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CONTENTS.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Despite the doubts that must remain until the General Election has been held, we can now be pretty sure that the Russian Revolution has come to stay and that it will go far. The attempts of the "Times" to maintain that its origin is to be sought in the immediate circumstances of the war, and that its roots were, in fact, planted in the shallow soil of expediency, are being contradicted by the evidence daily. An authoritative Russian Socialist writer in the "New Europe" of last week explicitly confirms our surmise that the present Revolution is the sequel of the attempted Revolution of 1905; and he even goes on to maintain what we thought was an idea beyond the current comprehension of Russian Socialists, that the present Revolution, because of the Moderate elements it contains, is likely to be less thorough than if it had been left to itself. But the testimony of this writer to the fact that the people of Russia, led by the Labour, Socialist, and intellectual elements, are the sole authors and inspirers of the Revolution, is more strongly confirmed by the reported facts themselves, which even the "Times" cannot suppress. Contrary, as we know, both to his earlier and even his recent declarations and wishes, Miliukoff has been compelled to range his party of the Cadets upon the side of democratic republicanism; and as if this were not enough to show us where the balance of power at present lies in Russia, the Provisional Government of which Miliukoff is an aspiring member has been compelled to assent to the adoption in several industries (notably in the railway industry) of a form of democratic control indistinguishable from one of the practical principles of National Guilds. When it is recalled that it was Miliukoff who only a few months ago declared that if he believed organisation for victory meant organisation for revolution he would rather Russia remained as it was, the distance he has been compelled to travel can be measured, and the forces that have urged him onwards can be estimated. Assuredly, whether for better or for worse, they are not, as the "Times" would have us believe, negligible or contemptible. On the contrary, they appear to us to be as considerable as Miliukoff has found them, and as beneficent and full of promise as the "Times" finds them malignant and menacing.

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Mr. Asquith has lent his advocacy to the fallacy or something worse that the occasion of an external war is particularly unsuitable to an internal revolution. The difficulties which the Provisional Government and the Duma have to solve, he suggested, are terribly aggravated by the fact that the Russian Revolution has taken place in the stress and strain of the greatest war in history. But is that really the case? We have it on the authority of the distinguished Russian Socialist already referred to that three years ago the Revolution would have been impossible; and we are willing to risk our own authority on the observation that three years after the war, had it been delayed until that time, the Revolution would have been no less impossible. War, on the contrary, provides the most favourable rather than the least favourable conditions of national revolution; and we commend to revolutionaries everywhere this lesson of history which has been newly reinforced by the example of Russia. What, however, reactionaries have in mind when affirming that war is not an occasion for radical reform is their own self-preservation and the preservation of the institutions to which they themselves are accustomed. And it is for these they are apprehensive and tremble. For we see, on the other hand, that they pay no heed to their own warning when the revolution proposed in time of war is reactionary. Look, for instance, at the internal revolutions that have been effected in our own country during the stress and strain of the greatest war in history. We have established Conscription, we have virtually established Industrial Compulsion, we have transformed the Constitution, and we have suspended Civil Law; and the very authors of these revolutions now come to us to deprecate revolution in the midst of war. Of what revolutions they are thinking when they thus adjure us to avoid the occasion of war for making them we now know very well: revolutions for increased liberty, popular revolutions. Reactionary revolutions, on the contrary, they welcome and in-

augurate. But there is still another reason, in our opinion, why war and not the period following war is the time for revolution; and it is this. Institutions, no matter how evil and reactionary, that survive the war, thereby earn or appear to earn the right by survival to exist during peace. For cannot the mere fact of their survival be pointed to as evidence of their fitness? Logical or not as this crude conception of "evolution" may be, it is undeniable that the case for preserving after the war the institutions which, by any means whatever, have survived the war, will be plausible and irresistible. In short, during war or never most institutions are either born or die.

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The remarks we have just made are borne out by the recent speech of Herr Bethmann-Hollweg, the German Chancellor. What, after all, is it his natural wish to maintain during the war but the very institutions of autocracy to which he owes his position? And what is more natural than that he likewise should declare that the period of the war is unsuitable for any reform in them? "We ought," he said—almost in the very words of our own Bethmann-Hollwegs of the Government and the "Times"—"we ought to postpone the reform of the franchise, etc., to the time when we are once more in a state of peace; war is not the occasion, etc., etc." The singular thing, however, is that the "Times," whose self-same doctrine is that of Herr Bethmann-Hollweg, sneers at him for holding it and at the German Socialists for accepting it. In other words, what is laudable in this country is sinister and ridiculous in Germany. We have never thought, on the other hand, that political principles which are wise and statesmanlike in one country can be at the same time foolish and short-sighted in another; nor can it be assumed that Germany alone has need of revolution forwards while England has need only of revolution backwards. On the contrary, making allowances for the difference in liberty that undoubtedly existed between the two countries, England needed and still needs revolutions quite as much as Germany. What, however, can we say to Germany if in place of the doctrine that war is the proper occasion for revolution, we affirm with her own Chancellor that things must be maintained as they are until war is over? And, most of all, what have we to sneer at in Germany when our own example proves that war is the occasion rather for reactionary than progressive revolution? There is no wonder under these circumstances that German Socialists, like Herr Noske, are confirmed in their opinion that all that England desires in her recommendation to German Socialists to revolt is to bring about more speedily the defeat of Germany. What! he says in effect, you in England advise us to bring about a liberal revolution in Germany when by your own words and acts you prove that war and a liberal revolution are incompatible with national safety! And there is no reply the "Times" can make that we can see without disavowing all that it has written for England on the subject. Our own reply, on the other hand, is clear: it is to address to Herr Noske the same advice we offer to our own people: to make radical changes now, now, now, while the war is still going on. War, we repeat, is the time for revolution, whether from an elementary to an intermediate, or from an intermediate to a mature phase of political institutions; and we repeat that such revolutions are inevitable during war, and that the only choice before us is whether they shall be progressive or reactionary. We cannot, however, allow to pass without comment the pitiable but revealing complaint of Herr Noske. To follow our advice to make a revolution in Germany would, he said, "bring about the greatest misery among the German workers." This reminds us of the infamous reply made by Bebel to Jaurès when the latter twitted the German Socialists with knowing nothing of the barricades. No, said Bebel, but we entered Paris! Herr Noske's shivering apprehension amounts, in fact, to an admission that the German Social Democrats prefer the militarist trenches to the civil barricades; and not only prefer them, but admire and plume themselves upon them more. But such a choice, it is needless to say, is incompatible not only with revolution, it is incompatible with liberty and contradictory of the humane sentiments expressed by Herr Noske. For what misery of the workers brought about by the barricades could equal the misery of the workers brought about by the trenches?

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It will undoubtedly be said, as, indeed, it has already been said too often, that we have no business to be interfering with our neighbour's internal affairs. This, however, is another of those half-truths, only the lie in which is meant for popular consumption. For it is by no means the case that the people who promulgate this self-denying ordinance obey it themselves. We have seen, for instance, that the "Times" has done its worst, by the distribution of criticism and advice, to interfere in the internal affairs of Russia, but on the side of reaction only. Again, it is a matter of common knowledge that our own Government and ruling classes, in the intervals of deprecating public discussion of foreign internal affairs, intervene themselves, and usually upon the side of foreign Governments in every manner possible to them. What, however, is policy for Reaction everywhere is policy for Progress everywhere. We dissent entirely from the view taken by the Liberal Press that our Reactionaries must have the monopoly of the interference with foreign internal affairs, and that under no circumstances must the popular opinion of one country be heard in another, lest the relations between them become more strained than they are. Commenting upon our proposal that we should announce to the German people that we shall refuse to discuss terms with the Hohenzollern autocracy, the "Nation," for example, apprehends that by such an announcement we shall cause the heart of the German people to harden against us. But is it possible, in the first place, that the German heart can be more hardened against England than it now is; and is it likely, in the second place, that it would grow harder for an opinion emanating not from our governing and capitalist classes, but from our common people? We not only do not believe it, but we assert the contrary, namely, that a popular declaration in this country in favour of a constitutional revolution in Germany would have the effect of weakening the German militarist party, and of reinforcing the fainting hearts of the German democracy. We do not say that it would go so far as to stimulate an immediate Revolution in Germany. While the Noskes and other disciples of Bebel can still prefer the death of a million men in the trenches to the death of a few hundred on the barricades, their state of mind is as militarist almost as that of their rulers. But the Noskes are not all-powerful in the German democracy, and a voice from democratic England—if it can find its tongue—might wake them from their dream.

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What we are likely to see of revolution after the war in this country has begun to be made clear in the various programmes and promises of reconstruction now being put forward. We have already examined the thrilling future for Labour which Mr. Hodge is dangling before our eyes as the reward for postponing revolution until after the war. And Lord Selborne's Committee has now drawn up the constitution of the pastoral Utopia which awaits our agricultural labourers. A minimum wage to be determined by local Trade Boards; State provision of cottages; minimum guaranteed prices for wheat and oats; and fixed maximum rents. What more, we ask, can anybody want than these shattering reforms? Are they not worth waiting for? Do they not repre-

sent reforms more than all that a mere revolution in the midst of the war could possibly give us? Without doubt they must appear stupendous in the minds of the Committee that drafted them; but they shrink on examination to the size of mere devices of Capitalism in the minds of those who can appreciate their real value. For look at them as what they are in themselves. A minimum wage, to begin with, is by no means a universal wage; but it is strictly compatible with, nay, it necessitates, a good deal of unemployment—and how much better off is a class as a whole for a minimum wage paid to a decreasing number of its members? Next, see what is involved in guaranteed prices for wheat. The institution of a fixed minimum price has plainly no other purpose and can have no other effect than to raise the price of bread to consumers, among whom the working classes are in the vast majority. Is not this robbing Peter to pay Paul? Lastly, consider the deliberately misleading (if it is not ignorant) provision of maximum rents, reckoned, that is, in money—as if the loss on the landlords' swings could not and will not be made up by them on their roundabouts! The net effect, we may say, of the whole programme is to raise rents. Contrast all this, now, with what an immediate revolution might do for us: a nationalised agricultural system administered by practical farmers and workmen in a single Guild; all the kingdom one immense farm, to the enormous saving of waste and overlapping; the abolition of landlords; the abolition of the wage-system; scientific and increased production; agriculture a skilled industry. Who would not prefer Lord Selborne's proposals for the endowment of his own class to these proposals for the endowment of the English people? Who would not prefer to wait for reforms which are no reforms to undergoing the agonies of a genuine revolution? Only those, we reply, who have been impressed, as they were intended to be impressed, by the reactionary doctrine that war is no time for revolution, while peace is the time only for reforms.

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The repeated declarations of the main speakers in the Electoral debates of last week that women had won the vote by their war-work are inconsistent with the proposal to restrict the vote to women of over thirty or thirty-five. How many of these, we ask, are doing war-work in comparison with the numbers of women under thirty who are so engaged? And is it any more fair to deny to girl war-workers the vote, while rewarding their elders with it, than it would be to enfranchise a new class of men while denying enfranchisement to the young men who have been through the war? Both the contention, however, and the argument based upon it are matters of small consideration to the politicians who have *now* made up their minds that votes for women are no longer inimical to their own careers. Never having taken, on their own confession, any objection to women's suffrage save upon grounds of expediency, it was only to be expected that when their own expediency demanded it, their objections would disappear. And disappeared they have, as we have seen, in the twinkling of a session even from the mind of Mr. Asquith, who, at one time, appeared to women to be their implacable opponent. But what is the reason, if it is not reason, that has induced Mr. Asquith to throw up his former prosecuting brief and to take up the case for the defence? Neither his speech nor that of Mr. Lloyd George was so carefully constructed that the real reasons for his volte-face cannot be discerned. And they are contained, we believe, in the reference common to both speakers to the need to include women (or, rather, women's votes) in the reconstruction that is announced as imminent upon the conclusion of the war. Let us ask ourselves what is really intended in this. It cannot be the case that a Capitalist Government is desirous, by including women, of ensuring a more radical economic reconstruction than could be brought about by men alone. Nor, again, can they believe that men who have failed by their own exertions by political means, and after fifty years' trial of it, will welcome as a boon the political enfranchisement of women whose votes, like their labour, will be used to "dilute" the power of working men. Plainly, in short, it is neither to gratify workmen nor to weaken Capitalism that votes are suddenly to be thrust upon women; but, if we are not mistaken, for the exactly opposite purposes. Reflect upon what must be in the minds of the party organisers of the political capitalists as they examine in advance the situation that will be left by the war. On the one hand, there is not the smallest doubt that the industrial antagonism of Labour and Capital will be in peril of intensification. Peace will bring no discharge, we are certain, from that war. And coupled with the exacerbation of the two contending economic factors, our prescient organisers are aware of the probable existence among the men of a new spirit, bred of the war and hardened in the war, both of demand and command. But how, in that event, and without dilution and diversion, will Capital stand against the new forces? If it was the fact that on the eve of the war Labour, as it then existed, was about to shake the pillars of Capitalism, how much more probable would Labour's success appear when the war is over in which every man has become a veteran? The prospect is not to be contemplated with equanimity; but it must be made impossible. But how? There is a fact known to our organisers, and knowable, if they will but look at it, by all our Labour friends as well: it is that, while the competitive wage-system remains, there must also remain a competitive antagonism between labour already in the market and labour coming to market. What if this national antagonism between old and new labour, between organised and unorganised labour, between dear labour and cheap labour, could be exploited to the advantage of Capitalism? And exploited simultaneously in the two fields of political power and of economic power! That for the new labour—in this case, women's—the exploitation will appear to result in a rise in status is a contingency which capitalist organisers will play upon without attaching themselves any importance to it; for what woman will be truly convinced that Mr. Asquith and his wirepullers are now their friends, or would waste their time over women's enfranchisement if no advantage were to come to them from it?

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That, on the other hand, by so much as the political and economic power of working-women rises, the political and economic power of working-men will fall—so long, that is, as the wage-system remains—is a contingency upon which Capitalists may count in private, even if they never mention it in public. It is, in short, with this end in view that we allege that the measure to enfranchise women is to be brought in before the war is over. A parliament elected exclusively by men who have known the double horrors of war upon the field and in the workshop would be a Parliament, we may be sure, of a complexion different from a complexion to the liking of Capitalists, and supported as it would be, by an economic and organised force outside, we do not doubt that the delayed revolutions would be possible. How clever, then, to anticipate it all, and, while appearing to be progressive and grateful, cognisant of women's value and disposed to liberalism, to divide the menace against itself before even it is clearly discerned by the rest of the country! We offer our felicitations to the party organisers on the success of their plans. Women's suffrage, confined in the main to non-workers, is secure. The approval of men is likewise secure, since they will not discover the malice underlying the concession to their more "political" members. Finally, Capitalism will be most secure of all. Only Labour will find itself once more cheated of the fruits of victory which it had not the courage to pluck during the war.

Foreign Affairs.

By S. Verdad.

TOWARDS the end of last week both the majority and the minority Social Democrats in the Reichstag voted against the new war credits; and there was strong criticism from the same quarters of the Imperial Chancellor's attitude towards the franchise question and the social reorganisation of Germany. In the Prussian Diet, especially, the ruling authorities were assailed with considerable fury, and comparisons were made between Russia and Germany which were all to the advantage of the former country. The naïve theory was consequently enunciated by the panic newsmongers here that all this forcible criticism of the authorities in Germany was an arranged affair between the Government and the Social Democrats, the object being to deceive the new Russian Provisional Government and the Council of Soldiers and Workmen's Delegates, and thus to bring about a separate peace. This is by no means the truth; but the internal situation in Germany and Austria is nevertheless worthy of consideration.

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It was inevitable that the striking success of the Russian Revolution should have a profound reaction on Germany—I say success because such differences as now exist in Russia are between the moderate and the extremist elements; not between the new powers and the old, for the old have been swept away. The first steps taken by the Chancellor were prompt and commendable from the point of view of worldly wisdom. As soon as the first news was definitely known in Berlin the Chancellor addressed the Prussian Diet, making a conciliatory speech with regard to the franchise which impressed the Liberal elements throughout the German Empire and caused the Junkers to become profoundly distrustful. It certainly seemed for a day or two as if all the franchise anomalies in Prussia were to be done away with at once; and, further, that some changes might even be made in the constitution of the Reichstag so as to give the Deputies power over the Chancellor and the Ministers which at present they do not possess. The people were undoubtedly moving; but yet again, to use Bluntschli's phrase, the princes moved first and seized the iron sceptre of absolute power. It is open to the student of politics to discover parallels (and there are several) between the state of things in Germany from March 19 to March 29 and the conditions in England which led to the Declaration of Rights, or those in France that led Napoleon to defend his constitutional position. The Germans, as usual, acted slowly; but the struggle between absolutism and liberalism is still progressing, and it would be, at this stage, unfair to assume that the outcome will be, as before, yet another victory for the supporters of autocracy.

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On March 19 the Imperial Chancellor made promises of liberal treatment right and left; and it might well have been taken for granted that Germany's modern constitutional history was about to begin. The hostility of the Junkers was aroused, an appeal was lodged with the Kaiser, a bitter anti-democratic campaign was launched in the Conservative newspapers and from Conservative platforms; and on March 29, precisely ten days later, the Chancellor was compelled to withdraw what had been regarded on all sides as definite concessions. The reactionary elements, it was now clear, had scored at least a temporary victory; but for the first time since the outbreak of war the representatives of the people put up a really stiff parliamentary fight, and they were well seconded by many of the leading newspapers. Consider language of this kind: I quote from reports of the Reichstag sessions of March 29 and 30:—

Herr Ledebour: If the Kaiser urgently advised the Tsar in 1905 no longer to oppose the justified demands of the people, why does not the Chancellor venture to give the same advice to Kaiser Wilhelm the Second? We regard a Republic as a coming inevitable development in Germany. (Uproar.) History is now marching with seven-league boots. The German people, indeed, shows incredible patience. (Cries of "high treason.") The Reichstag must have a right to a voice in concluding alliances, peace treaties, and declarations of war. The Chancellor must be dismissed when the Reichstag demands it.

Herr Haase: The Conservatives have conquered the Chancellor in internal politics as Admiral von Tirpitz did in foreign politics. . . . In Russia the sovereignty of the people exists, and the decision regarding the constitution of the State lies with the Constituent Assembly; but what rights have the masses, who are praised as being enlightened, among us? From this blow those who rule by the grace of God will never recover. When Russia in the middle of war makes immense changes in her constitution, must not the idea force itself on the masses that, with a little goodwill, reforms in Germany must be possible?

"Vorwärts": Germany has politically got into an unfavourable position. Germany, in the presence of all her opponents with whom she is struggling for her existence, must not and cannot appear to be politically the most reactionary structure.

"Berliner Tageblatt": With all the parties of the Left we emphasise the fact that the Chancellor's tactics of temporising and making promises appear to be highly regrettable.

"Vossische Zeitung": From its own history the Prussian people can learn that such promises (the Chancellor's proposed reforms) meet later with unforeseen obstacles. The majority of the Reichstag is of the honest conviction that these reforms must be begun at once to make an impression at home and abroad.

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All this criticism is useless enough without some definite policy behind it. The Social Democrats who spoke in the Reichstag on Friday and Saturday last had little more to suggest in the matter of policy than that there should be no "annexations" by either side. The Chancellor, in one passage which has been seized upon by the pacifist elements in this country, said, though with reference to Russia alone, that the Germans desired "nothing else than a speedy peace, on a basis honourable for both parties." Herr David, of the Majority Socialists, commented upon this by saying *that such an offer should extend not only to Russia* but to the other adversaries of Germany, and that in any case a separate peace was not easy. "If Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg were to let himself be caught by the pan-Germans there would be a conflict with Austria-Hungary, which would have nothing to do with pan-German plans."

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Now it is true that a few Socialists, led by Suedekum, have left for Stockholm, by arrangement with the Chancellor, in order to try to enter into negotiations with the Russians through Swedish channels, if they cannot do so directly. What their policy is we have no means of knowing; and there are informal conferences in Switzerland about which our Press is reticent. Have the Socialists in any country a policy? "No annexations" will not suffice. I should like to see some international Socialist agreement of a practical kind with regard to (1) Poland, (2) Constantinople, (3) the future of the Slav countries in the Austro-Hungarian Empire, (4) Albania, (5) the abolition of conscription, (6) the reduction of armaments, and (7) the Bagdad Railway. The Entente, for instance, might agree to the mere internationalisation of Constantinople if a Liberal regime were established in Germany. Austria, who has been fairly tolerant towards her Poles, might impress her tolerant views on the Magyars if a little Socialist pressure were exercised. The claim of the German Government to the economic exploitation of Asia Minor by means of the Bagdad Railway would, I presume, be given up. Conscription and bloated armaments are modern atrocities dating from the Napoleonic wars.

Nora on the Way Home.

Scene: Woman's Club. Suffragist is seated alone by the fire. Enter Ibsen's Nora.

SUFFRAGIST: It can't be!

NORA: Then you do know me?

S.: Of course. But—— Well, fancy! Nora! Why, it's years since anybody has heard of you. We thought you had vanished for ever! You dear thing! What *have* you been doing with yourself? Do tell me all about it!

N.: I've been in Norway most of the time.

S.: In Norway? Then you——

N. No, I never went back to Torvald, if that's what you mean.

S. Thank goodness for that. But what have you been doing?

N.: Oh, earning my living—and thinking. But never mind me. Tell me all your news. I hear you're going to get the vote.

S.: At last! Yes—thanks to our war-work. That won the battle for *us*, Nora. We've proved ourselves men's equals.

N.: I don't wonder you're pleased. Perhaps I might have been a few years ago.

S.: A few years ago? You don't say you've changed? I'm surprised at you, Nora!

N.: But I'm not sure that I have changed.

S.: Then you mean to say you never wanted the vote?

N.: Well, years ago perhaps I did think it might help women. But lately I've come to think it will do us no good.

S.: You amaze me, Nora! If that's your opinion, why——

N.: You are wondering why I ever left Torvald.

S.: I am; or, at any rate, why you didn't return.

N.: It's very difficult to explain, but if you care to listen, I'll do my best. Ibsen never did quite understand me, I think. All I think he saw was that women were discontented and would be bound sooner or later to revolt against men. But though he made me leave Torvald, he neither told us exactly why, nor what the miracle was that would allow me to return. I have had to discover that for myself.

S.: Then you have discovered it? Really and truly?

N.: I think so. And if my case is typical of women, as Ibsen thought, perhaps my discovery will be, too. Suppose my grievance should be the grievance of every woman, wouldn't my discovery be of value? Well, I've discovered for one thing that the vote is no remedy for it. At the same time, it is the greatest indictment of men that women should be driven to think it might be.

S.: I don't understand you yet: but go on.

N.: Why do women want the vote? Because men, in spite of their assumption of superiority, have, nevertheless, failed in women's eyes, as Torvald did in mine. Men may say, if they like, that our opinions, even our existence, are of no importance to them. But their actions belie them. They both want and need women—but they want them on their own terms, without the smallest concern for women's real wishes or their real duty to women. And women, at last, have become tired of men, tired of their treatment, tired of living in a man's world.

S.: But, Nora, my dear, that is precisely why we want the vote; to end that state of things.

N.: I know; and it serves men right. But what I wonder is whether, if men had made women contented, women ever would have wanted the vote, or would have gone into industry, and have claimed all they are now claiming. I don't think so. But men have been so wrong, so thoughtless, so inconsiderate, so unintelligent! All the time they were insisting on women's difference from themselves as a reason for denying women equal material freedom, they made no attempt to understand the difference, or to cultivate and value it. On the contrary, they made those very material differences proofs of their own all-round superiority. And women, poor things, have taken them at their word, and are now triumphant because they think they have proved that men were wrong, and women are their equals in material things.

S.: Well, but haven't we proved it?

N.: Oh, I don't say that, given time and training, women won't be successful in business. But I'm sure it doesn't matter whether they are or are not.

S.: What *do* you mean, Nora?

N.: I mean that a little experience of the vote and industry will prove to women that they've added nothing to their happiness by either. And worse than that, they'll feel hopeless. Men will be able to say that they have given women all, and even more than all, they asked for, and when the boon proves illusory, women will have no further remedy to suggest.

S.: But why shouldn't the vote give us all we want?

N.: Because women's real grievance against men is not material but spiritual. It's in the soul of woman. And the vote cannot touch that. The vote will be a mockery of the pain in the soul. And to the mockery will be added the failings of the vote even in minor ways. Men's treatment of women will not improve; it will get worse. And worst of all, women will have shown that their ideal was material, and could be fobbed off with a material thing—and material man will never let them forget it.

S.: I'm afraid, my dear, I don't understand. Your words are so strange. What do you mean by a spiritual grievance?

N.: Oh, you ought to know! I mean the fact that men haven't really tried to understand us. They haven't really respected our souls. They haven't encouraged us to exercise our spiritual mind. They talk of our intuition and so on; but either they don't really think it worth bothering about in a world in which they can be "successful" without it; or else they only think it fit for women; in fact, that it is inferior—a thing to joke about a little.

S.: And all the time, of course, we are really alike; and only circumstances made us appear different!

N.: Oh, don't claim merely to be the same as men. Have we reason to have so high an opinion of man's mind that we must make an ideal for women of it? In my experience men's minds are no ideal for women. I used, perhaps, to think so: but I know now that all the tales men—and women—tell against women can be matched and even beaten by true stories of men. Their training and all the rest of it have left men fundamentally no better than women, even in matters on which they pride themselves they are superior.

S.: Then you think women's psychology is superior to men's?

N.: Isn't it time superior and inferior were dropped as comparisons between men and women? You cannot compare the incomparable. Women differ from men, I think, in their greater need of psychological atmosphere. Men, I really believe, have a skin or two more than women. They are thus in less direct contact with psychological influences. They are shielded against them. And the needs of their soul are not always before them. But their heavier material armour doesn't preclude their obligation to help us in other than material ways. It rather heightens it. But in every other way than the material they have actually neglected us.

S. : I begin to see what you mean, Nora; but don't you think the vote will lead to those spiritual things?

N. : I cannot see that a vote will affect it. The vote is not on the same plane or in the same world. You might as well try to ease a heart-ache with a cough-mixture.

S. : But a vote will help, surely?

N. : Draw up a list of all the reforms you can get by the vote, and ask yourself if they will satisfy your soul.

S. : Really, Nora, you're most disturbing. What is going to help us if the vote is no use?

N. : Men must be made to see that the satisfaction of our needs is the only way to the satisfaction of their own. They must be made to see that their own minds, even from their own point of view, will never be complete until they can make women content.

S. : But how are you going to convince them of that?

N. : By proving to them that their present mind is imperfect; and that it shows its gaps in their work. Work, I think, is man's supreme test of value—quite rightly. And suppose we could show that those gaps and defects are exactly their blind spots as regards the need of women, wouldn't they, for their own sake, and for the sake of their work, try to open their eyes?

S. : But how, Nora, how can we show them?

N. : A different Church, perhaps—a different education—they might lead to the revolution in the spirit of man, which Ibsen desired. But not the Vote, I think.

Reflections on the Wage System.

By G. D. H. Cole.

IV.—THE CONTROL OF PRODUCTION.

THE democratic government of the factory by those engaged in it would be the plainest sign of a change in industry. But it would not by itself destroy the wage-system. The employer might hand the management of his factory over absolutely to the worker employed in it, or even to the Trade Union of their industry : he might "salary" the Trade Union, where he now salaries a manager. And, having done all this, he might conceivably continue much where he is to-day—he might go on buying and selling commodities or stocks and shares, and he might still draw from the community his toll of rent, interest and profits. Having won the control of the factory, the workers would only have democratised the management; they would not have overthrown the wage-system, or socialised industry itself.

Yet again, therefore, in writing of a particular part of our policy, we have to lay stress upon its essential incompleteness when it is viewed in isolation from the rest. Having done this, we can safely go on to point out wherein it is of fundamental importance, without fear of being supposed to regard the part as greater than the whole.

The control of production is important both as an end and as a means. It is an essential part of that system of industrial self-government which we desire to establish, and it is an essential means to the establishment of that self-government.

There is no need to waste words in showing that the control of production is a part of the end; for that follows naturally, and inevitably, from the whole idea of industrial freedom upon which the Guild system rests. The idée maîtrose of National Guilds is industrial self-government, and, clearly, that idea must find a primary expression in the democratic control of the productive process. Control of the factory by the workers employed in it is the corner-stone of the whole edifice of National Guilds.

So important a part of the end is very naturally also not the least important of the means. National Guilds become realisable in proportion as the producers, through their democratic organisations, fit themselves to replace the capitalist or the bureaucrat, and do actually replace him—in proportion as they become capable of controlling that which he now controls, and do actually control it. Now, capitalists to-day enjoy rent, interest and profits by virtue of their control over two spheres of industrial activity, production and exchange. The former, which is the control of the productive processes, is the subject of this article; the latter, which is the control of the raw material and the finished product, will be dealt with in the next article of this series.

In both spheres, capitalist control is largely exercised through others. These others are the management, sometimes pure salary-earners, sometimes also profit-sharers on commission, or share-holders in the business. At present, these managers of all grades from foremen up to the great managing directors of huge combines, are the servants of the capitalist class, who do their bidding, and maintain in their interest the autocratic control of industry.

The industrial organisation of Labour is primarily a workshop organisation, deriving its strength from the monopoly of labour which it is able to establish in the workshop. In proportion as the workshop life of Trade Unionism is vigorous, Trade Unionism itself is strong. This fact has many morals with regard to the internal organisation of the Trade Unions; but these we have no space to point out now. What I desire to make plain at the moment that, since it is in the workshops that Trade Unionism is strong, it is in the workshops that Labour must begin its great offensive. And, in this sphere, the problem for Labour is that of detaching the salariat from its dependence on capitalism, and attaching it as an ally to Trade Unionism.

National Guildsmen have often pointed out how this process can begin—by the strengthening of Trade Union organisation in the workshop, by a closer and closer relating of Trade Union machinery to the organised life of the workshop, and by the gradual winning over from capitalism of the grades of supervision and management, beginning with the wresting by Labour from its enemies of the right to choose and control foremen and superiors in every industry.

This progressive invasion of capitalist autocracy in the workshops, the factory, and the mine has long been placed in the forefront of the propaganda of National Guilds. It is sometimes objected to it by Collectivists and others that it does nothing to strike at the basis of rent, interest and profits, and, indeed, that this is a fundamental weakness of the whole immediate policy of National Guildsmen. It is this argument which I desire to answer.

A class that becomes atrophied is doomed to decay. The power of any class in any stage of human society rests ultimately upon the performance of functions. These functions may be socially useful or anti-social: an anti-social function may be just as good an instrument of survival as a social function. But as soon as a class is left without functions, the decay of its power and prestige can be only a matter of time. It was the deprivation of the noblesse of France of all social functions that made possible the overthrow of the ancien régime; and we, in our day and generation, shall succeed in overthrowing industrial capitalism only if we first make it socially functionless.

This means that, before capitalism can be overthrown, there must be wrested from it both its control of production and its control of exchange. This done, the abolition of its claim to rent, interest, and profits will follow as a matter of course.

The obvious striking point for labour to-day is the workshop. The assumption by the Trade Unions of workshop control would not destroy rent, interest and

profits, but it would be a shrewd blow struck at the roots from which they spring. This is its fundamental import for Labour at the present time.

The method by which the Trade Unions are to assume control of the workshop and the productive processes are matters of keen debate among National Guildsmen; but the foregoing principles can hardly be called in question. Let us try to see now what follows from them in the way of "next steps."

The first question that arises is whether, at any stage, Labour ought to assume any form of *joint* control with capitalism over the workshop, or any joint responsibility for its conduct. Joint responsibility is clearly in one sense impossible. Labour cannot be expected, with the wage-system practically unimpaired, to become responsible for the carrying on of capitalist industry. Labour is the aggressor in its strife with capitalism, and aims at the complete overthrow and supersession of capitalism. It cannot, therefore, in any real sense, become responsible for a system which it desires to end. But this is, I think, a sense in which a transition period of joint workshop control with capitalism is inevitable.

Let us take the analogy of a subject race—India, let us say—that seeks to achieve self-government and emancipate itself from its conquerors, but has no immediate hope of complete independence, and might have serious difficulty in governing itself if it had such hope. The position of India in relation to Great Britain offers, indeed, many fruitful analogies to the position of Labour in relation to capitalism. The Indian is driven to seek emancipation through a gradual extension of his share in the functions of government. Moreover, he is driven, in the early stages of the movement towards self-government, to assume a measure of joint control over Government. The Indian Legislative Councils to-day represent a balance between official and non-official elements; they are a sort of joint committee in which the governors and the governed meet for consultation, and in which the governed have an opportunity of criticising their governors. As some schools of Indian Nationalists have freely pointed out, this method has its dangers, and many Nationalists who have entered the Councils as critics, have been more or less completely absorbed by the governmental machine. But there are few, save catastrophic revolutionists, who doubt that the India Councils Act of 1909, and similar reform measures, do tend in the direction of self-government. The Nationalist movement, by this measure of participation, does not sacrifice its power, its independence, or its rights of agitation and criticism.

I believe that there must be a somewhat similar stage in the evolution of industrial self-government, and that Labour must pass through the stage of joint machinery for the control of production before it can assume complete control. The question is whether, in assuming such joint control, Labour runs the risk of sacrificing its independence, and so blocking the way to a further advance.

Our judgment upon this question depends finally upon our judgment of the Trade Union movement and of human nature. Do we, or do we not, believe that the Trade Union movement has so little capacity for idealism and self-government, or that human nature is so easily satisfied and so gullible that the exercise of a little power will be enough to still wrest and smother discontent? I do not. Individuals may, and will, fall by the wayside, and be lost to the movement; but the movement itself will go on, gathering in appetite and swallow as it feels. A taste of control will engender a taste for control.

But, as I have said, the assumption of new functions by Trade Unionism will not only develop new desires and capacities among Trade Unionists—it will also place a new strain upon the Trade Union movement. New men will have to be found, and new machinery will have to be devised. I believe that one method of search will serve to find both. We must make the works the unit of Trade Union organisation, and afford to the Trade Unionist in the works his training in government.

From Trade Union control in the workshop, backed by a strong natural organisation of Trade Unionism, will follow an extension of Trade Unionism over the management. The capitalist will be gradually ousted from bad dictatorship in the control of production, and with the atrophy of one of his two primary functions will go a shifting in the balance of economic power and a weakening of the wage-system. We must now turn to the other primary function of capitalism—the control of the product.

An Industrial Symposium.

Conducted by Huntly Carter.

(57) MR. H. B. ROWELL.
(Chairman of R. & W. Hawthorn, Leslie & Co., Ltd.)

One of the most striking facts of the War is the immense advantage which our opponents achieved by foresight and careful detailed organisation, and it has only been by unique effort and great sacrifice that the Allies have been able to prevent the fruition of Germany's ambition.

Investigation of commercial and industrial conditions show that many years ago Germany declared war in this sphere also, and it is of vital importance that we should, from past experience and the trend of events, endeavour to forecast—however imperfectly—the difficulties likely to be met with in after-war industrial conditions, in order that we as a nation may successfully direct our efforts to maintain and extend the commerce upon which our existence depends.

Labour, after reaping in a high degree the harvest resulting to it from the urgent necessity for its services, and after the indiscriminating praise it has received from those in authority, will be very uneasy under the economies which must occur if this country is to regain its position in the world's markets; and, if that position is to be improved, these economies will of necessity be greater still, but, if they mainly take the form of increased output rather than a reversion to pre-war rates of wages, there is no real reason why the difficulties should not be surmounted.

The Government has carefully guarded against any similar danger so far as Capital is concerned, and has even shown by its treatment of employers a profound conviction that their loyalty could be relied on, however severely it might be tried.

A factor which will have great weight in the industrial situation will be the treatment recorded to invested capital by the Government after the War. If there is then a continuation of the treatment to which Capital has submitted during the War, it will almost certainly mean a continuation of such pre-war investment conditions as those shown in the "Times" records for 1913, when out of £230,000,000 of new capital raised in London only 17 per cent. of it was invested in British enterprises, and less than 1 per cent. in iron, steel, armament, and engineering industries. These figures prove that it is an increased and not a decreased return on capital that is required in the nation's interests, and consequently in the interests of both Capital and Labour. A continuance of the efflux of money is the mildest form of protest that would be made. Invested capital is in most forms more difficult to move than labour, and in a liquid or uninvested form it is mobile in the extreme, dissipating like water and recondensing wherever the conditions are most favourable. It is to be supposed that the Government realises the dominating part played by patriotic sentiment which has found expression among employers, not only, as with others, in active service, but in their case in an attitude of submission to whatever those in authority believed to be necessary to save the country.

An important measure, and one that would go far to ease the situation between Capital and Labour, which is much more tense in general than in detail, would be

for the Government to publish a comparison of the difference between the extra percentage of remuneration awarded during the War to male and female workers and that allowed to controlled establishments after taking into consideration increases in capital and output, as well as a statement recording and emphasising the failure of Labour to fulfil, and the inability of the Government to compel it to fulfil, the original tripartite bargain by which Labour undertook to remove Trade Union restrictions, provided the Government on its side undertook to see that they were reimposed after the War, and in the meantime saw that the employers obtained no pecuniary advantage from the arrangement.

There is no doubt that want of discrimination in praising the effort of Labour has resulted in a misconception as to its proper fulfilment of that pledge, and also as to the true degree and extent of its effort, in the mind of the public. This misconception could be readily removed by the publication of an independent calculation of the magnitude of the additional fleet of destroyers, patrol vessels, and mine sweepers that would have been reticulating our seas to cope with the present submarine menace to the food of the people, had the constructive shipyard trades been willing to reduce their lost time so as to make it even 10 per cent. short of the ordinary week's work.

While many of the leaders of Labour understand that the vast amount of money thrown into circulation owing to the War is dissipated capital and not legitimately invested income, neither the mass of the workmen nor of the general public realise fully that this is so, still less what it means. Illustration and proof of the fact would probably go far to relieve the situation which we are considering, as well as to improve that existing economically.

Sincere as are the efforts that are being made to improve it, the industrial situation from the national aspect is not without danger. It is to be expected that for some years after the War our industries—disorganised as to volume of production and as to cost of production—will be protected by a militant tariff sufficient to allow of reorganisation, and that systematic assault upon them will be prevented.

It is essential, however, that we should at the earliest date recover the ability to compete with foreign manufacturing countries in the markets of the world.

These competitors may be divided into two groups:

(1) Those countries which, being neutral, have found the productive power of their industries greatly stimulated by the needs of the combatant nations, and also by the demand on them owing to the decreased ability of those nations to contribute their usual share towards the world's requirements.

(2) Countries which have been engaged in the War, and emerging from it lean and hungry, will throw themselves on the world's markets ravenously, stimulated by the necessities of the present and future, in addition to the ordinary commercial interests of the past. The position of each nation in this group in the great post-war campaign for foreign trade requires careful consideration in the light of the following factors:

(a) The extent to which foreign trade has been retained during the War.

(b) The home requirements of the country in labour and capital.

(c) The ability to influence orders by financial or political assistance.

(d) The cost of production.

These points suggest difficulties for all concerned, but for our present purpose let us see how they affect Britain actually and relatively.

Our foreign trade, in that it has been mainly restricted by us for our own purposes, has probably suffered less than that of any belligerent; while as our country has been almost entirely spared the ravages of war, its requirements will be mainly due to the necessity of overtaking upkeep, repairs, and accumulation of requirements. We shall, therefore, be most favourably placed in this respect, whereas both our Allies and opponents, except perhaps Italy, will have the material ravages of war to make good.

Our ability to finance for industrial and commercial purposes may probably be taken as being not less than that of other belligerents, although the extent to which we have rendered financial aid to our Allies will have been a severe strain.

Cost of production seems to constitute the greatest difficulty that we shall have to face, and under this head it is necessary to consider cost as affected by our rate of exchange as well as by the abnormal cost of labour and material, which it is to be hoped may be overcome as already indicated. Certainly, with the exception of America, our rates of remuneration for labour will be higher than those of any foreign country, and, with the stimulus of war removed, those factories which have been genuinely working at high pressure will, it is to be feared, even though there still be a heavy demand for their product, tend to fall back rapidly to the dull level resulting from limitation of output, which unfortunately is the most outstanding characteristic of modern British labour.

It is just that characteristic which must be eliminated, and Labour stimulated to increased output, if we are to recover our former position in the trade of the world, for not only have neutrals been organising to benefit by our enforced partial withdrawal from it, but our greatest opponent in peace, as in war, has, it is to be believed, found time and energy, even under dire military pressure, to organise for the campaign of commerce that is to follow war. In this campaign she will, in independent external markets, be actually assisted by her depreciated currency, as her costs of manufacture, apart from the advantage of freedom from inflated labour rates, from which we shall suffer, will have also that of the difference between her rate of exchange and ours, a difference which, at present rates, would make it possible for her—assuming equal internal costs in both countries—to take orders against payment in gold at prices which would leave 10 per cent. profit, but at which we would lose 10 per cent. That condition constitutes in effect a tax on the labour of the country in favour of industries concerned in manufacturing for export. This will not be allowed to continue, but, as control of it will be difficult and would involve costly importations of gold by loans instead of the slower process of trade, the natural desire to recover a position in the trade of foreign countries will certainly prolong the condition for a considerable time.

All who study these subjects must be oppressed by the frequency with which they find themselves confronted by the want of confidence which is shown by Labour, and in whatever direction one works it is in evidence. If it were solely directed against employers or solely against the Government, we might feel that there was possibly some excuse for it, though no full justification; but when we find it pervading Labour's own organisations, emanating miasma-like from the mists of its own aspirations, paralysing the action of its own elected executives and officials, rendering their powers to negotiate abortive, robbing them of a man's right to pledge his word and of the power to keep it, we feel that we must look deeper, search further for the underlying causes, though contributory causes and blame may lie on all sides.

The greatest underlying cause of unrest is failure to understand, and failure to understand is the direct result of the absence of lucid and accurate statements of issues and of facts on the one side and of desire for unbiased instruction on the other. If the former could be supplied, as free as is humanly possible, from the blemish of partisanship, we would have nothing to combat except misrepresentation immolated by its own obviousness, indifference which it would be a duty to stimulate, and an atrophied sense of right and wrong which the inspiration of a readjusted standard of moral and intellectual education would revivify.

We entered this War with a working population of which the most influential section had been taught for at least a generation that to sell short measure in labour was a clever, righteous, or at least a justifiable act.

It is the only short measure that the law of the country allows.

It was used as a threat in negotiation, and it has been and is being used in fact. Those who advocated it, who in many cases got their positions as officials in their unions by advocating it, now must, and in some cases do, realise that it is economically unsound, even if they still believe it permissible tactics in labour warfare.

There are factories abroad that flourish and keep large populations living by products sold as British in our home markets. This, in spite of costs of carriage, insurance, and packing, is done by running machines fully up to their designed capacity instead of at two-thirds to three-quarters of it as trade restrictions compel us to do. I think our Labour leaders would agree that this is not to the advantage of our country.

What is going to be the position when our armies return—these armies formed largely of workmen and employers who have learned in the purer and more elemental atmosphere of war that confidence between different classes comes unasked where understanding exists. Are they going to see the old errors, jealousies, struggles resume sway? Are those of the men's leaders who have the courage to declare boldly their conversion from, or modification of, old views (and everything pre-war will be old!) to be displaced, supplanted, pilloried by the second rankers, whose principle in many cases is affected by want of contact or even based on self-advancement? It is not to be credited, and, if it were attempted, surely it could not be done.

Apart altogether from the interest of the shareholder and his trustee, the employer, the national interest itself is in question, and in our new age the advocacy of all things inimical to it must go down in the limbo of the past with the many deeds of German depravity which need no recalling to-day, but which, after all, were not wreaked on their country and on their own kin.

Confidence must be established between Labour and Capital and the State, and, as I have said, the first condition of such a condition is a complete understanding. The employer must show that he is prepared to carry out the pledge to restore pre-war conditions. If altered conditions interfere, then they must be recognised and properly considered, but, though they may make the execution of the pledge impossible in every particular, that initial obligation exists, and the failure of Labour to implement their portion of the tripartite bargain must not be allowed by employers to affect the redemption of their pledge.

Capital must also recognise that Labour under the new order of things must be given opportunity for larger earnings in many trades than under the old, and Labour must recognise that, if remuneration is to remain at a higher level, that result can only be obtained by increasing the output per capita.

We must never forget, when criticising Labour, that increased production depends on employers as well as employed; that the former must organise, plan, and provide energy-saving appliances and plant, while the latter must bring to the problem loyal co-operation, principles purged of prejudice, and a reincarnation of that pride of work and of production that did so much for our country in the past.

The increase in the size of works and the increased difficulty consequent thereon in maintaining the personal relations between employers and employed which was so beneficial an influence in former days is responsible for much, but under modern conditions of competition this feature will increase rather than decrease, but both sides must be actuated by a determination to realise, and as far as possible sympathise with and make allowances for, the other's point of view.

Labour and Capital must both understand that differences between them should never result in attempts to damage an industry, and so handicap their country as against foreign competition.

The part of the State under post-war conditions will be:

(a) To shelter those industries that have been unduly weakened by war or taxation until they recover strength.

(b) To remove "control" and encourage Capital and Labour to meet for the discussion of organisation, the negotiation of new treaties, and settlement of old differences.

(c) To allot responsibilities and see that they and all agreements are duly carried out.

(d) To introduce legislation which, while it leaves these two interests to manage their own affairs, will make the position of the representatives of both sides so strong and definite, and their decisions so binding, that the danger of strikes will be vastly reduced if not entirely eliminated.

In fields that do not involve interests divergent in detail, the activities of the State must be tireless and unceasing, paving the way for the absorption of the additional production resulting from that closer co-operation of Capital and Labour on which more than anything the liquidation of the enormous obligation incurred by the War depends.

Interviews.

By C. E. Bechhofer.

[The present series of Interviews, or, as they more often are, of Conversations, for which I am indebted to the courtesy of many distinguished people, must be taken to represent as little as possible of the reporter's mind, and as much as possible of his subjects'. This is due to be said in defence even more of them than of the reporter, who has, indeed, by submitting to his subjects the text of his reports before publication, done his best to play the part of sympathetic interrogatory only. —C. E. B.]

I.—MR. HENRY ARTHUR JONES.

I SPENT the first part of the afternoon which Mr. Henry Arthur Jones had appointed for an interview watching Mr. Ben Greet's company play "Henry V" at a hall in the Waterloo Road to an audience of schoolchildren. Curiously, Mr. Jones' first remark was about the present-day neglect of Shakespeare. "We are supposed, he said, to be celebrating his tercentenary, and yet there is not a single performance of any of his plays to be seen in London.

"But," I said, "I have just come from 'Henry V' at the Victoria Hall."

Mr. Jones asked me what I thought of the performance; I said that, with one or two exceptions, the players were decidedly amateur. Mr. Jones remarked that Mr. Ben Greet was doing good work under difficulties, but that to play Shakespeare in amateur fashion in a slum was hardly worthy of us. The truth is, he said, that this is just one more proof of the contemporary degradation of the theatre. Shakespeare is admired nowadays solely as a poet, but the average playgoer no longer regards him as a dramatist whose plays ought to be performed. *Englishmen refuse to take the theatre seriously.* They admit this fact, and demonstrate it by patronising musical comedy. And this patronage has destroyed the influence of the theatre. There might have been no harm done if all the musical comedies were as good as those of Gilbert and Sullivan. But theirs are no longer appreciated.

Do you think, I asked Mr. Jones, that the status of the theatre could be raised by improving the tone of the audience? Mr. Jones objected to this idea. He said he would rather adopt the attitude of Porson. When that great scholar's shoelace broke or his nib crossed, he could not refrain from an oath. But, instead of blaming the nearest object and saying, "Damn this nib" or "Damn this shoelace," he had one invariable curse for all such occasions, which was, "Damn the nature of things!" Mr. Henry Arthur Jones said he thinks it more proper to damn the nature of things than to throw all the blame on the present-day audience. He said that the theatre, like religion, is an affair for the crowd. The object of the theatre is amusement—and there are nine Muses, though the Muse of history must be a very dull one.

I said I had always regarded amusement in another light, as "a musa"—"away from the muse." Did the public, I wondered, expect "amusement," or, rather, "music" from the theatre? Mr. Jones laughed, and said that, anyhow, we may call it interest. The public refuses to be bored. The blame for the degradation of the theatre to-day must not be laid more than in small part on the decay of the audience, which is only one

manifestation of what our thoroughly bad dramatic system involves.

No wonder, continued Mr. Jones, that the public is driven to musical comedy. Look at the sort of plays it was treated to in the pre-war part of this century. Mr. Henry Arthur Jones divides these plays into two schools. The first he calls the "harum-scarum school," in which all the characters stand on their heads and overhaul plain morality in that position. The other school reminds him of a phrase of Ruskin's, who said that George Eliot's characters seemed to be the sweepings of a Pentonville omnibus. The judgment was unjust in that instance, but the phrase fits the second main pre-war school of drama exactly. The way of the "Pentonville 'bus school" is to take dreary people, and to follow them very laboriously through all the dreary incidents of their very dreary lives. "Some of the plays of the Pentonville 'bus class are so terribly true to life," Mr. Henry Arthur Jones said, "that I would willingly pay half a guinea any night not to see them." Mr. Jones remarked that the moral of the plays of the younger generation seems to be that children should be careful to insult their parents.

It is not remarkable, Mr. Jones continued, that the most successful plays of the Pentonville 'bus school have been in dialect. Dialect always attracts attention. Actors engaged to play character parts in Mr. Jones own plays have often asked to be allowed to make, say, a labourer a Yorkshire labourer. They knew that this would make their little rôle stand out prominently from the symmetry of the play. Similarly, the Pentonville 'bus in sporran and kilt or in clogs becomes a highly original and notable vehicle.

I suggested that perhaps the Pentonville 'bus school and the harum-scarum school might be summed up as "dialect and dialectics." But Mr. Jones said that the dialect was only a trapping of part of the school, and was not an absolute necessity to it.

I asked Mr. Jones what he had meant by speaking of "our bad system."

By far the greatest abuse is the commercialism of the theatre. Nowadays, theatres are simply money-making concerns. So far as the artistic side of the plays is concerned, the proprietors doubtless mean well; but, what with their not very remarkable critical powers and their insistence that the plays *must* pay, they are not able to offer a very warm welcome to artistically good plays. It was different with Shakespeare and Molière; they were author-actor-managers, and, though their aim, too, was to make money, they offered the public not just the plays it wanted, but the best plays it would take. But, Mr. Jones added, "they were lucky in their audiences."

This brought us back to the subject of select audiences, and Mr. Jones pointed to the awful fate of the prominent dramatic societies. The true function of bodies like the Stage Society and the Pioneer Players, he said, is to produce plays that cannot be produced inside the commercial theatre. They have undoubtedly done a lot of good work, but the seed they have sown seems to have fallen on barren ground and to have had very little influence in raising the quality of English drama generally. But they have gradually tended towards the production of plays that cannot be produced in any theatre, simply because these are not really drama at all, but pamphlets or lectures in dialogic disguise. The working of the repertory system, too, has been a great disappointment to him. The ideal of a repertory theatre should be to produce plays that are already popular and of a fairly high standard; but, instead of doing this excellent work, which more than anything would help to restore the lost prestige of the theatre, the repertory companies have overlapped the pioneer societies, and have chiefly produced freakish and perverse plays that have frightened the general public from the theatre.

To my question why our theatres were so frivolous in war-time, when we might have hoped for more interest in serious art, Mr. Jones said that probably the war is too near to be dramatised, and yet too overwhelming for us to have very much attention and thought to spare for anything else. For his own part, Mr. Henry Arthur Jones is holding back until after the war the production of several plays which have been very successful in America.

When he told me this, I asked Mr. Jones what he thought would be the position of the drama then. That if, at last, we do get an English drama, plays will be different he does not doubt, but what the new tendency will be, Mr. Jones prefers not to attempt to say. He remarked how the influence of the French Revolution can be seen in all the literature of the nineteenth century when compared with that of the eighteenth, and, again, how remarkable was Darwin's influence on literature and thought. But this is nothing to do with English plays. Doubtless, plays after the war will be sure to differ hugely from those we have now. It is not merely that the war will often provide a subject for plays, and especially, of course, for melodramas; but the spirit of the plays will be different. But until we can forecast general conditions then, it is hopeless to attempt prophecies about the drama. Even now, Mr. Jones finds his treatment of his plots altering from day to day with the general change of outlook.

This led me to ask Mr. Jones how he constructs his plays. Mr. Jones replied that he does not construct his plays, but that they come to him ready-made, like a sort of waking dream—a dream worked out consciously. He compares this faculty with the gift of calculation in some abnormal children. These prodigies will tell you what 10,983 times 13,404 makes before you have even properly visualised the figures. Similarly, Mr. Jones finds his plots working themselves out for him, his work being to encourage and aid the process. The simile of dreams is all the more proper when Mr. Jones notices that these automatic plots are built up of the casual objects of his consciousness. For example, he once came across the word "middleman" in a joke in "Punch," and thought what a good title for a play it would make. At the performance of a very bad play he saw a good actor in the part of an inventor, and it occurred to him that an inventor might be made a useful character in a play. Years afterwards he "saw" the plot of his well-known play "The Middleman," in which an inventor plays a part. But he never intentionally combined the two notions, still less placed them in their present context. The working out of the ideas of his plot Mr. Jones can describe only by an Irishism; they come to him in "simultaneous sequence."

I told Mr. Jones that I had recently heard sculptors speaking of their inspirations in quite similar fashion. Mr. Jones said that sculpture and drama were in some ways very much alike. Both are bound to be in a great degree conventional—by which he did not mean insincere, but constrained and comparatively plain. Other forms of art, such as pictures and novels, gave a much wider scope to their user.

It seemed to me, I said, that Mr. Jones had the appetite of his art. "Indeed," he said, "I am not happy except when I am hard at work. A difficulty in a play makes me depressed and ill, but when everything moves along easily, I am thoroughly happy. But if I were thirty years old again, I should not write plays. I have devoted thirty-five whole years of my life to the theatre, with the result of making many enemies."

"But that," I said, "is a praiseworthy achievement nowadays."

"Perhaps so," said Mr. Jones, "and, really, I have been very lucky in my enemies."

Figures in a Room.

By Dikran Kouyoumdjian.

I SIT here writing in my bedroom; since it is the only room in the house allowed to one who wishes for quiet. But even here the promise of seclusion is disappointed. Enter a sister, who is old enough to know better, though not old enough to admit it. Will I walk with her? I will, but only so far as the door. At last I take up a pen to write, when—enter a maid who furtively whisks away the duster which she has left swathed round the leg of the dressing-table. Once more I take up a pen. A gentle knock at the door—little wonder that, maddened by all the unnecessary, petty noises of the world, Edgar Allan Poe said, bitterly :—

Quiet we call
Silence, which is the merest word of all!

I am no poet, but I have said far more than that this morning. Looking aimlessly for consolation, I turn to the windows; windows seem, somehow, to be far more commanding in a bedroom than in any other room. It chances that the scene from mine has the tranquillising effect that my ruffled temper is in need of. Over a stretch of golf-links, with their churchyard mounds and hillocks, their patches of affectedly smooth velvet, I can dimly see tracts of sand, disappearing endlessly into thick curtains of mist; and behind the mist is the sea. Perhaps indoors the wind seems shriller and fiercer than it really is; but if the gale is all it sounds, then the mist is hiding from me just what, above all things, I most want to see; for I love to watch this dirty grey Irish sea being at last roused from its monotonous sulkiness to great heights of anger; wave after wave, great rollers of them, capped with surf as they come near, some weakening and retiring beaten, some leaping too soon and sprawling nearer helplessly till they are over-ridden in a shower of oncoming spray; and some big and strong, battling their way easily and proudly, rearing surf-covered crests, and crashing down with a roar, to come licking venomously at your feet—this is the Irish sea when the wind blows. Yet, I confess, this scene more often serves to foster than to satisfy my longing. For, many miles to the west, away on the farthest shore of that lesser and more troublesome island which, they say, can be seen from here on a very clear day, I know there must beat a much grander sea, and blow a much fiercer gale—and perhaps there are no golf-links to spoil my scene! I seem always to be hearing of the wild Galway coast, and never seeing it. I have heard townsmen, to whom the bleak mystery of North Cornwall is nothing, say that they loved, and were at home in, Galway; others tell me that its solitude breeds melancholy in them, and that they would not dare go there again except in the gayest company; while there are some who have warned me that I must not go to Galway if I chance to be depressed, for that I would quickly die of it.

But, since they all agree in allowing Cornwall the small honour of some affinity with this land of lands, I can at least imagine something of the greater by my impression of the lesser. And how depressing I found North Cornwall one month of January! I could find neither rest nor hope in the stark greyness of coast and sea and rocks; all held sternly aloof as though to warn me that man must not measure himself with Nature. The eye tried to turn away, but could not; it was held fixed, yet repelled, and the earth would have as little of me as the rocks and the sea; till, at last, I was driven back like a baffled lover, and, like him, since I could attain nothing, was made angry and contemptuous of what I had striven for.

It seemed to me that the whole land was furious and bitter as though it had some grudge against the world and men. Perhaps it is jealous for the dead glory of its past. Perhaps this wailing and whistling which seems to come from every corner and cranny of the rocks and coast is its endless dirge for the fate of its noble castle of Tintagel, now but a mass of ruins, its once embattled corners serving only to satisfy the shrill curiosity of the wind. Perhaps it is inconsolable because its once proud kingdom of King Mark, which could supply five hundred knights with their varlets to the armies of King Arthur, should now be but one county among many. It is like a wild and angry woman who will never for a moment relax her ill-temper, that you may tell her of her beauty; she disdains any words of yours; she draws herself away if you attempt to touch her, she is furious that you—a man!—should even dare to attempt to be articulate about her beauty; and continuously she shrieks at you, till at last, poor mite that you feel you are, you must go away muttering blasphemies against her shrewish beauty.

Surely, this Galway of theirs, however wild, cannot be so hard and unyielding. Surely, she will relax a little, and, at least, not unkindly, bewilder me. But, in any case, to be going there will be different from going, say, to Switzerland; for which one's enjoyment is presumed by habit and convention; and to admire it is a matter of routine. The Alps have become a cliché; they have been always with us, since childhood, when a fall of snow at once brought an impression of them, immensely crested with the same. Perhaps your history book was illustrated, and you were intimate with St. Bernard dogs and William Tell—who, if the truth be true, was never in Switzerland in his life. And when at last you are there among the Alps, your eyes are under orders; postcards have paved the way which guide-books have made smooth; the words of wonder are put into your mouth; Ruskin is at your elbow; you may not but admire; it is immense, you say, directing your binoculars to the farthest peak; but you do not spend your visit in climbing the Jüngfrau and the Matterhorn.

But with Galway, with all Ireland, you feel you are a stranger. There are books, of course; but the substance read will not mingle with the shadow. Ireland, of all countries, seems full of loopholes through which to escape from the realities about herself—and in escaping from them she escapes from the writer also. She provides loopholes, too, for the use of her friends: how quickly, for instance, I had to skip through these loopholes in the recent "Letters from Ireland." I am breathless with it still. As soon try to catch a leprechaun as discover the truth about Ireland. Read about her as I may—read of Bridget's cloak; of vague transplantings of Phœnicians; of out-of-the-way Celts from the steppes of Russia; of Tara, "Golden Tara"—and still I know more of ancient Sardis than of Tara, more of any Caliph of Bagdad than of a High King of Ulster, unless it be of Synge's Conchubor. Red Hanrahan and Angus Og, the preciosities of Mr. Yeats, and the perfumery of Mr. Stephens, give me nothing of what I want; nor does any realism of Mr. Moore. Perhaps from Pegeen and Deirdre I have learnt something; certainly, I have learnt most from "Dark Rosaleen," that one pæan in a life-long dirge which Clarence Mangan sang :—

Over dews, over sands,
Will I fly for your weal;
Your holy, delicate white hands
Shall girdle me with steel.
At home in your emerald bowers,
From morning's dawn till e'en,
You'll pray for me, my flower of flowers,
My dark Rosaleen!
My dark Rosaleen!
You'll think of me through daylight's hours,
My virgin flower, my flower of flowers,
My dark Rosaleen!

Notes on Economic Terms.

ECONOMICS, ECONOMY, AND POLITICAL ECONOMY. It is essential to distinguish in thought between these three terms, however loosely they may be used in conversation and in the Press. Let us begin with Economy. In the common use of the word, which is by no means changed when the word is raised to capital letters, Economy implies the maximum of production of commodities at the minimum cost of labour. Economy, in short, refers to economy of means regarding any end; and that operation is therefore said to be characterised by economy that arrives at its end by the simplest and easiest means. But the addition of the word Political gives it a new significance, or, rather, restricts its significance. In "political economy" the primary object is no longer the accomplishment of any end by the easiest means. The complete freedom as to both ends and means which is implied in pure Economy is restricted by the qualifying term Political, so that only such forms of Economy as can be called Political are now admissible. What is it, then, that the word Political introduces? It is a restriction both of ends and of means. There are certain ends—certain commodities, that is—which political considerations will not allow to be produced by any means whatever. And, on the other hand, there are certain means which political considerations will not allow to be employed even for ends which are admissible. We know that, in fact, not everything that can be made or produced is actually allowed to be made or produced; and equally we are aware that not every means for making or producing commodities is actually permitted. And this restriction of pure Economics gives us the area within which Political Economy operates. Now what is the general rule thus laid down in the political field for the operations of Economy? It is this: that production, distribution, and exchange of commodities shall take place, not primarily for their value to society as a whole, but primarily for the profit that each of the parties can make out of them. Political economy, in short, is production for profit as Economy in general is production for use. Economics, on the other hand, is a mere descriptive science. It undertakes, in regard to any system of production, to describe its methods and nothing more. It passes no judgment, but simply states the facts. Accepting the restrictions placed by political economy upon pure Economy, Economics describes the operations of industry when determined by the rule of Profit. But it is equally competent and willing to describe the operations resulting from the direction of industry by the rule of use. Note in conclusion that political economy is alone within human power to determine. Nature defines the character of Economy; Science determines Economics; but men determine the ends and means that society shall or shall not pursue or employ.

POLITICS. The art of creating, maintaining, and increasing the being and well-being of a community. This is in the largest sense, but we live in small times. Everybody, moreover, knows what usually happens when an organisation for a certain object is formed. After the first creative impulse is over, the organisation usually forgets the object for which it was formed, and confines its activities merely to preserving itself, thus putting out of sight both its past and its future. It is the same with a community. Originally created for a certain end—namely, the indefinite increase in the well-being of its members—it speedily forgets its purpose and becomes intent solely upon maintaining its mere being. The object of politics in modern communities is thus little more than the maintenance of things as they are for as long as possible. Any political activity designed to recall to the community the object for which the community was created is called idealist; and the political activity is alone said to be real that is designed to maintain the present being of the community with as little change as possible. Present-day politics, in short, is the art, not of increasing the well-being of society, but of maintaining its being as long as possible in its present form.

POLITICAL PARTIES. In the large sense a political party is in Burke's words "a body of men united for promoting by their joint endeavours the national interest, upon some particular principle in which they are all agreed." But the large sense of politics is, as we have seen, gone back into theory. Political parties nowadays arise from one or other of two motives: the dissatisfaction of a group within the community with things as they are; and the satisfaction of a group with things as they are, combined with the fear that things will not remain as they are. This is the most radical distinction between political parties; and it is obviously a matter of degree. Counting from the extreme Right of Politics, there are groups or parties ranging from the group desiring to keep things exactly as they are, to the group of the extreme Left that would have things exactly as they are not. And between these two extremes are innumerable groups that differ only more or less in their desire or fear that things may be changed. In general, however, the tendency is always towards the Right. The older the community as a rule the more predominantly Right it becomes. But Right has here, of course, no ethical significance; it is rather geographical. Right is East, and Left is West. As the community tends to the Right it becomes Oriental, conservative, tyrannical, fatalistic; but Westward or Leftward is the way of Empire, liberation, democracy, freedom. The configuration of political parties is a nation's horoscope.

ECONOMIC POWER. Power in general is the ability to give or to withhold satisfaction; and economic power is that form of power which is able to withhold or to give commodities. Power differs in degree according to the kind and amount of the satisfaction within its control. For instance, there are satisfactions that are only desirable, while others are indispensable; and it therefore follows that that power is greatest which controls the satisfactions that are indispensable to life. We live in the material sense by consuming commodities; commodities of one kind or another are therefore indispensable to life. Whoever, then, controls commodities, that is, has the ability to give or withhold them, exercises power—economic power—over the beings to whose life such commodities are indispensable. There are two factors, however, involved in the production of commodities: labour and capital. It follows, therefore, that whoever controls one or other of these means of producing commodities exercises at the same time economic power over those who need them. But, as we know, only one of these factors at present belongs to anybody; and it is Capital. The owners of Capital have thus alone any economic power, since they alone have the ability to give or to withhold a necessary means to the production of indispensable commodities. When we speak of the economic power of Labour it is only as yet in the future tense. We recommend that Labour should become a property, like Capital; but that its control should be vested in the hands of labourers themselves. At present, nobody has the possession of Labour; and consequently Labour has as yet no economic power. When, however, the Trade Unions become possessed of their labour; and are able to give or to withhold it as Capitalists do their capital, then their power becomes economic power. Being in control of a necessary factor of indispensable production, their co-operation in production becomes not only necessary, but must be sought upon its own terms. Their monopoly of a necessity is a positive power which they can employ for their own purpose, good, bad, or indifferent as the case may be. In any event it is a power; and an economic power, since it connotes an ability

to give or to withhold indispensable production. The point may be illustrated by a fancy. Suppose a group of millionaires were to buy up all the labour (that is, labourers) in the country, exactly as they might buy up all the horses; and only hire them out as they chose. Having a monopoly of a prime factor in all production, such a group would have Capital in its control within twenty-four hours. Substitute the Trade Unions for millionaires, and you have the object of Labour organisation defined.

Readers and Writers.

My remarks on psychological education have brought me not only many interesting letters, for which I am grateful to the writers; and the series of articles by "T. R. C.," for which my readers as well as I should be grateful; but a correction upon a point upon which I am only too willing to be corrected, namely, the originality of my suggestion. It seems, after all, that it is old—at least as old as a collection of Papers published in 1912 by members of the Education Department of the Armstrong College at Newcastle; and even these contain precise quotations from earlier authorities like Dr. Keatinge, the present Reader in Education in the University of Oxford. Dr. Keatinge's latest work, "Studies in Education" (A. and C. Black. 5s. net), I have now obtained and read. Unlike many books quoted for a single illuminating sentence, "Studies in Education" really comes up to sample, if I may use the expression. It is modern in my own special sense of the word; it is original in the sense that Dr. Keatinge aims at a new spirit in both the aims and the methods of popular education; and it is broad and humane in contrast with the narrow pedanticism of the usual pedagogue. Altogether, in short, Dr. Keatinge's work robs me of any glory I may have extracted for my imagined originality; and at the same time relieves me of more than that, namely, the necessity to harp much more upon a single string. To return, however, to the Armstrong Papers. On my way to the articles specially marked to teach me my modest place in educational theory, my eye dropped on a reference to Quintilian. Quintilian has always had an attraction for me since ever I discovered that Poggio's discovery and translation of his Oratory made such a powerful contribution to the culture of the Italian Renaissance. What a period that was, when taste and imagination, as well as industry and reason, were objects of general culture! But no matter just now; the article on Quintilian I found to contain a sentence I have long looked for—his summary of the needs of the perfect orator (or writer or thinker or artist, for the matter of that!) Here it is: "None can be an orator unless he be a good man." Simple, is it not; and a little, it may be imagined, on the soft side? But, then, it is true! On the other hand, for the confounding of the Puritans, I would make two observations on it. In the first place, it is not so easy to define the "good" man; and certainly he is not necessarily the good man of the passing fashion. To be good to-day and in the esteem of the contemporary world is not of necessity to be good for all time; for what if the standard of contemporary judgment be not that of the historic and large world? And in the second place here, as on many occasions before, I would deprecate the wretched habit of the literary gossipers who conclude from the nosed-out incidents of a man's life the defects of his work which otherwise these poor critics would never have discovered for themselves. Have done with literary criticism based on inside and personal information; and let critics divine the man in his work and not read the work in the man. If there be defects in the man's character (as, surely, there must be), be satisfied to discover them in his work, and do not ask for any further confirmation. The style is all the man with whom literary criticism ought to be engaged. And now really to return to the Armstrong Papers, I find that in one of them the very distinction I made between logical and psychological education has been made by Professor J. M. Forster. "The logical treatment of a subject," he says, "logical, that is, from the adult's standpoint, is not necessarily the psychological." And he continues into the very field into which I entered, namely, the field of Moral Instruction. Another writer, Mr. W. M. Surtees, quotes Dr. Moulton to my pleasurable undoing in the following passage: "The fatal blunder of modern education which considers every other mental power to stand in need of training but leaves taste and imagination to shift for themselves." Did Dr. Moulton indeed write that? I could have sworn I wrote it myself. But no, on second thoughts, I have a reservation to make; not *all* other powers of the mind than taste and imagination are trained in modern education. Far from it; but I will return to that later. Mr. Surtees, like Professor Forster, offers us examples of the methods by which he carries out his ideas; and here they are set out in a form scarcely distinguishable from the form with which T. R. C., not to mention again Mr. Caldwell Cook and Mr. Lamborn, have made us familiar. Will my chastening anonymous correspondent *now* affirm that the teachers are not yet born or made who can practise psychological education, at least in its elementary forms? Let me overwhelm him with a final piece of evidence. If, I say, the numbers of teachers my remarks have brought to light are not enough to convince him that the teachers are ready and waiting, let him listen to the recantation of Mr. Godfrey Thomson, also of these Papers. Having, he said, attended a model lesson in psychological education, he cautiously said in 1909: "It is doubtful whether such lessons could be given by an ordinary English teacher." Almost the very words, you will see, of my sceptical friend. By 1912, however, Mr. Thomson had found cause to change his mind. "I wish to recant," he writes; "such lessons *can* be given by many teachers." With even more assurance, therefore, I affirm it; and loudly enough I hope upon this occasion to silence my watchdog's honest bark.

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The reservation I had in mind after meditating Dr. Moulton's opinion quoted above was this: taste and imagination by no means exhaust the mental powers left untrained by modern education. I have, I see, run a considerable risk in my recent notes upon psychological education, of appearing, nevertheless, to endorse Dr. Moulton's view. But it is wrong. What, I contend, we ought to be after is even more than the training of the known but neglected faculties of the mind, the discovery, in the first instance, and the training in the second, of faculties whose very existence we only now surmise from occasional evidences. It is true that the training of taste and imagination, in addition to the training of the other known faculties, would give us a type of culture more complete than now generally exists; but in producing such a culture we should, after all, be only reproducing cultures that have formerly existed among the Greeks, the Romans and the Italians. And what we—I say we, with your permission—are really after, is a superior culture to any that has yet existed, a culture, if you like to say so, of the superman. That the "superman" will be a man, and not a blonde beast, I take to be common ground after the present war. The blonde beast, even if, as Nietzsche's Judases maintain in his name, this being is the embryo of the Superman, we shall certainly never allow to develop; but, at the cost of destroying our future, we shall nip him in the bud by cracking him upon the head. Man, in fact, as we know man, is the least we shall expect our superman to be. But is it not possible, after the manner of evolution, to add to man the use of faculties

of mind hitherto latent and dormant, faculties that will at once distinguish him from man in a superior sense? That possibility, at any rate, was in my mind when I first agitated the subject of psychological education.

* * *

One other remark, and I have finished for this week. THE NEW AGE, after all, is neither for children only nor for teachers only—though I should be the first to welcome both of them into its pages. Education, therefore, unless it is specially confined by the context to the period spent at school, must be taken to cover the whole lives of all of us from the cradle to the grave. It is a commonplace that education does not cease with school-life; but it is a new truth that a more intense method of education—self and other—ought to begin when school-life ends. And it is to this new truth that I wished to draw attention in my remarks on psychological education. Psychological education, while it may and should begin in the days of youth, can be perfected only in later years. Not until the child has become a man will it become more than man. We old dogs have many new tricks to learn!

R. H. C.

Shy.

I HAD always instinctively known that Gladys was one of those nice girls who never look twice at a man till they see the right one—in Gladys' case, myself. And, naturally, I was not surprised to find her resisting my repeated invitations to a little dinner in town. She made all sorts of pretty excuses, each one prettier than the other—she was so sorry, but she had an engagement with a girl that evening; in fact, every evening that week, or she couldn't leave her mother—and so on. But I knew perfectly well that really she was too shy. You could read shyness in her little careful smiles; her whole charm lay in it. And what a comfort it was to find, after all I had read, that there was still a girl in England with the womanliness to feel shy in the presence of a man. What a lucky fellow I was, I said to myself. But what on earth she could see in me I did not know. However, this shyness, perfect as it was, had to be broken down; it was rather in the way this once. For I was expecting to be sent into the country for a long absence from town, and to have to go without having had Gladys to myself for an evening would be too cruel. To cut short a long catalogue of disappointments and failures, I will only record the fact, as a hint to others, that I believe it was the gift of a suede-bound copy of Mrs. Browning—whom I could never read myself—that at last convinced Gladys that I was not like other men. At any rate, the same afternoon she agreed to meet me on the following evening, and I may say that at once there was no happier man on earth than me. I spent the interval in intermittently wondering where to take her; and, I assure you, the vexed question of the boundaries between Decency and Dullness was still unsettled in my mind when I arrived at our trysting-place nearly an hour too early. We had arranged to meet at half-past six. I was there at a quarter to, and Gladys came hurrying along at five past seven, having left me a period in which I had had time to feel prospectively more at ease with her than ever before. Her little apology was charming, and I can still see the half-timid, half-playful glance she threw as she said: "Do forgive me, but everything went wrong just at the very last moment. It always does, doesn't it?" I stood rapt before the charming picture she made. I can't describe her dress; but you will perhaps gather the effect when I say that it put words into my mouth and took them out again before I could summon courage to say them. In a word, it was like herself, charming.

I submitted the choice of restaurants to Gladys. She declared she knew none. How should she, indeed? And cursing myself for the indelicacy of my suggestion I was about to propose a place to which I remembered being taken by my aunt for tea, when, a little to my surprise, Gladys murmured the name of one of the jolliest places in London. "I believe you can get dinner there," she said. "I have heard people say so." Then I saw what was in her mind. She was thinking that had I been alone or with a man that was certainly where I should have gone. I thought it was really magnificent of her. In the taxi I tried again to tell her how charming she looked; but though I could feel the words in my eyes, they would not come to my lips. And Gladys kept apologising so prettily for being late; and so prettily again for being ever so late, that she might have been doing it every night of her life, and I never tiring of listening. I contrasted her ease of apology with my stiffness of correctitude, and cursed myself again and again for a boor. I was pleased when at the sight of us the manager of the restaurant advanced smiling and bowing good-evening to "madam," for all the world as if I were an habitué of the place. In truth, however, I had only been there once before in my life. Gladys, I should add, seemed rather annoyed by his attention. It was just like her shyness. Our dinner was chosen for us by suggestion, and the waiter undertook to reveal a wine to Gladys' maiden taste, which apparently he had divined upon the instant. I was relieved and grateful. I had been myself on the point of suggesting a lemon-squash. But the waiter had saved me from that banality. Moreover, I should never have seen Gladys as she really was through the glass of a mere lemon-squash. This wine gave one vision. Dainty and fair as Queen Mab looked Gladys as she fluttered there among the table-flowers like a meadow-butterfly. Suppose, I thought, one had one's own little home to come back to in the evening with Gladys always sitting opposite one at dinner, and again at breakfast, smiling at one as she passed one one's tea—what a lucky fellow I was! What on earth she could see in me I didn't know.

The conversation, which was surprisingly easy on Gladys' side, ranged from theatres to dancing. Gladys confessed she loved theatres and dancing; but, alas, of course, she could never have enough of them. I thought what a poor little Cinderella she was, always to be staying at home, while other girls, not half so pretty, were able to enjoy themselves night after night. "We must alter all that," I said, with an air of proprietorship, forgetting that any day I might be sent into the country. "And suppose we begin to-night with a theatre?" Gladys was thrilled, as I expected her to be, and thanked me with the sort of glance that throws star-dust in a man's eyes. But she wouldn't hear of it, she said; for I had been too nice and kind as it was; besides, she must really be getting home. Her mother would be anxious. You must remember—you who read—that I was expecting to be sent into the country any day for many a day; and this might be my only evening with Gladys. Could I bear to think that it was finished already? I asked her the question and told her the answer with the help of a second Cointreau. By the way, I will just record, as a hint to others, how perfectly charming Gladys looked playing with a liqueur. She had refused at first to take any of the strange stuff, and the waiter, who evidently understood that Gladys was on a holiday, annoyed her extremely by filling her glass. But, somehow, she knew just what to do with it. Every time she sipped she gave a dear little gurgle, screwing up her eyes till her face broke into mischievous little wrinkles—like dimples on a pool in May. And every time she sipped she declared that she wouldn't touch another drop; and though I swore it wouldn't hurt her, I told her not to bother to finish it. But she was awfully sporting, and drank it to the last drop.

The question now was where to go for the precious minutes that remained of the time Gladys at last conceded to my importunity. I didn't dare suggest going

into the café next door: it was usually full of a rather lively, Bohemian sort of people, who, I was afraid, might shock Gladys with their free-and-easy ways; and I was about to propose having another cup of coffee where we were, when, a little to my surprise, Gladys, with a daring little tone in her voice (as if she had heard of sin in a book), said: "Shall we go to the Café de Moscow for a moment?" I thought this was really magnificent of her; for I saw exactly what was in her mind. She was thinking that had I been alone or with a man the Café de Moscow was certainly where I should have gone. And I was right in my theory; for at once she added: "Just do exactly what you would if I weren't here." So off we went to the café.

My fear as to what Gladys would think of so unusual a scene was quickly removed when I saw that instead of being abashed and embarrassed, as I had expected, she was openly amused and laughed gaily, though, of course, quietly, at some of the, what she called, quaintest figures she had ever seen. All this confirmed my assurance that Gladys was just the sort of girl I had been longing to meet all my life. Broad-minded enough not to be shocked by people with different ways from her own, and yet not the type of girl who if, say, you were married to her, would want to drag you out to these sort of places when all you wanted was to sit by the fire, or stroll round the garden, or go alone. Why weren't there more women like her? What a lucky fellow I was. What she could see in me, I didn't know. I was so absorbed in my castle-building—or, to be precise, semi-detached villa speculations—that I don't suppose I should have noticed Gladys bowing to someone I couldn't see for a pillar, if she hadn't blushed on catching my eye. "Fancy," she said, "seeing a friend of my brother's here. I do horribly hope he won't tell mother." I was ashamed of myself. Gladys had honoured me by trusting herself for the first time in her life to be taken out by a man, because I wasn't like other men, and here was I behaving as much like other men as any man. I cursed myself for dragging her to such a place. I cursed myself for keeping her out till such an hour. I cursed myself for not knocking the fellow down for daring to notice that she was there. "What on earth you will think of me for bringing you to such a place——" I began. But Gladys wouldn't hear a word of apology. "It's my own fault entirely," she declared. "I was so afraid of spoiling your evening, I determined to come just wherever you suggested." (The darling, I looked.) "And in any case," she went on, "it has been a great experience. I shall never forget my first dinner with you in town." "But will you ever come again?" I ventured. "To-morrow, say?" She wouldn't promise, but she had enjoyed herself frightfully. And now she really must be going. Would I see her to the Tube? I certainly would not. There was a taxi-stand just outside; and what should we be doing with a tube? No: neither would I hear of a bus. "But a taxi!" she gasped. "It's miles down to Kensington. No, please, do let me go by tube. I shall be quite all right, really." I insisted with the right of a man. "I've been careless enough already," I said. "And I shan't sleep unless I see you safely to your door." "It's awfully good of you," she murmured.

How fragile she looked, standing prettily shuddering there in the half-light of the street-lamps which, I was thankful, had had sufficient of their mourning removed to allow me to see Gladys' dear little profile quite plainly. I could have wished to be able to paint it for ever and ever. I noticed that even the taxi-driver glanced twice at her, not rudely, of course, and I took a fancy to him at once. I turned from Gladys to give him directions.

"Gainsb——" I began.

"Gainsborough Gardens, sir? No. 12? Right you are, sir. *I* know."

H. M. TAYLOR.

Some Experiments in "Psychological Education."

III.

To return to the nature studies. B's was a disgrace, and I told him so.

"B, this won't do. You hardly thought at all. Look at this:—'I pass through a dark forest. The branches are laden with leaves. Great trunks, gnarled and rough, raise their heads to the light of day, which they shut out from passers-by.' You're not entitled to say, 'raise their heads to the light of day.' It's not your own. 'Mossy cushions are everywhere. I seat myself on one and look around me.' Too jerky. 'A squirrel darts about, then stops to crack a nut. A flick of the tail and he is gone.'—That's all right: you wanted it jerky there. You must have *seen* that squirrel. But look at this:—'A tiny brook is babbling over its pebbles beside me.'—I told you about 'babbling' a few minutes ago.—'Minnows are sporting in a deep pool under an overhanging bank.'—'Sporting' is as bad as 'babbling.' You couldn't have seen those minnows very clearly. Look at this piece out of Y's essay:

'In the shallows I saw a lot of little fishes, with their heads upstream, and keeping themselves in their places by a very gentle and almost imperceptible movement of their fins.' He *saw* them: you didn't. Do you see the difference? Right.—'I watch them with interest. Tiny flowers are in bloom. I follow the brook.'—Look at all these short little sentences. Why didn't you connect them with participial constructions and relative clauses?—You know how to do it. But I don't want to talk about style now; if you only write sincerely, style will come of itself.* It came in that splendid account of the Armada you did last week. Or, take Z's essay which I've just read out. Look how easily it flows. Well, we'll go on.—'Presently it becomes wider, and finally splashes over a little waterfall. There is an opening in the masses of foliage, through which the sun shines. The rays cause the wet pebbles to shine like the water.'—That's not so bad; but——'From afar the church-bells are pealing out a merry call on this peaceful Easter morn. The lowing of cattle is borne to my ears on the wings of the soft breeze.'—Shocking! Like a cheap Christmas card; do you follow me? You're sure you understand? Well, don't have anything to do with Christmas cards in future. That's where Y and Z beat you this time: they haven't got any to look at, and so they see the real thing. You know what I said about your own thoughts being better than other people's: now look at Z's essay again:—

Trees appear in sight, forming an archway across its path; some broken branches fall in on one side; then, like a haughty person, it brushes them aside and is lost to sight. It appears again quite soon, but what a change! A beggar clothed in a brown and ragged suit.

That last line is worth a thousand Christmas cards. Well, we may as well finish yours.—'The sky is cloudless. I merge from the forest into a large meadow. The happy voices of children at play ring over the meadow.'"

"Oh, *sir*!" (comprehensively.)

"Very well, we won't go on. I can see you understand, but I know myself how very difficult it is to avoid such phrases. You'll have to be extremely careful when you write, and equally careful about what you read. Don't forget."

"Thank you, sir."

When I asked C to come up, there was a chorus of "Do read us C's, sir. You said it was so good."

"I will, if you like; but I'm afraid you won't understand it. I don't suppose even C understands how good it is. You may be able to write these things, but

* The universality of this principle I have since begun to doubt, for reasons which will soon appear.

you aren't old enough to appreciate them. Remember how you all told me yesterday that you couldn't see the slightest beauty in those first lines of Omar Khayyam I wrote on the board as an example of a metaphor. Mind you, I'd far rather have you honest than insincere or affected. There are numbers of people who pretend they like a thing when they don't really. When you go on to a Public School you'll find you'll begin to appreciate poetry; but, as it isn't 'the thing' at a Public School, you probably won't be honest enough to admit it. Perhaps you'll be wise not to admit it; but, on the other hand, don't be stupid enough to try *not* to appreciate it, or to think it's all nonsense. And now listen carefully to this :—

AUTUMN.

One day I was walking through the woods during the autumn, and the brown leaves of the trees had formed a carpet on the ground. I thought to myself how beautiful the scene was.

When one or two leaves were blown away, sometimes a great many others followed, as if trying to catch the runaways and bring them back to their proper places. There was an evergreen shrub near me, and behind it the sun was trying in vain to cast its rays through, like a cannon trying to blow down a fortress. Now and then it would succeed in casting its rays like a cannon when it had sent forth its shell through a part of the fortress, the evergreen tree representing the fortress.

On the other hand of me a man was rushing along, looking for some friend. I followed him for a long time. The man suddenly took a bend, and I nearly ran into him. He ran round bushes, and at last, after a long pursuit, he found her in a lake. He was very angry, and he was running hard just before the lake, and he ran right into it and was happy. He had found his friend. Everything was calm then.

A lot of birds were singing and flying about, and everything seemed merry. Suddenly rain came down, and the birds took shelter under some large tree. The birds reminded me of boys at play, and the rain as the bell for work. As it had begun to rain, I thought I had better go home.

Now, which of you understood what C meant?"

One bashful, four clouded, and two eager faces.

"You're sure no one else knows? All right, then, tell them what it means, you two."

"*It was a brook, really, running into the lake.*"

"Of course, it was."

Now, what is one to make of this "man rushing along looking for some friend"? To be frank, the idea filled me with a sense of awe. And those last words—"*Everything was calm then*"—Are they just the simple rounding off of a badly expressed thought, or do they mean something more than they express? Esoteric, mystic, inspired—these are the uninvited epithets that intrude upon my mind.—Let them be smothered at once; for these examples are given solely to illustrate the workings of "psychological education," and, therefore, must of necessity be left to stand or fall on their own merits.

But how much of C's fancy was due to C himself, and how much to this psychological method, it is impossible to say, though I don't think he could have written it before the method was put into operation. Certainly, he couldn't have written the following passage, which is taken from "Sensations of a Fighting Man," a subject that I gave the form a few days ago. I asked for a series of vivid sensations felt by a man during a battle and, to avoid as far as possible unoriginality of thought, I put the present war out of bounds, but gave the form a fair field of scope from Marathon to Trafalgar. My last instruction was, "Rack your brains." C racked his as follows :—

It was the time of the Norman Conquest. I was in the army of Harold King of England. . . .

Suddenly, before we had time to think, a shower of arrows came down, and the first thing I saw after this violent shower (for no one could see through it, it was so thick) was a great number of dead bodies lying about. My sensations were peculiar, for the land which I was on, and which was so peaceful a few minutes before, was now covered with blood. It seemed strange that this should be so. Then I remembered I was in the battle, and must have my full wits about me, and that I must not take to heart so much and dream upon the things that I saw.

Our army was advancing now; so I went with it. I will remember to my very death the face of a man who was next to me. An arrow had caught him on his cheek, and his face made me shiver. He fell off his horse, and the horse galloped away. Then we let off our arrows, and at the same time the enemy let off theirs, and they went so quickly that when the arrows met in the air they formed an arch for one second, but then the arch disappeared, the arrows going on to do their deadly work. Then we met the enemy, and had a regular hand-to-hand fight. I can hardly describe my sensations in this desperate conflict. Everything seemed to be making its way towards me. I remember seeing shadowy forms before me, then hearing an awful shriek which reminded me of a bird of prey just catching hold of its prey; then I lost consciousness, the last thing I remember hearing was a bugle.

It is unseemly to praise one's own wares, but surely this shows a most remarkable mental effort : sadly unsuccessful in places, but—"everything seemed to be making its way towards me!" How could that be improved upon? And the flight of arrows that "formed an arch for one second!" Ill-expressed in one sense, but yet how vivid!

C's inarticulateness, I believe, is largely due to a supremely conscientious endeavour to carry out my instructions. But that fact does not lessen the value of this psychological method, for it must be remembered that what value it possesses, and is intended to impart, lies in the mind of the child, and cannot fairly be estimated by results on paper, which are only incomplete verbal manifestations thereof.

C's thoughts have become, for the time being, masters of his words. Formerly, they were equal, or even in a subservient position thereto, and he used to write the normally articulate essay of a normally intelligent boy. But though his powers of verbal expression are temporarily incapable of keeping pace with his growth of thought, they cannot have been *weakened by this method, which, in the case of Y and* Z, has, without doubt, effected a simultaneous improvement in both thought and expression. As for B, whose facility of expression was prejudicial to depth of thought, if I am not mistaken, it will be a long time before he writes anything *less faulty* than "A Day and Night with Sir Francis Drake," but he is now getting past the initiative stage, and beginning to create for himself, as the following extracts show. (The form was told to compare, under the title "Youth and Age," the life of a man with the course of a river from its source to the sea.)

I stand like a sponsor at the font by the source of a brook. It seems as if I promise to follow it on its journey, as the parent follows the child, reproving its wrong deeds. As I follow the brook I reflect on the likenesses between the journey of a brook to a river and the life of a human being. Presently we come to some tiny rocks, and farther on some bigger ones. The water foams round them, and eventually passes them. This makes the likenesses more similar, for the brook finds trouble in passing the rocks in its course, and a child finds difficulty in passing temptations. Several tiny brooks flow into the stream, here and there causing little eddies. This makes it seem like new elements coming into a child's life, and the joy or displeasure with which he receives them.

On and on we go, until we come to a town. Here the water gets dirtier and the banks are walled up. We come to the stage where man is exposed to many temptations. The brook is a brook no longer, but a large river. The end of its journey is not far off now. This is the stage when man, also, is drawing near to the end. In life we often find temptation stronger

towards the end of our lives, as this is the chance for the Devil to drag us down to hell. . . . At last we come to the sea. Here the water lingers awhile, as if saying good-bye to its friends and preparing itself for death, very like we men do, and then it goes into the sea.

Leaving the facile B struggling for the first time with original thought, listen to C's fancies which are already becoming more articulate.

. . . Then it entered an avenue of willow-trees which bent over the river and formed an arch. These willow-trees were the guardians of the stream in its youth. . . .

After a few miles there was a small town, and the stream, or rather river, thought that it (had) better be polite now, so it did not rush along, but went slowly. . . . At last it was time for the willow-tree guardians to leave it altogether. It was with great sorrow that they parted, but now the river had come to a fairly good age, and must learn to do things for itself. . . .

The river was getting very old, and could not go quickly as it used to in its young days. Its experience was very great, for it was passing through a large city, with great warehouses and buildings. Again the river felt it was clogged up, and one day it felt it could endure its hardships no longer, and got angry, and tossed the ships about. Then afterwards, tired of life, it plunged into the sea, and ended its miseries like a man who commits suicide.

T. R. C.

We Moderns.

By Edward Moore.

PSYCHOLOGY OF THE HUMBLE.—There is something very naïve in those who speak of humility as a certain good and of pride as a proven evil. In the first place these are not opposites at all; there are a hundred kinds of both, and humility is sometimes simply a refined form of pride. Humility may be prudence, or good taste, or timidity, or a concealment, or a sermon, or a snub. How much of it, for instance, is simple prudence? Is not this, indeed, its chief *utility*, that it saves men from the dangers which accompany pride? On the day on which someone discovered that "Pride goeth before a fall," humility became no mean virtue. For if one become the servant and proclaim himself the least of all, how can he still fall? Yet if he does it is a fall into greater humility, and his virtue only shows the brighter. This is the sagacity of the humble, that they turn even ignominy to their glorification.

Humility is most commonly used with a different meaning, however. There are people who wish to be anonymous and uniform, and people who desire to be personal and distinct. Or, more exactly, it is their instincts that seek these ends. The first are humble in the fundamental sense that they are instinctively so; the latter are proud in the same sense. Humility, then, is the desire to be as others are and to escape notice; and this desire can only be realised in conformity. It is true, people become conceited after a while about their very conformity, and would be wounded in their vanity if they failed to comply with fashion; but vanity and humility are not incompatible.

Pride, however, is something much more subtle. The naïve, unconventional contemners of pride, who plead with men to cast it out, have certainly no idea what would happen if they were obeyed. For pride is the condition of all fruitful action. This thought must be consciously or sub-consciously present in the doer, What I do is of value! I am capable of doing a thing which is worth doing! The Christian, it is true, still acts, though he is convinced that all action is sinful and of little worth. But it is only his mind that is convinced: his instincts are by no means persuaded of the truth of this! For though in the conscious there may be self-doubt, in the unconscious there *must* be pride, or actions would not be performed at all. Moreover, in all those qualities which are personal and not common in personality, pride is an essential ingredient. The pronoun "I" is itself an affirmation of pride. The feeling, This is *my*self, this quality is *my* quality, by possessing it I am different from you, these things constitute *my* personality and *are* me: what a naïve assumption of the valuableness of these qualities do we have there, how much pride is there in that unconscious confession! And without this instinctive pride, these qualities, personality could never have been possible. In the heart of all distinct, valuable and heroic things, pride lies coiled. Yes, even in the heart of humility, of the most refined, spiritual humility. For such humility is *not* a conformity; it separates and individualises its possessor as effectually as pride could; it takes its own path and not that of the crowd; and so its source must be in an inward sense of worth, of independence: it is a form of pride. But pride is so closely woven into life that to wound it is to wound life; to abolish it, if that were possible, would be to abolish life. Well do its subtler defamers know that! And when they shoot their arrows at pride, it is Life they hope to hit.

AGAINST THE OSTENTATIOUSLY HUMBLE.—He who is truly humble conceals even his humility.

THE PRIDE OF THE STERILE.—Ecclesiastical, ceremonious humility is the pride of those who cannot create or initiate, either because they are sterile, or because the obstacles in their way are too great. Their pride is centred, not on what they can do, but on what they can endure. The anchorite goes into the wilderness, perhaps rather to get his background than to escape attention, and there imposes upon himself the most difficult and loathsome tasks, enduring not only outward penances, fasting and goading of the flesh, but such inward convulsions, portents and horrors, as the soul of man has by no other means experienced. Here, in endurance, is his power, and here, therefore, is his pride: the poor Atlas, who does not remove, but supports mountains, and these of his own making!

Men who have the power to create but are at the same time extremely timid belong to this class. Rather than venture outside themselves they will do violence to their own nature. The forces which in creation would have been liberated are pent within them and cause untold restlessness, uneasiness and pain. Religions which stigmatise "self-expression," separating the individual into an "outward" and an "inward" and raising a barrier between the two, encourage the growth of this type of man. These religions themselves have their roots in a timidity, a fear of pain. For self-expression is by no means painless; it is, on the contrary, a great cause of suffering. Essentially its outcome is strife, the clash of egos: Tragedy is the great recognition in Art of this truth. Christianity saw the suffering which conflict brought with it, said it was altogether evil, and sought to abolish it. But a law of Life cannot be abolished: strife, driven from the world of outward events, retreated into the very core of man, and there became baleful, indeed, disintegrating, and subversive. The early Christians did not see that men would suffer more from that inward psychic conflict than from the other. It was the

Greeks who elevated conflict to an honourable position in their outward actions; with them, as Nietzsche said, there was no distinction between the "outward" and "inward"; they lived completely and died once. But the Christians, to use the words of St. Paul, "died daily." How true was that of those proudly humble anchorites! What a light it throws upon their sternly endured convulsions of the soul! In the end, Death itself came no doubt to many of them as a relief from this terribly protracted "dying." Perhaps one thing, however, made their lives bearable and even enjoyable —the power of the soul to plumb its own sufferings and capacity for endurance. Psychology arose first among the ecclesiastically humble men.

Well, let us count up our gains and losses. Spiritual humility, wherever it has spread, has certainly weakened the expression of Life: for it has weakened man by introducing within him a disrupting conflict. But it has also made Life subtler and deeper; it has enlarged the inward world of man, even if it has straitened the world outside. So that when we return—as we must—to the Pagan ideal of "expression," our works shall be richer than those of the Pagans, for man has now *more* to express.

WHEN PRIDE IS NECESSARY.—Perhaps in all great undertakings into which uncertainty enters pride is necessary. In the Elizabethan age, our most productive and adventurous age, pride was at its zenith. Was that pride the necessary condition of that productiveness? Would the poets, the thinkers, and the discoverers have attempted what they did attempt, had they been humble men? What is needed is more enquiry: a new psychology, and, above all, a new history of pride.

HUMILITY AND THE ARTISTS.—There is one man, at any rate, who has always owed more to pride than to humility—the artist. Whether it be in himself, where it is almost the condition of productiveness, or in others, where it is the cause of all actions and movements aesthetically agreeable, Pride is his great benefactor. All artists are proud, but not all have the good conscience of their pride. In their thoughts they permit themselves to be persuaded too much by the theologians; they have not enough "free spirit" to say, "Pride is my atmosphere, in which I create. I do not choose to refute my atmosphere."

But if pride were banished even from the remainder of Life, how poor would the artists be left! For every gesture that is beautiful, all free, spirited, swift movement and all noble repose have in them pride. Humility uglifies, except, indeed, the humility which is a form of pride; that has a sublimity of its own. Even the Christian Church—the Church of the humble —had to make its ceremonies magnificent to make itself aesthetically presentable; without its magnificence it would have been an impossible institution. Humility, to be supportable, must have in it an admixture of pride. That gives it *standing*. It was His subtle pride that communicated to the humility of Jesus its gracious "charm."

Poetic tragedy and pride are profoundly associated. No event is tragic which has not arisen out of pride, and has been borne proudly: the Greeks knew that. But, as well, is not pride at times laughable and absurd? Well, what does that prove, except that comedy as well as tragedy has been occasioned by it? Humility is not even laughable!

LOVE AND PRIDE.—Pride is so indissolubly bound up with everything great, Joy, Beauty, Courage, Creation, that surely it must have had some celestial origin. Who created it? Was it Love, who wished to shape a weapon for itself, the better to fashion things? Pride has so much to do with creation that sometimes it imagines it is a creator. But that it is not. Only Love can create. Pride was fashioned out of a rib taken from the side of Love.

Views and Reviews.

SCULPTURE AND SALVATION.

THE controversy that has arisen in THE NEW AGE concerning the sculpture of Mr. Jacob Epstein is a tribute at least to his power. It is the fate of the feeble to be ignored, of the violent to be suppressed, of the enigmatic to be explained; and Mr. Epstein never exhibits a work but a crowd of interpreters descends upon it. He himself prefers to rest silent in his work, as he states on the programme, and thereby deliberately classes himself with the enigmatic. Either he thinks that his work is self-explanatory, or he is attempting to enhance its interest by a pretence of mystery. That his work is not self-explanatory, the controversy proves; he has revealed nothing but the discord that exists among all interpreters when the text is doubtful. This fact really expresses the limitation of his power; the Sphinx puzzles, but the God reveals, and the greatest power is obviously that which is so clearly expressed that its meaning is immediately intelligible. On the one hand, St. Paul's exclamation: "Behold, I show you a mystery"; on the other, Pope's "True no-meaning puzzles more than wit." Jacob Epstein, powerful as he is, is less powerful than an artist should be, because he rests silent in work that does not express his conception so clearly that the beholder is immediately seised of it. His work is not a revelation, but a riddle; it asks questions of, demands explanations from, those who view it, instead of telling them something. If it is the work of the artist not to ask questions but to furnish answers, Jacob Epstein must be admitted to fail as an artist. He may be a good stonemason, as the "Venus" shows, a good quarryman, as the "Mother and Child" shows; but not an artist.

I am referring, of course, to what have been called his "abstract monuments," not to his portraiture. No one is puzzled by his heads and busts, because he has remembered here the importance of first impressions, *the first commandment of the artistic decalogue*. The question of an agreement with his conceptions is irrelevant; all that we have a right to ask from an artist is that his conception, in its main outlines, should be immediately apparent, although, of course, we cannot exhaust that meaning at a first view. His portraiture fulfils this condition; it asks no questions, although it may tell lies, or, rather, reveal something in the person that is visible only to the sculptor. Mr. W. H. Davies, for example, may be the "merry, cock-eyed, curious-looking sprite," the Perky Pan, that Mr. Epstein represents; but I doubt whether anyone else would discover that characteristic expression either in Mr. Davies' physiognomy or his poetry. But whether or not the conception is a true one, it is a clear one; the head "lives," and the question whether it ought to be allowed to live is really irrelevant in this case.

It is in his portraiture that his power, and its limitation, is most apparent; he can vitalise, but he cannot create. So much has been said of the sexual degeneracy of some of his models that his vivid handling of them has not been properly noted. He has exhibited the characteristic generosity of the artist in, for example, the "Small Figure Study" of a tubercular type; he has imbued it with a vitality that is not congruous with the physique, a stable vigour that is different in kind from the frenetic tensions that are characteristic of the type. If his choice of a subject was morbid, his artistic intention was miraculous; he tried to quicken the dead (or, at least, the moribund) by transmitting

his own vigour to it. To all alike, to the quick and the dead, he gives something of his own poise, his own strength; and if his models are sometimes pathological, the spirit with which he imbues them is the spirit of health.

But by so doing he betrays a preference which his "Venus" plainly states. Degeneracy is not "the spirit of health"; it is "the goblin damned" that should tell its own tale of mortality; it is failing health, life on the descending arc, and the flabby flesh, the sagging muscles, the drooping skeleton, all, in fact, tell the same story of coming dissolution. The spirit does not sustain, but sinks, flaring now and again into spasmodic action. But Epstein's hetairæ are all healthy, are vital enough to live for ever; he is here a saviour of the worst type, because he does not save his people from their sins but from the consequences of their sins. The determination to immortalise the degenerate is plainly stated in his "Venus"; his Venus is not an abstract idea, but a concrete expression of a preference, and that preference is dual and contradictory. It is a preference both for fecundity and sterility. His Venus requires no metaphysical explanations; she is simply the modern mother who cannot feed her own child.

It was a poetaster who said

> If to her share some female errors fall,
> Look in her face, and you'll forgive them all.

But Epstein will not permit you to forgive his Venus; she has no face. It is as though he said that he would not forgive the degenerate woman who became a mother, that he would, on the contrary, make her ridiculous. Her hands are not only rudimentary, they are fixed to her sides; she is helpless, inept, in the very situation that demands all her skill. She is a figure for laughter, yet he chose her, I do not doubt, with quite other intentions. That everlasting contradiction between his own vital instincts and his curious preoccupation with degeneracy is here expressed in the condemnation of caricature.

Admitting, then, that Epstein is both morbid and vital, that his conception condemns his choice, it is incumbent on the critic to resolve the contradiction. The solution is, I think, to be found in his very vitality, in an almost Buddhistic reverence for life. He is too kind to echo Swinburne's prayer:

> From too much love of living,
> From hope and fear set free,
> I thank, with brief thanksgiving,
> Whatever gods may be,
> That no life lives for ever.

He lacks the courage to condemn, and disguises his abjuration of the right of judgment by pretending to be a Sphinx. But the Sphinx is only halfway to mastery; the Sphinx proposes, but the God disposes, and when Epstein is surer than he is at present of the two directions of life, of the ascending and descending phases, he may choose to create that thing of beauty which will be a joy for ever rather than to grant a Tithonus immortality to conceptions that his own vital instincts condemn. He plays with degeneracy in the hope of vitalising it; it attracts him as weakness always attracts strength. Nature, it is said, abhors a vacuum, and Epstein rushes in where doctors fear to tread. As an artist he is vampirised by his choice of decadent subjects; he pours out his strength indiscriminately on things that ought to die as well as on things that ought to live. He has all the qualities of an artist except selection, and all the desires of a saviour. Like the Anglican God, "he desireth not the death of a sinner," but does not proceed to help him to "turn from his wickedness and live." Sooner or later, he must cease to be a Sphinx, and exercise his choice, must cease to condemn his choice and express his own living power directly in beauty instead of obliquely in caricature; for life will not be denied even by the duality of Jacob Epstein.

A. E. R.

Reviews.

Industrial Training, also Internationalism, from 1883 to 1913. Compiled by Charles Hobson. (Hudson & Son, Birmingham.)

No question after the War will present to this country more possibilities and difficulties than that of the formation of a new industrial State, that is, industrial in a strictly human and occupational sense. To start with, it will demand a changed view of the subject-matter of economics, and, therefore, new definitions of such terms as Capital, Labour, the State, Wealth, Work and Efficiency. It will require us to take the vital energy of the industrial worker as the fundamental subject-matter of economics in place of its golden image; to exalt weal where wealth has been too long. The movement towards a Commonweal is not new. It has been evident for some time, and has three stages. Karl Marx, in his anxiety for the welfare of the worker, invented the economic fable of the labourer being worthy of his hire. Next, some scientist discovered the biologic man, which yielded the assumption that the labourer must be made worthy of his hire. To-day, the third stage has been reached with the discovery of the vital man by the National Guildsman. Apparently, he is a man who feels himself very much alive, and proves by all he says and does that the true labourer in the vineyard is worthy in the best sense, and has nothing whatever to do with hire. His first and last concern is with livingness, and his constant prayer is the uncommon one, "Grant me in heal-*th* and weal-*th* long to live that I may fully indulge my capacity for creative productiveness."

Though it is easy to say when the true economist first appeared in the biologist's laboratory, it is hard to tell precisely when his conclusions entered the workshop to start the second stage of development by disclosing the "human interest" as a subject-matter for industrial economics. What we do know is that this particular kind of interest has initiated a reform which is very widespread indeed. It claims a consideration which possibly will have the deepest, if not the whole, attention, of the world after the War. Its inevitable successor, the "vital interest," may even have to wait for its turn. But this will come, for the "vital interest" is really the logical end of which the "human interest" is the means. Both are, indeed, concerned with a process of conversion—the conversion of a vague, indefinable Society into an industrial society definitely and precisely limited by a true economic organisation, and not by a false or political one. The practical kind of conversion which was taking place in our midst when the War began is shown by the book under consideration. The book, in fact, indicates very clearly the point of view on the organisation and development of the worker, Trade and Industry, accepted by Labour before the War. As the title implies, the matter falls into two well-defined parts, "The Teaching of Trades in Continental Countries," and "The Origin and Development of Internationalism." The first reveals Labour closely concerned with the idea of technical efficiency; the second discovers its leaders gathering honey, so to speak, from many Congresses. It is not possible, in the space of a short notice, to do much more than provide this general guide to the contents of a book of 600 closely packed pages of facts and figures, which will certainly serve for ready reference whenever the pre-war "success of the foreign competitor with Great Britain as a manufacturing nation in the world's market"—a success largely due to a better system of technical education—is being inquired into. Besides, some, at least, of the facts on the origin and nature of workshop teaching necessitated in this country by international trade rivalry are known already. We know, for instance, that England came to understand the importance of the application of certain educational principles to the workshop long after Germany and

Austria had proved their value as aids to industrial efficiency. But it is not generally known where and how and for what purposes the Continental Trade Schools were established and managed. This information the book supplies in minute detail. Perhaps more might be said about the State School Workshop system of Austria, which practically had the effect of revolutionising the industrial side of the Nation. Nor are many persons familiar with the facts of "the rise and progress of the International Metal Trades Federation," with which the second part of the book is concerned. The Federation appears to have grown "wisibly," as the elder Weller would say, on the fruit of thirteen international congresses, the matter of which makes highly instructive reading, flavoured here and there with "liveliness," to use the beautiful language of the "Ring"—not Wagner's. Which reminds us that, occasionally, when Labour delegates meet to discuss socialism, what goods to put on the market, and kindred high matters, there is an uplifting of the spirit which takes one's breath away.

Russian Memories. By Madame Olga Novikoff. (Herbert Jenkins. 10s. 6d. net.)

Madame Novikoff's memory is not much better than that of any other modern writer of memoirs, e.g., Lady Dorothy Nevill. One gets tired of the persistent apology for egotism, as though autobiography should be anything but egotistical. The modesty that draws attention to itself, as Madame Novikoff's does, is not modesty, but vanity in masquerade. Whatever may be the value of what Madame Novikoff has done (and it is nothing less than the salvation of Europe, if you will permit her to say so), she has met enough people of quality to have something to write about that should be worth reading. Gladstone, Carlyle, Tyndall, Kinglake, the late Lord Clarendon, the Hon. Charles Villiers, Skobeleff, Verestchagin, Sir Henry and Lady Campbell-Bannerman, Froude, Dostoieffsky, all these were her friends, and all of them seem to have conspired to say to Madame Novikoff nothing of any particular interest. For example, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman. "More than once I said to him: 'I recognise your wisdom and prudence in all you say and do, I feel sure the day will come when you will be Prime Minister.' . . . He always (was it simply out of modesty?) denied the possibility of such a happening. But I was right after all, and he was wrong." Which tends to prove that Madame Novikoff would have made a better Premier than C.-B. did. Carlyle, to her, was "a dear old man," and he said: " 'You must publish all your articles.' 'But who will write a preface?' I inquired. 'Will you do so?' The dear old man shook his head, dolefully, and looking at his trembling hand, said, 'I could not, I am too old, but here is a young man,' and he looked at Froude, 'He can do it.' " Mark Twain told her the poorest joke that he ever invented, a rigmarole about a courier who was a singer, and handed his employer a packet of concert, instead of railway, tickets. But if we leave her memories of celebrities, and turn to her great work of reconciliation, we find that it is something of this kind. England becomes horrified, let us say, about Siberia; Madame Novikoff writes to the papers and asks: "What about Portland?" If England becomes horrified about pogroms, she retorts: "I called attention to General Booth's recently published book, 'In Darkest England,' which I had read with something akin to horror." At greater length she wrote to the "Times": "The Jewish question is not entirely religious, but social. Englishmen ought to understand it, for they have to deal very often with the same difficulties. An Anglo-Indian member of Parliament, of great eminence as an administrator in Bengal, was kind enough to lend me an interesting Blue Book on the riots in the Deccan, from which I learn that the most innocent agriculturists in India have repeatedly attacked the Hindoo moneylenders, exactly as our peasants attacked the Jews, and for the same reason. And how did you deal with the difficulty? Not by increasing the licence, but by restricting the opportunities of the Hindoo moneylenders; and as you do it with some success, your example can be useful indeed. In short, you do as General Ignatieff proposed to do in his famous rescript which you abuse so much. Seek to remove the cause of the disorder by protecting the peasants against the extortionate practices of the village usurers." If England harbours political prisoners, she retorts that they are common criminals who had better be dealt with by their own Government; and the Sydney Street affair gives her the opportunity to ask: "Are you willing to co-operate with the police of the world in extirpating this gang of ruthless murderers?" If England becomes interested in the revolutionary movement, whose original object was the substitution of constitutional government for autocracy, she retorts: "What are the tenets of Panslavism? Religion, autocracy, and nationality. These three motives, according to us, are not only united but indissoluble. They form the very essence of our creed, of our life. In fact, we are the opposite pole to the Nihilists, who hate every idea of God, who detest autocracy and despise nationality. The hostility between these two lies in their nature. There can be no compromise between them. The Russian people abhor the Nihilists, who are perfectly aware of that feeling." She laughs at the English admiration of Tolstoy; tells us that her friend, Pobyedonostzeff, was as great a reader as her friend, Gladstone; tells us of the teetotal propaganda in Russia which is, apparently, the only way of restoring the peasants to prosperity; talks of the great clemency of the Tsar; of the great dreams of the Romanoffs for the development of their country, and generally convinces us that, if we strive very hardly to improve ourselves, we shall be worthy of alliance with her great country. "The Anglo-Russian alliance is first of all one of hearts. . . . It is also an alliance of minds. You read our literature with profit, we yours. You are interested in our arts and institutions, we in yours. It is also an alliance of economic interests, of pockets, may I say? We both stand to help one another in commerce. After the war this will increase with the passage of each year. It is also an alliance of arms," etc. In short, we may lay this flattering unction to our soul, that, in the opinion of a Russian, we are hardly distinguishable from Russians.

Windmill Land. By Allen Clarke. (Dent. 3s. 6d. net.)

Mr. Clarke has discovered a Lancashire where there are no railways, no steam engines, no electric cars, no gas, no water-mains. It lies between the rivers Ribble and Lune; it is "the golden cornfield of Amounderness," and it possesses windmills, ten of them in good working order, and others that are ruined or converted. Mr. Clarke has rambled among them to some purpose, rummaged into their history, revived their tradition, and listened to all the delightful lies that millers tell about antiquity. Fairies and ghosts were not unknown in the land of the Fylde; but the most mysterious passages of this book are supposed to be poetry. We cannot explain their appearance in verse by any other theory than that of the transmigration of souls. "A king may go a progress through the guts of a beggar," and vice versa; although Hamlet provided the causative links in the form of worms and fishes. We cannot discover how Mr. Clarke's lucubrations became poetry; the link is missing. However, Mr. Clarke writes a rhapsodical prose that seems to be conventional in ramblers' literature, but the photographs make amends. The effect of this volume will be the over-running of the Fylde by tourists; one of the photographs shows us a motor char-a-banc full of them; and then what will become of the primitive life of the Fylde? Will swings be fixed to the sails of the windmills, in imitation of the Wheel at Blackpool?

Pastiche.

SPRING IN THE AIR.

t is God's spring, and Russia's, latest born, to-day,
That flash across a bleeding world, and seem to kill
A moment our mad eagerness to curse and kill:
hat in their glorious promise seem to point the way
o Birth that springs from Death, like flowers in May.
Brothers, in bondage then, now free; it is God's will
That you, by your long-suffering ended, should fulfil
is purposes that, through our turmoils, steadfast stay.

he heart of man beats high with hope, is moved to bless,
To honour, and to welcome you: we all extend
The hand of fellowship, as to a sick-recovered friend.
nd when God gives us peace; that we in quietness
nce more may build a new, clean world for Him; confess
Our sins; turn hate to love; all we have broken, mend;
our "visions realised" shall lead us to the end.

R. Brimley Johnson.

Sunday Morning, March 18, 1917.

TO A BOOKWORM.

(A *Socialist Tract.*)

Worm i' the book! Now tell thou must why
Thou hatest sage antiquity
With Philistinish jealousy.
Is't envy, appetite, or lusty
Futurist rage against the musty?

Truly I cannot diagnose
That a passion literary
Or love of learning urges thee
To drive thy forceps bellicose
Through Chaucer's beard, Josephus' nose!

Thou plough'st a metaphoric way
Into the lobe of Walton's ear,
Through Hackluyt to Cape Finistere.
From demonologies, thy prey,
To Thomas More's "Utopia."

Not Drelincourt, nor Baxter's "Sermons,"
Nor Herrick's hale "Hesperides,"
Can stay thy gross voracities.
A fig for Arnold and the dons!
Thou plant'st an abscess in Shakespeare's bones.

Thy boldness passes all belief,
For like some earth-contemning Mage
Thou gnawest into Lily's page;
Hold'st from some Imp the heavens in fief
A cancer in the astral leaf.

Not valetudinarians,
Nor cannibals, nor scavengers,
Can be so cynically perverse.
Thou feed'st on Camden's last Remains,
Nor the Diet of Worms thy tooth restrains.

But stay! Thou dost not wholly damn
Quite all the books terrestrial,
With insolence impartial.
The broad cloth stripling moderns stem
The tide of every stratagem.

Th' enigma so, thou surely may'st
Muse, don thy surplice and declare
Why the worm disdains our modern fare.
Has he his ancient feud displaced,
Or shown a more eclectic taste?

Our vermicule ambition pricks—
For now, you see, the old and wise
Are housed in Yankee libraries—
To turn these antiquated tricks
To business and to politics.

Old-fashioned, simple hunger's gone,
His parthenogenetic greed
Produces books of his own breed;
His belly a pantechnicon
To suit his constitution.

For he a monstrous dragon grows,
Scales plated with the sovereign,
Belching the smoke of fustian,
And gobbles duodecimos
From whom a fount of sweetness flows.

Therefore, ye moderns, contemplate
The triumph of the dragon-worm,
Who sets an artificial term
To bookish as to all estate
That blesses you, avert your fate!

Harold Massingham.

THE SPRING.

(*From the French of Leconte de Lisle*, 1818-1894.)

A spring up-sparkles in the silent forest,
Far hid from blazing noon
There rushes quiver, and fain of its cool boon,
Bluebells and violets hover.

Not goats that crop the bitter-bladed grasses
On hilly slopes hard by,
Nor shepherds with their flute's suave melody,
Have sullied that clear fountain.

The tall black oaks, by all the bees belovéd,
Throw peaceful curtains wide,
Wherein the wild doves lurk and, drowsy, hide
Their heads beneath their feathers.

The dawdling stags beside the mossy thickets
Draw in the unhastened dew;
Under green canopies the light drips through
The lazy sylvan's slumber.

And the wan Naïad of the sacred fountain
Lets fall her lids awhile,
Dreaming, half-drowséd; and a happy smile
Flits round her mouth's red flower.

No yearning eye, love-lit, hath seen that body
Beneath its limpid veil,
All snowy white, with long locks liquid-frail,
Asleep on the sand's silver.

And none hath seen that cheek of maiden softness,
The ivory neck, the line
Of that young bosom or the shoulder fine,
White arms and lips unsullied.

But the lewd faun, alert on the near branches,
Spies through the leafy net
Her supple body with spilt kisses wet,
Beneath the water shining.

Thereon he laughs with strident joy inhuman
That thrills the arbour cool;
And the maid startled, pallid o'er her pool,
Wanes out like a blown shadow.

E'en as the Naïad in the distant woodland,
Asleep beneath the tide,
Fly from the impious hand and eye, and hide
Light of the soul, O Beauty!

Wilfrid Thorley.

THAMES ETCHING.

The fog that swathed the river in a cloak
Muffled an engine's whirr and thud and hum;
Squat-masted barges dallied with the scum
That upon wharf and oozing buttress broke.

Lank chimneys traced their texts in lines of smoke;
A shapeless steamer, throbbing like a drum,
Squeezed through the folds of vapour, dank and numb;
A tug surged from a dock with blustering stroke.

Two eastward merging smears, the river's banks,
Loom from the mist which ripening sun-rays quell,
Littered with low-roofed sheds and rusty tanks,
And mooring-ropes that waft a tarry smell.
While yonder lurk in drab and huddled ranks
The tenements where fat men's victims dwell.

P. Selver.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

BOSWELLISMS.

Sir,—My invitation to your readers to be their own Boswell has naturally evoked small response in a single week. Nevertheless, I have received a few memoranda which I will ask you to publish, if only pour encourager les autres. Without offence to the present contributors, most of whom have chosen to remain modestly anonymous, I would say to the rest what the chairman of a concert said when, after he had begged for a long time anybody to sing, one of the company took him at his word and *sang*, "There, gentlemen, you see we do not expect much!" Here are the first songs:—

A lady, hearing that a man had been boasting at his club of his intimacy with her, sent him the following note:—"Please do not boast of me at your club; I do not boast of you at mine." Being afterwards told that the man doted on her, she replied that in that case her note would be an antidote.

Someone quoted Tennyson's "And faintly trust the larger hope," whereupon X remarked that nowadays we largely trust the fainter hope.

When Y learned that the Labour M.P.'s were forty in number, he called them Labour's forty winks. On another occasion he remarked that the Trade Union leaders were genuine proletariat, since they sold nothing but their labour.

A local politician named Coutt, having promised a friend financial assistance, withdrew his promise on the birth of a son, whom he hoped would one day become Premier; whereupon his friend replied, "C'est le premier pas qui coûte."

A lady on a visit to a country house was offered a choice of bedrooms. Being unable to make up her mind, a gentleman present suggested compromise.

Asked how he would settle the Irish difficulty, D replied that the Kilkenny cats had already shown the way. R. H. C.

* * *

MR. VAN DIEREN AND HIS CRITICS.

Sir,—No one who has acquaintance with their devices can but congratulate Mr. Gray on his criticism of the "musical" critics. (I am not referring, of course, to writers on music of such brilliant ability and great gifts as MM. Romain Rolland, Jean-Aubry, Calrocoressi, Ernest Newman, Leigh Henry, Philip Heseltine, and Mrs. Newmarch.)

The ordinary critics, when presented with works whose ideas and methods of expression are entirely new and strange to them, concentrate their criticisms on the methods of expression or "idiom." Now, the composer's methods of expression are in no way the slightest concern of anyone but himself, and it is presumption for critics to attempt to dictate to him how or how not he shall express himself. As a brilliant French "musicographe" has written to me: "L'important est d'avoir quelque chose à dire. . . . Comment vous le direz, c'est votre affaire; et personne ne peut donner de conseil là-dessus." If the composer is not to be allowed to be judge of the best means for the adequate expression of his own ideas, who is? Journalists?

The following instance is a specimen of the methods of the average critic. At a song recital at which I was present a short time before the war, the singer's programme included a song of Strauss. When this song was reached, the singer made an apology from the platform, saying that the song in question had been left behind or mislaid, and that another would be substituted for it, which was forthwith done. The following morning there appeared in one of the newspapers a critique of the recital, consisting of twelve lines, seven of which were devoted to the singer's interpretation of the song that was never sung. KAIKHUSRU SORABJI.

* * *

EPSTEIN.

Sir,—Mr. Van Dieren says that my views on Mr. Epstein's art are "bottomless." I might say that his are hopeless. Mr. Van Dieren is good enough to grant that I am a "promising philosopher." I might pay him back by saying that he may some day become a promising writer. Mr. Van Dieren can hear my brains screech with hard thinking. I might say that I hear his toes tremble with indignation—but all this dry wit has little to do with our subject.

Mr. Van Dieren says, "Also, he should not say, without more evidence, 'a greater ability for portraits than for original works,' as if they were indisputably distinct things." Well, any novelist will tell Mr. Van Dieren that writing a novel with original characters is "indisputably distinct" from writing tales about friends and relatives. But Mr. Van Dieren seems to identify conception and inspiration, since he pretends to crush me with this argument, "a man can never express more than he can conceive." Precisely. That is why Mr. Epstein's Venus is so bad. S. DE M.

* * *

DRAMA.

Sir,—Mr. John Francis Hope is bent on destroying the ground of my argument, while refusing to discover a ground of his own. So let me put him right on one or two points concerning my attitude towards Drama and the Theatre, answer his question, and thereafter leave him, for the present at all events. He attempts to discredit my conception of Drama by asserting that I am confusing Drama with Religion. I am not doing anything of the kind. On the contrary, I have always regarded Drama as one thing, and Religion as another, and have written a great deal to this effect. To me they are as distinct and universal as Jesus and Shakespeare. The one taught that the Church was the whole universe, and Religion was direct communion with the Self wherever and whenever one liked to make it. The other stated in so many words that "All the world's a stage," and certainly conceived of Drama as an expression of something too big for the conventional theatre. See the prologues to "Henry V." Implicit in most, if not all, of his plays is the confession that in expressing this something he was expressing his Self as it was operated upon by this mysterious agent. Indeed, it may be said of Shakespeare, as of Erasmus, so fine a talent had he of self-revelation that we know him as we know few of the sons of men. Throughout his life Shakespeare underwent conversion, and he passed on his experience. What conversion did he undergo and transmit? For one thing, the conversion of the thing we call Nature. Take any of his finest comedies, "A Midsummer Night's Dream," "Twelfth Night," "The Tempest," and there Shakespeare may be found undergoing conversion to the truths of Nature's mysteries imported to him in primitive revelation, as few men ever did. Who can deny that he interpreted the hidden sense of Nature's meaning, revealed it in the fullness of its glory? Fully to experience Shakespeare is to realise the divine principle of conversion which Nature implanted in Shakespeare. Wherefore I say unto Mr. Hope, "Except ye be as Shakespeare, ye cannot enter into the kingdom of Shakespeare."

If Shakespeare accepted the world as a "stage," I am disposed to accept eternity as a "theatre." And to me, therefore, all the playhouses which Mr. Hope accepts as evidence of disunity compose a half-way house in which Drama is being confined till a new conception of its nature and business permits it to escape therefrom into a form and expansion corresponding to its spiritual nature. From this it will be gathered that I am convinced Drama proceeds on other principles, and proposes to itself a far higher aim than is to be found in the amateurish observation by Mr. Bakshy, which Mr. Hope does himself an injustice by quoting. I think the main question with which Mr. Hope should concern himself is not whether ordinary mortals resent the interference of the theatre with the control of their ordinary lives, but the question concerning the meaning of terms. When Mr. Hope speaks of Religion, is he not thinking of faith and belief? How can Christianity refine Religion from a communal to a mystical experience? When he refers to Drama, does he not mean the drama, even the theatre? And what of Poetry? Is he quite clear in his mind of the difference between the essence and peculiar living thing which is really Poetry, and its coffin, known as Verse? Finally, what of judgment? Is judgment something from which an author can be separated, as Mr. Hope appears to say? Or is it something inseparable from an author, and therefore presupposing a process of conversion? Has it not to

do with something when it is either foreseen or the mind is prepared for it? I leave the matter for Mr. Hope's kind consideration. HUNTLY CARTER.

* * *

"V. AND R." AGAIN.

Sir,—Mr. Leggett is really ignoring the question. He keeps harping upon a diagrammatic phrase of mine about "gold or goods" to the exclusion of everything else. If the phrase misleads him, I will withdraw it, and use instead the phrase "international currency." But it is absurd to ignore the fact, as Mr. Leggett does, that what he truly calls "the real money of international exchange"—that is, bills—are promises to pay gold, not goods; as Phipson says, "They have now become as much international money as cheques have national, and constitute a vast floating burden of international indebtedness, utterly unredeemable in gold, but owing their existence solely to its internationalisation." If he is determined to ignore the operation of the gold factor, he will, of course, remain satisfied with his own explanation; but I may remind him that there is an historical event to be explained which he does not attempt to explain. That historical event is the continuously augmenting increase of our export trade during the thirty years, 1844-74, and the sudden arrest of that increase at the latter date until the end of the century. Mr. Leggett's "paradoxical truth" that "we cannot increase our exports until we increase our imports" is refuted by the simple fact that we did increase our imports during the last quarter of the nineteenth century, and our exports did not rise above the level of the preceding thirty years. Mr. Leggett's argument that the disparity between imports and exports is due to the profits on our investments and the services of our mercantile marine fails to explain the phenomenon. By the nature of the case, our mercantile marine did not suddenly spring into being and monopolise half the world's carrying trade, nor is there any evidence that interest on foreign investments suddenly became payable in greatly increased proportion. But there is evidence, as Phipson shows, "that the total exports of the kingdom, as estimated in money, dropped, not gradually, but suddenly, to a state, first of retrogression, then of complete stagnation, while their average value per head fell much more heavily." And this, as he showed, when the population was increasing, when the world was being parcelled out for exploitation and markets were being multiplied, "when over 4,000,000 square miles were being added to the British Empire and its population increased by 138,000,000." It was during this period of universal activity that "not a single penny was added to the total of purely British exports, while their value per head of the population steadily declined." Yet Mr. Leggett tells us that we cannot increase our exports until we increase our imports.

I cannot save Mr. Leggett the trouble of reading Mr. Phipson's book; Phipson was a wonderfully concise writer, but his book is a hundred pages long, and I cannot, without injustice to the argument, summarise it in the space at my disposal. I beg Mr. Leggett to believe that I have not, either suddenly or gradually, become an idiot, and to accept my assurance that the book is worth reading. The flippancy with which Mr. Leggett plays on my phrase, "gold or goods," and asks, "Where's the harm?" is lamentable; for we must remember that the economic position of Great Britain since 1840 cannot be paralleled in any other country. Four-fifths of our population are town-dwellers, and live by or on industry; and if by giving an importer the option of being paid in international currency instead of British goods, we not only curtail our export trade, but enable foreign producers to lower the values of what we do export; we do a serious economic injury to the mass of the population. I have already quoted the figures for the first thirteen years of this century; they are taken from the Parliamentary Paper, Cd. 7432, issued by the Board of Trade, and do not refer, as Mr. Leggett supposes, to the movement of the exchanges. The table shows, in percentages, "value as declared, and value estimated at the average values prevailing in 1900, of the net imports and exports"; and the result is, as I said in my last letter, that our imports increased in value by 2.80 per cent. and our exports decreased by 2.62 per cent. For what we must have we had to pay more, and for what we must sell we received less; an international currency robs us of the advantage of the exceptionally low values of British manufacturers and enables competitors to exercise a baneful influence on prices.

The rest of Mr. Leggett's letter is so irrelevant to anything that I am concerned to maintain that I do not feel obliged to notice it. I need only say that, if the working-class population of this country were all investors, the "invisible imports" that Mr. Leggett mentions might be of use to them. But they are not, and nothing but the Free Trade policy of fostering exports can benefit an overwhelmingly industrial population, unless, and until, the unique disparity between industrialists and agriculturists in this country is corrected. I repeat my advice: Mr. Leggett should read Mr. Phipson's book, for I cannot summarise in correspondence the briefest exposition of an economic argument that I have read, and which in the original occupies more pages than I have to fill. A. E. R.

Memoranda.

(*From last week's* NEW AGE.)

A Revolution may compromise with itself; but it may under no circumstances safely compromise with Reaction.

Hunger will give orders where we can only offer advice.

What is the alternative to the "coercion" of Ulster by Parliament but the "coercion" of Parliament by Ulster?

Labour Exchanges, however numerous, cannot create a demand for Labour if a demand does not exist.—"Notes of the Week."

A "responsible Minister" is not the agent of legislation to-day, but only a figurehead: he speaks for the Caucus and the forces that govern us—not for the governed.

The British Minister for Labour does not say that he loves Capitalism: he only says that he accepts it.—H. BELLOC.

National ownership does not necessarily mean direct national control.—H. SANDERSON FURNISS.

What is meant by rhythmic vitality in Europe is, in reality, utter poverty of rhythm.

There seems to be a strange conviction about that, while anyone can write discords, only a consummate genius can write a common chord.—CECIL GRAY.

I believe that a four-page pamphlet written by doctors, and distributed to every household, would do more good than all the dramatic sermons that M. Brieux could write.

Not pathology, but hygiene, should be the study of the public.

The defect of most moralists is that they are more interested in the horrors of vice than they are in the beauties of virtue.—JOHN FRANCIS HOPE.

Light is inexhaustible, and loses nothing by giving of itself.

Readers hate reading as much as people who attend lectures hate listening to lectures.—R. H. C.

If the Labour movement really does represent an alternative to the present industrial system, then it ought not to allow itself to be hamstrung financially by being at the mercy of the capitalist banking system.—A. E. R.

Mr. Murry's people have genius, but no talent; they have the typical velleity of the spirit; they are creators who do not know what they want to create, and are sometimes dubious whether they really want to create. —Reviews.

Scratch Nietzsche and you find a Jesuit.—S. S.

PRESS CUTTINGS.

Under-Housemaids Wanted.—All Suited Free and Valuable Presents Given.—Berks, Newbury; 3 in family; 8 servants; £20-£22. Essex, Brentwood; 2 in family; 8 servants (betweenmaid); half-hour from London; £22. Romford; betweenmaid kept; good wages. Hants, E. Liss; 3 in family; 8 servants; electric light; comfortable place; £18. Herts, Stevenage; 3 in family; 8 servants (betweenmaid); £20. Sawbridgeworth; 2-3 in family; 9 servants; good wages. Kent, Cobham; 11 servants (betweenmaid); almost equal housemaid; £24-25. Canterbury; 8 servants; £22. Staffs, Burton-on-Trent; 10 servants; £17. Lancs., Blackburn; 9 servants (betweenmaid); £20-£22. Surrey, Godalming; 2 in family; 9 servants; very comfortable place; present under there 4 years; sent by us; £20-£24. Esher; 1 lady; 5 servants; left in country with cook when family in town; good wages. Godalming; 2 in family; 7 servants; to be second of 3 later; £20-£22. Dorset, Corfe Castle; 3 in family; 6 servants; good wages.—Mrs. Hunt, Ltd., 86, High Street, Marylebone, W.1.

Lady Theo Cadogan requires second housemaid of two at once for town; small family; 9 servants; wages about £24; good reference.—Write, or call any time, 8, Gloucester Square, W.2.

To the Editor of the "Times."

Sir,—It is to be hoped that the Government carefully considered what specific measures it would adopt before it warned Germany that "reprisals would be immediately taken" if hospital ships were torpedoed. We cannot sink German hospital ships. If we execute German prisoners, Germany will retaliate, and the horrible process might extend to a general massacre of prisoncrs. The sense of the nation requires that justice be done on the authors of these murders. But reprisals are not justice; reprisals punish the innocent and let the guilty go free. Justice cannot, however, be done in present circumstances, and the only means of satisfying national feeling is an adequate assurance that justice will be done. That means that no peace shall be concluded which does not provide for the condign punishment of the guilty, whosoever they may be, and such a peace automatically involves "no peace with the Hohenzollerns," which Mr. Frederic Harrison urges.

It is neither justice nor policy to break the faith on which German soldiers surrender, nor to discourage them from surrendering by showing that, if they do, they may be penalised for their rulers' sins. Neither is it just or politic to identify the German people with the German Government: we can see how wrong it was to debit the Russian people with responsibility for Russian autocracy. But it is both just and politic to proclaim to the German people that the war will go on until their Government is punished for its crimes, and that so long as the German people tolerate that Government they will suffer from the growing horrors of war and the cumulative penalties of defeat. That warning will fall on more fruitful soil since the Russian Revolution.—A. F. POLLARD.

Addressing the Bath City Council recently, Alderman Bush, chairman of the Bath Education Authority, and one of the leading wholesale grocers in the West of England, said that, as a grocer, he was aghast at the enormous increase in the price of articles of food in which he traded.

During the last fortnight he had been compelled to refrain from replenishing certain stocks, owing to the tremendous increase in prices. The Government ought to have commandeered every ounce of food of all kinds in the country long ago, and arranged for the most effective method of distribution.

Though the problem bristled with difficulties, Government should at once commandeer all food stocks; that was the only solution. Fabulous profits were being made, and men in smaller businesses were at a hopeless disadvantage. During the last two months there had been in bond over 100,000,000 lb. of tea owned by planters or bonded tea merchants. He had paid an advance of 3d. during the past week, but the Government could have prevented that rise by commandeering all the tea for the sake of the poor. That would have maintained the low price, and "profiteering" could not have occurred.

Last Tuesday's important national conference of Trade Unions and other Labour Organisations, consisting of delegates representing two and a half million members, came to the sensible decision to demand the prompt carrying into law of the franchise proposals which were agreed to by the Speaker's Conference. More immediately important was perhaps the spontaneous manifestation of feeling which compelled the "platform" to allow the conference to discuss also the apprehended introduction of "Industrial Conscription." There could be no mistake about the strength and depth of the resentment expressed by the whole conference against compulsory service, at arbitrarily fixed wages, under private employers working for their own profit. It is not compulsion to work that is objected to, but compulsion to serve the private profitmaker. We can imagine no measure more likely to produce a widespread reaction against the war. And it is entirely unnecessary. If sufficient labour cannot be obtained for essential industries by offering higher wages—of which, until the employers have tried and failed, we are by no means convinced—the difficulty can be promptly solved by the Government taking over the industries concerned, with plant and staffs as they stand, and running them, without profiteering, exclusively in the public interest. But this is what Mr. Henderson's colleagues, speaking the mind of the industrial capitalists, refuse to agree to. They want compulsion only for labour.—"The New Statesman."

There are things which one cannot say about the labour situation just now. When important items of home news appear in one paper and not in another, when a whole branch of news disappears entirely from all papers simultaneously, the public may divine that the path of the journalist is stony. But as the news of the temporary ending of the Tyne strike was published last Saturday, I venture to assert that this one strike lost immensely more labour to the war than Mr. Neville Chamberlain with the expenditure of scores of thousands of pounds has up to now procured for the war. And why did the strike occur? The strike occurred because the men had failed in four months to obtain any settlement of a particular dispute. But when they struck, the Government promised settlement in a week!—ARNOLD BENNETT.

There is a strong feeling amongst Baronets that the expression "Dear Sir," being commonly used in commencing a letter nowadays to their *servants*, is therefore not only incongruous, but also discourteous when applied to Members of this Ancient and Hereditary Degree. I will therefore ask you, if writing again, to kindly accord my title, which—being more than 250 years old—I am not ashamed to ask for, and commence your letter "Sir Baronet" instead of "*Dear* Sir."—Notice issued by Sir Spencer Maryon-Wilson to the tradespeople of Dorking.

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