TOWARDS NATIONAL

Richard Redmayne, the Government's Chief Inspector of Mines, has in all probability settled the fate of the mines, at least in a negative sense. Whatever happens under a Guild, one thing is certain: they will continue under their present ownership and control. "The present system of individual ownership of the mines," says Sir Richard Redmayne, who should know if anybody does, "is extravagant and wasteful." About fourteen hundred owners or corporations are required to run some three thousand or so mines; in other words, it takes a whole proprietary, individual or corporate, to draw off the profits from every couple of mines; and in the end, even this army of directorial and family profiteers cannot conduct their business efficiently, for not only is Labour completely alienated under their rule, but everything connected with the industry of mining, from the butting of the miners to the utilisation of coal by-products, is scraped and wasted. And family profiteers cannot conduct their business under their rule, but everything connected with the industry of mining, from the butting of the miners to the utilisation of coal by-products, is scraped and wasted. As the first principle of Utopia. We were all Fabians then, and had not yet learned to discriminate between national ownership and national or bureaucratic management. Thanks, however, in the first place, to men like Mr. Belloc and our own guildsmen, and, in the second place, to the more recent and well-nigh universal experience of bureaucratic control during the course of the war, the principle and practice of nationalisation are seen to be two entirely different things of which, if the first is beneficent, the second is undoubtedly repugnant to almost everybody who has been brought in contact with its working. Millions of men who before the war accepted nationalisation without question as the future solution of industry are now not only questioning its validity, but positively hostile to it. They have been disillusioned of State control if not of State ownership; and this, be it observed, whether of the system of democratic control we call the Guild or Labour. The consensus of opinion hostile to bureaucratic management is, indeed, something remarkable. Sir Richard Redmayne, himself a bureaucrat, devoutly hoped that the Government would not invite him to manage the mines. Mr. Pease, a northern mineowner, regarded national control as "a danger to the community." And the opinion of Labour, as was revealed in the proceedings of Friday, was no less uncompromisingly hostile to nationalisation in practice.

We must beware, however, of emptying out the baby with the bath or of assuming that the conclusion so unanimously reached has been reached by all the parties under the same motives. Leaving Sir Richard Redmayne aside, the motives of Mr. Pease and his fellow-capitalists for the denunciation of State management are scarcely likely to be the same as the motives of Mr. Straker; and, in fact, the differentiation is obvious. For whereas Mr. Pease and the rest oppose nationalisation as inefficient relatively to private enterprise, we others oppose it as inefficient relatively to the system of democratic control we call the Guild system; and, again, whereas the former oppose nationalisation with the criterion of private profit in their minds, Mr. Straker and others oppose it after applying to it the criterion of public use. The differentiation allows us to be at one and the same time opposed and yet not opposed to nationalisation. We are opposed to nationalisation if the choice before us is nationalisa-
to be national ownership, involving a recognition of the sovereignty of the nation, and a considerable share of national control. On each of the managerial committees, national, district, and mine, for every five members elected by the mining staff (technical and manual), five members are reserved for the nomination of the Government Ministry of Mines. In short, the control proposed to be exercised is equal as well as joint. How this proposal can be construed as it is by Mr. Harold Cox as proving that the miners are thinking of themselves first, last and all the time we cannot imagine in any other mind than that of Mr. Cox himself. It is certain that nothing approaching the nature of the proposed control here offered would be forthcoming from the proposed Capitalist Trust, with its jealous reservation of control, and with its insistence upon standardised profits as well as wages. The national guild proposed by Mr. Straker has, it appears to us, all the advantages for the nation that a delegated but still adequately controlled responsibility in political matters has proved to have. It is devolution of function carried from politics into industry; and by just so much as we are proud of our political commonwealth, we shall learn, if Mr. Straker's scheme is adopted, to be proud one day of our industrial commonwealth.

If Mr. Hodges' questions can be said to have opened the door to the discussion of the Guild idea, Mr. Straker's evidence may be said to have wedged it open. The "Times" spoke of the "Miners' Sweeping Demands," and of "Workmen's Control of Industry"; and, indeed, at a single stroke, the whole question of control has been brought into practical politics. Several rival schemes and quite a number of fine but futile distinctions have been rendered obsolete by the new demands. Sir Lyndon Macassey's nice discrimination between control of the industry and control merely of its working conditions, for instance, is discredited. The discussion has been removed to another plane. We do not say, of course, that anything immediate is bound to come of it. The transformation of our readers

"Don't you think," asked Mr. Evan Williams of Mr. Straker, "that it is a dangerous policy to make an enormous experiment of this kind at the present moment?" To which question Mr. Straker replied curtly: "No, I don't." We disagree, however, with Mr. Straker in this matter, for there cannot be the smallest doubt that a social experiment of this kind, by the very degree of its promise for good, contains in its carrying out the possibility, at any rate, of a considerable amount of evil. To face necessary risks, however, is an integral duty of progressive life; and while we...
ought not to blind ourselves to the fact of the risks, to be appalled by them from doing what is right would be ignoble. In the present case, moreover, there are at least two considerations that make the risks to be run in 'going back' on Labour, less than the risks they might be at any other time than now. In the first place, the nation is accustomed to taking risks and is even, we may say, in a still adventurous mood. What was the war if not one tremendous risk after another; and what is the risk of a single experiment in a single industry by the side of the risk the nation has lately run of a German conquest? It is underrating very perilously the spirit of the nation to try to frighten it with industrial risks after we have just encountered and survived the greatest risk a nation ever undertook. Do not let us pretend to be so frail. And in the second place, the choice before us is really a choice of risks; it is between the lesser and the greater. Would Mr. Evan Williams or Sir Robert Horne contend that the risks from not making an experiment of this kind are less than the risks of making it? Let us be quite clear. If the only probable alternative to such an experiment were the peaceful and contented resumption of industry under the pre-war régime, the taking of the risks inseparable from a transformation of the industrial system, would be a gratuitous piece of statesmanship not to be advocated lightly even by ourselves. But the probable alternative to the "enormous experiment" is not this, but the enormity of Bolshevism, nothing more and nothing less. The choice before us is, therefore, revolution of law or revolution by anarchy. It is impossible to imagine that, with the continent ablaze with Bolshevism, Syndicalism and other wild but inflammable schemes, this island can escape being scorched; and if our governing classes refuse to see the Labour party as capable of controlling such an infinitely greater risk of seeing Labour grow in power as it survived the greatest risk a nation ever undertook, they must take the infinitely greater risk of seeing Labour grow in power as it declines in responsibility.

Nobody can say what will be the outcome either of the Commission or of the even more important conference of the Triple Alliance of Labour which is to be held on Friday. This week, however, must mark a turning-point in the history of Labour, as well as in our country. The National Union of Railwaymen, speaking through Mr. Thomas, has given notice that the proffered terms of settlement are unsatisfactory; and it is now probable that the action of the whole Alliance, as the Federation only, will be determined by the issue of the present Royal Commission. It is easy enough for us to remark that the Triple Alliance would be wise to force the discussion to a single head and to be decisive on the question of control, at all costs to the minor and dependent questions of wages and hours; but we realise the difficulties in which the leaders are involved. On the one hand, the question of control, though demonstrably all-important, must appear too academic to the rank and file to justify a national strike; while on the other, it is by no means certain that an immediate amelioration of the material conditions of labour would result from a transformed control. It would in all probability be a matter of time. Between these two circumstances, we can understand if the Labour directorate should be inclined to hesitate. Like the dog in the fable, they are not yet sure which is substance and which is shadow of the two objects now before them. Nevertheless, the decision to be taken appears to us to be almost pre-determined. Both Mr. Thomas and Mr. McCan are in the railway industry; the stakes are enormous; both have burned their boats. The one has said that the partnership of the men in the railway industry is an indispensable condition of settlement; and the other has insisted on a promise of nationalisation of the mines under joining the Federation. It is less than disastrous when they arrive with his evidences in the nick of time to support—Capitalism! The case of Professor Bowley, the eminent statistician, is really tragic; for he appears, in his recent and most timely work on the distribution of wealth, to have fallen into the error of the British Association meeting at the coming Conference. We believe they can count upon the support of public opinion in spite of all the evidence of the Press to the contrary; for in this matter, as in so many others, the Press is the mere tool of Capitalism and not present, except by contrariety, the opinion of the nation.

It was said of somebody that when he was original he was wrong. In the case of professors as a class, we can usually say that when they defend the governing classes they are suborned. The Prussian professors have taught the world the infinite corruptibility, or, shall we say, the political ignorance, of the merely book-learned; and the lesson will not be in vain if we hereafter suspect more than we did before when he arrives with his evidences in the nick of time to support—Capitalism! The case of Professor Bowley, the eminent statistician, is really tragic; for he appears, in his recent and most timely work on the distribution of wealth, to have fallen into the error of the British Association meeting at the coming Conference. We believe they can count upon the support of public opinion in spite of all the evidence of the Press to the contrary; for in this matter, as in so many others, the Press is the mere tool of Capitalism and not present, except by contrariety, the opinion of the nation.

As late as on Tuesday the "Times" was still persisting in its doubt of the reality of the starvation of Germany. In a footnote to a letter from the Bishop of Oxford, the "Times" remarked that "if Germany is so near starvation as she alleges . . . but there is much difference of opinion." In the very same issue in which this note appeared was reprinted a letter of General Plumer to the Peace Conference in which he virtually stated that he could not be responsible for the discipline of the British Army if our soldiers were to continue to witness the "spectacle of the sufferings of German women and children." As Mr. Lloyd George says, nobody can accuse General Plumer of being a pro-German; and it is even possible that Lord Curzon and the "Times," though they do not hesitate to attribute our Labour unrest to "enemy influence," may pause before charging our troops in Germany with the crime of treason. But what is the conclusion to be drawn? It is, of course, that the "Times" and its advisers have been brutally callous and deliberately blind to the facts; and that they have not despised the use of the instrument of starvation in the pursuit of their policy. What kind of a power requires barbarous means for its fulfilment we can only guess from the example of Bolshevism as reported in the "Times" itself. It is more than doubtful whether, at the worst estimate, Bolshevism has been more neglectful of humanity than the "Times"; and if there is no doubt as to the difficulty whether Lenin would be as indifferent as some of our journalists to the sufferings of his defeated enemies. The English Church, as we said last week, has lost caste almost beyond recovery for its heathenish apathy in Christ's cause. As far as we know, the letter of the Bishop of Oxford to the "Times" is the only protest registered by the ecclesiastical hierarchy. It is insufficient to the occasion.
Towards National Guilds in Italy.—IV.
By Onor Por.

It has already been observed that the agricultural unions, though possessing a monopoly of their labour in many localities, were yet unable to command high wages continuously, or to avoid periods of unemployment; and was it not thus, that as a consequence they decided to turn their hands to other industries. Of these co-operative contracting for the supply of labour in public works was one, and it served at first the purpose of relieving agricultural unemployment during the winter months. When farm work began again, the labourers floundered back to the land. Later on, however, the societies enlarged their original basis and began to absorb other labourers than agricultural workers, whereupon they ceased to be able to undertake only seasonal work, and became fit to contract for work of all kinds and through the whole of the year.

What was more natural than that after reclaiming waste lands collectively they should think of farming them collectively? From that root spread the vast movement of agricultural co-operation which I have previously described in The New Age (January, 1914), and "The English Review" (June, 1913).

This phase in the general Italian Labour movement, with its unmistakable tendency towards the Guild solution, began about twenty-five years ago. To-day it is a very considerable factor in the national system. Both of the original motives are still found at work; but increasingly the motive of direct control is overcoming that of providing against unemployment. The older and stronger societies, for instance, are buying large estates on an increasing scale; and there is now a movement on foot to recover for co-operative use the village "common," many of which, as in England, survive in a more or less recognisable form.

The farming co-operative societies are not, however, always owners. They may belong to one of two other types, called, according to the nature of their contract, "collective leaseholds," or "collective partnerships."

In the first case, the society leases the estate for an annual cash rent; in the second, for a share—generally one-half—in the produce of their labour. From a technical point of view, they may be distinguished as falling respectively under single and under distributed management; for in the former case the society merely rents the estate, and undertakes sole management, while, in the latter, its management is distributed among the members, and only the lease is held in common. There are, unfortunately, no statistics available for either the work done or for the extent to which these systems prevail; but the movement is considerable enough to have attracted the attention of statesmen.

Co-operative agricultural societies of the first type—that is, under collective management—are to be found in great numbers, chiefly in the province of Emilia, the most important and advanced agricultural region, be it noted, of all Italy. It is further to be observed that they are all in close touch with the general farm-labourers' union, as also with the national socialist movement.

All workers on the land, both men and women, are eligible for membership; and small leaseholders and peasant-tenants are similarly eligible, provided they work for wages during six months of the year. A small entrance-fee is charged; and, in addition, every member is required to take up a prescribed minimum of shares in the collective concern. This he may do by subtraction from his wages (the rate of which is fixed by the union); and, in some instances, as much as 40 per cent. of wages is left at the disposal of the union for working capital. The net profits, moreover, are frequently invested in new shares for the creation of increased capital.

The Statutes strictly prescribe that every shareholder must also belong to his local branch of the farm-workers' union; and among his duties is that of working for the co-operative society of which he is a member.

The management is democratic. Every shareholder, man or woman, is entitled to a single vote in the election of officers and in the control of policy—to one vote and to no more.

The lands leased belong to public bodies, public institutions, the State, or private owners. Hitherto, the Crown lands have been leased only under a short lease (seven to twelve years), at the end of which time the co-operative society has had to face the competition of other would-be tenants. As we shall see, however, recent laws have been passed which greatly facilitate the renewal of co-operative leases of State land, with the consequence that the system is now more nearly secure.

The first collective leasehold was formed in the province of Reggio Emilia in 1890. In this province, Labour is particularly well organised, and is politically predominant. All the Labour organisations centre about the provincial "Labour Exchange," (not the English variety), whose function is the co-ordination and common direction of their activities. Many classes of workers are not only represented on the Labour Exchange, but most of them are working as producing members in one or other co-operatives affiliated to it. The Exchange controls 129 unions of agricultural workers, with a membership of 12,000; 72 trade unions with a membership of 8,000; 88 co-operative societies of labour and production with 10,000 members; 89 co-operative stores with 6,000 members; as well as a number of mutual aid and insurance societies. In the same province, organised Labour controls politically most of the municipalities and parliamentary constituencies, and has thus the administration more or less in its own hands.

The 14 co-operative farms affiliated to the central Exchange have a total membership of 6,000, and cultivate between them about 6,000 acres. Their annual rent is 172,000 lire, their paid-up capital and sinking fund about 400,000 lire. They are united in a Provincial Federation, whose official personnel purchases wholesale for the farms all the requisite raw materials, seeds, manures, machinery, etc. It has recently purchased several estates of a total of 2,000 acres.

Three-fourths of the lands thus occupied are under the united management of 7 co-operative societies; the remaining quarter, under the divided system of management, is controlled by another 7 societies. The gross value of the total production was, in 1917, about 1,200,000 lire, of which half a million was paid out in wages. The estimated value of the cattle was 350,000 lire, and of the machinery, etc., about 120,000 lire.

The fields are usually cultivated intensively with rice, wheat, grapes and vegetables; cattle are fed on carefully cultivated pasture; and scientific manuring is general.

On each of the co-operative farms under collective management a permanent staff is retained at an annual salary. This staff includes the foremen and specialists, all of whom, of course, are members of the society. Over the whole, and assisted by a secretary-accountant, is an expert agriculturist, who is appointed by the Union for supreme executive control. Members are called upon to work in turn upon the farms, though matters are so arranged as to fit the work, as far as possible, to the convenience of the members engaged.

Farms under united management are usually situated in flat country, while those under divided control usually occupy the hills. In the latter type, the problem of management is simple. The Board of Management is responsible for the fulfilment of the contracts individually entered into by its shareholders, and proportions the allotments to the size of the family applicant. After
that, the actual cultivation is left to the allotment-holder himself, the Society merely seeing that purchases and sales shall be made as economically as possible.

In the early days, as may be imagined, these co-operative societies were met by many difficulties, notably that of procuring credit. Every influence of the landowner was employed to nip them in the bud. Their tenacity, however, has been such that at this moment credit is available, if not in generous, at least in lending amounts. And there is no longer any doubt about their survival. The director of the Provincial Federation writes in his latest annual Report as follows:—"The organisation of the co-operative farms in the Province of Reggio Emilia is certainly one of the best. The cohesion amongst the working-classes is all the greater for the increased consciousness of their power to create values as demonstrated in the farming societies. These, undoubtedly, not only fulfill their original purpose of mitigating the evils of unemployment, but they demonstrate the capacity of the workmen to undertake agricultural production, and to use to this end modern machinery and technique. They were, indeed, among the first to introduce mechanical ploughing; and their use of modern machinery is general. They have cultivated fields which they have reclaimed when everybody else had abandoned them. They have transformed cultivation when everybody else had given up the attempt. They have accumulated capital to compete with the private employer, and have beaten him off the field."

This statement may be found confirmed in the Bulletins of the International Institute of Agriculture issued in May and August of 1918.

The Perils of a Propaganda.
By Marmaduke Pickthall.

SAADI, the Persian poet, dreamed a dream. The devil stood before him, not in horrid guise, but as an angel. For exaggeration on the other side must be, before the truth can reassert itself.

"Ah," said the devil, with a shrug, "the pen is in the hand of the enemy." The pen has been likened to the devil, in that parable. The pen has been compared with the private employer, and has been said to be, before the truth can reassert itself.

Let none imagine that the Persian poet was an atheist. He was a believer who perceived, with many Muslim theologians of undoubted piety, that God's view of men is infinitely above both; and active opposition spoils the view.

I do not think the British Government or the Censorship can reasonably object to being likened to the enemy, or to one of their late adversaries being likened to the devil, in that parable. The pen has been in their hand; they have used it recklessly and ruthlessly; and so they cannot be surprised to-day if their late adversary appears to poets and religious persons as an angel. For exaggeration on the other side must be, before the truth can reassert itself.

There are manifest shortcomings in the Turkish Empire; but there is nothing diabolical about it. It has its manifest good points, and no more deserves to be treated as outside the law of nations than does the British Empire or the French. Its only crime, compared with other empires, is that it has stirred towards Christendom in the position of an adversary for centuries; so every calumny against it has found ready credence, every attack upon it, treacherous or open, has been applauded by the so-called Christian world; and at the bottom of that calumny and those attacks was the religious fear and hatred of Islam. That was why England was at heart still England and not Czarist Russia, that when the war was over she would not allow the Turks to be despoiled by Europe, that she would support the wishes of a hundred millions of her own people against the greed of any and every foreign Power. The propaganda, as I always said, was doomed to failure. It would have been better for us to have told the truth, however ignominious, or to have kept silence. But even as propaganda for the purpose which its authors had in view it was disgraceful because ignorant and careless. It advertised to Muslims chiefly an unreasoned trust, despite appearances, that England was at heart still England and not Czarist Russia, that when the war was over she would not allow the Turks to be despoiled by Europe, that she would support the wishes of a hundred millions of her own people against the greed of any and every foreign Power.

Sayings of the Prophet were misquoted, texts of the Koran distorted from their natural meaning, evidently in part the equal folly of any and every foreign Power. The propaganda, as I always said, was doomed to failure. It would have been better for us to have told the truth, however ignominious, or to have kept silence. But even as propaganda for the purpose which its authors had in view it was disgraceful because ignorant and careless. It advertised to Muslims chiefly an unreasoned trust, despite appearances, that England was at heart still England and not Czarist Russia, that when the war was over she would not allow the Turks to be despoiled by Europe, that she would support the wishes of a hundred millions of her own people against the greed of any and every foreign Power.
Turkish artillery fire from Fort Jeynad at Mecca had destroyed the Tomb of Abraham (which is at Hebron, hundreds of miles away). I wrote at once to the gentleman who was in high control of that department of our propaganda, calling his attention to this marvellous destruction of the Tomb of Abraham (which is at Hebron, andmall of detail. I copied out of "Dulal-ul-Kheyrat" (the Guide to Good Works), a book of devotions which is in the hands of almost every Muslim who can read. I also mentioned that in Syria the word Maqam (which means a standing-place) is applied to tombs of saints because people stand to say their prayers beside them; so a Syrian Christian, ignorant of Islam, might easily have taken Maqam Ibrahim to mean the Tomb of Abraham, but no Muslim would have had a doubt about the meaning of a name which is as well known in Islam as Bethany is in Christendom. That ended the correspondence, which I mention merely as an instance of that carelessness in running a difficult and even dangerous propaganda which seemed to Muslims very like contempt. The falsification of facts inherent in all propaganda was made palpable by carelessness of detail. There was not even a plausible attempt to deceive. And this farrago of nonsense was thrust upon the Muslims of the world with touching earnestness, as if it met their intangible and crying need! Who can wonder that they regarded it as war-time madness, and waited till the war was over to express their views? And who can wonder, now that the war is over, that their views are strong and utterly against our propaganda?

The power of the pen will long cease to be a Government monopoly. The propaganda "facts" will be exposed. Yet it seems to me as if the Peace Conference, as it is called, is going to base its edicts for a settlement upon propaganda facts, not real facts. There is really no Armenia in the Turkish Empire. In the provinces in which Armenians chiefly dwell, they formed less than a third of the population before the war. Their claim to dominate those provinces was a claim to empire, not self-government; to make it good they had to reduce the Muslim majority by any means, and this the Muslim majority, of course, resented. There was no desire in all propaganda was made palpable by carelessness of detail. There was not even a plausible attempt to deceive. And this farrago of nonsense was thrust upon the Muslims of the world with touching earnestness, as if it met their intangible and crying need! Who can wonder that they regarded it as war-time madness, and waited till the war was over to express their views? And who can wonder, now that the war is over, that their views are strong and utterly against our propaganda?

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posing upon the whole administrative body its own particular interpretation of public policy. Such interpretation must clearly rest with a much more representative body of Civil Servants. It is precisely here that we encounter the problems of democratic and functional control. For if the general direction or tendency of Civil Service policy be no longer under the special guidance of the Treasury, it must pass to a body, formal or informal, representing all Departments and all grades of personnel.

This dual control by the Treasury is no new issue. It has developed with the growth in functions and personnel of the Civil Service. It was an inevitable institution in the days of laissez-faire. Its policy of rigid economy culminated in the Gladstonian period, a tradition to which it still adheres. The astronomical figures of war expenditure have forced its hand; it still exercises a wary eye upon the wages of its charwomen. Supervision and control have been the twin pillars of the Civil Service policy. It must clearly rest with a much more representative body of Civil Servants.

Supervision and control have been the twin pillars of the Civil Service edifice since the days of Sir Robert Peel. But, indeed, "dual" is an inadequate term. It is, at least, triple; for not only does it supervise and control activities of its own personnel, but it also exercises primary control over the Treasury. The Treasury is precisely here that bureaucratic spirit reveals itself most clearly in paragraphs such as this: "The manipulation of this work involves considerations both of personnel and matériel. Attention has been paid to the selection of the staff, their classification, their assignment to appropriate duties, their hours of work, their promotion, increments, leave and sick leave." Every word of this would apply as appropriately to sheep as to men and women; the various associations of Civil Servants are ignored: a reinforced Treasury with "government from above"—the rock upon which the Fabian ship has foundered; efficient division of especially select officials, who have graduated at approved universities, suave, velvety, adroit, with a Fabian training in the art of stroking the democratic lion: this is the picture conjured up by these obedient wallahs of our social hierarchy.

Different in spirit and purpose are the views of the rank and file. On the subject of the Treasury, the Civil Service Clerical Alliance has this to say: "The present functions of the Treasury are at least dual. It tries to combine the high finance of the nation with the domestic economy of the Civil Service. We suggest that there are here two specialisms. On the former we do not pretend to speak, but we are confident that the management of the Civil Service from the point of view of efficiency and economy (and they always mean the same thing) is a matter for an expert Department. It is not easy to see why the two functions should be mixed, and to hand over the management of the Service to a Board of Control outside the Treasury would, in our judgment, result in two economies. The first economy would follow from the actual improvement in the management of the Civil Service, and the second from the fact that the Treasury would be free to supervise more effectively national finance, the latter being, we suppose, its prime business."

In these two contrasted quotations, we perceive two fundamentally different approaches to efficiency. In the former the big wallahs are to meet and construct a machine, well oiled in all respects—classification, assignment of duties, hours of work, promotion, increments, leave, sick leave—but motived and guided from above, with an omnipresent Treasury always round the corner to impose discipline by the power of the purse. That were surely efficiency without spirit. Nor will the functional principle suffer. Mr. J. C. Monahan, the Chairman of the Alliance, says: "The Civil Service has lost in public esteem of late. The tone must be raised. There is a story of a young man in the Treasury whose only business it is to do as they are told, leaving thought and decision to the first division? There can be no doubt that the detailed control over administrative work by the Treasury, by imperious method. In effect, they say: 'Throw the responsibility upon the working shoulders; judge by results; responsibility, being what it is, must, for its own safety, sterner reject the inefficient; a group, to stand well with its kindred groups, will strive to the limit of its capacity. It is not merely Democracy; it is human nature. Nor will the functional principle suffer. Mr. J. C. Monahan, the Chairman of the Alliance, says: "The Civil Service has lost in public esteem of late. The tone must be raised. There is a story of a young man in the Treasury whose only business it is to do as they are told, leaving thought and decision to the first division? There can be no doubt that the detailed control over administrative work by the Treasury, by imperious method, injures efficiency. A variation of method creates convulsions; the lines have been laid down, even the grooves are smooth; how inconsiderate of some young man in a hurry to seek short cuts or evolve new methods! Even plans that save money are frowned upon."

Memorandum submitted to the Select Committee on National Expenditure by the Civil Service Clerical Alliance.
A Fair Exchange.

One day your family psycho-analyst will tell you why your most intimate confidences have been made to strangers rather than to friends. Then you will understand why Newman, who was a close booke to his nearest and dearest, opened his heart to the perfect stranger who chanced to be sharing his window in the corridor of the up-train to London. Whether any other stranger would have done as well Freud only knows; but to all appearances there was no room for choice in this case. Newman was standing in the corridor because there was no room for him in the carriages, leave alone for his biography; and—unless corridors have ears—the only alternative to the man on his right was the plainly married man on his left. Moreover, I am dubious whether Newman, at this moment, knew his right hand from his left; for he was looking ahead of him in a rapt sort of way when he said aloud, without even a glance at his landing-place:—

"Off at last!"

"You'd scarcely notice it, would you?" said the man on his right, with coincidential affability.

"Oh, you'd notice it if you were me," replied Newman, still rather abstractedly. "You'd notice a jerk an hour—and be thankful for it."

"Just been demobilised?" said the stranger.

"So they tell me," replied Newman, "but I can't believe it."

"Ah, it must take a bit of faith," said the other. "Come from Germany?"

"So they tell me," replied Newman, "but I can't believe that either. Fact is, I can't believe anything. I can't believe I ever went away; and I can't believe I've really come back. Is it really me, do you think?"

"That's for you to say," said the other, cautiously. He had heard of shell-shock.

Newman screwed up his eyes. What miracle of clairvoyance is achieved in this turn of the screw, I have never personally verified. Perhaps by narrowing his eyes, Newman hoped to reduce to intelligibility the obscurities around him. Perhaps he hoped to get through them on his looks, so to speak. Perhaps a lot of things; but, actually, the effort seemed to leave him where he was, for he continued, weighting his words as though to hold down the doubts bobbing about in them: "It's too good to be true!"

"Ah," said the man at his elbow, "you must be damned glad it's all over."

Newman winced. Newman winced, I say, before he replied that he was very glad. "But what I feel doesn't matter," he said. "What does matter, is that she'll be glad." The cat jumped in the bag he was carrying.

"But there," he went on, "I can't believe it. I can't believe I've really done it. I can't believe she'll believe it. The cat mewed and tore at the linings. "I can't believe the day's come at last."

His companion waited politely for more. It was impossible for him not to suspect that Newman had something on his mind that was wagging his tongue. It was as though somebody else's diary had suddenly been opened before him. Should he try to get a glance at the earlier pages before handing it back; or should he pretend he had not heard it fall? His curiosity stood with one paw raised, ready to scuttle at the least hint of the proper direction.

"It wasn't easy," Newman reminded himself aloud. The man at his side held his breath. "No; by—er—jingo, it wasn't." Newman hung upon his agonies, experiencing all the pleasure of recalling dark days in the secure light of happy ones. "But, by jingo, it was worth it—worth it a thousand years o'er. Wouldn't you give up every habit you ever had, sir, for the sake of a girl—the only girl, you know?"

"I suppose I should, if I could," said the stranger, willing to oblige, but unwilling to commit himself outright to the unknown.
"Oh, you'd be able to, right enough. You'd be able to for a girl with a face like love itself. You'd be able to if you promised her, on a stool at her mother's knee, bending over her needlework with the light of the fire playing in her hair—or if you'd heard her voice once, just once. She used to sing hymns with her mother in the evening."

"Not exactly a modern girl?" inquired the stranger, feeling as if the diary were becoming a hymn-book.

"As modern as the honeysuckle, and as sweet," said Newman. "No: Dolly isn't in khaki flying about London on a motor-lorry, if that's what you mean. And she wouldn't say she was damned glad to meet a pal again, and ask you what's yours? But I've seen Dolly in her nurse's dress, and I know who's done the real woman's work in this war."

All a perfect stranger could say was: "Naturally."

Newman spared himself nothing. "Ah," he said, "I could kick myself now when I think how I used to sit smoking—smoking—me—in their spotless little rooms; and I know Dolly heard; and I know Dolly heard."

"I couldn't kick myself now when I think how I used to sit smoking—me—in their spotless little rooms; and I know Dolly heard; and I know Dolly heard."

"I'd have cost some—" said Newman, from the bottom of his saved soul. "I'd have cost some—"

"It couldn't have been easy, though," said the stranger, knowing himself. "It must have cost something."

"Three friends, counting my pipe and a brother. But the first sight of Dolly, the first sound of her voice, will be worth the three of them.
Readers and Writers.
The magazine which I announced some weeks ago as about to make its second appearance on earth has now made it. The original announcement, you may remember, included also the threat that in the event of an insufficient subscription-list, the conductors would set about the destruction of the world; in which danger the world was unfit for "Art and Letters"—the name of the magazine—it was certainly unfit to live. The first issue of a magazine whose reception might involve the death of humanity was naturally awaited with interest; and from this and other points of view, therefore, I was among the first to examine a copy. Let me say at once that, on the whole, I am agreeably surprised. While not assenting to the death of the race if it should miserably fail to provide 5,000 subscribers to "Art and Letters" (after all, The New Age has less than half that number of subscribers, and considers itself, nevertheless, happy to be alive), I am not disposed to wish that it may get them. Mr. Wyndham Lewis is the chief personality of the opening issue; he appears in both the usual style. Moreover, I should not object to cleverness, in fact, is here appropriate. But as for the rest of the

sketch, while much more obviously clever than this passage, the subject appears to me to be little worth the expenditure of Mr. Lewis' ability. He is wasted on it.

When commenting on the "Quest" a fortnight ago, I ought to have mentioned a couple of articles in the current (January) issue which deserve to be read. The one by Mr. Bligh Bond, the author of "The Gate of Remembrance," is the record of a new series of automatic scripts obtained by the means described in the book during the year 1918, and it is certainly a remarkable testimony to the intelligence of the sub-conscious of the automatist, or of that of some living personality with whom the automatist is in telepathic relation, or—if I may say so—of some incarnate being. Mr. Bond adds to his account of the circumstances under which the script was made an outline of its main notions or ideas; and among these are several of a most illuminating nature which I do not remember having encountered before. The mystery of the nature of matter, for instance, is emphasised so as to throw the "materialists" into much the same difficulties as "idealists" find themselves in, and Mr. Wyndham Lewis, whom I imagine to be the heavy-weight of the whole venture, is well worth the half a guinea a year charged for the quarterly issues of "Art and Letters".

I have discussed Mr. Wyndham Lewis before in these columns—the last occasion being, I remember, the appearance of his sketches in the "Little Review." I said, I think, that he was too clever by half, but that he had not yet sufficient cleverness to conceal his cleverness. He took the delight in displaying it which primitive people take in displaying their wealth or the signs of their prowess. One other thing, I believe, I said on the same occasion—something to the effect that these poseurs who professed contempt for the "crowd" were only attempting to conceal the fact that they were themselves of the crowd; for a clique is no more than a little crowd—a crowd aware of itself. As to this latter observation, Mr. Wyndham Lewis, I am happy to say, agrees with me. Here is an amusing, witty, and, above all, a true analysis taken from his sketch in "Art and Letters":—

However humble a gentleman, you need not even be able to pass for that, once you have the trick; there will always be at least a million moonlighted souls on whom to pass on to. You know; they don't; an accident. Therefore you have the trickster's gleam, you satisfy your eternal mood—which would be exactly theirs had they the tip, not you—and your hilarity.

You have to maintain certain outward appearances to servants, and so on have to partake of that redundant quality that must characterise you. In everything you are really checked. That must be borne in mind. You need the anger of the shopkeeper as much as the opinion, or imagination, of the commissariat. It is because you are fundamentally like, as like as two peas, to your less-informed, less-polished brother, that you have need of him. You need to be seen by him, to keep close to or far from him. You are always a pea disguising itself from a million other peas. The other peas all know you are a pea, and love to think of a pea like themselves being a soft, subtle, clever, insolent pea! But your identity is precarious. Yes, you must be lavish; otherwise—will receive that deadly look that one pea gives another when pretence is laid aside. You must furthermore be careful never to touch, mingle with, or attack anything before first convincing yourself that it be, in fact, a pea. Do not be so fatuous as to interfere with a melon. It might not result in harm, but it is no fun! The whole game is constructed, all its rules made, for bodies roughly speaking, identical in volume and potentialities.

That is admirable; and it possesses the advantage of being less obviously clever than Mr. Wyndham Lewis' usual style. Moreover, I should not object to cleverness spent on an idea as clever as this; cleverness, in fact, is here appropriate. But as for the rest of the
Congress, but its arguments apply to the whole of
civilised mankind. To tax art, as Mr. Quinn says, is
to tax education; it is to tax something of which the
State has the greatest need; and the proposal in
America to tax or in any way to discourage the ex-
change of works of art is, therefore, equivalent to a
proposal for limiting education. Mr. Quinn only briefly
touches an argument for free-trade in art which, in an
economic journal like The New Age, might well be
elaborated. The encouragement of art is the condition
precedent of progress in production from

VII.—THE STRUGGLE WITH THE "IDEALS."

By Janko Lavrin.

I. In "Brand," "Peer Gynt," and "Emperor and Galilean," Ibsen reached his greatest spiritual strain. In his excursions into the eternal problems of life he stopped, however, on the line which divides a philosophic
romance from a religious mind. Both his method and
mentality prevented him passing over that wall which
separates us from a real "third empire." Though representing the modern
mental crisis in a remarkable way, he has not over-
come it, but—as we shall see—he rather became in
some respects, one of its tragic victims.

It was in his intense search for a new creative way and value of life (in the above-mentioned three dramas) that he encountered those inner contradictions which barred his way. Hence it is quite natural that after "Emperor and Galilean," temporarily descended from his pernicious spiritual heights to modern social problems in their various aspects, thus passing from his "self-anatomy" to the anatomy of society.

On this plane he found material enough for his pro-
testant and rebellious temper, giving thus a new im-
petus to his talent. Criticising and unmasking all the
conventional social lies and "ideals," he fought now
not for new spiritual values, but first of all for spiritual
emanicipation from inherited and worn-out values; in
other words, he strove for that inner liberty which alone could make us ripe for a real life. "Is it only in the domain of the pole that the work of emanicipation is to be permitted to go on with us?" he wrote in 1882. "Must not men's minds be emancipated first of all? Men with such slave-souls as ours cannot even make use of liberties they already possess."* Proclaiming the sovereignty of the Individual as against the herd, he logically protests against all the ties, laws, and institutions imposed upon the Individual by the community in order to enslave him. Already in 1870 he wrote in a letter: "Undermine the idea of the State; make willingness and spiritual kinship the only essentials in the case of a union—and you have the begin-
ing of a liberty that is of some value. The chang-
ing of forms of government is mere toying with degrees—a little more or a little less—fool the whole of it." And in 1882 he states again: "I have not the gifts that give to make a satisfactory citizen, nor yet the gift of orthodoxy; and what I possess no gift for, I keep out of it. Liberty is the first and highest condition for me. At home they do not trouble very much about liberty, but about liberties—a few more or a few less, accord-
ing to the standpoint of their party."

This ethical and aristocratic anarchism gives strength to his strokes in proportion to the tension and distance between him and the society whose pitiless judge he now becomes. With the objective coldness of a scien-
*tist he examines, judges and condemns the so-called "ideals" and conventional lies. But in dealing blows at one life-lie after another, he soon reaches (in his "Wild Duck") that region where the lies are so

II. Leaving aside his vivid, but less important "League of Youth" (published before "Emperor and Galilean"), we come to his tragi-comedy, "Pillars of Society," which opens the social series with a truly Ibsenian satire and sarcasm. Here, as in many of his other dramas, Ibsen projects problems of the ideas of the "great world" into the small and petty society of Norwegian Philistines, and in such a projec-
tion all their inherent defects naturally become more
salient. None the less, the sarcasm of the "Pillars of Society" is, in spite of its virulence, good-humoured rather than gloomy and pessimistic. Simultaneously with the vileness of Bernick, Ibsen shows also Ber-
nick's inner regeneration, as well as his own belief in
such a regeneration. Ceasing to be a respectable
"pillar," Bernick reconquers his better self with the help of Lona, wall sitting regenerates in the present of Truth and Freedom are the true pillars of society." Thus the "positive" principles triumph after all.

The attack delivered in this play was more stinging than daring. Equally stinging but much more subtle and daring Ibsen became in his next play, the famous "Doll's House," in which he produced the highest
dramatic tension simply by his skilful antithesis of a
cosy bourgeois idyll with the impending tragedy. This tension rapidly develops until the explosion takes place
—it is true, with a moral lesson on the part of Nora, in such a projection of Truth and Freedom are the true pillars of society."

The more deeply Ibsen penetrates into the problems of contemporary social life the more stern and gloomy
he becomes, as witness "Ghosts"—this masterpiece of what one may call symbolic realism. In the "Doll's
House" Nora repudiated her duty towards her
husband and children for the sake of her duty towards her-
self; none the less, there is in this play almost a pro-
mise of that "miracle of miracles" which would con-
vert the common man into the prophet of the "true pillars of society."

In "Ghosts," however, we find no belief in such
sacrifices. "The fault lies in that all mankind
has failed," Ibsen writes in the preliminary notes of this drama in which he has so resolutely opposed the
naked life-truth to the "ideals." We hear how Pastor
Manders, the professional guard of such "ideals," admonishes the mother of Oswald, Mrs. Alving: 

"Is there no voice in your mother's heart that forbids you to destroy your son's ideals?"

"But what about the truth?" asks Mrs. Alving.

"But what about ideals?"

"Oh! Ideals! Ideals! If only I weren't such a coward!"

Not only the happiness of her own life, but also her son Oswald were guiltless victims of "ideals." A dark despair breathes from every page of this cruel drama, with its atmosphere of fog, eternal rain and shattered dreams of the dead and living dead. . . . "The sun. The sun!"—that is the last call of the mad Os-
wald and of the drama as well.

After the violent stroke at "ideals" Ibsen attempted to deal them a new blow in his "Enemy of the People." In this play he tried to create an honest and truthful bourgeois descendant of his Brand, but, this time, the result was somewhat disappointing. Ibsen was not strong—because he endeavoured too much to be strong. That is why a great amount of his dynamics dissolves itself in didactic rhetoric. The worthy Dr. Stockman,
who discovered (among his other "discoveries") that "all our sources of spiritual life are poisoned, and that our whole society rests upon a pestilential basis of falsehood," makes too much noise when declaring war on the "comfort majority" with all the vocabulary of a thundering leader-writer in a radical provincial newspaper. He produces a somewhat comic expression for the very reason that he is supposed to be as sincere in his pathos as once Brand was in his. For it is hardly worth while to eulogise with such a noise a "discovery" like this: "In a house that isn't aired and swept every day—my wife, Katrine, maintains that the floors ought to be scrubbed too, but we can't discuss that now—well—in such a house, I say, within two or three years, people lose the power of acting morally. Lack of oxygen enervates the conscience."

With all his warlike individualism ("the strongest man is he who stands alone") Stockman has not the mentality of a spiritual aristocrat, but of a spiritual parvenu; there is too much of self-admiration in his honesty, and "superiority." Moreover, the difference between Ibsen's former tragic fighters (Brand and Julian) and the well-intentioned Dr. Stockman is not only in their intensity, but also in their inner convictionlessness. "All who live upon lies should be exterminated like vermin!" exclaims Stockman, and at the same time he himself acknowledges that "a normally constituted truth lives, as a rule, seventeen or eighteen years; at the outside twenty; seldom longer. . . ."

Are, then, such truths worth fighting for? But the matter is evidently not so much in truths as in fighting itself. On the other hand, Ibsen seems to have made his Stockman so loud and rhetoric in order to drown his voice and to calm the re-awakening sceptic who gradually began to re-act, until this re-action burst in its full strength in a new drama under the title "Wild Duck."

This remarkable play represents the results at which, by the back door as it were, the sceptic and vivisecting of the People. It was, and once more undermined himself. After such a work, the virulent struggle with life-lies must lose a great deal of its inner impetus and even sincerity. The creative energy must either find a new outlet or degenerate into a moralising rhetoric on the dangerous verge of which Ibsen had already arrived in his "Enemy of the People." As though feeling this danger, he gave a new direction to his talent after "Wild Duck": from the warlike social themes he passed over to the psychological dramas, in which he resumed the analysis of the individual consciousness and refounded in a new interesting aspect some of those vital dilemmas he had treated before in "Brand" and "Emperor and Galilean."

A DIRGE (KYRIELLE).

Alack-a-day that I'm forlorn,
The key is from my bosom torn,
Could holy light my pining save
Yet will I sigh and seek my grave.

Weep not, ye brethren of the world,
The warmth of my bosom is a cold,
Cast me beside a shallow rill,
Yet will I sigh and seek my grave.

Love it has borne me far away,
For her sweetest fruits did I pray;
Olympian heights did not hear me rave,
Yet will I sigh and seek my grave.

Love it has borne me far away,
Yet will I sigh and seek my grave.

Cast me beside a shallow rill,
My curse with scornful pebbles fill,
For these my own bleak path will pave,
Yet will I sigh and seek my grave.

Burn for my soul sweet spices sweet,
Let cypress be my monument;
Even our thoughts my presence save,
Yet will I sigh and seek my grave.

GEOFFREY PITTER.

Hedvig and for Gregers as well. And after all, the philosophic or ideological verdict is this time expressed not by the "positive" Gregers, but by his cynical antipodes, Dr. Relling, who preaches life-lies as the only means to gain living, and deliberately inoculates with such lies the great "inventor" to be, Hialmar, as well as the wretched drunkard, Molvik, whom he makes "daemonic" . . . .

"That is the blisters I have to put on his neck."

"Isn't he really daemonic, then?" naively asks Gregers.

"What the devil do you mean by daemonic? It is only a piece of hocus-pocus I've invented to keep him alive. But for that, the poor harmless creature would have succumbed to self-contempt and despair many a long year ago."

And here he passes the following sentence upon Gregers and his sincere claims: "Oh, life would be quite tolerable, after all, if only we could be rid of the confounded duns that keep on pestering us, in our poverty, with the claim of the ideal."

"In that case, I am glad that my destiny is what it is," answers Gregers.

"Excuse me—what is your destiny?"

"To be the thirteenth at the table. . . ."

That is the finale of this work about which Ibsen himself wrote in 1884 to F. Hegel, when sending him the manuscript: "In some ways this new play occupies a position by itself among my dramatic works; in its method it differs in several respects from my former ones. But I shall say no more on this subject at present."

It is a pity that he really said "no more on this subject."

However, it is not difficult to divine that in the "Wild Duck" Ibsen came again to a blind alley, as it were, and once more undermined himself. After such a work, the virulent struggle with life-lies must lose a great deal of its inner impetus and even sincerity. The creative energy must either find a new outlet or degenerate into a moralising rhetoric on the dangerous verge of which Ibsen had already arrived in his "Enemy of the People." As though feeling this danger, he gave a new direction to his talent after "Wild Duck": from the warlike social themes he passed over to the psychological dramas, in which he resumed the analysis of the individual consciousness and refounded in a new interesting aspect some of those vital dilemmas he had treated before in "Brand" and "Emperor and Galilean."
Music.

By William Atheling.

POT-SHOTS.

For some time it has been "growing upon me" that (from the purely professional or journalistic angle) I must, for a while, give up my strictly private enjoyments and launch out into the relatively uncharted realms of uncertain concerts. We will therefore assume that LAMOND'S recital (March 1, Wigmore) was all right, quite all right, and that any other concerts he gives will be equally all right, and that anyone who wants two hours of solid, well-built AI must, for (from the purely professional or journalistic angle) anyone who wants two hours of solid, well-built AI anything too heavy for it; patches were rendered with vocal quality from the piano, in gentler passages. Of Lamond.

KATHARINE GOODSON (earlier, the same afternoon, Wigmore) has a graceful and fluid style and no inconsiderable charm, bringing a sort of cantabile or vocal quality from the piano, in gentler passages. There was atmosphere in her version of the first intermezzo, Brahms Op. 119; the third did not display her beauty, with "feeling." She is in the super-amateur category. The Brahms, is a charming Brahms, is a charming Brahms, and also—in too long a condition. There is only in...
Kidderminster; and it only carried "Alpha" through "Star," a selection of his essays, with illustrations by Macedonia" (as Mr. Shaw puts it), he even knows "Alpha" is interested in himself, he is concerned only to enthusiasm, particularly of irresponsible other-peoples' evokes; but we feel that we would rather live with conclusion; but he must offer something more than proper to the occasion.

**Reviews.**

*Leaves in the Wind.* By "Alpha of the Plough." (Dent. Illustrated Edition. 9s. 6d. net.)

"Alpha of the Plough" reprints, chiefly from the "Star," a selection of his essays, with illustrations by Clive Gardner. They are essays that almost disarm criticism by their apparent lack of definite characteristics; we read them without intolerance, but seldom with positive enjoyment. Rarely does "Alpha" write of a subject that rouses his enthusiasm; when he does, as in the essay "On a Map of the Oberland," his imagination flares for the tourist on his travels. The map was no magic carpet, it was real Kidderminster; and it only carried "Alpha" through a part of a Cook's Tour. But, in the main, these essays express chiefly the author's facility of writing, sometimes "Alpha" more satisfactory as a man than as a writer. "Leaves in the Wind" are occasional essays that do not rise properly to the occasion.

**Woman:** A Citizen. By A. E. Metcalfe, B.SC. With a Foreword by Mrs. Sidney Webb. (Allen and Unwin. 2s. 6d. net.)

The assumption that "man is a political animal" ought not to forbid his political education, ought, indeed, to justify it; but we must admit that it has not been uncommon in forms of political fashion, that, on the contrary, there is a whole school of thought which, in contradiction to Plato and Aristotle (to say nothing of more modern theorists) that politics is an art and cannot be taught. Democratic government has, so far, meant little more than popular acclamation of measures proposed by the Government; the average voter is well instructed in his duty to "Finland and to Macedonia" (as Mr. Shaw puts it), he even knows what he would like to do to the Kaiser, but he is, in the main, ignorant of and without interest in the details of the polity under which he lives. He has only

**LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.**

THE IRISH PROTESTANT UBER ALLES.

Sir,—As Mr. John Eglinton continues to brood upon the problem of Ireland, he becomes more and more enamoured of his own theory of the Anglo-Irish, and in due course we find him approaching that state of Pan-Protestantism which corresponds to the Pan-Germanism of Houston Chamberlain. But arguments are differing from the exigencies of their respective weltschauung, which demands the sacrifice of the whole to the part. Mr. Eglinton displays the naive incredulity and indignation of the typical Irish Protestant when it is suggested that Protestant minorities cannot escape the fate of all minorities; they must submit. The Protestants of France have accepted the inevitable, and, while it is open to Mr. John Eglinton to regret the fact that France is not Protestantised, he can hardly expect the majority of the French nation to share his and view of their case. Possibly a Protestant France would have been the marvel of our age, but it so happens the religious minority was not enabled to control or dominate the Catholic majority. Mr. Eglinton is rather like the type of neo-Gael he ridicules, when he insinuates a plea against Darwinism in politics—that is, when he refuses to accept the evolutionary law which has relegated the minority to the back-ground everywhere, except in Ireland, where at considerable cost the experiment of defining the Nazi has been carried out. Now Mr. Eglinton, not content with this method of keeping Irish Protestant domination artificially alive, actually suggests that the Irish nation shall put its claims to meet the supposed needs of this exotic alien growth, which has neither assimilated nor been assimilated.

Mr. Eglinton, never very curious as to the political and economic factors of history, has long since abandoned all pretense of producing proofs in support of his ingenious idealisation of the Anglo-Irish Protestant—what, by the way, of the equally Anglo-Irish Catholic?—what intelligent Englishmen would like, I am sure, as an aid in this endless controversy, is that the Anglo-Irish apologist establish the connection between his ideal and the real professional Protestant of to-day in Ireland. Are the alleged virtues of race, stated to be the product of assimilation, to be used to buttress the claims of an unassimilated, hostile minority?—possibly a Protestant France would have been the marvel of our age, but it so happens the religious minority was not enabled to control or dominate the Catholic majority. Mr. Eglinton is rather like the type of neo-Gael he ridicules, when he insinuates a plea against Darwinism in politics—that is, when he refuses to accept the evolutionary law which has relegated the minority to the back-ground everywhere, except in Ireland, where at considerable cost the experiment of defining the Nazi has been carried out. Now Mr. Eglinton, not content with this method of keeping Irish Protestant domination artificially alive, actually suggests that the Irish nation shall put its claims to meet the supposed needs of this exotic alien growth, which has neither assimilated nor been assimilated.

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Protestantism. E. ad

admirably fit any demand that might be made on their support of powerful neighbours for their particularist strength of the Unionist and the superficial weaknesses non-producers, (b) of supplying and supporting political gravity are defied at the behest of Pan- and Unionists. The former are in the main Catholics, disapprove I ask, what is "nature"? Is a family of claims. Nevertheless, Mr. Eglinton's reasoning would centre of this controversy. Ireland consists of Nationalists and Unionists. The latter makes one statement in your issue of "A. E. R." and Mr. Leo Ward, but to undying misery. I can see no difference between the power of the Kaiser and the Papacy, except that the Kaiser's power proceeded to manifest their opposition have been invariably with resenting attacks than with finding truth. should their reflections displease, they will he upbraided with the Mirror. (The "haughty lady" Lids all-corners enters and gaze over her shoulder into the mirror she holds as vulgar louts for daring to present themselves.) "A. E. R." has been sustaining the part of the arrogant lady with great spirit for some years, and all those who have answered his implied general invitation and proceeded to manifest their opposition have been invariably frowned down. And who am I that should not accept the same fate with philosophy? **HILDERIC COUSENS.**

CATHOLICISM.

Sir,-I have no desire to interfere in the very interesting discussion between "A. E. R." and Mr. Leo Ward, but the latter makes one statement in your issue of January 30 which is so extraordinary that I must comment on it. He says, "Has it never occurred to "A. E. R. that the difference between the Kaiser and the Papacy is that, in point of fact, the former rested on material force, whilst the latter rests on free consent?"

I can see no difference between the power of the Kaiser and that of the Papacy, except that the Kaiser's power was more hungrily exercised. The Kaiser allowed every man to do as he pleased, provided he did not mind being shot. But the Kaiser never burnt nor tortured those who disobeyed him; still less did he threaten them with eternal torment. Man, men are willing to die, and for such men the power of the Kaiser had no terrors.

Very different is the power of the Papacy. The Papacy condemns men, and is bound to exercise that power, but to undying misery. A man has its free consent to become a heretic, if only he does not object to being shut up in a red-hot coffin for all eternity. For milder sins he may get a retreat, but will be thrown into a pool of boiling blood, with devils running about the banks to push him in again if he tries to lift his head. Or perhaps he may only have to walk for ever under an eternal storm of flakes of fire.

If any man thinks that that is only the Catholicism of Dante and St. Augustine, but not of the twentieth century, I advise him to spend a little time in talking with Catholic working men. I have talked with a good many—Irish, German, Austrian, French-Canadian. I have not yet talked with one who did not admit that in his childhood and his own home Hell and Purgatory were as real and as literal as they ever were to Dante or Augustine.

Lecky in his "History of European Morals," Vol. II, page 94 (reprint by Watts & Co.), says: "It was the custom then, as it is the custom now for Catholic priests to stain the imaginations of young children by ghastly pictures of future misery, to impress upon the virgin mind all atrocious images which they happened not unreasonably might prove indelible." Lecky gives a number of illustrations so horrible that I do not care to quote them. Let me say at once that Presbyterian divines, from whom I learnt Catholicism, as befits a Catholic nation; the latter are chiefly Protestants, as befits the representatives of a foreign Protestant domination. By what right, then, that of brute force, should the former be subjected to the latter? If the Irish Protestant minority could con-
evitably become aware of any other group like their own, they might learn to cultivate an appropriate humility. With due respect to Mr. Eglinton, I submit that those are Protestant minorities vastly more fertile and valuable than the Irish variety, but they have not secured the support of powerful neighbours for their particularist claims. Nevertheless, Mr. Eglinton's reasoning would admirably fit any demand that might be made on their behalf for separatist treatment. Also, it is only in Ireland that the process of national evolution and the laws of political gravity are defied at the behest of Protestantism. E. A. B.

MALTHUSIANISM.

Sir,-In the matter of Malthusianism and wagery or National Guilds and nature, I suggest a third choice—National Guilds and Neo-Malthusianism. Of those who disapprove I ask, what is "nature"? Is a family of two children and comfort to thee, (c) of supporting crude teaching, (d) of not turning England into a monster London. HILDERIC.

RE-INCARNATION.

Sir,—I think one may assume that a word is used in its ordinary significance, unless it is expressly stated otherwise. The dictionaries are agreed that the term "re-incarnation" has only one meaning—the "transmigration of the soul after death from one body to another." "A. E. R.," though he may safely be supposed to know the definition of re-incarnation, has dealt with it as inseparable from several other theories such as "Karma," and has also represented it as bound to include and justify all the ideas of every writer on the subject. I complained that this was unfair, and I am unable to retract the opinion. Re-incarnation is not necessarily, connected with all theological theories, and the embellishing ideas regarding its processes are specula-
tive, and not authoritative, in spite of their authors' claims. Officially, re-incarnation has no processes, and the theory's well-wishers should he insistent on this until the data is less inadequate; no processes are better than conflicting ones.

I am rather astonished and sorry that "A. E. R." should flourish an affronted innocence, for I thought we were moderately friendly enemies, both less concerned with resenting attacks than with informing our friends. I have no intention of "claiming the courtesy of a reply." The pastime of contradicting "A. E. R." is not altogether unlike the old game of the Haughty Lady with the Mirror. (The "haughty lady" looks all-shelves and enter and gaze over her shoulder into the mirror she holds up, and gallants accept, knowing full well that, should their reflections displease, they will be upbraided as vulgar louts for daring to present themselves.) "A. E. R." has been sustaining the part of the arrogant lady with great spirit for some years, and all those who have answered his implied general invitation and proceeded to manifest their opposition have been invariably frowned down. And who am I that should not accept the same fate with philosophy? M. F. M.

ART NOTES.

Sir,—Mr. Ernest Wilton Schiff's "sane individual" is, according to Mr. Schiff himself, a person who "would destroy" pictures and books that he does not happen to conform to said individual's theories. This form of sanity died late in Spain, and prevailed in Europe during the late Middle Ages, when a woman might be burnt as a witch on the one hand, and a man dragged into a great pool of boiling blood, with devils running about the banks to push him in again if he tries to lift his head. My personal predilection is for a sanity which includes a shade more restraint and just a touch more of tolerance. I do not, however, wish to over-emphasize my own view, and under no circumstances whatso-

B. H. DIAS.
The essential features of wage-slavery are capable of reproduction under other systems than that which at present exists. The control of Industry by the State or by Guilds, unless inspired by a high and true conception of what Industry means to the community and to the individual, might easily become as crushing a weight upon personal freedom and initiative, as deadening to creative effort, and as provocative of sectal friction, as the present industrial system at its worst.

It is, indeed, possible to attach too much importance to the form of our industrial organisation. The purpose by which Industry is inspired is a matter of ethics. The adoption of any particular system for carrying out that purpose is a matter of expediency. The present system is based on the assumption that the market rate of prices, profits and wages affords on the whole the best working indication of the public need for particular goods and services. Whether State Control or Guild Socialism would, in practice, result in better service is a question on which there is much honest, as well as some interested, difference of opinion. It appears that we are likely to see a big experiment in public ownership in the immediate future; it would be exceedingly interesting to see some typical industry organised experimentally on Guild lines. But whether the existing system of private enterprise remains or is superseded, the idea that Industry can be successfully based on a mere money bargain between two unrelated or antagonistic interests must go. — The Garton Memorandum on "The Industrial Situation" (1919).

Railroad labour interests to-day proposed Government ownership and private operation by one large corporation, co-operatively organised, and sharing profit with employees, as their solution to the railway problem. Testifying before the Senate Inter-State Commerce Commission on behalf of the four principal trainmen's brotherhoods and other employees' organisations, Glenn E. Plumbe, of Chicago, recommended that the Government acquire all railroad property at a price fairly representing the property valuation, and entrust the operation to a corporation to be directed jointly by employees, officers, and the Government. Earnings would be divided equally between employees and the Government, and rates would automatically be reduced when profits amounted to more than a fixed ratio.

With one-half of the profits going to the Government and the other half to the corporation, to be distributed among employees, Mr. Plumbe said, the men would be actuated by a desire to promote efficiency and economy as a means of increasing profit.

"Such a scheme," he said, "would render to the public all of the benefits of unified operation. It would eliminate all the costs of competition, without losing any of the benefits of competition." — Evening Times, N.B. 

It is a great mistake to think that the miners or the railwaymen want merely the adoption of the Whitley Report. The railwaymen—including both the National Union of Railwaymen and the Railway Clerks' Association—have rejected the Whitley Report, and the miners have shown not the smallest desire for its adoption in their own case. The sort of control which these bodies have in mind is something different, and something which, to the ordinary business man, will seem far more "revolutionary." For, whereas the Whitley Report merely secures the full recognition of the right of collective bargaining, without in any way changing the status of the parties to the bargain, the miners and railwaymen are seeking a real share in control.

What, then, do the miners mean exactly by this share in control? They mean at least two things, and to each of these things they attach the greatest possible importance. In the first place, they want equal representation on the national Commission or Committee which exercises central and general control over the mining industry; and, in the second place, they want equal representation upon committees exercising control over particular pits.—Mr. G. D. H. Cole in the "Daily News."

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