

THE  
"Plebs" Magazine

Vol. II.

December, 1910.

No. 11.

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EDITORIAL

THE SOUTH WALES MINERS are on the *qui vive*. The whole coalfield is seething with unrest, discontent, yes! and rebellion. The Press, as may be expected, are very attentive to their advertisement and other interests, and are distorting, exaggerating, and in the lurid language of denunciation, condemning the unconstitutional, illegal, and riotous conduct of the hitherto law-abiding and orderly miners of South Wales. This of course is done with all their well known regard for impartiality. As there are "Plebs" readers whose only information of this struggle is dependent upon the Press, and as we have full information from reliable sources, eye-witnesses in fact, we propose briefly to sketch the actual position.

**South Wales  
unrest.**



THE chief factor in the determination of the wages of colliers are price lists. These price lists include the price per ton for hewing or cutting, and filling in trams the coal produced; payment for props to support the roof; for packing with rubbish the vacant spaces caused by the removal of the coal, &c. Each colliery of the modern type works from two to four seams or veins of coal at the same time. Each seam has a different price list, based upon the earning capacity of the men. If the coal is difficult to cut or hew, the price per ton is larger than where the coal is more easily obtained. Let us pause here to make one comment. The coal from *all* the seams are tipped into the same wagons, conveyed to the market, and sold at the *same price*. The miners' wages then bears no relation to the value of coal, or the

**Colliery  
Work.**

seams where the cutting price is relatively high would produce relatively, dear coal. This is how the coal owners while *nominally* paying piecework prices, *really* equate the wages to the subsistence level. But this subsistence level is no fixed quantity and is subject to changes through the operation of changes in the productivity, and therefore the value of other commodities. The main factor however, especially in the eyes of the collier, is the price lists. The price lists prevailing in South Wales are generally about twenty years old. But as these seams become exhausted, the mine owners sink their shafts lower in order to work the lower seams. These seams are opened out a little to enable the coal owners to determine what price per ton will give colliers the subsistence wage, or of course, if they can persuade the men to accept it, a still lower wage. Ingenious are the many devices employed to secure this, the best known being that of paying selected men relatively high wages to produce the maximum quantity of coal compatible with their physical endurance. Then when they have evidence of such wage-earning capacity as pleases them, they commence negotiations for a price list. One other fact will complete the ethical conception of the mine owners. That is, price lists are always fixed when the market price of coal is low, indicating little demand; or when the presence of a large number of unemployed is likely to be a powerful argument to persuade the men to accept a lower price list. When the price list is fixed and signed, the seam is developed and worked in the normal way. There is however another factor, though a somewhat elusive one, in calculating the miners' wages. When the price of coal in the market sells at 1 rs. 10d. per ton, the miners get a "bonus" of 30% on their wages. This is the minimum "bonus." As the price of coal increases the "bonus" increases in the proportion of 8 $\frac{3}{4}$ % for every 1/- per ton until a maximum bonus of 60% is obtained.



THE present dispute in the Rhondda Valleys originated from a dispute as to a price list. The seam in dispute had been worked in one part of the Valley, but the employers deny that it is the same seam.

**The Dispute.** The price asked by the men was 2/6 per ton for cutting. This was the price that obtained in places where the seam was worked. The final offer of the employers, conveyed and recommended by the men's leaders to the men was 2/1 per ton, or 5d. per ton less than hitherto prevailed. On the basis of two ton per day per man, this would mean a reduction of 10d. + 50% or 1/3 per day in the standard of living. This at a time when the cost of living, which has been steadily increasing for a number of years, showed no sign of abatement, but on the contrary

shows a decided upward tendency. It is not surprising under such conditions that the men unanimously rejected the offer of the employers even though it was recommended by the men's leaders.



As there was going to be a struggle, the employers being the largest and most powerful Combine amongst the mine-owners, and being very very determined, the miners held a Conference of the

**The  
Conference.**

whole coalfield to decide the best lines to conduct the struggle. The miners' Executive were unanimous as to the policy to be adopted. We shall summarise their policy and in doing so show at what stage the struggle had then arrived. The men working in the disputed seam were 70 in number. Upon their refusal to accept the terms offered, the employers had given a month's notice to the whole of the men employed in the Colliery, numbering about 900. Over 800 men were locked out because 70 men would not accept a lowered price list. When this notice took effect the colliers employed at neighbouring collieries forming a section of the Combine (the Penygraig pits) about 2,000 in number, came out on strike in sympathy with the locked-out colliers. The whole of the men employed by the Combine, numbering about 12,000, displayed great restlessness and were quite ready to join those already out. This was the situation when the Conference met.



THE Executive, as we have said, were unanimous as to the policy to be adopted. They would withdraw the 12,000 men employed by the Cambrian Combine, and would raise levies from the others to support them. This they felt would put them in a

**Leaders'  
Policy.**

position to carry on a prolonged fight, and teach the owners a lesson. But the Conference rejected this proposal. The reasons given differed, but there was agreement on two points (1) That the method of raising a levy was inadequate, as even after the utmost sacrifice, the 12,000 men could not be paid more than from 10s. to 12s. a week, while the Combine were indemnified, it was said to the tune of 1s. 6d. per ton lost, and the average output exceeded 12,000 tons per day. Under such conditions the strike might be eternal. The second point was (2) That a general down tools was an effective method, and

**Objections ?**

might have wide consequences such as the bringing out of the other sections of the Miners' Federation of Great Britain. On this second point, however, the delegates who rejected the recommendation of the Executive, while they agreed with the policy, could not agree about the method of conducting it. One section favoured 7 days' notice, and argued that

an attempt should be made to secure the assistance of the Miners' Federation of Great Britain to help them to break away from their five years' agreement which they argued was an impossible contract. The Cambrian men favoured this. The other, and as it turned out, the larger section, favoured a month's notice. Eventually, the recommendation of the Executive, i.e., to bring the 12,000 men out, and support them by a levy, together with the Conference proposal of "down tools" after a month's notice, was balloted upon throughout the coalfield, and by a substantial majority the recommendation of the Executive was adopted. Consequently, on the 1st of October, the 10,000 workmen of the Cambrian Combine, who were still at work, gave a month's notice to terminate contracts.



BEFORE the month had expired some 12,000 workmen employed (mainly) by the Powell-Dyffryn Combine in the Aberdare Valleys, came out without a month's notice. In addition to these there were about 6,000 workmen in various parts of the coalfield also on strike,

**The  
Aberdare  
Strike.**

but as most of those have settled their disputes we shall not refer to them. The Aberdare workmen who had been suffering from gross underpayment: some men, as proved by the committee, working for as little as 3d. per day, and who had many other grievances besides, were suddenly deprived of a long-enjoyed privilege, viz., that of carrying home waste pieces of timber for firewood. This proved to be the last straw, and they came out on strike. Let those who **Magnificent Wages ??** suffer likewise cast the first stone. Let us note here that the Cambrian men, while disagreeing, obeyed the mandate of the majority.



ON the 1st of November the Cambrian workmen came out on strike. They soon realized that to make their sectional strike a success they must strain every nerve. Faced by such a powerful Combine, with

**A  
Grave  
Situation.**

all their resources of wealth and power, the workmen felt that every advantage in their possession must be emphasized to its utmost. And what were their advantages? What constituted their strength? Their ability to go hungry was one factor; the financial support of their fellow workmen another; but over and above all this was one prominent factor to take advantage of which, would *alone* place them on an equality with the formidable foe who were menacing their standard of living. And that was—to secure the complete control in the disturbed area of the use of the one commodity the working class are possessors of, their labour-

power. To take advantage of the same principle (combination) that, applied to the masters' interests was in the eyes of Mr. D. A. Thomas, M.P., the head of the Cambrian Combine, a virtue for which the community should be grateful. If there is an impartial man on this mud-spot we call the earth let him glance over the advantages of the worker and compare them with the advantages of the employer. For the master: a temporary inconvenience on a full belly and no deprivation of the

### **A Terrible Comparison.**

most wanton luxury; indemnity for that inconvenience; trained officers from the educated classes; a bribed Press; and the security of the State for the safety of his property. For the worker: starvation modified to the extent (for a period) of 10/- a week. Will that impartial man dare say that the worker has not a right to prevent the master using fellow wage earners and so defeating, or starving themselves? To control their own, their only commodity? If he does dare to say this, then can he object to the worker having the same right to appoint a capitalist to take charge of the mine and work it at the profit the workers will allow? Even the law allows the worker to picket, to peacefully persuade his fellow to refrain from "scabbing" on him. The workers of Mid-Rhondda and Aberdare resolved to avail themselves of this their lawful "right." But no sooner did they attempt to exercise this right than the police commenced to jostle them. A few stones were thrown, men and women were truncheoned,

### **Trades' Disputes Act Ignored!**

and "peaceful" picketing was all over. But the opposition of the police, the frantic appeals for the military by the employers, only served to show more clearly to the workers the tremendous importance of cornering their commodity. They realized that if they could prevent "blacklegging," if they could stop every wheel from revolving, they would have paralyzed the

### **To Paralyze the Mines.**

the mines, and won the strike. As this realization came home to them their anxiety to achieve this result was immensely increased, and they made several demonstrations in front of the places where the noise and whirr of the machinery indicated the presence of "scab" labour. Between them and the desired goal lay the police with their truncheons, backed by the military. A youth made a jeering remark to one of the constables, another threw a pebble in his direction. One of the constables came out of the ranks and truncheoned one of the youths, and while he lay prostrate on the ground another constable came up to still further beat the lad. Some of the men intervened, the constables were mauled and their truncheons were confiscated. The miners were enraged and commenced to throw stones at the power house where the forms of the blacklegs were seen moving to and fro, and soon a serious struggle was in force. The police charged time and time again; the

air resounded with the shrieks of the wounded; the noise of stones falling on glass; the ripping and tearing of wooden fences; and the heavy thud of the police truncheons. In the

**Conflict.** narrow streets of the village of Tonypandy, closely packed with men who could not get to the fighting, some shop-windows were broken, and goods damaged. After a severe and prolonged struggle the unorganized miners were dispersed by the police, who, exulting in their victory, committed outrages that will live long in the memory of the inhabitants.



NON-COMBATANTS, hundreds of yards away, were truncheoned at sight. Men and women coming out of the street cars were brutally knocked down, and pandemonium seemed to prevail. From now on the strikers organised themselves. Conflicts with

**Brave Police.** the police were avoided as far as possible. As the colliery gates could not be picketed the houses of blacklegs and every means of reaching the colliery was under inspection. Many of the blacklegs were induced to abstain from working, but in spite of the almost perfect organisation of the workers, blacklegs continued to arrive at the collieries. Soon it

**Railway Co. help Masters.** came to be known that they were smuggled to the works in mineral and goods trains that halted during the night opposite the colliery yards. Attempts were then made to overhaul the trains,

but this was prevented by the police. Thus the railway companies (and consequently some of the *railway workers*) were assisting the mine-owners. Frustrated at every point the workers began to realize that they were in a dilemma. The position was clear. Either they must give in or they must paralyze the mines. If they succeeded in stopping every wheel revolving, the mine would get out of order, the water would begin to rise in the mine, and in the same proportion as the water would rise, would the determination of the mine-owners go down. There are some who condemn the miners for desiring to achieve this result. Have they well considered the matter? For what do the men strike at all? Obviously the idea is to so injure the employers' interests as to compel them to give way.

To incompletely do this work means longer **Strike Morality.** starvation. The skilful surgeon probes deeply to remove the gangrene. Both are cases where "it is cruel to be kind." The workers could not afford to give in. To allow the standard of living to be reduced when the cost is going up, is a thing the worker cannot afford to do. Therefore they appealed to their fellow workers throughout the coalfield to come out in their support, which would increase their chances ten-fold. Here they meet the opposition of their leaders. The

conflict is temporarily transferred from the colliery gates to the conference room. The miners' executive objected to a conference. The strikers called an unofficial conference, and almost one half of the coalfield responded. Just at the time of writing it is reported that the executive have given way and an official conference is to be called. It would be rash to attempt to prophecy the result. We must therefore content ourselves, and "wait and see."



JUST one comment in conclusion. This conflict has clearly shown the class character of ethics. To the property owners and all their supporters the action of the men in attempting to take effective measures to win the strike, is a disgraceful riot.

**Class Ethics.** To the men themselves the attempt to paralyze the collieries is a sacred task, to fail in doing which is to betray their fellow workers and the rising generation. We shall refer to this aspect at greater length again.

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## The Status of Sociology

(Continued.)

**AS** groups become overgrown they divide and new groups are formed. Many groups thus come to exist some of which remain in the same general region and continue to recognize their relationship. This makes possible the second step, which is the prohibition of intermarriage between members of the same group. Each group then becomes a gens, and the system is known as exogamy, and is rigidly enforced. The gens is the first of the secondary institutions to be created. Gentile society is the result, ultimately consisting of gentes, phratries, and tribes. Sometimes it leads to the confederacy of tribes; which is the natural forerunner of political society. This, however, is usually the result of the struggle of races, and belongs to the other class of secondary institutions.

The two great stages in the development of society are those of social differentiation and social integration. While a few primitive groups remain near one another and form the basis of exogamy and gentile society, the greater number move slowly away from the original centre of dispersion and soon lose all connection with the original group from which they have sprung. They undergo slow modifications, changing their language, customs, religion, and character. In time, owing to causes which cannot be here discussed, they experience physical changes, and come at last to vary in the colour of the skin, the character and distribution of the hair on their bodies, the colour and appearance of their eyes, the facial angle and cephalic index, as also in general form and stature, until, through ages of differentiation all the different races of men as we know them are produced. The whole world becomes peopled with a multitude of human races.

This is social differentiation, and it probably went on much more than half of the entire period of man's existence on the globe.

The races remain separate as long as the conditions of existence will permit, but obviously there must come an end to this continued social differentiation. Multiplication and occupancy of the soil would alone in time bring some races into contact with others. But this contact could not long remain a purely mechanical one. It would necessarily constitute an encroachment of one race upon the domain of another. Conflict must ensue, and the struggle of races now begins. The consequences of this struggle constitute the most vital of all social phenomena. The races must be unequal in power and social efficiency, and the stronger races conquer and subjugate the weaker. At first they seek to destroy and exterminate them, then they look upon them as part of their food supply, and cannibalism is introduced, which becomes a regular stage in the process and has been universal. It is a human institution. But for economic reasons, if for no other, it passes into the stage of slavery, another human institution, and the conquered races are reduced to bondage and compelled to labour. Labour in the economic sense was previously unknown and could be acquired only through slavery. It is the basis of the whole industrial system of society, which is one of the most important institutions. This stage is accompanied by the establishment of the system of caste, also a universal institution. Owing to the efforts of the lower castes to rise, their arbitrary subjection becomes very difficult, expensive, and precarious, and gradually there are adopted general rules for their conduct. These are the germs of all future legislation, of codes of law, and systems of jurisprudence. Forms of government are built upon them, and ultimately there emerges that most important of all institutions, the state. Political society is founded upon the ruins of gentile society, and territorial limits are fixed and respected. Under the state, and only under the state, private property becomes possible, and the economic interests of all the members of the compound society are protected. The rule of exogamy gives way to higher forms of marriage and the two races freely co-mingle. The distinctions that formerly existed disappear, race animosity ceases, and the whole is firmly cemented into a new society, which now becomes a people. An attachment is formed for the place of birth, which now becomes a country. Love of kindred is replaced by love of country, and the final stage is the formation of a nation. All these secondary human institutions—slavery, caste, law, government, property, the state, the people, the nation—grow naturally out of the struggle of races, and constitute social integration, which succeeded the long process of social differentiation, during which the human races were formed.

Social integration is the homologue in the social world, of cosmic integration in the inorganic, and biotic integration in the organic world. The process in all is pre-eminently constructive, and results every



where in the creation of structures. The struggle of races is to sociology what the "struggle for existence" is to biology. The Darwinian term is misleading as applied to the latter, and to characterize the former as a state of war is equally inexact. Both phrases are unnecessarily severe. The process in both is normal and not pathological. It is the same as that by which worlds and world systems, atoms and atomic systems, are evolved, and if it can be called a struggle it is rather a struggle for structure. It is the universal process of evolution, and a single principle underlies them all. It is the principle of synergy, cosmic, chemic, organic, and social.

The natural evolution of society, thus briefly sketched, and the principles underlying it, constitute a true science not different in its essential character from any of the other sciences. Like them it yields us the knowledge of a great field of phenomena. The actions of men are simply phenomena in the scientific sense of that term. The actions of associated men are social phenomena. Every act of an individual or a group is the result of causes, internal or external, or both, of which it is the mechanical resultant as exact and inevitable as any revealed by the parallelogram of forces. Sociology, thus far treated, is therefore a pure science. Many sociologists insist that this is the whole of sociology, and that all attempts to apply this knowledge and these principles transcend the limits of science. But no one has succeeded in explaining why sociology alone among all the sciences should be restricted to the stage of furnishing knowledge for its own sake. When hard pressed, all that any one can say on this point is that the time is not yet ripe for an applied sociology. Yet the whole field of politics, all efforts at social reform, socialism, communism, anarchism, and all the current 'isms that fill the air, are so many attempts to establish a social art, made for the most part by those who have no conception of a social science. But art should be based on science, and all existing arts are preceded by the corresponding applied sciences. The worthlessness and failure of most schemes of social reform are due to the lack of an applied science of society. Instead, therefore of applied sociology being premature there is a special reason why it should be introduced as soon as the pure science has reached the stage at which it can furnish the applied science with its principles. We have seen that the pure science is already well established, and it is ample time to begin pointing out its possible applications. Theories to that effect must of course be subjected to actual tests. This must be done in all applied sciences. Sociology is no exception to this rule. But there is as good reason in sociology for making the attempt as has ever existed in any science.

Aside from its effect in controlling the wild schemes of social reformers, applied sociology has another *raison d'être*. Notwithstanding the immense value to all material progress of the more exact, simple and general sciences of physics and chemistry, the

doctrine that the usefulness to man of any science is measured by the degree of its complexity and speciality will probably hold true. Biology for example has already proved the most useful of all the older sciences. Not only is it the basis of agriculture, which becomes more scientific each year, and of animal industry, of which the same is true, but in recent years the scientific study of the lowest and simplest forms of life is coming to overshadow all other studies. It points not only to the removal of those worst enemies of the human race, the invisible germs of disease, but also to an equally important positive value in the utilization of agencies hitherto unknown to science. While nothing can as yet be said for psychology from this point of view, because that science is still so inchoate, we can apply the canon to sociology with full confidence in its truth. That sociology is destined to become the most useful of all the sciences is not doubted by any who fully grasp its import. Although perhaps the most difficult of application, the consequences of such application, when it shall be successfully made, are beyond all calculation. Not to speak of the scientific basis that it will furnish to the great art of controlling the machinery of society itself, the art of government as the enlightened expression of the social will, which is almost the only form of application that is ever contemplated, there are far deeper problems with which it will grapple, the solution of which will look to the elevation and perfection of the human species and the liberation of all the latent powers of man.

One of these problems relates to the creation of a well-born race of men and the prevention of the depressing influence of a large ill-born contingent, such as now exists and has always existed in society. This problem has been clearly stated and the work has been vigorously begun. This is applied sociology, albeit the workers in this field do not probably know it any more than M. JOURDAIN knew that he was talking prose. But there is another and still more important problem which is not yet recognized as such, to wit, the problem of calling out the powers that lie dormant and suppressed in the existing members of society. They are well born but not well reared. Nature has done everything for them and nurture nothing. The faculties of the race are buried under a "cake of custom" and a crust of caste which completely stifle their expression. This is so much lost social energy, and it amounts to more than three-fourths of it all. The really great and overshadowing problem of applied sociology is to show how this enormous waste can be prevented and the maximum social efficiency secured. Statistical proofs of both the amount and the cause of this waste have been partially collected, and the only way to save this lost energy and set it to work has been pointed out. But much remains to be done, and if applied sociology accomplishes this task its value to the world will be greater than that of all the other sciences added together.

LESTER F. WARD.

## The Modern Paul and the Ancient Karl

**D**INNER was over. One of those meals which have made the Café presided over by Brown and Pendrey famous. I had gone to my room seeing visions and dreaming dreams. This combination of youth and age suits my complexion. Seating myself comfortably in the armchair before the fire, and filling my pipe with the best threepenny I lighted up. Taking up the textbook on psychology I read a few quatrains. Whether it was the book, the dinner, or the fire I know not! Next I was wandering in a lotus-eating land on the walls of which were notices prohibiting all mention of Marx, Tonypandy, and the General Election, under penalty of being compelled to explain, daily, the meaning of the leading articles of the *Express*. An unholy joy possessed me when I thought of my escape from the Tyrant. I thought of those I had left behind, miserably droning over every day a chapter from the Bible of the working class, and —

Bang! What's the meaning of this? I opened my eyes to find a pair of fierce orbs glaring at me, the Tyrant's. Luckily I had placed the Book open on the table before I went nap. To explain that I had shut my eyes to try and grasp the immensity of "His" knowledge was the work of a moment. Somewhat appeased but still fierce, the Tyrant said "Yes! Yes! but what's this"? "This" was the latest interpretation of the Great Man's theories—*Karl Marx and Modern Socialism*.

"What sort of a thing is it? Does he know Marx? And who is this Dr. Eden Paul?"

I hastened to explain that it was a very good work, written to circulate among the Unbelievers, by a scientific Socialist.

The Tyrant frowned, then "Let me have a look at it," he said. His eagle eye swept page after page. "So this is what you call a very good work is it!" Here, for example on page 4, he thinks he has answered Mallock's criticism of Marx's work, as a theory of wealth created by manual labour *only*, by pointing out Marx's definition of what constitutes the sum of the *individual* labourer's activities—"the aggregate of those mental and physical capabilities"—as a definition of what Marx means by value creating labour!"

"Isn't that a good answer?" I ventured to ask.

"A good answer! I should think not! Always careful to properly explain any term he uses, Marx is here pointing out that every class of labour power is a combination of physical and mental activities. The labourer who digs a trench must use his brain so that the trench is a certain width and depth. The bricklayer must lay his bricks in

a certain way to secure a required result. The carpenter who saws floor joist off to a length of 14 ft. when the distance between wall and wall is 15 ft, is not properly fulfilling the function of his craft. In all this there is nothing to differentiate the master-craftsman of the Middle Ages from the modern wage-slave. Mallock is obviously pointing out that Marx overlooked the foreman and manager's part—directive ability—and as this is the point to be explained, this argument of Paul's has no right to be put forward as an answer from Marx."

I here pointed out that Dr. Paul had later on explained that the division of labour in modern society had made the work of supervision—directive ability—the function of a special class of wage labourers, foremen and managers.

"I saw that! I saw that!" answered the Tyrant impatiently. "That is the answer. But that does not excuse him for using the earlier explanation," sneeringly. "Even that argument has been taken from another pamphlet—De Leon's *Marx on Mallock*."

"Yes, but he's an American," I answered. •

"Are the Americans to be stolen from," he asked. "Have you been going round to Ruskin," suspiciously.

"No," I answered truthfully. "Why?"

"Well, that's the objection raised there to Lester Ward's works."

"Why the objection to American material as against Russian?" I replied, "I understand the textbook for Sociology at Ruskin is *Mutual Aid*."

"Quite possible, quite possible. I had heard it was the Minority Report, supplemented by the Town Planning Bill," he replied. "But to return to the pamphlet. I see that Dr. Paul holds that the theory of surplus value may require modification and restatement from the modern point of view. He promises to return to this point. Where has he done so?"

"On page 10 and onwards," I replied.

"So that is the return to the subject is it! How charming and simple! He 'cannot discuss the reasons' which have led 'modern' Socialists to discard Marx's theory as it was first propounded, and then this exceedingly modern scientific Socialist goes on to talk of 'labour time notes,' as a standard of value and medium of exchange, having been rejected by Marx. What we want to know is what the latter matter has to do with the question of the production of surplus value. Marx rejected the Utopian idea of labour home notes, based on a social system in which private property in the means of life prevailed, as an absurd suggestion, ignoring as it did the fact that it was competition alone, in such a society, which led to the determination

of the amount of social value contained in a commodity, and in regulating the distribution of labour, i.e. the division of social labour into the necessary quantity for each branch of labour activities, e.g. if too many workers are engaged producing coal and not enough engaged in the production of clothes the result would make some of the 'labour time notes' of the colliers useless. But Marx distinctly states that this criticism would not hold good in a society in which the means of life were socially owned and controlled. For such a society the organization and division of labour into the necessary component parts would be both economical and necessary.

"Proceeding, the good Dr. states that the necessary modification of Marx's theory—which, by the way, have never yet been stated—do not dispose of the fact that large numbers of people who toil not nor spin, live a very luxurious life by means of the appropriation of surplus value. He gives us no inkling of how the surplus value was produced, or the method of its appropriation, instead he refers us to Bernstein. The latter says that the surplus labour of the producers is an empirical fact, demonstratable by experience, and needs no deductive proof, and whether the Marxian theory of value is correct or not, is quite immaterial to the proof of surplus labour. Bernstein and Paul are at one in the belief as to the material fact of the existence of surplus labour. Both of them agree that Marx's theory of surplus value wants restating: also that lots of people exist on surplus labour. Marx's contention is that the labourer is paid a wage which covers his cost of subsistence, that this cost of subsistence only equals in value a part of his labour time so purchased with wages, that this surplus labour time is the source of profits or surplus value. Paul and Bernstein say that this wants modifying to suit modern requirements. And how do they modify it? They modify it by stating that surplus labour is the source of wealth of the capitalists. Dr. Paul gives a quotation from *Capital* here, and a reference to *The Communist Manifesto* there, while the mention of *The Critique of Political Economy*, gives a sort of finishing touch to the obvious inference that he is a Marxian student. How little he really knows of the Marxian principle is seen from his failure to even make an attempt to modify the surplus value theory."

"Perhaps he has other objections and evidence to offer," I said. "You know how difficult it is to put many points forward in a penny pamphlet. He has made the points clearer with regard to the modification required to the Marxian theories of the Class Struggle, and the Materialist Conception of History."

"No doubt! your friend Paul started out to put Marx in his place. He should have done this, at least. However before saying anything further on the pamphlet in general, let us look at the modifications of the two Marxian theories you mention." Here an evil grin appeared

on the face of the Tyrant. "Perhaps we shall get more valuable evidence of his incompetence to judge Marx, however well fitted to speak on Modern Socialism."

"The Materialist Conception of History is briefly: The mode of producing the necessities of life in any given society determines the character of its social institutions. That the history of mankind since communal ownership was replaced by private property, has been a history of struggles between the owners of the means of life and the dependent classes. That the present dependent class, the working class, can only obtain freedom by making the means of production social property, and thus abolishing all class distinction in society. Thus Marx and Engels! Your friend Dr. Paul, however, after stating that this theory requires modification and restatement, gives us no particulars of the needed amendment. Instead of doing so he makes a few general remarks about other factors playing a part as though Marx and Engels had stated that the economic was the *only* factor. To dispose of this point let me quote Engels on this point:—

According to the materialist view of history, the factor which is, in the last instance, decisive in history is the production and reproduction of actual life. More than this neither Marx nor I have ever asserted. But when anyone distorts this so as to read that the economic factor is the sole element he converts the statement into a meaningless, abstract, absurd phrase. *The economic condition is the basis*, but the various elements of the superstructure—the political forms of the class contests, and their results, the constitutions—the legal forms and also all the reflexes of these actual contests in the brains of the participants, the political, legal, philosophical theories, the religious views, all these exert an influence on the development of the historic struggles, and in many instances determine their form. <sup>1</sup>

"Before leaving this question, I should like to say that the ideological forms which movements have assumed—social, political, spiritual—have had their basis in economic conditions, and have expressed themselves differently under different forms of production. Take the French, and the Cromwellian Revolutions."

Under the cry of Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity, one set [of the people] knocked to pieces the old feudal groundwork and mowed down the feudal heads that had grown upon it. Napoleon brought about, within France, the conditions under which alone free competition could develop, the partitioned lands be exploited, the nation's unshackled powers of industrial production be utilized; while beyond the French frontier, he swept away everywhere the establishments of feudality, so far as requisite, to furnish the bourgeois social system of France with fit surroundings of the European continent, and such as was in keeping with the times. . . . Its gladiators found in the stern classic traditions of the Roman Republic the ideals and the form, the self-deception that they needed in order to

<sup>1</sup> *Roots of the Socialistic Philosophy*, by Engels. p. p. 25-26

conceal from themselves the narrow bourgeois substance of their own struggles, and to keep their passion up to a height of a great historic tragedy. Thus at another stage of development, a century before did Cromwell and the English people draw from the Old Testament the language, passions and illusions for their bourgeois revolution. When the real goal was reached, when the remodelling English society was accomplished, Locke supplanted Habakuk.<sup>2</sup>

"Your friend Dr. Paul proceeds to quote Bernstein on a point of 'profound and far-reaching importance?' 'The economic natural force, like the physical changes from the ruler of mankind to its servant, according as its nature is recognised.' I suppose this is quoted as evidence of the necessary modification and restatement of Marx's teaching? And again Paul! 'Having learned that the economic structure of society determines the social, political, and spiritual processes of life we have also learned that by modifying that structure we can modify those processes.'

"'Also learned!' So this is modification! Modification they call it! This is revolution! Not only do the social, political, and spiritual processes arise from the economic structure, but we have 'also learned' that, with a growing knowledge of the economic structure, the structure itself can be 'cut to fit' *any* social, political, and spiritual processes in much the same way as a tailor cuts a piece of cloth to suit the requirements of his customer, be he physically large or small. According to this Bernstein and Paul are not to be limited by the world we live in, but are able to create or modify worlds in which the economic structure will cease from troubling and Marxism be at rest. How simple! Poor Marx!

"In dealing with the theory of the class struggle, Dr. Paul says that it is part history and part prophecy. It is on this account that it has been most fanatically advocated by the ultra-Marxists, and most strenuously rejected by modern Socialists. So the Dr. proceeds to put all of us right. Marx in his later years modified the theory. Marx was pre-Darwinian. Marx ultimately came to see that change could only come about by organic growth. The practical revolutionary programme of *The Communist Manifesto* was discarded by Marx and Engels in later years. We must recast the doctrine of class struggle in evolutionary terms. Thus Paul! Let us look at these statements.

"We learn that the class struggle is one *opinion* as to the best way of working for Socialism. I have always considered that the class struggle was not an opinion but a *fact*, the knowledge of which was as necessary for the understanding of the past, present, and future as are the other two Marxian principles. In fact, a part of the Marxian system, which must be accepted or rejected as a whole, which is

<sup>2</sup> *The Eighteenth Brumaire of Louis Bonaparte* by Marx. Price 10d.

capable of explaining the origin, rise, and decline of all social systems, including the present. If this be so, it is science and not prophecy. Indeed, Dr. Paul thinks so, otherwise why does he quote, evidently approvingly, Kirkup's statement. 'Socialism will thus be realized as a *necessary* outcome of the development of capitalism.'

"Where Marx modified the theory of the class struggle, the Dr. does not tell us. Nor in what way Marx was pre-Darwinian. Marx completed *Capital* eight years after Darwin's epoch-making work, *The Origin of Species* appeared, and there is ample evidence throughout *Capital* that Marx has read Darwin's book and mastered his teaching. One quotation from *Capital* on organic growth, will suffice to show how much or how little Dr. Paul knows about Marx's views on this subject :

Even when a society has got on the right track for the discovery of the natural laws of its movement—and it is the ultimate aim of this work, to lay bare the economic law of motion of modern society—it can neither clear by bold leaps, nor remove by legal exactments, the obstacles offered by the successive phases of its *normal development*. But it can shorten and lessen the birth-pangs. <sup>3</sup>

Lastly, the modification of the practical programme mentioned by Paul and others. Engels says in the much quoted portion of the preface of *The Communist Manifesto* :—

No special stress is laid on the revolutionary measures proposed at the end of Section II. That passage would in many respects be differently worded to-day. In view of the gigantic strides of Modern Industry since 1848, and of the accompanying improved and extended organization of the working class, in view of the practical experience gained, first in the French Revolution, and then still more, in the Paris Commune, where the proletariat for the first time held political power for two whole months, this programme has in some details become antiquated. One thing especially was proved by the Commune, viz. that the working class cannot simply lay hold of the ready-made State machinery, and wield it for its own purpose. <sup>4</sup>

The practical programme referred to by Engels is as follows :—

1. Abolition of property in land and application of all rents of land to public purposes.
2. A heavy progressive or graduated income tax.
3. Abolition of all rights of inheritance.
4. Confiscation of the property of all rebels and emigrants.
5. Centralization of credit in the hands of the State, by means of a national bank with State capital, and an exclusive monopoly.
6. Centralization of the means of communication and transport in the hands of the State.

<sup>3</sup> *Capital*, Vol. I. Author's Prefaces p. XIX.

<sup>4</sup> *The Paris Commune*, by K. Marx, New York Labor News Co. 1s. 9d.



7. Extension of factories and instruments of production owned by the State: the bringing into cultivation of waste lands, and the improvement of the soil generally in accordance with a common plan.
8. Equal liability of all to labour. Establishment of industrial armies, especially for agriculture.
9. Combination of agriculture with manufacturing industries, gradual abolition of the distinction between town and country, by a more equable distribution of the population over the country.
10. Free education for all children in public schools. Abolition of children's factory labour in its present form. Combination of education with industrial production, &c., &c.

"That is the 'modification' spoken of by Engels. You will see it *does not touch a single principle* laid down by Marx, but simply suggests a changed view of their application, and this not at all in line with the views of 'intellectuals' who have established themselves on the Labour Movements."

"What reasons do you assign for this failure to understand Marxian principles on the part of Dr. Paul & Co.," I asked.

"They cannot rid themselves of their beliefs in the ultimate bureaucratic administration of society by the middle class. They cannot divorce themselves from the old errors of bourgeois thought. In social science they cannot think of *principles*, they must dabble in *details*, and practical measures. They cannot believe it possible that the industrial workers can be the principal factor in the coming evolution, or that they can 'manage' the impending change. They cannot think it possible that the simple solutions offered by Marx are capable of explaining the present social chaos, and the means of its unravelling. They—"

But here I fled, and no doubt the Tyrant is still piling up cause upon cause in explanation of the waywardness of Paul & Co.

F. J. C.

To our Readers and Friends, and especially to our Brother Plebeans, we take this opportunity of Wishing each and all

A HAPPY AND PLEASANT CHRISTMAS.

May the dawn of the New Year find us ready to go forward, filled with that undaunted spirit of enthusiasm and hope such as is only experienced by those who are striving to uplift humanity, and who are working for our great and glorious Cause—the Brotherhood of Man.

## The New Bed-Post

"**Y**OU seem mournful my friend." "Mournful! And haven't I good cause to be mournful? Great Forests! I rock with agony when I think of the insults and injustice that I have been subject to."

"Indeed."

"Yes. Stripped of my natural clothing I was forced into factories where unnatural conditions twisted and mangled my form, and in the end stained my whole character beyond repair. Never again can I be what I was before that terrible experience. Oh! the tear of the machinery! It made me feel rotten to the core. None but Humans could have invented such a ferocious hell."

"Steady, steady, my friend. At least you will find peace here."

"Peace? You call it peace to be cramped into a gloomy vault while merciless worms gnaw you to powder."

"Even Humans are subject to that treatment!" murmured the Old Bed-Post.

"What happened to my predecessor?"

"Oh! you are quite right, it was the worms. He became unsound through them—unsafe in fact. You forget, great Humans frequently sleep in this bed. It is an honour to support and work for great Humans—lords and earls and such like."

"An honour to support sleepy, guzzling Humans? False Sun-worshippers who invent obnoxious, stinking machinery to give them light, and sleep while the glorious sun kisses the Forest? Have you forgotten when you were a king in the Forest? When the silence of the noon was only broken by the fall of your acorns? Oh! to be out in the woodlands again! To feel the great Sun's kiss thrill every fibre of my being. To stretch up my head beneath a glorious expanse of blue, and be free. To see the Sun, and rise and rise in the hope of one day reaching his eminence and perfection. Oh! The glory of it! And then, the axe—the factory—the vault!"

"You're grand! You're simply grand! I think I shall like you. Go on. Please go on. I'd rather listen to your voice than hear a king snore—and that has always been a huge ambition of mine. I'm a collector of snores—what you might call a 'snore-hunter,' and I've heard a great variety in my day—or rather night." The New Bed-Post looked at the Old Bed-Post with pity and tears.

"My Forest!" he murmured, "That I should be nailed to such a tree as this—to die! Oh! ye heavens, that I might flee from this cramping vault and stretch out my limbs beneath your vastness!"

"Don't mutter, old stick. You'll soon be contented with your lot. Serving great Humans has a wonderfully soothing effect. You

forget to think and just serve. Rustle on, I like to hear you. Forget you are stained and polished, just fancy you are out in the Forest again with a jolly wind to stir your leaves and make you talk. You wouldn't see many Humans out there I suppose?"

"No, not many. There was one I loved. I will tell you about him till a snoring Human comes to occupy your attention. He found me in my extreme youth. He held me in a little, warm, brown hand and gazed at me, fascinated by my small, smooth form I was an acorn then.

"'I'm going to plant you, little bean,' he said. 'They say you'll grow into a great tree like that,' he pointed to my mother oak. 'I'm going to grow into a great man,' He went on. 'I'm only a poor lad and you're only a little bean but I guess I'll beat you. I'll be a great man before you are a great tree.'

"He took me away into a corner of the forest and buried me.

"I did not like it, everywhere was dark, cold and miserable. I was angry, I longed for the Sun. I fought and wrestled with the darkness—fought and wrestled—and at last pushed my way through the earth and put out two tiny leaves. The little lad came to visit me every day. He took great care of me and I learnt to love him. He brought me water when I was thirsty and as I grew older he cleared away all the young trees round so that I might have more light and grow straight and strong. Many lives were sacrificed to make mine a success.

"And the years passed by.

"One morning he came and stood beside me. He carried a small bundle and there were tears in his eyes.

"'Good-bye, little oak,' he said. 'I've come to say good-bye. You are as tall as I am now so it is time for me to go away and begin to grow into a great man. I am going to the city and I shall be very busy and you must go on growing straight and strong. And when I'm a great man and have won the love of all my country I shall come back and rest in your shade. So you must remain true to me. We must both do our best.'

"He left me, a bright, young lad, full of hope and courage.

"The years passed on. Ten. Twenty. Thirty. And the little lad did not come back. I raised my head proudly among the other trees. Straight and strong I grew as the little lad had wished. For he had planted me in a sheltered corner of the woodland where the cold rough winds seldom reached me and the sun kissed the flowers to life at my feet. Oh! the marvellous beauty and wonder of a spring day! The gladness of the birds when the whole woodland broke from its sleep. The gladness of the flowers as they raised their heads out of the warm earth. And my own gladness when I saw my buds

showing clearly and brightly against the dark cloud of a spring storm. We lived! And one and all worshipped the great Sun that kissed us from sleep.

"The years passed on.

"It was an autumn night, and a mighty stillness rested upon the woodland. I heard a foot-step coming stealthily towards me. Something reminded me of the little lad and I seemed to feel again the warm, brown hand that held *me*—a small, smooth acorn.

"The foot-steps paused beside me. I felt a hand rest caressingly against my bark—not the hand of a little lad, but the hand of a man. I looked down and shook a few leaves gently upon him. He fell prostrate at my feet and the woodland trembled with his sobs. The dawn came slowly—silently—the Forest stirred with a faint rustle to welcome the Sun. And the man still sobbed.

"He moved presently and staggering to his feet stood back and admired me in the full light of the early autumn morn.

"'You've beaten me, little oak,' he said sadly. 'You've beaten me.'

\* \* \* \* \*

"'Hi, what are you doing there? No good I'll be bound. You be off. Quick.'

"He did not reply but moved slowly away and looked back at me with a painful, yearning look. And I noticed his threadbare clothes and bent shoulders. I noticed the hunted look in his eyes. And I thought of the trees that were sacrificed to ensure my success. Perhaps he was being sacrificed in order that some other men might grow straight and strong. The day passed and at night he came again. He did not sob or move. I felt his body pressed against me. I felt it grow cold.

"In the morning a man came and found him there. My little lad!

"He had failed.

"And what wonder? Since I have seen the life of Humans in the city I ask myself again, what wonder? But if he had not guarded and cared for me in the most sheltered corner of the forest, I, too, might have grown crooked, stunted and weak." The New Bed-Post was silent.

"It was a pity he failed," remarked the Old Bed-Post. "If he had come back a 'great man' you would have been allowed to stay in the forest for ever. They would have put rails round you to keep the Humans off—chained you together in your old age, and made no end of a fuss. He must have been an interesting Human. I should like to have heard him snore.

SYBIL HIRD.

## Another Innocent Abroad

THE vessel was straining at her hawsers and her siren rudely awakening the echoes of the calm June evening. In a few minutes all the passengers were aboard. The siren ceased. The vessel cast her moorings and with a churning of the waters in her rear, swung out into the open sea. Soon the lights of Harwich faded in the distance and nothing was heard save the throb, throb, of the engines, the creaking of ropes and pulleys, occasional bursts of laughter, and the hum of conversation coming from groups of passengers as they paced the deck. The crescent moon hung low in the sky, silvering the foam-strewn path in the vessel's wake. With the limitless blue above, the fathomless deep below, the enfolding pall of velvet night and the surging thoughts within, one feels the immensity of Nature.

Early next morning, to the music of rattling chains and pattering sabots, we landed at the Hook of Holland. More clattering, shouting, inquiring, and we passed through the Customs. The train was waiting, a shrill whistle, then away we sped, past field and farm-house, over dykes and canals, through quaint Dutch villages until we roused the inhabitants of sleeping Rotterdam, as we rumbled along. More smiling pastures and browsing cattle, more dykes and windmills, drowsy streams, waving trees and open country, then a stop, a wait, and we entered German territory and reached Cologne at 12 o'clock. Cologne Cathedral, with its pinnacled towers rising into the blue vault, loomed large against the brilliant noon-day sun, one of the finest gothic structures in the world, "frozen music," to quote Heine. The week in Cologne is filled with pleasant reminiscences. The lonely traveller was greeted with cordiality, which binds together the workers of all lands, though often seas and language divide. Friendships were formed, ideas exchanged, places visited, things, men, and movements explained. We chatted, we laughed, we joked, we, the workers, and then—we parted and one morning as the rosy-fingered dawn was lifting the mantle of the morning mists through which the summer sun poured forth its glory, I found myself floating on the far-famed Rhine, while the towers of Cologne were losing themselves in the morning-haze. Soon we passed Bonn with its University just visible through the trees; then Königswinter, nestling at the foot of the Sieben Gebirge with the Drachenfels rearing its crest at the extremity of the town, so beautifully described by Byron in *Childe Harold*:

The castled crag of Drachenfels,  
 Frowns o'er the wide and winding Rhine  
 Whose breast of waters broadly swells  
 Between the banks which bear the vine;  
 And hills all rich with blossom'd trees,

And fields which promise corn and wine,  
 And scattered cities crowning these,  
 Whose fair white walls along them shine,  
 Have strew'd a scene which I should see  
 With double joy wert *thou* with me.

Castle Rolandseck and Remagen with the Appollinaris—Kirche are left behind as the boat steadily ploughs her way up stream. Ehrenbreitstein now comes into view, a fortress, built upon the hill, with bastions standing out with rigid sternness. Opposite is the town of Coblenz, with the gigantic equestrian statue of William I., standing on the Deutsche Eck, the point where Moselle and Rhine mingle their waters. The most picturesque, the most charming, the most romantic portion of the Rhine is entered upon, the real Rhine, the Rhine of poet, painter, patriot and philosopher. Castle after castle passes before one's wondering gaze, vine-clad slopes in endless profusion greet one's view, whilst the cool refreshing breezes fan one's cheeks. Ruin after ruin comes into our ken, perched upon the giddy, almost inaccessible heights or nestling amidst the trees, their companions in solitude. Tradition weaves its web around you. The mystic voices of the shadowy past lull you with whisperings and the mind carries you back in fancy's vivid flight to the age of robber-bands, gallant knights and ladies fair, and the clash of arms resounds through the dismantled court-yard as the watcher on the tower foretells the approach of some marauding band. Now, before one's enraptured vision rises an imposing and majestic rock, the Lorelei. There it glowers o'er the river which rushes madly turbulent through its gorge-like bed. The Lorelei legend is famous and Heine's ballad tells how the beautiful siren, with luxuriant golden hair and voice of surpassing sweetness, lures the mariners, who are held by the mystic spell of song, to their doom in the seething, bubbling whirlpool which foams at her feet.

The ballad, which opens, "I do not know what it means that I am so sad," is invariably sung by the German devotee as he prostrates himself before the Wine-God Bacchus.

Schönberg, Gutenfels, the Pfalz, are soon left behind. Bingen, the vine-clad slopes of Rudesheim and the Niederwald are passed in quick succession, and the boat floats peacefully through the rich and beautiful district of the Rheingau.

Just as the dusk was settling on the river which was rippling with its silver sheen, the twinkling lights of Mainz were seen. The journey was finished.

Mainz, with its crooked and narrow streets, its memories of Gutenberg, was left after a few days' sojourn, and the more modern Frankfort was the next resting place. Here I met the friend with

whom I had been corresponding during the last two years, and we found "like friends long parted" the days were too short. During the ensuing days, Herr Rudolph, Secretary of the S.D.P., helped me considerably in getting an insight into economic, political and social conditions. When convenient my friend and I visited Opera and Theatre, Art Galleries, Museums and Exhibitions, and saw our Prussian colleague take his pleasures, or went to look at the Römer, the homes of Goethe and Rothschild, which we viewed with mixed feelings. I passed on. Darmstadt, Mannheim, the latter with its straight streets, square blocks and numbers, only served to emphasize previous impressions. Heidleberg however has left a vivid picture of an old town, with a long ancient street which appears to have been swept by the dust of ages, its buildings browned by numberless summer suns, lying squeezed between wooded hills, and the Neckar meandering at their base.

The Castle is perched upon a spur of the Königsthul, and a lovely view of the quaint old-world town is to be had, and as the eye travels along the valley flanked by wonderful hills, and threaded by the Neckar's silver strip, it sees the vista of a wide stretch of lowland beyond, and just discernible in the summer blaze. The fortnight's stay in Stuttgart thoroughly inured me to German life. Stuttgart has fine streets, splendid buildings, beautiful parks, and—congested areas. The Socialist, Co-operative, and Industrial Movements were all in evidence. Municipalization is not lacking, the Educational activities are of no mean order, and the Landtag appeared to be pursuing the even tenor of its way. Here, living in Degerloch on the outskirts of Stuttgart, I met Dr. Hermann Dunker, with whom I had a long morning's talk. He is keenly interested in the C.L.C. Movement. He himself lectures to provincial classes on Economics and Sociology on behalf of the Party School during the winter months. He was delighted to hear of the activities of the C.L.C. in that direction, and wished it every success. Too soon the pleasant city in the hollow became a memory, and Strazburg was reached. Owing to letters of introduction, I was fortunate in having Herr Böhle, Socialist M.P. to assist me. Through his instrumentality during that week, Labour Exchanges, Hospitals, Homes, Baths, Schools, &c., were visited. We even went so far as to have a short chat with the Burgomaster, who kindly informed me that Messrs. Lloyd George and Winston Churchill had also visited the Exchange. Strazburg is very interesting to the visitor. Its militarism reminds one that Napoleon trod its streets, and the beautiful Cathedral, so delicate in tracery and design, a mute witness, still looks over the town from which arises the medley of French and German dialects.

On the return journey, halts of varying periods were made at Speyer, a quiet soporific town; Worms, famous for its Lutheran associations and as a city of faded glory; Wiesbaden, the fashionable

watering-place where wealth and ostentation are exhibited in café, street and concert hall; Aachen, very much like Wiesbaden, yet not so clean, modern or interesting, except on account of the historical traditions connecting it with Charlemagne, or the interest which the Cathedral offers. Once in the train, Germany receded further and further away, and after short stays in Brussels and Ostend, Dover was reached in the latter days of July, and nothing but happy memories and pleasant reminiscences of the lonely tour remain. The memories are sufficient. They are all in all, because they are founded on the fellowship which unites men irrespectively of race or clime.

MEREDITH F. TITTERINGTON.

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## In the Holy Name of Trade

Can ye tell me, O ye workers, why the money-demon gloats,  
 Why the rulers never stop ye when ye tear each other's throats?  
 Can ye tell me, O ye toilers, why the young are stooped and old,  
 Why so many work a-hungred when the land is filled with gold?  
 "Yea! For profit, profit, profit, all these broken hearts are made—  
 In the holy name of trade!"

In the holy name of trade!"

Can ye tell me, lords of commerce, when machines should on them  
 wait,  
 Why the burden bears the hardest on the weakest in the State?  
 Can ye tell me, O my masters, why invention's mighty breath  
 Only fills the sail that hastens with the children on to death?  
 "Yea! For profit, profit, profit, all these broken hearts are made—  
 In the holy name of trade!"

In the holy name of trade!"

Can ye tell me, laurelled statesmen, why around so many hearts  
 Broods a shadow and a terror that is not our mother earth's?  
 Can ye tell me, O ye teachers, why, with all the wealth we find,  
 The race in sorrow's mothered and the love sight's gone blind?  
 "Yea! For profit, profit, profit, all these broken hearts are made—  
 In the holy name of trade!"

In the holy name of trade!"

CONINGTON HALL, in the

*International Socialist Review.* ..

Pages 273-284 omitted in numbering.