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 inspiring 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 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 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-

Miliukoff has found them, and as beneficent and full of promise as the “Times” finds them malignant and menacing.

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.
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 existence be pointed to as the proof 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.

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 the "Times," whose self-same doctrine "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 existence be pointed to as the proof 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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sent reforms more than 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 into the size of mere rearrangement 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, 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, and thereby to make the working classes poorer, and 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 natural economy 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.

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 number of women who are so engaged? And is it any more unfair 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 between dear labour and cheap labour, could be exploited to the advantage of Capitalism? And exploited simultaneously by the two contending economic 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 been a veteran? Should the men who have been exploited to the advantage of Capitalism 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 by the two contending economic forces? 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 any importance to it, for what woman will be truly convinced that Mr. Asquith and his wire-pullers are now their friends, or would waste their time over women's enfranchisement if no advantage were to come to them from it?

That, on the other hand, by so much as the political and economic power of working-men 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 composition different from the one that is produced by the voting of the Capitalists, and supported by political 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 any importance to it, for what woman will be truly convinced that Mr. Asquith and his wire-pullers 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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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 all 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 naive theory was consequently enunciated by the panic newspapermen 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.

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 once and for all; 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 moved; but yet again, to use Hantsch's phrase, the princes moved first and seized the iron sceptre of absolute power. It is open to the student of politics to discover the advantage and the disadvantage of the German Empire and the Social Democrats, the object being to arrange an 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.

On March 29 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 seized upon the iron sceptre of absolute power. 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 seconded by many of the leading newspapers. Consider language of this kind: "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 of all the powers of Europe.

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 good will, reforms in Germany must be possible.

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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."

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 an 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 more 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 her sovereignty 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 no wonder. 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's what you have been doing with yourself, 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.

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

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

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

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

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

N.: Yes, 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 mask of the present state of things. 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 ruin 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 make us appear different!

N.: Oh, don't claim merely to be the same as men. We want to have so high an opinion of our own minds 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.
Reflections on the Wage System.


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 salary 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 idea malaise 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.
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 and the agreements among National Guildsmen; but the foregoing principles can hardly be superseded of capitalism. It cannot, therefore, in the complete overthrow and supersession of capitalism. It is inevitable.

Labour is the aggressor in its strife with capitalism is inevitable. Labour cannot be emancipated from its conquerors, but has no 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 and the government for services, and ofcourse, 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 constitutional evolutionists, who doubt that the Indian Councils Act of 1909, and similar reform measures, 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.

It is said that the Indian is more tense in general than in detail, would be

New rates 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 Unionists 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 his old 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 Hunalty Carter.

(57) Mr. H. B. Rowell.

(Chairman of K. & 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, and 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 a high degree of the harvest resulting to it from the War, must now face the hard problem of handling a new strain upon the Trade Union movement. And, after the indiscriminate 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, it may be, the form of increased output rather than a revulsion 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 been 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 its 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 £250,000,000 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 in 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 public sentiment among employers, not only, as with others, in active service, but in their case in an attitude of submission to whatever they 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 trilateral 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 advantage from the abnormal rate of exchange and 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 to per cent. short of the ordinary week’s work.

While many of the leaders of Labour understand that the vast amount of capital thrown into circulation to combat the War is dissipated capital and not legitimately invested income, neither the mass of the workmen nor of the public generally knows what it means. Illustration and proof of the fact would probably far go to relieve the situation which we are considering, as well as to improve that existing financially.

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 assistance will be provided.

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 economic effects produced in the absence of lucid and accurate statements and facts on the one side and of desire for financial aid on the other; the former would not have neutrals been organising to benefit from our Alliance 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 over-taking and repairs, and accumulation of requirements. We shall, therefore, be most favourably placed in this respect, whereas both our Allies and opponents, except possibly Italy, will have faced actual 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 of production, the condition for which we would lose 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 be the more apparent as the control of will be difficult and would involve costly importations of gold by loans instead of the slower process of trade, the nation’s 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 legitimate cause for complaint and 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 innominate, 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 sinner, 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 points by the combined action of the men in their unions by advocating it, now must, and in some cases do, realise that it is economically unworkable, 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 in our home markets. This, in spite of costs of carriage, insurance, and packing, is done by running machines fully 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—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 exists, and where understandings unasked where understanding was not, 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 the new age the aim of all things. And in our post-war world the public interest is the aim of all things. Is it not to be credited, and, if it were attempted, surely it could not be done.

Confidence must be established between Labour and Capital and the State, and, as I have said, the first condition of such a condition is business-like management. The employer must show that he is prepared to carry out the pledge to restore pre-war conditions. If altered conditions intervene, then they must be recognised and properly considered. If they may not, 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 large 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 increased production per capita.

We must never forget the difficulties, but that criticising Labour, that increased production depends upon employers as well as upon organised and properly considered, and make allowances for, the other's point of view.

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 of opinion between employers and employed which was so beneficial an influence 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.

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 reduce 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 lessened and unremitting, passing, the way for the absorption of the additional production resulting from that closer cooperation of Capital and Labour on which more than anything the liquidation of the enormous obligation incurred by the War depends.

Interviews.

By C. E. Beechofer.

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 represented 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 than of the reporter, who has, indeed, by submitting to his subjects the text of his reports before publication, done his best to carry the part of sympathetic interrogatorly only.

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. He was to be, he said, 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 Vic-Wells 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 is not proper. He said, "Henry V" had been written for amateur performance, to be celebrated and kept up in amateur fashion, and quoted Alexander Pope's lines:

"But all the world was 'Henrietta' then;

Shakespeare's muse a thing of small comparision:\n
""The man that played 'Henrietta' then"

Had joined the 'Chamber Lines' then.

He would rather adopt the attitude of Porson. The theatre, like religion, is an affair for the few! When that great scholar's shoelace broke or his nib fell off, he could not 'refrain from an oath. But, "Damn this shoelace" or "Damn this nib," he had instead "music" from the theatre? Mr. Jones laughed, and admitted this fact, and demonstrated it by patronising Gilbert and Sullivan. But theirs are but a few, I think, and all the musical comedies were as good as those of Gilbert and Sullivan. But there 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 view that the theatre is not the theatre, but that the theatre is an affair for the few! 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 shoe lace," he had said, "You are not a true theatre-goer," and that the theatre must be raised by improving the tone of the audience. Mr. Jones added that, anyhow, we may call it interest. The public, 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 player go 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 there are no longer appreciated.
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 effect was the same. Just as 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 of the serious way of the "Pentonville bus school." It is to take dreary people, and to follow them very laboriously through all the dreary incidents of their very dreary lives.

To my question why our theatres were so frivolous in war-time, when we might have hoped for more intelligent serious art, Mr. Jones replied that 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 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. Doubleness, 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 replies 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 simply a development 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 it would be for the play. Similarly, the Pentonville "bus school" of drama 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 of the serious way of the "Pentonville bus school." It is to take dreary people, and to follow them very laboriously through all the dreary incidents of their very dreary lives.

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, with what 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 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 his own plays. His well-known play "The Middleman," in which an inventor might be made a useful character in the plot. Yet, towards 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 Irishman; 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. Mr. Jones said that probably the war is 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 am here writing in my bedroom; since it is the only room in the house allowed to one who wishes for quiet. But even then the noise is disappoentment. 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 furiously waves the duster which she has 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:

"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 tranquilising effect that my ruffled temper is in need of. Over a stretch of golf-links, with their churchyard mounds and hillocks, their patches of affectionately smooth velvet, I can dimly see streaks 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 fast, 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, bearing 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 troubled sea; they may say, can be seen from here on a very clear day, I know there must be 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 townsfolk, to whom the bleak mystery of North Corkwall is nothing, say that they loved, and were at home, in Galway; others tell me that its solitude breeds contemptuous of what I had striven for. But, since they all agree in allowing Cornwall the small honour of some affinity with this land of lands, and since, as little of him, since—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 shrivelled 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 gotten 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 created 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 Jungfrau 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, the reader is not different 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 Phoenicians; 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 Conchobar. 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 Peggeen and Deirdre I have learnt something; certainly, I have learnt most from "Dark Rosaleen," that one piece in a life-long dirge which Clarence Mangan sang:

"Over dears, over sands,
Will I fly for your weal;
Your holy, delicate white hands
Shall guide me out of the dark.
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!
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 it 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 shrivelled beauty.
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 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 this : that production, distribution, and consumption are not pursued or employed for a certain end-namely, the indefinite increase in 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." In the large sense, however, the term of politicking, 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 modification of 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 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 commodities that are only desirable, while others are indispensable; and it therefore follows that that power which 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. And we mean that 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 pursuing both its ends at the same time. 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 mostly becomes munitions; thereby 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 of increasing the well-being of society, but of maintaining its being as long as possible in its present form.
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 of Capital in its control would have a monopoly 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, 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 suits 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 Quinlinian. Quinlinian has always had an attraction for me since ever I discovered that Poggio's discovery and translation of his Oratory made such a 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 now; the article on Quinlinian 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 a good to-day and in the esteem of the contemporary world is quite to be good 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 gossips who come to the public and the columns 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 confirmations. 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 many uses to which I entered, namely, the field of Moral Instruction. Another writer, Mr. W. M. Surtees, quotes Dr. Moulton to my pleasure, and I may add: "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 they 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."

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 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 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 contended for. What I deplore is the tendency; the absolutely necessary tendency of the current war. The blonde beast, even if, as Nietzsche's Judas 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 crushing him upon the head. Man, in fact, as we know him, is the least we wish our superman to be. But is it not possible, after the manner of evolution, to add to man the use of faculties
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 know a

Then I saw what was in her mind. She was
talking 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 apologising with my stiffness of correctness, 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 habitue of

the place. In truth, however, I had only been there

once before in my life. Gladys, you see, is not half

so shy. You could read shyness in her little careful

smiles; her whole charm lay in it.

And Glades was the last to convince me of the

fact, as a hint to others, that I believe it was the gift

once before in my life. Gladys, you see, is not half

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Some Experiments in "Psychological Education."

III.

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

"Eh, 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 V'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. Flowers are in bloom. I follow the brook.'-Look at all those 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.---'Mossy cushions are everywhere. I seat myself on one and look around me.' Too jerky."

H. M. TAYLOR.
you aren't old enough to appreciate them. Remember how you told me yesterday that you couldn't see the slightest beauty in those first lines you aren't old enough to appreciate them. 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, I found her in a lake. He was very angry, and he was running hard just before the lake, and he tuck right into it and was happy. He had found his friend.

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 rain was calm then.

Of course, it was.

Now, what is one to make of this "man rushing along looking for some friend"? To be frank, I considered it 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, as 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 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 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 remember to my very death the face of a man who was arrowed and came harrowed in 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 this 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 are not 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 spectator at the foot 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 difficulties in passing temptation. The brooks flow into the stream, here and there causing little eddies. This makes it seem like new elements entering 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 fingers 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 tossed the ships about. Then afterwards, tired of life, it plunged into the sea, and ended its miseries like a man who commits suicide.

We Moderns.
By Edward Moore.

PSYCHOLOGY OF THE HUMBLE.—There is something very naive 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 snub. How much of it, for instance, is simple pride? How much of it is simple humility? 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 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 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 naive, 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 only 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 myself, this quality is my quality, by possessing it I am different from you, these things constitute my personality and am I what a naive assumption of the valubleness 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 subtle defacers know that it And when they shoot their arrows at pride, it is Life they hope to hit.

AGAINST THE OPESTTAILOUSLY 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 true 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 of this truth. The early Christians 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"; Pride has 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 ancients! What a light it throws upon their sternly endured convulsions of the soul! In the end, Death itself came to them so that 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 enquire: 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 Greeks who elevated conflict to an honourable daily. "How true

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 has 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 "mercy, 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 works; that his vivid handling of them has not been properly noticed. 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; he has created a type that is 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, to him, his own pose, 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 falling 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 activity; her features are all healthy, but are vital enough to live for ever; he is here a savour 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 Buddhist reverence for life. He is too kind to echo Swinburne’s prayer:

For I have 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.

Whatever gods may be, Epstein 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 hierarchy and last concern with livingness, and he has constantly prided himself on the uncommon one, "Grants me in health 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 be very urgent. But while 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, indefinite 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 the midst when the War began is shown by the book under consideration. The book, in fact, indicates very clearly the point of view of 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, and 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 market of the East—of the Western 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 abroad. 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 Workshops 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 elder Weller would say, on the fruit of thirteen 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 other modern writer on Russia, e.g., Lady Dorothy Nevill. One gets tired of their apology for egotism, as though autobiograhphy 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, Kingslake, the late Lord Clarendon, the Hon. Charles Villiers, Skobelev, Verestchagin, Sir Henry and Lady Campbell-Bannerman, Froude, Dostoevsky, 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 it?' 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 kind. England becomes horrified, let us say, about the Fylde; but the most curious thing is that our arts and industries, with some purpose, rammed 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 has rambled among them to some purpose, and the passage of each year. It is also an alliance of arms," etc. In short, we may lay this flattering utterance to our soul, that, in the opinion of the 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 railway, no steam, 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, and turned 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 rhetorical prose that seems to be conventional in rambler's literature, but the photographs make amends. The effect of this volume will be the over-running of the Fylde by tourists; one 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.

It is God's spring, and Russia's, latest born, today,
That flash across a bleeding world, and seem to kill
The heart of man beats high with hope, is moved to bless,
And when God gives us peace; that we in quietness
Once more may build a new, clean world for Him;
To birth that springs from death, like flowers in May.

That you, by your long-suffering ended, should fulfil
Futurist rage against the musty?

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.

For now, you see, the old and wise
Are housed in Yankee libraries—
Soiled, in their graceful guise, seem to point the way
To birth that springs from death, like flowers in May.

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!

R. BRIMLEY JOHNSON.

Sunday Morning, March 18, 1917.

TO A BOOKWORM.

(A Socialist Tract.)

Worm i' the book! Now tell thou must why
Thou hast at sage antiquity
With Philistinish jealousy.
Is't envy, appetite, or lusty
Or love of learning urges thee
To drive thy forceps bellicose
Through Chaucer's beard, Josephus' nose!

Not Drelincourt, nor Baxter's "Sermons,"
Nor Herrick's hale "Hesperides,"
Can stay thy gross voracities.

Muse, don thy surplice and declare
A Socialist Tract.)

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,
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HAROLD MASENGILL.

THE SPRING.

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

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

For now, you see, the old and wise
Are housed in Yankee libraries—

For he a monstrous dragon grows;
Scales plated with the sovereign,
Belching the smoke of fustian,
And gobbles duodecimos
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Sir,—My invitation to your readers to be their own Boswell has been a most successful one. I have received a few memoranda which I will ask you to publish, if only for encouragement 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 up, singing, "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 fell 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 to a smaller 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 proletarians, 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 coute."

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.

Asking how he would settle the Irish difficulty, D replied that the Kilkenny cats had already shown the way.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

BOSWELLISMS.

Sir,—My invitation to your readers to be their own Boswell has been a most successful one. I have received a few memoranda which I will ask you to publish, if only for encouragement 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 up, singing, "There, gentlemen, you see we do not expect much!" Here are the first songs:

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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 it: one or two points concerning my attitude towards Drama and the Theatre, answer his question, and thereafter leave him, for the rest. I may be permitted 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 of the arts, 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 directed 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 preface to "Henry V." Implicit in most, if not all, of his plays is the confession that in expressing this something he was expressing himself as it was operated upon by this mysterious agent. Indeed, it may be said of Shakespeare, as of Erasmus, so fine a talent and 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 génie, especially to those of his contemporaries who were beginning 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 men."

If Shakespeare accepted the world as a "stage," I am disposed to accept eternity as a "theatrical." And to me, therefore, all the playhouses which Mr. Hope accepts as evidence of divinity compose a half-way house in which Drama is being confused till a new conception of its nature and business permits it to escape therefrom into a form and expansion corresponding to its spiritual native growth, comparable in the Drama of Shakespeare. I am convinced Drama proceeds on other principles, and proposes to itself a far higher aim, than is to be found in the amanuensis observation by Mr. Baksley, 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 in the regulation of their ordinary lives, but the question concerning the meaning of term. When Mr. Hope speaks of Religion, is he not thinking of faith and belief? How can Christianity refine Religion from a colossal exaltation to a more humble conception? When he refers to Drama, does he not mean the drama, even the theatre? And what of Poetry? Is he not. clear in his mind of the difference between the essence and peculiar living thing which is Poetry, and its cousin, 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

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 scrape with hard thinking. I might say that I hear his toes trouble 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, that the pudding is better for the original work than for original works," as if they were indisputably distinct things. Well, any novelist will tell Mr. Van Dieren that writing a novel with powerful characters is indubitably distinct from writing about friends and relatives. But Mr. Van Dieren seems to identify conception and inspiration, since he pretends to crush me with this argument, "I believe one can never express more than he can conceive." Precisely. That is why Mr. Epstein's Venus is so bad. S. de M.

M. 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 the composers.) The ordinary critics, when presented with works whose ideas and methods of expression are entirely new and strange, concentrate their criticism 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 dictate to him how or how not he shall. Being unable to make up her mind, a gentleman present suggested compromise.

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April 5, 1917

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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. HUNTY 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." I do not wish to ignore the factor that Mr. Leggett accentuates, that what he truly calls "the real money of international exchange"—that is, bills—are promises to pay gold, not goods; as Phihson says, "They have now become as international money as cheques have become national, and constitute a vast floating barrier 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 carriage of goods. There is any evidence that interest on foreign investments suddenly became payable in greatly increased proportion. But there is evidence, as Phihson shows, "that the total exports of the kingdom, as estimated, 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 128,000,000." 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. Phihson's book; Phihson 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 futility 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 is, since 1890, 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, 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. 7451, 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;" as I said in my last letter, that our imports increased in value by 2.6 per cent. and our exports decreased by 2.6 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 beneficent 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 obligued to notice it. I need only say that, if the working-class population of this country were all inventors, if to capable 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 scheme of international currency is corrected. I repeat my advice: Mr. Leggett should read Mr. Phihson'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 FURNISH.

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. Briinck 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 HOPK.

Light is inexhaustible, and loses nothing by giving 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. Murray's people have genius, but no talent; they have the typical vellacity 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 Jeaunc.—S. S.
PRESS CUTTINGS.

Under-Housemaids Wanted.—All Suteed Free and Valuable Positions....Burks, Newbury; 2 in family; 8 servants; £20-£24. Essex, Brentwood; 2 in family; 8 servants (betweenmaid); half-hour from London; £32. Remold; betweenmaid kept; good wages. Hants, E. Life; 3 in family; servants; electric light; comfortably; place; £28. Herts, Stevenage; 3 in family; 8 servants (betweenmaid); £30. Sawbridgeworth; 2-3 in family; 9 servants; good wages. Kent, Cobham; 11 servants (betweenmaid); almost equal housemaid; £45-£55. Croydon; 8 servants; £22. Stuffs, Burton-on-Trent; 10 servants; £47. Lauce, Blackburn; 9 servants (betweenmaid); £40-£50. 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; £50-£60. 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; 8 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. The German Government can neither sink German hospital ships. If we execute German prisoners, Germany will retaliate, and the horrible process might extend to a general massacre of prisoners. The sense of the nation requires that justice 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 situation just now. When important items of home news disappear 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 are strong feeling amongst Barons that the expression "Dear Sir," being commonly used in commencing a letter nowadays to their serenissimis, is therefore not only incongruous, but also discourteous when applied to Members of this Ancient and Hereditary House, and "profiteering" could not have commenced 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 nothing about the amount 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 compulsory to work that is objected to, but 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 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.

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