the nation will not be too much to support the House of Commons. And if, as well as England, Ulster could be visited—say by Mr. Asquith himself—we should feel that everything had been done to satisfy posterity that, in forcing Home Rule upon Ireland, we were, at any rate, within right and reason.

Current Cant.

"Pygmalion" is the pinnacle of the twentieth-century drama."—Sir Herbert Tree.

"Why is it that Mr. Shaw is so unlucky?"—Solomon Eagle, in the "New Statesman.

"Advertising is like golf, in that it partakes at various times of the nature of an art, a science, and an inspiration."—"Times" Literary Supplement.

"Apart from organisation, the Labour Party has to formulate the lines of its future struggle for supremacy. These, in the main, have already determined."—"Daily Citizen.

"Clerical bombshell. Lightly clad women refused Communion."—"Cheshire Chronicle.

"It needs courage to present a play in verse."—W. L. George.

"The general level of living, education and comfort have undoubtedly gone up. The vast majority of workers in our large cities are working fewer hours, living in better houses, and living longer."—H. M. Goodman.

"The Church of England has struck a blow for Woman's Suffrage."—"Irish Times.

"The Sin of Her Childhood" is an apt title for the moral drama at the Junction Theatre. At the instigation of her brother, a child poisons her sister, and a clergyman helps her to bear her unhappiness and ultimately marries her."—"Daily Dispatch.

"At this combination of moralist, mystic, rhetorician, and man of the moment, Masterlinch beats all comers."—Edward Thomas, in "New Weekly.

"The Army, the Navy, the police and every institution that protects the people."—"Daily Sketch.

"The twentieth century has seen nothing more remarkable than the physical and mental development of the young maiden."—George R. Sims.

"Some good old Scot should buy up the breweries and the other shabby property which has planted itself close to Holyrood and made it appear as if it were standing on the verge of a slum. The residents in the ancient Palace are not affected by the commercial buildings till they drive out of the front gate."—"The Globe.

"The speedy conclusion of the strike at Woolwich Arsenal was a high tribute to Mr. Asquith's powers of statesmanship."—"Everyman.

"Frank Brangwyn A.R.A., an artist who has individuality and popularity at the same time, who without compromise has awakened the enthusiasm of the man in the street, possesses an art which is precisely on the lines of Mr. Ruddyard Kipling. . . . He is peculiarly responsive to the romantic aspect of commercialism."—"Colour.

"Label-gumming machine replaces six or eight workers, turning out far neater and better work."—"Tobacco Trade Review.

"Very fine waxwork models of the King and Queen have just been placed on view at Madame Tussaud's."—"Referee.

"The English entertain for God the most profound respect. Their relations with the Deity are sincere and cordial."—Jacques Vontade.

"Socialists and strong drink."—The "Alliance News.

"Women have seen the utter disregard for womanhood shown by Parliament."—The "Daily Herald.

"When the Insurance Bill was introduced various people, led by men like Mr. Hilaire Belloc and G. K. Chesterton, declared that the object was the registration of the workers as a separate serf class."—John McCallum.
Foreign Affairs.

By S. Verdad.

Readers of the article on foreign affairs which appeared in this journal last week will have been prepared sooner than most people for the actual presentation of an ultimatum to Servia by Austria. Both at this length and the tone of the document are in every way remarkable, and I cannot recall a previous occasion on which demands were put forward in official diplomatic language with such force and vigour, not to say absolute rudeness.

The immediate results of this ultimatum showed with absolute certainty that Europe was in a state of tension to an even greater degree than it was when the Balkan States banded themselves together and invaded the territories of the Ottoman. The most urgent demand in the Austrian ultimatum was that Servia’s definite acquiescence should be in the hands of the Austrian Foreign Minister not later than six o’clock on Saturday, July 25. When this became known to Servia’s most influential and powerful, among the Powers, a meeting of the Tsar’s Cabinet was hurriedly summoned and a request dispatched to Austria that the time-limit should be prolonged. In view of the more than possible outbreak of a widespread war, it is only natural that Russia should desire as generous a time-limit as possible, for it is still not easy to mobilise the Russian army in less than six weeks. The Austrian insistence on promptitude is an indication that this fact is properly appreciated in Vienna, and an indication also that we may presume the Austrian military preparations to be complete.

We must likewise judge from another remarkable step that Austria is not the only Power to have completed her military preparations. Late on Friday last the German Ambassador in Paris, Baron von Schoen, called on M. Bienvenu Martin, who was acting as Interim Secretary for Foreign Affairs, and presented a Note to the effect that Germany approved the form and substance of the Austrian communication, and hoped that the conflict would be localised as much as possible. If the Austria is not the only Power to have completed their military preparations, there is one factor in this new Balkan situation which complicates it very considerably, and that is the weakness of Servia, coupled with the designs of Italy, on the southern coast of the Adriatic. It was officially stated only a few days ago that Italy had summoned to the colours as many as 70,000 reservists, ostensibly for the purpose of special manoeuvres. As it was gradually becoming clearer during the last few weeks that the disputes between Servia and Austria were likely to lead soon to grave developments, it is very naturally believed that the object of Italy in calling up a large body of reservists was to have them in readiness if there seemed to be a favourable opportunity for a raid across the Adriatic.

I write this concluding portion of this week’s Foreign Notes on Sunday night, by which time it is of interest to observe that some of the threatened demonstrations have not, after all, taken place. The forty-eight hours allowed by Austria for a reply to her ultimatum having expired without a satisfactory answer having been received, what in ordinary circumstances might be presumed to be an actual state of war has broken out. No military demonstration, however, has yet been made by Austria, and the German Ambassador in Paris has gone so far as to call on M. Bienvenu Martin and soothe him. This after a tart Note which was even more tart in its tone of the document are in every way remarkable, and I cannot recall a previous occasion on which demands were put forward in official diplomatic language with such force and vigour, not to say absolute rudeness.

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Still, the chances of peace are not yet good. There is a firm belief in Austria that the great battle between Slav and Teuton may as well begin now as at any other time; and there is profound dissatisfaction among the trading classes at the manner in which their business has been spoiled as a result of the Balkan campaigns. The Austrian nation as a body is suffering from the Servian policy of pin-pricking which I have already referred to, and would only too willingly ‘go for’ the people against whom it has long been nourishing a grudge.
Military Notes.

By Romney.

[Note.—This is the first of a series of weekly articles which are intended as an introduction to political science. Their appearance under the heading of Military Notes is excused by the close connection which exists between military and political organisation, and the identity of their problems. An army is only a miniature State.]

The government of a State must proceed upon a theory: it is therefore convenient that this theory should be lucidly defined. Those who refuse to act upon a lucid and conscious theory do not by their contumacy rid themselves of theories, but merely change a conscious theory for an unconscious one, a plan not understood for a plan not understood. Just as a traveller who refused to consider the road would not thereby deliver himself from roads, but merely increase his risk of following the wrong one.

The character of any institution should be determined by its end. In the case of the State its end will be the moral welfare of the citizens composing it. Material prosperity, though naturally of the last importance, is not strictly to be regarded as an end in itself, but is important only so far as it subserves the moral end. Money is valuable only for what money buys. By consideration of this unalterable prohibition that the rights of the individual are based. The individual has a right to his individual rights which are inalienable, and which, therefor, to infringe could not possibly conduce to the moral welfare of the community as Catholics understand the term. But these are details. Harsh or mild in application, the principle remains; for were material prosperity the State's final end, no considerations of justice to the individual, service to God, or national honour, unsupported by the prospect of material gain, could legitimise the smashing of a transport wagon or the unproductive expenditure of a cartridge case.

On the other hand, the object of the State being found in the moral welfare of the individuals composing it, and it being a principle of all morality that positive evil must not be permitted in the hope of good, the same authority which may in a just cause confiscate the rags upon the beggar's back will not be allowed for any reason whatsoever deliberately to effect the moral degradation of a single citizen. It is upon a clear understanding of this unalterable prohibition that the rights of the individual are based. The individual has a right to his soul, and to as much as can be shown at any given moment to be necessary for its preservation; beyond that nothing saves what it is expedient to allow him in the interests of society.

Such being the end of society, it follows that every social system must be judged according to how it attains that end. From this again it follows that no political system, monarchial, democratic or otherwise, can claim any right to our acceptance, except in so far as it can show a superiority in that attainment. So far, therefore, politics are empirical. But, it may be reported, if one political system is in itself no better than another, and if they shall be judged only according to how they make for the object in question, what peculiar claim can any system that may be established in my country have upon my obedience? If I live under monarchy, and there is no particular divinity in monarchy; or if, again, I live in a republic, and there is no reality in the contract which is said to underlie republics; if these existing institutions are to be judged simply and solely according to their fruits; is it not always open to me to say, "Your fruits are bad: I owe you no obedience." The end of which would be anarchy; for no magistrate could claim obedience without at the same time giving a detailed account of his stewardship. To such an argument therefore there is only one reply, which arises alike from common sense, common experience, and common religion. It is this: that save in certain contingencies where obvious gross and perpetuated injustice justifies rebellion, it is the duty of a citizen to yield no reasonable obedience to the constituted authorities, whatever they be. It is not justifiable to refuse obedience to the existing regime at pleasure: it is not even justifiable violently to overturn it for no other reason than the substitution of another, theoretical, system of social order. Nothing will justify such a step except the pressure of gross, continued, and obvious misgovernment.

Amateurs of constitutions who find themselves grieved by this limitation of their activities may console themselves with the reflection that all their creations turn out pretty much the same.

Thus there is no finality in politics, the absolute being discoverable only in the final end of man, which we may call his moral health, and which an older society would have described as obedience to the will of God. A recognition of this, and of the counter-balancing fact that reasonable obedience is due to constituted authority, will be found to allow the maximum of order combined with the maximum of flexibility in organisation. But it is the constant error of man to seek finality not where it exists—in the divine, or, if we do not like that term, in the permanency of the moral law—but in human things, and out of this error have arisen the two great fallacities of political thought in Europe—the fallacy of divine right and the fallacy of social contract. The former comes first, alike in order of time and moral soundness, the latter second. It is the object of the Imperialists to make Caesar god, the Protestant Reformers made the King God's Vicar, Head of the National Church, a personage analogous to the Pope. When this assumption of regal divinity is granted, it at once becomes imperative that there must be a visible one. The periods in question were the Roman decadence and the Reformation. Now it was obvious to the theoreticians of the day that if any one man was to be infallible, it could only be by virtue of some divine authority raised upon the world by the Catholic Church. The Imperialists made Caesar god, the Protestant Reformers made the King God's Vicar, Head of the National Church, a personage analogous to the Pope. When this assumption of regal divinity was granted, when it is recollected that the supporters of divine right claimed for the Imperial Church the moral and divine guidance as Catholics for their Pope, it is at once seen that their theory was logical and self-sufficient. Indeed,
it had only one defect—that it was not true. The King had no divinity. His ex cathedra utterances were not divine. That the only possible test was the test ultimately applied—a hundred and fifty years of experience.

Had Europe returned to religious unity at the end of the seventeenth century, the search after finality in politics would have ended, with the explosion of the divine right of kings. As it was, the schism and the consequent anomaly endured, and were accompanied by a stricture of religion in the Catholic Church. The search for an infallible guide continued: but this time a solution was discovered in a manner far less creditable. God, who has provided tools for the detection of His saints, saw to it that the supply was as plentiful in 1750 as it had been a hundred years earlier: but in order that the entertainment might not become boresome, He varied the description. The Louis Quinze fool was after the same thing as the Louis Quatorze fool—a political system containing its own sanction and providing its own infallible tests of right and wrong—but he went a different way to find it. The Louis Quatorze fool had enjoyed the disposal of a God Almighty to make his system work: by the time the Louis Quinze fool came upon the scene, belief in this personage had faded from polite society, and the constitution-mongers found themselves faced with the problem of how to be infallible without God. One of them, Rousseau, discovered what appeared to be a solution—rather stole it from Hobbes. It occurred to him that religion, justice, family, and property, by the divinest of kings. Our right to justice and our duty to God are things inalienable. They exist before any contract that we may make, and they exist after it. Therewith fall to the ground the claims of the democratic State that the rights of its citizens are its own, assigned to it by contract, and that it may, therefore, do what it will with them. Its decrees stand upon exactly the same basis as the decrees of oligarchies, aristocracies, theocracies, and any other forms of government: to be squared that with the eternal laws of right and wrong, and, if they differ from them too widely, to perish. If democracy prevails, it must prevail not upon the ground of any imaginary inherent right of the majority to absolute obedience because as a system it works with greater smoothness than any other system towards that which is the end of all government—the moral welfare of the governed. If there is one thing which more than another is likely to prevent its doing so, it is the fact that, owing to this fundamental error, rulers and its citizens alike, when confronted with a choice of roads, have ceased to inquire what is right, and spent their time in asking what is the will of the people.

Towards National Guilds.

Is a friendly notice of our book on "National Guilds," the "Glasgow Herald" flatters its readers with already knowing "the systematic treatment of the same subject in Mr. G. D. H. Cole's 'World of Labour.' These pages testify that Mr. Cole is honoured among us; but they also testify that a systematic treatment of the Guilds may be looked for in vain in his "World of Labour." On the contrary, the Guilds are dismissed in Mr. Cole's early work as no more than suggestive. We are happy to believe that they have proved to be so—to Mr. Cole.

"Postal workers," says the "Postal and Telegraph Record," "cannot yet run an insurance society," While their fingers are still all thumbs it is idle, the argument continues, to expect of them the ability to manage their national industry. What is needed is "more of the co-operating spirit." He is right! And the co-operative spirit is more likely to be developed in face of a co-operating task than in vacuo. Our critic's assumption is that the communal spirit may be cultivated privately and afterwards pooled to turn a national object. But this is not the way that the work is worked. We first fall in love with some object and then attempt to make a conquest of it. If the Postal workers can only be made to desire to manage their industry, the co-operative spirit will grow in the fulfilment of it.

Mr. Tom Quelch in "Justice" (July 9) recognises in the writing of the "National Guilds" the well-known literary style of the editor. And this was odd because, you know—well, the editor wrote with his own hand. And the proof lies in the history of the "Glasgow Herald" flatters its readers with "the systematic treatment of the same subject in Mr. G. D. H. Cole's 'World of Labour.' These pages testify that Mr. Cole is honoured among us; but they also testify that a systematic treatment of the Guilds may be looked for in vain in his "World of Labour." On the contrary, the Guilds are dismissed in Mr. Cole's early work as no more than suggestive. We are happy to believe that they have proved to be so—to Mr. Cole.
complaint of the "New Witness" that the National Guilds will give too much power to the State.

Then it appears, we have "overrated the functions of the Trade Unions in the transformation of capitalist society." No! We really plead guilty to having, perhaps, overrated the capacity of the Trade Unions to discharge their proper functions in the transformation; but we deny that we have overrated those functions themselves. Without the Trade Unions and their active realisation of their duties and opportunities, the transformation of capitalist society, we maintain, will be towards a more completely and perfectly capitalist society than ever. That, if you please, is the next phase awaiting an idle or stupid Trade Union movement. Overrate the functions of the Trade Unions in a transformation of society from the wage-basis to the pay-basis—it is impossible! Every step of the process depends upon them.

"The Guilds would each strive for their own advantage." More Manchesterism! More ignorance of the history of the Trade Union Congress More collectivism of this form even of the current organisation of a Trust. The problem, dear "Justice," has been solved a score of times. Say it is against human nature! We long to hear the old tune.

"Forward," says "Labour," "can get at the Collective owner in a way it can't get at the Private." Fancy employing Employers' Federations or Trusts with the Guild. But the history of the last few years must be re-written, yes, and re-enacted, if this statement is to be received. What is the industry that has done best for its proletariat members during the last ten or twenty years of collectivist experiment? Railways? In France, say, or Italy! The Postal Service? See the Holt Report! Municipal industry? Ask Leeds. It is none of these, but, on the contrary, the most private and least collectivist industry it is possible to imagine—domestic service. The reason is plain. Wages, being the price of labour as a commodity, are fixed by supply and demand and by no other consideration. In domestic service the demand has increased while the supply has decreased; hence the rise in wages. But in other industries, whether private or collective, wages fluctuate about the standard market price determined by the general supply and the general demand; and no "getting at" the management that does not see one of these factors has any effect upon real wages. We may believe that collectivist industry may be more easily "got at" by Labour than private industry when "Forward" can produce an instance of any collectivist industry paying more in wages than the so-called "model" private employers in the same industry.

The New Age

John Redmond.
The Greatest Living Unionist.
By L. G. Redmond Howard.

During the great panic controversy which preceded Pitt's crudely measure for amalgamating the two Parliaments of England and Ireland, probably no prophecy must have sounded more paradoxical to his contemporaries than that which declared that the ultimate consequences of the Union would be separation; but few have been more completely vindicated by the verdict of history: and it has only been the hope that sooner or later that measure would be to a certain extent revoked that has enabled it to exist at all.

For it is one of the peculiar reflections of this controversy of six centuries that Ireland has tended towards unification precisely in the proportion to the absence of coercion upon the part of England: and it must ever stand to Ireland's credit in the eyes of her so-called conquerors that whatever she has suffered she has suffered not so much for her disloyalty as for her marvellous loyalty, not only in Religion but in Politics as well. Indeed, the very word Tory which nowadays seems to be synonymous with almost blind obedience to monarchy was coined from the most fanatical Royalism of the Irish adherents to kings whom the "loyal" English had denounced.

For still, stranger to say, the Celt is a Unionist by instinct almost—taking the word in its true sense—and certainly Imperialist; and as Mrs. John Richard Green observes in her book upon Irish Nationality, they are a people who seem fitted by their very nature for amalgamation and assimilation. Over and over again were penal laws enacted (note the irony of it all) to prevent that blending of races: but still the process goes on in spite of all.

Whatever of separatism there is in "Nationalism" and at times it was considerable—has been the direct outcome of the "Union," just as American "Independence" was produced by official monarchism—I refrain from saying English Rule for the simple reason that Englishmen were never more untrue to the principles of their Constitution than in their attitudes towards Ireland and the States, while what ever there was of Republicanism in these Revolutions was the outcome of forcible interference with internal affairs, and not a question of Empire at all. With toleration in Religion and Autonomy in Politics, many of which were spontaneously creating unity would have been able to obtain that goal. The so-called "Union" came to arrest that progress. The two nations in fact were never so far apart as during the "Union."

It is for this reason that being really a Unionist I am such a thorough Home Ruler: I believe that "Home Rule" is the greatest "uniting" measure ever passed, and consequently I look upon John Redmond as the greatest living Unionist, just as Sir Edward Carson may be termed, strictly speaking, the greatest of living Home Rulers.*

If we take Redmond and analyse him down to his psychological first principles we find at root he is really "Unionist"—that is taking the term in its intrinsic sense and dissociating it from that masterpiece of euphemism, Pitt's "Act of Union," which commonly goes by that name but should by rights be called "The Act of Separation."

The analysis, however, goes far deeper than a superficial verbal quibble—for in calling Redmond a "Unionist" I mean it in almost every sense, even down to some of those characteristics which designs the Tory Party on purely English affairs and which he would probably resent quite as much as Sir Edward Carson would the epithet of Home Ruler.

* Cf. my article in The New Age, July 23, "Sir Edward Carson, the Greatest Living Home Ruler"; also, "An Irishman's Home," a topical play upon the Ulster crisis, by L. G. Redmond Howard and Harry Carson.

National Guildsmen.
In the first place Redmond is a thorough Imperialist. In the second place he is essentially a Conservative.

In the third place he is in his policy and outlook peculiarly the modern partner in the establishment of the Conservative Party sacrificed a hundred seats from what is in policy, in programme, it would be harder to find a body hold most sacred. In principle, he believes in that link of blood which binds the colonists to the mother country, and consequently to each other. Indeed, he is often far more Imperialist than Imperialists themselves: for in his appeals to the Exile he never forgets America, while the average Tory can never forget her Revolt and refuses to look upon her as a rival and a foe, and speaks of "foreign dollars" as if they belonged to some entirely different race of beings.

It is not sufficient to Preach Imperialism and Practise Officialism—and it will only need the maturity of national self-consciousness in the great Colonies, to say nothing of the Empire of India, to teach us this. While if we put the two statements to the practical test of their respective appeals to the Empire—there is ten times more significance in John Redmond's boast that he had at the back of the Irish Demand for Home Rule resolutions passed by the Senate of every one of the score or more self-governing Parliaments in the Empire than in Mr. Chamberlain's little "at Home" to the Colonial Premiers when they passed their still-born tariff reform resolutions.

Besides, in treating Home Rule, the latter always could see no further than Ireland, as if the question were almost parochial in its scope; entirely forgetting, as Redmond can certainly never be accused of forgetting, that "Home Rule" is the first principle of Empire and that Ireland is in a sense—as T. W. Stead was so fond of saying—the model for Imperialists to practise with. If English methods fail to hold Ireland, how in the name of common sense is she going to hold the Empire?

The Imperialism of Chamberlain, in fact, is as different from the Unionism of Redmond as the Southerners' plantations were from a modern partnership: and in preaching Home Rule for Ireland Redmond is really constructing a frame which will be wide enough to hold any people different in race, in creed, in history, and bind together elements of the most diverse character.

Hence future historians may attribute it unto righteousness to Redmond for those very qualities which his opponents did their best to spoil. There is enough patriotism of the Jingo type in Ireland to sweep every Englishman from sea to sea at the thought that there are enough memories to make it almost a Holy War—all these he has refrained from using, and that chiefly in the name of Unionism: had Sir Edward Carson on the contrary been a Canadian or a South African it would have been a hard day for England if England had treated him as she treated the Nationalists of Ireland.

It is one of the little ironies of the party system that Liberals and Nationalists look upon themselves as allies. Liberals whether we take it in Germany, France, Spain, Italy, or where we will, is the real foe of all that Nationalists as a body hold most sacred. In principle, in policy, in programme, it would be harder to find a stronger antithesis than that presented by the free-thinking, socialistic and individualistic instincts of English Liberalism and the dogmatic religion of Irish Nationalists which looks upon individualism and Socialism as sins only second to sodomy and murder: it only needs such a question as education to bring out the latest antagonism with its virulence. And one cannot but ask how fatal was the mistake by which the Conservative Party sacrificed a hundred seats from what is probably the most Conservative country in the world. The true alliance should have been between the Protestants of Ulster and the Liberals—between the Conservatives and the Catholics of the South—indeed, whenever the Tories were able they showed the possibilities of such an alliance by ruling the country through the priests.

All this Redmond and Redmondism represents: but it will take years before Irishmen begin to see it. It may take another generation, and certainly will need new men for speaking in it; but if at all we are to understand in Continental countries—Liberalism does not exist in Ireland at all. A few advanced Conservatives have attacked the clergy, a few advanced editors have attempted to proclaim the Rights of Criticism—but they never themselves go to pieces on the Rock of the Conservatism of the Celt.

Possibly there have been reasons for this, and possibly Conservatism may have its justification, but the fact remains it is none the less Conservatism, and in Ireland the whole Redmond Regime as opposed to the O'Brienite Policy, for instance, stands for Conservatism alone as merely, nay, perhaps even more precisely, did Unionist Rule: and were this tendency to grow on unchecked by any counter force under Home Rule, Ireland under Redmond would become far more "Unionist" in its bureaucratic sense than it ever was under the Union.

There is another sense, however, in which I call Redmond "Unionist"—I mean in the sense of English. Now, it is another strange fact that there is nothing so utterly un-English in the whole of our constitutional annals as has been the rule of Ireland by England, and I venture to say that if it were to go to a West End club and ask for a list of the chief English institutions in foreigners you would get a catalogue of the characteristics of the English in Ireland. Search back into the records of the past as far even as the Heptarchy— you will find the principle of "Home Rule" looked upon as the most precious liberty of the subject as against the encroachments of king and noble.

By sighing after the ideal, once hers and so ruthlessly wrenched from her, Ireland has become "English," and the Nationalism so great in her past in her future will be the Nationalism of to-day in Ireland has little in common with the bitter prejudices of the days of the Stuarts. William of Orange might still be a champion of the North. James the Second would find few adherents in the South—and every day sees the spirit of justice growing more one into one of toleration verging almost on indifference—for which again one has to thank the official Home Rulers, who have been so much the official prejudices of the official Home Rulers, who have been so much the spirit of justice.

There are many bigots in Ireland—men whom theology or genealogy can turn into raving fanatics—but here again the character of Redmond stands out typical of his mission. He himself has married an English Protestant, but in so doing has not so much given the example as followed the example of that huge subconscious "Unionist" movement which strives to merge the two races and the two creeds into an Imperialism that will only be a symbol of the unity of man.

His is no separatist craze to shift back the clock to some antiquarian hour: he lives in his own age, sicken- ing of the old bigeties just as he is inspired by the ancient heroism. An Imperialist, a Conservative of Conservatives—I had almost said an Englishman of Englishmen—I will say instead a Unionist of Unionists, and whose policy, if it became the keynote of our diplomacy, would do more towards the unification and consolidation of the British Empire than that of any other living "Unionist." His very anxiety for "Unionism," however, has misled him. Conscious of the right of majority and the weight of power, he has fallen into the trap of all "Unionists" and neglected that very deference to, respect in its highest, most spiritual sense which we moderns are so generously accorded—thus putting his re- doubtable opponent in the position of one claiming "Home Rule" and putting himself in the position of practising coercion.
Shakespeare's Own Profession?

Or, Prose, with Feminist Accompaniment.

By Charles Brookfarmer

(Report of meeting at the London Opera House to consider Tercentenary of Shakespeare, Sunday July 19, 8.30. About sixty present. Enter Student.)

Rev. Stewart Headlam (chairman): Well, ladies and gentlemen—(sniff)—the reason why this little band of enthusiasts—(sniff)—meets in this large hall... what matter if the hall is big and the audience is small, so long as the audience are enthusiastic... Above everything else Shakespeare—(sniff)—was a dreamer. The tercentenary of an actor, a man of the theatre, an actor manager... Mr. Poel a little later on will give you his dream... why, my friends, the tercentenary is the tercentenary of an actor, a man of the theatre, an acting manager and a dramatist—(sniff). We want the rank and file of the profession to feel that Shakespeare—(sniff)—is their man, we want the variety artists to feel—(sniff)—that Shakespeare is their man. That roughly is what I'm aiming at when I am helping Mr. Poel in this tercentenary matter. (Reads numerous letters, including some from "Miss Lailah Macarthur," Mr. Butt who "wishes you to know that the matter has his deepest sympathy," Mr. St. John Ervine, who writes of "the movement," etc.)

We won't forget Shakespeare—(sniff)—but a dream. Dreams never come true, always, at any rate, sometimes they do. We could have a thanksgiving service. The Archbishop of Canterbury said, "Don't forget Shakespeare and the Bible." We won't forget Shakespeare, we'll have a collection, a gold collection, and raise £1,000 for our charities. And we'll have a service on the same day in every town. (Applause.) Aha-ha-ha (claps).

Mr. Poel (referring to an absurd British Academy meeting): I thought I'd better be there to look after Shakespeare's interests.

Familiar Old Gent (in front row, clapping): Oh yes! Ahaaa! So you ought! (And so on all the time.)

Mr. Poel: The Théâtre Français would not allow Molière to be celebrated by the poets!... Mr. Henry Irving thanked the Academy for including some of the profession on the committee and reminded them that his father had done valuable service to Shakespeare. I had to get up and make a little protest on behalf of Shakespeare, a man for whom I have loved all my life and whom I thoroughly honour and respect, and my respect and honour for him are because he did so much for the theatre. (Quotes own speech as reported in the Westminster Gazette.) I went down to the Westminster Gazette, wrote also to the Times. Then I wrote to the Observer, the Sunday Times and the Referee. I also wrote to the Morning Post. I also wrote to the Era, and also to the Stage. (Reads various letters.) I'm going to read you my reply in the next day's Times. (Reads it.) In a celebration of Napoleon, you would expect soldiers to take precedence, not poets, but in a celebration of Molière, the poets would take precedence. I went down to the Times Shakespeare was an entertainer just as Bernard Shaw at the present day may be said to be an entertainer!... Shakespeare and Burbage must have sat down and again with each other to discuss the matter, and we don't know how much he was indebted to Burbage for his ideas. The poet must not dissociate authors from the actors... Mr. Tree said, "All the world's a stage, but the stage is not all the world"; I don't quite know what that means. Let us put the matter another way, "All the world wears boots, but not all the world makes boots." The first thing we think about is the money, why disguise the fact?... With deference to the cloth here I say the money comes before the prayer.... Now what did Shakespeare say on this important matter of money, and he is one of ourselves. We are the heads of the profession.

The Pan-Anglican Congress, which appeared in England I don't know how many years ago, raised... How can you put your house in order when you haven't got the money to pay for it... Our actor-managers pay weeks to the newspapers... I'll read to you Mr. Farren's first letter (reads it) and also Mr. Tree's special letter (reads it). You can't do anything now except through publicity, and why is that? Because the public has developed conscience. (Applause.) I'm an optimist. (Loud applause.).... We, the rank and file of the profession.... And do you think that, if Shakespeare's bones could hear what is going on, he wouldn't say, "What assets these actors are. It's a lump of money"? Here is Mr. Farren's second letter. (Reads it.) Just to come to a conclusion and thank you for my—your endeavours (shows no sign of stopping). A very important wave of public opinion... On Sunday evenings you absolutely can't get the actor here, but I want this to be a democratic meeting... I've had a dream. Dreams never come true, always, at any rate, sometimes they do. We could have a thanksgiving service. The Archbishop of Canterbury said, "Don't forget Shakespeare and the Bible." We won't forget Shakespeare, we'll have a collection, a gold collection, and raise £1,000 for our charities. And we'll have a service on the same day in every town. (Applause.) Aha-ha-ha (claps).

Miss Lena Ashwell (tells how she has left the seaside):... And so up I came to say my few little words. I believe Shakespeare was a very fine actor. From looking at his statues I believe he wasn't physically adapted to play the leading parts! He was better fitted for the comic parts—who knows? Shakespeare is our one hope, our only hope, of us having any status in any country, any English-speaking country. We must have a National Theatre... it gives us something to start from; it gives us something to stand on. Painters have, I think, a higher status than we have... Of course, I'm a Feminist, a Suffragette, and all that sort of thing... rogues and vagabonds, which, thank God, we are... What does literature do? Educate!... Personally I adore being educated. I love going somewhere and hearing something that makes me say, "Hallo, there's something in the world I didn't know of." I suppose that is education! Now I'm going to get back to the subject. (Fails.)... the cinema; mind, you, I have no argument against the cinema; I enjoy it myself... I'm going all over the place, it's very difficult to keep on the point when one's keen on a thing!!! Who needs Shakespeare to-day?

Old Man in Audience: Excuse me, Lady, but I think you're wrong.

Mr. Mulholland: Eloquent and delightful speech we have just heard from my friend, Miss Lena Ashwell... Shakespeare was a rank-and-filer... I think Shakespeare was the first suburban manager... the business capacity... We have got a man here to-night, Mr. William Poel, who has given a lot of his work to Shakespeare, and has yet, I believe, got a life's work before him.
FAMILIAR O. G.: Yes! Ahaaa! He's got plenty of stuff in 'im. (Claps.)
Rev. S. HEADLAM: I ask Miss—(sniff)—Horniman to support the resolution.
Miss HORNIMAN: Sir, gentlemen and ladies! It seems as if we were all very different people here. I come from the provinces. At least, I was born in London, thank God. I'm a manager, simply a manager; I've never acted in nor written a play. As a manager I've very much approve of putting Shakespeare on—no royalties to pay! . . . Now what does the manly man care for? Crowds at football matches!
FAMILIAR O. G.: Aha, aha, boxing! Hear, hear. (Claps.)
Miss HORNIMAN: We English people are so slovenly in speaking. . . We are very uncivilised. . . As for the people who read Shakespeare, I will give you a lovely little trap. . . Ask them how old was Juliet's mother. . . A great meeting of men which calls is nothing to half a dozen women who hold their tongues and do things. Besides, I should never ask men to hold their tongues. (Etc., etc.) They're making laws for us, and doing it too. We'll help 'em soon. (Etc., etc.)
Mr. POEL: I'm a Cockney.
Miss HORNIMAN: It's lucky he's a Cockney. If there's anything better than a Londoner, it's a Cockney.
A WOMAN IN AUDIENCE: I speak as a playwright. You must let go of Shakespeare. As a man of the theatre his work was done when he passed away. He does not voice the needs, the ideals, and the aspirations of the present day. If the work of Arnold Bennett ( !), John Galsworthy ( ! !), John Masefield ( ! ! !), Bernard Shaw ( ! ! ! !), and others is to be housed in your National Theatre, then you will deserve support. . . I would ask, ladies ( !), that dramatists be included on the committee . . . in my dramatic capacity my name is Frances MacCullum.
(Mr. POEL replies. Various votes of thanks are passed.)
Rev. S. HEADLAM: There is no longer any antagonism between—(sniff)—the Church and the stage. I think it was worth a good deal of sacrifice to have heard the—(sniff)—speeches that were made here to-day. I propose a vote of thanks to the speakers. Will anyone second it?
FAMILIAR O. G. (rising): Yes! I second it! (His seat tips up and he sits down on the ground, struggling. Exit STUD., temperature normal.)

BEAUTY.

After Charles Baudelaire (1821—1867).

As a stone-dream, I am lovely, mortals; Trust Against my breast hath every man sore hurt. Whole touch fills poets with a love inert As duale and everlasting as dust. I am throneed aloof as the lone Sphinx; my bust Hole clean and bare as white as a garden man; All ruffling of the rhythmic line I ban. Unswayed to grief or mirth by any gust.

Poets before my noble guilt and gesture That hath the glory of the world for vesture. Waste their sad days in drudgery infinite. For I, to lure these yielding lovers, hold True more that show beauty manifold In wide eyes brimming with immortal light.

WILFRID THEORKLEY.

Dreams.—II.

By M. B. Oxon.

The study of our methods of thinking is not so easy as it might appear it should be, and not a good deal of application over a considerable time, but it is always an interesting occupation. How far the methods of various men or types of men are at bottom identical is a difficult question to answer. Superficially they are very different, but I am inclined to think that if one is carefully observant of one's own thinking one will be able to find in it small examples or suggestions, at any rate, of what other people speak of, even if in one's own case they are exceptions and in the other person's the normal thing. In order to make people more intelligible I will roughly sketch the mechanism of activity, thought and consciousness as I picture them and shall try to describe them.

In the waking state I observe a continuous awareness, apparently not connected with any of the activities of body or mind, either of the incoming or outgoing kinds, nor with self-consciousness. It is as if it were a circle of light from a bull's-eye lantern which moves, or perhaps can be moved, about and reveals to me what is going on in the various ramifications of a large house, or machine, or it is like turning one's eyes onto different objects. Sometimes this is a very real description of the impression which I have, as an onlooker, but it is not essential, for at times it is as though I must go myself to look for what is wanted, many in the same way as in describing to someone where a thing is to be found one "transports oneself" to the place and describes where the thing lies (or should be lying) if as I was standing close by. But neither the reach of sight nor the person who gets in Me, for there is a distinct sensation of aloofness from, and even a lack of interest in, the process. So much I can say clearly of my sensations. There are other aspects which do not lend themselves to description. But the result of considering them all is that there seem to be many "layers" in my "mind" with different contents. With some of these layers I seem able to identify myself more or less while others are always, as it were, objective. To take a very important thing as an example—Worry. Some "superficial" worries, worries about details, can be left behind at once by moving into another layer. Sometimes if they have been indulged in too long they may have "infected" other layers, but this is very likely due to one's having moved "up and down" a lot of ornamental layers. With layers of body or mind, either of the incoming or outgoing activity, thought and consciousness as I picture them I am inclined to think it is real. There are associations between space and thinking, and different people seem to agree about them to some extent.

The simplest experiment to begin with if anyone wants to investigate his methods of thinking is to practise thinking continuously on any subject one chooses, preferably one in which we are deeply interested, without letting the "mind" wander off. After a time, it may be a long time, one learns to do this fairly well and can then begin to observe what is happening in one's "mind" besides the desired train of thoughts.

It is difficult to describe; but as I observe it it seems as if there were different currents or layers in my mind, and while I am thinking intentionally in one layer there will from time to time flit into the circle of consciousness, either "above" or "below" where I am thinking, other thoughts usually quite unconnected with the main train. In one's earlier days "one's" (whatever that means!) generally follows the fresh hare without noticing the change for some time, and then has to hunt back again to where the original trail was lost. This description "above" and "below," though only
a diagrammatic one, is not quite meaningless, for it seems possible to think "up and down" on any one subject, transferring the whole train of thoughts bodily to another layer, and by so doing, while the thing seems to be altered. Or, to state this differently, it seems possible to alter the type of thinking on any subject, and this is what I am calling different layers of thought.

In what I am calling the higher layers thinking goes quicker, and larger, a general grasp of the subject, lacking actual detail, though there is a feeling that the detail is there if one were to stop and look for it. In the lower layers it is all detail and no general plan. The simplest example of this is that a subject which I know is doing, while one thinks over the problem and how it is to be tackled, decides the best order in which to take the various steps and then (speaking for myself) I come down into my "adding and multiplying layer" and start work.

My "general outline" keeps a certain amount of control but often not enough, and unless I have written down the order in which the steps are to be taken I may find I have wandered quite away from the track.

A very small "amount of thinking" in the "general scheme layer" need not alter the layer needed for writing or thinking to embody it. In fact "best brain" thoughts break up like a many coloured rocket full of stars of all sorts of complementary colours, and even discordant ones, which may take many days or years of arranging before they are in joint order.

I think that with different people the various sense organs are differently connected with the various layers (or to state this differently, that different people make a different use of the various layers connected with the various sense organs). Some people can, I believe, read "by sight" without forming the words even in their mind—they read very quickly. Others must form them while some people almost whisper all they read.

Some people can write straight out of their "good mind." while others cannot. Many people seem to live always in their formal and cataloguing mind and never get even a glimpse of things as a whole. I have of late had to do with a servant the smallness of whose mind in some directions is quite incredible.

In passing I may mention that in dreams I can seldom read what I see, and the sensation is very like that of trying to read a page of print "by sight," for I naturally read by forming the words somewhere in my "mind."

So stated, it all seems very clear and simple, and as an outline it is I think true, and sufficient for our present purpose. But one soon finds that there seem to be various "modes" in which one can work in any one layer and also many cross connections, by-ways, and short cuts from one "mode" or one "layer" to another which almost defy study. The chief difficulty is to be able to recognise the various layers. Some one can recognise (apparently) by their "mass-sensation" more by association, and by the ease or difficulty with which one can think in them on any given subject.

The connection of layers with contents of memory is very important for our present object, and I shall return to it later. There also seems to be some connection between the layers and different postures of the body. For example, I can think for hours in some "modes," especially if I am lying down, without wanting to smoke, without even thinking of it, but with a slight change of "layer" or on sitting up I light a cigarette almost automatically.

It is as if the different layers were records like a pianola roll and as if deliberate thinking in a layer answered to punching holes in the roll. The great question which I, at any rate, am not prepared to answer is What is it that moves into any layer and causes the records of that layer to become active? What is it that moves into any layer and makes the keys move? It seems not to be identical with the circle of awareness, for we may be aware of various layers at once though only functioning intentionally in one, and when under these circumstances a flitting thought comes by, the feeling is that it comes into a "non-mind" and by so doing it seems already "visible" but which before had been empty.

It seems that different people "live" habitually in different regions of their "mind"; whether these are the same as the "layers" I cannot say, but they are in some way connected. Also on looking back I recognise that at different periods of my life I have lived in different regions of my mind, and I think that as a matter of fact as a child grows up the "centre of gravity," or activity, of his "mind" moves "as his mind develops," much as the centre of gravity of the embryo must move as the embryo unfolds. And much as the embryo passes through all sorts of stages in which various organs develop, and atrophy again, and change their places, their constitution, and their functions before ever the man is born, so similar changes are taking place in his "mind" all his life. And perhaps much as these rudimentary and atrophied organs of the body are liable to become the cause of bodily disease, so the rudimentary mind stages may be sources of psychic disease.

Thus far all is merely an attempt to state facts of observation, but here a very curious and interesting question crops up, and one which may be rather disquieting. I do not know whence comes the "wind" which makes the secondary thoughts flit into our field of consciousness. Their form is apparently due to our own brain "layer," it is familiar, it may frequently recur, and on different recurrences may be apparently identical. Is the cause of its appearance that some "cell" goes off "at half cock" on its own account? Or is it started by some aberrant blast of "wind" which escapes from the "layer" of intentional thought? Or is it started by some stimulus from outside? Sometimes it is no doubt started by some stimulus through the ordinary channel of some sense organ and sometimes apparently by a mind wave from outside. And it is quite open to argument that a very large proportion of our desultory thinking is not done on our own initiative at all, but that we are merely observing in a lazy and disinterested fashion the disturbances created in our "mind stuff" by someone else's mind waves, much as in a wireless station all the broadcasts and singings are heard of all and every passing wave with which the receiver is in any degree in tune.

Probably few people will be inclined to listen to this, and fewer still to accept it as a fact, but it is pretty certain that it is really so—and therein lies the difference of the "atmosphere" of various buildings, towns and countries. Therein too lies the undesirability of a vacant mind, for a vacant mind is seldom "tuned up" very high, and so is the happy hunting-ground for any base stranger thought that comes along. The thoughts are not, as in the case of the wireless buzzings, the exact replica of the wave, but, as a rule, the wave acts on some relay and starts the roll working. In fact the great difficulty is to read mind waves correctly and not to distort their meaning by semi-automatic additions and substitutions due to the "receiving layer." It is only when the waves are sent out by someone under the influence of great emotion or by someone who has the "trick" that they can be read clearly and without any mistake and then only if the layer on which they act is quiet.

The message may come as a "knowledge" or as actual words, and in the latter case the words are generally in the language of the receiver. It would be rather a waste of time to give examples, for those who are in the habit of experiencing such things do not need them, and others will only seek elaborate alternative suppositions to the real thing which may be thought transference being to many people a daily occurrence which has to be reckoned with in everyday life.
Unedited Opinions.

The Use and Misuse of Egoism.

I see that in spite of our conversation the other day intellectualism still continues a little chill in advanced circles. Can you say what ought to be done?

As a psycho-analyst, who believes that discussion is a cure for everything including itself, I can only suggest we discuss the matter again. Have you, perchance, been undergoing a relapse into instinct disguised as intuition? And do you want absolution?

May be, but let me pick up the crumbs. I will not sit down to the banquet alone.

Well, then, it appears to me that intellectualism has got its bad name from its close association with egoism, in consequence of which the intellectuals are confounded with the utterly selfish. Naturally the unselfish rebel against it and, having generosity and other virtues on their side, succeed in making intellectualism look rather mean. Is that how you feel?

Yes, something; in fact, very like it indeed.

There is another circumstance at this moment that adds to the impression: the circumstance that women for the first time to our knowledge are also becoming intellectual. This must certainly confirm the conclusion that intellectualism and egoism are inseparable.

Why, how so?

Because intellect in its early phases is necessarily egoistic; and since women, as we say, are just beginning, it follows that their egoism is very pronounced.

You say "in its early phases"—is it not the case throughout?

Not at all. Quite the contrary. I should say that though egoism is necessary and inevitable in the early phases of intellect, it is neither necessary nor desirable in the later. One can tell, in fact, the stage of intellectuality at which any individual has arrived by noting the curve of his egoism. If it is ascending, his intellect is still in its green youth. If it is descending, his intellect is becoming ripe.

This sounds very musing. Then I may conclude that intellectualism to-day is unpopular because it is in its green egoistic stage?

Yes, that is it.

And that it may become popular again when it enters its ripe altruistic stage?

Yes. But let me not be the cause of misunderstanding. Altruism, to my mind, is not less "selfish" than egoism: it is only a more liberal and easy use of it. Altruism, in short, is masterful egoism.

I'm afraid I don't understand at once. Take me by stages, if you please.

You have heard of a tortoise, have you not?

Of course; quite a classic fable.

Yes, but do you know that the tortoise was in ancient Indian literature the symbol of the intellectual mind? You see the hard resisting shell was the ego; the sensitive creature inside was the mind itself.

Well?

Well, apply the analogy. The intelligence first builds for itself a hard shell of egoism; from within the safe shelter of which it afterwards makes its observations with sensitive limbs. Thither also when in danger it withdraws. You can see now the appropriateness of the image, do you not?

Fairly clearly, I think. Then you contend that the hard shell of egoism must remain after it has been created; but only for use, and not for its own sake?

That is near enough to my meaning.

But what are the marks by which one can tell whether an intellect is building its shell or, having built it, should be using it?

Ah, now we are coming to the point. On our assumption that egoism is the first stage of intellectuality, and altruism the second and ripe stage—the distinguishing marks must clearly belong to these qualities. That intellect is still building its shell whose characteristic activity is selfishness. That intellect, on the other hand, has built its shell and is now making use of it whose activity alternates at will between selfishness and unselfishness.

But you reduced these terms to paradox a few minutes ago—cannot you employ others?

If you like. Suppose we say that the mark of the egoistic phase of intellect is feeling of oneness; and the mark of the altruistic phase is feeling of others—is that more clear?

No doubt it will be in the course of discussion. Feeling of oneself; feeling of others—what is the difference?

Let me illustrate. Imagine yourself to be in a state of great interior perturbation; you have nevertheless a strong desire to conceal it—do you think you could succeed in concealing it from everybody?

Not perhaps from everybody, but probably from most people.

From whom could you undertake to conceal it most successfully and from whom least—supposing, in both instances, your company were strangers—that is, had no other means than their minds for discovering you?

Well, do you know, I really believe I could conceal it best from my intellectual acquaintances!

Excellent. Quite right. The cleverer the more dense, is it not so? And from whom least?

Oh, some simple-minded non-intellectuals probably.

Yes, but you would probably tell them, would you not? Otherwise, like a faithful dog, they might feel with you but they would not feel of you! Is there no other kind of person of whom your reticence would stand in apprehension?

Perhaps there is. Now I come to think of it, I know there is. I once met a man who was to me like Jesus to the woman at the well; he seemed to be able to tell me of all things that ever I had done, thought or felt. Intellect in its second phase?

What is that you are saying?

I was remarking that in such a mind intellect had passed the stage of ego-building, marked by feeling of self alone; and was in the stage of ego-using, marked by feeling of others.

That seems probable.

What, may I ask, was your personal attitude towards him?

Oh, naturally one of great respect and affection.

Sure? You did not mind his knowing your secret thoughts?

Not in the least. Tout comprendre c'est tout par- donner. I scarcely differentiated him from myself.

The paradox solved! Selfishness and unselfishness become one! Intellect become intelligence, as I call it! Is that your distinction of intellect and intelligence? I have meant many times to ask you.

Yes, I call myself an intellectual not to retreat before the present reaction; but in intellectual circles I preach an advance towards intelligence. You see the intellectual is at a disadvantage, in regard both to himself and others. Shut up within his growing shell of egoism he is exclusively engaged, naturally, in his own feelings, and so on. He knows of the outer world only when it comes knocking at his door. The man of feeling would invite him back to instinct à la Bergson. But I would not. I would beckon him out of doors—out of doors of his own mind, out of doors of his egoism; still, however, as the tortoise its shell, taking his egoism with him.
Readers and Writers.

VERBAL explanations ought not to be necessary between two such old colleagues as "A. E. R." and myself. Yet it appears that they are. Let me enter into them at once, for I am afraid my story. In depreciating Dr. Jones' theory of "Hamlet" as involving Shakespeare in the charge of making disease the pivot of his tragedy, I did not assume incest itself to be a disease, but Hamlet's morbid suppression of his alleged incestuous desire. I may myself maintain that "incest" as a motive is barred to great dramatists, I should instantly have been pulled up by the example of Sophocles' "Edipus," not to mention Shelley's "Cenci." The former, indeed, is made the example for Dr. Jones' psycho-analysis of "Hamlet," but, as I think, with no justification; for in the "Edipus," as "A. E. R." himself says, "the incest motive is manifest and admitted"; in short, it is a crime; whereas in "Hamlet," not only is the incest motive neither manifest nor admitted, but (to quote "A. E. R." again) "Shakespeare was as unconscious of it as his hero"; in short, it is a disease. But, as I said a fortnight ago, it is just my objection to the whole theory that it reduces "Hamlet" from a spiritual to a pathological problem. It is this very defect that we should look upon Hamlet as diseased, when, in fact, as Dr. TückTaken, he was suffering from spiritual shock.

It happens that just before writing these notes I was reading in the second volume of Anatole France's "Life and Letters"—of which Mr. John Lane has just published a translation. In the essay upon Prosper Merimee, M. France says: "Did he not himself experience that bitterness of mind and heart which is the inevitable punishment of intellectual audacity?" That, however, is, not of much importance, except as indicating a hint of comprehension. The important passage is in a letter of Merimee himself, and runs as follows: "I have become (writes Merimee) incapable of working since a misfortune befell me... There was once a madman who believed he had the Queen of China (you are not ignorant of the fact that she is the most beautiful princess in the world) shut up in a bottle. He was very happy to possess her, and he exerted himself a good deal so that the bottle and its contents should have no reason to complain of him. One day the bottle broke, and, as one does not have a princess of China twice in one's life, from being a lunatic he became a fool." I pray "A. E. R.'s" attention to this passage, for herein, as I think, we have the Hamlet-motive on a small scale. Merimee, it appears, by a single misfortune was transformed, snatched from health with shoula, and so permanently injured that he no longer could write fiction. Why go further than this unfortunately common occurrence in the case of Hamlet, who differed from Merimee only, first of all, in being larger mould, and, secondly, in requiring a correspondingly greater shock to produce insanity in him? The text is amply expliable upon this assumption and, in particular, Hamlet's first speech (Act I, Scene II), beginning "O, that this too, too solid flesh," is, to my mind, conclusive. At any rate, I cannot abandon "Hamlet" to the psycho-analysts while this explanation remains in the field.

Another crow on which there appear to be pickings still is Stevenson. Mr. Kenway writes (July 16) to defend him against my charge of vulgarity in announcing his "Weir of Hermiston" as "a snorter and a blower. He has read and enjoyed Stevenson on horseback, he says, and he does not hear an old and recently dead friend abused. The typical English sentiment of the defence is pleasing enough, but, as usual, it is more cruel than kind in reality; for we are reminded that Stevenson ranked himself no higher than a "file de joie," was "no prophet at all," was, at best, only "one of the better fools." Who's abusing him now! That Stevenson somehow managed to endure his fictitious personality to many of his readers is (or rather was) a point in his favour, but to whom does he remain dear for very long? I dare venture to guess that Mr. Kenway has not read or heard of him since he read him horseback—however long ago that may be!... For three Saturday afternoons in succession with murderous punctuality a troupe of street musicians has played and sung outside my window a selection of tunes that have temporarily endeared themselves to the public. Among them have been "My Rosary" and "I hear you calling me." After each performance I feel that I have been emotionally mortified. . . . Stevenson!

**Mr. Edward Carpenter** is seventy to-day. I had come to look upon him as eternally fifty; and so I shall continue. His latest essay (in the July "English Review") has the same qualities as his first, which I read more than twenty years ago in, was it, the "Commonwealth"—the qualities of simplicity, sincerity and—shall I say it?—failtheness. Carpentarians, as we used to call his disciples, are an amiable type; and we are never likely to have too many of them; but they are deficient in strength. "Towards Democracy" is, of course, Carpenter's magnum opus; and once upon a time there was a passage from it by him as follows: "But with Whitman's compositions I am glad now to have forgotten them and to remember only their atmosphere. For all this, however, Carpenter is a period in the history of modern democracy; and as such he will not die.

Mr. Mackereth in the July "Poetry Review" comments on my recent notes upon the philosophy of poetry. Like the "Nation's" reviewer, however, whom I quoted last week, Mr. Mackereth is better at generalisations than at the particular. In general, he does not think we should look upon Hamlet as diseased, when, in fact, as Dr. TürcTaken, he was suffering from spiritual shock.

I saw history in a poet's song,
In a river-reach and a gallowes-hill,
In a bridal bed, and a secret wrong
In a crown of thorns, in a dastard wrong.
Now there is neither imagination nor even fancy in these lines. To say that "I saw" is nothing. Where is the evidence that "I saw"? above all, where are we not made to see? Poetry presumably is the communication of vision; it is not a parliamentary report. Then, again, I have my doubts as to the truthfulness that "imagination is the sublimest faculty of the mind," and that imagination distinguishes the artist; but in particular it is untrue that the poem by Mr. Drinkwater, cited by Mr. Mackereth, is "delightfully apropos." "I saw," says Mr. Drinkwater—

"The Ragged Trousered Philanthropists," by the late Robert Tressall (Richards, 6s.), has been out for some months, but I have only just read it. The author was a working house-painter, and his book is a "document" of his experiences among his own class. As such it has all the merits at which realists aim; and there, I agree, he beats his competitors at their own game. Not Mr. Arnold Bennett, for instance, has excelled in meticulous verisimilitude the descriptions of daily life contained in this book. On the other hand, except in mild curiosity, there is not the smallest interest for me in it. Had I met Mr. Tressall I have no doubt I should have listened to his story with equal interest; and doubt it would have bored me, and the more the more detailed and accurate. Why should I read with interest what I could not hear with interest? What is true of such writers is that they write once—inevitably their own autobiography—and never again. Having no art whatever, their bolt is shot when their personal experience has been drawn off.

R. H. C.
Russia and the British Press.

By Rothay Reynolds.

One of the most important commodities imported into this country from the continent of Europe is news. Its collection and composition affords employment to a considerable number of persons, whose ability to make a livelihood in this branch of commerce depends on their capacity for understanding the requirements of the principal buyers. These gentlemen, who control the news market, select from the items offered them those which they consider will be most appreciated by the thousands to whom they daily retail pennyworths and halfpennyworths of home and foreign news. To facilitate their task they have come to a tacit understanding among themselves that each country shall provide news of a special character. Hence the collectors export crimes passionnels and spicy stories of actresses from France, the lubrications of leader writers, Anglophile or Anglophobe according to the requirements of the buyer, and the sayings of the Kaiser from Germany, Court scandal and agitating rumours from Vienna, atrocities from the Balkans, and melodramatic novelties from Russia. This convenient, if arbitrary, arrangement has doubtless been made on the supposition that foreigners are exceedingly elementary and that newspaper readers will acquiesce in the convention of Englishmen importing American and that Russians, when scratched, turn into Tartars. Although it may be thought that editors underrate the intelligence of readers, and have failed to note important changes in the attitude of the public to foreigners, that their system of dealing with foreign news has its advantages. The man who desires entertainment without intellectual effort knows that he will find it in the correspondence from Paris. Persons who require a mental shock to prepare them for the news from St. Petersburg, and it is understood that the favourite remedy for insomnia in the library of the Athenaeum Club is the perusal of the telegrams from Berlin. Occasionally a dearth of the staple news-exports of a country, or the determination of its inhabitants to act in a manner neither expected nor required of them, upsets the established balance. In these circumstances two courses are open to editors. They may cease to patronise the offending country or they may disconcert their readers by the disparity of events from it. The former course is usually adopted, but when the magnitude of events forces the editors' hands, an astonished public may learn that there are religious Frenchmen, passionate Germans, and sane Russians. Religion from France and sanity from Russia are, however, as distasteful to editors as ducklings from Argenteuil or asparagus from Aylesbury to the cooks of fashionable restaurants.

The unsettling effect on the public mind of these lapses is usually removed by the speedy arrival of news of the brand appropriate to the country of export. A difficulty, however, has arisen in the case of Russia, the consideration of which may help to throw some light on the remarkable story recently circulated in the daily Press of the defection of Rasputin, a Siberian peasant, on Russian affairs.

From Herodotus to Heberstein and to Harmsworth is a far cry; yet in all the centuries that have passed between the age in which the first presented fiction as fact, and that in which the last supplies the British public with news, Russia has been regarded as a land of human heads were to be found in one of the Russian rivers, and were considered excellent eating. In the course of time these tales were proved to be false, and others took their place. Our grandparents believed that Russians ate tallow candles, and, at the present time, thousands of Englishmen believe, any tale, however improbable and however ridiculous, if it be presented to them as news from Russia. In the circumstances, it is not surprising that modern purveyors of news have assigned to the people of Russia the function of providing them with those tales of horror and palpitating human interest which are believed to be required by newspaper readers.

For many years the Russians discharged the task imposed on them by Fleet Street in a satisfactory manner. They were decimated by fire and famine and pestilence. On winter nights they were occasionally devoured by ravening wolves. They dragged their chains through the dark passages of Siberian mines. They escaped from exile. They preached revolution. They got themselves incarcerated in dreaded fortresses. They manufactured bombs and blew themselves to atoms. They massacred meek Jews. They assassinated wicked cabinet ministers. They sometimes worked miracles. When the present century was hardly five years old their industry in providing sensational stories for the Press was extraordinary. The demand for Russian news grew, and the standard of sensation was raised. Collectors of news became fastidious and every day tales, which would be priceless now, had to be rejected in favour of others that surpassed them in excitement or novelty or poignancy. The position may be gauged by a remark made at the time by the serious and perfectly harmless Petersburg correspondent of one of the chief London papers. "Bombs," he said, "are useless to me, unless they kill at least twenty people or one celebrity."

During the last five years few sensational events of the first water have occurred in Russia, and many newspaper readers must occasionally have wondered what has been taking place in that country. At last the veil is lifted and we discover that the Autocrat of All the Russians, the Empress, and all the Ministers of the Crown, are puppets in the hands of a Siberian peasant, named Gregory Rasputin, who is the real ruler of the colossal Russian empire. He is described in the London Press as the Shadow behind a Throne, the Power behind the Russian Tsar, the Russian Czarina of Russia, and the Modern Richelieu. For months past Rasputin has held the destinies of Russia in the hollow of his hand, and until a fortnight ago the British public was kept in ignorance of the state of affairs. Whether this was due to culpable negligence or to pressure exerted on London editors by the Foreign Office will probably never be known. To the "Daily Chronicle" belongs the credit of ending what looks very much like a conspiracy of silence and revealing the truth about Rasputin. The rest of the Press still held back, but a few days later the Modern Richelieu was stabbed by a woman and, regardless of party or attitude to the Russian entente, the chief organs of the London Press, with one notable exception, drew attention to the appalling situation which had arisen in Russia. It may, however, be said that the attack on Rasputin was providential. It gave a characteristic Russian touch of melodrama to the story of this Siberian peasant’s rise from obscurity and poverty to power and wealth, and thus afforded the Press a legitimate excuse for breaking silence which otherwise would have been culpable had it been persisted in. When the truth about Rasputin was known the effect must have been staggering on any intelligent man or woman. His history, as presented in the newspapers, is now too well known to need repetition in detail. It may, however, be briefly recapitulated. At the age of thirty he became, or appeared to become, peculiarly pious. His piety, however, was merely a cloak, to hide unparalleled wickedness. He imposed on a simple-minded bishop, who brought him to St. Petersburg, where he exercised
some kind of hypnotic power on people of the highest condition. Though his mode of life became a positive scandal, as one St. Petersburg correspondent states, though he had girl victims, according to another, though he described "Boccaccian scenes with village girls, which, however, he always provided with an alleged religious raiton d'être," in the discovery of a third correspondent, yet he was introduced to the highest circles by ultra-Conservative ladies, quickly dominated the Empress and established his power over the Tsar, the Ministers, and the flower of the Russian aristocracy. Quickly followed the whisper that no ignorant peasant has ever performed such a feat in the whole course of history. The daily Press has with admirable taste suppressed the obvious and inevitable conclusion that must be made from these facts. It cannot be suppressed for ever, and it has become a duty to state it plainly. The only conclusion to be drawn from the facts, and this is stated with a full sense of responsibility, is that the Emperor of Russia, the Empress, all the Ministers of the Crown, and the flower of the Russian aristocracy, are mad.

After discharging the painful duty of stating with precision in the preceding sentence the conclusion to which a simple process of reasoning had led me, I was seized with so profound a fit of melancholy that I adopted every means in my power to prove to myself that I was wrong. I read more than once the statements of the London Press about Rasputin, and the extent of his power, hoping that some element of doubt had been introduced into the narratives and had escaped my notice. It was distressing to find that most of the statements about him were categorical and unqualified. A ray of hope came with the discovery that the President of the French Republic had arrived in Russia and that the Emperor had been able to receive him without, apparently, betraying the slightest sign of interest. A third correspondent, made haphazard in the ebb and flow of a domestic war, was right. I read more than once the statements of the London Press about Rasputin, and I was wrong. I consider it well to record it in print. Unhappily, however, I was forced to adopt another, which, though less distressing than the first, is far from agreeable. It is clear that, in order to provide the kind of story the public has been taught to expect from continental journalism, the desire to appeal to newspaper readers as it is credible to British journalism and offensive to our Russian friends, has been fabricated and pitchforked into the columns of newspapers which can treat the affairs of any country but Russia with ability and decorum.

Holiday Observations.—II.
By Peter Fanning.

From Scotland we steamed across to Movill off Lough Foyle, where we anchored at noon. For every sixth Irish passengers were to be taken aboard here, and that they were to have supper in our dining room as soon as they arrived. Many of us, instead of turning in, gathered in the smoking room and got up a concert, which we kept going till midnight. The Irish passengers couldn't hear, I told myself, was what would strike them. I was wrong. For every sixth Irish passengers were to be taken aboard here, and that they were to have supper in our dining room as soon as they arrived. Many of us, instead of turning in, gathered in the smoking room and got up a concert, which we kept going till midnight. The Irish passengers couldn't hear, I told myself, was what would strike them. I was wrong.

Encouraged by the discovery of this kindly action on the part of Rasputin, I determined to make an attempt to reconstruct the story of the Siberian peasant on a purely Russian basis. I recalled that when I was in Russia I had sometimes seen unlettered men who pass their lives in travelling from shrine to shrine and in communion with the Almighty, as Rasputin did when he was a man of thirty. I remembered seeing one of these mystics at prayer in a country church, and the curious conviction I had, as I noticed the rapt expression of his face, that he was looking into a world which I had not the faculty to see. Such, I told myself, was once Rasputin. What wonder that he attracted Christian ladies, wishing to come nearer the gate of Heaven, and that he was able to bring solace to a weary Empress! What wonder that the beauty of holiness was marred by the shadow of unaccustomed pomp! And what wonder that tongues wagged and that the mystic was charged with hypocrisy?

And as I was considering these things I recalled a remark, made haphazard in the ebb and flow of a desultory conversation by a Russian friend about the Court, and wondered, as it flashed into my mind, how I would have been so foolish as to forget it.

"A peasant, called Rasputin," my friend had said, "is always coming to see the Empress. He is a pious man, but there are people who say he is not as good as he might be. Somebody suggested to the Emperor that his visits should be stopped. His Majesty only smiled and said: 'I have a dozen Rasputins at Court than family scenes.'"

Here was the true explanation of Rasputin's presence at the Russian Court, and it proves to be domestic and not political. He is able to soothe the nerves of the unhappy Empress, whose health has been ruined by the ever-present fear that her husband or her son will be taken from her by the hand of an assassin.

I was able to repudiate the conclusion I had previously arrived at, but for reasons which are easy to understand, I consider it prudent to keep it private. If I was right, however, while gladly rejecting one conclusion I was forced to adopt another, which, though less distressing than the first, is far from agreeable. It is clear that, in order to provide the kind of story the public has been taught to expect from continental journalism, it is necessary to appeal to newspaper readers as it is credible to British journalism and offensive to our Russian friends, has been fabricated and pitchforked into the columns of newspapers which can treat the affairs of any country but Russia with ability and decorum.
breakfast time on Tuesday we had a pretty fair muster. The mother of my three berth mates made her appearance for the first time sitting apposite the “natural.” Thinking they were for himself alone, he took a rise out of him. He took a dish of potatoes and planted them down in front of him. As quick as lightning the countryman seized a heavy glass salt cellar and flung it viciously at his tormentor. For the fool with a fool cannot call a “natural.” This was his first appearance at table. Scarcely had he sat down when the table steward placed before him a dish of potatoes. These, of course, were to supply half the table, but the appearance at table. Scarcely had he sat down when of the mother of my three berth mates made her appearance on Tuesday we had a pretty fair muster. In practically every other respect the ship was as clean as a new pin, and the saying is washed, scrubbed and painted with the regularity of a man-of-war. I started to write these notes of my voyage, I see with regret that the “California” has had the misfortune to run ashore, during a fog, on Tory Island. That mishap, to which we get a table showing the wages by the authority of Trade Boards, a table showing the estimated earnings in July, 1910 (before the Trade Board was instituted) and in 1913, based on the experience of 426 chairmakers, can neither confirm nor deny our opinion. We have nothing more conclusive from Mr. Tawney. There are 2,000 women at work at chain-making; we get a table showing the wages earned and the hours worked during one week in October, 1913, by 222 men lack something of the power of conviction. One begins to speculate at once on the fate and fortunes of the 223rd man, and of all those others behind him; and an appeal to experience ought not to be supplemented by speculation concerning the facts. Take another case: whatever our opinion may be of the possibility of raising wages by the authority of Trade Boards, a table showing the wages earned and the hours worked during one week in October, 1913, by 222 men lack something of the power of conviction. One begins to speculate at once on the fate and fortunes of the 223rd man, and of all those others behind him; and an appeal to experience ought not to be supplemented by speculation concerning the facts. Take another case: whatever our opinion may be of the possibility of raising wages by the authority of Trade Boards, a table showing the estimated earnings in July, 1910, the actual earnings in July, 1913, and the wages that will be earned if the new proposal to vary is ratified and the number of women concerned is, at most, 105. The appeal to experience still leaves something for the imagination to do; and really, I do not see why we should infer that what is true of these sections of workers is also true of the whole body. The appeal to experience really abrogates the necessity of such inferences.

Mr. Tawney, indeed, makes a mere appeal of inconclusiveness; and if inconclusiveness were a sign of the judicial type of mind, we might admire Mr. Tawney as a most learned judge. But to quote an employer’s list of prices paid for chains in 1908 and 1913, and to work out the percentage of increase, and then to tell us that “this firm is not typical, as it paid a higher rate than was customary,” is to forget the very elements of judgment. If we must appeal to experience, why quote evidence that is not admissible? On the very next page, Mr. Tawney produces a table which he says gives a more reliable indication of the change brought about

* "Minimum Rates in the Chain-Making Industry." By R. H. Tawney. (Bell. Is. 6d. net.)
by the Trade Board." This table suffers, like the rest, from the defect of the limitation of the number of cases on which comparison is based; if we add them all together, they number less than 1,000, but there is every reason to suppose that some of the same workers make more than one quality of chain, and that the total number of persons questioned is less than the total number already given. The peculiarity of this table is that, where it shows a decrease of 10 per cent. in the price paid for "best short-link" chain, and the number of cases on which comparison is based is three. We are carefully told in a footnote that "the number of cases upon which comparison is based is so small that little reliance can be based upon it." Then why did not Mr. Tawney collect further evidence, and prove or disprove by comparison, by the appeal to experience, the frequent complaint by the workers that they have to make the better qualities of chain for the price of the poorer qualities? Who asked or expected him to stop his investigations at the number three?

This appeal to experience is singularly unfortunate, for, in addition to the facts that the chain-making trade, is, in no sense, a representative industry, and that the data are not complete, we have as yet no experience of the powers of Trade Boards to maintain wages during a period of trade depression. Since the minimum rates came into operation, the chain trade has been unusually active. Mr. Tawney says: "As Professor Pigou says: "Since a poor man will often prefer to accept a low wage rather than lose his job, collusion may take place between employer and employed, and, as is well known to happen in the Chinese factories of Victoria, a lower wage may be paid actually than is paid nominally." How the Trade Board will meet this difficulty, the appeal to experience cannot tell us, because there is not, at present, any experience to which to appeal. If we are to rely on Trade Union action in this case, we seem to have little hope; the appeal to experience must be decisive, and this is one example of the experience. "The outworkers' prices," stated a Union official in 1893, "are, on the whole, 40 per cent. less than those paid in factories. Nevertheless, we got the outworkers' list at one time almost up to the level of the factory list, and we have had women's rates, at a time when they were well organised, higher than the Trade Board rates. But they soon dropped out of the Union, and the rates fell at once." The quotation is from Mr. Tawney's book, and it does not justify any undue optimism concerning the "impetus given to Trade Unionism" by the work of the Trade Board.

The appeal to experience, then, does not seem to have altered any of the merely theoretical conclusions of such persons as Professor Pigou. No unemployment seems to have followed the decrease in the price paid for chain by the purchaser [the price has risen 30.8 per cent., wages have risen 49 per cent.], partly by an improvement in the quality of the chain made, partly by a reduction in the profits of the shop-owner or middlemen, partly, but only to a small extent, by the introduction of electric-welding machinery." All these effects of the minimum wage were known before, and if anything else to tell us, a series of monographs, of which this is the first, on the working of the Trade Boards, is only an unnecessary multiplication of the documents necessary to economic history and theory. A. E. R.
tion. With this object, the censor may pronounce a decree of abolition against whatever he feels to be bad, and also he may suspend for a term of months or, if necessary, of years, all works which, though perhaps worthy and even admirable in themselves, have been rendered stale and unprofitable by over-performance. For nothing, not even neglect, is so harmful to a musical composition, its performers and its audience, as over-performance. Habit, it is well known, dulls the powers will not be destructive but creative on, if there be no response to the suggestions, surgery will be practised solely with a view to the public change of air is badly needed, and of their thick, heavy orchestration and opaque emotions delssohn's, Tchaikowski's, and Saint-Saens' violin concerto, and set to work, first on orchestral works. Mendelssohn's, Tchaikowski's, and Saens' violin concertos, and Tchaikowski's and Schumann's pianoforte concertos will instantly be bound over to hold their peace for ten years. The two latter, whatever their merits or demerits, have been sufficiently heard this season to surfeit the most ardent admirer. Then, with the best intention in the world, he will give Brahms's symphonies in three years' bloc, then fall with a howl of glee upon the opera. Though he will hate to disoblige Madame Tetrazzini, yet with his immortality in the immense influence which he and his works have had on other composers, for even if he was ever really alive, which is doubtful he died years and years ago. And he will be saying good-bye, too, I fear, to dear Verdi, except possibly in his latest phase. And we shall be saying good-bye, too, if they didn't mind.尚有其他作品，如Rubenstein的Melody in F, Elgar's Salut d'Amour, Gounod's Ave Maria, Saint-Saens's Le Cygne, Godard's Berceuse donuble ally wrote them. Among these are Rubenstein's unpar-

ful music which have a peculiarity uniting them in a single class, namely, that they have been adapted for every conceivable solo instrument, and in some cases for every variety of voice to boot, so that even their composers themselves have probably forgotten long since in what form they originally wrote them. Among these are Rubenstein's unpar-
donable Melody in F, Zigr's Salut d'Amour, Gounod's Ave Maria, Saint-Saens's Le Cygne, Godard's Berceuse de Jocelyn. Such pieces, of course, have been run to death at three, six, or eight times the customary speed, according to the variety of their adaptations. Some of them, like Rubenstein's Melody and Salut d'Amour, were worthless to begin with, the rest have long ago become so perforce of vain repetition. Adaptations of this sort will be treated as criminal offences under the new censorship and so also will be the pianoforte transcription. Special rules will provide for exceptional circumstances, for our censorship (whose object is creative) will be carefully guarded against bigotry and stagnation.

Such, roughly, is the scheme which I have sketched. I propose to publish it shortly in the form of a blue book, to be had of the author, price 10s. 6d. What remains of the profits, after they have provided him with a Bechstein Grand, will go to the formation of a Society for the Suppression of Musical Chestnuts. It is a great ideal, and it will need great men and women to fulfil it. Ten years hence, probably, of how towards the future, I hear strains of fresh and inspiring harmony—strains of the young, the pioneers, who are ever penetrating to richer and subtler heights of musical expression; and, no less, strains of the elder masters, vivified and rejuvenated by judicious periods of repose and by contact with all the forces of evolving life, till compositions which custom has degraded into little more than an incubus and an indigestion to us, radiate once again their ancient beauty.

One word more. Let me say that I shall be charmed to name (with a becoming modesty) the person who of all others is most fitted to fill the new post.
Pastiche,

IMPRESSIONS DE PARIS—X.

It is all over. I’m finished. I’ve been to the Louvre. I only meant to pretend to go. I never dreamed that the door would be open. No door has ever before been open when I have turned up. But it was one of the Days. Farewell, reader! I bought a guide—within half an hour I had bought a guide. It cost a franc, or five francs—I don’t know. I can only vow to have been surprised at its cheapness. Heaven help me! I can only vow to have been surprised at its cheapness. Heaven help me! I don’t know.

The indignant heavens frowned upon my lot; Defaming rumours in the place of praise.

But with elements of air

The losers multiplied as do the days.

And byway walks where Once he used the main

On the other hand, I was not prepared for the confusion and excitement. The crowds were dense, and the place was a hive of activity. I had expected a peaceful stroll, but I was soon caught up in the throng. I was bewildered and disoriented, but I persevered. I was determined to see the sights, regardless of the challenges.

The indignant heavens frowned upon my lot; Defaming rumours in the place of praise.

Star children grouped in eager haste and spun

And the chiefest of my blisses

A golden ray from their great King, the Sun,

Is her constant rain of kisses.

Our sphere—making of mind earth-beauty’s eye.

The country he set out to seek,

My mother earth is dear to me,

Aft at night, a moonlight ride,

The chiefest of my blisses

When you ruffle through deep-sea dangers,

My soul a gusty forest is,

When poets, far withdrawn from the world’s din,

My soul a gusty forest is,

My eyes had turned away, beholding pain,

And in the midst

My soul a gusty forest is,

The very need my want fulfil,

The very need my want fulfil,

I only meant to pretend to go. I never dreamed that the door would be open. No door has ever before been open when I have turned up. But it was one of the Days. Farewell, reader! I bought a guide—within half an hour I had bought a guide. It cost a franc, or five francs—I don’t know. I can only vow to have been surprised at its cheapness. Heaven help me! I don’t know.


did you ever do me an injury?

My passions are the trees that edge

Men who of malice prepense annoy,

Lipton floats in a yacht on the ocean

Of beauties that before him lie,

Lipton floats in a yacht on the ocean

You will never expose to strife

Lipton floats in a yacht on the ocean

There was in solitude a majesty,

And in the midst

There was in solitude a majesty,

Poems.

By Charles Granville.

My weary feet had left the dusty ways

But not with contempt and pride of fools,

My weary feet had left the dusty ways

When the eternal mind, revolving all,

The sweats—the sighs and tears—

The indignant heavens frowned upon my lot; Defaming rumours in the place of praise.

So the sweats—the sighs and tears—

It is all over. I’m finished. I’ve been to the Louvre.

And the chiefest of my blisses

So the sweats—the sighs and tears—

To roll them back in drenching showers

To roll them back in drenching showers

When the eternal mind, revolving all,

Of the grief of many years

When the eternal mind, revolving all,

Princes, twiddle your fingers and pocket

Princes, twiddle your fingers and pocket

My soul a gusty forest is,

Princes, twiddle your fingers and pocket

And the chiefest of my blisses

Princes, twiddle your fingers and pocket

My soul a gusty forest is,

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My soul a gusty forest is,

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Princes, twiddle your fingers and pocket

When the eternal mind, revolving all,
MORE CONTEMPORARIES.

BY C. E. BIRCHFORD

(10) Blast.

BLAST GRAMMAR, BLESS CLICHÉ.
BLAST SPELLING, BLESS BIG PRINT.
BLAST REASON, BLESS BLOOD.
BLAST SPIRIT, BLESS SHIT, SO.
BLAST THE NEW AGE. BLESS WYNDY LEWIS.

POEMS BY EZRA POUND.
A POEM OF MILTON.
I give it the once-over. LAUGHTER.

This is the straight dope. Give. "I am a lion. Look at me. Esto perpetua."

Shafts, entangling icy sunlight. Mouth opens of pro-
servant brought in a tray with whisky, syphons, and
skewers, he went back to bed, and she was there. Next
I am a lion. Look at me. Esto perpetua."

Heathen, defeated, grovelling."

Immobile gallops. Incredulous full-speed stoppages,
leaves impression with me. Come, pervert, coward, antediluvian."

Tumified flesh. Shock of impact. Leaves impression
according to most approved methods controversy

You橡胶neck, roughneck, redneck, lowbrow, pissing,
shortskate, tenhorn, four-flushing mutt. Ha. I
laugh, monkeying with the junk. Pardon me.
This is the straight dope! We have the Goods, you
rummy, wagging, agglutinous punk wop, Dante.
I roar.

I am a lion. Look at me. Esto perpetua.

THE CURTAIN FALLS.
ATTENTION, BARRY MARVELLING.
THE PLAY IS OVER.
SENSATIONAL SUCCESS.

THE NEW TRANSPORT COMPANY.

SITR,—I am not sure about the etiquette of controversy,
but, as Mr. A. W. Gattie has said nothing to make the
writer of "Notes of the Week" change his opinion, and
his last letter was left, as desired to be, without a
reply, I hope that I may intervene without appearing to
be rude. Your original remark was to the effect that the
economies proposed by the New Transport Company must
lead to a reduction of the number of railway staffs. To
this, Mr. Gattie replied that the tonnage transported
would be greatly increased, and that the number of men
employed thereby would not be diminished. This was a
commission of the principle of your argument that the intro-
duction of economies must mean a reduction in the amount
of labour employed, other things being equal. The issue
is only evaded by relying on the increase of tonnage transported; but Mr. Gattie went even further in his latest confirmation that what
asserted that the same number of men "could do the
whole of the work, and would continue to handle the
increased tonnage as greater and greater economies were
made by the building of the requisite number of Clearing
Houses." This assertion confirms beyond dispute your
argument that, relatively to the volume of traffic, the
introduction of Mr. Gattie's proposed economies must
mean a reduction in the number of men employed. Up
to this point, you have admitted that Mr. Gattie's
proposals will effect the economies that he declares they
will, and he has admitted that there will be a decrease
in the amount of human labour employed, proportionate
to the increase of tonnage and the introduction of
machinery.

There, I think, you may and will leave Mr. Gattie;
but his letter in your last issue goes beyond the original
ground of dispute. The mantle of the Insurmountable
seems to have fallen upon the Railway Clearing Houses; Mr. Gattie's letter reads like another proclamation of
the coming of the Kingdom of God. The building
will be stimulated; the poor will have better houses
to live in; crime will decrease; the nation's wages will
be increased; agriculture will be stimulated; and, once,
again, a continuation of your original argument,
will be less anxious to leave the land to work for the rail-
ways for 2/5d. per hour. Railway dividends will be
increased, and the shareholders will be so pleased with
this result that they will provide the capital necessary
for building more Clearing Houses, when the whole pro-
cess of prosperity will begin again. Why? Because
"waste cannot possibly benefit anyone, and it must injure
the poor more than anyone else."

What this phrase means exactly, I do not pretend to
know. One of Mr. Gattie's chief arguments, in this con-
nection, is that the efficiency of the locomotive is wasted
by using it for shunting purposes, and he proposes gen-
eral abolishing shunting altogether, for the purpose
of proper business of hauling. Let us grant that this will
be a more economical use of the locomotive; how will it
abolish the wages of the engine-driver? He replies that
the waste cannot possibly benefit anyone, and it must injure
the poorly more than anyone else."

"To-day the day of prosperity will begin again. Why?
because, according to Mr. Gattie's estimate, 75
per cent. of the activity of the locomotive is now wasted
in shunting, the abolition of this waste will add value
to the work of the engine-driver? The fact that
his time will be more profitably employed may make his
employers rejoice, purely and simply because they will
be making more profit from his labour; but its effect on
wages will be nil. The wage-earners are not asked to
share the prosperity of their employers, and, in the case
of the railways, there are so many shareholders hungry
for dividends that Mr. Gattie's economies, for a few years
at least, will do no more than satisfy them. Taking the
ordinary stock of the railways of the United Kingdom,
there are £60,000,000 on which no dividend is being
paid, £13,000,000 on which the dividend does not exceed 1
per cent., £20,000,000 on which the dividend is between 1
and 2 per cent., and £35,000,000 on which the dividend
is between 2 and 3 per cent. To raise the dividends on
this £26,000,000 of ordinary stock to 5 per cent. would
require about £7,000,000. It is the equivalent of about
one-sixth of the total paid-up capital of the rail-
ways in the United Kingdom. The other shareholders
would be glad to receive a little more in dividends, and
I can only see the results of Mr. Gattie's economies ben-
efiting the shareholders.

The fact is, of course, that it is impossible to make an
improvement in production, distribution, or exchange,
without injuring the wage-earners. Mr. Gattie knows
this, for he says in his last letter that "an enormous
amount of poorly productive energy is now absorbed in
directing railways. Would, in the energy of a system of cheap
transport, find a ready and rich
market?" Could it? The irritation of any large number of
labourers into other industries (you will notice that Mr.
Gattie here contemplates a reduction in the number of
railway workers) must tend to reduce wages in those indus-
tries; and the poor will discover that it is not what Mr.
Gattie calls to be "the man's" interest, but that they did not
want anything else. For the simple fact about the wage
system is that it necessarily limits the purchasing power
of the people; it renders the factory article, food, or
consumption; the introduction of machinery is the
beginning of the supersession of human labour (Mr.
Gattie's own proposals include "mechanized sorting") and
wage-earners displaced by automatic processes are not
paid wages. The fact may be strange to Mr. Gattie, but
paid in wages." When Mr. Dent said this, he was not
calling anyone's figures in question, as Mr. Gattie
suggests; he was simply expressing the practical opinion
of a man who is not ignorant of, and is not concerned to
deny, the economies of the wage system.

A NATIONAL GUILDSMAN.

AUSTRIA AND SERVIA.

Sir,—I regret what is no doubt my stupidity, but I am
sorry to see in Mr. Suthers's remarks puzzling. I never
suggested that the Servians as a nation had become
temporarily insane, though I certainly did suggest, and
still maintain, that Servian students, minor poets, and
the more men in the country, no

Suthers, I shall, with your permission, reply to his
points, just mistakes—according to Mr. Suthers. If
article published on July 10.

Mr. Suthers implies that all the workers need do is to
refuse to obey unwelcome legislation. What vision! Let me
say that Socialism will not come merely by resisting
oppressive legislation: there has got to be some solid
constructive work also.

I thought "National Guilds" clearly marked the limits of
both industrial and political spheres. Yet the "Clarion"
readers are authoritatively informed that Mr. Suthers
"thought political work to be possible measures. Even when allowance is made for

Mr. Suthers fathers on Guildsmen the assertion that
"economic power resides solely in capital." Whose is the
"gross mis-statements" of capital? The French workers
refuse to obey a law they did not approve; they used monopoly power.

Our critic contends that it is immaterial whether Socialism comes by
American methods or by her plans for the incorporation of Northern Albania in
Austria showing any signs of abandoning her subject
races, she is rather taking steps to add to their number

My criticism was that Austria should abandon her
control over the orthodox Serbs and Romanians, and
appeal instead to the Catholic Serbs, is not a new
proposal and has already been considered by many Austrian
statesmen. Their belief is—they may be right or wrong,
but I state the fact—that religious influence is much stronger
than religious influence, and that, if they abandon the
orthodox Serbs, they must abandon likewise the Catholic
Serbs. And certainly no Austrian statesman of my per-
sonal or hearsay acquaintance would admit that the
future of the Hapsburgs lay only in Poland. Far from
orthodox Serbs, they must abandon likewise the Catholic
politics, but no real democracy in industry. Socialism
via Westminster is too prone to concentrate on distribu-
tion, leaving the problem of production unsolved. The
latter, however, is the initial problem: once it is settled
the problem of distribution will become much easier of
solution.

Pursuing the illustration of the French Insurance Act,
Mr. Suthers implies that all the workers need do is to
refuse to obey unwelcome legislation. What vision! Let me
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both industrial and political spheres. Yet the "Clarion"
readers are authoritatively informed that Mr. Suthers
"thought political work to be
to luxuriate in the possession of a soul; every man's hand is against me, as a friend of mine said when he had his false teeth knocked out by a tramcar.

Now, setting myself in my financial position to the world, I am assured that I shall enlist your sympathy. If I have not yet touched those tender chords of compassion in all you of my kind, it may be; but the volume of Shakespeare is still in pawn, and I have heard certain rumors about my water being cut off. I cannot afford the twopenny.

You can't get blood out of a stone, nor the twopence. I had intended to write on wages and pay and status, but I cannot. This morning I saw a little girl going to work on crutches, and I miss seeing her go to the same place with her legs in iron, and I feel rather sick.

**THE INSURANCE ACT.**

Sirs,—Mr. J. M. Kennedy is mistakenly anxious to satisfy himself that he and the other members of his "very small but expert committee" have gone up to Mount Sinai and brought back a new revelation in the form of a Voluntary Insurance Bill.

The principles of the Bill have been expounded at various times during the last two years by Mr. Bell, the Insurance Tax Resisters' Association, and the "New Witness."

Eighteen months ago the Tax Resisters prepared a comprehensive memorandum setting out a voluntary insurance scheme and giving detailed estimates of the cost and the scope. The expert committee appears to have avoided this difficult point. In November, 1913, the "New Witness" wrote thus: "Eliminate the employer. Take from him the odium, and from his workers the humiliation, of the poll-tax collected by a master from his serfs. Let the genuine working class Friendly Societies (not including the Prudential) perform the necessary function of collecting subscriptions and distributing benefits. And let the State add a pound for every pound collected, so that benefits be made.

It is to be hoped that this accurate forecast of the provisions of the new Voluntary Insurance Bill will convince Mr. Kennedy that there is little fun and no profit to be gained from a wrangle as to the parentage of State-Aided Insurance.

When the Poll-Tax has been broken, it will be time enough to dole out the laurels! As for the technical or expert side of the Bill, that is another matter.

In conclusion, I would suggest that the phrase "employer's license" should be dropped. It is open to technical or expert side. If I am not mistaken, the Bill will proceed to reveal his innermost motives; starting with a total ignorance of an opponent it proceeds to an independent thinker to an ass because he refuses to argue for is that if a concession is to be made, it should be a generous bona fide one without the time limit, a concession as a painful as necessary precaution; but here, again—for Rip Van Peter Fanning Winkle was apparently in the sleep of America—I may add that the sentiment is practically that of John Redmond if I wished to defend myself in Peter Fanning's eyes by swallowing the parental word. All I have argued for is that if a concession is to be made, it should be a generous bona fide one without the time limit, a concession in which time has borne me out.

As to what he likes to call my attacks, discounted before made, against the official party, I expect that is what the modern brain would call merely a qualified statement, possibly a phrase of continental origin that it is open to elec-

The mountains of his invective have been in child-birth, and lo! a ridiculous wee mouse.

Sir,—I see that ancient piece of antiquity has galvanised itself into life again—it's rather uncommon, for this time it talks not like the Heavy Father, but actually like Rip Van Winkle—and the older it gets the less venerable it appears to become.

This last letter might be called a climb down—by kind-hearted people—to me it looks like a wollop! Not the funny letter which was supposed to have swept me out of existence, as an ignorant, unstable, verbale, illogical, lying, impertinent, self-seeking youngster—was written in America—by one who not only had never heard of me before, but had no idea that the word does not mark as it were the "Amen" of my whole life work, whereas anybody who knew Catholicism as Peter Fanning professors would recognise the same as Newman's when dealing with Kingsley's logic in the very preface to the Apologia.

With regard to the exclusion of Ulster, no one not even Sir Edward Cardwell, who has spoken upon it as an ideal has come forward to make it as a painful as necessary precaution; but here, again—for Rip Van Peter Fanning Winkle was apparently in the sleep of America—I may add that the sentiment is practically that of John Redmond if I wished to defend myself in Peter Fanning's eyes by swallowing the parental word. All I have argued for is that if a concession is to be made, it should be a generous bona fide one without the time limit, a concession in which time has borne me out.

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As to what he likes to call my attacks, discounted before made, against the official party, I expect that is what the modern brain would call merely a qualified statement, possibly a phrase of continental origin that it is open to elec-

The mountains of his invective have been in child-birth, and lo! a ridiculous wee mouse.

Sir,—I see that ancient piece of antiquity has galvanised itself into life again—it's rather uncommon, for this time it talks not like the Heavy Father, but actually like Rip Van Winkle—and the older it gets the less venerable it appears to become.

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being taken by Carlingford Lough. Fortunately, the real Carlingford Lough—the one lying between Down and Louth, in Ireland—has us. Of course, statistics may be better done than the geography, but...—Leighton J. Warnock.

**"THE NEW AGE" AND THE PRESS.**

Sirs.—Mr. G. W. Russell's paper, the "Irish Homestead," has a reference to "THE NEW AGE" as the "most profound contemporary attempt upon economic problems," and agrees with your indictment of social reform as the path to the Servile State. The "Irish Volunteer," too, the paper of the National Volunteer, has a quotation from some of "Ronney's" most striking letters in the "Daily Telegraph" of Lucknow from the Rev. W. Warwick, quoting your notes. The "Guild Catechism" commission, been reported in the "Prudential Staff Gazette," where there is also a letter, signed "For the Guild," showing that there can be no more excuse for ignorance of that subject. There is an article on the Guilds by Mr. M. B. Reckitt in the "Church Socialist" for July, wherein the writer shows that only by the Guilds can man become master of the machine, and not its servant. He sums up well with the words, "Creation without control is impossible—control without creation is incomplete." I notice also from this magazine that a meeting of the Church Socialist League is to be held at the Food Reform Restaurant, Holborn, on July 31, at which Mr. Reckitt will speak on that "definitely advocated, and a part of its propaganda, the idea that the organisation of industry in National Guilds is preferable to direct employment of labour by the State." A speaker at the Catholic Congress at Cardiff mentioned "Guild Socialism" in the company of Collectivism, Syndicalism, and the rest of its poor relations, and declared that Catholicism was "in total and unqualified opposition" to the lot of them. The "Yorkshire Evening Post" quotes not THE NEW AGE, Mr. Holbrook Jackson tells us wrong where we thought we were right." There is, Sir,--Mr. G. W. Russell's paper, the "Irish Homestead," has a reference to "THE NEW AGE" as the "most profound contemporary attempt upon economic problems," and agrees with your indictment of social reform as the path to the Servile State. 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Chesterton is called a "maudlin, dribbling swain,"" we all of us know how intensely human is Futurist art, so this article would not be worth mentioning were it not for the fact that it is a reply to what the guzzler calls a "biting satire" by G. K. Chesterton. The poor, deluded Mr. Chesterton, it seems, has been offering to put on a false nose and act as Master of the Ceremonies in a Futurist carnival. Mr. Lewis will not have Mr. Chesterton with or without a nose, and calls him a giant "issuing from his mid-Victorian Bab-ballad cave," and also accuses him of "dialectical ogling." We will set aside the facts of that false nose and act as Master of the Ceremonies in a Futurist carnival. Mr. Lewis will not have Mr. Chesterton with or without a nose, and calls him a giant "issuing from his mid-Victorian Bab-ballad cave," and also accuses him of "dialectical ogling." We will set aside the facts of that false nose and act as Master of the Ceremonies in a Futurist carnival. 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