NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Being a man without either prejudices or principles, Mr. Lloyd George has a capacity for pouring himself into any set of circumstances and taking their shape. Ever since the war began his has been by far the most adaptable mind in the Cabinet, and the most representative of the nation. Not even Mr. Asquith has succeeded so well in translating into words and deeds the will of our people engaged in war. He is still too, too solid for the period of revolution through which we are passing. For this a more versatile man is needed and Mr. Lloyd George is the man. Above all, as becomes a man without principles, Mr. Lloyd George has proved himself practical. No hobgoblins of consistency have frightened him from doing to-day what he refused to do yesterday or from contradicting his own past on a thousand and one points. What to him are the values of intellectual consistency or of political and economic principle? Expediency, the rule of the practical man, is everything. So the need of the moment be met and the deed of the day be done, the concern of the practical man is ended. But thus it comes about that the doings and sayings of practical men are events in themselves. The rest of us may think, reflect, meditate and write; but we can do little more than forecast what the practical man will do. We are, at best, only a part of the shaping circumstances into which a man like Mr. Lloyd George pours himself.

* * *

It would be to minimise their importance to call the speeches delivered last week by Mr. Lloyd George to the Trade Unions remarkable. The Press, it is true, has failed to realise their significance; but they are none the less historic. The circumstances, the personnel, the tone and purport of the appeals to the workmen, the very vocabulary of the messages, are all, in the highest sense, of momentous historic importance. We beseech our readers to preserve the newspapers of Thursday and Friday last and to memorise the reports of the speeches therein contained. Never before in the history of human society has the executive of a great State addressed so frank, so egalitarian an appeal to the proletariat of their nation. We, the heirs of the traditions of the Socialists and Communards, are flattered to find ourselves outsid and outdone by the head of a whilom capitalist State. What we have said in our closets, Mr. Lloyd George has shouted upon the house-tops. Read again, we once more beg our readers, the reports of his speeches. Let us, as Thoreau said, nudge ourselves to listen. Not a sentence of his addresses but might have appeared in these Notes any time during the last five years without attracting the smallest attention for their oddity or inconsistency. But is this not in itself remarkable; and, being now acts as well as words, are not the events historic? For the third time, we ask our readers to examine again the speeches of Mr. Lloyd George to the Trade Unions of the nation.

* * *

The case for national industrial guilds, such as we have been able to present it, has always met with the practical objection that in a time of emergency they would not work. Abstract desirability was allowed them; as a means to the abolition of the degrading wage-system they were admitted to be theoretically perfect; as a field for the development of honour, liberty, skill and self-respect among the working classes, everybody agreed that the national guild system could not be bettered. But the objections hitherto regarded as fatal to their hope of establishment were, first, that they would prove less efficient in production than competitive industry with its material prizes for exertion; and, second, that a long period of profound national peace would need to be assured for their successful induction. The virtual adoption last week of the principles of the national guild in the engineering industry has, however, put an end once and for all to both these objections. It is in the midst of Armageddon that the Guild...
principles have been found to be not merely desirable, but necessary and urgent. It is precisely for their superiour character in practical production over the private competitive system that they have been forced upon the most practical Executive that ever governed a State. But what may not be concluded from this astonishing confirmation of our forecasts and arguments of the last few years? There is literally no end to the hopeful conclusions that may be drawn from it. Private competitive industry has been seen now to break down exactly where we have always said it would—in efficiency and profiteering—as the world was intended to imply—was all-powerful to produce profits, being designed for that end alone; but, in the American slang, profiteering could not deliver the goods. The principles of the national guild, on the other hand, exactly as we said they would, have proved to be, as well as ethically, economically and nationally necessary, practical and superior in efficiency. Let no guildsmen henceforth be regarded as a Utopian and a dreamer. Events have proved us to have been the only statesmen of the last decade.

Among the many significant features of the event we are not sure that the fact that the State has taken the workmen into counsel before the failure of the employers is not the most significant. It is true that the present is, above all other past wars, a workman's war; and that future wars promise to be more and more engineering and industrial rather than purely military. It is true also that experience would appear to have dictated the priority of counsel with workmen who might go on strike rather than with employers who, at worst, could only bleed the nation of profit. But both facts indicate a change in the relative values of the two classes of employer and workmen which is not only likely to persist, but which the State has realised as decisive. Hitherto, as we know, the State has regarded the capitalist classes as the sole controlling and active partner in industry. Small blame to it for this conclusion, since in fact, after the last few centuries, these classes have been both exclusively responsible and relatively the most efficient. With the new needs, however, the balance of power has shifted from the employing to the working classes; and the State, with its instinct for power, has shifted its attention with it. Not again, we venture to predict, will the State resume its old unquestioning confidence in, dependence upon, and partnership with the capitalist and employing classes. Their status has been shaken by the failure of their allies in the body of industry to respond to the very needs they professed to be alone able to supply. All that they have themselves demanded in the way of control for their office of creators and custodians of the national wealth and industry, they have had in full measure even to the bull of our kingdom. But with it all, it is now patent that they have failed us. Will it be said that but for the strikes of the workmen they would have discharged their trust, but this excuse is not possible to them, for both explicitly and implicitly they have always assumed full responsibility not only for the management of their industry, but for the conduct of their employees. Economically and industrially these latter have always been told that their responsibility in industry is nothing, that the management was sacred to the employing classes, that they had nothing to do save to do as they were told on pain of starvation. It will not now serve to turn upon the men who have been forced to a burden and blame them as if they were responsible. The employers cannot, in fact, both claim responsibility with all the privileges appertaining, and, at the same time, cast it upon their slaves. If the Clyde strike and its threatened extensions have, indeed, been responsible for the failure of the competitive system during the emergency of the war, the blame is not upon the men, but upon the masters. There is the failure to carry out their promises to the nation. As for the men, they have never been allowed to promise or to be responsible for anything. That in actual fact the men have now proved themselves to have the power to dictate the terms of their masters is evidence that the time for their responsibility also is now come. Power without responsibility is as dangerous as responsibility without power. The king of capitalist industry is dead; long live the new king of guild control. With the instinct of the wise dreamer. Events have proved this. But with all this, it is now patent that they are the hope of the nation, and therefore of the world.

It is fortunate from another point of view that Mr. Lloyd George had the intuition to fortify himself with the support of the men before approaching the masters. The situation otherwise might have resulted in the immediate solution of the present difficulties but at the expense of the future. To adapt an old saying, it is wise to be on with the new before being off with the old; and the attempt of the State to transpose the alliance, of the dependence from the employing to the working classes before the latter were secured might have induced an alliance of both these classes against the State. Our readers will all have been impressed by the new foreseen the possibility of such an anti-national conjunction. If the Unions, we have said, would only consolidate the economic power resulting from their virtual monopoly of the supply of labour, they could in the end compel a partnership either between themselves and the State or between themselves and the employers. And we had no doubt which of these courses it was in the public interest to take. But Mr. Lloyd George, too, has seen the danger and, for the time being, has averted it. In his remarks to the Conference of Wednesday he said that,
had he first approached the employers with the proposal to limit their profits, "we might have had face to face, not merely with the employees making demands upon the State . . . but with employers in combination with them; we should have had employers and employed combining to bring pressure upon the State without our being in a position to deal with it." That is not only true, but it is almost self-evident. We have only to suppose that the employers had been approached first and had refused to concede the limitation, to see them flying to the Trade Unions for support. Rather, we would have said, rather than permit the State to being in the, true, but it is almost self-evident. We have only to them; we should have had employers and employed powerful form of syndicalism- against the, had refused to concede the limitation, to see them seeing; but the nation would have been held decision on which side, its bread is buttered; whether to for the moment is past. But, thanks to the war is over. Once more the State will have to make it), with Labour (that in an emergency has come returns. It is, on the other hand, the admitted fact that capitalism has failed the nation to afford the nation security in time of stress? national luxury like drink, properly forgone when war fancy, no less difficult for private industry to contend with it), with Labour (that in an emergency has failed it), with Labour (that in an emergency has come to its support), or to see both combine against it. The security of the Order lies, we believe, in the alliance of the State and Labour.*

No grounds exist for restoring the status quo to capitalism after the war. On the contrary, a thousand new grounds for maintaining and extending the mobilisation will arise when peace is restored. The "Times" and other such irresponsible journals imagine, it is true, that capitalism should bend its head in the war-gale to raise it afterwards as if nothing had happened, and weld it to the admitted fact that demand to capitalism has failed the nation in our time of need. Profiteering, after all, is not a national luxury like drink, properly forgone when war was about and properly resumed at discretion when peace returned. It is, on the other hand, a national defect, a form of industrial weakness and disorganisation, and has been proved to be such by the very circumstances that would have proved its virtue if it had any. For what purpose has private industry been maintained but so as to be left at the mercy of beating private industry to its private mismanagers after the war may, however, be no more than an eleemosynatory prayer. Elsewhere in the same issues the guild principles under the disguise of mobilisation are spoken of with something like enthusiasm, as if it were the case (as we sin-

cerely believe it to be) that many of the paid advocates of profiteering would be glad to throw up their brief. Of the engineering mobilisation, for example, the "Times" says: "Here we have the outline of a bold and comprehensive scheme for organising our industrial resources and at the same time reconciling the interminable differences between employers and employed." But why is such an organisation desirable and necessary only during war, and not for the moment no less applicable to the conditions of peace. And again, concerning agriculture (apropos of a timely revolutionary article by Sir H. Rider Haggard), the "Times" writes: "The land and its potentialities should be regarded as an asset to be developed to their full value by whatever means may be best adapted to that end." What is this but to say that agriculture, like engineering, should be mobilised, that is, placed under the control and administration of a guild? But the employers rather than the employees will be the guilds. Thanks to the perspicuity of Mr. Lloyd George the danger for the moment is past. But, thanks to the stupidity of our Press, the danger will recur when the war is over. Once more the State will have to make decisions. In the presence of its bread, whether to join forces with Capital (that in an emergency has failed it), with Labour (that in an emergency has come to its support), or to see both combine against it. The security of the Order lies, we believe, in the alliance of the State and Labour.

** INITIATION. **

Yet ask me what is Poetry, my child? It is a riddle deep that none may read. This little we may know. In choice of words And grouping of them lies the poet's art; And with emotion he must tinge the whole, Then maybe there'll be magic in his note To set strange chords vibrating in the heart. But they are few, the poets, all too few! One man I know, my child, and one alone Within whose soul the Muse for ever dwells (The Muse I will explain another day) And therefore is he Poet Laureate. Bridges, his name. Now, listen with all your might, Glorious your first glimpse of Poetry. The Lente lilies through the frost that push Their yellow heads withhold. Yes, that is Poetry. And that is all I give to you to-day. It is so full Of beauty, I should overtax your powers If I gave more. For you are very young And too much ecstasy would sap your brain. To-morrow I will charm your ears anew. There is a lovely line about a bush That will enchant you. Meanwhile, let the world That you have heard to-day within your heart Take root, and blossom there until you die.

What do the Lenten lilies do, my child? Just so. They push. Stevenson Parker.
Mr. Marmaduke Pickthall and Mr. Douglas Fox Pitt both disagree with some remarks of mine about Turkey. I attach a great deal of value to the criticisms of these gentlemen, and I have just re-read Mr. Pickthall’s reprint of certain of his New Age articles, “The Black Crusade.” There is much in this pamphlet, as in everything Mr. Pickthall writes, with which I agree that I should very much like to find out, if possible, what still divides us. I have mentioned two names in particular, because these two critics represent a sound, sympathetic, and usually well-informed body of criticism in this country.

In making a statement of his own, Mr. Fox Pitt denies one of mine; and though I accept his I still maintain my point. He says: “It was not the stupidity of the Young Turks, but the stupidity of our diplomats in conjunction with the mad commercialism rampant in this country which caused a rupture between Turkey and Great Britain.” I have been a skilful diplomat who had been known in Turkey since the seventies, eighties, and nineties of the last century. For in Germany, with his usual shrewdness, thought of in England only in connection with atrocities, in this country which caused a rupture between Turkey and Great Britain. The feeling sympathetic, and usually well-informed body of criticism in this country which caused a rupture between Turkey and Great Britain.

In the seventies, eighties, and nineties of last century, thanks almost entirely to Gladstone, Turkey was thought of in England only in connection with atrocities, real or alleged. Gladstone and the Liberals championed Bulgaria; and on this point Mr. Pickthall has already expressed himself vigorously. The feeling created by the Gladstonian school made our statesmen, on our part, lend adequate support to Turkey; and though the Young Turks triumphed in 1908 the Ottoman Empire as a whole remained under suspicion. The average voter in this country knew and cared very little about the problems associated with it. Our statesmen had no very definite policy, save the vague policy of keeping Russia out of the Dardanelles. This negative policy, seldom efficacious anywhere, was absolutely useless against the very positive policy of Germany; and Germany’s positive forward policy revolved round the Bagdad Railway. This was the most important aspect of this question for the simple reason that in Germany the army was consequently on the side of Germany, when a side had to be taken. Even under the Young Turks General von der Goltz Pasha trained the army, with the aid of German officers; and when he was withdrawn we re-established the army. Further, the Young Turks, in spite of the counter-proposals put forward by France, England, and Russia, extended the terms of the Bagdad Railway concession; and in all the negotiations connected with it, the high price paid by Germany for her instructions. Again, while Mr. Pickthall is right in saying that Turkey—the Young Turks—practically offered us the protectorate of the Ottoman Empire, he does not say why we were compelled to reject that offer. Nor does he say why Russia’s protests against the extraordinary powers conferred upon General Liman von Sanders remained unanswered. Nor does he say why the Bagdad Railway loans of 1910 were contracted in Berlin. Indeed, Mr. Pickthall, and I think Mr. Douglas Fox Pitt also, have never professed to devote very much attention to the economic situation of the Duchies Germany. It is not considered, rather, the political situation of Turkey vis-à-vis England. The latter, however, is ruled by the former; or at any rate was so ruled until the outbreak of the present war. It was Germany’s determined veto which prevented us from “lending” Turkey the inspectors who would have enabled us to assume a virtual status as administrators of the Ottoman Empire. That form of Protectorate was reserved for Germany; and the Young Turks, while endeavouring to cast off the German political yoke (I assume for the sake of argument that they did try to do so), kept on ratifying the economic concessions which fixed that yoke on Turkey more firmly than ever. The Entente Powers were compelled to recognise that Turkey, for most political purposes, was simply a German province. Turkey was mortgaged to Germany; or, if you like, Turkey was a badly conducted business with Germany as debenture-holder and preferred creditor. If Turkey was tricked, we must admit that our trickery was unsuccessful; but the Germans certainly did well. I am conscious that there are several points still to be dealt with, but space is space; and I may perhaps have been able to summarise the most important aspect of this question for the benefit of those who, like myself, can sympathise with Turkey while remembering that even Young Turks can make mistakes.
Military Notes.

By Romney.

I see that another suggestion has been made to account for the rationing of the German people. It will be remembered that several critics, including myself, found this step difficult to explain, firstly because it seemed incredible that the German supplies should have given out so soon, and secondly because, if they had, it seemed bad policy to advertise the fact in so very public a manner. It is usually considered good policy to conceal your weak points, not to inform the enemy about them.

It has, however, been suggested that the German Staff are, or at any rate attempt to be, psychologists, and no one who has followed their plans of campaign will deny that at least as much attention has been paid by them to the effect of any given move upon the morale of the army and of the civil population as to the narrower and more purely military necessities. Thus, there can be no doubt that the Germans are hanging on to a dangerously extended line from Nieuport to Bâle because it encourages the German people to know that their forces are still in occupation of Belgium, whilst a retirement to the shorter and more easily defensible line from Liège to Bâle would be as good as a confession of failure. Similar considerations also account for the repeated concentrations against the Russians in East Prussia—concentrations that have frequently lost the Germans successes in other parts of their fronts.

We are therefore asked to believe that, although there are possibly very good reasons for Germans economising in their food, the whole business has been deliberately exaggerated with the view of exciting hatred against England—who, as the main blockader of German coasts, may be held accountable for any distress that arises. If this appears far-fetched, as well it may to anybody who is not familiar with German military literature and thought, we have only to remember that we ourselves have almost been welcoming the various aerial and naval raids upon England because we found from experience that they encouraged recruiting. The Prussian's ideas upon psychology are often crude and clumsy, but such as they are they lay the greatest stress on their importance, and in justice to them it must be said that they have succeeded in maintaining German morale practically unbroken in the face of a situation which the General Staff must know to be something very like hopeless. As Mr. Belloc says, that morale will not now be shaken until the Allies gain a definite and unconcealable victory in the open field, or until German territory is ravaged by the invader. Then indeed the collapse will probably be terrible. The awakening is usually proportionate to the deception.

News from Athens states that the hesitation of the Greek King to throw in his lot with the Allies has been confirmed by the attitude of the Greek General Staff. It appears that Venizelos' plan was to seize Smyrna, a task for which the Staff considered Greece not to be sufficiently strong. In this they were probably right. It is the Greek misfortune to constitute a sort of "Celtic fringe" in the Near East. The territory peopled by Greeks outside Greece consists in coasts and ports without a hinterland. The hinterland is held by strong and hostile peoples like Bulgarians and Turks, who naturally covet the coasts also. From the purely economical, as opposed to the ethnographical, standpoint, it is absurd enough that Greece should hold Salonica, thereby excluding the Bulgarians and Servians of Macedonia from their natural outlet to the sea: to attempt also to hold Smyrna, which is the equally natural port of Asia Minor, would be to invite a double feud and a double disaster. It is very much as though an independent Ireland were to lay claim to Liverpool on account of its large Irish population. One would naturally reply that Liverpool and its environs are not a territory in themselves, but go with the hinterland: which hinterland is, and will remain, England. And, as the Greek Staff do not doubt protested, to defend Smyrna against the constant menace of Turkish attack would demand an army many hundreds of thousands larger than Greece could profitably maintain.

Those who, a few months ago, were howling for conscription, will be pleased to observe that recruits are no longer in very urgent demand; that the War Office has as many as it can clothe and equip, and more than it can train; and that we have obtained all this by means of voluntary enlistment. If twelve months ago a man had suggested that we could raise a force of from one and a half to two millions by such methods, I wonder how many people there are who would not have taken him as a joker? One may well compare the results with those obtained by the Government of the United States which, in an emergency far more terrible, was forced to resort to the ballot and encountered riots in consequence. The military power and resources of Great Britain are the surprise of Europe.

Current Cant.

"Is Christianity a failure?"—"City News."

"Gent's Suits Free."—"Tit-Bits."

"What we must do with the Kaiser."—ARNOLD WHITE.

"Gamage and good-will."—"News and Leader."

"The 'Star' contains all the evening news."—"Star."

"Is 'one wife' the solution?"—AUSTIN HARRISON.

"Will the War hurt religion?"—MAX PEMBERTON.

"Was there ever such an opportunity for a golden-mouthed evangelist?"—WILLIAM ARBER.

"Advertising as a National need."—HEDLEY F. LE BAS.

"Charles Garvice—Prince of Novelists."—"Tit-Bits."

"Women ready to make armaments."—"Daily Mirror."

"The Beacons of the Gospel have been shining brightly during these six months of National stress."—"Standard."

"The incomparable beauty of English women is the real original cause of the envy and hatred of this country that has been growing for many years in Germany."—SIR HEDWORTH MEUX.

"Hudson's Soap . . . for keeping spotlessly clean those homes which are the pride of a free people."—R. S. HUDSON.

"The 'Echo and Evening Chronicle' will give you all the romance of human life day by day."—"Referee."

"The British Empire, the Land of Beauty, Virtue, Valour, Truth. Oh! who would not fight for such a land! . . . Take Eno's 'Fruit Salt.'"—Advert. in "Windsor Magazine."

"I'm not going to undress on the stage. I have to change my stockings."—VIOLA TREE.

"Mr. H. G. Wells speaks out on the People's War."—"Sunday Herald."
Letters to a Trade Unionist.

XII.

This week I propose to write to you about strikes, and a more difficult subject we could not very well discuss; because, you see, there are so many schools of labour "sympathisers," each with endless and varying articulated views about the value of the strike weapon. When first a Labour Party seemed a possibility, every prospective and potential Labour M.P. considered it his business to ridicule the strike. Such a method of fighting hurt the worker more than the employer; it meant grim ruin and hunger to the striker; it was a relic of barbarism that must be swept away with the breaking of the new dawn of political salvation. And so on. What had really happened was that, as I have already indicated, the masters had used it to better advantage than the men. Having thoroughly grasped the principles of it and realised its potentialities as a weapon against them, and having no illusions as to who were the enemies in the struggle for wealth, they perfected and used it with merciless force and precision. The workers, on the other hand, have been so unsuccessful because they have never yet been thoroughly organised for fight or fully conscious of the needs and requirements of industrial war. Until the transport workers, railwaymen's and miners' strikes three years or so ago, there had been scarcely any action but sectional action; and sectional labour action is impotent against organised capital. Here again "National Guilds" deals with the question in a masterly fashion. For the first ten years of this new century there were 4,557 disputes involving nearly two and a quarter million workers who fought for a period of time amounting in the aggregate to 121,854 years. All this struggle, mind, being directed purely to a slight amelioration of existing conditions: a farthing an hour—or day—on wages; less overtime; the right to contribute to a certain fund, and so on; and, as we saw last week, labour became steadily poorer through it all. All this effort was expended, all these days of hunger were borne by workers and workers' babies at a cost to the Unions of £2,348,570, whilst, during the same period, the owners of land and capital, less than one-fifth of the population, netted a clear twelve thousand million pounds of the national wealth. No wonder the strike became suspect. Never having been fairly used, for its right use and value were never thoroughly understood by the strikers, the reaction in favour of politics flung it into the corner among the rest of labour's weird pile of lumber. But it did not lie there for long. After the spectacle of a Labour Party's few years' turn of jugglery in Parliament, the Trade Unionists dragged it out,fuscated it up again, and, a few of the men having thought a little in the meantime, it was used to better advantage in the summer and autumn of 1911.

This outbreak of industrial activity changed the tune of the politicians considerably. The Labour Party saw that an attitude of mere scornful indifference might rob it of a few Trade Unionist pennies, so it adopted another crafty policy. Many of its members were Trade Union officials. These men had therefore divided claims. They owed it first (though they seldom paid it first) to their Unions to see that the Union member's interests were safeguarded; in the second place they had their political party's position to consider; finally, on every question that arose, what would their constituencies say? Their difficulties were tremendous. Obviously their first duty was to take advantage of the newly awakened and growing interest in industrial solidarity; none of them would have had any time to spare for Parliament had they done this. But to do this would mean the weakening of the Labour Party funds (the Party itself could not very well be weakened) and that was not to be thought of, and then—their constituencies! The Party was the greatest stumbling block in the path of honesty and fair dealing, for the Labour members represented the Liberalism of the constituencies, and Liberalism is financed by capital. Thus, the poor old Trade Union-Labour M.P.'s were in a ring of difficulties. Their wages were paid by the Unions, whose servants they were; their seats were only held on the sufferances of Liberalism, financed by the enemies of their Unions; and their political Party lived on these sufferances of wondrous eminence. Also, they could not seriously try to stifle the growing industrial sentiment. Their only claim to existence was that they represented labour, and this was the only labour that mattered when action or money was considered. So they sympathised with the strikers, talked the matter over with the rest of the political world, and offered their services to labour. That is, they paid lip service to the struggling strikers, and then persuaded them to come into the political fold. The strikes were justified, they said, but the strikes should not continue; government departments would arbitrate and settle affairs amicably. The constituencies were satisfied because their representatives were following in the footsteps of their late King, they were Peacemakers, and, as we all know, Liberalism is most bloodthirstily peaceable; the Trade Unionists were flattered by the attentions they had received; the Labour Party was again, as capital jubilantly assured itself, a power in the land; and the strikers again bared their flanks to the good.

The crisis was not passed, however, without a good deal of dust being shaken out of the dusty folds of the political garment. It showed clearly that, to the majority of the Labour members as to government and capital, the only inherent right of labour was the right to do what suited best the governing classes. A miners' battle that he was a "citizen" before being a Trade Unionist. Of course he did not quite know what he meant, but his remark clearly showed that the collier who continued to trust him in power, let alone pay his pennies to keep him in power, must be almost as ignorant as Stephen himself, and it also indicated the determination of the Party to hang on to the benches where comfort and ease are assured. But in other districts there was an awakening. The policy of Syndicalism and Direct Action were flung about with working-class recklessness. The word Solidarity came into common use in the industrial sphere. That curse of labour, sectionalism, fell into disrepute. Amalgamation and federation were talked about and considered and, in many industries, finally acted upon. Really, when one considers the development of Trade Unionism between 1911 and August, 1914, there is not much to be pessimistic about. On the opposite side to the Labour Party there were, of course, some equally ridiculous pretensions made. The "Daily Herald," for instance, at one period of its existence, was as foolish as it could manage to be. It glorified every petty, silly little strike as if striking itself was the thing to aim at. It developed a Yankee tone. It "butted in," and it went "some" ; it "guessed" and floundered about in real, smart, irritating Yankee fashion, and gave one the "some." In many districts these miners, when one considers the development of Trade Unionism between 1911 and August, 1914, there is not much to be pessimistic about. On the opposite side to the Labour Party there were, of course, some equally ridiculous pretensions made. The "Daily Herald," for instance, at one period of its existence, was as foolish as it could manage to be. It glorified every petty, silly little strike as if striking itself was the thing to aim at. It developed a Yankee tone. It "butted in," and it went "some"; it "guessed" and floundered about in real, smart, irritating Yankee fashion, and gave one the "some." In many districts these miners, when one considers the development of Trade Unionism between 1911 and August, 1914, there is not much to be pessimistic about. On the opposite side to the Labour Party there were, of course, some equally ridiculous pretensions made. The "Daily Herald," for instance, at one period of its existence, was as foolish as it could manage to be. It glorified every petty, silly little strike as if striking itself was the thing to aim at. It developed a Yankee tone. It "butted in," and it went "some"; it "guessed" and floundered about in real, smart, irritating Yankee fashion, and gave one the "some."
Nature and the Doctrinaire

By Marmaduke Pickthall.

I have often had occasion to refer, in The New Age, to the difference of mentality which exists between the Arabs and the English, and to state my opinion that it was impossible for the former ever perfectly to understand the latter's speech or actions. As far as I know nobody has yet attempted to define this difference; very possibly it may be indefinable; but I am going to try to indicate wherein it lies, at the risk of offending some of my Arab friends, inclined to applaud the facile utterances of a school of English doctrinaires who ascribe their own ideals and mental processes to every race in which they take a momentary interest. The shape of the average Egyptian's head differs from that of the average Englishman, so does the shape of his body. In Cairo I have experienced great difficulty in buying a fez large enough to fit my head, which is not an exceptionally large head for an Englishman. In Damascus also the largeness of my head has caused surprise to cap-sellers, whereas in Turkey it is thought of normal size just as it is in England. I commend this detail to the notice of the doctrinaire, who loves facts and measurements, hating a more artistic method of research. Being no scientist, I can only describe the difference of mentality by telling stories of my own observation and experience. One story—or a part of it—I related in The New Age in November, 1912.

Nine merchants mounted upon donkeys with their merchandise travelling along a dyke in the Fayyûm, when two robbers bounced out on them from a patch of cane, exclaiming: "Bo!" The merchants got down off their donkeys and pressed their faces in the dust. The robbers took what they required and bade the merchants go in peace. The merchants rode upon their way, with praise to God, until the danger was left far behind and they drew near the city of Fûyûm, when they became indignant for their loss of merchandise. They went before the judge and made complaint.

"But they had sticks," was answered. "So have you," observed the judge. "But our sticks are to beat our donkeys with," replied the merchants, quite amazed. It had never occurred to them that those particular sticks could be applied to any other purpose.

"Say, why did you offer no resistance, being nine men against two?" the judge insisted. "Efendim," they answered, with tears. "We are civilized men while they are children of the night.

Reading this reply in the police report a high British official laughed aloud. But from the Arab's point of view it was not ludicrous, for the word in common use for civilisation has for Arab ears the meaning rather of urbanity, and children of the night means something definitely terrible to men who go to bed soon after sunset and bolt up their doors. What those merchants really said was reasonable, viz. : "We are urbane men (that is, persons enervated by the life of towns) and robbers strike us with a supernatural terror." But it required unusual sympathy and knowledge in an Englishman to grasp their meaning. Will anybody tell me that the mentality of those merchants was in all respects the same as ours?

An English friend once told me, as a curiosity, that he had found a constant difference in the answers given by Europeans and Egyptians to a certain riddle: "Two ducks in front of a duck, two ducks behind a duck, and a duck in the middle. How many ducks?"

The European, for a first guess, answered "Five" invariably; the Egyptian as invariably answered "Seven." Since then I have applied it as a kind of test. From the Egyptian, educated or illiterate, Muslim or Copt, the answer has been always "seven"; from Syrian Muslims "seven"; from Syrian Christians sometimes "seven," sometimes "five"; from Turks, Circassians and Albanians always "five," for a first guess. But while the type of mind which guesses "five" to start with is ready to acknowledge that the answer might be seven or even three, the type of mind which guesses "seven" cannot conceive of any other answer. My Egyptian friends grow hot at the suggestion that it might be five or three. One day, a doctor—a well-educated young Egyptian—made the reason for this indigestion clear to me.

"It is seven," he asserted. "Look!" and, holding up both hands with fingers closed he showed: two ducks," raising two fingers, "in front of a duck" (up shot the thumb), "makes three. Two ducks" (the last two fingers of that hand were raised) "behind a duck" (the index of the other hand) "that's six. And a duck in the middle—Seven. The answer can be nothing else. So you see. It is yourself, dear sir, and not the rest of us, who are in error."

He had taken the question, an avowed conundrum, literally, word by word, counting the ducks as they were mentioned with a rapidity beyond the faculty of Europeans, never thinking of it as a whole.

The perfect Oriental is entirely logical. He reasons literally, step by step; and when he reasons his literal reasoning lands him in some evident absurdity, he prays God who has set limits to man's faculties. The letter and the spirit are, for him, two separate entities. He cannot understand how we confound them. A noble sentiment is a noble sentiment and therefore praiseworthy, however little it may tally with the conduct of the speaker. Theory and practice are two different things. (An oriental doctrine thus does no harm.) Words have value in themselves. The roughest Oriental, when reporting shameful language or a curse will prefix the report with "Be it far from thee" (the hearer) such language having in itself defiling power. "Bismillah," "In sh'Allah," "Ma sh'Allah" and a host of other pious interjections are used as charms apart from their significance even by criminals committing murder. And, words having this half-magic power to sanction deeds, everyone is righteous, using pious formulas.

The children in the schools, when given a textbook upon any subject, commit its contents in a lump to memory. When questioned on it in examinations they would willingly recite the whole, but bitterly resent an abstract question bearing on the subject or request to put the meaning of the text in other words. This they call cheating. The native masters, too, count it unfair. The boys were given something definite to learn, and they have learnt it perfectly. What more could any reasonable creature wish? Their preoccupation with mere details, their seeming incapacity to take a general view of anything, is a most curious limitation of the "seven duck" peoples. When most they seem imbued with European views who knows what form those views present to their intelligence! I am sure they do possess a form rather than a sense, since the way of thought of Orientals is objective. Where words are of such vast importance, it is interesting to observe that the Arabic word for "civilisation" (as I have already said) implies "urbanity," that is progress", also means "advancement" and so forth. "How can he be a civilised man? He hit me," is the kind of judgment one has often heard. With all this they are wonderfully imitative, quick to reflect the gestures and expression, the way of talk and views of anyone presented to their adulation. They have the reputation
of tremendous scholars but the object of their scheming is impossibly remote. This it is which so perplexes Europeans. Where a plot seems long and devious it was made in sections; that is to say, a fresh plot was conceived at every obstacle. Our striving after distant ends, disdaining blessings close at hand, bewilders and does us ill. The only solution is to the magic of mere words and formulas. The young Oriental, learning English, tries to get hold of the terms in most familiar use among the elegant, "the best formulas." He has been known to say "Old thing, how goes it?" to someone about a dispute. He says "The spot will argue with him that they ought, perhaps, to some extent, perhaps, the change is equitably applied to Christianity and every other creed whose hope is in a future life beyond the grave. The pious Christian like the Muslim holds this world but as a place of preparation for the other world. Christians and Muslims notice the same mental characteristics as Mohammedans. And Mohammedans from Europe and the colder parts of Asia lack these characteristics as completely as the Englishman. One reason why Mohammedans officials now in Egypt are less efficient and enterprising than they were of old is that the flow of Turkish, Arnaud and Circassian officials into Egypt ceased with the British occupation, and families of those races which have been long established in Egypt have lost energy and other ways deteriorated, acquiring many characteristics of the real Egyptian. This is particularly the case with the Khedivial family, whose elevation to the Sultanate has been so much applauded. The "seven-duck" mind is more in evidence to-day than it was before the British went to Egypt. Quite lately, when the word went forth that thrift should be encouraged in the shape of savings-banks, mudirs (provincial governors) went round with soldiers forcing the folk to put money in; and even took with them moneylenders, so that where a man had nothing he could be obliged to borrow. I am credibly assured that many peasants were thus constrained to borrow at 20-30 per cent. a few pounds, to swell the total in the local savings-bank, which total was all that the literal local savings-bank, which total was all that the literal guardian was supposed to get out of it. This is a mode of thought which requires the treatment one would give to mere words and formulas. The young Oriental, learning English, tries to get hold of the terms in most familiar use among the elegant, "the best formulas." He has been known to say "Old thing, how goes it?" to someone about a dispute. He says "The spot will argue with him that they ought, perhaps, to

Christianity is at heart as much opposed to progress in its capitalistic and commercial aspects as is El Islam. But Christianity has long ago arrived at a modus vivendi—a rather shameful compromise—by no means always in a European direction, but always in the way of culture and enlightenment. This tendency is equally applicable to the English and Turkish movements, though it made the Revolution possible and, since the Parian element in the Young Turk party—a faction merely, and without importance—subsided into private life, leaving the Nationalist element in absolute control, it has inspired the counsels of the Committee. It seemed about to have free scope for growth. There was a hope of real Islamic progress, of the spread of enlightenment and toleration among Muslims everywhere. For the Turkish influence is not that of rulers of an empire; it is also that of blood-relations of all Muslims. The brotherhood of all believers being an established principle, colour is not the barrier it is with us. An Arab grandee with an only daughter has often married her to a negro child of his own house—"the best formulas." He has been known to say "Old thing, how goes it?" to someone about a dispute. He says "The spot will argue with him that they ought, perhaps, to
Overcrowding and Emigration.

By E. J. Mounihan.

For many years past there have been a good many bees in the German bonnet—Insects which account for the swollen head that brought about the war. Most of these bees buzz still, and in a good many other bonnets, too. There are many Englishmen who yet believe that you can spread the passion for liberty among foreign "degenerate" with a club, that commerce is to be won and kept by foreign arms. That trade follows the naval flag, and that the masses are better governed by a superior class than by themselves.

Fortunately, in England, these old trusted Tories are in such number that they do not largely control the policy of the United Kingdom; nor have they done so for a long time past. Had they got their way, we should have had a conscript army of German dimensions any time these last thirty years. During that period these of Potsdam to plant out the overseas fully as much money in militarism as the present year will cost us. We should, in all likelihood, have also got into something very like the present trouble ten years sooner than is actually the case. We should have had a lower tariff to supply a seemingly sound excuse for German allegations of British craft and rapacity.

We should have aroused the jealousies of the whole world by our colonial policy. We should have gone about seeking territory belonging to other nations, and, in all probability, the handing back of internal sovereignty by a Britisher of this type are now emigrating—from Germany itself, driven by lack of elbow room, moving out of the towns into the country? Not at all. The movement is just the other way about. The growths of Berlin, Hamburg, and other big German towns during the last twenty years have been among the most striking phenomena in the recent social history of Europe. Do you find people getting out of London or Manchester or Glasgow and going back to the farms? The subject of quite general—and quite futile—complaint by the sociologists is just the reverse. Very much the same general facts are visible even in a country like the United States, or Canada. Nay, it is even true of South Africa. The general population of the Union increases but slowly; yet the towns are growing fast. It is as plain as daylight then, that even in the newest and most sparsely inhabited—as to white men—of the British dominions, the general movement is towards the more crowded spots, and not away from them. Twenty years after Malthus wrote the population of the United Kingdom was about twenty millions—and he was impressed by the difficulty of supporting it. To-day, a hundred years later, we find twenty million inhabitants, roughly, in two circles of thirty miles radius, drawn one round London, and the other round Manchester.

All the fools do, at any rate; although the real facts do not support the thesis at all. What is the reason for this wide-spread belief? In the first place it is "common sense," which is often the most misleading guide in the world. It is common sense, for instance, that the heavier a body is—other things being equal—the more rapidly it will fall to the ground. This is so obvious, even to a man who has never thought about it, that it was holy and sacred scientific truth for thousands of years. Nevertheless the first man who had the originality and temerity to test the general belief by experiment, found that the universal creed had not a leg to stand on. For his daring in this and other like directions he was put in gaol.

In the second place, it is due very largely to a stupid book on Population, by one Malthus, written about a hundred and twenty years ago. He proved, to his own and nearly everyone else's satisfaction, by the exercise of "common sense," that population tended to in-
The War and a National Transport Guild.

The patriotic spirit manifested by our people since the outburst of war might well surprise even those of us who are ready to combat any views that would show us to be largely an effete race and, in the lower grades, fit only for mechanical and monotonous drudgery, and incapable of response to the appeal of momentous issues. To deal with one phase alone, voluntary enlistment has been of such dimensions as must have awakened the secret admiration of the authorities and have stimulated the pride of our countrymen and kindred throughout the world.

Were it possible to know and examine all the conditions and the human motives which have favoured enlistment a great variety of causes would be revealed, but it stands out clearly that, given a national emergency in which the honourable and patriotic course is not obscured, men by the million will follow that course with no regard for risks to life, limb or fortune; and they have done so with their eyes open to the fact that modern warfare is shorn of romance and largely of all reward, except that of honour.

The overriding calls made by the Government to operate in order to narrow the field of recruiting officers’ activities. There has been the need for carrying on enormous national industries of enhanced importance, for feeding, clothing, equipping and maintaining armies before unthought of, for providing arms, food, and transport and all the varied requirements of navies and armies, yet the results of nearly nine months of continuous enlistment could not well be more gratifying. Despite insulting iniquity of self-appointed patronisers, despite repellant and vulgar advertising, despite maladroit and incoherent appeals, all these events as if designed to discourage the voluntary system to the point of failure, men have rolled up in their hundreds of thousands, faster than the country, suddenly taxed to the full in its enormous resources, could train and equip them; whilst millions are still ready to come forward when they feel that the national emergency is such that the value to their country of their military duty is greater than their civil and domestic service.

And it has been so on the British railways. Men have gone to the colours in such numbers as seriously to embarrass a management which at the same time has been called upon to grapple with a multitude of problems out of condition to describe as abnormal is putting it mildly in the extreme. Ever since the War Office prohibited railwaymen from acceptance by recruiting officers unless they could show official authority for joining the forces, men who would not be denied have joined the ranks by blameless subterfuge.

Officials and men who have remained at their posts to carry on the transport activities have worked long and laborious hours, continuously and uncomplainingly, the men to the point of physical endurance when need has made them impervious to monetary inducements; the officials, to the entire sacrifice of all-important leisure. The overriding calls made by the Government for transport of men, horses, stores, arms, and multitudes have driven disinterested men to the point of failure, men who have contributed to accumulations of merchandise and minerals, and have affected passenger workings also, so that to-day the railways are worked under conditions which would be irksome in the extreme were not officials inspired by the same spirit as those of the military service.

In a general way, the commercial public have borne with cheerfulness a condition of things which in peace times they would have scouted as unthinkable. In fact, what has happened in and round the transport circle broadly indicates the attitude of mind of all classes and races of workers throughout the country.

Whilst I am not prepared to deny that a measure of sacrifice has been made by the best of the plutocracy and also by the aristocracy, and a still greater measure by the middle classes, yet the highest sacrifices have undoubtedly been made by the wage-earning classes, who in their individual and family units have given their all; and it is on their shoulders that the country, we feel, will ride through the great crisis. What would have happened had they allowed it? It is not hard to guess that there had been a widespread feeling amongst the much-maligned wage-earners that there was little to choose between the Prussian methods and the dubious benevolence of our own ruling classes; and all would lose those who have most would lose most.

In spite of all this it is not uncommon for intelligent circles to discuss conscription, or some form of compulsory service, as a supposed safeguard against any future great war; and specious arguments in favour of a large standing army readily find sympathy with well-intentioned people, whilst a little consideration would show the view to be not only illogical, but foolish. A thoughtful reading of the profound article (and digestion of all that it implies) by Mr. Ramiro de Maeztu in The New Age of February 18 is the best prescription in such cases.

The domination of Prussian militarism has been no less disastrous to Germany than militarism could and would be to this country were we to make a present of supreme power by the concession of a cheap standing army through compulsory service. Apart, however, from the small likelihood of our plutocracy voluntarily yielding its present supremacy to the many poorer classes, it is not likely that an army of military service would be unsuatable to the wealthy classes that we may safely leave them to their only protection, which is to make our voluntary, regular and territorial services so highly attractive in future as to be adequate for all calls likely to be made upon them.

As it is not good for a country that militarism should be dominant, neither is it that plutocracy, by reason of economic power, should be supreme; nor, for the matter of that, would unfettered economic power, wielded by democracy, be for the general good. It is for us carefully to consider and devise plans for the benefit not of sections, but of the nation. Germany and other nations may learn their lessons from the war, which then may have been waged to some ultimate good; our concern at the moment is to see that our stupendous sacrifices have not been in vain.

It is unthinkable that when the war is over we should settle down to a normal daily routine which does not give an assured existence for the largest proportion of our population. The new masters and their relatives return (the more fortunate ones) shall the nation offer them no better scheme of life than that they knew and despised—the grim and futile industrial struggles between masters and men, the strikes which when “successful” can only, after long years, double the £1 wages of slavery whilst reducing its value by half?

So long ago as in the 14th century the English employers found that money, rent, and voluntary labour paid them better than forced labour and tenure by service (serfdom). After the Crimean War, and in response to public opinion, Alexander II of Russia abolished serfdom, concurrently with the institution of other reforms, as a free gift to his people. How soon will an irresistible movement begin for the abolition of the serfdom of wage slavery—which, to put it at its lowest, would “pay” the country a thousand fold? The institution of National Guilds would give the people something worth defending, would solve the poverty problem, and give rise to a voluntarily employed army, industrial and military, which would soon become the envy and pattern of the world.

That the railway and transport services may form the nucleus of the first National Guild, a partnership between industry and the State, and demonstrate the impossibility of a new and happier order of life for an intelligent nation is surely within the region of practical measures.

HENRY LASCELLES.
The editors of the Home University Library have necessarily been compelled to swerve from one ideal to another. Now they give us an elementary primer of modern knowledge, about Rome, two hundred and fifty about the history of political thought in England, and seven hundred and fifty about the political evolution of England, and seven about the history of political thought in England. He or she will therefore be a comparative specialist in political theory and will even have been told about National Guilds.

The last volume of the three devoted to political theory has appeared before the second, and we are to graduate in Spencer and the Guilds before we deal with Bentham to Mill. On the whole, Mr. Barker has done his work exceedingly well; he has pulled a confused epoch into some sort of shape; he has disentangled the lawyers, the biologists, the historians, the psychologists and the philosophers and put them in their places. Especially valuable is the way in which he analyses Spencer and shows how his work drifted into "an incongruous mixture of Natural Rights and physiological metaphor." He is perfectly right in tracing to inherited nonconformity and the Godwinian influence of Thomas Hodgskin that underlying and invincible "bias" towards anarchism and negativism which made such nonsense when confused with the social-organism-concept so dear to Spencer's heart. Biology was only a secondary bias, and, strong as it was, could never overcome the first passion of his youth. The social organism is the rightful dealing of the State, and the control of economic production to the state. The State is one body; no Foreign Policy should obviously be controlled by a joint committee of the State and the Guild Congress. Or else one may go deeper and point out that we are not content to accept State Sovereignty because we are too stupid or too lazy to go beyond it. The aim of Guild Socialism is devolution by function, and the State is functional. The State is a national geographical grouping, and State-machinery only represents those features of our lives which are best represented by territorial association. It should be sovereign in matters of public morality; it should not be sovereign in industry or religion. We have now three forms of organised human will, each sovereign in its own sphere, the State, the Guild Congress, and the Churches, if any. How, then, are we to reconcile conflicting obligations and demarcation disputes?

Some may urge that the only way is to make the State supreme and to give it a veneer of professionalism by the creation of a Second House elected on a professional basis. Mr. Barker seems to favour a suggestion of Graham Wallas, who advocates the creation of bodies with a majority of elected representatives, but with a minority of members appointed by professional organisations. But this watering down of State Sovereignty is nothing but a nasty brand of Fabianism, the nastier for its specious plausibility. Experience has shown that unless the workers insist on complete control they will get no control; the gratuitous representative on a board is always fobbed off with trifles. In fact and in theory Guild Socialists must oppose State Sovereignty, however plastered on with the sweet reasonableness of Webb. The State is a territorial functional association just as the guilds are industrial functional associations, and the Churches are religious functional associations. Joint committees may save much trouble, but in the last resort should trouble arise Sovereign power must lie with the community in its most inclusive form. The most general will of all must find expression in a Federal Council which includes representatives of all associations, State, Guild, and Church. Here must lie the last appeal when obligations conflict.

That Mr. Barker may realise that Guild Socialists are alive, not only to the economic but also to the political side of the question will be apparent to all who have read a paper on Conflicting Social Obligations, written this winter by G. D. H. Cole for the Aristotelian Society, when he will find the whole question of ultimate sovereignty discussed.

Ivor Brown.
Drama.
By John Francis Hope.

While the world and myself await the coming of "Rosy Rapture, The Pride of the Beauty Chorus" (Barrie’s latest Invocation of the Nine), I must find some other aid to solemn reflection. Of the three American—well, I do not know what they are, but they come from America—I have seen one; but I am sure that my readers will prefer "Excuse Me" from writing about it. It might please Shaw’s Fanny O’Doowa, who loathes plays; but my loathing is reserved for these non-didactic entertainments that rely for their humour on a fat man and a black man and an unmarried couple refusing to dance. If they appear at all in the theatre, the reviewing of a published play cannot be more funereal than is customary.

It is a defect of most modern plays, except Synge’s, that they are well; it is, of course, common knowledge that they cannot be acted; and the reason is, as I have so often declared, that the authors do not understand the nature of drama. They are not content to create characters that reveal themselves by their action; they must forever be making their characters tell us what to think of the subject of the play. Andreiev is only the latest example. The life of man, by the nature of the case, is the subject-matter of all drama: dead men tell no tales and make no drama; and all examples of drama are really mystery plays. The attempt to make a play about the life of man is superfluous, for life is the stuff of which drama is made; the book of Ecclesiastes; it was dramatised by the Greeks, drowned in drink by Omar Khayyam, revealed by the nature of the case, is the subject-matter of all mysteries; and the abstract conception of the life of man, apart from man’s living of his life, cannot be successfully substituted for life itself. Andreiev wishes to dramatise the man, spurred on to boldness and ever more boldness by his wife, challenges life to “come forth to battle. Let us flash our swords, and join our bucklers, and rain such blows upon each other’s breasts as cause the very earth to shake again!” Cliché—and fustian; I need not make any further researches into the work of the author. Andreiev prefers the ugly, the mean, and the contemptible, and offers us nothing else in this play.

Andreiev is not concerned to create characters but to present realistic scenes illustrating five stages of the life of man (I wish that these dramatic authors would agree; Shakespeare denoted seven stages of man’s life). There is a defiance of Fate in the second act, wherein the man, spurred on to boldness and ever more boldness by his wife, challenges life to “come forth to battle. Let us flash our swords, and join our bucklers, and rain such blows upon each other’s breasts as cause the very earth to shake again?” Cliché—and fustian; I need not make any further researches into the work of the author. Andreiev prefers the ugly, the mean, and the contemptible, and offers us nothing else in this play.

The treatment of the conception is studiously undramatic. The Being In Grey who speaks the prologue seems to be compounded of Fate, Time, God Almighty, and Romeo, a most lamented death, and Machen’s in his lamentation on the death of his wife, has expressed the idea better:

To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
To the last syllable of recorded time,
And soon there are no lighted tools
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!
Life’s but a walking shadow, a poor player,
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more; it is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing.

Shakespeare did not need the presence of the inexorable figure standing in a corner, and holding a real and burning candle, to express the idea dramatically. There are certain things that lose in artistic power by being presented, for it is the unseen that is terrible in the apprehension of its existence.

The five acts of the play only elaborate the prologue into scenes of most sordid presentation. The first, dealing with "The Birth of the Man," shows us a stage in shadow, with some shadowy old women cackling and chuckling as they hear the screams of the mother in travails. The ridiculous Fate stands silently in his corner, holding his unlighted candle; while the women cackle, and chuckle, and argue about childbirth, until The Being In Grey says "Silence!" A pathos that sets the chuckle-headed noodle giggling again.

The method is consistent throughout the rest of the play, with its treatment of "Love and Poverty," "The Ball given by The Man," "Ruin and Bereavement," and "The Death of the Man." Andreiev is not concerned to create characters but to present realistic scenes illustrating five stages of the life of man (I wish that these dramatic authors would agree; Shakespeare denoted seven stages of man’s life). There is a defiance of Fate in the second act, wherein the man, spurred on to boldness and ever more boldness by his wife, challenges life to “come forth to battle. Let us flash our swords, and join our bucklers, and rain such blows upon each other’s breasts as cause the very earth to shake again!” Cliché—and fustian; I need not make any further researches into the work of the author. Andreiev prefers the ugly, the mean, and the contemptible, and offers us nothing else in this play.

The ball given by the man is deliberately contrived to bore the audience. A professional trio would, at least, be able to play in more than one tune; but Andreiev engages three semi-supernatural fiddlers, who are instructed to play a polka with a "vapid, juncture, staccato lift," and to play it out of tune. This is making misery, and making it badly; and I need not make any further researches into the work of the author. Andreiev prefers the ugly, the mean, and the contemptible, and offers us nothing else in this play.

He is simply expressing his grudge against God, and expressing it so badly that he can neither offend God nor please the Devil, but bore his audience.

What this play needs are some of those touches of the parodists that have made Maeterlinck interesting. I like to think of Mr. J. C. Squire’s "six old men who say ‘Moo,’ and enter on the wind of the right," affording some comic relief to this play by appearing at odd times. We ought to hear the symbols coming down the corridor, as Mr. Seaman heard them in Maeterlinck; and his "Hush! There is somebody on the other side of the door. There must be some one on the other side of the door," would add real dramatic intensity to some of the scenes of the play. However it is in Russian, in English Andreiev’s dialogue is ar resting when it is not utterly banal; and his types, his cackling old women, his "wall-flowers," his company of drunken fiddlers, who are instructed to play a polka with a "vapid, juncture, staccato lift," and to play it out of tune. This is making misery, and making it badly; and I need not make any further researches into the work of the author. Andreiev prefers the ugly, the mean, and the contemptible, and offers us nothing else in this play.

He is simply expressing his grudge against God, and expressing it so badly that he can neither offend God nor please the Devil, but bore his audience.

What this play needs are some of those touches of the parodists that have made Maeterlinck interesting. I like to think of Mr. J. C. Squire’s "six old men who say ‘Moo,’ and enter on the wind of the right," affording some comic relief to this play by appearing at odd times. We ought to hear the symbols coming down the corridor, as Mr. Seaman heard them in Maeterlinck; and his "Hush! There is somebody on the other side of the door. There must be some one on the other side of the door," would add real dramatic intensity to some of the scenes of the play. However it is in Russian, in English Andreiev’s dialogue is ar resting when it is not utterly banal; and his types, his cackling old women, his "wall-flowers," his company of drunken fiddlers, who are instructed to play a polka with a "vapid, juncture, staccato lift," and to play it out of tune. This is making misery, and making it badly; and I need not make any further researches into the work of the author. Andreiev prefers the ugly, the mean, and the contemptible, and offers us nothing else in this play.

He is simply expressing his grudge against God, and expressing it so badly that he can neither offend God nor please the Devil, but bore his audience.

What this play needs are some of those touches of the parodists that have made Maeterlinck interesting. I like to think of Mr. J. C. Squire’s "six old men who say ‘Moo,’ and enter on the wind of the right," affording some comic relief to this play by appearing at odd times. We ought to hear the symbols coming down the corridor, as Mr. Seaman heard them in Maeterlinck; and his "Hush! There is somebody on the other side of the door. There must be some one on the other side of the door," would add real dramatic intensity to some of the scenes of the play. However it is in Russian, in English Andreiev’s dialogue is ar resting when it is not utterly banal; and his types, his cackling old women, his "wall-flowers," his company of drunken fiddlers, who are instructed to play a polka with a "vapid, juncture, staccato lift," and to play it out of tune. This is making misery, and making it badly; and I need not make any further researches into the work of the author. Andreiev prefers the ugly, the mean, and the contemptible, and offers us nothing else in this play.

He is simply expressing his grudge against God, and expressing it so badly that he can neither offend God nor please the Devil, but bore his audience.
BOHEMIANS.

By Augustus John.
Readers and Writers.

There is no taking the shoes from off his feet in Mr. John Bailey's "Milton" (Home University Library, is.). He is terribly at ease in Zion. It is true that he refers frequently to Milton's "consummate art" and to Milton as "the one consummate artist our race has produced," but the phrases belong to the lecturer, long ago sick of his subject and now vainly attempting to recapture his first rapture. He has, of course, nothing new to say in praise of Milton—though I think I could mention some overlooked aspects of Milton's greatness—but he has some novel trifles of dispraise. These annoy me in Mr. John Bailey upon Mr. John Milton for the levity with which they are pointed at and the complacency with which they are dismissed as the inevitable spots on the sun. The "one consummate artist of our race" appears, in Mr. Bailey's eyes, to have been consummately Philistine in many respects in which we moderns are easily his betters. For instance, in his polemics with Salmassius he not only soared on hyperboles to heaven, but he frequently descended to "the gutter-mud of scurrilous personalities"—a disease, this latter, "from which our more amiable age seems at last to have delivered the world." Happy, amiable age in which we live when there is no Salmassius worth a Milton's ire! But is Mr. Bailey really so certain that we amiable ones are right and Milton wrong? And not Milton only, but Demosthenes and Burke and, Mr. Wells would add, those mischievous Old Testament prophets? These "consummate masters" are wrong, too (if they are wrong), not upon matters of fact, where-in no blame lies, but upon matters of taste, wherein, for them, all blame lies. Demosthenes, for example, knew so well the temper of his audiences that he could safely denounce the very jury that could condemn him to death. Milton was of such consummate taste that he could make God and the Angels speak without offending the most reverent of Bibliolators. Things which only a taste almost divine in its certainty could accomplish without falling into ridicule or blasphemy. Yet both Milton and Demosthenes were guilty, Mr. Bailey tells us, of "crudities of personal violence" and the "gutter-mud already referred to. Surely, surely a revision— or, at least, a suspension—of judgment is necessary here. For it was not a momentary outburst on the part of Milton and Demosthenes. Milton devoted twenty of the best years of his life to "scurrilous personalities," with no worse disaster to his style than the "Paradise Lost" and "Samson Agonistes," written after he was forty, show. And Demosthenes spent his life in polemics and died the greatest orator the world has ever known.

The case against Milton's sublime scurrility is not strengthened, either, by the taste of his critic. A Matthew Arnold or a Dr. Johnson might deprecate Milton's rôle of Simon Zelotes and find me disposed to listen. But Mr. Bailey has such phrases that I am sent back to Milton's "crudities" to recover tone. "The gutter-mud of scurrilous personalities" is not exactly the proof of our age's superior amiability, grace and taste. I think, in fact, it smells of newspaper. Nor is the opposite of that, "more or less," a third example from a hundred is the comment on Milton's deific ethics. "The attitude of Milton's God," Mr. Bailey says, "is below the standard of any decent human morality." More newspaper, if not simply club slang! Is this the style to launch abuse at Milton's taste? The "scurrilities" of Milton, it is obvious, are on a plane infinitely removed from the amiabilities of Mr. Bailey. Mr. Bailey mistakes visible strength for crudity, and our age's weakness for good manners. In truth, our controversialists to-day have no "grand style," and they are proud of the fact.

Two contemporary writers are mentioned by Mr. Bailey with approval. They are Mr. Laurence Abercrombie and Mr. Robert Bridges. It is all to the credit of these gentlemen that they read Milton at all. So many of our moderns have never looked at him. But it is not good flattery even to pretend that Mr. Abercrombie's essay on "The Epic" is "full of fine and suggestive criticism of Milton." We know our Mr. Abercrombie is our age's superior amiability, grace and our age's weakness for good manners. We can guess what Milton would have said of Mr. Abercrombie's taste in observation. What Mr. Abercrombie has to say of Milton's role of Simon Zelotes and find me disposed to agree. Mr. Bailey's opinion of him reveals what he really thinks of Milton. Mr. Bailey has not the slightest pleasure in inspiring a line of Mr. Bridges', let alone Mr. Bridges with more verse than any other writer. For Milton was not what Mr. Bailey apparently thinks him to have been, "amiable."

Of "Paradise Lost!" Mr. Bailey says quite truly that, in spite of its obsolete science, eschatology, etc., it still deserves to be read as a poem. Oh, quite! But of one of the best of Milton's pamphlets he remarks that the "very qualities which gave it its contemporary interest make it unreadable to posterity"—meaning us. The same, with equal untruth, could be said of Demosthenes' orations, or Swift's "Draper's Letter," or a score of works of literary art that once had a contemporary interest. For it is not the meaning of the words that counts for immortality, but the meaning of the style. Style, we may say, is a kind of super-meaning. In great writing there is always a temporal and an eternal value. Its temporal message is for its day, and is conveyed in the vocabulary and the facts of the moment; its eternal message is for humanity stretched upon all time, and is conveyed in the style. That Milton's pamphlets are unreadable to posterity is no slight upon them, but upon us. We have lost the taste for style—above all, for the grand style. Yet of all the English writers it is Milton we need most to-day. Milton! thou shouldst be living at this hour!

One excellent remark Mr. Bailey makes which I do not happen to have read before. Milton, he says, "combined the strength of the Reformation with the breadth of the Renaissance." But are there not these antitheses when reduced to the permanent in man? Are they not Necessity and Liberty? An undue contemplation of Necessity induces puritanism; an undue contemplation of Liberty induces laxity. Between these poles the well-tempered mind dwells, though the nation may swing from one to the other in periodic oscillation. Milton, as Mr. Bailey observes, was both a puritan and not a puritan. To two kinds of necessity (for liberty is only inward necessity) he paid homage. Delight and duty were his two pursuits. It follows, surely, that Milton is just the writer for this period in our history. We have been too lax with ourselves and with each other. The war may lead us to be too severe. Milton is our standard against both extremes, master of both and mastered by neither. After all, it is right to be puritan towards external necessity; but it is also right to be renaissance towards internal necessity. Discrimination is all.

R. H. C.
Letters to my Nephew.

VII.

The Service of the State.

My DEAR GEORGE,—You remind me that I advocated a guild for the teachers, but that when it comes to doctoring I solemnly warn you not to let the expert become our master. Then you clinch your argument: "If a guild be the right form of organisation for the teachers, then it is equally applicable to medicine. But if we give the doctors complete control, what can prevent the experts from being our masters?"

A good debating point for the Union! I do not whisper my touch; I shout it. In this instance, however, you have overlooked two definitions: of control and of master.

Now what is mastery? Ruskin called Carlyle his "master"; Plato they called "master"; Christ also. Clearly I did not mean that mystic emanation from spiritus, which more than once seen in their literature references to the psychological relations that must be established between doctor and patient. To that I do not object; it is probably more than half the cure. But doctors complete control, what can prevent the experts from being our masters?

Some time ago, I chirped. "Sir," he thunders back, "I see that you are a faddist, a fanatic. It is men like you who thwart the march of science.

"I'm going to the laboratory," he told me, "to get a proper anti-toxin. You'd better come too." "No, thanks, I snuffled, "I'm off home." Ten days later I met him again. He was busily engaged with a pocket handkerchief that must originally have been a bed-spread or cold?" in Morroco, "in case, I guess, if the experts come, I shan't have to make an incision in your body and inoculate you with disease. If you agree to it, then you let the expert become your master. I, for one, most emphatically repudiate any such medical pretensions.

"That is very interesting," I reply. "Some time ago, I was busily engaged with a pocket handkerchief that must originally have been a bed-spread or cold?" in Morroco, "in case, I guess, if the experts come, I shan't have to make an incision in your body and inoculate you with disease. If you agree to it, then you let the expert become your master. I, for one, most emphatically repudiate any such medical pretensions.

How, then, are we to control them? Let us grant that there is a strong medical guild. But, as it will be other guilds, more or less, and financially stronger. Should the Medical Guild seek to impose its methods without the free consent and co-operation of the other guilds, I fancy the fate would be in the fire. We can do without doctors longer than more of the agnostic and butchery. If you are not a fool, you need not, when arrested, be personally assaulted. You submit to force majeure and set about your release. But doctors complete control, what can prevent the experts from being our masters?"

The old thing is that the medics really believe it. Some time ago a prominent officer in the Colonial Medical Service sat talking with me before a blazing fire at the Club. We both had colds. I think mine was worse than his, but probably he thought differently. "Going to the laboratory," he told me, "to get a proper anti-toxin. You'd better come too." "No, thanks, I snuffled, "I'm off home." Ten days later I met him again. He was busily engaged with a pocket handkerchief that must originally have been a bed-spread or cold?" in Morroco, "in case, I guess, if the experts come, I shan't have to make an incision in your body and inoculate you with disease. If you agree to it, then you let the expert become your master. I, for one, most emphatically repudiate any such medical pretensions.

Hang it! I now perceive that I appear also to have digressed far from my purpose of discussing the Civil Service and, secondly, that I appear to be biased against the medical profession. Nothing could be further from my real feelings. We do not judge the Roman Church by its Inquisition; nor must we judge Medicine by the follies of its Inoculationists. The Inquisition called for men's souls, alive or dead. If the soul were yielded alive—just a touch of torture—so much the better; if the Inquisition meant to incapacitate him for crime or the recalcitrant life that it should not infect other souls. So with the Inoculationists. They believe that one ought willingly to submit to inoculation; that if the victim be recalcitrant better put him in gaol, lest he infect others. As experts, they write not a fool, you need not, when arrested, be personally assaulted. You submit to force majeure and set about your release. But doctors complete control, what can prevent the experts from being our masters?"

The Service of the State.
Views and Reviews.

The Inconsistency of Democracy with Socialism.

To make clear an inconsistency, it is necessary to attach precise meanings to terms; and I say again, for the hundredth time, that I use the word "democracy" to denote a form of government that has no institutions, being government by all the people in person. This was the democracy of which M. Faguet wrote: "The Athenians during the period in which they were a colony; this was the democracy of the Swiss Landesgemeinde. This was the democracy to whose fundamental affinities Sir Henry Maine regarded representative government; it is usually called, superfluously, pure or absolute democracy.

That the word is not popularly used with this precision, I am aware; democracy has come to mean anything that the speaker likes. But this vagueness of meaning is nowhere more misleading than when it admits Socialism to be described as democratic. In defining the meaning to be attached to anything, we have to ignore the pious or impious intentions of its advocates, and concentrate our attention on the thing itself, particularly as it is revealed in practice. We do this with regard to Socialism, we shall be obliged to admit the truth of this description of the difference between democracy and Socialism made by Professor Dicey: "The ideal of democracy, in short, is government for the good of the people, by the people, and in accordance with the wish of the people; the ideal of collectivism is government for the good of the people by experts, or officials who know, or think they know, what is good for the people better than either any non-official person or than the mass of the people themselves."

It is in accordance with the democratic ideal that the lower east side of New York should turn out regularly on election day to vote itself a high death-rate, whether we pray for it or not; and avert from us the evil, even if we pray for it.

Speaking precisely, I say that there is not, to my knowledge, a national or local government that can be described as democratic; and governments such as our own are usually described by political theorists as popular governments. The description is not definitive, for the common feature of the electoral method brings Germany into the category, makes the second Empire of France as much a "popular" government as the third Republic, and includes the kingdom of Italy in its scope. If we attempt to differentiate the various forms of popular government by the executive power, we find the strange anomaly revealed by an American Ambassador to M. Faguet: "The President of the American Republic is incomparably more a king than the King of Great Britain, and more an emperor than the Emperor of Germany. If "popular government" is to be regarded as exclusive, if we do not accept the term, no confusion need arise; for all that is meant by the term "popular" or even by the word "democratic" is that the people are not ignored by the Government— they are actually governed by the Government.

This fundamental inconsistency between democracy and Socialism is not mere pedantry; in the guise of democracy, socialistic legislation has been passed which, as Senor de Maestu wrote last week, has created sixty thousand public posts in England during the last nine years. This process may continue for some time.
yet, for, as Dicey says: "The inconsistency between democracy and socialism will never be fully recognised until earnest socialists force upon the people some law which, though not adapted to a particular form of social organisation, imposes some new burden upon the mass of voters."

The socialistic legislation of this country has, up to the present, been apparently of a democratic nature, that is to say, beneficial to the poor. The Old Age Pensions Act offers a pecuniary benefit to some wage-earners; that it also creates a number of pensions officers is not so quickly noticed. The Insurance Act apparently offers benefits to the people, and does certainly create a large number of State officials, who, in many matters, are not subject to the jurisdiction of the Law Courts. The increase in the number of bureaucrats, and of the powers granted to them, will probably lead to some development of official law in this country comparable with the droit administratif of France, of which Dicey says that "it is at least conceivable that modern England would be benefited by the extension of official law," and of which Faguet says, "as a matter of fact, the right of a private citizen to bring an action at law against a funcionary does not exist in France."

I am not concerned, at the moment, to state the case for or against Socialism or Democracy as defined by Professor Dicey; there is a measure of truth in both principles. It will best be made by a practical compromise. For what is certain is that working-class movements in this country are suffering from too close adherence to the democratic ideal, from too rigid and doctrinaire an acceptance of the electoral method and the representative system. Experts, as every reasonable man knows, ought not to be followed blindly; it is, in my opinion, the crowning glory of democracy that the Vaccination Laws are not operative in Leicester, and that, in this case, expert government, or Socialism, has failed. But Leicester did not oppose the Vaccination Acts on a priori grounds of democracy being superior to Socialism as a form of government, but on the posteriori grounds that vaccination was dangerous and useless. It was no fundamental objection to government by experts that Leicester expressed; it was a preference for really expert experts, for experts in the science of sanitation.

The working-class movements of this country, if they are to succeed, will have to drop their cant about democracy, and go to work to create their own representative institutions, and alter their methods to suit the problem. There is a use for experts, there is no use for ignorance in the development of national life; and in no working-class movement of this country can the statement be made more forcibly than in the co-operative movement. It is a matter for congratulation among most co-operators that there are now fifteen hundred societies with seven thousand shops; but they ignore the fact that during the same time joint-stock enterprise, in the form of multiple-shop companies, have established seventy thousand shops. Indeed, in the co-operative movement the knell of the democratic idea is being sounded; in the C. W. S. Annual for this year, Mr. H. Clement Gray says: "Voluntarism is, of course, the best thing wherever possible, and there can be no gainsaying the fact that it has worked very well until now, but the times are changing." He proposes to "trustify" the co-operative movement, to form a "National Co-operative Society," which will fix prices, appoint all its own servants, control the buying and selling of goods, and use all profit over a ten per cent dividend to further the interests of itself. The principle of compulsion (in connection with the purchase of co-operative produce) is suggested; and the whole scheme is of such a nature that the principle of management by elected committees cannot hopefully be adapted. The co-operative movement, if it is to persist, will have to forgo elective representation for management by experts; and "democracy" will lose its only place in the world of economic production.

A. E. R.
VIE DE BOHEIME.

Egd, what dogs we are! We've lingered here, (Hour in the morning, now!) since half-past tea, Swilling strange brews of lemon-squash and beer, Wits gentlemen and ladies, girls and men.

Egd, what heroes we! You've lost the 'bus, And I the tube, and he the Peckham tram: Yet not a single oath from one of us-

To ascertain the sex-relations of a given society, the very last data likely to give any clue to them are the marriage laws of that society.

G. D.

DEATH.

The tinkle of a cheap alarm clock warns me that my day has commenced. The faint grey light of early dawn throws into relief the gaunt grim ugliness of my room. Haste is necessary, for the factory hoover will soon fling out her raucous call to me; and I will respond as a lover to the call of a mistress who has ceased to attract.

I eat a slice of bread smeared with margarine; there is no time to make tea. A clutter down rickety stairs and I am out in the narrow court—the pavement made greasy by a steady drizzling rain. Five minutes' rush along roads that are thronged with people who hurry along to the factory where I belong.

It is a pity that my article on "Women and the Guilds" should have elicited so much writing as to me, and I had hoped that the broaching of it in your columns would have been the starting-point of a good discussion. I am far from being one of those persons who are supposed to have no interest in the New Age outside the space it devotes to the problems arising out of its Guild Socialism doctrine; but, at the same time, I think it is a pity that New Age readers do not show more interest in the discussion of these problems, for which there is at present small opportunity elsewhere than in the discussions. I am far from being one of those persons who have disagreed with the standpoint I have taken up and the propositions I have made have not been sufficiently interested to formulate their dissent. For it would be idle to pretend that the subject is not controversial, and I had hoped that the broaching of it in your columns would have been the starting-point of a good discussion. I am far from being one of those persons who are supposed to have no interest in the New Age outside the space it devotes to the problems arising out of its Guild Socialism doctrine; but, at the same time, I think it is a pity that New Age readers do not show more interest in the discussion of these problems, for which there is at present small opportunity elsewhere than in the columns. In the case of Mr. Cole's articles, for instance, had it not been for the indefatigable "A. E. R." we should never have been brought to face the issues which the new proposals render vital importance for Guildsman, and much of the value of those articles would have been lost.

With regard to Mr. Brown's sympathetic letter, both the questions he raises are point subjects, and, of fact, occurred to me when writing my article. In fact, it so happens that in a rough draft which I made before writing my suggestions for the Guildsman, I had the same suggestion as that which he advances to meet the unlikely case of the Guild being called on to
provide for a large number of daughters in a single house—namely, that in the event of more than (say) three
provide for a large number of daughters in
is
of the Guild system, as I have pointed out), daughters
large herd in any home, since they are less likely to get
of idle "stay-at-homes" are not, I think, serious enough
women in any home, payment should be made at a
of entrance to the professional Guilds. If these considerations
sisters grow up. If they do not desire marriage (or are
this activity would hinder their sex, as a
are the arguments of the average anti-Suffragist. The
should be prepared to concede to women, should they
desire it, the choice not to have to choose in politics, if
they feel that this would not be impossible to
as this is, It is not possible that non-belligerent States
It is not possible that non-belligerent States
are the arguments of the average anti-Suffragist. The
are the arguments of the average anti-Suffragist. The
Germany had the second largest birth-rate in Europe. I
keep Germany quiet for another fifteen years, she will
All this is of the greatest possible importance, as it
the force of circumstances cannot
natural prosperity, due to the vast export of British capital to
for foreign countries where industry is protected, is
did not deal with in the reply.

ITALY.

SIR,—With reference to several recent articles in the
Press, dealing with von Bülows' attempts at bribing
by as to turn intervention to a better purpose. The
might be allowed to draw attention to a remarkable article that appeared in
the "Corriere della Sera" a few days ago? In it Signor Ricciotti
refers to a significant announcement made by the "Lokalstaatsrat," in the
of a conflict between Italy and Austria was outlined.
Between Italy and Germany, it remarked, Austria lies like
neutral policy. The moment of intervention and its
will be commended in the
abstract"?

FINANCE AND INDUSTRY.

SIR,—If the writer of "Notes of the Week" held, as
he says, incontestable evidence that the financial methods
of the German banks in support of the industries of their
had been the recent fall in the German birth-rate. I
now find that from 1901 to 1911 the German birth-rate fell from 35.7 to 29 per thousand, a fall which had taken place
English birth-rate for 1911 was 24.4, and the French about 19, per thousand. Most of the
great German cities have now lower birth-rates than London. All this suggests that the
peace"—a position that at the present time makes it
It is hoped that the
highest national interests; in other words, the later policy of a
true position with regard to Austria—a position that at the present time makes it
imperative for her to join the Allies. Nor is this fact
Italy's prolonged neutrality has considerably heightened
her prestige in Germany, even though by some it may have been and is still considered an act of treason against
her former allies.
Italy cannot be bought; that is the lesson of the past
few months, a lesson that those who look with misgivings upon von Bülows' démarches should remember. It
is true that the Italians have not been seen as a nation of
ascetic manoeuvres, nor the obsolete arguments of the
neutralists, will make her accept that which she is
ting to do obtain any advantage on her own account, even from
Diplomatic intrigue. The honour and the
future of the nation are at stake, and the present
Government is not such as to allow itself to be
considerations other than those of the highest national
good. Prince von Bülows' tactics will clear the ground.
No one in Italy can doubt his and his country's Til-faith
since their distantly attempt to support the
Arundel del Re.

SIR,—In a recent issue of The New Age, Mr. Marma
duke Pickthall, using very undiplomatic language, targes the
opportunities of a report of the American people to what he calls the most dishonest
of all Powers—Italy! He quotes the bombardment of Beyrouth
on the pretext of the landing of a workman's strike near the harbour, and he adds, about my country . . . "she
killed about a hundred and fifty harmless townfolk" . . .
I do not know from what sources Mr. Pickthall got
his information. But I should like to know what he
would have done, or England would have done, in the same situation.

The methods of war of the Turkish army under the command of Enver Pacha and related from Berlin were beyond any law, and only comparable to those of cannibal tribes.

Is Mr. Pickthall aware that a great number of our soldiers, fallen prisoners in the hands of the Turks, were, after war, found horribly massacred, while the rest went through the most terrible suffering during the time of their captivity?

Did Mr. Pickthall read the correspondence of M. Jean Carrère? Does he know that the latter, for his courageous attempts to assist the civilised world, is protesting against the Germans, protest by the Sublime Porte? Does he know that the latter, for his courageous attempts to assist the civilised world, is protesting against the Germans, protest by the Sublime Porte?


cases.

321 42 179

That was when nearly all the men were un inoculated.

The next set of figures was as follows:

147 147 305

This was followed by a third set:

606 247 359

Between the first and the third sets of figures we have 208 cases of typhoid in inoculated men, and only 86 in uninoculated. Between the second and the third sets, we have 131 cases in inoculated men, and only 54 in uninoculated. This shows clearly that my explanation of the original figures is the correct one, namely, that the factor concerned (apart from the position of particular bodies of men in trenches where they could be so guided) is not the "protection" afforded by inoculation, but the proportion of inoculated to uninoculated men present.

In comparing deaths from inoculation with deaths from chloroform, Mr. Dillon overlooks the fact that chloroform is only used in the actual emergency of an operation, whereas inoculation is forced upon healthy men. I should oppose the one and condemn the other.

Mr. Dillon challenges me to produce any statistics in which it was the inoculated and not the uninoculated who happened to suffer most from typhoid. Mr. Melville, late Civil Surgeon to the Natal Field Force, gave the following particulars of his cases in the "British Medical Journal" of April 20, 1901:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Troops. Cases. Deaths. Percentage of Cases.</th>
<th>Percentage of Deaths</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>INOCULATED.</td>
<td>UNINOCULATED.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Troops. Cases. Deaths. Percentage of Cases.</td>
<td>Percentage of Deaths</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>355</td>
<td>5</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

In India, in 1901, the organisation in which all were inoculated had most cases of typhoid, whereas the two with the least percentage inoculated had no typhoid at all. ("New York Medical Journal," May 1864.)

I base no argument on these statistics, merely to give you facts and figures. Perhaps, for the benefit of some of your readers you will find space to print the following simple statement:—

ANTI-TYPHOID INOCULATION.

The War Office published on 1st December, the following table showing the distribution of the cases of typhoid fever which have occurred in the British forces in the field between the categories of uninoculated, the fully inoculated, and the partially protected:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Cases.</th>
<th>Deaths</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Uninoculated</td>
<td>359</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Partially protected (one dose)</td>
<td>111</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Totals</td>
<td>666</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

C. ERNEST WEST.
A CORRECTION.

SIR,—May your readers excuse me for my persistency if I correct an incorrect slip of my pen? "My Ukrainians," in my last letter was meant to read "my Ukrainians," and "Mr. Marnadill's" in another part of my letter should be "Mr. Marradile's." I am, I believe, correct in saying that the Turks are Mr. Marradile's Pickfathill's. But I am theirs as much as, if with less efficiency than, your most honored correspondent. The Turkophile correspondent is the friend of the Turks.

GEORGE RAPPAVOVICH.

TRUTH IN JEST.

SIR,—Last week had a cartoon entitled "Reprisals," in which a man is depicted as a nautical trouser and a sort of dinner jacket standing directly behind a ship's gun of the Trafalgar period and applying a flaming linstock to the breech. It is obvious that in another view the poor man will be knocked down and badly injured by the recoil.

Remembering Mr. Punch's non-interventionist attitude just before the war, it is pleasant to wonder whether putting the Prime Minister in this position is a mistake of the artist, or whether it is intended to show the antiquated nature of the "reprisals" and their probable consequences.

THE SUPERMAN.

SIR,—By the aid of anthropology, we may perhaps be able to solve "Romney's" problem of the Superman. It is merely a question of skulls. It was not only in jest that Granville Bastard, in answer to the question—"Why am I a Protestant?"—was to be found in the facial angle. It is not for nothing that history records that so many of the French nobility were enrolled in the ranks of the Huguenots owing to their Germanic origin. There is really something to be said for Houston Chamberlain's "superman" for the Mediterranean "Chans" and for his pronouncement that all Supermen, including Dante, Jesus, and Paul, were Germans. That the two latter, as represented in the Epistles and the Synoptics, were decidedly non-Semitic, Van Manen and others have proved to their entire satisfaction, provided that they ever existed; but that is a detail.

Let me return to Golgotha. The science of Anthropology has divided mankind into two main branches, the Long and the Short Heads. We all of us know the sort of Image that when it enters a room says as plainly as possible to us—"I am the king of men, born to wear a crown and impose his will on others. In contrast to John Malome, take the story of the workman on a railway in California. He was bald-headed, and had been told by his mates that if he only cut out the crown of his hat and let the sun beat down upon his cranium the actinic rays would facilitate the growth of hair. This lie did.

John Malone, take the story of the workman on a railway in California. He was bald-headed, and had been told by his mates that if he only cut out the crown of his hat and let the sun beat down upon his cranium the actinic rays would facilitate the growth of hair. This lie did.

Did you see John Malone, in his broad new shiny hat? Did you see John Malone, see the bush hat? There were flags and banniers waving high: Such style and dress was shown, but not a one in all the land could equal John Malone."

"Exsulti Stillicosis apex." John Malone was evidently an Aryan, "a bold aristocrat," with a Brachycephalic skull beneath his topper, a king of men, born to wear a crown and impose his will on others. In contrast to John Malome, take the story of the workman on a railway in California. He was bald-headed, and had been told by his mates that if he only cut out the crown of his hat and let the sun beat down upon his cranium the actinic rays would facilitate the growth of hair. This lie did.

While following out the cure, he was approached by an alarmed philanthropist, who warned him that if he persisted in that course he would injure his brains. "Brains," groaned the workman, "are not mine any more. I had no alloying brains. I would be working for a dollar and a quarter a day on this muddy railroad?"

Evidently a dolichocephalic, for hear what Canon Taylor says. "Vritch and Broca, and Cailor agree that the brachycephalic or Turanian skull is a higher form than the dolichocephalic. The most degraded of the existing races, including the Australian, the Chinese, the Japanese, and the natives of Central Europe are typically brachy-

Professor Sergi disputes this statement; but then these devils of professors will dispute anything; yet he is not alone in his opinion, and the position of the worthy ecclesiastic appears to be that of "Athanasius contra mundum," for Professor Rhys and Mosso, and Messrs. Bryan-Jones and W. N. Bradley, and others are all in agreement that almost every race in Europe (the good Europeans) is broad-based upon a dolichocephalic skull. That if there be all ages, and that the most fascinating races, the races of the "beaux garçons," and the women with "pretty ways," the Italians, Sicilians, Maltese, Irish, and the Ukrainians of some parts of Scandinavia, are dolichocephalic; and that the so-called superiority of the Aryan, brachycephalic Superman is "a difference of fact not of right."

"The brachycephalic is a more spirited, a more brave, a more dashing type of man; that they should take who have the power, and who should keep who can."

But "the secret of the Aryans is obvious, it may be summed up in the one word, "control." (R. N. Bradley, "Malta and the Mediterranean Race")." in effect, the ordered symmetry of the Parthenon with the maze of the Cretan Labyrinth. Contrast the Cretan ladies' flounced Victorian petticoats, as depicted on their ladies' flounced Victorian petticoats, as depicted on their

Lastly, permit me to say a word about the "Mother says I mustn't" attitude of mind of "the English lower orders." This is mere Mountebank's. The Mediterranean race worshipped a goddess, not a god (vide Professor B. Meridlo, "Origins of Man"). It was the great central idea of Europe, that in another second the poor man will be knocked down and badly injured by the recoil."

As regards my nest reincarnation if I am drunk or unconscious, I am afraid that the literature mixes it as clear as the first."

Sir,—Perhaps I can settle some of the difficulties of your correspondent, Mr. W. W. Pateman, if I counter his theory and bring in a few more of my own. Mr. Pateman is the friend of the Turks.

Sir,—The idea of Syndicalism, not the idea of Syndicalism, is the friend of the Turks.

Sir,—May your readers excuse me for my persistency in regards to my last letter of the same kind that of Mr. Pateman, if I counter his theory and bring in a few more of my own. Mr. Pateman is the friend of the Turks.

Sir,—The idea of Syndicalism, not the idea of Syndicalism, is the friend of the Turks.
wherein Mr. Wood asserts that the labour of the salariat is useless labour, and that the manual workers can dispense with it. National Guilds are not manual workers’ Guilds. A National Guild is the assimilation of all the labour of every kind, administrative, executive, productive, in any particular industry.” It follows, therefore, that National Guilds cannot come into being unless existing salariat and productive workers get together, with the manual workers in making a monopoly of labour; and I contend that something different from election is necessary to be offered to the salariat and to the manual workers. This breezy assurance that the manual workers can dispense with the salariat does not impress me; I remember that the assistant of Sir Christopher Wren claimed, on his tombstone, to be the architect of St. Paul’s Cathedral and the churches in the City himself. The same must be said of this master. But Mr. Wood’s assurance explains what has often puzzled me—the fact that the British workman does not make what is wanted. Anyone who has had experience of this maddening fact will agree with me when I say that this process of “putting designs and drawings right on the benches” ought to be discouraged. In practice it too often resembles what the Syndicalists call sabotage.

But if the Guilds can only come into being by a combination of the existing salariat and the productive workers, is it not obvious that the workers is no indemnity to the salariat, what is to be done? I submit that the proposal to make the manual workers responsible for the management, will have been brought about in order to have offered an inducement to the salariat to join with the manual workers. These breezy assurances that the manual workers can dispense with the salariat do not impress me; I remember that the assistant of Sir Christopher Wren claimed, on his tombstone, to be the architect of St. Paul’s Cathedral and the churches in the City himself. The same must be said of this master. But Mr. Wood’s assurance explains what has often puzzled me—the fact that the British workman does not make what is wanted. Anyone who has had experience of this maddening fact will agree with me when I say that this process of “putting designs and drawings right on the benches” ought to be discouraged. In practice it too often resembles what the Syndicalists call sabotage.

But if the Guilds can only come into being by a combination of the existing salariat and the productive workers, is it not obvious that the workers is no indemnity to the salariat, what is to be done? I submit that the proposal to make the manual workers responsible for the management, will have been brought about in order to have offered an inducement to the salariat to join with the manual workers. These breezy assurances that the manual workers can dispense with the salariat do not impress me; I remember that the assistant of Sir Christopher Wren claimed, on his tombstone, to be the architect of St. Paul’s Cathedral and the churches in the City himself. The same must be said of this master. But Mr. Wood’s assurance explains what has often puzzled me—the fact that the British workman does not make what is wanted. Anyone who has had experience of this maddening fact will agree with me when I say that this process of “putting designs and drawings right on the benches” ought to be discouraged. In practice it too often resembles what the Syndicalists call sabotage.

searching for N.C.O.s is great business. I’ve been at

jekt during the last few weeks, I am still supposed to have any illusions on these subjects, I can only despair of conveying my meaning to your readers. Trade unions, be me repeatedly said, are the “backbone of the British state. If, in spite of the positive statements that I have made on this sub-
it for three months, having been discovered myself at, or about, that period ago. Since then I have made many weary pilgrimages through the ranks. The stuff is there: and you may be sure I have been hearing it of N.C.O.s. In a day or so a lance-corporal will be a sergeant at one bound. He's worth it. Another lance-corporal has been acting as platoon commander, to the benefit of all. He, poor soul, cannot now rise above lance-sergeant; for the men above him are there by right of birth.

Of the eight sergeants and ten corporals in the Company, three only have had previous military experience, and one of the three, the only regular, has been in hospital for the Company was formed (the end of November.) Hence, the majority of the N.C.O.s have had to be made. In training—these men, I have found them willing and intelligent. Only two have suffered reversion at the end of their probationary period. If "Romney" claims his N.C.O.s as types, I would certainly not claim mine as anything extraordinary! The New Army is full of the right men, who are not afraid of with one or two selected instructors. The New Army is full of the right men, who are not afraid of with one or two selected instructors.
Subscriptions to THE NEW AGE are now at the following rates:—

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th>United Kingdom</th>
<th>Abroad</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>One Year</td>
<td>28s. 0d.</td>
<td>30s. 0d.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Six Months</td>
<td>14s. 0d.</td>
<td>15s. 0d.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Three Months</td>
<td>7s. 0d.</td>
<td>7s. 6d.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

All communications relative to THE New Age should be addressed to THE New Age, 38, Cursitor Street, E.C.