NOTES OF THE WEEK

With the text in their hands we hope our readers will pay little attention to the glosses put by the Press upon Mr. Wilson’s Address and read the document for themselves. In many ways it is the most significant writing that has appeared, or that is likely to appear, in our generation; and for that reason it deserves to be read and pondered as if it were a piece of history. In its many references, no doubt, to the occasions for the intervention of America on the side of the Allies, Mr. Wilson’s speech employs the language of the moment, and, as it would sometimes seem, the arguments of the moment. But running through the whole text and reducing to their proper place, as occasions and not as causes, the immediate circumstances of the war, is a strain of democratic idealism, the like of which has never before so clearly and so sincerely been heard in any national manifesto during a period of action and not of words alone. You may think, if you please, that purely rational explanations are sufficient to account for the entrance of America into European affairs. The criticism that is likely to be brought against Mr. Wilson is not only that America joins with the Allies in their war against the German people, but the German governing classes, were to blame for the war, Mr. Wilson has reaffirmed it, and set it up once again as the banner under which the Allies must fight. We have not quarrelled, he says, with the German people. Democracy does not eat democracy. Our quarrel is with the enemies of German, as well as of other democracies; and it is to liberate peoples—the German peoples included”—that America joins with the Allies in their war against Kaiserism. The particularity of Mr. Wilson’s separation of the German people from the Prussian military caste must be more strongly affirmed in view both of the criticism that is likely to be brought against it, and of the practical and hopeful policy that may result from it. To listen to the “Times,” for example, whose interest, he be it noted, is always reactionary, as in Russia lately, so in America to-day, and in Europe always, it would be concluded that in his discrimination of people and Kaiser Mr. Wilson is only playing a diplomatic game. His references, said the “Times,” were “probably polite,” for his discrimination would require us to shut our eyes to a mass of awkward evidence. But is it the fact that Mr. Wilson cannot see, or is deliberately blind to all the awkward evidence so patent to the “Times” and to the world? Is it not rather the case that Mr. Wilson, like ourselves, sees the evidence but interprets it differently? Taking his stand upon democracy, Mr. Wilson is not merely entitled, he is obliged to say, that be the appearance of the active collusion of the German people with the Prussian autocracy what they may, the reality must needs be that the people are the victims, the passive agents, but not partners and principals in the Prussian crimes. The alternative, in fact, is blasphemy in any democrat; for what must be the conclusion if we allow

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that any people, even the German people, may initiate a policy hitherto exclusively associated with dynasties and governments. Is it not to set aside any man under his own feet the faith upon which he stands, the faith, namely, that men and classes may be unjust, but Man and a people never? So far, therefore, from Mr. Wilson's affirmation of the distinction between the German people and the German Government being "probably politic" designed, as the "Times" intimates, for home consumption, he could not have declared otherwise without forsaking the very ground upon which he stood. Far, we believe. Mr. Wilson may therefore travel in the wake of the greatest war in history; forsworn his thousand and one patriotic resolutions as we in England have been; but never, however, we in England may forget it under the baleful influence of the "Times" and its Prussianism, will Mr. Wilson, we believe, abandon his faith that the German people are innocent, and that only their rulers are guilty.

The pessimism which is necessarily the consequence of the "Times" point of view must attach not only to any view of the issues of the war, but to any view of the fruits of victory. On the undemocratic assumption that the German people are no less autocratically minded than the Kaiser's caste itself, nothing can be expected of the present war but its prolongation into a war of national conquest. We may, it is true, defeat the Hohenzollern autocracy in the field; but we think it both possible and necessary; but if behind the armed forces stands a nation no less militarist in spirit than the Prussian autocracy, it will be no less necessary to proceed to massacre than it now is to inflict military defeat. Again, upon the "Times" assumption of the identity of German people and Government, what, we ask, is the future to be, even when we have procured a present victory? A nation of a hundred million souls cannot be held in perpetual subjection even to the whole world. By one means or another, sooner or later, a way of resuming its courses will be found, and the world will be made to suffer for it. But it is against history to indulge in such nightmares of unfaith in democracy. This is not by any means the first occasion upon which a people has seemed to be in active collusion with vicious rulers; nor is it by any means the first occasion on which secretly autocratic observers have been deluded by the appearance of collusion—sometimes, even, when the people have been those of their own nation! But always, when the rulers have been "removed", the people, left to themselves, have resumed the old features of our common humanity with all its fallibility but with all its essential pacifism. And we do not doubt for a moment, any more than Mr. Wilson does, that with the end of the Hohenzollern autocracy will begin the history of the German democracy. To this end, however, it is essential that the Allies suffer themselves to be recalled by Mr. Wilson to the faith with which their peoples entered the war. It is essential, moreover, to announce again and in a louder tone our mission of liberation to the German people. Let us repeat that the Allies are come to make an end of autocracy in Germany and to bring into the comity of democratic nations a people that have too long lain under a tyranny. Our work is forcibly to intervene in the domestic affairs of Germany and to cast out her devils; so the sure and certain democratic faith that her people will be thereby restored to health. If, as it may be said, our mission is idealistic, utopian—we reply that the times require it. No ordinary events are as astir to-day, and no ordinary measures can measure them. Three of the mightiest political events ever known in the history of the world have occurred within three years of the lives of the most common of us.

The war is unique for its dimensions and its issues in the history of mankind; the Russian Revolution is a phenomenon of epic size; and the intervention of America in a European war carries with it such implications that our remotest descendants will date an epoch of history from it. These events are not the times of sneer at idealism or to peck at Mr. Wilson's affirmation of the essential humanity of peoples as "probably politic." Not the most imaginative, still less the least, can hope to climb sufficiently high to see the events of to-day in their proportions.

While we do not feel disposed to beset America with our praise because at last she has joined with the Allies to vindicate democracy, we think that a right view of her action is incompatible with any misconception of her motives. America, no doubt—we have said it before and we shall have many occasions for saying it again—has all the vulgarity of a self-made democracy. But it is not to be denied that on that very account America is a nation of great possibilities in contrast with older nations like ourselves, whose impossibilities are their most manifest characteristics. For evidence of the possibilities latent in American democracy, we have only to consider what, next to her intervention in the war, has already been idealistic in her procedure. While still the war was only in the air, millionaires of fabulous fortunes offered their money to the American State without demanding any interest for it. In all the country which is our own and with its millionaires as numerous as those of America, not one of our men of wealth, with all the advantages of history, education and public esteem, so much as offered, to our knowledge, a penny to the State without demanding a price for it. Nor is the idealism of America confined either to the financiers of America or to the needs of America herself. Scores of the leading manufacturers of America, we are told, have telegraphed to Mr. Wilson offering the use of their plant and staff and skill for the purpose of munitions without profit and for bare cost. What one of our manufacturers has been willing to sacrifice not merely his ordinary but his special war-profits in the service of the State? And how, finally, does the popular suggestion in America of lending the Allies unlimited amounts of money at a normal rate of interest compare with the action of our own financiers in lending to England but at the market rate of five or six per cent.? It is impossible, we say, to despise a people capable of surrendering itself to moods of generosity such as are frequent in America to-day, and such, we believe, as will be even more frequent as the reality of war draws nearer. It is impossible for us to draw the lesson, on the other hand, not to despise the capitalist classes of our own country who, with war at their doors, chatter about their money as if the world were not bleeding in their interest. The contrast once more between a people and a class—even when the people is America and the class is that of English culture—is all in favour of the people. Democracy, in short, appears as attractive abroad as our own capitalist class appears repulsive at home.

The Barrow strike is over for the time being, but how nearly the nation was brought to catastrophe in the course of it nobody will be allowed to know until the war is past. The event of the strike, however, and the circumstances connected with it, may serve, like the skeleton at the feast, to remind us in the midst of our rejoicings at the triumph of political democracy, of the existence of a profounder evil than even political servitude, namely, economic servitude. The relation between economics and politics, which in these pages we take to be that of substance and shadow, presents at least a parallel even to the most superficial of observers. For the autocratic classes in politics there are the capitalist classes in economics; and for the body of the people there is Labour. Moreover, in every account that we have ever seen of the history of political democracy, its trials and tribulations have come to it by autocracies and tyrannies, its efforts after freedom, the suppressions it has suffered, parallels
from the history, still only unfolding, of economic democracy leap to our minds. This is not, we firmly believe, a page of political history that has not its matchable from the annals of the economic history of Labour; nor is there a single argument in favour of political democracy that does not apply with equal, if not greater, force in favour of economic democracy. The injustice involved may, however, be too universal to attract in any country more than the attention of a very few. As political slavery appeared, when it existed everywhere, so natural as scarcely to arouse a question of its righteousness in the mind of a thinker like Aristotle, so economic slavery, or the wage-system, is to-day so general a condition that those who question it must needs seem a little out of their minds. It is common to all countries, and no political constitution appears to be incompatible with it. Capitalism co-exists with the Prussian autocracy as it co-existed with the late autocracy of the Tsar. But it is no less the partner of English constitutional government, or of the democracy; but we feel that a greater subject of rejoicing from the history, still only unfolding, of economic democracy than from the annals of the economic history of Labour; nor appear to fret, at the blindness of men's eyes to the reality of the slavery which is so manifest when once the eyes are open. We do not wonder; but we cannot cease from crying the truth aloud. The world is right to rejoice in the progress of political democracy; but we feel that a greater subject of rejoicing would be progress in industrial democracy.

To return to the Barrow strike, we must frankly confess that our first assumption, in this strike, as in most others, is that the men were right. And this assumption, we must say, is borne out, not only by all the facts at our private disposal, but by facts and circumstances accessible to and admitted by everybody who has even the smallest personal acquaintance with the circumstances. We are not saying that the readers will please to observe, that in the fact of the circumstances accessible to and admitted by everybody who has even the smallest personal acquaintance with the circumstances, we do not wonder, if sometimes we question of its righteousness in the mind of a thinker like Aristotle, so economic slavery, or the wage-system, is to-day so general a condition that those who question it must needs seem a little out of their minds. It is common to all countries, and no political constitution appears to be incompatible with it. Capitalism co-exists with the Prussian autocracy as it co-existed with the late autocracy of the Tsar. But it is no less the partner of English constitutional government, or of the democracy; but we feel that a greater subject of rejoicing from the history, still only unfolding, of economic democracy than from the annals of the economic history of Labour; nor appear to fret, at the blindness of men's eyes to the reality of the slavery which is so manifest when once the eyes are open. We do not wonder; but we cannot cease from crying the truth aloud. The world is right to rejoice in the progress of political democracy; but we feel that a greater subject of rejoicing would be progress in industrial democracy.

"The men," said the "Times," "struck work without notice, and without bringing their complaints to the notice of the firm or the Government for settlement, and, further, they have definitely refused to listen to the urgent advice of their leaders, or to accept the repeated offers of the Government to consider and settle their grievances." It is all, no doubt, true; but the conclusion we are expected to come to that the men were therefore wrong in their strike is, like Aristotle, so economic slavery, or the wage-system, is to-day so general a condition that those who question it must needs seem a little out of their minds. It is common to all countries, and no political constitution appears to be incompatible with it. Capitalism co-exists with the Prussian autocracy as it co-existed with the late autocracy of the Tsar. But it is no less the partner of English constitutional government, or of the democracy; but we feel that a greater subject of rejoicing from the history, still only unfolding, of economic democracy than from the annals of the economic history of Labour; nor appear to fret, at the blindness of men's eyes to the reality of the slavery which is so manifest when once the eyes are open. We do not wonder; but we cannot cease from crying the truth aloud. The world is right to rejoice in the progress of political democracy; but we feel that a greater subject of rejoicing would be progress in industrial democracy.

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There remains a word or two to be said, however, upon the general matter. We are glad to see that the "Times" is not unaware of the peril in which national independence is placed, and it is not reduced by trade disputes to our eyes to it. It may not be the fact that, as the "Times" somewhat luridly states, "the nation is approaching perilously near a catastrophe of the first magnitude." But we may fairly say we are approaching the approach. To the Barrow strike, of course, the Servile State; for you have only to procure the signatures of a score or so of Labour leaders to have Labour bound hand and foot in the service of Capital for ever. Some consent, active as well as passive, continuing as well as initial, there must surely be to give to the regulations of Labour the force of common obligation; and when, as in the present instance, such a consent was lacking the obligation remained voluntary, and was in no sense binding.

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Foreign Affairs.
By S. Verdug.

Again it has been left for America to provide one of the most important utterances of the war and to remind us of its real objects: "We are at the beginning of an age in which it will be insisted that the same standards of conduct and responsibility for wrong done shall be observed among nations and their Governments that are observed among individual citizens of civilized States." By sketching the course of German relations with the United States, and making reference to his previous addresses of January 22 and February 26, President Wilson was able to show on April 2 how the ideals of law and right which he outlined were incompatible with autocratic government, and especially with the autocratic government of Germany. Having assumed that the Washington authorities would act in some stage in the campaign be forced by Germany's actions to take the extreme step of going to war in defence of the principles so clearly laid down by the President, instead of relying merely upon an unsatisfactory armed neutrality, I took a recent opportunity in this journal (March 8) of criticising Lord Northcliffe's injudicious speech at the American Luncheon Club, when, in my recall, he advised the United States to "tackle some particular part of the war, such as the freedom of Belgium, or the patrol of her part of the Atlantic," giving as his reasons the belief that the "German-American voluntary" in the peace settlement might be used to Germany's advantage, and that, in any case, we could "win this war by ourselves."

The commentary on this is instructive and damming. Ever since Mr. Wilson's speech the technical authorities in Washington have emphasized their desire to cooperate with the Allies in every possible way—as the President recommended—and, more than that, the steps they have taken show how keenly they have followed the fortunes of both sides in the war, and are determined to reap the benefit of the Allies' experience. It is no secret—for the papers have published the fact when necessary, be taken of this fact to send over an American Ambassador here. Lord Northcliffe has indicated an excellent step towards this end is the definite announcement that at least five million skilled men engaged, or to become engaged, in essential war work shall not be allowed to enlist in any circumstances.

Consider another move which the Americans have made without hesitation. In consideration of the German submarine war on unarmed vessels, all the German shipping in United States harbours has been seized. These vessels include many of Germany's most modern shipbuilding, including the famous "Vaterland," of 54,000 tons. There are altogether 91 vessels with a total tonnage of 594,000. Taking conjectural figures at their worst, this nullifies the submarine outrages during the recent "intensification" period by, say, nearly six weeks. In addition, there are several American ships in American harbours with a tonnage of 67,000. And Austria, it is stated, is about to declare war on the United States under the powerful influence of Berlin. Further, despite warnings, another Brazilian ship has been sunk; several of the crew have been drowned; and the Brazilian Foreign Minister, Dr. Lauro Mueller (his family was German a few generations ago), has declared (April 6) that the breach between Germany and Brazil is now "virtually complete." There are 49 German vessels in Brazilian harbours, with a tonnage of just over 250,000. In the event of a dispute that goes to extremes these ships will undoubtedly be seized also.

I say nothing of the most detailed American plans—the preparations for internment of enemy aliens of a dangerous character, the establishment of what seems to be, so far, a mild form of censorship, the strategic committees formed to work with representatives of the Allies, the enrolment of men corresponding to our special constables, and so on. The few facts I have quoted show, in the first place, that the greater part of the losses caused by submarines since February 1 (the opening of the "intensification" period) has already been made good; and that advantage can, when necessary, be taken of this fact to send over an expeditionary force—the first draft of 500,000 men being kept up to strength by subsequent enrolments. In other words, the submarine campaign has been definitely countered, and the enemy can ultimately be overwhelmed with men. It may be that the German public will not be permitted to see a complete translation of President Wilson's speech, but the facts are by no means concealed from the newspapers or from the Reichstag Deputies, including the Social Democrats. Now, Hindenburg's hopes were based almost wholly upon submarines. He will accomplish nothing effective if he "thrusts" east again and flounders through the Pripe Marshes—no; not even if he captures Potsdam or Kieff or Odessa. An attack on Italy would be a secondary operation; and the Allied lines in the West cannot be broken.
Reflections on the Wage System.

By G. D. H. Cole

V.—THE CONTROL OF THE PRODUCT.

I come now to what is, I confess, by far the most difficult of the tasks which Labour must accomplish if a free Society is to replace the wage-system. It will not be easy for Labour to secure control of production; but it will be far more difficult for it to secure control of the product.

Capitalism has two primary functions—the control of the processes of production and the control of exchange. The first is exercised by its control of the workshop. This brings it into a direct and constant contact with the worker, and we have seen that the main object of Labour at present should be to oust the capitalist from this sphere of control by the use of its industrial power. This, however, as we saw, might be accomplished without the destruction of capitalism, and with only a bare breach in the wage-system itself. For, if capitalism retained its control of the product, it could still draw its toll of rent, interest and profits. The worker would have a freer workshop life; but even the organisation of the workshop would remain subordinate to the economic requirements of capitalism.

Capitalist control of the product has three principal aspects. It is expressed in the financial system by which the great investors and syndicates regulate the flow of capital; in the control of raw materials—buying; and in the control of the finished product—selling. Investing, buying and selling, even more than producing, does capitalism lay waste Society.

This fact, I take it, is in the minds of "National Guildsmen" when they say that "economic power precedes and dominates industrial, no less than political, power." Our problem, then, is to accomplish a democratisation and Guildisation of investment, purchase and sale, as well as of production.

We are, perhaps, too apt to think of "capitalism" and "the employer" as synonymous, and upon this mistake to build erroneous conclusions. In fact, the individuals whom we lump together as the "capitalists," or the "employing class," fall into at least three distinct groups, though, of course, these groups are closely connected, and it is often impossible to say to which of them a particular individual should be assigned.

First, there are the great capitalists, or owners of money power. Sometimes these capitalists confine their operations to one industry, in which their operations extend over many industries, sometimes they are pure financiers, whose relation to industry is indirect, sometimes they are merchants, whose whole business is buying and selling.

Secondly, there are the smaller employers, capitalists too, but not powers in the financial sphere. These men are mainly producers, or smaller merchants, managing, as a rule, their own businesses, and striving to extract a profit for themselves.

Thirdly, there are managing directors, associated with big business, industrial, commercial or financial, but not themselves owning any great share in the capital which they manipulate.

The economic world is increasingly dominated by the first of these classes. The financier, with capital to invest, is the supreme power behind the capitalist throne. If, however, the control of production is in the hands of the merchant class, Marx thought it would, crushed out the small; but more and more it dominates and controls it.

Our own is not the first epoch in which Society has followed this course of evolution. The Breakdown of the Medieval Guilds was mainly due to the rise of a merchant class possessed of capital. This class received into itself, and into alliance with itself, the greater producing employers: the smaller employers it ground down and overwhelmed. It did not necessarily destroy or absorb them; but it turned them from masters-craftsmen into dependent independent employers.

Labour, then, in seeking to destroy the capitalist control of production, has to deal with the first group of capitalists, the financiers and the great lords of industry. These are not, from our point of view, two groups, but one group, and the war has had the effect of solidifying and fusing them more completely. It is a sign of the times that Lord Rhondda, not content with coal, or even coal and iron, should be acquiring "interests" in the most various types of enterprise.

In seeking to control production, the method for Labour is clear. By the development of Trade Union organisation it can look to the winning of control in the workshop and the works. But what is to be its method of winning control over the product—over investment, buying and selling?

Some will answer simply, "The State." But, every day, the State is proving more completely under the control of those very persons whose power we are seeking to destroy. The State may, on occasion, be ruthless in its dealings with the mere employer; it is not ruthless in dealing with the great industrial and financial potentates. For to these potentates our rulers owe their rule; and to-day these potentates are themselves, in many cases, our rulers.

During the war, the State has immensely increased its control over industry. It has controlled the employer, particularly the small employer: it has become a merchant, while safeguarding the profits of merchants. Some Guildsmen welcome these developments of State control. Trade Unionism, they hold, cannot hope to control buying and selling by means of its industrial power: we must, therefore, look to the State to assume the rôle of banker, financier and merchant, while Labour is developing its control of production.

This clearly means nothing less than State Capitalism, the concentration of the functions of investment, purchase of raw materials, and, to some extent, sale of products in the hands of a State dominated by the profiteering interest. Some will perhaps feel able, if this comes about, to secure the abolition of the wage-system by securing democratic control of the product?

On the other hand, if we reject this line of development, what is our alternative? There are Guildsmen who seem to think that, if only Labour can get control of production, all other things will swiftly and automatically be added unto it. There are two sufficient reasons why this is not the case.

First, as economic power now dominates industrial power among the employers themselves, it might continue to dominate industrial power, even if this were transferred to Labour. I say it "might," for reasons which will appear later.

Secondly, we cannot ensure the downfall of capitalism except by rendering it socially functionless. This we can only do by robbing it of its control of exchange, as well as of its control of production.

We must, then, if we are to overthrow the wage-system, find means of striking directly at the capitalist control of exchange, and of securing for Labour a control of the product.

I think the course is clear, though tortuous. The action of the proletariat striving for emancipation assumes three main forms. Of these two—industrial action and political action—are evolutionary in char-
Let us examine the function of these three in Labour's advance towards control of the product.

Industri al action, as we have seen, will result in an increased control over production. This, however, will not by itself end the wage-system, or destroy capitalism's control of the product. At the same time, it will undoubtedly cause a breach in the system, and that breach cannot be entirely confined to the workshop and the works. The industrial control of the product will still, no doubt, rest with the big capitalists; but Labour will establish at least a measure of control over purchase and sale, though not over investment. Pressed by Labour from one side and by finance on the other, the ordinary employer will yield something to each, and Labour will secure, by industrial action, a certain limited measure of control over the product.

Industrial organisation and action will have the further effect of stimulating and vitalising political action. The character and the effect of political action are inevitably determined and conditioned by the economic strength of the actors, and industrial strength is, in this relation, a very important element in economic strength. As, then, Labour advances in industrial power, it will be possible for it to use the State for the purpose of depriving capitalism of its second economic function—the control of exchange. Such political action by Labour is likely to be most effective in the sphere of finance and investment, rather than in buying and selling of industrial products. By taxation, and by the control of banking, and of home and foreign investments, the State will be able to strike at the economic power of capitalism.

It may be held by many Guildsmen that this is mere self-delusion, and that political power cannot, even with industrial power behind it, be used for the destruction of economic power. They may be right; but I do not think that their case is proved. Even if the State only assumes the control of exchange in the interests of capitalism, it will run a serious risk of leaving the capitalist classes without economic function. It is my anti-social, they cannot long sustain their economic power.

Let us suppose for a moment that the Jeremiahs are right in denying the possibility of destroying the economic power of capitalism by any combination of industrial action. There remains for us a weapon of catastrophic action, envisaged generally in the shape of the General Strike. We will imagine the masses endowed with dominant industrial power, controlling production through a blackleg-proof Trade Union organisation, possibly holding political power as well, but unable by any constitutional means at their disposal to shake off the economic power of capitalism.

Surely, under such circumstances, the remedy of the moment Labour's task is to concentrate on industrial action and organisation.

Standing alone, this statement may be misleading. Since the only method for Labour is that of making Capitalism socially functionless, it must aim, wherever possible, in destroying or taking over the functions of capitalism. Investment, the final seal of capitalist authority, it cannot effectively touch till the last stages are reached; but it must and should, as its basic industrial power increases, stretch out its hands to control, as far as it can, both purchase and sale. Before it can attack the capitalist as financier, it will have to attack him not only as producer, but also as merchant. This point needs further development.

A Quaker Guildsmen.

Turning over a book recently on the religious systems of the world, I paused at a chapter by William Pollard entitled "The Quaker Reformation." As a Quaker, in tracing the influences that had moulded the wide influence and influence of Quaker society in contrast with the evangelical gloom one encounters amongst those who contemplate nothing but the Crucifixion. What I missed most in leaving the Quakers was their delightful friendship, their quiet humour, their firm-set faith in the innate goodness of things. And, unlike their Puritan congener, they loved beauty— their clothes, their furniture, their pictures were oases in a wilderness of ugliness and vulgarity. Nothing flamboyant, of course; a note of simplicity ran like a leit-motif through all that they did and all that they had. Nothing soft or yielding about them; always a conscience—that inner light by which is revealed the Divine Presence—to guide them, and without its promptings they would not stir. A Scottish earl said: "The Quakers' loyalty is a qualified loyalty; it smells of rebellion." One of them replied: "We understand not loyalty that is not on the side of God rather than of man." Cromwell said of them: "Here is a people whom I cannot win with gifts, honours, office or place." John Bright, himself a Quaker, in tracing the influences that had moulded his life, remarked: "It is, of all religious sects, the one that has most taught the equality and equal rights of man. And I venture to say it is remarkable for another thing; probably more than any other body, within its borders and its service, personal ambition is practically unknown. A great tradition, I think. Although the Quakers have no written or precisely defined creed, it is evident that they could not have remained for three centuries "in unity" without a faith, universal amongst them and inspiring. And having regard to their history, so distinctive, perhaps unique, their doctrine must in all probability spring from a source also distinctive and unique. Their free and unpaid ministry, their devotion to education (they possess the best educational system in the world), the extraordinary position and influence of their women, their wealth, even yet unostentatious, their reformist history—all these elements are not fortuitous; they are palpably the expression of a faith built upon some foundation as solid as it is unusual. Mr. W. Anderson has recently traced the moral origin of Capitalism to Calvinism. But, whilst we must regretfully recognise that the general Quaker character, profound, almost completely merged into conventional capitalism, Quaker history indicates an altogether different origin.
Is it, then, mere chance that I should hit upon this passage from Pollard?—"And so this individuality—this unqualified loyalty to Christ—told upon the narrow Calvinism that prevailed in most of the Protestant communities." If freedom from Calvinism spells independence of Capitalist ideology, there would seem to be, even yet, some opportunity for Quakerism to release itself from its present bonds and to line up against wagery just as did the earlier Quakers against slavery.

It is significant that Quakerism has generally been associated in our minds with some social issue and never with any particular theological system. The average man, if asked what he knows about it, will almost certainly reply: "They believe in peace at any price." Certainly their protest against war as contrary to the spirit of Christ has been consistent throughout, but with the closer integration of society, created by Capitalism (in which they have had rather more than the best of our knowledge, is the most complete constructive scheme for a new industrial order yet worked out.)

At this point, as nearly as I can ascertain, just to show that martyrdom does not afflict him, Mr. Rowntree went to go, "for refusing to undertake any form of war service, considering that the service upon which he was regularly employed as lecturer and teacher was the most effective service he could render to the State.

With the religious, pacifist, and transitory aspects of this report we are not concerned. Although he obviously feels the war acutely as an invasion of his religion and conscience, Mr. Rowntree makes it clear that, in his belief, Quakerism must resolutely face the permanent problem of wage-abolition and reconstruction on Guild lines. He frankly tells his friends what they must expect:

"Can we inspire ourselves and our nation with enough of the co-operative spirit, definitely applied to the problem, to ensure that justice and opportunity shall be brought about without strife? It means for us who are shareholders or sleeping partners an absolute willingness—nay, more, the giving of our best endeavour to help the workers to get rid of us in that capacity.

I generally test every individual accusation to the ranks of the Guildmen by their attitude to wagery. Mr. Rowntree passes with full marks:

"Reformers have sought to raise wages, but have not most of us failed to examine the ethics of the wage-system as a system? . . . Whatever, therefore, may happen to the well-to-do, Christian principles demand that the life of human beings must have first claim upon the resources of society."

In this downright spirit does Mr. Rowntree address his fellow-Quakers, giving them, in all, nearly forty pages of a sound and conscientious synopsis of our Churches? To the Society of Friends? Or will official membership probably belong to a generation that they are confronted with a greater moral and economic movement than slave-abolition, will they adopt wage-abolition, they would re-establish a sacrifice does not constitute the greater appeal. A Franciscan strain runs through them; their tradition of martyrdom might, at some potent touch, be revived. Some vestigial traces of their in the churches, the Quaker movement did much, by its broad teaching, to dissipate or at least to moderate against wagery just as did the earlier Quakers against slavery.

The American Quakers mostly resided in the Northern States and were, therefore, only indirectly interested in slavery. It is, of course, a commonplace that they are up to their necks in wagery. They are concerned with social problems may perhaps be found in their appointment of a "War and Social Order Committee" to ascertain what proposals are mooted for a saner and more religious order of society. This Committee asked Mr. Maurice L. Rowntree to bring up a report. I fancy they got more than they bargained for. Mr. Rowntree, in a brochure of one hundred pages, entitled "Co-operation or Chaos" (London: Headley Bros. Price 6d. net), having spied out the land, comes back, in all Quaker humility, to tell his Committee that the time has come to abolish wagery and establish National Guilds. His conclusion is worth quoting:

"We have endeavoured to trace out some of the underlying causes of war, together with certain suggestions for a European settlement; we have endeavoured also to discuss the ethics of the wage-system and other problems incidental to industry; thereafter, having indicated one or two important emergency measures, we have reviewed at some length what, to the best of our knowledge, is the most complete constructive scheme for a new industrial order yet worked out.

So much for slavery; what have the Quakers to say about wagery? When they realise, as they must, that they are confronted with a greater moral and economic movement than slave-abolition, will they revert to type, or will they find themselves too hopelessly entangled in wagery to break loose? The American Quakers mostly resided in the Northern States and were, therefore, only indirectly interested in slavery. It is, of course, a commonplace that they are up to their necks in wagery. They are largely a manufacturing and mercantile community, their wage-earning members probably belonging in an illogical position. It is not their fault; they cannot help themselves; they must submit, or, in the alternative, cut themselves adrift from the body politic. There is an antimony; for they also believe that we are all members of one body. But in the early days of last century they were even more identified with slave-abolition than with peace. In my young Quaker days I was thrilled with stories of the part played by Quakers in rescuing slaves—the "underground railroad," as it was called. Was not our own Quaker poet, Whittier, one of the Abolitionist protagonists? Not precisely declaimed, sometimes with excellent elocution, such pieces as "Cassandra Southwick," "The Song of the Free," "Massachusetts to Virginia." At school, I sat entranced as Richard Ball Rutter, a cultured Quaker, rolled out the stanzas of "Laus Deo.

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"God knows how much gross selfishness and ugly temper has to be surmounted! To whom, then, must we look for insulation from strife? It means for us who are shareholders or sleeping partners an absolute willingness—nay, more, the giving of our best endeavour to help the workers to get rid of us in that capacity.

For my part, I feel that Mr. Rowntree’s task is Herculean. But where the religious spirit lurks, especially if it be still found amongst such a disconcerting group of primitive Christians, one can never tell what unexpected developments may occur. This at
Interviews.

By C. E. Beethofer

II.—VISCOUNT HALDANE.

Lord Haldane began by remarking that it is the tremendous awakening due to the war which has especially directed attention in Great Britain to the subject of Industrial Education. Other countries have had an awakening in other ways; in Russia the awakening has been constitutional; in Germany it perhaps may be constitutional. We have already had experiences of a kind of democracy that is not the best, a false democracy, with a nominal but not real freedom of the individual. The real freedom of the individual consists in the possession of ideas, and in range of ideas and the wide diffusion of knowledge among the people. We have magnificent experts, the finest in the world; but there are not enough of them. "The problem is to raise the intellectual level all round. To do this we must break down social barriers through extended schools, and thus lay the foundation of a real democracy in place of the present class-system, which is the gradation into classes according to ignorance."

I inquired how far Lord Haldane thought that technical education of commercial value can be given in publicly controlled schools. Lord Haldane said the great point about all education is that it should be significant, that it should suggest even more than is actually taught. For example, such subjects as arithmetic and electricity can be made profoundly uninteresting. But by good teaching they can well be made profoundly interesting. We have nowadays for use in our elementary schools electrical instruments at which the great philosophers of the past would have marvelled. The point is where the dual element of education comes in. The purely technical side teaches the student that under certain circumstances certain things happen, but it does not tell him why these things happen. Yet only in this way can technical instruction be made interesting. "If you make it interesting in this way," Lord Haldane explained, "you are giving, in addition, science and a higher knowledge, in imparting the details of technical education."

Lord Haldane showed that this system may be compared with the method adopted by Mme. Montessori for teaching little children; by being interested, the children's minds are gradually moulded. The same plan might well be applied in elementary schools. Every object should make its appeal not only to the head, but to the hands also, and to the eyes and ears—indeed, to all the senses.

In the continuation schools the new system will resemble, Lord Haldane says, the old apprenticeship. The apprentice system is as old as the Statute of Apprentices, which dates from the reign of Queen Elizabeth. This Act decrees that every boy shall learn a trade, with the exception, of course, of those designed to be lawyers or clergy men, or who are likely to get their education in another way. Lord Haldane said that the new system will necessarily do away with a certain "so-called freedom of the individual, which really means the slavery of the individual to ignorance."

I asked Lord Haldane if it would not be well to require the technical industries to provide their own schools of apprenticeship. Lord Haldane replied that the principle is good: these trades ought certainly to contribute towards the cost of the schools—as they sometimes do at the present time—since they get the benefit of the training given in the schools. But, to my suggestion that the trades should bear the whole cost of the instruction, Lord Haldane objected that this is asking too much. The entire cost would be a heavy burden upon the industries; in the case of small trades, it might mean the collapse of the trade. Lord Haldane said that an employer would engage boys between the ages of fourteen and seventeen at all; and, as nine boys out of ten cannot afford to go to any school after they are fourteen, they would be left unprovided for. On the other hand, employers should be told something to this effect, "You may employ boys between fourteen and seventeen only if you allow them nine or ten hours a week free for instruction."

I suggested that the system of which Lord Haldane spoke is likely to be unpopular in Great Britain after the war, since it is associated in most people's minds with essentially German methods. Lord Haldane replied that the system is already partially in use in countries so different as the United States and Switzerland, and, indeed, in most other countries than England. Even Scotland has accepted its principles since 1908. The Germans, he said, may have been pioneers in this as they have been pioneers in other respects, but "we shall take it and adapt it to our own educational needs and conceive it anew in our own British way."

I asked if, to lead to educational reform, the school age will not have to be considerably raised. Lord Haldane said that he hopes the compulsory age in elementary schools will soon be raised to fourteen. This, he thinks, is enough; with part-time secondary education on the lines he suggests it will be a material and substantial advance upon present conditions.

Would not educational reform certainly follow, I asked, if the wages of the boys' parents were higher and more secure? "This will raise wages!" answered Lord Haldane; the trained apprentices will be so much more efficient workers than at present that they will receive higher wages. Wages are determined by what the wage-earners are worth in the general market. Accordingly, with the wage-earners' increased efficiency, the general level will go up. "Better educated men will insist upon better conditions of life all round and better chances, and they will refuse to accept a low wage any longer, if they can avoid it."

"Can they avoid it?" I asked.

"Wages are paid as the equivalent of what is received," Lord Haldane explained. And the wider distribution of money, as the result of increased wages from increased productivity, will itself create a market and lead to a wider demand for products, and thus be a further stimulus to production. It is to the advantage of the wage-earner to become more technically efficient, as he therefore commands a higher price in the labour market. The employers themselves find it to their advantage to pay higher wages, since, by doing so, they can command better workmen and get finer work.

I asked, if wage-earners became more efficient generally, but the supply of labour remained stationary, would the rate of wages necessarily rise? Yes, Lord Haldane answered, "everything goes a stage higher."

I inquired if Lord Haldane had contemplated the possibility of economic reconstruction as a preliminary to educational reconstruction. Lord Haldane asked me if by economic reconstruction I meant that the wealth of the nation should be divided up equally among all its inhabitants. I said I had referred rather to the possibility of a body of industrial Guilds assuming the control and responsibility of the national industry. Lord Haldane said he thinks there is not the slightest chance of the Guilds being able to conduct the enormously complicated and scientific businesses of the present day. On my suggesting that the present industrial administrators would perhaps, in time in their offices on behalf of the Guilds, Lord Haldane said he thinks it absurd to suppose that the present administrators would consent to remain in their offices as public officials. "People go into businesses," he pointed out, "to make fortunes. To be sure, it is much more honourable in National Guilds is a parallel to the National Service of the last two years rather than to a mere bureau-
cracy. Lord Haldane said he puts down this spirit of public service to the temporary inspiration of the war; millions of men, indeed, have been so far inspired as even to go into the trenches to fight. In ordinary times they would not have been so inspired, nor in the conduct of private concerns than in the public Services. Lord Haldane contrasted the hours a business man keeps with those of a Civil Servant, and said that business men even dream of their work all night. He compared also the efficient barristers and Civil Servants. I asked if, after the actual fighting ceases, we may not still find ourselves virtually in a state of war. "On the contrary," Lord Haldane replied, "I anticipate peace, and I think we have to remember that as well as any other crisis." Returning to the earlier point, Lord Haldane said, "Education is the foundation of all industrial reconstruction, of all social reform, and—you may add—of all democracy." To another question Lord Haldane replied that he regards civic education and commercial education not as different in themselves, but as different sides of the same thing. Under the new system, both the civic and the technical sides of education will be brought under one roof. This is a means of saving time, because, if an apprentice, after he leaves the elementary school, has only ninety hours put aside for education up to the age of eighteen, it is unduly increased, it will simply mean that the employer will cease to employ any boys under eighteen. I said I understood that the more modern employers were all in favour of giving their apprentices as good an education as possible. "There comes a limit," Lord Haldane explained; "you cannot expect a brass-founder, for example, to take children out of the streets at fourteen and send them to be educated at his own expense until they are eighteen. Why should he?"

I inquired if, as a general rule, the teaching side of secondary education under the new system. Lord Haldane said that this will vary according to localities and local conditions. The most important thing is to have a good corps of teachers. To effect this, some method of decentralisation will have to be devised; there will have to be large local areas and provinces with the responsibility upon each to provide its own teachers and craft-teachers. Teaching must be brought into the range of the Universities. We must make the profession of teaching esteemed. Under the new system, for instance, a man will not get employed at all unless he is qualified, or he will be employed only in an inferior position to the qualified men. Of course, Lord Haldane said, teachers will have to be better paid. I asked Lord Haldane if the teachers, as public functionaries without private or corporate control of their work, would not be liable to the same defects he had noticed in other public officials. Lord Haldane explained that, as teachers will be employed by competition, "they will have every motive for excellence, because their positions will depend upon their being excellent." He pointed out that the most exalted motive for teachers to have. "On the contrary," Lord Haldane replied; "I think it is a fine motive, to desire to excel in one's profession." Returning to the question of a curriculum, Lord Haldane said it should be of infinite variety, both in the humanities and on the scientific side. "The two sides of education," he concluded, "do not conflict, if you take them high enough."

**An Industrial Symposium.**

Conducted by Hauly Carter.

(58) MR. H. WILSON.

(President, Energy and Crafts Association.)

The three words, Art, Craft, and Industry, have by constant use lost something of their original meanings, and acquired associations they did not originally possess. In order to improve the industrial situation, and, indeed, to advance the spiritual welfare of the Nation after the War, the original meanings and associations must be restored. If we substitute the almost equivalent words arrangement, handiwork, and machine work, we shall find the problem of their interrelation simplified.

All art is arrangement. If a French critic says of your work, "C'est tres bien arrangé," he is paying a high compliment.

Similarly, all craft is, in the main, handiwork, industry, machine work.

These three great streamlines of social force are, I believe, eternal in the flow of life. So it may be said that, when hand work and industry or machine work, the less fundamental aspects of industry, are in their right relation, they produce the greatest result, that is healthy industry, arises. Art and craft impinge and produce ideal industry. When arrangement and handiwork are in their right relation, they produce the most perfect handiwork, that is healthy industry, arises. Art and craft impinge and produce ideal industry. When arrangement, that is, art, and machine work are harmoniously organised, the most perfect handiwork is the result. The inference is that, after the War, these activities must be co-ordinated, either by Capital or Labour or the State, or by all three working in conjunction.

If the hand-worker starts from craft, and more and more approaches or concerns himself with arrangement, or, as some would say, with beauty, or, as others would say, with emotion, the more he departs from that perfect simplicity of process which constitutes pure craft, or simple handiwork. In like manner arrangement, or art, becomes mannered if it concern itself too much with technique. It becomes a trick which is mechanical art.

Machine work, on the other hand, may either develop in the direction of perfect simplicity of execution and perfect choice of material, and acquire some of the excellences of handicraft, or it may approach, with increasing care for material make and arrangement, the ideal of that perfect arrangement which is art. None of the three can proceed without the others, and for that effective creative activity, which is complete life, each must be in harmonious relation with the other two.

The painter, commonly supposed to be most independent of the machine, relies absolutely on that most exquisitely fashioned colour-spreading machine called the brush. This, when made by Japanese craftsmen, is at once one of the most perfect works of art and one of the most perfect machines ever produced by the skill of man. There are Japanese brushes of such complete beauty that one hesitates to defile them by use. Moreover, the painter is dependent on a whole mill full of complex machinery for his paper, on looms for his canvas; on paint-priming machines for its surface, on the mill for his colours. In fact, he requires the whole complex of building machinery to produce the surface on which he works.

In like manner the craftsman or hand-worker, unless he be a basket-maker, when a skrewer and a geometro-sieve, is dependent on machinery or machines of varying degrees of complexity. The more complex the machine, the greater should be the expenditure of thought or skill in its use. The fundamental defect with which we are faced has been that the expenditure of thought on the product has not been equal to that displayed in the making of the machine. Creative invention has for the moment been outrivalled by mechanical production.

Because, a power-loom, for example, when supplied with steam, oil, and thread, will go on producing indefinitely a more or less saleable product with the minimum of intelligence supplied, has been cut down to the lowest possible limit at which body and soul can be kept together. The soulless product which
and enthusiasm have helped to change the whole productive mechanism of other countries, while our own has been marking time, if not standing still, if the manufacturers of England would call in craftsmen and artists to their councils, and allow themselves to be educated, re-educate their educators, all the world would gain.

(59) DR. ARTHUR LYCH, M.P.

After the War I expect that we shall find a situation more difficult and hazardous in regard to internal affairs than has yet prevailed.

The introduction of women's labour on a vast scale, the Military Service Act, the National Service Act, the great steps already taken in the mould of Socialism, the fixing of prices in some cases, the limitation of output in others, the introduction of a large national scheme of education, the tendency to Prussianism—if the word can be used without offence—our institutions: these are the salient features of the industrial question that will confront us. A new era will arise. Labour will be conscious of its new worth, Capital will be engaged in a desperate struggle to win back its old position, in part as regards the external world, in part as regards its domination of Labour. The whole nation will be struggling to secure international competition, to emerge from the horrors of bankruptcy.

The best policy to be pursued by (a) Labour is, I think, to enlarge its programme political, more national, and more international, to raise it from the ruck of strikes and squabbles about an extra penny an hour, with the old conditions preserved. Education should be the watchword of the Labour Party has it within its power to effect in this country a result similar to that attained in Australia viz., to say, 'We represent the bulk of the people; we mean to take the main part in this movement. The Labour Party in parliament has hitherto been subservient, timid, and time-serving; the brains of some of their great leaders are still oppressed by the traditions of the Middle Ages, the spoils and inconstant put upon them by kings and princes, ecclesiastics, capitalists; and they have accepted all this insubus as holier than Holy Writ. The party must be born again, and endowed with more vigour, more courage, more enlightenment. To come to definite points, it should accept military service as a democratic measure, ultimately the best protection against tyranny. It should insist on carrying out a system of education, such that the son of a duke in the struggle for power and authority. It should destroy the last vestige of prerogative, privilege, or undue influence that places one man above another. "Republicanism!" you cry, in alarm. To which I reply, 'By God!'; to which we reply, 'British Middle Ages still prevail against the most glorious banner ever erected in the sight of man, that of the French Revolution—Liberty, Equality, Fraternity.'

2 (b) Capital. I would say that the intelligent strategy of a great industrial campaign is one thing; the exploitation of the people, resulting in the cost of a machine for supporting and bolstering selfish interests is another. I would say to the capitalist, 'Educate yourself, and toe the mark with the working man fairly.'

For the rest, I would follow the line of the Dublin Jarvis when his passenger ran off after paying the legal fare: "I'll have him to God!"

2 (c) The State. Education, not tariff reform, should be the guiding principle. Without education all the tariff walls in the world will be useless; with education, as I conceive it, tariff walls will be unnecessary. Give up the bragging, or bravado, of Jim Younger. The million of men been sent to slaughter and countless homes left desolate that we may say, 'Not German Imperialism with a Wicked German Kaiser, but British Imperialism with his cousin, good King Imperialism with his cousin, good King.'

The only sure development of the State will be that represented by a ring of Free Republics united by ties of mutual obligation, not for aggression, but for defence and peaceful expansion of all that is great in civilisation.
Some Experiments in "Psychological Education."

IV.

After some half-a-dozen exercises in imaginative insight, I decided to become--in the same manner--with abstract subjects, in order to test and exercise the boys' depth of thought and clearness of reasoning—two distinct faculties that frequently exist in differently developed degrees in the same mind, though they are too often associated by educationists under the phrase "powers of thought." It is less easy to illustrate this purely abstract teaching by written examples for the following reasons. First, the chief value of these lessons lies in the subsequent verbal discussions in form which the essays give rise to: each boy will fight hard to maintain his point until the whole form becomes unanimous in approval or disapproval. Secondly, immature arguments are less presentable in print than the exercises in imagination I have previously quoted, which, I think, may fairly claim to have some actual, as opposed to relative, merits. Their own. Thirdly, while most readers probably have heard of a future existence, because they have never been brought into contact with human beings enough to teach them. Now to get to the human point. We may have a certain amount of instinct like A's was much the best:--

X was the most successful. Except for the few words in italics, his was entirely original thought. Comparatively speaking, that you only put into words one out of twenty of the thoughts that come into your mind. Some of your thoughts are too hard to put into words; others seem unnecessary. The reason why at times you cannot express your thoughts in words is because when you think you leave most of the words out in your mind. If you could bring a thought out of your mind exactly as you thought it, without any change in the words, and at the same time you would find you had a broken sentence with many words left out. Some thoughts come into your mind and go in a second. Other thoughts you go on thinking for hours, and you never stop doing so until another greater thought comes. A thought is an unuttered sentence concerning something which, for the moment, predominates in your mind above other things.

Wonderful for X, that last sentence! It is another interesting comparison between the facile writer and the struggling thinker:--

My idea of thoughts is this: thoughts are an agency in your mind that suggest ideas to you. B, of course—every syllable of it! Pure fluff, as I told him the next day, when he had the hardihood to defend his bad grammar by stubbily maintaining that the antecedents of "that" was much the best:--

It seems to me that thoughts are put into your head by some wonderful person speaking to your brain, and then your brain passing it on to your mouth sometimes. You often get impossible thought, as though the person speaking to your brain had misjudged your powers.

When I first read these opening words I did not think they meant very much; but on pondering over them it seemed to me that they meant a good deal, and that Z was hovering round I now time to summarise my evidence and draw therefrom some conclusions, for what they are worth.

The system which started on February 8th has now been in practice for seven weeks, during which time between twenty and thirty hours, in all, have been devoted to it—less than I should have liked, but far more than my conscience allowed. Boys do not get into the habit of pulling a cat's tail. They do not know what is right and what is wrong, because they have never been brought into contact with human beings enough to teach them.
thoughts, French and Latin would not seem readily to 

apparent Iy seductive, though, as in the case of algebra

unconsciously adopt, in a considerable degree, the 

deductive principles of the psychological method. It is 
clear, for instance, that though he can hammer for-

mule into his pupils, he must use more persuasive 

methods to force arguments into their minds; while to 

conceive of algebra problems — the first serious stumbling block in that 

subject.

The boy invariably says at first, "I'm stuck." "Have you made x equal to something?" "Yes, sir."

"Well, then, begin to argue from your data."

"I can't see how to begin."

"Oh yes, you can."

"I can't.

"Well, write something down."

"I don't know what to write."

"Well, write something anyhow, and as soon as you do you'll find it will be all right."

It sounds absurd, but it hardly ever fails. I was 

taught it by a brilliant teacher of mathematics at a 

preparatory school, and he was taught it by some 

genius at Cambridge. It is, as far as the boys themselves are concerned, I think the 

test has been as fair as could be devised, 

though whether the method would prove successful with an 

idle boy I have not had the opportunity to discover.

Concerning the master, I can say with truth that the 
test has been unduly severe. I have no wish to make 

anyone believe the system can't be better than it is.

I am fully aware that aggressive modesty on my part 

would not achieve that end. At the same time, in sober 

fairness to the system, I must emphatically disclaim 
yet any pretensions to being an "inspiriting teacher" of 

the type suggested by R. H. C.'s correspondent in 

The New Age of March 29. Far from it! Owing to my 
il-health, the method owes less to me than it would 
to the average teacher. But while the teacher's 

personality must prove an important element in any educa-
tional system, I think it is of less account in this one 
than in most. Of necessity, he must do as little as 
possible, though I admit this is harder than it sounds. 

One is persistently confronted with a point-blank non 

assumption — the schoolboy's creed — and an impasse 

arises and continues until master or boy gives in. (All the 

examples I have quoted, with the exception of B's, 

were written under protest.) It is difficult to refrain 

from lending a helping hand at times, but the psycho-

logical teacher must be ruthless. He must run risks 

and be prepared to cut his losses sometimes. The in-

ductive teacher can learn a class-room with the comfort-
able knowledge that his form "knows thoroughly," 

say, the rivers of South America; but his success can 

be measured by the actual value of the knowledge 

and by the period of time each boy's memory retains it. 

The psychological teacher may give his form something 

to think about and explain, and at the half an hour he 

be rewarded with blank sheets of paper; and yet this 

apparent failure may not be a real one, for the effort, 

though unsuccessful, is often within an ace of success 

and may have been more valuable than the actual 

achievement of some easier exercise in thought. 

I will conclude by drawing an analogy from Z's summary 
of his views on "Instinct and Conscience": —

An animal does not know what is wrong (except 
domestic animals, and they only know by experience), but a human being does partly by experience and partly 

by his conscience.

Now our intellectual, like our moral, superiority to 

animals is not merely one of degree; yet the intellectual 

faculty, or gift, corresponding to conscience, which, 

for want of a better term, I have referred to as "latent 
powers," is scarcely recognised by educationists. If a 

preacher, or trainer of morals, makes his appeal almost entirely to the conscience, why should not a 

trainer of intellectual appeal to the higher faculties we 

possess? Animals can learn tricks by experience, and 

by experience only; but human beings are capable and 

worthv of being taught by more excited methods.

[The End.]

T. R. C.

* Y's blank verse quoted in the first article was attributed to W by mistake.
Drama.
By John Francois Hope.

It is not often that the Pioneer Players give a perfect performance; they are fond of playing amateur plays like amateurs, and usually live up to their name only by their rough and ready methods. But I remember to their credit a wonderful performance of Heijermans’ ‘The Good Hope,’ in which Miss Helen O’Malley and Mr. Frank Cochrane particularly distinguished themselves; and I have to add to that record their recent production of ‘The Hired Girl,’ also by Heijermans. Apparently, the Pioneer Players have an affinity with the Low Dutch; and are more successful in producing the work of a man whom Mr. Ashley Dukes called ‘the last of the naturalists’ than they are in discovering new works of dramatic importance. But ‘The Hired Girl’ was worth producing if only to show us that Miss Sydney Fairbrother is an actress of much greater ability than we have had reason to believe. It is unfortunate that the talent of the younger generation of actors is not efficiently exploited by native dramatists, although the reason is obvious; the usual play is simply a novel with the descriptive passages omitted, although sometimes (as in the case of Shaw) the descriptions are inserted.

We really need a school for dramatists, the first course of which will be the study of the capabilities of the actors and experiments in writing parts for players. There will be no revival of drama until dramatists begin to think in terms of the theatre, instead of imposing philosophical, dialectical, or literary conventions upon it; and the first step towards the revival of the dramatic sense in dramatic authors is the study and exploitation by them of the dramatic abilities of the actors. But this is a digression.

Heijermans’ everlasting theme is the effect of poverty on the characters of those who suffer it and those who benefit by it; and is usually stated in terms of the class war. In ‘The Hired Girl,’ the class war is not stated as a theory, as the social outcome of a social disorder; it is personified, dramatised, in the conflict of the characters of Marie, the hired girl, and her mistress. Marie is Labour triumphant, and Heijermans comes near to justifying the malignant humiliations that she heaps upon her mistress. The division was natural; Marie was not only born in an inferior position, but she was born without any of the physical qualifications for rising above it. She was ugly, and instead of intelligence had only that low cunning that spiritual cripples always develop. She was despised and rejected, and was ‘made monstrous by much solitude.’ But ever before her eyes was this other person of the same sex and age, nurtured in comfort, refined by education, courted and admired by everybody. For love’s sake, only one person had approached Marie, and he had deserted her on the eve of marriage; nobody, she protested, loved her for herself except a mangy little dog. But love, like everything else, had come to her mistress as though by natural right; she could pick and choose among her suitors, and her choice was made happily that it emphasised once more the difference between mistress and maid. Marie revenged her own after the manner of Caliban of the kitchen just within the bounds of humanity.

Miss Christine Silver, as the wife, was a perfect foil to the servant; and her hysteria at the close of the first act was a masterpiece of acting. With the exception of the husband (who was rather stolid), the men had little to do except fill out the picture of low life; but they did that perfectly, Mr. Frank Cochrane (who only a month before was the singing sentry in ‘Good Friday’) showing a gift for genre playing which was at least a guarantee of his versatility. But the honours were with the women, and Miss Fairbrother’s performance put her among our first-class actresses. As a low comedian, she has long been famous; but she has shown herself to be a low tragedian as well, capable of expressing perfectly the psychology of the hardly-human.

Before the play, Mr. Michael Sherbrooke delivered a long monologue on the Russian educational system as it affects the Jews, entitled ‘Gymnasie,’ and managed, by his own skill of delivery, to make it interesting; although its humour was very elementary. Afterwards, it was an afternoon among exotics, none of which can be acclimatised; but which served the very necessary purpose of restoring our faith in the ability of the actors of England. Let us hope that we shall soon have plays worthy of them.
Readers and Writers.

Until Mr. Stephen Leacock explained himself it was possible for people to think of him as a humorist. But after his explanation we know that he is a serious man with a talent for making some people laugh. Unfortunately, it is this talent of his that is now becoming the substitute for real manhood; with the consequence for us that we can no longer laugh lightly at Mr. Leacock's embroideries upon his seriousness, since there is no seriousness left. I have often remarked, I think, upon the danger of being witty, or of possessing some oddity of talent. Without a powerful judgment and a good taste, such talents are apt to run wild and to choke all the other faculties of the mind. His wit came perilously near to ruining the conversation, though seldom the essays, of Lamb, who, nevertheless, had a judgment and a taste which were good naturally as well as by cultivation. Wit is the besetting sin of a good many young Irishmen, as in a lesser degree it accounts for so much of the English neglect of Mr. Shaw. And his wit, as I have said, has been the misfortune of Mr. Leacock, since he has now come to depend exclusively upon it for his living.

That Mr. Leacock, indeed, a witty writer nobody can deny who has read his works, including his latest "Further Foolishness" (Lane, 3s. 6d. net). But whereas in his earlier works there was rare common sense to be lit up by it, in his later works there is wit in emptiness. The sign that Mr. Leacock has at last been reduced to wit is the defence he now offers of it. In the concluding chapter of "Further Foolishness" he writes of "Humour as I see it," in the strain of one who is uneasily aware that his humour stands now in need of defence. And what a defence it is!—A defence, in short, without any wit in which case Mr. Leacock pleads extenuating circumstances for his literary crimes. Listen, for example, to this: "It is a prime condition of humour [Mr. Leacock calls his wit humour] that it must be without harm or malice, nor should it convey, even incidentally, any real picture of sorrow or suffering or death." What is this but a claim that even if he makes an amusing fool of himself a man must refrain from being amusing over serious things? But apart from the example of the breach of his rule which Mr. Leacock provides us in his revolting chapter or German offerings during the war—in which, indeed, he demonstrates how hardly may they that have wit enter into the kingdom of good taste—what a pitiable plea it is for the confinement of wit or humour to subjects of no importance. The supposition, you will see, is that there are subjects with which humour may not deal, or with which humour may not be mingled on pain of appearing vulgar or unfriendly. And what is this but to admit that humour is a low form of mind, incongruous with exalted or serious things? Again, and continuing his defence, for which the spirit of Humour will not thank him, Mr. Leacock remarks that people underestimate the difficulty of "making humour," and are on that account disposed to rate it low. "It would never occur to them," he says, "that the thing is hard, meritorious and dignified ... that it is much harder to write one of Owen Seaman's 'funny poems in 'Punch' than to write one of the Archbishop of Canterbury's sermons ... that Mark Twain's 'Huckleberry Finn' is a greater work than Kant's 'Critique of Pure Reason,'" and so on. But what a clobber is here; and how hardly a humorist must feel himself driven to turn upon the world in this way! "Hardness" has nothing to do with merit, nor have the relative values of the works Mr. Leacock here pairs off together anything to do with the presence or absence of "humour." Mr. Owen Seaman's poems may be difficult to write, and the Archbishop of Canterbury's sermons may be easy; but the humour of the one and the seriousness of the other do not depend upon the fact. What is important and decisive in any work does not lie in the comparison of the work, as a whole, with other works of entirely different form and character, but in its comparison with works of the same order in relation to their common aim. Let us, by all means, compare humour with humour, Mr. Leacock with Mr. Twain; and both with that ideal form of humour to which both presumably aspire; but to compare, as Mr. Leacock does, humour with other moods, and to defend it as superior, is to plead that it is inferior. From this point of view I would ask a question: is there as many degrees of pleasure as may be expressed between a faint smile and a loud horse-laugh, may not humour be classified and valued accordingly? Not, therefore, whether such writers as are called humorous make us laugh—but what kind of laugh they evoke is the criterion of their humour.

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A colleague recently quoted in another place a saying that was current among the German Protestants during the Thirty Years' War: "When the tale of bricks is doubled Moses comes." This consolatory piece of wisdom, being at once a balsam for the present and a hope for the future, has its analogue in the famous declaration of Krishna in the "Bhagavad Gita": "Whenever there is decay of righteousness, and exaltation of unrighteousness, then I Myself come forth." But this declaration, again, has its analogue in universal myths of prophecy having as their burden the announcement of the advent of a Saviour whenever the world is at its blackest. All this vague prophetic longing, however, has been marvelously clarified, classified and reduced to system in our days; and the wonder must needs arise in the mind of a reader who turns to the latest work on the subject: "The Coming of the World-Teacher" (Allen and Unwin, 6s. 6d. net) whether the writers or the discoverers of the contents of which are either of an importance beyond all telling or of a lunacy beyond all comprehension. And, for the life of me, I cannot be certain into which category to put it. With an air of simple affirmation as if what they were saying were the most credible thing in the world, the five writers here assembled within the covers of a book published only last week announce not only that World-Saviours have been known to come into the world in ages past, but that a new World-Teacher of the same Order as his twenty-five predecessors (of whom the last was the Lord Buddha) is about to appear; nay, that he will appear within the next fifteen or twenty years. An organisation, amazing to say, has actually been formed, consisting, I suppose, of human beings of intelligence like our own, to prepare the way for the coming Teacher, and to recognise and welcome him upon his appearance. And if all this were not enough to make our hair stand on end with horror or delight, this book is published to invite the rest of the world to share with the "Order of the Star in the East" their lunacy or their divinity.

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Having recovered from my first shock a little, I begin to feel my thoughts with a view to discovering how they have survived the experience. My first discovery is one of modesty. It cannot be the case—egotistic as our age is—that we, simply we, only we, are alive for the twenty-sixth Advent. What have we done, even in unrighteousness, that is so much greater than the works of our forefathers that we should be chosen as the generation to receive the new Teacher? We are not worthy of it. My next thought, however, is that if there be any truth in Myth—as I
believe—at some period or another great intelligences, as they have appeared so they will appear,—and why not while we are alive as easily as when other ages have been or will be? Finally, I reflect that, after all, we are living in an unusual period. Ordinary as we ourselves are, the circumstances, around us are extraordinary. We are like Mr. Wells' heroes, in the most prophetic because the least consciously prophetic of his works, whose ordinariness is the very contrast that extraordinary events appear to like to choose for themselves. What if to us, therefore, the most extraordinary events should occur? I rest upon that question without an answer to support most extraordinary events should occur?

**Oriental Encounters.**

By Marmaduke Pickthall.

V.—BASTIRMA.

The moon began to shine upon the gardens of Damascus, casting pale shadows; though the daylight had not quite departed, and the sky behind the trees to westward was still green. We were sitting out on stools under the walnut-trees beside a stream which made a pleasant murmur. The air was laden with the scent of unseen roses. Behind us was a little tavern with a lantern lighted in its entrance arch, a solitary yellow eye amid the twilight. We were the centre of a crowd as usual when Suleyman was with us. His voice attracted people like a drum, and the manner of his talk had power to hold them. It was a weighty voice of studied modulations, which promised wisdom on the brink of laughter. He generally chose some moral or religious subject for discourse, and illustrated it by what we call "nawadir"—"rare things"—selected from his vast experience of life. By his own account he had journeyed to the world's rim, and had associated not alone with men, but also with jinn and ghosts. On the other hand, he had neither book nor learning. He had been to Europe several times, and knew the streets of Paris and of London. Somehow, one never doubted any of his stories while he was telling them, the accents of his voice had such conviction. One was conscious that his tales—even the most extravagant—were true in some mysterious, intrinsic way. This time he chose to speak to us of guilt and innocence, of good and evil works, and their effect on man's salvation. He aired the theory, which roused approving murmurs in the listening circle, that Suleyman's chief intention was the chief desideratum for every son of Adam on his journey through the world, no matter though his works might turn out bad or unsuccessful.

"To lie with good intention is better than to tell the truth with bad intention," he declared.

"To lie is the salt of a man; the shame is to him who believes," put in Rashid, my servant, who was great at proverbs.

Suleyman paid no heed to the interruption.

"A sin committed thoughtlessly," said he, "is light compared with one which thou hast hatched and planned."

"Nay, O beloved, a sin is a sin, appointed so by the Most High; and the duty of a man is to avoid it. The hurt to man is salvation in the same, how-ever one proach it," said an old man in the audience. "If I cut my hand, is the wound less, is it not rather likely to be more—for being thoughtless?"

There was a murmur of applause as all eyes turned on this objector, whose likeness could not be distinguished in the gloaming. He spoke in approbation of the view expressed, and the old man, much embarrassed, laughed; "To lie is bad, to kill is bad, to steal is bad. Our Lord destroy this rogue of an Intention, which plain men cannot catch nor understand!"

"Nay, listen!" Suleyman became persuasive and profoundly earnest, as was his manner always under opposition. "Thou hast not altogether caught my meaning. I say a man should trust in the Most High, not think too much beforehand of his ways. By thinking beforehand, he may form a bad intention, since man's thoughts are naturally fallible. Let him think afterwards, thus he will learn to shun such snares in future, and by repentance place a good work to his credit. Men learn wisdom from their sins, not from their righteous deeds. And the consciousness of sin, the knowledge that they may at any moment fall into it, preserves them from the arrogance of goodness."

"There may be some small grain of sense in what thou sayest," chuckled the objector, "but not enough to make sin righteous, nor yet to abrogate the sacred law."

Suleyman pursued unheeding: "I have a rare thing, which will show you what I mean.

"A new judge had been appointed to the Holy City. He was departing from Stamboul by ship to take up his appointment. On the quay, a Jew of his acquaintance came to him with reverence, and begged him kindly to convey a basket of bastirma to his (the Jew's) son at the Holy City, which the Jews in their own language call Jerusalem. You all know what bastirma is. It is a special delicacy, a very tasty dish—a dish of which the Turks are most inordinately fond. The Cadi graciously consented, bidding his major-domo to take the basket, and bestow it carefully among the things. The Jew departed. The Cadi and his party journeyed till they reached their destination, where, upon arrival, they discovered a young Jew inquiring earnestly about a basket of bastirma. The Cadi had forgotten its existence. "Ah, to be sure!" he cried. "I gave it to my major-domo for safe keeping."

He called that servant, and commanded him to give the basket of bastirma to the Jew there waiting. The major-domo bowed his head, folded his hands upon his breast, and said: "I ask forgiveness, O my lord. The basket still remains; but the bastirma was so excellent that, having tasted but a piece of it, I wanted more, so that, in fact, I ate it all upon the journey. I wish to pay the price of it to this young Jew."

The Cadi thought his servant's offer fair enough, but...
the young Jew went mad. Flying at the throat of the major-domo he flung him on the ground, and tried to tear his soul out of his body with his teeth and nails. The Cadi called upon the bystanders for help. The Jew was dragged with difficulty from his victim. Then the Cadi asked:

"Why, pray, did you attack my servant in that savage way?"

"That man," said the Jew, still white with rage, and pointing with his tallow finger at the major-domo who had risen from the ground—"that man contains my grandfather."

"What words are these? Explain thyself!" the Cadi cried.

"Three weeks ago, O gracious Excellency, my grandfather died in Stambul. It had ever been his dearest wish that his body might be buried in the Holy City, near the scene of Judgment; and that wish of his was law on us his offspring. But how could we fulfil it? How, I ask? No skipper whether Nazarene or Muslim would receive a dead Jew on his ship for less than the corpse-weight in gold. And we are poor. To take him overland was quite impossible. And so my father, and my mother in Stambul cured his dead limbs, and made of them bastirma, and sent him hither in the way thou knowest. It follows that thy servant has committed a most dreadful crime. Let him be killed, I pray, and buried in the grave we have prepared, that so my grandfather's great wish may be fulfilled."

The major-domo was more dead than living as he heard that story. He rent his clothes and fell down on the ground insensible.

The Cadi answered the young Jew with wisdom, saying: "That art entitled to the price of one basket of bastirma, and no more, from this my servant; but he, on his side, has a right to all thou ownest. What wealth can ever compensate him for the haunting fear that on the last day he may rise inextricably mingled with thy worthy grandfather? Go, I say, and never venture to approach him any more, or I shall surely act upon this judgment and denude thee quite.

The major-domo—

Cries of "Meskin! Meskin! poor fellow," interrupted the narrative.

One said: "I once ate pig's flesh by mistake, but this man's pligt is much more horrible." Suleyman's opponent cried: "It was a judgment on him evidently for his theft of the bastirma. Say, what became of him thereafter, O narrator?"

"The major-domo till then, had been a precious rogue—I knew him intimately from a child, and so can vouch for it—became from that day forth the saintliest of men, who had risen from the ground—"that man contains my grandfather.""

"But the intention—what of the intention, O my master! His intention was not good. He stole?"

"His intention went no further than a basket of bastirma. The Jew was only an unpleasant accident, in respect whereof no guilt attached to him. The case is clear, and, although I used to argue with him on the subject, I never could contrive to make him see it. One thing is certain, and will prove to you the worth of good intentions. He only meant to eat the basket of bastirma, therefore, he felt great remorse when he devoured a Jew, and so became a saint for Paradise. Had he intended to devour a Jew he could not possibly have felt such great remorse. What say you?"

And everyone agreed that it was so.

Views and Reviews.

COOING TO CO-OPERATORS.

BEFORE the war, a considerable degree of what was called "unrest" was observed among the working-classes of this country; even the "Daily Mail" noticed it, and induced Mr. H. G. Wells to diagnose and prescribe for it in six articles. The prescription was "Proportional Representation." At that time, Labour was well represented in Parliament, and some of the unrest was due to dissatisfaction with the results of that representation. A new word, Syndicalism, had been spoken; and Mr. Ramsay MacDonald proved at great length in a book that Syndicalism was not Socialism, that the Labour Party was Socialistic, and, therefore, that there was no Syndicalism in the country. Q. E. D. Nevertheless, the unrest continued, and still continues; Labour has been represented in Parliament, and it has got D. O. R. A. (more elaborately known as the Defence of the Realm Acts), the Munition Acts, Military Conscription, a Ministry for Labour, and a number of other institutions and ordnances. Yet the "unrest" continues, and occasionally finds violent expression; and then we discover that there is a difference, a lamentable difference, between the leaders and the led. The men, led by their shop-stewards, strike or threaten to strike, if the redress of any wrong of theirs is not given; the leaders threaten to strike them with all the powers of the State if they do strike. The men usually surrender, but the cleavage becomes more patent with every surrender; political representation of Labour means the coercion of the movement by its own leaders, while the movement itself is tending more and more to limit its activity to direct action. When the war is over, Labour will have very little use for its representatives in Parliament; and already the dove is flying from the Ark to search for dry land whereon it may rest.

Mr. W. C. Anderson, M.P., may seem to some people a singular sort of dove, but I can assure the readers of The New Age that he is really cooing to the Co-operative movement in the "Co-operative News" of March 31. For years, the movement has been disturbed at intervals by proposals that it should be directly represented in Parliament; and quite recently the clamour has begun again. The only reason that is ever given is that only at Westminster can the interests of the Co-operative movement be best served; whereas, of course, the only justification for going to Westminster is that the representative has something to contribute to the movement which can only be done from there. In Mr. Anderson admits that he does not know "whether the co-operative movement intends to profit in any degree by the Trade Union experience"; if it does, it will turn its attention to direct economic action, as the Trade Unions are doing. It will organise the movement from top to bottom; it will invest its money in the purchase of new sources of supply, it will increase its own productive resources, and see that co-operatively produced commodities only are distributed by the retail societies. I take these figures from the same number of the "Co-operative News"; "in 1916, the turnover of the C.W.S. alone was £2,430,000, which included £16,850,000 from its own productive works." In other words, of the goods sold by the C.W.S. in 1916, less than one-third were its own production. There is plenty of scope for direct economic action within the limits of the movement itself; and if it can only profit by the Trade Union experience, that is the direction in which it will apply its efforts.

But Mr. Anderson assumes that it will go into politics. There is, for example, the great grievance of the imposition of the Excess Profits Tax on co-operative societies which only operates necessary, in Mr. Anderson's opinion, by direct representation at Westminster. It could be redressed even more speedily if
the co-operative societies restricted their trade to their members; then it would be as impossible for them to make "profits" in the commercial sense as it is for the refreshment committee of a club. If they paid full dividend, they might still with some show of reason protest that they made no profit; but they pay only half dividend, and although non-members' trade amounts only to two per cent. of the whole, it cannot be denied that, so far as that percentage is concerned, the co-operative societies are on exactly the same footing as any other trading corporation. But as a corporation cannot both be and not be a corporation trading for profit, the demonstration that they make a profit (if only to the extent of half dividend) must determine the character of a co-operative society as a corporation trading for profit; and the whole of its business, therefore, becomes liable to the imposts levied on other corporations. Whereas, if the C.W.S. produced all that it supplied, if the distributive societies sold only C.W.S. productions, and only to their own members, by no stretch of the legal imagination could they be regarded as corporations trading for profit, and, therefore, subject to the Excess Profits Tax.

There is no need for me to elaborate the case against political representation of economic interests; The New Age has for years familiarised everybody with those arguments. Whether we regard the economic interests of certain organisations, or the political welfare of the country, we are equally opposed to the suggestion. The objection to all sectional representation, whether of interests or opinions, has been well stated by Dicey in his criticism of Proportional Representation; he supposes a case in which sixty-seven anti-vaccinators are returned to Parliament. "They will soon find that their sixty-seven votes, though of high importance, are not enough to save the country. The course which these patriots must follow is obvious. They are comparatively indifferent about Home Rule about Disestablishment, about the objects of the Labour Party. Let them promise their support to each of the groups advocating each of these objects in return for the help in repealing legislation which originates, say our anti-vaccinators, in the deceits of Jenner. A political miracle will have been performed. A majority in favour of anti-vaccination will have been obtained."

Put quite briefly, the political consequence of sectional representation is log-rolling; and Mr. F. W. Goldstone, M.P., who, in another article in the same issue of the "Co-operative News," is reported as saying: "If it is not public business so far as the representatives are concerned, the country is going on, while we are left to struggle with a bureaucracy that has been called into being by the very activity of the log-rollers.

The whole truth of the matter is that the co-operative movement, as such, has no politics; it could not govern the country, and arrange its foreign affairs, if it were asked to do so. It can only adopt various "democratic" shibboleths, and support various "democratic" parties, in return for advocacy and special consideration of its financial interests. Meanwhile, the country might be going to the dogs, and the co-operative movement to Carey Street.

A. E. R.

Reviews.

The Days of Alkibiades. By C. E. Robinson. (Edwin Arnold. 8s. net.)

The idea of this volume is a delightful idea delightfully expressed. It is a history made easy; it is history made intelligible and human. Thucydides gives us only the political aspect of the history of Alkibiades' time; Plutarch's little anecdotes really express the universal qualities of civilised mankind. Mr. Robinson has really attempted to do something more vividly by telling the ancient story in its appropriate setting, which he does not by being frigidly Greek, but by translating into English equivalents. His Spartans, for example, do not talk Doric, but a sort of Lowland Scotch; 'Homer becomes ballad-verse, Alkibiades' speech has some flavour of Elizabethan rhetoric, the dialogues that of Elizabethan comedies; the mature style of Lydias finds its counterpart in the more rounded periods of Addison and Steele." Nor has Mr. Robinson merely recast the story of Alkibiades in novel form; his volume is a collection of dramatic sketches of the institutions and functions of the Athenian people in the time of Alkibiades. Mr. Robinson's purpose has been "to reproduce, truly and with fair completeness, the habits of an Athenian gentleman, how he dressed, ate, and spent his day, how he talked and what he thought, to the period of his visit to Athens." If the ordinary reader fills the ordinary reader with dismay, this volume will fill him with delight; Greek history has become not something to be learned, but something to be enjoyed and understood. It is not abstract, like Mr. Lowes Dickinson's "Greek View of Life"; it is dramatic, it is Greek life itself.

The Judgment of the Orient. Translated by Ambrose Pratt. (Dent.)

This is supposed to be a translation from the Chinese, the author's name being Ku'suh. It is an essay in national psychology, and the author demonstrates to his own satisfaction that nations not only have souls, but their souls have sex. "Male and female created he them, and called their name: Europe." For the author also demonstrates that there is an everlasting war between male and female; as Nietzsche said: 'Love, in its expediencies, is the war of the sexes, and, in its basis, their mortal hatred." Therefore, Ku'suh concludes: 'This war was born and fabricated in the souls of the contesting nations. It is a war of souls. If we look deeper still we shall see, provided that our sight is strong and clear, that it is a war of sex." Ku'suh proceeds most ingeniously to demonstrate that "the State which has more women than men is always less effeminate than the State having more men than women." Therefore, Bulgaria, Australia, and Canada, for example, are more effeminate than England or Germany; and most of the belligerents must have a masculine soul in common. But Ku'suh proves that the war is due to the feminine soul of Germany; England, he contends, is "intensely, arrogantly masculine . . . simply because the women of England, during the past few decades, have relaxed much of the fury of their primeval sex warfare against their male enemies, in order to chase the rainbows of economical and political enfranchisement." Germany, we must infer, has no feminist movement, although the fact is otherwise; but the Wisdom of the East is the wisdom of experience, not of experiment, and we must not spoil a theory by quoting anything so vulgar as a fact. Ku'suh says: "The social condition of Germany supplies further proof that the nation is under feminine dominion. The women of Germany, as a race, have never shown themselves solicitous of political enfranchisement. The Bund Deutscher Frauenvereine has only half a million members. It is because their power of government through sex is complete enough to satisfy their instinct
to excel and to enslave. The men of Germany are peculiarly uxorious. They treat their women as subordinates, as playthings and house fraus [according to the census of 1871, only nine and a half million women were wage-earners, and there are only nine hundred thousand superfluous women who cannot hope for marriage], rarely as equals or partners, never as superiors. But the women are content. Women do not rebel against the tradition, which assumes the form of an apparent sexual tyranny. They know who are the real tyrants in the eternal processes of conjugation." So Germany undertook this war to please its women, and its yielding only to force, its lack of ethical restraint, are typically feminine. The masculine soul is tolerant, sentimental, and somewhat indolent. The female soul is impatient, capricious, and energetically bent on exploitation." But "the female soul is inexperienced in the use of force. Throughout the ages it has sought and gained its ends by craft. It understands, therefore, less how to employ, than to submit to, force... If the soul of Germany were masculine, Germany might win the war; for the male soul is expert in the use of force, and understands its limitations—understands, in particular, exactly how far the power of physical compulsion may safely invade the territory of spiritual resistance. The female soul is absolutely unaware of any such limitations; and the femininity of Germany's controlling ego has long since plunged the nation into cardinal mistakes—in ignorance."

Human Temperaments. By Charles Mercier, M.D. (Scientific Press. 15s. net.)

That there is such a thing as temperament, and that it is often practically determinative of character, this series of studies reminds us. But there is nothing more easy than to write a description of a temperament; easier, perhaps, than to have practical experience of many temperaments, and can observe the effect of our own upon others. Perhaps the only clarity that Dr. Mercier adds to common observation is a distinction between the inborn temperament and the temperament of the artist, and between cleverness and capability; for the rest, any woman journalist could write descriptions of the faddist, the religious temperament, the jealous temperament, the practical man, the man of action, and so forth. We expect from Dr. Mercier something "more relative than this," some more profound study of the conflict that frequently occurs between the inborn temperament and the imposed character. Such pamphlets as this really do incalculable injury to psychology, which is devoting itself more and more to the development of individual character, which really means the inculcation of sufficient self-control to make the temperamental expression not inevitable but suitable to the circumstances. With education still in its infancy, it is neither scientific nor kind to proceed to judgment on temperamental expression, as Dr. Mercier does; for no one temperament completely describes a man. There would be no paradoxes in human nature if it did; and the classic case is always that which has never been observed.

The End of a Chapter. By Shane Leslie. (Constable. 5s. net.)

These are the memoirs of a young man who has been a soldier and who, while invalided in hospital, realised "that I had witnessed the suicide of the civilization called Christian and the travail of a new era to which no gods have been as yet rash enough to give their name, and remembered that, with my friends and contemporaries, I shared the fortunes and misfortunes of being born at the end of a chapter in history." Mr. Leslie writes with much wit and not a little wisdom about the great personages with whom he is acquainted or connected by marriage (he is a cousin of Mr. Winston Churchill, and is connected with Mrs. FitzHerbert's adopted daughter by marriage), and about the institutions that he thinks are on the eve of radical transformation. But he says he is becoming like Society, as cosmopolitan as the Empire; while Balliol, he thinks, "stands or falls by Asquith's premiership." His reminiscences of King's, Cambridge, include Walter Headlam, Lowes Dickinson, Waller, Swinburne, Oscar Browning; and Wingfield Stratford, Rupert Brooke, and Edward Busk were among the young men he knew. Of the dynasty of Hanover, particularly of Victoria and Edward VII, he has some interesting little-tattle to recount; his opinion of George IV, who repudiated his marriage with Mrs. FitzHerbert, is stated rather emphatically in his first chapter. Of the religion of England, he says the true thing which is by now a commonplace, that "it tends to save appearances rather than souls," and says that "the Church of England reigns chiefly as a social club, with which are deposited the moral standards of society," and fills his chapter with reminiscences of such people as Archbishop Alexander and Cardinal Logue, the Bishop of London and Prebendary Carlile, who "once startled us at Cambridge by referring to the Good Shepherd from the University pulpit as an 'unholy hynister'!" He concludes that "there are more people in London to-day who believe in their family ghosts than in the resurrection of Christ." Of the politicians, he says most of his uncle, Randolph, and his cousin, Winston, Churchill; but he has a few shrewd things to say of Mr. Ballour, Mr. Asquith, and Viscount Grey. He has a chapter on "Ireland and the Irish," and in "An Empire of Sport and Freedom" he reveals the English character in a few pages. His appreciation of sportsmanship is the test for autonomy through the Empire. Australia had to defeat England at cricket before she was given a commonwealth." He concludes with a chapter on "Society in Decay" and one on "Post-Victorianism," and, in the latter, attributes to Mr. Chesterton the phrase of Mr. Berard Shaw, "the golden rule is that there is no golden rule." His general opinion of post-Victorian literature is that it was feverish and frenzied, and the dancing mania that preceded the war was equally characteristic of an age that had forgotten the realities of life.

Battles and Bivouacs: A French Soldier's Note-Book. By Jacques Roujon. Translated by Fred Rothwell. (Allen & Unwin. 5s. net.)

M. Roujon's note-book covers the first six months of warfare, and describes with a delightfully light touch all the manifold details of that disastrous period, so far as they affected him. He was lucky enough to meet friends at the mobilisation, and they kept together throughout the period; and as they were mostly of the professional class, the discomforts of warfare were mitigated, particularly during the periods when they were not in the trenches. But although the enjoyment of food occupies a considerable portion of this narrative (even the "labour incidental to the cleanliness of the body" does not receive a larger share of the author's attention), M. Roujon contrives in the intervals between eating to convey a very clever idea of what the life of a French soldier was; the English apparently studied their comfort in the trenches more effectively, and it was not until M. Roujon occupied some trenches dug by the English that he had a dug-out that did not collapse. But amid all the varied detail of the narrative, the lively spirit of M. Roujon and his companions remains visible to the reader; even the artillery officer who contemplated the horrors of "casse firing, to allow the foot-soldiers to pass," only intensifies the impression that M. Roujon could rival Dumas if he could learn to boast a little. It is a perfect record of a soldier's life.
Pastiche.

THE SOUND OF THE HORN.
(From the French of Alfred de Vigny.)

I love the sound of the horn in the deep, dim woodland, Wheter it waith the doth that isigh to death, Or cry the hunter’s farewell on the echoes waning, From leaf to leaf borne on by the north wind’s breath.

How often alone, in the shadow at midnight straying, I have smiled to hear it, how often have wept still more! For I seemed to hear the rumour of things foreboding The death of the Paladin knights that lived of yore.

O azure mountain! O hand that my heart is fain of! Fransona fells, and summits of Marboré, Fountains that fall with the drifted snows for a burden, Torrents and brooks of the Pyrenees’ chill spray; Francona fells, and summits of Marbore, Mountains frozen or fertile, throning the seasons.

Roncevaux! Roncevaux! deep in thy sombre valley With the sound of his cadenced songs for In vast uproar with the music for ever calling Who have ice for crown and the meadows about your feet, 'Tis there would I dwell, 'tis there would I wait to hearken The far-borne sound of the horn blow sad and sweet.

A traveller, strayed mayhap when the air is stilly, Lifts up this brazen voice that the night repeats; With the sound of his cadenced songs for a while is blending The tiny bell of the tethered lamb that bleats.

Is it you who speak to us still in the blare of the horn? Roncevaux! Roncevaux! deep in thy sombre valley The shade of the noble Roland is still forlorn! Lovers have kissed and loved, who would understand the ways of the Ministry.

I have smiled to hear it, how often havept still more. Love has departed, silent And let your hands upon my shoulders fall, And hold me to your breast in straining-wise!

DEKHNE-WALLAH.

QUICUNQUE VULT.
Whosoever desires a new job, before all things it is necessary that he understand the ways of the Ministry of Food.

Which Ministry, unless it works efficiently, without doubt we shall perish of starvation.

And the Ministry is thus composed: Lord Devonport is Food Controller, supreme and one, unity in multiplicity and multiplicity in unity, one in his person and multiple in his shops.

Kennedy Jones is Director of Public Economy, inferior to Lord Devonport as touching precedence, mightier than Lord Devonport as having the Northcliffe “pull,” equal to Lord Devonport as they are neither of them paid.

And these two are neither of one flesh nor one mind; each feels himself almighty and all-wise.

Yet there cannot be two almighties in one office, nor two all-wise ones, since both cannot be obeyed.

Therefore the appointment of the one will be lasting and the other ephemeral and except a man discover which will survive he cannot be safe in his job.

Then there are Mrs. Peel and Mrs. Pember Reeves, co-equal, co-existent, inseparable and incompatible. Neither is before nor after the other, their glory equal, their futility equal, and their sense of their own importance equal.

When one goes to a meeting, the other speaks also, and yet they are not one but two women.

If a man seek a post from them, they will both interview him and both engage him, and yet they are not one flesh, but two.

And hereafter he will spend his time serving these two and damning both eternally.

A. K.

WILFRID THORLEY.

DEAD LOVE.

"We have drunk wine; how, then, shall we drink water?" (Oriental Proverb.)

Kiss me once more, Beloved, on the eyes, And let your hands upon my shoulders fall, And hold me to your breast in straining-wise!

Now evening spreads her shadows as a pall To cover up dead Passions, Hopes, and Lies; And nods her head—quite empty—and looks wise.

And Mrs. Grundy folds her hands and sighs, Smiles at her husband scowling in his chair, And nods her head—quite empty—and looks wise.

If she knew what we know, how she would stare, And shake the spangled jet upon her dress, And sniff, and walk away with head in air!

Let her despise! Her lover’s tame caress Was as a glow to a blazing flame.

We have known more; how can we bear the less!

Love has departed, silent as he came, And left the Peacock Throne on which he reigned, And yet the Temple stands there just the same!

Only the stones that shone while he remained Are dead; there is no glitter on the gold, Or, if there be a glitter, it is feigned!

And youth is pallid, weary, and grown old, And eyes are dimmed with tears that fall in vain. Where is the price for which our Youth was sold?

All things are dim, as seen through distant rain, And colours darkened by the past year’s dust, Nor will the pristine light return again.

The sunshine gone, how grey becomes the dust! Swear once again you loved me best of all When I loved as I would; now as I must!

Kiss me once more, Beloved, on the eyes, And let your hands upon my shoulders fall, And hold me to your breast in straining-wise!

ALFRED DE VIGNY. (From the French.)

VALER BRYUSOV:
STANZAS ON BOOK CATALOGUES.
(Translated from the Russian by P. Selver.)

Ye lists and catalogues still haunt my brain; Before me I behold you, face to face, Near me are f塑造 on this unpeopled plain.

Your secrets long ago I held in chase By lamp-light o’er the catalogue I bent, To probe for books that scarce had left a trace:

To track down names, by syllables I went, Sipping at words of foreign tongues with care, Surmising much from briefest document.

Poets and epocha I upraised in air On scanty cue, as oft to wit, would be: “No author’s name,” or “Bound in calf,” or “Rare.”

And now, meseems, a skeleton are ye Of all that lived in ages long ago, That beckons with a scornful nod to me,

Thus speaking: “I have somewhat yet to grow; Of bones and joints I yet must be possessed, I crave for books, that words may overflow.

Ponder and dream, and be renowned your quest! Tis one to me, or imbecile or sage, Produce of wisdom or a merry jest.

For all things their established term I gauge. Create, and from the dreams whereon you pore, I’ll keep a few scant verses, age on age.

Naught in omnipotence can stand before My verdict. I allot the deathless bays, And crown a world of phantasy and lore,” Thus quoth the wraith to me on silent ways, And as to earth with humble kiss I fall, While the moon swiftly dies before my gaze, O transient glory, I accept your call!
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

“WE MODERNS.”

Sir,—Mr. Edward Moore’s is a very attractive, not to say spectacular, journalism—the kind of writing which “twere well to read quickly.” What would reflection make of this? “Humanitarianism—pity for everyone, reform of institutions, suffering always considered in the abstract; and yet a thousand times we find moralists and pious philosophers saying, under the influence of their own selfishness, that ‘creation shallow, virtue blind,’ and ‘humanitarianism unconsciously seeks the annihilation of life, for in life suffering is integral.’ Is suffering integral in life? Suffering exists without doubt, but is it not a condition of life?

If Mr. Moore had said, Life is suffering, I would be more disposed to agree with him, and also with that writer who said, “The whole creation groaneth and travaileth until now,” but Mr. Moore’s standpoint is more superficial—he takes heed of reforms if only to damn them. The poet who saw life as a whole creation in travail had a cognisance of life in its abstract; he was concerned with life; Mr. Moore, to level against him one of his own criticisms, is concerned only with its symptoms.

Mr. Moore says that if we annihilate suffering we annihilate life. From such a hypothesis it is possible to demonstrate that each of us lives more fully and completely in direct proportion to our individual sufferings, and he it be that he is to be out of the race and eventually preaching the gospel of “Bear ye one another’s burdens.” Is not love worthy of the name, apart from creation?

If creation redeems love, then, that woman has chosen the better part, who, smitten with a hopeless passion for one man, marries another and becomes the mother of children. What Mr. Moore really means is that creation redeems love; but why couldn’t he say so? “Love without creation,” he tells us, “is love with the aesthetically masochistic strain of emotion.” From time immemorial man has talked in this strain; from time immemorial man has gone down into the valley and with uncomplaining lips has paid the price. It must be a matter for regret to Mr. Moore, with his sanctity of suffering doctrine, that there should be in our midst a whole heritage of suffering in which he can have no share.

I am compelled to challenge Mr. Moore’s assertion that Mr. Bernard Shaw possesses common sense minus common sentiment. Has Mr. Moore ever seen “The Shewing Up of Blanco Posnet”? Probably not, since his production was prohibited, for reasons which can only be appreciated by the type of mind peculiar to English censors. I wish Mr. Moore could hear Shaw’s lines, “He betrayed me with a kiss, the little Judas kid,” as only Fred O’Donovan can say them, then let him declare Shaw lacking in sentiment—if he can.

* * *

KATHLEEN ERSKINE.

PSYCHOLOGICAL EDUCATION.

Sir,—With regard to “Z.’s” fine description of the little statue of “T. R. C.” which was in his most interesting article in the last issue of The New Age, I wish that “T. R. C.” would question his pupil closely about it. I am sure the process by which he came to write it is discoverable and worth discovering and I cannot think that “T. R. C.” put that power of description into his pupil. My guess is that “Z.’s” machinery was hampered, until later, by shyness or by self-consciousness which “T. R. C.” has begun to thaw.

When a human being offends his fairy godmother at his christening, her gifts are an artistic temperament and a stiff, secretive personality. The angered dame embeds the former firmly in the latter, and subsequently, gets a good deal of solace observing her godson’s torments as he tries to get his art into its right place—the aim of all artists being to pluck out the whole of their arts and set them in their places for days to come. (I am not being facetious; “art” and “heart” in its out-of-date significance—centre of emotion) have, I believe, a philosophical association.

In the majority of cases this poor godson ultimately gives up his efforts, and settles down to being as cheerful a failure as his philosophy permits. Sometimes, however, he frustrates his godmother, usually after a long and painful struggle; rarely can it be said, is, where there is a “T. R. C.”—he is able to break her spell fairly easily. Unhappily, there are many of these “awkward” artists, and not nearly enough “T. R. C.’s” to go round.

Well, that is my diagnosis of “Z.”; and even if “T. R. C.” finds he fluctuates in his productions to a certain extent, that alone will not disprove my guess.

* * *

M. T. M.

MR. EPSTEIN AND MODERN ART.

Sir,—Not so very long ago I went to the Leicester Galleries to see the sculpture of Epstein, and in particular to see his rendering of the head of one of my friends, which certainly was true to life.

That is the keynote of modernity. All its apostles are trying to be true. They try to express the actuality, and meet with such measure of success as may be granted to any artist. The whole of the productions in that little room were the living things; therein, doubtless the artist would maintain, lay their beauty. Therein, however, lay also their lack of beauty. They were things of the flesh, and not things of the spirit.

It is the religiosity of the mediæval that gives them their spiritual charm. Whether they knew it or not, it would seem that they had taken refuge from the dangers and futilities of life in endeavours to express those aspirations of the human mind which are most intangible. They have left the real to wander on their heart's and round their doors while seeking that emancipation which can only be found in the realms of pure imagination. Their religion may have been a reality to them, but their works would hardly go to prove that. It was but a means of escape from the sorridness of realism, and their work proved right in the end.

The modern makes no attempt to escape from the real. He prefers to wallow therein, and the result is shown in the art. Truth there is. Unfortunately, there is too much truth. The small study will show exactly my meaning. The woman is real. She has all the defects of physical humanity. Had this work been executed at some time in the fourteenth or fifteenth century, the figure might have borne no relation to the facts of a woman, but it would have been the sculptor’s rendering of his vision of an ideal woman. Epstein, however, essentially modern, prefers exactness in copying.

It may be that the shaft which these moderns are endeavouring to loose is intended to pierce the familiar form and to portray definitely the loss we suffer by the unctuous following of the flesh. They want to show life as it is, rather than as we pretend it is. They want to prove to us that it is possible that we may make for ourselves a better life which a nobler art may portray truly without the loss of dignity incumbent upon a too vivid realism. They have not the refuge that the past masters had. They live for life, not for the life hereafter as did their predecessors, and yet it is probable that their predecessors did more to beautify life here.

It seems to me that the mediæval attempted to develop no moral in their art; they merely sought to express the diggings of their ascensions (as they were) knew could not be realised. It was in the exact ratio that they succeeded in this impossible task which they set themselves that they achieved sublimity in their escape from the mundane which resembles the poor in its omnipresence.

The message of to-day is plain to read, but it does not lead as all art should. It is merely congruous to the life it depicts. Surely it has more for us than that.
The clarion note of art has always been heard by its succeeding generation. Always the voice of one going before it has been raised in a pean of the morrow. "One cometh after me" should be its key, and this is pitifully lacking. The main song is rather, "Here am I, here am I, here the sumus or new pass." The ideal of to-day is the real of to-morrow, as has so often said, and that should be the constant profession of the artist. The living should point the way, and the to-be-born should follow themselves to a step yet higher and yet more hidden in the future. Thus and thus only can the habitation of man be builded up. Let us draw inspiration from any artist who has lived our life, and let us create in its place a winged creature yet higher and yet more hidden in the future. Thus necessarily in the same boat as the misunderstanders.

Mr. Van Dieren's rhythm, as described by G. E. Russell, is useless for a critic to write on as did one that a certain performance of the Kreutzer Sonata was the finest ever given, the finest possible, when, as he told me, he had never heard that work played by Joachim and Clara Schumann.

And who is to give any attention to Mr. Gray (or was it Mr. Heseltine?) as a critic when he could pen such remarks as he did on Brahms in the Van Dieren programme? That sentence put him out of court entirely as a critic of any value.

Mr. Van Dieren's music.

Sir,—Mr. Cecil Gray does not argue cleverly or coarsely; he indulges too much in what he deprecates and thus only can the habitation of man be builded up. Let us draw inspiration from any artist who has lived our life, and let us create in its place a winged creature who shall dart for ever beyond our reach, to be trapped in the silken meshes of the nets of our children, but not before a genuine genius has been born, which even they cannot or dare not enchain.

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accounts for it as one does for the latest work of all great seers; their vision is so deep and strong that they are unable to lose their message, and in their endeavour to compress it into speech they cease to be simple and clear; but this is the prerogative of age and its experience, not of youth. No genius in art is merely hostile to the new, but he must give his true impressions, or he is no faithful critic; one has no toleration for the "hedger." Whether he is incomprehensible in his remarks, or careless of the words, or, in saying, merely that he is adverse to and destructive. It is stupid to say that all who oppose Van Dieren, Schomberg & Co. are therefore incompetent; it would be more useful for them to find out the bases of their opposition and profit by it.

The silly part of it, the attitude that makes one want to go forth and slay them out of hand, is that these so-called "moderns" (as if Bach, Beethoven, Mozart, the three greatest in all music, and one cannot expect greater, could ever age or be out-modelled!) will insist and shout as if the only value or effectiveness was in them, and them alone, that all that has gone before is ineffectual and worn-out in comparison with their newness. Their arrogance is intolerable.

Let us all try to say something new, but for decay's sake let us be modest and of the opinion that, after all, it is what we claim that we alone have any value or importance; else we must expect to have Job quoted at us: "No doubt ye are the people, and wisdom shall die with you."

LETTERS ON ART.

Sir,—I dare say many of your readers will remember how in prewar days Mr. Austen used to reproduce certain present-day forms of expression for indulgence in the sexual, indecorous, and indecent, in the hope that these they would abolish. Such readers have, no doubt, followed with interest the matter which has recently appeared in your columns on the subject of Mr. Jacob Epstein's sculpture. And maybe they are as divided in their opinion as to its real character as the writers appear to be. Some are doubtless inquiring, "Is this sculpture all that one rather hysterical writer claims it to be—namely, a glimpse of a new beauty (as though beauty can ever change) whose quality and title are in abeyance?" Others ask, "Is it merely a restatement of pre-war 'immoral' values (using immoral in the strict sense of debasing the purest expression of art), and does the new redawn of the old with a rhythmical movement such as that, quality and quantity? Is the war plunging us into the worst vortex of all by making virtue and grace repulsive? And must The New Age again buck the trend of artistic criticism and demand the work to be recorded by painters and sculptors as would be forgotten by a drunken street-walker in a month?" And one or two will raise the question, "Are we at the gateway of an utopia where the old is swept away and the people are led to a rate that I neither can nor will follow him. He began with the statement that the driving force at work in both the artists is a powerful, imaginative, and creative kind, pitted against the moral character of certain tendencies. The aesthetic appeal draws one towards it. Here, then, is a feature which "S. de M." remarks in Mr. Epstein's work, and which is very noticeable, indeed, in Mr. Gibb's representative subjects, including a coarse, brutal type of sexual animal with which Matissé has familiarised us. What accounts for this inspired treatment of an uninspired subject? What has liberalised such a flow of aesthetic feeling in the subject (or thought, as 'S. de M.') prefers to call it? I shall not attempt to answer these perplexing questions except in a brief general way. Looking at Mr. Gibb's work, I came to understand that Mr. Gibb may be an artist inasmuch as he experiences a certain feeling (or thought, as 'S. de M.') and that he is an artist inasmuch as he experiences a certain effect, and is able to project what he experiences with great intensity. He experiences colour, for one thing, which he expresses in a surprising and joyous manner, and with a rhythmical movement such as we find in Matissé's work. (2) That evidently he attains his effect in an unconscious state—that is, under some powerful spell which serves to remove all restraints from his feeling. (3) That this lifting agent is the very agent which is responsible for channelling his vision (or thought) to earth and the unpleasantly morbid. In short, there is a great driving force at work in both the artists, and a distinct division between that life and the life of the spectators. Instead of participating in the action,
we observed it; and, therefore, Mr. Carter's advocacy of a "temple-theatre" was not only a contradiction in terms, but was an attempt to reverse the course of evolution and to return to the state from which drama arose and distinguished itself. Now it seems that he does not want even a "temple-theatre"; drama is, in his opinion, too vast to be contained within the four walls of a building; it must take the whole world for its stage, and all the men and women for its players. But I submit that he has enlarged the reference of the word "drama" beyond all meaning; there is a sense, of course, in which we may speak of the "drama of life," but we are thereby compelled to speak of God only as the dramatist, and, instead of drama being only a play-life, it is the actual life that we really live. We are, as I said before, plunged at once into philosophical questions of the meaning of the play of life; is God the Aristophanes or the Sophocles of the universe? We have gained nothing but vagueness by this extension of the meaning of the word "drama"; we have simply eliminated an historical fact, so that we may transpose its conventions to our perception of the universe. Drama is lifted out of time and space into eternity and nonentity.

When we see by what methods this feat is accomplished, we must despair of the mystical interpretation of theatrical fact. We are invited to consider Shakespeare's prologue to "Henry V," so that we may see that "it was an act of God" to send him to the wars, and, instead of drama being only a play-life, it is the actual life that we really live. We are, as I said before, plunged at once into philosophical questions of the meaning of the play of life; is God the Aristophanes or the Sophocles of the universe? We have gained nothing but vagueness by this extension of the meaning of the word "drama"; we have simply eliminated an historical fact, so that we may transpose its conventions to our perception of the universe. Drama is lifted out of time and space into eternity and nonentity.

"Suppose within the girdle of these walls / Are now confin'd two mighty monarchies, / Whose high uprear'd and abutting fronts / The perilous, narrow oceans part asunder. / Piece out our imperfections with your thoughts."

"Can this cockpit hold / The vasty fields of France?"

Of course it could not; and if we were to accept Mr. Carter's reasoning, "Henry V" could only be played on the vasty fields of France by Henry V and his soldiers and opponents; in short, that Drama is historical reality. But Shakespeare proceeds to tell us the necessary condition of observation of dramatic representation.

"Suppose within the girdle of these walls / Are now confin'd two mighty monarchies, / Whose high uprear'd and abutting fronts / The perilous, narrow oceans part asunder. / Piece out our imperfections with your thoughts."

In short, Drama is not the thing itself, but a selection of examples which will enable the imagination of the beholder to construct its own image of the reality. "Suppose," but Shakespeare will have it that Shakespeare thought of Drama as something too big for the conventional theatre. "What we ought to be after, even more than the train- ing of the known but neglected faculties of the mind, is the discovery in the first instance and the training of the ends and means that society shall or shall not pursue."

"As to the question of the thing we call Nature," I must confess that the phrase and the idea as used by Mr. Carter are unintelligible to me. "The truths of Nature's mysteries imparted to him in primitive revelation" are not apparent to me in "Twelfth Night;" and "A Midsummer Night's Dream" and "The Tempest" assert no more than the poetical conviction that we are compassed about with personnifications of natural forces. It is practically impossible to assert what Shakespeare did actually "reveal of Nature's meaning"; but he did write about "that undiscover'd country from whose bourn no traveller returns," he did put into Hamlet's last speech, as his only reference to things out of this life, "The rest is silence." Also, I may say that Shakespeare's "self-revelation" is not apparent to most people, and that we do not "know him as we know few of the sons of men." Of the man Shakespeare we know nothing; and until Mr. Carter, it was generally believed that it was not with the plays of Shakespeare that he wrote, but with the vein of his prose, he, unlocked his heart. "If so, the less Shakespeare he," said Browning, who may reasonably be supposed to have known both the purposes and the properties of dramatic and lyric poetry.

All the other questions that Mr. Carter addresses to me, asking me to differentiate between Drama with a capital D and drama with a lower-case initial, between verse and prose, and all the rest of it, I am not concerned to answer. They are absurdities, not subtleties, and require no definition. Let them perish.

John Francis Hope.

Memoranda.

(From last week's New Age.)

During war, or never, most institutions are either born or die.

What is policy for Reunion everywhere is policy for Progress everywhere.

So long as the wage-system remains, the political and economic power of working men will fall by so much as the political and economic power of working women rises.—"Notes of the Week."

The Entente might agree to the mere internationalism of Constantine if a Liberal regime were established in Germany.—S. Verdad.

It is the greatest indictment of men that women should have been driven to want the vote.

All the time we were insisting on women's difference from themselves as a reason for denying women equal material freedom, they made no attempt to understand the difference, or to cultivate and value it.

A little experience of the vote and industry will prove to women that they've added nothing to their happiness by either.

Women's real grievance against men is not material but spiritual.

The power of any class in any stage of human society rests ultimately upon the performance of functions.—G. D. H. Cole.

The theatre, like religion, is an affair for the crowd.

The moral of the plays of the younger generation seems to be that children should be careful to insult their parents.

The ideal of a repertory theatre should be to produce plays that are already popular and of a fairly high standard.—"Interviews."

Ireland seems full of loopholes through which to escape from the realities about herself.

As soon try to catch a leprechaun as discover the truth about Ireland.—Dikran Kouymjian.

Nature defines the character of Economy; Science determines Economics; but Political Economy determines the ends and means that society shall or shall not pursue or escape.

The configuration of political parties is a nation's horoscope.

The style is all the man with which literary criticism ought to be engaged.

What we ought to be after, even more than the training of the known but neglected faculties of the mind, is the discovery in the first instance and the training in the second of faculties whose very existence we only now surmise from occasional evidences.

Man is the least we shall expect of our superman to be.

We old dogs have many new tricks to learn!—R. H. C.

Humility may be prudence, or good taste, or timidity, or a concealment, or a sermon, or a snub.

This is the sagacity of the humble, that they turn even ignominy to their glorification.

He who is truly humble conceals even his humility.

Pride was fashioned out of a rib taken from the side of Love.—Edward Moore.

It is the fate of the feeble to be ignored, of the violent to be suppressed, of the enigmatic to be explained.

The Sphinx puzzles, but the God reveals. The Sphinx is only halfway to mastery.

Nature abhors a vacuum, and Epstein rushes in where doctors fear to tread.—A. E. R.
PRESS CUTTINGS.

Scullerymaids All Suited Free and Valuable Presents Given.—Grosvenor Square; £6; 30 servants; chef; 4 in kitchen. Grosvenor Place; £3; 4 in family; 12 servants; no washing; present one there 2½ years from us. Park Lane; £22; washing found; part of house used as hospital; cuttings 2 evenings a week and alternate Sunday afternoon and evening. Portman Square; £22; 2 in family; 10 servants. Bryanston Square; £20; country part of year; girl with no experience would do. Carlton House Terrace; £20; 23; washing; Francis Place; £18; 3 in family; Dorset part of year; 14 servants in town; Eaton Square; £16; 23; washing; 2 in family; 9 servants. Berkeley Square; £16; 2 gents.; 10 servants.

A scullerywoman wanted for town only; experience not necessary, as would be well trained; age 15-20; wages £18-£20, all found; 4 in family; 11 servants kept.—Apply by letter or call, Hon. Mrs. Gough, 13, Grosvenor Place, S.W.1.

To the Editor of the "Daily News.' SIR,—We know the Meat Ring. I think the public should know something about the Tea Ring. This can be done if some M.P. will call for a return showing the quantity of tea imported, the import prices, the owners of the tea, and the withdrawals during the last twelve months.

The China Tea Ring was clever in inducing the Government to prohibit the imports of China tea. When this position was arrived at, the Food Controller's Department should have at once commandeered all China tea.

It is ludicrous to read that the Food Controller's Department has consulted those interested in tea, with a view of fixing a fair price for the consumers. It was decided that in April next tea should be sold at 2s. per lb. If it can be sold in April at 2s. 6d. it can be sold now; and it should be commandeered in the public interest.

The Customs Department should be called in to protect the consumer. There should be a special committee of three level-headed men, not interested, to deal fairly between the producer and the consumer. Under present conditions the consumer is not represented, and is being fleeced right and left.

The same absurdity occurred with bacon, butter, and cheese; the interested parties fixing their prices and profits. J. DAVIS.

It is not possible to regard with any more satisfaction the laborious attempts to set on its legs that discredited enterprise, the National Service scheme. The appointment of a Committee to buttress up the fabric of this amazing edifice will convince no one. The scheme has broken down beyond any hope of rehabilitation.

We are not among those who throw all the blame on Mr. Neville Chamberlain. He was called in to "get busy" on the artless plan that any sort of brute will make the public think that things are getting done. But at the end of four months there is practically nothing to show for the enormous expenditure that has been incurred, and even now there does not seem the shadow of an intelligent policy. Part of the mischief is due to the chaotic condition to which affairs have been reduced by Mr. Lloyd George's experiment of running the war in water-tight compartments, without a Cabinet to co-ordinate the various interests. Mr. Chamberlain found himself at the beginning in conflict with the War Office, the Admiralty, and the Ministry of Labour, and, being the weakest interest, he went to the wall. And in the second place the appeal proceeded from the wrong end. The aim should have been to ascertain the need and then to set about supplying it. Instead we had flaminorous appeals to the public in vain, to which the public saw was to be done with those who answered the appeal.

One result of this was the foolish rejection of part-time service, which could have been had in abundance and with great advantage to the country, and another result was the enrolling of men who gave up their jobs only to discover that there was nothing for them to do. The war has produced no greater fiasco. Whether anything can be made of it now is exceedingly doubtful, for public contempt is a difficult obstacle to overcome.—"Daily News.'

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