Mr. Thomas continues to warn the Labour movement against the use of industrial or economic power. Speaking at Clerkenwell last Friday he said he did not believe in merely using industrial power for the purpose of trying to amend what the trade unionists could have altered at the ballot-box "... they had had and had missed their opportunity for a revolution a month ago, and they ought now to be content until the opportunity should recur. Mr. Thomas is an able man and one of the few intellectually honest men in the leading ranks of Labour. He is capable, that is to say, that he would, indeed, be unfortunate if during the period of difficulty into which we are now entering, a man like Mr. Thomas, upon whom so much depends, were to be on the wrong side of the argument and, therefore, of the action that is likely to be taken. The situation ought to be all the more clear to Mr. Thomas from the fact that as the Secretary of the National Union of Railwaymen he has already been responsible for the effective exercise of the industrial power of Labour. To what, we ask, was due the concession of the eight hours day to the 800,000 workers on the railway? It was clearly not to the political power of the working-classes, nor was it in consequence of political discussions in Parliament, for no debate that we remember has been carried out over the head of Parliament exactly as was the concession to Mr. Thomas' Union of the eight hours day. To the exercise of what kind of power, then, was it due, if not to the economic power of the Capitalist unions? The latter, indeed, unlike Mr. Thomas, have been at no pains to disavow their methods and sanctions in the matter. With presumptuous frankness, Lord Inchcape has informed the world that not only have he and his colleagues desired all along that the ships under national construction should eventually be transferred to private ownership, but he has published the terms of purchase of whatever it may be called by the industrial power of a practically blackleg-proof Union exercising itself by the admittedly legitimate means of threatening to withhold its labour. Political reasons, we do not deny, were favourable to the same end; but had they been ten times more favourable they would not have prevailed, we fear, against the economic resistance of the railway companies but for the fact that they were reinforced by the economic power of Mr. Thomas' labour monopoly. Here, then, is a case to Mr. Thomas' hand and taken from his own recent experience. If by the exercise of industrial power his Union has won a concession over the head of Parliament, he must either repudiate the action of his Union or admit that the industrial weapon is legitimate and proper. In the latter event he cannot reasonably refuse to other Unions the exercise of the power by means of which his own Union has secured a victory. If the employing classes were as content as Mr. Thomas would have the working-classes be with the exercise, win or lose, of political power, something might be said for taking his advice. But the evidence is conclusive that in addition to employing their overwhelming political power the Capitalist classes habitually employ their economic power, and not only in the sphere of industry but in the sphere of politics. Sir Leo Chiozza Money has drawn attention to the latest instance of it, the public notice of which has just appeared in the form of an announcement of the sale to private shipowners of the steamers under Government construction. No debate in Parliament has taken place on the policy involved in the de-nationalisation of these ships any more than on the similar policy involved in the sale of the national factories; nor has any proper publicity been given to the details of the terms of purchase. The operations, in fact, have been carried out over the head of Parliament exactly as was the concession to Mr. Thomas' Union of the eight hours day. To the exercise of what kind of power, then, was it due, if not to the economic power of the Capitalist unions? The latter, indeed, unlike Mr. Thomas, have been at no pains to disavow their methods and sanctions in the matter. 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difference between the policy of de-nationalisation involved in the one and the policy of nationalisation involved in the other. For the moment the question of value is irrelevant. What we are concerned to point out is that the employment of industrial power, or without the sanction of political power, is common to both Capital and Labour, and cannot be fairly denied to one unless simultaneously it is denied to the other.

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Mr. Smillie has not been long in office as President of the Miners' Federation of Great Britain before taking industrial action; and at the Conference held last week at Southport a comprehensive resolution was unanimously passed, on the motion, it be noted, of Mr. Adamson, the official leader of the Parliamentary Labour Party, in favour of a 30 per cent. increase in the present rate of miners' wages, the reduction of the working-day from eight to six hours, and the nationalisation of the mines. For each passenger in this omnibus resolution a plausible if not altogether a convincing explanation was offered; and it would be as futile for the public to realise the force of this claim as for the miners to do so. As regards an increase in wages, the reasoning is unanswerable. Everybody knows that, in spite of the cessation of hostilities, the cost of living continues to rise; and it is only to be expected, therefore, that the miners, like everybody else, should demand that their purchasing-power should be increased with it. If, by reason of the inflation of the currency or other circumstances, the real value of money-wages is declining, their nominal value must be raised to keep pace with the decline. Otherwise, it is naturally inevitable that the standard of living of the wage-earning classes must fall. The demand of the miners is thus not in any real sense a demand for an absolute increase in wages, but a demand that their purchasing-power should not suffer depreciation. The 30 per cent. nominal increase is little if any more than the maintenance of the former balance between nominal and real values. In regard to the second clause of the resolution, the declared object of the proposed reduction of hours is the provision of means for the absorption of the returning miners. In other words, it is designed to enable the nation to keep its pledge to the soldiers to find employment the sooner on their return from fighting. With that object it is clear that the nation and public opinion can have no possible quarrel, except upon the ground that a better means can be discovered to the same end. But what is that better means, or what sign is there that it will be found? No doubt it seems as legitimate, but, in the circumstances, as fair as it is conclusive an the point. Mr. Thomas, notwithstanding, "Times" referred in the article from which we have just quoted. Mr. Thomas was "prehensive" of the issue of the general movement now taking place, and went so far as to specify the object of his alarm, namely—revolution. And it was to avoid this that he deprecated again the use of Labour's industry to this end. But what is to be done? What does Mr. Thomas think should be done? We have given our reasons for concluding that the exercise of industrial power is not only legitimate, but, in the circumstances, as fair as it is inevitable. Mr. Thomas, as we have pointed out, is himself a consenting party to its use by his own Union. Would he have the other Unions refrain from employing the same means; and after having raised the cost of living by increasing railway rates, deny to the rest of the working-classes the use of their industrial power in counter-balance? There is no way out from the circle by that means; we are sure; and the evidence is conclusive on the point. Mr. Thomas, notwithstanding, the demand for a general rise in wages, sanctioned by industrial action, will continue to be made, even
though in the end a "violent collision" is likely to be the consequence. For many people, indeed, both in the Capitalist and in the Labour world, the question is no longer whether the collision can be avoided, but how soon and in what form it will come; and upon this point, there has been an observation to make which does more credit to his candour than to his discretion. Labour, he said, "had no clear, concerted, united idea as to what ought to be done, or how we were going to do it." But why is this the case, since plainly the problem of the primary problem of Labour at this moment? But that it is the case, nobody who knows the mentality of our Labour leaders can or will deny for one moment. The situation is, therefore, as follows. In reaction against definite economic conditions, Labour has embarked upon a course, the end of which in a violent "collision" is absolutely inevitable. Yet, clearly foreseeing that this must be the end of it, Labour is unable to think beyond it, or, in the alternative, to resist the movement upon which Labour and society are being borne to a common catastrophe.

If Mr. Thomas and the moderate men of the party have no clear, concerted or united idea of what is to be done, the case is otherwise with the extreme Left of the Labour movement. In the current issue of the "Call," an editorial bids the workers to be "ready for the moment." The Social Revolution, which began in Russia and has now reached Germany, will, as we are told, overtake ourselves; and it behoves the "workers," therefore, to be ready here as in those countries to seize the moment when it arrives. The plan is simple; it is, in fact, identical with the plan invented by Lenin and copied by Liebknecht. It is to proclaim the rule of the working-classes and to substitute for the dictatorship of Capital the dictatorship of the proletariat. We must agitate and educate the masses so that they become imbued with the idea that the power of the State may be captured by the proletarian Soviets. We should have thought that if reasoning against the folly of attempting to obtain by political power what can only be obtained by industrial power has proved unavailing, at least the example of Russia and Germany would have impressed on the workers the "Call" the futility of "capturing" power before planning means of retaining the power when "captured." Almost anybody who is prepared to stick at nothing can "capture" power during the troubled period of a revolution, but it requires something more than violence to hold it and to exercise it. In the case of Russia, it is true that political power has been "captured" by the proletariat under the dictatorship of Lenin and Trotsky; but apart from the fact that the personal dictatorship of these men is founded on a necessary military dictatorship, and is, in any case, not the dictatorship of the proletarian class, both Lenin and Trotsky must surely discover that they can take a horse to water but they cannot make him drink. Industry declines to follow politics; economic power declines to follow political power; and we shall be much mistaken if, in the end, Russia does not resume, at least for a season, the official silence of Labour on one side and the frenzied cries of the "Call" on the other. That the capitalist classes have their plans we do not doubt; and that the Government is a party to them we should not be surprised to hear. In fact, drawing a bow at a venture, we should not be altogether astonished to discover that if the secret discussions that have recently taken place under the cover of the proposed "League of Nations" have turned mainly upon the maintenance of international peace, they have turned, in part at least, on the maintenance of the capitalist system in this among other countries. Be that as it may, however, the plans of the Capitalist party are not only kept dark, but they must presume, as a matter of course, the very "collision" which it is in the interest of the community to avoid. For the issue of the "violent collision," if it be, as calculated, favourable to Capitalism will infallibly be to establish Capitalism, after its "lesson" to labour, more firmly than ever. We shall be making a mistake, in fact, if we assume that Capital as a party is afraid of the threatened collision or apprehends defeat from it. The community may suffer; indeed, it must. Labour, too, will suffer; but if, in the end, Labour is defeated, the price, it is thought, will not be too high. The community will be relieved for an indefinite period of its Labour troubles; Labour will be dispirited; and Capitalism will triumph over us. But in this calculation it is obvious that the two parties who will suffer, both in the process and from the effects of a Capitalist victory, are the community and Labour; for Capitalism, whatever may be thought of it by its sycophants among the public, is the enemy equally of the consumer and the producer. It means well by nobody but by itself, for that is its nature. The fruits of Capitalism, while they are for Labour an increasing impoverishment, are for the general public an increasing subordination. We have begun to see them already. As wages decline for Labour, the quality of life declines for the community at large; and the impoverishment economically of Labour is followed closely by the spiritual impoverishment of the nation as a whole.

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In these circumstances we must risk provoking the "Times" and other kept organs of Capitalism to sneer at our insistence upon "abolishing the wage-system" and establishing in its place a national system of industry. For there are only two ways out of the vicious circle in which we are now dancing to our death—a triumph for Capitalism over both Labour and the community, or a triumph for National Guilds. We are not so foolish as to imagine that the National Guilds are, under the phrase alone will exorcise the evil that is upon us; or that National Guilds could be set up in a night even if the attempt were to be made. The phrase, like the phrase increased production, indicates direction chiefly; and implies, like the word "progress," is a stage towards its realisation. It is probably too soon at this moment to call for a Conference of the chief parties to industry to consider whether the present "movement" is leading. On the other hand, in a few months the decree for its prevention may have gone. Between now and then, however, steps should be taken by men of goodwill to bring about that "clear, concerted, and united idea" which alone will enable us to avoid or, it may be, to turn to common advantage the violent collision towards which we are unmistakably drifting.
Foreign Affairs.
By S. Verdad.

One need not sympathise, of course, with capitalist governments, but it is necessary to understand them; and I would especially refer the reader to President Wilson’s speech at Turin, an extract from which was published in this journal last week. “A country is owned and dominated by the capital that is invested in it. . . . In proportion as foreign capital comes in among you and takes its hold, in that proportion does foreign influence come in and take its hold. All the processes of capital are, in a certain sense, the processes of conquest.” I make no apology for repeating this passage from President Wilson’s speech, nor any the more because it is almost verbally identical with many passages that might be quoted from The New Age, nay, from this very page. For to my mind, as to President Wilson’s, the sense of it is “fundamental”; it is the very A of the alphabet of foreign policy. On this account it should be inscribed as a standing axiom at the head of every discussion of foreign relations. Foreign relations and foreign investments are one and the same thing; and the processes of political diplomacy are only the reflection of the processes of international financial diplomacy. Let us try to get this into our minds and never lose sight of it. Let us try all foreign affairs by this test. For it is, indeed—and there is President Wilson’s authority for it—the “fundamental idea” of international relations.

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Pushing the matter one degree further, we may ask how it comes about that foreign capital makes its appearance in any country. Certainly it is not there for its health, nor is it there for the simple trade of exchange. The commodities between one country and another does not necessitate in either country the existence of the capital of the other. Provided a nation can finance its own production, it is obviously in a position to trade on its own capital. The investment of foreign capital in any given country arises, therefore, only when the given nation is (a) unable, or (b) unwilling to develop its own production by means of its own capital; that is to say, when, being exploitable, it either declines to exploit itself or, for any reason, is unable to exploit itself. In either event the probability that another nation will import capital into it for the purpose of exploitation is high to the degree of certainty. It is no matter whether the giver nation is indisposed from theory, from historic conditions, from political circumstances or from national inability to exploit itself. All these obstacles will tend inextricably to be brushed aside by the incoming foreign capital. For where the carcase is, there will the vultures gather; and where there is treasure there will capital be also.

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I have before me as I write an economic map of Russia prepared by “Leslie’s Weekly” and published some months ago in that journal. It shows the distribution of the material resources or raw materials of Russia in such a way as to suggest what is, in fact, the case, that Russia is, economically speaking, the greatest remaining storehouse of economic treasure in all the world. The mouth of Capital must water at the mouth of Capital.

The question is plainly linked up with the most difficult problem now before the Peace Conference, namely, the future government of Russia. It is a mistake, I believe, to conclude that the Allies—least of all, America and England—have any theoretical objection to the political character of the present Russian “government.” As Mr. Lloyd George has more than hinted, he, for his part, is willing to “recognise” the Soviet form of Russian government provided only that it promises to be stable. Everyone, I said last week, nobody at present is able to form an authoritative idea. We have our guesses, or, if you like, our judgments; and I have not concealed my own opinion that the Bolshevist government cannot in its present power. On the other hand, to assume that there is necessarily in the minds of the Allies any other objection than its probable instability to the Bolshevist government is to credit the Allies with other motives than those commonly attributed to them. It is also to forget the first axiom of foreign policy which President Wilson has laid down. No, the primary question before the Peace Conference is not the abstract value à la Aristotle of Lenin’s theory of government, but the practical questions: Will it last? Can it guarantee order? Can it undertake the exploitation of Russia’s economic resources? Failing that, can it afford security to the foreign capital that otherwise will attempt to exploit them?

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I was fortunate enough to anticipate President Wilson last week and to recommend in my notes on Bolshevism the very course he has now announced that the Allies will take—that roughly, of “feeding the brute.” We may be sure, however, that the policy so begun will not cease at that point. If Bolshevism is to be killed by kindness, the problem of the reconstruction of Russia on a non-Bolshevist basis will still remain. And, from my point of view, in which I hope again to anticipate President Wilson, the proper procedure is to exchange food for promises of constitutional reconstruction. What do I mean by that? It is necessary, in the first place, to form an idea of the kind of government that is likely to be stable in Russia; and, in the second place, to require its establishment contemporaneously and conditionally with the Allied provision of economic facilities. The policy, in other words, is the active of the passive economic boycott; it is what may be called conditional economic boycott. Nor are the difficulties, I should say, really insuperable; for certain guarantees being admitted, there is little doubt that the stable form of government in Russia (as in all other countries) is the representative; and that, again with these guarantees admitted, Lenin and Trotsky would not at this stage be altogether opposed to it. What is, therefore, to prevent an arrangement such as this: in return for food and other economic necessities, Lenin and Trotsky would take, in the interests of Russia (and of the world) to put themselves at the disposal of a freely elected Constituent Assembly which shall hereafter become the
For titular description? Belong, in fact, to the same genus. A Socialist particularly the case with Socialism, whose scope and particular activity is always with us. To yield to it is become so shadowy in outline as to render it useless. Particular brand of Liberalism are not distinguishable, commodity valuation lead us at a bound to the control upon the extent of the boundaries of the Socialist. National Guildsmen must have relations with it. That is really Collectivism, the foundation of Socialism. That guarantee for the Bolshevists. Enemies, they, in my judgement, cannot themselves hold in any event much longer. For the purpose of entering into such an arrangement a provisional recognition of the Bolshevists would be commendable. It would be a parley, no doubt; but such parleys are sometimes necessary.

The Name and the Substance.

Is the January issue of the "Guildsman," Mr. Cole recommends the members of the National Guilds League to change their title to Guild Socialist League. He thinks the word "National" leads to confusion because it is capable of three or more meanings. He would retain the word "Guild," because it is our differentia and would insert Socialist to indicate our genus. National Guilds were obviously meant to distinguish the modern industrial organisation from the Medieval or local guilds. If, therefore, Guild goes into the title, it is essential to insert "National" also. The fundamental question, however, is whether Socialism is the genus of the National Guild movement. Mr. Cole answers in the affirmative; I shall give some reasons for answering in the negative.

The basis of the National Guilds is wage abolition, in the sense that labour shall no longer be valued as a commodity. The implications of the rejection of the commodity valuation lead us at a bound to the control of industry by the organisation that has secured the labour monopoly. That means industrial democracy or it means nothing. How far can this be deemed to be a form of Socialism? That depends, of course, upon the extent of the boundaries of the Socialist doctrine. Mr. Cole would probably argue that, generally considered, Socialism covers all industrial activities such as these; and that, therefore, the National Guild idea is of the Socialist genus.

The temptation to stretch any principle to cover any particular activity is always with us. To yield to it is to invite casuistry and intellectual confusion. This is particularly the case with Socialism, whose scope and tendencies are in perpetual flux. Sir William Harcourt remarked many years ago that "We are all Socialists now," a loose form of thinking, which the Socialists of the period energetically repudiated. Recently we have witnessed a considerable accession to the Socialist ranks by men hitherto claiming to be Liberals. They do not pretend to have changed their views; they merely assume that Socialism and their particular brand of Liberalism are not distinguishable, belong, in fact, to the same genus. A Socialist tabernacle that gives sanctuary to Liberal malcontents is not precisely the National Guildsman's spiritual home. But if Socialism is to embrace Liberalism, on one side, and industrial democracy, on the other, does it not become so shadowy in outline as to render it useless for titular description?

We are on safer ground, I think, if we consider the Socialist movement as it is, whether at home or abroad. The practical question is: What have National Guildsmen and Socialists in common? I notice that Mr. J. R. MacDonald lamented the result of the election because it will encourage "direct action." This gentleman, I think, has a con-iderable vogue amongst sentimental Socialists: is, in fact, regarded by many as a Socialist exponent: has written some small books on the subject. Mr. J. H. Thomas, a Labour leader of weight, follows suit: "The strike? Now we must accept the Parliamentary decision. In other words, we are back to 1890; political power acquired through the ballot-box is the panacea for industrial ills. Is this Socialism the genus to which National Guilds are affiliated? More to the point, can Mr. Cole tell us of any existing Socialist body that accepts the National Guildsman's analysis of the wage-system? Or will he contend that the movement for workshop control springs from Socialist propaganda? Or is there any evidence that Socialism has ever renounced State control of industry? Mr. Cole is, or was, a member of the I.L.P., although what he was doing in that galaxy, I never could make out. It is generally—and wrongly—supposed to be the aggressive Socialist element in British politics. Can he give us any assurance that the I.L.P. has ever relaxed its firm belief in political power as the precur sor of economic power? The employers engage in "direct action," every hour of the working day and every day of the working week. Messrs. MacDonald and Thomas are terrified lest Labour should retort in kind. No, no; let Labour rest on the bosom of the mighty mother of Parliaments. Yet a little more sleep, a little more slumber, a few more tons of faith, and then, hey presto! the Revolution!

I suggest to Mr. Cole that the genus of National Guilds is not Socialism but Democracy. We shall all agree that, since Socialism is also of the democratic genus, National Guildsmen must have relations with it. We most of us have cousins descended from the same grandfather. If we avoid property disputes, we may live on friendly and even intimate terms with them. But that is no reason why we should adopt their name. Our own is good enough. Socialism is one of the National Guildsmen's spiritual homes; but so also is Syndicalism. I have not yet seen any proposal to start a Syndicalist Socialist League. For my part, I think that Socialism as I owe as great an intellectual debt to Syndicalism as I do to Socialism. Having accepted much from the Syndicalists, I cannot honestly repudiate it. If I accept Socialism as the parent system, I do in fact repudiate my debt to all that body of doctrine which, despite Socialism, in bitter opposition to Socialism, has proclaimed Labour's economic independence of the State. The National Guildsmen have much in common with the Syndicalist, much that is immensely valuable; but he has also much in common with the Socialist, particularly the vesting of all industrial assets in the State. That is really Collectivism, the foundation of Socialism and a connecting link between Socialists and National Guildsmen. The parent or if you will the genus, is Democracy. I have noticed recently a tendency to treat Democracy and Socialism as synonymous. Mr. Cole's proposal is a case in point. But the democratic principle may be applied in a definitely anti-Socialist sense. Taking Socialism as it is accepted to-day, there can be no reasonable doubt that workshop control, whilst definitely democratic, is definitely anti-Socialist. In so far as Socialism accepts industrial democracy it becomes in itself more democratic; but that does not make Democracy more Socialistic. If, therefore, the title of the National Guilds League is to be changed so that its genus shall be disclosed, the word "Democratic" must be inserted and not "Socialist." For my part, I think the present title sufficiently indicates the nature and purpose of its work.
Renaissance influences. What is still more interesting generally known that the basis of science was laid in readers for his love of it. Now we are beginning to realise that the Medievalists knew something about economics and social organisation. But it is not generally known that the basis of science was laid in the Middle Ages, while its method remains Mediæval to this day, for science was unaffected in its method by Renaissance influences. What is still more interesting is that the scientific impulse did not come from the scholars but from the Franciscans—the men who despised learning and preached the gospel of poverty.

In treating the history of Mediævalism it is usual to ascribe the changes which separate the Middle Ages from the so-called Dark Ages to the influence of the Saracens with whose higher civilisation Western Europeans were brought into contact through the Crusades, and, as a plain statement of fact, this is perfectly true. But the deduction it is usual to make from this fact; namely, that the lower state of Western European civilisation was due to the prejudices of the Mediæval mind under the influence of Christianity against science is most demonstrably false. The difference between the two levels of civilisation is to be accounted for by the simple fact that whereas the Saracens established their Empire in communities already civilised in which the traditions of Roman civilisation survived, the Mediæval Church had the much more difficult task of rebuilding Western civilisation from its very foundations after it had been entirely destroyed by the barbarians. Naturally, this, in its early stages, was a much slower process.

Bearing in mind these circumstances, there is nothing remarkable in the fact that the Saracens knew of Aristotle at a time when the Western Europeans did not. But that the Mediævalists accepted Aristotle and the sciences from the Saracens is surely evidence of an open-mindedness which did not disdain to learn from an heterodox enemy, rather than an incurable prejudice. How unsubstantial is this charge against Mediævalism becomes apparent when the question is asked: Whence did the Saracens get their knowledge of Aristotle and the sciences? They could not have got it direct from the Greeks, for Mahomet lived in the seventh century, and as Christianity had established itself at least three centuries before around the Mediterranean basin, I submit that they must have got it from these Christian communities. In support of this theory, I would point out that after the sixth century when Byzantine architecture reached its zenith the current architectural revival set off from Constantinople eastward. It travels along Asia Minor, down through Palestine and westward, along the North of Africa. This cycle of architecture clearly indicates a cultural revival, and it is probable that Aristotle and the sciences travelled the same route. So that when we get to the bottom of it, we find that the scientific knowledge of the Saracens was really the knowledge of the Christian communities of the Eastern Church whom they conquered.

Though it is not possible to fix the exact date, Aristotle’s philosophy was probably introduced into Western Europe towards the end of the twelfth century. Doubtless, all the monastic orders would become familiar with them about the same time. But it is interesting to observe that the Franciscan Order was the only one which turned the newly acquired scientific knowledge to any practical account. They took up the study of physics as a chemist; not, however, as heretofore, by a path of theoretical speculation, but by the co-operation of experiment—an advance in method they were the first to establish, and by which Roger Bacon arrived at the most remarkable results in almost every branch of physical science. Now, it is important to recognise that it was no accident that this new development came through the Franciscans. Immediately it was due to the fact that the care of the sick which was enjoined upon them tended to direct their minds towards the study of medicine and natural history. But there was a deeper reason. The Franciscans had a strong practical bent of mind. Learning being forbidden them they naturally acquired the invaluable habit of observing facts for themselves—a habit which book-learning is very apt to destroy. For men who begin life with too much book-knowledge are very apt to look at things from the special angle provided by the books they have read and to neglect the lessons which the observation of things can teach. It was thus the Franciscans’ re-nunciation of the learning they had taken them in good stead; it proved to be the means by which a new impulse was given to the acquisition of knowledge while demonstrating, moreover, that the central idea of Christianity that the world can only be conquered by those who are prepared first to renounce it, holds good, not only in the moral, but in the intellectual and scientific universe. Would that this truth were understood to-day.

While it should be acknowledged that modern science has its beginnings in the Middle Ages, it is equally important to recognise that the new impulse which the Franciscans gave was essentially a Mediæval one, and that science remains Mediæval in its method to this day. For when the Franciscans overthrew the method of theoretical speculation in favour of co-operation by experiment they merely gave application in the realm of science to the method of work which in the Middle Ages obtained in the Arts, for, as we saw in the last chapter, Gothic Art was the creation of experimental handicraft, and, as we shall see in the next, it was the abandonment of this method owing to Renais-sance influences that led finally to the disappearance of Art from the world. . . . But science never threw over this Mediæval experimental craft basis once it had got hold of it, which is the secret of its continued success—a fact which justifies us in affirming that science is Mediæval in method to this day.

But while science remains Mediæval in its method it is no longer Mediæval in spirit. And it is because of this that it has become such a peril to the modern world. In the Middle Ages science was essentially a secondary form of activity. Religion was the great thing—the focal centre of life and its activities. Architecture came next; for it was looked upon as the greatest of the Arts. Science was content with a subordinate place in the hierarchy as accessory to life and its higher forms of activity. This is as it should be, for experience plainly proves that science is a good servant but a bad master, and it is to the position of a servant that it should be relegated.

That science did not remain content to continue in this subordinate position was immediately due to the fact that early in the sixteenth century it came into collision with the orthodox faith. The demand of medical men to dissect the human body brought science into conflict with the Church which regarded it as an heretical experiment that would interfere with the resur-rection of the body. While exception might be taken to such experiments on the grounds of Christian sentiment as showing a lack of respect for the dead, the Christian faith at that time must have degenerated into a mere formule of literalism for objection to be taken.

* * * Pictures of Old England." By Dr. Reinhold Pauli.
on the grounds of doctrine. For the doctrine of the resurrection of the body in its origin had no reference to the actual physical resurrection of the body of the departed, but was formulated as an article of faith to controvert the Manichean heresy which sought to identify ideas of good and evil with spirit and matter—the idea that the body was a thing of no account. Since, in a future life man would exist only as a disembodied spirit, the body was only to be regarded as a prison from which man had to escape. This idea, the effect of which was to drive this world into disrepute, the Church fought with the doctrine of the resurrection of the body which affirmed "that in any final consummation the bodily life of man must find a place no less than the spiritual." In other words, it was a recognition of the value of the senses which Christianity did not deny but sought to bring under discipline and control. But after the lapse of centuries this original meaning was forgotten and the doctrine of the resurrection of the body came to be interpreted literally. So long as nobody demanded the right to dissect the body this did not matter much, for though it was a superstition it was entirely harmless, but when men appeared who demanded this right in the name of science and the Church resisted, reason rebelled, and Christianity appeared in the unfavourable guise of an enemy of thought, though if the men of that age had understood Christianity they would not have been in rebellion against, but the degeneration of its creed. A similar misunderstanding arose over the Copernican discovery which was a terrible shock to orthodox faith. For though Christianity is not a theory of the universe, but a theory of conduct supported by Divine sanction, and though the Catholic Church based its authority upon Christian tradition and not upon the Bible, it, nevertheless, suffered in the public esteem by its association with the popular notion that the earth was flat and the biblical story of Joshua commanding the sun to stand still upon Gibeon. For neither of these could be squared with the newly discovered theory of the planetary system. And the Church foolishly put itself in the wrong by condemning such knowledge as heretical, though in extenuation it should be said that the exponents of these new ideas were equally unjust to the truths of Christianity.

In fighting these battles the scientists tended to become heretical. And here it is to be observed that heresy is not necessarily a belief in something false, but an exaggeration of one aspect of truth insisted upon to the exclusion of other and equally important truths. It is this tendency of scientists to exaggerate the importance of the material side of things whilst ignoring as imponderable the spiritual and moral side of life which is their peculiar form of heresy. It results in the loss of mental balance, a failure to see life as a whole, in its true proportions. It makes the scientist an untrustworthy guide in the practical affairs of life. The publication of Lord Bacon's "Advancement of Learning" and the "Novum Organum" served only to increase the tendency of the scientist to lose his monomania—a tendency which appears to be the inevitable accompaniment of an exclusive pre-occupation with the study of phenomena. The inductive method is the method of reasoning familiar to all who concern themselves with the practical arts, and is invaluable for the attainment of certain immediate and definite ends. But the attempt of Bacon to give it universal validity—for, as Macaulay said, it is ridiculous to suppose he invented it—must after the experience of over three centuries of work upon such lines be judged a failure, for science is as far from the truth of things as ever. "After a glorious burst of perhaps fifty years amid great acclamation and good hopes that the crafty old universe was going to be caught in her careful net, science finds herself in almost every direction in the most hopeless quandaries; and whether the rib story be true or not, has, at any rate, provided an unanswerable refutation for it." Now, the reason for this failure is obvious. There is no such thing as a purely materialist explanation of the universe. Final causation is not to be found in the material world, and scientists in excluding the spiritual side of things from their calculations as imponderable, exclude the consideration of those things which might offer an explanation. For unity is to be found at the centre of life; it is not to be deduced merely from a study of phenomena on the circumference. But even if science were to follow the lead given by Sir Oliver Lodge and carried its investigations beyond the material into the realm of psychic phenomena, it could never penetrate the final mystery of life. The moral principles to which religions give sanction are finally commandments and incapable of rationalist explanation, though experience of their working may be able to give rationalist justification. They are not to be deduced from the study of phenomena, but rest finally on the affirmation of the supernatural.

While it must be admitted that reasoning, based exclusively upon phenomena, has failed to penetrate the mystery of the universe, the invasion of other departments of inquiry by the inductive method of reasoning, such as that of sociology, has been followed by results equally disastrous. Science has produced endless confusion. It is possible to deduce secondary truth from primary truth, but not the reverse which science attempts. I sometimes think that the Devil made his début in the modern world as the friend of learning which he had the insight to see might be used for the purpose of banishing wisdom by the simple and apparently innocent device of multiplying knowledge. At any rate, whether the Devil planned or no, such has been its practical effect. For the multiplication of knowledge has certainly introduced confusion into the popular mind. Thus it has come about that the scientific method of inquiry has had the effect of burying primary truth under an avalanche of secondary half-truths. It has exalted knowledge above wisdom, mechanism above Art, science above religion, man above God. In thus reversing the natural order of the moral and intellectual universe, it has led to a general state of mental bewilderment such as was never before witnessed. The ambition of the scientist to comprehend all knowledge has been followed by the unfortunate discovery that knowledge—the things to be known—is bigger than his head, and he gets some inkling of the meaning of the proverb, "A fool's eyes are on the ends of the earth."

Considerations of this kind lead me to the conclusion that civilisation has reached a turning-point not only in its political and economic history, but in its very methods and ideas, and that the next development must be away from the universal towards a reassertion of the principle of unity which was the central principle of the Medieval thought. In the new synthesis which will appear, science will not attempt to lead mankind, but will content with a secondary and subordinate position. Science has terribly misled the world. But it is possible that all its work has not been in vain. For it has explored the universe for us, and, as a result of its labours, it may be that when the new order does arrive, it will rest on much surer foundations than ever did the civilisations of the past. With the knowledge of evil which science has given us until we have first the courage to renounce it.

Economics and the Stage.

VARIOUS as are the ways and means employed by the younger school of stage reformers, idealists and aesthetic revolutionaries to achieve their reforms, ideals and revolutions in British stage-craft, too little thought appears to have been given by them to the politico-economic side of the problem. In this era of gigantic commercial and industrial activities, the stage, like every other expression of contemporary life, has become commercialised, and it is necessary for us to realise more fully the significance of this fact.

The Art of a people has ever been the direct expression of that people's economic mental and spiritual life—nay, one might say not merely the expression but the life itself; and just in so far as the mass of the Anglo-Saxon people of today is a prey to economic pressure, so is its manifestation in Art. Most noticeable is its manifestation in Art. This is evident by its politico-economic side of the problem. In this era of manager produces work which shall by appealing to patronage of the melodrama, music-hall, cinema, organising performances more suitable to their primitive tastes, and even hostile to it. Let us suppose it possible to offer the mass of playgoers such productions as our modern stage is wretchedly debased?

The successful and would-be successful theatrical manager produces work which shall by appealing to the greatest number furnish the greatest returns. Now the greatest number to-day consists, as I have already pointed out, of human beings dispossessed of their vital heritage, a race of wage-sales. Slaves, moreover, who dwell in a servitude as vile as it, if more vile than, anything the older system produced. Then is it small wonder that the Art-life of the people as expressed in our modern stage is wretchedly debased?

Let us realise the fact that out of a total population of some forty-five millions odd, about thirty millions are industrial and commercial wage-sales. Slaves, moreover, who dwell in a servitude as vile as it, if more vile than, anything the older system produced. Then is it small wonder that the Art-life of the people as expressed in our modern stage is wretchedly debased?

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Although State-aid appears to produce beneficial results in fostering a higher and more significant form of theatre Art, it is to my thinking not the ideal solution of the problem. It is rather a superficial and eclectic form of development induced from without and playing no integral role in a nation's life.

Now a study of the world's Art manifestation in past eras shows us that a truly rational aesthetic creation comes from within the souls of the sum total of individuals, and is a direct expression of mass ideals. We find that the early and greatest epoch of Greek drama was the emanation of a great national ethical and intellectual consciousness; a form of expression in which the audience collaborated with the actors to create what might almost be considered a religious ceremony. This condition obtained not at a time when Greece was peopled by a race of relatively free men; a period which pre-dated the epoch of decadence resultant upon the uneven distribution of amassed wealth. The same spirit will be found to be prevalent in the performance and acceptance of the mediaeval mystery plays by a relatively free bourgeoisie and assisted by a Church not yet corrupted with the desire for temporal and economic power. It is a similar freedom of economic and social intercourse that must exist in the life of the modern Anglo-Saxon democracy before we can hope for any renaissance of a vital stage Art.

The efforts of men like Barker, Shaw, Galsworthy and Craig, and of women like Miss Horniman and Margaret Morris are almost of necessity doomed to failure and will remain so till the shackles, economic and social, which hinder the development of our democracy, are broken asunder.

Britain, to-day the forcing ground of commercialism and landlordism par excellence, must at last awaken to the fact that though she succeeded in the seventeenth century in producing Shakespeare and the Restoration dramatists she cannot hope to reproduce a vital and national theatre Art in the twentieth century unless the mass of her sons are freed of the stifling incubus of modern economic conditions; then, and not till then, will she be able to rejoice in the possession of a theatre Art worthy of the heritage that Shakespeare has bequeathed her.
Readers and Writers.

I have not been on holiday—far from it; but on my return—from wherever it was—I find awaiting me the pleasant duty of thanking my readers for their continued response to my ever memorable appeal of, was it three, months ago. Since that date, the number of direct subscribers to THE NEW AGE has nearly doubled; and in spite of the increase in price from sixpence to sevensen the indirect subscribers have not fallen off in number. We are out of the wood of the war, at any rate, and can afford to whistle; but the whistling may not be long, for ahead of us I can see a wood as dense, and, perhaps, as long, and, perchance, not as easily penetrable as the wood from which we have just emerged. If I were Mr. G. K. Chesterton I should remark at this point that the curious fact about the wood we are approaching is that we cannot see it for the trees; and then I should turn a few somersaults with a word in each hand and land in a fine paradox as unintelligible to myself as to anybody else. But I am not Mr. G. K. Chesterton; and, in consequence, I shall merely say that the wood we shall shortly be entering is composed of treetops, with all of which THE NEW AGE must take its chance of survival. In other words, we are in for a period of enormously increased production of daily, weekly, monthly and quarterly magazines.

No journal announced our arrival, though every journal, I imagine, would proclaim our departure. On the contrary, however, I prefer to herald the rising sun in the hands of its true-born children. Two already have swum into my ken and their names shall return—from wherever they were—I find awaiting me the right to be read. No, why guess at the one and only logical alternative to fifty thousand at half a guinea will not be spared their tragical task. Aberdeen is the county-town of the enlightened province of Scotland; and it numbers many tens of thousands of electors. Its public library is well stocked, up to date, and most efficiently organised; and it is, of course, free. Very well. During 1918 a quarter of a million books were issued to borrowers for home-reading; and of the quarter of a million, 140,000 were either fiction or magazines. Fiction and more fiction, in short, occupied the minds of the premier intellectual nation to the extent of more than half of the total number of its book-borrowers and book-readers. "Art and Letters," it will be observed, is a magazine, and may, therefore, be read, if only for its pictures, in Aberdeen. But what chance has a book, a real book, out of the deluge of fiction and worse fiction? And this, remember, as Aberdeen is an English town the record is bound to be worse. If I remember rightly, the record of Plymouth, which was mentioned here some weeks ago, is immeasurably worse. Depths below depths, with not five thousand souls in all the land, I should say, to maintain the ancient character of the country as the first in the world. Let the intelligentsia unite! With their irresistible power let them advocate racial suicide or anything else. The return of the Aberdeen Public Library shows that even this attempt will be read as fiction.

It is absurd, after this, to announce the publication in book-form of two works that have already appeared in these pages. It is to invite the tragical propaganda of racial suicide. Worse, it is to run the risk of ruining two friendly publishers. However, it is not we who have threatened the world with extinction if our books are not read. Without being in the least degree "confident" that a tragic employment of our energies may not be necessary to the preservation of THE NEW AGE has risen in my absence. What reason is there to fear that the books now announced will not one day be read—perhaps in Aberdeen first. Mr. Richmond Haig's "Ethiopian Song" appeared in}

* * *
Three Vignettes.

By Millar Dunning.

I.

MORNING SCENES.

Morning breaks through a haze of chambering mists and routes from noon and cranny the last lurking remnants of relunctant night. Throughout the night mists have rolled from field to field caressing the slumbereing earth, and now, except where they fall to the river, only the higher trees and the spire of an old church stand clearly above.

In the amber fields the trees are dimly veiled. Cattle and horses walk between, or standing, seem like spectres reminiscent of the now departed darkness.

Along the winding course of the stream the mists are low, half sunk in its tranquil depths, or rise in fanciful wreaths that cling to its limpid face, or, like disemborsed spirits, hang among the reeds, loath to bid farewell to a too beautiful world.

And thus we have won a truly stimulating experience, unlocking the way to our latent being and enabling it to grow and harmonise with the beauty and serenity which has stirred it to life. We become possessed of the freedom and the expanse of the soul, and are already in sight of that scintillating horizon which releases our thoughts from the bondage of commonplace inheritance. Life falls within the sphere of our comprehension and the ways of men are not impossible to understand. Sorrow is not without joy, nor living without reward. In a state of supremacy we fearlessly beckon the future, and whatever it may contain. We see horizon beyond horizon, and where the eye fails, mind, imagination and soul soar with it to the uppermost regions of vision. Life and light permeate a boundless universe until we are conscious of only the most heaven-born limitations.

And so, too, in the material sphere. Our being extends to and absorbs the life without and beyond it. It reaches into vast continents and across great oceans. We feel and see and grow intimate with their existence; with the vibrating heat of the Egyptian desert; the storm among the mountains of India, and the snows on the outer limits of Siberia. East and West, North and South, nothing is too great or too distant. And through it all we feel the inner nature that surges and palpitates to the song of life—to the surgete music of the fates who so recklessly give and so ruthlessly take away.

But the grass in the valley is glistening still, and where it is untrodden, the finest of dew screens it in a sheet of silver just flickering with a thought of blue.

And thus we have the beginning and the end, the surgete and the therefore of static vision—the thing complete and in itself sufficient.

II.

THE SINNER.

The air is tense with brooding storm. The face of the sky is sullen-blue and ash-yellow, threatening soon to break, and once more to soak the bones of the ancient dead. It is a long, irregular piece of ground surrounded by a massive wall, black with age. Outside, there are large overhanging trees. Inside, there is a great disorder of tombs and headstones. Everything is very still. No noise comes from the surrounding city, and the last vagabond seems to have fled in fear of the approaching storm. It is evening and the gloomy clouds herald a dark night. There is a creaking of rusty hinges from the east gate and a man enters. He glances round as though having anticipated the scene before him. He then walks to the corner of a low tomb, and careless of its death-woven memories seats himself. He looks at the black heavy wall that bounds this sink of death and at the white crumbling symbols that proclaim its dead . . . the one as the gloom-burdened flesh that binds his spirit—the other as the hard whitening thing that remains to him for soul. He would end it all here. He would cast his life out among the shallow buried bones and lose himself for ever in this forest of stone. But he knows that to die thus, is no longer possible; that such chance is past and that now his one hope is to see death itself—to see the cruel steel of her face and pierce the lurid vaults of her heart.

And would she reveal herself elsewhere more readily than here? Was not this the time-old abode of death? Where even the things of life had fallen in part to her bondage, the rank and rotting weed and the moss-ensconced earth? Could he get nearer—to see her face and read her heart? Would not the groping shadows answer—the darkness, the drooping trees and withering stones?

III.

THE EARTH SPIRITS.

A PROLOGUE AND AN EPILOGUE.

To be duly warned you who would listen must know that we are spirits of the Earth—the products of woods and heathen places—beings estranged and given to unnatural pursuits—the worshippers of strange gods. Thus have we spent our days searching the face of the night—searching for the inmost soul of light and darkness, or when days and nights were soulless, living with the lovely things whose only life was night and day, day and night in everlasting recurrence. Or, again, when these were absent, seeking those but a little higher, peering into their eyes—the light in their eyes and their unfathomable depths. Thus from the darkness of night, from the shadow of trees, from the infinite obscurity of a myriad simple things we have won our light.

As men, we have looked on them with a cold, impartial eye, as beings who expected nothing from us, and to whom nothing was due. We have looked on them as but a name on the scroll of creation—as of bipeds among the winged creatures of the air or the finned creatures of the sea. There are flocks of birds; there are shoals of fish; and there are hordes of men. Thus if you will have us sing, and singing, tell our tale, it shall be from bloodless lips, even such as we have described.

Their songs being ended the Earth Spirits lament their having been drawn by the hope of the applause of men. We have rendered all our song, and in great simplicity have looked for payments due. We have laboured, and despite ourselves have hoped for reward. But now that we have done, the day grows dark. The sky is filled with devouring eyes, and a myriad murrian sights forefront our unseemly fate. We turn, we curse. We look to the Earth to bury us where we stand; to loosen the torn spirit within and in death to give us freedom and life, and all the fervid craving of our will. We look to the Earth, but hapless, look in vain, for in having looked to men we have broken faith; have sinned against those quieter, simpler things.

And having sinned, what should we do but wander; to waste our substance, fibre by fibre, till all is spent. What should we do but walk, and walk, without race with the wind, moan with the storm, and be dashed with it on the mountains. What else should we do?
Towards National Guilds.

While the blackleg-proof unions at a greater distance than they were before the war, yet with the Guild idea undisturbed in its soundness as in its inspiration, we must consider in some detail the question of what line of conduct should be pursued in order to reconcile immediate activity with the earliest possible realisation. There must, of course, be no relaxation of effort in the propagation of the Guild idea. The education of the unions, preferably from within, in the principle that changes can only be accepted or allowed to become permanent when their tendency is social, and the human, ethical, economic, and national justification of the Guild must proceed with all the enthusiasm of which its exponents are capable. Shorter hours and broader education are desired conditions to obtain on the way.

With the field of invention still wide, and subject to indefinite extension, the better the education, civic and technical, of all workers, the more easily will it be to accommodate the personnel of industry to the needs of the nation. Leisure is a result of necessity a means, to knowledge, and an educated people is a further surety for the success of the Guilds.

The primary task is, without doubt, the formation of the blackleg-proof unions. Even with the power of the strike weakened, no union should allow its "right to strike" to be questioned. A strike is often the only available means of reorganising the unorganised. Does not the history of Trade Unionism show how many cases the strike has preceded, in fact, the formation of the union? The justice of a war brings forth volunteers who would never have dreamed of joining the Army had they believed, however wrongly, that a state of peace existed. Many workers outside the union join during or immediately after a dispute, and become good members. Witness, for instance, the experiences of the National Union of Railwaymen. Only those objects should be worked for and struck for, however, which, when achieved, will have increased the power of Labour relatively to that of Capital. A strike by an Industrial Union for a portion, preferably limiting the remainder rather than demanding a proportion of profits, must be admitted, unless, in the meantime, the State unites with Labour for Guildisation. As that marriage is likely to be postponed indefinitely, the best remaining line of attack is the direct, which not merely strengthens Labour relatively, but which weakens Capital relatively. All gains should be received by the Union as a Corporation, and responsibility demanded and accepted concurrently with other gains, the goal being always the Guild. In no case should any portion of profits handed over be regarded by the Union as profit or bonus. It should invariably be employed to strengthen the union as a corporation, and a score of purposes will readily suggest themselves. The abolition, not the sharing, of Profit is the aim.

Just as an industry or service within Capitalism is nationalised when it performs essential functions, and when the danger arises of its potential monopolists exploiting not merely their own field of labour but the remainder of Production, Capital and Labour alike, so an industry is not fitted for Guildisation until its Union is industrial, containing all the essential labour, including directive, and, until its intelligence, discipline, and capacity for the acceptance of full responsibility have been corporately developed. The Capitalist has relied for his justification upon his hold of the reins of industry. He can say that, however badly, industry has "worked" under his direction. The King's industry has been carried on. Until Labour is ready to discharge his function better than he can discharge it, the Capitalist is not economically superfluous.

The election of Trade Union officials, itself subject to quasi-political abuse by manipulation, will need to be regulated by better principles than those which have prevailed hitherto, if the Unions are to be rendered fit for Guildisation. It is to be regretted that too often the promotion of a Trade Unionist from the "rank-and-file" to the "salariat" of the Union produces a subtle psychological change, of which so many members are yet unaware, and of which so many of the remainder are but inarticulately aware. In his former capacity, the official regarded the funds of the Union as the commissariat of an army, to be consumed, if need be, in the achievement of victory; as an official, to be conserved and augmented as the source of his livelihood. They should, of course, be conserved, conserved, and augmented; but their purpose is victory! In order to avoid this evil of the vested interests of the paid official, it may be necessary for Unions generally to earmark a portion of their funds for separate investment, as a guarantee of the maintenance in their service, of the disinterested intelligence of the officials, and for their subsequent economic security. The earmarked portion would naturally revert to the original funds on the severance of the official's connection with the Union. The source of corruption is the union of control and dependency in the same person.

A class of Trade Union officials, prone to regard the attainment of a paid office as the first step on the ladder of a political career, whose highest is no lower than the Cabinet, or, perhaps, even the Premiership, is a source of danger. Its members achieve eminence within the wages-system. Their abhorrence of it is liable to be confined to the platform, and a policy of amelioration the only outcome of their practical conduct elsewhere. Even after the best has been said of the exploits of the Labour and Socialist Parties, it must be clearly recognised that their achievement of Governmental authority cannot abolish the wages-system. The essential preliminary is the readiness and capability of the Unions to assume control and accept responsibility. State Socialism or Capitalism, the stronghold of retreat intended by Capitalists for themselves, must not intervene between regulated Capitalism and the Guilds. And the degradation of an art to a profession is a symptom of the evils to be removed. The remedy is to raise the professions towards the arts.

The amalgamation of the various Unions within an industry, or, at the least, their federation and ability at short notice to amalgamate, presents difficulties in regard both to the officials and to the "rank-and-file." Without imputing to them ulterior motives, the officials naturally see the position from the point of view of their own interests, and put side by side their actual and their probable degree of eminence, and their judgment is influenced to a greater extent than they are able to perceive, much less admit. The emancipation of the minds of the men destined to lead is essential to the emancipation of those who will follow.

The members also, even the intelligent of them, compare the financial situations of the Unions proposing to amalgamate, those more intelligent still, the degree of advancement of the ideas and mentality of the separate groups, and each group is usually inclined to hand itself the laurels. The power of the really more advanced ideas, after amalgamation, has not been either sufficiently discussed or fully appreciated. In these cases, the individual outlook, relative to the fellow Unions, must be replaced by a national outlook, relative to the realisation of the Guilds. This is no time for rivalry between Unions as Unions; a healthy competition will have begun between them when, the importance of social acts being appreciated, a race is run between two or more Industrial Unions for the privilege of going down in history as the first to become a Guild.
The Idolatry of Words.

By Dr. Oscar Levy.

(Translated, by kind permission of the Editor, from "La Revue Politique Internationale," by Paul V. Cohn.)

CHRISTIANITY: WITH CARE.—The English and Americans give a ready welcome to anything that is labelled "Christian," though it may be the most impious thing imaginable. Thus it was that Bernard Shaw hailed Houston Stewart Chamberlain's "Foundations of the Nineteenth Century," recognising in it "the Bible of Protestantism"; his artless admiration was shared on the other side of the Atlantic by Theodore Roosevelt, who literally fell on his knees before "all the knowledge and acumen" displayed therein. ... The more careless that inscription, the more carefully we ought to examine the contents. It will be remembered how President Krüger had "Piano" written on the big boxes which contained the Krupp guns intended for the use of his Boers—"pianos" which a little later, regaled the English with the same music that is played in them to-day by Chamberlain's "Christianity."

A LITTLE MORE ACCURACY, IF YOU PLEASE.—"At any rate, let us save our faith from the universal shipwreck," is the plaintive refrain sung by many a tortured human heart. But, I ask, how are we going to set about it? We have discovered that the Old Testament is, after President Krüger had "Piano" written on the big boxes which contained the Krupp guns intended for the use of his Boers—"pianos" which a little later, regaled the English with the same music that is played in them to-day by Chamberlain's "Christianity."

A TARDY CONFESSION.—Pastor Georg Löber makes a frank and unreserved avowal in his book, "Christianity and the War." "We have a genuine sigh of relief when, in pondering the problem of Christianity and the war, we enter the glittering precincts of the faith they have forsaken. An Englishman has said, in defence of this war: "War exposes the symptoms, and overlooks the roots of the trouble."

REQUIESCAT IN PACE.—Good doctors do their best to cure disease; bad doctors make a deal of pother about the symptoms, and overlook the roots of the trouble. Apart from doctors, good and bad, there is another type of healer: the philanthropists. These no longer pay any attention to the disease itself, but devote themselves with all the more energy to cultivating the symptoms. Pacifism, for instance, was a symptom of European decadence. An American, Mr. Carnegie, encouraged these symptoms by making liberal grants to pacifist associations. The germs of the disease spread, of course, more rapidly than ever, and one fine day the fever broke out. ... From that very day the "Carnegie Endowment for International Peace" refused to give any further help to these associations, and the funds are now diverted to "the vigorous prosecution of the war until a decisive victory is won," for "in this way the real life of the peace, both national and international, comes into being." ... After rose-water comes the surgeon's knife, blind and brutal, but an accurate diagnosis is still to seek. Every age has the physicians it deserves; ours will owe its ruin to Messrs. Carnegie and Co.

THE PHILOSOPHER TURNED ARMY CONTRACTOR.—From the moment the war was declared, the philosophies of Bergson and Eucken were placed at the disposal of their respective countries—and that, too, by their very founders! who, accordingly, cannot complain, like so many other philosophers, that their ideas have been "misinterpreted." In his innumerable books, too, cannot complain that their philosophers hold themselves "aloof from the world," for they seem to know their world through and through! No doubt "philosophy," in plain English, means "love of wisdom," not "love of country"—but is not love of country to-day the supreme wisdom? ... Those visionaries, St. Just and Robespierre, looked to the ideal of the "Liberty" and "Equality"—above all, that of "equality," which was only waiting for its final victim in order to make its triumphal entry! ... Thus came the descent, ever more rapid, the gibbous, reckless plunge into the abyss. Facilis descensus Averni. If we add to the ideals, still current to-day, of "Justice," "Liberty" and "Equality," such phrases of later growth as "Kultur," "the happiness of the many," "security for peace," "League of Nations," "last war in the annals of humanity," if we substitute for the few pints of blood that flowed of old on the Place de la Concorde the rivers of blood that the world-war has cost us; if we compare the idealism of a few individuals who voluntarily sacrificed themselves with the self-denial of whole nations who to-day are giving up their property and their lives—we cannot but be forlornly struck by the similarity between the present world-war and the Revolution of 1789, and compare it parallel between the exuberant rhetoric of to-day and the hollow verbigre of the past. ... The present war is merely a new phase of the French Revolution, which itself was only a sequel to the German Reformation. The Münzers and the Knipperlöic, the St. Justs and the Robespierres, find their replicas in the Lenins and Trotskyts. ... Germanism stands for the old régime, which, through its feebleness, has lost its right to exist; all that is now wanted is the Napoleons, the tyrants, the new masters, who will work order out of chaos and make both Germans and democrats play second fiddle, as they deserve. They will come soon day, that is certain!

WE CANNOT HAVE IT BOTH WAYS.—We must choose between two alternatives: either sacrificing politics to morality (like Tolstoi) or morality to politics (like Machiavelli). There is no middle course. Not but what some have vainly sought a middle course, between the two extremes, between the two visions. To such are the fusions of Kant and Fichte, ideas which, owing to their splendid character, are still accepted by every German and every
disseminator of German bacilli (and who is without a German bacillus?). "Chocolate is a delicious drink and tea is just as nice," said on one occasion the wife of a rich vulgarian, "please bring me a cup of tea and chocolate mixed, half and half."

GERMANY, ALL TOO GERMAN.—"If we Germans aspire to rank as a world-Power, that is very far from meaning that we wish to overpower other States and trample them under our feet. Intellectual culture is too widespread among the Germans for such phrases and such chimeras to influence the aims of a whole people. Doubtless our political and cultural mission is forced upon us by the conditions of our existence, but it is guided by our consciousness that in pursuing it we are doing service to the idea of humanity, contributing to the physical, moral and intellectual advancement of the human race. For this purpose we need elbow-room and security." Thus wrote the Socialist Wolfgang Heine in the "Frankfort Gazette" of November 7, 1915. Long ago, an illustrious namesake of this Heine wrote (in the Preface to his "Confessions"): "Characteristically enough, our German rogues are never entirely without some shreds of sentimentality. They are no cold-blooded and calculating soundrels. They have a soul, they sympathise most deeply with the fate of those whom they despoil." . . .

It is just the same to-day: this Heine the Little—as Heine the Great so justly observed of his type—has nothing of the blackguard about him; moreover, he does not steal, he only wants "elbow-room and security"; and then, too, he merely needs this elbow-room and this security so that he can work for "the moral and intellectual advancement" of those whom he has robbed. His discreet acts towards his victims are all committed not from brutality or from a spirit of aggression—he has too much "culture" for that!—but with the best intentions in the world and a conscience perfectly at ease: is he not, after all, " doing service to the idea of humanity"? In short, he is a rascal with "feeling," a moralising bandit, a Machiavelli from charity! . . . How attractive, by way of contrast, is the aspect of the real Machiavelli! The latter did not wrap himself and others in the cloak of religious and humanitarian falsehood: with clear eyes and a hearty stomach he ran straight for the goal.

VIRTUE AT THE MASKED BALL.—A question that has at all times been most hotly debated by the Germans is the following: "Should we, in politics, have recourse to moral or to immoral methods?" Bernhardt declares for moral methods. "When one has no intention of respecting a treaty or an alliance, one should not conclude it," he says in "Our Future," and he hereby gives all the world to understand that if Germany brought upon herself the reproach of immorality at The Hague conference on disarmament, it was just because she would not swerve from a moral attitude! It would, indeed, have been more politic to accept the proposals for disarmament, in other words, to put her enemies to sleep instead of putting them on their guard. Treitschke, on the other hand, plumps for immoral methods, though solely in the interests of "the moral State." He is thus diametrically opposed to Machiavelli, who preaches "force devoid of any moral end." Yet, as it were, in spite of Machiavelli, takes him to task because "he has so little understanding of ethics," and declares roundly that "the highest concepts of human life and the State, those that emanate from reason, are to him a sealed book. Yet, as a German, in spirit and soul, he has a sneaking affection for the Italian. This compromise makes Fichte the founder of German mentality, which tries to reconcile artlessness with cunning, Christianity with immorality. All this wavering and all these discussions prove, at any rate, that the Germans would have done better if they had stuck to morality. They remind one of certain ladies of unquestionable virtue who, in order to "see a bit of life," go for once in a way to a Covent Garden ball. Following the example of the anarchist Max Stirner, they squeeze their partners' hands under the table; but the poor things are all the time blushing behind their masks. They are so restrained, so virtuous, so embarrassed, that their cavaliers are all the time on the point of saying: "Good Heavens, madam, what are you doing here? Such a respectable lady as you are!"

HEGEL'S LEGACY.—All Germans, nay all non-German Europeans, can claim Hegel as their original. Treitschke and Bismarck are his legitimate heirs, the German Socialists his illegitimate descendants; Engels was near the mark when he defined the German Labour movement as "the heir of classical German philosophy from Kant to Hegel." Hence the antagonism between Bismarck and the Socialists is more apparent than real, for between Hegelians of the Right and Hegelians of the Left there is a strong bond whose reality has been once more confirmed by the present war. As a matter of fact, all of them still believe in the State as the "embodiment of the moral idea." The only difference is that the latter propagates this moral idea from below, while Bismarck imposed it from above. This socio-moral State became a model for all Europe, and Bakounin turned out to be a true prophet: "Max's Socialism and Bismarck's diplomacy are working hand in hand towards the Pangermanisation of Europe." A Hegelian of the Left who no longer believes in the State, neither in its "God-given character" nor in its "moral nature," a "candid friend" yet a consummate exponent of Hegelianism, is the anarchist Max Stirner (Caspar Schmidt), author of "The Ego and His Own." In point of fact, his theories found more favour outside Germany than in the very workshop where European systems of thought are manufactured. The German, after all, has little bent for anarchy. He differs from the Russian and Italian in that he seldom likes to act on his own initiative. He lacks civic courage whether for good or for evil. Even when he is meditating some piece of rascality, he prefers to do it collectively. The war has proved that he maintains his gregarious instincts, his need of marching shoulder to shoulder, even in crime.

THE SMALL PROFITS OF GERMAN PHILOSOPHY.—Before the war, Germany had the whole world under her heel, not so much in matters of commerce as in matters of intellect. But this is not perhaps the feudist of the Entente. Lord Haldane, a devotee of Hegel, described Germany as his "spiritual home." Woodrow Wilson, an enthusiastic adherent of Kant, has written big tomes inspired by German thinkers. Lloyd George, although he has never acquired the slightest tincture of German philosophy, has at least studied Germany's social legislation, in order to transplant it in English soil . . . All have tasted the fruit of the tree named German idealism, and though to-day they cannot look a wry face over its kernel, so unsuspectedly bitter, they will never be able to deny that there was a time when they marched the fruit with absolute confidence. German philosophy, on the other hand, might well seek to justify the sorry plight to which its idealism has reduced the world by arguing like a certain dealer in bric-à-brac who had sold a copper pot. "Yes," he said, "I bought the pot cheap, I had it re-coppered in my own way, and sold it as new. . . . The people who bought it of me boiled some fish in it, and the whole family fell ill . . . But the doctor made something out of it, so did the chemist, so did the undertaker, so did the grave-digger—in fact, everyone made a bit out of it. . . . And all thanks to me!" Yes, all thanks to the German philosopher!
Beginnings.

To ask: "Which Apostle?" would be to create a world-purpose, I suppose, in the physical forces that operate on all ponderable bodies alike, in the force of gravity, for example, which compels bodies to attract each other proportionately to their mass and inversely as the square of the distance. I am aware, I may say, that I describe the force of gravity anthropomorphically when I say that it "compels." But what is the "good" of the force of gravity? It keeps us on the ground, and it keeps the stars at respectful distances from each other. If we go a step further, and ask what Mr. Ward would call a "religious" question: "Why should we be kept on the ground, and the stars at respectful distances from each other?" religion can only answer that it is a great mystery—which we confess by asking the question. Religion, no more than science, is capable of answering that question: "Why?" People only adored the sun, they were terrified by its eclipse; but when they began to ask: "How?" observed its motion, and invented means of measuring it, they not only banished the fear of an eclipse, but laid the foundations of a science that has made the world as easily measurable as a back-garden, and by facilitating travel, has made the dream of a universal brotherhood a possibility.

The universe is the same for all of us: science and religion are simply two attitudes that we adopt towards it, or, if you like, two different re-actions that it causes in us. I do not deny religious knowledge; there is an intelligence of the heart as well as of the head; but that knowledge is inexplicable, is incommunicable experience. It corresponds to what is called unconscious cerebration in psychology; and, to come down to practice, conscious cerebration is of the greatest practical value. As Ribot said: "One may by instinct, that is, through unconscious cerebration, solve a problem, but it is very possible, that some other day, at another moment, one will fail in regard to an analogous problem. If, on the contrary, the solution of any problem is attained through conscious reasoning, a failure will scarcely occur in a second instance; because every step in advance marks a gained position, and from that moment we no longer grope our way blindly. This, however, does not in the least diminish the part played by unconscious work in all human discoveries." When we reflect that Christ's whole method was devoted to making men conscious of their possibilities, and thereby responsible for themselves, that it was Christ who said: "Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free": I see no reason to be ashamed of the scientific method of looking for truth, even for the truth of religion, at the end instead of at the beginning of its recherche. It may well be that the truth finally discovered will be the truth originally revealed; but it will be truth become conscious, raised from what Theosophists call the "astral" to the "mental" world. It will be the Word of God returning to Himself after having performed its miracle of vitalising the universe from the earth to the heaven; if it issued as a fiat, it will return as an affirmation that the spirit informs all things.
Reviews.

The War and Elizabeth. By Mrs. Humphry Ward. (Collins. 6s. net.)

Mrs. Humphry Ward expend an infinity of effort to make her Elizabeth incredible. Her Elizabeth, it would seem, has understood Olive Schreiner literally, and taken all labour for her province. As an economist alone, she is marvellous; few of us could, in war-time, have paid the cost of a mother's illness and the fees of a trained nurse, and, at the same time, maintained ourselves not merely in comfort but in elegance on a salary of £250 a year. But that was a trifle to Elizabeth; she became a farm bailiff and a forester, a member of the War Agricultural Department, a fluent conversationalist, and indulged in much introspection. In addition, she retained not only her beauty but her charm; her affections were not impoverished but rather nourished by her abundant activities, and as one of the characters says at the end, "she seems to be just asking you to creep under her wings and be mothered." Of course, the third word should be: "They shall prosper that love thee": it is inevitable; even the higher education of women has lost its action, and a vocabulary as varied in expression and colour in expression as the symbolism of Nature. The traveller who takes himself wherever he goes has never travelled, he has only been transported in body, not rapt away in spirit; and he has no sympathy with the creation of character but is merely masquerading in various disguises—and when a woman cries: "Me! Me! Look at me!" we know what to expect. We get it here without stint. Peter was supposed to be dying, and Betty, a complete stranger, married him to prevent the estuaries passing to another branch of the family. Of course, Peter recovered; and the rest of the book is devoted to telling how his wife compelled him to see her, and to fall in love with her for her own sake. The story is told with the usual accompaniment of gush and gurgle that is supposed to reveal the charm of women; and "Golly, I'se so wilful" seems to be Betty's motto. For contrast with this nonsense, Miss Myddleton plumps into the baths of a story of disappointed love, with a little white dog as its memorial.

Impossible Peter. By Fay Myddleton. (Collins. 6s. net.)

Miss Fay Myddleton is quite right; Peter is "impossible," so is Betty, so is the story, and also the manner of its telling. The attempt to write a novel in the form of letters always betrays the fact that the author is incapable of dramatic projection, and it is not concerned with the creation of character but is merely masquerading in various disguises—and when a woman cries: "Me! Me! Look at me!" we know what to expect. We get it here without stint. Peter was supposed to be dying, and Betty, a complete stranger, married him to prevent the estuaries passing to another branch of the family. Of course, Peter recovered; and the rest of the book is devoted to telling how his wife compelled him to see her, and to fall in love with her for her own sake. The story is told with the usual accompaniment of gush and gurgle that is supposed to reveal the charm of women; and "Golly, I'se so wilful" seems to be Betty's motto. For contrast with this nonsense, Miss Myddleton plumps into the baths of a story of disappointed love, with a little white dog as its memorial.

The Flaming Sword of France. By Henry Malherbe. Translated from the French by Lucy Menzies. (Dent. 6s. net.)

This translation of "La Flamme au Poing" presents a vivid picture of some of the aspects of the war with a frankness that is French only in its photographic skill. The incidents are carefully chosen to reveal the invincible spirit of the French soldier, his stoicism, his sensibility; he seems in these sketches to be doing his duty in a dream, while he lives in a reverie of "Remembrance, Love, and Death." These "twilight states" permit the author to preserve his sensibility unimpaired, indeed, to purge it of material connotations; he quivers at the thought of music, of love, of the refinements of civilisation, but he writes of slaughter as one whose soul is numbed, as, perhaps, it is. For we see that the truth of humanity's history may repeat itself, but tragedy never, and we have no more power to feel a world-combat, with its thousands of casualties a day, than we have to feel the death of one person. So far as the author's "realism" is an attempt to make us "feel the war," it is a failure, a mere adding of ciphers to the numeral we have already posited.
Pastiche.

STATUETTE OF AN EGYPTIAN PRINCESS

(Belonging to no particular Dynasty.)

In the armchair in which she had been languidly borne, the armchair in which she had passed the greater part of her languid life, the armchair in which, in due course, she would no doubt languidly die, she sat with hands folded upon her immobile knees, morosely gazing out upon the Nile. Previously she had been accustomed to experience a creeping, torpid joy in finding mirrored in the imperturbability of the river the facile march of her own phlegmatic egoism. But today the pathetic fallacy had broken down. For in spite of the sumptuous spaciousness of the patriarchal palace in which she dwelt, surrounded by all the loving care of three generations of ancestors, she was feeling the cruel pinch of war.

But it was not by solicitude for her native Egypt that she was distressed. For her native Egypt was booming brilliantly. And were not the industrious peasants of territorial Brighton. No apprehension, either, for her spaciousness of the patriarchal palace in which she dwelt, surrounded by all the loving care of three generations of ancestors, she was feeling the cruel pinch of war.

This, then, is the reason why she sat in the armchair in which she had been languidly borne, the armchair in which she had passed the greater part of her languid life, the armchair in which she would, no doubt, in due course languidly die, gazing out upon the imperturbable Nile with her serene jewelled hands lazily folded over the Nile with her sleek jewelled hands lazily folded over the Nile. HORACE B. SAMUEL.

TO MY SUBCONSCIOUS SELF.

What, alter ego, do you mean?
To toss across the threshold of my open consciousness
All the rags and tatters of a world unseen.
I do not complain of the scraps of Lesbian dreams,
And vague ideas of murder and the wishes
Of impracticable lust.
That flounder exhausted in the embryonic dust
Of the psyche like expiring fishes
From subterranean sans.

No, no, I can sweep quite away
All the fragments and the oddments of a classic yesterday,
But it causes me to rage
To see the rubbish that you throw
From the humber-rooms of minds that I know:
The dead cats and dogs of the spirit of an age,
The ideals and aspirations and the yearnings
Of the artists and thinkers who've expressed
All the worst, all the best,
Of our rulers in the suffocating hell before the war.
After ego, have some pity and do not cast up any more,
For I'm weary to death of trying to clean up the mess.
Let us kiss the feet of honest ugliness;
If there be no better Beauty
Let us toss a coin for values or restore
The slave-built glory that was Greece,
The faked divinities of yore:
No nobler and more honourable Peace,
The ideals and aspirations and the yearnings

SONNET.

To X.

O, like sweet, scented dew upon my brow
Thy kisses fall in sequence none too slow;
Each with a honeyed lingering, as though
Thou wouldst divest me of the weariness
Of impracticable lust.

Let us kiss the feet of honest ugliness;
For I'm weary to death of trying to clean up the mess.
If there be no better Beauty
Let us kiss the feet of honest ugliness;
If there be no truer Truth, no saner Faith and Duty,
No nobler and more honourable Peace,
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The faked divinities of yore:

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The faked divinities of yore:

C. S. D.