NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Mr. Asquith is not a great man, but he is wonderfully well balanced. His speech at Newcastle last week was not only business-like and thoroughly English as far as it went, but it had his usual merit of putting both persons and problems into a reasonable perspective. The attempts of the capitalist Press to make bad blood between the classes by representing the workers as unpatriotic shirkers received no encouragement at his hands. His presence at Newcastle and the constitution both of his special audience and of his personal appeal of both of his special audience and of his personal appeal were even more significant of the State’s new attitude towards Labour than his statistics of the contribution of the mining industry to national service. From the latter, perhaps, if not from the former, the capitalist Press may learn how dependent the nation is upon the mining industry. The highest wages, the greatest leisure, the most sanitary conditions—the very objects, in fact, of all the Trade Union rules have as their outcome the actual increase in our total national production. But the lowest of wages, the most servile of labour, and the cheapest conditions of industry, while they may advantage Capital, have the concomitant effects of over-taxing the physique of the nation and ultimately of reducing production. The need, therefore, to maintain the self-imposed restrictions of the Trade Unions is not theirs alone, as if they alone benefit by them; it is a national need. In recognising this and in boldly affirming it with all his authority, Mr. Asquith has put the subject for honest men beyond the necessity of further discussion.

The contrast between the silence of Mr. Asquith and the loquacity of Mr. Lloyd George upon the subject of Drink was likewise an excellent piece of criticism. Hedge now as he may, Mr. Lloyd George cannot escape from his printed words to the effect that Drink is the by no means exaggerated remedy is likely to disappear—that of the State ownership of the Drink trade. It appears to be the case that without a panic supported upon a foundation of lies no heroic legislation is possible in this country. While Mr. Lloyd George’s lurid accounts of the ravages of Drink were being everywhere believed, not even the Drink-lords dared to resist the popular demand for State control. But with the reduction of the myth to its real dimensions, the Drink-lords have recovered their confidence, and are now like to have their own way once more.

It is the defect of Mr. Asquith that his motto is Solvitur ambulando—or, as he once defined it, walking
in the domain of reality by the light of practical common sense. This, while admirable in normal times, is insufficient for a period of revolution, since at such a time the steps taken are to have consequences lasting for centuries, and only the fittest light is the safest to steer by. With his usual daydream solutions, Mr. Asquith is in danger both of neglecting the immediate problems themselves—tinkering with them, in short—and of adding, by his very solutions, to the problems of to-morrow. Far from requiring pragmatic opportunism alone, and the application of rule of thumb, the social problems created by the war demand for their solution the imagination of the most sagacious statesmanship. Mr. Lloyd George has the imagination without the sagacity; but Mr. Asquith has the sagacity without the imagination. In consequence each despots what the other plants, to the end that nothing of their work will remain. What, however, would have been easier, had these two powers been combined in the same mind or even co-operative in the same Cabinet, than to employ the circumstances of the war for the re-organisation of England? Admittedly on all sides, we are, as a modern nation—anxious and destined to lead the world—encumbered by old institutions which handicap and may eventually overwhelm the war problem. But, for the sake of which all these things became molten and manageable. Molten and manageable, indeed, they still are and will remain while the issue of the war is still undecided. But the will to take advantage of the circumstances and to mould our industries in the future, and to mould the new currency is still lacking. Nor, we are afraid, do we as yet see many signs of its approach.

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As an example of the drawbacks of pragmatism or shortsightedness in politics, we have already referred to the composition of the Government's deal regarding the Drink trade, with the Drink trade now having in the Government's solution of pouring women and children into industry the very worst that could be devised. The obvious solution for the imaginative statesman—and we believe it occurred at Mr. Lloyd George—was to eliminate the wastage of labour by organising industry intelligently. The Times, that, without the suggestion of a single woman or boy into agriculture, our normal agricultural production could be maintained with the residue of the male population after enlistment, by the simple means of scientific organisation. And much the same may, we doubt, would apply to the whole of our industries, most of which, during peace, work only on half-pressure. But the stupid farmers, with the connivance and approval of the unimaginative half of the Government, preferred the immediate solution to the radical solution. Women and children have been drafted into their industry, but only to create a greater problem than the one their present employment solves. And from agriculture, the same stupidity has spread like a contagion until we see now everywhere women's labour making its way into ever new fields. What the situation must be when our troops return, it appears that Mr. Asquith, who is more responsible for it than anybody else, has never troubled to forecast. The congestion of labour, however, must be something tragic; and we shall not envy the solvitur ambulando statesman who will then have to deal with it. Poetical, if not political, justice demands that it should be Mr. Asquith himself.

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Dr. Holland Rose is a competent historian but we know nothing in his record that entitles him to lecture the working-classes. In the "Daily Chronicle" last week, however, he informed the "wage-earners" that they are "not doing their duty if they take a narrow, personal class view of their duties at a present crisis and thereby lessen output." But, in the first place, for reasons we have already given, the parallel between the class view of Labour and the class view of Capital, and their respective effects upon society, is not true. On the contrary, writing a little largely, we should say that, on the whole, if the complete class demands of Labour had been fully satisfied at the outbreak of the war, we should have heard nothing of the shortage of armaments; whereas it is certain that had Capital had its way, production would long ago have ceased! In the second place, it is premature of men like Dr. Holland Rose to urge to our kind that the Government has as yet no demand for the inclusion of the workmen in management, to demand of them responsibility. Such responsibility and such "duty" as the workers accept, they accept of their own free will and without the smallest respecting privilege. They are under, as industry now stands, no obligation, moral, economic or political, to forward an industrial organisation in the direction and management of which they have not a particle of a share; and if they forward it, their sentiment is generosity and not duty. But Dr. Holland Rose goes further than suggesting an indictment of the working classes. Like other historians who cannot see wood for trees, and being anxious to pose as philosophic, he inflicts popular generalisation under the impression that the social problems of to-morrow are greater than the one their present employment is to solve. So to the Users of Democracy, Demosthenes never said lay in an excessive proneness to discussion; and in application to our own very different times, he says that the nation in this time of grave crisis has need to consider and provide for the troops of intellectuals. But this undefined, what can Dr. Holland Rose profess himself to be but an intellectual with an excessive proneness to discussion? Of the bad kind of intellectuals (for all who open their mouths or put pen to paper are intellectuals in the broad sense), the only definition we know is that they are men who discuss affairs they have not taken the trouble to think about. And in lecturing workmen upon their duties, Dr. Rose is one of them. The weakness of a democracy is its excessive proneness to discussion; but in an excessive proneness of all and sundry to cackle without eggs.

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It is a matter of indifference for the moment whether our constitution is normally democratic, oligarchic, monarchical or despotic; time and discussion will clear up the point. What is of moment, in reply to Dr. Rose, is that at this instant we are under the impression that an Executive responsible roughly to and roughly recognising the general opinion of the nation. We say roughly, because it is the fact that we believe general opinion is more determined upon victory in the war, than upon the conditions of victory, either the Cabinet or, still more, the profiteering class. It is the latter who bury every national suggestion under avalanches of lying discussion. It is the Gobierno who demand of them to proved the Executive. For the nation is the people, and contrast their opinion with that of the nation. Dr. Holland Rose, he says, "knew well that the weakness of a democracy is its excessive proneness to discussion"; and in application to our own very different times, he says that the nation in this time of grave crisis has need to consider and provide for the troops of intellectuals. But this undefined, what can Dr. Holland Rose profess himself to be but an intellectual with an excessive proneness to discussion? Of the bad kind of intellectuals (for all who open their mouths or put pen to paper are intellectuals in the broad sense), the only definition we know is that they are men who discuss affairs they have not taken the trouble to think about. And in lecturing workmen upon their duties, Dr. Rose is one of them. The weakness of a democracy is its excessive proneness to discussion; but in an excessive proneness of all and sundry to cackle without eggs.

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people and the Executive is their ruler; but the profiteers have sought out many inventions to seduce the latter from their duty to the former.

As if acting in reply to a suggestion put forward in these columns several weeks previously, the Government took the first step, in January last, towards commandeering the credit necessary for carrying on the war by the simple expedient of prohibiting the export of capital to foreign countries and making its use at home, until further notice, liable to the supervision and approval of the State. Considering the number of "impossible" things which the Government has managed to accomplish since August last—the railways, we understand, were taken over without a stroke of the pen—it is worth suggesting that Government control of capital might well go a little further. In the articles—both editorial and contributed—which have appeared in the columns of The New Age in the course of the last few years, the subject of National Guilds, care was taken to emphasise the industrial importance of the schemes laid down. This, as our readers will recollect, did not preclude us from recognising the importance of the other two factors in our economic life—the agricultural and the financial—with which we have dealt from time to time. With the outbreak of war the financial factor became, for the moment, of paramount importance. It was overshadowed later on by the industrial situation, when legislators and public began to realise that our Army munitions only could not be sent to the fighting line at all. We propose again to direct attention to finance; for we venture to believe that privately, if not publicly, it will once more become a matter of serious concern to the Government before the summer is over. 

It was very evident on August 5 last that our banking system, both in its internal and external branches, had failed us. Thanks partly, as our banking authorities say, to German financial intrigues before the war, but also, there is no doubt, to the individualist and un-coordinated financial methods which have prevailed among us, as in other countries, there was too much "paper" for our accepting houses to deal with, and the Government had to come to the rescue. Note, by the way, how the Government came to the rescue of the home banks. Treasury notes of one pound and ten shillings were issued, and the currency was increased by several million of pounds. It is true that these Notes could be exchanged for gold at the Bank of England only; but the very fact that they could be exchanged for gold anywhere rendered them the equivalent of gold, as the Government meant them to be. Thus, all who believed in the currency authorities, Sir David Barbour, has concisely summed up this effect in a book with which every banker is familiar: "By increasing the quantity of money you can raise prices, and the value of the wealth of a country measured in gold will show an increase, but the real wealth will be just the same as before, except in so far as gold may be required for purposes other than that of currency."

In other words, the immediate result of the measures necessary to preserve our banking fabric was an immediate increase in the cost of living. The issue of Treasury Notes, that is to say, benefited first the bankers and then the merchants and tradesmen. As the authority we have just quoted adds:

The wholesale prices of the main articles of production and consumption, and especially those of them dealt with in the international markets, are the first to feel the effects of any increase or decrease in the quantity of money. As the rise in wholesale prices due to an increase in the quantity of money does not extend immediately to all prices, or to wages and other money payments fixed by contract custom, the productive profit rises, enterprise is stimulated, borrowers desire more credit, and are prepared to pay higher rates for it. The secondary effect of an increase in the quantity of money is, therefore, a rise in the general rate of profit, and a rise in the rates of interest and discount. Owing to the fact that an increase or decrease in the quantity of money does not affect all prices and wages simultaneously and affects slowly, if at all, prices fixed by custom, by law, or by contract, such changes affect different persons and different classes of the community in different ways, and are either prejudicial or beneficial to them as the case may be.

These axioms may well be taken in conjunction with the reports which appeared in last week's papers regarding the sudden rise of prices in Wall Street and the great increase in speculation in all forms of American industrial shares. The war has transferred to New York a large proportion of the financing which would, in normal times, have been done in Paris, London, and Berlin. It was not possible to place loans in New York—financiers showed themselves willing to take up English, French, or Russian loans, but proposed German loans were disregarded, and awkward questions of neutrality arose—and, in consequence, large credits were opened for the Allied Governments. France secured credits amounting to ten million pounds, Russia credits for half this amount. American bankers, we are told, may arrange for these credits to be turned, after the war, into funded loans. Indeed, as the "Statist" has pointed out, "the banks of America, instead of paying off the debt due by it to Europe, and now Europe is running up a heavy debt to the great American Republic." Mr. A. Maurice Low quotes an estimate ("Morning Post," April 24) that already "the United States has advanced to Europe, Canada, and South America £45,000,000 since last August. It is impossible to tell whether these figures are correct or exaggerated, and it is, of course, not unlikely that some of the loans will be paid off or resold to Europe; but, allowing for these deductions, we see that there will be a very considerable amount will be held in this country (i.e., the United States) and constitute a permanent source of revenue."

It is clear from all we know of the new American banking system (as of the old) that it is the relatively few wealthy financiers who will profit from this new economic state of things. It is equally clear that when London tries to regain its supremacy after the war—which, in the opinion of experts here, can be done, even if with some little difficulty—English borrowers, and consequently the bulk of the people on whom all charges eventually fall, will suffer. In these circumstances we should be glad to hear that our Government are not considering the nationalising of our banking system. Remember that the Government has already interfered with the arrangements of our financiers to an extent which, so recently as six months ago, would have been thought impossible. One step has already been taken; and only the "interests" or the intrigues of our financiers can prevent the other from being taken in its turn. A form of partnership, on Guild lines, between the State and the bankers would, indeed, be easier to arrange than a partnership between the State and, say, the engineering industry; for the latter would be complicated by a difficult labour problem, whereas no labour problem of any kind enters into the former. A readjustment of the clerical staffs would be child's play.
Foreign Affairs

By S. Verdád.

Our diplomacy, which has often been admired by other nations, and deservedly admired, has now to meet one of the most severe tests to which it has ever been put. It must be evident to most people—that though one naturally excepts members of the L.L.P., who never had a foreign policy, and to whom nothing is evident—that this war, to do it begin, altered in a single day our entire diplomatic perspective. Nations like Holland, Denmark, Sweden, Norway, Roumania, and Greece, with which we were not on terms of special intimacy, suddenly became of the utmost value to us. Italy became in a moment an important Power whose sympathies were to be won at all costs. We were bound to Portugal by a treaty of alliance; we did not care to offend Spain, whose support would have been valuable to us; and even Switzerland had to be dealt with almost as a 5th Japan, the Russian Government seemed to me to have used its acknowledged power and influence at this late hour, it is advisable to lay stress. In view of the large increases of the German army in recent years, and the great weakness of the Russians after the war with Japan, the Russian Government undoubtedly has shown to be true—namely, that she stood in serious danger of a sudden German attack. Russia's case has hardly been presented to neutral countries at all, and the great weakness of the Allies individually. I hinted last week that the Allies had not done all in their power to put their case tactfully before other countries. The Vatican, for example, would have had to become reconciled with France before paying more than formal attention to the French case; and, as I have already shown, the general case of the Allies against Germany was not brought to the attention of the Pope in a proper manner.

There are one or two other matters upon which, even at this late hour, it is advisable to lay stress. In view of the large increases of the German army in recent years, and the great weakness of the Russians after the war with Japan, the Russian Government seemed to me to have used its acknowledged power and influence at this late hour, it is advisable to lay stress. In view of the large increases of the German army in recent years, and the great weakness of the Russians after the war with Japan, the Russian Government undoubtedly has shown to be true—namely, that she stood in serious danger of a sudden German attack. Russia's case has hardly been presented to neutral countries at all, and the great weakness of the Allies individually. I hinted last week that the Allies had not done all in their power to put their case tactfully before other countries. The Vatican, for example, would have had to become reconciled with France before paying more than formal attention to the French case; and, as I have already shown, the general case of the Allies against Germany was not brought to the attention of the Pope in a proper manner.

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Bulgaria, early in the war, could have been induced to join us by the offer of a loan, Monastir, and Kavalla—both these towns being predominantly Bulgarian. It is true that Serbia has had Kavalla since 1913. But will the Foreign Office allow it to be said that it negotiated with Bulgaria, Serbia, and Greece for six months without arriving at a compromise on a matter which is so relatively trivial? "Secret diplomacy" cannot be avoided. The education of neutral nations and of our own public is quite a different thing; and it ought to be properly undertaken immediately. The more education of this kind the sooner the war may be expected to come to an end.
Towards National Guilds.

We beg our readers to beware of snobbery. We are quite aware that such a boycott almost everywhere exists of anything approaching a verbal reference to the doctrines of National Guilds that some courage is required to mention the name in the catacombs of modern society. But ideas have influence before they obtain power—which is only influence made visible; and in due time, we swear it, National Guilds will be all the rage.

Now, you professed pioneers, you daring adventurers of thought! The opportunity for your gifts of courage is now! Cease to be on your knees to the old and moribund; carry the ideas of the future into the arena of the present.

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The "Railway Review" dissents from the opinion of Mr. Greenwood, the Lecturer in Economics at the University of Leeds. Writing on the reactions of the war, Mr. Greenwood says:

Speaking generally, it cannot be said that the Trade Unions faced the crisis with either wisdom or courage. Their attitude on the whole was one of utter bewilderment. The lack of power of adaptability to new circumstances, and the fact that sufficient pressure was not brought to bear upon the Government in the first weeks of the war, accounts for the unfortunate position in which the Trade Unions found themselves.

It is useless for the "Railway Review" to dispute the indictment. The case is moderately rather than overstated. If the Trade Unions are even alive at this moment, they owe their survival more to luck than to wisdom or courage of their own. As it has been said elsewhere, the crisis required an instant response from the Unions in the form of the establishment of a War Council in permanent session. The Parliamentary Committee of the Congress was obviously the body that had this duty. But did it meet, did it act, did it—rants! Each little gosling and Thomas Henderson and Sexton climbed on his own tub and commenced drawing attention to himself with a view, presumably, to the next parliamentary election. The Trade Union movement, in consequence, pulled all ways at once, remained motionless, and silently upon what might have been a peak of Darien. When it recovered its mind before the war is over, or too late now to form a War Council, there is still time to form a Peace Council. The "Railway Review" ought to advocate it.

At the same time, Mr. Greenwood has not looked all round the subject—not quite. It is true that the Trade Unions, left to themselves, would have died of fright, but the stars in their courses have fought against the Trade Unions, as at present led, is not, therefore, so needless here to say. 

The Trade Unions, as at present led, are the State within the next five years. The State, we prophesy, has not, with the last, but for the first time. War is prepared in peace; the State, we prophesy, has not, with the last, but for the first time. War is prepared in peace; the State within the next five years.

Without wishing to discourage discussion, we may yet say that many of the suggested difficulties in establishing only Guilds are of a technical character, such as only practical experts can deal with, but they vary easily. The question, for example, of the delimitation of the respective areas of control of the State and the Guild might occupy non-expert discussion for years. But in practice it was settled in the recent Act which took over the railways to the service of the State—all in a day or two. The result, it will be found, answers precisely to our forecast. To quote Mr. Justice Lush: "The complete control over the railways had not been taken and was not being exercised by the Government. It was quite consistent with the Act to say that, although possession had been taken by, and control over the railways was now vested in, the Secretary of State, the actual control over the working of the railways was left with the railway companies." This, in effect, is to constitute the companies a partial Guild, the ownership of whose plant and the control of whose industry are simply vested in the State, and thence leased by charter to the company management. Assume that the men's Union were in partnership with the directorate, and the whole arrangement would approximate to a true Guild.

The impediments, in short, have not been technical, but practical; the only cause of the failure being the neglect of the N.U.R. to insist upon joint management.

What the "Times" called the "Scandal of Przemysl" was thus described: "Przemysl is the story of an impregnable fortress two to three times over-garrisoned, with patient, haggard soldiers starving in the trenches, and sleek, faultlessly dressed officers living on the fat of the land in fashionable hotels and restaurants." If this arouses general disgust because of the breaches implied in the traditions of military armies, what of this easy adaptation? "England is the story of an impregnable island, two to three times over-populated, with patient, haggard wage-slaves starving in the factories, and sleek, faultlessly dressed investors living on the fat of the land and country and town mansions and fashionable hotels." The supposition that war introduces radical innovations in the prevailing economic system is only partially founded in fact. What war does is to fit itself as best it can into the existing economic; naturally expanding the frame, but seldom breaking it. War is thus the revealer of the economic system. For example, it is now clear from the above that Przemysl differs from England only in the tempo of its economic situation. England is Przemysl molto and rallentando. Przemysl is England fortissimo and accelerando.

It is humiliating that our Labour leaders will scramble obsequiously for the crumbs that fall from the capitalist press and turn up their noses at the free banquet. The New Age offers them. Mr. Wardle, of the "Railway Review," rakes in the "Review of Reviews," and elsewhere, for ideas that have a thousand times been elaborated in these columns; and when he finds even their noses at the free banquet. The "Review of Reviews," it seems, recently "very justly says": "Rather failure and confusion than order and organisation at the hated price of joint control with men whose services are invaluable in the fighting line, but are not required in commerce." Strong words these, says Mr. Wardle. But pshaw, we have said them—with a plan behind them—for these last five years. In the same article (April 9), Mr. Eden Phillpotts is quoted at great length. This sloppily-pressed in evening coat and tie, and of no interest in Labour affairs; and the fruits of long study cannot therefore be expected of him. The Guilds did not grow on thorns, nor on the irrigation of the war. Yet Mr. Wardle quotes Mr. Phillpotts as if the latter had been meditating on Sinai all his life. The passage, needless here to say, reads like Old Moore de luxe: "This year must solve profound problems, determine the trend of human affairs for centuries. . . ."
Letters to a Trade Unionist.

XVI.

I have now roughly sketched the outline of the Guilds. They will be, as you will have noticed, simple developments of the Trade Unions, the great change being that the salaried worker will also have been enrolled, and that the Guilds will demand something more than mere amelioration of existing conditions. Their first business will be to overthrow the system of wagery. And I wish particularly to impress upon you at this juncture the futility of slapdash methods and careless half-measures in attempting to reach the goal. You have got to learn to be thorough. The first work that lies before you is organisation. Remember that no Guild can be complete that leaves outside any worker in that Guild's industry. Your Union officials, your peri-patetic organisers and secretaries and what not, the officials appointed by you to get non-unionists into the Union, are not doing their duty if they are spending any of the time of their working day on business not directly connected with increasing Union membership.

That is one of the reasons why we so strongly condemn the "twicers." The Trade Union official who attends properly to his work to-day has no time for labour politics. To pretend that he can further your ends by sitting in Parliament is to get a salary of £400 a year by false pretences. The only way in which your ends can be furthered is through your industrial organisation. Leave politics alone then. Cease your levies and your labour for returning "members of your own class" to a position you have for them. The Trade Unionist who attends properly to his work to-day has no time for labour politics. To pretend that he can further your ends by sitting in Parliament is to get a salary of £400 a year by false pretences. The only way in which your ends can be furthered is through your industrial organisation. Leave politics alone then. Cease your levies and your labour for returning "members of your own class" to a position you have for them. The Trade Unionist who attends properly to his work to-day has no time for labour politics. To pretend that he can further your ends by sitting in Parliament is to get a salary of £400 a year by false pretences. The only way in which your ends can be furthered is through your industrial organisation.

I realise only too clearly the difficulties in your way. Some of the best Trade Union blood in the country has been drained off and emptied into the sink of politics during the past few years. Scores, possibly hundreds, of energetic young men have their minds fixed on Labour seats in the House. But I believe the worst is past. I believe we have now got a body of young men who have seen through the political game, who have realised the uselessness of political position not backed by economic power; and these young men are the hope of the world. Your business is to back them; to understand clearly what they are driving at; to keep your mates' attention fixed on realities and away from the pretentious demonstrations of politics. Without complete organisation and conscious effort in the direction of emancipation from the Wage System you are nothing and can be nothing. Thoroughly organised and imbued with the spirit of freedom, and no task will be too great, no ambition too high for you.

In the meantime, remember the lessons to be drawn from past strikes. Strikes for wages and hours have been the tragedies of nearly a century of wagery. Cease such foolish bickering. Scales of wages, standard rates, all the paraphernalia of bureaucractic boards are so much dust in your eyes, so many caltrops hampering the path of your charge. Let your strikes of the future be for something more than wages; strike, when next you do strike, for status, for control. Consider developments during the past few months. Commerce and finance have absolutely dominated politicians. Millions of pounds of the people's money were pledged to the bankers and commercial magnates as soon as the war broke out so that they should not find themselves in difficulties, so that the nations' business might go on. Had our rich classes been so disposed, or, rather, had our politicians cared to fight them on the point, they could have defeated us before the Germans could have crossed the North Sea. Owning and controlling the national industries, being in sole charge of the machinery of production and exchange, they dictated to Lloyd George the terms upon which they would let the machinery be used. They even told him how to float the national loan, and how much interest he would have to pay them on their money. They demanded the railways and took them over—the railway directors' terms. The coal-owners and food merchants have starved children to death during the past winter, with the consent and approval of Asquith, who knew that every public position was subordinate to their economically stronger position. The Clyde workmen were in a relatively strong position some weeks ago and were treated as something better than commodities for once. But they were not strong enough to hold out long enough, and capital ultimately triumphed. Turn where you will, you find that the rich are continually being helped by the Government and the poor are being more tightly bound.

As a beginning, then, I suggest that you find some means of getting a body of young men who have seen through the political game, who have realised the uselessness of political position not backed by economic power; and which will lead to complete organisation and conscious effort in the direction of increasing Union membership. Indeed, the Guild will never have to take any steps to enforce that demand. During the past few weeks we have had direct evidence that the Government, even a Government of such arch-scoundrels as Lloyd George, will be constrained to approach Labour when once labour has achieved, through proper organisation, economic power; and when once that happens, then you can begin to think of politics. You see we must approach problems regarding the State from an entirely new angle. At present, we are foolish to imagine that we can shape the course of the State. We have no means of backing our arguments. When once we are strong enough to dictate terms in the economic field we shall be able to bargain in the political field; and until we are strong enough we must leave the political field alone, or we must not hope to persuade politicians to legislate for us. Again let me just run over our line of development before I conclude this final article, and then I leave the work to abler hands than mine. First, your Union must be developed into a Guild by the conscious effort of all salaried workers and wage-earners; then the individual sale of your labour must cease; next you must get joint control of the industry; which will lead to a partnership between the Guild and the State. Thus you will climb the ladder from wage-slavery to freedom; from disease to health; and you will help to build up a kingdom in which we shall all be proud to be citizens. Now, get to work and—so long!

Rowland Kenney.
The Jealousy of the Guilds.

ACTUALITY places us before a fact that shows us that the spirit of the old Guilds is not entirely dead. But is it the case that the Guilds themselves are dead? What may we deduce from the revival or the resurrection of their spirit? May it not be that the Guilds responded to a vital need of every human society aspiring to democracy between the Guild institutions and human nature, a harmony that could only be broken by a great catastrophe or by great negligence? Every honest inhabitant has to confess that even if we could abolish by a stroke of the pen every privilege of inheritance and caste that maintains the exploitation of man by man, not even then should we succeed in building economic society upon solid foundations of justice and love. We should still be in need of a harmony between the principles of Liberty and Democracy, both just, but not both coincident on every occasion. By virtue of the Liberal principle every man would develop his economic gifts, and as these are not equal, those of the man of prey and those of the saint, the artist, or the thinker, the result would be the distribution of economic power to the exclusive advantage of men of economic talent, but in absolute prejudice to the rest of mankind. This may make the usurer smile, but it is an offence to our common humanity. Alternatively, by virtue of the absolute democratic principle, we should level the economic power of every man at the cost of ignoring our fundamental inequality, which denies that the same social position should be given to the head that directs a complex industry as to the arm that cuts down trees passively and indifferently its direction. Absolute Liberalism contradicts our common humanity; absolute Democracy our obvious inequality.

The Guilds, on the contrary, acknowledge equally the fact of our common humanity and the fact of our differences without the harmony of the Guild principles with human nature. The two great principles of the Guild are limitation and hierarchy. Limitation says that the humblest of men is, after all, a man and not a beast and must be paid enough to live; but it adds that the most competent of masters and craftsmen is, finally, not a god, but no more than a man, and has right but to a limited income: the principle of limitation implies both the maximum and the minimum incomes. Hierarchy divides and sub-divides the members of the Guild into gents and masters. Maintenance of the limitation and the hierarchy was made possible only by an active spirit of rivalry, even of jealousy, that kept every man strictly within the privileges of his standing. And this spirit of the old Guilds actuality shows us to-day in a strange resurrection.

A committee has been organised at Newcastle, with seven Trade Union representatives on it, for the purpose of studying as a whole the problem of the organisation and mobilisation of labour for the production of armaments. This movement means the co-operation of the workmen in the management of industries. In the words of the “Nation”: “The employers have made experiments in scientific management, in long hours, in the seven-day week, in various methods of stimulating and increasing production. What we want is the workman’s experience and the workman’s judgment.” It would now seem as if this suggestion were about to be applied on a small scale. The “Nation” calls this experimental Syndicalism. And, though one would think it ought to be called “Guild Socialism”—because it does not relate to an anonymous idea evoked from the bowels of the earth, but to a plan which has been advocated systematically in the columns of The New Age for years past and has already been cherished in proper form—it is hardly worth while wrangling over words.

The interesting thing is that this movement has arisen because the working classes refused to tolerate the system whereby a few individuals secured vast profits out of the war. The fact that the workmen found themselves suffering from the increase in the cost of living consequent upon the war certainly helped to bring about the strike which finally led the British Government to interfere with wages and to restricting profits in the engineering trade. But the fundamental motive of the action taken by the workers must be sought in the immensity of the profits which the masters had been obtaining previously. On this occasion the workmen did not protest so much against their own poverty as against the wealth of their employers. An enemy of the working classes might say that this time they were actuated by jealousy rather than by self-interest. What in reality did move them was the old, the eternal spirit of the Guilds.

Let us not be afraid of the word jealousy. It is an ugly word and has an ugly meaning when this sadness at another’s good is on account of the strictly individual possessions of our neighbour—his talents, his virtues or his charms. A passion of the soul that cannot be satisfied is a hell without issue. “Jealousy is thin, for it bites and does not eat,” carved rather than wrote the Spaniard Quevedo. But when jealousy refers to the material powers—political, economic, military—it is only the psychological manifestation of a public or republican spirit. The motto of the old Liberals: the price of liberty is eternal vigilance; is no more than the organisation of this jealousy. A similar device was perhaps inscribed on the dagger of Brutus. But eternal vigilance is ever necessary in the political world to guard against the tyranny of magistrates, much more is it necessary in the economic world. The magistrate, after all—king, member of parliament, judge or general—is tethered to his magistracy, and magistracies are public functions which can only be abused in a public way and at the risk of public indignation. But the power of money is indirect, and it can work, and works, secretly its corruption. The Americans took great care to balance power in their Constitution the powers of their executive, judicial and legislative magistrates, but they did not take such pains to restrain economic power. When they awoke from their dream they found that behind their executive, judicial and legislative powers was only one efficient power: Money.

In a lecture delivered against the Guild idea, Mrs. Sidney Webb discovered that the old guilds did not fix a minimum wage scale, but, on the contrary, a maximum. For Mrs. Webb, apparently, the important thing for the workmen was the Minimum. The question of limiting wages in particular, or individual earnings in general, should rather have appeared to her to be foreign to the interests of the workmen and of democracy—or, at least, a secondary matter. Mr. Bernard Shaw, too, has often repeated his thesis that all that is wrong with the poor is their poverty, and that their ideal ought to be to get rich. As an epigram it will pass, but Mr. Shaw knows quite well that it is impossible, because poverty and wealth are not absolute concepts, but correlative terms; and the poverty of the poor will only disappear with the wealth of the wealthy; for they are the same thing. And though Mrs. Webb and Mr. Shaw, by the very fact that they are Socialists, are enemies of the wealth of the rich, the type of Socialism they profess, State Socialism, does not aim at controlling the power of the powerful.

For it is evident that State Socialism will entirely abolish the wealth of the rich when it establishes the ownership in common of the means of production, distribution, and exchange. But the State Socialism which provides for such a thing will not be, as the ideologues appear to think, a pure entity of reason, but a government, an executive power, a bureaucracy; and the men who will assume the power under it now possessed by the capitalists will consequently be men of flesh and blood, instituted as a governing class. It is quite possible that, under such a regime, the workers might attain a position of greater security than they now enjoy. But, at
bottom, they will have done no more than change their masters and their form of government. The bureaucrats will replace the capitalists; political power economic power, last holds; State will be replaced by the Servile State. The only advantage which the Servile State possesses over the present State is that, under the former, the incomes of potentates would be limited, exactly as even the Civil Lists of Monarchs are limited now. The consequence is that the economic power now exercised by the capitalists and the life of the masses, as at present, would lie at the mercy of a few men. The reason is that the Guilds alone are capable of limiting the material power of individuals. The limitation of individual power is the characteristic function of the guilds, as it is of every corporation. Not that the Guilds were egalitarian. The Guilds knew very well that men differed in value, and that their production was useful to the community. A Guild existent or a corporation was always modelled on a hierarchical plan. In the Church there were the three orders of deacons, priests, and bishops; in trades there were the grades of apprentices, craftsmen, and masters. But every hierarchy has taken as much care to limit the power and pay of the inferiors as to limit the maxima of the superiors. The formula by which the noblemen of Aragon elected their king in the Middle Ages is well known: “We, who are as worthy as you, and who together are worthier than you, make you our king; that you may guard our privileges and liberties; and if not, not.” Why did the Guilds limit the power of the individuals? Simply because a non-limitation of power threatens every organisation with disaster. The Guild was liable to the same fate as the country which would not have taken the necessary precautions against a future war. The power which Government contractors are now pocketing will be used to-morrow to build in China factories whose products will compete with those of the world-market, and consequently the wages of workmen in Europe. It is not sufficient that the workmen shall rest content with improving their own position; they must also see to it that no power arises elsewhere which to-morrow may threaten their existence.

God grant that the example of the Clyde and Newcasle may be followed as soon as possible in other professions. In none is more urgent the restoration of the Guild spirit than in our own artistic and intellectual professions. Perhaps it is because the evil kind of jealousy, the jealousy of merit, is so intense amongst us that we have allowed to fall asleep the holy jealousy of power and success and have consented to the creation of a state of things all over the world in which success is almost synonymous with fraud. An unscrupulous barrister may make hundreds of thousands by juggling with the articles of the law, while a man who reveals and clarifies with years of labour and inspiration the principles of the Constitution may find it impossible to get a publisher to produce his book except at his own expense. The most eminent living musician, the head of his profession, the composer Sir Edward Elgar, may earn no more than the wages of an artisan, while many prima donnas become millionaires. There is no Jewish gnocca in the modern world either for original thinking or for creative art, but the whole planet is the pedestal of the virtuoso, the impresario, the low comedian, the pornographer, the paradoxist, and the flatterer of the idle rich or of the mob. Would that be possible if the standing and income of every member were fixed by the artistic and intellectual Guilds? But that is another most lamentable tale.

**The South African Situation.**

**By Dr. H. J. Poutsma.**

I am well aware that it will be both a difficult and unpopular task to call in question the sincerity of the Botha-Smuts Government, but if these motives and intentions are really sincere no harm can be done by a little honest scrutiny. Surely the circumstances that Generals Botha and Smuts, and their Dutch followers in Parliament, have deliberately risked the good opinion of nine-tenths of their countrymen, in order to render a gratuitous service to the Empire, is too unusual to be taken on trust. And even if it could be shown that the loyalty of General Botha and his Dutch supporters was all that the Press of South Africa claims, I would still...
say, and will try to prove, that we are asked to pay too high a price for it. For one thing, I am satisfied that the loyalty of General Botha, whatever its value may be, will ultimately cost the Empire the real loyalty and respect of the vast majority of the people. I say further, that the despotic power with which the blind and mistaken patriotism of the Press, and a section of the people, is enabling the Government to invest itself, will be used in the future to suppress every aspiration after liberty or justice. In order to make all this clear it will be necessary to examine and compare the real and the alleged causes of the sudden outbreak and extensive character of the late rebellion, and its equally sudden and complete collapse.

I said in my original article that the outbreak was due to the unwillingness of the Dutch people to enter into active hostilities against Germany, and to a want of confidence in the Botha-Smuts Government. This has been amply borne out by everything that has since transpired. The Government is anxious, however, for reasons of its own—some of them obvious enough—to cast doubt on that opinion. At the recent opening of Parliament the Ministry, while on the one hand publishing a Blue-book purporting to be an impartial account of the main incidents of the rebellion and the causes that led up to it as revealed in letters, telegrams, affidavits, etc., said to be in the possession of the authorities. The document was compiled for the Government by a gentleman named Fouche, who is, I understand, a professor of History in one of the African Colleges. It is palpably and admittedly partisan in character, and contains numerous assumptions and speculations for which not a particle of evidence is offered. This omission is excused on the ground that the evidence relates for the most part to criminal actions still pending in the various treason courts. This explanation is perfectly satisfactory as far as it goes, but it is, nevertheless, a pity that statements of so serious and one-sided a character should have been made before evidence in their support became available. Reading between the lines of this Blue-book, however, and, indeed, in the very text itself, one cannot help noticing the ingenious and persistent efforts of the Government to force General Hertzog and his Parliamentary followers either to compromise themselves with their supporters by uncondemning the insurrection, or openly declaring themselves rebels and traitors. This desire to destroy what it professes to regard as a political faction, but which it obviously hates and fears above all else, provides a valuable clue to the real policy of the Government and will help to explain many things that now seem inexplicable.

The Government professes, in this Blue-book, to have discovered evidence of serious disaffection among the officers and men of the Defence Force, extending over a considerable period. If this be true, the most remarkable thing about it is that it should have remained so long undiscovered, and it proves nothing more conclusively than the incompetence of the Government. Indeed, if half that this Blue-book contains in the way of open charges against the last brigadier who was given the assurance of General Botha that only volunteers were to be commandeered or the Defence Force employed. But whatever allegations there may be for the allegation contained in the Blue-book is hardly likely to be ever accurately or fully known, as the evidence is almost wholly in the hands of the Government. It is true that a Select Committee of the House has been appointed to inquire into the whole question, but even if the Committee was competent, or had the time and opportunity to conduct such an inquiry, it would be unable to find out anything the Government did not wish to disclose. It is not to be denied that there is a certain amount of disaffection among the Dutch—as among every subject people—but this disaffection would have manifested itself in open rebellion but for the decision of the Government to invade German territory. Even then, rebellion would not have been possible had the Government taken proper precautions against it.

Under these circumstances it is obvious that such light as can be thrown on the rebellion, for the present at any rate, must be largely a matter of conjecture and analysis. It is certain that, of the last brigadier who was given the assurance of General Botha that only volunteers were to be commanded by the Blue-book issued by the Government or speeches delivered in Parliament. Much useful knowledge, however, that will help to an understanding of the ultimate policy and intentions of the Government may be indirectly gleaned from the Blue-book. It is simply the Blue-book, for the extent to which the rebellion spread, are certain charges levelled against the leaders, the more important being: First, that they deliberately persuaded the Burghers that certain members of the Government were in sympathy with the movement, and were only waiting for a favourable opportunity, and an exhibition of strength on the part of the insurgents, to declare in its favour. Secondly, that the late Generals De la Rey and Beyers had any intention to set up an independent republic, but that they were opposed to the invasion of German South-West Africa, whereas it had been decided to rely on volunteers. And, thirdly, that certain political leaders, notably those who were in a position to influence the House, had encouraged the rebellion by failing to condemn it.

Regarding the first charge, it is merely asserted that a "prophet" named Van Rensburg had certain visions vouchedsafe to him; one particularly in which he saw the English disappearing in the direction of Natal, and a vulture returning to settle down among the people. The vulture is supposed to have been General Botha. It is also asserted that the people in the Northern Free State were assured of and over again that Botha was going to start the revolution in the Transvaal. There
As to the accusation that the leaders fomented the rebellion by accusing the Government of an intention to commandeer the Burghers for service in South-West Africa, there is, and can be, no evidence to justify it, for the simple reason that the intention of the Government, one way or the other, was never openly or frankly expressed. The leaders were assured, on the one hand, by members of Parliament returning from an imperial session of the House in September last, that volunteers would be relied upon. The Government, on the other hand, endeavoured to convey the impression, through the public Press, that the Defence Force would be employed in the ordinary way, which would involve compulsion. The inevitable result was that the people did not know what to think. Some of the leaders may have taken advantage of this confusion to serve their own purpose, but the Government has itself to blame for the consequences, whatever they may have been. The plain truth is, of course, that the Government was too ambitious in its aims. It wanted to persuade the British people here and in Great Britain that the Burghers were just as ready to turn out to fight the enemies of the Empire, as to suppress the strike; and it wanted, at the same time, to evade the unpleasant consequences it knew full well would result from compelling them to do so. The result of this double-dealing was that the Afrikaner people, to a degree of loyalty to which they are not entitled, and which could hardly be expected from them, the Government is doing its best to prove them guilty of a baseness of which they are incapable.

While on this subject I may refer to a speech delivered by General Smuts in moving the second reading of the Indemnity Bill. The speech was described by the Press as a "masterpiece of statesmanlike eloquence." It followed the lines of the notorious Bluebook in insinuations and unsupported assertions. Its main object was to discredit the notion that the invasion of German South-West Africa was responsible for the rebellion, and to throw the whole blame on the leaders, especially the political opponents of the Government. Two or three points in particular may be noticed: First, it is contended, the British people, deciding to invade German South-West Africa was responsible for the rebellion, and to throw the whole blame on the leaders, wherein does it differ, to Great Britain, for the time being, but in which the Dutch people were opposed to the expedition altogether, and warned the Government with large numbers of men which we might want." What were the large numbers of men wanted for, if not to invade German South-West Africa? And is it likely that the Boer Commandants, of all men in the world, would refrain from demanding particulars as to the nature of the services required? Moreover, the failure to mention the question of the contemplated invasion to the Commandants would lead to trouble, General Smuts said: "As far as I remember, at this meeting of Commandants, the question of German South-West Africa was not discussed." Now, not only was the question discussed, but nothing is more certain than that the meeting was called specially for that very purpose. And this was confirmed by General Smuts later when he said: "At this meeting the position was fully explained, and our legal obligations as members of the British Empire were explained to the meeting; the Commandants were told to hold themselves in readiness, and, in case of necessity, to help the Government with large numbers of men which we might want."
from an attempt to commandeer the Burghers. And as a matter of fact the Government seems to have abandoned the idea of commandernmg, but only made its decision known to its Dutch Parliamentary supporters at the special session, and in secret caucus, relying on them and others. This, as we have seen, was only imperfectly carried out, so that the Burghers did not know what the real intentions of the Government were. Besides, as I have said, they were misled by the conflicting statements that appeared. Wherever a definite assurance was given, as in General Botha's own constituency, where, according to the Blue-book, he "emphasised the fact that the were mystified by the conflicting statements that we have seen, was only imperfectly carried out, so that Press, it was not until the appearance of this Blue-book that anybody but his actual hearers became aware that intention to invade German South-West Africa could not Botha's put-pose to have the speech circulated in the German territory, and went on to say this German South-West African expedition, although people were in rebellion prior to the decision to invade could not see was that the preparations we made for the expedition could, at the proper moment, be switched off." What we are asked to understand by this remarkable logic is that the rebellion broke out prior to, and that these forces were "switched off," at the proper moment, and as a kind of inspiration, to put down the rebellion. And this is the Statesman who, in the opinion of a titled editor of a South African newspaper, has only himself to show that they were openly and flagrantly of a titled editor of a South African newspaper, has only one possible failing, and that is, that he is so subtle and exact a logician that he is liable to put up too good a case for his own side. The plain fact was, of course, that the decision to invade German South-West Africa fanned the smouldering embers of disaffection into a rebellion which was put down by the forces raised for the expedition. But this explanation is too simple and too honourable to his countrymen to satisfy General Smuts. Having failed to prove that the Dutch were treacherously and unconditionally submissive, he has set himself to show that they were openly and flagrantly disloyal.

Thirdly, General Smuts stated, in reply to a suggestion that the rank and file of the rebels should be disfranchised, that the Government refused to adopt that policy as it "lay itself open to the charge of disqualified its political opponents." The insinuation is, of course, that the rebels belonged mainly to the Hertzog party. That may be so far as the Free State rebels are concerned, because the majority of the people belong to that party and leaders, and all the men of rank, wealth, or ability, are to be either in prison, or incapable of sitting in Parliament or on other public bodies, and in that case where are the "political opponents" of the Government to get candidates for elections? The intention of the Government is to crush all opposition among the Dutch, and in the meantime to lull English-speaking people into a false security by pretending to be patriotic and conciliatory.

The New Leviathan.

In the year preceding the war students of social theory had been watching with interest a steady fall in the credit of the State. In Great Britain, indeed, established home of Nonconformity and of individualism, that credit had never stood very high. Since the Civil War, freedom and popular temper and historical circumstance seemed to have maintained in this country a defensive alliance against the encroachments of State sovereignty. The vigour of liberal separatists, the insensitiveness of contract that marked the Whig revolution, Owenism and the revolutionary Trade Unionism of the 'thirties, and in particular the confusion of natural rights in politics with laissez-faire in economics which so characterised the thought of last century, all go to prove a long tradition of hostility to the dominance of the sovereign State. Nor did the early years of the twentieth century introduce a retraction; rather it may be argued that men of practice and of theory were alike continuing the work. Trade Unions were establishing their independent existence despite considerable vicissitudes of fortune; the High Churchmen, who had graft on to their authoritarian creed a very valuable feature of theoretical non-conformity, were claiming, under the philosophic guidance of Dr. Figgis, a real and underived personality for their grouping. Prof. H. A. L. Fisher, a possible successor of Norman Angell, were convincing us that the sovereign State was rendered more grotesque than ever by the growth of international banking and credit, and from yet another side deadly blows were being dealt at the now battered Aunt Sovereignty by the professionals and Syndicalists. The State was at once too omnivorous for the High Churchmen, too small for Mr. Angell, and too bourgeois, too reactionary, and too powerful for the miners of South Wales and the students of modern economics.

Everything is changed. All minor divergences within the fabric of the State have disappeared at the clash of arms; the groups that fought so passionately for the right to control their individual destinies have been temporarily buried in the fog of war. From a weakening the State has risen to a giant's stature—and from the jaws of death the Leviathan has been snatched to the fullness of life. Now indeed might the shade of Thomas Hobbes rejoice and the absolutist chant with perfect confidence "Non est potestas super terras quae comparable ci." For the State is at last supreme. It controls our food and our drink, it defends our lives in a wider sense than before, it regulates our commerce, checks our investments, and props up our credit. With the kev of national necessity it unlocks the doors of Trade Unionism, doors but lately and hardly bolted in the teeth of the masters. It orders our speech and darkens our windows; nay more, it has become the arbiter of truth and announces to the people what has and has not occurred.

So now there is but one principle of association among the peoples of the Powers, and the Nation State has come to its own with a power equalled only by the City State of antiquity. All those groups which we so loved have been treated as Hobbes demanded, namely, as worms within the entrails of Leviathan. And purged they are; or perhaps we should rather say that they have maintained a voluntary quiescence. Mr. Belloc has forgotten about Jews and the Insurance Act, Mrs. Pankhurst about votes, and le bataille Syndicaliste about the violence of the bourgeois bureaucracy. But the war cannot last for ever and the time will come when Leviathan may be challenged. The life or death of State absolutism will depend upon the course of events, of course, but every eventuality future will be bound up with the answer to the question so often asked, "Will the war make any difference?" Some hold that militarism can only breed militarism and autocracy, others that militarism will no longer seem a naturally peaceful people of the gospel of
unquestioning obedience. However that may be, there is
an obvious danger that centralised executive mag¬
ery may, like Runman, “acquire power as it strides.” To bring
the question from the realms of social theory to the
levels of ordinary practice we may well ask whether
men who have been honoured with unprecedented
powers will lightly relinquish them, whether the events of
the present Cabinet Government (which is Irish-
firmly than ever on the pinnacle of the British Constitu-
tion, and whether the Trade Unions and other “worms
in Leviathan’s entrails” will be restored to a former and
exalted to a greater independence of status.
To produce such difficulties is but one part of the
matter: a friend has written me a letter which ends thus:
“Well, keep up your spirits, and have an eye to
your old age.” Instead of doing anything of the sort,
I instantly plunged in gloom, and, twenty years far
down my incomparably unhappy existence, I saw again
and heard again a lady visitor to my mother’s house
who gave me sixpence “for your money-box,” with the
direction to drop it well down as sixpence was better
than chocolates; and when I, with eternal hatred blazing,
had obeyed her she let down her black veil which had
been lifted on to the folds of her violet velvet bonnet
and said—“Child, never have anything to do with wild-
cat schemes. Have an eye always to your old age.”

The worst of never having followed the leastest
particle of this advice is that so many sensible and well-
placed persons tell me that it is worth taking! But
how may anyone escape their destiny? I was born to
have everything to do with wild-cat schemes, while at
the same time magistrates, sages, astrologers, and physio-
nomists (for whom I have always had an exalted
love) have everything to do with wild-cat schemes.

One sign is instructive. On occasions the State has
been compelled to deal with the organised workers
rather than with the masters or the individuals. Levia-
than has found that not only does a worm turn; it even
has its uses. It may be that this recognition of the
Trade Union as a body of producers, though turned at
present to rule-destroying in the national interest, may
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In the very hey-day of his triumph Leviathan has been
inhabitants of Catalonian descent, but was born in France in a little
fields of heaven come down on the hills of earth; and I
may not have followed the leastest
particle of this advice is that so many sensible and well-
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Figure 1: The New Age Impression of Paris.
the town waxed terribly cross about the marriage. This part of the town worried her that—and well, imagine the worst. The envy could dangerous, fixed in his monde to make it furious. The good father at last gave an ear to the town, and did Jasmine, who cried for days; but the good mother told the town to be off. In the Pyrenees you walk to your wedding unless you have in mantillas and beautiful best men and Counts in wonderful shirts, and a little black page in scarlet who was lent by the nobility, and papa and mamma and grandmamma and sisters, aunts and cousins of all nobody remained to buy anything. And at the feast the Mayor made a life-long-binding speech and the guests danced all night, and Jasmine cried all the way to Paris and couldn’t believe she was happy. But you would find it harder to believe that any lady so fond of para-flag had ever cried in her life.

Ugh! an aeroplane. It is just the night (Jasmine came; but she has a very good beginning of influenza. I give it to everybody) for Zeppelins, starry with a Ugh! an aeroplane. It is just the night (Jasmine came; but she has a very good beginning of influenza. I give it to everybody) for Zeppelins, starry with
Letters from Russia.

By C. E. Bechhofer

We are all nobles here, every true-bred Russian of us. We are as other souls of the new nobles. An ancient aristocracy does exist in Russia, but, since Peter the Great, a huge modern nobility has come into being. If you reach a certain rank in any branch of Government service you become ennobled; if you rise higher, your posterity gets a permanent rank. You then enrol yourself in the Society of Nobles of your district and become a creature apart from common folk. A few crimes are made more unworthy for you, but you enjoy a large number of privileges. For many crimes you cannot be tried, or if you are, you are not punished beyond the gloom of your circle of your fellow-nobility—and you may even be condemned by it to two days' penance in a cathedral! The mothers of minor nobles are responsible to the Society for their education and have to render an account of all such expenses. There are many schools only for nobles—and the other privileges I have forgotten. Nowadays, alas, if a rich merchant becomes ennobled, he is put in the Society of Nobles. He owns a big forest and numbers the trees.

We look down upon the peasants as curious, useful, ignoble creatures. Unfortunately, the peasants do not look up to us as they should. They say "Good day" when they meet us and take off their hats, but one feels that a little more cringing would be better towards us. They are even occasionally unsympathetic. Last August a mob of reservists overran the countryside. Arrived here, they took off their hats, but one feels that a little more cringing would be better towards us. They are even occasionally unsympathetic. Last August a mob of reservists overran the countryside. When they went away, they were grumbling and cursing. Meanwhile the village had assembled outside with sacks, to take their share in the plunder. Perhaps the memory that their grandfathers were serfs will not be wiped out. It sometimes occurs to me that perhaps after all, nothing could be more dignified than the family's sources of wealth. It owns a big forest and numbers the trees. When these Jews as useful, ignoble creatures. Unfortunately, the peasants do not look up to us as they should. They say "Good day" when they meet us and take off their hats, but one feels that a little more cringing would be better towards us. They are even occasionally unsympathetic. Last August a mob of reservists overran the countryside. When they went away, they were grumbling and cursing. Meanwhile the village had assembled outside with sacks, to take their share in the plunder. Perhaps the memory that their grandfathers were serfs will not be wiped out. It sometimes occurs to me that perhaps after all, nothing could be more dignified than the family's sources of wealth. It owns a big forest and numbers the trees.
Readers and Writers.

My copy of the Bohn Schopenhauer (Bell, Is.) is entitled "The Fourfold Root of Will and Life," but neither of these essays is contained in it. What matter, for read Schopenhauer where you will, it is always a man you will find. Before taking down this volume I had occasion to review some anti-Prussian German writers. Schopenhauer, I now judge, was more English than German and was sure to be among them. Not only was he among them, but in Mr. Belfort Bax's preface to Schopenhauer's "Advent of the Indian Classics" is a world-thousand year?--the Indian classics will comfortably lie in all places-a definition of the classic. How may ask, is this to be squared with his study of the Upanishads—a literature, dear ninety-nine out of a hundred readers, that you ignore; but of which Schopenhauer said that it was "the noblest reading in the world and his highest consecration." Why, the fact is that the "Mahabharata" and the "Upanishads" are world-classics that the world has simply not yet discovered. Plato had to lie comparatively unknown for nearly two thousand years—the Indian classics will comfortably lie for ten thousand years and still emerge as up to date as ever. Schopenhauer, the odd explorer, discovered them and became a notable philosopher on a partial understanding of them. Philosophers yet unborn will make their reputation out of them.

Like all Mr. Bax's professional writing (history and philosophy), his introduction to Schopenhauer's Essays is an excellent piece of work. And it is, of course, critical. Mr. Bax could not have written "The Roots of Reality," and afterwards have endorsed the neopessimism of Schopenhauer. He disposes of it in a page or two of sinewy reasoning and still emerge as to date as ever. Schopenhauer, the odd explorer, discovered them and became a notable philosopher on a partial understanding of them. Philosophers yet unborn will make their reputation out of them.

I meant to quote Renan on the subject of Schopenhauer. "Have you read his Philosophical Dialogues?" "The dignity of man," said Renan, "does not require that he should be able to give these questions a definite answer; it does, however, demand that he should not be indifferent to them." You there, my dear reader, who are preparing to skip this paragraph—remember that! It was the earnest desire to fill the place in the French Academy vacated by Claude Bernard; and in his introductory address, reprinted in the "Matin" last week, he compared the two cultures of Germany and France to the advantage—it goes without saying—of France.

"You are little disturbed," he said, "when you hear it pompously announced that another culture, scarcely deserving to be regarded as a talent, is about to dawn. You mistrust a culture which makes men neither more admirable nor better. I very much fear that those races, very serious, no doubt, since they reproach us with light-mindedness, are mistaken in their belief that they can win the world by methods different from those that have hitherto succeeded. A science pedantic in its isolations, a literature without gaiety, a clumsy politics, a fashionable society without brilliancy, a middle class without manners, great generals without great phrases, these will not soon, I believe, overthrow the traditions of our Old French culture, so brilliant, so polished and so winning. When a nation, by what it calls its seriousness and its application, shall have produced what we have produced with our frivolity; writers superior to Pascal and Voltaire; better scientific brains than those of Allembert and Lavoisier, a nobility more refined than ours of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries; women more charming than those who have smiled upon our philosophy; an impulse more extraordinary than that of our Revolution; more devotion to duty. You will then mention the French culture, in a word, more sympathetic and more spiritual than that of our fathers; then, indeed, we shall be conquered. But we are not conquered yet. We have not yet lost the audience of the world."

This, remember, was written in 1879. Would not England be glad to say it to-day?

As the eighth year of The New Age is completed with this issue I take the privilege periodically accorded the old Roman slave of telling his masters without offence what he thought of them. I grieve to say that my opinion of our readers is not grateful and comforting. They number, I am well assured, most of the writers, critics, journalists, publicists and artists of this country; yet, with all this power in their hands, and, at least, a little sympathy with The New Age in their hearts, they leave us, instead of the best-known journal in the world, the least-known, the classically boycotted, and the worst-used journal in England. Whom have we in the world but our readers to make us better known in every sense of the word? For we have refrained from advertising ourselves for the sake of turning our readers to our own works and from seeking advertisement for the sake of increased circulation. Only our readers therefore can assist us.

We can, it is true, while the present circulation continues, make both ends meet with the utmost difficulty; but after eight years the pinch begins to gall; we are none of us so "new" as one, were will all our talents, the only way out of our pastures; but others of my poor brethren have borne the burden and heat of many more years. "A.E.R." has toiled for four years; S. Verdav
THE NEW AGE
APRIL 29, 1915

has written weekly without a single break for five years; the writer of the “Notes of the Week” is bowed under the weight of nearly seven. Come, what is wrong with us? Surely a revision of our sentence to awaiting wigs. Give us more readers—and may they be no worse.

WHEN Algernon Harris had been long enough on the London County Council to digest its dignities, he began to look about him for a new field of activity, and decided to stand in the Liberal interest for South-West Ham.

She therefore called together a committee of those few gentlewomen who carry card-cases in the neighbourhood of South-West Ham. Rebecca was the chairwoman of this committee. She sat at the top of a table, she commanded the reading of the minutes, and all the little ladies deferred to her, because she was the wife of a County Councillor, the mother of one grown son, and had still enough womanly enthusiasm to teach the principles of maternity to the prolific.

She invited a deputation of Vitality Experts from the Vitality Centre every Wednesday night. While Rebecca dispensed coffee, she drew her guests’ attention to the wall charts concerning Beer.

Beer was not only a liquid of almost despicable food value, but a man who would refrain from spending tuppence on beer would certainly have tuppence in hand. If tuppence were taken to be the average daily expenditure of casual labourers on beer, by abstaining from beer casual labourers would make an average saving of three pounds no shillings and ten pence every year, which would be an addition of Rebecca did not know how much to the accumulated wealth of this great country.

Two Wednesdays out of every month Algernon came down from Kensington to speak to the fathers. He gave them new philosophic values in a subject in which they were only practical experimenters by his discourses on "Genetics and their Relation to Preferential Trade.”

Rebecca was so pleased with the attendances at her husband’s lectures that she decided to ask the wives of electors to tea. To this end she hired cups from a Liberal furnisher, and she went to the Liberal bakers for supplies, as a rule.

She invited a deputation of Vitality Experts from the Fabian Society to witness how readily a nursing mother will take her food; she wished to draw their attention to the fact that, owing to the efforts of her Vitality Centre, the South-West Ham infants were beginning to develop a little bone.

Eighty-five nursing mothers assembled with ninety-six infants between them. You will see that my figures allow for the high local average of twins. A Liberal clergyman was present to thank God for free food, but before anything was eaten Rebecca made her speech.

She talked for twenty minutes on the Responsibility of Maternity, she told four touching little anecdotes of the early life of her one grown son. The women of South-West Ham have sufficient courtesy to listen patiently to their hostess; in truth, they are only entertained by such of the charitable who would win an election by the saving of souls. Two nursing mothers, known to be of temprate habits, wept to remember that Rebecca had also a son, but their emotion was found to have no appreciable effect on the consumption of bread and butter and cake. In fact these women took their food so readily that a social psychologist among the vitality experts got out his notebook to make an observation. “During a depression in trade, wives of casual labourers will tend to over-stimulate the nervous system with tea.” This is what he wrote, for that mischievous woman Mathilde, looked over her shoulder and saw it. Mathilde had come down from London with the vitality experts, because she was quite a well-known actress, and Rebecca had often talked of Mrs. Baily’s for incense.

Rebecca quite rightly enjoyed the privileges of Jehovah, and the committee would no more have thought of questioning her authority than Moses would have thought of questioning the tablet of stone. Rebecca had ordered everything with extraordinary ability. She had hired a “centre” from a prominent Liberal landlord, she had set up a weighing machine, she had convinced the wives of electors that it was enormously important to know the weight of an ill-nourished baby to half a gramme. She even convinced the Liberal doctors that she meant their honourable profession no harm by her advertised attempt to save Child Life, pointing out that if fatteners of the body and there would certainly be more of them left alive to be ill.

She assured Liberal milkmen that it was against the spirit of an enlightened philanthropy to give anything away. What she said to Liberal undertakers I do not know. I doubt if she realised that her efforts might jeopardise the business interests of these gentlemen.

Algernon had reminded Rebecca that the father is part of the environment of the child. For this reason his wife invited electors to be present at the Vitality Centre every Wednesday night. While Rebecca dispensed coffee, she drew her guests’ attention to the wall charts concerning Beer.

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Chekhov's "Wedding."
(Translated by C. E. Beethöfer.)

(A brightly lit room, with a big table laid for supper. Around the table bustle waiters in frock-coats. The last figure of a quadrille is being played off. Enter Miss Zmewick—in a bright scarlet dress—Yat, and the M.C. They pass across the stage.)

Zmew.: No! No! No!

Yat (following): Be merciful! Be merciful!

Zmew.: No! No! No!

M.C. (hurrying after them): Please, you mustn't, you mustn't! Where are you going? But the grand chain, silvoooply. (Exeunt. Enter Mrs. Nastasia Jigalov, mother of the bride, and Arlomlov, the bridesman.)

Nast.: Instead of worrying me with all your talk, you'd do better to go and dance!

Apl.: I'm not Spinosa anyhow, to make shapes of my legs like cracknels. I'm a man of position and I don't find any distraction in empty pleasures. But this thing's nothing to do with dancing. Excuse me, Mama, but I don't understand a lot of your behaviour. For instance, besides all the things for the house, you promised also till I proposed to her? Why did you invite him? Zmewkin, you are. But you're acting nobly—Beside you I feel stifled. I'm not speaking from love. For instance, be—'

Nast.: How my head aches!—If this weather keeps on, there ought to be a thaw.

Apl.: You won't wear my teeth out with talking? I found out to-day that your tickets were pledged at Dimba; behind them.

Yat.: It's a midwife, but singing at public concerts. For instance, be—'

Nast.: (looking at the table and counting the places): One, two, three, four, five—'

Servant.: The cook wants to know how you order the ice to be served, with rum, with madeira, or without anything.

Apl.: With rum. And tell the housekeeper there's only a little wine. Say that Haut-Sauterne is ordered. (To Nast.) And you promised and we agreed that a general would be at the supper to-night. Where is he, I should like to know?

Nast.: It's not my fault, my dear!

Apl.: Whose, then?

Nast.: Andrew's fault. Yesterday he was here and promised to bring a real general. (Sighs.) He can't have found one or he'd have brought him. But what does it matter? For our own child we will spare nothing. A general, well, a general—'

Apl.: Well, again, surely you knew, Mama, that this telegraph fellow, Yat, was running after Dashenka until I proposed to her? Why did you invite him? Didn't you really know that he's an enemy of you—'

Nast.: Oh, Epaminondas, what's the matter with you? The wedding-day isn't over yet and already you're tiring both me and Dashenka to death with your talking. What will it be like as time goes on? You're wearisome, wearisome.

Apl.: It isn't nice to hear the truth? Ha, ha. There you are. But you're acting nobly! Only one thing I ask of you—be noble! (Through the room, from one door to the other couples pass, dancing the grand-chali. The first couple is Dashenka and the M.C., behind them Yat and Zmev. They stop dancing and stay in the room. Enter Jigalov and Dimba, and go to the table.)

M.C.: Promenade! Messieu's, promenade! (Off.) Promenade! (Exeunt the couples.)

Yat.: Be merciful! Be merciful, enchanting Miss Zmewikin!

Zmew.: Oh! what a man you are! I've told you already I'm not in voice.

Yat.: I entreat you, sing! Only one note! Be merciful! Only one note!

Zmew.: I'm tired. (Sits down and fans herself.)

Yat.: No, you're simply pitiless! Such an inhuman creature, permit me to use the expression, and such a wonderful, wonderful voice. With a voice like that, excuse the expression, you ought not to be a midwife, but singing at public concerts. For instance, how divinely the trills emerge from you in that one: (sings) "I loved you, in vain 'tis still to love."—Wonderful!

Zmew. (sings): 'I loved you, perhaps I still may love.'—that one?

Yat.: That's the one! Wonderful!

Zmew.: No, I'm not in voice to-day. Take my fan, fan me; it's so hot. (To Apl.) Why are you so melancholy? Can a bridgroom really be like that? Aren't you ashamed, you contrary man? What are you thinking about?

Apl.: Marriage is a serious step. You have to consider everything from all points of view in detail—'

Zmew.: How contrary you all are! What sceptics! Beside you I feel stifled! Give me atmosphere! Do you hear? Give me atmosphere! (Sings.)

Yat.: Wonderful. Wonderful!

Zmew.: Fan me, fan me! I feel my heart is just going to break. Tell me, please; why do I feel so sulky?

Yat.: Because you perspire.

Zmew.: Pffi! What a vulgar creature you are! Don't dare speak to me like that!

Yat.: I beg your pardon. You have been used, I know, to, excuse the expression, aristocratic company.

Zmew.: Oh! leave me in peace! Give me poetry, ecstasy! Fan me! Fan me!

Jig. (to Dimba): Once more, eh? I can drink every minute. The chief thing, Dimba, is not to forget one's affairs. Drink, and understand your affairs! And as for drinking, why not drink? Drinking's allowed; your health! (Drinks.) Tell me, have you got tigers in Greece?

Dim.: Yes.

Jig.: And lions?

Dim.: Yes, lions too. In Russia there's nothing, but in Greece everything. My father's there and my uncle and my brothers, and here there's nothing.

Jig.: But have you whales in Greece?

Dim.: We've everything there.

Nast. (to her husband): Why this random drinking and eating? It's time we all sat down. Don't stick a fork in the lobster! It's for the general. Perhaps he'll come after all.

Jig.: Have you lobsters in Greece?

Dim.: Yes, we've everything there.

Zmew.: I'm just thinking—what an atmosphere in Greece!

Jig.: And probably a lot of trickery. Greeks are all the same, whether they're Armenians or gypsies. They'll give you a sponge or a goldfish, but all the time they're watching their chance to relieve you of your superfluities. Once more, eh?

Nast.: What are all these one-more's? It's time for us all to sit down. It's twelve o'clock.

Jig.: Sit down, then, sit down! (Calls.) Ladies and gentlemen. I humbly entreat you. Please, Supper! Young people!

Nast.: Welcome, dear guests. Be seated.

Zmew. (sits at the table): Give me poetry! "But he, the rebel, sought the storm, as in the storm were peace." Give me storm!

Yat (aside): Remarkable woman! I'm in love—but the ears in love! (Enter the company. They take their seats noisily at the table; a minute's pause, the band plays a march, Mozgovoy (in the uniform of a naval volunteer, rising): Ladies and gentlemen! I must tell you this; there
are many toasts and speeches waiting for us. We won't wait. We'll begin at once. Ladies and gentlemen, I ask you to drink a toast to the bride and bridgroom. (The band plays a flourish. "Hurrah!" Clinking of glasses.)

Moz.: It's bitter!

Apl.: Bitter! Bitter! (Apl. and Dash. kiss.)

Yat.: Wonderful, wonderful! I must express to you, ladies and gentlemen, with the utmost veracity, that this room and the place in general are magnificent. Superlatively, enchantingly—but do you know why it does not partake of a complete triumph? There's no electric light, excuse the expression. Electric light has been introduced already in all countries; only Russia alone is left behind.

Jig. (thoughtfully): Electric—h'm. But to my idea, electric light is just the same. It's the same as coal there and think they can deceive your eyes with it. No, friend, if you give light, then don't give coal, but something tangible, something special, something you can take hold off. Give a light, you understand, a light which is actual and not simply an idea.

Yat.: If only you were to see what an electric battery is composed off, you'd think differently.

Jig.: I don't want to see it. Trickery! They deceive simple folk, and squeeze them to the last drop. We know that sort of people. And you, young man, instead of defending trickery, would have done better to drink and pour out for others. That's the truth!

Apl.: I quite agree with you, dear papa. Why introduce scientific discourses? I myself am ready to speak about all possible discoveries, but then there's another time for that. (To Dash.) What's your opinion, ma chere? Dash.: They like to show their education and always speak about something one can't understand.

Jig.: And Dashenka's? (To her mother) What's your opinion?

Dim.: Yes, there's everything there.

Jig.: But not mushrooms. Dim.: Yes, mushrooms too. Everything!

Moz.: Mr. Dimba, it's your turn to make a speech. Ladies and gentlemen, allow Mr. Dimba to make a speech.

Alt. (to Dimba): Speech! Speech! Your turn! Dim.: What for? I don't understand what—what's the matter?

Jig.: No, no! Don't dare refuse! It's your turn! Up you get!

Dim. (rises in confusion): I can say that—Russia is one thing and Greece is another. Now the people in Greece are one thing, and the people in Russia are another. And the "kapavia" which sail on the sea you call ships, and those that go on land you call railways—I understand well.

We are Greeks, you are Russians, and I want nothing—I can say that—Russia is one thing and Greece is another. (Enter Newnin.)

New.: Stop, ladies and gentlemen!—You know I'm going on eating! Wait a little! Madame, just half a minute! Please come here! (Takes Nast. aside, breathlessly.) Listen, the general's coming at once. At last I've found one. I was simply in agony. A real general, in the flesh, old, eighty, please, or ninety, years old—

Nast.: When is he coming?

New.: This very moment. You'll be grateful to me all your life. He's not a general; he's a peach! A marvel! Not any foot regiment, not infantry at all, but navy! In rank he's a second-grade captain, and with them, in the navy, that's just the same as a major-general or, in civil rank, an actual State councillor. Absolutely the same as a major-general or, in civil rank, an actual State councillor.

Nast.: You're not deceiving me, Andrew?

New.: Now, am I a rascal? Don't you worry. Nast. (sighing): I don't want to waste money, Andrew?

New.: Don't you worry. He's not a general; he's a peach! A marvel! Not any foot regiment, not infantry at all, but navy! In rank he's a second-grade captain, and with them, in the navy, that's just the same as a major-general or, in civil rank, an actual State councillor. Absolutely the same as a major-general or, in civil rank, an actual State councillor.

Nast.: You're not deceiving me, Andrew?

New.: Now, am I a rascal? Don't you worry. Nast. (sighing): I don't want to waste money, Andrew?

New.: Don't you worry. He's not a general; he's a work of art! (Raises his voice.) And I said to him, "You've quite forgotten us, your excellency," I said. "It's not right, your excellency, to forget old friends! Mrs. Jigalov is very angry with you," I said. (Goes to table and sits down.) And he said, "My dear friend, how can I go if I am not a friend of the bridal groom's?" "Oh, that's being too much, your excellency," I said. "What's in ceremonies? The bridal groom," I said, "is a most
APL.: And when is he coming?

NEW.: This moment. When I left him, he had already put on his goloshes. Wait just a moment, ladies and gentlemen, don’t go on eating!

APL.: We must tell them to play a march.

NEW. (loudly): Hey, musicians! A march! (Band plays a march.)

SERVANT (announcing): Mr. Revunov-Karaulov! (Jig., Nast., and NEW. run to meet him. Enter REV.)

NAST.: Welcome, welcome, your excellency. Very kind—

REV.: Extremely!

JIG.: Your excellency, we are not eminent, not exalted people, but simple folk; but do not think there is any trickery on our side. There is always the first place in our house for good people; we spare nothing for them.

Welcome!

REV.: Extremely pleased!

NEW.: Allow me to introduce the bridegroom, Mr. Aplombov, your excellency, and his newly-born—

I mean, newly-wed—wife! And this is Mr. Yat., of the telegraph. This is Mr. Dimba, a foreign gentleman of Greek nationality, in the confectionery profession. And so on, and so on—the rest are all—rubbish. Take a seat, your excellency.

REV.: Extremely! Excuse me, ladies and gentlemen, I just want to say two words to Andrew. (Takes NEW. aside.) I’m a little confused, friend. Why do you call me “your excellency”? I’m not a general, I’m a second-grade captain, and that’s lower than a colonel.

NEW: (speaks in his ear, as with a deaf man): “Stand to stations for a tack across before the wind!” Ah! That’s life—

REV.: Well, if that’s the case, then by all means! (They go to the table.) Extremely!

NAST.: Take a seat, your excellency. Be so kind! Take something to eat, your excellency. Only excuse us, at home you must be used to everything elegant, but with us it’s all simple.

REV. (hearing badly): What? H’m—Oh, yes. (Pause.) Oh, yes, indeed! I have a little confused, friend. Why do you call me “your excellency”? I’m not a general, I’m a second-grade captain, and that’s lower than a colonel.

NEW: (speaks in his ear, as with a deaf man): “Haste to take advantage of the probable pause”: On this day, to-day, so to speak, on which we are collected together here to do honour to our beloved—

REV.: Break in! Yes! And all this has to be remembered. For instance, haliard-royals, tops’l gallants—

M.C. (offended): What’s he interrupting for? We can’t say a single word.

NAST.: We ignorant people, your excellency, do not understand anything of this. But tell us instead something to amuse—

head about. Every insignificant word has, so to speak, its separate meaning. For instance—the fore-topman in the shrouds on the top-gallant lassings! What does that mean. A sailor understands! Hee, hee. Now, where’s your mathematics!

NEW.: The health of his excellency Theodor Yakovlevich Revenov-Karaulov! (Band plays a flourish. “Hurrah.”)

YAT.: Your excellency, you were pleased just now to express yourself on the subject of the hardness of naval service. But tell me if the telegraph’s any easier? Nowadays, your excellency, no one can enter the telegraph service unless he can read and write French and German. But the hardest thing we have to do is the transmission of telegrams. Terribly hard. Please listen a moment. (Raps with a fork on the table, imitating a telegraph apparatus.)

REV.: What’s that for?

YAT.: That’s for: I esteem you, your excellency, for your virtues. You think it’s easy? And again. (Raps.)

REV.: Louder. I can’t hear you.

YAT.: And that’s for: Madame, how happy I am to clasp you in my embrace—

REV.: What lady is this? Yes. (To Moz.) And then, suppose it’s blowing half a gale and you’ve got to—you’ve got to hoist the fore-top haliards and the tops’l gallants. So you must give the order: “Mount the rigging to the fore-top haliards and the tops’l gallants,” and at the same time as they lose the sails on the stays, below they are standing to the main lassings and the tops’l gallant haliards—

M.C. (rising): Dear ladies and gentle—

REV. (breaking in): Yes! A few other commands? Yes! To furl the foretop haliards and the tops’l gallants! Good? Now what does that mean, what’s the meaning of it? It’s very simple. To furl, you know, the foretop haliards and the tops’l gallants and hoist the mains!—all at once! They must level the foretopmains and the tops’l gallant haliards on the hriest; at the same time, just look at the necessity of strengthening the braces of all the sails; and when the stays are taut and the braces raised all round, then the foretop haliards and the tops’l gallants, settling comformably with the direction of the wind—

NEW.: Your excellency, the host begs you to speak of something else. The guests don’t understand all this, and it’s dull.

REV.: What? Whose dull? (To Moz.) Young man, suppose the vessel is lying by the wind, on the starboard course, under full stretch of canvas, and you have to bring it over before the wind? What orders must you give? Why, this: Whistle all hands on deck for a tack across before the wind. Hee, hee!

NEW.: Enough! Take something to eat.

REV.: Just as they all come running out, at once you give the command: “Stand to stations for a tack across before the wind!” Ah! That’s life! You give the order and watch how the sailors, like lightning, run to their places and adjust the lassings and the haliards. You finish by shouting out, “Bravo, my fine fellows.” (Shouts and chokes.)

M.C. (hastens to take advantage of the probable pause): On this day, to-day, so to speak, on which we are collected together here to do honour to our beloved—

REV., (breaking in): Yes! Yes! And all this has to be remembered. For instance, haliard-royals, tops’l gallants—

M.C. (offended): What’s he interrupting for? We can’t say a single word.
REV. (misunderstanding): I’ve just eaten some, thank you. You said “goose,” did you not? Thank you. Yes! I was recalling old times. But certainly it’s pleasant, young man. If you sail on the sea, you’ll know no care. (With a trembling voice.) You recollect the delight of tacking in a gale? What seaman does not light up at the recollection of this manoeuvre? The very moment the command sounds, “Pipe all hands aloft,” an electric spark seems about to fly over everybody. From the command to the last sailor—no trouble with excitement—

ZREW.: O, how dull! How dull! (General murmur.)

REV. (misunderstanding): Thank you, I have eaten some. (With rapture.) Everyone gets ready and turns his eyes on the first officer. “Stand to the gallants and starboard top‘l braces, and the port main braces, and port counter-braces,” orders the first officer. All is accomplished in a moment; halyard royals and tops’l lashings heaved. Alright you. You said “goose,” did you not? Thank you. You’re unpleasant.

REV.: Pheasant? No, I haven’t had any. Thank you. NAST.: (loudly): I said, you’re being unpleasant! You ought to know better, at your age, General. You’re unpleasant! New.: (agitated): Now, now, let’s hear the truth.

REV.: For the first thing, I’m not a general, but a second-grade captain, which corresponds on the list to a lieutenant-colonel—

NAST.: Then, if you’re not a general, why did you take the money? And we didn’t pay you money for you to be unpleasant!

REV.: (perplexed): What money?

NAST.: You know what money! Perhaps you received through Mr. Newnin a quarter.—(To New.) But it’s your fault, Andrew. I didn’t ask you to hire such a man.

New.: Now, there—let it be! Is it worth while?

REV.: Hired—paid—what’s this?

APl.: But excuse me. You received the twenty-five pounds from Mr. Newnin?


APl.: Then did you receive the money?

REV.: I received no money at all! Off with you! (Leaves the table.) How disgusting! How low! To affront like this an old man, a sailor, an officer of merit! If this were decent society, I’d challenge you to a duel; but now what can I do? (Muddled.) Where’s the door? Which is the way out. Waiter! Show me out! Waiter! How low! How disgusting! (Exit.)

NAST.: Andrew, where are those twenty-five pounds?

New.: Come, is it worth while to speak of such trifles?

Everybody else is gay; but you, Heaven knows why. (Shouts.) To the health of the young people! Musicians, play a march! Musicians! (Band begins to play a march.) To the health of the young people! Where’s the door? Which is the way out, Waiter! Waiter! Show me out! Waiter! How low! How disgusting!

ZREW.: I feel stifled! Give me atmosphere! Beside you I feel stifled!

YAV (in a ecstasy): Wonderful woman! Wonderful woman! (The noise gets louder.)

M.C. (stands and shouts): Dear ladies and gentlemen! On this day, to-day, so to speak—

CURTAIN.

REVIEWS.

Alice and a Family. By [St. John G. Ervine]. (Macmillan. 6s.)

Mr. St. John Ervine is still playing with his idea of the superior competence of the female, which he is apparently determined to demonstrate at all ages. Mrs. Martin was on the verge of old age; Jane Clegg was middle-aged; Alice, his latest heroine, is about fourteen when Mr. Ervine precipitates her into the family of the Nuggs. She takes charge of the family while Mrs. Nuggs is dying in child-bed; and continues her manipulations, and extends her sway, after the demise of that person. Mr. Nuggs is hustled into obtaining £175 compensation from his employer for an accident that permanently incapacitates his right arm; he is hustled into opening a newspaper shop, which apparently is intended to develop and does develop into a store for the provision of all comforts for the working-classes; he is hustled into marriage to a widow who is apparently only less competent than her daughter; and Alice, aged anything above sixteen, is waiting until they “are old enough” before she contemplates appointing herself as joint-manager of a branch shop with “Erie Nuggs, terms, strictly married.” As an exercise in humorous narration of the peculiarities of Cockney types, the story is not without interest; but the characterisation fails very quickly, and Alice becomes indistinguishable from Mr. Ervine. The method is too anecdotic to be artistic, and we weary at last of Mr. Ervine’s admiration for anything in petticoats.

The Sword of Youth. By James Lane Allen. (Macmillan. 6s.)

It is hard to believe that this story relates to the American Civil War, the bloodiest war of modern history until the present war. Of incident, there is very little; and the theme is the stock-in-trade of the sentimental novelist. Young hero hears the call of his faction; stern mother, who has sent husband and all her other sons to the war, forbids him to go; girl in love with hero, and secretly at war with his mother. Torn between his duty to his mother and his fancy, he decides in favour of politics, and joins the Southern Army; committing his mother, now left entirely unattended, to the care of his sweetheart. A letter stating that his mother wants to see him before she dies causes him to desert, but he arrives too late to receive her forgiveness or commendation. He refuses the consolations of love at that moment, and returns to the army, where his desertion is forgiven after being explained. At the end of the war he marries the girl; and will apparently be the father of a large family of strapping young men much needed in Kentucky. Mr. Allen has apparently not striven to give us either character or incident, but to express what he believes to have been the states of mind and feeling of these people. He has failed in the attempt because he could not disentangle his characters from himself, lacked the gift of projection; but he has conveyed an impression of airiness, of wide space, of sylvan stillness and simplicity, that is very refreshing. He has sought peace and found it, even in a story of war.

Sea-Pie: More Reminiscences by J. E. Patterson. (Goschen. 2s. od. net.)

It was objected by “Shivers,” the boatswain, that Mr. Patterson’s stories did not “sound like truth. Your wording gives them something that is not reality—an underlying something. If write you must—and it seems you must—read the Bible more, and such writers as Defoe and Bunyan.” The criticism was sound, and was well applied to a writer who professed that “truth was his aim.” There is much matter in this book, but little art; indeed, if we may give Mr. Patterson advice in small compass, we should reverse the advice to Polonius, and say: “More art, and less matter.” Mr. Patterson seems to be divided in opinion concerning his
methods; usually he reports with literal accuracy, almost painfully recalling the very words that were spoken to him. When he attempts to write, he does so like a journalist—"writing up" a subject; the story that "Shivers" criticised is only the glaring example of this fault. The events that he recounts have not touched his imagination, and, as a consequence, he has no style; his manner of writing has a merely literary derivation; at worst, it is flabby; at best, it is stilted. The events of the story serve nothing to him but a story, and a story only means a "spout" of words to him. Now and again he rises almost to reality; "Shivers'" story of the dying man on the raft conveys very well the sense of terror. A little more tension of style, the aper\'tice choice of a few words, a little more variation in rhythm, and the story would be perfectly done. But with most of the book, Mr. Patterson is still telling his stories in the forefront, or exchanging them with the look in the galley. There is remarkably little sense of the sea in this book; like most sailors, Mr. Patterson thinks more of the ship and its crew than he does of the "unplumbed, salt, estranging sea." The necessity of keeping the sea out of the ship probably explains this habit of excluding it from consideration except as it raises practical problems; and sailing the ship of the weather, with its relation to their comfort in voyaging, than they do of the lure that this mighty power exercises upon them. But a writer cannot be excused, for the practical necessities are not operative upon him, that it is his imaginative realisation of the meaning of his experiences that we really require from him. There is, as we have said, plenty of matter in this book, for life in a "wind-jammer" is full of incident; but Mr. Patterson's method of tumbling it out and reminiscences is not the best. It implies a lack of appreciation of style, and that style implies, its proper function, and exaggerates the importance of the mere facts. Mr. Patterson should read the Bible.

The Fair Ladies of the Winter Palace. By Dr. A. S. Rappoport. (Holden and Hardingham. 12s. 6d. net.)

Dr. Rappoport excuses the compilation of this work by the plea that it serves the purpose of history by instructing us in the psychology of nations by informing us of the character of the rulers. "Nations and peoples have the rulers they deserve," he says. Are we to suppose, then, that the Russian people have been as immoral, as murderous, as tyrannous as their kings? "A people conscious of its power, possessed of a clear conscience, it is his imaginative realisation of the meaning of his experiences that we really require from him. There is, as we have said, plenty of matter in this book, for life in a "wind-jammer" is full of incident; but Mr. Patterson's method of tumbling it out and reminiscences is not the best. It implies a lack of appreciation of style, and that style implies, its proper function, and exaggerates the importance of the mere facts. Mr. Patterson should read the Bible.

The Methods of Spies; Outspoken Revelations. Mr. Le Queux. (Stanley Paul, 1s. 6d.)

This book is a disgrace. Its cover is done in blue and yellow on a white background, and the sub-titles read like "Evening News" headlines. Look at them: A Stalwart Exposure; The Methods of Spies; Astonishing Facts; Outspoken Revelations. Mr. Le Queux, it seems, was snubbed for years by various politicians because he could not get his statements about spies taken seriously; he lost money, and became disheartened. In 1905 he published a book called "The Invasion of England."

The book which had cost me eighteen months of hard work, and a journey of ten thousand miles in a motor-car, was declared to be the exaggerated writing of a jingo, a sensationalist, and one who was not to stir up strife when he hopes that "the lover of light and piquant stories and the student of the evolution of history will find much to interest them in the following pages." The "light and piquant story" is not to be found in these pages. The story of Marie Danilovna Hamilton, who murdered her three children and was executed, cannot be called "light and piquant"; Dr. Rappoport himself heads the chapter: "The Devil with the Face of an Angel." Nor can the story of the Tsarievitch Alexis, who conspired against his life, be called "light and piquant". "The Captive of Marienburg," "The Treacherous Mistress of Alexis," "The Tragic Brides of a Tsar," "A Mater Dolorosa," these are some of the things that Dr. Rappoport pretends are "light and piquant stories"; and Dr. Rappoport's style does not lend lightness and piquancy to them. The book is a dreary recital of the facts pertaining to fornication, murder, and conspiracy, which can interest none except those to whom the word "immoral" is a claim to attention. Dr. Rappoport thanks a lady for having read the final proofs; we should have added our thanks if she had corrected the misprints, of which there is usually one on a page.


There, now! "The Kaiser's cleverness in ingratiating himself with certain English statesmen, officers, and writers is really amazing, yet it was—though at the time unsuspected—part of the great German plot formed against us." And so it continues, in Mr. Le Queux's best style:

I ventured to declare at a meeting in Perth that in our midst we were harbouring a new, most dangerous, and well-organised enemy—a horde of German spies. German spies in England! This completed the bitterness of public opinion against me. The Press unanimously declared that I had spoken wilful untruths; my statements were refuted in leading articles, and in consequence of my endeavour to indicate a grave national peril a certain section of the Press even went so far as to say that my story was "nothing but a string of lies altogether! Indeed, more than one first-class London newspaper which had regularly published my novels—"I could name them, but I will not—refused to print any more of my work! (P. 15-78.)

The italics and shriek-marks are those of Mr. Le Queux. There is no excuse for this sort of thing. The German spies overpowered us, he says, and our own espionage system in Germany was, and is, better organised than the German espionage in England.
stepped forward, and, turning to Zhmykhov, said
of my soul by your long service as head of our department,
said Zakysin, acting as prompter.
and by your fatherly solicitude.
even unto death itself, you may not forsake us
he concluded, "may your banner wave, for many a long
ficance €or us, hm.
year to come, upon the arena of genius, labour and public
course of your valued life, for many a long year to come,
with our portraits, and we trust that in the subsequent
moments even to the grave, and rest assured
assured, friends, that nobody can wish you such pros-
tions. In the carriage, he felt in his breast
in his carriage, and drove off with an escort of congratula-
. . .
an honour, turned pale with rapture. Thereupon, his
delightful emotions, hitherto completely unknown to him,
collected himself a little, and spoken a few more heartfelt
superior made a gesture with his hand, as much as to say,
tears, just as if he had not just been given a costly album.
words, he shook hands with everybody, and, amid
and once again he shed tears.
for him that it seemed to him as though he had actually
he not in the world. The anniversary dinner consisted
entirely of toasts, speeches, embraces and tears. In short,
ago,
vices would be taken so much to heart.
to speak, merely as a matter of form, nor in accordance
album.
reward.
contemplated it.
"THE ALBUM. (Translated from the Russian of Tchekhov by P. SELVER)."
Kratrov, titulary counsellor, tall and skinny as a rake, stepped forward, and, turning to Znykhov, said:
"Your Excellency! Touched and stirred to the depths of
my soul by your long service as head of our department,
and by your fatherly solicitude. . . ."
". . . during the course of upwards of ten years. . . ."
said Zakysin, acting as prompter.
"During the course of upwards of ten years, we, your
subordinates, upon this day, so—er, fraught with signifi-
cance for us, as we present to Your Excellency as
a token of our esteem and profound gratitude, this album
with our portraits, and we trust that in the subsequent
course of your valued life, for many a long year to come,
even unto death itself, you may not forsake us . . . ."
". . . with your fatherly precepts upon the path of
justice and progress," amplified Zakysin, wiping away the
outward outbreak of sweat from his brow. It may well be
that he was possessed with a great desire to speak, and,
in all probability, had a speech ready at hand. "And,
he concluded, "may your banner wave, for many a long
year to come, upon the arena of genius, labour and public
conscientiousness.
Over Znykhov's wrinkled left cheek trickled a tear.
"Gentlemen!" he said, in a trembling voice. "I did
not expect, not in the least did I imagine, that you would
celebrate my most venerable anniversary. I am touched . . .
even . . . very much so. I shall carry the remembrance of these
moments even to the grave, and rest assured . . . er; rest
assured, friends, that nobody can wish you such pros-
perity as I do. And if it should happen, that anything to
your advantage . . . ."
Znykhov, the full-blown State Counsellor, kissed
Kratrov, the titulary counsellor, who, not expecting such
an honour, turned pale with rapture. Thereupon, his
superior made a gesture with his hand, as much as to say,
that he could feel no such emotion, and began to shed
tears, just as if he had not just been given a costly album;
but, on the contrary, had had it taken away. Having
collected himself a little, and spoken a few more heartfelt
words, he shook hands with everybody, and, amid up-
rovirous cheers, he made his way downstairs, took a seat
in his carriage, and drove off with an escort of congratula-
tions. In the carriage, he felt in his breast a deluge of
delightful emotions, hitherto completely unknown to him,
and once again he shed tears.
Fresh joys awaited him at home. There, his family,
his friends and acquaintances prepared such an ovation for
him that it seemed to him as though he had actually
been of considerable service to the public, and that the
country would have been in a very bad way indeed were
he not in the world. The anniversary dinner consisted
entirely of toasts, speeches, embraces and tears. In short,
Znykhov had not even remotely suspected that his ser-
vice would be taken so much to heart.
"Gentlemen!" he said, before the departure. "Two—hours
ago, I was compensated for all the trouble which must
..fall to the lot of a man who discharges his office, not, so
to speak, merely as a matter of form, nor in accordance
with the letter of his duty. During the
whole period of my service, I have unwaveringly adhered to
this principle. The public is not for us, but we are for
the public. And were I have been atoned a place
ward. My subordinates have presented me with an
album . . . . Here it is. I am deeply moved!!
The guests bent their countenances over the album and contemplated it.
"What a sweet album," said Znykhov's daughter,
Olga. "I should think it must have cost fifty roubles. Oh,
how delicious. Papa, dear, do give me the album.
You will now, won't you? I'll take such care of it. How
perfectly sweet . . . ."
After dinner, Miss Olga took the album up to her
room and locked it away in the table-desk: On the next
day she removed the photographs of the officials
from it and threw them on the floor, and in their
place, she put those of her school-girl friends.
The prescribed uniforms were replaced by white
masses, and those without beards received brown ones.
When there was nothing left to colour, he cut out the
vardrobe figures, pierced eyes through them with a pin,
and played at soldiers with them. Having cut out the
titulary counsellor, Kratrov, he fastened him to a
match-
box and this case continued into his father's study.
"Papa, a monument. Look!"
"Zhnykhov burst out laughing, bent down, and, touched
by the sight, imprinted a hearty kiss upon Kolya's cheek.
"Now, run away, you young scamp, and show it to
mamma. Mamma must have a look, too!"
AFTER
FRANCOIS MARIE ABOUR DE VOLTAIRE.
(1694-1778)
"To Madame Lullin.
And dote my aged Muse forlorn
Surprise you that she still is able,
Though eighty winters she hath borne,
To quaver lines of ode or fable?
Sometimes a plot of green will spring
In wintry fields the frost makes hoary,
Spared for a while, as comforting,
The summer season's faded glory.
A bird may warble, an he will,
With all his brave days left behind him,
But in his song shall sound no thrill,
Of tender love that once did bind him.
"I would in death's farewell, my queen"
(Tibullus to his mistress sighing)
"Fix mine eyes on thine eyes, and, e'en
Would claspe thee with the hand that's dying."
Current Cant.

"I suggest that it is time we cleared Socialism of cant."—ROBERT BLATCHFORD.

"Untidy German prisoners at Southen."—"Times."

"Mr. Bottomley's mission to the Clyde."—"John Bull."

"Teaching the Army to pray."—Bishop TAYLOR SMITH.

"The great middle and professional classes are the chief sufferers by the War."—"Academy."

"Harold Begbie, representing literature."—GRESHAM PUBLISHING CO.


"One can be sure of originality from Barrie."—"Literary World."

"The furniture used in 'Quinneys' is alone worth a visit to the Haymarket Theatre."—"Era."

"The civilising typewriter. Typewriting and bookkeeping are among the subjects now being taught by Americans to the Filipinos."—"Pitman's Journal."

"We are very much a free people. Ministers are our servants, not our masters."—J. L. GARVIN.

"Ginger will be hot in the mouth at Ascot."—JAMES DOUGLAS.

"When will the War be over? Six months after Great Britain has adopted National Service."—Major BARKER.

"Woman shames the male Shirkers. Cut her hair. Wore men's Clothes. Worked overtime in shipyard."—"Daily Sketch."

"Mr. Horatio Bottomley, who is now one of the most popular writers in this country, has some striking things to say on the vindication of the worker."—"Daily Mirror."

"The ultra-modern Mr. Augustus John."—"Times."

"Are We Talking too Much?"—JEROME K. JEROME.

"I am now troubled by the entry of Party political considerations and of personal ambition into the dread battlefield of Armageddon."—ARNOLD WHITE.

"We will not be Prussianised."—CHRISTABEL PANKHURST.

"Mr. W. L. George, both as novelist and essayist, never hesitates to express opinions which may not be popular."—"Sunday Pictorial."

"Had Mr. Macdonald Hastings given his material only a casual study and used even the slightest diligence in his associates, he would have learnt that business and advertising of to-day not only possess dignity, but are incorporated with art and literature, and that to those in control, education and good breeding are essential factors to success."—H. DENNIS BRADLEY, Letter to "Westminster Gazette."
in the economic foundations of society as completely as any Marxian ever did. I have lately read through Mommsen's "History of Rome," which was written at a time when Mommsen was known as the great friend and disciple of revolutionists. Mommsen, however, gives a purely economic explanation of the great wars of Rome. The three wars between Rome and Carthage were in his eyes nothing but economic wars.

I cannot attach any importance to the names of Messrs. Hyndman and Max. Hyndman and Max in this matter. Mr. Hyndman is a brilliant orator; he has no pretensions whatever to the name of a scientist or a philosopher. Mr. Max has been a lifelong heretic regarding the materialistic conception of history. He believed that it was Marx who had been to deal with the various heresies identical with capitalist causes.

Mr. Frederic Harrison published an article in the "Englishman" which contained only one mistake. He explained that it was necessary for Germany and Austria to attack Servia, and that this war would certainly come to the aid of Servia. They foresaw the world of to-morrow. "Spiritual" persons do not make prophecies like that.

Your alleged proofs that this is not an economic war would equally prove that there never was an economic war. One of the best proofs of that is the fact that the only entirely accurate prognostication of the war was made on purely economic grounds. In January, 1913, Mr. Frederic Harrison published an article in the "Times" which contained only one mistake. He expected the war in 1913 instead of 1914. Everything else was predicted with the accuracy of an astronomer. He foretold that it was an absolute economic necessity for Germany and Austria to attack Servia, and that Russia would certainly come to the aid of Servia. They foresaw the world of to-morrow.

Your reference to the former, it may be added, is a matter of such importance, I cannot attach any importance to the names of Messrs. Hyndman and Max.
"Sunday Times" and resolutely refuse to face fire, or to admit the perversion of the truth for which Colonel Maude (in 1912) and Mr. Sparling (in February last) made themselves responsible.

I believe that the NEW AGE is opposed to the principle of misrepresentation of the facts "is only honestly available to those who can plead ignorance of the early history of the League." In justice to Mr. Sparling I trust that your readers will not have accepted the obvious implication to be drawn from his words. For at any rate, is not ignorant of that early history. Such a conclusion would, I am sure, be very unfair to him. Having been the original secretary of the National Service League from its inception until the same date, except for a brief interruption of four months during which Colonel Maude was entrusted with the editorship, I can perhaps claim to know as much about the early history of the League as Mr. Sparling. I have intimate knowledge of every single leaflet and page of literature issued by the League for ten years I have no hesitation to say that a great deal of Mr. Sparling's "professed object" are positively astounding, not only for their complete inaccuracy, but for the audacity with which they are put forward, seeing that the objects of the League are well known to thousands of people who have belonged to it from its early days, when its objects were precisely the same as they are to-day. Statements such as those put forward by Mr. Sparling with regard to a great national movement cannot be allowed to pass unchallenged, and as, in spite of the guarantee of accuracy which my position in connection with the League might be deemed to afford, I do not wish the matter to be decided merely upon my contradiction of Mr. Sparling's "ipse dixit," I invite him to quote any leaflet or official publication of the League issued, except during the period of Colonel Maude's editorship, in proof of his assertion with regard to its "professed object," and the League, when the states, subsequently came over that object. If he produces the leaflet or official publication I am prepared to give a contribution of £5 to the Prince of Wales's Fund or the Belgian Relief Fund. For that, not only must he have produced his proof, he will publicly acknowledge in your columns that he has made a statement upon a matter of the utmost national importance with regard to the documents upon which alone such a statement should be made. Mr. Sparling is equally inaccurate in his statement that "there is no such document as" to which he refers, as that document can be quoted in support of conscription (by which, of course, he means Universal Compulsory Service) as applied to the United Kingdom. It is almost led to think that Mr. Sparling is attempting to maintain a

...SOVEREIGNTY AND THE Guilds.

Sir,—I should like to say a few words about Mr. Cole's article on State Sovereignty and the Guilds. I find myself quite unable to accept his statement that the consumers' representative body. As Mr. Cole would readily admit, Parliament has other functions than the above, notably, the formulation of legislation through the Law Courts, and the maintenance of Army and Navy for defence against invaders. Thus Parliament has the function of balancing and co-ordinating the various interests in the community.

Mr. Cole would claim that such a final authority cannot rest on the territorial basis, but it seems to me that such a basis is the soundest. If human grouping rests on a geographical foundation, then it is the concern of members of a nation, as territorially related, to maintain an equilibrium of all those functions which go to the making of a complex society. Should one man strike another, it is obvious that the State should, as it does, interfere. Further, should two groups come into conflict, it is equally necessary for the geographical assembly—i.e. Parliament—to settle the dispute in the last resort.

For the above reasons I cannot accept Mr. Cole's view that "the sovereignty of the territorial association means the sovereignty of the consumer." 'If collectivists claim this, it is our work to oppose such a theory of the State and to emphasise that for Parliament to direct, not a special function, but the general function of co-ordinating the special functions of the community.'

The transition to a Guild industry will have to be made through Parliament by the passing of laws against profiteering and the drawing up of general principles of Guild organisation. I do not see how we can escape, and we cannot, in general conditions, the general conditions in the interests of the community as a whole—that is, of the geographical community. Inside the general conditions, there will be room for freedom of action by the producers. The constitution conferred by
the State on the Guilds will be something radically different from the industrial condition favored by Collectivists.

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DEMOCRACY AND GUIILDS.

Sir,—The essays of Mr. G. D. H. Cole form the first studied attempt to define the functions of democracy within the guilds upon the difficult and technical constructional suggestions resulting, have justified the venture.

A principle of the guilds, however, should be that, if positions of responsibility are to be filled by experienced experts, these should be elevated from amongst themselves to the positions they are qualified for, by their colleagues who know them, but by the ballot, so as to largely understand the particular class of work to be undertaken and supervised.

As a practicable man I see no insurmountable difficulty in working upon such a principle in the railway service, provided that sectional officials elected in this way shall be responsible to their superior officers solely, and in no way subject to the influence of their subordinates. The benevolent system of nomination of candidates by cliques and canvassing in their favor would have to be provided against.

Sir,—I read the following in Warde Fowler's "Social Life in Rome in the Age of Cicero": "All gains made by hired labourers are dishonourable and base, for what we buy of them is their labour, not their artistic skill; what we gain by them the very gain itself does but increase the slavishness of the work."—Cicero De Officis.

HAROLD B. HARRISON.

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FOREIGNERS IN ENGLAND.

Sir,—I have recently had occasion to look for rooms in various boarding-houses and hotels in London. I was warned by my friends that I should not be received in many places because of my nationality. To make certain of this fact, at one place, I inquired point-blank whether they had any objection to Indians, and the answer I received from the person who showed me the rooms was that she could not say, as they never had any Indians, because the manageress wishes me to say we do not take them the very gain itself does but increase the slavishness of the work.—Cicero De Officis.

HAROLD B. HARRISON.

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I hope that by giving publicity to this matter a remedy may be found, otherwise the press is lost. With good letters and gratitude a com promise of better things in store for India, that are lavished so freely in the papers, will carry very little weight, and even run the risk of being designated as cant.

Sir,—First let me thank Mr. Evan Morgan for his kind and sympathetic letter—I had expected an avalanche of abuse!

I see that he takes exception to my statement that the attitude of the Englishman towards Indians is one of carefully studied and calculated hatefulness. I can assure him that my own experiences—particularly bitter and poignant—justify this assertion of mine completely. Without a doubt, Mr. Morgan is right in the three reasons he gives, but over and above these there seems to me to be evidence of a desire to cause pain and offence, and perhaps to wound me personally. A certain vile rage was boasting not long ago of the absence from the English language of any direct equivalent for the German "Schadenfreude" which expresses this, and argued therefrom that such a notion was inconceivable to the British mind!!!

D. K. SORABJI.

NIETZSCHE AND CARLYLE.

Sir,—The object of my article was to call attention to the fact that the same philosophic ideas for which Nietzsche is now condemned by hysterical publicists throughout England were preached by Thomas Carlyle fifty years ago, amidst general applause. This was the only aspect of the Nietzschean controversy that interested me. This is very lamentable by any standards of morality and logic (and J. Steeksma tolerating the egotism as best he can) I think it also sensible. To seek to convict me of insincerity, because of a sentence which, admittedly, was open to some improvement in composition, is playing it pretty low, I think. (Another slip; I must remember J. Steeksma lost his "Abominability" to sincerity, too. Really, J. Steeksma gets very hot about trifles. I made it quite clear that I was not attempting a defence of Nietzsche; what have I, therefore, to justify this assertion of mine completely. Without a doubt, Mr. Morgan is right in the three reasons he gives, but over and above these there seems to me to be evidence of a desire to cause pain and offence, and perhaps to wound me personally. A certain vile rage was boasting not long ago of the absence from the English language of any direct equivalent for the German "Schadenfreude" which expresses this, and argued therefrom that such a notion was inconceivable to the British mind!!!

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