NOTES OF THE WEEK.

On a situation which is changing from moment to moment it is not possible usefully to comment at great length in a weekly journal. But while our special concern is with the proletariat of our own country, it cannot be a matter of indifference to us what the fate of our own country itself may be. Too light a view already has been taken, in our opinion, by Socialists and Democrats, of the standing and future of England—as if these were of small account to themselves and their clients. On the contrary, they appear to us of the highest moment, since it is England, above all countries in the world, that is destined by Providence to form the nidus of the system that shall supplant the abominable wage-system. From this point of view we think it no shame to Socialists and Democrats to put patriotism to-day before their own particular propaganda; for the ultimate success of the latter depends upon the reality of the former. Without a country, without it would even say, a great and a leading country, the experiment of transforming the wage-system would either not be possible or only, as it were, in a corner and not upon a hill. We believe, however, in England. We believe that England is necessary to Socialism, as Socialism is necessary to the world. And we are therefore not at all disposed to cut ourselves adrift from the main current of the national life at this moment.

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We shall not attempt to trace the steps that have led to the present European situation, or endeavour to fix the final responsibility. History, long years hence, will alone be in a position accurately to calculate and value these things. It must be enough for us to seize as fully as we can and to weigh as fairly as we can the evidence under our hands. In a rough way a nation, when it has no aggressive intentions, does, we think, arrive at a working truth; and since, in the present instance, no country in the world accuses England of aggressive designs, we may flatter ourselves that public opinion, for once, is disposed to judge justly. And what is its conclusion? Without a doubt that it is primarily to Germany that we owe the threatened Armageddon. Attempts, we see, have been made and were continued even to so late an hour as Monday morning to find excuses for Germany, and to credit her military oligarchy with desiring peace. But the cheering at the National Liberal Club that greeted Sir Edward Grey’s announcement of the mobilisation of the Navy and the Army against Germany dissipated the last doubts that public opinion might entertain of the nature of our common European enemy. Henceforward and until events necessitate (as they well may) a reconsideration of European values, it is Germany that must rank as the breaker of the peace of civilised Europe and the chief author of all the suffering and cost which its three hundred millions of people must look to endure.

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At successive points in the chain of events that began with the presentation of Austria’s ultimatum to Servia, each of the chief Powers of Europe was called upon to make a decision of immeasurable importance. First Germany was compelled to declare her intentions, then in swift succession Russia and France. At the moment of writing the decision lies with England. With the decisions of the Continental Powers it is useless now for us to concern ourselves. It is conceivable that Russia was wrong in supporting Servia; it is again conceivable that France has been wrong in supporting Russia. But these decisions have been made, and it is not upon a blank sheet that England must write her name, but upon a sheet already covered with articles and signatures. Nor is it of much use at this stage to question the wisdom of England’s intervention in one form or another. We are bound to intervene, if not actively, then by a neutrality that would, in itself, be almost as decisive an act as war.
Nothing, in fact, can unknit us from our tie with the Continent, and nothing that occurs upon the Continent can be a matter of indifference to us. To talk, as a few journalists did last week, of wrapping ourselves in our mantle of sea and going to sleep, while the Continent was recasting the map of Europe, is more folly. For England is as much a Continental Power as France or Germany; and as such she can escape none of the obligations of her position.

Assuming, however, both England's right and England's duty and necessity to intervene, the form of her intervention is no less important than the time, and the time no less important than the manner and degree. According to Lord Northcliffe and Mr. J. L. Garvin, there should be no consideration of these things, but England should plunge in head foremost and become a principal where perhaps her best plan is to remain an auxiliary, and a spent force when perhaps wisdom would dictate to her a reserve. In reply to this we may urge, first of all, that England cannot, even if she should, attempt to play the almighty policeman of Europe. Other nations have their privileges as well as their responsibilities, and it would ill become England to have her knuckles rapped by Russia and France for snatching their chestnuts out of the fire. Again, service enough as far as they are still more serious foes for France and for Russia. Are we for less serious prospects than theirs to exert ourselves more than they? Let it be granted that in the end we must, if we must sink or swim with them—it is still not incumbent upon us to plunge in with both feet merely because they must. We have, in fact, a choice in the manner of our collusion with them which they have not in the manner of their reply to Germany; and it is as much our duty to consider that choice in our joint interests as it is finally to make it.

As acknowledged judges of honour, Lord Northcliffe and Mr. Garvin are naturally very concerned about our international reputation. Both assume, in the face of Sir Edward Grey's most explicit denial, that England is bound to France by promise as well as by interest, we hope, assume that the liability of this country was not in the manner of their reply to Germany; and Mr. Garvin are naturally very concerned about our position.

Europe threatened by the ambition of Germany to form a hegemony. Beyond this object we cannot think what end the instrument of understanding could be designed to serve; and nor can the "Triple Entente," for the simple reason that there is no other. But this object at the same time limits the scope of the agreement—thereby excluding wild-cat measures in fulfilment of it—and in a measure dictates both the time and the degree of our intervention on behalf of France. Just, in fact, to the extent that the Balance of Power in Europe is threatened by Germany are we committed to the support of France in preserving it: so far and no farther. And only at such a time as in our judgment that Balance is threatened are we bound to come to the assistance of France. On no other terms, we again say, dare any Foreign Minister frame an agreement for us. But now let us suppose that, having intervened with France and in pursuit of our immediate object of moderating the ambition of Germany, we should have intervened with our last shilling, our last man and our last shilling, as the Carnelettes wish. We are patriotic enough to suppose that it would be with absolutely crushing effect upon Germany, who would be left penniless and in debt, without a navy, without a colony, without a friend. And properly punished, too, we can hear Mr. Garvin saying! But wait a moment—what then becomes of the threatened hegemony of Europe and the preservation of the Balance of Power—since in place of Prussia we should then have put—Russia. It will not seem, in short, if we are to follow Mr. Garvin's advice, that our instrument with France, intended to save us from the predominance of Germany, must establish the predominance of Russia. The very object for which we entered into the agreement is defeated by the means of carrying it out! No, it is not honour alone, in Mr. Garvin's sense, that we must have in view in fulfilling our promise to France, but the purpose of the promises themselves. Hence it is with both eyes wide open that we must intervene, and interested we must. One eye must see that we behave honourably to France; the other must see that in disestablishing Germany we do not establish Russia. Quite possibly, as we have hinted, our policy may require an agreement with Germany even before the war is completely at an end. Russia is not quite so fond of Western Europe as Western Europe has been in legitimate fear of Germany.

We have deliberately refrained from contemplating the horrors of a European shambles; and we shall continue to do so. If the mass of the peoples, non-Socialist no less than Socialist, have not yet realised that war is hell, we cannot teach them. Nor can we do more than point to their systems of government, especially in the autocratic countries of Europe, if they complain that they have no voice in the matter. Voice! They are many; the oligarchies are few. It remains for them to establish democracies and have done with dictators. Some movement, in fact, towards this may fairly be expected as a result of the present war, be it other effects what they may. It is not to be supposed that forms of government, already obsolete in theory, should be permitted to continue in practice, when it is seen that they can, by the decision of a few individuals, merge to a Continent in blood. For it is not now, as formerly it was, the case that any nation in so close a federation as that of Europe can be at war without involving all the rest. More and more, in fact, as commerce spreads away, nations are locked with nation, so that not one can stir violently without threatening the world. Under such circumstances it will not be, as now, that the form of government, or even the internal conditions of any country, are matters of only academic interest. As Pitt saw in the spread of French revolutionary principles a menace to England through Europe, we
shall see in the retention of autocracies a menace to the world. Costly as the experience necessary to establish popular faith in this may be, perhaps the war we now upon will give us it. In that event, Germany, Austria, and Russia may look to their peoples for civil revolutions immediately following the war.

Another satisfactory reflection in the midst of our disaster is that the war is likely to dispose of the great German lie—the affirmation maintained by Germany, since the days of the brute Biar, that force is the final arbiter of the world. Long after the rest of civilised Europe had at least qualified the doctrine of Force by requiring Right to accompany it, Germany revived for herself the ancient and bloody doctrine with no qualification whatever. By thus becoming the mad Sufra of Europe, Germany really acquired the prestige of the man who at a peaceful meeting should go about with a loaded revolver. It was not, and for years it has not been, respect that Europe has accorded Germany. Nor, on the other hand, has it been exactly fear. While Ger-

man, Nietzschean before Nietzsche, was piling armament upon armament and calling upon the God of Battles to be with her, the rest of Europe, in a state of resigned disgust, prepared slowly for the inevitable deliv-

er of the whole world. Of all the nations opposed to her, only Russia can even be suspected of desiring war. France certainly does not. Italy has altogether refused. England has hesitated until the twelfth hour. And not only the whole of Europe. Of all the nations opposed to her, it is more in sorrow than in anger that Germany is to be fought. When a nation has sunk so low in the philo-

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Not too great disappointment must be felt by the workmen's International movement that they have not been able to prevent the war. Other and even more powerful international forces have likewise failed. La haute finance, that supposedly paramount power of the world, has failed, as far as we can learn, no influence in making the war, and next to none in attempting to stop it. The pacifists, likewise, who imagined themselves to have grown to some stature (as we confess we did too) have failed no less than Finance and the work-

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Current Cant.

"The real George Bernard Shaw."—Cecil Chesterton in "T.P.'s Weekly."

"The knowledge of our civilisation embraces the world, we have mastered the elements."—Gaudier Brzeska.

"The picture palace is a very delightful form of amuse-

ment."—Sir Henry Herbert, M.P.

"£20 a month for operating . . . "—"Clарion"

(ADVERTISEMENT.)

"Mr. Robert Hichens will tell you that to prepare himself for the brilliant work he has done, and is doing, he attended a school of journalism."—"Everyman."

"Sylvia Pinkhurst—a militant who has become a feminine William Morris."—"T.P.'s Weekly."

"Grecian beauty is returning."—"The Star."

"A boom on the Stock Exchange is coming."—"Daily Citizen."

"Since man has arisen to take charge of the world, Justice and Mercy have marked his dealings with men."—H. Dr. Verk Stockpole.

"Formal structure of democracy . . . Liberal conception . . . State . . . will of the people."—"The Nation."

"Will the Bishop of London urge upon his clergy throughout the diocese that in the building of every church, mission-room, or institute a £2 wage clause be inserted and acted upon? This will reply to the accusa-

"No fashion has ever been uglier."—Mortimer Menpes.

"How much should a husband and wife expect of each other?"—"Daily Telegraph."

"Women have thrown off the shackles."—"Heath and Home."

"To appear at the Opera suitably gowned is the Sea-

son's supreme test for the smart woman."—"Vanity Fair."

"Don't miss this week's 'Ideas.' Ask your Picture Palace manager to show the film. You can get double pleasure through the serial, because you can read the adventures in 'Ideas'—then see them in the Moving Pictures."—"Ideas."

"I have often pondered over the truth of what a pretty woman once long ago said lightly in my hearing. 'The fashion is always beautiful.'"—Filson Young.

"Carpenter strips . . . I see the splendid beauty of a youth's body . . . I lean forward shaking . . . a woman sob . . . ."—Olive Walsley in the "Daily Mail."

"Unless the majority of us were determined to do the right thing, civilisation could not hold together. . . . What, then, is the Right thing? My reply is, it all de-

pends."—Holbrook Jackson.

"For laughing in a Birmingham factory because a girl fell off her stool, five girls were fined 3d. each."—"Public Opinion."

"It's name which one envies Mrs. Sidney Webb—could anything be more deliciously tender than 'The Littlest One.' . . . Here is a tender bit . . . Here is a pretty one." Mrs. Katharine Tunan in the "Bookman."

"My W. L. George is nothing if not a man of strong convictions, high sociological ideas and powerful, far-reach-

ing thought."—M. H. H. Macartney in the "Book-

man."

"Mrs. Violet Jacob, whom we know as a very good novelist, has, like other novelists, a regard for verse."—"Daily Chronicle."
Foreign Affairs.

By S. Verdaz.

The exigencies of holidays make it necessary for these Notes to be written on Thursday, and I admit that at the time of writing them the prospects of peace have almost vanished. There is war enthusiasm in Austria and German-ruled Servia or Slav race have already won over the Servians, France and Russia are "taking steps," and a partial Russian mobilisation is reported. A more serious report is the statement that Germany has sent an ultimatum to Russia asking for an explanation, with the demand that one shall be furnished within twenty-four hours. Even certain British Territorial Reserves have been called up, and the Navy is in readiness.

I believe it to be quite possible that the scene of hostilities may become wider; but I have no belief in what journalists love to call a general European conflagration lasting for an indefinite period. And even if a widespread war resulted, we stand to lose less in consequence of it (barring the United States) than any other Power in the world. Certainly, unless our military, naval, financial, and political leadership is a marvel of incompetence, we stand to lose much less than any other Power actually concerned in the fighting. Let me emphasise once again the greater and the minor issue. The minor issue is the position as between Austria and Servia. As I have stated, no Power in Austria's position could possibly have continued to tolerate the pin-pricks of an illiterate and inferior Slav race. The breaking-point had to come sooner or later, and an Austrian expedition was inevitable.

It was equally inevitable that the wider aspect of the whole question should at once follow. Russia, as the traditional protectress of the Slavs, had to interfere or lose caste for ever. She made preliminary arrangements for mobilisation and entered into negotiations with Vienna. These negotiations failed, as did Sir Edward Grey's proposals for a four-Power Conference. France being the ally of Russia, and Germany being the ally of Austria, preparations for war on the part of these two Powers at once followed. Their aid may be needed. The conflict has spread from a little dispute between Austria and Servia to the long-expected racial conflict between Slav and Teuton.

In this case I am on the side of the Slavs plus the Latins. My firm belief is that this combination is a more natural one for us than an alliance with the Teutons. It would be hopeless for me or any one else to try to explain in a few pages why we are more closely allied to the Slavs and the Latins than to the Germanic races. It is bad enough to try to refute the innumerable misrepresentations which the Liberal newspapers have continually raised because we have entered into an agreement with Russia. Only the other day, for example, the "Daily News" spoke of the Russian as the most barbaric Government in Europe. Now, what earthly ground are there for speaking of a friendly nation in that way? The principles of government in Russia are as different from ours as the forms of administration obtaining among the Chinese; but that is not to say that they are less beneficial. Now and then the harsh treatment meted out to a political prisoner makes the cocoa Press foam at the mouth. But that is not typical of Russia; and there are other things much more typical, to be looked for in the villages rather than in the political centres. The Russian language is the greatest difficulty in the way of our understanding the people; but even now educational authorities in Germany and France are saying that in another generation a knowledge of Russian will be as important as a knowledge of English and German is now to scholars and even business men. The Russians, unless I am very much in error, are gradually realising that their Slav culture is more humane, more spiritual, more idealistic (in the best sense) than that of the Germans; and they will insist that people who wish to appreciate it fully must learn their language. At present Russian business men speak and write German as much as the upper classes speak and write French and English; but this is a state of things which is not at all likely to last for ever.

This is not saying that because Slav culture is what it is, Servia must be crushed up spiritually against Austria. As the Serbs and Bulgars are among the most backward and least cultured of the Slav peoples, so are the Austrians and South Germans the most cultured of the Teutonic nations. To cross from Servia into Hungary is to. return to the more immediate point, what seems to me to be more significant than anything else at the present moment is the silence in the Press here, and in Germany and France, regarding the attitude to be taken up by Italy. I have made special inquiries on this point, and have found that, as I definitely stated some time ago would be the case at a time of crisis, the support of Italy is not worth the toss of a coin. Germany and Austria may be depended upon to stick to one another through good or bad fortune. Italy will wait to see which way the tide of victory proposes to flow, and then she will make overtures to the winning side (if the winning side should happen to be the Triple Entente) and make her way at the same time across the Adriatic to Vallona Bay.

Again, let me say that unless we are utterly incomprehensible we should lose nothing by this war. I am not speaking merely of material things. I maintain that we ought to add to our prestige and political power if hostilities spread throughout Europe. It is well known that Austria made her move now only because of the recent assassination. It was not intended to proceed against Servia by force of arms for another couple of years, in order to give Germany time to reorganise her new large army and to add to the strength and efficiency of her fleet. It is true that France and Russia were not exactly prepared to fight; but they were at a greater disadvantage at the critical moment than was Germany herself, and even Austria. The deciding factor at the moment is the British Fleet, and a bold use of the Fleet at this juncture would avert any kind of panic. If there be a war the German coast will have to be blockaded in any case; and they might as well have been blockaded in the last week of July as in the first week of August. We have, I believe, twenty-nine capital ships to Germany's seventeen at this moment, and our superiority in other vessels is equally marked. We can paralyse German naval operation in the North Sea, and Austrian naval operations in the Mediterranean. With the assistance of the French Mediterranean squadron we can even check the operations of the Italian navy, assuming that Italy finally decides to throw in her lot with the Triple Alliance. Our Army is admittedly in bad condition; but we could find it possible, at a week's notice, to throw in five or sixty thousand men into Belgium. It is a small force, but its moral effect would count; and we could, if need be, force the Belgians to come to our assistance in turning the German attack upon France. As for Russia, she is invulnerable. She may be defeated time after time, and the effect will be as water on a duck's back. In a word, unless we are being governed by lunatics, we hold the balance of world-power in our hands to an extent never before approached.
Military Notes.
By Romney.

The next question for decision is the most difficult in politics. It is concerned with the limits of obedience. We have seen that, unless we are to admit the existence upon earth of some authority possessing a divinity which gives it the same infallibility in politics as Catholics claim in spiritual matters for their Church, we are forced back upon the assumption that all Governments, however imperfect, have the right to a certain measure of obedience. Not the less, however, will the slightest acquaintance with human nature and Governments, however imperfect, have the right to a human, requires to be restrained by the ever present as Catholics claim in spiritual matters for their Church, we are forced back upon the assumption that all people's one effectual weapon, might lead us to conclude that excessive tameness is the danger of the time. Yet at no period in history was government less re- cerned that excessive tameness is the danger of the time. It is hard to say in which direction this age most errs—in the direction of servility, or in the direction of licence. The spread of collectivist notions and the almost sub-conscious acceptance of the "democratic" theory which allows us to obstinate to the State's jurisdiction in the shape of abstract rights—these, and the increasing distaste for that armed rebellion which is the people's one effectual weapon, might lead us to conclude that excessive tameness is the danger of the time. Yet at no period in history less con- erned: at no time was the idea of revolution more familiar, the prospect of awful and fundamental change in the hoary institutions of a country less abhorred, the hatred and contempt of established authority more evident. We can perhaps we must hold responsible that thorough "rationalising" of politics which we call the French Revolution. The chief work of that appalling series of convulsions was the exclusion from poli- tics of the last vestiges of the infinite, the mysterious, the divine, and their attempted re-establishment upon the basis of the same civil contract which is used in selling boots. With that all awe and reverence ceased. The gigantic machine which we have since erected to govern us is to the old state as a steam crane to the body of a young and beautiful girl: greatly more powerful, but infinitely less attractive of reverence.

All that can be said is this. It is not lawful to rebel without due cause: and it is not lawful to obey when obedience is obviously harmful. So much the common sense of everybody admits, and perhaps we must hold responsible the diabolical interpretation of the term "due cause," it cannot reasonably be held to include anything except obvious, contin- gend and grievous misgovernment, and every other means of redress must have been shown to be unavail- ing. It does not include that normal misgovernment which is the portion of civilised man. It may be taken as assured that, whoever runs the State, a certain proportion of friction and maladministration will be found in it, and they must be endured as one of government's inevitable drawbacks. If we regard them as intoler- able, then nothing is left to us but to dispense with government altogether and to take refuge in anarchy.

There is another fact for consideration by those meditating disobedience to the powers that be. The govern- ment of a civilised community is an exceedingly com- plicated business, and demands the balancing of thousands of conflicting interests. For the common citizen to see these considerations in their correct proportions is impossible. He can neither the re- quirements of the time to acquire it. Excess of some, and therefore, where he knows that the action enjoined on him is wrong—where, for example, being a Catholic, he is told to insult the Sacraments, or, a Mahomedan, to curse Allah, or, an ordinary man, to starve quietly for a pecuniary profit, or, in the case of a usurer—to decide how far they really could be held to decide how far they really to dispense with government altogether and to take refuge in anarchy.

The foregoing deals with the theory of the govern- ment, what follows with its practice.

What has preceded, concerns every form of the government alike. It has been true not only of "aristocracy," "democracy," or "monarchy," but of "government," and for the rest we have seen that, granted the axioms wherewith we have started, these varying forms of administration differ one from another only according to how they are used, but the end of government—which is the moral welfare of the governed. It accordingly remains to examine these various forms of administration: to decide how far they really differ, and how far their nominal differences are of practical effect.

It is impossible to understand politics—or, indeed, anything else on earth—unless we grasp the fact that machinery cannot be discussed apart from motive power. The best illustration is derived from the case of an aeroplane. The wing surface and general con-
structure of an aeroplane depends upon its motive power. To ignore this interdependence, to plan, for example, increases in the wing surface or the rudder without taking the motor into account, construction will result in disaster. Now in the same manner that which we term the constitution of a nation depends for its value upon the motive power supplied by the nation’s moral traditions and institutions: that is to say that the extent of wing surface, one length and breadth are applicable to all aeroplanes. Nobody but a fool or a Fabian ever talked such nonsense.

The simile of the aeroplane, however, by no means exhausts the case. In the case of an aeroplane the wing surface people, the framework, the motor, whatever, may be, are fixed at starting. They are not, except in a very slight degree, variable to agree with the fluctuations of the motive power. They are a rigid framework, and the framework. It is the meet the demands which they make upon it, or come to the ground. But in the case of a State the economic and political constitutions alike resemble less the rigid and unalterable framework of an engine than the ever varying ice-crystals which form upon the surface of a stream. These do indeed contain the stream, but they are at the same time formed by it. They wax and wane, solidify and dissolve in sympathy with its rise and fall of temperature. They are the result rather than the cause of the stream: such influence as they have upon it is merely the influence of reaction. A nation is influenced by its constitution to about the same degree as a man is influenced by his clothes. He puts on uniform because he feels a soldier: and then he feels rather more of a soldier because he has put on uniform. But it isn’t of any effect to put on uniform unless he is at any rate predisposed to soldiering in the first place.

At once, therefore, we are faced with the difficulty that it is almost impossible to discuss constitutions without at the same time discussing everything else that is in a society. It is their enactments as to manufacture, their punishments and their grants of privileges which were enforced by the civil power.

It followed necessarily that they acquired monopolies. In the medieval period, free and independent craftsmen whose production was uncontrolled were a scandal, and since the civil government had delegated its control of craftsmanship to the Guilds these inevitably received complete control within their district or sphere. In every town the Guilds of the bakers, the brewers, the weavers, and the others ruled all the activities of their trades.

But it is important that they were in their best period guiltless of the fault for which monopolists are generally blamed, that of exploiting consumers. Their power was exercised for the benefit of society, for the encouragement of worthy manufacture in fit conditions. They were most fortunately societies of men before they were associations of traders: each Guild had religious and hospitable duties, and each Guild was a friendly society which received regular subscriptions for the benefit of unfortunate brethren. This humanity permeated the whole Guild system in such wise that even in their aspect as associations of craftsmen the Guilds were not primarily commercial. It is no exaggeration to say that their power was exercised for good works in large profits, and to this we owe the various joy and beauty which we still half see in the mediaeval world.

Yet in England the Guild System fell. First, because as the Middle Ages passed away the Guilds became unjustly exclusive. In following their ideal of giving to the craftsman a sure and privileged place in which to work they strove to minimise competition by closing their ranks not only to the uninitiated but also to others who had arbitrary disqualifications, such as poverty and alien birth. The consequence was that much and good work was done by men who dodged or disregarded their authority when each guild was limited by the geographical boundaries which its town had already outgrown. Thus the Guilds lost the reality of their position, and their downfall could easily be accomplished by the alliance of the excluded craftsmen and the central government of the kingdom.

They had exposed themselves to attack by a mistaken policy. Another weakness was, however, inherent in their system. In the early days of their system, men themselves sold the ale he had brewed, the cloth he had woven, the leather he had tanned. But social complexities led to a specialisation of functions. There came to be in the community two classes of men interested in trade, the craftsman and the merchant. And inevitably the former depended on the latter and tended more and more to become his servant. The climax was reached in the reign of Elizabeth. In London the clothworkers, except at slack times, worked on material which actually belonged to the drapers, and when the booksellers no longer kept any printing houses but merely paid for the workmanship of the printers. The system was the more vicious because some of the greatest merchant Guilds had interests inimical to those of the craftsmen. In the sixteenth century London the richest Guilds were those of the victuallers, the fishmongers, the grocers, and the vintners. These could and did use their Guild organisations to obtain political power with which they raised their own profits and consequently the cost of living.

Towards National Guilds

There is no trace in the history of the Middle Ages of a struggle to establish the principle that goods for sale should reach a certain standard of worth and be sold for a fair price. That principle was common-place of morality, disregarded sometimes like the prohibitions to steal and to murder, but no less acknowledged. It was abandoned in the nineteenth century, conquered by the unnatural theory of free contract.

The Guilds were associations of master-workmen who held their property independently, but who worked and employed apprentices and journeymen subject to limitations imposed by the Guild statutes. They began their fight with society by a demand for recognition by the civil power. They were originally voluntary associations of men engaged in one trade, and their bonds were strong because they were the real bonds of common interest, friendliness and religion. It was their first victory that they extorted from the civil government, the municipal government, namely, of the towns in which they were situated, authority themselves severally to set the wages, and the prices of their crafts and on other matters that influenced to price and of decency of method which already was generally acknowledged. In practice and unofficially its maintenance already largely depended on them, but from the time when they were adopted by the government of the towns it was their enactments as to manufacture, their punishments and their grants of privileges which were enforced by the civil power.

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But it is important that they were in their best period guiltless of the fault for which monopolists are generally blamed, that of exploiting consumers. Their power was exercised for the benefit of society, for the encouragement of worthy manufacture in fit conditions. They were most fortunately societies of men before they were associations of traders: each Guild had religious and hospitable duties, and each Guild was a friendly society which received regular subscriptions for the benefit of unfortunate brethren. This humanity permeated the whole Guild system in such wise that even in their aspect as associations of craftsmen the Guilds were not primarily commercial. It is no exaggeration to say that their power was exercised for good works in large profits, and to this we owe the various joy and beauty which we still half see in the mediaeval world.

Yet in England the Guild System fell. First, because as the Middle Ages passed away the Guilds became unjustly exclusive. In following their ideal of giving to the craftsman a sure and privileged place in which to work they strove to minimise competition by closing their ranks not only to the uninitiated but also to others who had arbitrary disqualifications, such as poverty and alien birth. The consequence was that much and good work was done by men who dodged or disregarded their authority when each guild was limited by the geographical boundaries which its town had already outgrown. Thus the Guilds lost the reality of their position, and their downfall could easily be accomplished by the alliance of the excluded craftsmen and the central government of the kingdom.

They had exposed themselves to attack by a mistaken policy. Another weakness was, however, inherent in their system. In the early days of society a man himself sold the ale he had brewed, the cloth he had woven, the leather he had tanned. But social complexities led to a specialisation of functions. There came to be in the community two classes of men interested in trade, the craftsman and the merchant. And inevitably the former depended on the latter and tended more and more to become his servant. The climax was reached in the reign of Elizabeth. In London the clothworkers, except at slack times, worked on material which actually belonged to the drapers, and when the booksellers no longer kept any printing houses but merely paid for the workmanship of the printers. The system was the more vicious because some of the greatest merchant Guilds had interests inimical to those of the craftsmen. In the sixteenth century London the richest Guilds were those of the victuallers, the fishmongers, the grocers, and the vintners. These could and did use their Guild organisations to obtain political power with which they raised their own profits and consequently the cost of living.

An analogous situation was created by the interdependence of certain crafts: the saddlers, cordwainers, glovers and poulcsmakers depended on the tanners; the tailors on the clothworkers and dyers; the cutlers, copperers, armourers and spurrers on the ironmongers. In London the right solution of this difficulty was probably indicated when at a late date certain Guilds enlarged their boundaries to include others with alien interests. The guilds for their part were, for instance, absorbed into the leatherworkers.

It was the subjection of the craftsman to the merchant which of all the weaknesses apparent in the Guild system at the close of the middle ages chiefly justifies its downfall.
The ancient histories of Babylon and Egypt are exempt. Men write and read very seriously of the inhabitants of old Babylonia and Egypt, the Hebrews, the Medes and Persians, the Greeks and Romans. Their studies are perhaps overcast by the shadows of family prayers and school lessons. But they approach the Middle Ages prepared at every turn to smile, and they have ready two adjectives with which to characterise every fact they learn, quaint and picturesque.

Let it then be denied, for the benefit of all who wish to read of mediæval guilds, that they were either picturesque or quaint. They were, I think, in some ways beautiful and rare. But they were essentially real, and they were concerned with some grave and everlasting problems. Their members were far at all amusing because their manners differed from those which now obtain.

The universality of the guild idea appears in the two first chapters of "Two Thousand Years of Gild Life," by J. Malet Lambert. This book is marred by dogmatism as to the origin of guilds and a predestination for neat classification. I do not think it necessary to account for guilds by the discovery of contact between the countries in which they have been earliest located and others, there is the alternative explanation that it is natural to men to unite for the attainment of common objects. I think it mistaken to try to divide guilds, those who wish to forward to cover their own designs. Not that they always had a feeling of regard for you. But after that conference — "Yes—a slight breakdown: nothing of any consequence." As the gentleman responded to my question he turned partly towards me, and I immediately recognised his Majesty of whom I saluted, on which the King genially remarked: — "Ah— I see you recognise me.

"Yes, Sir, I recognised you at once.

"Have you ever seen me before?"

"Yes, Sir, under somewhat peculiar circumstances, thirty years ago."

On the side of the road, near where we were standing, there was an old plain seat, just two uprights and a crossbar, on observing which his Majesty in a most courteous manner said: — "Come, Sir, let us be seated, and then you can relate the circumstances under which you last saw me."

We sat down, and then I told the King how, one morning about a 2 a.m., I had encountered his father, brother, and himself along the road, Belfast, dressed in greatcoats and deerstalker hats.

"I remember the occasion well," said he. "We had come ashore to see the decorations. You must have a keen sight to recognise who we were."

"No, Sir, I had seen the three of you together before. A few years after I had seen you in Belfast I was stationed in a Colonial port when your old ship, the 'Bacchante,' put in to refit. I then became acquainted with many of your old shipmates. And they all spoke well of you, Sir, both as a sailorman and a shipmate. Since that time, as an old Service man myself, I have always had a feeling of regard for you. But after that conference — "Yes—the Conference—what about it?"

"It was an awful blunder for you, Sir!"

"A good many people appear to think so. But why so?"

"People realise that you are only a hob in the matter, Sir."

"A hob. I don't understand you—explain."

"People are now aware, Sir, of the secret Cabinet which meets in Buckingham Palace, and they resent it. They feel that you are being made a hob of, on which all the hopes of the aristocratic class are being piled. They wish to push you and the Royal power forward to cover their own designs. Not that they
care for you, Sir, for they would desert and betray you to-morrow if a crisis arose, the same as they've betrayed and deserted every dynasty that ever reigned in England. But even the Conference, Sir, is not the worst blunder in this matter. That must be assigned to your speech. Were you the author of that, Sir?" "I am not at liberty to say who composed it." "Well, Sir, whoever it was, they were no friends of yours. Since you came to the throne the people have treated you kindly. You possess many personal qualities which appeal to the common people; a good son, husband, and father. These traits appeal strongly to the mass of the people, amongst whom the family tie is still strongest. But they do not like to see you meddling in politics, Sir. They realise that your talents do not lie in that direction." "Then what would the people have me do?" "I leave politics alone, Sir. Look at what the politicians are doing. General Parnell is supposed to be commanding the troops in Ireland, but instead he is playing the political game in London. Chief Secretary Birrell is supposed to be in charge of the civil government in Ireland, instead of which he's going about playing the goat in the West of England. And while he's cracking spurious jokes, the rifles are cracking out death and disablement to men, women, and children on the streets of Dublin. Yes, Sir, all government, civil and military, is abandoned to understrappers of the Orange persuasion, who will, if left to themselves, soon have the country in ruins. Ah, Sir, keep clear of priests and politicians."

"But I must have someone to counsel me."

"Yes, Sir, but not the likes of Dr. Davidson. He's one of those Scotchmen who are born with a hinge in the middle of their spine, which enables them to kowtow and cringe themselves into position and power. And besides, the common people hate him as he hates the common people."

"Indeed—why? You surprise me."

"The people neither forget nor forgive his treatment of the 'hunger-marchers' a few years ago. And they don't like to see you in such company."

"Well, there's Lansdowne. Surely I may take counsel with him?"

"No, Sir. Not if you are wise. He's a man of infamous lineage, and as petty in nature as he is in name."

"Mr. Bonar Law, then; is he safe?"

"No, Sir, merely a bawling clown, who hopes by extra shouting in a time of general clamour to roar himself into office. In normal times the voice of England would not tolerate him for a moment, but as is usual with scum, political or otherwise, he has come to the top during the present boiling."

"What say you, then, to Asquith?"

"There's your man, Sir. So long as he is the head of your Government be guided by him and you can't go far wrong. There is a sphere, Sir, where you may do good, useful work for the country generally, and by doing which you may obtain and retain the goodwill and support of the greater portion of your subjects. But, Sir, you cannot do that if you identify yourself or allow yourself to be identified with the scheming and intriguing of a small class who care for nothing in this world beyond their own pleasures, powers, and privileges. If you should keep clear of the entanglements which these people are setting for you, keep the Queen out of politics and the priest out of the Palace. And then, Sir, you may reign in peace."

"Thank you for your discourse, Sir, and I will remember what you have said. What is your name and address? Ah, here comes my man to tell me the car is ready. You may hear from me again. Good day."

"Good day, Sir."
F.B.B.M.: I may say that I, too, have sympathy with these questions. As a member of the Council and also Chairman of the Metropolitan Asylums Board, I thought I might have been of use. But I wasn’t included in the list! I was prepared to throw myself into it and learn something about it and be of some assistance, but my name was not included.

CLERG.: Why do not epileptics as a class come under the provisions of the Act?

Sir W. B.: I explained before that, if the scope of the Act had not been very limited, it would never have come upon the Statute Book. Most of us who have experience would very like to have seen epileptics come under the Act!!! . . . Voluntary association in subordination to the authorities is of great assistance. There are few Acts which touch the people in their homes which are not greatly benefited by the aid of philanthropic and religious organisations . . . take upon themselves some of the duties. . . . It is in the power of Guardians to make grants to such associations! . . . Sums which we are prepared to distribute to such societies! . . . That most useful society, the After-Care Society.

5th Wom.: The After-Care Society (etc., etc., etc.). All who work directly or indirectly for defectives.

Mr. C.: Mr. Chairman, may not some sort of resolution be put to the meeting, otherwise I can’t see what use it is for the Guardians to be called together here?

Sir W. B. (blandly): Mrs. Cobden-Sanderson has the case of a pregnant girl, aged eighteen; she had been suffering for forty months. . . . I am sure that everybody in this room is most anxious that the Act shall be of some assistance, but my name was not included.

Mr. C.: Mr. Chairman, may not some sort of resolution be put to the meeting, otherwise I can’t see what use it is for the Guardians to be called together here?

Sir W. B.: Either the family has to give its consent or the judicial authority has power to say it is unreasonable under Section 11 of the Act.

Mr. Cyril. Coomb: And if the mother absolutely refuses to allow the child to be examined?

Sir W. B.: Well, well, the petitioner must have some grounds for making the petition. (Laughter.)

Mrs. C.-S., also reports the case of . . . She belongs to a very undesirable family, which is trying to get hold of her.

1st Wom. (Mrs. C.-S.): When it’s an undesirable family it seems to be useless to get their consent.

Sir W. B.: Neither the family has to give its consent or the judicial authority has power to say it is unreasonable under Section 11.

Mr. Cyril. Coomb: And if the mother absolutely refuses to allow the child to be examined?

Sir W. B.: Well, well, the petitioner must have some grounds for making the petition. (Laughter.)

CLERG.: If they refuse to hand the child over to the Guardians, I should say that was contributory neglect.

6th Wom.: The new Act was going to relieve the rates very considerably.

Mr. C.: We all feel that the question of the feeble-minded is most important.

F. B. B. M.: Quiet! (Hear, hear.)

Mr. C.: We all feel that a lot of people are going about doing a lot of harm, and going to do more. (Reads a resolution.) . . .

F. B. B. M.: Ladies and gentlemen, I beg to propose a cordial vote of thanks to Sir William Byrne for coming here and . . .

CLERG.: As a Guardian I look forward to the future . . . hearty co-operation. Without that cooperation the Act cannot be made a success.

Sir W. B.: One is ready at any time . . . (Votes of thanks all round.)

F. B. B. M.: Thank you, ladies and gentlemen, for your very cordial vote of thanks to me. We’ve done some really useful work this afternoon; we’ve had the help of the assistance of Sir William Byrne . . .

This very difficult Act . . . but we’re getting on now, and we do keep the expenses, gentlemen, down as low as we can. (Applause. Exeunt omnes.)
Prof. Freud objects to Schubert for having spoken of dreams as spiritual, and I quite agree with him here. Many people besides Schubert have done harm to their cause by exaggerated language and a haphazard use of the word "spirit." If there is one thing above others which the scheme that I am propounding strives to emphasise it is the vast amount of unexplored ground which exists in what I would call the emotional or soul universe, as contrasted with the material universe. Until we know a great deal more of this unexplored land we have no need or right to call in that "blessed word" spirit to help us out. Spirit bears to the happenings in that universe much the same relation as the plane at infinity bears to the happenings in our everyday universe.

I would not deny that some dreams and some thinking may rightly be spoken of as due to a "liberation of the spirit" (whatever that means), but I feel sure that they are very few and far between, and my impression is often as if it had been through a chaff-cutting machine, which I take to be due in large measure to some other layer with which we are more habitually in contact than with the "spirit." But in Group 4, the point is that everything is unexplained and might be subdivided ad infinitum. These are the dreams of which Prof. Freud speaks, as spiritual, and when once a man has started to be a sexual hypochondriac, and when any one has happened to get an appendix, and very much more difficult to remove, he is looking out for it, it is swamped by the opinion of some other layer with which we are more habitually in contact, and yet we get rather a struggle about 7.45, annoyed that I had overslept myself till 3.30, and missed my appointment. The answer to this is that 3.30 is looking-glass time for 7.45, as anyone may see for themselves, and one always reads the clock looking-glass way in dreams. They are the nuclei round which the dream as we remember it is built together, rather like a caddis-worm's case, or a piece of machinery,

...
symptoms which are unpleasant and noisome, and for exhibiting which he ought to be put in an asylum and for the connections between things in the mind are quite as strange and silly as in Mr. Loisette's system, and they cannot be used to arrive at any result which he pleases by a proper use of tests. If the idea of sex were not so prominent in the pendulum is swinging back. Moreover, in surgery there is always the wholesome restraint on incompetents that if they bungle things their patients may die and they may be found out, though, unfortunately or fortunately, this does not happen as often as it might. This restraint is much less active in the case of mental treatment, and when the patient goes to an asylum the doctor is only thanked for having kept him out so long. Moreover, nine times out of ten, the train of connections will be a false one, leading in whatever direction the doctor's fancy tends; so that, if he starts with the teaching that all is sex, it will be but a short while before this is conclusively proved to be the case.

In the past, when one of the inhabitants died, he was carried to the little churchyard, and the undertaker, that smoother of wounds and fountains of sympathy, earned the respect of all. But now, all that was changed. As the majority of the community had to carry cards—a kind of dog licence or permission to live or work (I won't quarrel with any person's interpretation)—the better class began to grumble at their prospects of being buried side by side or cheek by jowl (I won't quarrel, etc.) with these creatures who were not safe unless in possession of what I have just described. The vicar, fearing to lose the support of the better class, quickly solved the problem by acquiring a large field adjoining the churchyard. This field formerly belonged to Farmer Billings, and, as he could only succeed in growing chickweed on it, he thought that the Mud Pushers' measure was an excellent one, for the poor. For his noble act of self-sacrifice there was a special flower service held in the church. The people who were unsafe unless in possession of this magical card were accommodated in that part of the church used centuries ago for lepers.

II.

The undertaker looked very sad. Formerly his fees had been more or less of an elastic nature, but now they were standardised for all funerals held in the chickweed field. They just covered the cost of the raw material.

III.

A Bye-Law had been passed forbidding any undue show of extravagance in the matter of decoration to be used in the chickweed field. Anything beyond the plain beauty of a two-pound size Crown jam jar was confiscated. Humbly had the inhabitants lived and humbly should they remain until the day of judgment. The vicar, who had amassed a great fortune through being the treasurer of a colliery disaster fund, quite agreed that the poor were too thoughtless in these matters, and in private had been heard to say that dear Lady Dashwater had quite 'got the spike' because, during the old order of things, a glass globe, containing an artificial design called "Gates Ajar," had been placed quite near to the tomb of her dear departed Reginald. His death was a mystery, but a local brewer and distiller closed down shortly afterwards.

IV.

It was the Judgment Day. Crowding up in thousands from the farmer's field were those unfortunates who had content in their corporal life to pay out of their miserable existence wage more in proportion than those who, with some show of decency, were acquainted of their obligations to the State. With eager looks on their spiritual faces they awaited the announcement of their fate. Many shabbily looking angels were observed flying about. I say flying, but it was more of a prolonged hop, for, as the new divisions of human beings had necessitated many fresh departments, there had been a great run on quill pens. The vicar was there, but he was speedily sent down below. Before being pitchforked in that direction he had made the stupid defence of misinterpreting the words "Feed my lambs." He said he had always read it as "Fleece my lambs." This angered Peter so much that he threw the keys at his head. When order was restored, the carders were all judged in batches of a million. If this plan had not been adopted it would have meant an extension of the premises. Their fate was terrible. This was the final judgment on their colossal ignorance. They had been told that measure was ninence for fourpence and they had been too stupid to see that this meant fiveness for nothing. Therefore, as this simple sum in subtraction had failed to strike them, they were beyond all mercy. For ever and ever, they were to repeat the words, "Fourpence from Ninepence leaves Fiveness," and at the same time to be supervised by an evil-looking person with a moustache growing into his mouth.

CHRISTOPHER GAY.
Drama.

By John Francis Hope.

A voice said unto me: "Industrious mortal, who seekest for drama among the highs and mighty of this great city, repent the vanity of thy quest. Go ye rather among the poor and lowly; examine the works of those who minister unto them; and thou shalt be satisfied."

There was little else to do, for the sensible season had begun at most theatres; and the Voice seemed to give me what is called, I believe, the straight griffin. So I searched the advertisement columns with a microscope, and discovered that at the Aldwych Theatre (which lies east of Wellington Street) a play called "A Heritage of Hate" was being presented. It was announced as being "dramatised by Arthur Shirley from Charles Garvice's novel of the same title." I had heard of Charles Garvice; his name was mentioned in a curtain-raiser at the Vaudeville quite recently; so he is not one of the thousands who have no fame. But I concluded from the fact that, in the play just mentioned, his works were adored by a silly fool of a nurse, that he was one of the ministers to the poor and lowly; anyhow, I could go no farther east than the Aldwych Theatre, and I do not think I could go much lower than Charles Garvice.

"A Heritage of Hate" suggested a drama of incorporeal bereditaments; there would be, I thought, a legal, if not a spiritual, conflict; so I went.

I will not attempt to tell the story in detail. The play contains four acts and eleven scenes, and lasts till the unconscionable hour of 11.30. An economic reflection: three intervals in a melodrama cost three shillings for refreshment and a buzzy head for the last act. Moral: Never go to melodramas with more than two in- telligences for refreshment, and a buzzy head for the last act. But I did not shoot, and the worst things. But he did not shoot, and the worst actress in the world died what she thought was a natural death from pneumonia, or something of that kind.

Yet a woman remained on the island. The daughter of this good lady, but bad actress, was dressed in trousers when the ladies were flung on the shore after the shipwreck. She was not shot, nor did she die of pneumonia; but, if I had had the chance, I could have invented some horrible death for her. When she wore trousers, she could not stand with straight legs. If she thought that K-legs were beautiful or seductive, I can only assure her that they were not so in trousers. But the "gag" that she worked on this semi-savage was the wheeziest old "gag" of the modern stage: she and he were going to be mates. Good Lord! Three months later, they are still "mates"; but she has obtained a sort of Princess of Wales' half-quarter lengths, nicely slit in the skirt and very well fitted about the waist, and, of course, she is becoming restive. She gives him a lesson in spelling, and (mirable dictu!) she teaches him to spell the word "love." The innocence of virginity! But a yacht puts it, for water, and the owner's father knew her father, and she is offered a free passage back to England. She cannot stay on the island now that the world knows that she is there; "what would the world say," and all that sort of thing. You know, he ought to have shot her, for he knew enough cliché to understand this one; instead of which, he followed her to England and, being universal in the ways of the world, he married her.

"But," you will exclaim, "how could he, a semi-savage, marry one who was so obviously a lady in her own native land, where marriage is so very expensive." Dear reader, this is melodrama; and all things are possible in melodrama. Besides, I have referred to his 'Varsity accent (it wasn't really, but the actress said that he spoke like a gentleman). Now, because she lacked a sufficient number of corrupt vowels, the Earl of Ratton had deserted his wife where she had come into the title. You see, there has been drama going on in England all the time that we have been fooling about in the South Seas; moral, don't leave England. Corrupt vowels, then, are appurtenant to the Earlom of Ratton; and this semi-savage not only had corrupt vowels but a stock of cliché. Therefore, he is the rightful Earl of Ratton. I am aware that these qualifications do not constitute a legal title to a peerage; but there are birth certificates, and other documents, duly produced, and, besides, the existing earl of Ratton is a villain (he must be a villain, because he is blackmailed), and the slot on the 'scoutcheon must be removed.

But even if this "broke" (as I heard him called) were not the rightful Earl of Ratton, marriage would still have been possible to him. The girl, I think, was not such a lady as you might suppose from the fact that she could spell the word "love"; for she appeared in England not in the seats of the mighty, but in a tenement in Lambeth. She had no friends; the deserted wife of the false Earl of Ratton had found her wandering in the streets of London, and had taken her home. Her nuptial price was probably about 30s. per week. But this semi-savage had discovered gold on his island, "trash, such as these poor devils of Medici have given their hearts to" (my quotation from Browning), and, Earlom or no Earlom, matrimony was possible to him. Of course, there is a murder in a wood; the false Earl of Ratton murders his deserted wife with a knife belonging to the rightful Earl, who is discovered with the corpse by the man who lives by blackmailing the false Earl, and is charged by him with the murder. Have you got that? There is a scene in a police court, where everyone addresses a justice of the peace as "My Lord"; the false Earl of Ratton goes out and shoots himself to avoid arrest (very thoughtful of him to carry a revolver), and the sentence is proved in court to be no murderer, but the rightful Earl of Ratton, and a suitable husband for a young English lady who lives in Lambeth. Alas, poor Voice! You are no dramatic critic.
Readers and Writers.

I pick my way gingerly among the fiction booths, sometimes shielding my eyes, and often holding my nose. As time passes, I find an increasing necessity for these preventive measures. Yet even so, I manage to weed out enough volumes of German fiction to secure at least an hour’s search a day, and sufficient variety in their contents to insure me against loss of temper. When, for example, I review the volumes I have read in the last few weeks, I find that I have been entertained at various times with some wit, some psychology, style and charm. In other words, there are German novelists to-day who understand their craft.

* * *

"Kubinke," by Georg Hermann, is a German Mr. Polly, equally rollicking, equally untranslatable, but more Rabelaisian and with greater extremes of farce and tragedy. It chronicles the amorous progress and downfall of a simple barber’s apprentice in suburban Berlin. Kubinke, besides getting engaged, also manages to involve himself in two paternity cases. When I tell you that Georg Hermann has avoided vulgarity, you will realise that he is a skilful novelist. In the same way, Hermann Bahr’s baldly named novel, "Theatre," contains a story which a Mr. Wells might have chosen in his last stage. Dr. Mohr, a journalist and literary critic, writes a successful play, begins a liaison with the chief actress, then fails with a second play, whereupon he returns to his wife after an interlude of six months in the fractional world which never reaches unity, and often falls below the traditional half. A heavy hand would have crushed this flimsy narrative into shapeless fragments of tinsel. Bahr, without much effort at technical arrangement—an omission which he skillfully naturalises by putting the whole story into the mouth of Dr. Mohr himself—has succeeded in suggesting the feverish gaiety of the theatrical jungle and its fauna, many of whom, I fancy, are Viennese contemporaries. The eccentric actor Merz, who was obsessed by the theory that men could fly if they would only develop their inner energy, and who used to practice his theory in lonely streets at night, the upstart Rumanian Jew Frenkel, with all the assurance of the self-proclaimed genius, and who used to practise his art with some Wit, some Psychology, Style and Charm.

* * *

Then there is Arthur Schnitzler. "The Greek Dancer," a volume of stories, contains little to reverse my old judgment. Some of the stories are quite boring; one of these, "Dead Men Tell No Tales," I was not surprised to see translated recently in an English review. The title-story is an unavailing piece of psychology, told while his description of a New Year’s party in somewhat Bohemian society could be matched nearer home. His theory in lonely streets at night, the upstart Rumanian Jew Frenkel, with all the assurance of the self-proclaimed genius, and who used to practise his art with some Wit, some Psychology, Style and Charm.

* * *

"The one I had most to do with was probably Upton Sinclair." It was at this stage that I ceased eavesdropping at the keyhole. If Upton Sinclair was the most interesting personality among the American pressmen, who, in their turn, are so much ahead of the English journalists, we have an example in rule of three which, for the sake of Fleet Street, had better not be worked out. But to think that Dr. Brandes had that up his sleeve for so long and them giving him dinners and all!

* * *

Mr. Marinetti’s "Abstract Onomatopeia and Numerical Sensibility," recently expounded in The New Age, is of course, only another case of new presbyter being old priest writ large. It was a device which Dettlev von Liliencron, for example, employed freely in his lyrics, as the following lines show:

"Klingling, tschingtsching und Paukenkrach, Noch aus der Ferne tont es schwach, Ganz leise bumbumbumbumbuschting, Zug da ein bunter Schmetterling, Tschingschingschum, um die Ecke?"

This style of jingle was excellently parodied by Hanns von Gumppenberg, in his "Teutsche Dichterross" (a volume to fly to in hours of depression), thus:

"B a b a b a b a h Tä t tä t ä h Klints es nicht, als ob Trompeten Zur Attacke tätterläßt?"

But this is too coherent for a parody of Mr. Marinetti.

* * *

"La Vie des Lettres," continues to reach a fairly high standard, although Nicolas Beauclain is still at it. But in the enterprising articles on foreign literature, even my own ewe-lamb, Czech poetry, receives notice, and there is a good account of recent Hungarian literature. The review of European periodicals (including even Greek, Swedish, Rumanian and Russian), makes it clear that they are keeping a sharper watch on their foreign contemporaries than anybody else outside The New Age.

P. Selver.
Holiday Observations. III.

By Peter Fanning.

For some reason which I could not understand the Scotch passengers resented the jollity of the Irish. Having embarked with me at Glasgow, and knowing that I came from Tyneside, they not unnaturally took me to be an Englishman. They, therefore, confined their opinions of the Irish to what they thought was a sympathetic ear. I now heard some of the strangest reflections cast upon my own people. There was one fellow, a Scotch Orangeman, who buttonholed me and told me tales of horrors which I suspect must have been used to scare him when he was young. According to my informant, the Irish Irish were devils of darkness, whilst the Orange Irish were angels of light. I listened to this rubbish as attentively as I could for some fifteen minutes, and when his stock of bogies was exhausted I replied quietly: "Friend, take my advice, so long as you are on board this ship never repeat such tales or express such sentiments to another soul. There are enough Irish on board this ship to take charge of her; except three children. On the following day, Friday, we had entered upon the second half of our journey. This caused us with ourselves. Whilst we, apparently, were unconscious of any divisions of class, creed, or country, they were so conscious, so dominated in fact by these considerations, that one half would not only not speak, but would not even look at the other half. Then we, apparently, made the position anything but comfortable. My health had improved wonderfully during the voyage and I had put on weight. But I felt certain, if this heat continued, I would rather be excused. During dinner-time they went to the reading-room after dinner. The deputation went to Mr. Fanning?" "Certainly, if you are so inclined." "Will you officiate?" "No—not at all. Besides, you'll have to get permission to do such a thing." "We are going to the chief steward to ask for the use of the reading-room after dinner." The deputation went to the steward, who readily granted their request, and then they set out to find a substitute for the cleric. How many they asked I do not know, but they eventually came back to me. In reply to their further request I told them I had once under very unusual circumstances made an altar of four empty biscuit tins and a plank in a hospital ward and served Mass; and two days afterwards, out on the open veld, I had made another altar of two empty beer barrels and two planks, and served Mass again, but that I had never acted in the capacity of "number one man," and for certain reasons would rather be excused. During dinner-time they went round the tables trying to find someone to undertake the office, and failed again. And then they came again to forward to receive the first prize, when, much to his astonishment, instead of the 1 os. which he expected to receive, he was handed a child's penny toy. The laughter which accompanied this ridicule still I hope to cure him of his meanness in future. Of course, he's Scotch. So there's not much to hope for."

At sea, nothing of any consequence happened. Birds, porpoises, an alleged whale, an odd ship, were all that came under our notice till Thursday, when we were sailing opposite the banks of Newfoundland. Here we encountered a drifting fog, which took on some extraordinary shapes. One moment everything was blotted out, and the next we had a clear avenue ahead of us. On either side of the ship it was the same. One moment we could see for miles, the next we could not see yards. Its effect upon the sea was equally curious. As it drifted along the surface of the water it seemed to be flattening it down, till by the time we had run through it the sea was as smooth as the surface of a mirror. This greatly astonished my companions. They had no idea the sea could lie so dead still; they thought it was always rolling and tumbling. When I told them that I had travelled for thousands of miles over a sea equally smooth they were amazed.

During the day it was brought to our notice that we had embarked with me at Glasgow, and knowing the Irish Irish were devils of darkness, whilst the Orange Irish were angels of light. I listened to this rubbish as attentively as I could for some fifteen minutes, and when his stock of bogies was exhausted I replied quietly: "Friend, take my advice, so long as you are on board this ship never repeat such tales or express such sentiments to another soul. There are enough Irish on board this ship to take charge of her; except three children. On the following day, Friday, we had entered upon the second half of our journey. This caused us with ourselves. Whilst we, apparently, were unconscious of any divisions of class, creed, or country, they were so conscious, so dominated in fact by these considerations, that one half would not only not speak, but would not even look at the other half. Then we, apparently, made the position anything but comfortable. My health had improved wonderfully during the voyage and I had put on weight. But I felt certain, if this heat continued, my condition would soon be worse than when I left home. On Sunday, as I mentioned before, the parson aboard held a religious service in the saloon cabin. It was approaching dinner-time when five of my fellow-passengers, three women and two men, came and asked me, "Don't you think we should have the Rosary said, Mr. Fanning?" "Certainly, if you are so inclined." "Will you officiate?" "No—not at all. Besides, you'll have to get permission to do such a thing." "We are going to the chief steward to ask for the use of the reading-room after dinner." The deputation went to the steward, who readily granted their request, and then they set out to find a substitute for the cleric. How many they asked I do not know, but they eventually came back to me. In reply to their further request I told them I had once under very unusual circumstances made an altar of four empty biscuit tins and a plank in a hospital ward and served Mass; and two days afterwards, out on the open veld, I had made another altar of two empty beer barrels and two planks, and served Mass again, but that I had never acted in the capacity of "number one man," and for certain reasons would rather be excused. During dinner-time they went round the tables trying to find someone to undertake the office, and failed again. And then they came again to forward to receive the first prize, when, much to his astonishment, instead of the 1 os. which he expected to receive, he was handed a child's penny toy. The laughter which accompanied this ridicule still I hope to cure him of his meanness in future. Of course, he's Scotch. So there's not much to hope for."

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me. Readers of The New Age will readily understand the fix I was in. Should I, for purely private reasons, disappoint all these people? They neither knew me nor my opinions. In the end I consented to undertake the duty.

After dinner I gathered them together, over one hundred strong, saloon and third class alike, in the reading-room. I put them on their knees on the bare concrete floor and made them say the "Five Glorious Mysteries of the Holy Rosary." I must have done my part in a creditable manner, because, after it was over, nothing would convince the Catholics but that I was a "spoiled priest," whilst the Scotch Presbyterians, who had been listening through the portholes, were quite as certain that I was a Jesuit. In sum, the relatives will ever forgive me for having thus invaded their special province?

Demonax (after Lucian).

Our age has not been barren of remarkable personages, as regards either strength or intelligence. Sostrates the Boeotian—he whom the Greeks used to style Hercules—is an example of first quality, and Demonax the philosopher of the second. I myself knew them both, and lived for a long time with the latter. Of Sostrates I have written in another essay, where I described his height, his strength and his habit of living like a wild man of the woods, for he should like in the same open groves of Parnassus, and his food was what he could find there. He took no pleasure but in toil, clearing the highways of robbers, making rough country accessible, and bridging broad rivers.

But I will try to give here some conception of Demonax for these reasons—that his memory may be preserved, and that posterity may be inspired to the imitation of his virtues; for he is excelled by no philosopher of whom I have knowledge.

He was the son of Cyoptorus, sprung from a well-known family of wealth and position. But, being possessed of more intellect than is usually found in such circles, he sets aside everything for philosophy. He was not influenced by Agathobulus, nor Demetrius, nor Epictetus, nor even by Timocrates of Heraclia, who was a noble philosopher, not to mention his quick wit and eloquence. Of his own accord he put away pomp and splendour, and set forth on the path to virtue. Always he kept his freedom in word and deed, and lived a blameless life. He was a man of no ordinary appearance. He studied the poets and, not content with skimming them, learnt many passages from their works by heart. His lectures as being too polished and elegant for a philosopher, went up to him one day and asked him who he thought he was; a philosopher? And then walked away smiling. The other pursued him and asked him why he should smile. Because you seem, he said, to judge a philosopher by his beard, beardless that you are. For the other was a youth.

A notable occasion was one day declaiming: If Aristotle called me to the Lyceum, I would go; if Plato called me to his Academy, I would go; Zeno would I follow to the Pecile, and before Pythagoras I would keep silence. Thereupon Demonax stood up and cried, Pythagoras summoned me.

A young Macedonian was mocking him with sophistry, when Demonax made a reply that was somewhat double-edged. The youth grew angry and said, I will soon show you that you are dealing with a man. What! exclaimed Demonax, will you be satisfied with snow and wind? Once he ridiculed a vainglorious Olympic winner, and received a blow across the head. The proconsul cried the bystanders. Not at all, said Demonax, the doctor!

One day he found a gold ring and at once advertised that he would return it to the owner. But the claimant described quite another ring; on which Demonax said, Mind you look after your ring, because you have not lost it yet. When a Roman senator was introducing his son, an obedient lad, but somewhat effeminate, Demonax said, He is worthy of you and very like his mother. Honoratus, the cynic, who always wore a bearskin, was nicknamed by him Areclusius.

When asked to define Happiness he said Freedom. He was again asked to define this, and answered, The man troubled with neither hope nor fear, is free. How could this happen? asked the other. It is very easy, he answered, for you will find nothing in the world worth either hope or fear. Peregrinus blamed him for his gaiety, complaining that he was not cynical enough. Nor are you manly enough, said Demonax.

A philosopher was trying to explain his idea of the Antipodes, when Demonax took him by the hand and refused pardon to others. Once, even, he addressed a mob of rioters and brought them to reason. In speech and action, indeed, he was inspired by the Graces and Aphrodite herself, so that "Persuasion made her home upon his lips." There was no treasure, he said, that surpassed friendship.

In spite of the fact that all Athens, great and low, honoured him as much as any statesman, there were those who professed to be shocked by his freedom of speech and action, and who accused him, as Socrates was accused, of never attending at sacrifices, and of never having been initiated into the mysteries at Eleusis. At this, he came boldly forward to defend himself in public, like a man that has no fear, and answered his detractors, that he was gentle and sometimes more roughly than was usual with him. For he told them at first that he would appear clothed in white and wearing a wreath, so that, if they envied him so much, they could sacrifice him with a clear conscience. When he was reproached with never having sacrificed to Athene, he answered, that he did not suppose Athene to need his sacrifices. When charged with having no wish to know the Eleusinian mysteries, he said he would not be initiated and bended. If he would at once make the rites public, to encourage others, should they be bad, to warn men against them. So the mob, who had stones ready for him, threw them down and were appeased, and at last gazed upon him with admiration.

Would you read some of the quick answers and comments that he is remembered to have made. Favorinus, who had heard that Demonax scoffed at his lectures as being too polished and elegant for a philosopher, went up to him one day and asked him who he was to jeer. A man, said Demonax, with an ear not easy to deceive. He was once asked for what reason he pursued philosophy. For the reason that I was born a man, said he. His questioner then inquired what sect he favoured. Why, answered Demonax, who told you that I was a philosopher? And then walked away smiling. The other pursued him and asked him why he should smile. Because you seem, he said, to judge a philosopher by his beard, beardless that you are. For the other was a youth.

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led him to a well. Is this your conception? he asked, pointing to their reflections.

When a quack was boasting of his power to satisfy all his desires by some secret process, Demonax took him to a baker’s shop, and, pulling out a coin, bought a loaf and said, “This is my secret process.”

Herodotus, the orator, was lamenting for the premature death of his son, and would not be consoled in any way. So Demonax suggested that he should get news of his son from Hades. How? asked Herodotus. By going there, said Demonax. Another man, who had shut himself up at home for the same reason, was assured by Demonax that he was a magician and would restore to him his son, if only he would name three men of his time of life who had never wept for the dead. The man could not do this; whereupon Demonax told him not to sorrow so excessively for a reason that he shared with all the world.

He laughed at men who used antique phraseology, and said to one such, “Is it not ridiculous that you should accost me like Agamemnon, while I talk to you like a modern?”

When a friend desired him to come to the Æsculapium to pray for his son, Demonax said, “Is Æsculapius so deaf that he cannot hear us now?”

When he was laughed at for eating honey he asked, “Was it only meant for fools?”

Seeing two philosophers earnestly arguing altogether off the point, he said to his friends, “Would you not suppose them to be milking a he-goat into a sieve?”

Agathocles, the peripatetic, boasted that he was the first and only dialectician of the age. “Come now,” said Demonax; “if you are the first, you cannot be the only dialectician; if you are the only one, you really cannot be the first!”

A friend remarked of Cethegus, destined to succeed his father in Asia, that he was a great monster. “A monster,” said Demonax, “not a great monster.”

When he saw Apollonius and his followers set off to teach the prince, he exclaimed, “There go the Argonauts!”

He used to say of Herodes, an excellent orator who yet did a thousand extravagances on the death of his son, that Plato was quite right to give a man several souls, seeing that one soul could not possibly talk and act so contrariwise.

He had the courage to ask the Athenians publicly why they barred foreigners from Mysteries that had been founded by the Thracian Eumolpus.

When he was starting on a sea-voyage in winter-time a friend said that he would make food for fishes. “Well,” said Demonax, “they have often made food for me!”

He told an illogical rhetorician to practise more carefully. The man answered that he practised every day by himself. “Then,” said Demonax, “no wonder you are so bad if you practise on a fool.”

He once saw a fortune-teller taking money, and said, “If you can change the course of Destiny, you cannot ask for too much; if you cannot, no one can give you too little.”

A Roman officer was exhibiting his sword-practice against a post, and asked Demonax if he was not skilful. “Certainly,” said Demonax, “when the enemy is wooden.”

He was just as quick over obscure questions. For he was once asked, “If a thousand pounds of wood were burned, what would be the weight of the smoke?” And he answered, “Weigh the ashes: all the rest will be the smoke.”

A Greek who could barely speak his own language told him that he had been made a Roman citizen. “I would much rather see you made a citizen of Athens,” said Demonax.

To an aristocrat who was fingering his purple with pride he said, “A sheep wore this and was but a sheep.”

Once at the baths he drew back from the steaming water. A bystander jeered. “Why,” said Demonax, “here is no question of dying for one’s country.”

He was asked to describe the future world, and answered, “Wait till I have been there.” A poetaster once wrote his own epitaph, proclaiming that earth held his husk and heaven his spirit. Said Demonax, “What a pity it is not already engraved!”

When he grew old and walked with a stick a friend asked him what was the matter. “Cerberus has bitten me,” he said.

He once saw a Lacedæmonian beating his slave. “Stop treating him as your equal,” he cried.

A woman named Danae begat a lawsuit against her brother, and Demonax remarked that she certainly was not the daughter of Jupiter. And Aristides, who was often asked to help men at a crisis, especially did he scoff at those whose vanity drew them to philosophy, and when a cynic professed to be the disciple of Antisthenes, Crates and Diogenes, he retorted, “Of Hypereides, you mean.”

When he saw the modern boxers using their teeth he said, “No wonder that our writers call them lions!”

A pro-consul was on the point of beating a cynic who had called him effeminate because he used to shave all the hair from his body. But Demonax spoke up for him. “Then what shall I do?” asked the pro-consul. “Why, shave him!” said Demonax.

He once saw a bronze statue in the Peciae that was broken at the hand. “It is late in the day to honour Cynegers,” he said.

A man entrusted with the government of a province asked his advice. “Speak little,” said Demonax, “and listen much.”

When he was laughed at for eating honey he asked, “Was it only meant for fools?”

Seeing a philosopher limping in the Lyceum, he said, “Look at the peripatetic!”

Epictetus one day advised him to marry, saying that it was in no way contrary to the profession of philosopher. “Very well,” replied Demonax, “let me have one of your daughters.”

To a rogue who was perpetually expounding the ten Categories he said, “You really need ten sentences.”

The Athenians were once thinking of giving a gladiatorial show in the Christian style. So Demonax told them to begin by pulling down the altar of Mercy.

The citizens of Elis wished to raise a statue to him. But he said to them, “Do not condemn your ancestors because they have raised none to Socrates or Diogenes!”

I have heard him tell a lawyer that laws were useless, because the good did not need them and the bad were not bettered by them.

He often quoted this line from Homer: “Death comes alike to idleness and skill.” And he used to say that Thersites made a good cynic.

When asked which philosopher he favoured, Demonax answered, “I favour all. But Socrates I reverence; Diogenes I admire and Aristides I love.”

He lived for nearly a hundred years without sorrow or sickness, helping his friends in their need and wronging no one. The Athenians and all the Greeks held him in such esteem that the magistrates would rise when he came amongst them, and all kept silence to hear him speak. When he grew very old he lived wheresoever he pleased, and his hosts thought it a divine visitation. The bakers fell over one another to serve him with bread, and the little children brought him fruit and called him father. One day he came before some rioters and they all stood still. Then, seeing that they were already ashamed, he went away without a word.

Then, refraining from food, he died with the same amiable manner that he was always accustomed to wear. When asked if he would not leave orders for his burial he said, “The dust will do that.” His friends replied, “Are we to leave your body to birds and wild beasts?” And he answered, “So shall I still be of some use.”

But the Athenians voted him a stately public funeral, and the philosophers themselves carried the bier upon their shoulders. For a long time they mourned him, and looked upon the stone on which he was used to sit as upon something sacred. I can say no more to give a reflection of the glory of this great man.

JOHN ARNOLD.
be separated in this way in practice: the man of genius differs from the ordinary man only by being more objective, disinterested, and sinless, not in being entirely without any admixture of subjectivity, selfishness, and the rest of the undesirable qualities of the ordinary man.

Dr. Türck’s conception of Hamlet is of a man who, "like a true idealist, and as usually happens with such people, had begun by forming a totally false conception of the world and its character." The evidence for this conception is nil; and the conception is apparently contradicted by one of Dr. Türck’s own statements. "It is in the highest degree significant," says Dr. Türck, "that Wittenberg was the university at which he had studied. This was in Shakespeare’s time the chief seat of exact science. It is, therefore, very significant that his hero, a man of the age of thirty, should have come from this university and should also desire to return to it, a proof that Hamlet has attended the university not for mere form’s sake, but because he has a real liking for exact science." If there is one thing that exact science does not do, it is this: it does not allow its votaries to form "totally false conceptions of the world and its character." Dr. Türck’s conception is for the "true idealist" of the type exhibited by Dr. Türck; and it is impossible to prove by the play that Hamlet was a poor, credulous fool, trusting in the inherent goodness of people and being deceived thereby. Hamlet is not Parsifal.

But that is Dr. Türck’s conception. Hamlet is the "true idealist," suddenly confronted with the rude facts of life; and plunged thereby into a profound pessimism which inhibited "every decision and purposeful activity." The explanation simply does not explain. Hamlet retains his character as a man of action throughout the play in everything but the one task of avenging his father; and his language befits his character. "If it assume my noble father’s person," he says of the ghost, "I’ll speak to it, though hell itself should gape, and bid me hold my peace." When he does meet the ghost, he sustains the same character.

My fate cries out...
And makes each petty artery in this body
As hardy as the Nemean lion’s nerve.—

Still am I call’d,—inhind me, gentlemen—

By heaven, I'll make a ghost of him that lets me.
There is nothing in the play to show that what "R. H. C." calls the "spiritual shock" of discovering that "the ideal and the real do coincide," which is Dr. Türck’s conception, inhibits the activity of Hamlet, except in the one case of avenging his father’s murder. The aboulia, as I have said before, is not general; it is specific.

On the question of vengeance, Dr. Türck is interesting but not convincing. "I believe," says Dr. Türck, "it is Hamlet’s objectivity and extraordinary disinterestedness, his deep-seated conviction of the imperfection and sinfulness of all men, that leaves him free from the selfish impulse to seek personal satisfaction in the immediate execution of his revenge." Hamlet did not believe this: there is not a line in one of the soliloquies, wherein his Hamlet debates the question, which will support this idea.

As Dr. Ernest Jones says: "He gave several excuses for his hesitancy, but never once did he hint at any doubt about what his duty was in the matter. He was always clear enough about what he ought to do; the conflict in his mind ranged about the question why he could not bring himself to do it." When Dr. Türck says: "If in removing Claudius he could remove all evil out of the world, he would strike at once": he has added something to the character of Hamlet which is not to be found in the play. But even if Hamlet were Caligula with a Christian motive, the description would not explain why Hamlet was incapable of doing what he wanted to do. Until the problem of Hamlet is properly defined, I contend that it cannot be solved; nor I repeat that Dr. Türck has not defined the problem properly.
REVIEWS.

Mysticism and the Creed. By W. F. Cobb, D.D. (Macmillan. 10s. 6d. net.)

If ever the natural history of mysticism is written, this elaborately learned work on the Creed should provide material for a very interesting chapter; for the work is based on a paradox. In the chapter on "The Nature of Mysticism," Dr. Cobb attempts to rescue the word "mysticism" from the ambiguity of its various meanings, and restrict it to denote the condition of experience which has for its correlative the immediate act of God." It is a good definition, but the obvious inferences from it preclude the preparation of the very work in which it appears. For, to quote Dr. Cobb again, "the vision which constitutes mysticism comes to the individual, and makes him . . . one who has seen something which closes his mouth, whether he will or no, because what he has seen is so interwoven into the very fibre of his inmost being that it refuses to be detached and offered to others as material for mental assimilation." We can confidently assert that mysticism has nothing whatever to say about the Creed, that a new experience of "the immediate act of God" is not likely to result in a new interpretation of an old formula, but in an expression of it, and that all that Dr. Cobb has done, in attempting to save the Creed from its merely historical and dogmatic interpretations, is to add etymological and psychological interpretations to theology. If one prefers the language of bigotry, one can say that it is the interpretation of dogma in terms of the heresies.

This is no unworthy work, for a theologian is none the worse for knowing that more than one meaning can be attached to a set of words. Everything is in everything, for Wordsworth's "yellow primrose" to Tennyson's "flower in the crannied walls"; and for its full meaning to be extracted the gift of interpretation must be exercised, and one must know every vocabulary. For the data are the same, and the differences in the conclusions based upon them are due to the different methods applied to their elucidation. To know that Evolution is "a natural history of the universe including organic beings, expressed in physical terms as a mechanical process" (the definition is quoted by Dr. Cobb in his preface), is to recognise the limitations of the scientific method, to see that the scientist can only deal with phenomena, demonstrate mechanism, but can only apprehend the existence of the life of which these are the conditions of expression. The claim of mysticism to experience life as a noumenon is both ancient and persistent; and if we no longer antagonise mechanism and life, the everlasting problem of the control of mechanism by life, of the subordination of process to intention, still remains to be solved.

But it is doubtful whether Dr. Cobb's work brings us nearer to a solution. A mystic would have affirmed, attested, the possibility of controlling mechanism, of making natural law conform to the needs of spiritual expression. Dr. Cobb accepts too much from science when he says that the conception of natural law has made miracles unthinkable; he has handed over even his mental processes to mechanism, instead of asserting, as a mystic would, that the mechanism is determined by the life. This defect runs through the book, and where one expects affirmations and certitudes, one is confronted with tentative hypotheses, quotations, or the results of historical or etymological research. The book may not be as great interest, much may be conceded; the range of Dr. Cobb's learning alone would guarantee this; but its total effect is only to make possible some flexibility of mind when considering dogma. Sometimes Dr. Cobb is able to express it to proofs determined that the Creed is true, as when he argues that the Virgin Birth may be historically untrue of Christ, but mystically true of every soul. But if he has done no more than show that the Church must consider other things than historical interpretations of dogma, that it must be willing, for example, to examine the idea of re-incarnation in its attempts to find a theory worthy of the facts that it asserts, that fact assesses the value of his work. There is a use for liquefaction, much as the Catholics detest it; and if it makes people re-affirm dogma in terms of their own experience, the race will benefit accordingly.

Toynbee Hall and the English Settlement Movement. By Dr. Werner Picht. (Bell. 3s. 6d. net.)

It would be easy, but inaccurate, to call the Settlement movement a "cause." Certainly, if we regard only the idealism of the movement, as expressed in the last speech of Toynbee, we can make allowances for the misguided missionary idea of preaching and teaching. When Toynbee said to the working men: "Some of you have been impatient here this evening; you have shouted for revolution; but I do not think that that is the feeling of the great mass of the people. What I do feel is, that they are justified, in a way, in looking with dislike and suspicion on those who can only get better to worse for knowing that more than one meaning can be extracted, the gift of interpretation must be exercised, and one must know every vocabulary. For the data are the same, and the differences in the conclusions based upon them are due to the different methods applied to their elucidation. To know that Evolution is "a natural history of the universe including organic beings, expressed in physical terms as a mechanical process" (the definition is quoted by Dr. Cobb in his preface), is to recognise the limitations of the scientific method, to see that the scientist can only deal with phenomena, demonstrate mechanism, but can only apprehend the existence of the life of which these are the conditions of expression. The claim of mysticism to experience life as a noumenon is both ancient and persistent; and if we no longer antagonise mechanism and life, the everlasting problem of the control of mechanism by life, of the subordination of process to intention, still remains to be solved.

But it is doubtful whether Dr. Cobb's work brings us nearer to a solution. A mystic would have affirmed, attested, the possibility of controlling mechanism, of making natural law conform to the needs of spiritual expression. Dr. Cobb accepts too much from science when he says that the conception of natural law has made miracles unthinkable; he has handed over even his mental processes to mechanism, instead of asserting, as a mystic would, that the mechanism is determined by the life. This defect runs through the book, and where one expects affirmations and certitudes, one is confronted with tentative hypotheses, quotations, or the results of historical or etymological research. The book may not be as great interest, much may be conceded; the range of Dr. Cobb's learning alone would guarantee this; but its total effect is only to make possible some flexibility of mind when considering dogma. Sometimes Dr. Cobb is able to express it to proofs determined that the Creed is true, as when he argues that the Virgin Birth may be historically untrue of Christ, but mystically true of every soul. But if he has done no more than show that the Church must consider other things than historical interpretations of dogma, that it must be willing, for example, to examine the idea of re-incarnation in its attempts to find a theory worthy of the facts that it asserts, that fact assesses the value of his work. There is a use for liquefaction, much as the Catholics detest it; and if it makes people re-affirm dogma in terms of their own experience, the race will benefit accordingly.

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Strindberg, Sudermann, Hauptmann, and Wedekind, Maeterlinck, Rostand, and Brieux, Shaw, Galsworthy, Houghton and Gib, Hawker, Yeats, Lenoir Robinson, T. G. Murray, Tolstoy, Tchekhov, Gorki, and Leonid Andreyev; and all that seems clear is that Miss Goldman likes them all. They agree so well with her ideal anarchism, they are so "revolting"; indeed, if we may add on to Miss Goldman's exposition of modern drama does nothing but "revolt." Seest thou a man suffering from aphthous? Thou shalt stand before the Stage Society. And as revolt is the prime necessity of society, a man must throw off the dead weight of the past, with its constraining and spoiling, if he is to find foot-free to meet the future, modern drama must be read by all Americans. That man will never "meet the future," does not matter; these writers are very shocking, and everyone ought to be shocked, etc.

The Spirit of the Child. By Yuleie C. Wollaston. (Lothian, 100, Flinders Street, Melbourne. 5s.)

We are not acquainted with what psychologists call the "colonial consciousness" in the book itself has little cohesion) there is at least some in-the book has its charms a person whose name appears on the title-page. Naivete much impressed by the preface in which it is pretended advertised by publishers, has only a small commercial value in England. We may doubt the value of the translation, and also the "quaint gleams of humour," things that Mr. Moore "parts with and Turkey, are much in the public mind just now; and a man who has travelled "in the unknown heart of the Orient Express." This is a book more interesting for its matter than its manner or manners, introduced by an unnecessarily whimsical prophecies of their future, scraps of real history (such as the story of Nazim Pasha's wife, who was inspired against her husband's life, but joined him in his exile when the conspiracy failed), which have much interest, and might have some importance if Mr. Moore would only throw aside his predilection for the pose of "pot-boilering" and edit his impressions by some method other than that of "tipping up the shafts." It is a good book spoiled in the making by an insolent carelessness.

THE KEY TO BUSINESS SUCCESS.

STRAIGHT TALKS.

THE IMPORTANCE OF DETAIL.

(With acknowledgment of help from Pitman's Magazine of Business Education.)

"I know how Sir John made his money. He grew whiskers."

This was a business man's criticism on a well-known merchant prince. It did not explain all his success, but it explained a good part of it.

One of the interesting points that a great number of successful men have in common, is the ability to grow whiskers. At a board meeting, in the office, or in the factory, the man who does things may have a couple and now and again use it, but he has whiskers, and they are growing all the time.

"Who was that gentleman that came through the works with the guv'nor this morning?" asked a foreman of his manager.

"That was Mr. Thmith, the new partner. He's putting money into the concern and is going to make a big thing of it."

"I believe he will," said the foreman, "he's got whiskers. They never stopped my machinery."

The value to a business man of having the right kind of whiskers can scarcely be over-stated. I will reserve the discussion of this for a further straight talk on the subject.

Business nowadays is made up of so many small parts that the man who seeks to show any advantage over his trade opponents must be continually examining all these parts so as to be sure that every one is bearing its right strain and effecting its proper purpose. Here and there, some of the nuts may be loose. And this examination is not simply a matter of percentages and figures. If it were so the chartered accountant could run the business for us. The human element is the great factor of strength or weakness everywhere, and in dealing with the human element the man with whiskers produces at once an effect which is profound and lasting.

Some time ago the writer was present in the private office of a well-known manufacturing firm when a rather knotty business point was being settled. There were present the head of the firm, and his three partners, the book-keeper, a traveller, a shorthand secretary, etc. The traveller and the book-keeper, being chiefly involved, had stated the problem. All the partners, excepting the chief, then discussed the subject freely, and the problem seemed to become more involved with every new opinion.

Then the head partner made a swift turn to the shorthand typist.

"Mr. Snook," he said, "try to think you are outside all this and just merely one of the public. What do you think about it?"

Mr. Snook answered confusedly and appeared to have no lucid thoughts. But out of the muddle of his reply came a phrase that provoked another question and an almost equally muddled answer.

"Very well," said the chief, "then we will decide so-and-so." And he stated a clear cut decision in which policy was marked out in unmistakable lines. It was beautiful, superb.

Afterwards the chief explained to me: "That young man Snook," he said, "has whiskers."

Perhaps he hardly meant that. Although Snook certainly had beginnings. More likely he saw Mr. Snook as an onlooker with the detached mind who stood to do jury work. Of course he certainly had beginnings. More likely he saw Mr. Snook as an onlooker with the detached mind who stood to do jury work.

"What I have already said will probably help. One more pithy story and I have done. Two men entered a firm ten years ago. One is now a director (hats off, please) and the other is his clerk. They were both on probation, but only one of them had whiskers, and those whiskers made his actions effective when he began to act.

A. W. KNAPP.

MORE THAN MODERN DRAWINGS: FIRST AND LAST.

Litchfield Woods.

Litchfield Woods, the founder of Precreationism, was born at Bedlam and educated at Colney Hatch. In youth he was, like many geniuses, reflected from his true path by the prevailing fashion, and painted many pictures under the influence of a common and satisfactory theory known as Cubism. At the age of
twenty he painted a portrait of his aunt, and exhibited it with the title of "A Rough Sea at Margate." The picture met with high commendation and was ultimately purchased by a Jewish financier accustomed to spend his week-ends at Margate, who was struck by its verisimilitude.

His next picture, "Caesar Addressing his Troops before the Battle of Pharsalia," was greeted with enthusiasm, and Litchfield Woods bade fair to become the leading exponent of Cubism in this country. However, a dull-minded friend, whom the painter had been so injudicious as to allow into his studio while he was painting the picture, wrote to the papers, pointing out that the latter was an accurate copy of a clothes-horse and a ginger-beer bottle. Although Mr. T. E. Hulme wrote a pamphlet in which he proved that no picture of Caesar addressing his troops could possibly be painted from any other model, the superficial and facile public showed a declining interest in the painter's work. The painter's friends felt that Mr. Hulme had been a little too abstract in his ratiocination for the general public, for they were of the opinion that the pamphlet would have been conclusive had it been comprehensible.

It was while brooding over this disappointment that the painter made his great discovery. It flashed upon him that the Cubists, in their preoccupation with pre-creation, had overlooked precreation. It was all very well to paint things as they might be, or to convey the idea of something to the beholder by painting something else, or to paint things being born; the real task was to paint things before they were. The things we see around us are the embodiments in reality of ideas existent before their creation; and painting, if it is to go to the rock bottom of things, must deal with objects before they existed—that is, it must be precreative. Thus was founded Precreationism.

Perhaps, in the present initial stage of Precreationism, there is too much similarity between the work of Litchfield Woods and his followers; that is why I propose to give only one example of their work, much reduced:

The author of this note believes that any explanation of a picture destroys its force for those to whom its beauty is self-revealing. However, a brief explanation may be adduced for the benefit of the feeble-minded.

There are four figures in the picture, painted before they existed. If anyone asks why the second figure from the left should have a cast in its eye, it can only be replied that he who cannot discover the reason at a glance is too stupid to be illuminated by any explanation. Explanation is wasted upon minds inaccessible to the principles of pure beauty.

L. W.

TO A BRUISED WORM; OR, WHAT YOU WILL.

I have weeded the garden paths,
And sown all the beds with seeds
But there lingers one vain regret
And my heart with piti-bleeds.

With my spade I have dug deep
And planted the rhubarb roots,
I have chased all the slugs away,
And played to the shoots with flies.

But a worm with a slave-like crawl
Has crossed on my path to-day,
Broken and bruised he vainly squirmed
In the good old-fashioned way.

Ah, well, for the fishermen's boats,
Free will and the will to live,
I have done a fool deed of shame
To a life I could not give.

God wot! for a nice little plot
Of garden I'd sighed for long,
I shall never dig there again,
Nor list to the carver's song.

The long days are grey and bitter,
And bitter the salt sea spray,
And mild and bitter my thoughts
Of the worm that crossed my way.

I shall hang up the spade and rake,
Shake the mud from my aching feet,
But the ghost of the worm will walk
In my dreams we two shall meet.

O ruinous, ruinous face,
O face of the injured worm,
I loved thee in life too little,
In death it shall be a long term.

CHRISTOPHER GAY.

P.S.—Being a strife tired of Philistines I took to gardening with the above result. I do not think that this occupation is the "labour of the martinet"! I do think that it is a powerful factor in keeping quiet the respectable middle-class which is the hardest nut for the Guildsmen to crack. Paint echoes will be heard in the above of those marvellous creatures called poets; I could not "work in 'Ta-ra-ra-ra-boom-de-ay'"; the flesh was willing but the metre wouldn't still be present, and hope of our modern poets would use what little genius they have for the emancipation of wage-ridden slaves they might receive better treatment at your hands. As they prefer to be pimps of the vilest system in history you will have my hearty support when you place them in a similar position to that occupied by the priests in Napoleon's Army in Egypt—with the camels.

C. G.

MORE CONTEMPORARIES.

BY C. E. BECHHOFFER.

(11) THE SYNDICALIST.

MIXED YARNS.

Next week is the Oxford and Cambridge boat-race, and once more, presumably, whole crowds of the fool workers will be asses enough to go down and cheer. Considering that we have over forty so-called "Labour" members sitting in Parliament, we might have hoped for a little class-feeling among Trade Unions. And yet one sees men going about without a shirt.

The whole question of women in industry has been so much obscured by the noisy Suffragists that one hardly ever nowadays hears any truth told by public men. Take, for instance, the two entirely different versions given of the foul blow in that disgusting boxing match. How can it be when the "buses advertised to run "to and from Olympia" are driven by wage-slaves? How is it that none of them are advertised to run "near Buckingham Palace"? There does not seem to be much respect shown to Royalty, after all.

ARTHUR D. LEWIS.

OUR STUDENTS' COLUMN.

What is the Syndicalist State?

Solution 332: "There will be no State. Each Syndicate will look after itself, and so must everybody else. The two are incompatible."—P. W.

Solution 332: "Men will be chosen from each industry by examination in statelessness and politics to run the State."—E. L.

Solution 333: "All the Syndicates will have a central council, at which their officials will sit, and this will carry on the affairs of the country."—C. D.

Solution 334: "As Syndicalism will be established all over the world simultaneously, there will be no question of national affairs."—C. T. C.

(To be continued.)

THE LABOUR PARTY.

Every time we think of these renegade Parliamentarians basking in luxury, we feel we want to biff them in the eye, to slash them on the boko, to knock their blossoming teeth out for them. There they are, the damned skunks, appealing for the worker's hard-earned money to carry on their blasted campaigns and to run their cursed newspapers. The swine! The howling cads! (etc.)

LOOK HERE!

"Weekly Syndicalist" Fund. £500 Wanted.

Already subscribed ................................ £9 5 7
To be subscribed .................................. £39 14 5

Total ................................................ £500 0 0

Back Up!
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

COAL AND COTTON.

Sir,—The two cases mentioned in the first two paragraphs of B. Schmalz may be of interest, even if not strictly parallel.

I am not connected with mining, but have had occasion to visit coal-mines, so I happen to know something of conditions in the pit.

In your paper, paragraph 2, you have overlooked the fact that is some mines more than half the men go down the pit to keep the mine open, and not to get coal.

Your second paragraph would be quite right if, when the men stopped work, the mine roads stopped closing up, and the roof dropping in parts, etc., but this is not so, and a reduction of working days from five to four or five and a half to four would not have been a solution. There would also be more accidents and more "gob" fires ( spontaneous combustion of coal ) in those pits liable to such. The extra one day's standing of the coal face per week would more than double the number—might even make four times the number develop.

There is a reduction of working days from five to four days' week.—Ed. N.A.

AUSTRIA AND SERVIA.

Sir,—In reply to S. Verdud, the quarrel between Austria and Servia is not racial and religious. In either case, my sympathies are Servian. If persons of one nationality have the right to be politically united, then Servia has as much right as Bosnia, Dalmatia, and Slavonia as Piedmont ever had to Tuscany, Venice, and the Milanese. As regards religion, I should be the last to deny the right of the Servians to be politically united, 'then Servia has as much right to Bosnia, Dalmatia, and Slavonia as Piedmont ever had to Tuscany, Venice, and the Milanese. As regards religion, I should be the last to deny the right of the Servians to be politically united, then Servia has as much right to Bosnia, Dalmatia, and Slavonia as Piedmont ever had to Tuscany, Venice, and the Milanese.

But in the case of the Servian aspirations—of Servia-Montenegro is smaller than English people available for this campaign for obvious reasons. This was current twenty years ago; is this not overlooking the Servian aspiration?

Austria, of course, is the charge of the "How to Save England." Servia, however, is the charge of the "How to Save Slavdom and the Serbs". The Servians, I am convinced, are a stronger and more united people than the Austrians. ROMNEY.

REDMOND HOWARD AND PETER FANNING.

Sir,—When a writer on current politics proclaims aloud that he "thinks constructively," and then goes on to demonstrate that he hasn't wit enough to construct a farthing kite, much less a political theory, those who take politics seriously are rightly inclined to ignore him. But in the case of Mr. Redmond Howard, whose prattle is as plausible, and with as little regard for facts, as Piedmont ever had to Tuscany, Venice, and the Milanese, even the most charitable of his readers will not fail to see the grim and sinister side of his "How to Save England." This reduces the opposing forces to something like equality.

As a result of this, more unemployed will exist, and asking permission to go into the house will have to be punished by hanging.

Now, Sir, it is almost needless for me to say that a minimum wage is also a maximum. In isolated cases, a pit, for instance, may be of July's output, but Hildreth's output is fixed now and for ever more. It seems somewhat strange that this Act should come into force so near to a General Election. On dungeons and hangings particulars by that low-water mark statement I need not mention by name, "more wages" will be a good vote-catching cry. On the face of it, a general election would be propitious for the Government, as the workpeople's distress has not yet got into its stride. If the General Election is delayed until June of next year, I think that the Liberals with their "National Insurance Act" will have the advantage for dismissing the Act.

I leave you to consider, you will per use this Act. You cannot compare a cotton-mill with a coal-mine and get anything useful.

L. HARGRE.

OWEN AND GUILDS.

Sir,—Anyone who has read the Webbs' "History of Trades Unions" cannot have failed to notice the striking similarity between New Age Guild Unions and those put forward by Robert Owen in the last century, which are outlined in Chapter III of the above work.

As far as I can remember, there has never been a reference made to Owen or his ideas in this journal since articles on the Guild System appeared. In "National Unions," National Guildsmen state that the Guild idea was current twenty years ago; is this not overlooking the fact that they are propagating 'French Syndicalism' Owen? Similarly, in refuting the charge of the "Times" reviewer that they are propagating "French Syndicalism Owen?"

The Webbs state that syndicalism was current twenty years ago; is this not overlooking the fact that they have all the forces of Hell against them. This and not to get coal.

I am sure you will per use this Act. You cannot compare a cotton-mill with a coal-mine and get anything useful.

JOHN HARGRE.

ALL ABOARD FOR THE SERVILE STATE.

Sir,—I should like to call your attention to the Trades Board Act passed in 1905. This measure, doubtless supported by the money-minded Labour Party, is the grand advance towards the Servile State. Its aim is to standardise by law wages in the sugar and confectionery trades, and in due course to do the same in every other trade.

I understand that for the last five years the Board of Trade has been demanding figures from tradespeople, and now we have the result of their inquiries. Workmen of certain ages must be paid a fixed sum. Wages have advanced, and I look for the time when the Radical points triumphantly to the good work of the Government. But wait a minute. Those of us who know (and I trust there are a good num-

S. WANSKY.

Mr. Cole in his articles on French Syndicalism found that there was a result of peculiar conditions in that country, but the fact of similar ideas having cropped up in England previously must strengthen materially the case for these ideas against those of Collectivism.

* * *

As a result of this, more unemployed will exist, and asking permission to go into the house will have to be punished by hanging.

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JOHN HARGRE.
From this time forward all manner of steps were taken to promote the grand object. Pamphlets were written and speeches made on the subject in Ireland, and the House of Commons was compelled to deal with the matter of the "Union of 1800," according to historical facts and evidence. But how has Mr. Redmond Howard treated this subject? Of all his offences in this matter, perhaps that of which he is guilty, but I hope you will allow me to expose this instance in some detail. In speaking of the Union, Mr. Redmond Howard rings the changes on the subject in the following forms:

"The so-called Union—that colossal piece of panic legislation."

"But for that Act of 1800, passed by Pitt in a moment of panic."

"The best that can be said of it (the Union) is that in a moment of panic Pitt acted with good intentions."

Reading the above, those unacquainted with Irish history have no choice but to believe that the idea of a legislative Union was conceived by Pitt and carried into effect in a moment of panic, the Minister all the while meaning well towards Ireland. Anything more inaccurately false regarding that infamous transaction has never been written. What can be the motive that prompts Mr. Howard to invent or borrow apologies for Pitt, falsify the history of Ireland, and make a liar of himself in an English journal? I do not think it was a right that, with his position, the right of hearing on Irish affairs, who is not aware that the Union was not a clumsy piece of panic legislation, is not meant to be further encroached on. I am not even the author of the 'awful mistake'; that it was carried into effect as a piece of traditional political policy, after years of preparation, and not in a panic; that Pitt never had any good intentions in the matter, but intended, as I shall show, to annihilate Ireland by a debauch of murders, massacres, rapes, bribery, and corruption, fee like of which the world has never seen in modern times.

The idea of a legislative Union was first mooted in 1759, forty-one years before its accomplishment. But as the country was now delivered over to its now inevitable ordeal of slaughter and desolation—an ordeal which, in Mr. Pitt's opinion, was needful to pave the way for the legislative Union—

"The recall of Lord Fitzwilliam and the arrival of Lord Camden gave the signal for the bloody anarchy which, in Mr. Pitt's opinion, was needful to pave the way for the legislative Union." They (Pitt and Fitzgibbon) drew from it an argument for the Irish historian remarks:

"And the country was now delivered over to its now inevitable instrument of slaughter and desolation—an instrument which, in Mr. Pitt's opinion, should be adopted to pave the way for the legislative Union." The recall of Lord Fitzwilliam and the arrival of Lord Camden were the heaven-sent signal through which Ireland was to pass for the next five years and which it was deliberately calculated was to end in its extinction as a people.

"The best that can be said of it (the Union) is that in a moment of panic, and that he acted with good intentions regarding it, I say here, on the evidence adduced, that he is an unmitigated liar."

Pitt carried the Union for the one purpose, the total annihilation of the Irish nation. He accomplished it by the aid of 27,000 soldiers, some of them imported from Germany, and the distribution of £5,000,000 in bribery and corruption.

But time brings its revenges, and, as we see to-day, nationalities, Irish and others, are not so easily disposed of.
the nucleus of an anti-feminist league for men, and I appeal to the heads of the industries of the country to see that they do not encourage the idea of a woman, can have nothing to do with it personally, as it is a man's league; it is only for the sake of the country which my men have fought for that I ask men to realise just what an organisation this is which seeks to undermine and destroy that unorganised opposition is so useless that we may well say—he that is not with us is against us.

I ask you, men of our island race, to think of the past history of your nation; to remember that you are the sons of those who built up an Empire whose meat and drink was Empire, age by age and nation by nation, and left to alien brows their famed ancestral crown. 

And to alien brow their famed ancestral crown?

England can only be ruined from within. Are you aware that you have thrown aside the modern habit of letting things slide, and have fallen into the shameful habit that Mr. Thomas Sadd and others have been so often to attribute any virtue to the Insurance Act, and, furthermore, I will not be found in the company of any official, semi-official or plebeian parasite who is, in short, a form of taxation on the scanty subsistence wage of the mass of the population. Up to 100 pence for two years. This sum represents to some of the young members of the family are sent out in the morning to buy a pennyworth of margarine and a ha'porth of milk for breakfast. Social Reform! this game of publishing a rotten pennyworth of words to do, and shall be printed in public to most of the drivel which proceeds from the presses once a week, not always so often, and not always yellow, and apparently not for the moment discerned by the interested public. At that time we shall not need to catch the Prudential Assurance Co., now a flourishing concern through the economic fear of death, is used as a museum for insurance cards of the twelfth century. He will be read extensively when the Guilds have been substituted for capitalistic madness, and he will be popular when Christian and Rationalistic M.P.'s have been howled out of existence, and also when the milkman delivers milk without making a noise like a 'Balk and Balcony on the Dome of St. Paul's and laugh so loudly that the bloom on the privet-trees shall be shaken to the earth like coconuts.

CHRISTOPHER GAY.
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