NOTES OF THE WEEK.

It is a melancholy satisfaction to us that the eight Commissions appointed by the Government to discover the causes of Industrial Unrest have only confirmed our previous findings. We could have wished to be proved wrong, or, at least, to have overlooked some item among the causes if by that means the Commissioners might seem to have made an independent discovery. But it was not to be. There are, it appears, so many and no more causes of industrial unrest, and The New Age had enumerated them all. Not eight Commissions specially appointed for the purpose could add or subtract from the number of them; but just so many causes as we have enumerated in the past, no more and no less, the Commissioners have now rediscovered. We do not propose upon the present occasion to go over them all again. Their turn will come, no doubt, each in its own time; and upon each for another ten years we shall repeat many times the things we have said concerning them during the past ten years. Our immediate purpose is to comment upon one or two of the causes only, upon those, in fact, on which the Commissioners lay the greatest stress, though they are by no means of the most fundamental importance: And the first is profiteering. To begin with, we cannot discover that the Commissioners have thrown any light upon the exact significance of the word as it is employed in the circles in which their investigations were carried on. They tell us that profiteering is objected to, and that the working classes have an idea that some people are making, while others are doing, their bit in the war. But an exact definition, such as is demanded by the rectilineal "Spectator" (and ignored, we may say, when offered to it), nowhere seems to exist in the popular mind. Why is this, and how dare the working classes complain of a grievance they cannot define? The only reply that we can sug-
ness it requires to continue to deny in the face of the Excess Profits tax the existence of profiteering! Here we have a tidedly designed standard to cover for the State a part (a mere part) of the profits made by our business men during the war over and above the very liberal amount of profit most of them were making before the war. And in the face of the fact that some hundreds of millions of profits have been recovered by means (leaving hundreds of millions in undisturbed private enjoyment), the "Spectator" and other journals of the same clientele deny that profiteering is at all general, and ask for particular evidence of it. The world, however, does not want particular evidence. We know, for example, at the first of the palliatives that has been adopted; but we cannot truthfully affirm that any of them is satisfactory. Look, for example, at the first of the palliatives that has been applied, the adoption of the Excess Profits tax itself. This tax has the double disadvantage for the morality of the State of condoning profiteering and of compounding the felony by sharing in its proceeds. The robery of the public which the creation of excess profits implies is first reprehended by the State and punished by taxation, and afterwards legitimised by the division of the spoils between the State and the profiteer. Stop thief! stop thief! cries the State to the man whom it has detected with its hand in the public pocket; but when the rascal has emptied out one of his pockets into the coffers of the State, the State immediately lets him go and even "honours" him for the amount of his thefts. That, as Lord Rhondda himself says, is not a very satisfactory proceeding from the public point of view. The profiteer profits and the State shares his profits with him; but in the meantime it is the public that pays. Lord Rhondda's alternative method, however, is little, if any, more satisfactory. Rightly grasping the fact that the State can fix the price only of those articles over which it has complete control from source to mouth, Lord Rhondda is then the difficulty of fixing the amount of profit to be left to each party in the lengthened chain of interests between production and consumption. Our own solution of this difficulty would naturally be to commandeer for national service, at national rates of pay, all the organizations indispensable to the circulation of the given commodities from their creation to their final consumption. By this means we should gradually bring under national service and upon fixed salaries the whole body of economic producers and distributors. But Lord Rhondda, who calls himself an individualist (and nevertheless holds a public office), is debarred by his creed from accepting this simple if drastic solution; and in a spirit of pure arbitrariness proposes to fix the amount of profit to be allowed to every indispensable party at the rate of profit that prevailed before the war. The injustice of this proceeding is obvious. For what guarantee is there that the profits of the various entrepreneurs, from producers to retailers, were fixed fairly before the war and, above all, in view of the fact (to which we shall later refer) that money itself, the medium in which pre-war profits must be calculated, has changed in value during the war? Lord Rhondda will find, if we are not mistaken, that his principle of valuation of services in terms of pre-war profits is as impracticable as it is arbitrary. In short, it will not work.

Without considering any further the methods, short of an industrial revolution, for putting an end to profiteering, let us now turn to the second of the causes of industrial unrest enumerated by the Commissioners: distrust or lack of confidence. This, we believe, has its origin in something more profound than the mistakes made by the Government in its actual manipulation of the millions of workmen brought under its control during the war. Irritation, anger, and even disgust may well have been induced in workmen by the ignorance, delay, and levity with which the facts of profiteering were admitted as the fact of profiteering; we do not ask for a tree to be convinced that we are in the presence of a wood. The mere existence of the Excess Profits tax and the return it makes to the Exchequer are enough to satisfy any reasonable being that profiteering is both general and rampant.

What, however, is to be done against it by any means short of a revolution in our industrial system we confess we do not know with any certainty. Various amelioration schemes are signed and profiteering within tolerable limits, have been suggested, and some of them have been adopted. But we cannot truthfully affirm that any of them is satisfactory. Look, for example, at the first of the palliatives that has been applied, the adoption of the Excess Profits tax itself. This tax has the double disadvantage for the morality of the State of condoning profiteering and of compounding the felony by sharing in its proceeds. The robbery of the public which the creation of excess profits implies is first reprehended by the State and punished by taxation, and afterwards legitimised by the division of the spoils between the State and the profiteer. Stop thief! stop thief! cries the State to the man whom it has detected with its hand in the public pocket; but when the rascal has emptied out one of his pockets into the coffers of the State, the State immediately lets him go and even "honours" him for the amount of his thefts. That, as Lord Rhondda himself says, is not a very satisfactory proceeding from the public point of view. The profiteer profits and the State shares his profits with him; but in the meantime it is the public that pays. Lord Rhondda's alternative method, however, is little, if any, more satisfactory. Rightly grasping the fact that the State can fix the price only of those articles over which it has complete control from source to mouth, Lord Rhondda is then the difficulty of fixing the amount of profit to be left to each party in the lengthened chain of interests between production and consumption. Our own solution of this difficulty would naturally be to commandeer for national service, at national rates of pay, all the organizations indispensable to the circulation of the given commodities from their creation to their final consumption. By this means we should gradually bring under national service and upon fixed salaries the whole body of economic producers and distributors. But Lord Rhondda, who calls himself an individualist (and nevertheless holds a public office), is debarred by his creed from accepting this simple if drastic solution; and in a spirit of pure arbitrariness proposes to fix the amount of profit to be allowed to every indispensable party at the rate of profit that prevailed before the war. The injustice of this proceeding is obvious. For what guarantee is there that the profits of the various entrepreneurs, from producers to retailers, were fixed fairly before the war and, above all, in view of the fact (to which we shall later refer) that money itself, the medium in which pre-war profits must be calculated, has changed in value during the war? Lord Rhondda will find, if we are not mistaken, that his principle of valuation of services in terms of pre-war profits is as impracticable as it is arbitrary. In short, it will not work.

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a national war and capable of evoking the services of Labour. By rushing to the support of the tottering edifice of private industry, and by the aid of its vast bureaucratic machinery, the State has actually prolonged the life of private industry beyond its legitimate span. And the chief means, within our own days, has been the Labour Exchanges. When the workmen think of them may be gathered from the letter addressed by the Labour Advisory Committee to the National Service Department only last week. This is a legacy to the disgust and distrust aroused by the Labour Exchanges. It is the more so from the fact that its signatories are Labour men in Government service, Labour men, that is to say, little disposed to find more fault with the State than necessary. They write as follows: "We have unquestionable proof that the Labour Exchanges are so unpopular among the highly organized trades that in our opinion any attempt to use them for dilution is doomed to end in failure." That is plain enough; and it carries us on to ask what doom is in store for the attempt which Mr. Hodge promises to make to the use of Labour Exchanges for the much more difficult and delicate task of the undilution of Labour after the war. If Labour Exchanges are a source of irritation to-day, they will be a source of revolution to-morrow. Yet it certainly appears that the Government is convinced that the Labour Exchanges themselves are to the wage-system and private industry. We cite the Labour Exchanges as the chief item in the policy of the Government that inspires the working classes with distrust. As such, it exercise an index of the state of mind of the governing classes. Until the Labour Exchanges begin to disappear, the prejudice upon which they depend may be regarded as untouched.

The third of the causes enumerated by the Commissioners of the industrial unrest is the prevalence among the working classes of the feeling that the sacrifices made for the war by the various classes are unequal. This feeling is concerned mainly, we suppose, with sacrifices measurable in money; in other words, with the loss in the value of the wages paid out of loans, and are not the loans repayable out of taxes, that is, mainly out of wages? The reply to the question whether the working classes are paying unduly for the war is clear. They are getting into debt together with the State at the same moment that the capitalists are getting into credit. At the end of the war the accounts will stand as follows: John Smith, etc., debtors to the extent of some thousands of millions of pounds; the capitalists and financiers, creditors to the same amount.

Despite the fact that Mr. Bonar Law objects to the policy of financing the war by loans which create, he says, a false atmosphere of prosperity and result only in raising prices, he nevertheless proposes to continue in it. The City understands that a new loan is shortly to be floated, and has taken the usual means of announcing for accommodating them with money must on this occasion be higher than they were before. Thus does the City endeavour to discourage the State from borrowing! If Mr. Bonar Law, however, will reconsider his objections and conclude with us that they are not merely objections, but fatal objections, to the policy of loans, he may thereby consider it his public duty to discover another and a better means of paying for the war than by pauperising the working classes (wage and salariat) for a generation to come. The coup de grace is given to the policy of loans when it is realised that loans are only credit in a current or liquid form; and that the first effect of their creation is to inflate and thus to cheapen currency. No great harm in that, it may be said; but wait a moment! Remembering that by the Law of Supply and Demand price is reduced (other things being equal) pari passu with the increase of Supply, the more the currency is inflated by the creation of credit in liquid or current form, the less its price. But currency not only represents money, it is money; and the cheapening of currency is the destruction of money. In other words, money, when thus added to by the manufacture of credit, buys fewer and fewer commodities in the market; or, as we say, the prices of commodities (in terms of money or currency) rise. This effect of the policy of loans is so simple that usually everybody misses it. It is however, so clear that nobody who examines the matter can fail to arrive at it. And it is a fatal objection to the policy of loans in so far as this policy hypothecates the future and puts all posterity in debt for a mere convenience of book-keeping—and (we will not omit to say) the profit of the financiers who manufacture credit. That Mr. Bonar Law has been the objection we now know; that it is an objection to the policy of loans we have endeavoured to prove. All that remains is to suggest the wiser alternative course and therewith, we believe, to remove the legitimate complaint of the working classes (how, justified they do not know) that they are being unfairly dealt with in the matter of the financial cost of the war. We shall be brief. The capital resources which before the war were in private hands and which during the war and for the prosecution of the war were required by the State, could be acquired by the State by buying them in cash. By taking taxes upon the period of the war, subject only to the payment of compensation for actual use; or by borrowing them for a limited period at the cost of their full market value. The former method would have amounted to

upon them; but since their wages are being paid out of loans contracted by the State in their name and on their security, they are, in effect, paying themselves and spending to-day what they must pay back to-morrow. No amount of casuistry, we believe, can shake the reasoning that drives us to conclude that the working classes are putting themselves into debt by as much as they are receiving in war wages. For are not war wages paid out of loans, and are not the loans repayable out of taxes, that is, mainly out of wages? The reply to the question whether the working classes are paying unduly for the war is clear. They are getting into debt together with the State at the same moment that the capitalists are getting into credit. At the end of the war the accounts will stand as follows: John Smith, etc., debtors to the extent of some thousands of millions of pounds; the capitalists and financiers, creditors to the same amount.
the commandeering or conscription of capital; and its cost to the State would have been the actual cost of the labour involved and of the restoration of the capital to its ante-war condition. The latter method, requiring the manufacture of credit and its subsequent loans at interest to the State, entails all the consequences which Mr. Bonar Law deplores. It is therefore to the former that a Chancellor of the nation should first be turned. It is to this method that in the end we believe Mr. Bonar Law must turn. The conscription of Capital has become a necessity, if the war is to continue as long as it promises to continue, until the Allies are victorious.

Lord Rhondda's efforts to fix the prices of vital commodities have another enemy than the difficulty he has already encountered of adjudicating legitimate profits. This enemy is involved in the very matter we have just discussed: the difficulty capital to its ante-war condition. The latter method, war is to continue as long as it promises to continue, until the Allies, are victorious.

profits. This enemy is involved in the very matter we have just been discussing, the inflation of credit and the currency you halve its purchasing power, by every addition to the amount of the war loan it follows that prices will rise proportionately. Lord Rhondda will thus find he has tried to fix the price of the commodities in terms of a medium of currency which is itself constantly changing in value. He will be like a man calculating the movement of one object in relation to another object that is also moving; in short, he will be at his wit's end for a stable datum. The injustice of requiring even profiteers to accept a fixed amount of currency for their commodities when all the while the value of the currency is changing, is obvious; and we do not see that under these circumstances profiteers will be disposed to exchange their goods for currency at all. Better in one form or another we be resorted to, or evasions of Lord Rhondda's price list will be inevitable. The only alternative that we can see to either of these courses is frank subsidy by the State on behalf of all the vital commodities. As the currency depreciates in purchasing power with every fresh inflation of credit by means of loans, Lord Rhondda's fixed prices, falling detrimentally and increasing heavily upon the traders, will require to be supplemented by State subsidies corresponding in amount to the depreciation in currency brought about by its own act. Robbing Peter to pay Paul will be nothing to the policy thus undertaken by the State. It will be like robbing Peter to pay Paul for what Paul has robbed from Peter. The tangle is inextricable; and we confidently leave Lord Rhondda in it, a ram caught in a thicket, and likely to be offered up for sacrifice.

The fourth and last of the main causes of industrial unrest discovered by the Commission is the distrust felt by the workmen for their Union officials. The situation in this respect is very serious; for when, in addition to distrust of the Government there is distrust of the natural leaders and officers of the Unions, an outbreak of disaffection is liable to over-flow the bounds even of common society. We need not remind our readers that this has been played upon the theme that it would have been wiser, both for the State and for Labour, to confine the Labour leaders to their proper task, even during the war, of leading Labour. The temptation to employ them in State service and their temptation to seek employment under the State will therefore be tremendous. The obvious needs of the State and the obvious patriotism of the Labour leaders combined to make it almost inevitable that the Labour leaders would be withdrawn from the really greater service to the seemingly greater, and to leave their flocks without shepherds. Nevertheless it was a temptation that both parties should have resisted. The perils were certain and the gains to be expected were small. In fact they have been none. For it cannot be said that if the State appears to have gained by the accession of Labour leaders to the Government, the actual loss in the loss of Labour's confidence is not greater in reality. And, from the standpoint of Labour itself, whose interests the Labour leaders were sworn and elected and paid to represent, it cannot be said that the imperceptible influence they have exercised upon the policy of the Government is a counterbalance to the loss of the men's confidence in them. We do not say that the situation is irretrievable; it has gone very far. On a ballet fairly conducted, we believe that a very large part of the Labour M.P.'s would be elected by their Unions to any office at this moment, so little do the men think of them or have they to thank them for. But the period of reconstruction is at hand in which our Labour M.P.'s may recover, if they like, their lost prestige. The cry of the nation in danger will no longer, let us hope, be there to transport them from their duty to their class. It is not the nation but Labour that will be danger after the war. And if, after having "saved the nation," the Labour leaders will turn after the war to saving Labour, they may find grace in repentence.

Having examined, in this digression from the subject of the war, the main causes of industrial unrest, we may conclude with a note on the positive recommendation of the Commissioners. They are—in other words than our own—"unanimous in recommending that the workers should be given a more direct interest in the management of their conditions." It is unnecessary to remark in these columns upon the advance in ideas that such a recommendation, unanimously made by twenty-four Government-selected Commissioners, represents. Were events proceeding in the world at their normal tempo, we could be satisfied that in the course of a few hundred years one advance after another of the dimension recommended by the Commission would keep us reasonably abreast of the most slowly-moving of our commercial competitors. Unfortunately for our four-and-twenty Commissioners, the tempo of the world is at this moment accelerando; and an advance in ideas that would have been revolutionary during the large of the peace before the war will scarcely be able to be called reform during the prestissimo of the peace which will follow the war. Militarism, while it has been a weapon of capitalistic competition, has been also a hindrance to it. Brains have been put into it, and a considerable amount of energy that would otherwise have been employed in business has been directed into the militarist or military channels. With the destruction, final we hope, of militarism, all this diverted energy will be devoted to business; and we may therefore expect the period of the grand exploitation of the world to be opened upon the day that peace with security for democracy begins. We do not profess to be prophets or to employ any other methods of divination than the examination of existing causes and tendencies. In these, however, we see what to our mind is the opposition, the irreconcilable opposition of the two forces that have brought about the present war; the opposition between the State and the People, between the autocracy of a class and the democracy of no class. In the military sphere it has expressed itself as the conflict of a highly centralised and militarist State with a highly diffused and militarist State. In the economic sphere, whose emergence from militarism we are just about to witness, the same conflict, we believe, will express itself in the opposition of State capitalism and National Guilds. The step towards the former which Germany is preparing for the war is nothing less than gigantic in the opinion of the "Times." The step towards the latter which our Commissioners recommend England to take is pigmy.
Interviews.

By C. E. Beehoffer.

XVI.—THE REV. WM. TEMPLE.

Mr. Temple said that its Parliamentary connection is at present a great obstacle to the Church. "I think," he said, "the Church ought to count for a great deal more as a moral force than it does now, and the reason which prevents any progress at present is its powerlessness to adapt its machinery to circumstances without having to go to Parliament. Now, Parliament has very little time in Committee to give to Church affairs, and, what is more, its members are not prepared to devote even that time. Some of them do not care to do so, since they feel they know nothing about Church affairs; others—for example, some Nonconformist and Roman Catholic members—feel very shy of dealing with what they feel is not their affair. Partly, therefore, because of the occupation of Parliament, and partly on account of the indifference of its members, it has become a very difficult matter indeed for the Church to get attention from Parliament.

"For this reason many of us think it is necessary to get from Parliament the power ourselves to deal with events as they arise. One obvious way is Disestablishment. I should regret this, and Church people generally would regret it in proportion as they have become sympathetic with collectivist ideas. This sympathy they feel might well lead to a closer connection of Church and State, and be the means of the Church's becoming the national expression of religion. After all, it was once and again; and being a person who does believe in collectivist ideas, I want the State to have a religious expression. Of course, I do believe the Church is a much greater body than the State; if this were not so, then the Church is a mere devotional club. Broken and feeble through its dissensions as it is, I still believe in the Church, hope of a unity as they arise."

"The other way, Mr. Temple said, of giving the Church control over its own affairs is that approved by a strong Church Commission about a year ago. It is that a Church Parliament, representing bishops, clergy and laity, should have the right to legislate for the Church, subject to a Parliamentary veto. The great difference this scheme would make is that whereas now whenever there is anything in the Church which needs to be done, you have to get Parliament to give up some of its crowded time to stop the Church from carrying out something, which otherwise would become law. In practice, I assume you, the difference is quite immense."

For example, under the proposed scheme such purely technical matters as the formation of new dioceses could be carried out very simply: whereas, at present, no matter how large the population of a district may have grown, Parliament has to pass a special Act before the diocese can be established.

"One other thing—I know it is said that the Nonconformists would not tolerate the proposal! I have just been discussing. They would object, it is said, that to ask for freedom along with establishment is eating one's cake and having it too. But I am sure it is not true of the bulk of the younger Nonconformists that they would object. They are not out to weaken the Church of England; rather they are concerned to strengthen the religious life of England. And if they think this proposal will tend to strengthen religious life so far as the Church of England is concerned, they will support it."

There are, no doubt, Mr. Temple said, certain difficulties in the way. One of the chief is that the Church, in making and administering its laws, might remain irresponsible and feeble. At present, it is true, the narrow section of the Church is very strongly organised. But once there is liberty within the Church, the other party would become as strongly organised and prove to be far more numerous.

I suggested that the Church would thus become more than ever a National Guild. Mr. Temple replied, "If the general organisation of life is to take the form of State-chartered self-governing Guilds, then the Church would be just such a Guild. It would fall in with Guild philosophy. Indeed, we must remember that the progress of Guild ideas in history was mainly fought out in connection with religious societies.

"Perhaps the perfect development on these lines would be for the religious bodies all to be established and all to be free. And really, if any other communities liked to be established, I cannot see why they should not be."

I inquired if Mr. Temple thought the Church should interest itself officially in industrial problems. The Church's work is twofold, Mr. Temple said; first, it has to insist on the duty of its members to care more for justice than for their personal advantage. Secondly, it must see that its own economic dispositions are properly regulated and dissociated from all improper associations, and conducted on the most enlightened lines—which, so far, has not at all been the case. It would be very hard to say that Christianity may be considered as either for or against any particular form of Socialism or Individualism. Personally, I think that the Church is a religious body, and that the Church should give more opportunity of effective action to the genuinely Christian spirit than any other proposal I have seen; but, on the other hand, I could hardly deduce this opinion of mine from the Gospel. And the Church, as such, ought not to insist on anything which cannot be deduced from the Gospel. To care for others more than for oneself, to suffer injury oneself rather than that one's associates should suffer—this is a real deduction from the Gospel; it will take us all our time to get people to believe that.

"However, I am prepared as a minister to put forward the view that 'This is the best thing you can do,' and to say to people, 'Unless you can see anything better, you ought to do this.' And I think the spokesmen of the Church ought to consider if they can agree with this; if they do, they ought to say so, too. But it could not be laid down as one of the bases of Churchmanship that every man should favour National Guilds. Ministers, after all, have got in courtesy to remember not to take too great an advantage of the immunity of the pulpit."

A DIALOGUE.

Oh, guard thyself, now guard thyself in haste! Who calls me then, who gives such strange alarm? All sleeps in quietness and peace: what harm? Thrice enemies rage clashing o'er the waste Of thine own idleness, the share for chaste And dancing innocence, the plunging arm Of brute, disastrous jealousy, the charm That shows mine own reflection erased. Why shouldst thou tremble for this wildest one? Victor and vanquished in the shattered field Are son and father, harvest and its yield.

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The Collected Papers of Anthony Farley.

Edited by S. G. H.

VII.—OSCILLATION.

I had barely got into my Socialist stride when Parnell came to town. For a month before his arrival, the Irishmen of the district had been working up a great reception. To most of them it was the event of their lives. In this grim, silent man was centred their abiding hope. Uncrowned he reigned over them. He fired their imagination, stirred their emotion, kindled their expectations. He was coming, was coming, was coming! And would I join the reception committee? Larry Mahony was Secretary. He spoke to me with apocalyptic fervour. I pretended that my Socialist commitments prevented me; but, in truth, I was nearly as excited as he was. Somehow, a frank declaration of my Irish nationality seemed more natural than my more recent convictions. I was afraid to consult Tudor, but I asked Frank Barry.

"I've been asked, too, and consented. Man dear, how could I refuse?" he said. So when the Irish leader slipped out of the train, I was one of a hundred or two waiting on the platform. His hair, long and wispy, over which sat an untidy top-hat, and unkempt beard, gave him an uncanny look. He appeared tired and driven and bored with the whole business. Mahony, after endless introductions, escorted him to a carriage, which was driven through cheering and excited crowds to Paddy Vincent's house. He was shown up to his room, his first act there being to relieve himself of a revolver. After dinner, he again put it in his pocket before driving off to the meeting. Oddly enough, the fates were surely determined to tug me in different directions. For Tudor wrote of urgent propaganda, whilst Deasy unconsciously pictured scenes of home life.

Brain activity—my mind revolved like a squirrel in its cage—kept me awake until dawn. It occurred to me that, if I told Tudor the story of the Deasy family, he would probably dismiss it as trivial, perhaps declare it to be stupid. Barry would have understood and smiled. I smiled at the thought of him smiling! For in its way the Deasy story had a romantic meaning to me, touching, as it did, my own family.

The middle 'sixties, my father's cousin, Dick Carlisle, farmed his modest hundred and fifty acres on that rich belt of land that touches Lurgan. Dick stood six feet four, and was of enormous physical strength. I knew him as a Presbyterian; he was certainly a Protestant, and a prominent Orangeman. By some chance, his neighbour was Edmond Deasy, a Catholic and a Fenian. Widely sundered by religion and politics, they were, nevertheless, firm and intimate friends. It sounds heretical, yet truth compels me to avow that Deasy was the better farmer of the two. Surrounded by priest-hailing Protestants, he was inevitably thrown upon his own resources—his pretty and vivacious wife, Molly, and his farm. He was neither drink-driven nor priest-ridden—a point of honour with a good Fenian. On the other hand, Dick Carlisle was something of a boon companion, welcomed in many a tavern. But he preferred Ned and Molly to all his drinking associates. Molly was never tired of urging him to marry her sister Norah.

"Her fortune's a thousand pounds, Dick, and the love-light in her eye is worth ten thousand. Let me send to Dublin for her." "She's a Papist, and ye're a spalpeen, there's kill me if I looked at her.

"She might turn heretic, if she saw what a fine man ye are to be sure."

"An' then one of the Ribbon-men would kill her. I think I'll just stay the way I am."

Now, Ned and Dick each had his secret. Ned was very near the Fenian Head Centre, whilst Dick was listened to at the Orange Lodge. Neither would whisper to the other a word of politics. And there were rumblings and portents of a Fenian rising, blood-thirsty threats of Orange reprisals, anxious meetings of magistrates, rumours of stored arms, a general sense of discontent and foreboding. No one could foretell the future, a successful rebellion was barely possible, or a Government concession to forestall the rebellion. It was in this charged atmosphere, one night in August, that Ned and Dick drove home from Lurgan market. Both were unusually silent, perhaps nervously expectant. I think Dick had drank more than his proper quota of "wee half-yuns," but he was sober enough. Finally he burst out:

"Ned, ye spalpeen, there's trouble brewin'."
“It’s not for me to deny it,” said Deasy, rather deliberately.

“Now I’ll tell ye what I’m thinkin’. If it comes to crackin’ crowns and wigs on the green—mind, your side’s to blame—God knows where it’ll end. But, begob, if you damned Fenians get the best of it, they’ll be after me; if we get the best of it, we’ll be after you. Tell me now, isn’t that sober sense?”

“It’s fair enough to make friends.”

“Divil a doubt of it. Now supposin’ you had to skedaddle, sure ‘twould be me who’d keep an eye on Molly and the farm.”

“I’ll look to you,” said Deasy.

“An’ if I had to skedaddle, ye’d do the same by me.”

“I’d be after making some improvements,” said Deasy, laughing.

“Ye’re a great boy. But aisy now. Let’s talk business. One of your brothers is a priest. He’d look down his nose if he saw me busyin’ around your hastes. An’ God help ye, if any of my Protestant relations found ‘emselves amongst mine.”

“You’ve got some notion, I do think it.”

“I have. The fact is, Ned, when ye die, bein’ what ye are, ye’re damned. That stands to reason. If ye’d only read the Bible, instead of lettin’ somebody else read it for ye—ye poor gossoon—ye’d agree wid me. But no matter. Ye’re alive, thanks he to God. Now when we’re both dead, we’ll be parted, for I’ll be in Heaven. Do ye mind that? But while we’re both alive, we’re not likely to part. I’ll tell ye now. We’ll both go to John Kay and get him to draw up the necessary papers, so that, whichever of us has to take over, the other has full legal rights to act as trustee for the other. The lawyer’s sure to know the way.”

“I’ve listened to many a worse proposal; but I’d better tell Molly, an’, if she agrees, we’ll drive over to Newry on Saturday.”

When John Kay heard of it he slapped his thigh and laughed.

“Ye’re draggin’ me into contingent rebellion, let me tell ye. Bet if ye aren’t droll boys! Anyhow, each’ll sell his farm to the other—there must be proper consideration—and I’ll lock up the papers and we’ll see, mebbe, some strange things. If I live, I’ll see ye through with it.”

Edmond Deasy was glad when the transaction was completed, for he expected that he would be the one to disappear. But on July the twelfth of the following year, Dick Carlisle, having frequented many taverns and being in a playful humour, plunged joyously into a riot on Armagh Common and sadly mishandled two policemen, both of whom were carried home on stretchers. The authorities determined to make an example of him, and there was a hue and cry. But he got clear to New York by a way which, curiously enough, Deasy had prepared for quite a different contingency. After he had disappeared, my esteemed relatives of a former generation determined to settle his affairs and sell his farm. Two of them accordingly appeared one day at Dick’s farmhouse to take an inventory, and found Deasy there attending to the cattle. They thanked him very politely for his neighbourly attention and intimated that for the future other arrangements would be made. Deasy, equally politely, thanked them for their visit, but intimated that he could manage very well, particularly as he had bought the farm from Dick. The visitors, greatly surprised, asked with frigid courtesy who was the solicitor.

When told it was John Kay, they went away sorrowful, knowing that when a man was a Protestant he had no mercy and skill. They mourned over Dick, fearing greatly that the “Scarlet Lady” had got him. It was indeed a bitter pill.

Meantime, Dick received from Ned regular remittances, and found himself better off than ever he had been. For not only did the revenue from the farm increase, but he quickly found work. New York, however, bored him, and he drifted west to the Colorado silver mines. He wrote to Ned not to remit as he had plenty of money, and to spend it on giving young Terry, Ned’s son, a good education. Ned was tempted, but he banked the money and waited. He felt that, if he touched any of it, he would be robbing his best friend.

Three years passed, the Fenian rising failed, leaving Ned unscathed, influence operated on the police, and finally the warrant for Dick’s arrest was withdrawn. Dick had done well, having prospected successfully. When he returned, he found the farm wonderfully improved, and £750 at the bank to his order.

As he sat smoking in Ned’s kitchen, he wondered how he could make Ned take the money, or at least some share of it.

“It’s paid enough that I am to see ye back again. It ye like to pay a thrifle of interest, ye can become a Home Ruler.”

“Between ourselves, Ned, I don’t give a damn for the whole blasted pimboote. Out in Colorado, this Protestant and Papist business is looked upon as just junks. It’s quare. Out there, I’m more friendly with any Catholic Irishman than the swarest Englishman, and yet the moment we touch Queenstown, I’m supposed to want to cut his throat. Molly, send for Norah, and I’ll marry her.”

“Arrah now, just listen to the man! Do ye think she’d wait for a rollin’ stone like Dick Carlisle? She married a decent, honest man in Dublin and she’s got two chiliders.”

“I’ll wait till one or other of ye’s a widow.”

“The nearest ye’ll ever get to me will be me long-lost brother.”

“Do ye mind that?”

“Oh well! That makes me Terry’s uncle.”

“Set him a good example, or I’ll pull your lug!”

Next day, Dick and young Terry, now a man, went shooting over the rough. Sport was poor, so they sat on a stile and talked.

“What would ye like to be, Terry?” asked Dick.

“I’d like to go into business in a big town,” he said, thoughtfully.

“Do ye know the Callaghans?”

“I do not,” said Dick; “is there a pretty daughter in the family?”

“They’re petty merchants in Belfast, and I’m in love with Mary.”

Dick saw his way to pay his debt. He interviewed Callaghan, discussed matters, and bought a share in the business for Terry for £750. A week or two later, he went back to Colorado.

The business flourished, branches were opened in London and Liverpool, and the letter lying on my table downstairs was from Terry, junior, now reading for the Bar and wanting me to go fishing with him, what time Tudor was organising a series of meetings and counting upon my co-operation.

As I turned and tossed about in bed, I could not rid myself of the conviction that Ireland called me. Step by step, I reconstructed the Deasy story. Yes, I thought to myself, this is the spirit and texture of Irish life. I understand it; it is in my blood; to all else I am alien. Socialism, I argued, knows nothing of nationality; it is at bottom as materialistic as the capitalism it seeks to supplant. To-morrow, I’ll write to Terry accepting, and my acceptance shall be symbolic. Then sleep ended the discussion.

At breakfast I read the paper. There was a leading article on unemployment. I noted a coroner’s inquest on a woman. Her husband was on tresp somewhere in search of work. Her home had been stripped bare. When her neighbours entered, they found her lying on some sacks, her arms, rigid in death, enfolded a living child, which vainly sucked at the breast of its vanished mother.
Notes on Political Theory.

The modern English Liberal doctrine is sometimes connected with the Philosophical Radicals of the "Westminster Review," John Stuart Mill being inserted as the middle term. Though there is an undeniable historical continuity, and, perhaps, even a logical one, if stress be laid (as the Fabians commonly do lay it) on the later editions of the "Principles of Political Economy," the alteration of point of view in the transition is much more important. This is due to the change in philosophical basis from Associationism to Idealism; and the effects can be discovered in certain grave weaknesses in recent Liberalism from which Radicals would have been free. Nationality and liberty, for example, are principles which the Radicals certainly maintained. Liberalism has done them mere lip-service. Perhaps it thought it believed them. If it did, the truth was not in it, for it has culminated in present-day Ireland on the one hand, and the Insurance Act on the other. These two things mark it out for what it is. By their fruits ye shall know them.

Liberalism may, perhaps, deny the patience of these monstrosities, and attempt to father them on its opponents the Conservatives. I agree that they have a superficial resemblance to their alleged parent, and it is well to know that either party disclaims responsibility for them. No one would pretend, however, than he might get the reality of the relationship, that they are the offspring of the Liberal gentleman as he would like to appear to be in public. But if a respectable gentleman has an action of afflication and aliment brought against him, it is quite relevant to try to throw some light on what manner of man he really is. And here, perhaps, as in more common and notorious suits, it is remarkable that Stiggins will compel John Smith to do what Stiggins wants, and will add to it the insult of pretending that he was right—his grasp of historical conditions, and in spite of a very considerable knowledge of history, J. S. Mill was deficient in his grasp of historical conditions and ideas. It is remarkable how many Liberals, in spite of their constant discussion of the notion of development, resemble Mill in this. Where, however, he was right—in his grasp of the main principle of liberty—they have deserted him, for since his day Liberalism has never really believed either in liberty or in nationality.

Like the other Utilitarians, and in spite of pretending that it is John Smith's most cherished possession, I do not deny that such a doctrine as this can be put in such a way as to deserve careful discussion. But its practical effects in the hands of the Liberals are for the present more important. It means that liberty will only be permitted the breath of existence, though it might grant it: and it exercised its authority, though this might happen to be benevolent. Now, Liberalism was really equally fatal to liberty. It had lost the idea of an autonomous voluntary group, which is the only means of keeping Leviathan within bounds. And it was also fatal to nationality. It might construct a new administrative body, but it could never permit the breath of a new national life to inform it, for fear it might turn out a Frankenstein. It could not recognise provinces and even dominions, but not nations.

This doctrine of the sovereignty of the State is precisely the fundamental difference between the modern Liberal and his immediate historical predecessor. We have pointed out the inveterate and unchecked affection for the principle of the sovereignty of the State. They are the products of this unhappy liaison. Liberalism cannot disown them. They may be poor things, but they are its own.

The cry of social peace is nearly always taken up by Liberals; only that peculiar form of the doctrine of the sovereignty of the State can so observe the facts as to make it seem fact and cause the gentleman of the State to answer in the consumer or society as a whole as a third party to all industrial disputes. There are faults on both sides, says the Liberal philosopher; each is for his class, and neither for the State: the employer has into which others like the economic fall; and this is plainly one form of the cult of "that mortal God, to which we owe, under the inscrutable power of life and death." This had effects most curious to heretics but most plain and simple to the orthodox into whose mind it had never entered to question the dogma. For it meant that liberty within the State was confined by the limits definitely laid down for each group by the central authority, while outside of it nationality, which is but liberty under another name, became a fiction unless the jurisdiction of the State graciously granting it remained undisturbed. Given these unexpressed conditions Liberal theory would praise liberty and exalt nationality on high. Conservative theory, on the other hand, differs in that for it liberty is the sole instrument of the State and other social institutions as its repository.

It should now be clear that a doctrine of this sort naturally produces the strange creatures I referred to. The cry of social peace is nearly always taken up by Liberals; only that peculiar form of the doctrine of the sovereignty of the State can so observe the facts as to make it seem fact and cause the gentleman of the State to answer in the consumer or society as a whole as a third party to all industrial disputes. There are faults on both sides, says the Liberal philosopher; each is for his class, and neither for the State: the employer has
forgotten that he is entrusted with a great function which is a public service, and that the duty is therefore laid on him of finding places in the front line of the "struggle to serve" (the competitive system) for those fellow-citizens of his, his employees; while the very citizenship of the working-man has become corrupted. But such a measure as the Insurance Act will remind the employer of this his duty to his worker; while the Munitions Act will not permit the worker to forget that, humble though it is, his daily work also is the service of the State. The case of Irish nationality is in some respects fundamentally similar. The intense exasperation against England which is the main feature in the situation is only very partially explained by the long record of general misrule. A more immediate cause is the persistent trick which the English have of treating the Irish as if they were an inferior edition of themselves; or again that peculiar self-satisfaction which offers a development for the dissection. The obvious difficulty is that of finding places in the front line for those fellow-citizens of his, his employees; while the very citizenship of the working-man has become corrupted. But such a measure as the Insurance Act will prevent Ireland doing anything that England could do with impunity, while the Munitions Act will not permit the worker to forget that, humble though it is, his daily work also is the service of the State. The case of Irish nationality is in some respects fundamentally similar.

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A Modern Prose Anthology.

Edited by R. Harrison.


Chapter I.—INTRODUCES THE HERO.

§ 1.

An opening chapter does not concern itself much with the narrative, the sheer story in this book—indeed the story, such as it is, scarcely appears at all. I am too proliferating, too chaotic a writer either to care to appreciate the force of a plot or to compensate for the lack of one. I want everything both ways—always. I could always see two sides of a question at once, but I could never see either side separately, passionately. I have wanted tremendously to do the right thing—the necessary thing, the thing really worth doing. I have always been like that, always passionate, never passionate enough. It is temperament with me. Force lifts me up, drives me away—anywhere. Looking back, I see myself always as a sort of animalcule, plunged, spun—as it were—into the vortex of Things, a struggling, tempestuous atom. I have known—immensity; seen, gropingly, beyond all this—something else, the Purpose I have had—visions, prophetic glimpses, hypnotic flashes at the truth. And then, you know, the dazzling brightnesses, the deep richnesses have become etiolated, the comprehensive, the stupendous effects have vanished, and I have been left, psychically stranded, gazing into Nothingness, rummaging some metaphysical straw. It is only when I write down the impressions coruscating in my brain, of those early years, years of struggle and self-discovery, that I realise how eventful, how tumultuous, my life has been. I have been swayed by tremendous movements, cosmic movements, and flung back spiritually emasculate on the shore of my intellectual island. I can recall moments, sublime, soul-shaking, when I have hammered at the very gates of the Illimitable, and heard it give back echoes that ran through my brain like liquid fire. But in the end they have slipped away, eluded me. It is hard to convey these things in cold print. I warn you this book is going to be something of an agglomeration.

Now that I resume the main track of my story, let me begin with the dedication of the author, that is to say of this book. You must figure him as duplex, above all duplex. Throughout this book—throughout all his books—there are two notes: the one earnest, conclusive—the other earnest, too, but questioning, undecided, contradictory. Always these two voices will occur throughout his books, often shouting each other down, more often blending in unison with an effect indescribably grotesque. There are other voices, too, of course, but these are the most strident, the most insistently assertive. Occasionally, the one voice, the lesser voice, goes out altogether, and then you find yourself listening unwillingly to the other, with its laboured grouping of commonplaces, its arguments that flop and flounder in evasive seas, its hobnailed insistence on generalities. Above all, it is irritating, intensely, insufferably irritating. And then will come this other small voice, intolerably uncertain, ridiculously perplexed, a small piping voice asking always the same unanswerable questions, repeating the same turgid formula.

Life grows too complicated nowadays. We need something to simplify it—some hope, some belief. Names and forms don't matter much, I think; definiteness and love, that's the main thing, belief in oneself. . . . Men can find salvation in all sorts of things, love of women, work, magnanimity, sacrifice for something. . . . There are lots of things they all need in social reform, thought for the poor, some form of socialism. But socialism has never been
in my line. It is too real for me, too real, I think, and too limiting. You know what I mean...? I cannot be content to compromise, not with others, always with myself. There... always... I'm not insensible to the little arguments, the little jollities of life. Don't think that. It isn't what I'm out for, so to speak. It isn't the radix of the matter with me. I like discoveries, no man more so; I'm always voyaging in search of new continents, or building new worlds. But they do not satisfy me. It's not the main thing in me. I need something to hold on to, something to keep me from floundering in all this bunkum. But they are born of this same smut and drizzle. One forgets that.

It is easy to laugh at my bewilderment. I admit I alone am to blame. I have been crying for the world. I have pride, the pride of Lucifer, and life has plotted to cheat me of it, has played me false... Just as fruit after the fine flush of ripeness shrivels up, turns bitter, so pride will shrivel, become bitter, meaner, more personal thing, become ambition; and ambition is, as a ruling motive, a weak motive, is an insidious, corroding passion, destroying with bitter impartiality the finer motives underlying. There you have the eternal dilemma of men such as I, who have dared to see life whole, who, soft, jelly-like, have bruised themselves against the vulgar indifference of the crawling mass of men. We need sympathy, a more tolerant outlook. Ultimately, that is the trouble with us—with me, anyhow. I'm carried away... Now the unwilling mercenary of some hot-headed ambition is, as a ruling motive, a weak motive, is an insidious, corroding passion, destroying with bitter impartiality the finer motives underlying. There you have the eternal dilemma of men such as I, who have dared to see life whole, who, soft, jelly-like, have bruised themselves against the vulgar indifference of the crawling mass of men. We need sympathy, a more tolerant outlook. Ultimately, that is the trouble with us—with me, anyhow. I'm carried away...

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Readers and Writers.

I have received a number of letters concerning recent comments of mine in this column, to which I feel disposed to reply in the form of answers to correspondents.

The first is as follows:

"Hasn't "R. H. C." missed the point of Stevenson's "intricate"? Surely the rhythms of prose and verse are different not only in complexity but in kind. This can be seen plainly from the "lapses" which "R. H. C." has made in his imagery; these lapses are offensive in their prose surroundings, but they are shocking bad verse. Yet why should words surrounded by other words have a different rhythmic value from the same words surrounded by margin? Is it not because the rhythm of words in a prose setting is the rhythm of normal speech, while the rhythm of verse is something quite specialised and complex? Verse is prose cut up into time-lengths; and since the mind's ear is a poor judge of time, the intrinsic rhythms of free speaking must be simplified, pointed with rhyme, even set to a regular drum-beat, before the element of time can do its work. Its work is to transform the prosaic rhythm of the words. The rhythm of a verse-phrase is not that of the words alone; it emerges from a conflict between the line which holds it, and the internal speech-rhythm is fitted very crudely to the time-beat, as in many poems of Swinburne, and in the "hexameters" which English poets sometimes write. Verse is, at the least, a duet, a counterpoint. Prose, on the other hand, is a monologue. It is true that prose has larger "feet" than verse, as befits its pedestrian habits. But let us not talk of "feet"; they are invented by schoolmasters and the Devil to trip up honest critics of rhythm. One cannot even look for same treatment of prose rhythms since Professor Saintsbury has thrust his "feet" in the pie. What, "R. H. C."? Isn't it a "foot"?

E. B. Y.

No, I have not missed the point of Stevenson's "intricate"; and my correspondent will discover that I have not if he will reread Stevenson's essay on the "Elements of Style." What differentiates prose from verse in Stevenson's opinion is not rhythm in kind, but metre. "Feet" must be rhythmic, "must be rhythmic," it may be as much so as you will; but it must not be metrical; it may be anything, but it must not be verse." The constituent rhythms of prose and verse are the same; prose and verse differ only in their arrangement of these rhythms; in the case of verse the arrangement is regular, while in prose it is free. My cause of quarrel with Stevenson was that he conceived the freedom of prose as being no more than freedom from verse. He seemed to be saying that verse is more intricate than prose because of its enforced obedience to a metrical rule; and to be assuming in consequence that the freedom from metrical restraint of prose implies at the same time prose's freedom from any restraint or rule. My contention, on the contrary, was that the freedom of prose is seeming only the fact that it obeys no regular rule does not mean that it obeys no rule. Its rules, indeed, being more numerous, less apparent, and more easily broken or ignored without discovery, make of good prose a more "intricate" art than verse. The rules of verse are as clearly laid down; they are presented to everybody; they can tell when they have been broken. But prose has its rules in the heart and mind, and not upon tablets; and only the penetrating critic can discover whether they have been broken or kept. Why should we not talk of "feet"? They are a convenient unit of measurement, and Professor Saintsbury did not invent them.

"R. H. C.'s" utterances on prose are as fruitful as everything else that he writes. It is not the first time that I have heard prose championed against poetry, but never before have I seen its claims put so forcibly. Well, what if we generalise, and say that democracy, while poetry is an aristocracy? Prose may cover the field of all life and all rhythms, provided only that it uses its materials with tact and a fluidity that will at the same time preserve an individuality, and the naturalness, of the sentence, and, if possible, the naturalness, but also a noble age, poetically inclined. And how many ages, whose history we know, have been all that? How many men, for that matter, have been all that? And how many more men have there not been who have hopefully overreached themselves? Will "R. H. C." examine this? Perhaps it is the apology for poetry that Socrates demanded.

J. A. M. A.

"J. A. M. A." is flattering, but embarrassing. I am pleased, of course, to hear that everything I utter is fruitful; and I shall pray that it may be so, though of good only. But how am I to "examine" the conditions favourable to poetry with any hope of coming to fruit? The subject is dark, and the light even of history is dim. That in certain periods poetry has flourished, and that in other periods poetry has not, is all that can be safely said by me upon the mystery. What elements were in the one period that were not in the other, which may have been the elements peculiarly favourable, and, in fact, essential to poetry, I do not present know. It is, however, an interesting problem; and I shall at "J. A. M. A.'s" invitation examine it. My correspondent's analogical distinction between prose and verse as the distinction between democracy and aristocracy rather pleases me. It is dubious but stimulating. My point against Stevenson then becomes strengthened, for nobody would maintain that the rule of democracy is no more than the absence of the rules of aristocracy. Prose-democracy is rule by another principle than the ruling principle of verse-aristocracy; but its rule is no less rule.

Your remarks on the subject of the relative difficulty of producing verse and prose are just as superficial as Stevenson's, and are largely irrelevant to the case that you argue. Stevenson says that "prose must not be verse." Against this you give three reasons: (1) verse from his essay, and state that there occur at least another score in it. Let us say 200 words which can be measured out in beats. Well, how many words compose the essay? Is the verse more than the entire of the prose? If not, your inference is not allowable.

Again, Stevenson remarks that the rule of verse is not as intricate as that of verse. You reply that the metrical form of prose is the more intricate. You don't answer the case—for Stevenson clearly impugns the intricacy to the conditions under which verse must be produced; not to the verse itself. The more intricate the rule the less the licence and the simpler the result. Therefore Stevenson's dictum is easily compatible with that phenomenon of simplicity in poetry and complexity in prose which you exhibit so triumphantly in "verse" as opposed to prose. The simplicity of prose is easier than to produce an "intricate" design when no rules shape the methods of production. But it is certainly difficult to apply an intricate rule to the production of anything. You prove this intricacy by assigning that prose embraces a wider range of metrical elements than does verse. Well, the conclusion is that a writer of verse plays with only those dominoes that are dealt out to him by literary convention, whereas your writer of prose can help himself from the pool ad libitum in order to achieve completeness. Therefore your prose is easier to produce than verse, and every crystalline; prose is amorphous—you say, in effect, polymorphous, which is exactly the same thing, for whatever parts of every shape has no shape.

Any asa will unconsciously avoid metrical regularity in 99 per cent. of his writing, but it would coast him...
something to express himself as efficiently in metre. Why is there such a thing as "poetic licence"? Because the poor poet is so handicapped against the prose-draft that literary charity shoos him for some mitigation for

Your glorification of prose (you say "good" prose—but this is unfair, for when suited your thesis you were content to adduce some damnably bad "verse" from Stevenson's prose essay)—this glorification is based upon the fact that prose embraces a much wider range of "syllabled feet," and so on. All right. This letter of mine, is it prose? Evidently, for it fulfils your conditions. Is it good prose? If not, why not? Perhaps because my mixture of rhythms is actually and meaningly "seemingly" irregular (whatever "seemingly" may mean in your context).

You say that verse is to prose as is a solo instrument to all instruments. But how does this enable one to measure the relative difficulty of the two modes of writing? Granted that the effect of the orchestra surpasses that of the solo instrument, you forget that an orchestra, not being an instrument but of performers. Divide the production by the producers, and your measure of difficulty must award the prize to the solo performers, who, of course, correspond to verse makers. Then look here. Let all those fellows run amok simultaneously, each playing his own melody and rhythm, and might you not equally well relate the Maurice of verse to prose without eliciting the slightest vestige of a glare from your criterion of judgment?

Perhaps you are trying to convey to your readers that the series of irregular sequences of measures in prose writing is a sort of super-rhythm. This, of course, is possible, for proving the strategic advantage over verse that it enjoys infinitely more room in which to maneuver. But if it is a fact, should it not be demonstrable—taking some admittedly perfect piece of prose? You could letter in alphabetical sequence the vertical lines of your prose, and in writing a meet prize to the verse makers. Then look here. Let us talk them over

The result may be discouraging—but, then, did not the blind man, when his eyes were opened, see men as trees walking? AHER BRENTO.

From the tone of his letter I conclude that I must have given Mr. Brenton much personal offence during all the years that this column has been appearing in THE NEW AGE. My satisfaction is, Mr. Brenton, I am, in his opinion, only as superficial as Stevenson; and that is praise in my eyes. But what are Mr. Brenton's present grievances? Let us talk them over in the appropriate bedside manner. He takes me up on my complaint that Stevenson, who affirmed that prose might be anything but verse, nevertheless dropped into verse himself when writing prose; and he declares that my inference is not allowable, since less than half of Stevenson's prose was written in metre. Here's a pretty bit of arithmetical syllogism for you! We are to allow an prose anything up to half a metre. We are to allow to prose an anything up to half a metre, and that the whole is of mixed prose and verse, but we are to regard the whole as prose because less than half of it is verse. The superficial Stevenson, however, did not fall into this error himself; and nor shall I. Stevenson wrote that prose "must never disappoint the ear by the trot of an accepted metre." Never, it is to be observed; not only now and then up to one half of the time the whole passage occupies in reading, but never. I, therefore, entitled to say that Stevenson would have agreed with me that the metrical lines were out of place in his prose, and hence that his prose, to the extent of the trots audible in it, was bad prose.

Secondly, whatever I wrote I meant; and in writing that the rule of prose is more intricate than the rule of verse. I did not mean that the rule of verse is less intricate than the metrical form of prose. No doubt, being only a beginner by profession, I often write clumsily; but never, I hope, such nonsense as that the metrical rule of verse is more intricate than the metrical form of prose, when it was precisely my case that prose is without metre. Prose, I say with the superficial Stevenson, is rhythmical like verse, but it is not metrical like verse. Like the rules of rhythm of verse, are rules, only they are not the same rules. Verse has its rules of rhythm and they are metrical; prose has its rules of rhythm, only they are not metrical. Where is the irrelevance in the comparison; or where have I compared rules with form? I am, of course, aware that I have not laid down any of the rules of prose rhyme. My object was only to maintain, in criticism of Stevenson, that prose has its rules which it must obey under penalty of finding itself had prose; and that the mere freedom of prose from the metrical rules of verse does not imply licence or freedom from all rules.

On the contrary, the rules of prose are in my judgment more severe and not less, more numerous and not fewer, and therefore more and not less intricate than the rules of verse. The series of irregular sequences of measures in prose writing are, in my judgment, just as much wider range of "syllabled feet," and so on. All right. This letter of mine, is it prose? Evidently, for it fulfils your conditions. Is it good prose? If not, why not? Perhaps because my mixture of rhythms is actually and meaningly "seemingly" irregular (whatever "seemingly" may mean in your context).

My "glorification" of prose was not by any means based solely upon the fact that prose has a greater variety of "feet" to play with than verse; nor upon the fact that its rhythms are irregular. What I said of prose in distinction from verse is that while no rhythm is regularly insistent in it, every rhythm is heard in it; and all in such an admired disorder that the undiscerning reader might conclude that no order or rule is present. That is a very different thing from assenting, as Mr. Brenton, following superficial Stevenson, does, that prose is simply an irregular arrangement of rhythms more numerous than those employed in verse. It is, in fact, to deny it; for it is to maintain that, though seemingly irregular (seeming so, let us say, to my correspondent), the rhythms of prose are actually regulated, governed by rule.

Whether Mr. Brenton's own prose is governed by rule and is therefore "good" prose, I shall not say. His reasoning, which is the only excuse for writing polemical prose at all, is bad, as I have shown. And it is still worse, I think, in the next paragraph of his letter. In my original notes I compared verse to a solo instrument and prose to an orchestra with the intention of illustrating my view that to write prose is more difficult than to write verse. My correspondent replies that an orchestra consists of solo performers, and hence that the difficulty of producing prose when divided by the number of the producers amounts to no more than the difficulty of playing the single instrument of verse. We have a debater among us, and no mistake; and the greatest care must be taken in dealing with him. An orchestra suggests a number of players, while a solo implies only one; but the one, says Mr. Brenton, is equal to any one of the orchestra, and there is no merit in his multiplication. Upon my soul, I agree; and if it were the case that a number of verse-makers was required to write a piece of prose, and that each of them must write his solo and there an end of it, Mr. Brenton would have triumphed. But unfortunately, unfortunately, prose is not written as the Fabians used to think, communally; it is the work of a single writer who must needs, therefore, be the whole orchestra in himself! My humble submission to Mr. Brenton is that it is more difficult for one man to produce the effect of an orchestra than for one man to produce the effect of a solo. Translating the image, prose is more difficult than the composition of paragraphs, however, my correspondent surrenders at discretion. "Perhaps," he says, and then he goes on to suggest that my object was precisely what my object was—to convey to my readers the notion that prose has rules in spite of the fact that
they are not the rules of verse. And he invites me—

ending where he should have begun—to elaborate and illustrate my case. I have already promised to do so; but my present space has been spent on irrelevant matters introduced, not by me.

I need make no comment upon the following letter save to extenuate my flippancy regarding Blake's
teatory. It was, I find, a dinner-party. Blake's words are these ("The Marriage of Heaven and Hell"); "The Prophets Isaiah and Ezekiel dined with me, and I asked them how they dared so rudely assert that God spoke to them." I agree that this is not flippant, but neither am I Blake.

Since I visited the Blake Exhibition at the Tate Gallery in 1913, I have become incapable of such flippancies as yours—his taking tea with Ezekiel and Isaiah!

The pictures in that collection, together with the accounts of him collected by Arthur Symons in his book on Blake, so impressed me with the unique strangeness, depth, Saty and mystery of the artist's life that I have become perhaps too disinclined for any criticism that passes beyond reverent admiration for his work.

In particular, I remember the extraordinary "vision" of Lais the courteous; it impressed me as a portrayal of an evil and fascinating personality quite beyond the power of any man to imagine. So on his style. Have you noticed his own criticisms in the notes to "Modern Painters"? For example, Vol. II, "Edition in 5 vols.", 1897, page 259, note 30, he writes of his "affected manner" spoiling a sincere thought. In note 20 "I am shorter breathed at sixty-three than I was at sixty-and-twenty; and am obliged to help myself to a comfortable full-stop, before I can get on with my own sentence."

Again he confesses "I thought it classical and dignified to put subject before predicate." (Note 22). And so on. "See the mischief of fine writing." (Note 55).

He confesses that in one place he imitated Hooker. (Note 60). I don't think, however, you would find much, for example in "Ariadne Florentina," not entirely easy, natural, and charming in style. It is a book I could never tire of. Anything there that strikes you as "conclusive" in a troubling sense is, I must believe, just part of Ruskin's personality, and so, (Note 42).

W. S.

My last letter is from Mr. Frank Rutter, the Managing Editor of The New Age magazine, "Art and Letters," to which I referred in my previous letter a few weeks ago. It is addressed to the Editor of The New Age; but I am convinced that it was intended for me.

Permit me to correct "R. H. C.'s" too generous estimate of this Quarterly Review, which consists not of "thirty-six pages", but of thirty-two pages and cover. It should be clearly understood that its readers get even less for their money than "R. H. C." would allow them to suppose. His happy notion of putting editorial matter on the covers instead of advertisements had not occurred to the editors, but it will be considered.

In conclusion allow me to express my gratitude to your reviewer for his clear exposition of a new principle in criticism: "Is a quarterly review of very small dimensions calculated to uplift culture in war-time?"

Upon my word, sir, in my abysmal ignorance I had supposed that the value of any publication depended upon not the number of its pages, but what was printed on them, and incidentally, if typography be an art, upon the manner of the printing.

In future I shall know better, and I await with keen expectancy the well-balanced enthusiasm "R. H. C." should display when you promote him to review a really important work like Bradshaw's Railway Guide. FRANK RUTTER, Managing Editor of "Art and Letters."

Let me say that I appreciate the good humour in which Mr. Ruskin writes, and that it tending to the occasion. After all... my reference, however, to the small dimensions of "Art and Letters" was in eulogistic restraint. For if culture in war-time is not to be raised by the quantity of "Art and Letters", ... (These dots of Mr. Wells' are really very convenient in polite conversation!) An attached printed slip to Mr. Rutter's letter calls my attention to an overlooked claim of the new magazine. It appears that in its method of paying its contributors "Art and Letters" is making "an experiment of interest to all opposed to the capitalist system."

"The Review," we are told, "is conducted on co-operative lines. After paying the author 75 per cent. on capital, all profits will be allocated as follows: 50 per cent. between the Editorial and Publishing Staff, and 50 per cent. to be divided equally among the contributors to each issue, irrespective of the length, number, or nationality of the contribution. Accounts will be made up annually, and a financial statement sent to each contributor." I hope for various reasons that the accounts sent to each contributor at the end of the financial year will show a profit. That itself will be something of a miracle of culture. But it will pale beside the miracle of human nature next
Michael Arlen.
A FRAGMENT OF A NOVEL.

By Dikran Konyoumdjian.

It is a long time ago now, or rather it seems a long

time ago across the bridge of many impressions,
when, as I sat in my rooms one autumn evening,
bored with reading a book (I forget what), I decided,

suddenly and definitely as though the decision

was the result of a day's thought, instead of, as it was,

piece of life I was leading, the people I was seeing every day,

no good at all to me and that I must very quickly

be, are artists found to complain; but of a method

that is neither I expect an interesting sequel.

R. H. C.

kind, had pretensions towards philanthropy as well

as education, and on this Sunday morning every term,

for one hour before "chapel," all the school would sit

in the gym.  While the Chaplain of the College Mission

would tell us what had been done there between

the same Sunday morning of last term and this.  The

chaplain who addressed us when I first went to school

was not an exciting speaker, and deprecated the natural

irritability of hungry East Enders; but we used to

humour him because he rolled his r's delightfully,

and the only part of his lecture we enjoyed was when

he said that "on Christmas Eve the boys had done

so and so, and on Christmas Day the girls had done

so and so."  Later, his place was taken by a tall,

stalwart young clergyman, who seemed only a little

younger than ourselves; and when he smiled (at his own

jokes) we laughed, and when he laughed we clapped

wildly, and altogether we liked him very much.

An ever-recurrent point in these lectures which I recalled

as I sat in my room in St. James's was a reference to

such-and-such an old boy who had been down to the

Mission and stayed there a few days, and had been

rather a jolly fellow, and an invitation was extended

to all of us present to visit the Mission whenever

we liked.  I then, would go down there for a time, and

serve both M— and myself; and I was quite sure

that when next the chaplain—I hoped he was still

the only "phase" that I had been down to visit the Mission, because my name would

embarrass him, and he would choose a more conveniently

named philanthropist to hold up to the school as an example.

But I slept only one night at the Mission; and as

that night was crowded with two street fights, which

seemed to centre round a porter having been used

for other than its proper purpose, and the early

morning was occupied with half an explosion of the geyser

through my clumsiness in managing the fiendish

machine, I felt that

I sat in my room

I had been down to the Mission, he had few protegees; but

she was there to save the murder of a wife by

her husband.  With all this, this quietly definite goodness,

was when at last I thought of certain Sunday mornings

which occurred regularly at the beginning of every
term at school.  For M—, like other schools of the

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 boca, a Y.M.C.A.

the Chaplain of the College Mission was when

at Limehouse and round about the docks until I found what I wanted:

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Mission close by, whose faith in God was so colossal a thing—indeed, it had adumbrative pillars of kindly ignorance growing from it, that not even in the past fifteen years or so of East London, he was—as I would have my son be round about his eighteenth birthday. In contrast to Arlen, Ben's unshakable faith in an avenging and rewarding God was a wonderfully engrossing thing. For, when he held but an inch of such a one, would have made of Michael Arlen something less strange and more definitely human—though, indeed, he was so much 'a man'—than he was. Yet, for all the talk of religion, there was the moral of the entire faith in the idea he was to be keenly conscious of the thoughts and images from outside, but stagnant and clouded as though with the flimsy dogmas of dead centuries: his "faith," indeed, was a sluggish force, a deceptively clean-looking wall of mental laziness on which was scrawled—in pagan Arlen's writing, perhaps—the Athanasian Creed.

This digression about Ben, whose acquaintance Michael Arlen never troubled to cultivate (as, I suppose, he never really troubled to cultivate anyone's), is warranted only by the definite contrast it shows between the two men; that whereas Ben was of the sort of man for London E., Arlen was not. Yet there was no bravado, no recklessness, no cynicism about the latter. I want to be here, I am here, and I prefer it, he said once. But at that light time, with his tall, upright figure and bronzen cheeks, so often deceptive as a sign of health, I did not know that he had a good reason for recklessness: a disease of the lungs which had so certain a claim on his life that every year, every week, brought him nearer the end, "the ultimate island"; and that he should prefer the end to come 'midst the squalor of the East End instead of in—but I know nothing of the circumstances of his past life—was strange, but not amazing, considering his lethargy about life. Yet in his work in the East End, curiously unobtrusive and intangible work, but obvious in the respect paid to him by the most ardent blackguard and most shameless viragos, he seemed to take an interest in "putting things right," in meddlesome he was, it was merged in the time, with his tall, upright figure and bronzen cheeks, so different from that helper of God, Ben—with destiny which lent a delicate fineness and grace to his aloofness. Davidson's lines on "The Hero" seemed to me not unfitting to Michael Arlen, though he claimed no victory but was ever haunted with his failure "to do something."

Above the laws,
Against the light
That overawe,
The world I fight
And win, because
I have the might.

Yet neither John Davidson nor Michael Arlen "won," and the poet himself, in his last walk to the sea, must have at last realised that that special 'might' which was given to him was not of the sort that yields victory—in oneself. So, too, it was with Michael Arlen; he won, but not in himself.

Of course my impressions of him were not by any means gained during my stay in the East End; for I soon became over-persuaded; had written much, and well and—fatefully!—too easily; and, as he said, it is difficult to be an infant prodigy without becoming a dotard. There was a sort of fierceness, a frantic clutching and playing with ideas, too many and too "millitary" to be anything but pursued and dropped as soon as another came to share the last
uncomfortable in a sick-room. I have grown unattainable in the desert of his mental dreams, leave breathing came loudly at irregular intervals with becoming merely a wisp of something unattained and perhaps unnecessarily shy of saying that this was far written and ill-spelt letter, which told me that "Mr. broken, whistling harshness, as dingily covered bed, staring fixedly up at the ceiling: I could not see his eyes and did not care to look; his breathing came loudly at irregular intervals with a broken, whistling harshness, as though life had already snapped inside him, reminding me (a commonplace reminder, you may say) that man is just like a machine, a motor, and makes a similar noise when something has gone wrong. The room was clean enough as Poplar rooms go, but drab—so drab, and full, and musty. The ceiling weighed on your head, the oppressive carpet seemed weary of your step, and interferes with their mother-care and mother-craft organisations, societies for the suppression of vice, and the rest of it; everybody becomes very busy and interferes with their neighbours to their hearts' content. Yet an examination of each of these alleged causes suffices to show that the fundamental cause is not revealed, and until it is revealed most of the public effort is wasted because it is mis-directed. Bradford, for example, is a model city from the point of view of infant-welfare work; it possesses an antenatal clinic and maternity hospital, an infant clinic with hospital attached, a milk depot, and a staff of health visitors. Yet "infant mortality in Bradford has varied almost exactly as it has in England and Wales as a whole." If we want the lowest rates, we must turn to the rural population, to the Connaught peasantry, to take a striking example, for their infant mortality is only one-third of that in Kensington and Westminster, and only one-third of that of Bradford. If we insist on our alleged causes, we must believe that there is neither defective sanitation, poverty, maternal ignorance, bad housing, and the rest, in Connaught; and if we believe that, we shall be fit to do infant welfare work. There is, of course, no reason why we should not, if we like the

**Views and Reviews.**

**HEALTH AND THE STATE.*

Dr. Brent's statement of the case for the creation of a Ministry of Health covers so much ground that it is impossible to pass in review a tithe of his arguments and suggestions. But his main argument is so clear, and so well supported by evidence, that it must win the assent of every fair-minded reader. To Dr. Brent, the function of the Ministry of Health is to control and reduce the dope-doctoring of the population by a State Medical Service, but the scientific investigation of the conditions of health and of the incidence of disease by an impartial body that is trained in the preparation of statistics. He suggests that the office of the Registrar-General, suitably reorganised, should be the nucleus of the Ministry of Health, that it should not be responsible for Public Health policy or administration, but that it should collate, co-ordinate, and analyse the whole of the statistics relating to the subject. To those who have not read the book, the suggestion may not seem important; to those who have, it must appeal as the primary condition of the successful direction of public effort for the preservation and increase of health. "A man is either a fool or a physician at forty," sometimes both; and there is no subject to except the war, on which more erroneous opinions are publicly held than on the subject of health. The people who jump to conclusions usually fall short of them; and seldom have enough wit left to jump back to premises; but public effort, if it is not to be wasted, should be guided by precise knowledge and directed to the establishment of certitudes, and it is exactly those certitudes that Dr. Brent demonstrates cannot be arrived at in our present medley of conflicting theories, unco-ordinated statistics, and overlapping authorities.

Take, for instance, the familiar instance of infantile mortality. Everybody knows, as a consequence of the publicity given to the subject, that it is caused by defective sanitation, poverty, overcrowding, bad housing, insufficient nutrition of mothers, maternal ignorance, and paternal vice. Everybody knows this, and can quote medical opinion in support of each of these causes; and therefore a public health policy ought to be directed to the removal of each of these causes. So the community splits itself into sanitary officers, poor-law or insurance officials, housing committees, mother-care and mother-craft organisations, societies for the suppression of vice, and the rest of it; everybody becomes very busy and interferes with their neighbours to their hearts' content. Yet an examination of each of these alleged causes suffices to show that the fundamental cause is not revealed, and until it is revealed most of the public effort is wasted because it is mis-directed. Bradford, for example, is a model city from the point of view of infant-welfare work; it possesses an antenatal clinic and maternity hospital, an infant clinic with hospital attached, a system of supplying nursing and expectant mothers with food in order to encourage breast-feeding, a municipal milk depot, and a staff of health visitors. Yet "infant mortality in Bradford has varied almost exactly as it has in England and Wales as a whole." If we want the lowest rates, we must turn to the rural population, to the Connaught peasantry, to take a striking example, for their infant mortality is only one-third of that in Kensington and Westminster, and only one-third of that of Bradford. If we insist on our alleged causes, we must believe that there is neither defective sanitation, poverty, maternal ignorance, bad housing, and the rest, in Connaught; and if we believe that, we shall be fit to do infant welfare work. There is, of course, no reason why we should not, if we like the

* "Health and the State." By W. A. Brent, M.D. (Constable. 10s. 6d. net.)

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J. A. M. A.
work; but Dr. Brend warns us against supposing that the results will be commensurate with our efforts.

But Dr. Brend reaches the same conclusion from his investigations as Dr. Tennyson, namely, that a more precise inquiry, is necessary if public effort is not to be wasted; what, for example, is the use of building sanatoria for the treatment of tuberculosis when we have no way of knowing that in the absence of such sanatoria the patient's condition is not improving? But even in the case of the use of sanatoria to prove the effect of the climate, there is no guarantee by the Ministry of Health that it could have been the sanatorium that was effective. So Dr. Brend runs through the whole range of medical measures, and of public health measures, giving good reason for his warning against dogmatism. One of the most interesting of his demonstrations results in the conclusion that the infant death-rate in the first week of life is higher at all circumstances than at any other period in the first month of life, but that thereafter differences between favourably and unfavourably situated classes become progressively greater as the child grows older, and we are led irresistibly to the conclusion that these differences are almost entirely due to the action of the post-natal environment and not to the influence of the pre-natal conditions. And if all children are born equally healthy, as Dr. Brend does not forget to state, there is nothing in the cry that we are breaching mainly from the "worst stocks," but there is much to ponder in the argument that we are rearing the bulk of our population in the worst conditions. The extraordinary disparity between the rural and urban death-rates is not manifested in the first month of life, but develops steadily as the age increases. There is something inimical to health and life in urban conditions that does not exist in rural conditions, something that will prevent lichens from growing within miles of London, that is fatal to their existence even on the Mappin terraces in the Zoological Gardens. It is something that causes the lichens of the Polar bear to die of pneumonia, that develops tuberculosis in the higher ages, and causes the mammalian cubs to develop rickets. The probability that it is the effect of a smoke and dust-laden atmosphere, and a scientific inquiry by a Ministry of Health as suggested could put the matter beyond doubt. It is probable that the most effective measure for the protection of Public Health would be the substitution of electric lighting and heating for our present methods; and that, as expensive as such an installation would be, it would, in the long run, make less effect an enormous saving, not only in Public Health service, but by that increase of economic efficiency which a diminution of sickness implies. "The human species needs but little to keep it in health—simple food, pure air, clothing, and the quietude of shelters will suffice—though this is not to say comfort and happiness; yet even these, health alone will go a long way towards providing. Poverty acts as a cause of disease mainly by compelling people to live in an unnatural and unhealthy environment, and in the opinion of those who maintain in that environment neither Poor Law does nor sickness benefit will appreciably improve their health." If, as Tennyson declared, "Science moves but slowly, slowly, creeping on from point to point," at least it does not move in the opposite direction. At any rate, it is not right to jump to conclusions; and that the Ministry of Health constituted as Dr. Brend requires, animated by that scientific spirit that he advocates, and providing an impartial criticism of all Public Health measures, would save us much misdirection of effort and waste of public money cannot be doubted. It is a common enough objection to proposals that the State should take over various industries, and some fear that it would throw those industries "into politics"; but the only way to keep the public health out of politics is to constitute a Ministry of Health on the lines suggested by Dr. Brend. Salus populi supra lex; and if there is safety in numbers, the Ministry of Health, by dealing with nothing else, will suffer none of the dangers that attach to other Ministries. We may even yet see a scientist sitting on the Front Bench, and occasionally talking science to an Assembly that has forgotten the "humanities" it studied at the University.

A. E. R.

Reviews.

William Penn. By John W. Graham, M.A. (Headley Bros. 6s. net.)

A Life of William Penn, written by an English Friend, should be welcome to the reading public even at this time. For he was a notable figure in English history, and his life of piety was such as to give us of that of any ruffling background of the period. In its own way, the conversion of this young aristocrat of the Restoration was as remarkable as that of Paul of Tarsus; Paul also suffered imprisonment for his faith, but at least he did not suffer, as Penn did, from the mismanagement of clerical services. His conversion to the Presbyterian form of worship was decided by the King, who convinced him that he was in error. The only effect of their preaching to the spirit in prison was to convert him to contemlo, to an extreme prejudice, an extremely bad habit that he never discarded, and the bibliography of his works serves as a proof, as his imprisonment for writing, and no one who has ever beaten a Bishop in argument can desist from the sport. Look at Tuxley! But William Penn did not spend all his time in provoking the doctrine of the Trinity was not based on the teaching of Christ, or in showing that the enlightened pagans of antiquity also had glimmers of the Inner Light. He was something of a Legalist also, and from his trial in 1670, and the consequences, proceeded the legal doctrine of the independence of juries and their judicial right in matters of fact. Later, his unwavering exertions on behalf of sufferers from religious persecution, a work which did not survive him except as a tradition. It is characteristic of the man that he did not desire that the place of his name should be named after him; that when the ring called it Pennsylvania in honour of his father, his protest to the King, and tried to bribe the Under Secretary with twenty guineas to vary the name. We do not know if Cecil Rhodes was as much perturbed by the naming of Rhodesia as Penn was at the naming of the American province, but we certainly cannot imagine him trying to bribe an Under Secretary lest his name be attached to other Ministries. We may even yet see a scientist sitting on the Front Bench, and occasionally talking science to an Assembly that has forgotten the "humanities" it studied at the University.
Government of the colony to the Queen was natural, and that she should make impossible conditions to the purchase was also natural. "To buy out a Lord Proprietor was a welcome proposal to English statesmen, but to give away the free hand of sovereign power was quite another thing, particularly with a mild penal code, a democratic assembly, an objection to oaths and to an established Church, and a dogged resistance to military grants, as the chief characteristics of the Colonial Governments. So the negotiations made little progress." That he had an apoplectic fit, or a paralytic stroke, and became childish six years before he died, is not to be wondered at; Pennsylvania would have worried the wits out of the head of even a Philadelphian lawyer. The picture that Mr. Graham draws is that of a man of astonishing stoutness of character, of marked ability, of inexhaustible kindness, but of singularly poor judgment of men. He chose his wives with considerable skill, but his Deputy-Governors were a scandal; and the proflicity of his son and the "mad, bullying manner" of his son-in-law broke his heart. There were matters that did not yield to moral suasion, however illuminated by the Inner Light and re-inforced by goodwill; and democratic government, nervous instability and cupidity were among them. However, in any case, the best policy for Pennsylvania; what this collection of Inner Lightermen really needed was a period of resolute government, what they had was a period of government by good resolutions, with the consequence that when the colony was rejected by world-politics, the Quakers retired from politics. But Penn remains a fascinating character, and even his failures are instructive.

Domestic Service. By an Old Servant. (Constable, 12s. net.)

Whoever induced "An Old Servant" to put pen to paper ought to be severely censured. The old servant is incapable of writing more than rambling reminiscences of her fifty-two years' service; and her ignorance of the elements of composition leads her so often to bathos that she must appear ridiculous to every reader. Sentences like this: "But we had far more trouble to face after, for one lady had in two nurses"; absurd, and she seldom means what she says; for example: "all the upper servants were old, and the coachman, horses, and carriage were very old." She concludes her "memories" by saying: "We went and saw her also laid in the tomb, and we were in tears all the way home, as we had to look out for other situations. We have had so much of this, and, strange to say, the old coachman died a few minutes after her ladyship. The good-bye a short time before was followed by a shock. We saw the dying and good old coachman; he was so fond of his horses." Her ideas of cause and effect are vague, to say the least; she concludes one story of a poor girl with the words: "She had a hard struggle to get on, but she had been fortunate, and many ladies and servants had helped her, so she was our beloved-lady's maid, and when we had to part with her, after she had been with us only a short time, it was a very sad experience, the maid went from there to Her Majesty Queen Victoria's household till she was married; she has had a very good home in London. So, girls, do not get discouraged. Should you be obliged to start poor, you are sure to get on if you have the blessing of health, and do not forget to write home and honour your parents by being kind and good to them; but I wish you could attach yourself to a family, be sure and honour those who have brought you up, so that you can work for yourself; and if you try domestic service we wish you every success, and by doing well you are sure to have a good friend before you are very old that will help you." She may have been a good servant, as Mrs. George Wemyss, who introduces this book, declares, and she certainly has the soul of a servant, which Shaw declared was the secret of success in servitude; but no one more incompetent to give another person a general idea of domestic service could have been found. To her matter-of-fact mind, all facts are of equal value, and her peculiar use of the copula only enhances the incongruity. Her advice to "all young domestic servants to learn the work defectively, to their superiors, for it is very easy, and it means a very great deal to you," is characteristic; but perhaps the best example of inconsequent connection is in her description of the death of an excellent master. He "went out to speak to some invalids at an asylum where he sometimes went, and sat down in a chair in the office and expired. He was taken home at ten o'clock, and he only went out at nine, so we shed the bitter tear; but he was one of the best of men, and let behind him one of the loveliest characters and examples we could ever see." "The old servant," who prudently calls herself, moralises at times about the war; we quote one example in conclusion: "We say there can never be happier days in service, but we do hope the good old days will return, and even better days, and good girls come and go, giving credit and honour to their parents in days to come, for we know that there is just as good fish in the sea now as has ever been caught—good people in every station, all willing to work if only we could see the end of this distressing war." We repeat that it was a shame to allow the old servant to write in such a fashion; and we hope that the servants will not say, as Mrs. George Wemyss says they "must": "I will try to be like her"; such a course would make paralogy perpetual.

What Is Quakerism? By Edward Grubb, M.A. (Headley Bros., 2s. 6d. net.)

The purpose of this book can best be described in the words of the author: "This book represents the first attempt that has been made for many years—possibly for more than two centuries—to set forth in connected outline the special beliefs and practices of the Society of Friends, and to show how they are vitally related to the central principle of the Inward Light." The writer takes entire responsibility for the views expressed, and has not hesitated to state his own opinions; but he has endeavoured, so far as limited space allows, to treat the subject historically, and to indicate what he believes to have been the position of the Society at different periods." The first general impression produced by the book is that Quakerism is the reward of abstinence: Quakers abstain from all sacraments, from all ceremonies, from war, from taking oaths, and, we believe, from making jokes; certainly, Mr. Grubb makes none. The second impression is that there is no such thing as Quakerism, there is not even a prescribed way of quaking; there are only Quakers, each of whom quakes by inspiration, and not all of them at the same time. The great thing is to quake; as Emerson said: "What have I gained that I no longer immolate a bull to Jove or to Neptune, or a mouse to Hecate; that I do not tremble before the Eumenides, or the Catholic paragory, or the Calvinistic judgment-day—if I quake at opinion, the public opinion, as we call it; or at the threat of mutilation, or of murder? If I quake, what matters it what I quake at?" So far as the Quakers' teaching of the Inner Light is concerned, it may be admitted that it is the essence of religion; but it is no more possible to feed the spirit than the body with essences. There is a spiritual as well as a physical metabolism; each of us has his own idiosyncrasy, and may extract the essence from very diverse substances, while the essence, by itself, might not be assimilable. When Christ fed the multitude, He
mysteriously provided real fishes and real bread, and
let the ordinary processes of digestion and assimilation
build these substances into living tissue; but if he had
been a Quaker, he would have tried to feed them with
the life-giving properties of fish and bread, whatever
they may be. We cannot live even on Divine essences
that others may have extracted for us; and that simple
fact is the explanation of the failure of Quakerism to
convert the world. When we reflect that Quakerism
has given nothing to speculative thought, or to art,
that it works perpetually with the practice of morals,
personal and social, we can see how Quakers defame
even the Inner Light that they mean to glorify. For
the good life is not the sumnum bonum; the spirit is
not merely operative, it is creative, and beauty and
truth are also Divine. "There are diversities of gifts,
but the same Spirit"; but Quakerism has so sedulously
cultivated only one of the activities, the moral activity
of the Spirit, that it is as separatist a doctrine as that
of any sect. Mr. Grubb has much criticism to offer of
the lack of organisation in the Society of Friends, of
the tendency to separation that is always being mani-
fested among those who are illumined by the Inner
Light; but until that body has a tradition not only of
living, but of enjoying, and of creating, that tendency
must be mitigated. For if it is not simple, it is comple-
plex; and man cannot live by the essence of religion
alone.

6s.)

As its title implies, this is the study of the destruction
of a family, and it is appropriate that a Jewish family
should be chosen to illustrate the figure of speech
of a minor Jewish prophet. The author does not at-
tempt to define the causes of degeneracy; miscegenation is probably the explanation; he illus-
trates the declension by a series of scenes of certain
grades of London life, and lets his characters explain
themselves. Lionel Arenski—the grandson of
a K.C. and a Liberal member of Parliament—is
chosen to illustrate the figure of speech
illustrates the declension by a series of scenes of certain
grades of London life, and lets his characters explain
themselves. Lionel Arenski—who, although she was not near the cancer age, was
dying of incurable cancer—convinces him that it is a
crime to prolong human life when a disease is not only
incurable but painful. The grandfather secures the
acquittal of the prisoner; and is just making his plans
for introducing legislation to make euthanasia (at
the patient’s request, and subject to the verdict of a
jury of doctors) legal, when he is stricken dead. How
the story proceeds until the hero is confronted with an
exactly similar problem, the reader must discover
for himself; all that we need say is that the forces, the
people, the events, are so symmetrically arranged that,
in spite of the author’s skill in description of character
and certain phases of London life, it has all the appear-
ance of the demonstration of a thesis. That is, of
course, a description, and not a criticism, of the story;
aimost every psycho-analysis will reveal a similarly
symmetrical structure, a similarly subtle adaptation
of means to ends.

Memoranda.
(From last week’s New Age).

Organisation is to-day what machinery was when it
was first introduced; an immense labour-saving and
economic device; and it would be as foolish an act to
oppose organisation as it was to oppose the use of
machinery.

The proper reply to German organisation is superior
organisation.

Ideal justice is beyond our human powers. Some-
thing surely may be left to God.

It is not a question of the responsibility of England
after the fact of the Australian ultimatum; it is a question
of the responsibility of Germany before it.

The preaching of democracy can scarcely be without
some effect upon the practice of it... Notes of the
Week.

Modern fetishism consists in the worship of person-
ality. Personality is exclusiveness, the incommunicable.
The individuality of beings is merely a fact, and not
a value.

Human personality is not only a small god "apt
for science and government," but also a small devil capable
of falsity and misgovernment.—Ramiro Dr Hazett.

While our judgment of the crime of Germany should
be independent of any question of the form of her
government, our judgment of Germany must take her
form of government into account.

We are not suggesting that by becoming a democracy
Germany should escape the punishment morally due
to her crimes. All we mean to imply is that in becom-
ing a democracy Germany will indicate that the moral
punishment the world hopes to visit on her is likely
to be reformatory as well.

In autocracies there is something that makes for
militarism against which no matter what pacifist leanings
a people may have. In democracies there is something
that makes for pacifism against no matter what mili-
tarist leanings a people may have.—R. M.

Facility of composition has become a convention.
A play may be written in a day, and be a master-
piece; but only if the playwright were already a master.

The story of the Flood does not compare in tragic
power with that of the Crucifixion.—John Francis
Horn.

Morality is in the welling-pot again; and I prophesy
that it will not emerge until a considerable literature
has been dedicated to it.

The price of "Bhagavad Gita" is sixpence.
Evil is only good when it is regarded as absolutely
evil. Think of it as good, even instrumentally, and it
is really evil.—R. H. C.

A tunnel is worth more than a dynasty.

Our literature is always in full bloom after contact
with France. Contrariwise, the best of French
prose is built on England.

A definite start on the Channel Tunnel would be
worth many German defeats.

A nation which protects its bigotry by the propagation
of ignorance must pay the cost in one way or
another.

Civilisation is made by men of unusual intelligence.—Ira
Pound

The thinker who has been twice subtle arrives at
simplicity.
"The last shall be first"; but when they become
first they become also the worst tyrants.—Edward
Moore.

The book is produced in that miserable style that is
common to so many productions intended for the
Labour movement.

Miss Tennyson Jesse’s women have each the sin-
ularity that is the only common attribute of their sex.

It used to be a crime to reveal the mysteries, now it is
a literary occupation.—"Reviews."
PRESS CUTTINGS.

One word let me say as to the democratisation of Germany. We all hope that autocracy in Germany will give place to free government as we understand it and to Parliamentary institutions as we understand them, but unless those institutions are really established in Germany the people of Germany will not have anybody to whom they can make complaints. I am sure, if it be true that the great power of German Imperialism depends upon the belief, driven into the minds of the nations by the action of the war, that only by that can Germany be great, powerful, and rich, then it may well be that, if experience shows that Imperialism will not only produce triumph at the cost of further the commercial or political interests of any single country, but will give place to free government as we understand it, that respect we may hope that at all events one of the chief German delegates, General Friedrich, admitted quite candidly that the treatment of German prisoners was that, contrary to the opinion of all his superiors, subordinates, and friends, he had always maintained that the most practical and efficacious plan was to enter into direct communication with the representatives of the different nations, and that more could be done by a few hours’ talk than by weeks or months of writing. That view was supported by the fact that while those important communications were those been kept at Berlin. Neither side had obtained any advantage over the other. The only persons that had benefited were the prisoners themselves; and even the most careful and bitter criticisms must feel bound to admit that the result of the Conference had been to alleviate the lot of many thousands of gallant and unfortunate men who deserved well of their country.—Lord Newton.

To the Editor of the "Times."

Sir,—As I have frequently been asked as an examiner in the Woolwich Entrance Examination, will you allow me to endorse most emphatically the opinion of your correspondent "Senior Officer," that the boy who is unable to reach the standard required in this examination is simply not fit to hold a commission in a scientific corps. We do not want "stupid" boys who happen to be popular with their headquarters. We want brains we can get, and if we cannot secure the material we want from the "public school system," why not give a chance to schools which are open to clever and industrious boys from our primary schools? There are no "nominations" in the case of legal, medical, or even clerical examinations. Why on earth should this vicious system of jobbery and snobbery be fostered by the British Army?—E. N. Bensot, Captain.

To the Editor of the "Times."

Sir,—I possess a copy of a letter which I have this day sent to Sir Edward Richard Henry, which speaks for itself.

The taxi-driver of the present day is absolutely beyond all control. If you do not wish to go exactly where he wants to go, he refuses to take you; and if you are lucky enough to get a cab and do not give him the tip he thinks he ought to have, he is usually abusive. I know of two cases within one week in which a wounded soldier wished to get to Denmark Hill Hospital; the taxi-man refused to take him, saying he was short of petrol, but when the man offered him a sovereign he very readily accepted. Another case which happened only this morning is a gentleman who happened to be the way the driver wanted to go, so he refused to take him. This gentleman then said, "Well, drive me to Bow Street." The taxi-man’s reply was, “I will drive you to Bow Street,” and he immediately started off at a rapid pace in another direction, taking the passenger with him, and he only stopped when the passenger threw open the door and appealed to a policeman, who said that he had no power to make him go where he was required to go. This is a perfect disgrace, and something should be done for the benefit of the public to insist upon these men, when flying their “For hire” flag, to accept a passenger.

V. Vansittart Bowater.

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