

THE NEW AGE

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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

MR. BALFOUR continues to believe that the Austrian Note was written "in the foolish hope that it might divide the Allies," and impose on the presumed "illimitable gullibility of the Allied public." If that were indeed its purpose, no Note could have been worse designed; for the fact is that the Note has not only not tried the solidarity of the Allies, but it has, if anything, weakened the pacifist elements in the Allied countries. But why is it necessary to imagine that because the Note was actually addressed to the Allies it was actually meant for them? What, on the other hand, appears to us to be the case is that the Note was meant ultimately for home-consumption, only that it required to be exported and re-imported before it could be regarded as properly assimilable. We see, in fact, that whether designed or not—and it should never be forgotten that there are "psychological diplomats" in Germany—this purpose has been more or less achieved. While it cannot be pretended that as yet the Allies have been able to make any capital out of the Note, the Central Powers have made a good deal. Hindenburg has taken advantage of the rejection of the Note, certain as he foresaw its rejection would be, to rally the German people for another lap in a war of "defence against annihilation." The Austrian public has been more or less flattered to have been given, as it were, the initiative in a striking act of diplomacy. And, finally, as for the general effect upon the German people, particularly upon the German Socialists, we can say that from the Prussian point of view it has been wholly good. Their "infinite gullibility" has been drawn upon to such an extent that Scheidemann is now for the purposes of the war no less a never-ending than the pan-Germans. His "sensational" article of last week in which he called for the mobilisation of the last German is the direct fruit of the Austrian Note; and there is no doubt in our minds that the Prussian militarists are completely satisfied with it.

Fault has been found with President Wilson for replying to the Note without consideration (so it is assumed) and without explanation. Of all the Allied Powers, however, President Wilson on behalf of America was most fully entitled to return the Note un-

answered by virtue of the conditions he has long ago clearly laid down. In his Washington speech, it may be remembered, President Wilson defined the terms upon which he would negotiate with the Central Powers in a single sentence. "What we seek," he said, "is the reign of law based upon the consent of the governed and sustained by the organised opinion of mankind." This amounted to a declaration that so far as America is concerned there must be no "reserved" subjects for the peace-settlement, and, still less, any secrecy in the negotiations. And the Austrian Note, which virtually and even explicitly both reserved a number of subjects and insisted upon secret negotiations, was obviously a flat rejection of the President's conditions. Under the circumstances, therefore, it appears to us that President Wilson had nothing else to do, consistently with his self-respect, but to return the reply he made. Unless his Washington speech was to be disregarded and to be treated as non-existent, no other course than to reject the Austrian Note was open to him. And the fact that this reply was and must have been known in Austria to be inevitable is a further proof that the Note itself was intended to be rejected. The Allies, on the other hand, are in a different case altogether. The conditions upon which they are prepared to enter into negotiations with the Central Powers have never been clearly defined. Some of the Allies have, and some have not, endorsed the conditions laid down by President Wilson. Others, again, have, and others have not, repudiated the so-called secret treaties. A common declaration, in other words, has never been made. In these circumstances, so different from the circumstances in which President Wilson found himself, a prompt and curt reply such as his to the American Note is plainly out of the question. We have not, in short, the moral right to make it. The alternative, however, is no less clear: it is to make a joint reply that shall serve both as an immediate reply and as a definition of the unalterable conditions upon which the Allies are prepared, like President Wilson, to negotiate. Such a definition of terms would reduce the danger of further Notes of the type and intention of the Austrian Note; and it would give the Allies the moral right on the next occasion to a laconic reply.

The Allied Labour International which met in London last week cannot be said to have contributed any-

thing useful to the international situation. No reproach upon official diplomacy can lie very well in the mouths of a Conference of irresponsible Labour leaders who, nevertheless, can neither agree among themselves nor advance the cause of peace. Their failure to arrive at any practical result arose from a misunderstanding to which we have often called attention: the misunderstanding, in the first place, of the proper duty of international Labour, and, in the second place, of the particular opportunity open to them. As regards the first, it stands to reason that it was never the business of Labour to *duplicate* the existing forms of diplomacy and to draw up, in a kind of competition with their official Governments, the precise conditions of a peace-settlement. The notorious Labour War-Aims manifesto was thus from that point of view a blunder of policy, an attempt to do something which a mere section of the Allied public had no right to attempt. And as regards the second misunderstanding, it is no less clear to reason that the particular opportunity of Allied Labour was an appeal, not to the general public of Germany, but to the organised Labour and Socialist elements in the enemy countries. With Germany in general, Allied Labour has no *locus standi* for an appeal superior to that of any organised body in our midst; but as against German Labour and Socialism, Allied Labour has not only the right of appeal, but the only right existing. Not only the Conference of last week, however, but every Allied Labour Conference throughout the war, has met under the delusion that its duty was to attempt to supersede the official Governments and to address the whole of the German people in the name of the whole of the Allied peoples. Instead of confining themselves to appealing as from one Labour group to another, employing the language and arguments common to both, and seeking a reconciliation, not of their respective peoples but of their respective groups, the Allied Labour parties appear to us to have tried to usurp the office of their Governments and to carry on diplomacy independently. The net result, however, is to have failed in the lesser as well as in the greater task. Not only has the German people—quite naturally—more or less ignored the appeals of foreign Labour, but the German Socialists themselves, being only incidentally and not exclusively addressed, have similarly been able to dodge the responsibility of a direct reply. In other words, as there has been no peculiarly Labour and Socialist appeal, so there has been no peculiarly Labour and Socialist reply. Both groups have behaved like amateur diplomatists with an eye upon office rather than upon effect.

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It has been often in our minds that a Socialist organ in this country, edited and written for the exclusive benefit of the German Socialist movement, might have done some good, if it could have been circulated in Germany as the "Times" is, by an impartial appeal to the good-sense of the German Socialist parties. In addition to replying by argument to the various articles appearing in the German Socialist Press—an effective form of propaganda which our own capitalist Press has been allowed to employ—we could have carried the matter further by representing to the German Socialists what they have to gain or to lose by adopting this or the other policy. Even on the supposition that prejudice would continue to be imputed to us, the effect of fair reasoning would, nevertheless, in the end, have been felt; and we do not doubt that sooner or later some rapprochement of policy would have been created. The need for such a means of communication is particularly urgent at this moment in view of the reported decision of the Prussian Government to invite the Socialists to enter into a coalition with it. For nothing could very well be more fatal, in our opinion, both for German Socialism and for the world at large, than that such a coalition should occur. Let us point out to our

readers, if we cannot to the German Socialists themselves, what are likely to be the consequences. In the first place, it is clear that the *intention* of the Prussian Government is not only to carry on the war, but to cast the responsibility both for this prolongation and for all its own previous blunders, upon the Socialist movement. In other words, it is a device for withdrawing Prussia from the final responsibility by persuading the Socialists to accept the situation as created and to extricate Prussia from it. But let us note, secondly, that while the whole responsibility is to be cast upon the Socialists, all the power is by no means to be relegated to them. They are to enter the Government as a subordinate factor in a coalition at the same time that they are to become principals, if not the principal, in responsibility. What else can they expect from such an arrangement but all the defeats and none of the victories? By the very fact that they are invited into the Government, and cannot in any sense be said to have forced their way in, their tenure of office will hang upon the whim of their Prussian masters. As soon as these have no longer any use for them, the Socialist element will be expelled as judiciously as it has been invited in. Surely examples, if not the consistent theories of German Socialism against entering a militarist-capitalist Government, will persuade German Socialists against it. Coalitions everywhere—as we have seen even in our own country—are ruled by the predominant party, that is to say, by the party that offers the invitation; and so surely as the German Socialists *accept* an invitation and do not themselves initiate it they are doomed to become the mere fetchers and carriers of the predominant Prussian caste. We do not deny, of course, that it is wisdom on the part of Prussia to make the offer. An inclination to the Left is always policy for a hard-beset oligarchy. What is wisdom for Prussia, however, is folly for German Socialism and democracy. German Socialism, on the other hand, should incline to the Left faster than Prussia can follow it. In the end, it would be able to form a Government by itself, or, at any rate, with itself as the predominant partner in a Coalition.

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We confess that we see the Russian Revolution only through the newspapers darkly; but we are not disposed to agree with our correspondent, Mr. Robieson, that one of the distinctive features of Bolshevism is not the exaltation of manual labour over all other groups in the State. To be sure, the exaltation of manual labour does not imply in theory the extermination of non-manual labour; and we agree that in the official constitution drafted by the Bolshevists the recognition of the indispensability of non-manual labour is made. What we affirmed in the Note to which Mr. Robieson refers was, in the first place, that precedence is given by the Bolshevists to an arbitrarily selected class in the State, the class, namely, of the manual-workers; and, in the second place, that in practice if that policy did not lead to an extermination of the non-manual workers it, nevertheless, would prescribe for them a passive role. Moreover, there is no denying that Lenin, if not M. Litvinoff, is well aware of the exclusiveness of his policy and has taken small pains to conceal it. In a lecture delivered in January and reported in the "Call" of August 15, Lenin said: "If only we could work in peace for a few months it would be quite possible from the economic point of view to re-organise Russia on the basis of the dictatorship of the working-class and peasantry." Lenin had in mind no doubt the economic justification or excuse which Mr. Robieson has pointed out: the excuse that the economic class of Labour is the State. *L'Etat, c'est moi*; and Lenin has made this claim for the working-classes in just so many words. On the other hand, his use of the phrase, "the dictatorship of the working-class and peasantry" is evidence that he recognised the existence, if not the

rights, of other classes, and only sought, after the manner of tyrants everywhere, to subordinate them to the rights of his favourite class.

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So much play is being made by the pacifist Press with the supposed antagonism of the Allies to the Bolsheviks *qua* Bolsheviks that a little explanation may not come amiss. It is, of course, certain that there exists a theoretical objection against the establishment of a proletarian dictatorship in Russia or anywhere else; but the theory in this particular case is altogether submerged in the practical considerations. The Allies may be said to have, as regards Russia, no very strong prejudices in favour of one or another form of government, except in so far as one form of government is more likely than another to bring about the conditions which are essential from the Allied point of view. What these are may be deduced from the situation by the exercise of commonsense. We desire, in the first instance, that the government of Russia, whatever its nature, shall be able to be responsible for Russia, in other words, to speak and act on behalf of the vast mass of the Russian people. And, in the second place, we desire that its government, whatever its form, shall be both able and willing to resist the military exploitation of its neighbours, whether from the immediate East or the immediate West. Given these two conditions, we are sure that the particular form of the Russian government is of little or no practical concern to the Allied Governments. It may be Tsarist—though that is no longer possible; it may be parliamentary or it may be Bolshevik. The choice is really for the Russian people themselves. What, however, is not for their sole choice is the security of the world which depends, in a large measure, not on the form of the Russian government, but on its ability to fulfil the two conditions which we have just laid down. From this point of view, the immediate policy of the Allies in Russia appears to us to be not only intelligible, but reasonable. They have declared their intention of assisting Russia to make up its mind in regard to its future constitution; and, in the meantime, of carrying out *one* of the duties of any future Russian government, namely, that of resisting military conquest. If no Russian government that can be formed can be depended upon for either or both these tasks, Allied "interference," we may be certain, will increase rather than decrease. The world cannot leave to Germany the exploitation of Russia; and if Russia is unable to defend herself by means of her own choosing, Russia must submit to being defended, even against her choice.

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In an interesting letter which we published last week, Mr. R. B. Kerr endeavoured to find a complete theory and explanation of the war in the "populousness" of the modern manufacturing countries. A populous nation, he says, is necessarily aggressive; and we are thus left to presume that the only remedy against war is the general adoption of neo-malthusianism. But if it were true that "populousness" is the chief cause of war, not only should we have many apparent anomalies to explain (for instance, the case of a populous non-aggressive China, the aggression of not only Germany, but of Austria, Bulgaria and Turkey, and, above all, the German *importation* before the war of two million foreign labourers annually) but the outlook before the world would be hopeless, for who imagines that the population of the world can be reduced by voluntary means? War, pestilence, and famine would thus appear to be not the plagues of reason, but the very instruments of reason; and their production and use would be a matter almost of policy. Fortunately for the world, however, the explanation offered by Mr. Kerr of wars in general and of this war in particular is not true. It labours under the superficiality he attributes to us in mistaking one of the concomitant circumstances for the cause

itself; for the cause of wars is not to be sought in the *number* of the population in any given country, but in the relation existing between its primary and its secondary production. Let us explain. Primary production consists in the production of food and raw materials, secondary production in that of manufactures, commerce, etc. Now, when in any given nation secondary production over-balances primary production, its need of foreign markets, both for the purchase of food and raw materials and for the sale of manufactures, becomes imperative, and this, it will be observed, whatever its population in numbers may be. With only half its population the German Empire, for example, would still require foreign sources of supply and sale, and more and more so as its power of secondary production exceeded its power of primary production. We may say, in short, that any nation, whatever its populousness, would be compelled to look abroad for food, raw materials, and markets, to the precise degree that its secondary (or capitalistic) production exceeded its primary (or land) production.

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There are two ways, however, of looking abroad; and Mr. Kerr indicates them in his phrase, "by force or exchange." It is obvious that not all nations in which the economic balance above referred to has been lost proceeds at once to recover the balance by aggression, that is, by force. There is the way of exchange, leading, in the end, to an interlocking system of reciprocities as between nations of primary and nations of secondary production. Such a peaceful method of adjusting a balance presumes, in the long run, a system approaching Free Trade all over the world; and we have many times maintained that it was the proper policy of Germany before the war to adopt and advocate Free Trade in view of the nearing peril of her economic distribution. It is at this point, however, that the *character* of a nation plays a determinant part. Agreeing with Mr. Kerr that there are two ways of meeting the situation of a lost economic balance, it appears reasonable to suppose that a pacific nation will choose for preference the way of exchange over the way of force. On the other hand, it is no less just to assume that a nation whose governing class is military will seek a military solution. Mr. Kerr criticises us for holding that, in the last resort, it is Prussian militarism that is to blame for the war. But in the sense in which we have always employed the term, namely, as "Capitalism armed," he cannot upon his own analysis have any fault to find with it. What appears to us to be clear is that in view of the economic situation, one or other of the two courses of force or exchange was incumbent upon Germany, as it will always be upon any nation in the same circumstances and apart altogether from its populousness or otherwise. The *fact*, however, that Germany was a militarist nation predetermined its choice of means and ensured that, instead of endeavouring to adjust the economic balance by exchange, Germany should endeavour to adjust it by force, that is to say, by aggression. The long education in militarism to which the German people submitted decades before the economic problem became urgent is only another evidence that the Prussian ruling caste preferred war to policy, force to exchange. Not the populousness of Germany, nor even the economic disequilibrium necessitated war; but the war arose with these as circumstances and conditions, in the character of the Prussian caste. We have not space to draw the practical conclusions from the analysis here made. But it is plain that if we have arrived at a correct answer to the question: How was this war caused?—we are on the way to answering the further question: How can similar wars in future be avoided? The solution of economic problems by force is war; their solution by exchange, that is to say, by reason, is peace. The argument can be continued on another occasion.

Foreign Affairs.

By S. Verdad.

NOT even the Mountain, in its extreme form, could find means of lasting for more than a few months; and there appear to be indications that the reign of terror in Russia is coming to an end—that its deepest fury, at any rate, is dying down. One speaks of Russia in this connection; but, properly, one should speak of Petrograd and Moscow. As in Paris over a century ago, wherever the Government (however temporary its powers) can sit in judgment on its political adversaries during a revolution, there will the death-roll be longest. Though the local soviets have undoubtedly exceeded their theoretical functions in many places, and though many landowners have been slain simply because they happened to be landowners, we must recognise that Russia as a whole is not swimming in blood. That does not lessen such anxiety as we may feel with regard to the English, French, American, and Italian colonies in the two chief towns. Remark that we hear little of the large German mercantile colonies in these places, and there is some little hesitancy to be observed even in the German papers when reference is made to conditions in Russia. The assassination of two high German officials, and the hurried flight of Dr. Helfferich to Pskov, are factors which have put a sudden stop to the malicious pleasure taken by the Berlin journalists in stirring up ill-feeling between the foreign colonies and the Bolsheviks; or rather in urging the Bolsheviks to see in the Western European colonies specimens of their "natural enemies," spies, agents of capitalism and imperialism, and so on. It has been found that even the Germans are not popular in Russia.

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While on this subject I should like to point out the foolishness of an argument which is often used by the "Herald" and other pacifist organs, namely, that England and France (though attention is usually directed to France in particular) are fighting in Russia for the sake of the money lent to the various Russian Governments before and during the war. It may be that this statement is genuinely believed by some of those who keep on repeating it; but a moment's consideration should be enough to show its utter falsity. The total indebtedness of Russia to France and England would not cover the joint war expenses of these two countries for more than six or seven weeks; and it is preposterous to suggest that the Paris and London Governments are prepared to spend x times the amount of the debt in getting it back. The strategic and political reasons for removing Russia from German influence are of infinitely greater importance than any sums of money; and Allied troops are being sent to Russia for no other reason. It is absolutely essential that Russia, after the war, should be left in a position of complete economic and political independence, not only towards her Asiatic neighbours but towards her neighbours in Europe also. This is imperative; for if anything less resulted, if Germany were able to take up a dominant attitude towards Russia in any respect, Europe would know no peace. Germany must not be allowed to control any more subject-races. She has been able during this war to utilise the services of twenty million Turks, four and a half million Bulgarians, thirty million Austrian subjects (barring the comparatively few Czechs who succeeded in escaping), and twenty million Hungarian subjects, apart altogether from her own population. This possibility will never recur with the establishment of an independent Poland, Jugoslavia, and Czecho-Slovakia—I mean "independent," and not the milk-and-watery "autonomy" so diffidently advocated by the "Manchester Guardian" and papers of that kidney. But at the same time we must take care that Germany is not permitted to absorb,

economically or politically, any Russian province. What is lost in one direction must not be made up in another. This is a point upon which it is impossible to lay too much stress; and sly allusions to the Russian debt merely beg the question. It is for political reasons alone that every Allied Government has given an unhesitating assent to the Murman and Archangel expeditions; and Russia's relatively trifling debt has nothing whatever to do with the plans which are now being put into execution.

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It is announced that the Serbian Premier, M. Pasitch, is coming to London after his visit to Paris; and this visit happens to coincide with the Allied advance in Macedonia. M. Pasitch has been criticised by his own people of late; and it may be said without offence that we in Western Europe would have liked to feel ourselves in rather closer touch with the Serbian Administration at Corfu than opportunities have permitted. Now that Italy is prepared for the formation of a United Jugoslavia, the time seems particularly favourable for a joint declaration by the leading countries among the Allies—say France, Italy, England, the United States, and perhaps also Japan—regarding the future of Jugoslavia. We may take it that Poland and Czecho-Slovakia have already been approved of, after the statements made on behalf of the Versailles Council and of the Washington Government; though that does not preclude the issue of a joint manifesto making it clear to the whole world that the Austro-German power is to be broken for all time by the complete liberation of their subject-races. In regard to Jugoslavia, however, a closer definition of territory seems to be urgently called for. Poland's limits are well known, as are also the boundaries of Czecho-Slovakia. Jugoslavia is less definite. It includes, as we are all aware, Serbia, Montenegro, Bosnia, Herzegovina, Dalmatia, and Croatia-Slavonia. But claims are also put forward to the Slav (Slovene) settlements in other Austrian possessions—Styria, Carinthia, and Carniola. It is these latter areas which ought to be better defined; and the declaration respecting Jugoslavia should enable the enemy Governments to realise, without possibility of error, exactly what we mean when we speak of the liberation of the Jugoslavs now under Austrian or Hungarian rule.

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Lord Northcliffe has just made a speech in which he urges that Germany should be made to pay an indemnity towards the cost of the war she provoked. Whole books could be written for and against the proposal, and probably will be. From the spiritual point of view I regard an indemnity from the enemy countries (at any rate, Germany and Austria-Hungary) as essential if the inner meaning of the war is to be borne in upon them. The Germans, in particular, will learn no lesson if they are allowed to wage wars, the cost of which is defrayed by their opponents; and we must recollect that Denmark, Austria, and France respectively has to pay the cost of Germany's last three wars in one form or another. I will not now go into the question of Germany's difficult financial position, her inability to pay the current interest on her war debt, and the like; nor is it necessary to discuss the views of those who write in the grand manner to show that Germany's coal is worth so many thousand millions of pounds. That is not practical. I only wish to direct attention to the fact that the Berlin financial papers have published the results of the 1917-18 trading returns. These show that 4,120 companies, with a capital of 14,742,000,000 marks, paid dividends, all told, to the extent of 2,856,000,000 marks, or 19.38 per cent. This was a shade better than the previous year's average. The profits of small businesses and professional earnings are not included.

A Missing Factor.

By Leighton J. Warnock.

It has been rumoured for many months that Croatia-Slavonia—now a province of Hungary with a certain amount of local autonomy—is to be enlarged by the addition of Bosnia-Herzegovina, now under the administration of Austria. A fresh Vienna report announces that Count Czernin is to be appointed governor of this new district. It is not of much concern whether these statements are true; but they are of interest as drawing attention to a feature of the Austro-Hungarian subject-races which has never been made sufficiently plain to the British public—a feature, indeed, which has hardly even been hinted at. I have in mind the difficulty even a patient inquirer must meet with when trying to ascertain some definite facts regarding the new States which it is proposed to constitute after the war—Poland, Jugoslavia, Czecho-Slovakia. I shall have something to say of Poland later on; but for the moment it will be enough to speak of Czecho-Slovakia and Jugoslavia. Czecho-Slovakia consists, we have been told, of Bohemia, Moravia, and Slovakia. Good. But the two first-named provinces are part of Austria. Bohemia and Moravia are recognised territorial areas; they have their local diets, finances, etc., and particulars regarding them may be found in the official Austrian reference books. They are set out in detail—you have little difficulty in finding out their area, agricultural production, number of local credit societies, occupations, and so on; and when we come to consider the setting-up of a new State these and similar particulars are essential. We must know what the different parts of the State are worth, what they produce, how far manufacturing industry has developed, whether the communications by rail, road, and canal or river are adequate, whether the postal arrangements are satisfactory, and so forth. As I say, we can get most of these particulars in the case of Bohemia and Moravia.

There is, however, a third element in the Czecho-Slovak State, namely, Slovakia. Now, there is no such territorial area in existence at this moment at all. I have never seen Slovakia described in print. Slovakia is not a province of Hungary in the same way as Bohemia and Moravia are provinces of Austria. There is, I believe, a large map of Hungary on which the boundaries of Slovakia are marked, but it appears to be in possession of the Czecho-Slovak Council in Paris. To the best of my knowledge, there is no book or pamphlet on the market which says exactly where Slovakia is, how we know that a certain area is Slovakia at all, and what this area possesses in the way of crops, roads, rivers, canals, railways, mineral wealth, and the like. This, I submit, is a shortcoming, and some of the Czecho-Slovak propagandists agencies would do well to supply the omission. Slovakia consists of a number of Hungarian counties in which the Slovak dialect of the Czech language predominates. Hungary is divided into counties precisely as England is—that is, there are no local diets (as in Austria) for these areas, which are administered by purely local bodies. There are, therefore, no separate statistics of an important kind; but by delving into the detailed statistics of the Kingdom of Hungary you may find enough data to enable you to trace Slovakia and some of the more elementary facts appertaining to it. Before the war the large Hungarian books of statistics used to be issued in Hungarian (Magyar), in French, and in German; but since the war began,

so far as I can discover, they have been issued in Magyar only. It is not an easy language to learn to speak, I should say, but it is easy to learn to read; and no doubt some of the Czechs know enough of it to be able to tell us something of Slovakia.

Again, there are difficulties when you come to Jugoslavia, and difficulties which the Jugoslav propagandist agencies should rectify. Here is a new country, Jugoslavia; and, even if it is organised on a federal basis, it must present a united front to the world. It must be as united, statistically speaking, as Germany. It is not so at present. I do not yet know whether the Jugoslavs have decided how much of Styria, Carniola, and Carinthia they propose to claim. Opinions differ. In the meantime, if you wish to find out something of the areas forming Jugoslavia you have to consult (1) the Serbian official statistics (if you can get them), (2) the Foreign Office or other Reports regarding Montenegro, (3) Austrian statistical works for the provinces of Bosnia and Herzegovina, (4) Hungarian statistical works for Croatia-Slavonia, and (5) the detailed Hungarian statistics (in Magyar) for the countries covering approximately the territorial area vaguely described as the Banat—an area which, like Slovakia, is not recognised by the Hungarian Government at all; an area, again, with regard to parts of which Serbian and Roumanian claims conflict. All this information ought to be available in the form of a single volume. The Jugoslav propagandists should gather together statistics relating to Jugoslavia for the last twenty-years—area (saying in detail exactly where situated); population (showing non-Jugoslavs, languages, size of chief towns, etc.), religious denominations; educational facilities, proportion of teachers to children in different areas, and so on; judicial arrangements; pauperism statistics; local, provincial, and if possible municipal finance; agricultural particulars—total area of Jugoslavia, area of agricultural land, area of arable land, non-fertile, and forests; principal crops year by year in the different provinces, proportion of land under wheat, oats, rye, and so forth; mining figures (workmen, production, value, potentialities); manufactures; roads, railways, inland waterways; labour organisations, posts, telegraphs, and telephones; banking and credit systems; taxation (worked out in proportion per head, etc.), and similar matters. As I have said, I know where to get some of these particulars, some of which I have given in previous articles; but the Jugoslav agencies should have produced them long ago and presented the volume to the chief newspapers and libraries in all Allied countries. How can practical students be expected to take an earnest interest in Jugoslavia and Czecho-Slovakia unless they know something about these places? I agree with my colleague, Mr. S. Verdad, that we ought to consider the spiritual point of view more than we do; but I am taking that for granted. Let us assume that we are agreed on that point, and that we are now setting up the new State of, say, Jugoslavia. Well, we cannot do so without the particulars I have called for; and very few Englishmen, Frenchmen, Italians, or Americans are in a position to get them.

One more point: accuracy is essential. In Dr. Benesh's book, "Bohemia's Case for Independence" (Allen and Unwin; preface by Mr. Wickham Steed), it is stated (p. 90): "In Hungary, all coal is found exclusively in Slovakia." Well, it isn't. In the first place, there is hardly any stone (pit) coal in Slovakia at all, though thirteen million tons of it come from around Budapest, Transylvania, and the Banat. Secondly, about half the lignite (brown coal) in Hungary comes from the Nagybanya, Oravicza, Zalatna, Zagrab, and other areas nowhere near Slovakia. This is no doubt a slip of the pen; but it would have been better if it hadn't happened.

The Workshop.

VI.—THE INDUSTRIAL UNIT AND THE NEW SHOP STEWARD.

THE connection, at the first glance not discernible, between locality and amalgamation, becomes evident when we realise that the workshop is local and stands most urgently in need of amalgamated effort. It is in the workshop where the employers enforce their will; it is the workshop that suffers first and most acutely from disunity or unco-ordinated trade-union action. It is the worker in the workshop who pays in loss, suffering, and victimisation; the central official is put to the trouble of signing cheques for strike-pay or the personal discomfort of conducting the strike (presuming it gains executive sanction)—work comparable to rough-and-ready electioneering—his interest in the strike being mainly professional, like an insurance agent paying fire or life liabilities. That is not to say, however, that the central union, with its officials, does not fulfil a necessary and valuable function. All to the contrary; in their search for a more effective local unit of organisation, the shop stewards, so far as I know, do not dream of weakening the national union. It is indeed part of their case that the national union gains immeasurably by concentrating local enthusiasm and local industrial power, where those two elements are always to be found—in the workshop.

It will not be denied, I imagine, that the contact between the executive and the local organisation has recently developed a tendency to short-circuit. The defects of centralisation have become exposed. They were inherent in trade unionism prior to the war; the strain of war would naturally reveal them. But, since it is the workshop that first suffers from the defective structure, since it is the workshop that has most to gain by co-ordinated local effort, it was inevitable that the movement for amalgamation should originate in the workshop; that the conditions essential to amalgamation, namely, local industrial unity, should be anticipated by the local leaders in the workshop. Broadly stated, these local leaders are the new shop stewards.

The ever-changing relations between central direction and local loyalty constitute a problem always present in practical democracy. The weakness of local sentiment is that it tends to particularism. I once knew a town councillor who thought and spoke of nothing save the drainage scheme to the committee of which the worthy city fathers had elected him. He was ubiquitous at conferences, never failing to impress his hearers with the vast importance of drainage in general and his own local scheme in particular. In like manner, a local strike is apt to colour the imagination of its participants—a strike viewed by the executive as a mere affair of outposts. Nevertheless, fundamental truth is generally found at the bottom of local movements; the local impulse, informed by truth, however crude, gradually spreads, until the executive recognises its justice and vitality and accepts the new situation. The weakness of centralised authority is that, in the pursuit of policy, it is apt to become detached from fundamental truth. Policy may or may not be the negation of truth; it is generally either the evasion of truth or its minimisation. The working principle of *soi-disant* practical politics is that you secure the maximum effort with the minimum truth. The greater the truth, the greater the opposition. It is, of course, a delusion as old as Moses: "Take heed to yourselves that your heart be not deceived, and yet turn aside and serve other gods and worship them." The weighing of the attractions of "other gods" most frequently brings the centre into collision with the more direct, less subtle local sentiment. Certainly there always comes a time when local men, driven desperate, on the one side by harsh conditions, on the other by executive policy, take the law into their own hands, and, in the name of democracy,

proceed to extremes. Granting that democracy postulates discipline, we cannot deny the democratic impulse at the root of the local movement for a more elastic expression of local life and work. This issue came to a head on the Clyde in 1915. The local men decided on independent action despite the advice of the A.S.E. Executive. It is interesting to note how it struck an analytic mind. Mr. H. H. Jones, Lecturer on Social Economics in Glasgow University, watching the strike at close quarters, wrote:—

"It is very important to notice the issues, for we are watching to-day the birth-pangs of a new unionism, and this dispute shows quite clearly the divergence between the methods of the past and the proposals for the future, which in many quarters are being vigorously urged. The adherent to the unionism still current would argue thus: The Withdrawal of Labour Committee represents the negation of collective bargaining, since collective bargaining implies an agreement covering a period of time, and such an agreement implies in turn an enduring organisation of labour. A party to a contract must be either a continuous personality or a legal inheritor of its rights and duties. Thus, the Labour Withdrawal Committee cannot be reconciled with trade unionism: it stands for anarchism in the industrial world, and no logic can make it consistent with constitutionalism, for (i.) its aim is the destruction of government machinery; (ii.) its economic success depends upon the prior achievement of that destruction; (iii.) that success if achieved makes it a governing body, open to the same kind of attack and destruction as marked its own rise to power. This is an infinite process whose every link is a breach of continuity, a mode of perpetual succession in which each successor wipes out the obligations attaching to its patrimony.

"On the other hand, his opponent would urge, there is nothing catastrophic in the new procedure. Existing unionism displays a permanent officialdom out of touch with its constituents and paymasters, and our object is to maintain close connection between it and them. The only way for us to do this is to leave undefined the period for which they are elected to serve. An official closely in touch with and loyal to his electorate might conceivably hold office *ad vitam*, but we wish to be free to use *ad culpam* against him without notice given. All that happens is therefore a resumption by the body politic of a temporarily delegated sovereignty—no insurgent group can succeed unless its views embody some sort of 'general will.' There is no 'negation of collective bargaining' in our policy as a whole, for we aim also at the democratic control of production, and, like Britain herself, we shall never have a revolution because revolutions will be periodic and normal."*

Mr. Jones, I think, predicates a changing sovereignty in a continuing body of organisation. In the light of subsequent events, he would probably recognise a change, not only of the governing authority, but of the organisation itself. The logic, conscious or unconscious, of the new shop steward movement, not only involves action *ad culpam* against elected leaders, but also the strengthening of local authority, by the consolidation into one body of all the groups in the workshop, groups at present affiliated to several different unions and therefore not at present responsive to quick and united action. But when we reach this stage, we are faced with a definite change in the structure of trade unionism. This change, as we shall see, will be marked by the transfer of authority from the trade union "branch" to the workshop. The new shop steward reigns in the workshop; he is a nonentity in the branch. In the workshop he is chosen by the workers, irrespective of their particular craft, by the skilled and unskilled alike. It is the old shop steward who still reports to the branch.

* "Political Quarterly," May, 1915.

Thus, the new shop steward, although invariably himself a trade unionist, does not act as such, but as the elected representative of his section of the shop, chosen by employees of every trade and union. The effects of this, now increasingly realised, are (i.) to constitute the shop as the unit of activity, thereby superseding the trade union branch; (ii.) to organise an effective local counterpoise to centralisation; (iii.) to expedite and finally compel trade union amalgamation as the first step to the Industrial Union; (iv.) to compass industrial solidarity by bringing the worker of every grade into organic cohesion. But let the new shop steward speak for himself. Mr. J. T. Murphy, one of the ablest of the new men, writes:—

"The only way the mutual interests of the wage-earners can be secured, therefore, is by united effort on the part of all interdependent workers, whether men or women. Many have been the attempts in the past to bring about this result. Federal schemes have been tried and amalgamation schemes advocated. Characteristic of them all, however, is the fact that always they have sought for a fusion of officialdom as a means to the fusion of the rank and file. We propose to reverse this procedure. Already we have shown how we are driven back to the workshops. With the workshops, then, as the new units of organisation, we shall now show how, starting with these, we can erect the structure of the Great Industrial Union, invigorate the Labour movement with the real democratic spirit, and in the process lose none of the real values won in the historic struggle of the trade union movement."*

Plainly, a movement from below instead of from above. In the circumstances, this is not surprising; there seems no motive or impulse from above; from below, amalgamation has grown imperative.

We must not, however, cavalierly dismiss the trade union branch as obsolete because it has proved inadequate to certain industrial developments. There is the difficult question of finance, properly involving central control, in which the branch is vitally concerned. There is the problem of craft training and protection, which is by no means solved by the formation of an industrial union. It is possible, too, that the federal organisation, notably in the textile industries, may profoundly modify the conception of workers' committees, which has taken shape in the metallurgical industries. We must see how far the federal idea can be reconciled with and adapted to the principle of amalgamation. Obviously, the federal method has anticipated and, in some measure, satisfied local sentiment. In discussing trade union structure, these aspects cannot be ignored. Meantime, it may be best to conclude this section by completing my survey of the new shop stewards' argument for the workshop as the right unit of local activity.

A point urged against the branch is that it is composed of members from different shops and often of divergent interests. Mr. Murphy thinks that the branch has not the community of feeling found in the shop:—"Men working together every day become familiar to each other, and easily associate because their interests are common. This makes common expression possible. They may live, however, in different districts and belong to various branches. Fresh associations have therefore to be formed, which at the best are but temporary, because only revised once a fortnight at the most, and there is thus no direct relationship between the branch group and the workshop group."

In his general scheme of workshop organisation, Mr. Murphy is in substantial agreement with Messrs. Galacher and Paton. Mr. Murphy wants a Plant Committee. "Without a Central Committee on each plant," he says, "the Workshop Committee tends to looseness of action. . . . On the other hand, with a Plant Com-

mittee at work, every change in workshop practice could be observed, every new department tackled as to the organisation of the workers in that department, and everywhere would proceed a growth of the knowledge among the workers of how intimately related we are to each other, how dependent we are each on the other for the production of society's requirements. In other words, there would proceed a cultivation of the consciousness of the social character of the methods of production. Without that consciousness all hope of a united working class is vain and complete solidarity impossible."

Subject to the reservations already indicated, we may provisionally regard the workshop as the future unit of Labour organisation. S. G. H.

Function and Rights.

By Ramiro de Maeztu.

I AM glad that Mr. Robieson seems to understand what is meant by the functional principle. The world is sailing on heavy seas. Last March it looked as if our ship was about to be wrecked amidst the cliffs of Prussia. This would have been, of course, a solution for our perplexities: the Germans had the rudder—law and order of command—and the other nations had the oars. Even if we get rid of this nightmare, profiteering will be still with us; and if the moral conscience of mankind cannot endure any longer the shame of profiteering, there would always remain the rocks of Bolshevism: the suppressing of all hierarchies, and, therefore, the abolition of industry, of culture, and of civilisation. But there is still a slender hope that the world may see in the functional principle a way out of injustice and savagery. For the functional principle may secure both hierarchy and social justice, discipline and democracy.

It is evident that Mr. Robieson has understood what is meant by the functional principle, because he says:

"Functions are, I think, most conveniently defined for our purposes as social values; and the functional principle (to correspond) as the impossibility of justifying any social institution, law, or act, except by the values implied in it."

That is well said, and there is nothing to object to the definition. It would, perhaps, be convenient to underline the word "justifying," because function has been adduced in this controversy as the best possible justification of rights—no function, no rights—that is to say, as a legal principle, or as the principle of right law.

It is very acute and interesting of Mr. Robieson to attempt to arrive at a clear distinction between the mathematical and biological senses of the term "function." The only complaint to be made is that Mr. Robieson has not carried the distinction far enough. For if he had done so, he would have seen that in applying the word "function" to jurisprudence, there is no longer any possibility of combining the biological with the mathematical sense. Function as the justification of rights must be understood purely in the mathematical sense, and not in the biological. And the reason is clear. In the biological sense, functional activities do not involve values unless we begin by postulating that life in and for itself is a value; and we cannot accept this postulate, because the life of a deadly microbe is not a value. This is the relative truth contained in the Buddhist religion. When a Buddhist affirms that life is not a value, we are bound to confess that in and for itself life is not valuable. Life becomes valuable only in a positive relation to values. I realise that this is a

* "The Workers' Committee. An Outline of its Principles and Structure." By J. T. Murphy. (The Sheffield Workers' Committee. Price 2d.)

hard saying; but if we are going to find a measure for the value of life, we must get away *beyond* life, and that is what the average man means when he judges of the value of another man, saying, for instance, that his life is valuable. The average man does not mean that life in and for itself is valuable, but that a particular life is valuable because it has tended to promote or to maintain certain values. In the mathematical sense we first fix the values, the goals, as things apart from the flux of life; and then we measure the positive or negative value of the different lives as tending to or deviating from these goals; and in this way we avoid the crushing retort of Mr. Chesterton upon the progressivists when he accuses them of wanting progress in all directions. We must first fix the goal in order to know afterwards whether an activity is progressive or regressive.

I am afraid that Mr. Robieson in his desire to combine the functional and the liberal principles is pouring new wine into old bottles, and falling into obvious contradictions. He says, for instance, that society is not an organism, a proposition with which I agree. But, then, later on, he accuses me of forgetting "that the community is a living thing." This will not do. All organisms are living things; all living things are organisms; therefore, organisms and living things are the same. And I do not think that it is possible to grasp the full meaning of the functional principle until it is clearly realised that societies are *not* organisms or living things, but simply and merely partnerships in common things, common things that may have a positive or a negative value, but which are not living. If we understand that we are speaking only in metaphor, there is no harm in employing phrases such as "England expects," "the life of the Church," or "the firm wishes"; but, as a matter of fact, societies do not live or act or will; it is individuals only who act and will, and is only by their acts and wills that the common values around which societies are constituted increase or decrease.

The legal meaning of the functional principle is susceptible of a very clear and simple statement: no function, no rights. By this is meant that all so-called subjective rights, the right of a king to his crown, of a Cabinet Minister to his office, of a landowner to his property, my own right to the disposal of my purse, the right of every man to dispose of his own person, ought not to be considered as sacred and intangible rights, because they do not originate from the essence of the individuals; they ought to be looked upon as social rights granted by society to the individuals, and, therefore, subject to the functions which justify those rights. If you pick my purse, I am entitled to call a policeman and have my purse returned. According to the prevailing theories of law, the purse ought to be returned to me because it is mine. But the real reason why it should be returned to me ought not to be that it is mine, but that I have been invested with the function of employing money for a social purpose. The purse is not mine; nothing can be mine—not even my own person. All I hold I hold on trust.

The difference between Mr. Robieson and myself seems to begin here—who is to be the judge of the fulfilment of our trust? Mr. Robieson appears to believe that every man must be his own judge. I believe, on the other hand, that it is better, on the whole, that every man shall be judged by a jury of twelve good men and true. There may be mistakes in both cases; but let us not juggle with words. Responsibility is responsibility before somebody else. The Liberals are very angry with the Kaiser when he asserts his responsibility before God and nobody else. How do they differ from him when they refuse to submit their actions to the judgment of their fellow men and claim the right of private judgment as a final decision?

Tariff and Copyright.

"If we don't get to know these people" (i.e., English, French, Italian, our allies) "better, this war is a *failure*." These words were addressed to me by Mr. George Russell in the office of the United States Department of Public Information, London; and they are the finest words spoken by any American official since the death of Abraham Lincoln.

Among the present hindrances to communication, two at least are utterly needless; the first, America's demodé and mediæval import duty on books, an atavism with which the city of Paris had dispensed in the sixteenth century, and the elimination of which aided in no small degree to keep Paris a centre of civilisation; the second hindrance is the red tape and insecurity of the copyright regulations.

Of these two, the first is America's sole affair; at least, she alone can rectify the present stupidity. But the second calls for reciprocal intelligence and reciprocal action between England and America.

America's tariff on books should be removed because it is a hindrance to international communication, serious at any time, and doubly serious now when we are trying to understand France and England more intimately. The question, however, should be wholly dissociated from the question of tariffs in general. Books have an immaterial as well as a material component, and because of this immaterial component they should circulate free from needless impediment, and should not be hindered in their migrations, even for the sake of material gain. After all, the Government's income from import duty on serious literature is negligible; and the sole solid result is to handicap American authors, and to preserve a provincial tone in American literature.

The expression of thought is a process capable of improvements as complex and as important as the improvements of material mechanical processes; but the American writer hears of such improvements ten years late, and begins with that handicap. For example, the American novice begins to imitate a model just about the time Europe has got tired of the fashion. Also they get these crazes untempered, with the outstanding quality unbalanced by surrounding factors. In a period when English literature is weak, they do not know of this weakness in time, and are not driven to investigating French work which may be—as it was from 1870-1890—in a period of unusual vigour. In any science you would recognise that a man who is not aware of the last technical discoveries is at a disadvantage. So is the American author; and the disadvantage is certainly not compensated by his being "protected by a tariff." In the arts particularly, the only work that counts is work that does not need protection. Until America can produce such work, her artists are merely injuring the public intelligence by circulating the second-rate. The serious worker is penalised. Some of the best American work has been published abroad, and the American author penalised for trying to send it home.

Serious literary work cannot be regarded as commerce or as manufacturing. My redaction of Fenolosa's work on the Japanese Classical Drama, for example, cost twenty years' work to Fenolosa, and my skill acquired by ten years of serious practice. No possible, or, at any rate, no probable sales can compensate this at the rate of unskilled day labour, or pay it a living wage. Should one be taxed on top of this—taxed for wishing to share the result with a limited American public? Dr. Rennert's work on Lope de Vega falls under the same category. Serious works of realism, works which should serve as stimuli and models to young writers, have their entry into America retarded. The young man in Bloomsbury thus gets ten years' start of the young man in New York or

Indianapolis. With the cost of living higher, with the chances of leisure less, with life brief as it is, ten years' handicap is almost irrecoverable.

The country, any country, wants all the books it can get. Only cheap good books can compete with cheap bad books. It would even be a blessing if all the second-hand book shops in Charing Cross Road could be dumped in an American city, any American city.

America has now a sane law about the importation of works of art, painting and sculpture. Why not for books? I think even in the case of cheap reprints like Dent's "Everyman Series" there is much to be said for getting rid of the tariff. There are plenty of good classics which Dent does not reprint. The general level of intelligence would be improved much more by an American firm's reprinting other classics even if the volumes cost ten cents more, than by advancing the cost of Dent's classics ten cents to the poor man, and having American firms competing by a series of reprints of the same books. If, for example, an American firm were running a different set of books in competition, I should have two chances of getting a cheap issue of Golding's "Ovid," or Gavin Douglas' "Virgil," which now I cannot get, save by sheer luck in finding a 1710 issue of one and a three dollar reprint of the other.

Only those who are fed up with poor books hunt out the good ones. Literature should compete by quality not by cheapness. Literature is more important than the printing trade; and the dual nature, intellectual and material, of books should wrench them out of the doctrinaire inclusion in a general discussion of economics. The law of supply and demand does not cover the matter. In any case, the non-competitive books should go in free; the first 3,000 should go in free.

It should be easier for a book to be copyright than for it to be not copyright. It should be easier for a man to keep the right to the work of his hands, or of his brain, than for another to steal it. The present American copyright law is understood by few people, and is of advantage neither to the public nor to the authors.

EZRA POUND.

Java Days.

By Leopold Spero.

It was yet dark when we rose to take the road to Sindanglaya. There was hustle and movement within the courtyard of the Hotel Bellevue. Early breakfasts for five adventurous travellers were prepared. Fat pony teams were harnessed to little covered carts. Cold feet stamped about the flags, and cold hands chafed and clapped together in sympathy. The great volcano Salak smiled out of the tropic night with tolerant contempt. By a mere turn of the head he could see to the end of the puny distance on which we were spending so much care and preparation.

Presently, the party was ready. There were three carts. In the first was one of those extraordinary old ladies only to be found in the United States, who disregard the infirmities of age and set forth to wander round the world and see its wonders at a time when an Englishwoman, if she travels at all, reckons her voyaging by no larger measure than the shopping distance to London. With her was a nervous companion, for what service paid one cannot imagine, since all the pluck and enterprise and adroitness of management came from her mistress. The second cart was shared by an egg-headed Californian botanist, sent with a first-class ticket, plenty pocket-money, and private mail-bags to collect samples of entomological orange pest for a far-seeing State Department of Agriculture; and by a blithe Hungarian lad of family and means, whose father had given him *carte blanche* most wisely to graduate in the proper study of mankind before his native hope and brightness were clouded by the damp

mists of business and politics. The third cart I had to myself, curiosity rising in triumph from a full stomach.

The ponies rattled down the red road into the dawn which climbed in saffron robes over the distant mountains and stippled the watery terraces of paddy with the jewels and braid of light. A bullock heaved himself slowly from the pool where he had lain, and marked our passing with eyes of mild interest. Tall trees presented arms to us, and the vocal music of marsh and meadow and fragrant air arose in greeting.

The day was now fairly awake. The pretty brown Soenda women, clad in painted sarongs, came out from the doorways of their houses to stare at our cavalcade. Soon they would be at work in the gardens of every *désa*, as their villages are called. The men, for their part, would sit cross-legged in the road, smoking, chewing betel nut, drinking Heaven knows what bastard Dutch temperance beverages—and, above all things, boasting. But work is a horse of another colour, fit for the women to ride. Your Soendanese buck has little use for the curse of Adam. Give him his drink, his smoke, his wife, his ornamented kris, his interminable historical drama, and his plantation, and there is nothing else he needs, unless it be a mortgage on the farm from a Chinese moneylender. But he takes this last at some peril of having to work in the future with an unexpected and an unwelcome assiduity. The Chinaman is a good forecloser.

Soon the road began to be dotted with a straggling procession of women bound for the markets with fruit and rice and other produce. They strayed along at their ease, most uncommercial travellers. I stopped one, and demanded, like Simple Simon, to taste her ware. She had Ladies' Fingers in her basket, those tiny bananas which grow like weeds in the land. She had mangosteens, whose mystery of form and scent is better than their taste. She had a third fruit, the name of which I cannot recall; but it was like a lime, with a thin, crackling skin, which, when peeled, exposed a pleasant pulp of citrus flavour. For a penny or two I filled my pockets with a medley of strange things.

We were now at the foot of a hill, which rose in a gentle but steady slope through paddy fields towards a wooded height. Sitting in the cart had become irksome, and it was high time to stretch legs and walk. The sun was blazing hot, and the day was thirsty. Wherefore it was a wise thought to hold up yet another merchant of the highway, and buy pineapples from him at a halfpenny a time. And what rare luxury to treat these as fruits of no account, tearing their hide off in lavish thickness and casting it away with a careless abandon that would surely have broken the heart of any London chef. Sweet and clean and beautiful pineapples, did it matter to you to be seized and mouthed in German fashion, chewed and spluttered over and shaken from dripping hands into the dust of the golden road of Adventure? You serve your purpose, and yours is the pride of quenching a thirst that was more than mortal.

It was here that we men drew up for a conference. Someone had heard of a silent and wonderful pool, a tarn of mystery hidden in the hillside. So the two carts were drawn up by the bend of the road, and we struck away to the left on foot through a tea plantation, scattered with great logs of teakwood. The little brown women were all busy at the bushes, picking leaves for Mincing Lane to earn pocket-money for the lord and master of the Kampong. They did not heed us, and we came to a forest where the teak was being felled. In the low broken light of the leaves and branches, the path led us suddenly to the end of our quest.

The pool lay undisturbed, like an idle woman's eyes. On the opposite bank, a mountain spur shot up in a wooded precipice, casting so deep a shade across the water that we shivered for lack of the sun's companionship. There was no sound about us of bird or beast,

no ripple on the face of the water. The trees on the hillside seemed to menace our approach, and their reflection in the depths shot a gloomy suspicion at us from beneath our feet. The air was dank and heavy.

We turned without a word, and made our way back through the forest to the pleasant human voices among the tea, to the scented air of the open fields, the kindly light of the sun, the good companionship of the red road. And so we went our way uphill at the heads of the straining ponies.

Drama.

By John Francis Hope.

It is often contended on behalf of the stage that it has a powerful educative influence; as one of the actors of the last generation said: "A boy may forget his first sermon, but never his first play." Acting on this assumption, a whole school of playwrights turned schoolmaster, and carefully educated the playgoing public in the advanced thought of the day. But the playgoing public is a large one, and has at least as many Forms as a school; and the Sixth Form plays dealing seriously with "social evils" are not for everybody. The problem of education, we are told, is really the problem of elementary education; and Miss Doris Keane's reappearance makes me wonder whether she has joined the company of educators of the public. She played "Romance" for so long that it became Reality to many playgoers; now she appears in "Roxana"; and we need only another play to complete our study of the three R's. I am not quite sure what it is that she educates; judging by results, she seems to give vocational training in appreciation, for the playgoers on the first night shouted for joy at her reappearance—not like the Sons of God, but like the Sons of the Phoenix. They adored their teacher, and gave her flowers.

The most elementary education is of morals, and "Roxana," I need hardly say, is a moral play. It is a farce, and farces always show us what trials beset the person who deviates from the straight and narrow path of ideal matrimony. Farces are parables of the Judgment Day; they show us the temptation, the fall, the discovery, the attempted defence, the purgatory, and the final forgiveness of sins. "To marry is to domesticate the Recording Angel"; "be sure your sins will find you out"; "there is nothing hidden that shall not be revealed": all these axioms are implicit in every farce that I have seen. The farce is obviously as well descended from the Morality Play as is the melodrama; but "there are souls that must be saved," said drunken Cassio, and farce shows us these, and "there are souls that must not be saved," and these come to a bad end in melodrama. Both types of play illustrate, the one positively, the other negatively, the doctrine that without repentance there is no forgiveness of sins; but both of them are really Mohammedan in their assumption that Paradise is the love of woman.

Miss Doris Keane has all the qualifications of an elementary teacher of morals. She recommends virtue by her very presence; she is truth, beauty, and righteousness personified. It was Bishop Wilson who said that "if it were not for the practical difficulties attending it, virtue would hardly be distinguishable from a kind of sensuality"; Matthew Arnold comments on this: "The practical difficulties are, indeed,

exceeding great. Plain as is the course and high the prize, we all find ourselves daily led to say with the *Imitation*: 'Would that for one single day we had lived in this world as we ought!' Yet the course is so evidently plain, and the prize so high, that the same *Imitation* cries out presently: 'If a man would but take notice, what peace he brings to himself, and what joy to others, merely by managing himself right!'" Throughout the three acts of "Roxana," the Duke of Moreland was learning this lesson, to the great edification of himself and the audience. The pulpit may denounce, melodrama may warn, but farce alone edifies; and the sound moral instinct of the playgoing public is shown by its preference for farce.

A perfect people, of course, would have no need of farce, but we may judge of their proximity to perfection by the quality of the sin that merits condemnation. The more venial the sin, the nearer to perfection is the people. "Roxana," from this point of view, is very little lower than the angels. On their wedding-day Roxana saw her husband kiss a woman and heard him call her "Suzanne"; and only according to the highest possible standard of matrimonial morality could such an offence be regarded as more than venial. To those who do not share the loftiest ideal, it would seem trivial; but it was enough to make Roxana leave her husband, and pretend to be a widow. The pretence, perhaps, mars the effect of her moral grandeur, as also does her smuggling of dutiable articles; and in this respect the play has gone beyond Christian morality; for Christianity permits only the morally perfect to deliver moral judgments, it is the modern objective ethics that insists that the validity of moral judgments is not determined by the moral character of the judge. Christianity, with its teaching: "Let him that is without sin cast the first stone," would prohibit anybody from putting anybody else in the wrong; and the people who must condemn their neighbours are obliged to invent or subscribe to a doctrine of impersonal ethical judgments. Perhaps for practical purposes we are obliged to concede the right of moral judgment to those who are morally perfect in the matter concerning which they deliver judgment; this would accord with the principle of function which Señor de Maeztu has enunciated, and limit the power of judgment to those matters in which the judge was qualified to judge. Only those who had never kissed anyone but their spouses would thus be qualified to condemn the kissing of people outside the bonds of matrimony.

"Roxana," I am afraid, has done me good; it has made me think seriously of the moral laxity of this generation. The play, of course, comes from America, which is engaged at present in the task of teaching morality to Europeans. It would be amusing if we could only forget our delinquencies; but it is constructed to make us remember them, to contrast the noble morality of the American maiden with the depravity of the English peerage. We all know what dukes are, kissing every woman they meet—and marquesses are no better than they ought to be; and it is those little suppers of champagne and sandwiches that have made it necessary for our Peers to learn again from the American maiden what their mothers taught them, the necessity of being faithful in word, deed, and thought to the one woman allotted to them by law. A few more women like Roxana would create a moral revolution in this country, and the Bishop of London and his supporters would find themselves without anything to condemn. "Roxana" is a most effective tract, and it shows us that all the wiles of an English duke cannot prevail against the simple wisdom of innocence that is the prerogative of the American maiden.

Readers and Writers.

EVERYBODY knows that Sterne's "Sentimental Journey" broke off suddenly in the second book at the crisis of a characteristic Shandian incident. What everybody does not know—I confess I only learnt it myself a few days ago—is that Sterne's editor, one Eugenius, not only concluded the incident, but carried on the Journey to the extent of another two books. He did this, he informs us, from notes and materials left or communicated to him by Sterne himself; and he is so frank as to say that he has striven to complete the work in the style and manner of his late friend. Having a particular admiration for the style of Sterne, which, to my mind, is the easiest ever achieved in English, I have now a double resentment against the presumptuous Eugenius. In the first place, I question the man's veracity almost as much as the veracity of Sterne himself is to be questioned, in the matter of Sterne's intention of completing his Journey. The "Journey" was a *tour de force*; it was the result, as it were, of a challenge. Sterne had made a bet that he would maintain the reader's interest in a series of the most trivial incidents by his mere manner of writing about them. That he had any other intention than of showing his power I do not believe for a moment; least of all the suggestion that he had a plan of writing in his mind which required the book to be finished in four sections, four and just four. Eugenius' excuses that he had often discussed the completion of the Journey with Sterne and had heard from him the "facts, events, and observations" intended to be introduced into the unwritten book are thus a mere literary device for getting his own work tied to Sterne's kite. Even if Sterne gave him authority for it, I should refuse to believe it; since Sterne may easily have been badgered into consenting; and, in any case, was not necessarily to be believed upon a matter of fact. One's resentment is embittered by the manner in which Eugenius makes the continuation. It is notorious that Sterne never made a statement that could definitely incriminate himself. It was his whole art, in fact, to leave everything to his readers' imagination, and to put upon them the odium of the obvious interpretation. An admission on his part would have been fatal not only to himself but to the style and intention of his work, which may be described as skating upon thin ice. Eugenius, however, in spite of all the intimacy which he says subsisted between himself and Mr. Sterne, was so far from having appreciated the elementary quality of the "Journey" that in completing the very incident on which Book Two breaks off, he falls into the blunder of committing Sterne to a "criminal" confession. I need not, of course, say what the confession is; it is the obvious deduction to be drawn from the description provided by Sterne himself. And it is precisely on this account that I am certain Sterne would never have made it.

One of my correspondents must have been reading Sterne at the same time that I was being annoyed by Eugenius; for he has written to remind me of Sterne's opinion of Love as it is understood in France. "The French," wrote Sterne, "have certainly got the credit of understanding more of love, and making it better, than any other nation upon earth; but, for my own part, I think them arrant bunglers and, in truth, the worst set of marksmen that ever tried Cupid's patience." My correspondent recalls the fact from the dark backward and abysm of time that, in a discussion of Stendhal, I expressed the same opinion; and he has, no doubt, supplied the parallel in order to gratify me. And gratifying it is, in one sense, to find oneself confirmed in a somewhat novel opinion—which, moreover, was thought to be original as well—by an observer of the penetration of Sterne. But, then, again, it is less

gratifying when one reflects that Sterne was the last person in the world to have the right to talk about Love at all. What should a genuine as well as a professed sentimentalist have to say of Love more than that in its practice the French were not sentimental enough for him? But it is not the defect of sentimentality that stamps Love as understood in France with the mark of inferiority, but the presence of too much egoism—a fault Sterne would never have observed.

The same correspondent remarks that I returned to letters via the journalists of genius—de Quincey, Bagehot, etc. That is an acute remark; and it is worth making a note of. At the same time, in a perhaps chastening spirit, he copies out for me de Quincey's "fine analysis of Swift's style"—as follows:

The main qualification for such a style was plain good sense, natural feeling, unpretendingness, some little scholarly practice in the putting together of sentences so as to avoid mechanical awkwardness of construction, but, above all, the advantage of a *subject* such in its nature as instinctively to reject ornament lest it should draw attention from itself. Such subjects are common; but grand impassioned subjects insist upon a different treatment; and there it is that the true difficulties of style commence, and there it is that your worshipful Master Jonathan would have broken down irrecoverably.

This "fine analysis" of Swift's style does not appear to me to be anything more than a powerful attack delivered by an apostle of the opposing school. Swift and de Quincey are obviously poles apart in the direction of their style; and I have no doubt that I could find in Swift as severe an analysis of de Quincey as my correspondent has found in de Quincey of Swift. At bottom the controversy carries us back to the very foundations of European culture; and if I should say that, on the whole, Swift followed the Greek tradition—exemplified by Demosthenes—while de Quincey followed the Latin—exemplified by Cicero—the discussion will be realised as only just beginning. There can be no doubt of the school to which Swift belonged; his "Drapier's Letters," for instance, were confessedly modelled on Demosthenes. Likewise there can be no doubt of the school which de Quincey attended: he learned his style of Cicero. The question, however, is one of taste; by no means a matter "*non est disputandum*." Which of the two schools of style is capable of the highest absolute development; and, above all, which is the most suited to the English language? As for me, my mind is fully made up; I am for the Greek and Demosthenes against the Latin and Cicero. I am for Swift against de Quincey; for the simple against the ornate.

De Quincey appears to me to fall into an almost vulgar error in assuming that the style of plain good sense cultivated by Swift is fit only for commonplace subjects; and that "grand impassioned subjects" demand an ornate style. In the first place, the style of Demosthenes was obviously quite as well fitted to the high subject of his Discourse on the Crown as to the details for the fitting out of an expedition against Philip. The "Apology" of Plato is in much the same style, and not even de Quincey would say that the subject was not anything but commonplace. And, secondly, with the majority of English critics, I have a horror of fine writing and especially about fine things. The proper rule, it appears to me, is the very reverse of that laid down by de Quincey: it is on no account to write upon "grand impassioned subjects" in a grand impassioned style. After all, as the Greeks understood, there are an infinite number of degrees of simplicity; ranging from the simple colloquial to the simple grand. The ornate Latin style, with its degrees of ornateness, is, on the other hand, a bastard style, fit only for—well, we need not discuss it. At any rate, the conclusion seems to me to be this: that the

simple style is capable of anything, even of dealing with "grand impassioned subjects"; whereas the ornate style is only barely tolerable in the most exceptional circumstances. I would sooner trust Swift than de Quincey not to embarrass a reader on a difficult occasion; as, for the same reason, I prefer Shakespeare the Greek to Ben Jonson the Latinist. We are, perhaps, returning to an era when the choice between the two traditions is again to be made; between the infinitely simple and the infinitely ornate. My vote is for the simple.

R. H. C.

Art Notes.

By B. H. Dias.

KINEMA, KINESIS, HEPWORTH, ETC.

WE hear a good deal about the "art" of the cinema, but the cinema is not Art. Art with a large A consists in painting, sculpture, possibly architecture; beyond these there are activities, dancing, grimacing, etc. Art is a stasis. A painter or a sculptor tries to make something which can stay still without becoming a bore. He tries to make something which will stand being looked at *for a long time*. Art is good in just so far as it will stand a long and lively inspection.

Photography is poor art because it has to put in everything, or nearly everything. If it omits, it has to omit impartially. It omits by a general blurr. It cannot pick out the permanently interesting parts of a prospect. It is only by selection and emphasis that any work of art becomes sufficiently interesting to bear long scrutiny.

The best possible single exposure of a cinema film would be at most a good photo. It need not be even that, as it is designed to bear but the scrutiny of an instant.

Architecture has an æsthetic that one can base on principles similar to those effective in sculpture. The cinema is at the furthest possible remove from all things which interest one as an "art critic."

One could forgive the cinema for existing if one believed it would kill contemporary theatricals, but this hope no longer survives. It may cheapen the stage wages of actors, but it plays to the same type of slushy and sentimental mediocrity. Its one advantage is that it takes less time to convey to its audience the same amount of sentimental sensationalism. It emphasises and glorifies the cheap side of the modern theatre. It will educate the illiterate to a point, but it will not deliver us from anything whatsoever.

It is an excellent medium for news. News is the antipodes of literature, as the cinema is the antipodes of Art. The cinema is an excellent medium for Pathe's animated Gazette. It should be an excellent medium for instructing children in botany, physics, geography, zoology, the costume of foreign peoples, the appearance of foreign cities and the processes of manufacturing. It makes excellent "historic records"; it is also the medium par excellence for recording the present "aristocracy" which has few characteristics of aristocracy save appearance. The cinema is the phonograph of appearance.

But the cinema asks for "criticism," it asks to be taken seriously. It should apply to the "dramatic" or theatrical critic not to the Art critic. As much of the present theatre art as is dumb-show can be done on the cinema. It has two advantages: the actors need not be able to speak any language whatever, they need not have voices or suitable accents; and their work is international—one actor does for the Hottentot and the Lithuanian. And the audience does not have to listen to the rubbish that is talked and sung on the contemporary stage.

If the cinema really would kill the modern rubbishy theatre! But no, what does it give us? Plays with worse incongruities, more sentiment, "sob-stuff," so

crass that it would be hissed even by Chas. Cochran's audience. The cinema has its public, its devotees who talk of cinema-technique.

Very well, its technique. The photographer's technique, and the actor's technique: the photographer's that of the snap-shot; the actor's technique, but minus the necessity for memorising words or speaking them aptly. Let us grant that the pantomime of cinema actors is often quite as good as that of contemporary stage actors, perhaps better. In this pantomime and in nothing else has the cinema any technique that a serious critic can consider. The technique of the Palladium, of Dennis Eadie, of the Vanburgh family. Take it and welcome. One would rather see Mr. Temple Thurston's films than read his novels; but his making films will not stop his making novels. Mr. Cecil Hepworth with certain hyperbole asks us to consider the Thurston film. He is perfectly sound in saying that a cinema scenario should be made to be a cinema scenario and not an adaptation from a play or a novel. But what does he give us?

"Sob-stuff" on the cinema is no better than sob-stuff anywhere else. It consists in referring to some poignant situation in life. The clumsiness of the allusion or representation does not affect the poignancy. It is not the *quality* of the representation that moves one. People at theatres and cinemas weep over rubbish, and are irritated because they know it is rubbish.

Very well, take the two plays offered at a Hepworth private view. Take them for what the cinema is. "The Refugee" presents some admirably acted pantomime. But the refugee hidden in a Belgian garret continually sticks his head into the light of an attic window where it would presumably be visible from outside. The Hun finding more food and wine than he thinks a family of three would need, shoots the owner of the house but does not look into the loft for the English officer. Note that the old woman's pantomime is excellent. The English officer later escapes. There is a fine scene where he murders a German sentry with a jack-knife. He returns to England as a Belgian refugee; gets to his country place on Christmas day, is unrecognised by the butler, is unrecognised by his wife (he has been reported dead). He tells his adventures as a story to please the children, is recognised by his wife; alleged traces of hardship utterly disappear with a shave; he appears suddenly *in the same uniform* he had set out in, Sam Browne and all, in perfectly fresh condition.

The repetition of his original adventures on the screen while he is telling his story is a bore. It is shortened but not shortened enough. There is one close piece of scenario writing and excellent pantomime when the butler shuts out the dog, so that the wife will not have the sudden shock of the dog's recognising the officer too suddenly. The chance of allowing the dog to recognise the beloved master on later stretch of film is not taken.

In "Tares" we are presented with a very English newly married couple of Belgians—a baker and his wife who inhabit the same scenery as that used for the Belgian part of "The Refugee." I note this only because it precludes the couples being taken for Englished French people instead of Englished Belgians. We are asked to believe that suicide is the only means by which the woman can prevent giving birth to an illegitimate semi-Hun. Consistent as this view may be with life as permitted in English "best sellers" it is scarcely convincing as a portrayal of continental thought. Mr. Thurston should have read the discussions of this interesting problem as printed in the "Mercure de France."

The French courts declined to convict, when a victim of similar outrage proceeded along different lines. I mention this only because Mr. Thurston has written a preface about "reality which war has brought home to the people of Belgium and of Northern France."

Recent Verse.

ARTHUR HOLMES. Poems. (Humphreys. 1s. net).

The dedication "to Ruth" warns us that the author's Muse is not very exigent. After a "shock of years," suggesting a corn-harvest, we have a reference to somebody's "blunted shears," which suggest a sheep-clipping. For the rhyme's sake, also, "fret and fume" is changed to "fret and frown." Trifles, of course; but they indicate that "Ruth" is not expected to be severe. As a matter of fact, Ruth turns out to be the author's little daughter, aged about seven, with whom, therefore, a fond father can take metrical liberties in complete confidence. Children are poems, perhaps, but they are neither poets nor critics of poetry. All they want is a swing of words with as many personal references as possible. Mr. Holmes, however, is not too obliging even in this respect. In fact, he has not made up his mind whether he is writing to his daughter or about his daughter; and usually he falls between the two stools. The following line occurs in a poem addressed to the children as they are going on a country holiday:—

Pr'aps you'll hear the poppies sobbing, killed amid the corn.

"Killed" is not exactly an image for children; yet there it is. A later "Lullaby," again, contains all the clichés of adults maundering over children's Christmas cards: owl-winged, star-dust, son-o'-mine, and so on. Eventually, of course, the children are put to bed. When they are gone, Mr. Holmes resumes the thoughts of an adult. Living in a town and having only a small garden he defends it rather neatly against his wealthy neighbour.

It's true the cuckoo doesn't deign to call;
Still, sparrows never leave me in the lurch.

And he concludes the least unskilful of his verses with the passable epigram:—

For me the envy, not for you the scorn.

On the subject of the war, Mr. Holmes is thoroughly commonplace. Being intent on verse, he makes the poet's swallow his confidant, and thus praises the bird:

With what grace you dodged the snipers
In the salient at "Wipers."

We escape from "the effluvium of the Hun" into the respectable atmosphere of "Sarum's Steeple," a bit of genuine local sentiment, suggesting that Mr. Holmes was a countryman before he became a suburban. The verse is not poetry, but, at any rate, it comes from the direction of Mr. Holmes' heart:—

Blessed are they who live on the plain,
Under the spell of tall Sarum's fane.

A subsequent address to "T. H. S." contains a variation of a well-known metaphor which is only partially spoiled in conversion:—

Since then the days have winged like fighting birds
Across the frozen marshes of our lives.
"Fighting" is violent; and there is nothing in the volume to suggest that the life of the author has been a frozen marsh. The concluding "Devoir" bears out the promise of the dedication, that is to say, it is extremely mixed and cries for indulgence. Kindly oblige by reading it:—

Night and a thousand stars!
Beyond? We may not ask:
Better to hide the scars,
Better to wear the mask.

Softly to play the bars,
Boldly to do the task,
Till broken be the jars,
And emptied is the cask.

It is as well, you see, that the children had gone to bed before their father had got into this state.

W. A. SHORT. Poems. (Humphreys. 2s. net).

The author, Lt.-Col. Short, was killed in action in France; and these verses have been published in memoriam. It is difficult, under these circumstances, to treat them fairly; for the author can be neither pleased nor improved by any criticism; and his friends are naturally less careful of his poetry than of their recollections of his genial personality. However, there is not much to be said of the verses, either good or bad. There is nothing offensive (or *very* offensive, let us say), to the taste in them; and since most of them are written for trivial occasions their triviality is, perhaps, proper. Some of them were written from the front and are no more ambitious than this:—

ration jam to me

Is not the nectar that it used to be.

One is an address to his newly-born daughter, whom, in a subsequent address, he beseeches to grow up quickly to be seventeen; he has no use, you see, for a daughter who is not a woman.

Bandy-legged bundle, monkey half-evolved. . . .

Distinct traces of reading are to be discovered in others of the verses. For instance, in a verse to a cousin the author comes perilously near to combining Byron with Gilbert. Ingoldsby, again, is suggested on several occasions; and, towards the end of the volume, we have a parody of "Excelsior." The only line approaching poetry, however, is the following, which probably represents the author's impulse:—

A nightingale in August left her tree.

You can conceive this beautiful line as the opening of a real poem; but, alas, the author had no power to continue it. Being a sporting-man, he shot the nightingale as it flew.

JOHN FERGUSON. Thyrea and other Sonnets. (Melrose. 1s. net).

Mr. W. L. Courtney's Introduction is probably responsible for the third edition of this collection of sonnets. In that event, Mr. Courtney has something to answer for when he is arraigned before the high court of Parnassus; for nothing in Mr. Ferguson's work justifies Mr. Courtney's "warm commendation," or his references to the "charm" of the author's "august harmonies." The sonnet is a well known and highly cultivated English poetic form; we have had some of the greatest masters of it in the world; and it is probable that all its variations are now exhausted. Yet Mr. Ferguson is not afraid to take such liberties with that form as have long ago been weeded out from its standard examples. Here, for instance, are four lines, taken from as many different sonnets, in each of which a redundant syllable occurs:—

Unto whose praise pontifical psalms are sung . . .
And in whose Presence angels tremble and fear . . .
Telling of hapless lives in ruin that lie . . .
He coils his limbs and stretches tendon and thew. . . .

Once in a matter of, say, ten sonnets, a slip of this kind may be not only permissible but graceful, as indicating an easy mastery over a rigid form; but Mr. Ferguson appears to have made almost a habit of it, as if he thought not the absence but the presence of faults a grace. In other respects, however, he is slavish rather than voluntary in his service to the models. This is particularly apparent in his concluding lines:—

The eternal emblem of a deathless faith . . .
Immortal symphonies on mortal men. . . .

Who does not know the trick of antithesis? It is fit only for parody in these days. Mr. Courtney commends the following lines; and, in truth, they are the best in the volume:—

Fragrant thy memory, and thy star shall be
Luminous among the lesser orbs of song.

The first line has the redundancy above mentioned; and

the second is machine-made; but both would pass in a crowd with a push. The phrasing throughout is commonplace, descending to "days of yore," "memory's glass," and "dew upon the soft and sunlit grass." The inspiration of these is obviously not life but verse; and the result, in consequence, is verse upon verse. "Snary seas" is original, but too topical for a poem. "Sleepish" in the following passage, which, at the same time, will serve to show Mr. Ferguson at his most august, is trivial:—

We are as men that dream and, soldier-wise,
We man feigned trenches here in sleepish ease,
And stand in dreams amid the shrapnel spray;
And when night falls, on some conceived emprise,
We board our men-o'-war and sail away,
And with imagined searchlights sweep the seas.

Somehow or other, "shrapnel" does not fit into poetry. It is a hard saying, but the possible vocabulary of poetry is limited.

STEPHEN MAGUIRE.

Views and Reviews.

ABSOLUTE VALUES.

MR. CLUTTON-BROCK'S series of essays* raises in an acute form the question of the legitimacy of the use of the word Christianity. He admits in his preface that his friends tell him that his doctrine is not Christianity, "but certain beliefs which were held by men before Christ was born, and may be held by them after His name has been forgotten." Against this, he urges that he is not anxious to prove the originality of Christ in detail; he asserts that "the originality of a great teacher consists, not in particular sayings or doings, but in his power of giving life to an idea so that it continues to live in other men's minds and is enriched with other men's thoughts." But even so, the name is used to denominate the original teaching, to distinguish it from its developments; "Darwinism" is not co-extensive with the doctrine of evolution, nor is Euclid the whole of geometry. If Christianity is identical with religion, and religion with "the affirmation of absolute values," as Mr. Clutton-Brock argues, the name of Christianity does not serve even to localise the field of inquiry. It is easy enough to assume that "Christianity has changed and grown and remained the same; and in this book I have tried to state what it is to us now"; but that assumption begs the question: "What is Christianity?" It is possible, indeed, Mr. Clutton-Brock's book makes it seem extremely probable, that Christianity may mean more to us than it did to Christ, that Christianity has become a sort of magic mirror in which we see everything that we know. Everybody, except the comedian, has discovered his prototype in Christ, but the fact is not specially indicative of the universality of the man or his meaning. For Shakespeare, too, has been the happy-hunting ground for those who want some other warrant for their existence than the fact that they exist; and really it does not matter whether we see all things in Christ or Shakespeare, whether, like Malebranche, we see all things in God, or, like M. Necker, we see all things in M. Necker, the fact remains that we see nothing that we did not know, nothing but our adorable selves or the adorable possibilities of ourselves.

Mr. Clutton-Brock believes in absolute values; therefore, his "Christ incessantly affirms absolute values." How personal that interpretation is may be seen by contrast: I do not believe in absolute values, I do not even pretend to understand what the phrase means, it connotes no reality for me, and I cannot find any record of, or even imagine, Christ doing anything so stupid as talking like a professor of objective ethics.

I can imagine Him taking such an one by the arm, and saying: "Come and look at the flowers": but he would leave the affirmation of absolute values to the Scribes and Pharisees. Mr. Clutton-Brock would probably retort that looking at the flowers is an affirmation of the absolute value of beauty, that it is better to seek truth in beauty than to talk like Professor Moore; but those who are no more enamoured of the Ethical Man than they were of the Economic Man will see no more in the act of looking at the flowers than a tacit affirmation of the fact: "I like looking at the flowers more than I like listening to chatter about absolute values."

For what are these absolute values, even according to Mr. Clutton-Brock. The Economic Man was a profiteer, and valued everything in terms of profit; the Ethical Man seems to be a Surveyor and Valuer, and values everything in terms of perfection. What is perfection? Perfection is what the Ethical Man believes he has, and is capable of expressing; his magic mirror is primarily himself, "he doeth all things well"—in imagination. But "on earth the broken arc—in Heaven the perfect round"; and he cannot even carry tea to a duchess without spilling it. The Ethical Man, with his absolute values, is, of all men, the most miserable; with St. Paul he cries: "For what I do, I allow not; and what I would, that do I not; but what I hate, that do I": and if he is wise, he takes a few lessons in deportment, and learns that the Ethical movement is not universally applicable. "There is nothing that each man is so certain of as his values," says Mr. Clutton-Brock; "and what surprises him about himself is, not the values which seem to him more natural than nature itself, but his own failure to conform to them." The Ethical Man thinks too much of himself; and until he learns to forget himself in the practice of the art of carrying tea to duchesses, his legs will twist together and disturb his equilibrium.

This is parody, of course, but the subject is not serious. Absolute value is, by definition, that which has no value for us; "when we say that we love," says Mr. Clutton-Brock, "we mean that we value absolutely and not in terms of use." But do we? Love is a relation; it implies a subject and an object; a man cannot say: "I love": without absurdity, he must indicate the object before the sense is complete. But it is the nature of relations to be relative, not absolute, and our values are always ad hoc. What is the value of truth, for example; it economises time and effort. But to people who have no need to economise time and effort truth has no value; "to lie like an Oriental" has passed into a proverb, and truth is at a discount wherever people are at leisure. Besides, truth is an abstraction; the reality is true-speaking of things as they appear to us. What is the truth, for example, concerning planetary motions? Regard the earth as the centre of the system, and the Ptolemaic system of epicycles is apparently true; regard the sun as the centre, and the planetary motions answer to the functions of an ellipse. But the sun has his own proper motion through space, and the elliptical conception has to give place to that of the cycloidal curve. But the conception of the cycloidal curve is true only if the sun's path is rectilinear, and there is good reason to believe that it is not.

Mr. Clutton-Brock will, of course, protest that I am confusing absolute truth with the absolute value of truth, that in demonstrating that we know only the relative truth concerning planetary motions, I affirm the absolute value of truth, and use it as a standard of criticism. Really I am denying the absolute value of absolute truth; apart from the use-value of astronomy, it simply does not matter what is the truth concerning planetary motion. If absolute values are not use-values, and religion affirms absolute values, then we have no use for absolute values, no use for religion. Mr. Clutton-Brock cannot have the argument both ways.

A. E. R.

* "Studies in Christianity." By A. Clutton-Brock. (Constable. 4s. 6d. net.)

Reviews.

The Girl in Industry. By D. J. Collier. With an Introduction by B. L. Hutchins. (Bell. 9d. net.)

This is a preliminary study of a class of worker concerning whom no reliable data at present exist; Miss Collier hopes that "by reviewing the conditions of adolescent labour and by noting general tendencies, the way might be cleared for further investigation on a more scientific basis." It is difficult to determine the exact object of such studies, but their direction is undoubtedly towards a more human conception and treatment of the worker. All these details of fatigue, sickness, morality, and so forth, find their justification in the ideal that we should be able to get a living without losing our life or lowering its quality, that the true political economy is the care and culture of human beings. That is easily reduced to the general principle that no one should be driven beyond his or her powers, or often up to the limit of them; and the physiological precautions are obviously more imperative in the adolescent than in the adult stages, for the adolescent is under a dual physiological necessity of maintaining nutrition and fostering growth, under penalty of an impoverished adult life if he or she fails. The reactions on the whole national life of the lowered vitality of the people are incalculable; a tired child cannot be educated, a tired man sleeps even over his Sunday newspaper, full of murders and divorces, and all the varied activities of the intelligence have to lower their appeal to obtain any response. Politics declines from the art of government to the leather-lunged propagation of "scandals," science itself has to be "sifted" and art become either sensational or silly to become popular; there is nothing in this country that refers to the public that does not suffer because that public does not enjoy normal health. "The stone that the builders rejected" was the body, and it takes its own revenge on the mind; and these studies, unpleasant as they are to read, do at least diagnose the cause of our trouble. Physiology is the real reformer of industry, and the only clue to the purpose of politics; and these studies emphasise, in detail, the fact that an industry that cannot maintain the health of those who pursue it is an uneconomic use of our human resources.

Oh! Money! Money! By Eleanor H. Porter. (Constable. 6s. net.)

What darlings millionaires are; how well they lend themselves and their millions to the purposes of lady novelists! They really deserve to be invited to tea—in the boudoir. This one was not too big a millionaire to be manageable; he had the Rockefeller dyspepsia, but only a mere twenty million dollars—which was not enough to put him above humanity. If he had had twenty-one million dollars, he would not have been the property of the political novelists; and we should have seen this strong, stern man corrupting corporation lawyers, hanging Presidents as high as Haman, and strike-breaking in his spare time. But "the little less—and what worlds away!"; this one is almost human, in fact, he gets married at the end. A dog's diet of biscuits and water clears his brain, and he suddenly remembers that he will not live for ever, that he has not made his will, that he has only three relatives, cousins, living, of whom he knows nothing, that he has objections to endowing charities or Universities, or even relatives without knowing what use they are likely to make of the money. He conceives the brilliant idea of endowing his three cousins with a hundred thousand dollars each, and, under an assumed name, of course, observing what use they make of it—meanwhile, letting it be supposed that the millionaire has gone to South America to pour oil upon the troubled waters where mosquitoes breed, or something like that.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

THE MEANING OF BOLSHEVISM.

Sir,—In your issue of September 12, the writer of "Notes of the Week" commits himself to the position that the distinctive feature of Bolshevism is its exaltation of manual labour over all other groups in the State. In thus following "Sardonys" of the "New Statesman" his choice of authority seems to have been a little unfortunate; for there is no reason to think that that gentleman is moved to expression by any particular knowledge. The whole matter is worth calling attention to only because emphasis on it might obscure a theoretical point of genuine importance and some practical bearing.

What seems really to distinguish Bolshevism as a theory is its definite assertion of the complete and universal validity of the point of view of the economic class. Both in ethics and politics, we may suppose it to maintain, to a distinct economic class there corresponds a distinct theory, which you must simply accept or reject, according as you are or are not identified with the class. Moreover, in the case of the proletariat there follows from its historic position the attempt to bring into being a social structure which contains no classes, because the "working class" has absorbed them all into itself. As a corollary we have a proposition which may be taken as central and in terms of which, in fact, Bolshevism may be defined. It is that economic conditions are not merely fundamental in a society; they are the sole factors it is necessary to consider. Therefore to build on them a political superstructure is a mere device of a ruling class; from the point of view of the proletariat it has neither reality nor meaning. Political institutions must either copy or falsify the economic; they will be found to be redundant where they are not vicious. And with this appears to be correlated the difference between representation and delegacy. The former, being a political device, is at best a middle-class prejudice; while delegacy is the natural outcome of a society composed of small autonomous economic groups.

Sufficient evidence for the probability of this view of the real nature of Bolshevism can be discovered in M. Litvinoff's book on the Revolution. The article on "What are the Soviets?" by M. Lenin, which appeared in "The Call" of July 18, makes it certain. On the other hand, the utterances of no responsible Bolshevik seem to contain any particular evidence of an intrinsic objection to the non-manual worker. Antagonism to the "intellectuals" because of their hostility, real or supposed, to the later developments of the revolution, we can find in plenty; but not the idea that for the ordering of industry they are not essential. In fact, their place is recognised clearly enough in a recent article by M. Meshtcheriakoff, which appeared in the "Herald," as well as in the text of the decree establishing control of industry by the workpeople.

The service which Bolshevism has rendered to Socialist thought is to compel it to explain its attitude to political conditions, to consider what the State is, what it has been, and what it might be. Advocates of National Guilds, at least, have in this respect a clear record; for their view of the nature of the State and of its relation to economic organisations has always been perfectly unambiguous. Many Socialists, however, profess to accept the economic interpretation of history in a form which makes it a perfect dogma. From certain forms of it, it seems to follow that politics are a fraud. But those who profess and call themselves Marxists must feel rather uncomfortable when they consider the long political tradition which lies behind them. They usually pretend to support Bolshevism. Yet nothing can be clearer than the affinity of Bolshevism with the Anarchists, and the high probability of their lineal descent from them. Marx himself, it may be remembered, assisted by his trusty Engels, drove the followers of Bakunin out of the old International. The reasons which influenced him had not, perhaps, worked themselves quite clear at the time; but in the end they turned out to be that the Anarchists would not agree to a kind of State Socialism.

That Mr. Havelock Wilson and his associates separate off the manual workers from all others and identify their movement with them is, of course, certain. But such a group belongs to no tradition except the familiar English one of the proscription of brains for its own sake.

M. W. ROBIESON.

Pastiche.

THE MYSTERY OF A PERSIAN LOCKET; OR, SHOULD A WOMAN TELL?

[Extracted by permission from a serial recently published in one of the many magazines of the R.N.A.S., conducted entirely by the men themselves.]

Chapter II.

"A Persian Locket." The whole affair was exceedingly mysterious and, not to say the least of it, extremely embarrassing. What could it all mean? Why should so perfect a stranger, as apparently this old man was, single Vera out as the recipient of his strange gift? Poor Vera, she was quite bewildered and knew not what to do. While she reflected but for a moment as to what it all meant, a strange desire came over her. She longed for Clarence Montalbert to be present. He perhaps could afford her some help. He had assisted her when she stumbled at the bottom of the gangway, and perchance he might be near and listen to her call for help. She rose from her seat and, pacing forward a short distance from where she had been sitting, gave a shriek. Someone had heard her. Assistance came, but not in the form of the only person she wished at that moment to see. No, it was not Clarence, but the vile Mr. Hammerstein. Oh, how she wished she had not screamed. Before Vera knew what was happening, Mr. Hammerstein had rushed up to her, and, madly clutching her round the waist in order to prevent her falling, said: "Miss Delaunay, what is the matter?" Vera wondered whether she might tell him what had happened. She hated the man, and yet there was no one else who had heard her call, and yet, after all, a man had thrown himself overboard. Could she tell him, or could she turn the matter aside? She made up her mind to follow the latter course. "Oh, nothing!" she replied coldly. "I must have awakened from a strange dream that I had seen someone jump overboard."

At this moment she espied two familiar figures coming towards her. She called out: "Auntie! Mr. Montalbert!" Without a moment's hesitation Clarence released himself from the company of Vera's aunt and rushed towards Vera. He had no time to ask questions, but, seeing Mr. Hammerstein with his arm round Vera's waist, and assuming this to be the reason of her call, shot his stout right arm forward and, striking the villain under the jaw, dropped him on the deck.

The passengers seemed to gather round from all the nooks and corners of the ship. Lascars, stokers, stewards, officers, and even the captain had all heard the yell. They rushed forward to see what had happened. Vera quickly whispered something in Clarence's ear, and without a moment's hesitation Clarence shouted out: "Murder! This man (pointing to the form on the deck) has killed an old Indian and thrown him overboard."

Consternation was acute. The captain gave hasty orders for the ship to be stopped and a boat to be lowered to recover the body of the Indian if possible.

Clarence persuaded Vera to go farther astern the ship; they could see the boat which had been lowered moving about on the calm moonlit water. Suddenly Vera stopped walking.

"Mr. Montalbert," she said. "Look, I believe I can see a body floating in the water."

Clarence peered over the side, and—yes—he, too, could see something. "Dina hathjac," he shouted, which the Lascars understood as "Go towards your right hand."

They moved in the required direction, and in a few moments Clarence and Vera were satisfied in seeing the body being hauled into the boat.

The Lascars carried the body up on to the deck, and just by chance happened to place it where the couple were standing.

"Great Scott!" exclaimed Clarence. "It is my Munshi" (teacher of languages), "the man who taught me Hindustani and Urdu. Why, I was only talking to him half an hour ago, and he showed me the most beautiful Persian locket I have ever seen in my life,

and telling me its history. Good heavens! Hammerstein will pay for this."

Vera did not know what to do or say at this new turn of events; she was more bewildered than ever. Suddenly she turned to Montalbert and said: "Mr. Montalbert, I wish to have a quiet talk with you. Will you accompany me to another part of the ship for a little while?"

"The pleasure is mine," said Clarence, and, stooping down to cross the hands of his late teacher, he caught sight of a piece of paper on the deck and, putting it in his pocket, proffered Vera his arm, and the two walked silently into the music-room set apart for the use of second-class passengers.

The couple seated themselves in a quiet corner, and after Clarence had rung for a whisky and soda for himself, and a glass of lemonade for Vera, she turned to him and, with an imploring look in her eyes, said: "Mr. Montalbert, may I presume ask you a favour?"

"Most certainly," replied Clarence.

"Well, then," continued the beautiful young heiress, and she appeared to him more beautiful than ever to-night, "we reach Port Said to-morrow. I wish to go ashore, and should esteem it a great favour if you would consent to accompany me. Will you, please?"

"Oh, Miss Delaunay, it is really too bad of you to ask me to do such a thing as a favour. I should call it an honour. Most certainly I will. I know Port Said fairly well, and can take you round some of the better-class curio shops there, if you would care to go."

"Thank you," said Vera.

At this moment the drinks arrived and Clarence, putting his hand in his pocket in order to pull out a scrap of paper on which to sign for them, as is the Eastern custom, came across the paper he had picked up on the deck a few minutes previously. He looked at it, and before he had time to put it back Vera caught sight of it and recognised it as an envelope with her London address on. She almost snatched it from him, but was too late.

"Miss Delaunay," cried Clarence, "this is the address given me by a native Fakir before leaving India. He told me that at this place I should meet a lady who would show me the most beautiful Persian locket ever made. The address appears to be yours. If ever I have the pleasure of meeting you at this address, I trust what I have been told may come true, for with that locket goes the love of the girl who shows it me, and should that girl be yourself, well, I could wish for little else. Please do not think I am meaning this as a proposal. I am much too poor to offer you even a wedding present worthy of your acceptance, to say nothing of being unable to offer you a home, to keep you, me, and it in. I can, if that particular girl is willing to wait, earn a little money, and perhaps make her comfortable, but the main thing is Love."

Vera was quite taken aback. How different this man from Hammerstein! Love, she thought. Yes, if he only knew how she loved him, and if only he knew the rest—the story of what had really happened. Now was her chance; she turned to him and, gazing fearlessly into his wistful, grey eyes, said: "Mr. Montalbert, please come and dine with me at the address you have on that envelope, on the first Saturday after your arrival in London."

"Thank you immensely," said Clarence, and, swallowing his whisky and soda, strolled over to the piano, and with a most beautiful touch, surpassing even that of Paternoski, played "If I were the only boy in the world and you were the only girl!"

Tears came to Vera's eyes, and as soon as Clarence had finished his lovely playing she crossed over to him and said: "Mr. Montalbert—Clarence—I cannot wait!" and, pressing something in his hand, continued: "Look!" Clarence opened his fingers and, behold—there was the thing his Hindustani teacher had already shown him that same evening—the Persian locket!

He could hardly speak; a strange lump seemed to gather in his throat, but pulling himself together he rose and, clutching Vera to his arms, said: "My darling!"