NOTES OF THE WEEK.

The immediate causes of the railway strike are not, of course, what they are given and made out to be. It pleases the puerile Press, led by Mr. Lloyd George, to pretend that the causes are to be found in an "anarchist plot" or in the machinations of some sinister group of revolutionaries; but this attempt to muddy the waters so as to obscure the real issue is the only plot for which there is any evidence. A few years ago, if the strike had taken place, the cause would have been discovered in "German gold." Only a few months ago it would have been "Bolshevist gold." Wanting the quality of plausibility—for such lies do not really wear well—these stories have now been abandoned for the new weapon of an "anarchist plot." We could find it in the consuming public is and will be sore upon the question of prices; and a decision of the Government to advance wages at the cost of fares and freights would almost certainly have contributed to its speedy downfall. We cannot think that it is necessary to look beyond this for the motive of the Government; nor does it appear to us that the railwaymen's leaders have taken these facts sufficiently into account. Like the Government—in fact, like almost everybody—the railwaymen accept the fundamental basis of the existing system—the equivalence of price and cost; and they must, therefore, be prepared to abide by the natural consequences of the theory even when these press most hardly upon themselves. Would Mr. Thomas have the courage to contend (as we do) that the Government should run the railways at an apparent loss? Has he any proposal for reducing prices to the ultimate consumer without simultaneously reducing wages? If he has not, and is unwilling to listen to one, the case of the Government must convince him that Sir Eric Geddes is doing no more than, let us say, Mr. Thomas and his colleagues; for the latter are patently truthful when they affirm that the last thing they wanted was a strike at all.

Even in the case of Sir Eric Geddes, however, there is no occasion for turning the tables upon him and declaring him to be the arch-conspirator. The common-place facts are too numerous and weighty to make it necessary in the present instance to look beyond them. The financial situation of the Government is well known to be desperate; and in view of the recent economy campaign it was not to be expected either that the subsidy to the railways would be indefinitely continued or, still less, that it would be first transferred to fares and freights and afterwards passed on to the men in the form of increased wages. What, indeed, would the public have said if fares and freights had been considerably increased (as in any case they must be) ostensively to relieve the Treasury, but in reality to raise the wages of railwaymen? That the wages of railwaymen have always been excessively low, that they remain, even under Mr. Lloyd George's present scheme, very low, may be true enough; but for the moment and, indeed, for a prospectively long period, the consuming public is and will be sore upon the question of prices; and a decision of the Government to advance wages at the cost of fares and freights would almost certainly have contributed to its speedy downfall. We cannot think that it is necessary to look beyond this for the motive of the Government; nor does it appear to us that the railwaymen's leaders have taken these facts sufficiently into account. Like the Government—in fact, like almost everybody—the railwaymen accept the fundamental basis of the existing system—the equivalence of price and cost; and they must, therefore, be prepared to abide by the natural consequences of the theory even when these press most hardly upon themselves. Would Mr. Thomas have the courage to contend (as we do) that the Government should run the railways at an apparent loss? Has he any proposal for reducing prices to the ultimate consumer without simultaneously reducing wages? If he has not, and is unwilling to listen to one, the case of the Government must convince him that Sir Eric Geddes is doing no more than, let us say, Mr. Thomas and his colleagues; for the latter are patently truthful when they affirm that the last thing they wanted was a strike at all.

If the case for the Government is strong, however, it must not be concluded that the case for the railwaymen is weak. It is not weak either absolutely or relatively. In fact, it is precisely as strong as the case for the Government upon the minor issues, and infinitely stronger on the major issues. We have just seen what is the contention of the Government: it is that the railways cannot be run permanently at a loss nor can fares and freights be indefinitely raised to meet a never-ending demand for increased wages. The breaking-point on that side of the fence has now been reached. But equally it is the case of the men that the breaking-point on their side of the fence has been reached. It is all
very well, they say in effect to the Government, for you to say on behalf of the State and the consumer that you cannot continue to be responsible for the railway system while we insist upon our present demand for increased wages; but let the railways be in a safer boat, and neither can we be responsible for our share in the railways unless we obtain the wages we demand. There is nothing arbitrary or revolutionary or ideological in our demand (they might continue); we are not aiming at syndicalism or any other fanciful end; our simple case is that the wages and rates we propose to pay us are insufficient to meet our needs; and we cannot undertake to carry on the railway system upon these terms. Thus clearly and impartially stated, the respective merits of the two sides to the unhappy dispute will appear to any fair mind to be equal. On the superficial facts of the situation, neither side is to be blamed more than the other.

When a deadlock of this kind has been reached, with equal blamelessness upon both sides, the solution is not to be found in force. We may take it as the most probable conclusion that, as the community is stronger than any section of the community, the issue of the present strike must be a "victory" for the State. But what is the value of a victory that only determines which party is the stronger; and, above all, of the "victory" of one of two equal rights? If the State is correct in maintaining that the railways must "pay" and in refusing to burden the consumer with the cost of more wages than the consumer can bear—the defeat of the State in the present instance would clearly involve the realisation of the State's fears; in other words, the railway system would cease to be a national asset if the wages demanded by the men were actually conceded. On the other hand, if the men are correct in their assertion that the wages proposed to be paid them are insufficient to discharge the duties of their functions, the "victory" of the State will equally clearly prove to be no victory at all; for it must inevitably follow, if the men are right, that the refusal of their demands will have the consequence of ruining the railway industry equally with their concession. There is nothing less to be done, in fact, assuming both sides to be equally right, than to make a complete transformation of the system under which such a deadlock of contending rights has been created. Something must be wrong somewhere in a system that, without blame to either party, throws them into such a condition of antagonism that neither can function if the means to the functioning of the other is suppressed. What is it that is wrong? Wherein lies the real cause of the conflict of rights? What is the system that produces it? Until these questions have been asked and answered, no solution by force can have more than a precariously temporary value.

In his speech at Olympia last Tuesday Lord Weir raised this issue quite clearly. The Government had to make up its mind, he said, between "evolution" and "revolution"; between such improvements of the existing system as would make it work, and its "dissolution" followed by bold experiments in revolution. Which was it to be? For himself, of course, Lord Weir had no doubt about the proper answer to the question. He was in favour, naturally, of evolution: that is to say, of ameliorations designed to enable the existing system to continue with as much change as possible. The demands of the men, he thought, had been considerably exaggerated in the literature of the advanced school. He did not find among them any effective desire to "share in management," still less, to take over and run by themselves the industries of the country. On the other hand, all their "legitimate" aspirations, all their effective demands could, he thought, be met by the provision of a "more efficient directional control," including, first and foremost, the general re-institution of the method of "wage-payment by results." It may be true, we admit, that Lord Weir's diagnosis is correct; and that, in fact, no transformation of the industrial system is conceivable except in a railway system, and the railways are a "more efficient directional control," including, first and foremost, the general re-institution of the method of "wage-payment by results." It may be true, we admit, that Lord Weir's diagnosis is correct; and that, in fact, no transformation of the industrial system is conceivable except in a railway system, and the railways are
superfluous to observe that at bottom even the present railway strike is the outcome of the prevailing price-system; for the fact is too obvious to be missed. Would the workers on the railway be so much concerned about their wages if these did not represent the only purchasing-power at their disposal? Would the community, on the other hand, object to increased wages if they were certain to be accompanied or followed by a reduction of prices? From whichever angle we approach the problem it will be discovered that at its centre to be found is this: the relation which price bears to income—in other words, the distribution of purchasing-power. It may amuse the Press and give employment to pedants to imagine that the causes of our present discontents are ideological, quasi-spiritual, or resident in the natural human wickedness; but the common human fact is that they are thoroughly human causes, and would not suffer any change if the whole personnel of our society were transformed. As matters now stand it is true that the working-class are more or less, theoretically, anti-revolutionary and law-abiding. But turn the wheel so as to reverse the position of the two economic classes, and precisely the same social phenomena would be found to arise. The problem of prices and of the aetation dependent upon high prices is not to be solved by argumentum ad hominem.

Mr. Lloyd George was not very certain in his interview with the Railwaysmen that the general level of prices was about to fall. We, on the other hand, are very certain that it is not ; and, from this point of view, Mr. Thomas, had he been aware of the truth, might well have accepted the wages offered, in the certainty that not for some years, at the very least, would they need to be reduced in consequence of a decline in the cost of living. It may be true that the recent Profiteering Act has had the effect, as we never said it might not have, of reducing the local price of this article or that; but no such Act can have the effect of reducing the general level of prices, for the simple reason that no such Act comes anywhere near touching the real cause. It is presumed in such Acts, for instance, that the main if not sole cause of high prices is "profiteering," that is to say, the extraction from the consumer of unwarrantable profits by the middleman. But the far more serious fact remains precisely the social phenomena would be entirely eliminated, if commodities were sold "at cost," the present high level of prices would be only fractionally reduced. What is it that prevents the general public, Labour leaders, and Labour journalists from realising this fact that is so patent on the smallest examination, and that is so significant a factor in the situation? Is it an induced inability due to a capitalist environment to look at the question of money without the common capitalist prejudices? Is it willful ignorance or just intellectual defect? Whatever the explanation, the fact remains that in concentrating on the factor of "profit" or on the factor of production, the Labour movement is condemned not only to mere tinkering with the problem, but, much worse, to virtual agreement with the practical conclusions of the capitalist classes. We have seen already how the case stands with Mr. Thomas and Mr. Smillie. Accepting the premises of Capitalism that industry must "pay" its costs in prices, Mr. Thomas and Mr. Smillie are driven to one of two conclusions, either that the consumer must pay, or that the worker must produce more. Either conclusion, in a certain sense, is acceptable to Capitalism; but neither conclusion, as we affirm, ought to be acceptable to Labour.

If the proof of knowledge is prophecy we are prepared to make the forecast that prices in general, so far from declining, will continue to rise throughout the coming winter. And the reasons for our confidence in this assertion are anything but reconcilable; they can be conveyed, perhaps, in an illustration. Let us suppose a cistern containing water up to a certain level and through which we imagine that a stream of ingress through which water is pouring into the cistern is larger than a second pipe of egress through Which water is escaping. We are perhaps flattering our Labour leaders when we assume that the effect upon the level of water in the cistern of the double operation of ingress and egress respectively is very obvious in short, that the level of the water will rise. Nothing more academic, however, is involved in our deduction from the existing facts that the present level of prices will rise; and whoever can understand the illustration may understand its application. For the cistern in question is no more than society, the level of water no other than the level of prices, and the two pipes of ingress and egress respectively, the increasing productivity of Labour and the increasing volume of currency or money created in consequence of it. What is perpetually happening under our present system is precisely what is conceived to be happening in our hypothetical cistern. Faster than the increased exertions of Labour can bring down prices, the concurrent and still faster influx of "credit" or capital or money, based on that increase, tends to raise prices; with the inevitable consequence which we have in the cistern, that the general level of prices is always rising. Nothing less than a transformation of the system can possibly put an end to this rise. So long as for every increased exertion of Labour a correspondingly increased credit is attributed to Capital, for so long will the two pipes continue to produce their natural effect. The problem of Prices, we repeat, is the problem of goods in relation to currency; and of these two elements in price, it is currency that is much the more important.

Mr. Massingham of the "Nation" is among the "advanced" journalists who accept the bases of the existing system without serious question. He has now arrived at the conclusion that, after all, the criticism of Karl Marx is wrong, and that Marx's theory of surplus value is only a "stirring fallacy" and "obviously untrue." We do not attach much importance ourselves to the mass of the theories associated with Marx; but of all theories he invented and adopted, the least "obviously untrue" is the theory that price generally is determined by the subsistence of the workers has been subtracted from it, is absorbed by the capitalist classes." Major C. H. Douglas has shown in these columns and elsewhere the mechanism by means of which precisely this theory of Marx's is demonstrated to be "obviously true": for if the sum of the wages and salary and profit is insufficient to purchase, at their market selling-price, the whole products of any given industry, it follows, as a matter of mathematics, that the "surplus value" must be absorbed by Capital. And since, moreover, wages, salaries and profits only suffice to purchase the means of subsistence of the three economic classes that live by them, it no less clearly follows that the whole product minus the subsistence of the producers, is absorbed by Capital. An actual instance of the operation was provided by a "Yorkshire miner" in a recent issue of the "Daily Herald." This man, now 33 years of age, has worked for twenty years in a coal-pit. His record is as follows: 2,170 days of labour; an output of 16,000 tons of coal; the fixing certain 7,120 tons of coal, the cutting in 1,350 yards of packing; and the cutting through of 2,277 yards of coal. The capital or credit value of this labour we estimate at between £20,000 and £30,000; it is probably much greater. The total amount received by our miner was £2,052. Perhaps Mr. Massingham will tell us where the surplus value has gone.
Towards National Guilds.

[In the present series of Notes we have in mind the scheme already several times referred to for bridging over, without social catastrophe, the interregnum between Capitalism and Economic Democracy.]

One of the neatest pieces of analysis made in our time is the demonstration of Major C. H. Douglas that "the sum of the wages, salaries, and dividends distributed in respect of the world's production is diminishingly able to buy that production at the price which the Capitalist by his system has forced us to pay" ("English Review," August, 1919). Various consequences, it will be seen, follow of necessity from this proposition—if, indeed, it cannot now be regarded as an axiom. Let us set some of them out in a simple form:

(1) There must always be a surplus of production over consumption, since consumption, as represented by the purchasing-power of wages, salaries, and dividends, is always less than production as measured in price.

(2) This surplus is an increasing surplus. It increases with the "economy of Labour"; for the economy of Labour consists in reducing the sums disbursed in wages and salaries while increasing the product. Wages, salaries, and dividends are thus less and less able to purchase the product of their industry in the exact proportion that their industry becomes more and more economically organised.

(3) This surplus, which cannot be absorbed by wages, salaries, and dividends, must nevertheless be disposed of somehow, somewhere. Since it cannot be consumed at home—the purchasing-power distributed in respect of production being insufficient to buy it—it must be either exported or wasted—that is, destroyed. If exported, it enables its owners to put another country into debt to them—that is to say, it is "loaned" to foreign countries, the interest being credited to the exporting capitalists. Its destruction, on the other hand, is by means of waste and other forms of luxury or sabotage.

(4) The competition of our own "surplus" and the "surplus" of other manufacturing countries for "foreign markets" leads, however, in the long or short run, to war. War, in fact, results from the competition of ever-increasing "surpluses" for an ever-diminishing market.

(5) Since the difference between the sums dispensed in wages, salaries, and dividends and the Price charged for the product is the true origin of the "surplus," it becomes necessary to consider how that Price is fixed, why it exceeds the purchasing-power of the wages, etc., dispensed in the production of the goods so priced, and what should be done to remedy the discrepancy.

(6) The how and the why are one and the same thing. Prices are fixed by Cost of Production plus Profit.

(7) In that Cost of Production, however, is included a Cost which is not actually dispensed in wages, salaries, or dividends—the cost, namely, of "overhead charges." Overhead charges represent an element in the cost of production which is not dispensed as purchasing-power in any form whatever. It is included in Cost, but it is not included in the sums dispensed in production. It is a book-debt that is represented in the figures of production, but is not actually paid to anybody.

(8) A costing system which includes this item is, therefore, bound to result in a Price beyond the ability of the sums actually disbursed to pay.

(9) To enable wages, salaries, and dividends to purchase the product of their labour without leaving a surplus it is necessary, therefore, to eliminate this item from Cost as at present determined. In other words, Price must be fixed below Cost as now reckoned.

(10) A just Price would be one that enabled the producers to purchase the whole of their product or its equivalent—counting as producers the whole community.

(11) This can be arrived at either (a) by selling below Cost as now reckoned, or (b) by changing our costing-system so as to eliminate book-keeping.

(12) Both these, in the end, work out to the same thing: namely, a transfer of overhead charges to a credit account separated from the current trading account of Consumption and Production.

(13) Let it be granted that "overhead charges" are on credit account, since they have to do with the estimate of the ability to produce. They represent, therefore, transactions of credit, and are of such a nature that they can be separately balanced. Regarding an industry as a single business, its "overhead charges" can be set against its credit account in the following form: To Credit—all the economy involved in the services rendered; to Debit—all the charges entailed by the same. This balance-sheet of the mere Credit of the industry is separate from the current trading account; and the latter, in fact, should take no cognisance of it. By this means, the overhead charges being eliminated from final Cost of Production, Prices could be reduced to pure Cost—that is to say, to the cost represented by wages, salaries, and dividends.

(14) Under these circumstances, a country so industrially organised would require, as it were, two sets of books: one representing its Credit (that is, its ability to produce), and another representing its actual Consumption and Production. The element of Credit would be kept separate from Price, with the consequence that Price would approximate to current Cost, and thus Price would be purchasable by the sums actually dispensed in production.

(15) The object of Production is to produce for Consumption. But if the sums dispensed for the purposes of Consumption are insufficient to absorb Production, the purpose of Production is defeated. The means to enable us to consume what we produce is the fixing of Prices in accordance with the sums actually dispensed in the course of Production. Prices must be fixed, therefore, by the ratio of our consumption to our productive ability. A just Price is that which enables Consumption to equal Production.

(16) As Consumption is to Production, so must Price be to Cost. If Consumption and Production are equal, Price and Cost will be equal. If Consumption is less than Production, Price will be less than Cost. Price will thus increase with the increase of the ratio of Consumption to Production; but it will decrease with the decrease of Consumption relatively to Production.

(17) Under these circumstances, an increase in Production would immediately be reflected in a decrease of Price, which would have the effect of increasing Consumption. Similarly, a decrease in Consumption would be instantly reflected in a decrease of Price.

(18) Since the aim of Price is to enable us to consume all we produce (in other words, to maintain a balance between Consumption and Production), Prices should rise as Consumption and the Production increase, and fall as Production threatens to exceed Consumption.

(19) The Pricing system is one thing, the Pricing system is another. We must keep them separate. Costing concerns Production, Pricing concerns Distribution or Consumption.

(20) The aim of a sensible Productive community is to distribute fairly over the whole community the cost of production in (a) expenditure of energy and (b) the depreciation of raw materials and machinery. The accounts of Production are concerned with these two factors only.

(21) The aim of a sensible Distributive community, on the other hand, is to distribute equitably over the whole community the sum of the commodities produced, and this can be effected by Price.

NATIONAL GUILDSMEN.
Collective Bargaining in Politics.

"Collective bargaining" and "the socialisation of the means of production" are the two phrases most familiar in discussion of the international labour movement. Now that war and revolution have re-stated the Marxian formula with new implications the gap has perceptibly widened between the American trade unionist, content with collective bargaining, and the proletarian of Europe, ambitious to achieve the control of industry.

From the earliest days of the A. F. of L. the American labour movement has been economically, or better, mercantilistic in character. Its fundamental difference in political policy which has been instrumental in securing the passage of the Federation's campaign programme in 1906 the A. F. of L. has been content to serve a bourgeois government with a non-political organisation; since the announcement of its programme, content with collective bargaining, and the proletarian of Europe, ambitious to achieve the control of industry.

The Great War gave to American trade unionism a recognised place in the established order of industry. From the conflict Mr. Gompers and Mr. Wilson emerged blood brothers in the business of defending things as they are, intent first of all upon the maintenance of stability. But at the moment when the Federation was beginning to purr contentedly in the lap of a bourgeois civilization the old ambition of European labour was stirring to new activity. In America reconstruction was to take the form of whitewashing a solid edifice little injured by the war. In Europe the capitalistic structure had been shaken and its foundations were being undermined. Stability would give the A. F. of L. a sure position among the vested interests; turmoil would offer European labour an opportunity for conquest and control—

"Wherever the Mission went it was received by the highest personages as though it had been officially representing the Government of the United States. . . . It was indeed evident that the French and Italian Socialist Labour Leaders appreciated the honours paid to the American Labour Mission as reflecting upon themselves and their own class. When the Americans arrived at the Quay d'Orsay Palace of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs and with the Confederation Generale du Travail at its offices in the working-class quarter of Paris, the French leader naturally felt that he was receiving a share of the honours paid to his American colleagues."

According to this same State Department report, the Mission succeeded in making it very plain to the least workers of England, France and Italy that "the attitude of vigorous and militant labour leaders need not necessarily be hostile to the Government . . . ." but that they may merge their interests so completely with those of the State as to be worthy of every official support. In fact, the demeanour of the Americans was so exemplary that they earned the goodwill not only of their own Government, but of every other Government with which they came in contact—that is, of the governing class in general.

At the Inter-Allied Labour and Socialist Congress of September, 1918, the Mission secured the adoption of the A. F. of L. war programme, providing, among other things, for a World Labour Congress to be held at the same time and place as the Peace Congress, and asking for the representation of Labour in the membership of the latter body. The Americans also made it emphatically clear that they would not participate in any war-time conference with Labour representatives of enemy countries. Finally, they succeeded in blocking a resolution that condemned intervention—in behalf of a real democracy—in Russia.
The history of these activities forms a fitting preface to a most interesting correspondence just published by the A. F. of L. While the world was still breathlessly awaiting the outcome of the negotiations which preceded the Armistice, Oudegeest of Holland cabled Mr. Gompers (then in the United States) asking that the Federation appoint delegates to a Labour Congress to be held at the same time and place as the Peace Conference. Mr. Gompers replied three weeks later that, in accordance with the instructions of several conventions of the A. F. of L., he himself proposed in due course to issue the call for this Labour Conference. After another month's delay proposals arrived from Henderson, of Great Britain, setting out detailed plans for a general conference of representatives of Trade Unions and Labour parties, from allied, neutral and enemy countries, and suggesting that Switzerland be selected as a meeting-place, for the reason that the personal liberty of Austrian and German delegates could not be guaranteed in any but a neutral country. Refusing to deal directly with Henderson, the A. F. of L. cabled Bowerman, Secretary of the Parliamentary Committee of the British Trade Union Congress, in part as follows:

"... the American Federation of Labour delegation will meet with delegations from Trade Unions of all national centres, but must decline to be governed by political parties, and hence regard meetings with representatives of political parties conducive to no good results."

If the Americans had ever at any time been inclined to participate in the International Labour and Socialist Congress, eventually held at Berne, this idea was banished from their minds at a private conference such as has prepared the way for more than one open covenant openly arrived at. A man who was present at the conference has related to the writer just what took place there; it is supposed that this is the first publication of detailed information relative to this affair. Like most conferences with the President of the United States, this session was a short one; no time was wasted by the American Labour delegates in stating their case. The meeting at Berne was certain to be predominantly Socialist: the Americans were bona fide Trade Unionsists, with no taste for politics; if they went to Berne they would surely be voted down and would be obliged to bolt the convention; it was considered best that the Americans should absent themselves from this too ambitious gathering. Mr. Wilson, listening, "looked the Labour spokesman straight in the eye." "Gentlemen," he said, "I agree with you entirely."

If the good resolutions of the delegates required further reinforcement, this was supplied at a conference with members of the American Commission to Negotiate Peace. Here the shady character of the Berne conference was again discussed; it appeared certain that the delegates to the Trade Union section as well as those to the political section would be Socialists, chiefly interested in political aims; yes, the Americans should by all means stay away.

They did stay away. "While the Berne conference was refusing to condemn the Bolsheviks..." failing to fix the war responsibility on the Germans or to remove the International (Trade Union) Secretariat from Berlin, and declaring for an impossible international super-parliament, the A.F. of L. delegation" buzzed hussily in the diplomatic sunshine of Paris; the American Socialists charged the bit on the farther shore of the Atlantic, held up by the Washington passport bureau; two Social Democrats got us in; the delegates repudiated the conference; a third member of the same brotherhood was discredited when he attempted to speak at Berne.

Mr. Gompers did not succeed even passably well in his attempt to get together at Paris an inter-allied Trade Union congress, and the Peace Conference Committee on International Labour Legislation began its work with no general policy to guide the Labour leaders—except that embodied in the programme adopted at the Inter-Allied Conference of September, 1918. Since the close of the Commission's labours, Mr. Gompers has complained that he did not have the support of the Radicals for his more advanced reformatory measures; he could explain this situation if he could only familiarise the American who attended the sessions of the Commission has done so, and the explanation is this: the Radicals were not deeply interested in welfare measures because their eyes were always upon the political possibilities of the Peace—certainly not enough, but instead of trying to plant in the International Labour Conference, under the shadow of the League of Nations, the seeds of a working-man's world government! The day that the American Federation of Labour appeared in Europe, ready to trade unlimited support of the old order for limited reforms, this high aspiration of the internationalists was doomed to failure. At the last moment, when it seemed that Lloyd George must be acting under the urge of English Labour in his efforts to modify the Treaty, Mr. Gompers cabled President Wilson for instructions as to what action the A.F. of L. was expected to take. In compliance with the President's answering cablegram, the convention of the Federation voted by a majority of 29,909 to 420 to endorse the Covenant of the League of Nations with its Labour provisions (notably the new "somewhat weakened," says the President), and by implication the Treaty as a whole. The world Labour conference had come short of its object; the promised inter-allied conference was a failure; the thoroughly governmentalised Commission on International Labour Legislation had fathered a governmentalised International Labour Conference to carry on its work under the League.

If American Labour in this time of opportunity did less than the war made possible, it was not for lack of power, but for lack of will. The plain fact of the matter is that the men who control the American Trade Union movement do not want to participate in the control of industry. The craft unions that have matured under their guidance are not so organised as to be capable of assuming the rights and responsibilities inherent in the control of production. The habit of collective bargaining has been carried over into politics, where the Labour lobby forces the individual measures it desires by the threat of boycott—the use of a political "unfair list." Neither in politics nor in industry does the Federation aim at responsibility. "The working-man's world government! The day that the Labour lobby forces the individual measures it desires by the threat of boycott—the use of a political "unfair list,"" says the British Labour Party man.

There are three answers: "Kill ambition, and support the State," says the American Federation of L., he himself

"Smash the Government and start over," says the Russian Bolshevik.

"Control the Government and make it over as you go along," says the British Labour Party man.

"Control the Government by vote? No! By partisan organisation such as is growing up in Seattle,

marks, just as later it inspired Tolstoi. How refreshing in comparison is the Western spirit of Belinski! Belinski, champion of the Westernisers, possessed the spirit of true liberalism. He was free from the defects of Hertzen, the most influential of the revolutionaries, who thought he could force the pace of natural evolution and pass at a single bound the "bourgeois stage" and arrive at once proletarian government. But his original mind was Belinski subject to the extravagance of Bakunin, who wished to create a new world by violence, or to the wild recklessness of Cherniaiveshky, who entertained the ambition of becoming a modern Aristotle for the instruction of mankind, and whose ideal of communism was to say to your neighbour: "My linen, your linen; my pipe, your pipe; my wife, your wife." A truly rational philosopher was Mihailovski. His ethical standpoint is finely expressed in the following characteristic utterance: "Morality incontestably begins from the moment when man imposes any sort of bridle upon his ego, from the moment when he is willing to give up any of his wishes in the name of a principle which he regards as higher, as sacred, as inviolable. Until this moment comes we have nothing but customs." How contemptible in comparison with the free spirits of progressive thought are the official theorists—Katkov, Pobedonoscev, Leontev! As for Soloviev, he was probably the one thinker in Russia who made philosophy his life's work, though he had "no school, no successors, no original mind". Drifted towards mysticism, and the first Russian thinker to investigate for himself the problems and objects of philosophy left no visible impression upon the political and ethical condition of his people. The revolutionary Plehanoff gained far more influence by his exposition of the principles of Social Democracy. Henceforth all Russian thought was to be either Marxist or anarchistic or even chaotic. Nestroev formulated the five demands of Maximilism: "Promotion of the class consciousness of the workers; the revolutionising of the will; the destruction of the fetishism of private property; the destruction among the people of the sentiment of legality and the strengthening of the sentiment of revolt." And Kroptokin, the anarchist, goes farther and says that "men are endowed with natural sympathy, which suffices as a people of sentiment." Therefore, down with all ethical and political laws! Lenin, the leader of the Majority Socialists (now famous as the Bolsheviki), who is alluded to here and there, laughs at the policy of "killing with kindness"; centralisation and the dictatorship of the proletariat was his aim. And Ropshin, the terrorist philosopher, seriously discusses in his book, "The Pale Horse," the question, "Why not kill?" "If I have no God," he says, "I am my own God." Surely this is a philosophy just as egotistical and even more decadent than that of Nietzsche. In the sequel, which is to follow these volumes, President Masaryk will deal with Dostoievsky, "the great analyst of the Russian revolution," and probably also with Tolstoi, who is only briefly alluded to. Further light will then, no doubt, be thrown on the recent march of events; for all President Masaryk's knowledge did not enable him to foresee the Russian revolution as it proved to be, nor are there any indications that he discerned the probable division of the great Empire into various nationalities, each for itself alone politically, economically, and culturally. A word of praise is due to the translators, Eden and Cedar Paul, who without much knowledge and sympathy could scarcely have rendered so much weighty thought into such lucid English. To the student of the truth in Russian deeds and ideals, and to all who appreciate a masterly exposition of a complex subject, these classical volumes are commended.

GERSHON KATZ.

Russian Thought.

Although President Masaryk lacks the fluency of Brandes' "Impressions of Russian Literature," and the graceful style of De Vogue's "Le Roman Russe," anyone interested in Russia or in the history of the human race in general will be held captive by the thousand and odd pages that compose this book. The historical facts are correct, being based upon official documents and statistics, while the author's treatment of Russian literature shows a profound knowledge of his subject; and in every line discussing Russian philosophy can be discerned the inquiring spirit of the critic and the well-balanced mind of the logician unshaken by enthusiasm yet receptive of Slavonic sympathies and ideals.

Speaking in general, however, Russian philosophy cannot be said to exist. President Masaryk dwells on the absence of criticism in the works of Russian thinkers, on the avilibility with which they absorbed without real inquiry the theories of Hegel and Feuerbach and Marx. They are enthusiastic students, but are seldom original. As everywhere else, there are two camps among them—the mystics and the scientific thinkers, those who attempt to uproot religion and the established conventions, and the others who glorify the slow evolution of the past and make it the supreme test of ethics. Tchadaieff was the first Russian thinker to inquire critically into the mission of Russia. He pointed to the English as exemplars of a truly religious people. He was sceptical that Russia would ever become the home of the ideals of duty, justice, of law and order." Alas, his scepticism has been only too well justified. He deplored the absence of a "Russian humanitarian policy based upon the logical and syllogistic thought of the West," sighing "we grow, but we do not ripen." Contrast, with the modern spirit evinced by Tchadaieff is the Slavophilism of orthodox theocracy as enunciated by Kirievsky and Homijalov—not enlightenminded thinkers with an enthusiasm for orthodoxy and mysticism. These are purely temperamental doctrines, possessing the merit of more than usual originality: it is, however, improbable that they will have much influence on the modern mind. President Masaryk's criticism of their conclusions, therefore, is only of academic interest. An even narrower-minded thinker of this school was Aksakov. He "repudiates Europe and the European state in the strongest terms, going so far as to see nothing in Europe but slavery, whereas he discerns true freedom in Russia." The influence of Rousseau, from whom civilisation was decadent, evidently inspired these re-
The Presidential Address.

Considering the part which Science has been playing during the last five years it would have been strange had the Presidential Address to the British Association dealt with other than utilitarian matters; and Sir Charles Parsons was accordingly preoccupied with the adumbrated wonders. His address was, in fact, a plea to utility by one of the most eminently successful of our practical engineers, and any suggestion in it of the spirit of the time must be looked for apart from the main theme. From this point of view the chief idea of interest is the suggestion which is left in the mind of a reader that the Government be called upon to subsidise scientific schemes of a utilitarian kind, and to provide money in amounts calculated in minutes or days of the War. This latter detail may seem a trifling affair, but it is really far otherwise. It is true that this manner of representing huge sums may be useful under certain circumstances, but not when it is used to make huge sums appear to be of normal dimensions. For it must be clearly remembered for what these huge war expenses were undertaken. Never mind what the ultimate factors in producing the war may have been—the underlying cause was the revolt of free-will from even the most beneficent Compulsion, and it is only for such great ideals that such great costs are fitting, and Science must not think of the prospects. A utilitarian Practical Science in the world does not compare with the abstract principle which underlay the war. In fact, were it not so soon as to make such an accusation seem almost indecent, the idea that Science can ever consider treatment on a war scale must be noted as a warning of future danger, for Science is among the activities of man what Germany was among the nations.

In speaking thus it is necessary to discriminate carefully between the small utilitarian science which strives only to make the world comfortable and the great Science which cares nothing for this end, and studies only the ways and means of its great mistress, Nature. Clearly it is to the former that the stricture applies. Such Science tends to fix us and our aspirations more firmly to our environment, and both by precept and example teaches us that only by method can we move mountains. It is the opponent of religion; whereas Great Science is of the same essence as religion, and only differs from that form of adoration to which we more frequently apply the name by the subject matter to which it is mainly devoted. For religion, the object of mind and not a category of subjects. The detailed mind which confuses means with ends—electricity with a warm home—and values a small thing known in detail above a great idea after which we may forever strive in vain—is the same mind which sacrifices religion to ethics, and art to technique. Ethics, technique and utility are all of the order of scorpions as compared with fish, unsatisfying to the Real Man, and only made acceptable by the savour of success. Success is but an anodyne for weary hearts, a substitute for the balm of faith, as most drugs are but substitutes for normal happenings, either in our bodies or souls, which we ought to be able to accomplish without their aid, but cannot. They are illegitimate intrusions into the greater world which we long for, though we call it illusionary or imaginary.

But Man is a god and an animal combined; and so though it is disastrous to forget the god in him it is foolish to forget the animal, and for the animal, ethics, technique and utility in moderation are very desirable; they are good, and no one is more fond of them than we; but if our analogy, they should be estimated for their food value and not for the success with which we flavour them, for this leads to satiety. I often fear that the advertisement of the sauce which says that it makes all the world hungry is not such a ghastly lie as it at first sight appears to be; it only disguises a great truth.

The Science of formal mind promises us all the world and the glory of it if we will fall down and worship. So did Germany, and for fifty years we worshipped, only to find out our mistake when it was almost too late. It is not formal mind, however, that is to blame, but its addressees. In its proper place it is the most wonderful tool which Nature has yet provided; but we must not become dependent on it for all our worldly needs, unless we are prepared to hand over all such things to its charge unreservedly and occupy ourselves otherwise. This is not an easy thing to do, for psychologically speaking it will mean that we must somehow be made to mind down into our subconscious as the latest of a long series of displaced consciousnesses, and though it may well be that this will happen first in the mass, it is not likely to happen even there without a struggle.

M.B. Oxon.

Drama.

By John Francis Hope.

Mr. Robert Hichens has played for, and secured, popular approval in "The Voice from the Minaret," now being played at the Globe Theatre. A clergyman in love is a sure attraction, for, like most other men on the stage, he can only fall in love with someone else's wife. Indeed, the drink that the clergyman gets him is the usual medicine to which the heart is given, and the clergyman's complaint is that the heart is given to all who need it. In "Quis custodiet ipsos custodes?" it is the clergyman who says this, and the clergyman is in love. "Quis custodiet ipsos custodes?" is about the only fictional character who ever fell in love with his own wife. There is (or I should say, was) some piquancy in placing a clergyman in the eternal triangle; he is professionally committed to the suppression of what he calls "unlawful passions," and perhaps the crowds of women who flock to see such plays as "The Voice from the Minaret" are really interested to see how their exemplar will behave in a dilemma that is probably more familiar to them than to him. The answer to "Quis custodiet ipsos custodes?" is "The congregation"; and no clergyman dare exhibit himself on the stage in this familiar situation without making what is called "the great refusal," and preaching a little sermon on self-sacrifice and the virtue of truth.

There is reason to believe that such plays attract a special audience; religion, in England, is mainly a matter of sex morality (that is why the Church regards the stage as another pulpit), and a problem play is bound to be as innocuous to morals and as innocent of literature as a sermon is. But if this special audience mainly consists of clergymen, when I saw the play) finds such a theme edifying, the dramatist certainly did not find it inspiring. The effect that he wanted to produce was obvious; on the one hand, what the clergyman called "sin," on the other hand, sanctity, symbolised by the voice from the minaret calling to prayer. But this contrast of effect is not made; Mr. Hichens makes his Andrew Fabian behave like a shame-faced schoolboy concealing from his father confessor the traces of his intrigue, and the contest between the woman's pleading and the minuezin's call to prayer never rises above literal matter-of-fact.

Some of the feebleness of the scene must be attributed to the actors. Lady Caryll, for example, is obviously intended to be a seductive woman, an Elinor Glyn lover; but Miss Marie Lohr sticks her red roses all over the place, and talks of her "sin," without any trace of the raptures that Swinburne attached to the "roses of vice." She is the most decorous sinner that I have ever seen on the stage, and the critics who praised her acting must have conveniently forgotten what such a part demands. Physically, she makes love like a wrestler; vocally, she has the cadences and intonations of a public speaker, instead of the soft, seductive sibilance of the siren. The absurdity of talking about undying passion is never more manifest than when one merely talks about it, as Miss Marie Lohr does; and the effect of her incompetence is that she re-
duces Mr. Arthur Wontner, who is really a good actor in his own style, to the level of what is called a proficient amateur. Mr. Wontner, too, becomes a poseur and shouter of commonplaces, walking through a part without giving it character, forgetting his own inherent dignity and subtlety of vocalisation under the paralyzing influence of Miss Marie Lohr.

There is only one actor in the piece who is free from this paralysis of conventionality, who produces the authentic feeling of reality that all character acting does. I have seen Mr. Norman McKinnel play many parts since I first saw him (in 1904, I think) play the clergyman in "Candida" at the Court Theatre; and the more I see of him the more I marvel at the number of effects that he can produce with the normal complement of the actor. His genius is revealed in the fact that he always plays a character, not a type; he does really conceive a character and projects it into real existence. There is a different feeling so soon as he walks on the stage in the second act of "The Voice from the Minaret"; he is quite definitely the husband of Lady Caryll, and not Mr. Norman McKinnel supporting Miss Marie Lohr. He nearly makes her act in the breakfast scene—not a feat which is impossible of perfect accomplishment until someone has broken her heart. He has no better material to work with than the others; but instead of saying his lines and looking nice, he puts into his walk, his actions, his intonations all that the character requires. He makes all that has gone before seem mere puppetry; and he not only conveys a sense of reality, but he deludes us with a sense of familiarity. His Sir Leslie Caryll seemed quite familiar to me until I tried to recollect of whom he reminded me, and discovered that he was not a copy, but an original.

The retired Indian official is a very familiar figure on the stage, and is usually played as an exhibition of the inflammatory effects of curry. Mr. McKinnel gives more than a study of irascible cantankerousness; the very walk of him betrays a self-importance that only a perfect regard for appearances prevents from degenerating into pomposity. There is a most curious blend of domestic familiarity with the bullying manner of cross-examining counsel throughout the breakfast scene; and Mr. McKinnel conveys the impression that this man is so determined to obtain the information he requires that he will control his obvious irascibility into some semblance of sobriety. He even at every moment a clear understanding of this man's character, developing fruit by trait a sinister picture of hatred. Even when he does nothing but stand by the window and smoke a cigar, when for the moment he is beaten, the very pose of him shows how immune he is from the delusions of the others, how incapable he is of even crediting them with other motives than those that actuate himself. That is great acting, to reveal to an audience not only what a man is supposed to be feeling, but what he is. It is easier to follow and understand Mr. McKinnel's impersonation than it would be to visualise the character from a written summary of it; and the difficulty is only intelligible in the performance. It is easy enough to play the part of a thick-skinned person for effect; but it is not easy to convey the impression of intelligence at the same time.

Mr. McKinnel produces the impression of a man whose hide is so thick that he does not need to bother about defence; so sure is he that none of his opponent's shafts can penetrate that he can concentrate his attention on attack. He becomes a terrible figure at the end, when he uses the assurance of his own early death as a justification for his scheme of revenge. Even his death-scene is powerfully characterised; simply played as it is, Mr. McKinnel none the less produces an extraordinary effect of helpless business snap, and he dodders into death whimpering like a child in the dark. It is a great performance, and I wish that I could believe that the audience went to see it.

Readers and Writers.

Mr. Hugh Walpole's appeal (in the "Times Literary Supplement" of September 18) on behalf of new novelists does him a great deal of credit. Secure enough of publication for himself, he is concerned for the fate of the young novelist-attablers of the future—the present prospects of publication are just about nil. Several publishers, it appears, have told Mr. Walpole that to publish a novel that is not certain to sell at least 2,000 copies (and, it may be added, within six months of the date of publication) is in his view of the costs of production; and since it is certain that not more than one in ten new novelists arrives at that selling-point at a single bound, the chances against their appearance at all are high. It might be supposed, Mr. Walpole goes on to say, that this restriction of publication to the good-sellers, the certain sellers, would be all to the good. It would naturally occur to the simpleton public that all a publisher has to do in these circumstances is to publish only the best. Alas, however, the best from a literary point of view is not always the best, and still less often, the most immediate, seller; and the inevitable consequence of restricting publication to the largest and quickest sellers will be to put a premium on the worst novels and a corresponding embargo on the best.

Mr. Walpole's complaint is just, and it is sufficiently serious to cause alarm. But his remedy, I fear, is impracticable. He invites, or, rather, he appeals to "some enterprising publishers" to produce, for love or adventure and at their own risk, "some cheap series of first novels that will need no large a circulation to justify their existence." In other words, he pleads with publishers not to be commercial, but to consider the interests of literature rather than the interests of their own business. Why, however, should Mr. Walpole demand or expect of publishers a greater capacity for disinterestedness in commerce than is displayed by other men of business? Why, again, seeing that the original complaint is derived from the attitude of the publishers, does Mr. Walpole imagine that the publishers will voluntarily amend its cause? They are quite frank about the difficulty. They say that it does not pay them to publish novels that are not certain of immediate commercial success. Any other proposal, therefore, must either assume that they do not know their business, or that they should be prepared to subsidise novels at their own expense. That they should publish "a cheap series of first novels," a series requiring only a small circulation to justify their existence, is, in effect, an impracticable paradox of the paradox; the cheaper the series, in the absence of any certain sale, the greater the loss a publisher must face. And, once again, why should he? It may be true that he lives by literature; and that he ought not to allow the goose to die that lays him golden eggs—but, after all, some goose, it seems, can manage without his special assistance. The big-sellers are there; and he is naturally disposed to let the others perish.

My defence of the publishers, it will be seen, is not intended to be flattering to their public spirit, or to their self-esteem as patrons of literature. They are as other men. My purpose is to direct attention to the proper remedy for the present unhappy state of things—which is not to be found in blaming the publisher, or in persuading him to undertake risks which no commercial firm would accept or would be expected to accept—but is to be found in one of two directions—in a general attack upon the problem of high prices in general, or in a more particular effort on the part of both writers and men of letters to raise public taste. It would appear, on the surface, that the former of these remedies might prove the more practicable and the more efficacious; and the latter the more ideal. Mr. Wal-
pole himself assumes that if only first novels were “cheap,” they would be bought in sufficient quantities to justify their existence even in the present state of public taste. But is it a fact that it is the dearness of literature that deters or mainly restricts its sale? It is perfectly certain that either cheap publication or (what amounts to the same thing) a generous diffusion of money among the masses would ensure the success of good first novels—in the present state of public taste. After all, we have had some experience of both cheapness and of the diffusion of money. Publication was cheap enough before the war in all conscience. New novels could be brought out for a shilling. Was it the common experience that the best of them proved a commercial success? On the contrary, the best of them were nine times out of ten a commercial failure. And, in respect of the diffusion of money, what has been our experience of the direction in which the diffused money has been spent? Have the masses accumulated libraries? Have they patronised the arts? Have they encouraged literature with discriminating taste? Have they sought out and bought the young authors, the promising writers, the writers of to-morrow? We know they have done nothing of the kind. The diffused money has fallen, for the most part, into the hands of the ignorant peddlers and the hands of the ignorant masses. And both classes have naturally neglected literature in favour of sports and furs, display and amusement. It is idle to pretend that things are other than they are. We need not necessarily be discouraged by the fact, but it is necessary to recognise the facts. And the facts in the present case are that the people who have the money (much or little) do not care a shilling for literature and accept no responsibility for its existence. Their excuse for the moment is that literature is too dear; but it would be all the same if it were cheap. I have never observed, for example, that rich or poor have complained that their sports and amusements are too dear; nor does anybody appeal to cinema-proprietors or yacht-entrepreneurs to pity their clients and ruin themselves commercially. When the public wants literature as much as it wants to be entertained, there will be no need of anybody’s charity.

In the meanwhile, what is the young writer to do? In particular, the young novelist? I confess that I am much concerned about his fate; for he appears to me to be about to be among the most miserable of mankind. To be published and to be a commercial failure is bad enough in a country like our own, where a succès d’estime is almost a certificate for pity. But not to be published at all is infinitely worse. Instead of appealing to commercial publishers, however, is it not possible for Mr. Walpole to appeal to the Guild of Authors, to the fraternity, that is to say, whose function and whose duty should it be, if not that of novelists as a whole, to secure the success of their works? Who should be patrons of literature if not men of letters themselves? And whose duty should it be, if not that of novelists as a whole, to secure the success of their works? Mr. Walpole was the mediaeval Inquisition, and its chief author. Among the latter is one about “the Inquisition,” and its chief author was Mr. Walpole himself. Its powers were directed against the Albigenses of the South of France, which was the mediaeval Inquisition, and its chief author was the Church. The Church was the mediaeval Inquisition, and its chief author was Mr. Walpole himself. Its powers were directed against the Albigenses of the South of France, which was the mediaeval Inquisition, and its chief author was the Church. The Church was the mediaeval Inquisition, and its chief author was Mr. Walpole himself. Its powers were directed against the Albigenses of the South of France, which was the mediaeval Inquisition, and its chief author was the Church.
leading to the loss of England from the Catholic Church in the sixteenth century and nearly causing the loss of France in the second. To charge Rome alone with responsibility for the acts of the Spanish Inquisition is to misunderstand the whole temper of the sixteenth century, in which the predominant feature is not religion, but the growth of political absolutism. While we are condemning Rome for the Spanish Inquisition the real culprit is escaping, for the real culprit is the modern State, guided then, as now, by the maxims of Machiavelli (whose works are, I believe, on the Index). In the sixteenth century persecution was almost entirely an instrument of State policy. Francis I and Henry II of France, for example, persecuted Protestants at home but encouraged them abroad. Popular fanaticism was rare, and, where it existed, was directed by calculating politicians. After the massacre of St. Bartholomew, Catherine de Medici said she would have entirely an instrument of State policy. Francis I and Catherine de Medici were using the Inquisition as an instrument of State policy.

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Northern Lights.
By Leopold Spero.

II.—PROMENADE.

The great, round stronghold of Marstrand, lair of savage Gallas and a mariner at sea for a clear fifty miles, towering, inaccessible, a menace to peaceful merchantmen long before the eye could tell on which among those barren patches of rock its outmasting bulk was raised, must now brood helpless in the summer heat, while below, at its outraged feet, polite trippers and weepers make a bathing meet in a frame of its island home, bringing in from Gothenburg all they need for the life of fashionable simplicity which yet does not disdain the complete outfit of creature comfort.

The old King Oscar, last of the Bernadottes to rule over both Sweden and Norway, must bear the blame for bringing this last indignity on the departed hunchmen of his Danish predecessors. He discovered Marstrand, set a fashion for the tiny fishing village among the foolish, anachronous grandees of his twentieth-century Court. An emeritus Court was at Marstrand, and there were baronesses at whom every sensible Swede pokes fun, while his wife defers to them and hangs upon their lightest word. The simple-minded, kindly, beloved old litterateur, who was yet diplomat enough to keep in one yoke the destiny of one day's care with the awkward team of the Scandinavian Peninsula, saw in the golden,landlocked bay nothing more than a gentle haven of repose for his latter days, where he might be freefor a few blest weeks—from Courts and diplomats and all the miserable business of politics and scheming human nature. But he was not to be without them; they followed him to his retreat, keeping maybe a deferential distance in the background, but always within hail.

So Marstrand is fashionable, the most fashionable seaside place on the West Coast, the home of a smart dolce far niente, flannelled, expensive, always overcrowded, full of proud Landladies and indolent orchestras, visited every few hours by elegant tourist steerers from Gothenburg or Christiania; a very portent of style among the myriad island ramparts of granite, some bare and deserted even by the querulous seagull, some the seat of villages of pink and yellow pine wood houses, perched like birds on the hard, forbidding crags, or of flourishing canneries like Grabbestad and others the seat of villages of green vegetables or a yellow square of wheat shows up in harvest time, some with nothing to bring men in their rough, high-prowed rowing boats or broad-bottomed motor-steamers. A bare and deserted island, the shallow sand frames of wood on which the fishing nets are spread out to dry; and others the seat of villages of pink and yellow pine wood houses, perched like birds on the hard, forbidding crags, or of flourishing canneries like Grabbestad and Fjällbacka, or of some fishy metropoles like Lysekil or Stromstad. But Marstrand is the queen of all, from Gothenburg to the mouth of the Kristiania Fjord.

When the white boats come in with mail and parcels, heralding their arrival round unseen corners by the hooting of a fussy, good-natured siren, there is no worse fate than being ashore at this time of day. Round the point, where the First Mate will throw out his line to fasten a cargo of fish. She has been lying idly at ease in an secluded corner for many days, and her crew are disporting their unholy bodies in waters unvisited by the inquisitive patrols of the Red Ensign. Should Germans be Happy? is the question that rises unbidden to the surface of a patriotic mind. No matter. Let them be. There is no one by to write to the "Morning Post" about it or to complain to Mr. Bottomley.

And other shouts of happiness and merry abandon rise clear as bells in the shimmering haze. In the square enclosed bathing pool, shaded on the side of the dressing boxes and the north and southern ends, but open to the sun at the east, where the brown jellyfish lie forbidding and oppressive through long months when the despised Southerner still basks in the sunshine of idle hours, there is nothing more to disturb the peace of the deep waters and placid sky than the passage across the bay of the electric ferry from the low foot-hills of the opposite shore, moved by unseen forces like a child's toy through the smooth cobalt depths of such a glassy serenity as one might purchase at Hamley's for a schoolboy nephew, with a dozen painted soldiers, stiff and attentive, men-at-arms who cost a shilling apiece, to guard it with the latent menace of a brass cannon. The stately yachts moored in line along the jetty, which is also a High Street and a promenade, never move at this time of day. Found the point, where the great stave off where the sea and sky unite, the regality of the Fortress, there is the open sea, the wide horizon, the realities and the majesty of life. But here, at midday, nothing is alive. The smart ladies, in their white duck skirts and sailor blouses, are climbing the rough-bewn steps up the cliff, to sit and sun themselves in the sea breeze and earn the fees the doctor will charge them; and the men are sunning themselves no less, but naked and unashamed, on the boards of their white towels, like slabs of dough in a light oven.

For the greater part of the languid summer day, so precious in this land of long winter and snows that lie forbidding and oppressive through long months when the despised Southerner still basks in the sunshine of idle hours, there is nothing more to disturb the peace of the deep waters and placid sky than the passage across the bay of the electric ferry from the low foot-hills of the opposite shore, moved by unseen forces like a child's toy through the smooth cobalt depths of such a glassy serenity as one might purchase at Hamley's for a schoolboy nephew, with a dozen painted soldiers, stiff and attentive, men-at-arms who cost a shilling apiece, to guard it with the latent menace of a brass cannon. The stately yachts moored in line along the jetty, which is also a High Street and a promenade, never move at this time of day. Found the point, where the great stave off where the sea and sky unite, the regality of the Fortress, there is the open sea, the wide horizon, the realities and the majesty of life. But here, at midday, nothing is alive. The smart ladies, in their white duck skirts and sailor blouses, are climbing the rough-bewn steps up the cliff, to sit and sun themselves in the sea breeze and earn the fees the doctor will charge them; and the men are sunning themselves no less, but naked and unashamed, on the boards of their white towels, like slabs of dough in a light oven.

Two lads pole an ungainly boat around the tank, fishing up the stingers with a net, and slamming them down below the seat, to lie, an ugly, rusty mess of slime, they that but one moment since were things of beauty moving delicately with tendrils outstretched to feel the caress of the weeds and the ripples. Old men, young men, men of middle age, fat, slim, hirsute and
bald, protesting paunchily to the tolerant heaven, or stretched on their stomachs, limbs flung out in abandon. Some talk business as they pass, oblivious of their lack of tall hats, tail coats, gold watch-chains, and all the paraphernalia of Capital in its outward and visible expression. The effect is more than ludicrous. It is iconoclastic.

But see, what comes here, slowly, solemnly, with careful eyes looking down to see he takes no more false steps, holding by the hand two little lads as frail as tadpoles, but certain that what their father does must be right, where he goes be the appointed place? Is it not Herr Salmsohn, of Berlin and the Discontogesellschaft, pillar of finance, a man of countless fingers for foreign pies, member of Germany’s economic General Staff, one of those men who, in very truth, have lost the war? There is a solemn detachment in his air, serious if not sad, as of one who has made his first and biggest mistake and is determined that in future the smallest detail shall be organised and prearranged beyond any human possibility of débâcle. See how, after a careful and comprehensive survey, he decides to allow the elder tadpole to venture by itself into the raging maelström, while he retains the younger in his grip, so that there shall still be one scion remaining of the Salmsohn stock, though the other may have perished in all the sudden hard storm of a foreign swimming-bath. And now he has become more confident; both the little, skinny, black-haired, gentle-faced frogslet are disporting themselves at their ease among the fair-haired young Vikings, while our magnate, podgy benevolence masking a power which Throgmorton Street has felt in the past — ay, and shall feel again, I am traitor enough to predict—swims slowly, carefully, but very efficiently to the resting-point of his desire. But, in fact, there is nothing of the comic paper about him, not even that sign-facial of immorality, unscrupulous vice, and shamelessness, and concentration of Antichrist, the Hook Nose of the Jew. One recalls those pious artists of every age and clime, who, to spare their Saviour the final disgrace of looking like a member of the race and faith in which He was born, have made Him look like a Christian; and one is grateful for that, supreme demonstration of ethics and logic.

In Marstrand to-day there is more to see than meets the eye. Preoccupied with the details of its internal economy, the middle age of Marstrand’s Kurliste is not deeply concerned in the matter of how unfortunate Youth shall divest itself an evening—love-making is somehow not in place or that we should resolve the problem quick enough; but one could as soon make love in Bournemouth. . . . ! So there are dances here and there, now and then, not pre-arranged and followed out to the bitter end, as they would be in England, but arising at random, proceeding on sufferance, and maintained only by the presence of the elders seated round tables of punch—which is not punch—but expensive and inferior sherry, of vermout and soda, horrible dictu! The reason for the difference may be simply and definitely explained by the statement that in Sweden noboby knows how to dance, nobody ever knew how to dance, nor will anyone in the unhappy country, except perhaps Jenny Hasselquist, ever know how to dance; whereas in England the very gutter children, the very stockbrokers’ daughters, have more natural grace and more gift of beauty in movement than the finest artists of this or any other continent. And yet, such is the blindness of British national virtues, as well as to the vices, we suffer ourselves to listen to the voice of foreign dancing teachers, shrill, upbraiding, impudent and impertinent.

The fiddle strikes up an American rag, young men rise, drain glasses, move across to distant tables and click heels deferentially before the mothers of pleasant daughters. First one, then the next, then all take the floor to the swaying strain of a Fox Trot.

The only Londoner present, unable to contain his anguish of body and soul, rises before the dance is two minutes old to try and show them at least the elements of how it should be done. . . . The elders turn in their seats and stare, impressed. The young folk crane inquisitive necks and bump each other as they watch resentfully. But they, too, are impressed. After all, a Fox Trot is a Fox Trot!

**Sanātana Dharma.**

["Establish virtue, not for thine own sake, but for charity universal; save and deliver all beings; let them attain the wisdom of the Great Way."—"The Udana."

**Ishã, the land of all wealth, the birthplace of the Eternal Religion, what makes her for us a non-entity? Is it she who is dull, unable to transmit her knowledge, or is it we who are deaf and blind and altogether senseless?

Beneath this question there seems to lie a terrible, a withering, answer—an answer of such utter condemnation that for very mercy hearing stands bereft of ears to receive it.

What magic, then, shall we not summon from the depths, what tasks shall we not assign to High Heaven, lest this unutterable calamity befall us?

But we are not magicians, and we have long lost the way by which the Gods are approached.

We are, instead, a people of darkness, ingrained in the ways of darkness, and to any other way altogether estranged.

How then shall we realise a blindness, incomprehensible because all-pervading? The answer is: By piercing the veil of our own entirety and realising ever so dimly the living truth which lies beyond.

But how shall we pierce a veil so impenetrable? By a process which will demand the highest endeavour of which the living spirit is capable; by an active renunciation of all of which we are so miserably proud—of our enduring certainty and inaccessible completeness, of all that for which and by which we live—a renunciation which would amount to self-cruucifixion every waking and every sleeping moment of our lives—the willing acceptance of the accumulated debt of all our error—a veritable mountain of misconception, every atom of which, by the grace of that same Highest Heaven, must needs be transmuted in accordance with the spirit of rectitude and light.

Of what use, it will be asked, is such a process to a whole people, all of whom are equally incapable of rising to such a task and to whom Heaven is unknown? The answer is well nigh unutterable, even as in actuality it transcends all possible anticipation. To say that, other things failing, Nature herself will come to the rescue is to make a sinister assertion. Cataclysms, rapine and murder, famine and pestilence—these things have done their work in the past, and will come again in the future at any time when they are needed. Of this even fools may have knowledge. What cannot reach us from above will reach us from below. Nor is it even that the prospect of such happenings will awaken us. Being without prescience all things are non-significant, and the law of analogies remains hidden. We are therefore without the help of saving terror. It follows that actual immersion of the body will alone prove effective—steel in the flesh and spilling of the blood—widespread tribulation and death. And after the awakening, the infinite accumulations of error! the vast labour of regeneration! But a beginning will have become possible. A small fire will have been lighted, a glimmer of its light will have been
seen, and from that moment we shall have begun to realise our darkness. And in proportion to the strength of our suffering and the honesty of our humiliation will that realisation grow. It will grow and there will come a time when we shall understand that not only are we the product of darkness, but that our very error has suffered distortion.

It is the law indeed that in proportion to the great magnitudes to which we have subjected our conscience the consequent judgment of our conscience is magnified. Original sin we have converted into a myriad varieties of falsehood and hypocrisy; rather than stand upright in denial, our wriggling on the ground have traced the picture hideous of our own curtailment.

There remains, therefore, the possibility that we shall fail to win our initial glimmer of light, the first inkling of inner darkness, or that, having seen, we shall falter and eventually flee from the task before us. . . . We have bone in the heart and base metal in the bone—concomitants of the will-less state, which, without alternative, leads to destruction.

And for the intelligent undertaking and fulfillment of this reversion (in the direction of light as against the direction of darkness) the East and its true understanding of Religion, India, and her heritage of knowledge is altogether necessary.

But only when at last we have seen our darkness and have accepted, unconditionally, the task which it implies (the task which is our task, known only to us, and to be found only in our footsteps) shall we be enabled to recognise the immediate significance of so high an entity, and the supreme purpose of so great a testament, or to fully understand that beneath the symbol of the East lie the essence and the substance of the whole volume of life, and for Christians regenerate, high foreshadowings of the New Manifestation.

MILLAR DUNNING.

Views and Reviews.

A LAST WORD ON CONSCIENTIOUS OBJECTION.

My recent review of an American book on the conscientious objector has brought the usual amount of correspondence protesting against my shortcomings. I am accused, for example, of unduly simplifying the problem by writing "the conscientious objector"; I am told flatly that "he does not exist," and that "it might be difficult to find any two whose reasons for objecting were exactly the same." I should have thought that the various forms of conscientious objection could at least be unified as "conscientious," that the "reasons" were irrelevant to the understanding of the categorical imperative to which the conscientious objector proclaims his allegiance. That a man may be right, while his reasons are wrong, is so elementary an observation that it will not need to be necessary to recall it; the well-known story of the judge who refused to give reasons for his judgments, because judgments are nearly always right while the reasons given for them are nearly always wrong, is an example of it. I have quoted before the following passage from Leslie Stephen, but it summarises so powerfully the whole argument, and is so apropos, that I state it again: "Lawyers are apt to speak as though the legislature were omnipotent, as though they do not require to be justified by any one else, but of course, omnipotent in the sense that it can make whatever laws it pleases, inasmuch as a law means any rule which has been made by the legislature. But from the scientific point of view, the power of the legislature is, of course, strictly limited. It is justified, not both from within and from without; from within, because the legislature is the product of a certain social condition, and determined by whatever determines the Lord pondereth the hearts," said the writer of the Book of Proverbs. Let us consider what this argument means only. The conscientious objector (I call him so for convenience) claims immunity from a common duty because he has a reason, or more than one reason, to urge against it. Politically, this claim implies, as I have said so often, a voluntarist society, if we are to assume that the conscientious objector is democratic in political theory; we are not looking for the claim itself, but the claim may imply an autocratic caste system, in which certain classes are exempted from common duties. Just as the Russian nobility was exempted from taxation (and the French nobility before the great revolutionary) so too the nobility of men who cannot give reasons claims the right to be exempted from whatever common duty its members object to perform. Either their objection implies a purely voluntarist society, or it implies a system of privileges; however various the "reasons" of the conscientious objector may be, their political implications are no more complex than these alternatives reveal. The difficulty in arguing the question is that the conscientious objector never will admit the implications of his reasons. His objections may range from the simple ignorance of and indifference to politics of the Member of Parliament to the desire to establish forms of government of the revolutionary International Socialist; but whatever his "reasons" may be, he claims the rights and privileges of communal living, and also claims the right to contract out of its duties. He has abstracted the essence of absolute liberty, and once again, he ignores the implications of this doctrine. For the abstract doctrine of liberty is only the intellectual perfection of the concrete liberties which are guaranteed by the very society in which he lives; and the alternative to the compulsion of society is the compulsion of Nature. But even in the world of abstract ideas, Liberty is not the sole principle; the tri-une manifestation of reality is admitted again in the historic phrase, Liberty, Equality, Fraternity. Whichever way we look at the claim of the conscientious objector, he is ignoring the two-thirds of reality that imply his duties. Equality and Fraternity, and insisting on the one-third of privilege (for liberty is only a "right" so far as it is guaranteed by the law) that is granted by the constitution under which he lives.

Until the conscientious objector admits the implications of his own doctrine, and formulates his own theory of society, there is nothing to be done but enter a simple negative to his claim. At present, so far as my knowledge of him extends, he has not got beyond sharp-shooting at somthing bug-bear that he calls the "State," which he seems to think is always on the point of perpetrating some insane atrocity which he invents for the purpose. In this case, for example, my correspondent says: "If food shortage had led to compulsory cannibalism, many would probably have considered that that limit [of the State's right to obedience] had been passed." Perhaps they would; and in that hypothetical state of public opinion, they would have been the first to be eaten. The limit of the State's right to obedience may be theoretically difficult to define; practically, it is defined by public opinion, by what is called "the will of the people." I have quoted before the following passage from Leslie Stephen, but it summarises so powerfully the whole argument, and is so apropos, that I state it again: "Lawyers are apt to speak as though the legislature were omnipotent, as they do not require to be justified by any one else, but of course, omnipotent in the sense that it can make whatever laws it pleases, inasmuch as a law means any rule which has been made by the legislature. But from the scientific point of view, the power of the legislature is, of course, strictly limited. It is justified, not both from within and from without; from within, because the legislature is the product of a certain social condition, and determined by whatever determines the
Society; and from without, because the power of imposing law is dependent upon the instinct of subordination, which is itself limited. If a legislature decided that all blue-eyed babies should be murdered, the preservation of blue-eyed babies would be illegal; but legislators must go mad before they could pass such a law, and subjects be idiotic and subject to it. The hypothetical question of the limits of the State's right to obedience may engage the attention of those who care for the discussion of hypothetical questions. But, for me, the issue is limited to a much simpler formula: the conscience of the individual objector as a political principle? Can you find a society on it? It is obvious that you cannot; and although, practically, a considerable latitude of protest is possible, the underlying assumption that, precisely because we are members of a community, we must act at times in common, is the only one that will permit of the continuance of society. It matters nothing what form of society we may exist in, or may desire, obedience to its mandates will always, in the last resort, be compelled, or failing that, the society will dissolve. National life is then over. Any society that will tolerate no opposition to its commands, however conscientious the objector may claim to be. It is desirable, of course, that the activities of society should outrage no man's conscience, but it is not possible to do anything without offending someone. There are manufacturers in the country to this day who conscientiously object to the Excess Profits Tax; but if they were to push their objection to the point of refusing to pay it, they would cease to be manufacturers. The conscientious objector has made the mistake of pushing his objection beyond its proper limits of protest into resistance to the law, and refusal to recognise its authority; he has, in short, converted what should be a spiritual impulse into an anti-social principle, and his claim to immunity has put him outside the pale of citizenship. If he can found a society on his principle, he is, of course, entitled to make the attempt; as a matter of fact, he has at various times since Coleridge preached Pantisocracy made the attempt, but, so far as I know, without any success. Even Mr. Homer Lane's Little Commonwealth had to invent laws for itself, and administer them strictly; and the conscientious objector cannot escape the ordinary compulsion of communal living except by suicide or solitude. A. E. R.

Reviews.

The Taker. By Daniel Carson Goodman. (Boni and Liveright. $1.75 net.)

Mr. Goodman is one of those novelists who would be a psychologist if he only knew how to do it. He chooses a character (if one can call him a character, for he remains singularly obscure to the reader) who alleges a determination to get the best from life, and inevitably begins to discover that he wants wit, as a "giver," does not exist; as a "taker," he is a failure, because he never takes as much as others are prepared to give. He knows not what he wants, and wants it with a typical velleity of spirit, and some impetuousness, that he was a strong, stern, business man, and one whom women loved for ever, must be lies. He is just a "thought-form" of the author, and the author has not given enough thought to the subject to give it form.

Yashka. By Maria Botchkareva. As set down by Isaac Don Levine. (Constable. $8. 6d. net.)

This autobiography of the Commander of the Russian Women's Battalion of Death has at least the merit of frankness. That gigantic country seems to breed giants, or, perhaps, to exhibit so many pathological traits, it would be more accurate to say that it suffers from gigantism. The epithet "tremendous" recurs at every exhibition of the native qualities of the Russians; their tenderness is as appalling as their ferocity, they are explosive in their emotions, and cycloic in their activities. Maria Botchkareva, born and bred, and only, through the exigencies of war, brought before the notice of the civilised world, only confirms the general impression conveyed by Russian literature, art, and history. She has the physical proportions of a giant, the giant's roaring cacophony of emotions, the giant's microscopic intellect. It was alleged in her favour that she "had no politics," and apparently she believed it herself when she was negotiating with Kornilov. She is the sort of woman of whom anything may be believed, even what she says about herself; and her own account of her life reads like a summary of the catastrophic theory of evolution. She is now only 30 years of age; but in that time she has been married twice and seduced once, has attempted suicide and murder, and suffered hanging at the hands of her second husband. She has been domestic servant, asphalt worker (she rose to the position of foreman in this occupation), butcher, and finally soldier and counter-revolutionary. She faced death in many forms before she organised the Battalion of Death, had a long record of distinguished service as a soldier in the field before she put the women in the forefront of the battle, and so saw the brutal vigour of the woman is amazing; even when, in the heat of battle, she discovered a soldier making love to one of her women, her moral censure took the form of a bayonet thrust through the girl. She has seen officers trampled to death by mobs of infuriated soldiers, has seen them shot by the score by Bolsheviks in a scene reminiscent of the worst excesses of the French Revolution, has faced the tribunal and the firing squad herself—and withal retains a touching faith in the essential sanity of human nature.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

SAVED AGAIN.

Sir,—Can any of your readers who dabble in the occult explain the amazing lack of Mr. David Lloyd George? As soon as the masses begin to "rumble" our war-winner, something happens at home to save him from the consequences of his political genius. A week ago he and his Government were being criticised and execrated from one end of the country to the other; and now, irrespective of the merits of their case, the broad backs of the railwaymen will be made by Press, Parliament, and Public to bear the responsibility for all the ills from which the country suffers. Mr. David Lloyd George is saved again.

ROWLAND KENNEY.
Pastiche.

REGIONAL.

XII.

"The proper way to see France" is to remove one's collar, replace same with a bandana, and assume some sort of clothing that will cause you to be mistaken for a baker, a pedlar, or even in some cases for a tinker; almost any collection of garments will serve, provided it does not include the Parisian accent is unnecessary, and the departmental intonations so varied that one's foreignness may easily pass undetected for some time. As Paris makes fun of the Mid, the Mid replies with a "Fick ekoume il etait Pharissien il parla toujohurs pointinh."

The Bolshevik, Hottentot, prelate, cow-puncher, or other exotic desires of visiting England should disregard these directions, for they are not intended for them. These directions are regardless of personal character, and suppose the visitor naïvely anxious to exploit the situation to its uttermost.

For visiting America, I find instruction more difficult. The costume of the college-boy, college-man, both terms signifying, in English English, student at some university, has or had, so far as my experience went, certain advantages and no very palpable drawbacks; it could not, however, be assumed to advantage by a middle-aged foreigner; nor could the rôle be maintained.

I saw, after careful meditation, inclined to think that one should visit America as a lord; not a Continental noble, nor an heir to a peerage, nor a prince in disguise, nor even a Polish pianist, but with a solid and regulation education - for visiting America, I find instruction more difficult. The costume of the college-boy, college-man, both terms signifying, in English English, student at some university, has or had, so far as my experience went, certain advantages and no very palpable drawbacks; it could not, however, be assumed to advantage by a middle-aged foreigner; nor could the rôle be maintained.

I am, after careful meditation, inclined to think that one should visit America as a lord; not a Continental noble, nor an heir to a peerage, nor a prince in disguise, nor even a Polish pianist, but with a solid and regulation education -

"If suddenly . . . A foolish thought, I ween—and yet I wish that suddenly sometime I could come upon that thing that bears my name, and see him sit And walk and talk and smile and turn his head To catch some sound, or watch him touch a child Or beast or flower: for how else know one's self? The friend that says the little more than truth, The foe that says the less, the lying mirror— Who shall trust these? Yet if, I think, I saw that outer carnal husk and met his eyes I'd know what carved the lines upon his face, Whether of earthly origin or no, And tell what lit the lamps within the eyes, Or shamefaced pride or proud humility; And haply give the succour that he needs And set his feet upon the hidden path . . .

Corroborative incident: "That man is a decadent!"

I follow the gaze of the speaker; speaker having white skin and a pink skin of cheap texture. My eye comes to rest upon a titled Russian, very, very blond, and the line in the peerage and gentry are quite long enough to cover the contingent of voyagers present at any given instant of time.

True, there would be scoops and jests at one's expense, but these would emenate wholly from people one had not met. "Life" makes merry with royalty on this system.

"Thought on such men as lie Like me, this sunny morning, In grass, watching the sky, And blew them humorously Like bubbles out To please such little children and truants from school And make them shout: "Oh, God, how wonderful, how wonderful!"

F. W. HARVEY.

The place is, after all, democracy. A lord succeeds in America as a negro in France, in ratio to his rarity. Fewer people visit America for pleasure; and the line in the peerage and gentry are quite long enough to cover the contingent of voyagers present at any given instant of time.

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F. W. HARVEY.

BOWLER HATS.

You have hair more beautifully spun Than the robe of the Wizard in the sun. It is frail, it is chaste, it is thinned Like blown hay thrown by the wind. It is choice and delicately wrought On a kaleidoscope of fair thought, Like the petals of flowers it is fine, Like the voice of morning or of wine. But neither lines nor rare Anemones in woodlands wear Rotund black debonnaire Foul lecherous bowler hats; But only toadstools and Black bulbulous spiders bland, Thick rabbit-glutted snakes, wet rats, Are the only other things but you That cover their heads with blue Foul lecherous debonnaire Pestiferous bowler hats. LOUIS GOLDING.

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