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CONTENTS.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

The speakers at the Leeds Conference who professed to believe that peace could not come by the military defeat of Prussia but only by negotiation misconceive, we think, both the nature of the war and the character of their countrymen. It was precisely because the method of negotiation had broken down that the nations resorted to war—including, as a most conspicuous example, America herself. Surely America, if any nation, tried to maintain peace by negotiation with the Central Powers; and if America failed, what likelihood is there that another nation would succeed? There are, besides, absolute issues in dispute which only the absolute surrender of one side or the other can possibly settle; for not every question in this world is open to compromise; and the question of the future supremacy of Prussia or of Democracy is one of them. To assume that the issue between militarism and civilianism can be compromised now that it has been definitely raised is to assume that in the long run two antagonistic forms of government, each striving for mastery, can lie down together like the lion and the lamb. One of them, on the contrary, must disappear as decisively as, upon another occasion, the institution of slavery disappeared; and since, as we say, fate has willed that the issue between militarism and democracy should be raised for final debate in our day, the issue must likewise be decided in our day. Even, however, if the issue were less momentous than it is, our Leeds friends and their associates must be profoundly mistaken in their compatriots if they imagine that the effective national spirit of this country will tolerate what is called a patched-up peace—a peace, that is, unaccompanied by a Prussian surrender. Though the "Daily News" may plausibly point to the prospect of "the complete exhaustion of the manhood of the nation" and doubt at the end of it all whether a military decision is possible, only superficial persons will believe that on that account the nation will abandon the pursuit of the war in favour of negotiation. Rightly or wrongly—and we think rightly, in view of all the circumstances—the nation will continue in the war until Prussianism is admittedly defeated; and if this end does not appear possible, the nation, we believe, will make it possible.

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The question, therefore, of whether the war can be stopped before a military victory is obtained has little or no reality for us. It is beyond argument. But what is not beyond argument is the question whether victory is not being delayed and the war prolonged by our preoccupation with the military side of it. Upon this subject, we imagine that our soldiers, no less than civilian strategists like ourselves, have a good deal to say. In their and in our opinion, the abdication of diplomacy and the neglect to employ every available moral and intellectual means for shortening the war, have been and are a form of civilian treachery. It is as if we had said when the war was begun that henceforth the dispute was a matter for soldiers and for nobody else, and that they alone should bear the whole brunt of it. Indeed, some of our publicists talk of "a long war" as if its very length were a quality of which we should be proud. The soldiers' point of view, on the other hand, is that a long war is not only a burden upon the troops, but a disgrace to the civil and diplomatic authorities, who should rather pride themselves upon seconding the efforts of the Army than upon leaving the issue to the Army alone. The defect, moreover, arises from another fault than that of indolence. We know that the diplomatic authorities (including most of the public that interests itself in foreign affairs) are disposed when war breaks out to withdraw from the field, even from their own field, and to follow the movements of the Army with little more sense of responsibility than the ordinary citizen brings to a cinema-film. But the more inhuman defect that may be imputed to them is the defect of imagination in men in whom during war imagination should be at its highest. For while it may be the case that the superficial public looks to find a thrilling story of military valour upon its breakfast-table, it ought not to be the case that our responsible classes should be anything but horrified at the prolongation of a war whose agonies it is their business to realise. Conceive what would be the attitude of a diplomacy that understood the war as a direct consequence of its own failure, and realised the nature

of the task the soldiers had in consequence been called upon to discharge—is it not certain that diplomacy under these circumstances would not and could not rest a moment until it had satisfied itself that nothing was left undone to atone for its past errors or to shorten the terrible task of the Army? That, on the contrary, our diplomacy does little or nothing, save in the way of mere routine, to assist the Army in bringing about a victory, is at once a reflection upon its humanity and upon its intelligence.

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Since the strength of an Army depends in the last resort upon the spirit of a people, there are plainly two things the civil administration can do to support its troops in the field. One is to maintain and raise the spirit of the people at home; the other is to weaken by every legitimate means the spirit of the enemy peoples. We will not upon this occasion consider what our Administration has done in regard to the former; but in regard to the latter it is clear that our administrators have neglected much. To begin with, it is only after three years of war that the true objective of Allied diplomacy is beginning to be defined—namely, the separation of the German people from their Prussian rulers; and even upon this matter there is still dispute. For us, however, there can be none, for the reason that it is the only hypothesis upon which diplomacy can act at all. Upon the contrary hypothesis, the hypothesis that the German people and the Prussian oligarchy are indistinguishable and inseparable, the war, as we have often pointed out, is not only exclusively a matter for soldiers, but it must be a war of conquest and extermination in which diplomacy, both to-day and for ever, has no part. We are back, in short, into barbarism. Upon the former hypothesis, on the other hand, many things remain for diplomacy to do both now and in the future. Assuming, as we have every warrant even against appearances to assume, that the German people no more love war than any other people, that they have been drawn unwillingly into it in passion or in ignorance, and that they wish themselves out of it as soon as possible, the field for propaganda in their minds becomes at once open and accessible to us. By addressing ourselves to them, in every way we can, over the heads of their criminal military caste, we can sap the strength of the Prussian Army, and so assist our own soldiers in the other field. Some of the means are anything but difficult to discover. In every official communication with the German people, and likely, therefore, to be read by them—such, for instance, as President Wilson's speech, and the Allied Notes, not to mention Notes that ought to be drawn up for the purpose—emphasis should be consistently laid upon the democratic faith in which the Allies are fighting—a faith which must be stated, as it was by President Wilson, to include the liberation from autocracy of the German people themselves. What, we ask, should we not have gained by this time if a score of Notes in the spirit of Mr. Wilson's speech had been circulated all over Germany? Then it is essential that in every communication an understanding should be shown of the real causes of Prussian militarism, causes partly of fear and partly of hope. We have to show, on the one side, that the world is determined that the hopes inspired by their Prussian rulers that militarist methods may be effective, are vain; and, upon the other side, we have to show that the fears aroused in the German people that the world means to be unfair to them are likewise unfounded. Thus relieved of fear and disillusioned of hope, the German people, we believe, might come to a more reasonable frame of mind. Lastly, it is, in our judgment, desirable that a tighter hand should be kept by our diplomacy upon our own Press, and chiefly in the direction where control is now loose. It is, of course, not true that our pacifist Press represents the opinion of the nation in anything like the depth and width of the national view; but the pacifist Press, in its sentiments of humanity, liberty and international fraternity, is, at any rate, nearer the mind of the nation than the Press controlled by Lords Northcliffe and Milner. To prohibit the export to Germany of the former, which might conceivably hasten and sweeten defeat for the German people, while giving facilities for the dissemination in Germany of the views of the latter, is to handicap the diplomacy that aims at weakening the spirit of the enemy; and, indeed, to frustrate it altogether. We should not be in the least surprised to discover one day that our Press has been responsible for prolonging the resistance of the German people by several years.

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That the German people are still humane at bottom, and for all the horrible actions of which they are guilty, we have the evidence of the Australian professor who has recently returned from Berlin, and is now publishing his observations in the "Times." He tells us, first of all, what we all know, but seldom have in mind, that the German Press which is quoted in this country for the purpose of adding fuel to our fire of hate is, even more than our own Press, under the direction and control of the Government. A Major of the Prussian General Staff, he says, assembles once a week the editors of German papers to instruct them (or, rather, to command them) what they shall say and what they shall not say, with the result that the comments passing in this country for the opinions of the German people are, in reality, the dictated opinions of the Prussian Staff. But how are we to guess, it may be asked, that these are not also the opinions of the German people? The reply is that, apart from the difficulty (to say no more) of repudiating openly the policy of a desperate gang of powerful rulers, the sentiments of the people, when freely expressed, are in direct contradiction with the policy of Prussianism. Our correspondent tells us that the popular cinemas in Germany reveal the "Boche," not as we picture him, or as our own Press pretends the German people wish him to appear, as a brutal and unfeeling devil, but "as a philanthropist"—in short, in much the same character as our own "Tommies" assume. It pleases them to believe that their soldiers are humane. And that the pleasure is not affected or hypocritical is shown by another observation of our correspondent, who records the fact that when the Prussians exhibited U-boat warfare as it really is (thereby giving the German people an opportunity of endorsing the policy), the audiences were horrified and whispered, "Frightful," so that the films had to be withdrawn. This, we must say, does not look as if the German people were utterly corrupted beyond human semblance. Their hearts, we believe, are in the right place; and it is only their heads that are wrong. While, therefore, we must continue to hammer at their heads (and, as we suggest, by every means in our power), it is as well to remember that the heart is still alive.

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Another piece of diplomacy that is being mishandled by the Allies is that of the International Socialist Conference. On the face of it, we do not see what the Allies have to lose by it; but we can see, on the other hand, what they can lose by opposing it. Already the "Frankfurter Zeitung" and other German journals have drawn the moral of M. Ribot's refusal of passports to the French delegates, the moral, namely, that "the subjects of monarchies like Germany are actually in some respects more free in time of war than the citizens of republics"; and there are other morals to be drawn as well, which we shall not enumerate. Nor has the atmosphere been improved by the negotiations of Mr. Henderson with the Russian Revolutionaries, culminating, as they did, in a charge of bad faith for which we see no justification. The Russian Revolutionaries, it is clear, invited Mr. Henderson to meet them for the purpose of defining the conditions under which a genuine International assembly could

be convoked; and when they discovered that he was instructed to require that the first condition of the convocation should be the exclusion of the German Majority Socialists, they naturally preferred to proceed without him. To the accusation of bad faith, in fact, which he has brought against his Russian colleagues they can retort (as they have, no doubt, retorted) with the charge that Mr. Henderson is in Russia under false pretences. The fact remains that the Russian Government is anxious to hold an International Socialist Conference to which the German Socialists are to be invited, but from which both French and English Socialists are to be debarred by their respective Governments; and that from this fact the German Socialists are to draw inspiration for becoming as free as the Western democracies. We repeat our conviction that the German Socialists will draw no such conclusion from our official timidity. On the contrary, they will feel that our Governments are afraid lest our Socialists be overcome by the German Socialist arguments which must needs, therefore, be assumed to be formidable.

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Upon the personal elements in the decision of the Seamen's and Firemen's Union (acting on the instructions of Mr. Havelock Wilson and Captain Tupper) to decline to carry Mr. MacDonald and his party to Stockholm save upon conditions improper for a Union to impose, we have nothing more to say than that the Trade Union movement is unfortunately riddled with them, and that they are at once the despair and the disgust of the friends of Trade Unionism. But upon the public aspect of this attempt of a Union to blackmail private citizens and to impede their movements upon lawful occasions, a word must be said in the interests of Trade Unionism itself. Certain short-sighted persons in the common Press, we observe, are so pleased with the direction in which the Seamen's Union is now exercising its power that they are content to overlook the danger to public policy involved in it. But they cannot, we assure them, have it both ways. They cannot accept to-day the private dictatorship of opinion by a Trade Union because it happens to suit them, and to-morrow object when the decision is against them. It is not probable, we are aware, that such a body as the Seamen's Union would venture to blackmail the opinions of Government emissaries and refuse to transport them to a Peace Conference until the latter had announced their intentions of including the Seamen's Union in a special clause of the Peace agreement; but we certainly cannot see what objection could be raised against them by the journals now praising their parallel treatment of Mr. MacDonald. The action to which we are taking exception is without doubt beyond the legitimate province of Trade Union action; and belongs to Syndicalism rather than to any proposal with which THE NEW AGE is associated; for it is not only in contradiction of the spirit of public service, which is without fear or favour, but it is in violation of established law. We hope that if the Seamen's Union should persist in their ill-advised attempt to procure opinion by threats, the case may be brought into the courts for constitutional decision. The right of the citizen to travel on his lawful occasions cannot be vetoed by a Transport Union without a challenge being given to the whole conception of national law.

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Returning to the subject of our opening paragraphs there is a second fear we entertain in the admission that a military defeat of Prussia is necessary, desirable and possible: it is that as well as appearing to absolve diplomacy from any need to second the efforts of the Army, such a victory, when once it has been procured, will be employed to impose upon Germany an unjust, and, hence, an unstable peace. Room for apprehension upon this point is to be found, we fear, in the recent speech by M. Ribot, as well as in the earlier speeches of Mr. Asquith; and it turns, in both instances, upon the phrases that refer to guarantees for the future. Upon the need for restorations, including that of Alsace-Lorraine to France, we do not imagine that there will be any serious difference of opinion amongst reasonable people everywhere. The "Nation," indeed, has an accountant's notion of democracy if it believes that a psychological factor like the settlement of the Alsace-Lorraine difficulty can be dismissed by an arithmetical plébescite. No such thing; democratic sentiment is more real than arithmetic, and often flies in its face. On the need for reparation, likewise, there will probably be little dispute. But when it comes to guarantees, and particularly to such guarantees as both M. Ribot and Mr. Asquith foreshadow, not only dispute is raised, but it appears to us that the world may very well be turned upside down again upon the question. Said M. Ribot last week in the French Chamber (and to the cheers, we regret to add, of the majority of the deputies): "We must demand guarantees to safeguard our children against the repetition of these horrors." Very good, but of what nature are these guarantees to be? A more democratic foreign and internal policy; more open diplomacy; the establishment of such a peace that only criminal nations could complain of it; reasonable give-and-take in matters of foreign trade; security for democracies everywhere? It was none of these things that M. Ribot defined as providing the guarantees he was looking for; but, in the first place, a perpetual League of the Nations now in alliance against Germany; and, in the second place, either "territorial acquisitions or temporary occupations of enemy territory, or the neutralisation of strategic territories." If this programme does not contemplate a "knock-out" peace as a sequel of a "knock-out" military victory—the very consequence, in short, that Mr. Wilson warned the Allies against—we do not know what interpretation can be put upon it. It bears, in our view, all the marks of conquest and of permanent conquest; and is as unlikely as anything that can be conceived to induce the German people to "compel their rulers to lay down their arms." But not madness alone could no further go than to sow with such diligence in the settlement of peace the seeds of future wars, the contemplation of guarantees of this kind assumes already the present defeat of the Allies, or, at least, nothing better than an equivocal victory. It is presumed, is it not, that the victory of the Allies will put an end, once and for all, to Prussian militarism—to the will, that is, of the German people as incarnated in the Prussian military caste to advance themselves by force of arms; and it is presumed again that in consequence of the defeat of Prussian militarism, the world is to be safe for democracies, including the new democracy of the German people. At the same time, however, M. Ribot and Mr. Asquith, though parties to the promise and prospect of the destruction of Prussian militarism, contemplate either its continuance or its revival in the fact that both require that the Allies shall insist upon guarantees against it. We need not say that democratic opinion is utterly opposed to them. They can, no doubt, enlist the suffrages of the mob, whose statesmanship is motived by fear, and whose notions, naturally, run to cowardly security. But it is not the sequel the best English opinion will expect of the military defeat of Prussia. No, M. Ribot, we agree with you that a victory must precede peace; we agree that there must be both restorations and reparations; but for guarantees we must trust to a democratic Germany and to confidence inspired by a fearless but just peace-settlement.

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To the reasons we have adduced before for publishing to the world the terms of the Pact of London must now be added the apprehensions expressed in

the foregoing Note. If it be really true, as we are told, that the rest of the Allies agree "absolutely" with the declarations made by M. Ribot, not only upon the subject of Alsace-Lorraine, but upon the subject of future guarantees, many people in this country who are by no means pacifist, and in America and Russia, are placed in a dilemma. On the one hand, they are whole-heartedly in favour of carrying on the war by the shortest possible means until it is won (until, that is, Prussian militarism is destroyed); but, on the other hand, for that very reason they see no purpose in carrying it on beyond that final victory. On the contrary, they see every reason for concluding the war and all its attendant military circumstance (including, of course, everything in the nature of "guarantees") at the same instant that it is won. Not only is this the case with them, but we honestly believe that if, *per impossibile*, a German Revolution were now to take place as decisive as the Russian Revolution, not only would the peoples of the world now in arms against Germany gladly forgo the demand for guarantees, but they could scarcely find it in their hearts to carry on the war for a day longer. This, we are aware, is a very different view from that which appears to be taken by several of the Allied Governments; but it is the popular and the democratic view, nevertheless. Its dismissal, moreover, will have serious consequences in the certain outbreak of popular protest and agitation. In other words, if the policy of M. Ribot and Mr. Asquith is persisted in, an end to internal unity may be expected. And it on this account, therefore, that we renew our plea for the publication of the terms of the Pact of London; or, failing that, for an official statement of the intentions of the Allies towards a defeated and reformed Germany. What, in fact, we ask, do the Allies propose to do with Germany when they have destroyed Prussian militarism? If they mean well by Germany and to admit her into the comity of democracies upon equal terms with no other guarantee than her democracy—it were wise to say so. If, however, they mean ill by her and, having struck the Prussian sword from her hand, propose to keep themselves armed against her, there is, indeed, a reason for concealing the terms of the Pact, but there is none to persuade Germany to end the war. On our soldiers, therefore, in that case, will fall the burden of a prolonged war; and even when they have won, Prussian militarism will not be dead, but only sleeping.

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Lord Hugh Cecil may be "cheered by the thought that the Labour party hardly ever knows its own interest" upon any matter; but we cannot pretend to be indifferent to the consequences of the present folly of the pacifist no less than of the so-called patriotic section. Led by Mr. Ramsay MacDonald and Mr. Snowden, the Left wing of the Labour movement has in its zeal for cutting a figure in politics become completely absorbed in the extreme group of the now houseless Radical party, with the further result that in future the Labour movement will be more exclusively in politics and less approximately in economics than ever. The opportunity the war has provided for an economic reconstruction of national industry and for the emancipation of Labour is as unparalleled as it was unexpected. What Socialist would have thought even a few years ago that to-day the whole world would be talking of profiteering and of how to end it—all the world save the Labour movement that came into existence to deal with this very problem? The Labour movement, on the other hand, pacifist and nationalist alike, has taken in the midst of the industrial crisis to discussing Foreign affairs, the war, internationalism and diplomacy, as if the influence it has failed to exercise in matters it understands and has business with, could be exercised with any effect in matters outside Labour experience, and upon which the Labour party is properly concerned only as citizens and not as a party. Mr. MacDonald and the rest, for instance, would, in our opinion, be far better employed in insisting upon taking control of the Food-problem in this country than in going to Stockholm or Petrograd to discuss the map of Europe. In the former their function would be that of a genuine Labour party and democratic to the same extent. In the latter their function, if in no sense dangerous, is superfluous and impertinent.

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Captain Bathurst, the late virtual food-controller in the place of Discount Devenport resigned and honoured for his failure, has asked the question what is a "reasonable" profit, There can be, we reply, no reasonable profit as such, for the simple reason that all profit is robbery; and little or much, reasonable or excessive, all profit falls under the moral ban. On the other hand, when once the nomenclature of predatory economics is abandoned, and the relation of pay to services is made the criterion of social values, the question of reasonable remuneration becomes comparatively easy. The problem, in fact, has been solved in the public services, civil, military and naval, by the institution of rates of pay, varying with rank and responsibility, but measured in their totality by the ability of the nation to provide the means. The same system, we contend, could have been applied to the whole nation in the early days of the war with as little trouble as it has been extended to the fresh millions drafted from private into public service. The nationalisation of the whole income of the country, and the subsequent payment from it of every individual according to his need would have been an act worthy the inauguration of the greatest war in history. It would, moreover, have completely settled the myriad problems now arising concerning profiteering and the like, and not for the duration of the war only, but for good. As it is, the problem remains, and the war from this point of view has been fought in vain. We entered it a predatory people, each of us intent upon preying on his neighbour; and we are likely to leave it as we entered it. The economic revolution is still to be made, though there is nobody to make it.

MELILOTE.

There is a lady queen that dwells
  In the green midmost of the vales,
Under the faery fells;
She hath five singers, O fairer than asphodels!
  And a teller of tales.

The five fair singers are passing young;
  Harvests, and mists of magic years,
And the clear throstle's tongue,
That in the same thicket for seven summers hath sung,
  These are their only peers;

Mayhap with voices of the shore,
  Embroideries of the sea's one sigh.
The listener weepeth sore
For his estate, that lacketh tuneful lore,
  As the song paceth by.

Yea, but the teller of tales is old.
  He is not fair, but comforteth.
When thou art sore a-cold
Sit by him on the hearth, to be made hot and bold,
  And to laugh at thy death:

This is thy mortal fashioning.
  Think ye the queen, hight Melilote,
Weepeth to hear them sing,
These five, and laugheth with an outworn thing
  Clad in a greasy coat?

R. PITTER.

Thoughts for a Convention.

By A. E.

II.

6. It is possible that many of the rank and file of these parties will not at first agree with the portraits painted of their opponents, and that is because the special pleaders of the Press, who, in Ireland, are, as a rule, allowed little freedom to state private convictions, have come to regard themselves as barristers paid to conduct a case, and have acquired the habit of isolating particular events—the hasty speech or violent action of individuals in localities—and of exhibiting these as indicating the whole character of the party attacked. They misrepresent Irishmen to each other. The Ulster advocates of the Union, for example, are accustomed to hear from their advisers that the favourite employment of Irish farmers in the three Southern provinces is cattle-driving, if not worse. They are told that Protestants in these provinces live in fear of their lives, whereas anybody who has knowledge of the true conditions knows that, so far from being riotous and unbusinesslike, the farmers in these provinces have developed a network of rural associations, dairies, bacon factories, agricultural and poultry societies, etc., doing their business efficiently, applying the teachings of science in their factories, competing in quality of output with the very best of the same class of society in Ulster, and obtaining as good prices in the same market. As a matter of fact, this method of organisation, now largely adopted by Ulster farmers, was initiated in the South. With regard to the charge of intolerance, I do not believe it. Here, as in all other countries, there are unfortunate souls obsessed by dark powers, whose human malignity takes the form of religious hatreds, but I believe, and the thousands of Irish Protestants in the Southern counties will affirm it as true, that they have nothing to complain of in this respect. I am sure that in this matter of religious tolerance these provinces can stand favourable comparison with any country in the world where there are varieties of religions—even with Great Britain. I would plead with my Ulster compatriots not to gaze too long or too credulously into that distorting mirror held up to them, nor be tempted to take individual action as representative of the mass. How would they like to have the depth or quality of spiritual life in their great city represented by the scrawlings and revilings about the head of the Catholic Church to be found occasionally on the blank walls of Belfast? If the same method of distortion by selection of facts was carried out, there is not a single city or nation which could not be made to appear baser than Sodom or Gomorrah and deserving of their fate.

7. The Ulster character is better appreciated by Southern Ireland, and there is little reason to vindicate it against any charges, except the slander that Ulster Unionists do not regard themselves as Irishmen, and that they have no love for their own country. Their position is that they are Unionists, not merely because it is for the good of Great Britain, but because they hold it to be for the good of Ireland, and it is the Irish argument that weighs with them, and, if they were convinced that it would be better for Ireland to be self-governed, they would throw in their lot with the rest of Ireland, which would accept them gladly, and greet them as a prodigal son who had returned, having made, unlike most prodigal sons, a fortune, and well able to be the wisest adviser in family affairs. It is necessary to preface what I have to say by way of argument or remonstrance to Irish parties by words making it clear that I write without prejudice against any party, and that I do not in the least underestimate their good qualities or the weight to be attached to their opinions and ideals. It is the traditional Irish way, which we have too often forgotten, to notice the good in the opponent before battling with what is evil. So Maeve, the ancient Queen of Connacht, looking over the walls of her city of Cruachan at the Ulster foemen, said of them: "Noble and regal is their appearance"; and her own followers said: "Noble and regal are those of whom you speak." When we lost the old Irish culture we lost the tradition of courtesy to each other which lessens the difficulties of life, and makes it possible to conduct controversy without creating bitter memories.

8. I desire, first, to argue with Irish Unionists whether it is accurate to say of them, as it would appear to be from their spokesmen, that the principle of nationality cannot be recognised by them or allowed to take root in the commonwealth of the dominions which form the Empire. Must one culture only exist? Must all citizens have their minds poured into the same mould, and varieties of gifts and cultural traditions be extinguished? What would India, with its myriad races, say to that theory? What would Canada, enclosing in its dominion and cherishing a French-Canadian nation, say? Unionists have by every means in their power discouraged the study of the national literature of Ireland, though it is one of the most ancient in Europe, though the scholars of France and Germany have founded journals for its study, and its beauty is recognised by all who have read it. It contains the race memory of Ireland, its imaginations and thoughts for two thousand years. Must that be obliterated? Must national character be sterilised of all taint of its peculiar beauty? Must Ireland have no character of its own, but be servilely imitative of its neighbour in all things, and be nothing of itself? It is objected that the study of Irish history, Irish literature, and the national culture generates hostility to the Empire. Is that a true psychological analysis? Is it not true in all human happenings that, if people are denied what is right and natural, they will instantly assume an attitude of hostility to the power which denies? The hostility is not inherent in the subject, but is evoked by the denial. I put it to my Unionist compatriots that the ideal is to aim at a diversity of culture, and the greatest freedom, richness, and variety of thought. The more this richness and variety prevail in a nation, the less likelihood is there of the tyranny of one culture over the rest. We should aim in Ireland at that freedom of the ancient Athenians, who, as Pericles said, listened gladly to the opinions of others and did not turn sour faces on those who disagreed with them. A culture which is allowed essential freedom to develop will soon perish if it does not in itself contain the elements of human worth which make for immortality. The world has, to its sorrow, many instances of "freak" religions which were persecuted, and so, by natural opposition, were perpetuated and hardened in belief. We should allow the greatest freedom in respect of cultural developments in Ireland, so that the best may triumph by reason of superior beauty, and not because the police are relied upon to maintain one culture in a dominant position.

9. I have also an argument to address to the extremists whose claim, uttered lately with more openness and vehemence, is for the complete independence of the whole of Ireland; who cry out against "partition," who will not have a square mile of Irish soil subject to foreign rule. That implies that they desire the inclusion of Ulster and the inhabitants of Ulster in their Irish State. I tell them frankly that, if they expect Ulster to throw its lot in with a self-governing Ireland, they must remain within the Commonwealth of Dominions which constitute the Empire—be prepared

loyally, once Ireland has complete control over its internal affairs, to accept the status of a Dominion and the responsibilities of that wider union. If they will not accept that status, as the Boers did, they will never draw that important and powerful Irish party into an Irish State except by force, and do they think there is any possibility of that? It is extremely doubtful whether, if the world stood aloof and allowed Irishmen to fight out their own quarrels among themselves, the fighters for complete independence could conquer a community so numerous, so determined, so wealthy, so much more capable of providing for themselves the plentiful munitions by which alone one army can hope to conquer another. In South Africa men who had fiercer traditional hostilities than Irishmen of different parties here have had, who belonged to different races, who had a few years before been engaged in a racial war, were great enough to rise above these past antagonisms, to make an agreement and abide faithfully by it. Is the same magnanimity not possible in Ireland? I tell my countrymen who cry out for the complete separation of Ireland from the Empire that they will not in this generation bring with them the most powerful and wealthy, if not the most numerous, party in their country. Complete control of Irish affairs is a possibility, and I suggest to our extremists that the status of a self-governing Dominion inside a federation of Dominions is a proposal which, if other safeguards for minority interests are incorporated, would attract Unionist attention. But if these men who depend so much in their economic enterprises upon a friendly relation with their largest customers are to be allured into a self-governing Ireland, there must be acceptance of the Empire as an essential condition. The Boers found it not impossible to accept this status for the sake of a united South Africa. Are our Irish Boers not prepared to make a compromise and abide by it loyally for the sake of a united Ireland?

10. I have also a remonstrance to address to the middle party in that it has made no real effort to understand and conciliate the feelings of Irish Unionists. They have, indeed, made promises—no doubt sincerely—but they have undone the effect of all they said by encouraging of recent years the growth of sectarian organisations with political aims, and have relied on these as on a party machine. It may be said that in Ulster a similar organisation, sectarian with political objects, has long existed, and a counter-organisation was justified. Both, in my opinion, are evil and unjustifiable, but it was specially foolish in the case of a majority, whose main political object ought to be to allure the minority into the same political fold. The baser elements in society, the intriguers, the job-seekers, and all who would acquire by influence what they cannot attain by merit, flock into such bodies, and create a sinister impression as to the objects and deliberations. If we are to have national concord among Irishmen, religion must be left to the Churches, whose duty it is to promote it, and be dissociated from party politics, and it should be regarded as contrary to national idealism to organise men of one religion into secret societies with political or economic aims. So shall be left to Cæsar the realm which is Cæsar's, and it shall not appear part of the politics of eternity that Michael's sister's son obtains a particular post beginning at thirty shillings a week. I am not certain that it should not be an essential condition of any Irish settlement that all such sectarian organisations should be disbanded in so far as their objects are political, and remain solely as friendly societies. It is useless assuring a minority, already suspicious, of the tolerance it may expect from the majority if the party machine of the majority is sectarian and semi-secret, if no one of the religion of the minority can join it. I believe, in spite of the recent growth of sectarian societies, that it has affected but little the general tolerant spirit in Ireland, and where evils have appeared they have speedily resulted in the rapid break-up of the organisation in the locality. Irishmen individually, as a rule, are much nobler in spirit than the political organisations they belong to.

(To be continued.)

The Collected Papers of Anthony Farley.

(Edited by S. G. H.)

IV.—THE GOSPEL OF WHOLENESS.

At the Opera, last night, as I listened to the pretty serenade, flavoured with saccharine, and the melodious duet in the finale of "The Fair Maid of Perth," the question flashed upon me at what stage in my life did I discard the sherbet of Bizet for the strong wine of Wagner? Did such a change in affection indicate a mere passage of years, as the silvering of the hair, or a spiritual progress, independent of time, unaffected by maturing physique? It must surely be, I thought, an affair of the spirit, for, as I looked at the enraptured audience, I saw men and women of every age and condition wrapped in ecstatic dreams, the willing subjects of a gracious, if shallow, charmer. And suddenly I felt the chill isolation of a pilgrimage that had carried me far from the simple emotions, so easily touched to incandescence, of my fellow men. As I left the theatre, watching family groups, lovers, school-mistresses, stray clergymen going their ways still entranced, I realised that my question cut deeper than it appeared; it was not a stray inquiry into the growth of my musical tastes, it also embraced the transition from Tennyson to Whitman, and all that lay behind Whitman; equally did it involve the revolt from the faith of my fathers—in a fevered search for a rational and ordered conception of life. In my mind's eye, I saw the several members of the audience reach their homes, their tongues loosed, engaged in lively argument upon the merits of this or that scene, this or that singer. I thought I saw a Landseer engraving on the wall, flanked by family photographs, with the latest design in wall-papers as a background, brown the prevailing colour. Very happy and contented they all seemed, pleasantly fatigued, forgetting the morrow. And I wondered whether the struggles of thousands of young men of my generation to change all this were futile. Very lonely I felt, and churlishly disposed to resent their laughing chatter, so oblivious of stern reality. Yet, on looking back, I saw that I could do no other than I had done; that I had only obeyed the impulse, old as the human race, upon which God had poured out His Spirit—"And your sons and your daughters shall prophesy, and your young men shall see visions, and your old men shall dream dreams." A sense of content, almost of satisfaction, soothed me in my solitude. I had seen the procession of Life go by, but there was something in it of me. Somewhere amongst those motley flags was an oriflamme of flaming red, upon which my name was inscribed, a symbol I had taught some youth or maiden to respect, perhaps even to love. Those wall-papers, too. They were surely not so ugly as in the years before William Morris and Walter Crane had given a measure of inspiration to an army of young designers. Movement! Patience! "Hang there like fruit, my soul, till the tree dies"!

As I approached the physical stature of manhood, I remember how mystified I was by the mere act of living. Here was my body, strong and vital; what was it for? Old religious strains, vague, undecipherable, conveyed the impression that the body is an unclean thing, fulfilling unclean purposes, yet by Divine dispensation encasing an immortal soul of which only would God take stock. I do not remember any particular

religious dictum, but, of course, I had read of Simon Stylites and the penitential monks and hermits, whom I regarded as mad or worse. But there was a prevailing religious atmosphere of belief that the body existed only that ultimately it might become food for worms when the living essence had departed to be analysed by God's mystical chemistry. To be sure I had been taught that if "any man shall defile the Temple of God, him shall God destroy; for the Temple of God is holy, which Temple ye are." But this seemed to me only another way of saying that physical strength and beauty were not ends in themselves but mere accessories to the Holy Ghost. Thus, I found myself, in the rude vigour of youth, constantly thinking of the athletic virtues, most naturally attaching vast importance to them, intensely curious about them, yet with an ever recurring conviction that I ought not to concern myself with them, but seek rather the intangible beauty of the Kingdom of God, to which the body was not really related. Job was obviously perplexed by the same problem: "And though after my death worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God." I think he deserved all the torments that came to him for writing such muddled nonsense!

Whilst, personally, I have never had any religious qualms, never found salvation, never sought out the Christian mysteries (the process, such as it was, being purely intellectual and unemotional), I have known young men who suffered agonies in their vain attempts to co-ordinate the physical facts of existence with the religious tenets that led them to the mischievous conviction that the body is essentially unclean, impure—to be decently cloaked, and only spoken of in the gloaming and in whispers. In those days there were quite a number of popular preachers and lecturers who exploited adolescence by well-organised meetings "for men only." I went to one of them. Even now, thirty years after, my gorge rises at the memory of the concentrated filth sprayed on the minds of the young men and boys—filth to the glory of God.

From all this I was saved by most happily making the acquaintance of Whitman. Romance had of course been a preoccupation with me as with every other young man. And this healthy poetic preoccupation had been denounced by the preachers as something to be extirpated and never satisfied. It was a wicked thing, a trap set by the Devil. Even marriage was only a legal and religious licence, a politic yielding to a desire unfortunately universal but none the less impure. "Nihil facile reperiabatur mulierum profluvio magis monstrificum." All sorts of remedies were suggested—work to the utmost strain of fatigue, cold baths, non-stimulating food, specially selected reading, and I know not what all. Nor do I know whether to laugh at all the preposterous rigmarole or to be very sad at the memories of young life thwarted, distorted, tortured. At least I can laugh when I think of the dying Irishman who lamented the temptations he had resisted!

Out of these mephitic vapours, I stepped into Whitman's spacious philosophy of the co-equality of soul and body. I found a satisfying solution of the problem:—

"To man propose this test,
Thy body at its best,
How far can that project thy soul on its lone way?"

Whitman penned my answer:—

"For only at last, after many years, after chastity, friendship, procreation, prudence and nakedness,
After treading ground and breasting river and lake,
After a loosened throat, after absorbing eras, temperaments, races, after knowledge, freedom, crimes,
After complete faith, after clarifyings, elevations and removing obstructions,
After these and more, it is just possible there comes to a man, a woman, the divine power to speak words."

With "Leaves of Grass" in my hand, I had realised the unity of the physical and spiritual forces of the Universe. All, everything, was good; all went into my making; nothing must be rejected. As the sun excluded nothing, neither must we; every leaf a miracle; death unspeakably beautiful, a function as supreme as life. Metaphorically, I shook my fist at the theologians and the preachers. No narrow soul-life for me! I was now a living, sentient part of the great candid world, with its hatred of petty reticences, of trivial balancings of angels on pin-points. I was free to step out on the green sward of sweetly smelling life, to do things in the calm assurance that nothing was amiss; I was playing my part in the marvellous economy of sky and sea and land. I had drunk an elixir that filled my lungs with mystic ozone so that I must needs shout out a new gospel of realisation. A glorious substitute for precise thinking or the tenacious pursuit of something definite!

To the unrepentant nonchalance of Whitman, with his lazy, leisured stride, I soon found a foil in the hectic intensity of Francis Adams. I wonder if any recent book has so thrilled the young man and young woman of to-day as "Songs of the Army of the Night" thrilled my generation? What an awakening! The fire that burned in the man! Death was already beckoning him; already he had arranged that if some paroxysm of coughing should leave him hopelessly prostrate, his wife in great love should hand him the loaded revolver. No time to be lost; he must strike hard, with swift, sure blows.

Adams had nothing of the massive strength and permanence of Whitman. He was a passing episode, yet intense and poignant. After all, we are apt to forget big events and vividly remember some experience trivial by comparison. I once spent the forenoon with John Bright and cannot remember a single thing he said; yet the gentle resigned accents of a young Irish priest of the Apostolic Mission, with whom I rode for some hours over the mountainous trail to Tegucigalpa, linger with me—an ingenuous pale-faced youth, extraordinarily ignorant of life, his faith firmly founded in a disarming innocence altogether delightful. I remember the summer lightning in the Caribbean Sea in which I could read the name on the stern of a ship half a mile away, a pyrotechnic display of forked lightning in the Biscay Bay, whilst I have completely forgotten both the doctor and the nurse who, after weary weeks, brought me to convalescence and recovery. And so it was with Francis Adams. Let me at least put him in his true setting.

He came to us when Tennyson was at his zenith, and a new novel by Hall Caine was a great literary event. As to the novelist, I had forgotten that he cut such a wide swathe, until I unearthed the other day this significant notice in the "Westminster Review":—

"Mr. Hall Caine's novels afford evidence of a pronounced individuality of genius, which is calculated to count as a potent factor. Mr. Caine is essentially a romanticist. His romance is the romance of reality. He combines moral sanity with imaginative fervour, truth of emotion with strength of passion, and thus succeeds in that combination of the familiar with the unfamiliar, that blending of the commonplace with the uncommon, which must ever remain the essence of romantic achievement."

I would not have believed it possible; yet, there it is.

As for Tennyson, I remember the furore of "Locksley Hall—Sixty Years After." They were the words of a prophet thundered from the Sinai of Freshwater, Isle of Wight. Every respectable middle-class family bought copies greedily, and the verses were read to the children on Sunday afternoons. No High School was complete without it; for recitative purposes it completely supplanted "Jim Bludsoe," "Mary and I Are Out,"

and other popular favourites. Tennyson was created a peer, and the nation felt itself honoured in thus honouring literature. It must not be supposed that the young Socialists and others of the Left were not susceptible to these influences. They were. I was, too. In the midst of all this adulation some of us heard the shrill protests of Adams. Criticising "In Memoriam," he wrote :—

"As for making the poem a contribution to modern thought from the supposititiously Christian standpoint, this was obviously impossible for a man who had never given himself the trouble seriously to think at all. Tennyson had no faculty that way. . . . He 'plays with gracious lies' right through, and, when he is tired of the amusement, falls back without a misgiving on the divine instincts which he holds in common with a hundred per cent. of the blockheads of his age and clime."

But the passage I best remember (doubtless because it touched a social problem) was his analysis of King Arthur, who, Tennyson assured us, was "like a modern gentleman of stateliest port." How inexpressibly shocked I was to read that Guinevere had committed adultery with Lancelot! I certainly felt that when Arthur spoke his mind to his errant spouse, he said very much what I would have said myself! Then we read Adams's critique of our hero :—

"Well, an interview between her and her outraged spouse is clearly inevitable. Arthur, too, has got to come to the test at last, and we are to see what a modern gentleman, a modern English Christian gentleman, has to say to his convicted and humiliated wife. Of course, we all know what a modern English navvy would do. He would put on his biggest pair of boots (if, peradventure, he had a choice of this sort), and kick and jump upon the abandoned woman. But it will be very different with Arthur. . . . He asks her if this, indeed, is she, 'the child of one *he* honour'd, and who was happy,' but who is now 'dead before her shame.' The word 'child' catching his attention, he proceeds to remind her that she is barren, or, if not barren, then the parent of only sword and fire. (Kick number one.)" In this strain Adams enumerates the series of kicks administered by Arthur, and concludes :—

"All that one can say is that the writer who could deliberately paint such a character as Arthur—as the Arthur of this culminant Idyll of Guinevere—and present it to us as his ideal of modern gentleness and modern manhood, never (unfortunately for us, and most unfortunately for himself) had the remotest conception of what gentleness meant, or what manhood meant. It is to be added that nothing more essentially unmodern, more false to every notion we possess of true morality, has been written in our time, and, perhaps, in any time."

Doubtless, an old forgotten far-off controversy and Tennyson is gradually falling to his true level—perhaps even is already there. But it meant more to us than literary criticism. It was a blow at our smug morality, an uncompromising proclamation that the social reforms upon which we had embarked were shallow affairs compared with the essentials of life; that we must probe deeper than mere politics and seek diligently for a synthesis that penetrated and embraced far more than the economic, which we prided ourselves was the master-key to politics and industry. And we understood the pity and compassion that this man felt for the women of Père la Chaise and of Piccadilly—the "Army of the Night."

Meanwhile, I was young. I must be doing something, improving or meddling with "some nook of God's Creation." Achieving something; putting something to my credit. Void of guidance. Good intentions tinged with ambition. It was certainly time for Richard Tudor to take me by the scruff of my neck and denounce me as a hopeless blatherskite.

An Industrial Symposium.

Conducted by Huntly Carter.

(69) REV. ALFRED E. GARVIE, M.A., D.D.
(Principal of New College, London, N.W.).

I. As I have been asked to write on the Christian view of the after-war situation, I shall not pronounce any opinion on the exclusively economic or political aspects of the question, except to indicate certain assumptions which it seems to me the Christian moralist and social reformer must make.

(a) To repair the ravages of war, and to secure as large a contribution as possible to the material well-being of the nation, there must be the utmost possible productivity, both as regards new material and manufactured articles, compatible with the physical efficiency and the higher interests of the workers as human beings. The poor suffer most from any shortage, and in their interest even, if no other, the "ca' canny" policy must be abandoned.

(b) The policy of Capital which has afforded justification for, even if it has not imposed, the necessity of the restriction of output must also be abandoned, and no arbitrary limits be set to the share which Labour is entitled to in the wealth produced. According to production should remuneration be, and every workman should feel that his extra exertions will secure him corresponding benefits. It is not for the master to fix in his own mind a limit beyond which wages must not be allowed to rise. After a time, when the present distress has been met, the increased productivity will require a growing effective demand to prevent the evils of over-production. By higher wages the home market can be expanded.

(c) As it was at the request of the State that many of the hard-won protective regulations of the Trade Unions were abandoned, and as the State has pledged itself to restore the previous conditions in the relations of Capital and Labour, it is the duty of the State, which it would be base treachery for it to evade, to take all such measures as may be necessary, if not actually to restore all these conditions—for this appears now, for the reasons given above, impracticable—at least to give the practicable equivalent, so that Labour will not find itself less favourably placed in relation to Capital than it was before. Nay, a great improvement in the circumstances of the working classes may be demanded, and expected, as a small return from the nation for the services and sacrifices of the common people in this war.

II. On each of these assumptions the Christian teacher may speak without going beyond his own province.

(a) For the greatest possible productivity he can give two reasons: (1) Man's industry is an appreciation of God's bounty in nature, and by his labour man becomes a fellow-worker with God in bringing that bounty to the need of his fellow-men. (2) It is a Christian precept, though found in a writing that contains much below the Christian level: "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might" (Ecclesiastes ix, 10). For even slaves are enjoined to obey their masters, "not in the way of eye-servers, as men-pleasers, but as servants of Christ, doing the will of God from the heart" (Ephesians vi, 6). A man is morally the worse when he is not doing his very best even in his earthly calling, and his religion suffers, and his religion suffers if he is hindered from making his co-operation with God in his daily toil as hearty and complete as it is in his power to make it. Apart from the special industrial conditions which may be held to offer some excuse for the "ca' canny" policy, it is morally and religiously blameworthy.

(b) The recognition of this truth is hindered, it must be admitted, by the fact that, under existing relations between Capital and Labour, increase in output by a worker may involve a cutting of the rate of wages, a demand of an increase of output from other workers not so able to meet it, and an increase of the profits of the capitalist, who treats his workers as hands, and so himself failing to recognise Christian moral obligations to them has scarcely the right to expect them to recognise any such obligation to him. *Inter arma silenti leges.* As long as industry is a scene of the

conflict rather than the co-operation of Capital and Labour, it will be vain to ask men to obey the Christian law. It is for capital to accept the other Christian precept, "The labourer is worthy of his hire." Wages should be a first charge on industry, and as large wages as an efficient and economical conduct of the business will allow. The New Testament enjoins that masters shall regard and treat their slaves as brothers in Christ. Does not this at once sweep away the assumption that the workers constitute a class by themselves, and that the wages of this class, whatever the contribution to the common good, must be kept down to a certain level of what another class, which puts no restrictions on its profits, may think adequate? The Christian estimate of man demands that the labourer shall be regarded and treated as a person and not a tool; and it seems only a necessary application of this principle that he shall have a share in determining the conditions under which as a Christian he is called to do his best. The minimum of output to be required and the maximum of wages for such output to be paid should be fixed by mutual agreement of organised Labour and Capital, and any revision should be effected only by mutual agreement, should changed conditions in the industry demand this. Extra output should be rewarded by extra wages, with no arbitrary limitation. If the masters can afford to pay the less efficient worker in proportion to his output, what plea can he offer before the Christian conscience, which demands that every man shall receive his due, for evading a similar obligation as regards the most efficient? Certain it is that in the recent developments of industry Capital has been drawing from industry more than its just share of the common product of Capital and Labour, and that a more equitable distribution of wealth is now an urgent necessity. An abatement of the extravagance and the luxury of the rich, and a raising of the standard of life among the great masses of the people, seems to me, from the Christian standpoint, "a consummation devoutly to be wished." An increase of the total wealth of the community by increased productivity can be obtained only as accompanied by a wider distribution of that wealth by the more adequate reward of Labour by wages proportionate to output.

(c) As a Nonconformist I do not hesitate to support a more extensive regulation of industry by the State, as the policy of *laissez faire*, so dear to many Nonconformists at one time, must be given up if the Christian ideal is to find any measure of realisation in modern society. Not by individual philanthropy alone but by social facilities mainly can the Social Problem now be solved; individual action is inadequate, corporate action is imperative. Cæsar has ceased to be the enemy of Christ; he need not be the rival; he may become the partner of Christ for the common good. With its emphasis on personality, Christianity does desire to maintain voluntary action as much as is practicable, and is prepared for compulsory action only in so far as may be necessary to secure the improved conditions it desires. In industry let there be mutual agreement of Capital and Labour to the utmost extent possible, as both know their interests better than any bureaucracy can know them; but let these agreements receive legislative or executive sanction, so that it may become an offence to evade the obligations imposed. The State must not become tyrannous, but industry, and consequently society, must not be left chaotic; the nation surely has wisdom enough to steer the safe course between the Scylla and the Charybdis. If this country is to be made more fully worthy of the sacrifice which is now being made for its deliverance, it must put its industry on the secure foundation of mutual respect of all classes and common justice in all relations.

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(70) MR. F. W. JOWETT, M.P.

I am sorry that I cannot give a brief reply to the two questions, and I am not in a position to prepare full replies. I might, however, add, in order to avoid misunderstanding, that I do not share the optimism implied in Mr. O'Grady's reply. I do not foresee any movement that is likely to remove the antagonism between Capital and Labour. On the contrary, I believe the pre-war conflict will be renewed, and perhaps with greater intensity.

Out of School.

OR at any rate, as nearly out of school as possible. Writing for publication nearly always means writing too consciously, trying to become conscious of one's wisdom, one's poetry, one's humour, or, worst of all, one's effect of spontaneity. We are all fettered by the privilege that separates us from the animals. This, you will observe, is a spasm of ill-temper. I want to write down the interesting things that are floating about at the back of my mind, and my conscious thought insists upon interfering and preventing their emergence.

That is the complaint from which we suffer. We can rarely succeed in inveigling the best part of ourselves into co-operation with our ordinary consciousness. The question that needs deciding is how far this is the symptom of a disease in our thought and our education, and how far it represents a phase of necessary imperfection. Consciousness, and especially scientific consciousness, has extended its range and its grasp enormously during the last generation or two; it is natural that we should suffer from a certain lagging behind of the intuitions. But we have to look out for the prevailing tendency of consciousness, having made good its ground, to anchor itself there, to limit itself by itself. It is at this stage that the diseases of stagnancy begin to manifest themselves.

When you keep a class of ordinary healthy children grinding at work in which they can see no purpose, impressing it upon them that there is something specially meritorious in this sort of grind, and then let them loose in a playground, they revert as nearly to barbarism as restraining authority will allow. When you give them work that kindles their imaginations, their playtime also shows the action of civilised imagination. The case is much the same when one considers the work of adults. There is something about dead grind (to be sharply distinguished from good hard work that is done with enthusiasm) which evokes the barbarian. Unintelligent activity promotes a reaction to unintelligent leisure. An unintelligent activity springs from the same cause, whether the formalist schoolmaster or the Manchester school is the slave-driver.

The speculative instinct in man is apt to degenerate through a set sequence: hypothesis—conclusion—conviction—prejudice. Prejudice is probably the primary symptom of the disease that we are trying to track down. It is consciousness at anchor; it precludes further speculation. You cannot cure prejudice; like all symptoms, it can only be palliated, or shifted from its ground so as to reappear in another form. You can only cure the disease, which is atrophy of the speculative impulse. It is here that education offers so great and so largely unexplored a field of curative work for civilisation. But we must be careful to distinguish atrophy of the speculative impulse from the necessary consolidation of conclusions already achieved, or we shall be landed in the half-truth of Futurism.

There is a critical point between the consolidating and the case-hardening of a principle. Conclusions are safe; convictions ought to be suspect. Perhaps the test of a conviction is this: if it leads straightway to a further flight of speculation there is life in it. Growth is one of the primary tests of life. If it sticks fast, or merely proliferates aimlessly—like a piece of living tissue cut off and kept in a suitable culture solution—then it is in sight either of ossification or of

decay. A great deal of our education consists in the passing on of ossified and decaying convictions.

The remedy is to assert the dignity of speculation. At present it is speculation that is suspect, and conviction that carries all before it, unquestioned. This remedy is in the hands of education, which includes the teaching that is given in schools, but does not exclude the training that is imposed upon us all by life as we find it. In industry, for example, a great change would come over the world of operatives if speculation in the form of inventiveness were generally encouraged. Even under the hand-to-mouth system of profit-mongering, this value has begun to be recognised by the more far-sighted. But the schools will have to play their part, and get things started from the right end, before much can be done to set speculation at liberty, or to free the world from the tyranny of dead and dying convictions.

There ought to be another way of getting rid of a speculation that has served its turn than to let it harden through conviction to prejudice. A great deal might be done by proper training in the handling of hypotheses. This sounds a tall order for children, but it is only the current terminology of reasoning that is tall. Children are intensely interested in the relativity of truth, though that is not what they call it. They are always worrying us to know whether a fairy tale or a myth or a fable is "true"; and we seldom trouble to explain to them—we do not very often know ourselves—the degrees and proportions of truth, and its varying channels of partial expression. Sooner or later, we infect them with our own conviction-worship. Among other things, it gives us much less trouble to draw a hard-and-fast line for them between a truth and a falsehood than to deal with the undoubtedly intricate problem of the childish imagination, with its tendency to lose all idea which is which.

But the childish imagination is right, though undeveloped, and we are wrong. There are no truths; there is only Truth, and an indefinite number of partial approximations to Truth. It is our business to teach the nature of these approximations. It is much easier to teach in terms of absolutes than of relatives; but the disadvantage is that nearly all absolutes are fallacious. In teaching them to children, we are carefully if unconsciously training the children to stifle their sense of fallacy. It is, of course, a matter of considerable convenience to ourselves that they should do so. It is so easy for them to see the flaws in our slipshod authority over them if they are allowed to question any absolute. But this is exactly where we have to be prepared to sacrifice our convenience, or rather to abandon our mental inertia. Otherwise we leave only two alternatives open to the next generation, the same two alternatives which we have ourselves had to face; either to settle down to the final acceptance of a system of fallacious absolutes, and stagnate, or to dethrone them by a mental upheaval that amounts to a revolution. And the worst of a revolution is the long-drawn-out difficulty of finding a stable form of government after it is over.

There is a fairly definite cleavage between the people who have undergone this mental revolution and the people who have not. Those who have not look upon those who have with admiration, envy, fear and dislike in varying proportions; those who have look upon those who have not with either a friendly or a hostile contempt. In any case, there can be nothing but a patched-up peace between them. But the whole war between the absolutists and the revolutionaries is evitable, if we will only lead children to develop their own healthy instincts and natural powers as truth-seekers.

KENNETH RICHMOND.

The Condition of Music in England.

WHEN and whenever there is much talk about the unessential attributes of an art, and little understanding of its real and ultimate nature, we may be sure that the art is in a state of decadence.

In England at the present time we hear a great deal about British music, in the abstract, but when our enthusiasm has been roused to the point of demanding actual specimens of those masterpieces that have given rise to such eulogy, there are singularly few to be found. "Interrogatum est ab omnibus:—Ubi est ille composer? Et responsum est cum cachinno:—Non est inventus!"

Would it not then be more profitable to search for good music, some of which may turn out to have been written by an Englishman, rather than for English composers, some of whose works may turn out to be good music?

The British composers of the older generation have already outlived their works. Elgar, who occupies a somewhat isolated position between the old school and the new, is said to have announced his intention of retiring from the field of active composition, as Rossini did after "William Tell."

And as for the moderns, they seem, with very few exceptions, to be wandering in a mist, oblivious alike of their destination and of their purpose of journeying.

The same tendency is to be observed in other countries. The so-called *modern* movement in music has proved to be nothing but the last hysterical flicker of the flame of the past century.

Our *new* musicians do little but gather up the loose ends of the old order, to entangle themselves therein. There is a more obvious fin-de-siècle feeling about music to-day than there was at the close of the nineteenth century.

If we consider the four most influential composers of the present time—Debussy, Ravel, Stravinsky, and Scriabin—we find that the works of the first three are almost entirely due to indulgence of "le plaisir délicieux et toujours nouveau d'un occupation inutile"—a motto which one of them has himself inscribed upon his most characteristic work.

Theirs is the music of the surface, of the external world, wrought to the highest degree of perfection—at best a decorative art. The realists and impressionists in music can represent the material *part* with consummate skill, but to symbolise the spiritual *whole* is a task beyond their powers.

They hold the mirror up to Nature, as a footpad holds a pistol to the traveller's head, and Nature duly yields them her outer garment. Her self, however, she reserves for those who are able to re-create her beyond herself. "To him that hath shall be given."

Scriabin was a more real personality than any of the other three, but in his attempt to blend the romance of Chopin with the eroticism of "Tristan," and to press the alloy into the service of theosophy, he only succeeded in becoming a kind of psychopathic Gounod.

Turning to this country, we find only one figure of international importance: Frederick Delius.

He is still comparatively unknown, in spite of Sir Thomas Beecham's generous efforts on his behalf. This is partly due to the fact that Delius has never been a "professional"—that is to say, he has never played any instrument in public, nor professed to be able to "teach composition."

He has never propagated his own works, nor made use of his continental reputation to propagate the gospel of the British composer, believing that the latter, as yet, "hath no gospel."

Hence, the profession's conspiracy of silence concern-

ing him in England: he is a blackleg! He may, however, justly be regarded as the last of the true line of nineteenth century masters, the sunset of the great romantic period, as Béla Bartok and Bernard van Dieren may be called the heralds of a new dawn.

Delius' art is essentially retrospective. Of what he wrote before the age of thirty nothing has survived save a few songs. He has not lived for music: he has rather set the seal of music upon his life, that nothing be lost. This is the only immortality he desires. He is obsessed by a sense of the impermanence of lovely things, is absorbed in contemplation of the eternal conflict of love and death, viewing it not, like Bantock, from without, as an effective and highly dramatic subject, but as a dark and tragic reality within himself. It is the theme of his great symbolic opera, "A Village Romeo and Juliet," of "Sea-Dritt," of the "Songs of Sunset," and the Requiem.

He is intensely sensitive to the subtle suggestions of Nature, and is perhaps the first musician to show clearly the limits of objectivity in this direction. For Nature can only stimulate and quicken. The seed thus implanted, after due gestation in the artist, bears fruit in the work of art. The process of gestation in the subconsciousness none can unravel. But the work of art is not a mere image of Nature, nor yet a mirror of the artist's self, though it partakes of the character of both. There is something of the tender poignancy of Celtic mysticism in Delius' attitude to Nature, something of the wistfulness of the Celtic conception of Hy-Brasil, the island of paradise in the western sea that ever receded farther into the sunset before the ships that sailed towards it. And it is this quality in his work that seems unconsciously to contradict his conscious certainty of utter darkness beyond the grave.

Arnold Bax, in his better moments, aspires to the poetic level of W. B. Yeats. Like the American author of "The Fairy Faith in Celtic Countries," he outvies the born Celt in "Celticism," thus providing another example of the fact that nationality in art is as often cultivated as inherent. His delightful "Faery Hills" gives us, if not the deeper and more mysterious side of the Celtic other-world, at least the Irish counterpart to the Shakespearean fairyland of Berlioz' "Queen Mab." But he has not passed through the Royal Academy of Music unscathed: in many of his works the neo-Brahmsian characteristics acquired at this institution have proved as fatal to his own delicate and capricious lyricism as crabbèd age is wont to prove to youth.

Eugène Goossens, by birth half-Flemish, "has poetry enough for anything," as Charles Lamb said of Dekker, but his inner life seems to be unduly cramped by professional duties. With the majority of modern composers, he has embraced the fallacy that music can spring from music and not solely from the fullness of being. And until he discards this notion, we shall have to be content with brilliant and tantalisingly promising pièces-d'occasion from him.

Percy Grainger is called the most "national" of our composers, which means, perhaps, that being an Australian, he can see England objectively, just as Bax sees Ireland. He may be said to express modern England in much the same way that Irving Berlin expresses modern America. This is no disparagement of Grainger, though some may consider the comparison disparaging to America. Grainger builds upon the folk-songs of the day before yesterday: Irving Berlin *makes* the folk-songs of to-day. Both these composers excel in the expression of simple, effervescent jollity, alternating with simple, unashamed sentimentality. Both are real primitives—which is a healthy sign.

Compare the "Syncopated Walk" with "Mock Morris," Berlin's "When I Lost You" with Grainger's "Colonial Song," and their essential similarity is at once apparent.

Balfour Gardiner is a composer whose output it is impossible to survey. He has written much, published little, and withdrawn for revision nearly all his works that have been publicly performed. He has, however, achieved in his setting of Masefield's "News from Whydah." a choral ballad of the finest order.

Vaughan Williams, though regarded in certain circles as the apostolic successor to Sir Hubert Parry, is chiefly remarkable for having portrayed, not in one work, but in nearly all, the peculiar state of mind engendered by prolonged contemplation of a cow in a field on a foggy evening. He is one of those for whom mysticism means mistiness and vacuity rather than exceptional clarity of vision. Misty subjects have an irresistible attraction for him—London, the Sea, the Fen Country. He aims at the sublime by sheer ponderosity, as Handel did: but where Handel achieved a colossus, Vaughan Williams only manages a rather uncomfortable rhinoceros with flabby legs. His sublimity is that of the English post-Handelian oratorio: which accounts for his popularity in some quarters.

Roger Quilter and George Whitaker are two unpretentious but gifted song-writers. The latter's setting of Yeats' "Innisfree" is a remarkable example of the true re-creation of a poem in terms of music.

Norman O'Neill and Philip Brāham have done much to raise the standard of theatre music, and their highly successful exploitation of the infinite resources of the small orchestra is, in these days of orchestral megalomania, worthy of all praise.

Ernest Newman, a creative artist, if not a composer, has, by his critical essays, contributed as much to the development of music in England as all the composers put together.

For the rest:—Frederic Austin is re-writing a symphony which, on its production four years ago, betokened considerable intellectual vigour in its composer. There is no trace of this quality in his more recent "Danish Sketches."

Rutland Boughton has set out (and he himself has said it) "to achieve what Wagner so thoroughly failed to achieve" in the musical drama. So far, he has only achieved what Bungert and other Germans were achieving nearly twenty years ago. But his little game of "Let's pretend," with Glastonbury as Bayreuth, and the Round Table instead of the Ring, seems to afford a great deal of innocent diversion to many young Glastonburians.

Frank Bridge continues to receive prizes for compositions that are quite up to the usual competition standard.

Joseph Holbrooke's Wagnerian musical-box is, like Johnny Walker, "still going strong"; and so is Joseph's tongue, declaiming against the pernicious influence of Huns on British music.

Gustav von Holst, English despite his name, is known chiefly as a musical orientalist.

Whether or no the East is "unchanging," it is certain that the European conception of Eastern music does not materially change from one generation to another. Von Holst's orientalism is a little better than Bantock's, and a little less real than that of Maurice Delage.

He has made an experiment in intimate psychological music-drama, of which the conception and text are excellent. The same may be said of Clarence Rayboud's little opera, "The Sumida River," which really points the way to new and vital operatic developments.

But, as Beethoven said to Paër, after hearing one of his operas, "it wants setting to music"!

Last, but not necessarily least, must be mentioned Cyril Scott, who continues to develop the harmonic style of Joseph Barnby in the spirit of Oscar Wilde.

From this very brief survey of the condition of British

music, it would seem that in spite of the "Patron's Fund," the Carnegie Trust and Mr. Cobbett, with his galaxy of mediocrities, its prospects are not very bright. But this is a short-sighted view. Music is a young and comparatively undeveloped art. At present it seems to be passing through the critical period of puberty.

Certain it is that the restlessness and dissatisfaction which are everywhere apparent in the music of to-day must soon lead to a general re-examination of the basic principles by which music is conditioned, and to a strengthening of the foundations of music by careful consideration of its true function, gauged not so much by the actual achievements of the past as by the psychological needs to which music alone among the arts can minister. For until we determine, if only as a working hypothesis, What Music Is, we have no criterion by which to ascertain What is and is not Music.

Meanwhile, it is to be hoped that the Carnegie Trustees will discover some of the large and still, to our national discredit, unprinted volumes of Elizabethan virginal music, wherein they will find not only more true genius but more originality and immeasurably more reality than any of our contemporaries can yet exhibit.

PHILIP HESELTINE.

A Modern Prose Anthology.

Edited by R. Harrison.

I.—MR. M--R-CE H-WL-TT.

From "A Little Novel of England," by M--r-ce H-wl-tt.

CHAP. I.—THE AUTHOR SPEAKS HIS MIND.

This is a tale mainly of love and of lovers; not a very little one either, but of its length you are the best judge. It will take you into times of which you have very little idea, and of which—when you come out of them, pardieu, if you ever do—you will have less idea still. Blood will be spilt, but not too much, virgins will suffer distress, but they will be rescued in the nick of time; people will make love to each other, that you will expect. There should be strange adventuring, not entirely devoid of rhyme and reason; villains will plot, heroines will shriek, heroes will laugh aloud to the open skies and the open country, people will talk, people will babble, people will make love to each other—but I said this before. When you have journeyed to the phrase "For this relief much thanks!" if by the Grace of Heaven you ever get so far, you will know as much about the matter as I do, and perchance a great deal more. But I hope you will not ask me why I wrote it or why you have read it. I rank myself with the merchants in this business of tale-telling, and consider that my sole affair is to serve the public satisfactorily. Your successful novelist must be neither a lover of art nor (as the fashion now sets) a despiser of it. He must know how to affect the appearance of it, busy himself with a cheap imitation; and his reward, without any doubt at all, will be very great. He will be loved of the gods, and die rich. Heaven be praised, I know what is good for you. I know just how far to go, believe me; and not a step further, as I fear the public. But there will be sentiment, you may bet or rather pledge your heart on it, sentiment so thick that it will obscure the plot. Yet plots—of a sort (I promise you)—shall not be lacking. It will be a dull stream, but by the help of God and our own prolixity we will navigate it. Leave everything to me.

BOOK 6. CHAPTER 39. HALFWAY HALT.

We travel to a finish, which perchance we may reach in one, two paragraphs . . . how can I tell? Sentiment—we have had our dose of it; dullness, vapidity hardly veiled—who can escape it; words, words, words—'twas Hamlet said it. You have yawned your fill, I dare swear. Everything must come to an end, there's solace in the idea.

Well, here's for the last of them. There is, so we believe, much more to record; but for the present I would make light of it. Much, as you know, depends on the sale. I will wait until you clamour for it. It is a rare day in late April we have chosen for the leave-taking. The wind laughs, the sea sings. It is very good to be alive.

That, in very truth, is what our hero-knight concludes, and he is silent. And the lady, his wife?—it is very evident she thinks so too—for is not it the opinion of her lord and master? Demurely she confides her hand to the conqueror and with it her life and (unless you think otherwise) her happiness and (doubtless) her love. Who would deny it?—not I!

Overhead, a wood-bird regards the action sagely, twittering to its mate in yonder leafy bower and wondering (mayhap) why they too do not pipe up some merry ditty. And it may be they will—who can tell? But at present they are conscious only of the singing of their hearts.

He is the first to speak. Rather, say his heart beat aloud. "O God, O God, god of all brave knights and popular novelists, the world is mine!" it cried. Then he looked at her. Shyly they kissed. He kissed her ten times.

"It seems you are my wife," he said, when he had done. "What would you have, queen of my heart?"

"My lord?" (That was all.)

"The world?"

"You know I would not!"

"Diamonds, palaces, autographed copies of . . . ."

"Prosperous!"

"My love?"

"I have that already." He knew it.

"Everything a woman can want?"

"That too."

He threw back his head and roared. Then: "Desire of my soul!" he cried, and took her to his heart.

After all, it was only his own wife that Prosperous kissed.

II.—MR. ARN-LD B-NN-TT.

Extract from Mr. Arn-ld B-nn-tt's monograph, "The truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth."

xiv.

Then one day, when my serial had run through all the London and provincial papers, when one half of the United Kingdom was discussing it over coffee and cigars and the other half over beer and winkles, when all the editors in Europe were besieging me with offers for a new serial and royalties were flowing in from every corner of the world, it occurred to me that my dream was still unrealised. I was famous, but I would be yet more famous. I was rich, but not as rich as I wished to be—as I meant to be. I was the talk of England, but I had long ago determined that I would be the talk of the world. I would write a novel.

Now that I have written it in cold blood, I see how little it must impress on you the tremendous resolve I had made. I have written it in cold blood, but you must not imagine that I thought of it in cold blood. Nothing of the sort. I saw, in an instant, what it would mean. It would mean that I would have to give up, once for all, any hopes I had had of becoming a force in the journalistic world, any hopes I had had of becoming a force in the business world; in short, of reconciling myself to letting one half of my talents rust. Well, I would do it. I would let them rust. I would give them up. No dilly-dallying. I would devote myself to novel-writing. I have always thought, I have always believed that it is novel-writing that pays best in the end. I would prove it.

Resolution is half the battle, and before the day was out I had made my preparations. I ran quickly over the names of our leading publicity-mongers: they all lived in the country. Well, I would live in the country. I hurriedly dispatched notes to all the London editors.

and publishers, saying I was taking a holiday. I bought a time-table. Before evening, it was all over London that the rising young journalist and serial-writer had voluntarily ruined his career. All the placards bore the same inscription: "Mysterious disappearance of promising young journalist." Already, I had achieved half my end. . . .

XV.

. . . Once more I received from the gods a plot scintillating with possibilities. Once more I realised my utter incapability to deal with them. But I had learnt much. I had learnt that the British public does not recognise possibilities when it meets them. What it respects, what it expects, is dullness. Dullness it should have—monumental dullness. I read Zola. . . . It was at this instant that I was visited by an idea. The reason for Zola's only partial success was not that he was dull, inartistic, but that he was not dull enough. Well (thank Heaven!) I would not make that mistake. For my model, I took Mrs. Mountford Long's "Tale of a Grandmother." . . .

"A Fresh Start at the Five Towns," by Arn-ld B-nn-tt.

PART TWO.—THE PART PLAYED BY MRS. ROBINSON.

CHAPTER 10. THE ANTI-MACASSAR.

Hannah was one of those strange, weird, wholly inexplicable characters that one meets with only in the Five Towns. Hannah was a charwoman, the most popular charwoman in Bosley, and well known throughout the Five Towns. Hannah was accustomed to drudge fifteen hours a day for two-and-six a week. Hannah was never known to go anywhere. Hannah kept her thoughts to herself. She was a sphinx, a mystery, an insoluble enigma; even in the grim atmosphere of the Five Towns she was known as a "hard nut." In its own expressive dialect, she was spoken of as "one to be reckoned with." In short, Hannah was a character.

Hannah was going to buy lard. The dinner-horn sounded to the world of Bosley, and the never-ending line of factories belched forth their jostling multitude of human ants—but Hannah heeded them not. She was going to buy lard. Immortal writers planned epoch-making works, great statesmen settled the fate of empires, but Hannah wot not of them. Determined, inexplicable, self-sufficient Hannah! Hannah was going to buy lard.

Now, the day sanctioned by custom in Bosley for the buying and selling of lard is Friday. Hannah had chosen Saturday. Saturday! Was Hannah laughing at the Five Towns? Was Hannah treating its unwritten laws as matters of no importance? It was inconceivable, monstrous, unimaginable! But it was true.

Behind the counter of Robinson's Greengrocery Emporium rose the impressive form of Mr. Hezekiah Robinson—towering, effulgent, monarchical. It was, as Hannah well knew, bacon-day, and Hezekiah's worthy and portly form was almost hidden behind the supplies of succulent pork.

"Reckon Aa wants some lard," said Hannah.

What chiefly impressed Hezekiah was her nerve. He said nothing; he was tongue-tied.

"Reckon it's bacon-day," proceeded Hannah.

"Ay," he agreed; "it's that."

(The publishers wish to take this opportunity of advising the public that the author has in preparation another novel, in which he will repeat the same plot with slightly different characters and at much greater length. It will be a novel about the gasworks, and will relate the attempt made by the Boslem gasworks to cut a canal through the premises owned by the Knype potteries. There will be the usual bed-ridden father, the children's revolt against their parents, the factious heroine, the trivialities, and, in short, all the famous author's well-known stock-in-trade. God bless the Five Towns!)

Readers and Writers.

To a recent issue of "New Ireland," the most vivid of the Irish weeklies, and one in which my ex-colleague of this column, "E. A. B.," writes occasionally a candid review (often, I am glad to say, in criticism of an Irish author, and thus beginning Home Rule in Ireland itself), "A. E." contributes a notice of Mr. Gosse's "Life of Swinburne" which is characteristic of A. E., true in my opinion of Swinburne himself, and unique in journalism. Having read Mr. Gosse's "Life of Swinburne," I am free to say that it is one of the most carefully superficial biographies I have ever read. It is full of facts, but it scarcely contains a word of truth. If Mr. Gosse had been commissioned by the most jealous surviving relatives of Swinburne to write the life of their kinsman without giving anybody of the name of Swinburne the least offence, he could not have performed his task more discreetly or with greater success. But as for a life of Swinburne, a study of Swinburne, a representation of Swinburne, a portrait of Swinburne as he was, it is not only negatively unilluminating, it is positively misleading. Nothing that we can divine of Swinburne from his works was apparently a part of his real life at all; and as little of his real life as possible is revealed. Better, I should say, one reading of Swinburne as a revelation of the man, than twenty lives of him by Mr. Gosse. Better, indeed, had such a life not been written.

* * *

To return to "A. E.," I find in his short notice one or two comments upon Swinburne which are really satisfying, if, at the same time, they will strike the ordinary reader as extraordinary. A. E. says of Swinburne that "if he had been born in Ireland our infallible psychological instinct would have discovered him to be a changeling, as W. B. Yeats undoubtedlly is." And by "changeling" A. E. does not mean something merely fanciful or metaphorical, but something real, though fairy and non-human. But are we prepared even to listen patiently to such a view? Yet the remark is made by a man capable, as readers of THE NEW AGE know, of brilliant common sense and by no means disposed to bemuse himself. There is, therefore, something to be said for it, and since the changeling theory is the best I know for the case of both Swinburne and Mr. W. B. Yeats, I propose one of these days to discuss it at some length. For the moment I content myself with saying that in my opinion not all is human that wears a human form. Strange beings are amongst us disguised as men; strange moods have their way with some of us that are anything but human. To be human is to be in a continual state of self-criticism and of self-defence; for the task of being and remaining human is difficult and perilous. But what are the signs, it may be asked, that Swinburne was a changeling? Putting aside his life, the story of which, if it were truthfully told, would be simply incredible, there is his work, of which not a line that I can discover has the indubitably human note. What A. E. says of this is that Swinburne revelled in technique, that is to say, in rhythm. It was peculiar to him to be guided by sound entirely, the sense being left to take care of itself. I do not say, of course, that in Swinburne's case the sense was nonsense. What I am saying is that he wrote poetry by ear, as certain gifted persons (Mr. Grierson was one of them) played music by ear—and marvellous music, indeed, it was, as I can testify. But this sense of hearing, this exclusive attention to and cognisance of the value of sound—a sense in Swinburne so acute that what sounded to him well turned out as a rule to be sound in substance—constituted him the non-human creature A. E. declares him to have been. For it is of the nature of an "elemental" or fairy being or changeling to differ from humans

in its approach or method of arriving at what we call sense. With the great human artists, again, as A. E. observes, the technique is never obvious; but in the non-human as well as in lesser artists, the technique or external signs of art are everything. Nobody can read Swinburne without being aware that he is reading rhythm, through which, if at all, the sense steals, as it were, unbidden. But in reading the great poets, it is the rhythm that steals upon our ear while the sense is entering our hearts.

* * *

There are two ways by which inspiration may enter the brain, which is the instrument of the mind of man. One way is through the appropriate gate, the other is by what I may call a gap in the hedge. The former is the way found and taken by the great artists in whom the gift of inspiration is something more than a mere gift—it is a faculty, a power within their control, as much their own to employ as the normal powers of the mind. Plato, Milton and Shakespeare belonged to the order of men whose genius communicated with them through the proper gate-ways. The second method, however, is something akin to a disease of the brain, or, at any rate, it involves an abnormality of the brain. And, in the case of Swinburne, the disease was manifest. "The peculiar poetic spirit in him," says A. E., "was, I fancy, in some way connected with the psychic disease as the pearl is the product of the disease of the oyster." And the proof of it was this: that when he was cured (as he was by Mr. Watts Dunton very largely) of his psychic disease (when, as I should say, the gap through which his genius passed into his brain was healed)—his poetic gift left him. During the thirty years he lived with Mr. Watts Dunton under his nursing care, Swinburne did not write a poem by the Swinburne of his former self. The theory advanced by A. E. is at least interesting; and, as I say, I personally find it satisfying as far as it goes. I am wondering, however, whether more than a few English readers will not dismiss it as the moonshine it is.

* * *

Mr. W. M. Salter sends me from America a reprint of his article in a recent issue of the "International Journal of Ethics" on "Nietzsche and the War." We have had a good many pamphlets upon Nietzsche and his connection with the present war, some of them affirming that his part is that of chief villain of the piece, others denying his complicity, and even professing to prove that he could not possibly have defended either the war in general or Germany in particular. The question must, in my judgment, be left open; for there is as much evidence for the one view as for the other. The truth is that Nietzsche is full of ambiguities, and he riddled like an Adelphian. Not being a man of action, and, therefore, never being compelled to make up his mind upon any point, he could afford (or he allowed himself) to express contradictory judgments upon almost every problem that occurred to him. You can find in Nietzsche anything you choose to look for: the most extreme form of Christianity, the most extreme form of paganism, gentleness and brutality, praise and denunciation of force, the same of the virtues, and the same of various kinds of social life. He was, as he said, an interrogation-mark; and every attempt to define him in more accurate terms must end in an interrogation. I cannot say that Mr. Salter is more successful than others in proving that Nietzsche would have been on the side of the Allies. He tells us, for example, that Nietzsche, while in favour of a unified Europe, desired the unity to be brought about, not by force, but by the voluntary adhesion of all its parts to a common idea. That is all very well; but there is too much praise of force in Nietzsche to permit us to doubt that *if* the unity of Europe had been achieved by force he would have repudiated it. Again, Mr. Salter attempts to exonerate Nietzsche from any influence upon German militant racialism; and no doubt it is true that Nietzsche believed himself to hate the German Empire as much as the German Empire neglected Nietzsche. But the boot may be tried, perhaps, upon the other foot. Nietzsche may not have influenced Germany, but there is no doubt in my mind that Germany influenced Nietzsche. Germany's profession of a War for Kulture preceded Nietzsche, who, in fact, did no more than spell Kulture with a C, while approving of war as its method. A War for Kulture cannot have been a caricature of Nietzsche, and this must be put to his credit; but his War for Culture was undoubtedly an artistic projection and restatement of the War for Kulture; and to this extent he may be said to have lent his art to the purposes of barbarism. A lyrical Bismarck, as has been said before, defines him, I think, in relation to Germany. R. H. C.

Mr. Reginald Peacock's Day.

By Katherine Mansfield.

IF there was one thing that he hated more than another it was the way she had of waking him in the morning. She did it on purpose, of course. It was her way of establishing her grievance for the day, and he was not going to let her know how successful it was. But really, really, to wake a sensitive person like that was positively dangerous! It took him hours to get over it—simply hours. She came into the room buttoned up in an overall, with a handkerchief over her head—thereby proving that she had been up herself and slaving since dawn—and called in a low, warning voice: "Reginald!"

"Eh! What! What's that? What's the matter?"

"It's time to get up; it's half-past eight." And out she went, shutting the door quietly after her, to gloat over her triumph, he supposed.

He rolled over in the big bed, his heart still beating in quick, dull throbs, and with every throb he felt his energy escaping him, his—his inspiration for the day stifling under those thudding blows. It seemed that she took a malicious delight in making life more difficult for him than—Heaven knows—it was, by denying him his rights as an artist, by trying to drag him down to her level. What was the matter with her? What the hell did she want? Hadn't he three times as many pupils now as when they were first married, earned three times as much, paid for every stick and stone that they possessed, and now had begun to shell out for Adrian's kindergarten. . . . And had he ever reproached her for not having a penny to her name? Never a word—never a sign! The truth was that once you married a woman she became insatiable, and the truth was that nothing was more fatal for an artist than marriage, at any rate until he was well over forty. . . . Why had he married her? He asked himself this question on an average about three times a day, but he never could answer it satisfactorily. She had caught him at a weak moment, when the first plunge into reality had bewildered and overwhelmed him for a time. Looking back, he saw a pathetic youthful creature, half child, half wild, untamed bird, totally incompetent to cope with bills and creditors and all the sordid details of existence. Well—she had done her best to clip his wings, if that was any satisfaction for her, and she could congratulate herself on the success of this early morning trick. One ought to wake exquisitely, reluctantly, he thought, slipping down in the warm bed. He began to imagine a series of enchanting scenes which ended with his latest, most charming pupil putting her bare, scented arms round his neck, and covering him with her long, perfumed hair. "Awake, my love!" . . .

As was his daily habit, while the bath water ran, Reginald Peacock tried his voice.

When her mother tends her before the laughing mirror,
Looping up her laces, tying up her hair.

he sang, softly at first, listening to the quality, nursing his voice until he came to the third line:

Often she thinks, were this wild thing wedded. . . .

and upon the word "wedded" he burst into such a shout of triumph that the tooth glass on the bathroom shelf trembled and even the bath tap seemed to gush stormy applause. . . .

Well, there was nothing wrong with his voice, he thought, leaping into the bath and soaping his soft, pink body all over with a loofah shaped like a fish. He could fill Covent Garden with it! "*Wedded,*" he shouted again, seizing the towel with a magnificent operatic gesture, and went on singing while he rubbed as though he had been Lohengrin tipped out by an unwary Swan and drying himself in the greatest haste before that tiresome Elsa came along. . . .

Back in his bedroom, he pulled the blind up with a jerk, and standing upon the pale square of sunlight that lay upon the carpet like a sheet of cream blotting-paper, he began to do his exercises—deep breathing, bending forward and back, squatting like a frog and shooting out his legs—for if there was one thing he had a horror of, it was of getting fat, and men in his profession had a dreadful tendency that way. However, there was no sign of it at present. He was, he decided, just right, just in good proportion. In fact, he could not help a thrill of satisfaction when he saw himself in the glass dressed in a morning coat, dark grey trousers, grey socks and a black tie with a silver thread in it. Not that he was vain—he couldn't stand vain men—no; the sight of himself gave him a thrill of purely artistic satisfaction. "Voila tout!" said he, passing his hand over his sleek hair.

That little, easy French phrase blown so lightly from his lips, like a whiff of smoke, reminded him that someone had asked him, again, the evening before, if he was English. People seemed to find it impossible to believe that he hadn't some Southern blood. True, there was an emotional quality in his singing that had nothing of the John Bull in it. . . . The door-handle rattled and turned round and round. Adrian's head popped through.

"Please, father, mother says breakfast is quite ready, please."

"Very well," said Reginald. Then, just as Adrian disappeared: "Adrian!"

"Yes, father."

"You haven't said 'good morning.'"

A few months ago Reginald had spent a week-end in a very aristocratic family, where the father received his little sons in the morning and shook hands with them. Reginald thought the practice charming, and introduced it immediately, but Adrian felt dreadfully silly at having to shake hands with his own father every morning. And why did his father always sort of sing to him instead of talk? . . .

In excellent temper, Reginald walked into the dining-room and sat down before a pile of letters, a copy of the "Times," and a little covered dish. He glanced at the letters and then at his breakfast. There were two thin slices of bacon and one egg.

"Don't you want any bacon?" he asked.

"No, I prefer a cold baked apple. I don't feel the need of bacon every morning."

Now, did she mean that there was no need for him to have bacon every morning, either, and that she grudged having to cook it for him?

"If you don't want to cook the breakfast," said he, "why don't you keep a servant? You know we can afford one, and you know how I loathe to see my wife doing the work. Simply because all the women we have had in the past have been failures, and utterly upset my régime, and made it almost impossible for me to have any pupils here, you've given up trying to find a decent woman. It's not impossible to train a servant—is it? I mean, it doesn't require genius?"

"But I prefer to do the work myself; it makes life so much more peaceful. . . Run along, Adrian darling, and get ready for school."

"Oh no, that's not it!" Reginald pretended to smile. "You do the work yourself, because, for some extraordinary reason, you love to humiliate me. Objectively, you may not know that, but, subjectively, it's the case." This last remark so delighted him that he cut open an envelope as gracefully as if he had been on the stage. . . .

Dear Mr. Peacock,—I feel I cannot go to sleep until I have thanked you again for the wonderful joy your singing gave me this evening. Quite unforgettable. You make me wonder, as I have not wondered since I was a girl, if this is *all*. I mean, if this ordinary world is *all*. If there is not, perhaps, for those of us who understand, divine beauty and richness awaiting us if we only have the *courage* to see it. And to make it ours. . . . The house is so quiet. I wish you were here now that I might thank you in person. You are doing a great thing. You are teaching the world to escape from life!—Yours most sincerely, ÆNONE FELL.

P.S.—I am in every afternoon this week. . . ?

The letter was scrawled in violet ink on thick, hand-made paper. Vanity, that bright bird, lifted its wings again, lifted them until he felt his breast would break.

"Oh well, don't let us quarrel," said he, and actually flung out a hand to his wife.

But she was not great enough to respond.

"I must hurry and take Adrian to school," said she. "Your room is quite ready for you."

Very well—very well—let there be open war between them! But he was hanged if he'd be the first to make it up again!

He walked up and down his room, and was not calm again until he heard the outer door close upon Adrian and his wife. Of course, if this went on, he would have to make some other arrangement. That was obvious. Tied and bound like this, how could he help the world to escape from life? He opened the piano and looked up his pupils for the morning. Miss Betty Brittle, the Countess Wilkowska and Miss Marian Morrow. They were charming, all three.

Punctually at half-past ten the door-bell rang. He went to the door. Miss Betty Brittle was there, *dressed in white, with her music in a blue silk case.*

"I'm afraid I'm early," she said, blushing and shy, and she opened her big blue eyes very wide. "Am I?"

"Not at all, dear lady. I am only too charmed," said Reginald. "Won't you come in?"

"It's such a heavenly morning," said Miss Brittle. "I walked across the Park. The flowers were too marvellous."

"Well, think about them while you sing your exercises," said Reginald, sitting down at the piano. "It will give your voice colour and warmth."

Oh, what an enchanting idea! What a *genius* Mr. Peacock was. She parted her pretty lips, and began to sing like a pansy.

"Very good, very good, indeed," said Reginald, playing chords that would waft a hardened criminal to heaven. "Make the notes round. Don't be afraid. Linger over them, breathe them like a perfume."

How pretty she looked, standing there in her white frock, her little blonde head tilted, showing her milky throat.

"Do you ever practice before a glass?" asked Reginald. "You ought to, you know; it makes the lips more flexible. Come over here."

They went over to the mirror and stood side by side.

"Now sing—moo-e-koo-e-oo-e-a!"

But she broke down, and blushed more brightly than ever.

"Oh," she cried, "I can't. It makes me feel so silly. It makes me want to laugh. I do look so absurd!"

"No, you don't. Don't be afraid," said Reginald, but laughed, too, very kindly. "Now, try again!"

The lesson simply flew, and Betty Brittle quite got over her shyness.

"When can I come again?" she asked, tying the music up again in the blue silk case. "I want to take as many lessons as I can just now. Oh, Mr. Peacock, I *do* enjoy them so much. May I come the day after to-morrow?"

"Dear lady, I shall be only too charmed," said Reginald, bowing her out.

Glorious girl! And when they had stood in front of the mirror, her white sleeve had just touched his black one. He could feel—yes, he could actually feel a warm glowing spot, and he stroked it. She loved her lessons. His wife came in.

"Reginald, can you let me have some money? I must pay the dairy. And will you be in for dinner to-night?"

"Yes, you know I'm singing at Lord Timbuck's at half-past nine. Can you make me some clear soup, with an egg in it?"

"Yes. And the money, Reginald. It's eight and sixpence."

"Surely that's very heavy—isn't it?"

"No, it's just what it ought to be. And Adrian must have milk."

There she was—off again! Now she was standing up for Adrian against him.

"I have not the slightest desire to deny my child a proper amount of milk," said he. "Here is ten shillings."

The door-bell rang. He went to the door.

"Oh," said the Countess Wilkowska, "the stairs. I have not a breath." And she put her hand over her heart as she followed him into the music-room. She was all in black, with a little black hat with a floating veil—violets in her bosom.

"Do not make me sing exercises, to-day," she cried, throwing out her hands in her delightful foreign way. "No, to-day, I want only to sing songs. . . And may I take off my violets? They fade so soon."

"They fade so soon—they fade so soon," played Reginald on the piano.

"May I put them here?" asked the Countess, dropping them in a little vase that stood in front of one of Reginald's photographs.

"Dear lady, I should be only too charmed!"

She began to sing, and all was well until she came to the phrase: "You love me. Yes, I *know* you love me!" Down dropped his hands from the keyboard, he wheeled round, facing her.

"No, no; that's not good enough. You can do better than that," cried Reginald, ardently. "You must sing as if you were in love. Listen; let me try and show you." And he sang.

"Oh, yes, yes. I see what you mean," stammered the little Countess. "May I try it again?"

"Certainly. Do not be afraid. Let yourself go. Confess yourself. Make proud surrender!" he called above the music. And she sang.

"Yes; better that time. But I still feel you are capable of more. Try it with me. There must be a kind of exultant defiance as well—don't you feel?" And they sang together. Ah! now she was sure she understood. "May I try once again?"

"You love me. Yes, I *know* you love me."

The lesson was over before that phrase was quite perfect. The little foreign hands trembled as they put the music together.

"And you are forgetting your violets," said Reginald softly.

"Yes, I think I will forget them," said the Countess, biting her underlip. What fascinating ways these foreign women have!

"And you will come to my house on Sunday and make music?" she asked.

"Dear lady, I shall be only too charmed!" said Reginald.

Weep ye no more, sad fountains
Why need ye flow so fast?

sang Miss Marian Morrow, but her eyes filled with tears and her chin trembled.

"Don't sing just now," said Reginald. "Let me play it for you." He played so softly.

"Is there anything the matter?" asked Reginald. "You're not quite happy this morning."

No, she wasn't; she was awfully miserable.

"You don't care to tell me what it is?"

It really was nothing particular. She had those moods sometimes when life seemed almost unbearable.

"Ah, I know," he said; "if I could only help!"

"But you do; you do! Oh, if it were not for my lessons I don't feel I could go on."

"Sit down in the armchair and smell the violets and let me sing to you. It will do you just as much good as a lesson."

Why weren't all men like Mr. Peacock?

"I wrote a poem after the concert last night—just about what I felt. Of course, it wasn't *personal*. May I send it to you?"

"Dear lady, I should be only too charmed!"

By the end of the afternoon he was quite tired and lay down on a sofa to rest his voice before dressing. The door of his room was open. He could hear Adrian and his wife talking in the dining-room.

"Do you know what that teapot reminds me of, Mummy? It reminds me of a little sitting-down kitten."

"Does it, Mr. Absurdity?"

Reginald dozed. The telephone bell woke him.

"Ænone Fell is speaking. Mr. Peacock, I have just heard that you are singing at Lord Timbuck's to-night. Will you dine with me, and we can go on together afterwards." And the words of his reply dropped like flowers down the telephone.

"Dear lady, I should be only too charmed."

What a triumphant evening! The little dinner tête-à-tête with Ænone Fell, the drive to Lord Timbuck's in her white motor car, when she thanked him again for the unforgettable joy. Triumph upon triumph! And Lord Timbuck's champagne simply flowed.

"Have some more champagne, Peacock," said Lord Timbuck. Peacock, you notice—not Mr. Peacock—but Peacock, as if he were one of them. And wasn't he? He was an artist. He could sway them all. And wasn't he teaching them all to escape from life. How he sang! And as he sang, as in a dream he saw their feathers and their flowers and their fans, offered to him, laid before him, like a huge bouquet.

"Have another glass of wine, Peacock."

"I could have any one I liked by lifting a finger," thought Peacock, positively staggering home.

But as he let himself into the dark flat his marvellous sense of elation began to ebb away. He turned up the light in the bedroom. His wife lay asleep, squeezed over to her side of the bed. He remembered suddenly how she had said when he had told her he was going out to dinner: "You might have let me know before!" And how he had answered: "Can't you possibly speak to me without offending against even good manners!" It was incredible, he thought, that she cared so little for him—incredible that she wasn't interested in the slightest in his triumphs and his artistic career. When so many women in her place would have given their eyes . . . Yes, he knew it. . . Why not acknowledge it? . . . And there she lay, an enemy, even in her sleep. . . Must it ever be thus, he thought, the champagne still working. Ah, if we only were friends, how much I could tell her now! About this evening; even about Timbuck's manner to me, and all that they said to me and so on and so on. If only I felt that she was here to come back to—that I could confide in her—and—so on and so on.

In his emotion he pulled off his evening boot and simply hurled it in the corner. The noise woke his wife with a terrible start. She sat up, pushing back her hair. And he suddenly decided to have one more try to treat her as a friend, to tell her everything, to win her. Down he sat on the side of the bed, and seized one of her hands. But of all those splendid things he had to say, not one could he utter. For some fiendish reason, the only words he could get out were: "Dear lady, I should be so charmed—so charmed!"

Interviews.

By C. E. Bechhofer.

XI.—MR. AUGUSTUS JOHN.

I ASKED Mr. John if he thinks there is a possibility of forming a guild of artists in England. Mr. John replied that the first difficulty is to find out whether the Guild idea can be applied at all in such a case.

"There may well be a guild of craftsmen," Mr. John said, "but can you have a guild in ideas? Has there ever been a guild of idealists? Of course, there used to be religious guilds, like the Rosicrucians and the Freemasons."

I remarked that the existing order of Freemasons, though it pretends to be ancient, is in fact quite a modern society. Mr. John said he fancied, however, that the first modern Freemasons were really a continuation of older societies, and took over the old traditions, even if now they no longer understand them.

Every guild being based on a function, Mr. John continued, the function in the case of a religious guild is the preservation of its basic idea. "The true Freemasonic tradition," Mr. John said, "appears to have been brought back to Europe by the Crusaders. According to the ancient mode of philosophising, the world is a huge body, constructed in a similar fashion to the human body. Man is the microcosm, and the world the macrocosm. The guild motive of the Freemasons was to express this idea secretly through the medium of architecture. But the Masons of to-day have lost the key to their own mysteries; they are no longer concerned even with architecture.

"You have the guild of artists again in ancient *Egypt, where the painters were the servants of the* priests and had to perpetuate the rites of their religion and the memory of kings. And there was more or less the same state of affairs in mediæval times; the painters expressed, and were practically forced to express, the orthodox Catholic ideas." Thus at these periods there were certain essential rules both of subject and method to which artists had to conform, and which helped to establish the guild discipline among them.

"And now?" I asked. "Now artists can do exactly as they please," said Mr. John; "they need conform to no style or doctrine but what they choose themselves. This freedom, this anarchy, allows the artist to wander where he will in search of self-expression, and art becomes more individual and less enduring."

But some fundamental things remain. "Our society," said Mr. John, "has killed folk-art, and yet our children show in their drawings that primæval sense of form and decoration which 'savages' possess and which the cultivated artist longs to recapture."

Mr. John agreed that undoubtedly children's work is below reason, not above it, while the work of a great artist is beyond reason. Yet, "although a vast gulf appears to separate a masterpiece such as the Enterrio of El Greco from the naïve imaginings of a child, the truth remains that the difference is only one of technical culture and experience, and one may still assert that work of the finest artists resembles the play of children."

Did this mean, I asked, that the old masters recovered the vision of their childhood? "The old artists never lost it."

I asked if a guild would help the children. "I think it would," said Mr. John; "nothing could be worse than the present system. This is an iron age. The Guild would erect and preserve a standard." The children might be taught technique, if this can be done without spoiling their art. But technique is not all. There is no need, for instance, to try to develop a technique equal and similar to Van Dyck's; for the reason that Van Dyck has already achieved it. All the technique that any artist needs is what suffices to express his ideas. No technical skill can be other than good, but when it overruns the artist's needs, it is only wasted. As for training, "There are no schools nowadays," said Mr. John, "there are only tendencies."

I mentioned Mr. de Maeztu's suggestion that the function of a writers' guild would be primarily the preservation of truth. Mr. John said he is inclined to think that this is the function of all artists.

Mr. John showed how truth enters into painting. We may suppose an arabesque, perfectly beautiful—therefore, perfectly true. If anyone denies the perfect beauty of it, let him show where it is imperfect—untrue to itself. This is a matter for reason; it is not dogmatic. Even when falsehoods are lopped away, the latitude is still enormous. Who is to judge the judges of the truth? Mr. John said that probably the cultured artist of any art is capable of realising the inspiration in a picture or any other object of art. "But the conviction of an artist is unanswerable, and you cannot reason with passion."

How a guild of artists is to be established is, Mr. John thinks, a rather remote subject. But no form of bureaucratic organisation will be of any value. Everything that has been done so far in painting under bureaucratic direction has been absolutely hopeless. "The artists' guild must start with children—the grown-ups are hopeless."

Tigranes the Slave.

By Dikran Kouyoumdjian.

SCENE.—The Royal Palace of the Great King at Susa, 479 B.C. The terrace above the banqueting-hall. It is the birthday of King Xerxes, the day of gifts and licence in all Persia. It is the fourth hour after noon, and the feasting in the Palace is at its height. There are on the terrace, on guard, a Jewish soldier, a Greek soldier, the Persian corporal of the guard, and Tigranes, the Armenian slave of Masistes, the King's brother. Tigranes, though not of the guard, has been allowed to stand on the verandah by Masistes, that he may watch the feasting of the King's birthday. The three stand by the inner colonnades of the terrace, from where they can see below them the floor of the great hall. The boisterous voice of Xerxes can be heard above the clamour of the feasting, and it is seen that wine has made him merrier than he has been since his return from Greece. The Persian corporal stands away from the three, despising them as slaves and listening suspiciously to every word they say. Only the Jew moderates his voice. The Greek and Armenian return the Persian's contempt with laughter and scarce concealed insults.

THE JEW: The young King celebrates this day very merrily. Well, he might, since it will not return.

THE GREEK: And well for him that it will not return. Has he not just returned from his glorious victory—victory, O Zeus!—of Salamis? And it is said that the general Mardonius is left near Athens with 300,000 picked men to subdue the country. There will be another Marathon at Platæa when Athens and Sparta throw themselves into the ranks of the slaves of the Great King.

TIGRANES: I would exchange my freedom for a Persian's slavery to see the face of Xerxes when there

is reason in him as well as wine. The growing belly of the man is the reproach of Cyrus to his kingship. (To the Persian.) O Persian, can you hear the shades of Cyrus and Darius weeping in Susa this night?

THE PERSIAN: I hear no weeping of Cyrus and Darius this night, slave of Masistes. But I hear well the weeping of the country which Darius called Armenia, and I hear the clankings of the chains of slaves, and I hear the shrieks and groans of Tigranes as his tongue is torn out of its roots for blasphemy against the King of Kings.

TIGRANES: But, O Persian, I have sworn an oath of the Egyptians to kill thee this night, so thou wilt not hear my shrieks when my tongue is forfeit to the glory of Xerxes.

(He takes a step forward, but the hand of the Jew restrains him).

THE JEW: Have a care, Tigranes. Thy master Masistes cannot protect thee from the wrath of Xerxes, which is the power behind this Persian dog who insults us.

THE GREEK: Be not too reckless of thy life, Armenian. It is a coward's bravery which beats its head against a wall. Leave the Persian knave to his arrogance, and let us watch our Master as he is enslaved by women.

TIGRANES (to the Persian): I am tempted to give thee a lease of life that I may watch the feasting, Persian. But attack me not from behind after the manner of thy nation, else I will be angry and use thine own collar-bone with which to chastise thee.

THE JEW: Be silent, fool! Hast thou no polity that thou insult thy life with vainglorious threats? Surely, if thy nation is altogether made of such impolitic fools as thyself, thou hast deserved well to suffer the ravages of the Scythian and Assyrian.

THE GREEK: And much good thy wisdom and polity have done thee, Israelite, whose people have been enslaved by Nineveh and Babylon, whose Temple has been defiled by strangers, whose God has been carried captive to Marduk. Hast thou not thyself said that it was Abraham—plague on thy barbarian names!—who gave thee thy God, Moses who made Him speak, Solomon who clothed Him, and Sennacherib who took Him from thee as though He had no more power than Baal or Juggernaut.

THE JEW: Name not Jehovah and Baal in one breath!

TIGRANES: Why may he not name them together if his breath hold them at one time? But fear not of Juggernaut—for he who could name thy God and him in one breath would be richer than the richest in the diving after pearls in the southern waters.

THE JEW: Blaspheme not against Jehovah!

THE GREEK: If they hast not a care, Israelite, I will glue thine ear to my lips, and chain thy God to every god of my country, together with their wives and harlots, from Zeus to Dionysius, and Juno to Ariadne.

TIGRANES: Let not wolf quarrel with wolf. Nay, since thy fangs must be blunted with this talking of gods whose names Haik himself would be puzzled to remember, let sheep bleat peacefully with sheep.

THE GREEK: Thou art wiser than I had thought from thy threatenings of the Persian, Tigranes.

TIGRANES: There is no threat where the deed is to be done. But do not now distract my ears with thy gods and cautions, as I would listen to the feasting, and watch Xerxes made a fool by women.

THE JEW: It matters little if a King is made a fool by women. Solomon was called Wise.

THE GREEK: Listen!

(They lean over the parapet between the colonnades and look down on the banqueting hall. Xerxes is in the centre, reclining on cushions, and laughing inanely at every sally that is made. It is obvious, and he cares not that it is obvious, that he is in love with his daughter-in-law Artayuta, who sits beside his son and her husband Darius, opposite him. He has eyes only for her, words only for her. He will lean over the table and make her eat a grape from his hand, and whisper her praises in words which all the guests may hear. His wife Amestris is beside him, but has long known of the King's love for Artayuta, and keeps her revenge only for the girl's mother, the wife of Masistes. Darius has drunk much wine, is silent and morose. Suddenly he whispers to his uncle Masistes beside him, and snatches up a peach and seems to regain his good temper.)

XERXES (whispering): Thou art the pearl of Asia, Artayuta.

DARIUS: And all Asia belongs to the King!

MASISTES: Thou sayest well, nephew. The pearls of Ind do also belong to the King.

DARIUS: And the daughters of Perseus belong to the King!

XERXES (to Artayuta) What is my son Darius saying? He has become merry of a sudden, and looks to make a lover of a peach.

MASISTES: He is celebrating thy praises, Master.

DARIUS: My uncle is wise beyond the wisest. We are celebrating the praises of thy treasures and thy bed, O King.

ARTAYUTA (whispering): Do not loosen thy tongue, Darius.

DARIUS (unheeding): O Xerxes, who art a King, and wise, tell Darius, who may yet be a king when the moon hangs red on Susa, but never so wise as thou, the answer to this riddle. Here beside me is the most beautiful, the most glorious, the pearl of Asia, my beloved wife, the Lydian Artayuta. She is at the feet of your wondrous beauty, and I am at the feet of her gloriousness. What, then, is the relation between yourself, the Great King, and myself, thy son? Thou art wise beyond words, and will deign to answer on this thy birthday.

XERXES: Darius, thou speakest like a buffoon, and the words flow from thy mouth as smoothly as the waters of Euphrates beneath the Great Bridge of Babylon. Thou art a fool, and thy riddle has wearied my ears. Be silent for a space, and let the words of thy wife Artayuta be heard that all may share of her sweetness.

ARTAYUTA: Nay, Master, I am but a woman, and easily pleased. So praise me not beyond my little merit, else I shall become vain and parade my poor wit among the wise slaves of Egypt.

DARIUS: Nay, Artayuta, it is not my wish that thou shouldst be modest of thy charms before the King.

XERXES: I am weary of thy voice, Darius. I would hear only the voice of Artayuta. I would have conquered those Grecian slaves more easily had my Immortals been fed on the music of Artayuta's voice.

DARIUS: Have patience, Master, and thou shalt hear the voice of my wife answering wisely. See, Artayuta, I have in this hand a peach, the most glorious of all the tribute of Lydia. Its colour is like the cheeks of a virgin when the wind has whispered to her of all the men who are dead in Carchemish, and it is soft like the flesh of a woman. The peach in my hand is a virgin. Here in this hand is the dagger of Cambyses, and the Egyptian blood it has spilled would dye the fishes of Propontis the colour of thy cloak. See, then, this dagger is death, for it has fed on blood, or dishonour, for it has slain the brother of Cambyses. And this peach is life, for it is a virgin, and many men have wished for it, but only Darius has it. The dagger pierces the peach. Is the peach dead, Artayuta? Has the virgin peach of Lydia been delivered up to

the blade of Cambyses? The dagger has pierced the Lydian peach, Artayuta.

ARTAYUTA: I will tell thee the answer to thy riddle, Darius. Give me first the peach, and let the royal blade stay fixed in its flesh. See, I cut it cleanly open. Here has the dagger, which is death or dishonour, pierced the virgin peach of Darius. The heart of the peach is hard like a stone, and has yielded nothing but a scratch to the blade. The flesh is pierced, but the heart is unbroken and unyielding. Strike how hard thou wilt at the heart of a Lydian peach, O Darius, it will be like a stone even to the dagger of the King of Kings.

MASISTES: Artayuta has answered wisely.

AMESTRIS: How wise is Artayuta!

ARTAYUTA (to Darius, whispering): Was not Xerxes drunk, thou had endangered the sight of thine eyes with thy riddles of peaches and daggers.

DARIUS: Nay, Artayuta, I had not missed thine answer for twenty Xerxes. I liked it well. (To the table): Let us drink to the heart of the peach which will not yield to the royal dagger!

XERXES: What is this tale of a peach with which my son Darius has wearied the ears of Artayuta?

AMESTRIS: The tale of the peach is in the eating, O Xerxes.

DARIUS: True, mother. Artayuta has cut the peach in two. Here is the half for the King. Eat, my father. I will eat the other half, and we will have shared the Lydian peach.

AMESTRIS (laughing): But the heart of the peach is hard like a stone.

(There is a cry, "Persians!" Then silence).

XERXES: Who dares cry out in the hall of Achæmenes?

MASISTES: Guards!

(Enter the lower Guards).

Which slave has dared address the King's company?

A GUARD: The cry comes not from our guard, Master, but from the upper guard of the terrace.

(Again, there is the cry of "Persians"!)

See, Master, there stands the crier!

(All eyes turn up to the parapet of the terrace. There stands the figure of Tigranes on the parapet, supporting himself with only a hand against the colonnade).

MASISTES: It is my slave, Tigranes.

TIGRANES: O King! I have news for thee. There has come a messenger from Greece to the courtyard of the Palace, but he dare not come within for fear of thy wrath. There is no one of the slaves of the King who dare bring him ill-tidings on this his birthday. But these are the tidings from Greece. The army of the Persians under Mardonius is defeated and destroyed utterly at Platæa, and Mardonius himself is slain. And it is rumoured that the victorious Greeks have intent to march upon the countries of the Persians. These are the tidings for thy birthday, O King!

DARIUS: The slave lies. It is not possible for the great Mardonius to be slain by Greeks.

XERXES: The slave lies, and he has violated the majesty of my Palace. Deliver up thy slave to my wrath, Masistes.

ALL: The life of the slave is forfeit to King Xerxes!

MASISTES: Guards, arrest the slave Tigranes.

(Tigranes still stands upon the parapet. At the words of Masistes the face of the Persian corporal appears behind him.)

THE GREEK: Move not back, Tigranes. The spear of the Persian is on thy spine.

THE JEW: Remember that thou hast blasphemed Jehovah!

TIGRANES: Xerxes, I come to celebrate thy birthday with thee.

(He hurls himself down, and his body lies broken on the floor of the hall, touching the robe of Xerxes.)

XERXES: Thy tongue is easily silenced, slave.

TIGRANES: I have my wish, since I see both fear and wine upon thy face, Xerxes. (He dies.)

ARTAYUTA: It is easier to destroy the body of a slave than the heart of a peach.

Notes on Economic Terms.

SYNDICALISM. Derived from the French word "syndicat," meaning a Trade Union. Syndicalism claims for the Trade Union in every industry (the industrial union, that is), the exclusive right to own the Capital and to control the industry of its function, and without the intervention, or, in fact, the existence of the State. Syndicalism envisages the community as composed wholly of workers or producers grouped in their several industries; and conceives of no function outside industry for a State to perform. National Guilds, on the other hand—a conception of English thought acting upon Syndicalism and English history—postulates the continued existence and active partnership of the State in industry; and supplements the "syndicalism" of every industrial union (or Guild) by the common factor of the State representing the nation. Even as a Guild of Guilds, or Syndicate of Syndicates, the State is, in the opinion of National Guildsmen, necessary; and Guildsmen are even disposed to confine to State control certain State Guilds, e.g., the Navy, the Army, the Civil Service, etc., whose function is collective and general rather than confined and particular. It is of interest to note that French Syndicalists are now inclined to admit in both practice and theory the reality and co-responsibility of the State in every industry. As a reaction against State Capitalism, Syndicalism was driven to deny the State; but in practical thought, both the State and the Syndicate are now recognised. This, in effect, brings recent French Syndicalism into line with English National Guild doctrines.

PROLETARIAT. The working-classes in general; or the wage-earning classes. Includes all persons who depend for their means of living upon wages. Wages being the price of Labour bought and sold as a commodity, the proletariat are the class that must live by selling their labour. They are thus the class that has nothing but its labour-power to live by. But this labour-power, being inseparable from the labourers themselves, involves in its sale the sale or hiring of the labourers who exercise it. The proletariat are thus said to be wage-slaves.

SALARIAT. The section of the proletariat that sells its labour for a month or a year or so at a stretch. Observe that the salariat does not differ at bottom from the proletariat, since the salariat, like the proletariat, lives only by selling its labour-power. On the other hand, it differs by reason of the psychology of time. A man employed for a day at a time is a casual labourer; a man employed for a week at a time (who can, that is, be dismissed at a week's notice) is a workman; a man, however, who is employed by the month is in the first grade of the salariat; a man employed by the year is in the second grade of the salariat; and a man employed on a lease of years is in the highest grade. This element of time, though not fundamentally differentiating one class of wage-labour from another—wages, in fact, are called salaries in France—accounts for the practical fact that, on the whole, the tendency of the salariat is to be divided against the proletariat. And the reason is plain. A day-labourer has a day's interest in his industry; a weekly wage-earner has a week's interest; but the salariat have an interest ranging from a month to a term of years. The salariat is thus, relatively to the proletariat, permanent; and hence tends to side with the really permanent element in industry, namely, the capitalists. A revolution would be

wrought if either all labourers were engaged by the year, or the present salariat were engaged by the week only. Note, finally, the difference introduced by an engagement for life—when such an engagement occurs. It differs from any defined term of engagement as marriage differs from any other form of contract. It constitutes, in short, status as distinct from contract.

EMPLOYER. One who undertakes to bring Labour to Tools and to produce profits out of their products. He is to be distinguished from the Capitalist as the landowner is to be distinguished from the practical farmer. Capitalist and Employer may, of course, be the same person; as landowner and farmer are sometimes the same person; but the fact that the two functions are separable proves their real difference. What, in effect, does the employer who is simply an employer do? He borrows Capital of the Capitalist—tools, that is, of the man who owns them—(and these include money or currency)—and he then proceeds to buy Labour to work them. Acting under his direction, Labour applied to Tools produces commodities out of the selling-price of which the employer pays the rent charged by Capital (in the form of Rent and Interest), taking the remainder in Profit for himself.

NATIONAL DEBT. Represents the liabilities of the State to individuals, corporations, or to foreign States which are its creditors. Upon what security, however, does the State raise loans? The reply is that it raises loans on the actual and prospective taxability of its citizens. A National Debt is thus a mortgage on future taxation; or, again, it is debenture-shares with future taxation as their security. The reason that a National Debt is said to be an insurance against social disorder—especially when the Debt is widely held, or, in other words, when the State's creditors are numerous—is this: that every creditor has an interest in maintaining the credit of the State, since the State's insolvency would involve his own loss. It is, at the same time, a nice problem in arithmetic for every creditor, whether he will gain more by an increase in taxation which enables the State to pay off its liabilities, or by opposing any increase on the ground that a part of such increased taxation must fall upon himself. In practice the matter is settled by the weight of economic power. The taxation is made to fall upon those least economically able to afford it. In short, a National Debt falls most heavily upon the proletariat.

CONTRACT. An agreement between equals which is legally enforceable, a reciprocal undertaking each side of which can be enforced by law. Note that a contract to be valid must be between equals. Every other form of contract is properly invalid. But equals in what respect, it should be asked? In respect of economic power. But why of economic power? Because economic power (or the ability to maintain himself) is the only guarantee the individual can offer that his pledge or undertaking is within his choice or discretion to make or to give. A contract in which one of the parties is forced to accept the terms of the other is not a valid contract, since it contradicts the spirit of contract which assumes an equality of choice in both parties. Consider now the question of contracts between Capital and Labour. The stigma of Labour is precisely its inability to make a choice between selling or not selling itself; while the stigma of Capitalism is precisely that it can exercise choice and discretion. It follows that in respect of the essential conditions of a contract (namely, the equality of choice in the two parties) Capital has it but Labour has not. In other words, the two parties are not equal. But this is to say that there can be no valid contract between Capital and Labour; and this disposes of the case for Compulsory Arbitration with legal penalties for breach of contract upon either side.

Views and Reviews.

ABOUT the time that this book* was published, the Council of Workmen's and Soldiers' Delegates in Petrograd announced to the world that they were "in favour of an international peace without annexations and without indemnities." If this means anything at all, it means that the Russian people will not fight for the realisation of Mr. Jabotinsky's ideas; for he considers that the destruction and partition of the Ottoman Empire is the principal aim of the present war. Mr. Jabotinsky, I may say, is the military correspondent of the Moscow paper, "Russkia Vedomosti," and he lived in Constantinople and Salonika for some years after the Turkish revolution. He is therefore as qualified to speak of Turkey as a whole as is, let us say, the Petrograd correspondent of the "Times" to speak of Russia as a whole; and his military training enhances that characteristic Russian simplicity that constitutes the great charm of the Russian literature and people, and issues, in this case, in the simplest possible statement of the reasons for the destruction of Turkey. He is not a Turkophobe by any means; on the contrary, he is a great admirer of the Turks, and he proves with most charming candour that, in addition to the benefits that it will confer upon the world, the partition of Turkey will be of inestimable benefit to the Turks themselves. He is a military correspondent who wants to go about doing good not by stealth, but by force of arms; and he appeals to the Allies to make Asiatic Turkey the main theatre of war, shows them that only in Turkey can decisive blows be struck, shows them that the continuous victory to which we have become accustomed on the Western front (even if Lille were recaptured and Metz were taken) will leave "Germany's force of resistance still colossal and unimpaired." On the other hand, the conquest of Turkey will be the summum bonum, which even the Turks will enjoy.

He argues to this conclusion with characteristic Russian simplicity. In his first chapter he examines the "alleged aims of the war," to discover that they are not the real aims. The "freedom of small nationalities" he dismisses in a couple of pages; it is only an English cry, "the French insist upon it with much less emphasis, and official Russia with still less." The redemption of Alsace-Lorraine, the Trentino, and Poland, and so forth, although desirable, did not constitute either a cause or an aim of the war; and if it were to be concluded without settling these questions, "a failure in this regard, sad though it would be, would not be likely to set the world at war again." As for the destruction of Prussian militarism, what does it mean? As Mr. Jabotinsky understands it, as the military defeat of Germany, it is, of course, desirable; but as everyone else understands it, it is, of course, impracticable. None of these is the real cause or aim of the war; the only explanation that is valid is, strangely enough, the Russian one. This war arose not from mere differences of opinion in the politics of Europe, but from the conflict of interests in the Near East. This being the real cause of the war, the only satisfactory conclusion to it will be the reconciliation of those interests at the expense of Turkey. The Allies must exercise in concert the rights of large nationalities, and if, in doing so, they can give freedom to small nationalities, so much the better; but they must have Turkey. Germany alone did not aim at the partition of Turkey, "because she would prefer to swallow Turkey as a whole"; but "the French claim on Syria, the British on Mesopotamia, the Russian on the Straits and Armenia, the Italian on Adalia, Greece's pretence upon Smyrna . . . these claims cover more than three-quarters of Turkey's present area, and no

* "Turkey and the War." By Vladimir Jabotinsky. (Fisher Unwin. 6s. net.)

optimist in the world can dream of a peaceable settlement for a litigation of this size. Here it is no question of bargain, cession, or arrangement; it is a question of 'heritage.' To leave a heritage, the owner must die."

This reasoning is as simple as that of the multiplication table, and it has the further advantage, from a Russian standpoint, of being supported by the New Testament. "When a strong man armed keepeth his palace, his goods are in peace. But when a stronger than he shall come upon him, and overcome him, he taketh from him all his armour wherein he trusted, and divideth his spoils." Turkey has been the "sick man" of Europe for generations; and as long ago as 1878 England received Cyprus in return for a definite guarantee of the remaining dominions in Asia. Whether or not the Turk trusted in this guarantee, the fact remains that it no longer protects him; even so pacific a Liberal as Viscount Bryce has asked the British public to consider whether Turkey can be permitted any longer to rule over subjects of a different faith. Mr. Jabotinsky goes much further than this; he argues that the Turks, even if left to themselves, would not be able to maintain their ascendancy over the other races under a constitutional regime. "The essential feature of the Ottoman Empire is the fact that its ruling nation, the Turks . . . is only one-third of the whole." It is sound democratic doctrine that "minorities must suffer"; Mr. Jabotinsky shows that the Turks already suffer from the burden of Empire, and therefore that it would be an act of grace to relieve them of it. "The destruction of the historical absurdity called the Ottoman Empire will be a blessing for both Turks and non-Turks. The latter, independent or placed under protection of mighty civilising Powers, will freely develop their long-subdued vitalities; the former, liberated from the oppressive load of Imperial responsibilities, will enter an area of peaceful and productive renaissance. He who wishes Turkey's destruction is a friend, not a foe, of the Turkish race." It really is extraordinary how modern politics turns upon Christian paradoxes; but surely there was never made a more elaborate demonstration of the "die to live" paradox than is here offered by Mr. Jabotinsky. Unfortunately, the Turk is not a Christian, and may not see it in this light; and that is why Mr. Jabotinsky exhorts the Allies to take from him the sceptre that he will not resign.

To impress upon the Allies the necessity of adopting his strategy, Mr. Jabotinsky considers the alternative. "There are only three ways for Russia. She must look for a free seaport either on the western coast of Norway, or on the southern coast of Persia, or on the Mediterranean. Geography does not admit of any other choice. Let the British public think over this choice, having in mind not Russia's but Britain's interest. Should Russia be compelled to look for a footing on the Scandinavian coast, it would mean a Russian base just facing the British Isles, and not even too distant from the Firth of Forth. . . . Of course, we firmly believe in the complete harmony of Russian and British interests. But the balance of forces in the North Sea is already such a delicate and complicated thing that many common-sense Englishmen will prefer it to remain as it is without further complications." In short, on Mr. Jabotinsky's reasoning, it will be bad (although spiritually good) for the Turks if Russia gets her own way, and bad for England if she does not; the real aim of the war, on this reasoning, derives from Russia's power to put the Allies on the horns of a dilemma. But that power seems to be renounced by the party that made the Russian Revolution; and as the defeat of the Germans in France is of immediate importance to us, and the Russian menace from Norway of only problematical importance, there seems no reason why the Allies should alter their strategy to please Mr. Jabotinsky. A. E. R.

Reviews.

The False Decretals. By E. H. Davenport, B.A. (Blackwell. 4s. 6d. net.)

This essay is a development of the one for which Mr. Davenport was awarded the Lothian Prize for 1914. The conclusions remain the same, but the form has been recast and the arguments amplified after another year's reading. It describes the sources, environments, substance, and influence of the work of the Pseudo-Isidore, and is rigidly limited to the subject. It was to meet a specific need that these decretals were forged; in the ninth century, secular government had fallen into disorder, and ecclesiastical government had also failed. The Pseudo-Isidore "was merely a reformer with practical suggestions of returning to the ways of the past"; and if the legal precedents did not exist, they had to be invented. "His ideal was not ecclesiastical supremacy, but ecclesiastical independence. His immediate concern was the protection and purification of the Church in Gaul." The Pseudo-Isidore apparently had the same simplicity of mind as the monkish biographers manifested; if a desirable fiction were not fact, then it ought to be fact, and if it ought to be fact, his moral duty was to make it so by attributing it to some authoritative and unquestionable (because dead) person. "It was not forgery, but legend, and in another sense, legal fiction. The laws of the ninth century synods were attributed in the capitularies of Benedictus Levita to Charlemagne, in the capitularies of Angilramunus to Pope Hadrian I, in the Canons of Isaac of Laynes to Pope Zacharias, and in the False Decretals to the Early Popes. So might they be observed. . . . But it was not even legal fiction for the Pseudo-Isidore. It was rather gospel truth. Canon Law had for him existed from all time, and the laws of the ninth century were merely expressing the ancient rules and customs. If the Frankish world had failed to realise it, the Pseudo-Isidore determined to make it plain to the Frankish world. The truth should be made known even by 'falsehood.'" Like most prophets, he saw the Golden Age where he put it—in the past; and by asserting that his conception of the Papal authority, and of the status of the Church, was not his but history, he made possible its realisation in the future, *about which he cared nothing.* He was a happily constituted reformer; he invented his facts, and they became facts. He invented them for a present emergency, and his work seemed to fail; "but there were others still to live in centuries to come who would be holding it up in triumph." Magna est veritas!

The Master Problem. By James Marchant. (Stanley Paul. 5s. net.)

The Director of the National Council of Public Morals will not let us forget that "we are born in sin and shapen in iniquity." The master problem is, of course, the problem of immorality; and the general teaching of this book, as stated in the final chapters in emphatic clichés, is that all social activity must be subordinated to morals. "The way of the transgressor is hard," but it should be made impossible; we should know all and forgive nothing, but should suspect everything. Even the Poste Restante, even the advertisements of "situations vacant," even employment agencies (particularly theatrical), even ice-cream shops, are to be suspected as possible channels of the iniquitous traffic in prostitution. The Rev. James Marchant does not tell us that ice-cream is an aphrodisiac, but we are quite prepared to hear that it is; and we shall scowl with suspicion whenever we see Guiseppe giving a little girl a "topper." There are here reams of "revelations" of the White Slave Traffic, all the harlotry of the East and West are described for the edification of the faithful; indeed, we know of no pernicious literature that can compare in frankness

with this volume. There is a most vivid description of an abduction and a fight for virtue which, if it had appeared in a novel, would have secured its suppression; but in the cause of virtue all things are permissible. When the reader is tired of reading lists of prostitutes, and the calculations of the number of men they serve a day, and the estimates of the financial results, he can turn to equally startling revelations of venereal disease, another "virtuous" subject of conversation. After that he can proceed to be enlightened concerning the decline of the birth-rate; and when he has learned all about Malthusian practices, he can be preached at in the last chapter. Virtue is so superior to vice that it can examine every form of it, can know every trick of the trade, can touch pitch and not be defiled. Social hygienics is the homage that virtue pays to vice; and in its name is projected a system of social regulation that amounts to the establishment of an inquisitorial theocracy. But although the Rev. James Marchant has stated the master-problem, he has not discovered the master-solution. He applauds repressive legislation and redemptive effort, denies the value of "regulation," and deplores the existence of irregular prostitution, sits on one end of a see-saw and regrets that the other end rises. He wants to hobble human nature, to make it impossible for anyone to choose their own path if their choice should differ from his own, to demand respect for womanhood at the same time that he denies the right of women to do what they like with themselves. But this is to push moral doctrine too far; all that anyone has a right to do for another is to enlighten him, to give him knowledge as a safeguard, and to influence his choice by good example. An enlightened public opinion is not expressed in repressive legislation that results in the harrying of professional prostitutes and the increase of the "amateur," it is not even expressed in the redemptive efforts of various social bodies; it is expressed in the decline (until the war) of the incidence of diseases due to uncleanliness, and it would be still more clearly expressed by a policy of "Mind your own business, but don't get into trouble!" This volume will do good work if only it disgusts everybody who reads it with those who make it their business to supervise the morals of other people, to slander the literary and dramatic professions, and to revive in the name of Purity the brutal punishments of criminal law for sexual offences.

Pastiche.

A SONG OF CAMELOT.

Two spikes of fire uprise
From some white altar-spot,
Your eyes—
Time-buried Camelot,

For woes dark Druids bear,
Pan tangled in moonbeams,
Your prayer—
O town of Arthur's dreams!

Paths fringed with lilac pale
Nuns tread in twilight blest,
The Grail
Haunting each warrior's rest.

Chimes wail, and helmets throng,
Spears clash and lilies bloom,
Your song—
Dim place of Merlin's gloom.

Love-broken springs depart,
Starred pink and streaming green,
Your heart—
Sad home of Arthur's Queen.

Passions carve deep the scroll
Of your strange history,
Your soul—
City of mystery. . . .

Fields rolling rich and steep
Cover a world forgot,
You sleep
Time-buried Camelot!

JEAN GUTHRIE-SMITH.

A LONDON TRILOGY.

(1) REVERIE.

The scent of hyacinths, that faintly daze,
Lingers, and drugs the warm and tiring air;
The half-drawn blinds are mellowing the glare
That steeps the afternoon in floating glaze.

This room is dim with dreams of wistful days:
In every corner lurks a crouching care.
Wafted across the parched and dazzling square
Hovers a sweet, sad tune that someone plays.

It is a melody of years ago,
Sated with yearning perished lovers felt:
And as I hear the sobbing octaves flow
I think of all who in this room have dwelt:
I feel the tears their poor dead hearts have wept
For hopes that pined away, for vows unkept.

(2) PASTEL (DUSK IN A LONDON SQUARE).

The day-long rain that smudged and quenched the sun
Has turned the pavement into glossy slabs
On which the shadows of the trees are dabs
Of patchwork, where the colours wetly run.

A few wan straggling starlets have begun
Their evening task: their puny lustre stabs
The threadbare clouds. Night deepens, and the cabs
Rally to scour the city, one by one.

The railings are festooned with silvery beads;
The boarding-houses gild the road with blots;
The air is drenched with fragrances of weeds
And mould, to which soaked leafage clings in clots.
The leaden gloom that weighted down the day
Is, by a marvel, rinsed and purged away.

(3) SIESTA IN SOHO.

A hurdy-gurdy churns with wheezy zest
"The Sunshine of Your Smile" to curdled pap.
I sniff the lush aromas that enwrap
Old Compton Street in drowsings of the blest.

A thousand glutted gorgers take their rest.
A thousand girdles ease the chafing strap.
A thousand pates salute their wonted nap.
A thousand maws in docile stealth digest.

I, too, have fed (not ill) for eighteenpence,
And of these verses have delivered me.
This hour of birth is eerie, solemn, tense,
The panting swelter lures the soul to tea.
To what pagoda shall I saunter hence?
Express or Lyons or an A.B.C.?

P. SELVER.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—May I express my surprise and regret that so progressive and usually so fair a journal as THE NEW AGE should almost consistently use the term "English" when "British" is obviously intended? A few examples from your last two numbers will illustrate what I mean. On page 100 we read, "Lord Robert Cecil, on behalf of England," and, on the same page, "England, France . . . have now declared themselves." Then, on page 122, "We hope . . . the English, Italian and French Governments will fall into line," and, again, on page 125, "England is planning for India."

The fact of the matter is there is no such thing as "the English Government," and England, as England, is not in this war at all. As a partner in the United Kingdom of Great Britain she is, of course, doing her share in it, and we lesser partners in the Union appre-

ciate to the full the sacrifices she is making, but that is no reason why the term "Britain" should be displaced in favour of "England." The first article of the Treaty of Union of 1706 states "that the two kingdoms of England and Scotland shall, upon the first day of May, next ensuing the date hereof, and for ever after, be united into one kingdom, by the name of Great Britain."

Is that Treaty merely "a scrap of paper?" Even the Prussians have the fairness never to refer to the German Empire as the Prussian Empire.

Chesterfield. J. THOMSON.

* * *

BISHOPS ON THE WARPATH.

Sir,—"Mounting a cart, the Bishop of London delivered a powerful address. 'There are no more mistaken people,' declared the Bishop, 'than the conscientious objectors.'"

"The Bishop of Chelmsford . . . thanked God that the war was going on, for it would be a folly and a crime to put aside the sword until the purposes for which we had drawn it had been secured."

The above quotations testify to the spiritual plane on which these representatives of the Church put the war. But if it is indeed the holy crusade they would have us believe, surely the clergy should have been the first to leap to arms in the cause. Only with their presence in the front ranks would it seem to me proper either for the Bishop of London to be attacking conscientious objectors, or for the Bishop of Chelmsford to be thanking God that the war is going on. It may be replied that neither of these Bishops is responsible for the embargo on the clergy. Perhaps not directly. But why do they not devote their rhetoric to the denunciation of those who are, in place of falling into the seeming inconsistency of words without deeds?

One of the chief reasons given for keeping the clergy at home, that never were people in such need of spiritual comfort, I believe to be actually groundless. Never, I should say, were people so fitted to look after their own souls. Troubles of the sort that so many thousands are now experiencing must bring people into a relation with God which puts them either beyond or past the need of parish relief.

To return to the Bishop of London. I began last week's "interview" with him in hope; I finished it in despair. The same clichés—a new country, a new church, a new world, and so on, and so on, with never a word on how these desirable things are to be brought about. No doubt the Bishop thinks he is telling us; but he never will while he confuses ends with means. Would the Bishop point to a star in heaven as a goal for a day's walk without showing us the path which led to it? Would a doctor tell his patient that the only cure for him was health, no pain, and a good appetite? But these are precisely the Bishop's remedies for our spiritual ills. Asked what his practical suggestions were, he replied, "There must be a divine discontent with things as they are." Must? But whence? How is it to be inspired? That is what we are waiting for the Bishop to tell us. Personally I thought I divined the answer in "R. H. C.'s" suggestions for a more intensive education, and again in Mr. Kenneth Richmond's writings on the same subject. I would like to have the Bishop's opinion, for while he says, "We must concern ourselves with the spirit," education is rapidly becoming solely concerned with business. Will not the Church preach a new education? Only, I believe, by such an education, by the training, that is, of those higher faculties of the mind now held in ridicule, shall we be brought to a divine discontent with business as usual, including the present Church.

F. OSBORNE.

* * *

THE CRITICISM OF MUSIC.

Sir,—As a musical student I was about to resent Mr. de Maeztu's references to music last week, when I was suddenly struck with the truth in his remark. "Music," wrote Mr. de Maeztu, "is the ideal art for this kind of creature"—i.e., "the type of the usurer who weeps over a sentimental novel while continuing to suck the blood of his victims." The point raised is certainly interesting, and I wish it could be developed and discussed. In my opinion, it is modern criticism of music, rather than music itelf, that has brought such a judgment as Mr. de Maeztu's upon music in the lump. It is difficult to explain my theory, and I must leave it to experts to deny or elaborate. Roughly, what I mean can perhaps best be indicated by analogy. In literature certain standards have been established by critics. It is not enough for a man to say that he loves reading. He must tell us what sort of book he loves. But, for some slovenliness or other in musical criticism, a man has only to come away from the opera with a damp brow or handkerchief, and off we run with the idea that he loves music. Music needs classifying. For I undertake that no man of the type Mr. de Maeztu refers to would find good music his ideal art. It is bad music that appeals to him. And it is unjust that music, the inspiration of the great in spirit, should be brought into disrepute for lack of the sort of criticism and classification which would make it impossible for the "usurer" to employ his exhibition of tears as a guarantee of fine feelings, which, in reality, he possesses only in caricature. R. A. M.

Memoranda.

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

It is as much the diplomatic business of the Allies to foster a democratic revolution in Germany as it is their military business to defeat the German military autocracy.—"Notes of the Week."

The only part the German peoples have had in the construction of their Empire is that of docile acceptance.

I think of Switzerland as the microcosm of the Europe of the future.

We shall nationally and internationally be what we believe we can be.

Only Utopia is practicable. It is Utopia or perdition that awaits the human race in the end.

Hate was never so near to extinction as it is now.—GEORGE D. HERRON.

If we are going to speculate about the future, it is always as well to reach forward with one hand only, while feeling back with the other as far as possible into the past.

Every school ought to be a school of the prophets. Then, perhaps, we should have not only inspired thinkers, but a public that would attend to them.

The vision of a new order must be everybody's vision, or it may just as well be nobody's vision.—KENNETH RICHMOND.

I suppose that it is the mechanical perfection of Lancashire's chief industry that is reflected in the similarity of its comedies; all that the dramatist, like the weaver, has to do is to tie the broken threads, the machine does the rest.

The comedies of Lancashire life are driving me to the conclusion that home without a mother would mean a marked diminution in crime.—JOHN FRANCIS HOPE.

The modern Shakespeareans are on as false a scent in seeking to attribute to the actor Shakespeare the plays of "Shakespeare" as the Baconians whom they criticise with commendable harshness.—R. H. C.

The Fleshly School of Poetry has, in these meatless days, so run to seed that we are always hoping to see the Spirit shine through.—V. B. N.

The apple took perhaps hundreds of years to eat!—EDWARD MOORE.

If the Church had remained a united and devoted Church, this war would never have come to pass at all.

You can trace Christianity through Europe like a molehill by the hospitals it has thrown up.—"Interviews."

The Russian Revolution seems to be fulfilling the hopes not of those who are witnessing it, but of those who foresaw it.—A. E. R.

PRESS CUTTINGS.

He (Professor Ramsay Muir) falls, moreover, into a blunder which we should not have expected from him. He tells us again and again that Germany aimed at world domination, and quotes in support Bernhardi's antithesis "Weltmacht oder Niedergang"; but every one knows that what Bernhardi meant by "Weltmacht" was not world power, i.e., world domination, but that Germany should become one of the world Powers. This, of course, makes all the difference. When English people state that Germany aimed at world domination, Germans will object that we are making ourselves ridiculous, for all that Germany wanted was a reasonable share of the world domination which Great Britain in fact already enjoyed. She wanted to become a world State just as was Russia or America. In one passage Professor Ramsay Muir recognises this, and seems also to recognise that the ambition was a justifiable one. When it is said that Germany was aiming at world domination there is in fact a confusion between the deliberate aims of the German nation and Government and the more crazy schemes of the Pan-Germans. The real justification for the assertion is the belief that if Germany established herself in full control over Europe, an aim which she had undoubtedly put before herself, and combined with this the hegemony over Western Asia, obtained by the control of Turkey, she would have gained a strategic position of such strength that she would soon have won the hegemony over the whole world. This is an important consideration, but it is one for full discussion and analysis, and in particular it requires dealing with in connection with the repeated proposals for a Colonial understanding between Great Britain and Germany which have arisen during the last thirty years. These are referred to; but the whole question, which is one of great difficulty, seems to require a fuller and a more unimpassioned treatment than it receives.—"Times Literary Supplement."

The British Government, being sincerely desirous of falling in with the view expressed by the Russian Government and people that they should have an opportunity of learning at first hand the opinions of all sections of British thought, are facilitating the journey to Russia of certain representatives of different political opinions in this country. Among these are representatives of certain factions with a very small following in England, who have not latterly been over-enthusiastic in a vigorous prosecution of the war. The British Government have nothing to hide. They and the people of this country are firmly convinced that they entered this war in defence of the rights of small nations, democracies, freedom, and justice. A brutal war was forced upon the Allies when in a state of total unpreparedness as pacific nations pursuing only objects of peace, and now that they are in a very different position they cannot allow Germany to profit by the gains wrested from them, unscrupulously and in defiance of all right, in a time of unpreparedness. Desiring, therefore, the fullest investigation, and having nothing to conceal, His Majesty's Government gladly allow all sections of the public to put forward their views. These delegates, including Messrs. G. H. Roberts, Ramsay MacDonald, and Jowett, will only further inform the Russian people of how we were driven into this devastating war, and will throw additional light on German manœuvres at this juncture to distort the predatory objects she had in forcing war on her peaceful neighbours.

We understand Mr. Lloyd George's difficulties. He is Prime Minister without any established party machine or party chest. His position, we believe, is infinitely more secure in the country than that of many former Ministers who have entrenched themselves with all these time-honoured advantages; but he may well feel that this is not the moment, nor he the man, to disappoint the hungry mouths. We are quite familiar, too, with the plausible argument which positively approves the system of party "honours" as better than an undisguised plutocracy. Nevertheless we trust that with this latest object-lesson before them—the public will insist (as we fear the House of Commons, unstimulated, will not) on one simple, long awaited reform which will at least "make the punishment fit the crime." If "honours" must be bestowed for no ostensible public service, let the real reason for their bestowal be frankly stated in every case. If party funds must continue, let their sources be published and audited like those of any other business transaction. And let the accumulated funds in existence at this moment, when the old parties have, or ought to have, disappeared, be diverted by common consent to some national object. There is a great future for the statesman who has the courage to get rid once for all of a cynical traffic and incidentally to restore the value of decoration for real service to the State.—"Times."

They are pre-eminently the intellectuals, the inspiring voices and the shaping instruments of the new Labourism; strategists and organisers, they hold a great mass of impetuous and indignant thinking in relation to the hard necessities of the hour. That mass cannot be ignored, more especially when the old chiefs of militant Unionism—men like Mr. Mann, still charged with his old magnetism—come into it. Behind the Leeds Conference stands the majority of the Trade Councils of the country, and a considerable representation of the trade unionist branches, and even of their executives. These forces will at no distant day be in control of trade unionism. The Government, therefore, showed a merely average prudence in damping down the local opposition to the Conference. For it is with these men that the future of Labour must be negotiated. Their creed or its expression is as yet unformed. Most certainly it will not be bureaucratic or Webbian Socialism. Neither can it be the old trade unionism. It is safe to say that its keynote will be industrial democracy, and that the attempt to build up a new productive and distributive system must clearly be sought in association with the co-operative movement. Their strongest intellectual attraction will be towards Guild Socialism.—H. W. M., in "The Nation."

The free peoples have the world at their feet, the victory within their grasp. There is only one tower of the enemy unfallen. But till that falls, till the Hozenzollern system has followed the Romanoff system into oblivion, till the German people have thrown off their tyranny as the Russian people have done, it is treachery to democracy and the sacrifice of all its hopes to work for a breach in the Allied cause. There is only one enemy to freedom extant. It is the Kaiser and his machine of despotism. While that machine remains, freedom cannot live, in Russia, in France, in England, or in any land. Do not let us delude ourselves with the idea that Kaiserism will fall if it wins the war. It will not. The German people will never throw off their chains if they cannot do it now. Until they have done it, until they have resumed authority over their own destiny, democracy must fight for its life or lose it.—"Daily News."

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