NOTES OF THE WEEK.

The Russian people have the good fortune to win a fresh liberty for every war in which they engage. The Crimean War was followed by the emancipation of the Serfs, an act which definitely inaugurated the modern regime. The Japanese War was followed by the establishment of the Duma, the germ, as it has now proved, of representative government. And as for the present and greatest of wars, the Russian people have not had to wait until the end of it to be rewarded for their pains, but have taken to themselves, at the very height of the war, a liberty the like of which even some Western countries have not yet won. The Russian Revolution, even if it should now experience the dangers of reaction and counter-revolution, is an event of which the Russian character may well be proud; for it will stand to all time as an act of the greatest popular heroism. That a nation should aspire to representative from autocratic government is not, of course, to be wondered at. That by unconstitutional as well as by constitutional means it should endeavour to subvert the autocratic regime is again in the natural order of things. But that a people, and its leaders, during the crisis of a war should continue to aspire, multiply their endeavours, and finally succeed in emancipating themselves is a credit to the moral courage of humanity, and a particular tribute to the Russian nation. Almost, it now begins to appear, the Liberal pacifists of the West are inclined to believe that war cannot, or, at least, need not be, the instrument of inevitable reaction and counter-revolution, is an event of which the Russian character may well be proud; for it will stand to all time as an act of the greatest popular heroism. That a nation should aspire to representative government is not, of course, to be wondered at. That by unconstitutional as well as by constitutional means it should endeavour to subvert the autocratic regime is again in the natural order of things. But that a people, and its leaders, during the crisis of a war should continue to aspire, multiply their endeavours, and finally succeed in emancipating themselves is a credit to the moral courage of humanity, and a particular tribute to the Russian nation. Almost, it now begins to appear, the Liberal pacifists of the West are inclined to believe that war cannot, or, at least, need not be, the instrument of inevitable reaction and counter-revolution.

For all our satisfaction, however, at the political revolution that has been brought about, we cannot be as enthusiastic as people to whom political emancipation is the last instead of the first step towards human freedom. Alas, there are many fresh chains to be cast aside before we can say that a people has become free. And we, who have once experienced all the liberties the Russian people are about to enjoy, are well aware that, even when they are enjoyed in fullest measure, such liberties fall short of freedom by many degrees. It was something, we all know, for America to free her black slaves, and to establish over the world the doctrine of political human equality; and nothing of freedom that we have learned since can diminish the magnitude of that event in human history. But who, among those who rejoiced when that war of Liberation was won, would have rejoiced as much if he could have foreseen the economic servitude into which both blacks and whites were destined to fall? It was something, again, when the people of this country threw off oligarchic government by means of the Reform Act, and created a Parliament representative of the people, and answerable, in theory, to popular opinion. But who would have rejoiced as much at the prospect which there appeared to be opening before us if he had foreseen the coming of the Caucus, the continuance of the wage-slavery remain, they are only lengthenings of the rope by which the mass of mankind is tethered; while, at worst, they imply greater power than ever in the dominating elements of Capitalism. And what is there in the Russian character that we should not fear for the Russian people the same sequence of events that has occurred elsewhere? In Russia, as elsewhere, it is to be expected that political emancipation will only lay bare the economic facts, and, in all probability, enlarge and aggravate them. Capitalism will, in Russia, pass through the stages of triumph through which it is passing already in the Western world. Political liberty, indeed, is in some way necessary to Capitalism, at least, in its early phases; but what is fatal to Capitalism is economic liberty, the substance of which political liberty is only the shadow. Russia has all this to learn.

Among the causes of the Russian Revolution there ought to be distinguished the remote and the immediate.
We can say, the cause has been the shortage of food, or, rather, its ill-distribution; and this explanation has a bearing upon our own circumstances. Nothing, it can be said, is so powerful a lever for revolution as the existence of a pestilence. None of the forms of famine none is more powerful than famine induced by mal-administration. We are very much mistaken, however, if precisely this kind of famine is not now threatening this country as it has been in Russia. The Russian Revolution has flowed into the intellectual forms long ago prepared to receive it. Thanks to the thinkers, the idealists, the students and the critics of the old ad-

ministration, who were all until a week or two ago mere utopists in the opinion of the ruling classes, the forces let loose by the revolution have been with marvellous celerity constrained to flow into channels with the least possible waste of spirit and of energy. The Russian Revolution, it is already possible to say, has justified thought as no revolution has ever done before. Almost as if by magic the monstrous forces of a popular revolt have been drawn and led into moulds created by the thoughts of what are called the "utopists." And is this not encouraging to students like ourselves and our readers, who are even now engrossed in shaping in imagination the system of national organisation that will one day take the place of Capitalism? It may be that years must elapse before the name of "practical," until that is, events occur to take their mould; and all of us may very well have been long in our graves before the harvest of our present labours is ripe for reaping. But that not only is Capitalism doomed, since it is ultimately incompatible with the spirit of Man, but that the system of National Guilds will take its place, we are confident. And the example of the triumph of much lesser ideas than National Guilds in Russia is an earnest of our hope. Finally, if we would trace to all its original sources the Revolu-
tion in Russia, we must not leave out of view the economic factor in its largest aspect. Mr. Belloc has made us familiar with the fact that the Stuart Revolution in this country had as its economic origin the growth of the power of free Capital—the power of Money. And in many circumstances the present Revolution in Russia offers a parallel to our own. Regarded from the point of view of the economist, what has been happening in Russia during the last thirty or forty years has been the rise to power of an economic class separate and distinct from the bureaucracy of Russia. The latter, on the whole, is represented in economic power by Land, while the former, in the main, represents Capital; and this struggle between the two factors, the one fixed and the other free, has ended in Russia, as it must always end where they are brought into opposition, in the triumph of free over fixed Capital, of Money over Land. The Revolution is thus at once a demonstration of the influence of economics and a victory for Capitalism; and this conclusion, moreover, is borne out by an examination both of the present and of the prospective circumstances of economic Russia and of the personnel of the new regime. For prospectively, it is clear that with the Westernisation of Russia, to be permanently ensured by the free passage of the Dar-danelles, Russia will now begin to take her competitive place with the industrious and capitalistic nations of the world. And in personnel we have only to examine the social status and the economic theories of the new regime to realise that at bottom they are bourgeois, which is to say Capitalist. It remains, however, to be seen whether Russia, after all, must needs go through the hoops of the West without a deviation from type. Two things are yet possible, and one of them is certain. The certainty is an attempt to restore the old regime—an attempt, we believe, that will as certainly fail as be made. The other possibility is of a supplementary revolution to ensure an economic freedom equivalent to the new political freedom. But of that we have little hope.

It would be wrong, however, to attach more importance to the food-difficulty in Russia as the cause of the Revolution than as the immediate occasion of it. Necessary usually as an immediate economic provocation is to any revolution, both the strength and the form of the revolution itself are due to causes more remote and in which other factors than the economic are mixed. To begin with, it is due to the Russian revolutionists of the last fifty or so years to acknowledge that without their passion, misdirected as it often seemed to be, the present Revolution would have been impossible. Never for one moment let us allow it to be said without contradiction, as it was said in the "Times," that the martyrs of Russia, the extremists and the impossibilists, have delayed rather than hastened the present consummation. The blood of the "impossibilists" has been the seed of the new Consti-
tution. Next, and also for our encouragement, it ought to be observed how the molten chaos of revolution has flowed into the intellectual forms long ago prepared to receive it. Thanks to the thinkers, the idealists, the students and the critics of the old ad-

ministration, who were all until a week or two ago mere utopists in the opinion of the ruling classes, the forces let loose by the revolution have been with marvellous celerity constrained to flow into channels with the least possible waste of spirit and of energy. The Russian Revolution, it is already possible to say, has justified thought as no revolution has ever done before. Almost as if by magic the monstrous forces of a popular revolt have been drawn and led into moulds created by the thoughts of what are called the "utopists." And is this not encouraging to students like ourselves and our readers, who are even now engrossed in shaping in imagination the system of national organisation that will one day take the place of Capitalism? It may be that years must elapse before the name of "practical," until that is, events occur to take their mould; and all of us may very well have been long in our graves before the harvest of our present labours is ripe for reaping. But that not only is Capitalism doomed, since it is ultimately incompatible with the spirit of Man, but that the system of National Guilds will take its place, we are confident. And the example of the triumph of much lesser ideas than National Guilds in Russia is an earnest of our hope. Finally, if we would trace to all its original sources the Revolu-
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sibility is of a supplementary revolution to ensure an economic freedom equivalent to the new political freedom. But of that we have little hope.

An event of this magnitude, however, even if it be mainly political in character, cannot occur in isolation or without reverberations elsewhere. What such a shock, related will have its effect. The immediate effect is the disturbance of conditions similar to its own wherever they are to be found. For this reason we may count upon its repercussion in Germany, with advan-
tages to ourselves as well as to the German people for which we shall owe a debt of gratitude to the Russian reformers. Nothing could have been better designed.
to demonstrate to Germany the reality and the sincerity of the Allied view of the war as a war against dictatorship than the example of Russia in revolting against dictatorship at home while fighting against dictatorship abroad. We are not so confident, however, as some of our contemporaries that the repercussions will be immediate, or that the work of the Allies will be much the less for the present than it was before the event occurred. In other words, we do not expect the immediate surrender of Prussianism either to German democracy or to the demand of the Allies. But that event is surer than it was nevertheless. In the first place, it must be remembered that the German people are less out of love with Prussianism than the Russian intelligentsia has been with Tsardom. It has been, in fact, one of the recurrent criticisms of the German people that whereas in other nations, reputed to be politically more backward than themselves, the intellectuals have, at any rate, opposed the governing autocracy, in Germany the intellectuals have actually been born of age its willing and tools of the autocracy. But this is only to say that in Germany (as in our own country) the governing classes have been wider awake to the need to ally with themselves the rising power than have been the governing classes of Russia. And, hence, that the suppression which was comparatively easy in the latter country will prove more difficult in Germany. Greater assistance from outside will, in fact, we calculate, be necessary to ensure for Germany the constitutional revolution through which Russia has passed. And, in the second place, the Russian autocracy may still be represented in Germany as the sole means of the nation's security. With Europe battering at its gates, and with such loose threats as our stubider politicians are addressing to the German people—without discriminating between people and Prussianism—it is scarcely to be expected that Germans will imagine that their interests lie together, and that they must hang together if not separately. And what hopes have we given the German people that this will not be the case? To ensure the greatest advantage from the impressive action of the Russian Revolutionists, there needs to be the least possible of our liberties, the pretence towards Germany as distinct from Prussia. We would, if we could, declare to the German people that while, under no circumstances, will we enter into negotiations for peace or settlement with the House of the Hohenzollerns, we are disposed to be as friendly as possible with a Germany from which their Government has been turned out.

We must not imagine, however, that Germany is the only country to contain elements on which the Russian Revolution will act by repercussion. Everywhere where conditions approach to those that prevailed in Russia before the Revolution its effects will be felt, and a movement in sympathy with the Revolution will be begun or accelerated. We are accustomed, of course, to regard ourselves as immune to every kind of revolutionary shock, on the ground that our state in all parts of the Empire offers no foothold for revolutionary propaganda. But this is mere popular ignorance cultivated by ourselves in idleness, and by our governing classes in fear. As a matter of fact, as our ruling classes very well know, in two parts of the Empire conditions prevail which, if not in actuality, at least, in local imagination (much the same thing in effect) approximate to the conditions that prevailed in Russia; and we may, therefore, expect that in India and Ireland, no less than in Germany, the Russian shock will be felt. But what is it that wisdom would dictate should be done in the matter? It is certainly not to leave things as they are in the hope that the shock will pass; and still less is it to multiply caution upon caution and repression upon repression. Rather it is the business of statesmanship to direct, and even to anticipate, the demands that will assuredly be made in sympathy with the Russian coup d'etat, and to base our voluntary, and by calculated degrees, the free institutions which the Russian autocracy has been forced to yield under peremptory orders. Immediate Home Rule to Ireland, and an immediate concession to the graduated demands of Home Rule for India, are the obvious anticipations we should make of the immediate effects of the Revolution upon both these countries. Together, with the Russian Revolution itself, they would assuredly convince Germany that she has more to fear from a Prussian than from an Allied victory.

And what of our own country? The contrast between the Revolution in Russia and the Revolution that has been taking place silently, but under our eyes, in England, cannot fail to be apparent to everybody. As the war has proceeded, one by one our liberties, personal and constitutional, have been taken from us; and slowly but surely, our polity has been approximating to the polity of our enemies. Without a doubt, England has become Prussianised during the war as nobody ever dreamed she would ever have become. To us, therefore, while there is still time for repentance, the example of Russia, whose once-utiels has led her to differentiate herself more and more from Prussia, ought to be of the utmost value. It will be to our disgrace and our mortification if we do not instantly recover ourselves before we drift further into the morass in which Prussia now finds herself. More liberal and constitutional— that is always the proper defence against reaction at home as well as abroad; and now that the movement has been set on foot by Russia (imitating our past rather than our present), we ought at once to join in it. In particular, the Russian Revolution has given the lie to the pretention that the war in a patch-work Dictatorship—a concept contrived by jobbery and held together by mutual fear and corruption. Lastly, the Russian Revolution has made short work of the pretence that a time of war is not the time for great reforms. No greater political change can be imagined than the change from autocracy to representative government in Russia; yet it has been made not only while the war is in progress, but in a moment when the crisis is at its height and by a country that is more affected by the war than we are by many degrees. What unutterable civic cowardice, treachery, and meanness, then, must have been displayed by our own governing classes to have promulgated and maintained these lies and pretences during all the period of the war. And it is time to put an end to them and to the policy based upon them. Now is the moment to inaugurate in this country the counter-Revolution of the reactionary Revolution which has recently been in progress, and to resume for our people the liberties and rights which have been taken from them. It is not so considerable a revolution we immediately require as our Ally, Russia, has made for herself. We are only English, and too narrow cannot be expected of our governing classes. But if there is a spark of liberty remaining in the House of Commons to be ignited by the conflagration in Russia, some member at least will have the courage to require of our Lloyd George of the immediate adoption in England of the New Constitution which Russia has formulated and which alone will satisfy the Russian people.
Foreign Affairs.
By S. Verdud.

In recent articles of mine, I have hinted, as closely as I could, at the grave hindrances caused to the progress of the Russian armies by the intrigues of the pro-German element at the capital. More detailed reference was naturally forbidden, though I am not at all in sympathy with what I regard as the utterly mistaken policy that forbids criticism of disloyalty such as notoriously existed in Russia—the more so as a few particulars of carelessness and mistakes on the part of the Liberal and Coalition Governments here resulted in a torrent of abuse from the Northcliffe papers which was widely reproduced in the Russian Press. The Censor's argument is, I believe, that criticism of the Goremykin, Steurer, and Trepoff Cabinets, and, finally, of the Protopoff dictatorship—for it amounted to that, and the alleged Prime Minister, Prince Galitzin, was a mere figurehead—would have resulted in ill-feeling, and inefficiency—the failure to provide against food shortage; Warburg; the repeated slighting of the Duma—and reproduced in the Russian Press. The Censor's planning the victorious advance of last summer. We Germanism in Russia could not possibly have been stronger. Not to go so far back as the dismissal of Protopoff dictatorship—for it amounted to that, and foodstuffs on hand; the shameful policy which, at a time when the General Staff, who played such a prominent part in planning the way for the capture of Kermanshah, and helped our own operations in Mesopotamia—we had the unexplained dismissal of Alezeff, the brilliant Chief of the General Staff, who played such a prominent part in planning the victorious advance of last summer. We had, too, innumerable other instances of inexplicable inefficiency—the failure to provide against food shortage; the failure to organise transport for the supplies of foodstuffs on hand; the shameful policy which, at a time of great shortage of guns and munitions, neglected to make adequate use of the guns and shells actually available; the open, unconcealed German sympathies of the Tsaritsa and of a powerful Court entourage; the later career of Rasputin; the continued inefficiency of the Navy; the acknowledged negotiations at Stockholm between Protopoff and the German emissary, Dr. Warburg; the repeated slighting of the Duma—and so on, and so on, until the remaining columns in this issue of The New Age could be filled with examples of treason, incompetence, and ineptitude which it was deemed "in the public interest" not to mention even in this country. Why, the published facts were alone enough to arouse suspicion in the mind of the most easy-going student of public affairs.

So far as appearances go, all this has now been swept away, and, I hope, with every hater of stupid despotism, that such a state of things will never again become possible. If the present plans of the reformers are carried out, the Provisional Government, with Miller as Foreign Minister, will govern the country until the Constituent Assembly can be brought together after the war. This, I think, is the best arrangement that can be made in the circumstances. One of the promises made is that the Russian people shall have universal suffrage; and the "Times" correspondent has some ground for assuming [March 19] that such an extreme reaction in the form of political privilege would hardly be productive of the best results in the present ill-informed, and, indeed, unelected state of the majority of the people. The immediate question, taking things as they are, is, in the Russian situation, how serious have on the war; and in trying to answer this, unfortunately, we cannot take things at their face value alone. It must be remembered that German influence, although predominant at the top, extends through every section of the bureaucracy and through every province. I earnestly hope that the reformers may succeed at once in making a clean sweep of unpatriotic influences; but in this respect time is precious, and if the Russian armies are to take advantage of that situation, there must not be a moment's delay. Further, though caught almost unawares—but not quite, for the plans of the reformers were no secret—the pro-German elements in Russia are not likely to give up their prestige, position, and power without a struggle. I could make this statement even stronger.

At present the military situation is approximately as follows: Owing to our better artillery, to our paying more attention, in matters of strategy and tactics, to the hard-earned experience of the French, and in consequence, also, of the increasing shortage of foodstuffs and raw materials in Germany, Hindenburg and his advisers have decided to shorten their line in the West. So far as can be gathered, the German plan is to take up new and doubtless strongly prepared positions in the neighbourhood of Cambrai, and it is not possible that extensive cavalry raids will prevent this. On the other hand, the German positions in the Eastern front may, for the time being, stand in little need of protection. There is bound to be a certain amount of misunderstanding and misinterpretation of events in Russia will have led to disorganisation along the line between Riga and the Black Sea.

On the other hand, what has happened in Russia cannot be without effect in Germany. The Chancellor has already made a striking speech, promising important reforms. More than that, the semi-official papers are warning the public that the new men in power in Russia are bitterly anti-German, and that there can be no hope of a speedy ending of the war. To a starved people that must prove small comfort, especially as "Vorwärts" (March 18) asks whether Germany is now to be left to herself as an isolated despotic unit. Moreover, the abolition of despotism in Russia deprives Germany of one of her best excuses for going to war, or for continuing war. Hindenburg, it has always been possible to persuade the German public of "the Russian menace." The fact that Russia under a despotic administration could do so little has always been explained away by the Berlin authorities, who have solemnly reiterated their belief in the Russian danger on the ground that Russia, though she had done so little during the war, will undoubtedly profit from the experience she had gained in it. But it cannot be pretended that Russia as a democratic State—for a limited monarchy is the utmost that will be permitted, if the reformers have their way—is a dangerous foe. The Russians have succeeded at a stroke what the German reformers have been talking about for a couple of generations, and 1917 has been much more successful than 1848. It remains for Germany to heed the lesson; precisely as it is well for us to remember that the German retreat in the West does not necessarily mean the immediate ending of the war.
Austria and Italy at the Table of Peace.

By George D. Herron.

I.

COMING from no one knows where, as if spiring out of the earth or out of the air, a sudden and mysterious interest in the preservation and transformation of Austria has appeared in centres of discussion and diplomacy—in those of Paris, in Rome and Vienna, in Geneva and Zurich. On first view, a liberalised and federated Austrian Empire seems plausible and possible. One can conceive of the United States of Austria as the beginning of a co-operate Europe. The picture is made all the more persuasive and appealing because of the world-weariness, consequent upon long delay, that is settling down upon all of us who have hoped for a mutualised and concordant humanity.

I am myself among those who have almost been captivated by the Austrian illusion; and when England and France threw the Hapsburgs back into the arms of Germany, I was remonstrant. It seemed to me they might build a golden bridge whereupon Austria could cross from the German embrace into the fold of the Entente.

But it is a picture that will bear no second view. A brief examination of the Austrian propaganda, a little knowledge of history, and the possession of one’s moral reason, are sufficient to dispel the illusion of a re-established Hapsburg Empire.

I do not mean that a political fellowship of the constituent peoples of the Austrian Empire is impossible. Not only is that possible; it is even the probable and wise solution of the problem of the racial groups and remnants along the Danube. A Danubian Confederation, formed upon the pattern of the Swiss Cantons, is the only conceivable conclusion of the conflicts of these unhappy peoples of Central and Southern Europe, so long oppressed and dismembered by the Turk and the Austrian in turn; so long played off against each other in struggles which resulted only in mutual destruction. But such a Confederation must come as the free and deliberate choice of the constituent peoples; and that is a very different matter from a United States of Austria under the sovereignty of the Hapsburg monarchy.

We here come to the first masked purpose of the propaganda—namely, the preservation of the House of Hapsburgs. The Austrians are troubled for their future; and it is curious that they can count upon the ancient attitude of veneration on the part of Europe toward their House—a House whose solitary claim to veneration is that of having existed a long time. Can the reader recall a single other claim than the one of antiquity? What good thing ever came to Europe, and what evil thing has not come, out of the House of Hapsburgs? Consider the miseries of Italy. Remember Austria from which the Swiss Cantons revolted, giving freedom its first home in Europe. Think of the Austrian march against the France of the Great Revolu-
tion. Look at the picture of Sobieski’s Poland, saving Europe from Turkish rule, and keeping the gates of Vienna, only to be betrayed by the Austria she had saved. Remember how, again and again, the Hapsburgs called the Serbs to the defence of their House, and rewarded them with betrayal and butchery. Time would fail to rehearse the wrongs, stretching across history, which this House has wrought upon the nations. For a thousand years the Hapsburg blight has lain across Europe, crushing every effort towards liberty, and crowning every political infamy.

If you would look for the source of the projected Austrian revival, you must go to the palace that flanks St. Peter’s; from the Hill of the Vatican the revival proceeds; and it is nothing else than the ghost of the Holy Roman Empire. Do not think the evil thing has ever departed: not since Napoleon compelled the last Roman Emperor to part with his crown in Vienna has the ghost been so substantial as now, nor so hopeful of a new imperial embodiment. The idea of a restored Catholic Empire—restored in some modernised form—has not had so many and powerful friends in a hundred years as it has to-day; nor has it ever before had so large an opportunity. The plan begins with the osten-
sible desire of Austria to break from the bonds of Germany. It will use and pervert the promise of the Allies to secure freedom for the smaller nationalities. It will make an ally of the Franco-English purpose to place a barrier between Berlin and Bagdad. It will tempt France and England with the delusion of a diplomatic victory—a victory achieved without an utter and final military defeat of Germany.

And what would be the result of this reformed and re-established Austria? Nothing else than a renewal of the political power of the Pope in Europe? This is the “Leitmotiv” of the Austrian propaganda. The Hapsburgs called the Serbs to the defence of their House—a House whose solitary claim to veneration is that of having existed a long time. Can antiquity? What good thing ever came to Europe, and what evil thing has not come, out of the House of Hapsburgs? Consider the miseries of Italy. Remember Austria from which the Swiss Cantons revolted, giving freedom its first home in Europe. Think of the Austrian march against the France of the Great Revolu-
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Aside from the Austrian question, it is time we begin to give Italy her rightful place in our present thoughts. For Europe, which has always needed Italy, and whose civilisation has sprung therefrom, never needed Italy so much. It is the subject of Englishagen to the soul of the Germanic race that has brought Europe into its present pit; and if ever we are to have a civilisation that again puts spirit before things it must come through the re-emergence of the Latin soul.

For her entrance upon the war until now, however, there has been no just appreciation of the part that Italy has played. Her primary difficulties were extreme, and beyond anything her Allies have been able to understand. Her national poverty rendered the undertaking of war, on her part, problematical and precarious. She had a long and terribly exposed frontier. Her mountain-tops were in the hands of the enemy. She has had to fight her battles upon the ice and amid the clouds. She has made sacrifices by which the Allies have profited more than herself. She has held the flower of the Austrian Army upon her front, preventing it from co-operating with Germany upon the French and Russian frontiers. Her gains, if the Allies are victorious, will be small in comparison with those of France, and England and Russia. And she has fought for an idea as perhaps none of the Allies have fought for the idea of united Italy by which so fervently possesses the Italian national soul.

I mean that the Italian, even more than the Englishman or Frenchman, has had the instinct that he was facing a barbarism that might overthrow civilisation. In his veins was the blood, in his heredity the emotions, of the Italy that had been trampled and ravaged, and shattered by the Germanic hordes of fifteen centuries.

The charge of Italian egoism as regards the war is unjust. I know of what I speak: I mingled much with Italian people during the early days of the war. I was a member of the Florentine Committee appointed to entrain the soldiers departing for the assault upon the Austrian frontier. I saw, perhaps, a hundred thousand a day. The civilian population of Florence was not always small in numbers. I am not going to criticise the arrangements in respect to food, clothing, and transport, but to speak of the general spirit. I was struck to see how much was in the soul. I saw it again in the Po Valley and the Umbrian hills. I know that there is a certain amount of unrest. I know that the men at the front want to see more of the enemy, and look for more chances of glory, and are not content with merely the present status. But I know, too, that there is a great longing for justice, and that the Italian people have in their souls the idea of Italy. And they have fought for this. They have fought for justice, and they have fought for Italy. The spirit of Italian nationalism is unbroken, and it is a spirit that will last for ages. The Italian people has been before Italy a vision as constant and exalted as the Italian, and amid the clouds. She has made sacrifices by which she has saved the world from the Tedeschi. To me those men who everywhere whisper evil of Italy, be it in Switzerland, be it in America, be it in Japan, are the materialist enemy of mankind. It is these twin-forces which are together disguising themselves in the propaganda for a modernised Austria.

I know that an evil report of Italy is abroad in the world. And this evil report is borne abroad by the enemy that resides at home or by that enemy's chief ally. It is the Roman priest who has poisoned the ears of America against the Italian people and their nationality; and confederate with the priest is the German who everywhere whispers evil of Italy, be it in Switzerland, be it in America, be it in Japan. But, above all, whatever it may do with itself, let the allies beware of betraying both themselves and humanity by blindly giving the Pope a new and enhanced political power. He is the deceiver of the allies. He is the re-constitution of that Austria which will be nothing else than a veiled restoration of the Holy Roman Empire.

For the Pope's victory will also be Prussia's. The Austrian question, it is true, is the basis of the political power of the Holy See, but the perils, Prussian and Papal, are twin aspects of the one materialistic enemy of mankind. It is these twin-forces which are together disguising themselves in the propaganda for a modernised Austria.

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synthesis of aspiration and organisation which the
world awaits.

III.

I may seem to have wandered far from the seats of
Austria and Italy at the Table of Peace; but it is not
so. I am only showing what the Allies would lose,
what the world would lose, if the Allies should yield
their demand for the dismission of the Hapsburgs from
the Danube. I am only showing the delusion they
would follow, the fantasy they would put faith in, if
they should imagine that peace or political progress
can come through again confining the peoples of
Southern Europe to the care of the Hapsburgs.

Reflections on the Wage System.


II.—LABOUR AND THE LABOURER.

I have so far done little more than repeat, with a few
cautions, the classic diagnosis of wage-slavery
advanced by National Guildsmen. I want now to turn
to the examination of the first of the four diseases
which afflict the industrial system, and to the remedies
proposed. It is the essence of wage-slavery that it
abstracts labour from the labourer, and countenances
traffic in labour while it no longer permits traffic in men.

There is a time when this abstraction seemed to
those who fought to bring it about the realisation of
human freedom and equality. No longer, they proudly
proclaimed, could man be treated as a commodity,
devoid of rights, to be bought and sold in the market
for a price, and to be owned and controlled absolutely
by his lord and master. The world put away chattel-
slavery as an unclean thing, and in name made all men
equal before the law. But it did not make the law
itself equal before men; nor could it make men equal
before capital.

To chattel-slavery, therefore, succeeded "the
economy of high wages," forerunner of the "economy
of high wages." The employing class easily reconciled
itself to the loss of ownership over men, when it found
the hiring of their labour a cheaper and more efficient
instrument for the making of profits. The landlord
readily acquiesced in the emancipation of the serf when
he saw that thereby he escaped the responsibilities of
indemnity, and gained his freedom to exploit his land
at will. In short, under chattel-slavery and serfdom
the ownership of capital and of labour was in the
same hands; for the rich man effectively owned both
land and capital, labour and the labourer. The wage-
system has changed all that by divorcing the owner-
ship of labour and capital; for it has left capital in the
hands of the few, and has made of the many a class
that possesses nothing save its own labour.

Fundamentally, then, in its economic aspect the
change to wage-slavery is a change from integration
to disintegration; a division between two classes of
the ownership of the means of life. The effect of this dis-
integration was at once not simply to divorce the
ownership of men from the ownership of commodities,
but to divorce the majority of men from the labour
embodied in them. Under chattel-slavery, the owner
bought a man entire; under the wage-system, he buys
merely so much or so long of a man's labour.

This once seemed a great advantage, and in many ways
was an advance. But so far as industry was con-
cerned, it was a set-back as well as an advance. It
constituted a recognition of the fact that all men have
rights as men, and that no man ought to be, in the
absolute sense, lord of another; but it also effectively
prevented those whose rights were thus recognised from
exercising their most important right, the free
disposition of their service. We must not minimise
the importance of the step taken by the abolition of
chattel-slavery; but we must also fully recognise how
far progress has been thwarted by the separation of
the ownership of labour from the ownership of capital.

National Guildsmen are perhaps too fond of describing
the revolution wrought by the abolition of chattel-
slavery purely as a division between the labourer and
his labour. It is even more profoundly a division of
ownership, a disintegration of industry, which is at the
same time a step towards a new integration. They
who own both capital and the labourer exercise an
indisputable control over both; they who own only labour
must sell their labour to the owners of capital; they
who own capital continue to control, though not to own,
the labourers. There is, therefore, no way out of the
wage-system by a mere re-uniting of labour and the
labourer; the only way out is for the labourer to secure
control of capital as well as labour.

Thus far the arguments of National Guildsmen are
practically identical with those of the Distributivists
and of Mr. Belloc. They begin to diverge when the
words "ownership" and "control" come to be more
closely examined. Mr. Belloc looks to a distribution
of capital among the owners of labour; National
Guildsmen continue to insist on the need for collective
ownership of capital by the State. What bearing have
our reflections upon these two views?

We must divide our answer into two parts, the first
relating to the complete system of National Guilds
which we have in view, and the second to the period
of transition to that system. Why do we maintain
that National Guilds will serve to realise economic
freedom if they will not give to the individual owner of
labour any direct ownership of capital? We do so
because they will give him, with his fellow-citizens, a
collective ownership and control of capital, which will
be one guarantee of his exercise of his right of owner-
ship and control of labour. That is to say, National
Guilds imply a democratic State.

There may be some to whom this seems, at first
sight, an admission of the Collectivist case. Surely,
we shall be told, this is an admission that a democratisa-
tion of the State can bring about industrial freedom.
The verbal truth of such a statement, I, at least, have
ever denied; for precisely what National Guildsmen
have held is that democratisation of the State is im-
possible except by a frontal attack upon the wage-
system itself. Everything, therefore, turns upon the
period of transition, and the means to be adopted in
destroying the wage-system.

The operation of the wage-system has caused both
labour and capital to pass from an individual to a
"joint stock" exercise of ownership. Both profits and
wages still pass ultimately to the individual, but their
control has been transferred to companies, syndicates
and rings, on the one hand, and to Trade Unions on
the other, in all the principal industries. The problem
of transition, therefore, cannot be regarded in terms
of the individual, but must be regarded in terms of the
combine. It seems to me the main fallacy of the Dis-
tributivists that they refuse to envisage the period of
transition in terms of human aggregates. Even if the
individual distribution of ownership were the end, it
could not be the means or the method of destroying
the wage-system.

The real problem, then, is that of the nature of Trade
Union intervention in industry. Must that interven-
tion take the form of demanding an ever-increasing
share in the ownership of capital, or can it be content
with assuming a complete control of the financial
aspects of the present ownership of labour? What we have said
above seems to indicate that it cannot stop short of a
demand for the ownership and control of capital.

We have said above that, under National Guilds,
this ownership would not be exercised by the Guilds
but by the State. But National Guildsmen, of course,
do not recognise the State of to-day as a body capable of exercising ownership on behalf of the community. We are, therefore, driven back, in relation to immediate policy, upon a further question. How far, in the transition period, can the ownership of capital which the workers must have been achieved by means of the State, or how far must the workers themselves provisionally assume ownership in order to create a democratic State to which they may transfer it?

The answer would seem to be this. The first and most important task for the workers is that of perfecting and completing their control of labour, which will, at the same time, place in their hands the power of conquering and democratising the State; but if at any point it becomes necessary for the control of labour that they should assume any measure of ownership or control of capital, they should not hesitate to fight for this also in the industrial field.

The exact implications of this view are not, perhaps, immediately clear. It means no less than this; that, at some time before the wage-system is ended, it may become necessary for Labour to take a hand in the running of industry, and to accept what is commonly called “a common responsibility with capitalism.” There may come a time when, owing to Labour pressure, capitalism and the capitalist State are no longer strong enough to control industry alone, and, at the same time, the workers are not strong enough to assume complete control. Then may come the offer of partnership, envisaged long ago by the author of “National Guilds.” In such case, what could Labour do but accept a sort of partnership, with a firm intention of dismissing it as soon as the requisite strength had been attained?

This way clearly lies a danger; but the danger is less in the suggestion itself than in the possibility of its acceptance as an immediate plan of campaign. For it is certain that the time for such a partnership is not yet. For the present, therefore, the task of the workers must be prepared, if necessary, to assume, by half share in the ownership, and thereby also divorced labour from the labourer in the hands of the few. Wage-slavery divorced these two forms of ownership, and thereby also divorced labour from the labourer. The wage-system must end with a re-organization, with the placing in the hands of all of both capital and labour. In order to bring this about, the wage-working class must assume control of capital. This control, under National Guilds, will be exercised collectively, through the State; but, as the State can be democratised only by the growth of Labour’s industrial power, the workers must be prepared, if necessary, to assume, through the Trade Unions, a half share in the ownership of capital, as a step in the direction of National Guilds. They must not, however, accept any joint responsibility with capitalism in return for less than a half share in ownership, and the day for such a share is not yet. Therefore, the task, therefore, the task of the workers is to concentrate on increasing and perfecting their control of their labour, which is the basis of their industrial power.

The Authentic Note.

In a recent issue, the “New Statesman”—that ponderous abattoir of decadent Fabianism—betrayed great consternation at the result, which it prophesied, of the “shameless repudiation, not only of specific pledges, but also of the whole course of social combination for the past half century” of certain proposals by the Employers’ Parliamentary Council. These proposals, if I remember them (they are all so easily forgotten), involved the sterilisation of Trade Union action, and the repudiation of State interference in industry. Let the politicians amuse themselves with harmless politics, that they seemed to say, and leave us to manage industry. And we want no more Trade Union nonsense. In industry, our word must be law. This is what the “New Statesman” calls a “reversion to the extreme rigour of the game of anarchical individual competition, and the abandonment of the labourer to just whatever conditions of existence the strategic position of the capitalist may enable him to impose.” “If this really the mind of the employer,” moans our contemporary, “this country is coming face to face with the longest, fiercest, and most widespread industrial strife that it has ever, in its darkest moments, imagined.” The more our Fabian scribe ponders it, the more awful is the prospect. It is the “Great Betrayal.” The “patriotic” wage-earner laid aside his Trade Union regulations and conditions, trusting blindly in Mr. Lloyd George and our captains of industry, accepting their bland assurances that when the war was ended these conditions, “or, at least, an equivalent,” would be restored. And now the Employers’ Parliamentary Council propose “to put down strikes by law, repeal the protective sections of the Factories, Mines and Merchant Shipping Acts, and stop all remedial action by the municipalities.” In duty bound, as the indictment proceeds, I try to fire my indignation to boiling point, to tremble with anger at the brazen effrontery of these bold, bad profiteers, to pray that lightning may descend and scourch them to cinders. Such mendicous conduct, affirms our mentor, “amounts to such a political absurdity, at a moment when the electoral franchise is about to be more effectively democratized than even the Chartists expected, that we may seem to be hardly warranted in discussing it.” That touch about the electoral franchise and the expectation of the Chartists is too much for my sense of humour; and my indignation evaporates in a gale of laughter.

The enticing prospect of a new electoral franchise, nicely calculated to gain the ardent support of the Chartists’ without any assurance from theFabians, had better not deter us from inquiring whether the Employers’ Parliamentary Council strikes the authentic note of its order. This Council, as a general rule, eschews publicity, preferring veiled methods. It is not composed either of chickens or amateurs; it is strongly entrenched both in Parliament and on the Boards of our great joint stock companies. It is legally well advised, and I can affirm that, ten years ago, it spent time and thought upon the real scope and possibilities of the Labour party. We may be sure that it would make no pronouncement unless it had previously gained general assent. When, therefore, their diams bureaucracy and Trade Unionism, it is better for us to sit up and take notice. The “New Statesman” realises this: “The report of the Employers’ Parliamentary Council does, we regret to say, put definitely into words what a visionary feeling, that vague intention of fulfilling, in their factories, their written pledges to restore the practices and conditions that prevailed before the war.” Human nature being what it is (as the opponents of National Guilds so persistently assert), did any sane man ever expect that the employers would give back anything they were strong enough to retain, or the Trade Unions too weak to grasp? How other-

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wise could they be employers? The essence of the game is to exercise your economic power to the utmost. That is precisely what the employers always have done, and always will do. It is their plausible excuses. The prolongation of the war, the rise in the price of raw material, the huge access of non-union labour—why—bless your soul—the conditions have changed out of all knowledge. An employer who cannot suffer out of such a promise wouldn’t be worthy of his high and responsible position. Business is not a game of kis in the ring; it’s a grim struggle, in which past conditions and commitments do not count. The mistake made by the Trade Union leaders, equally shared by the “New Statesman,” was to rely upon political power to restore the economic balance. As well cry for the moon. But, without doubt, we have here the authentic note of the employers.

The most plausible evasion of the promise of restitution will probably be found, not in demobilisation, but in the disbandment of the munition workers, with its consequent result of acute unemployment. Mrs. Townsend, the Treasurer of the National Guilds League, who is always willing to accept subscriptions from 6s. to £100, in last week’s New Age, under-estimated this factor, when she said that “the wiseacres who dread unemployment after the war are looking for trouble in the wrong quarter. Lloyd George was not a fool, and he would see the height of folly in a capitalist Government, with unlimited funds to draw upon, to permit our ‘brave fellows,’ who will be for the moment popular heroes, to languish for want of employment.” I agree that it will be comparatively simple to keep the men in the ranks pending re-employment, but it will be by no means so simple to re-adapt munition labour and munition machinery, whilst no end will be served by continuing to manufacture munitions. Over three million men and women will be promptly thrown upon the unemployed market, who will not be popular heroes. It will not be normal but abnormal unemployment. The employers will, of course, say that, faced by these abnormal conditions, they can hardly be expected to restore the pre-war normal conditions. Even if they would, I doubt if they could. For not only will the conditions of the Labour market be abnormal, production will itself be abnormal for many a day to come.

I confess that I prefer the brutal candour of the Employers’ Parliamentary Council to the more insidious proposals of certain reconstructionists. The “Athenaeum” has recently been devoting its attention to this subject, and recently had this to say on the purpose of Reconstruction,” it says, “to cherish and to strengthen the heritage of freedom for which men have toiled, suffered and died for a thousand years; to prove that the possibilities of that larger liberty for which the noblest spirits have sacrificed their lives are no idle dream.” The Editor of that journal will agree, of course, that there is no virtue in the word, everything depends upon its content. I turn to a scheme of reconstruction published by the “Athenaeum,” the report of a Preliminary Committee representing the engineering, ship-building and allied industries. This Committee does not appear to be greatly impressed with the “heritage of freedom,” the “larger liberty,” the basis of the “Athenaeum’s” Reconstruction. What this Committee wants is increased production. This is to be attained “by efficient equipment and organisation of the whole of the munition industry by the abolition of all restrictions and practices limiting output.” For a generation or two, this has been the employers’ usual criticism of organised labour; as though output is restricted out of sheer deviency. As a matter of fact, “restrictions limiting output” are of the essence of that “larger liberty for which the noblest spirits have sacrificed their lives.” Another liberty, carefully guarded in normal conditions, is the right to payment on a time basis. Yet this particular Reconstruction Committee asks that Labour shall forget its past and acquiesce in payment by results. If the employers can get these concessions from the men, they will cordially welcome any kind of joint control organisation. And why not? The labour commodity will have gone up in value, production will be increased, profits will soar. The “Athenaeum,” of course, does not approve of these proposals, but I wish it would condemn them more explicitly on the ground that they consolidate the wage-system, in whose ambit we may whistle for any “larger liberty.” Neither in principle nor practice is there a pin to choose between this report and the report of the Employers’ Parliamentary Council. The only difference is in the degrees of frankness.

The truth is that as the war has progressed, as Trade Unionism has weakened, as labour has been diluted, the heart of the employer has hardened. It is not surprising; it is only surprising that the “New Statesman” should be so surprised. One idea-inserts in wonderment what else it expected. But if we have the authentic note of capitalism, have we not also the authentic note of the State Socialist in this cry of despair uttered by the “New Statesman”? I had almost written the disillusioned cry of despair; but I am not sure if the body of despair for which we were waiting stands is not as unrepentant as ever, still refractory to the new ideas now clustering in profusion round the intellectual rejection of waggery. Its fidelity to politics as the supreme method of governance, its faith in a democratised franchise, its ingrained belief in bureaucratic institutions leave little doubt that it is an exhausted doctrine, a principle dead ere its prime. I think the fundamental reason for this is that it cannot recognise any development independent of State control. It has pledged its credit that industry must yield to the dominance of a bureaucracy informed by collectivism. Beyond that it cannot go. Anything outside of that may perhaps be useful as a “thought tendency”—that and no more. Last week it triumphantly declared that “the Guild Idea is nowhere embodied in a living institution.” That is typical; every institution that yields statistics is living, and in not one do we find embodied the Guild Idea. It did not occur to the writer that probably a new idea would more naturally await incarnation in a new institution; that possibly the “living” institution already exists. The “New Statesman” knows that any institution that “embodies” waggery is certainly dying, that its blood is poisoned, that decay has entered in. But because the Guild Idea is nowhere embodied in any institution alleged to be living, it is therefore, in the eye of the “New Statesman” a “particular Utopia,” which may “become stale before any of its essential principles are realised in the living tissue of Society.” I invite the “New Statesman” to look back over the past few years. Intellectual life may not be a “living institution,” but it is a living fact. Has its tendency been towards the Guild Idea or towards State Socialism? There is hardly a living writer today so poor as to do State Socialism reverence. The politicians seized it when war began, and a pretty mess it has made of things. It has been the meek handmaiden of oppression and muddle; in its devotion to State power it has ignored function and trampled upon personality. It pretended to lead labour through the perils of the crisis and has destroyed its power for a generation, at a time when, wisely led, labour would have been done. During the past decade, every State Socialist proposal has been abandoned or turned to ridicule by becoming an accomplished fact. No great constructive success stands to its credit; its guns have been captured by the Capitalists and turned upon itself. After thirty years of platitudinous declaration, all it has to show is a numerically strengthened bureaucracy and an economically weakened proletariat. Hardly the people to turn upon the Guild Idea and taunt it for
not being embodied in a living institution or, alternatively, with being Utopian! On the other hand, the Guild Idea has not been mooted for more than five years; it is only three years since it was "embodied in a living book." Yet during that period, most of it monopolises the blood of the sickening agitation by a group of men admittedly of stronger intellectual and economic factor in our national operation: may stress trivial grievances, and slur over monopolised by the bloodiest war in the history of mankind, books, ideas, disciples, applications of the principle in the most unexpected directions, have sprung to life. The Guild Idea, at the end of five years, is a stronger intellectual and economic factor in our national life than is State Socialism after thirty years. Strengthened agitation by a group of men admittedly of great intellectual and literary distinction. It is certainly significant.

When we reach a true perspective of State or Communal Socialism, it will be found that it failed by lack of imagination. It failed to perceive that the economic emancipation of Labour is not an affair of politics but of wagery. It laid enormous stress upon the conditions surrounding wagery; Factory, Mines and Shipping Acts became a sacred Talmud; but wagery itself could never, in practice, whatever war factory legislation was permanent, and the legislative Talmud was, and must ever remain, its shield and buckler. And so these Parliamentary Acts, Home Office Regulations, Orders in Council, and all the endless rigmarole were piled up beyond human memory or understanding. The more far-sighted the agitation towards the reform of the commodity and the shoddy trade became a great industry. In this way profits mounted higher and yet higher, whilst wages, at a commodity valuation based on sustenance relative to the particular trade, actually declined. Yet the abolition of wagery is by no means Utopian; its analysis is simple, and the implications of change of status and partnership require even less imagination than common sense. In like manner this lack of imagination blinds the State Socialists to the possibility that factory legislation, administered by bureaucrats, may not, after all, be a particularly sacred sphere before the politicians know what has happened. But the Guild Idea also knows that the industrial autonomy it predicates must be democratic and directed to common and not personal ends. The State Socialist, choosing the political weapon, cannot fight the employer on his own ground, and cannot therefore conquer; the National Guildsman, less Utopian, knows that the battle will be won and lost in the industrial sphere before the politicians know what has happened. The State Socialist, believing in the permanence of wagery, however war factory legislation and a franchise "more effectively democratised than even the Chartists expected"; the Guildsman, knowing that the weapon to win is his labour monopoly, has mapped out his course and is already on his way in perfect confidence. He had just time to give the dying State Socialist a drink before starting.

It is possible that had the State Socialist evolved a political leader of skill and competence, events might have shaped themselves differently. Such a leader would have been quick to adopt economic pressure as an integral part of his policy, and to adapt his political methods to the economic claims of the workers. It is our misfortune that no such Socialist leadership has been developed, with the result that the State Socialist, floundering in the mud, denounces the National Guildsman for not being there with him.

S. G. H.
courage, and sense, it will go into production as though it meant business and attend to distribution if. Labour is lacking in these qualities, and is afraid of the Enemy Capital, and afraid of Capital, and afraid of Capital, and afraid of the financial power which will go easy on production, lest someone should come and snatch the fruits of its labour while it is not looking. I fancy that the less energetic Labour is in regard to production, the less alert will be its weather-eye.

To prevent the National Debt adversely affecting distribution, care should be taken that the revenue necessary for paying the charges on it are raised by direct and not by indirect taxation. Apart from the round confiscation of all fixed capital (which would almost certainly be a stupid and ineffective operation), I see no better way of shifting the wealth-|pull over from Capital to Labour than for Labour to choose Capital with a surfeit of itself.

As for the policy of Capital after the War, I would suggest that Capital should put more brains and pluck into its business. The economic waste resulting from the investment of capital in misbegotten enterprises is appalling. The economic waste from investors not knowing a likely thing when they see it, and not having the pluck to back their discrimination with hard cash, is still more appalling. The large capitalist is the least sinner in this respect; the small capitalist the worst. The State as capitalist-in-general would be worse than all. We need, quite as much as anywhere else, an educated and courageous investorate. If Labour swamped the capital market with capital, it might require as much time, training, wit, and energy to make £5,000 yield £5 a week as to earn £5 a week hewing coal.

There is no mention in the questionnaire of "Management." In which group is Management tacitly merged, in Capital or in Labour? I would suggest that Management is under one hat with Labour. Labour knows or inevitably finds that Management is worthy of its hire, and need not be grubbed big profits if its tastes lie that way. Modem industry is monstrosity, wretchedly paid than Management in proportion to services rendered. Labour and Management have no time to quarrel in their joint task of hiring capital cheap and getting the last ounce out of it when hired.

But this is the bread-and-butter side of the matter only, and the industrial problem is much more a social and political question. The trouble in most of our thinking about industry and business is that we fail to observe to what extent industry is the basis of the anatomy of the body politic. (This cannot be charged against The New Age.) Hence we think and act politically in terms of geographic constituencies rather than in terms of industrial concerns, Trade Unions, and Employers' Federations, and we give votes according as people are householders and voters rather than qualified engineers, farmers, enterprisers, and investors. Exclusively industrial politics would, of course, be just as bad as exclusively class, or wealth, or religious, or "political" politics. But, in the last century or two, industry has been regarded as an irrelevance. The industrial problem will not be solved until industry is recognised for what it is—a dominating feature of the social order.

It would seem that there must sooner or later come into being an industrial administrative structure, co-existing with the present political structure. Should that be so, industry must either become democratic, or political government must become bureaucratic; for it is hardly conceivable that absolute government in one department of social affairs should stably exist alongside representative government in another. I would plunge for responsible democratic control in both on the ground that with all its defects it has the promise of yielding a higher quality of life.

The industrial structure to work towards appears, therefore, to be the industry of the future, the industry of the new industrial order will definitely abandon its negative or defensive, or obstructive attitude, and takes the initiative. When Labour comes to regard industry as its personal concern (instead of merely labour), aims at producing in advance of anyone else its own suggestions for industrial improvement, discovers for itself possible time-saving methods and devices and threats to strike if it is not taken for joy-rides down the peninsula by the Turks, came to the conclusion, with rejoicing, that the expedition was a piece of midsummer madness. Can we blame them for backing the Central Powers? On the other side of the account there is the alleged diversion in which the State (having its being in, and drawing its authority from, a general electorate) presides over the whole.

In any other more desirable arrangement, is only possible on one condition: that organised Labour definitely abandons its negative or defensive, or obstructive attitude, and takes the initiative. When Labour comes to regard industry as its personal concern, aims at producing in advance of anyone else its own suggestions for industrial improvement, discovers for itself possible time-saving methods and devices, and threatens to strike if it is not taken for joy-rides down the peninsula by the Turks, came to the conclusion, with rejoicing, that the expedition was a piece of midsummer madness. Can we blame them for backing the Central Powers? On the other side of the account there is the alleged diversion.
in favour of Russia which Lord Kitchener insisted upon, according to Mr. Asquith. Turkish troops to the number of 300,000 were said to have been occupied in the peninsula of Gallipoli.

If the old gang are to be impeached, Mr. Asquith must unquestionably figure as the head and front of the offending group. Nor is this the first demand that he should be brought to the wall. In "Blackwood" for June, 1916, there was an indictment of many counts launched against him. Graver charges have not been levelled against any Minister since the letters of Junius. The Defence of the Realm Act and the suspension of habeas corpus has no terrors for the writer of "The Indispensable Mr. Asquith." With extraordinary English communities are found, at once the organ and applauded. This was the peroration:—"The Common impression..." Mr. Asquith showed his hand; it was the hand of Esau. But lawyer; and the uncertainty of the law is nut greater according to Mr. Asquith. Turkish troops to the lands) finds unexpected confirmation in these words of the writer had a glimpse of the truth. "Mr. Asquith," he tells us, "put off the garment of statesmanship and indulged the wig and gown of the advocate."

Soon after his accession to power he delivered a speech at the Bar dinner which was vociferously applauded. This was the peroration:—"The Common Law, of England is not a compendium of mechanical rules written in fixed and indelible characters, but a rule of wax which they twist about as they please; a scheme was to throw all my strength into an exordium which might make the jury feel that such an accusation would be fond of this brat of their own begetting? How should they bear to part with it? It carries in its hand the apathy of the self-revelation must be accounted

That was a revelation of the real Mr. Asquith; the sonorous sentence, the swelling period concealing a lawyer; and the uncertainty of the law is nut greater than that of the judges who administer it." In proclaiming himself the hierophant of uncertainty, Mr. Asquith showed his hand was Esau. But the frankness of the self-revelation must be accounted unto him for righteousness.

If the apathy of the laity failed to draw the obvious inference, it is, nevertheless, true that a grave fact stared us in the face. Here was an advocate of the straitest sect of self-seekers and verdict-snatchers attitude taking as Prime Minister of England. Advocates are occasionally statesmen; Bentham was one. But from the date of the peroration cited above, there is no shadow of excuse for the toleration extended to the man who declared himself Prime Minister of the Inns of Court. He advertised his limitations; he is not responsible for them. The responsibility henceforward was with the public. If, after the most fateful decade in our history, we shudder at the series of dangers to which the Empire has been exposed; if, now, in the search for scapegoats, we turn upon Mr. Asquith and rend him, we show that we are as much deficient in true discernment to-day as when we accepted him on his own terms eleven years ago.

To revive the past glories of Westminster Hall and decree a theatrical impeachment of Mr. Asquith would be breaking a butterfly at vast expense. Moreover, it would not only be persecution, but an unwarrantable attempt to victimise the product of a system for its vices. Let us part with Mr. Asquith in sorrow rather than in anger. We shall appreciate the full extent of our responsibility for him when we realise the fact that he has applied to politics precisely those arts and artifices which have been consecrated but not sanctioned by centuries of success in the higher domain of Justice. If this seems a hard saying, we shall do well to run down the past decade and observe with what perfect accuracy Mr. Asquith and his attendant acolytes followed in politics the teaching of a contemporary Master of advocacy. Observe the confidence with which the "sacred duty" to the client is expressed:—"My scheme was to throw all my strength into an exordium which might make the jury feel that such an accusation was the defence of the Kaiser as prince of peace. This "sacred duty" was undertaken with the greatest gusto by Mr. Asquith's nominee for the Lord Chancellorship, Lord Haldane. There was a perfect orgy of advocacy on the prescribed lines. Its momentum did not suffer from the fact that the Ministry of advocates were their own clients as regards retention of place and power. Mr. Asquith's powers as professional persuader are pre-eminent: unequivocal testimony is his management of the coalition; still more striking evidence is the spell in which he held bound for many months men impartial of his methods. These are partly temperamental; partly the result of his narrow professionalism. "Uncertainty pays the lawyer"; delay and indecision bring grist to his mill. Emoluments are not safeguarded by convictions: these are not an asset for the advocate. After long practice in smothering facts by phrases in artifices which have been consecrated but not sanctioned by centuries of success the exercise of the lowest but most fascinating of the arts, the subjective effect on the mind of the artist is too often ignored. The hypnotiser hypnotises himself. Of this inconvenient side of advocacy we should be the last to complain. We have placed a heavy premium on the cult; it is the chief religion of England. Mr. Asquith is its product, its fine flower. The host is responsible for the parasite. If he is to stand in the penitential sheet, let us wear sackcloth and ashes. We are gullfier than he.
Towards National Guilds

Our forecast that Capital will be found offering to organised Labour a measure of Control in one form or another is based upon the following facts. In the first place, such offers are already being made to the public; and we happen to know that they are being discussed in private very vigorously. In the second place, there is a sentiment in favour of a rapprochement between Capital and Labour brought about by the war which provides a suitable atmosphere for the sputtering of many such proposals. And, lastly, there is a necessity for some such rapprochement if Capital is to recover its world-position without the handicap of labour discontent. On all these grounds, and upon many besides, it can confidently be predicted that overtures of peace will be made to Labour; and that such overtures will be made immediately. Now the question for Labour is how to meet them. On the one hand, it is not to be denied that these offers will contain, of necessity, a bait of some kind. Were they not, in fact, made attractive by the appearance, if not the reality, of a concession to Labour, there would be no danger in them. On the other hand, we ought to know enough of the nature of Capital to anticipate that every such offer of advantage to Labour will, at the same time, include such a concession to Capital. And the matter must be considered whether the advantage to Labour in view of the fact that the prospective strength of these offers outweighs the disadvantage. How is Labour going to determine the value of these offers? What criterion can we set up to arrive at their worth to Labour?

We have already said that no offer that is likely to be made is worth the sacrifice of the present and prospective power of the Trade Unions. That is absolutely vital. If it is not so, it is not to be considered. In other words, attractiveness, is accompanied by any condition requiring the weakening of Trade Unionism is a weakness in itself framed, into which it will not appear on their face that explicit or emphatic upon this point, and particularly in view of the fact that the prospective strength of the Trade Unions to become blackleg-proof, industrially organised and revolutionary in aim, such offer must be rejected without any further discussion whatever. To listen to an overture that requires or involves the weakening of Trade Unionism is a weakness in itself comparable to the weakness we should attribute to the Government if it listened to a German proposal for the limitation of English armaments. We cannot be too explicit or emphatic upon this point, and particularly in view of the fact that the prospective strength of Trade Unionism is of even more importance than its present strength. It is not, therefore, enough merely to preserve the present powers of Trade Unionism. We must not abandon the right to increase them or weaken the resolution of Trade Unionists to add to them. We must not sell our birthright even for a sumptuous dinner. We have already said that no offer that is likely to be made is worth the sacrifice of the present and prospective power of the Trade Unions. That is absolutely vital. If it is not so, it is not to be considered. In other words, attractiveness, is accompanied by any condition requiring the weakening of Trade Unionism is a weakness in itself framed, into which it will not appear on their face that explicit or emphatic upon this point, and particularly in view of the fact that the prospective strength of the Trade Unions to become blackleg-proof, industrially organised and revolutionary in aim, such offer must be rejected without any further discussion whatever. To listen to an overture that requires or involves the weakening of Trade Unionism is a weakness in itself comparable to the weakness we should attribute to the Government if it listened to a German proposal for the limitation of English armaments. We cannot be too explicit or emphatic upon this point, and particularly in view of the fact that the prospective strength of Trade Unionism is of even more importance than its present strength. It is not, therefore, enough merely to preserve the present powers of Trade Unionism. We must not abandon the right to increase them or weaken the resolution of Trade Unionists to add to them. We must not sell our birthright even for a sumptuous dinner. We have already said that no offer that is likely to be made is worth the sacrifice of the present and prospective power of the Trade Unions. That is absolutely vital. If it is not so, it is not to be considered. In other words, attractiveness, is accompanied by any condition requiring the weakening of Trade Unionism is a weakness in itself framed, into which it will not appear on their face that explicit or emphatic upon this point, and particularly in view of the fact that the prospective strength of the Trade Unions to become blackleg-proof, industrially organised and revolutionary in aim, such offer must be rejected without any further discussion whatever. To listen to an overture that requires or involves the weakening of Trade Unionism is a weakness in itself comparable to the weakness we should attribute to the Government if it listened to a German proposal for the limitation of English armaments. We cannot be too explicit or emphatic upon this point, and particularly in view of the fact that the prospective strength of Trade Unionism is of even more importance than its present strength. It is not, therefore, enough merely to preserve the present powers of Trade Unionism. We must not abandon the right to increase them or weaken the resolution of Trade Unionists to add to them. We must not sell our birthright even for a sumptuous dinner.

This criterion, we are pretty sure, will rule out of court a considerable number of the offers that Capital will make to Labour, since the majority of such offers will have in view precisely the weakening of Trade Unionism which Labour is disposed to prevent. But there will remain a number of offers, more subtly framed, into which it will not appear on their face that any question of Trade Unionism has been introduced. For that very reason they will require all the thought of which Labour is capable. Let us, then, see whether any of these will fall into one of two broad classes: offers that include the Trade Unions as trade-unions; and offers made directly to the employees of a shop or industry. It is difficult to say that the second of these must be ruled out on the same grounds that we have taken before; namely, that such an offer weakens Trade Unionism? We will assume so; and, hence, we are now left to consider only the first kind of offers, namely, offers made by Capital to the Trade Unions directly. These, again, fall into two classes: (a) offers of a measure of joint control; (b) offers of a delegated but single control.

Consider first (a) a measure of joint control. We have the pleasure here of being able to quote Mrs. Sidney Webb, who, at a recent Labour Research meeting, pronounced against the Union accepting the measure of joint control for the following reasons: (1) The Trade Union movement has not brains enough to maintain its authority on Joint Boards; (a) There would be a great temptation for employers and employed to unite in robbing the consumers; and (3) It would involve Trade Unions in an acceptance of the status quo, with no hope of redistribution either of wealth or power.

To these reasons, adduced by Mrs. Webb, we may add some considerations of our own. But, first, let us be reminded of what are the object and the means of Labour—for unless they are constantly and clearly in view, we may easily lose our way. The means of Labour we have already defined as Trade Unionism; and there is no need for us to say anything further on the subject. But what precisely is the object of Labour— the object of which the necessary means is Trade Unionism? What is Trade Unionism for? What does it aim at doing? The answer in the most general sense is, we know, the emancipation of the working-classes from the wage-system; the system, that is, under which labourers sell their labour as a commodity in the competitive Labour-market. But we need for our present purpose to be a little more precise. Emancipation is a general term, and we are in need at the moment of a particular definition of it. Here it is, then: The object of Labour is to control Capital.

We are sorry to have to make another distinction before getting on with our demonstration of the un-wisdom of accepting joint control; but it is necessary. For when we ask the question: joint control of what? we are faced by two possible replies. Joint control may mean joint control of Capital; or it may mean joint control of Industry. Which is the joint control assured in the offers likely to be made by Capital? The answer is obvious: it is not joint control of Capital. It cannot be imagined, for example, that any measure of joint control now being offered will carry with it the right or power of Labour to determine in any way the disposal of the actual capital of the employers. It is certain that even if Trade Union representatives were admitted to a seat on Boards or Councils of Directors, the actual disposal of capital would be denied them. It, therefore, follows that the joint control that is offered is joint control, not of Capital, but of the industry itself—in other words, joint control of the labour engaged in it! The distinctions that we have made are now seen to be of value. For if the object of Labour is the control of Capital, a measure of joint control only of Industry is not a step towards the object of Labour. It is, in fact, at best a side-step, having no relevance to the purpose of Labour; and, at worst, it is a step down the wrong turning, for it threatens to divert the attention of Labour from its object of controlling Capital to the control of Industry.

But it may be asked whether Labour does not eventually intend to control Industry as well as Capital; and what the danger is in taking a measure of joint control in industry before securing a measure of control of capital. May not the control in industry lead on to the control of Capital? We reply that it is true that Labour intends to control Industry eventually as well as Capital.
but that there is a settled and fixed order which nobody can reverse that requires, as a condition of the real control of industry, the control of Capital. There is, in fact, a right way of arriving at the control of industry, and it is through and by means of the control of Capital. And there is no other way; the reverse is impossible. Economic power precedes and dominates industrial power no less than political power.

National Guildsmen.

Readers and Writers.

Consider this passage:—

"Farewell, friends, kinsmen, and you, my mercenaries, most valiant and most faithful!" cried the departing king. "Farewell! but for a while only. An early summer, ere the flowering of the whitethorn, I shall return. So assist me and mine, O Son of God. With the first swallow, then, look to see me, not alone, but leading a host. And many months wide now with laughter shall gaze wider borne on the ends of spears; and many eyes lift now with the light of countless balls to the sun. For I shall die as I have lived—M'Murrough, Captain of I-Kinsella and High King of all Leinster and of the Danes."

I think it would be hard to put a date to such a passage, or to add a translation or an original. Least of all, I think, could Mr. Boyd discover without extrinsic assistance that the writer is a living Irish author, Mr. Standish O'Grady. True, that when you have read a great deal of Mr. Standish O'Grady's work, the recognition of his hand in the foregoing is immeasurable. But I do not think that the most intelligent critic would make of it if he came upon it without its context. May I try a guess or two? At once, of course, the reader would understand that the style is Teutonic. But the heroic of what period, and of what people? Is it recent, is it original, is it copied from the Greek, or from the Teutonic? To attempt an answer to these questions we must look at the passage more closely. First, as to its raciality. It certainly is not Greek, since it introduces ideas incongruous with the Greek epic and heroic conception. The flowering of the whitethorn and the first swallow were not events that would occur to a Homeric chieftain as appropriate marks of date. Nor, I think, would a Greek hero speak of his mercenaries to their face as most valiant and most faithful. Then is it Teutonic, continuing, that is, the tradition of the Sagas? To this, again, a negative answer must be returned for the same reasons that we dismiss the Greek theory. No doubt the Teutonic tradition contained a little more intimacy with Nature than the Greek; but the references to Nature in the quoted passage are less realistic than would be the case in a Teutonic writing. Early summer, for example, leaves a good deal to the imagination; flowering of the whitethorn would, I fancy, be more exactly pictured; and the first swallow would be given an individuality of description which it here lacks. By elimination of alternatives, our critic would thus, I think, arrive at the conclusion that the raciality of the passage is Celtic influenced by the Scandinavian.

Mr. Kenneth Richmond has done us a service in summarising tersely and lucidly the educational principles enunciated, practised, and established by the great educationists of the past. ("The Permanent Values in Education." Constable. 2s. 6d. net.) And I am not ungrateful for it, since I know the difficulty of reducing to a memorable scale, convenient for daily use, the teachings of men like Herbert, Pestalozzi, Rousseau, etc. Moreover, I find myself in substantial agreement with Mr. Richmond when he maintains that of the three activities of the spirit, the exercise of the spirit of Truth is the most commonly neglected, and the chief subject, therefore, of the teacher. But there is still, to my mind, one thing lacking in Mr. Richmond's treatment of educational theory: it is any recognition that fresh discoveries in educational method are still to be made. We can admit the value of the work done by the great educationists of the past; and even to be reminded of what it was, and of how much remains to be learned from it; but without, for all that, ceasing to speculate upon new methods for ourselves. It would be something; no doubt, if the notion of "status" could be abolished from our schools, as Mr. Clutton-Brock in his "Introduction" widely recommends. It would be a great deal more if every teacher had at his finger-ends the methods of his great predecessors as here summarised by Mr. Richmond. But I cannot get away from the feeling that if the best has not been abandoned after only a brief working of their quaries, the reason is something more than our modern jelliness; it is, perchance, that the prospects opened up by these pioneers have not the attraction to keep us exploiting them. And, after all, what is it that we are offered by these writers to whom Mr. Richmond recalls our attention? The training of the familiar faculties of the human mind, as we commonly know them. Not, mark you, the development of any new faculty; nor even any "magical" (I mean in its effects) means of training the known faculties, but just the recognition of the old means of training the same old well-known powers. But this is not enough, to my thinking. The doctrine of the Superman, however horribly degraded and distorted it has become, could not have arrived at its degree of popularity except in congruity with a general desire or need for a new conception of man. Nor, most assuredly, having been brought into popular consciousness, will it fade away leaving not a wrack behind. The idea, in short, is in the world for good; and it is the work of educationists, I think, to see that it is not in the world for evil. But the condition of its use is obviously that education itself should be inspired by it; and that, in turn, education should direct it. And this, I believe, would be possible if teachers, theoretical and practical, were to set about the re-examination of the mind with a particular view

the perception, characteristic, as I have said, of the Irish psychology, that the resolution may be in vain. In short, it is over-confident for a pure Irishman. I, therefore, conclude that M'Murrough not only lived under the influence of the Danes, but was of partly Danish descent. The rest of the questions I will leave, except to add this: that in the passage any germ from which the typically modern Irish school of writing could have sprung. For the modern Irish school, as we know, is aiming at expressing a wistful wisdom, a humorous melancholy, a gay despair; whereas in the story from which the present passage is taken ("The Departure of Dermot." The Talbot Press, Dublin. 18.), the only notes are the heroic and the picturesque. I understand now very well why Mr. Boyd, when he wrote his recent work on the Irish Literary Renaissance, devoted his first chapter to Mr. Standish O'Grady, and then said no more about him. Mr. Standish O'Grady has founded no school, and he will have no disciples. * * *

Now, as to its people. I assume, as a matter of course, that Mr. Standish O'Grady means M'Murrough to be an Irish Chieftain of the period of the Danish occupation. Except, however, for the Celticism already referred to—which is not more apparent than the Teutonism—I find really nothing absolutely Irish in it. An Irish Chieftain of pure race could not, I fancy, have delivered a speech of that length without conveying by a phrase the characteristic feeling of his racial psychology—a feeling, namely, of pathos. There is not too much resolution expressed, for resolution is the mark of heroism, and belonged, no doubt, to the Irish chieftains in full measure. But what I find absent is
Some Experiments in "Psychological Education."

There must be few thinking people who have not at one time or another formulated in their minds, if not on paper, a more or less definite scheme of education. No other subject provides a wider, or, at least, a less restricted range of controversy. In most controversial subjects there exists a distinct dichotomy of opinion—pro or anti; Unionist or Home Ruler, Free Trader or Tariff Reformer, or, the most recent division of thought, "Easterners" or "Westerners." Even in the wider realms of religion and art there are distinct schools of thought, in which their several adherents are fairly closely confined. But in the boundless domain of educational reform everyone is free to wander at whim. There are no sides and no leaders. It provides a polychotomous paradise for cranks, in which one encounters here a city of Spanish castles, there a mausoleum of poetry, there a polychotomous paradise for cranks, in which one encounters here a city of Spanish castles, there a mausoleum of poetry, there a mausoleum of poetry, and children were asked the boys to point out what seemed to me, as if they were already in

For myself, I must confess that I acquired long ago the habit of regarding novel educational theories as making interesting enough reading, but incapable of being applied practically, even when such application seemed desirable. It was with a prejudiced mind, therefore, that I began to read the remarks on Education that appeared above the signature of "R. H. C." in The New Age of the 8th February last.

The plan recommended for the education of the young is the posing of "psychological" questions, designed not to instruct the mind of the child without, but to construct from within. . . . It assumes the existence within the mind of faculties which are not simply to be developed by hammering with facts upon the mind, but to be invited out, as if they were already in existence, to exercise themselves upon facts.

The idea seemed inspiring enough, and, as applied specifically to geometry, was one I had found myself obliged to adopt when, in default of being able to do anything better, I took up schoolmastering at the beginning of the war. But how to apply this idea to the art or faculties of moral judgment and imagination as the writer suggested? It was just another of these pretty but impractical theories.

But a few lines further on my question was answered in a startlingly precise manner. Let us take the faculty of imagination, which, in essence, is the power to perceive what is absent from the senses. I am pretty sure that it would be possible to design simple exercises calculated to develop this faculty directly, and not merely mediately through the memory. Poetry, in particular, is, I think, a storehouse of material for the purpose. Suppose, for example, that a poem were read aloud, and children required to visualise and to describe the scenes suggested by it, and, therefore, related to it—would not the habit of active imagination be formed, and thus one day imagination become the constant partner of thought in general?

Now, here was a definite instruction to put into practice an idea with which I had for a long time been half-consciously in sympathy, and, accordingly, I resolved to carry it out literally the next day. Hence, these "experiments," the subjects of which are seven boys of normal ability in the second highest form of a large preparatory school, their average age being thirteen years. I have taken this form for over a year, during which time I have set many highly "imaginative" subjects for English composition, without ever having obtained hitherto more than a few fairly satisfactory results, and those only from markedly clever boys. As, therefore, there was no reason to expect anything better on this occasion, I decided to make a direct appeal to the form by explaining, as simply as I could, the idea of this "psychological" method of "construction from within."

I impressed upon them the fact (?) that they all possessed untold powers latent in their minds, however unconscious they might be thereof, and that if they only thought hard enough some of these powers would come to the surface, turn into thoughts, and, hence, become words. As an example of the existence of latent powers I reminded them of an essay that most of them had written a few months ago on "Visualisation," in which they had (to their own surprise) described at some length the colours, patterns, and genders with which they associated the days of the week, months of the year, numerals, etc. Incidentally, I would suggest, in case anyone is sufficiently impressed by the results of these experiments to give this method a trial, that a discussion on this subject of visualisation, though it may seem actually to end in a cul de sac, would serve as a most useful beginning, inasmuch as it makes children fully cognisant of definite mental possessions which they had formerly been only dimly aware of, and, hence, leads them to realise distinctly the existence of a subconscious element in their minds. In fact, the whole secret of producing their latent powers seems to lie in giving them knowledge of and faith in themselves. And then—"possunt quia posse videtur." At least, I hope so.

To return; the first two experiments—both in imaginative insight—were conducted on the lines suggested by "R. H. C.," but produced results little, if any, better than I should have normally expected, though there were faint signs that the form was gaining in the habit of active imagination become the constant partner of thought in general.

* * *

It is discussed in detail with fascinating Illustrations by Galton in "Principles of Human Anatomy" (Everyman's Library).
tion, however, lay in the fact that none of the others had had any experience in reasoned (as opposed to practical) geometry, whereas for over a year this particular boy, who is in a higher mathematical division than the rest, has been having his powers of argument "invited out" by me. "Laboriously extracted" would really be a fitter term. It may, of course, have been a coincidence, but I believe that in this case the exception proved the method.

Before proceeding to the next experiment I ought first of all to say, for reasons which will shortly appear, that, although none of the seven boys can be called, on the one hand, brilliant, or, on the other hand, dense, three of them are distinctly above the average in intellect, and four somewhat below. It will be convenient to call the three clever ones A, B, and C, and the other four W, X, Y, and Z, in order of actual merit, irrespective of their ages. As a matter of fact, A is 14 and B 13 years old; but to take their ages into consideration would cause confusion in dealing with the actual value of their work. I must add, too, that in setting a subject for composition, I try to give the boys an idea of the kind of stuff I want them to write, but avoid giving any specific suggestions or hints as to the subject-matter itself. While they are writing they receive no help at all and, unfortunately, are often rather pressed for time, which may account for a certain extent for some of the crudities in the examples I am about to give; these latter being really in the form of rough copies. The time which I am able to allot to these "experiments" is very limited, and so I have thought it better to confine myself almost entirely to bringing the ideas themselves to the surface instead of devoting a large part of it to the polishing up of the literary form in which they are manifested. It must also be remembered that their work is done in school; so that whether they are in the mood for writing or not, or whether the subject is or is not of interest to them, they are called upon then and there to take up their pens and write.

Accordingly the next day they were given one hour in which to write a scene in blank verse describing Charles I's farewell to his wife and children. The boys had no facts to work on this time; my only instruction being to remind them of the importance of varying the metre.

Three of the results showed great improvement on past efforts.

This was W's beginning—incomparably superior to anything of the kind he had ever done before. The system was beginning to work.

Scene: In Charles's palace at Whitehall.

(Enter Princes, Charles, and James.)

CHARLES: Let's hope, my brother, that this is not true That our dear father will quite soon be dead.

JAMES: They say that he will walk right through this window.

On to that wooden platform.

Scene: A room in Whitehall.

(Enter Charles, James, and Mary.)

CHARLES: Let's hope as I was walking in the street I thought I saw a band of armed men Approach with silent feet. What doth it mean?

JAMES: I know not.

MARY: It must have been some plan To kill your father. One day I did hear Him talking with our mother; his face was sad.

Our mother cried and wet her cheeks with tears.

She put her arms round father's neck and kissed him.

CHARLES: Maybe 'twere telling her of something sad.

MARY: I heard him say, "My darling Henrietta, I have no fear of death. Pray keep this quiet, and speak it not to our dear children."

and towards the end:—

QUEEN: Prithee speak no more; our eyes are full Of tears, and water gushes down our cheeks Like water tears and gulleys down a chasm.

That last line, despite its faults, has a good ring in it and shows signs of promise: so, too, I think, do the following lines written by B:—

KING: But when I'm gone ye shall be sent to France,

Where our dear friend, the king, will care for you.

He will treat you as he would his own children,

Train you as does befit a Royal Prince,

And give you all amusements. You will be quite happy: there.'

T. R. C.

We Moderns.

By Edward Moore.

Love and Mr. Galsworthy. The art of Mr. Galsworthy is such an ambiguous thing—half impersonal portrayal, half personal plea, the Art pour l'Art of a social reformer—and the subjects he chooses are so controversial—the abuses of society—that it is hard to place him as an artist. When "The Dark Flower" appeared, however, we thought we had him. Here was a great subject to his hand, an artist's question at last, Love. Alas! even in writing about it, he could not altogether exclude the reformer. Well, that itself, perhaps, told us something! However that may be, we do get here Mr. Galsworthy's conception of Love. It is an inadequate conception, a realist's conception: Love, with the meaning left out. The ardours, the longing, the disappointment and anguish—all the symptoms—of Love are given; but not a hint that Love has any significance beyond the emotions it brings: that which redeems Love, creation, is ignored altogether! Mr. Galsworthy has seen that Love is cruel, but he has not seen beyond the cruelty: it is the ultimate thing to him. Well, that is perhaps the most that could be expected of a humanitarian trying to comprehend Love! In this book are all the symptoms of Humanitarianism—pity for everyone, reform of institutions, suffering always considered the sufficient reason for abolishing or palliating things: a creed thrice inadequate, thrice shallow, thrice blind. Love would find relief from suffering in creation. But one feels that Mr. Galsworthy would abolish Life if he could. Humanitarianism unconsciously seeks the annihilation of Life, for in Life suffering is integral.

In Mr. Hardy's conception of Love, unlike Mr. Galsworthy's, the contingency of creation is never absent; but to him creation is not a justification of the pangs of Love. It is an intensification of them; it is Love's last and worst indignity. But even when Love does not bestow this ultimate insult of creation, it cannot resist the satisfaction of torturing its victims; it is wanton and irrelevant in its distribution of pain. Mr. Hardy's books are filled with the
torments of Love. Was it not fitting that he should aim his main indictment of Life against it, seeing that it is the trick whereby the blunder of Life is perpetuated? And so Mr. Hardy is certainly a decadent; but he is a great decadent—one of those who by the power of their mortal Life seem to make Life more profound and tragic, and inspire the heroic artist to an even greater love and reverence for it.

He is great, however, not by his theories, but by his art. The contrast between the sordidness of his thought and the splendidity of his art fills us sometimes with amazement. He sets out in his books to prove there is a mean blunder of his own, but the tragedy of this blunder becomes in his hands splendid and impressive, so that Life is enriched even while it is defamed. Art, which is necessarily idealisation and glorification, triumphs in him over even his most deeply founded conscious ideas. In all his greater books, it refutes his pessimism and turns his curses into involuntary blessings. So divine is Art!

Mr. George Moore. In writing about Love, Mr. Moore falls into the same realistic error as Mr. Galsworthy: he writes about its manifestations without knowledge of that which gives them meaning and connection. His art is not only Love, but everything else. Art is a sensation; religion, a sensation; the soul, a sensation. Take out of his books sensation, and there will be little of account left. He knows the religious feeling, but not religion: he always confounds spirituality with refined sensualism. So he knows the sensation of Love, but not Love. But Mr. Moore is learned in the senses: he knows them in everything but their purity. Yes, even sensuality is in his books corrupted. How true this is we realise when in "Evelyn Innes" he compares one of his characters to a faun. We are almost distressed at this, and it is an involuntary blessing. How can he reason for doing so? Why should he wish Life to persist if he does not love Life? Is it in order that people might still converse wittily, and the epigram might not die? Or so that exceptional men might experience the joy of intellectual conflict, the satisfaction found in the ruthless expression of the strength of his passion and weakness, and the proud feeling of mental power? We know that Mr. Shaw regards the brain as an end—the purpose of Life being to perfect a finer and finer weapon. Does he desire Life to continue so that this controversy might continue? Well, let us look, then, for some other reason for his praise of Love. He himself lacks Love—Can it be that he praises it for the same reason for which Mr. Chesterton praises it, that he is not but would fain be? And his love of Love is then something pathetic, founded on "unselfishness"? And himself, a Romantic?

Mr. G. K. Chesterton. "There are two things," says Mr. Chesterton, "in which men are manifestly and unmistakably equal. They are not equally clever or equally muscular, or equally fat, as the sages of the modern reaction (with piercing insight) perceive. But this is a spiritual certainty, that all men are tragic. And this, again, is an equally sublime, spiritual certainty, that all men are comic. No special and private sorrow can be so dreadful as the fact of having to die. And no freak or deformity can be less funny as the mere fact of having two legs."

Well, in this passage, there is an error so plain, it is almost inconceivable that a responsible thinker could have put it forward even in jest. For it is clear that the tragic and comic elements of which Mr. Chesterton speaks make not only mankind, but all Life, equal. Everything that lives must die; and, therefore, is, in Mr. Chesterton's sense, tragic. Everything that lives has shape; and therefore, is, in Mr. Chesterton's sense, comic. His premises lend to the equality not of mankind, but of all that lives; whether it be leviathan or butterfly, oak or violet, worm or eagle; their solidarity in life and death, in change and creation. Would that he had said this! To find this stage—the brain can experience is not that of knowing, but of fighting. Knowledge to him is a weapon with which to wage war. Does he desire Life to continue so that controversy might continue? Well, let us look, then, for some other reason for his praise of Love. He himself lacks Love—Can it be that he praises it for the same reason for which the Christian praises it, that he is not but would fain be? And his love of Love is then something pathetic, founded on "unselfishness"? And himself, a Romantic?

Mr. H. G. Wells. How much has Mr. Wells's scientific training had to do with his conception of Love? As a student of biology, it was natural he should see Love as sex. In all his theories, indeed, there is more of the scientist than of the artist. Scientific, certainly, is his simple acceptance of sex as a fact, and his unhesitating association of it with generation, and of both with Love. The innocence of the scientist and not of the artist is his. Goethean. And so, although his purpose is fine—to restore in his books an innocent conception of sexual Love; in doing so, his biology always runs away with his art. For he would render sex significant by reading it into all creation, as the meaning of creation; thus making the instrument more than the agent, the very meaning of the agent! But this robs both crea-
tion and sex of their significance. The way to restore an innocent conception of sexual Love is by reading creation into it, by seeing it as part of the universal Becoming, by carrying it away on the great purifying stream of Becoming. In spite of his genius, and still more of his cleverness, Mr. Wells here began at the wrong end. But it is doubtful whether anyone in this generation has sufficient artistic power and elevation to express in art this conception of Love. Within the limits of Realism, especially of "physiological Realism," it certainly cannot be expressed. Nothing less than the symbolic may serve for it.

Oriental Encounters.

By Marmaduke Pickthall.

IV.—THE COURTEOUS JUDGE.

We were giving a dinner-party on that day to half a dozen Turkish officers, and, when he brought me in my cup of tea at seven-thirty a.m., Rashid informed me that our cook had been arrested. The said cook was a decent Muslim, but hot-tempered, and something of a blood in private life. At six a.m., as he stood basking in the sunlight in our doorway, his eyes had fallen on some Christian youths upon their way to college, in European clothes, with new bootlaces and silver-headed canes. Maddened with a sense of outrage by that horrid sight, he had attacked the said youths furiously with a wooden ladle, putting them to flight, and chasing them all down the long acacia avenue, through two suburbs into the heart of the city, where our cook had been arrested. The said cook was less than the symbolic may serve for it.

"Our cook is snatched from us," was the reply, "and to-night we have invited friends to dinner." "Is he a good cook?" asked the judge, with feeling. "If your Excellency will restore him to us, and then join us at the meal..." "How can I be of service in this matter?"

I motioned to Suleyman to tell the story, which he did so well that all the company were soon in fits of laughter.

The judge looked through the cause list till he found the case, putting a mark against it on the paper. "How can we dine to-night without a cook?" I sighed, despairingly. "Fear nothing," said the judge. "He shall be with you in an hour. Come, O my friends, we must to business! It grows late."

The judge took leave of me with much politeness.

"Now," said Suleyman, when they were gone, "let us go into the court and watch the course of justice."

We crossed the narrow street to an imposing portal. Suleyman whispered to a soldier there on guard, who smiled and bade us enter with a gracious gesture.

The hall inside was crowded. Only after much exertion could we see the dais. There sat the judge, and there stood our lamented cook, the picture of dejection. A soldier at his side displayed the wooden ladle. The Christian dandies whom he had assaulted were giving their account of the adventure volubly, until their account of the adventure volubly, until

"It is good advice. Why not, indeed? Let us approach the judge."

"But I do not know the judge."

"No more do I. But that, my dear, is a disease which can be remedied."

Without much trouble we found out the judge's house. A servant told us that his Honour had already started for the court. We took a carriage and pursued his Honour. At the court we made inquiry of the crowd of witnesses—false witnesses for hire—who thronged the entrance. The judge, we heard, had not yet taken his seat. We should be sure to find his Honour in the coffee-shop across the road. One of the false witnesses conducted us to the said coffee-shop and pointed out our man. Together with his clerk and certain advocates, one of whom read aloud the morning news, the judge sat underneath a vine arbour in pleasant shade. He smiled. His hands were clasped upon a fair round belly.

Suleyman, his dust-cloak billowing, strolled forward coolly, and presented me as "one of the chief people of the Franks." The company arose and made us welcome, placing stools for our convenience. "His Highness comes to thee for justice, O most righteous judge. He has been wronged," observed Suleyman, dispassionately.

The judge looked much concerned. "What is the case?" he asked.

"Our cook is snatched from us," was the reply, "and to-night we have invited friends to dinner." "Is he a good cook?" asked the judge, with feeling. "If your Excellency will restore him to us, and then join us at the meal..." "How can I be of service in this matter?"

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"Be careful what you say," the judge enjoined. "You have not hesitated to impute the anger of this cook to religious fanaticism. The Nazarenes are much too ready to bring such a charge against the Muslims, forgetful that there may be other causes of annoyance. Nay, many of the charges brought have proved upon investigation to be altogether groundless. You Nazarenes are often insolent in your demeanour. Confiding in the favour of the foreign consuls, foreign missionaries, you occasionally taunt and irritate, even revile, the Muslims. Now, even supposing your account of this affair to be correct—which I much doubt, for, on the one hand, I behold a wooden ladle of no weight; while, on the other, there are two fine walking-sticks with silver heads. One of the Christian youths let fall his stick in trepidation—'and you are two, while this poor cook is one. Even supposing what you say is true, are you certain that nothing in your appearance, conversation, or behaviour gave him cause for anger? I incline to conjecture that you must have flouted him, or uttered, it may be, some insult to his creed."

"He beat us for no reason, and most grievedly," moaned one of the assaulted. Such language from a Muslim judge in a court filled with Muslims made

THE NEW AGE

MARCH 22, 1917
two Christians tremble in their shoes. "We did not even see him till he started beating us. By Allah, my poor head is sore, my back is broken with that awful beating. He was like a madman." The speaker and his fellow-plaintiff wept aloud.

"Didst thou beat these youths, as he describes?" inquired the judge, turning towards the cook with like severity.

"No, Excellency!" came the bitter cry. "I am an ill-used man, much slandered. I never set eyes upon those men until this minute." He also began weeping very bitterly.

"Both parties tell me lies," exclaimed the judge, with anger. "For thou, O cook, didst beat these youths. That fact the Russian history is not its suddenness, beating them. And you, O Nazarenes, are not much injured for everyone beholds you in most perfect health, with clothes unspoilt. The more shame to you, for it is evident you bring the charge against this Muslim from religious hatred."

"By Allah, no, O Excellency! We wish that man no harm. We did but state what happened." "You are a pack of rogues together," roared the judge. "Let each side pay one whole mejidli to the court; let the parties now, this minute, here before me swear peace and lifelong friendships for the future, and never let me hear of them again."

The Christian youths embraced the cook, the cook embraced the Christian youths repeatedly, all weeping in a transport of delight at their escape from punishment. I paid the money for our man, who then went home with us; Suleyman, upon the way, delivering a lecture of such high morality, such heavenly language, that the poor, simple fellow wept anew, and called on Allah for forgiveness.

"Repentance is thy duty," said Suleyman, approvingly. "But towards this world thou canst make amends. Put forth thy utmost skill in cookery this evening, for the judge is coming."

Views and Reviews.

IS IT A REVOLUTION?

The Russian revolution must have come as a relief to most English people. It was sudden, like all changes in Russia. Stepinak's description of industrial development following the Emancipation might well have been applied to it: "The country entered with the extreme rashness characteristic of all our social process upon an entirely new phase of its existence." The one fact which differentiates this from any other Russian revolution, the Russian history is not its suddenness, nor even its success, but the fact that it is a Constitutional revolution. Previously, there was no halfway house between tyranny and anarchy, with the consequence that even a successful revolution could only substitute one tyrant for another. But, like our revolution of 1648, like the French Revolution of 1789, is a revolution of a Parliament; it is an organic revolution, and whatever difficulties may pertain to its completion, they are not likely to be due to any arbitrary interference with the working of the organisation. The Romanoffs have fallen because there was an alternative Government, and no one, in England at least, seems to regret the fall. Even the "Times" can only pay a left-handed compliment to the ex-Tsar Nicholas: "The great danger," it says, "was that the Tsar might fail to realise the position with sufficient promptitude, and that he might either resist the Revolution or defer his decision. He has had enough of wisdom and of unselfish patriotism not to take either of these courses."

When the "Times" regards a ruler as a danger to a successful revolution, it is impossible to describe the feeling of national joy which cushions this announcement. Thirty years ago, Stepinak wrote in his essay on "The Political Form of the Russia of the Future":

"To hope for the conversion of the Romanoffs to a true liberal policy is, indeed, to be a dreamer of the most incorrigible nature. It is more than probable that, as the struggle advances, they will partly resign the word 'Republic' on their banner. And even a Court revolution will be hopeless unless it exalt to the throne some junior branch less imbued with traditional short-sighted despotism, and less insensible to reason than the older one... With "Republic" on their banner, the Russian patriots failed; but they have succeeded with "Constitutional Monarchy," which was made in England, and Russia's internal politics are, therefore, likely to become intelligible to Englishmen, and, perhaps, her foreign policy, of which Mr. G. F. Allse string onwards, of which Mr. G. H. Allse was called in "The Times," "Turkey, Greece, and the Great Powers," will cease to be as baffling as our own. It is too soon yet to prophesy, for Russia is, at this moment, really in the hands of a Committee of Public Safety, just as we are; and its only apparent policy is, like ours, to do everything necessary to the winning of the war. Even a revoluted Russia can do no more in policy than supply a supplement to the "Times."

But in one respect at least the change is to be welcomed: it destroys at a stroke that antagonism between the Russian Government and the Russian people that has been the stock-in-trade of almost every writer on Russia. It is useless to tell us, as Cobden did, that "the Russians are, perhaps, naturally the least warlike people in the world," when they have made their most successful revolution for the purpose of waging the greatest war in history with more efficiency. It is useless to examine Russian folk-lore, as M. Alexinsky did, and to assure us that it contains no military epics, no military hero except a peasant who defended his own land against aggression; useless to examine the Russian language, and to discover that all the military words are foreign, and, therefore, it is useless to hope that Russia will cease to be a military nation because it is no longer dominated by the autocracy. The most pacific people in Europe has made one of the most successful revolutions in history for the purpose of waging war more successfully; and if the change produces the intended effect, we shall be face to face with Stepniak's problem: "Why Russia Is A Conquering Country?: without being able to accept his answer. The Romanoff autocracy has been destroyed so that Russia may march on to victory."

Stepniak was satisfied (he wrote in 1886) that a free Russia would not be guilty of foreign aggression not only because the people were naturally pacific, but because, apart from the bureaucracy, there was no "Tendency to centralisation in the Russian nation itself... Whether the present regime shall be destroyed by an insurrection—which is certainly the speediest and the least painful way of getting rid of it—or whether, in consequence of a long and morbid process of internal decomposition and of the impending national bankruptcy, the Government will be obliged to appeal to the country, as was the case in France, the result will be the same. Russia, as soon as she obtains the faculty of adjusting herself according to her own disposition, will cease to be a centralised empire. And we may add that the greater the liberty enjoyed at this reconstruction, the fewer will be the centralised elements which will remain in it." Stepinak predicted that the "only form into which Russia, when once free, can mould itself, will be a series of autonomous States, each having Home Rule—that is, legal and legislative power and a central Government providing for the general interest of the whole union; a form of Government of which the United States of America furnishes us with an example. This is not a political dream or theoretical desideratum; it is the simple inference drawn from the history and condition of our country, the ultimate and inevitable end of our political evolution. How soon this final form is
likely to be attained; whether the remoulding of the Russian State will be done at once or by a gradual process of compromise with the existing monarchial institutions is, of course, another question, which only the future can answer. But it is beyond doubt that every change will bring the country nearer to the ultimate form.

The prediction is worth placing on record, and it will be interesting to see whether "the Executive Committee of the Imperial Duma" will do anything to justify certainly the Government's centralised in the Duma than it was in the Court; the only difference immediately apparent is that the liberal professions of the Court seem to be made seriously by the Duma. It remains to be seen whether they will be performed.

Prince Eugene Trubetskoi is reported in the Russian Section of the "Times" of Jan. 27, 1917, to have written: "If Russian conquest brings in its wake suspension of lessons in the Ukrainian school, if it threatens the very existence of this school—we are making ourselves a foe in every Ukrainian scholar and his parents. . . . If the Russian Government has, indeed, firmly decided to give Poland autonomous administration, it must from the very beginning change the entire personnel of the administration in the kingdom of Poland. The return of the former administrators, whose actions infringed or abrogated the proclamation, is now morally impossible, particularly after those reforms which have been introduced in Poland by the Germans. . . . We look to the Executive Committee of the Duma not for more proclamations, however pious, but for specific performance of some of the promises of liberation with which Russia began the war. That the Duma should be able to debate is a fact which is of interest only to itself; but that it should humanise the administration of the Russian Government is a possibility of European importance. It is not enough to "win the war"; Prince Trubetskoi says: "In order to consummate our victory over Germany, we must not let her wrest from us our banner of liberation. We must by deed, show the Poles and the whole world that they can obtain real national freedom only from Russia." We look to the Provisional Government of Russia to make a beginning.

A. E. R.

Reviews.

The Cambridge History of English Literature. Vol XIII. The Nineteenth Century. ii. (Cambridge University Press. 9s. net.)

It is, perhaps, inevitable in a work of this kind, where various selected writers have particular sections of literary history mapped out for them, that there should be a certain lack of unity and coherence. The result, as a whole, has rather the appearance of a number of compartments hermetically sealed and separated: and though the ten contributors to this volume all set about their work in a fairly businesslike way—without attempting new or unaccepted interpretations—there is a feeling of hesitation about their writing; they seldom crystallise their thought into an illuminating phrase; they seem anxious to unburden themselves of traditional literary opinions as prosaically as possible. Professor George Saintsbury, with his tricks and vagaries of writing, and Mr. W. T. Young, who contributes two good concluding chapters, are exceptions. They, at least, succeed in escaping mere dullness.

The present volume of the Cambridge History, which includes the middle (and later) Victorians, is concerned with a period extreme in its variety. There is a fine assemblage of revered names. But, on the whole, it may be said that the latter tendency has been to place many of these writers at a distance from than did their contemporaries. Martin Tupper or Tennyson might serve as quite random examples. Professor Grierson, in his chapter on Tennyson, speaks of the inevitable reaction resulting from the exaggerated reverence with which his work was regarded. For Tennyson held the loftiest place of all, on one of those deceptive Victorian pedestals. "It is not as a thinker or seer," says Professor Grierson, "that he will live, but as one of the most gifted . . . and one of the few conscientious workmen among English poets." This is a fairly safe estimate; one less conventionally safe, illustrating just that trick of elaborate ornamentation and embellishment from which the poet seemed unable to escape. "In a word," says a Walter Bagehot's amusing criticism of "Enoch Arden."

Mr. Lewis Jones contributes a patchwork chapter on Matthew Arnold and others; he does not bring very much in the way of criticism to his various subjects, and the pages on Matthew Arnold consist largely of excerpts from the "Essays in Criticism"—"verbal weapons" which he "used with devastating effect in a life-long campaign against the hosts of Philistia." Indeed, it is difficult to think that remarks like "the best that is known and thought in the world," "the free play of the mind," "the modern spirit," "the prose of the centre," etc., deserve such careful, isolated quotation. Mr. Jones does not speak of the chief defect of Matthew Arnold's prose—its often tedious repetitions of word or phrase—though he admits that as a style "it is not free from some cæsures that 'prose of the centre' would avoid."

The chapter on Dickens has fallen to Professor Saintsbury. It contains many illuminating criticisms. He is chiefly concerned in showing that the secret of Dickens' success lay in two opposing characteristics discoverable in nearly everything he wrote—"a strictest realism of detail" and "a fairytale unrealism of general atmosphere." These pages and the portmanteau-chapter on the Lesser Poets—contributed by Professor Saintsbury as in previous volumes—have a greater freshness than anything else in the book. He can write humorously of ridiculous people like Martin Tupper, and there is a pleasant remark about that at one time large coterie of people who passed indiscriminately praise on the poems of Mary Coleridge: "The person," says Professor Saintsbury, "who is quite sure of the exact intention of such a poem as 'Unwelcome'—" 'We were young, we were merry, we were very, very wise,' with all its welcome strangeness, and its quaint urbanity of rhythm, may, perhaps, rather be commiserated on his certainty than complimented on his acuteness."

"The Political and Social Novel" is the subject of a long and interesting chapter by Sir Adolphus Ward. It deals with Disraeli, Charles Kingsley, Mrs. Gaskell, and George Eliot, perhaps the least attractive of all the literary figures of the century. "Romola" is a monument of dullness. Although Sir Adolphus Ward speaks in one place of George Eliot's "amplitude of exposition," he praises this book extravagantly. Compared with a novel like "The Cloister and the Hearth"—the comparison is, of course, unfair, because there is nothing else like it in English—"the polished" offer from the sheer weight of its pretentious erudition. The fact is that George Eliot never satisfies us as do the other women novelists of the time—the Bronte sisters, for instance. She writes with none of their depth of feeling; her experiences, though they may have been more varied, are never converted into the power of reality. And so her personality does not interest us; she is pre-occupied with a certain specious intellectualism; she is not concerned to write as a woman. Over everything she did is the same atmosphere of earnestness. "Writing valuable things," she said, and I can write no word that is not prompted from within." Dullness that is presumed to come from Heaven, however, is no more attractive than the earthly
variety. Had she taken herself less seriously, the result might have been a good deal more pleasing.

The greatest contrast with George Eliot's works, as we have suggested, is to be found in the novels of Charlotte Bronte, who died at the early age of thirty-nine. Indeed, the emergence of the Bronte sisters from the obscurity of a Yorkshire rectory to literary fame, has always been a puzzle. It was unexpected and unaccountable. Probably, the very prosaic uneventfulness of their surroundings was partly responsible for those masterpieces of Victorian fiction.

The two final chapters of the book are devoted to Meredith, Samuel Butler, George Gissing, and the Lesser Novelists. Mr. W. T. Young writes with discrimination; yet it is curious to find such limited reference to the work of Henry Kingsley. "The Hillyars and the Burtons," one of his most notable fictions, is never even mentioned, either in the short section dealing with Henry Kingsley or in the Bibliography. It is true, of course, that this writer was a not too respectable member of a very respectable family; but that does not in the least affect his work, which, in the future, may very well be more highly valued than that of his illustrious brother. It is, at any rate, a decided relief after the rather tiring "muscular Christianity" of Charles Kingsley.

British Destiny. By D. N. Dunlop. (The Path Publishing Co.)

It was Wordsworth who said that "the world is too much with us"; and we have read so much of world-dominion, world-civilisation, world-federation, since the war began, that we are inclined to do the remark. If the paper-masters of The World manifest some of Hamlet's reluctance to set the world right, they would be more tolerable; Tennyson had grace enough to say: "I have not made the world, and He that made it will guide:" but every man who can put pen to paper, and spell the words "co-operation" and "federation," in these days, feels impelled to show the world the way it should go. Mr. Dunlop is no better and no worse than the rest; he works up to an Industrial Federation whose "general aim would naturally be to preserve and promote national efficiency, and the traditions and ideals which are the basis of the British Empire," and any other cliché that the reader can remember. When Moses saw the two Hebrews who strove together, "he said to him that did the wrong, Wherefore smitest thou thy fellow?" Mr. Dunlop would only say: "Don't smite him; co-operate with him. Federate, ruminante, organise." A generation ago, it was not the world, but "the other world," of which we talked; and Emerson, in his impatience of some spiritualistic nonsense, retorted: "Other world? There is no other world."

If we read much more about what is wrong with the world, if we read any more quotations of Kant's and Franklin's prophecy of a world-federation (as though two words explained anything), we shall be tempted to deny the existence of this "World," and to do some harmless and necessary piece of work of which we do know something. There is nothing to be said of the process of federation; it is merely a method of junction; all that can be discussed are proposed schemes, and of these Mr. Dunlop offers us none. It is nonsense to suppose that federation is a guarantee of agreement until it can be shown that men have agreed about federation; there is nothing to agree about in the word, and men are apt to differ about the details. To tell us, for instance, that "Labour must have an integral share in the deliberations of the Federation" tells us nothing; what share, how apportioned, how exercised? But Mr. Dunlop is so set upon reforming the world that he does not begin the process; he talks of principles, but he never applies them; and his essay is really no more than wind-baggage.

Pastiche.

ON THE EMBANKMENT.

London town is slowly sinking
Into fistful, fev'sh shrubber.
All the river lights are sinking
In the water, without number;
Through the darkness we come sinking
Down the byways to the river,
Slouching o'er the sombre river;
Peering stealthily and blinking
At the lights that dance and quiver—
Joyous lights that dance and quiver
In the bosom of the river,
While we shamble, shake, and shiver,
Brain-sick men and women thinking
Of the solace of the river.

Noontide's surging stream is shrinking
At the touch of Midnight's finger;
Life's remaining drags for drinking
Fate may offer those who linger,
Those who cannot choose but linger;
Through the darkness we come sinking
Past the lights that dance and quiver,
Past the lights that dance and quiver,
Silent men and women thinking
Of the solace of the river,
Seeking solace from the river,
Where the street lights dance and quiver,
While we shamble, shake, and shiver,
Seeing all our sorrows sinking
(And we with them) in the river.

What harsh circumstance is linking
All these wretched souls together?
Maybe some poor drudh is thinking,
Like myself, of hills and heather,
Some safe haunt amid the heather;
Maybe she is also shrinking
From her matting with the river,
From the horror of that sinking
'Neath the twinkling lights for ever,
Underneath those lights for ever;
Is there none who can deliver
We, who shamble, shake, and shiver,
From our bondage to the river;
From the servitude of sinking
Night by night along this river?

THE ROOTS.

Wresting the nurture from the soil's scant giving,
Writheing for others' gleaning, oh, ye blind,
Rattling at meagre slots of empty living,
Swallowing the wind.

Roots of the city, hushed in very trembling,
Strings that a secret sorrow shrills along,
Knotted in toil, prove to the world's dissembling,
Failure—or bitter wrong.

Rat of the roots, lurker and lurcher deathward,
Cooped in your tunnelled mire disconsolate,
What of the crystal souls you summon breathward,
You and your shrunken mate?

Hands that have dabbled cool in space eternal,
Eyes that have vistad forests of fresh Time,
These must you witness clamped to drudge diurnal,
Daubed with the brand of slime.

Dwarfed like the shadow-dancers' dark gyrating
Through eddied smoke from gibbering chimney-can,
Drift of the gusty corners, hateful, hating—
Man, or shadow of man.

Gipsy moon, ridging down the star-track,
What is your thought of Life's peaked harvestings?
Pilgrim moon, curving through broken cloud-wrack
Is This the mean of things?
What is the lyric strain of love and lover,
Or hosts triumphant through a thousand drums,
While red and white mart and stately steuple cover
Slums, and the waste of slums?

Spirit of Life creative beauty shedding,
Though human soul lament in slow, slow waves,
Beware you build your golden cities spreading
Over these living graves.

Why do you laze and quibble where the will is soon
To such poison from the mound of pain,
Make fungus-fruits a wilderness of lilies,
And Man a God again!

Jean Guthrie-Smith.

QUESTIONS FOR GUILDSMEN.

Sir,—It is to be hoped that THE NEW AGE will adopt as a permanent policy a constant series of explanatory articles on the lines of Mr. G. D. H. Cole's "Reflections on the Wage System." It is highly valuable from the point of view of propaganda. It has been my experience, after having lent a copy of THE NEW AGE to a new reader, often to have been asked, "What is this system of Guilds to which it so frequently refers?"

Furthermore, in spite of having definitely adopted the Guild theory, I have long felt the need of having it explained now in greater detail. Some of the points upon which I, personally, should like more enlightenment are as follows:—Whether the withholding of services is the natural and only safe weapon for the belligerent foe, consisting of a monopolistic control of services, is the natural and only safe weapon for

T. C.

THE NEW AGE

May 22, 1917

MR. EPSTEIN'S SCULPTURES.

Sir,—Mr. Van Dieren's article on Epstein's sculpture in your issue of March 8 is an excellent instance of what the French call "l'art d'enfoncer des portes ouvertes." Mr. Van Dieren sets up a Philistine theory, namely, "that any clear relation between art and sexual matters or emotions should be strictly avoided." He then muses upon the heavy artillery of his arguments and storms this empty fortress after a siege of several thousand words. But surely Mr. Van Dieren's talents deserved a better use than this eloquent 'attack on Philistines in the subject of the portrait the form-giver finds his inspiration ready made. The power of thought is life-giver; the power of expression is form-giver. The first is fecundating and masculine, the second passive and feminine. They correspond to the twin principles of Spirit and Matter, Life and Earth, which under different names are revered in all theogonies.

It is possible to imagine an artist endowed with a strong power of expression, yet not inspired, or but poorly inspired. Such an artist will obviously have:

(1) A greater ability for portraits than for original work. For in the subject of the portrait the form-giver finds his inspiration ready made.

(2) A wayward inspiration, changing its course as influences come and go, capricious and fickle, and delighting in minor work.

(3) A restlessness not unlike the nervous restlessness of sex unsatisfied, and an obsession for sterile as distinct from productive sexualism.

These three features are to be observed in Mr. Epstein's work. Mr. Epstein possesses extraordinary powers of expression—of which he owes his triumph as a sculptor; but his inspiration is mediocre. He is restless, wayward, and obsessed by sex. His Venus is a morbid production, very effective, and therefore very evidently morbid. The deliberate suppression of face and hands—where spiritual love finds expression—the ridiculous treatment of the breasts -- which suggests the spurious character of impotence against maternity—the lustful relish of the treatment of the middle part of the body, the wilful impoverishment of the back and shoulders, and the whole ruthless and unmerciful figure are not love, not even the exquisite voluptuousness of certain works of Rodin—but a weak, sophisticated, vicious lasciviousness, wholly unnatural and obscene.

The conclusion is that Mr. Epstein is not a complete artist. He is a great force of expression, let loose and uninspired by an incomprehensible caprice of Nature; a sex unsatisfied.

T. D. M.

SIR,—"Y. AND R."

It seems to me that the New Age has so far failed to contribute anything towards the question of the prevention of future wars. This must shortly become the foremost question we shall be called upon to tackle. And it is not like THE NEW AGE to be the last in the field.

V. AND R.

SIR,—Your usually very acute contributor "A. E. R." falls into rather a serious error in your issue of March 1, which I should have endeavoured to correct before this, had I not fallen lamentably behind with my NEW AGES. (Nothing would induce me to skip an issue to catch up.) "A. E. R." says or agrees with the book he is reviewing, which says, in effect, that the poor show how they make the country in the matter of exports is due to our having, during the last year, exported goods to pay for our imports. Where's the difference? "A. E. R." goes on: "If England were a gold-producing country, there would not be much reason for worry; but as we are not, the figures are quite

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business of international trade and finance, it is quite a toss-up which way the country decides the issue.

Harry W. Leggett.

"A. E. R." writes: Your correspondent seems to me to be trifling with a serious question, probably because he is overzealous in his effort to produce a summary and thinks that he is thereby exempted from reading the book. But the dialectical point that he makes against me can be refuted as easily as it can be made; there is a difference between exporting for gold and exporting for goods. In the first place, nobody wants shipping, I may remind him that imports without against me can be refuted as easily as it can be made; monopolising the home market by restriction- of 

Leggett recognises that from 1900-13 our imports cost 2.62 per cent. less, or whether he understands how the international gold currency operates to produce this phenomenon. Indeed, his letter so puzzles me that I do not know which to begin, to set him right. If he wishes to discuss the question, and you will open your columns to the discussion, I shall be pleased to do what I can to make a difficult subject (simple enough in its principles) clear to him. But his present letter really tells me nothing to answer, except absurdities "for purposes of international exchange, I think gold must be reckoned as much a commodity, and nothing else, as, for instance, coal." Would that it were; but if Mr. Leggett will "think" again, he will discover that it is also money, a medium of exchange which complicates the process of exchange to our disadvantage. With reference to his other point of the interest from foreign investments and the profits on mercantile shipping, I may remind him that imports without corresponding exports do not benefit an industrial population. Of what use, for instance, is our import of munitions, of what use is our import even of foodstuffs to Lancashire, for example, if Lancashire cannot export its cotton goods? Tributes, investive contributions do not enrich an industrial population; they actually deprive it of a home market. The "Protect and Nationalise" policy of the New Age does not seem to me to have anything to do with the question raised by Mr. Phipson's book; for the only object achieved by it would be the nationalisation of the profits obtained by monopolys in the home market by restriction of imports; while Phipson's policy is devised to secure the expansion of exports and the maintenance of their natural value.

Drama.

Sir,—The letter of Mr. Hurtle Carter in your last issue only makes perfectly clear what I assumed to be his argument when I replied to him before; he is definitely mistaking religion for drama. I have nothing to say about religion, except that Christianity has refined it from a communal to a mystical experience. Even the Temple into which Mr. Carter wishes to convert the Theatre was an encumbrance to Christ: "When thou prayest, enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut the door, pray to thy Father, which is in secret; and thy Father which seeth in secret shall reward thee openly." But nothing short of a theatre will satisfy Mr. Carter; he cannot be converted, like St. Paul, on a dusty road; he must do his conversion (perhaps he means contortion) in a public place. Well, as I have said, I have no objection; but if I do not take part in such will convert the whole performance into drama by converting myself into a spectator, a rather critical one. The criminal is always the person in the minority: the tendency of all democratic movements is towards democracy—that is to say, sooner or later the subject is degraded to the level of the comprehension of the proletariat. The Modernists have degraded theology to ethics, as minor prophets always do.—Reviews.

There is no gulf between the two worlds; all is one. Sanity has but one safeguard, and that is understanding.—"Triboulet.

The criminal is always the person in the dock.—A. E. R.

"The Blue Moon," or "The Square Circle," or 'The Blue Moon'... of them. They would simply be asking for it. But I deal with ordinary mortals, and these, I believe, would vigorously resent any attempt on the part of the theatre at meddling with their lives. All this skimbly-skamble stuff about "the transmission of the conversion of the author," has nothing to do with drama; for dramatic poetry differs from lyric poetry in this, that it does not attempt to present the author, but to re-present his judgment of given characters in given situations. What "conversion" did Shakespeare transmit?—John Francis Hope.

Memoranda.

(From last week's New Age.)

A rapid movement towards the left and ending in anarchy is the inevitable consequence of the success of Ulster.

The condition of fixing Prices is the control of Supply.—"Notes of the Week."

National Guildsmen use the example of the soldier in order to emphasise one of the great iniquities of the wage-system; but they do not therefore imply that the soldier's condition is that of an economic or social paradise. —G. D. H. Cole.

To me the most dangerous occurrence during the war is not the Munitions Act or any other piece of repressive legislation, but the constant playing off by Labour of one group against another. Capital now knows that the capacity of many of the workers is greater than their idealism. Labour's best policy is the policy of minding its own business.

If a truism be true, reiteration cannot make it false.—W. Mellor.

Feminism has made but little way among the proletariat.—E. Townsend.

If man really did fall eurhythmically to the accom- company of really good music by Corelli and W. Yelin, he ought to do it regularly for his own benefit. Back to Paradise, and fall again!—John Francis Hope.

Sympathy is Love bereft of his bow and arrows—but still blind.—Edward Moore.

The tendency of all democratic movements is towards democracy—that is to say, sooner or later the subject is degraded to the level of the comprehension of the general public, instead of the comprehension of the general public being educated to an understanding of the subject. The Modernists have degraded theology to ethics, as minor prophets always do.—Reviews.

Economic saving consists in consuming as much as is necessary for the increase of as much as possible. Industry is Man's means of making a conquest of Nature.

We do not expect an egg to crow.

The destruction of the wage-system is the end of Trade Unionism. Both will fall together.

Production concerns values; competition concerns prices.—"Notes on Economic Terms."
PRESS CUTTINGS.

Parlourmaid; good wages, according to experience; age 28-30; 7 maids; family 2; town and country; no housework; good situation where maids stay a long time—Mr. W. Blunt, Whata Rectory, Monmouth.

Required, a thoroughly experienced parlourmaid, where under-parlourmaid and boy are kept; good wages given; town and country; 11 servants kept; Apply by letter to Messrs. Schillans, 44, Upper Grosvenor Street, London, W. 

Kitchenmaid, single-handed; town and country; £18-£22; age 18-24; 9 servants; family 3.—The Hon. Mrs. C. Brownlow, 17, Stratford Place, W.

Under-housemaid wanted for Knightsbridge; age about 24-28; wages £50, all found; 10 servants kept; good references required.—Write or call, to 10 or 12 to 7, 19, Hyde Park Square, W.

Under-housemaid wanted for Knightsbridge; age about 24-28; wages £50, all found; 10 servants kept; good references required.—Write Box D.568, Times Bureau, Harvey Nichols, Knightsbridge.—"The Times."

I would not like the job of canvassing for recruits for "National Service." Members of public boards are fighting shy of the work—"Stirling Journal and Advertiser."

The National Syndicate, in conformity with the decisions of its National Congresses, and more particularly at the 24th National Congress, declares itself to be in favour of the nationalisation of railways.

In doing this, it does not in any way whatever mean that "statifying" the various Public Departments is one step—which cannot be dispensed with—towards the object pursued by syndicalism. Wishing—in order successfully to carry on the campaign it is undertaking—to make an appeal to the whole of the working classes, organised in its syndicates and its departmental unions of syndicates, and taking into consideration that certain militants declare themselves anti-Statists, the National Syndicate wishes first of all to declare that it pursues nationalisation on the following conditions:

1. That the nationalised service be accorded complete autonomy, it being understood that a great nationalised service must have for its object the administration of things. The profits realised by any one department should only serve to improve the conditions of transport of passengers and goods, and to establish better working conditions and salaries for the staff.

2. That the staff be called upon to take part in the management of the railway, which implies that the employees should be grouped in their professional organisations.

The example of the present State railway is already one to be remembered. The members of the board of the district are responsible for the management; but we must secure that they are not dependent on Ministers or politicians. Concerning the part taken by the employees in the management, there is at present only the embryo of a satisfactory arrangement, four members only representing the staff, being nominated by the Minister to the board of the district.

3. That the public—travellers, tradesmen, and manufacturers—are equally called upon to collaborate, the necessity of this being more and more felt, and the results of which are already known as regards certain questions. The initiative taken by such societies as the Touring Club and the Automobile Club, concerning the notices placarded on the sides of the roads, proves what private initiative can do for public services.

These three conditions being fixed, it appeared to the National Syndicate that our country, which is in the bosom of the National Syndicate or in that of the C.G.T., declare themselves anti-Statists, can conform to the idea of nationalisation, by recognising that a railway district worked in the manner indicated above, incontestably presents a superiority, from the point of view of all the interests at stake, over the working of a private company, which is led fatally to neglect in a large measure the interests of the public and of the staff, in order to satisfy its shareholders by producing larger and larger dividends, more and more important.

On the other hand, the National Syndicate affirms the necessity for the staff, in a like case, to maintain a professional organisation remaining always in the bosom of the C.G.T. and not losing sight of the constant solidarity with the rest of the proletariat and the indispensable educational effort to arrive at a complete transformation of society.—Resolution of the French Syndical National des Chemins de Fer.

The recent firm action here on the selling price of potatoes had an excellent precedent in Australia. When the war broke out, the farmers had already sold their wheat to the merchants at the usual low rate. The latter at once advanced the price of wheat and held it up. The Labour Government at once fixed the price at a much lower rate, and the merchants refused to sell. As the millers were practically out of grain, Holman gave the farmers a week's grace to comply, but, as it was ignored, hundreds of carts were sent to the stores and, under an Order of State, commandeered the wheat supplies, and a cheque sent for same at the Government price. Notwithstanding this the bakers put up the price of bread. Holman opened a State bakery and reduced the price, a loaf. This brought the bakers to their senses, and they capitulated.—"The Railway Review."

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