THE

NEW AGE

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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Whatever may be the reply of President Wilson to the German Note in which his fourteen points are accepted, it is obvious that everything vital for the world will turn on the degree of reality of the democratisation of Germany. The acceptance of the fourteen points, pending, of course, the settlement of the Peace Conference, and the evacuation of the occupied territories of France and Belgium, may have, and, indeed, must really have, a considerable symbolic significance as open signs of the surrender of Germany; but whether this surrender is anything more than at discretion and made in view of a policy still to be pursued is conditional upon the proofs afforded in the reply to the third question of President Wilson concerning the source and place of power in Germany to-day. As it stands, we cannot say that the German reply, published late on Saturday night, is in the least degree satisfactory upon this point. A mere affirmation by "the German Government" that as at present constituted it speaks on behalf of the German Reichstag and "the German people" is of little more value than the similar affirmations made in similar terms by the Kaiser upon many occasions previously. What is the evidence that the present Reichstag, which was elected to office before the war and has hitherto consistently and enthusiastically supported the war, has undergone any fundamental change of heart, or, in fact, any more spiritual transformation than a change of opinion and policy? With our present information, we can see little evidence whatever of it. On the other hand, there are so many reasons that we can see for the acceptance of the remaining terms that it may well be the case that under the disguise of a simulated democratisation the Imperialist rulers of Germany have hopes of salving their aims by diplomatic rather than by military means.

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In view of the manifest fact that the irrevocability of the democratisation of Germany is the only criterion of both our moral and our military victory over Prussia, it is depressing to find the "Times" (supported, no doubt, by a section of the Government) affirming as late as last Tuesday that "only a minor importance" attaches to democratisation. Not only is such an affirmation in complete contradiction of the facts of the situation and of the attitude consistently assumed by President Wilson and America; not only would its admission leave us without any means of judging the finality and security of the world's victory over Prussian militarism; but it is in contradiction of the statements heretofore and subsequently made by the "Times" itself. We all know upon how many occasions the "Times" has been loud in asserting that no faith could be placed in the word of the present rulers of Germany. And if the implication of these assertions was not that the present rulers of Germany must be superseded by a new body of men, more representative of the German democracy, all we can say is that the world that drew this conclusion from the premisses must have lost its reason. What was it more than dust-throwing, in fact, if the "Times" really meant nothing more by it than a little partisan abuse; if, in short, the "Times" was prepared in the end to treat with the Prussian militarists? And, again, only two days later than the day upon which it was dismissing the democratisation of Germany as "of only minor importance," the "Times" was remarking on the "pointed" question addressed by President Wilson to the new German Chancellor whether he was "speaking merely for the constituted authorities of the Empire who have so far conducted the war," or for the German people. What is the "point" of such a question if the democratisation of Germany—that is to say, the only conceivably satisfactory reply to the question—is "of only minor importance"? The "Times" is clearly revealed as confusng the issues and blowing cold and hot alternately. Either this is a war for democracy, in which case the democratisation of Germany is the only solid evidence and safeguard of victory; or the democratisation of Germany is of only minor importance *because* the war is for some other aim entirely. But, in that event, what is that other aim which reduces to unimportance the democratisation of Germany? What vast, and so far undefined, issues hang upon the war in comparison with which the spiritual transformation of Germany is of only minor importance? It is on account of confusions such as these—which are not confined to the Press—that we may see the war end in a universal sense of disappointment, a disappointment already manifested in the uneasiness with which the latest developments of

our diplomacy have been publicly received. Vaguely the world feels that democracy is still in danger.

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We do not suggest, of course, that President Wilson means to betray democracy; but, after all, President Wilson has to take into account prejudices in this country as well as in Germany itself. Suppose it be the case, as it is more or less indicated in the "Times," that a powerful party in England is for reasons of its own definitely hostile to the complete and utter democratisation of Germany. Suppose that with this aim in view of just *not* completing the democratisation of Germany, this party pretends that the question is of only minor importance and proceeds to urge President Wilson to negotiate an armistice and a peace-conference before insisting upon further evidence of the democratisation of Germany—can President Wilson very easily refuse? Can he, in fact, ask for anything more re-assuring upon this head than the very reply he has already received? Will England and her Allies expect him to ask for more? At the time of writing, these questions, we must admit, are in painful suspense; and we are, perhaps, anticipating tthe worst. Nevertheless, we must express our fear that the party to which we have referred may be powerful enough to induce the Allies to accept the present evidences of the democratisation of Germany as sufficient. That they *are* sufficient, however, nobody not already predisposed to wish them so and to be satisfied with the very minimum of democratisation, can believe for one moment. There is first of all the fact that it is the same Reichstag with which we are dealing and that its Government is composed of the nominees, direct and indirect, of the same old ruling Prussian militarist caste. There is the further fact that the new Government includes pan-Germans among its members at the same time that it includes no leader of the minority Socialists—the only sincerely democratic party in Germany. Finally, there is the fact that even the Radical German Press, for example, the "Berliner Tageblatt," is as sceptical as we are of the democratic bona-fides of Prince Max of Baden's newly-made, or, rather, reshuffled Government. Would anybody not *anxious* to accept the minimum appearance of democratisation —not anxious, in fact, to avoid the reality of democratisation in Germany—accept for a moment the present evidences as conclusive? Would they be less critical or exigent than even the moderate democrats of Germany itself?

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A study of the map will prove to anybody of unprejudiced intelligence that, whatever may be the internal political conditions of Germany, her military position is far from being really desperate. The Allies are winning great victories, it is true; but there is as yet nothing clearly decisive in them. The great German retreat is not yet a rout. Moreover, however much the Prussian militarists may be disposed to pretend that their case is more desperate than it is, and thus to transfer to psychological diplomacy the pursuit of the policy they have failed to achieve by force, their real estimate of the military situation is to be found in its political reflection. In other words, the present composition of the German Government is an accurate index of the present calculations of the German General Staff; it represents their estimate of the forces still at their disposal and the measure they have taken of the psychology of the Allies. From this point of view the political movements in Germany may be said to afford us an exact barometer of military pressure within and without as estimated by the General Staff; and, being unconscious, they may at the same time be regarded as more trustworthy than all the verbal protestations of the German politicians, military and otherwise. With this in mind, let us look again at the composition of the new Government and consider what it portends as the democratic war-map. It will be observed that the new Government is almost exactly half-way between autocracy and democracy. It has shed the more extreme of its pan-Germans, but it has not yet gone far enough to the Left to include more than one or two of its most moderate democrats. In other words, its progress towards the Left has been comparatively small, while in no case has its breach with the Right been complete. But this transitional condition is not only, as we are trying to make clear, an accurate index of the calculations of the General Staff, it is plainly unstable from the standpoint of the democratic Allies. It is, no doubt, gratifying that as the Allied armies advance, the centre of political gravity in Germany moves from Right to Left; we see it moving, in fact; and it has moved on paper a considerable distance. But what we are saying is that, while Prussia would like the world to believe that it has moved completely to the Left, the political actuality is evidence that the movement has been only relatively considerable, and that the balance of the former régime is not yet entirely overthrown. The deductions, we think, are obvious. Not only, in spite of all assertions to the contrary, does the General Staff hold itself to be as yet unbeaten, but the present political balance, which represents that state of mind, is unstable and indecisive. One mile back from their present front, and the Allies would discover the German Government resuming its discarded pan-Germans, and shedding its majority Socialists. One mile forward, and, perhaps, the moderate pan-Germans now in the Government would be dismissed, and a few more Socialists would take their place. The task of Allied diplomacy, on the other hand, is to require that the old balance shall be completely overthrown, and that the democratic elements in the new Government shall be sufficient to ensure that, whatever the subsequent developments of the settlement, there is no return for Germany from democracy. We would repeat our criterion and press it upon President Wilson, if we in any way could, that no German Government can be said to be "safe for democracy" that contains a single pan-German or that excludes a single minority Socialist. When Bernstein, Liebknecht, Haase, Kautsky, Ledebour, and Vogtherr are in the Government, and Prince Max, Herr von Payer, Dr. Solf, and the rest are out of it, then, and only then, will the world have the security it demands.

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It may appear to be prejudice, but we cannot say that a meeting presided over by Mr. Barnes and addressed by Viscount Grey affords us an impressive spectacle of the dawn of a new era. It is not in old days to have new dawns in our own country any more than in Germany; and a change of spirit without a change of personnel is precarious if not altogether pretentious. As a matter of fact, Viscount Grey's exposition of the principles of a League of Nations was both confused and self-contradictory. It was confused in respect of the constitution of the League, and it was self-contradictory on a vital detail. The confusion lay in the failure to distinguish clearly between a League of Nations and a Supernational Authority; and the contradiction in the alternation of affirmation with denial of the principle of the equality of the League members. Taking the latter point first, we have Viscount Grey saying, on the one hand, that the "League is *not* for the purpose of maintaining the power or supremacy of a particular group of nations," yet, on the other hand, affirming that "America would not remain a party to the League unless the League were carrying out its ideals." Very likely not; we hope, indeed, that it might be the case, for the maintenance of the ideals of America and of the English-speaking peoples is a trust that cannot be devolved upon a League of Nations. But what then becomes of the former assertion that the League is not to maintain the supremacy of one group more than another? The contradiction is obvious. Again, in the matter of the confusion of a League with a Super-

national Authority, where, in fact, does Viscount Grey stand? In one breath he appears to us to be assuming the continuance of national responsibility, while in the next he employs language only consistent with the relegation of national responsibility to a definite and organised extra- or super-national council, responsible to no nation in particular but only to the world at large. A clearing-up of this confusion is obviously the first necessity for the advocates of a League of Nations. It must precede the attempt, urged upon the meeting by Viscount Grey, to draw up a practical programme for submission to the Peace Conference. For, plainly, the creation of a Supernational Authority, and the creation of a League of Nations mutually pledged to common measures are by no means the same thing.

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Against a Supernational Authority to which, from its nature, vast powers would need to be entrusted, we have argued at length on former occasions. What is interesting to observe is that the proposal coincides with the imminent advance of popular government in the nations concerned. It may be said, indeed, that as democracy advances, authority and power tend to retreat. Sovereign power, we may suppose, has hitherto lain in the Cabinets of parliamentary countries, where, if only it can be induced to stay there, it can be seized and eventually controlled by the advancing democratic forces. But what if when democracy is just about to open the door upon it, sovereign authority should escape and take refuge in a supernational council, the constitution and policy of which will be determinable not by the most advanced, but by the least advanced democratic opinion in the world? This instinctive character of privileged power ever seeking to escape popular control is so well known that there is every reason for concluding that a League of Nations in *this* sense is designed as a counter-measure against democracy, and not as a democratic supplement. Under cover of the democratic hatred of war, sovereign power is attempting to withdraw from the threatened control of democracy into a supernational council which itself will represent the oligarchies of the existing nations. On the other hand, it cannot be said that even the lesser League of Nations, mutually pledged to pursue certain aims in common, is much less dangerous to democracy than the leviathan of a Supernational Authority. Of the two forms of a League we should certainly prefer the latter as the lesser of two evils; but its evils must, nevertheless, be clearly seen. In the first place, by whatever machinery it is made to work, such a League cannot be otherwise operated than by an arrangement between the existing bureaucracies of the represented nations. In other words, its executive personnel will be of the character and outlook of the various foreign offices and chancelleries of the existing national governments. Now have we such reason for faith in the diplomatic castes of modern governments as to be assured of their good democratic intentions? Of all the orders of bureaucracy is it not the fact that the diplomatic order is the most reactionary and the least democratic? And, in the second place, it must be remembered that diplomacy and finance are now more closely associated than ever before. The war has been the priest to their holy matrimony. It is, therefore, to a diplomatic body indissolubly associated with international finance that the control of sovereign national power in its most vital aspect is to be entrusted.

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We can say at once, however, that there exists no means of preventing one or the other form of a League of Nations. The intelligence of democracy is unequal to the contest. For our own part, we would have the British Empire leave the coming Peace Conference without more than one obligation on its hands—that of ensuring, jointly with the signatory Powers, the maintenance of the conditions laid down in the settlement. As for the future, it should depend upon the wisdom and goodwill with which we could pursue our double task of maintaining the unity and increasing the accord of the English-speaking and free peoples. Such a conclusion of the conference, however, is likely to prove insufficient to our bureaucrats and capitalists separately and jointly; for increased power will be lacking in it for the one and increased liberty for the other. Between them, therefore, we may expect to find a League formed, charged with the respective duties of enlarging the privileges of the foreign officials and facilitating the operations of international finance; and nothing that we can say can prevent it. But though we can do nothing to prevent it, there is still the possibility that an antidote can be provided against its worst effects—an antidote, it must be premised, as international in its character as the international against which it is designed. And what is this democratic counter-international but the International of Labour and Socialism? The recreation of the International is, indeed, one of the first, if not the very first, of the duties of Labour everywhere; and we are glad to see it affirmed by the recent convention of French Socialists. "The party" (so runs the resolution) "while supporting national defence, renews its adherence to the International, rejects all collaboration with the capitalist class, and calls for an International Socialist Conference"—to be held, we presume, simultaneously with the Peace Conference at which the various Governments will set up their own bureaucratic and capitalist International. Much prejudice, we have no doubt, remains to be overcome before the democratic International can be set up on its legs again. It failed to prevent the war, and discredit will attach to it on that account. Chauvinism has been intensified among the working classes, and there is no doubt that the capitalist International, while dropping Chauvinism for itself, will play upon the Chauvinism of the various peoples. In other words, the democratic International will be called upon to encounter weaknesses within and strength without. But since, in view of the dangers of a capitalist International, a democratic International is the only possible antidote, sooner or later democracy must create it or succumb to a world-wide servility.

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In the course of his speech Viscount Grey interrupted himself to congratulate Mr. Barnes on his position in the War Cabinet, and to predict hopefully that still more Labour members would be included in the coming Government. In accordance with the French resolution above quoted, and with commonsense, we hope for the very contrary, namely, for the abstention of members of the Labour party from official co-operation with the Government that is now likely to be formed. It is a hard thing to ask of Labour members that they shall forswear, even temporarily, the chance of a Ministerial income disguised as an honour to Labour and an opportunity for public service. Nevertheless, this act of self-abnegation ought to be imposed upon them if they do not voluntarily make it. In other words, every constituency that is about to elect a Labour member should require of him, as a condition of election, a promise to refrain from becoming a member of any Government but a Labour Government. It is the only way to ensure the loyalty of Labour M.P.'s to the Labour movement that has created them; and, still more important, it is the only way to ensure the comparatively easy return of a complete Labour Government. The calculations upon which we base this statement are open to everybody to make for themselves. They are not beyond the computation of Labour members who should see in them, moreover, a design for their ultimate advantage. The real reconstructive period, we calculate, will not begin until peace has been with us for four or five years. The

intervening period will be almost entirely occupied with the practical problem of demobilisation in every sense of the word: demobilising the belligerent and semi-neutral nations, demobilising institutions, industry, Capital and Labour. Nothing new, we may be sure, will be introduced, or can be introduced, into the process of restoration. But if this is the case, it is commonsense that those who have been responsible for the mobilisation should be responsible for the demobilisation. Having conducted the war, let them now deal with the consequences, while the Labour party remains in critical opposition ready to learn by the mistakes that will inevitably be made. If the Labour party can only refrain from "taking a hand" in this task of demobilisation, we can promise them in about five years' time the responsible task of re-construction under a Labour Ministry.

Foreign Affairs.

By S. Verdad.

IT needs no very great searching of the intellectual periodicals of the United States, no long-drawn-out conversation with authoritative American visitors, for us to realise that relations between the two countries could be improved. I am not using an outworn diplomatic phrase like that without a desire to explain it. Diplomatic relations between countries depend in the first place on the relations between the respective ruling classes, and only secondarily on the feelings entertained for one another by the peoples. This is unfortunate; for it usually happens that peoples are in advance of their rulers in all matters relating to democratic progress, though an unsympathetic ruling class of different intellectual calibre may prevent this fact from becoming known. Apply this general assertion to the case in point and see how it fits. The American people and their rulers are marvellously at one in their desire to break down the autocratic barriers that impede the advancement of democracy. Their aim is to make an end of the Prussian spirit in Germany—and all that that aim implies. It implies, incidentally, making an end of the Prussian spirit elsewhere; and unfortunately this confused mixture of arrogance and petty thinking is to be found in quite a number of the influential personages of this country.

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No Press regulations have been able to conceal the opinions expressed in the United States with regard to three of our more or less official representatives there. Admittedly, we have been unfortunate in our propaganda work. If, for instance, we had presented our cause adequately to Bulgaria (which would have cost at the outside a million pounds) we might have avoided a Balkan tragedy which lasted for three years. We should at least have learnt from our distressing experiences there; but we did not learn enough to refrain from sending Lord Northcliffe to the United States as our chief propagandist. When Lord Northcliffe had to be recalled we sent out Sir F. E. Smith; and one wonders what curious brain it was that ever conceived such a fantastic proposal as his mission. Surely someone among the governing classes must have seen Sir F. E. Smith in the law courts and observed in him the qualities reminiscent of Oxford at its worst? And who, having once witnessed such a spectacle, could have seen Sir Frederick start on his journey without an emphatic protest? These are not men who could ever have influenced American opinion in our favour; and they did, in fact, embarrass several States in the Union by openly criticising President Wilson's policy. Lord Northcliffe, it will be remembered, instructed the American authorities to confine their aid to naval matters—chasing the submarines, and so forth. The French, with a keener eye for reality, asked for men; and the men had to come even more quickly than was at first intended. Is Mr. Lloyd George's cable forgotten? But it was not enough to offend the new and predominant partner by importing into America the speeches of Sir F. E. Smith and the chatter of Lord Northcliffe. To the amazement even of those who have become more or less hardened to the vagaries of our governing classes, Mrs. Pankhurst was permitted to go to America; and, as a cable from Mr. P. W. Wilson ("Star," Oct. 1) showed only too clearly, she is following the example of her predecessors by animadverting on the President's policy. Who or what made this thing possible? The Americans are taking the war very seriously, and their President is to them an almost symbolical, almost mystical, figure. The United States looks to us for a reciprocal demonstration of democratic sentiment, and it gets Lord Northcliffe, Mrs. Pankhurst, and a Wadhamite.

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In an extraordinary "Herald" article (Oct. 5), Mr. Brailsford makes several extraordinary statements about Bulgaria which are far more misleading than his customary contributions to the history of the war. Bulgaria, he asserts, "had only one compelling reason for entering the war, and that was her passion to incorporate the Bulgar population of Western and Central Macedonia in her territory." There is not, and never has been, any such population. Mr. Brailsford alleges his personal experience. I suggest that his prejudices in favour of all the enemies of the Allies—let me make this clearer and say his prejudices in favour of the Central European imperialists and their partners—have misled him. The population of Macedonia, when I knew it in 1904 and again in 1907, was perfectly prepared to speak Bulgar or Serbian or Turkish, or rather a jumbled dialect which comprised all three languages. The people have always been in mortal terror of the oppressor, and they will speak any language imposed upon them by a sufficient authority. Put Serbians in charge of their affairs and they will speak Serbian; Bulgars, and they will speak Bulgarian. I do not dogmatise with regard to the entire population of Macedonia; and no one who really knows his Balkans will set down dogmatic statements as Mr. Brailsford does. But I do say that ethnologically Western and Central Macedonia is much more Serb than Bulgar; and for every valid reason—ethnological, linguistic, political, moral—Serbia has a better claim to suzerainty over this territory than Bulgaria. In the end, Macedonia may well be made a province of the Jugoslav State, the very formation of which Mr. Brailsford's propaganda would tend to prevent.

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Another ready writer with curious views on the Balkans—and even more curious views on diplomatic practice—is Dr. Ronald Burrows. When Dr. Burrows confines himself to Greece he is not often wrong; but in the "Star" (Oct. 4) he makes an odd statement in connection with the surrender of Bulgaria. Turkey, he says, will have more severe terms imposed upon her than Bulgaria; for: "We mean only to deprive Bulgaria of conquests she made during the war, but Turkey of territories she has held for centuries." This may be correct as regards Turkey; but by what authority does Dr. Burrows say that we mean to deprive Bulgaria only of conquests she made during the war? I think it will be found that Bulgaria may have to rectify her territory in such a manner as to restore Serbians to Serbia, whether such disputed lands were Bulgarian before the war or not.

The Neo-Marxians and the Materialist Conception of History.

By Arthur J. Penty.

The one unmistakable sign that there is something radically wrong in the social theories associated with the name of Marx is that his followers instead of becoming broader in their outlook upon society become narrower and narrower as time goes on. That beautiful faith in human nature and its possibilities, that strong sense of justice which redeemed the extravagances of the early Socialists, seem slowly but surely to be drying up; and all as a consequence of the Materialist conception of history which daily increases its hold on the mind of the workers. Under the impact of this idea all that was fine in the old Socialist ideal is dissolving like dust. All that was bad remains and sticks like clay. The great emancipation seems to be evaporating: the mean hatreds are all that survive. The materialist interpretation of history is certainly not an explanation of history, but it is certainly creating history. It may succeed in breaking up our present society; it will not succeed in creating a new one.

The fallacies involved in the materialist conception of history are difficult to combat, because its upholders disarm its critics in advance by impugning the good faith of those who challenge it. If I am unable to accept the conclusions which are to be deduced from such a conception it is because I am a Middle Class person, and am accordingly interested in maintaining some other thesis. That I may be unable to accept it because I am not a materialist, because I can see clearer than its adherents the implications of the idea, the confusion it must bring into the ranks of reformers, that it cannot emancipate the workers, but if it becomes widely held must involve all classes of society in a common ruin, is to them all "blarney" which I am impelled to utter in the interests of my class. It is thus that all thought and intellectual life is strangled; and that interchange of ideas between members of different classes of the community upon which the development of social theory ultimately depends is brought to an end. There is nothing in the world but self-interest; nothing else finally counts.

Though for these reasons this heresy is difficult to combat, the materialist position is not impregnable. There is one way left to us: to give its adherents a dose of their own medicine by carrying their ideas to their logical conclusion. Let us provisionally grant their position that "the method of producing the material livelihood determines the social, political, and intellectual life of men in general" and examine the materialist conception of history in this light. Will it not follow if all ideas are but the reflection of the material environment that as the materialist conception of history was not formulated until modern times it itself cannot be an explanation of the whole range of history but only of the present age? It clearly cannot have any validity for any other period of history, for if it had how are we to explain the absence of any such conception prior to the middle of the nineteenth century?

So much we are willing to grant them. We are willing to grant the Neo-Marxians that material considerations preponderate so overwhelmingly at the present day that any interpretation of the development of modern society must be governed primarily by material considerations. But not entirely so; for whereas we are all the products of this materialist environment, many people of all classes are at the same time rebels against the modern tendency and this modifies to some extent the first proposition. But while we are willing to grant the Neo-Marxians so much we absolutely deny that the whole of history can be interpreted in their light, though considerable patches of it may be; and we are anxious to secure recognition for this truth not only because it is an injustice to the past to have its reality distorted, but because apart from it we realise that no solution of our problems is possible. For an indiscriminate prejudice against the past is a prejudice against all normal forms of social organisation, and as such must tend to thwart all efforts to create a new social order.

Looked at from this point of view the materialist conception of history is a useful doctrine for the purposes of destroying existing society, but must prevent the arrival of a new one. I feel fairly safe in affirming this, because Marx's forecasts of the future are in these days being falsified. Up to a certain point Marx was correct. He foresaw that the trend of things would be for industry to get into fewer and fewer hands, but it cannot be claimed that the deductions he made from this forecast are proving to be correct, for he did not foresee this war. The circumstance that Marx gave it as his opinion that the annexation of Alsace and Lorraine by Germany would lead in fifty years' time to a great European war does not acquit him, since the war that he foresaw was a war of revenge in which France was to be the aggressor and had nothing whatsoever to do with industrial development which this one certainly has. Not having foreseen this war, Marx did not foresee the anti-climax in which the present system seems destined to end. And this is fatal to the whole social theory, because it brings to the light of day a weakness which runs through all this theory—his inability to understand the psychological factor and hence to make allowances for it in his theories. Marx saw the material forces at work in society up to a certain point very clearly and from this point of view he is worthy of study. But he never understood that this was only one half of the problem and finally the less important half. For along with all material change there go psychological changes; and these he entirely ignores as one would expect a materialist to do, since for materialists psychology does not exist. In the case in question Marx failed to foresee that the growth of the pressure of competition would be accompanied by an increase in national jealousies. On the contrary he tells us in the Communist Manifesto (which was written in 1847) that national antagonisms are steadily to diminish. But if he misjudged national—I might almost say industrial—psychology on this most fundamental point it demonstrates that for practical purposes Marx and his materialist conception of history are anything but an infallible guide. And so we are led to enquire if Marx, owing to his neglect of psychology, proved to be wrong on this issue, whether he may not be equally untrustworthy in other directions; whether, in fact, the anti-climax which has overtaken national relationships may not likewise take place in industry; whether the process of industrial centralization which Marx foresaw is not being accompanied by internal disintegration, and whether the issue of it all is to be his proletarian industrialized State or a relapse into social anarchy. Such, indeed, does appear to me to be the normal trend of economic development; for when everything but economic considerations have been excluded from life—and the development of industrialism tends to exclude everything else—men tend naturally to quarrel, because there is nothing positive left to bind men together in a communal life. Looking at history from this point of view it may be said that if Marx's view is correct, and if exploitation has played the part in history which he affirms it has, then, frankly, I do not see how civilisation ever came into existence. We know that exploitation is breaking civilisation up; we may be equally sure it did not create it.

But considerations of this kind do not affect the Neo-Marxians. Their belief in the materialist conception of history leads them to place their faith absolutely in the class-conscious selfishness of the masses whom they suppose will be able to take possession of industry and organise society for the good of themselves (Bolshevik rule in Russia teaches us it is not to be for the good of all.) Assuming that under the Neo-Marxian rule Society does not dissolve into anarchy, what reason is there to suppose that the doctrine of collective selfishness which the Neo-Marxians proclaim will produce results more desirable than the doctrine of individual selfishness of the Manchester school? Will it not happen in the one case as in the other that those more fortunately placed for the purposes of economic warfare will prosper while those badly placed will suffer? Suppose it were to work out that the Triple Alliance found itself in a privileged position, would the workers in these Unions if inspired by no higher ideal than collective selfishness fight for other sections of the proletariat less fortunately placed? Would they not keep the plums for themselves? I do not say this will be so; but it seems to be the logical ending of the Marxian theory of social evolution. If the history of all hitherto existing society is the history of class struggles, what reason is there to suppose that with the end of the reign of the capitalist this struggle is coming to an end? May it not merely change its form?

The Workshop.

IX.

SOME IMPLICATIONS OF CONTROL.

It is clear that a strong blast of new ideas sweeps through the workshop. Even more than ideas: for in many shops and localities these ideas have crystallised into facts, in some cases going far to revolutionise shop practice. We must recognise, however, that as yet the movement is partial and inarticulate, whilst in many districts old methods and traditions still prevail, the movement such as it is leaving unruffled masses of sleepy and irresponsive workers. The angel has not troubled the waters; the old diseases persist. Nevertheless, if we compare the intellectual and economic activities in the workshop with a bare decade ago, the result must surely startle the least imaginative. The new conception of an emancipated proletariat spreads with increasing volume and momentum.

We have seen the more intelligent employers seek to conciliate and divert the movement by transferring discipline and amenity to workshop committees of orthodox brand, manned by conventional shop-stewards approved by their union branches. From the left, swift and impatient, the new shop-steward has rushed on the scene, brushing aside his ancient prototype and declaring for workshop unity and structural amalgamation of the industrial unions concerned, with the workshop as the unit. Cutting athwart both these comes collective contract, avowedly the half-way house on the way to National Guilds. We have discovered problems insoluble either to the workshop, in itself, or the national union, in itself. We have accordingly been driven by the logic of the facts to conclude that the centre and the locality must establish new relations to each other, particularly in increased local autonomy. Finally, we realise that the industrial task confronting Labour is too great for the existing official *personnel*; that the trade unions must reorganise and strengthen their administrative machinery.

The significant factor emerging is clearly this: Labour is rapidly asserting its right to control the productive processes; it has passed the Rubicon and marches towards mastery of its own action—by implication, to control of production. The Englishman may be king in his own castle; the employer is no longer master in his own factory. At least, if he insists, it will be an empty factory, silent as the tomb. But no! A factory is not composed only of walls and machinery; it awaits the energising element of Labour. It is no more a factory without labour than is a church a church without the congregation. I have already remarked that the factory building and the machinery installed within it are in the nature of a contract between the Employer and Labour. Labour declares, with unanswerable force, "I was induced to enter this factory because my skill and my labour were required. By coming here, I do not forfeit my liberty nor any rights as a continuing partner in this industry." This new point of view carries us far.

However we may regard the situation now developing in the workshop, it is obvious that Labour must either pass on towards effective control, in the sphere it has mapped out for itself, or it must be thrust back into the crude wagery of the past. If it should be the second alternative, then the war will have been a vain effort and the lessons of recent years ignored and contemned. It is possible that we may meet with reaction, fed upon unemployment and post-war disorganisation; but, whatever the obstacles, I anticipate a forward and not a retrograde movement by Labour in the workshop. If so, then we may consider some implications of such measure of control as has thus far been indicated.

As the basis of every social upheaval is the spirit informing it, let us first consider the psychological aspect. In "National Guilds" I wrote of active and passive citizenship. The former bore the mark of economic freedom; the latter was inherent in the wage-system, a citizenship subdued by economic conditions and necessities. Workshop control will psychologically carry the wage-earner a considerable step towards "active" citizenship, which will be reflected in the political expression of Labour's desires. The point, if without meaning to our practical politicians, is really enormously important. It means neither more nor less than a complete change in the spirit and *personnel* of the present Labour party, whose spokesmen and followers cannot apparently slough off the "passive" garments, cut for them by master tailors. Inasmuch as the political must reflect the economic, it follows that the new spirit in the workshop, gradually growing into a master or "active" spirit, must emerge in politics, bringing with it a new conception of citizenship.

We have discussed, in a previous section of this chapter, the differences between whole and part control in the workshop. I indicated that there was a third form of control which must be faced. We may call it joint control. The Guild attitude towards control is that complete exclusive control is preferable to part or divided control. Messrs. Reckitt and Bechhofer, starting from whole control, over however small an area, point the way to an extension of it by what they aptly term "encroaching control."* But Labour cannot afford to ignore management nor the market price of the product. For not only does Labour depend in some degree upon prevailing prices, the extent of its activities is clearly influenced by trade policy. One policy may lead straight to quantitative production, another to qualitative. Moreover, workshop control brings responsibilities with it. It is easy, as it is heroic, to declare that it will not touch the commercial unclean thing; it is not so easy to deny that distribution is an integral part of production. Control must be asserted over distribution *pari passu* with its encroachment over the other industrial activities.

* "The Meaning of National Guilds," pp. 284 to 286. By M. B. Reckitt and C. E. Bechhofer. (London: Cecil Palmer and Hayward.)

Pending, therefore, the complete Guildising of the industry, and without assenting to profiteering by so much as a wink, so long as Management remains what it is, there must be joint conferences between Labour and Management. This spells joint control: in no way invalidates whole control, which proceeds steadily on its mission of encroachment. Joint control, so defined and limited, economically strengthens Labour, at the same time guarding it against any entanglement in capitalist theory or practice.

Closely bound up with joint control is the question of raw materials. Is the Management to procure the raw material or is Labour? And who is to pay for it? Another searching question: Who shall decide upon the nature and quality of the raw material? Labour who makes the product or Management who sells it? Clearly trade-policy here asserts itself in no uncertain accents. Or shall the market decide? If the market, then how is craft control affected? The question brings us back, with a jerk, to qualitative production and the producer's control. Each of these questions predicates joint conferences with joint decisions and the joint control that flows from them. It is, however, equally clear that if collective contract involves the purchase of raw material, the scope of joint control is to that extent restricted. *Per contra*, such purchase brings the worker into the sphere of exchange and finance and compels him to reconsider the whole problem of currency. Unless he can establish a medium of exchange, always responsive to the value of productivity of his own labour, it is certain that, what the capitalist loses on the commercial swings he will recover on the gold roundabouts.

It is in the nature of the case that workshop control, with or without collective contract, implies continuous employment. Conceivably a workshop group might become a close corporation, gradually shedding itself of its less productive, or its unpopular, members: might in the course of time become a second Oneida Community. Conceivably—if it forswore its democratic basis. But the essence of workshop control is industrial democracy, the assertion in the life of the workshop of human equality. Such equality means equal economic security, or it fails to differentiate itself from capitalist methods. But human equality is but one of the virtues of workshop control. Men must be free to speak, to act or to vote without fear of unemployment; they must always be conscious of a security at least the equal of their colleagues. Does John Smith suggest an economy? Then all must benefit equally or John Smith may remain silent. Does trade depression beat its ominous wings over the shop? Then let all suffer together. The plain meaning of this is continuity or, if you will, community of employment.

This community of industrial interests demands reciprocal duties and loyalties from the workers. They must belong to appropriate unions: must pay their levies: must share in the corporate life of their fellows. But how if a recalcitrant minority stand out, sharing but not contributing? Are they to be free for all time to benefit? I cannot avoid the reflection that this question has not hitherto been frankly faced by the vast majority of trade unionists. By a train of circumstances, it has never become a vital, or even a pressing, issue. The craft unions have been strong enough either to court or ignore the non-unionists; the unskilled unions have not hitherto been numerically equal to the task of enforcing what we euphemistically call voluntary membership. But an industrial union is quite another pair of shoes. It assuredly means workshop control, with economic benefits greater than the average unionist at present dreams of. Possibly the most valuable of these benefits is the practical abolition of unemployment with a consequent decasualisation of labour. A moment must inevitably come when the unions, responsible for vast commitments, will exercise powers to enforce trade union membership or to eliminate non-members from the workshop on grounds of anti-social conduct. What is sauce for the medical or legal goose is sauce for the industrial gander. Further, since my contention is that the industry should maintain its own reserve of labour and that such maintenance should be paid through the union, it is reasonable to expect that every beneficiary should belong to his union.

Messrs. Reckitt and Bechhofer object to a compulsory trade unionism enforced by the State on the ground that it involves "an extension of public control over the unions, which might go far to deprive them of their character as autonomous bodies"; and it is needless to remark that any loss of corporate autonomy would be too great a price to pay for legal compulsion. My difficulty is with the practical fact that trade unionism must be compulsory one way or another. If the unions will not or cannot undertake to make themselves watertight, then, in the interests of collective bargaining, some superior power will do it for them. For the present, I content myself with the assertion that the trade unions must face this issue in the near future, not only in regard to unemployment, but also because of the large economic responsibilities that amalgamation will surely bring with it. Compulsory membership is in the logic of capitalist if not of Labour development and cannot be long delayed without obstructing vastly more important projects.

In concluding this long chapter on "The Workshop," it is, I trust, understood that I have not attempted a survey of the workshop as a whole, but have confined myself to certain aspects that bear upon the Guild principle of labour monopoly applied to the actual industrial processes. Nor have I, by any means, exhausted the implications of workshop control. These transcend a book, not to mention a chapter. They are the stuff of a new life, the seeds of a new epoch.

S. G. H.

Music.

By William Atheling.

MOISEIWITSCH; ROSING.

Moiseiwitsch's success is due to ten years' solid work and he deserves every scrap of it. The crowd at the Wigmore Hall, on September 28, amply testified that he has passed the point where Press praise or Press criticism can affect him. His position is perfectly and deservedly solid. Neither would there be any use in criticising his technique. Whatever a man could be *told* to do with a piano, Moiseiwitsch does and does admirably. He is armed cap-a-pie. There is nothing for one to suggest, but that "something-beyond," that something which the artist should reveal to the critic, baffles one by unanalysable absence. I refrained from writing of Moiseiwitsch last season because I could find so little to say; because there was so patently nothing I could tell him, or tell the reader about him. So good a performer needs one's closest attention and that attention I gave him on September 28 for about an hour and a quarter. The result is solid respect.

The work is so solid that one has to *try* to find fault, and one is inclined to doubt perceptions of such fault when discovered. I thought in the first fugues that there was just the suspicion of the "whirr of wheels," of a residue of sound faintly like the scratch of quills to be heard in bad harpsicord playing. Then there was a certain hardness which did not seem quite masterly, perhaps due to the quality of the instrument used, or quite possibly introduced for some purpose of main structure not apparent to me during a single hearing, but in which Moiseiwitsch is much

more right than I could be. Has he a personal interpretation of Bach? Has he any particular commentary to make on that master? Admirable presentation of fugue but *senza fuoga*. Bass runs excellent. Would not, perhaps, a personal manner in presenting Bach border on eccentricity? Yet a less "classic" modus might be the more accurately historical. Chromatic Fantasie, triviality, tone due to instrument? Then great charm and processional stateliness. Prelude and D major fugue; gaiety of many waving small flags, developing into solid charge. Fugue B flat, richness, reward of years of hard work. Volume of sound good. Anything one could suggest is there; but the "element of surprise" lacking from the attack on our susceptibilities. Repose, detachment, impartiality toward his subject-matter—all this is excellent. And to hold one's attention unflagging through five fugues, excellent.

The Liszt Sonata in B minor opened with such charm that I resolved to attend Moiseiwitsch's whole series of concerts to see what he had to say about Beethoven, Brahms, Chopin, Schumann. Then passage of fireworks. Again I found myself thinking of Moiseiwitsch's music in terms of achievement rather than of revelation. If this is a dangerous metaphysical borderline for the critic, I was soon ready to leave it and say "brava" for many a thing well done. Certainly the pianist showed Liszt the equal of other piano composers, and I think the people who refuse to see Liszt among the great figures of piano-music probably suffer from an hyperæsthesia. (Not but what there is plenty of Liszt which one does not want to hear once, twice, or often.) It is an artillery instrument, and Moiseiwitsch, in the Sonata, made it convincing. Still it was not Moiseiwitsch who started me speculating about tone-colour, variety, orchestration of the instrument. I had to get these questions out of my recollection of other, even of other much less proficient, performers. Yet Moiseiwitsch's absence of personality keeps one's attention on the music actually being produced. It is only by strong effort that one can wrench one's mind on to the possibilities of its being produced differently. His playing is, emphatically, *not* hollow virtuosity; there was no effect, or I think scarcely any effect of showing off, of juggling. It was sober, serious, of an even excellence; the man so master of the keyboard that he *seems* to forget it completely. I was pleased, I was approbative, I was even a little apologetic for not being swept "off my feet," or off my seat or whatever the suitable phrase is. The Sonata was so well graduated to its climax, so well graded in its fortes, there is such skill in all of his technique. . . . There was German sentiment-to-sentimentality in "Waldesrauschen," the thing is definitely "dated." "Liebestraum" is a better thing, but "dated." I felt an obscure irritation coming on me, and left the hall to keep my meditation on the Sonata from being further disturbed or effaced.

Moiseiwitsch's concerts continue at the Wigmore, Oct. 12, and alternate Saturdays thereafter at 3 p.m. My only further criticism would be queries: whether Moiseiwitsch might not have presented Bach with greater variety, shown much more the scope of the composer: whether he has not one mood for Bach, and one mood for Liszt, and possibly a similar moodal or "modal" category or mind-division for each other composer, a sort of Globe-Wernike system of mental drawers, cupboards and boxes.

The other consolation for unsuccessful and over-sensitive musicians with "no memory to speak of," is that memory is one of the least interesting mental attributes; it is one of the first faculties to develop in childhood; it is said to be excellent among elephants; it is shared by many forms of mechanism. It is indeed purely mechanical. The human addition is the faculty which leaps into memory and snatches up this or that at the moment. The Muses are not memory but the Daughters of Memory. By them the creative artist seizes the elements of his composition from the labyrinths of his mind; by them the elements are assembled.

Even the repeating artist brings life into his work by such extra addition and assemblage, adding his own emotional knowledge and imagination experience to the set line of his text.

VLADIMIR ROSING.

His first recital of the season was an agonising duel between Mr. Rosing's remarkable art and a remarkably villainous throat. The programme made no compromise with bad taste. Beethoven's "In questa tomba" suave in opening, given with mellowness and ease, save for a burst of coughing. Despite the throat trouble the singer's art asserted itself in the gradation and arrangement of qualities. Delicate articulation in "Dalla sua pace." Tschaikowsky's "Nights of Madness" was exquisite in its opening. Hoarseness interfered later. In the beautiful Lensky aria from the "Oniegin," both the fine quality of the composition and the intelligence of the performer were audible; the stiffness of the throat prevented Rosing's usual cohesion. Art seemed to triumph in the Farewell, but the stronger notes were not at their full, and necessarily affected the scale and proportion of the whole. There was voice enough for the Tschaikowsky Lullaby, in encore. Strophes Saphiques were exquisite, the Brahms' serenade, Watteau or Verlaine; no matter what physical state Rosing is in, one always takes something memorable from his concerts. Here it was "l'ombre de mon âme, l'amour qui dort" from "Au Rossignol."

Where the bawling "lyric" tenor trusts his effects to his fortissimos or his high-note-burst, one finds that Rosing does not. When the memorabilia are not whole and perfectly graduated compositions conceived in unity, and given under favourable conditions, they are lines and phrases in middle sound or sung softly. He got fine comedy into "Serenade Inutile"; and one thought he had finally come into voice in "Hoi, my Dniepr," the magnificent Moussorgsky; the long second strophe bringing the audience to customary enthusiasm. The novelty of the programme was the biting political satire of Moussorgsky's "Song of the Flea." Rosing finally broke down and had to stop in the middle of an encore to the "Hopak." People who think they like music and who go, or can afford to go, to concerts are very foolish not to go to Rosing's concerts, for, voice or no voice, there is no one in London to interpret Moussorgsky as he does, and Moussorgsky is the greatest of song-writers.

Next Rosing concert, including Korsakoff, and Czeck and Siberian songs. Wigmore, Oct. 19th, at 3 o'clock.

Stroesco, Æolian Hall. Oct. 25, at 3.15, with extremely interesting programme.

A DISCOVERY.

I went to a Revue, for being human
The placard drew me with its "Perfect Woman,"
In a smart bathing sketch. The animal
Had four legs; certainly, I saw it crawl
On imitation sand-dunes by the sea.
I saw a body, lithe and slippery,
Which had midway a wasplike narrowness,
And higher two breasts like apples more or less.
The creature has a head, at least, I think
I saw a nose and something like a wink.
At the extremities were tiny paws.
The whole thing moved without a cause,
Like an elastic band almost unwound.
Folk clapped. . . . Their Perfect Woman, friends, was found.

TRIBOULET.

Readers and Writers.

I have received the following charming letter from Miss Ethel Colburn Mayne to whose article in a recent issue of the "Little Review" upon "Henry James and the Yellow Book" I referred in my notes of a fortnight ago.

"R. H. C." in your issue for October 3, refers to an article on Henry James contributed by me to the August number of the "Little Review." "Miss Mayne," he says, "reports the first appearance and subsequent development of Henry James as witnessed by the writers for the famous 'Yellow Book,' of whom Miss Mayne was not the least characteristic. What a comedy of misunderstanding it all was, and how Henry James must have smiled about it! . . .They thought him lacking in loyalty, when afterwards it appeared that he was powerfully hostile."

The writers for the "Yellow Book," which began its career in 1894, can hardly be said to have "witnessed," as a group, the first appearance of a writer who began *his* earlier by thirty years. It is true that not for at least ten years later did Henry James really emerge; but even the later date deprives the Yellow Bookworms, as we used to call ourselves, of any claim to be regarded as watchers of the Jacobean dawn.

I often wonder if the younger writers who so glibly characterise the "Yellow Book" have read, or even looked at, the literary parts of those delightful volumes!

When I, for my part, turn the pages nowadays, I ask myself how anyone could ever have mustered up a blush about their "blueness." Most assuredly it could not be done now. Nor was blushing Henry Harland's aim. I was for some three months his sub-editor and proof-reader; I know pretty well what he was looking out for in the hundreds of MSS. that we considered. That was not "blueness," though "blueness" did not, in itself, disqualify. Strange as the assertion may appear to those who, as I am persuaded, have not *read* the volumes, what the literary editor was looking out for was just—"goodness." He was not infallible; and he was not, as every editor is not, entirely his own master. But so far as he *was*, and so far as he could judge, what Henry Harland looked for was that single thing. Had it been the other thing, how many would have proudly worn the yellow feather in their caps who did not wear it! Could I expand, could I quote from the many letters I received from him before I came to London, and from his (unsigned) reviews in the exhilarating "Daily Chronicle" of those days . . . but space forbids, and I can do no more than indicate my sources of sure knowledge. They were even more than these, for on how many mornings, afternoons, and evenings did I listen to him—privately in the small "office," more publicly in the big drawing-room at Cromwell Road, where he and Mrs. Harland held their Saturday evenings! Henry James came to those evenings, came, too, in the afternoons; and I can testify that his affection and admiration for "the Chief," and his interest and sympathy in what "the Chief" was doing, in his view, for English literature, never diminished. Long after the "Yellow Book" had ceased to appear, Henry James wrote (in the "Fortnightly Review," I think) an article on Henry Harland's work, reviewing with delighted appreciation the volume of short stories called "The Invisible Prince." That was before the great hit of "The Cardinal's Snuff-Box," and while "Harland Hill" was unknown to the larger public.

"R. H. C." describes the "Yellow Book" as a literary cul-de-sac, and says that my article in the "Little Review" is a "confession" rather than a criticism of Henry James. A confession of what? I certainly "confess" that in the light of what is being done to-day in literature, I can see the "Yellow Book," and even Henry James himself, with a fresh eye, induced by a keen eye for the more modern orientation. Is that the work of gropers in a cul-de-sac? Such dual use of eyesight was, at any rate, one of the things that Henry Harland wished to bring about. Gropers in a cul-de-sac cannot emerge therefrom unless they turn their backs to it. I have not turned my back upon the "Yellow Book," because I can perceive that we were, as are all enthusiasts, a "little *entêtés*." May the enthusiasts never fail to be so! The "Little Review," to which the Yellow Bookworm has been proud to contribute, is a plain proof that enthusiasts have not yet lost the familiar mark. Time will do to them what it has done to us—that is, will freshen and enlarge their vision, show them both where they were wrong and where they were right; and I think that for a Yellow Bookworm to say this and feel it is a strong refutation of the "cul-de-sac" indictment.

Ethel Colburn Mayne.

* * *

Let me assure Miss Mayne, at the outset, that I am no longer to be called young, and that I have not only re-read the Yellow Book in recent years but that I read it volume by volume as it appeared. I well remember the sensations—they were hardly to be called ideas—the successive quarterly volumes aroused in us, that is to say, in those of my contemporaries who were then mewing their literary youth. From the twice-breathed air of the conventional literature of the day we used to turn into the Yellow Book much as one escapes to-day from a crowd in Kew Gardens into the palm-house or the conservatory where they grow wonderful orchids. The atmosphere was oppressive and sultry; it was what we have since learned to call precious; but as a change from the workaday and somewhat knockabout air out of doors it was pleasant and not, certainly, altogether unprofitable. I offer this reminiscence which must be common to many writers of my own age as evidence that I am not as described in Miss Mayne's letter—too young to have read the Yellow Book while it was still in the leaf. And even had I been too young for the contemporary experience, nobody of my omnivorousness could have neglected to study the autumnal glories of the nineteenth century.

* * *

Miss Mayne has some interesting things to say of that very interesting man and writer, Henry Harland, the "Yellow Dwarf," if I am not mistaken, of the Yellow Book itself. Upon another occasion, possibly in another place than these columns—though they would, no doubt, welcome some more of Miss Mayne's recollections—Miss Mayne may, perhaps, develop her theme. The personal history of the Yellow Book has never been written from within; and various histories of the period commonly called the ninety-twos are inadequate on that account. Mr. Holbrook Jackson's volume is the best documented; but it needs the addition of the inner light which only Miss Mayne and a few other survivors of the period are able to supply. There is, in fact, a call for the "Author! Author!" of the piece. On the other hand, I do not think that Miss Mayne throws much light on the literary characteristics of the Yellow Book in describing the standard of the editor as that of "goodness." As many as are the saints are the theophanies; and "goodness" is altogether too comprehensive a term to distinguish a single school. Goodness of what kind? Was the goodness aimed at by Mr. Harland the particular goodness of style or of treatment or of atmosphere or of—well, no, it was not of idea—for "ideas," I repeat, were lacking in the Yellow Book. To use a cliché, it had no "propaganda"; it did not aim at making any truth prevail. Then what was its particular goodness? Let me reply at my own hazard, since Miss Mayne prefers to rest in an abstraction: the particular "goodness" which Mr. Harland employed as his criterion was the particular "goodness" of the day—a regard for the purely æsthetic, the mannerly, the becoming, the fashionable, not to say, the foppish. I am not bound, of course, to contend that every article, story or poem in the Yellow Book answered to this description; any more than, I imagine, the editor of this journal would claim that every published contribution is an exemplification of our criterion of brilliant commonsense. Far from it.

Direction is not the goal itself; and Mr. Harland, I am sure, must often have hesitated in decision before some manuscript and finally have published it with the reflection that it was only towards the Yellow Book and not actually of it. What I have in mind, however, is the type of contribution about which, on first reading, he had no doubt whatever that its proper and only possible destiny was the Yellow Book. And that type was the type that fell under the particular sort of goodness which I have just described. Somehow or other, Yellow exactly expresses it.

* * *

With the psycho-analytic equipment of my colleague "A. E. R.," it would be possible to demonstrate almost precisely the inevitability of the consequences that followed from the pursuit of the particular "goodness" of the Yellow Book. Literary periods do not come and go by accident; nor do schools rise and fall without rhyme or reason. The future—the brief and inglorious future—of the Yellow Book was implied in the very standards of goodness adopted by its editor. In a word, the purely æsthetic standard was certain in its nature to bring about an early decay. I am not, however, concerned for the moment with the psychology of literary periods but with Miss Mayne's objection to my remark that the Yellow Book school was a cul-de-sac. How could it have been a cul-de-sac, Miss Mayne suggests, since, on looking back, she finds that without having turned her back on it, she herself is through it, and out of it? Without being so discourteous as to doubt Miss Mayne's escape alive, or even to press the point that her recognition of the entêtety of the Yellow Book writers only varies the metaphor of the cul-de-sac—for one has to re-something-or-other even from an attack of entêtety; there is no going through with it—I prefer to explain exactly what I meant by the phrase. A cul-de-sac occurs in literary history when a direction is taken away from the main highway of the national language and literature; when the stream it represents is not part of the main stream of the traditional language, but a backwater or a side stream. There have been dozens of such private streams in the course of our literary history; and I am not denying for an instant that their final contribution to the main stream has been considerable. Only reflect on the variety of "influences" to which English literature has been indebted; and it will be found, I have no doubt, that each of them owed its origin to a school of a particular goodness whose own end was as lamentable as that of the Yellow Book. My point, therefore, is not at all that the school of the Yellow Book was without merit or that it did not bring home something to the main stream of its day. (That point is for subsequent debate.) All I contend is that in itself it led nowhere or only upon the rocks of realism or into the shallows of fancifulness; and its pioneers were therefore compelled either to turn back or to perish. R. H. C.

Memories of Old Jerusalem.—II.

By Ph. J. Baldensperger.

Edited by MARMADUKE PICKTHALL.

II.

THE Church of the Holy Sepulchre and its surrounding honeycomb of cloisters may be said approximately to have separated the Christian and the Muslim quarters of the city. Two gates, closed at night, shut off the church from the town—one below Christian Street, beside the Jâmi' el Omari, and the other, a small one, leading to the Mauristân. The Jâmi' el Omari is the real Mosque of Omar. It was built in A.D. 637 to commemorate the first prayer said by the Caliph Omar ibn el-Khattâb after his entry into the conquered city. The large-minded Caliph was inside the Church of the Sepulchre when the Muezzin called to prayer. Sophronius, the Greek Patriarch, ordered a carpet to be spread on the spot for the Caliph's orisons. The church is many feet below the level of Christian Street, and a flight of at least twenty very broad stone steps leads down from the spot where the Jâmi' el Omari now stands into the court before it.

"Carry the carpet up beyond those steps," enjoined the Caliph, "for if I said my prayer here now no power on earth could prevent my people from building on this site a mosque." The present unpretentious mosque at the top of the steps marks the historical spot where Omar knelt. The small gate opposite across the court leads straight into the Muslim quarter. No Jew is ever allowed to pass in front of the church, or through either of the two gates. Once or twice an inquisitive son of Judah has tried the experiment, but he has not lived to tell the tale of his adventure, so roughly was he handled by the Christian mob.

Outside the small gate, in the Muslim quarter, are shops for the sale of glass beads and bracelets kept by men of Hebron, and soon you come into the street of shoemakers. The trade was established here in old days when the abattoir was in the Mauristân, among the ruins of the ancient hospital of the Knights of St. John. The Mauristân was given by Sultan Abdul Azîz as a present to Frederick William, Crown Prince of Prussia, when he visited Jerusalem in 1869. The German Church of the Redeemer (Erlöser-kirche) was built here after the war of 1870. The slaughter-house had previously been removed to waste-land just inside the walls up by the Zion Gate. The hides of beasts were thrown upon the road, and people walked on them till they were tanned enough for shoe-making. European boots and shoes were then unknown to the majority. The Muslim and Christian men wore soft red shoes of sheepskin, the women yellow slippers of the same. The mission-schools and convents had cobblers of their own who had been taught the way of Europe in such matters.

Round the corner to the left below the Abyssinian convent,* were the sweet shops. Great was our delight when, at the New Year, every boy in the school received a cake enriched with clarified butter,† and sweetened with honey and sugar. But Halâweh, sweetstuff made of sesame-meal and honey, was our perennial joy.

All along behind the Mauristân run three streets parallel to one another, appropriated to the Butchers, the Spicers, and the Dyers respectively. In the Butchers' Street, the dealers—all Muslims—sold nothing but mutton and goat's flesh. As the streets are arched over, semi-darkness reigned, and often we have tumbled over fat and lazy dogs which were attached to almost every meat-shop. These dogs not only kept good watch at night, but also kept the greasy street in a tolerable condition by licking up the

* Deyr el-Habash. † Samn.

blood and eating bones. But for the presence of the Spicers' Street* at hand, the Shoemakers' Street, with its old skins, the Butchers' Street, with all its offal, and the Dyers' Street, with blue-coloured stuffs hanging from roof to roof, would have made the whole region smell as foul as the town slaughter-yard. Once or twice a week we were sent to fetch meat needed for the kitchen on our donkey. The Butchers' Street, I forgot to say, hardly measured three yards across, but with the carcases hanging out before the shops, there was hardly room in the Butchers' Street for two to pass abreast. The Spicers' Street resembled it in this respect, and there the merchants hung such things as cords, nets and girdles out into the street, and often sat in front of their shops. Our passage caused amusement to the passers-by. Our donkey's saddle-bags, stuffed out with purchases, drew along with them out-hanging articles or meat, which, in the return swing struck against one another. To avoid unpleasantness, we asked the price of the goods thus disturbed, whereupon the merchants, hoping for our custom, smiled upon us and extolled their wares as quite the best and cheapest in the market; and they tried to detain the donkey. "Dahrak!" "Wijhak!"† we would cry out, warningly, to let the public know a beast of burden was approaching.

Samâr wala beyâd? ("Brown or white?" referring to goat or sheep), the butcher asked. The difference in price between brown and white meat was always three or four piasters in favour of the latter. Goat cost from 9 to 12 piasters a rotl, and mutton from 12 to 16 a rotl. The rotl equals 6½ lb., and the piaster 2d.

The Sûk el Bizâr (grain market) is a broader street, and lighter, since it is not vaulted in, but, as many more people congregated there, progress was as difficult as in the Butchers' Street. This was the busy part; in every other region of the Muslim quarter hardly a soul was to be seen at some hours of the day, except in Hârat Bab el-'Amûd ‡ (the Street of the Damascus Gate), and Hârat Bâb Sitti Miriam (Street of Our Lady Mary's Gate), where grocers did an active trade, the fellâhîn from the eastern country buying necessaries there just before leaving the town. A conventional thin veil or net was dropped over the shop entrance, and projecting baskets of rice, nuts, lentils, etc., from 11 a.m. to 1 p.m., signifying that the owner was away, presumably at prayers in the adjacent Haram. The protection was more real than any police measures could have secured.

In the Sûk el Bizâr the throng was sometimes so great that it was impossible to advance a step; especially was this the case when a long string of camels loaded with grain made its way to the wheat bazaar, the small square underneath a vault which gives the street its name. Wheat and barley, lentils and dhûrra, or maize, are here poured on big heaps and sold to the public. The official appointed to measure out the grain in the Tabbeh or Sa'§ is quite a serious and important personage. Filling his measure, he will begin by announcing Allahu Ahad (God is One), and continues saying this till the first tabbeh is in the sack. "Two," "three," he says at every measure, till he comes to seven, when he says Sameha (pardon), instead of Saba' (seven). The number seven, being that of the princes of the Jânn (genis), must not be named while handling grain for fear the Jânn should carry off the blessing. Tamânieh (eight), ya Rabb, el Amâneh (Lord, give me honesty). The crowd is exasperating at times, though comical incidents occur occasionally. As I slowly pushed my way forward one day, stooping to avoid huge sacks, a European snob, anxious to escape being crushed, stood in a corner, wearing a new straw hat. Hats are, as a rule, disliked by Orientals. The European, in derision, is often called Abu 'l-barânît (father of hats). A burneytah (hat) attracts unpleasant notice in a crowd. A camel, waiting to pass, looked round casually, put out his huge lips, seized the strange straw basket, and, in one bite, ate half the hat to the distress of Mr. Snob, and the delight of the bystanders.

The north and north-east portion as far as the Temple Area was most exclusively Muslim. Like the Butchers and the Spicers, the gold- and silversmiths, the blacksmiths and the coppersmiths and other workers had their separate streets, the last-named near the Dyers; but many began to feel the influence of a new period, and left their old quarters, bidding farewell to the ancient oriental tradition. The dyers had as yet sufficient space among the ruins of the Mauristân or on the low cupolas above the Butchers' Street to spread out their endless rolls of Malti (sheeting). They had their hands and arms stained indigo. In the eleventh and twelfth centuries, the Spanish traveller, Benjamin of Tudela, remarks upon the number of Jews in the towns of Palestine who were dyers. Askelon had three Jews, all of them of that trade; Lydda, twelve Jews, of whom nine were dyers, and so forth. The Muslims have taken the art from them since then.

The city streets were tolerably clean, though no regular sweepers existed. From time to time the rubbish was conveyed on crowds of donkeys to the fields of Zion and Moriah. The dogs disposed of every corruptible bit of food, and may be said to have been the best health and police officers of Jerusalem. Police, in the European sense of the word, there was none; a few Zaptieh, or policemen, stood about the town gates and the seraia, where the Pasha lived. And yet crime and disorder were less than in many a police-guarded modern city.

There was a kind of peaceable, and, for want of a better word, tacit self-government. Thieves are certain to exist wherever there is a possessing class, yet the Sammân (butter-seller) in Jerusalem could draw a net no stronger than a spider's web over his pots of samn (clarified butter), and Dibs* (the famous Dabsh of Hebrew history), and go to his devotions, leaving the charge of all to Allah, and his neighbours.

Whenever we entered the town at dark before the closing of the gates, we went in troops, one of us carrying a lantern to light the way, and also to show that we were no Awlâd el-Harâm,† but genuine Awlâd el-Halâl.‡

Hannah, an older boy from Akka, ever ready to tell stories and explain Arabic words, said, as we went along the rocky streets: "The Harâmi (thief) is induced to steal by Iblîs esh-Sheytân. Satan, like the other angels, was created before Adam. When Adam was created, and before he was called to life, his form lay motionless upon the ground. The angels, by command of Allah, had to pass it and make reverence. When Iblîs passed, he irreverently touched the spot where Adam's heart would have to be, with his stick, and the touch produced the heart's ink.§ The black spot is thus present in the heart of every son of Adam. When Adam was called to life, the angels passed and bowed, but Iblîs refused, and was cast out of Paradise. He and his host fell headlong into the valley of Hell, which had been created for them in the interval. The trembling throne was set on water, and unstable it remained. As the devil and his angels had drunk

* Hârat el 'Altârîn.
† "Your back!" "Your face!"
‡ Literally "Quarter of the Gate of the Pillar."
§ The Tabbeh holds about eight rotls. The Sa' is half a Tabbeh.

* Boiled grape-juice, like treacle.
† Children of Sin or Bastards.
‡ Children of Honour or Legitimate.
§ Hibrat el-Kalb.

Kowthar* water in Paradise, they were immortal, and, by permission of Allah, they were let loose to do mischief among the careless. The high fence of Sidr bushes, which surrounds Paradise, prevents Iblîs and his adherents from entering. We can witness how from time to time they approach and are shot at with the heavenly missiles, known to us as shooting stars. Therefore, Iblîs is also called Esh-Sheytân er-rajîm (Satan the Stoned) in remembrance of the pelting he receives.

(*To be continued.*)

Art Notes.

By B. H. Dias.

PARALLELOGRAMS.

THE man in the street is neither called nor chosen to admire the works of Cézanne, Manet, Piccasso, or even to applaud the effects of El Greco's astigmatism. With all due respect to his taste, it makes little difference whether he admires these highly specialised products of very rare temperaments. If he demanded Manets for home consumption there would not be enough to go round.

The health of a nation's fine art, or, let us say, of its finest art, depends on there being a few dozen people who have sufficient taste and foresight to buy enough contemporary work to keep the half dozen best contemporary painters and sculptors from starving. In the days of Rembrandt there were scarcely enough people to do this. In fact, the man of genius usually finds the state of a "nation's" art very unhealthy, and for himself in especial.

It is said that architecture is the first of the arts to arrive in a civilisation. In the middle of the last century architecture gave way to plumbing and sanitation. The best minds in the building trade were not builders but plumbers. An inspection of London's streets can lead to no other conclusion.

The day Queen Victoria married Prince Albert, of somewhere or other, the excellent Hanoverian tradition came to an end. The English automatically ceased to care what their town houses looked like. Forty years later the golden era of plumbing set in. Edward the Seventh, then Heir-Apparent, discovered, we imagine, a plumber. The stationary bath-tub made its first bashful appearance. It was followed by the splendours of porcelain. Never since the days of the Roman decadence has the world-known such plumbing as we in this era enjoy. But the art of making house fronts has been wholly eliminated by drains.

From the charm of the old houses in Shepherd Street (W.1), with their mouldering dank basement areas, I ascend toward Marble Arch. No expense has been spared. I find hideous and expensive new houses, and I find the back of the new cinema at the Marble Arch corner an excellent piece of work. And so it goes. The cinema wants to be art, but there is not enough civic sense in this nation to inform people that it is a crime to put up visual abominations to last for ninety-nine years. English suburbs are nearly as bad as modern French suburbs, than which there is nothing worse, not even the German art nouveau houses on the Venetian Lido.

We are threatened with any amount of building and housing after the war. The daily Press is dealing with the matter, chiefly in relation to cottage building. Popular writers have the sense and decency to be crying out against ornaments. There are also the city house-front, the small city house-front, and the suburban house-front to be considered.

If the God of the English had any æsthetic sense, or if the Established Church wished really to save the souls of the people, there would be a crusade against "trade ornament"; against ornamentation by machine. Here, if anywhere, is employment for the Suffragettes' rusting hammers. Here, if anywhere, is a justification of sumptuary laws, and a provocation to violence. You have enough ornament in the judicial and political systems; why must we have it also on cornices, by the yard, by the rod, by the 10,000 roses and volutes?

I have looked carefully at over eighty old houses. It would seem as if almost any parallelogram front, punctuated by any arrangement of smaller parallelograms, could be beautiful *if* it was erected before 1840. It would seem almost as if no possible arrangements of such parallelograms could be beautiful *if* erected after 1875.

All the brains have gone into devising new and luxurious lines for bath-room fitting and for the bodies of automobiles. *Line* in automobiles has been for years magnificent and expressive. There is as much character as you like in some of the bull-nosed big cars. Each age has its qualities and its own particular blindness. *Yet* there are various publications devoted to architecture. The Olde Country House is an object of sentiment, and no country is richer than England in this form of elaborate ornament. Does the Englishman go automatically blind the moment he enters a city or the suburb of a city? It is, of course, a gentleman's country. Architecture is provided for gentlemen; the plebs have only got as far as pianos. Before the cities can have a decent appearance there must be a great popular rebellion, a board school rebellion against stupid building, and against hideous house-fronts. This is a form of art which does concern every man. Every man, or nearly every man, lives inside of something, and every man walks in the streets.

THE A.B.C.

"*How to look at a house-front.*" Architecture of detached buildings is akin to sculpture, as far as the exterior is concerned. The façade of a city house set in a block is, however, a composition in two dimensions only, and one judges it by the same sense of composition used for a picture. Where one is dealing with a uniform row of houses, the individual front is a unit of the pattern.

As we said a few weeks ago, the old Regency pseudo-classic style serves very well in blocks. But whether one judges the single front in itself, or as part of the row, the question of its proportions is similar. And, to keep hammering on the most elementary points, it is (*a*) a matter of the composition of windows parallelograms in the whole, (*b*) ornamentation.

Take the most hideous houses in London: the row of six story plus basement red striped with yellow abominations on Observatory Avenue, Campden Hill. No jerry-built horror of Clapham exceeds the rankness of these huge hideosities. They are so hideous that one remembers them above other hideous houses in London. We first perceive that ornament has a good deal to do with it. This thought gives way on more careful analysis to the perception that the actual mass of each house is not bad (not offensive unless one have a prejudice against mansards). The height of the windows has been graduated, but not their breadth, *and* the windows are set too close together. The whole effect is appalling. The process by which one discovers this, *despite* the bewilderment of bad mouldings, stripes of hideous colour, convolutions, and so on, is the same as the process whereby one determines that any picture in any sort of art show is well or ill composed.

If the public, or even a very limited and select portion of the thinking public, is to develop any better sense of art than it now has, it must begin by these very simple sorts of analysis, by these very simple but personal judgments about form, about shapes and proportions. I cannot see that it matters whether one

* A fountain of Paradise mentioned in the Coran. All this is Muslim legend, and the fact that the narrator is a Christian lad is interesting, as showing how the Eastern Christians borrow from the Muslim lore.

begin in the street, or whether one disentangle the elements of a composition from the paint-smears of the Boldini school. One wants something "beyond" the general sloppy sentimental appraisements of "Colour" and the people who talk about the "soul of the artist."

Recent Verse.

W. R. Titterton. Guns and Guitars. (Palmer and Hayward. 2s. 6d. net).

Mr. Titterton is an impromptu versifier of great facility; an improvisateur to whom nothing comes amiss, save dignity. He is one of the best examples of the modern mocking-bird of verse. Only start him upon a tune and he is off with it at once, weaving into it snatches of almost all the verse you have ever heard. The product most often resembles one of the old medleys of the music-halls in which all the popular songs were combined in a single song. Fortunately, however—or, perhaps, unfortunately—Mr. Titterton has at the back of his mind a real taste for poetry; and the effect of this is to sickly o'er his verse with the pale cast of imagination. He thus suffers as a knockabout turn and also as a poet. In fact, he is wholly neither. The present volume is the fourth or fifth he has published; and, given the circumstances, there is no reason why it should not be followed by as many others. It opens with the inevitable song to his wife in which he assures her that

> Life's an adventure, life's a magic game;
> Life is all colour, life's a leaping flame;
> Life is as old as love—and just begun;
> Life is a ramping banner 'neath the sun.

You recognise there the sources of our bird's song: the first two lines date back to 1892; the second two are Mr. G. K. Chesterton. "Drum-taps" takes not only its title but its form from Whitman, for Mr. Titterton has no modesty. This is again apparent in his defence of the poet against the fighter:—

> Are we so useless? Has the butterfly
> No place in Nature's wide economy?

"London, 1914," is a whirl of words in which, however, our author manages to keep his feet. It was probably written to the clatter of an accomplished American gymnastic dancer. The music-hall is certainly the residence of Mr. Titterton's Muse. Later on we enter a period of Kipling, during which Mr. Titterton is shameless in his imitation. Read and confirm, initial and return:—

> I've lived on bisk and bully,
> And I've lived on apple and plum;
> And I've lived with a belt drawn tighter round
> The middle of my rum-tum-tum.
> (Tum-tum!)

From the ridiculous to the vulgar is only a step, and here it is taken:—

> What is it? Why is it? How is it England draws me?
> Mother that bred and broke me, let me go!
> Dirty, dingy England,
> Mingy, stingy England,
> What is it in yer makes me love you so?

Mr. Titterton's love of England is a little too mixed up with the love of Kipling for patriotism.

Now and then, however, Mr. Titterton manages to imitate his originals without degrading them. Here are one or two lines that Kipling would not have blotted:—

> Each day we spare the weed and blast the rose. . . .
> And is the thing that lives worth that which dies. . . .

The late Mr. Richard Middleton is described as "a fire that never flamed." Meredith's "Love in the Valley" is heard in the line:—

> Shy, shy as the heart of a wild bird fluttered.

"The Falls of Lodore" come into the rhythm; again, in "Take Cover with Me," Mr. Titterton has written pure Wilkie Bard. One of the neatest things in the volume is called "Style." It indicates Mr. Titterton's consciousness of his motley; and is a little pathetic. What does he care for critics?

> Who fears their snarl will never know
> Apollo of the silver bow.

May be not; but, on the other hand, Apollo's bow is not easy to be seen even by the most intrepid. Mr. Titterton has only rarely caught a sight of it; perhaps once or twice in all; in this line:—

> How shall I compare her, who's beyond compare?

And that is almost a museum specimen; and in this, which really affords us a fleeting glance: "like a moon sea-faring." The phrase is worth preserving.

A. G. Shirreef. Tales of the Serai. (Blackwell. 2s. 6d. net).

Besides being an "epigrammatist," the "Times" says that Mr. Shirreef is "also a poet." He has, at any rate, published several volumes of verse, one of which, he records, was the "book of the week." A poet who occupies a week should be something of a poet indeed. We open his present volume with due awe. The dedication is "To my Wife," qualified, however, by the omission of the verse on p. 80, which gives the palm of woman's love to the author's mother—a domestic delicacy which we will not sully by comment. The "Envoi," or send-off, apologises to the soldiers for the author's persistence in writing verse while they are fighting. He sends them messages:—

> Say all this, but say I would
> Be where you are if I could.

The title poem consists of a series of stories in verse supposed to be told by the chance company met in an Indian Serai. An Orderly acting as advance courier to an American professor opens:—

> This tattered garb my condition speaks;
> I haven't had a square meal for weeks.

The garb is indeed tattered. Next follows a Thakur, and then a Pilgrim who begins his narrative thus:—

> Cheng Te was a model king, Babu Khan's contemporary.
> Cheng Te was a model king
> Of the dynasty of Ming.

The narrative, it will be seen, is nothing but narrative, its utter baldness being only relieved by the repetition of the opening phase. That, presumably, is the Indian touch. A subsequent poem, "Kritobodha," is a frank adaptation. The author informs us that it is a "pretty faithful" verse-rendering of a prose translation of the Brihad Dharma Purana. It may be faithful, but it is not pretty. Thus done the tales, however, we are not allowed to creep to bed; for besides these pretty faithful renderings of old Indian themes, some very modern verses await us. In his retirement Mr. Shirreef must be conceived as amusing himself by attending the music-halls, where, in particular (if we may draw Apollo's bow at a venture) he has been impressed by the rhythms of the songs of Mr. Albert Chevalier. "The Sentry-Go," for instance, is a clear echo of the "Old Kent Road"; and others are not much less "pretty faithful" imitations. In "Billiards" in triolets Mr. Shirreef imitates nobody; he is quite original:—

> I should give you a lead?
> I'll be hanged if I do.
> We never agreed
> I should give you a lead.

Simple as this seems, you have no idea, until you have tried it, how simple it is. One of the difficulties in life is to avoid speaking in such triolets. By the time we have reached the line: "Your rosary, its row's awry"—we are really set wondering what the "Times" meant by calling Mr. Shirreef "also a poet."

Stephen Maguire.

Views and Reviews.

MAN AND THE MACHINE. (I.)

IT is an axiom of politics that vital problems can only be evaded for a time, that even compromise only postpones their final solution. The vital problem of all time is that of the position of man in the scheme of things; and the meaning of Christianity is never so apparent as when we consider modern industry. The values of Christianity are never absolute, they are always relative, use-values for humanity. It was not Christ who said: "Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori," or, "Magna est veritas, et prævalebit." When He had to choose between things and men, He said: "The Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath"; He said: "Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make ye free"; and the reputed miracles seem to me to be part, an essential part, of the teaching. For they imply that the human body is sufficient for the production of all things needful to it, that there are powers at command which can operate through man, which can transform the face of Nature. "If ye have faith as a grain of mustard seed, ye shall say unto this mountain, Remove hence to yonder place; and it shall remove; and nothing shall be impossible to you." He did not say that we should invent steam-shovels and dig it out, load it on railway-trucks and transport it. Apparently no other mechanism was required than that of the human body in a certain relation to universal forces; and if such a state of being were possible, we should not be obliged to cumber the ground with our impediments to life. I am not prepared to say that such a state is possible: I am no magician; but there is the ideal, maintained to this day by the Yogi of India and in less practical fashion by all believers in prayer.

Whether or not the idea is a practical one (and I may say that the evolution of science from mechanics to physics, and from physics to the almost magical solar-physics, points somewhere in the same direction), it certainly requires a much greater knowledge of human nature and its power than we possess at present. Christ was as much a believer in the "Do it now" doctrine as any modern demagogue, but it was always something relating to man that had to be done at once. "Agree with thine adversary whiles thou art in the way with him," and so forth; always the urgent problem is the recognition and establishment of the importance of human nature. Perhaps in the modern sense, the problem of Man v. the Machine did not arise for Him; but whenever a problem of Man v. Mechanisms of the Mind or of what we call, lacking poetry, a mechanical re-action to stimuli, it was always Man that He insisted should be preferred. He taught that the human demand, the personal need, could only be evaded under penalty of worse things befalling us; He identified life with the creative impulses, death with the possessive—"What shall it profit a man," etc.

But what has all this to do with modern industry? In my opinion, it was not the invention of the steam-engine or the spinning-jenny that was significant in this connection; they simply increased productive power, and their invention was not inspired by any hostility to man. But the strikes and riots of workers gave the masters the opportunity of demonstrating that they no more believed in the Christian teaching of the value of human nature than they did in its teaching of the possibility of performing miracles. Instead of agreeing with their adversary while they were in the way with him, they sought for ways and means of dispensing with him; and at their solicitation, Mr. Roberts of Manchester undertook the invention of the self-acting mule, which, in the opinion of the masters, was "destined to restore order among the industrious classes," as Emerson quotes. The invention of automatic machinery did not mark the beginning of contempt for human nature and its rights (that contempt is as old as human nature itself), but it celebrated its most triumphant victory. The evasion of the human demand by the invention of automatic machinery has proceeded apace until the manager of a munition factory can insult his own race by saying: "We put the brains in the machines before we put the women on them." There is a passage in Mr. Carnegie's "Empire of Business" which roundly declares that the invention of automatic machinery has made unnecessary the existence of any but a small number of highly-trained workers guiding and controlling a huge mass of unskilled labour. On this line of development, the utmost that civilisation can offer a man is the continuous performance of a one-process repetition job; there is no place for man, with all his powers and possibilities, at the banquet of modern industry. If Carnegie is right, Hamlet was wrong: "He that made us with such large discourse, looking before, and after," did not give us "that capability and godlike reason to fust in us unus'd."

It would be easy to describe the civilisation that such a system would produce, and there are signs on every hand of its presence. Every third man with whom you discuss politics is incapable of taking any other than the Northcliffe view; perhaps every twentieth has had his mental processes standardised by Pelman; only the feeble-minded and the genius resist the impress of uniformity—and we propose to segregate the feeble-minded and to dispense with the genius by the extension of "team-work" in thought and research. But the horrible prospect may be left to the imagination; it is not likely to be realised. There is a rhythm of things, a swing of the pendulum; "Aberglaube" shocked Matthew Arnold, but he had to admit its re-invasion. After Materialism, Idealism; after a mechanical theory of evolution, the creative; after the development of automatic machinery, the man—and psychology is so young that many doubt whether it can ever become a science. It certainly will not if it tries to ignore human nature. Labour troubles may take the form of strikes for wages, but they spring from a deeper dissatisfaction, from the fact that industry does not and cannot as at present constituted provide opportunity for a full realisation of our latent powers. Doctors tell us that modern industrial processes do not develop the fundamental muscles, with the consequence that fatiguability is increased, deformity made easier and more common, and vitality itself is diminished. The psychologist is beginning to tell us that Andrew Carnegie's dream is becoming impossible, that unless a machine can be developed to do the work of a foreman, a works manager, an inventor, there is no sound prospect of continuing the great adventure of industry. Already it has been observed that the more "scientific" the management and organisation of industry, the more it requires men with initiative, with creative impulses, to direct it; and already it has been observed that the system itself does not produce a sufficient number of them. I must reserve for another article the consideration of the problem as revealed by Miss Marot in this "survey made for the Bureau of Educational Experiments"; I note here only that the stone that the builders rejected has become the corner-stone of the temple; that the human problem that was evaded by the invention of automatic machinery is here before our eyes, and greed itself can evade it no longer.

A. E. R.

* "Creative Impulse in Industry." By Helen Marot. (E. P. Dutter & Co. $1 50c.)

Reviews.

The Single Eye: Essays from the Mystic Point of View. By Arthur Edward Gray. (Daniel. 2s. net.)

There are penalties attached to every peculiarity: if thine eye be single, thou hast no stereoscopic vision; and the Cyclops regretted the fact that he could not sleep with one eye open. The kingdom of the one-eyed man is not to be found outside the Odyssey or Norse mythology, or inside that sphere with a radius of 500 yards which physiologists tell us is the limit of stereoscopic vision. Beyond that limit, however, the one-eyed man has no advantage over his better-endowed brother, and Mr. Gray has nothing new to tell us. That "education is (as the etymology of the word implies) a leading-out; instruction, on the other hand, is a putting-in or (to speak perhaps more precisely) a piling-up," is not a very novel observation; two-eyed men have seen that, and are devoting their efforts to the development of educational methods. Mr. Gray has all the appropriate sentiments: "it is not good that . . . scholarship should muzzle genius," and so forth, but he gets no further than that. The probability that the value of genius may be largely discounted by the team-work of modern science, that genius, as it always was the discovery of unsuspected relation between things, cannot dispense with exact knowledge and can only operate in generalisation from it, is not considered by Mr. Gray. He categorises the "intent" of art as "the reflection either of the objective actuality or of the subjective Idea," without considering whether we can ever be aware of the objective actuality except through the subjective Idea. The distinction that is really made is between the thing as it appears and the thing as the artist thinks it is, or ought to be; in the latter case, we see the "boots where the tie ought to be," and, like Matisse, put the eye in the left ear. That is originality, that is the only way to express the personal idiosyncrasies of the artist; and we can call that the subjective Idea if we like; indeed, if we like to be mystical, we can regard it as a symbolical representation of the fact that the whole body sees, as, for example, in the case of hysterics who can read books placed against the pit of the stomach, or read newspapers with their knees. Mr. Gray writes of religion, with particular reference to Christianity, only to prove that mysticism is really religious experience, that "the truth of the Bible depends ultimately on one sanction alone: its correspondence with our intuitive vision of the Permanent Reality," without seeing that immediate experience dispenses with mediate knowledge, in Emerson's phrase, "shoves Jesus and Judas equally aside." Mr. Gray cannot have it both ways; he cannot be mystical and conventional, be in the confidence of the Almighty and yet find quotations sufficient for his expression. A new vision creates a new religion, not an old commonplace book; and the truth of Christianity, by the way, is not to be found in gnosticism. He writes of "politics" only to enunciate the usual platitudes about our rulers' fear of clear, independent thinking in the people, of the danger of a controlled Press, and of the factory system which, he thinks, may cure itself by eliminating the human element; and of "war," of course, in the interest of international peace. We reach the end of the book with no clearer idea than that Mr. Gray thinks that, in some vague and unexplained way, common or communal or universal feeling should find individual expression through everybody, and love (we think it is love) should cast out pride and fear and separateness, and reign supreme.

The Making of Modern Yorkshire. By J. S. Fletcher. (Allen & Unwin. 7s. 6d. net.)

Mr. Fletcher deals in this volume with the period 1750-1914; another volume dealing with the period 1644-1760 is now in preparation. His style is that of the eulogist, but his method is that of the historian; he almost creates Yorkshire from nothing in his enthusiasm for its present condition. In 1750, there was nothing; in 1914, there was everything, including Seebohm Rowntree's "Poverty: A Study of Town Life." His own peroration will best describe his style and the range of his demonstration. "If Blind Jack of Knaresborough, a naturally alert and shrewd man, whose wits were almost preternaturally sharpened by his life-long infirmity, and who loved in his old age to hear of what things were being done in his native county, could come back to listen to some account of the Yorkshire of the twentieth century, he would marvel greatly. For he would hear that nowadays there are good roads all over the three Ridings; that there are railways with steam engines; that horseless carriages are everywhere; that electricity and motor-power have arrived; that men fly in the air. He could hear of traffic on the canals and rivers, of Yorkshire ships sailing to the very ends of the earth. He would hear of great mills, and factories, and workshops wherein folk work under the best of conditions; he would hear of the sanitation, and water-supply, and better housing, of lighting by electricity, of public baths and wash-houses, of communal kitchens, of free libraries, art-galleries, museums. He would be told of better wages, better clothing, better food. He would hear of the millions upon millions of money which folk have saved and invested. He would listen with amazement to the stories which might be told him of the wealth of the county, of its store of machinery, and of the wonderful new sources of power by which it is worked, of the new methods used in farming, of the appliances which man has devised for his help and his comfort. He would listen to the tale of the new industries, to the stories of romance associated with them; a giant himself among men, he would declare that Yorkshire in the nineteenth century bred a race of giants. He would hear, too, with no less wonder, of the marvellous social changes—that the poor man is no longer a mere serf, that he has rights, that he has a vote, and is at last a citizen; that he and his children can be educated and may gain knowledge and culture; he would learn that religious bigotry and intolerance are fast dying out, that men are learning to respect other men's opinions, however much they may dissent from them: he would hear of works of charity and benevolence, and of a great and marvellous uplifting of man as man. He would hear of a valiant fight against dirt, and disease, and ignorance; he would be told of how well that fight was going, and of the growing signs of ultimate victory. Finally, he would hear—and nothing would more amaze him—that in this new and wonderful age men have come to see that poverty is not crime, that the helpless must be helped, that the care of children is a national duty, and that society exists not for the preservation of the few, but for the protection of the many." He would just be enquiring the state of Yorkshire cricket and music, when he would hear that England had declared war against Germany—which he would probably regard as the greatest wonder of all.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

NATIONAL KITCHENS.

Sir,—In your correspondence columns of October 3 you were good enough to cast some reflections of mine on the National Kitchen in New Bridge Street. I am glad to report that one of my grievances is entirely off, and the edge has been taken off another. The 1s. 2d. restriction has been withdrawn, and the meat allowance has put on flesh. There is still a margin of profit on the plate, but the improvement is visible.

TRULY THANKFUL.

Pastiche.

BUSY DAYS IN THE BUSINESS GOVERNMENT.

I wrote a note to L.N.K.
Unhappily it went astray.
I followed it with vim and zest
Without regard for time or rest.
First of all by a lucky guess
I tracked it down to B.M.S.,
From there they 'phoned me up to state
That it had passed to A.M.8;
But here the whole staff did agree
That it had gone to M.O.3,
Who thought that they might safely say
It had been sent to D.N.A.,
Who sent an answer back to me
To enquire at D.A.P.
I spoke to their Chief Clerk and he
Referred me to the T.S.D.,
But they made haste to let me know
That I must ask the G.M.O.
And they suggested S.M.4,
Who passed my quest to the third floor,
Where dwelt the famous S.B.U.,
Who took the reasonable view
That I should try the C.D.R.,
Whose place was not so very far,
Where they advised me then to try
The L.R.C. or R.M.I.
The last sent me to J.M.1,
But here all my resource was done,
And though I roamed through D.S.E.
And M.H.F. and B.T.C.,
From E.S.Q. to Y.M.'s place,
I never found another trace.

P.S.—

May I append one more remark?
To say that now I can recall
The note was never sent at all.

J. D. GLEESON.

REMEMBRANCE.

From the dells where the song of the bird is, grass ever April-green,
Blue hills and the golden copses, day breaks a pearly sheen,
Where the wind is wine to the weary of eyes, when soft-eyed eve is near
In the purple vineyards of the skies; where the stars are piercing clear,

Come back to me here, where the children are old and so full of care,
In remembrances like the burthen of a song most sweet and rare,
Flashes of divine loveliness, the old supreme grace,
And that vast loneliness of the moors in every human face.

LAURENCE HOGBEN.

PRESS CUTTINGS.

To the Editor of the "Times."

Sir,—It is to be hoped that Sir Henry Morris's proposal that the medical profession should be given direct representation in the House of Commons through its colleges and corporations will not be taken as coming from the profession. An elementary acquaintance with English constitutional history shows that the success of the English Parliamentary system arises from the fact that from the beginning the elected body, however imperfect the electoral machinery, has represented, not separate castes or trades or guilds as such, but, as its name indicates, the several communes or communities as a whole. Specific medical representation would be a lamentable departure from the lessons of history, and would necessarily be followed by a demand, equally illogical, for the specific and separate representation of pharmacists, the clergy, plumbers, and barbers. It is of great importance to the public, as well as to the medical profession, that more members of that profession should be returned to the House of Commons; and, owing to the work of medical practitioners making it peculiarly difficult for them to seek Parliamentary honours, it is of great importance also that the profession should organise itself and help to this end. But doctors must be content to seek representation primarily as citizens, though a medical candidate, especially at a time when great public interest is shown in health matters, may expect to receive more, not less, support from the fact that he has special knowledge of health problems and that he is acquainted, intimately and at first hand, with the conditions under which the great mass of the people work and live.

HENRY B. BRACKENBURY.

Enthusiasm requires to be stimulated, but it cannot fail to thrive in the exhilarating atmosphere pervading the United States. How could it be otherwise when the nation has been invited by the Director-General to "think ships, talk ships, and dream ships," and acts on the advice? Even the toy-makers are asked to produce little ships. How can the shipward workers fail to do their best when the searching rays of publicity are always on them, displaying to their fellow-countrymen their fine achievements in the fight between a free democracy and a brutal military democracy? The daily and weekly Press, which devotes columns or whole pages to their efforts, is supplemented by numbers of illustrated shipyard papers throughout the country. Each large yard has its own organ. Every yard is battling to excel the other, and to fly the blue, red, and white pennants awarded monthly to the three yards in the steel and wooden shipbuilding industries which are held, all facts being taken into account, to have performed the most creditable work. Pride in the work is carried from the yards to the homes, where little flags in the windows show that a worker lives there who is doing his part in the building of ships. All the big yards have their bands, recruited from the men themselves, the members of which take pleasure in playing to their fellow-workers patriotic airs during part of the dinner-hour and when their day's work is done.—"Times."

A contemporary this week does a thing that I never remember any weekly paper doing before—discloses its circulation and tells its readers precisely what its receipts are and where the money goes. It says that it prints 2,250 copies and that its net weekly sale is 2,000 copies. The figure may surprise many people by its smallness, but there have been plenty of sixpenny weeklies in the last fifteen years that have got lower than that and still cut a figure. It is about the figure at which old-established journals which have lost a large circulation usually stop; they do not get much lower than that, owing to the fact that in the course of fifty or sixty years of flourishing existence they have got into most of the clubs, messes, and libraries of the English-speaking world. Publishers and intelligent non-journalistic readers usually refuse to believe that any paper can go on existing with so small a circulation; they assume that if a paper exists it must sell at least 30,000 copies. But it isn't so.—"Solomon Eagle" in the "New Statesman."

A system should be adopted which, while recognising the leadership and the superior responsibility of the employers, equally appreciates the responsibility of those who have to do the actual work, and who, consequently, must be well trained and competent workers. Very often the subordinate is more capable than the superior. And if the superior were always wise he would recognise the fact and take counsel with the man who is the most competent of the two. If we are to emerge from our difficulties, the old theory of master and servant—which, to speak plainly, is a survival from the days of slavery and serfdom—must be abandoned, and there should be substituted a system which would regard the whole body of workers as co-partners in a great operation which immediately and directly most concerns those co-partners, but which ultimately concerns equally the whole body of the public.—"The Statist."

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