NOTES OF THE WEEK.

What is the purpose of the current dissemination of rumors of an early peace? That they are prevalent nobody can doubt; and even if we discount Mr. Bottomley's optimism as merely smart journalism, there remains enough evidence to call for comment. It is not as if there were anything in the visible situation to account for this sudden flush of confidence in an early peace. To the man in the street, the average citizen, there is nothing, indeed, more favorable to peace to-day than there was twelve months ago. It is true that he is not aware of all that may have been going on behind the scenes and in Germany itself. It is also true that he is vaguely conscious of the superiority of the potentiality of the Allies (with America still unexploited among them) over the actuality, the declining actuality, of the Central Powers. But on the face of things and as represented in the Press and the official reports and speeches, matters are to-day in respect of an early peace in no better visible state than they were a year ago. How comes it then that talk of an early peace is more general and its spokesmen a little more respectable to-day than on previous occasions? Why is it necessary for Lord Northcliffe to undertake a campaign in America to deny that the British Prime Minister is about to deliver a peace-speech? Why does the City, on the authority of the " Nation," pretend to be credulous that peace will be brought about by Christmas? And why, above all, does neither the War-Cabinet nor the aforesaid Jingo-Press contradict or discourage the talk? The answer, we should say, is something as follows. Though there is, in fact, as little immediate ground for an early peace now as at any time, it suits several of the great "interests" to pretend that there is more. Always, as we have many times pointed out, it is to the advantage of the financial and capitalist interests to have it believed that peace is near, since in that state of hopeful uncertainty it is improbable that any really drastic legislation or change will be considered worthwhile. What is the use, they insinuate, of radically reconstructing our affairs when at any moment peace may be declared? Let us get along with as few changes as possible; above all with as few changes in our financial and industrial policy as possible. This, we believe, is the chief explanation of the regularly recurrent phenomenon of talk of an early peace; for, looking back over the forty months' history of the war, we see that the periodicity of such talk has been fairly regular. It has coincided, moreover, with the floating of every fresh war-loan.

So far as the Allied objects in the war are concerned, it cannot truthfully be said that the general public is definite about them. Unfortunately it appears to be also true that neither are the Allied statesmen themselves—at any rate, in public. Mr. Lloyd George has at last announced the immediate assembling of the long-delayed Conference of Allies, the most important, he assures us, that has ever been held. And so it is; for both America and New Russia will for the first time be represented. But when we turn to the speeches of our own probable representatives to discover what they are likely to say at such a Conference, the most obliging student of affairs may be pardoned for coming away confused. What, in fact, are we after according to our statesmen? What is the policy that they mean to recommend to the Discussion of peace-terms, the chief of which is "security against future wars." To think that after over three years of war some of us have got no further than the parroting of the first casual phrase...
that was uttered in the earliest days of it. We hope it is not in this state of Babel that our representatives will attend "the most important Conference ever held."

We know that to address the Government is to talk in the air. Nevertheless, it is our duty to repeat that what that section of the public that wants to know anything wants to know is not only the common and universal object for which the Allies are fighting, but what are the means beyond a military victory conceived to be best to secure it. We are all quite agreed in the main that a military victory is desirable and necessary; many think, whether wrongly or rightly, that such a victory would have been possible even without the help of the United States; but we do not think that now that America has come in, such a victory is certain. On the other hand, we are all even more agreed that a military victory is not enough in itself, but what are the means beyond a military victory that now that we have taken a military victory for granted is this: What will come after a military victory? To reply that the morrow of a military victory can be trusted to take care of itself is to think in terms of the present only. It is, moreover, to run the risk of having the fruits of victory snatched from the Allies at the very moment that they are in their hands. For, not to express the problem in too subtle terms, let us ask the plain question what it will cost the Allies to keep Prussia under since it will have cost so much to get her under? Upon this question, it will be seen, everything of future value hangs; for a victory that should require as much force as are not to mind financing the war by means of loans since we shall not have to send our goods to America to be consumed by Americans, but only to the City to be consumed by domestic sharks. And, perchance, the latter, being in our own aquarium, may drop some morsels from their jaws for thirty-nine million little fishes to pick up!

It is the mark of a right policy that, however difficult it may be to inaugurate, it works when once it is set going. In other words, it reduces and simplifies the problems contingent upon it. A wrong policy, on the other hand, involves more and more problems as it unfolds; it both creates new problems and complicates the existing. This fact of common experience may be applied to the problem of our finance in particular, for there is no doubt whatever, judging by its results, that the policy of unrestricted loans which was adopted by the Government in the early days of the war has proved in practice wrong. Equally, on the other hand, there is no doubt that the policy called the Conscript of Wealth, should have turned out to be right. The case is simple. Had there been from the first a national control, not merely over the goods upon which money is spent, but over the spending-power which purchases them, the distribution of goods would have proceeded automatically to adapt itself to the quantity of supply. There would have been no need for the thousand and one regulative measures that have been imposed upon individual shops and their customers, upon producers and consumers in general; but instead of this, all that is required is to have a law, the Conscript of Wealth, the ultimate source of spending-power—We should have had by controlling the root of expenditure (namely, capital and income) a complete and easy control of all its branches. Having, however, neglected this precaution to take hold of a policy by its root, we have not rationed our incomes—the ultimate source of our spending-power—we have first had to ration a few things, and by and by everything must be rationed. For let nobody think that we are yet out of the thicket of regulation; we have scarcely as yet begun to enter it; and, what is even worse to fear is that there is no way through it. As regulation succeeds regulation, still more regulation will become necessary. But we still may be reduced to the condition of people with nominally free spending-power but with actually no choice but to
spend as we are told. This wrenched and paradoxical condition is the nemesis of the stupid selfishness that refuses to see Sinn Fein as a threat to the very existence of the incomes upon which all the rest depends. And it would at once begin to clear itself, if even at this moment, our policy were reversed.

A more unfortunate moment for Mr. Lloyd George's eulogy of Sir Edward Carson could scarcely have been chosen than the eve of the Sinn Fein Convention at Dublin. Moreover, the eulogy, under any circumstances, is not only undeserved, it is baseless of the feelings and the intelligence of the people of both England and Ireland. Ireland knows what it has had to suffer as the result of Sir Edward Carson and his colleagues in Ulster and the Government. But we in England, not to say in the Empire, have our own account with him. Two hundred thousand recruitable Irishmen lost to our Army, the exacerbation of relations, at any rate, of such minor officials in the Irish Army, who laugh at the spirit of Mr. Duke's instructions, and transform them in the letter. And these are the little creatures at the root of our trouble. But is it not strange that they have not long ago been smelted out, seeing that their effect is to frustrate every plan for the real pacification of Ireland? No Sinn Feiner holds office in the Castle bureaucracy; Sinn Fein suspects have even been turned out of the British Civil Service in all parts of the world. Yet, doddering enemies of England are left in Ireland, where their mischief is greatest.

Nobody has the least notion of what will come of the Irish Convention now at the most difficult of its problems, that of drafting a workable Constitution for Ireland. But it appears to be a race between the Convention and Sinn Fein which shall develop its policy first. The prize is little less than the British Empire. Regarding Sinn Fein, however, its present importance has been, in our opinion, unnecessarily magnified. What it may become we have every reason to fear seriously if not greatly; but what it is at this moment is a movement that might be handled without undue alarm. In the first place, it should be recognised that Sinn Fein is primarily a grievance instrument in operation upon provocation. It is thus for the present dependent upon the "mistakes" made by our governing authorities. No English "mistakes," no more Sinn Fein; more "mistakes," more Sinn Fein. In the second place, it is susceptible of critical opposition by the very reason of its insubstantiality. In other words, it can be reasoned with by the ordinary civil means of argument and wit, such as the Irish people love and understand better than most people. It was an Irishman who said that Sinn Fein could be cured by a couple of jokes. The list of its leaders is genius. Finally, we have not forgotten our own sentence if our readers have: that Ireland abhors a vacuum. Unless and until the Convention produces its recommendations and they are under weigh for transformation into an Act of Parliament we must expect the Irish mind to be filled with dreams of a Republic. When the Irish are not practical they are dreaming; but when they are called upon to be practical their dreaming ceases utterly.

The Government's adoption of the Whiteley Report which has now been announced by Mr. Roberts, the Minister of Labour, means a great deal more than appears on the surface; for Government adoption involves Government recognition of the National Industrial Councils proposed to be set up under the Whitley scheme, the Government's assurance of recognition as (in the case of Trade Unions) endows with a legal or constitutional status the persons or bodies so "recognised." In the case of the joint National Industrial Councils proposed to be set up under the Whitley scheme, the Government's assurance of recognition is explicit. "They are to be recognised as the official standing Consultative Committees to the Government in all future questions affecting their industries. In other words, no other body in any industry thus organised will be permitted to communicate directly with the Government, but each constituent industrial organisation must submit to be represented by the proposed National Council. Now this, while it certainly tends towards the autonomy of industry long advocated in these columns, is at the same time a policy full of dangers—dangers that we shall deal with in due course. For the present we can only suggest a few of them. To begin with, there is not the least doubt in our minds that the intentions of the supporters of the scheme are to secure industrial peace within the framework of wage-systems (a peace we can never sign) and to take the wind out of the sails of the National Guilds movement by representing it as having already been initiated. In the next place, there is equally no doubt in our minds that it represents a fresh triumph of Capitalism over both Labour and the State. Our own plan, it will be remembered, was to ally the State and Labour against Capital by nationalising Capital and gilding Labour. There would have been no room for Capitalists in a National Guild system. Under the Whitley scheme, however, Capital has a double defence. It might be represented as Capital supported by the State and Labour rampant. In any dispute between Labour and Capital, Capital will appeal for support to Labour. Capital, in short, has compromised between the devil and the deep sea by ensuring itself the support of either against the other. Finally, we have to note that the declared intention of the scheme—its wildest dream as Mr. Webb would say—has been to bring about a"capitalisation of Capital" and to cut Capital in the conduct of industry. The capital that controls industry is to remain under the control of Capital alone. This is a rapid summary of the evils involved in the proposals; and they are none the less for having been ignored by the official Labour Party.
A LETTER TO MR. G. K. CHESTERTON.

Sir,—As a defender of democracy and liberty among us your pen has few equals, and you have supported the essential principles on which this country undertook to wage war. It is, therefore, with diffidence that I venture to question the soundness of your present attitude; and, indeed, it might be better at once to suggest that some features of your policy are so obscure that it is not easy either to question or to approve of them. In reading through the issues of your paper, particularly during the last three months, I have been both surprised and concerned at the absence of what appears to me to be necessary comment of a detailed nature on one of the most important problems of the war—the problem, namely, of what the peace terms ought to be. For three months and more peace terms have been a subject of general discussion, and one to which the Vatican has at least once openly lent its high authority. Unfortunately, you do not appear to have considered this aspect of the war; and, what is even worse, you seem now to be a neutral on the one great spiritual issue which is being contested. In order, if possible, to gain a clearer insight into your views, I have again looked through my file of the “New Witness” for the last three months. No, I can find there no indication that you have even thought of the conditions of peace. On the contrary, you declaim generally against Prussians and Prussianism—which we have all done without wishing to stop there, or to regard that alone as a constructive policy. Here, apparently, is where we of The New Age differ from you by continents and centuries. I think, we all think, that it is useless merely to vilify the Prussians, and to declare that they must be exterminated like rats before peace can reign. Extermination is impossible; and there are even some Prussian traditions and institutions—a judiciary even less corrupt than our own, a love of scientific knowledge for its own sake, a general disregard of wealth among officials who labour for the benefit of the State—which are too good and rare in the world to be destroyed. If the ruling classes have misused these virtues and traditions, that is neither here nor there for the moment. The point is, when the Prussian military system, with all that it connotes in morality, religion, and politics is at length shattered on the battlefield, what do you propose to put in its place? For upon that depends the future liberty of Europe, and the future merearchy of the world. Here, it would seem, you disagree with us. In a remarkable issue of the “New Witness” (September 13, 1917), you published a leading article on the new National Party and the war. In that article you strongly advised the National Party “not to be afraid of being merely destructive.” To talk about destruction as opposed to construction, you say, is sheer cant; and you go on to make what is surely a mostfallacious analogy. For three years, you tell us, all men, except a handful of madmen, have directed devoted their best brains, virtues, and inventions to a work of stark and sterile destruction. And you add: “The truth to be learned from this aspect of war is very simple: destruction is and ought to be practised as a virtue; destruction is and ought to be pursued as an ideal, if indeed not always, but until all is destroyed.” Now, can you imagine the leading countries of the world setting out to destroy the Prussian military system without having thought of what they were going to put in its place? No reasonable man could ask or command another merely to destroy, unless the substitute for the thing destroyed was constructively, if not rationally, understood. On one point the Allies were agreed when they started to resist Germany, and that was that henceforth all nations, large and small, should be free to dispose of their own destiny, under the recognised public law of the world. This formula, vague though it may appear, was better than nothing; it was an idea against an idea; but at times it became crystallised into something much more definite. It was easy even for people who did not take a very great interest in foreign affairs to notice that German aggression sprang from the German military caste and its civic connections, and that the German military caste had enormous power, because it was autocratic and not representative. Therefore, the demand of the Allies, expressed in varying ways and in varying degrees of emphasis, gradually became this: the democratisation of Germany as the most trust-worthiest means of ensuring representative government, and, consequently, the very high probability (I say no more) of preventing Germans from undertaking another war. You argue (September 6) that no distinction can be made between the German Government and the German people, though the unparalleled rise of the Minority Socialists is there to show how the people are at last becoming articulate. You condemned the Stockholm Conference (see especially your “comments” of August 23) as a German trap to catch unwise Allied representatives, not realising that even the Majority Socialists, in renouncing the settlement, Stockholm, went back to Germany shocked and surprised at having discovered the impression their countrymen had left on the world. Above all, you go out of your way (September 13) to throw doubt on democracy itself: “We greatly undermine our cause,” you say, “by merely calling it a democratic cause . . . in plain fact, we are not fighting for democracy against despotism, but for decency against indecency.” This is a most untrue and pernicious assertion. You, with your European reputation, have long been quoted on the Continent as the representative of English democratic opinion, and in no countries more so than in Germany and Austria. Cannot you realise that by printing opinions of this kind you are unawares using your power to delay and frustrate the carrying out of the Allies’ aims, which is not only victory over Prussian militarism—for that is merely a means to an end—but the establishment of a democratic feeling in Germany? At the very time when the Allies have realised that they must do more than defeat Germany, they must bring Germany into line with Europe—by making her democratic—you are implicitly urging them to act the part of Torquemada instead of the part of the Redeemer. The Germans, I repeat, cannot be exterminated, even if the extermination of so huge a proportion of the European human family were desirable (I speak as a democrat and Christian); but they must be democratised if the world is not to sink altogether under the crushing armaments which would become necessary if Germany were shorn of all else, but left with her autocratic spirit unbroken. That is the first great point to be borne in mind in connection with the war. Let us look at your views again. You have no policy with regard to peace; you have no specific military policy to urge. You believe in democracy, though you have for the moment unaccountably overlooked its transcendent importance. But the one policy which you do urge is an anti-semitic one. The last quarter’s issues of your paper contain more fulminations against the Jews than any equal number of “New Witnesses” taken at random in all its history. Your objection to the Jews is quite simple so far as the war is concerned. You accuse them of endeavouring to safeguard their international interests by working for a German peace—for a peace which shall leave things almost exactly as they were, with the exception of a few minor territorial modifications, but with no real change in the spirit of Germany. But what is your own alternative solution? You refuse to trust the politi-
cians; you have ruled out democracy; the one country 
to which you habitually appeal for an example is 
France; and the institution upon which the 
"New Witness" relies for authority is the 
Church of Rome. Is it not, therefore, remark-
able that we should find so little essential difference 
between the policy of the international Jews and 
the policy of the international Catholics? The 
Jews want a German peace in order to safeguard 
their interests; the Vatican wants a German peace in order 
to safeguard the Church. Do you doubt this? 
The last Note from the Pope on the subject of peace clearly 
took it for granted that the way was 
open to a patched-up peace if negotiations 
could be started at once; and this the 
Vatican sought to obtain. With America pouring 
troops across the Atlantic the story was bound to have 
a different ending.

Now, let us see what has happened abroad. It has 
long been notorious that Austria is the main support 
of your Church; and the Church is only too obviously 
trying to save itself by trying to save Austria. In 
France the Republic is too wary to allow itself to 
be led by the direction along which the 
Vatican would fain lead it; England is clearly as much 
out of the question as Germany; but the influence of 
the Church in Italy is strong. For months past, as the 
Italian papers have borne witness, insidious attempts 
have been made to undermine the spirit of the people, 
and even Parliamentary campaigns have been waged 
against the authorities. (It was partly in consequence 
of some of these manoeuvres that Boselli had his ad-
verse vote on Friday.) The causes of the political 
unrest in Italy were dealt with a few days ago by 
a well-known Paris Roman Catholic organ, the "Echo 
de Paris" (October 19), whose orthodoxy is above 
your suspicion. The writer of one of the leading 
articles, summing up the Italian situation, gave two 
or three of the main reasons why unrest was prevalent; 
and I quote for your benefit a highly suggestive pas-
sage. Having mentioned the pacific Socialist groups 
(we have examples of them elsewhere), the writer 
mentions, as an important anti-war group, the Conser-
ervative Catholics, who—

In internal politics, have never taken up a national 
attitude, and are still dominated by the doctrine of "non expedit" laid down by Pius IX in 
1871— all those who, in the matter of external politics, 
are preoccupied above all by the fate of Austria, which they regard as the last garrison of State Catholicism. Finally, mention should be made of the Social Catholics, under the leadership of Signor Miglioli, who are inclined 
to think on many points with the Socialists. The recent 
Berlin and Vienna manoeuvres have naturally revived 
all these elements.

That is a noteworthy statement to appear in a paper 
which supports the Church, is it not? But the French 
are good democrats before they are good Churchmen; 
and it would not occur to them to suggest the Church 
as a substitute for democracy. They—and we, 
and the rest of the world—endured once before the tyranny 
of an international Church, a Church powerful and 
self-seeking; and the world will not repeat that ex-
periment. If we must have an international tyranny 
(though I deny the necessity) give us the Jewish 
capitalists, who demand only the labour of our bodies 
to pay their interest, rather than the tyannical Church 
which demands our souls into the bargain.

And now what precisely is this doctrine of "non expedit" to which the "Echo de Paris" writer makes 
reference? Is this the doctrine of the Vatican of 
in 1870 led to the withdrawal of the French garrison 
from Rome; and the Italian authorities at once took 
steps to put an end to the Pope's temporal power. 
In the very natural, if unchristian, bitterness of his 
heart, Pius IX sought to safeguard the Church by 
forbidding the faithful to take part in politics,
disappointments. One more point. You cannot single out France as an example of a Roman Catholic country which is determined to wage a democratic war. For the French Roman Catholics who do intervene actively in political affairs (as you can see for yourself by looking through their newspapers, books, and pamphlets) are anxious to restore the monarchy and to do away with every vestige of the Republic; and the French Roman Catholics who are going on with the war would hardly meet, so far as politics are concerned, with the Vatican's approval. I am sorry that this letter is so long; but it is long chiefly because the 'New Witness' is obscure. Further, we cannot, without a strong protest, see the weight of your authority being thrown into the wrong scale. Quo vadis? S. VERDAD.

Guilds and their Critics.

II.—Producers and Consumers.

Mr. Bulley refers to the State as the natural guardian of the consumer. Here is a letter on the same point from Mr. Godfrey Jackson:

"In the last chapter of your book, 'Guild Principles in War and Peace,' you endorse Mr. Anderson's contention that the capitalist is the real protagonist of the consumer. But the National Guilds League always seems to argue that the State's justification for representing upon the Guilds Congress is that it protects the consumer. You cannot both be right."

Before we come to the difficult question of the consumer there is the problem, cited by Mr. Bulley, of the alleged inefficiency of the producer. This he ascribes to a natural conservatism on the part of the craftsman and to a lack of discipline arising out of industrial democracy. A publication on the subject by the Fabian Research Committee is called in aid. Mr. Bulley seems to think that National Guildsmen positively welcome inefficiency, and quotes the secretary of the National Guilds League as "singing a paean in praise of inefficiency." That gentleman is very capable of taking care of himself, as those who have tried a fall with him will readily testify. I do not know the circumstances, but, accepting Mr. Bulley's statement as correct, I surmise that Mr. Mellor was probably emphasising the fact that there are many elements in our problem of a much more character than efficiency. It is a god before which many well-meaning people prostrate themselves. The priest in "John Bull's Other Island," we may remember, had something very pertinent and memorable to say about English efficiency. Those who lay most stress on it often forget that the present industrial system is extraordinarily inefficient. Why, for example, do the products of Oldham cost the consumers twice as much as they do the producer? Why have our industrial leaders permitted such an army of purely commercial vampires to fasten on production? Prior to the war there were at least two million cases in which, under an efficient industrial régime, would have been set to productive work. If our employers have brought the exploitation of labour to a fine art, they have proved their incompetence beyond cavil by allowing themselves to be blackmailed by railways, millmen, money-lenders, and harpining down the day's work. This is the part of the Guildsman's case that modern industry has developed weaknesses and diseases that effectually put it out of court for any criticism on this score which it may make of democratic control. In any event, if it be a choice between industrial democracy and efficiency—an alternative taken for a moment, if not for a lifetime—my unequivocal choice is for Democracy. We may admit that Democracy must painfully acquire, by errors, disappointments and treacheries, a knowledge of its business; there is, nevertheless, no reason to doubt that it will, in due season, become the efficient master of its own affairs. Nor need it be too tedious a process, judging by the mentality of the average successful business man.

I dogmatically assert that, whatever their degree of democratic control, every previous experiment in proletarian production shows absolutely no light upon the present problem. No such experiment, however voluminously analysed, is required to prove that production, within the ambit of the wage-system, must prove a failure. Students may pile up the records to the utmost limit; the Fabians and other quidnuncs may draw their bureaucratic or capitalistic deductions; the most they can do is to prove, what we already knew, that wagner is not only nasty but cheap, not only degrading but inefficient. Nor does it help to be told that these proletarians share in the profits or win a wondrous bonus. It is altogether beside the point, which is that the sale of labour as a commodity—the wage-system—is a monstrous injustice, whether efficient or inefficient; that all deductions drawn from it, as a guide to future Guilds, are misleading and mischievous. On that issue there can be neither parley nor compromise. Labour under the Guilds may commit blunders of the first magnitude: may flounder in industry as the Russian democracy is now floundering in politics: so be it; nevertheless we are not matching the possibilities of future inefficiency with present oppression and robbery.

It is necessary always to stress this point. Mr. Bulley, it will be observed, bases his case upon purely utilitarian grounds. I do not shrink from the speculative comparison of methods; but the significant omission in his letter of any reference to the fundamental principle of wage abolition compels me to remind him that Guildsmen have reached their conclusion, not on the superficial question of efficiency, but on the deeper issue of economic justice and emancipation.

With this reservation, we may now briefly consider whether Guildsmen will be conservative in their methods or fall short in a discipline incompatible with good management.

What precisely does Mr. Bulley mean by the workers developing "a vested interest in the tools and processes to which they are accustomed"? This may be due to an innate conservatism, or it may be a natural objection to a new machine that may flounder in the marketplace. It may throw them upon the unemployed market, where they have leisure to worship that god of the economist—the priceless "mobility of Labour." It is obvious that the second alternative is inapplicable, because, whatever the mechanical or scientific changes adopted by the Guilds, they could not be obstructed by any fear of unemployment. Once a Guildsman always a Guildsman—he is "on the strength" for life. It is conceivable, indeed probable, that a Guildsman would develop a pride in his own workmanship and methods—it is certainly our hope—but that very pride and tenacity would, in an intelligent man, ultimately yield to the more effective process. In my own business—that of ideas—I am reluctant to change; but when I find the contrary argument irresistible (very seldom I am glad to say!), I yield and become a convert. In my experience of engineering shops, both in England and America, I have always been keen on new tools and interested in new processes. Nearly always, it is only when his living is threatened that the obstruction begins. And, of course, under the Guilds there could be no "vested interest"; such a thing would be unthinkable.

For the matter at issue the matter here. I must return to it later when I deal with a letter from a craft-unionist, who raises the question of qualitative production.
II.

The problem of industrial discipline, which looms up in Mr. Bulley’s mind as interference with the management, is not so serious as it seems. But first let me draw attention to a curious inconsistency. Mr. Bulley pictures the Guilds as “profiteering societies,” in an early sentence, but later he pictures them as slack in their methods owing to indiscipline. It would seem that if the Guilds are to be profiteering in character and “armed with economic power,” they cannot possibly afford to be slack and indefatigable. They cannot have it both ways. The corporate impulse to acquire economic power necessarily involves an industrial discipline to secure the end in view. If this be so, then Mr. Bulley’s first contention effectually destroys his second. Moreover, even if he be wrong in his first contention, he is still out of court in his second, for—right or wrong—he inferentially admits the power of the Guilds to impose a discipline designed to meet their industrial requirements. But we need not press the point unduly against Mr. Bulley—to demonstrate inconsistency is by no means to prove error—for it is a simple fact that men united in a single purpose, whether it be profiteering or qualitative or qualitative production, or revolution, or church policy, or cricket or football, can always impose the requisite discipline. They can impose it by a prevailing and acceptable spirit; they can impose it by expulsion, or, in the last resort, by resource to the nearest lamp-post. All of which is implicit in a corporative society.

But it by no means follows that Guild discipline would be the same as, or similar to, capitalist discipline. Let us devoutly hope not! To-day, a worker who argues or disagrees with his foreman or manager is in constant danger of dismissal. I have known cases where the man was indisputably in the right of it, yet was dismissed on grounds of discipline—to encourage the others. Guildsmen, I doubt not, would be vastly more concerned with the intrinsic merits of the dispute than with the transitory dignity of the foreman or manage. Disputes of this kind have been largely instrumental in stimulating the demand for workshop control. Consciously or unconsciously, workmen are sensing the underlying truth that their labour is a human element and not an inanimate commodity. And if it be a human, sentient thing, then the workers, at their peril, even to interfering with the management, must see to it that it is put to the best available uses. The day of the inarticulate workman is dead. Whatever its value in the industrial struggle, his right is now established to boo a goose or damn a foreman.

III.

Mr. Bulley may with reason retort that a motive to efficiency and discipline can be discovered in profiteering whilst it is not at present discoverable in Guild organisation. I agree that, unless there is a motive under the Guilds they are liable to collapse. But, first, it is important to distinguish between efficiency and discipline. An inefficient manager may be a good disciplinarian and yet prove hopelessly incompetent in the higher reaches of his work; may, in fact, cloak his incompetence in a rigid discipline. The problem of motive relates to efficiency, and only indirectly to discipline. Efficient workers are naturally disciplined; they hate disorder. But their sense of efficiency invariably compels them to seek out and remedy the causes of discontent and disorder. In other words, discipline cometh not with observation; it is the sequel to contentious born out of competence and economy.

Good leadership provides a motive, and sensibly lets discipline take care of itself. The Father of the Church taught that lesson a thousand years ago. The patriotic motive has been invoked during the war to induce all citizens to produce war munitions. They have sponsored by hundreds of thousands, their most powerful deterrent being the profiteers. There are, in fact, many motives other than profiteering to make men work. But I am assuming too much. What possible motive is the “divi,” for instance, to stimulate either work or discipline? So far as I know, only these: The immediate chance of selling one’s labour, and so avoiding charity or starvation; the remote chance of joining the capitalist class. Personally, I should say that neither is particularly enticing. But wage-abolition is not as far-fetched as we might suppose. Mr. Bulley appeals to the whole working population, instead of being confined, as it is to-day, to a small group of people, whose motive is not primarily production, but exploitation for profit. An obvious motive under the Guilds would be to retain and preserve that profit or surplus value to be absorbed into the life of the workers, instead of dissipated in the maintenance of a society of shearsers and shorn. Statistically considered, this would represent an improvement of at least 100 per cent. in the present standard of living. With such a prize in view, I am content to wait for a democratic industrial discipline that will show no mercy to slackers and slackers.

“Content” is not quite the word; I am a little afraid of it.

The strictly economic consideration is to ensure that value passes enhanced and undiminished from the raw material to the product of consumption, whether such consumption be for subsequent production or for the maintenance or amenity of life. Now, political economy is fundamentally a search for value. Most economic works are theses ad hoc, the unconscious and sincere defences of existing interests, the appreciation of value largely conditioned by the medium in which they were written. Nothing has so confused the economists as the discord and palpable, between the industrial, commercial and consuming classes. Bastiat, we may remember, would have none of it. Yet any amateur economist, with the labour commodity theory exploded in his mind, can tell the greatest ease the pieces to the “Harmonies.” I do not doubt that the liberation of labour from the commodity theory will open out vast untrodden tracks for the discovery of real value.

IV.

The next step is to inquire whether, under the Guilds, there would be that economic discord between producers and consumers predicted by Mr. Bulley when he demands “the control of industry by the consumers, in the shape of the State, the Municipality, or the Co-op.” The inclusion of the Co-op. staggers me. Here is Mr. Bulley denouncing the Guilds as “profiteering societies,” and in the next breath suggesting the Co-op. If the Co-op. be not a “profiteering society,” what is it? Has Mr. Bulley never heard of the “divi”? What on earth is the dividend if it isn’t profit? In its intention, and at its best, Co-operation is merely an alleviation of the wage-payment. But I now discover that Mr. Bulley believes in the wage-system. “Faced with this issue, it therefore seems to me that, providing—an all-important consideration—the well-being of the producers can be otherwise secured.” Otherwise! Mr. Bulley’s “otherwise” is the continuation of wagery under Collectivism.

At this point also, the legatees of Mr. Jackson call for the consideration of the issue raised by Mr. Jackson, whether, in fact, the rôle of the State is to protect the consumer against the producer. It is of considerable importance, for upon its right solution depends the future relations between the State and the Guild Congress. I must leave this chapter to another writer. To the clear way for what immediately follows, I will simply affirm my belief that the State, either now or under the Guilds, has no definite or formal connection with the consumer as such. Mr. Bulley states it.
WHEN we pass from the region of metaphysical Congress, or through the Civil Guilds, it will literally continuance of rent and interest, and Labour's consent, to compensate those who now existence of values. The second of these is morality, secret about it. I was preparing the way for a puzzled at my caution in approaching, first, the definition have no concern with the Consumers considered as a special interest. There will, in fact, be no such class. But whatever role the-State may play in the Guild Congress, or through the Municipalities, and of the State. The Civil Guilds—the great spending corporations—will be essentially State institutions and representing the State in the Guild Congress, in addition to its special representation as Trustee and nominal owner of the Guild assets. Perhaps Mr. Bulley was a little puzzled at my caution in approaching, first, the definition of non-producer, and, secondly, the definable difference between economic and social demand. There is no secret about it. I was preparing the way for a recognition of that Social demand, which is the basis of the Civil Guilds, of the Municipalities, and of the State. But whatever rôle the State may play in the Guild Congress, or through the Civil Guilds, it will literally have no concern with the Consumers considered as a special interest. There will, in fact, be no such class. S. G. H.

Notes on Political Theory.

AN APOLOGY FOR THE LIBERTY OF THE PERSON. III.

When we pass from the region of metaphysical abstraction and try to appreciate the application of these ideas to the affairs of earth, Mr. de Maestu produces for our inspection the antithesis of personal and political liberty, asserting (with a great show of reason) that this is the doctrine which distinguishes him from the wicked Radicals. The contrast is between liberty as opportunity for service and liberty as opportunity for idling. It goes further: some distinction should be made within the first of these opportunities for service and service itself, which is the bringing into existence of values. The second of these is morality, the first a mere dodge. It is political liberty that is to be exacted from the city and therefore from the things that men will in common, which prescribe and determine the individual's function and his duties. Though there can be very little doubt as to the main drift of Mr. de Maestu's argument, his language is frequently misleading. He is fond of telling us that liberty means rights arise from the city, whereas he believes that they arise from the things which underlie both the city and the individual, to which political association itself is a mere means. Nothing more is demanded than that the group of values from which the greatest sum of values to the less. Why suppose that those things which men pursue in co-operation must always excel what each man may get if left to his own devices? The first may be trivial, like a mob's pursuit of excitement in a picture-house; and the second, a clear good, like a thinker's search for wisdom.

Political liberty is an unambiguously ambiguous term, and some of Mr. de Maestu's difficulties perhaps arise from the specialised sense in which he uses it. We may say that a State possesses political freedom when we mean only that its government has a high degree of autonomy as against the governments of other States. In this sense political freedom while Ireland does not, with the result that many people in Ireland who profess an intense devotion to liberty are content to live on in conditions in other respects of intolerable slavery. Though this meaning is irrelevant and indeed throws a good deal of light on the nature of liberty it is clearly not what Mr. de Maestu means. Again—and this is the commonest sense of the term—when people talk about political liberty they mean precisely what they say: they talk "political liberty" usually regarded as possessing government. Political freedom then means freedom with regard to the government and involves as a minimum that the will of the government in so far as it is brought into operation is not felt to be antagonistic to the wills of the citizens, at least in principle. Another point is that State Socialism with Labour as a commodity. But nevertheless much will remain for State action. The Civil Guilds—the great spending corporations—will be essentially State institutions and representing the State in the Guild Congress, in addition to its special representation as Trustee and nominal owner of the Guild assets. Perhaps Mr. Bulley was a little puzzled at my caution in approaching, first, the definition of non-producer, and, secondly, the definable difference between economic and social demand. There is no secret about it. I was preparing the way for a recognition of that Social demand, which is the basis of the Civil Guilds, of the Municipalities, and of the State. But whatever rôle the State may play in the Guild Congress, or through the Civil Guilds, it will literally have no concern with the Consumers considered as a special interest. There will, in fact, be no such class. S. G. H.
principle deduces all the ordering of social life from the occupation by individuals of a determinate place in the social order. My first point is to identify this with liberty by treating both as equivalent to citizenship, as Mr. de Maizet seems frequently to do, is an amazing perversion of the meaning of words. And one's wonder increases when he proceeds to refer to the example of Greece and Rome, and to quote the dictionaries to the effect that a free man is one who enjoys the full privileges and liberties of citizenship. The marvel is not the conjunction of the classical States and this definition, but that of both with the rigid statement of the functional principle. Nothing is more distinctive, I should have thought, of the common political ideas, both of Greece and of Rome, than the opposition of bond and free. Only that common revolutionary Paul of Tarsus speaks of neither Jew nor Greek, barbarian nor Scythian, bond nor free, and his fate is well enough known. The free man was a man who occupied a position of privilege: at least, he was not confined by legal restriction to a particular low sort of life. And, as a consequence—the consequence which really mattered in the view of the early nineteenth century Prussia: and it is quite consistent with his picture to regard the trial and death of Socrates as in some instructive respects justifiable instead of letting the record of which follow from the attempt to light on the character of his beloved Athenians, and help us to see Socrates as he really was: one of the earliest intellectuals, with regard to whom, after what they no doubt regarded as extreme forbearance, a suspicious democracy at least resorted to the ultimate form of proscription.

That criterion meant determinate service and a free man one who served the State according to his abilities, and was admitted to certain privileges accordingly, was not in the least a common Greek idea, but rather the outcome of the attempt by Socrates and Plato and Aristotle to appreciate the real nature of the State, and protect it against "enlightened" criticism and uninformed prejudice; and, as a consequence, they contributed to the moulding of the medieval mind, by which, no doubt, freedom (admitting that the thing was known) was closely correlated with function and positive achievement. If it be argued that unless the idea of function were in Greek life, it would be impossible to get it out of it as an interpretation, the reply would be easy that this is only a pathetic lack of appreciation of the achievements of philosophers; and it would be adequate that the grounds on which a theoretical defence of an institution may be made are nearly always different from the ground on which it is possible to think that an affection of the crowd. In any case, the Republic of Plato marks a terminus in political thought; the peculiar transformation which current Greek ideas of freedom and political life underwent at the hands of Socrates has influenced modern thought in a manner else than anything else in the ancient world. There are people who in all good faith will yet go back to the Republic for positive instruction; it seems to me much better to look to it for a warning, for the Republic is the best example one could wish of the really rigid application of the functionalist principle and its consequences for liberty. Which is additional, we may remark in parenthesis, to the errors of attempts to apply to the highly complex modern community conclusions drawn from the working of a city so rudimentary in structure as scarcely to have developed that separate organ for government which we now call the State.

The Republic, as everyone knows, purports to be a pattern of the ideal or normal State, capable of realisation under conditions which can be exactly defined. It is to be small, and composed of three classes, the rulers, in whose hands absolutely is the direction of public affairs, the military, and the artisans, with a basis of slaves. These three classes are the citizens, and, presumably, they are all free. Political freedom means that any given citizen will find in the performance of the duties of his station whatever opportunity of realising his capacities is possible to him. He need not, for that is a peculiar trying and exacting function suitable only for men who have undergone a special and laborious training. He is himself a subject; but so are his fellows, because they all submit to the discipline of a common life. But there is upon him no such external control as that on the guardians in seeing that he minds his own business by hypothesis constrain him for his good. One can easily imagine Socrates' scorn of the Radicals of his day as he pointed out that after all the citizens could get nothing by liberty that they had not got already; such an agitation was merely seeking after an opportunity of making fools of themselves.

Yet no one feels that in the Republic one would be living in an atmosphere of bondage; if it be not altogether a city of free men, there is no antagonism of classes. But such a result is only attained by going far beyond the abstract statement of the functional principle. And this is the principle of my thesis about liberty. If you are to have political liberty, if the living state is to bear upon it the peculiar and irreducible but extraordinarily real character we call freedom, there must be added to the functional principle upon which it is organised certain other elements; and in the modern state by far the most vital of these is personal liberty. It would be to take it on too low a level to treat this as making personal liberty a means to political. Means and end, instrument and result, are trifling ideas to bring to matters of this sort. The point is in the conjunction with the search after the good, will make by the same act citizens and free men. The product is one; you might as well try to account for the spirit of the Irish nation, which in its weakness has absorbed at least four conquering races by referring to the Celtic twilight.

Consider how enormous is the final assumption of the Republic following on the functional principle in the building up of the city. Each citizen, it is taken for granted, is fitted precisely into the position where his latent capacities will receive their fullest development. Nothing is to be urged against this; it is in the very nature of the system. But there is much to be urged against the way of putting the idea of function; and purely as a result to be aimed at, it is, so far as it goes, final. But in the Republic this is brought about by the action of the guardians, who are so wise that they can assign any citizen to his place, and so strong that they can retain him there, to live well in the observance of his station and the performance of its duties. Apart from this, the Republic would be mere pretended tyranny. No other defence of any ruling class is logically possible; though the idea of function without this qualification in the case of the common orators against inferiors since the world began. Certain of the modern followers of Plato, on the other hand, have tried to reach the same result by a different means. The Re-
XI.—THE BRIGHT AND SNAPPY.

INADEQUATELY, most inadequately, have I dealt with the moral fibre of the weekly called "Chambers' Journal." No moderate modern man could give any idea of this fibre. Still I have done my poor best. I have compared it to Nelson's column. Its gerants doubtless admired Carlyle. A little more light may be cast upon it by comparing it with a younger weekly named "Answers."—the reader remembering in the meanwhile that we are searching for the psychology of the nation, and not seeking to advertise any paper to the detriment of the rest.

"Chambers" started a little before the accession of her late Majesty Queen Victoria; "Answers" anteceded her son by a few brief tremulous years. We are unfair to the great Victorian era unless we know a little of the mental atmosphere that preceded it. I open Mavor's collection of "English Classical Poetry" (pub. A.D. 1828); it is full of purposeless ululation. By its light one descires a reason for popular optimism, the optimism of Browning, the optimism of Ella. It takes at least a century for these reactions to drift through the public. I am not sure there is any "swing and snappiness" of the pendulum;" the idea, or the mood, seems to rise from one man or from a small group and flows out like mud or lava over the people, overpowering and making its strata upon similar effluvia antecedent.


When the editor of a "bright-snappy" weekly applied to me for a bright snappy obituary notice of Emile Verhaeren, I rashly mentioned the nature of Verhaeren's muse, and said the correct amount of bright-snappiness might be hard to attain. Answer: "What, eh gloomy cuss, wuz he? Oh, we'd better not touch it at all!"

The fashion of this world passeth away. The contemporaries of Mrs. Barbauld would have "taken theirs" melancholy. As with mood, so with the fervour of morals; "Chambers" shows none of the listlessness of "The Nineties." The bright-snappy papers show none of the Lacedaemonian firmness of "Chambers' Journal."

The first page of "Answers" leads me to classify it, at least for the present, under the general heading "Bright and Snappy." By taking the Bright-and-Snappy at a penny I may be able to cover the ground in one article, whereas if I began at the bright and snappy more expensive (a shilling or thereabouts) I should have, later, to seek the bright and snappy for the masses.

The cover addresses me in these terms: "It will be a red-letter day for you when you receive the corsets, because it will be the beginning of new life. From the moment when a woman puts on a corset, the magnetism permeates the whole body from head to heel. The joy of New Life, of New Health. . . . You feel a different woman. Your outlook on life is different—brighter, happier, and more hopeful." Even before this we are put in a mood of splendid health, tireless energy, and an attractive personality.

I cannot argue this upon facts; my reader must wait for the discussion in a future chapter on almanacks and religion. Power to win by refraining from blushing and trembling is advertised inside the cover. The snappy-and-bright proper begins on the first page of the text: The last blows of summer, the short skirt, the man who wasn't good enough for the girl, the boy who wanted to get dirtier before being washed, the author whose play aroused the house, all obtrude their unvarying faces, brisk as ever. Note the humour, not of disclosure, but of the "sharp" irrelevant reply; then comes the humour of the jest based on special or local knowledge. "Have we any Gerards? asks a contemporary. "Try the telephone girl for an answer."

"This is a periodical for "Home and Train." We are not really on the trail of a force; we are not digging up a basis of action, mass action; we are not getting at the understanding of a driving power, as we most certainly were in the reading of "Chambers." These things are not funny; all of these tones of writing are significant of the popular psychology. We must make a very clear distinction between writing which definitely shapes the reader, or tries to shape him, and writing intended only as a drug.

Note that the cheap tired mind, picking up its paper, apparently likes a couple of dozen of these pert paragraphs, snippits, the apparent before supper.

Interpersed with these snaps are five longer paragraphs and a poem (more or less Kippled). The paragraphs deal with anthrax imported from China, the price of palaces, value of man-power, and wisdom of having children grow up strong. "As a nation, we need to see vividly, to appreciate vitally, to understand fundamentally, that when a child has reached the age of fourteen the chief opportunity of life is past." If these years are rightly utilised the rest of the life "can be trusted, as a general rule, to look after itself." American baseball players will make good bomb-throwers. The most interesting paragraph is, however, at the foot of the first column. It concerns "Chlorophyll" and "a green wave in both chemistry; three inches of science. Near the end of it we find the statement: "If the chlorophyll contained in the plants were to perish with the fall of the leaf, there would be an end to the vegetable kingdom, and "man the biped" would also disappear."

This statement may, for all I know, be perfectly true. Its truth is not the interesting thing at the moment. The thing for us to observe, as anthropologists, is that it is the same thing, the same teleological wheeze that Mr. Bart Kennedy gave us at the end of his prose "Home and Train." "The thing for us to observe, as anthropologists, is that man, the biped, would also disappear."

When gone is the earth wine."

As a matter of material science, putting both statements together, we deduce that both water and chlorophyll green are necessary to our preservation and comfort. As a matter of psychology we have hit on
one of the simple devices of people who wish to stir the lay mind or wring the appreciative "Bah Goon!" from the yokel. It is the old question, "Where'd ye be if you wasn't?" The theologians have used it for ages; it is one that stuns a popular exhortationist. With this one little implement in your possession you may sit upon any turnstile in the attitude of Rodin's "Penseur."

As the paradisial promise, such as that concerning the corsets, has always been used as a lure, so this wheedle about the hour of nothingness, the end of the world, the day of judgment, etc., has been tried as a shake-up, as an hysteria-producer to weaken the will, and it has even masqueraded as an argument for believing or accepting or tolerating all sorts and conditions of doctrines.

There is, incidentally, nothing easier than this leap from an actuality into chaos. The shortest exact progress from known facts to a working conclusion, or to a workable theory, is infinitely more hard to attain. These swoops are probably primitive. Children think about the end of the world. They ask what will become of favourite toys after they are dead. One gropes in the void of the popular mind. What number of general concepts, or even what basis of "common sense," can we expect to find in the general mind, or in the minds of the average or majority?

They tell me that Maxim Gorky's mother spent a great part of her life saying to her neighbours, "You should wash more. If you would wash more you would not have so many lice." We smile from the heights of our superior Hesperian cleanliness. Yet, to judge from our periodicals the vast majority of our neighbours do not know enough science to keep their bowels open. I think there is not one paper of all those I have looked at which does not proclaim some cathartic. If any number of Hindoos practise the hygiene some few among them profess, travelling Asiatics must spend their occidental life in one large grain at this widespread ignorance among Europeans. The difference between a great man and a failure, pages on pages of reading matter, columns of auroral language poured out for decades to teach Europe this one simple fact. Any cathartic, at least almost any cathartic, would serve just as any soap or almost any soap is more or less effective against vermin (under non-war conditions). It is all very well for Mazzini to say "Educate!" It is all very well for social theorists to explain systems of the distribution of wealth, etc. . . .

We receive, and let it be said, at least so far as the man who styles himself my Spiritual Father in God anything but a servant of the determined enemy of all reform, and the arch-enemy of the soul of the nation.

The other key paragraph on the first page of "Answers" is that about man-power, already referred to: But sound men grow from sound children just as trees grow from good, straight saplings, etc. . . . horses thrive on good corn . . . healthy vegetables from a well-tended, well-manured, rich-soiled, well-watered, sunny market-garden . . . we let our children grow like weeds . . . blown by winds of circumstance . . . conditions predestined to produce poor results. Yet they are the nation's chief wealth—the wealth which will best repay preserving them.

This is interesting. We had the Countess of Warwick anti-Malthusing in the "Hibernia," and even applying the argument emotively, the pleasures of motherhood, in a tone not unlike that of Mr. Bart Kennedy proclaiming his orgy of water in "Chambers' Journal." We had "Chambers" bucking up the adolescent lower deck and instructing the young how best to become superior cannon-ment, how to bite through a three-inch board, how to handle a middle-aged mother, and some writer in, I think, "The Edinburgh," beseeching us to breed and overflow into the colonies.

The international viewpoint is apparently not the same as that of the author, who beseeches us to produce wealth, to industrialise, to own slaves, could, indeed, be more fervent, personal and explicit. The worst type of Socialist may have exorted us to cooperate with the State to the point of self-annihilation, but this specific statement that the child is the property of the State (even after a recent judicial pronouncement that a man has no property in his wife) is interesting as a symptom. The garden will doubtless be tramuted.

Personally, I do not desire a revolution with violence, and idiocies of this sort therefore annoy me, even though they be bald slips of the pen.

Children, for the first part of their life at any rate, should be consumers, not property: it is a dog's trick, this bringing them to tables ill-furnished. Still, the Countess was very much shocked when she found a working woman in the North of England who declared herself unwilling to do the work. Why all the wealth, etc., are "wealth," a form of superior live stock, their owners should attentively listen to "Answers" and the advice about human conservatism, and his fattening of the child for the market.

The New Reformation.

When St. George set out to slay the dragon he did not anticipate being called on to "replace it with something better." And when I thrust my spear into the National Mission, I do not consider that I entitled anyone to ask me to undertake the job which thirty bishops and thirty thousand preachers are paid to perform. My immediate purpose was to save the multitude of the ignorant, of doctrines.

The New Age
my readers for consideration by the Labour Party, or by any other party that is not afraid of common sense, is still more simple. It is a return to the policy of the greatest ruler England ever had. Indeed a wise and temperate measures for its re-organisation. Rights of patronage were left untouched; but a Board of Triers, a fourth of whom were laymen, was appointed to examine the fitness of ministers presented to livings at the will of their patrons, it was an unscrupulous use of Divine Names; and an agitation, and an increasing difficulty to induce men of any character to undertake a supervision over ecclesiastical affairs, and to detect and remove scandalous and ineffectual ministers. Even by the confession of Cromwell's opponents, the plan worked well. It furnished the country with 'able, serious preachers,' Baxter tells us, 'who lived a godly life, of what tolerable opinion soever they were,' and, as both Presbyterian and Independent ministers were presented to the livings at the will of their patrons, it was not to be resolved, so far as practical working was concerned, the problem of a religious union among Protestants on the base of a wide variety of Christian opinion.

The author of that passage was a clergyman, writing in the library of Lambeth Palace. If so comprehensive a scheme was possible in days when toleration was commonly regarded as the policy of God, it should be possible to-day, with certain obvious improvements. The right of presentation should be vested in the parishioners, the Board of Triers should contain a majority of laymen, and the county boards should contain representatives of all classes. The same historian points out that most of Cromwell's other reforms have been carried out in modern times to the public benefit, and his ideas on Church government, therefore, deserve consideration.

The plan of the Anglican clergy is almost the reverse of this. They propose to cling on to the present system to the last moment, and when the nation can endure them no longer, they hope to go off, carrying with them our churches and cathedrals, our palaces and parsonages, together with the utmost penny they can extort from our pockets by persistent political agitation, and an unceasing use of Divine Names; and then to fall on their knees before the Pope of Rome and implore him to pardon and receive them. They expect no opposition to this programme, except over the terms, and the unqualified wrangle over the Dis-establishment of the Welsh Church has so disgusted all really religious minds that they count on very liberal treatment as the price of a more peaceful settlement.

One of the consequences of the irrefrangible spirit of this clerical faction, and of the odium into which they have brought the Church, is that the bishops find it increasingly difficult to induce men of any character and education to apply for ordination. They have been obliged to set up theological colleges to give a veneer of culture to such youths as are tempted by the prospect of social promotion, and these seminaries are naturally hot-beds of clericalism and reaction. The time is fast coming, if it has not already come, when the standard of education and intelligence among the Anglican priesthood will be below that of any other Church in the country, and well below that of the average layman. This, of course, will be no disqualification for the function of the priest; an idiot or a savage is competent to "offer the sacrifice of the Mass"; but it is necessarily fatal to the office of the spiritual teacher.

And it is the spiritual teacher whom the nation needs to hear. It is from "laymen" like Wordsworth and Shelley, and Ruskin and Carlyle that England has received her spiritual bread and wine for the last hundred years, and not from Pusey and his followers. The problem is how to throw open the pulpits of the nation to the evangelists of the nation, instead of surrendering them to those.

"To whom the sheep look up and are not fed."

With the Editor's permission, I shall go on to say something on the subject of the "Old Gospel," appealed to by a correspondent. But Rome was not built in a day, and I hope the reader will bear in mind that a great question cannot be disposed of in one short article.

SAINT GEORGE.

Readers and Writers.

MR. CALDWELL COOK'S "PLAY-WAY" (Heinemann, 8s. 6d. net) will, I believe, be reviewed at length by Mr. Kenneth Richmond. My reason for passing a comment upon it is the fact that Mr. Caldwell Cook is kind enough to quote me and to refer to me as "a certain modest but well-known writer." Joe Gargery's surprise on discovering a J and an O in print was not greater than mine on finding myself publicly mentioned—my self, who am so satisfied to remain unknown a save to the readers of this column. However, as one good turn deserves another, I may say of Mr. Caldwell Cook's "Play-Way" that in my judgment it rests upon the rock-bottom of psychology—namely, interest. I have often wondered that "interest" has not been placed in speculative research into its nature and possible development, since interest is most certainly the "growing end" of the mind from the root to the latest tendril. Beyond devoting a section or so to it, however, even the school psychologists (the treatises on pedagogic method) pay it no attention as if interest were unworthy of the consideration. Mr. Caldwell Cook, on the contrary, not only begins with interest as the chief psychological factor in teaching, but he accepts interest as his guide in instruction. He not only, as he says, takes the interest of the boy as a starting-point, but he allows his subsequent methods and subjects to be determined by the interest as exhibited by his pupils. Does he find, for instance, that his boys are interested in poetry? Then he will teach them poetry. And having begun to teach them poetry does he then discover that their interest stretches out to recitation, to play-acting, to chanting verses, to making verses? Then he will teach all these subjects as interest demands. This willing subordination of the teacher to his pupils is what he calls the Play-way; and rightly since it is the distinction between "work" and "play" that the latter is performed from and with interest and the former is from external motives. The results to be expected from such a method are precisely those which Mr. Caldwell Cook has experimentally confirmed. We should expect that the living ends of the children's minds being always employed and always finding nutriment in the teacher would exhibit in the child's life the qualities of freshness, zeal, happiness, enthusiasm; and these qualities certainly characterise the boys whose photographs appear in this book. They are all plainly enjoying themselves while at the same time working with a seriousness and an efficiency which the blunting pedagogue could not but admire. I have not concealed from my readers my opinion that Mr. Caldwell Cook is a great teacher and worthy to rank with the discoverers of new methods. No doubt the personal factor counts a great deal—and to that extent I give Mr. Caldwell Cook the method as a general method; but equally I have no doubt that a good number of teachers could employ it with no less success than Mr. Caldwell Cook himself. Indeed, there have been sceptics on the point who have become convinced of this by experiment—as certain of our own poets have found.

"Appreciations and Depreciations," dedicated to "R. H. C." by my old colleague, Mr. E. A. Boyd.
Journey Round My Room.

I.

For a long time I had promised myself the pleasure of reading Xavier de Maistre's "Voyage autour de ma Chambre." The title attracted me; but the same desire that engaged me to get the book also made me deter from procuring it. I wished to prolong the pleasure of anticipation; and I used to roll the words pleasantly in my mind—"Journey round my room"; "Voyage autour de ma chambre." At last I could not put off getting the book any longer. I knew where to get it, and that there was nothing to prevent my going and taking it. But before I went, I decided to give my literary palate one last delicious anticipatory thrill. I went to a friend and mentioned what I was proposing to do. Did he know, I asked, the "Voyage autour de ma Chambre," and did he recommend me to read it?

My friend, it seemed, knew the book, and praised it mightily. He even gave me a description of it. It is supposed to be written, he said, by an invalid. Unable to travel, in the ordinary way, he goes, instead, on a journey round his room, describing the objects in it, and giving the various places and circumstances in which he obtained them, and the associations they had for him.

Now, as not rarely happens with widely read men, my friend's memory was running away with him. The fact is, I suppose, that he remembered the sort of impression the book made upon his mind, the "savour" of the book, as the Hindus say—(They even give the same expression the Arabs), and did he not put off getting the book any longer. I knew where to get it, and that there was nothing to prevent my going and taking it. But before I went, I decided to give my literary palate one last delicious anticipatory thrill. I went to a friend and mentioned what I was proposing to do. Did he know, I asked, the "Voyage autour de ma Chambre," and did he recommend me to read it?

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CENTURY—but they are not what I expected. My palate, creatures who succour the poor while others sleep.

CHAPTERS 1-3. (The chapters in the book are very brief. The shortest is the twelfth, which consists of two words.) The author is confined to his room. No matter, he will travel round it.

He is sentimental on the subject of his armchair and his bed.

The human mind is made up of the Soul and the Animal. The former reasons; the latter acts by instinct. For example, the author once set out to the Palace, but the Qatar instinctively carried him to Madame de Hautcastel’s door.

Everybody should have pink bed-curtains, because this is the colour of joy.

The reader is introduced to the author’s valet and his dog. The author endeavours, but in vain, to explain why the eyes in the portrait of Madame de Hautcastel seem to follow the observer all round the room.

The pictures on the wall. The first is an incident from “The Sorrows of Werther,” with unhappy Charlotte and frigid Albert. Cruel, insensible Albert! Ah, fortunate is he who has a friend!

“T had a friend once, but he is dead.” We were inseparable.

But Jenny, best of sisters, you are left to me, and will approve this book. I dedicate it to you.

Other pictures on the wall. The family of the unhappy Ugolino, perishing of hunger; the brave Chevalier d’Assas, perishing beneath a hundred bayonets and “Thou, poor negro, that weep beneath those palm-trees, thou whom a barbarian, no doubt an Englishman, has betrayed and deserted; say, more, has sold cruelly into slavery, despite thy love and his child at thy breast.” And a young shepherdess, tending her flock on the summit of the Alps,—“Tell me, lovely shepherdess, where is that fortunate spot which thou inhabitest? Might not I go there and dwell with thee? But, alas, the snow and war is loose. Fly, shepherdess; urge on thy flock! Away!”

(O, sentimental author, with thy “thou’s” and “thy’s,” how surprised wouldst thou have been, had the shepherdess thou wert apostrophising so tenderly and in the traditional cliché—had she, I say, taken thee at thy word and taken flight abruptly with her flock out of the picture, leaving an empty canvas behind her?)

Painting is a yet nobler art than music. In the latter, fashions change; but Raphael and his mistress remain for ever aderable in his paintings.

The sublimest picture in the world and the most often regarded—a mirror!

The author is startled by the entrance of a beggar, and tumbles over his armchair.

How miserable are the poor, and how lucky am I to have a room and furniture!

Fortunately, there is an army of charitable creatures who succour the poor while others sleep.

Can ever luxury be enjoyed, when the spectre of Revolution is present? (Written in 1796.)

A drawer full of old letters. Unthinking youth! Unrequited love—oh, cruel Madame de Hautcastel!

By books and reveries, I can travel with the Argonauts, or to North America, or even to Milton’s Hell.

A dialogue between the Soul and the Other, and an imaginary conversation with Pericles, Plato, and the scantily-clad Aspasia.

The “Voyage by Night” is in much the same style as the other. It has an even less intimate connection with the author’s room, since the greater part of it consists of his reveries and reflections while he is clambering over the leads outside the window. He surprises a lady on her balcony, and, perched precariously as he is on the edge of a sloping roof, he meditates throwing himself—if possible—at her feet, when a sinister, bass voice commands her to come indoors at once.

Disappearing in confusion (for she, too, has noticed our author) the lady leaves a shoe behind her on the balcony. A few moments later, the door is softly opened, and a bare foot of extraordinary beauty, whining, howling, and even scrabbling at the stable-door. At length, in desperation, he resolved to kill her.

One night, when all the village was asleep, we lay out on the balcony with guns and waited. After a while the shadow of a dog slipping round the house with bawling tongues was seen. We fired. The village and the mountains echoed; fowls clucked, dogs barked; we even fancied that we heard the cries of men. We expected the whole commune to rise up against us; but after a short time of waiting all was still again. Rashid, out in the shadows, whispered: “He is nice and fat,” as if he thought that we were going to eat the dog.

“And he dead?” I asked.

“Completely dead,” was the reply.

“Then get a cord and hang him to the balcony,” said my companion. “His odour will perhaps attract the foxes.”

Another minute and the corpse was hanging from the balcony, while we lay out and waited, talking in low tones. The bark of foxes came from vineyards near at hand where there were unripe grapes. “Our vines have tender grapes,” our host repeated; making me think of the fable of the fox and the grapes, which I related to Rashid in Arabic as best I could. He laughed as he exclaimed: “Ripe grapes, thou sayest! Our foxes do not love ripe grapes and seldom steal them. I assure you, it was sour grapes that the villain wanted, and never did they seem so exquisite sour as when he found out that they could not reach them. How his poor mouth watered!”

This was new light on an ancient theme for us, his hersers.

After an hour or two of idle waiting, when no foxes came, we went to bed, forgetting all about the hanging dog.
The house was close beside a carriage road which leads down from the chief town of the mountains to the city, passing many villages. As it was summer, when the wealthy citizens sleep in the mountain villages for coolness' sake, from the dawn onward there was a downward stream of carriages along that road. When the daylight became strong enough for men to see distinctly, the sight of a white dog hanging from our balcony, and slowly turning, struck terror in the breasts of passers-by. Was it a sign of war, or some enchantment? Carriage after carriage stopped, while its occupants attempted to explore the mystery. But there was nobody about to answer questions. My host, Rashid, had not disturbed him. He descended from his tree and stood before them, knuckling his eyes, which were still full of sleep. They asked: "What means this portent of the hanging dog?"

He stared incredulously at the object of their wonder, then exclaimed: "Some enemy has done it, to insult me, while I slept. No matter, I will be avenged before the day is out."

The tidings of the mystery ran through the village, and every able-bodied person came to view it, and express opinions.

"The dog is well known. He is called Barid; he was the finest in our village. He used to guard the dwelling of Sheykh Ali till he transferred his pleasure to the house of Sheykh Selim. It was a sin to kill him," was the general verdict. And Amin confirmed it, saying: "Aye, a filthy sin. But I will be avenged before the day is out."

At last Rashid, awakened by the noise, came out of the stable where he always slept, and with a laugh explained the whole occurrence. Some of the villagers were greatly shocked, and blamed us strongly. Rashid, when there arrived a vastly more imposing figure—none other than the headman of the village, the correct Sheykh Mustafa, who had heard, he said, of the infamous attempts which had been made to levy blackmail on us, and came now in all haste to tell us of the indignation and disgust which such dishonesty towards foreigners aroused in him. He said, "Let us agree that the dog was really his; and he was glad that we shot the creature, since to shoot it gave us pleasure. His one desire was that we should enjoy ourselves. Since our delight was in the slaughter of domestic animals, he proposed to bring his mare—of the best blood of the desert—round for us to shoot."

We felt exceedingly ashamed and muttered what we could by way of an apology. But the Sheykh would not accept it from us. Gravely smiling, and stroking his grey beard, he said: "No, do what pleases you. God knows, your pleasure is a blessing to me, speaks the word, and almost (God forgive me!) I would bring my little son for you to shoot. So unlimited is my regard for men so much above the common rules of this our country, and who are protected in their every fancy by the Powers of Europe."

His flattery dejected us for many days.

**Views and Reviews.**

**ACTIVE CITIZENSHIP AND PASSIVE RESISTANCE.**

When I reviewed Mrs. Hobhouse's appeal on behalf of the conscientious objectors, I had no intention of writing more than one article on the subject; but I have been so bombarded with correspondence that I need not apologise for continuing the discussion. I have to thank my correspondents for their courtesy, and for the skill with which they prevent the discussion from degenerating into a mere trifle; and I may take the opportunity of saying that the only reasons for refusing publication of their letters are that they are very long and very numerous. I have considerable difficulty in dealing with them because no two of them agree in their arguments; the only point on which they all agree is that they deplore the fact that I do not agree with any of them; that I have, as I should say, a conscientious objection to conscientious objection. We really do differ in fundamentals, and if I use their letters only to make that difference clear, I know that they will not regard it as a mere evasion of their arguments but as an attempt to throw into relief an opposing principle. Their letters frequently tempt me to plunge into historical detail; I have once before me now, signed "P. G. B.," which is a positive incitement to historical criticism; but I resist the temptation to argue about Hobbes (at the moment, I would rather read John Oliver Hobbes), and look towards the future.

I may begin by settling the issue which all my correspondents agree in forcing upon me. I am in no way responsible for anything that has happened, or may happen, to the conscientious objectors; nothing that I have written, or can write, can alter the fact that the conscientious objectors themselves chose their course, and are themselves responsible for the consequences. They have put themselves beyond the pale; I have only insisted on the fact that they have done so, and have argued that one duty of us all is to relieve them of the consequences of their choice. I have examined the principle that they enunciate, and have con-

He thus considered himself doubly injured—in his expectations and his property. He came to ask us instantly to pay an English pound, or he would lay the case before the Turkish governor, with whom, he could assure us, he had favour.

I offered him the beshlik, and he also stalked off in a rage.

We were still discussing these encounters with Rashid when there arrived a vastly more imposing personage—none other than the headman of the village, the correct Sheykh Mustafa, who had heard, he said, of the infamous attempts which had been made to levy blackmail on us, and came now in all haste to tell us of the indignation and disgust which such dishonesty towards foreigners aroused in him. He said, "Let us agree that the dog was really his; and he was glad that we shot the creature, since to shoot it gave us pleasure. His one desire was that we should enjoy ourselves. Since our delight was in the slaughter of domestic animals, he proposed to bring his mare—of the best blood of the desert—round for us to shoot."

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His flattery dejected us for many days.
cluded that it is anarchical; in one bearing, it is comical, for they, like Falstaff, refuse to do anything "upon compulsion. They would rather be "at the straps" or any other torture in the world," than admit that the fact that we are at war should have any effect at all upon them. They will neither change their work, nor continue at it, at the command of a legally appointed body of civilians; nothing that they can do can do good to them, and they will die the war. They are in the world, but not of the world; they refuse to be compelled (they should say permitted) to do their own work by a body of civilians, and are compelled to do other work by a professional body of gaolers. Their objection to compulsion, whether it be conscientious or reasonable, ought to have kept them out of gaol; but they chose to retire from a world that they regard as insane to a world which, if not exactly insane, has and produces, even in themselves, more than its fair share of insanity.

That otherwise reasonable men should be driven to such a pass of paradox is itself a proof, in my opinion, that they are reasoning from false premises. Is it they who regard the State as Leviathan, as the coldest of cold monsters, who try to induce me to read Hobbes and worship, instead of reading Dicey and trying to correct false political assumptions. Their justification of resisting any laws "under the flag of "Leviathan," of the tyranny of the State, arises directly from their assumption of passive citizenship that Leviathan requires for his maintenance. That they should say, as my correspondent does, "accept the pale academies of "A. E. R. and you have the German State," is only another instance of their fulsome reasoning. For I write neither as a philosopher nor as a fanatic, but as an Englishman to whom the political habit of mind is native; I care nothing for abstract principles except as material for controversy; I resist, as I did in the case of Sedgwick and Mr. Judah, any attempt to place an Englishman on any principle, old or new; I refuse to reduce politics to logic, and regard the State, as all Englishmen do, as a living thing evolving by the interplay of human wills and actions, and not as some melodramatic abstraction of a God whose fiat issue in thunder. "L'état, c'est moi!"; that it is the true individualism of a man born into society, and when every man can say, "I am the State," Leviathan will die to the deeps from which the conscientious objectors have fished him.

It is necessary to insist on this conception of active citizenship, of our collective responsibility even for the stupidities of our legislators, because we are committed to popular government, and are on the verge of an extensive development of it. If the conception of passive citizenship prevails, if people develop the habit of regarding the State as something alien from themselves, its laws as tyrannical impositions which it is meritorious to resist, we shall welter into despotism to save ourselves from the anarchy which will threaten us. "It may be added," says Rousseau, "that there is no government for subject to civil war and insurrections which is as democratic or popular government, because there is none which has so strong and continual a tendency to change to another form, or which demands more vigilance and courage for its maintenance as it is. Under such a constitution above all, the citizen behaving from his own premises. It is because there is none which has so strong and continual a tendency to change to another form, or which demands more vigilance and courage for its maintenance as it is. Under such a constitution above all, the citizen behaving from his own premises. It is because there is none which has so strong and continual a tendency to change to another form, or which demands more vigilance and courage for its maintenance as it is, that it is as necessary as possible for us to understand the State, as all Englishmen do, as a fighting, but a free, Ireland that not a fighting, but a free, Ireland that the conscientious objectors have fished him. "L'état, c'est moi!"; that it is the true individualism of a man born into society, and when every man can say, "I am the State," Leviathan will die to the deeps from which the conscientious objectors have fished him.

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It is necessary to insist on this con
capitalist production. This insistence on the fact that the Irish must save themselves was habitual; much as he blamed Capitalism for the child-murder and the diseases of Ireland, he blamed the Irish more for not taking advantage of the gradual re-occupation of their own territory, a gradual development of self-government by taking advantage of every opportunity and eternally pressing for more. He had singularly few prejudices, because he had a theory that agreed with his historical traditions; to him, there was only one division between wage-earners. Of course, he could identify Capitalism taking advantage of the powers obstacles. He recognised that the Irish could not diseases of Ireland, he blamed the Irish more for not because he had a theory that agreed with his historical

remained to be saved; but he was too practical to stop at blame; he always discovered a way, even if he did not apprehend the obstacles. He recognised that the Irish could not reconquer Ireland at a stroke; that the only hope of success for them was gradual re-occupation of their own territory, a gradual development of self-government by taking advantage of every opportunity and eternally pressing for more. He had singularly few prejudices, because he had a theory that agreed with his historical traditions; to him, there was only one division between men, that which separated society into Capitalists and wage-earners. Of course, he could identify Capitalism with England (the Irish have always called it "the English system"), but he insisted that poverty under Irish capitalists was no better than poverty under English capitalists. His magnificent sweeping away of Nationalism and the whole idea of Ireland as a merely superficial, or, rather, accidental variations, and his concentration on the fundamental economic fact, will surely do more for Ireland than any other teaching. His chief value to Ireland lay in the fact that he did not waste himself on the barrenness of hatred or merely political revolt; Nationalism is to him his method of returning to the communal system of Irish history, "the objective aimed at is to establish in the minds of the men and women of Ireland the necessity of giving effective expression, politically and socially, to the right of the community (all) to control for the good of all the industrial activities of each, and to endow such activities with the necessary means." James Connolly was a man whom Ireland will not soon forget, but should honour by trying to realise the hope of his life.

Reminiscences of a Literary Life. By Charles MacFarlane. (Barnard, 10s. 6d. net.)

Mr. Tattersall, who edits this volume, tells us in an Introduction that he discovered the manuscript in a bookseller's shop in Derby, that MacFarlane's name was then unknown to him, but that as the manuscript referred to Shelley, Keats, and Hartley Coleridge, he thought that it must be interesting. Beyond the fact that Charles MacFarlane died in 1878, "a dear friend of art and letters in the Press, and that as time goes on this article may obtain as much publicity as it were a trade circular.

On the eve of the War a requisition, which I hope to print hereafter, was in course of signature among a group of artists and writers, many of them voters in the borough of Chelsea, inviting me to contest a constituency at the next election as an independent representative of their class. Many of us have been to the front since then, and we have cheerfully postponed all other interests to the supreme task of defending our country from invasion and the universal republic of letters from the tyranny of the sword.

The prospect of a General Election, and beyond it of a peace, in the undimmed glow of which the voice of philosophy ought surely to be heard, is now distinct enough for us to resume our interrupted plans.

In this column I propose to justify the claims of the artist, the writer and the thinker to direct representation in Parliament, not merely in their own interest but in the greater interest of the nation, which suffers in its intellectual and spiritual growth from the absorption of its politicians in material interests. On my personal qualifications for the advocacy of our common cause I shall endeavour to say no more than is necessary and becoming.

I hope that everyone possessing any claim to connection with literature or the fine arts who approves of this departure will favour me by signifying his or her adhesion. A postcard containing the name and calling card of the sender may be addressed to the office of this paper; and I shall insert the names in this column so far as space permits. (As my address-book is in the hands of the Germans, I shall be glad to hear again from all with whom I was previously in communication.)

The next step will be to form a representative committee with a secretary and treasurer, and to raise funds for the electoral campaign. The choice of a suitable constituency has been left to me, as an old electioneering hand, but I shall naturally welcome the advice of my supporters. It may also be well to consider the question of connecting this candidate with any existing Party which may be found favourable to our cause. I am not entirely without hope of receiving a joint invitation, backed by representatives of all parties, from some constituency tired of political puppets. Meanwhile I shall be prepared to address meetings in any sympathetic quarter.

This is a new way of conducting a candidacy, but I believe it will commend itself to most of those whom I aspire to serve, and to that great, silent public to whose sense of justice we appeal.

Producers by Brain.

"Producers by Brain." [THE NEW AGE has placed this column at the service of Mr. Allen Upward for the purpose of carrying on his Parliamentary candidature as a representative of literature and art.]

Preliminary.

I have to return very cordial thanks on behalf of those who have invited me to become their spokesman, to the Editor of The New Age for the generosity in offering me the unrestricted use of this column in which to set forth the objects of my candidature and to appeal for support. I trust that he is by no means the only friend of art and letters in the Press, and that as time goes on this article may attain as much publicity as if it were a trade circular.

On the eve of the War a requisition, which I hope to print hereafter, was in course of signature among a group of artists and writers, many of them voters in the borough of Chelsea, inviting me to contest a constituency at the next election as an independent representative of their class. Many of us have been to the front since then, and we have cheerfully postponed all other interests to the supreme task of defending our country from invasion and the universal republic of letters from the tyranny of the sword.

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This is a new way of conducting a candidacy, but I believe it will commend itself to most of those whom I aspire to serve, and to that great, silent public to whose sense of justice we appeal.

To those whom it may startle I may point out that the idea of an independent candidate was almost equally strange when I was first asked to come out, but that it has since become familiar enough. The idea of a candidature in the Press may also prove popular as time goes on; and it is altogether in keeping that we who claim to be pioneers in the higher arts should be pioneers in that of politics as well.

Allen Upward.
Pastiche.

A BALLADE OF BAD WEATHER.

AUTUMN, 1917.

Look, little one, the night is dark,
The wind has blown out all the stars,
The trees are groaning in the park,
The lights are full in all the cars;
Come, little one, it's eight-fifteen,
The sky is streaked with sullen bars,
The moon is nowhere to be seen,
The wind has blown out all the stars.

Look, little one, 'tis black as ink,
And all the town will slumber soon;
The brightest star has ceased to blink,
The walking clouds have trapped the moon.
He cannot find a single chink
To keep between those sullen bars,
The fluttered street lights cover and shrink,
The wind has blown out all the stars.

Look how that bulging rain-cloud stoops
To kiss the City's slender spires,
Hark how the west wind wails and whoops
But come, my dear, 'tis growing late,
The flustered street lights cower and shrink,
The brightest star has ceased to blink,
The London spouts are in full spate,
The wind has blown out every star!

SUBLIMINAL.

In omnibuses, trains, and trams,
When bodies rest, and life runs smooth
Upon monotonous wheels to soothe
The little business of brains,
Grow restive sometimes in their lairs,
And in a flash the person glares
Through type's unguarded window-panes.

L'ENNUI.

Oh, phantom sprit of nothingness
That haunts and hymns my nights and days
I see your blared form through the haze
Unsatisfied and purposeless.
You curb and thwart me constantly;
No matter what I will to do
The old uncertain dread of you
Enrages me from liberty.

Through years of days meandering
That might have meant a lot to me
Had I but power enough to free
My soul from your slow poisoning.
I travel to obscurity
Without a star to light the way
Or roadside lamp to shed a ray
Dilly I go and silently,
Counting myself unfortunate
Because my way of life is such
That nothing matters very much,
I roam around disconsolate.

Oh, can there be a destiny?
Or shall I ever wander here
Through nights and mornings drearily drear
In aimless, nameless misery?

THE ARTIST.

The dream of doing something, being somebody fades away. For here there are lights, cleverly shaded, dancing and music. The sound of gay laughter and the ring of glasses is pleasing. She sits smiling at me over the flowers on the supper table. Her voice blends with the music and the slowly dying flowers. Now comes a ripple of laughter from her lips and her eyes dance with merriment. Then I listen to her talk; listen eagerly, for I can appreciate lies that are cleverly told.

HARRY F.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

THE NATIONAL MISSION.

Sir,—The criticism of the National Mission in your last issue is just, but I doubt whether your contributor gave much thought to his last sentence.

It is not a new gospel which must be preached, but the old gospel.

How many times in nineteen centuries has not Christianity been reinterpreted in order to conform to the theories and civilisation of a period? The Church should reverse the process, and once try to show how civilisation can be made to conform to Christianity. In all conscience there is need enough!

A great part of the teaching of the Christ can be summed up in three verses from the New Testament. "There are only two commandments," It is quoted from the old law, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart and all thy soul and all thy mind and all thy strength," and "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself." And in a vital sentence which followed He said, "There is none other commandment greater than these."

As to the first, it is obeyed by nearly all Christians, who have, however, long since decided that their God shall be a Golden Calf.

As to the second, it is not deemed practicable, since it would force Christians to act contrary to the Law of Supply and Demand, and to the principle which springs from it, that Sentiment is not Business.

As to the vital sentence which follows these two commandments, it is ignored, since it is treason against the State.

In the place of such positive commands, the Church has put emphasis upon a negative sex morality, or upon ritual, or upon the cliches of the Church in Europe to-day which followed He said, "There is none other commandment greater than these."

FREDERIC L. MITCHELL.

THINGS SACRED.

Sir.—A list of sacred things would be useful to the history and education student. And THE NEW AGE begins such a list by placing a sentence from "J. A. M. A." of July 26, in its memoranda of repeated sayings (August 2), "Spelling is an affair of sacred derivation."

This discussion belongs to the practical and non-metaphysical columns.

Was the black-letter type sacred? Was the old-style calendar sacred which the Government of 1752 ruthlessly destroyed in spite of the howls, "Give us our eleven days!" Was the burning of the Hindu widows sacred? (There is more to be said for it than for the old calendar.)

Was the long "s" sacred which dropped out of print in the early years of the nineteenth century? Would "J. A. M. A." allow us to do things for the sake of convenience if we call these things "growth"? Are our tables of weights and measures too sacred to be tampered with? Yet in such usages Anglo-Saxons are separated from other nations of Western civilisation and bonds of a common notation are growing sacred.

Is there, then, a conflict between new-sacred and old-sacred? And does THE NEW AGE prefer old-age sacredness to new-age sacredness?

SACRED!
A NEW ROLE.

Sir,—Pleasant it is to view the career of success, and pleasing, too, to chronicle each phase. Actuellement applaudie au theatre Antoine in Paris, a war-famous word assumes a new rôle. Let me introduce Monsieur Bourdin, Propriétaire.


VISION.

Sir,—Mr. Allen Upward's appeal for vision in the work of the modern prophet, in your issue of September 20, may yet be answered if we realise the meaning of his vindication of that misrepresented man Jeremiah. There are traces of prophecy in the world, for last evening I read in the chapter on 'Human Hyenas' in 'The Pomps of Satan,' by Edgar Saltus, these words:

'In criminals above the law both elements (i.e., the psychology of every right murder and a trick with caged dice) are present, with power added. Power consists in having a million bayonets behind you. Its diffusion is in the general who feels it. For one, the German Kaiser. Not long since, somebody or other diagnosed in him the habitual criminal. We doubt that he is that. But we suspect that, were it not for the Press, he would show more of the primitive man than he has thus far thoughtjudicious.

Those words were written in 1903.

Speaking of Tamerlane, Saltus quotes an old writer who thus described the effect of our invasion by Tamerlane.

I wonder if 'R. H. C.' thinks that worthy of his notebook. No phrase coined during the invasion of Belgium will remain with me as long as that word-picture of the dead weights of sorrow and disaster. Do English people read Saltus? I am rather late in the day to be talking of 'The Pomps of Satan,' but in these Apocalyptic days your readers may be interested in this array of Satan's pomps as seen by Saltus:—Vanity Square, The Golden Fold, The Golden Gang, The Epics, The Seventh Devil of Our Lady, The Toilet of Venus, The Quest of Paradise, The Golden Calf, The Knights of the Golden Fleece, The Upper Circle, The Muses of Tomorrow, etc. I will close with his description of the pomps of Marie Corelli—"that delicious, back-saw-dusted circus-rider of the fountain pen."

H. G. OYSTON.

Memoranda.

(From last week's New Age.)

The real issue of the war has little or nothing to do with the thousand and one issues stirred up like dust round about it. What help and encouragement would be too great to lend to the German party that is fighting our intellectual battles in the very heart of Germany?

The alternatives are an early peace and the militarisation of the existing democracies, and continued war until Germany is democratised.

There can be no doubt that the machinery of the Death-duties could be applied to capital whose owners differ from the dead only in being alive.

The resistance of the wealthy to the conscription of wealth is the pacifism of capitalism.

Our shipping magnates are not satisfied "that their industry is the one industry in the world that should be assisted by the State, but never controlled by the State."

The way to get on publicly in this country is to fail in every public office.

Ideas are decisive: in their mere bulk alone movements are never formidable.

Everybody knows that the central problem for industry is the problem of the control of Capital—"Notes of the Week."

Without Labour, Capital is an idle and profitless tool. The motive of education is powerful when the object of education is the emancipation of a class.

Education for the sake of the future is good; for a specified and promised future is better; but education for the present is best of all.

All our eggs are in the schoolmaster's basket.

"National Guildsmen."

Law is the regulation of human co-operation for the maintenance and increase of those goods that man cannot obtain in isolation—RAMIRO DE MAZTU.

Farce is tragedy out of place.

A farcical character must be obviously a creature of destiny.—JOHN FRANCIS HOPE.

It is easy to forgive one's victims.

The reviewing Press has so much written itself down that it can no longer write anything up or down.

Art is always to leave off.—R. H. C.

One minute of alarm reveals what has been concealed for years.

Now that Labour claims its labour-power as property the values of all dead property are transformed.

Democracy must have tender treatment when on trial.

Democracy is a merciful monster.—"Tribolet."

Rebellion is sometimes the necessary condition of good government.

One needs to be a most thorough revolutionist really to appreciate the benefits of law and order.

What people do not sympathise with are what we are not ready for.

Sentimentality is as unjust in punishment as it is in condonation.

You do not cure insularity by ostracism.

Campaigns of calumny are no substitute for good government.—A. E. R.
National Guilds.

A COURSE of Four Lectures to be delivered in the Central Hall, Westminster, on alternate Tuesdays in November and November at 8 o'clock. Tickets (Reserved) for the course, 5s.; single lectures, 2s. 6d. (Unreserved) single lectures, 1s. Apply Secretary, N.G.L., 17, Acacia Road, N.W.B.

SYLLABUS.

LECTURE I. "The Implications of the Wage System." Chairman, Mr. H. W. Massingham. Lecturer, Mr. S. G. Hobson. Date, November 6.

Our problem is to discover the effects that flow logically from the rejection by the wage-earners of the commodity theory.

(i) The refusal to sell labour as a commodity means the intention to retain a share and interest in the thing produced. This involves a change of status from wage-earner to partner. With whom would such a partnership be? Economically speaking, it might be either with the employers or with the State; for economically considered it is a share or partnership in the product of labour. Socially, it makes a very great difference whether it is partnership with the employers or with the State; but this is a social rather than an economic problem, and will be dealt with more fully in later lectures.

(ii) The ceasing of labour to be a commodity involves a revaluation. Labour becomes instead a function, and we arrive at an interplay of functions in Society and a complete disappearance of the commercial valuation. The functions that thus spring to prominence, while fundamentally harmonious, will exercise their several economic pulls, and we may see a long period of oscillation between varying claims before we reach the stability of equality of pay.

LECTURE II. "Servility or Freedom?" Chairman, Mr. G. K. Chesterton. Lecturer, Mr. M. B. Reekitt. Date, November 20.

"Men are born for Freedom; yet everywhere we find they are in chains." This is as true to-day as it was in the eighteenth century; but the chains which fetter men to-day are not the chains of "privilege" but the chains of "progress." "Progress" was the "Social myth" of the Victorian age. It based itself on "Evolution" with protoplasm at one end and "one far-off divine event" at the other. Hence the economic fatalism of the Marxian and the muddle-headed optimism of the Progressive. Socialism was stymied by the bureaucrats and degraded from a crusade to a "cause." The two capital errors of the State Socialists were: (1) their identification of the State with Society, and (2) their surrender to the wage-system.

On the rock of the wage-system is based the capitalist's creed with its "wage-slave morality" and its demand for stability. This involves the Servile State, advanced (a) by the capitalist himself through "Garden Citizenship," "Welfare," and "Scientific Management," encroaching alike upon the home and the Trade Union in the interests of the industrial community; (b) by the State, through social reform by statute; (c) as a result of the war in the spirit and working of the Munitions Acts with their State sanction for forced labour.

All hopes are fixed on the period after the war. But an opportunity for good is also an opportunity for evil.

LECTURE III. "The State." Chairman, Mr. George Lansbury. Lecturer, Mr. W. N. Ewer. Date, December 4.

The revolution at which Guildsmen aim is political as well as economic. The source of servility is not only in the economic but also in the political structure; not only in capitalism, but in the Sovereignty of the State.

The State is only one of many forms of human association. But in practice it differs from the rest. The normal association is voluntary; it is devised for specific ends; it has its activities and its authority over its members limited to those ends; and it is regarded as existing for those ends, and not as an end in itself—i.e., it exists for its members, not for them.

The State, on the other hand, is compulsory; for it is recognised to its activities and authority; and it is regarded as an end in itself, demanding complete self-sacrifice from its members. The characteristics which result from its historic evolution, and, except the first, are not essential to it. They are the main source of political "unfreedom." Attempts to reform the State have all failed because they have not attacked the central idea of State Sovereignty. Their failure has led to the complete denial of the need for political organisation (Anarchism, Syndicalism).

But some political organisation is essential; for only by hand over the powers of the State to industrial bodies is it not to say "Leviathan," but to change his name.

National Guilds involve the destruction of sovereignty. The State will, like any other association, exist for certain definite functions, to which its powers and activities will be limited. Coordinate and co-equal with it will be the Guild and Guild Congress, exercising their functions. The balance of power between the two forms of organisation will prevent either from achieving absolutism. We call a new organ into existence in order to balance the old.

LECTURE IV. "The Path to National Guilds." Chairman, Mr. A. G. Wadken. Lecturer, Mr. G. D. H. Cole. Date, September 18.

Previous lectures have diagnosed the social disease, stated clearly the alternatives before us, and made plain the philosophic basis of National Guilds. It remains to describe more exactly the nature of the Guilds and to suggest steps towards them.

The basis of National Guilds is a division of social functions. In industry, this involves control of production by the producers, with joint action with the State where the consumers' interest is affected—in fact, a division of economic power. Internally, the Guilds must provide for local and personal freedom and initiative with national co-ordination of supply and demand.

How are the Guilds to arise? Out of the Trade Unions, enlarged in personnel and function. This involves internal changes, including (1) the realisation of Industrial Unionism; (2) the basing of Trade Union structure on the workshop; (3) the inclusion of the brain-workers in the rank of the Unions; (4) the creation of a blackleg-proof and united Labour movement; and (5) a change in policy, so as to seek above all a gradual supplanting of the capitalist in industrial control.

The State, too, must be transformed. Increase in labour's economic power will be reflected in politics, so that as the Unions gain ground the State will be democratised. Under the Guilds, the State must own the means of production; and, as industries are nationalised, the Trade Unions must assume control of their administration.

The duty of all good citizens is to help the Trade Unions to grow strong. Trade Unionism is the hope of Society, and must maintain complete independence alike of the employers and of the capitalist state. National Guilds afford an infallible test by which to try schemes of social reconstruction—Do they strengthen or weaken Trade Unionism? And do they foster for Labour dependence or independence of spirit and action?