

THE NEW AGE

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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

NOBODY doubts that the New Unionist Party will be returned by a substantial if not by an overwhelming majority; and it becomes necessary, therefore, to examine its prospects. It is a mistake to conclude that, because of the criticisms now being directed against it, the New Unionist Party is not a formidable combination. Whether by luck or cunning its promoters have succeeded in driving a wedge between the old Tories, on the one hand, and the Liberal Imperialists on the other, with the consequence that the new party has not only drawn recruits from each of the severed sections, but has so left the fragments that they can never unite. In addition it is to be remembered with what elements these fragments of the older parties will go into Opposition. They are, first, the Labour Party, then the Irish Party, and lastly the so-called independents—elements, in fact, which only upon the rarest occasions will ever be found in the same lobby. Combine such an Opposition so composed with the prospective absolute majority Mr. Lloyd George is now likely to command, and it will be seen that the outlook for the New Unionist Party is politically favourable. We shall not be surprised if the new Government remains in power not only during this Parliament, but during the next as well. A life of between six and ten years is not too long to anticipate for such a combination favoured by such an Opposition. And it becomes, therefore, a matter of consideration for Labour's General Staff (if Labour has one) to adjust its strategy to the probable circumstances.

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But the political horoscope of the New Unionist Party is of much less importance than its economic basis. What it is important to know is less its political window-dressing than the goods it conceals in its warehouse. What, in fact, is its economic basis; what is its programme for the industrial organisation of the country? As we said last week, and as Mr. Lloyd George has now made plain beyond dispute, the sailing orders of the new Government are production, more

production, and, again, still more production. To this formula, however, it is now possible to add a supplementary or, perhaps, complementary formula in the shape of a concurrent demand for higher wages, better conditions and greater security of employment. And the one, it is to be observed, is assumed to be dependent upon the other. The "Round Table" makes what is, perhaps, the best summary of the situation in its statement that "until the wage-earner has been given a position of economic security which nothing but his own fault can destroy, the wage-system as a system has not been tried." The position, it is clear, is as follows. On the one hand, Capital is to be offered the opportunity for making its maximum effort at production; it is to justify itself by quantity of production. At the same time, however, the discovered weaknesses of the wage-system—low wages, unemployment, etc.—are to be remedied and thus, with Capital itself, the wage-system is to be given its final trial. We are on the eve, it appears, of the last effort of Capitalism, an effort conceived on a grand scale and designed, if successful, to establish Capitalism as the best working hypothesis for ever. It is a case for Capital of Empire or Downfall. Should Capital succeed in solving the double problem of individualist industry, that of combining maximum production with maximum conditions of employment, its prestige, it is imagined, would thereafter place it hors concours. Socialism and all the rest of it would be deprived of their popular nourishment.

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Before examining the assumptions contained in this plan of campaign, let us glance at the character of the political Opposition. We may take it for granted, we hope, that not only will the Labour Party be returned about a hundred strong, but that it will exercise the privilege of its numbers to claim the official leadership of the Opposition. Even in this position, however, its weakness will be obvious. In the first place, since economic power is the precedent condition and determinant of political power, the Labour Party will discover that without a monopoly of Labour and in the presence of a complete monopoly of Capital, its opposition to the measures of the Government will for the most part be ineffective. It cannot be otherwise by constitutional means. In the second place, there is

lacking in the Labour directorate any clear idea of the situation in which Labour finds itself. Its brains are sadly to seek; and, indeed, it appears to make no effort to find them. But this will have the consequence that whereas the Capitalist Party has both a clear idea of its present purpose and the will to discover the men and means for carrying it out, the Labour Opposition will drift rudderlessly and protestingly in the wake of increased production. Anything in the form of intelligent and directed opposition is in all probability beyond the power of the present Labour leaders to initiate. Finally, we have to face the fact that the formula of the New Unionist Party, especially when supplemented by the wage-formula, is both plausible and seductive. Very many members of the Labour Party will undoubtedly be deceived by it. Wages being the purchasing power of the working-classes, it would appear to follow that the greater the amount of production the higher the value of wages. For if little is produced, wages, however high nominally, will purchase little; while, if much is produced, wages, however low nominally, may purchase much. When, therefore, the New Unionist Party in alliance with Capital undertakes to increase production as a means to raising the purchasing power of wages; and, furthermore, undertakes simultaneously to secure Labour against unemployment and bad conditions—the appeal, it appears to us, will be almost irresistible. In the absence of a much clearer notion than its leaders now possess, the Labour Opposition will, we think, more often find itself voting with the Government than against it. Under these circumstances it appears evident that the Labour Opposition runs the risk of becoming merely factious if not fractious. Without an intellectual basis of opposition, itself grounded upon an economic as well as a political understanding of the present situation, no real and effective Opposition is possible. The chances, moreover, of the formation of an alternative Government are in these circumstances remote. To give a real ground of Opposition it is necessary, therefore, to discover both a real criticism of the New Unionist formulas and a real alternative to them; for otherwise, as we say, neither genuine Opposition nor a genuine alternative Government is possible. But where is the real criticism to be found? It is to be found, we think, in an examination of the two postulates of the New Unionist Party: in the postulate, first, that increased production is the primary condition of higher wages or, alternatively, that higher wages necessarily result from increased production; and in the second postulate that what Labour is really seeking is an amelioration of the wage-system. Both propositions must not only be disputed, but along with their critical destruction must go the critical reconstruction of alternative solutions of the common problem. In other words, they must not only be challenged in themselves, but challenged by superior theses.

The criticism is not to be undertaken lightly for, in truth, the original proposition is, as we have said, plausible. All we propose to do at present is to direct a few questions against it. Let us ask of the productionists, for instance, what it is they propose to produce, to whom they propose to sell, and what they propose to take in exchange for their production? For it is obvious that until these questions are satisfactorily answered, we can by no means be certain that increased production will result in an abundance of the kind of goods that Wages must purchase. Wages, we may say in general, are spent and must be spent upon necessities, that is to say, on food, clothing, shelter, and the like; and it therefore follows that if wages are to have a high purchasing value the production of necessities should be abundant in order that their price may be low. But what guarantee is there that the proposed increased production will take

place in necessities rather than in luxuries? From the standpoint of Capital it is obvious that increased production is a general term the measure of which is simply increased profits; and it is of no concern to Capital as such whether the increased production occurs in luxuries or necessities. The distinction, however, is vital to Labour whose wages must be spent chiefly upon necessities. It will be seen that the question *What* is to be produced more abundantly goes to the root of the whole problem; for it is quite conceivable that luxuries may be cheapened at the same time that necessities are raised in price. As everybody should know, indeed, that has been precisely the drift of things during the last fifty years; primary products have been appreciated while secondary products have been everywhere undergoing reductions in price. Then as to the other question—to whom is it proposed to sell? Major C. H. Douglas has in the current "English Review" an ingenious and convincing article on "The Delusion of Super-Production" in which he shows that the sum-total of the world's wages can never provide a complete economic market for the sum-total of the world's production; and that, in consequence, there must always be over-production with its sequel in unemployment. The conclusion is unassailable from the analysis. Since the sum of wages is always considerably less than the market-value of the goods produced, Labour can never hope to purchase completely the products of Labour. There will always be a surplus. From another point of view, the present, moreover, is a singularly unfortunate moment for raising the cry of increased production. It is true that never in the history of the world has there been a greater demand for commodities; but it is also true that never before has the demand been so uneconomic. Those who most need to buy have the least means of buying. In other words, the demand is human but un-economic.

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Other and even more pertinent questions might be put to the super-productionists; and no doubt in the course of the coming discussion we shall find an opportunity for putting them. In the meanwhile, one of the larger consequences of the policy must not be overlooked. President Wilson referred, before leaving America, to the "pitilessly competitive" era that appeared to be before the world; and it is plain that if the programme of our super-producers is to be carried out, the competition between the chief producing nations of the world will be intensified. There may, for all we know, be means discoverable for insuring that such an intensified and international competition shall not lead to wars between the leading nations; but we confess that we are not sanguine about it. Nationalism has just taken a new lease of life, and if, at the same moment, international competition has taken a new lease of life with it, the conflict between nations can scarcely be kept within the limits of peaceful commerce. The problem, moreover, is complicated by the factors to which we have already referred. Super-production will, in any event, depend upon two main conditions (excepting, for the present, the goodwill of Labour): secure sources of supply for raw materials, and secure markets for the sale of the things produced. But both these conditions are from the nature of the case relatively shrinking quantities in comparison with the expanding areas of productivity. Within the last few years the productive capacity of this country and of America has increased by some hundreds per cent. Given the raw materials and the economic market, and it is probable that our own country alone could supply all the necessities of the world. Concurrently, however, with this increase of productive capacity, there has been both a relative and an absolute decrease of raw materials and markets, with the final consequence that the competi-

tion between the producing nations is now destined to be fiercer than ever. What measures will be taken to monopolise sources of supply and markets we may guess—for Free Trade is certain to be abandoned. And to what jealousies such measures will lead we can also foresee. On the whole, even under the best of circumstances, the policy of super-production is likely to cost us dear. A world-war every half-century is not economic.

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The second assumption of the New Unionist Party, namely, that the wage-system can and ought to be stabilized, is one that will be found still more difficult to combat than the first. To begin with, the conception of the abolition of the wage-system is itself still in the region of metaphysics for the vast majority of the Labour Party; and, in the second place, the advantages of high wages, reduced hours, improved conditions, and provision against unemployment are so obvious that if Capital begins to appear able to provide them, the Labour Party will discover no good reason for objection. That all these things, even if they were practicable, would merely strengthen and perpetuate the wage-system is plainly no argument against them in the minds of people who accept the wage-system or, at least, see no better alternative to it. Given this state of mind in the Labour Party, however, we can discover no real intellectual basis in their Opposition; for their Opposition, to be real must challenge the policy of the Government in its very roots. And what is more obvious than that the root of the Government's policy lies in the maintenance of the wage-system? If by any means the Government can contrive that production shall be increased and profits increased while, at the same time, wages and the security of Labour are ensured, we really do not see what the Labour Party, as at present opinionated, can say against it. It will not do to say that the policy is impracticable without first giving it a trial under test-conditions. Such a view will appear to be reasonable even in the opinion of the Labour Party itself. In the meanwhile, therefore, without the radical criticism and reconstructive ideas which so far are missing, the Labour Party will perforce be dragged at the tail of the New Unionist chariot.

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Failing this more radical attitude, however, there is still a programme open to be adopted by the Labour Party which is not altogether ignominious. Assuming that the intellectual force is wanting at present to challenge the Government on its two major postulates, the alternative is not necessarily to be reduced to acquiescence or, still worse, to mere obstruction. Something positive is still possible. Let us suppose that the Government goes on its way preparing to increase production and to stabilize the wage-system, the practical policy of the Labour Party with its present ideas is to direct its efforts, first, to ensuring that the right kind of production shall be increased; secondly, to ensuring that wages shall actually share proportionately in the increase; and thirdly, towards preparing in the meanwhile for the possible (or, as we think, inevitable) breakdown of the whole capitalist system. Here is a policy large enough and practical enough to keep Labour usefully occupied both politically and industrially. Politically the Party would be engaged in constructive and formative criticism of Government measures with a view to increasing and sharing in the right form of production. Industrially, as well as politically, the Party and movement would be engaged in self-education and self-organisation with a view to providing an alternative to the existing system when it should have been finally tried and found wanting. This is, in short, what we conceive to be the practical duty of the Labour Party in opposition: to direct as far as it can the policy of

the Government and, at the same time, to prepare an alternative to it.

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Two things, however, are necessary to this policy. One of them is to keep the political and the industrial movement in close and sympathetic association; the other is to discourage the impatience in both movements which is bound to find expression. The dangers from neglecting either of these duties are immeasurable. They may easily involve not only the Capitalist but the Socialist system of production in complete and irretrievable ruin. Let us consider the second of them first—the impatience that is likely to be felt at the comparative slowness with which the industrial system is being changed. This, as we know, has already been expressed in the creation, on the one hand, of independent local centres of industry which recognise no law, no organisation and no general control; and, on the other hand, of schools of "political" thought whose aim is openly to smash the Parliamentary system and to substitute for it what is called direct revolutionary action. We can easily exaggerate the importance of these forces at the present moment; but we cannot deny that they are rapidly becoming more coherent, articulate and seductive. In the current issue of the "Call," a certain "W. A. M. M." appears to us to have almost reached the last word on the subject. Thanks, he says, to the "Capitalist" war, society generally is in revolution, and the proletariat (meaning by this term not the manual and professional proletariat, but the "class-conscious Socialist proletariat" only) are in consequence masters of the situation. What are they to do, he asks? Are they to restore "bourgeois democracy," in other words, Parliamentary government? By no means, he says. Parliamentary government was always a pis aller; and now that fortune has made revolution possible, Parliamentary government must be thrown overboard. "The victorious proletariat has only one logical way to fructify its victory: to assume complete power and to proclaim the dictatorship of the proletariat just as the Capitalist classes have exercised such a dictatorship till now." Men like "W. A. M. M." do not argue. They offer no reason for the fanaticism that is in them. They do not trouble to inquire whether a permanent victory can be "snatched," whether power taken is always power kept, or what the forces suddenly overthrown would do to recover themselves. They are young lunatics in a hurry, and there is no discussion with them. At the same time, however, they must be taken into account; and particularly during the coming period of six or ten years in which it appears that the Capitalist system will be making its last trial.

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This brings us back to the earlier of our two considerations—the urgent need for the Labour Party to keep in touch with the industrial movement, to organise and, above all, to educate it. Without wishing, of course, that the Labour Party should become a reactionary party, we desire, with the vast body of the nation, that it should become emphatically a responsible and a constructive party, capable, in the first instance, of exercising control over the Labour movement by virtue of its ideas, and, in the second instance, of training the industrial and political movements respectively in self-control and control. For otherwise how will the Labour Party differ from the mad Bolsheviks who imagine that all they have to do is to destroy the existing system and then to see the new order spring up like a phoenix from the ashes? It is an infinitely difficult task which the Labour Party has before it: to prepare itself to succeed and to improve upon Capitalism. To this end, we repeat, neither the industrial nor the political movement is enough in itself, though the industrial movement, being the creative, is naturally the more important. Both movements, however, must be made to run together.

Foreign Affairs.

By S. Verdad.

THERE is a great deal of secret diplomacy afoot at the present moment, and much that is published in the Press concerning foreign affairs is no more than strategic or tactical information—or misinformation. In any event, we are a long way from the spirit of "open" diplomacy, and the letter is still farther off. Under the circumstances it is hard to expect the general public to interest itself in questions of foreign policy when the facts are so presented as to be self-contradictory. Difficult with all the available information before one, the task of judgment is impossible when the information is neither complete nor exact; and this state is inevitable from the conditions both of our Press and our Foreign Office. I am not saying, of course, that anybody in particular is to blame for it; or that there is anything necessarily sinister in the suppression and distortion of news. Given certain conditions and the existing personnel of the Foreign Office is certain to adopt the old-fashioned methods of diplomacy, for they can imagine no other. To make a real change in the conduct of foreign policy it would be necessary, as I have often said, to change the old régime of *persons*. As long as the same type of mind is in charge of affairs, the same policy will be pursued. be the Government, Unionist, Liberal, Labour or even Socialist. *Le roi est mort. Vive le roi!*

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Everybody was surprised, and many were shocked, to hear a few days ago that the Peace Conference was anticipated to last no more than about eight or ten weeks. Considering the nature of the programme before it, and, still more, the hopes entertained of its ability and willingness to create the nucleus of a permanent International Conference, the time seems ridiculously brief. The "Round Table," however, throws a possible light on the situation; for it hints that the Conference may come to ad interim conclusions and then adjourn for a later meeting. The suggestion (or inspiration) of the "Round Table" is interesting. If it represents at all the policy of the Government, the plan agreed upon will be to make the present Peace Conference the first of a series of annual Conferences at which international questions will be discussed and, if possible, settled. This is in all probability the nearest approach to the League of Nations that is at present practical; and it has as its model, no doubt, the Imperial Conference by means of which the various parts of the British Commonwealth are kept more or less in step with each other. Let us suppose that at the present Peace Conference certain tentative settlements are made, and that they are then referred for confirmation or amendment to a definitely dated subsequent Conference. The interval may be expected to provide material for fresh consideration, after which, again, further tentative solutions would be agreed upon—and so on indefinitely. The annual Conference thus begun, especially if it established a permanent secretariat, would, indeed, be the nucleus of a world-government, though of a very different form from that of the elephantine super-State which is now universally discredited.

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Several members of the Government have lately been insisting on the "responsibility" of public opinion for what is about to be done in its name. This is quite democratic, and I have no objection to the doctrine; but in practice, as everybody knows, it is difficult to discover the real opinion of public opinion. I see, for instance, that it is confidently assumed by Government spokesmen that public opinion is in favour of the trial of the Kaiser, of making Germany pay to the last farthing, and of excluding the Germans from this country for ever. Public opinion is also assumed to be in favour of maintaining the doctrine of British

naval "supremacy," instituting Colonial preference, establishing some form of Protection, etc., etc. For my own part, however, I have a different opinion of public opinion as measured, at any rate, by contact with bodies of men of all classes. My impression is that public opinion is very lukewarm upon proposals such as these, and rather suspects them of being calculated to renew war in the future than of securing permanent peace. What it appears to me public opinion demands is neither this measure nor that in particular, but an assurance that the measures taken, whether severe or lenient, should succeed in maintaining peace. Any measure, whether severe or lenient, that promises to foster war is in my judgment contrary to the real opinion of public opinion. Our delegates at the Conference may, therefore, be assured in advance that they will be forgiven everything but a fresh war. It is their business to establish peace, if possible for all time.

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Among the crucial questions for settlement are the "trial" of the Kaiser, the question of German indemnity, the disposition of the German colonies, the territorial boundaries of the new Europe, and the doctrine of the Freedom of the Seas. These are all of first-rate importance; in other words, each of them contains the possibility of war—not, perhaps, of war at once, or even of war in our day, but certainly of war within fifty years. Being of this inflammable nature it certainly behoves people to write, think and speak of them with the most careful responsibility. No one should express an emphatic opinion on them without first examining his conscience and inquiring of himself whether he is prepared to let his children's children fight and die for his present conviction. This is the only means of establishing responsibility. I am not contending, be it noted, that emphatic opinions should not be both formed and expressed; conclusions are indispensable to action. But I have in mind the contrast often displayed in the Press between the sense of responsibility demanded and the sense of responsibility actually felt. Take these critical questions as examples, and let us begin with the "trial" of the Kaiser. Is it not obvious to commonsense that the trial of the Kaiser cannot possibly be "legal," since there is no judiciary organ in existence to define his crime or to determine his punishment? If the Kaiser is to be "punished," it can only be as an act of policy considered as such; it cannot be by legal means. Yet we are told—and I am surprised to find so level-headed a jurist as my old friend Dr. Coleman Phillipson agreeing—that the conduct of the Kaiser can be legally tried by a judiciary body set up by the Allies ad hoc and retrospectively! The quibbling is unworthy of the occasion to say the least of it.

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Regarding the indemnity, again, we have demands made upon Germany not only for reparation and guarantees, but for all the Allied costs of the war, amounting to something like fifty thousand million pounds. I do not imagine that anybody can realise the meaning of these figures or, still less, what an indemnity of this kind would involve, even if it were practicable, which it is not. Nevertheless, people here and in France write about it as if extracting such a sum from Germany were only a matter for the Allies to decide. Both human nature and Nature, however, will have something to say in the matter. The disposition of the German colonies (themselves, by the way, a fair slice of indemnity) and the delimitation of the new European States are, likewise, problems easily solved on paper. In practice, however, they bristle like porcupines. Only tentative solutions are in any way possible; and I should be disposed myself to make every present solution subject to early and often revision. Finally, the question of the Freedom of the

Seas is the most crucial of all the crucial questions before us; and I should hesitate even so much as to express its gravity in exact terms. Let me only remind my readers that the last act of President Wilson before leaving America was to beg Congress to carry through the American Naval programme whose design is to make the American Navy "the greatest in the world." In view of that fact alone, some of our journalists should be muzzled if not shot.

The Irish Case Against Ulster.

I.

WHAT "ULSTER" MEANS.

If the Irish nation were as cynical and impatient as the history of Anglo-Irish relations would justify, it would be difficult for an Irishman to credit the seriousness of those who now profess to see a conflict between the claim of Ireland for self-determination and the denial of that claim on behalf of "Ulster." Fortunately, our faith is also the measure of our patience, and our tendency to an all-too-human scepticism is modified by experience of the endless and amazing ignorance of the elementary facts of the Anglo-Irish problem, which prevails even amongst well-disposed foreigners. A library of Irish political literature has accumulated, in proportions which we would gladly exchange for more tangible evidences of our national existence and the importance of our country. Yet in vain, apparently, have political writers from Molyneux, Swift and Berkeley to our own day set forth the various and varying aspects of Ireland's case for self-government; in vain have men struggled and fought and died to assert our demand for freedom—this long record of tears and blood, of folly and heroism, is easily obliterated by the speeches of a lawyer who is not an Ulsterman, when the plea is raised on behalf of "Ulster," and the "coercion" of a minority is "unthinkable." There is still a doubt in the mind of Englishmen as to the relative justice of the respective claims of Ireland and Ulster. Could such a doubt exist, if the facts of the two cases were as clearly established as we Irishmen have so passionately desired?

The clearest proof of misunderstanding, if not of ignorance, arises at once out of the use of inverted commas in Ireland where in England the word Ulster is mentioned without any modification. Ulster is to us a purely geographical term, which describes the Northern Province of Ireland, containing the nine counties of Donegal, Cavan, Monaghan, Tyrone, Armagh, Fermanagh, Down, Antrim and Derry. This region is intimately and gloriously associated with the greatest traditions, historical, religious and literary, of the Irish race, from the earliest times down to the eve of the Union. It was the burial ground of Saint Patrick, the stronghold of the Knights of the Red Branch, the scene of the epic masterpiece of Celtic literature. In Belfast Wolfe Tone conceived his splendid dream of the United Irishmen; at Dungannon Grattan created the volunteers of precious significance; and the battles of Benburb and the Yellow Ford have sanctified with triumphal memories the soil of Ulster. Evidently this Irish Ulster is not the "Ulster" which has called forth the devotion of Sir F. E. Smith and his colleagues, and whose right to self-determination troubles the minds of disinterested Englishmen, no less than it serves the malevolent purpose of certain political and industrial interests.

The genesis of "Ulster," as distinct from the Irish province of that name, dates from the Flight of the Earls, at the beginning of the seventeenth century, when the Earls of Tyrone and Tirconnell fled into exile, in consequence of an alleged conspiracy, with which they were charged upon evidence as dubious as that frequently to be employed to discredit Irishmen in subsequent history. The last stronghold of the Gaelic State having fallen, the way was prepared for the Plantation under James I and Cromwell, when some 100,000 Scottish Presbyterians were established in Ulster at the expense of the native population. These immigrants soon began to suffer from the civil and religious disabilities, the restrictions upon trade, which constituted the policy of English government in Ireland during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. "Political power," says Mr. Erskine Childers, "was wielded in the interests of a small territorial and Episcopalian aristocracy, largely absentee." This minority succeeded in driving out of the country a great body of artisans and manufacturers, whose skill strengthened foreign competition with England, and whose hatred and resentment were vital factors in the revolt of the American colonies, to which the majority had emigrated. It was a sense of a common grievance, and the need of unity for self-defence, which brought the Catholic Irish and the Presbyterian settlers together, and it seemed as if the idea of a united nation of all parties and creeds had crystallised. But, on the migration of the Presbyterians to America, Dublin Castle conceived the characteristically fatal plan of precipitating a conflict by awakening the old feud between the Scottish colonists and the Irish people. Catholics were encouraged to settle on the lands vacated by the Presbyterians, and economic rivalry revived the old religious antagonisms. The democratic impulse, which had prompted the Ulster Protestants to take the side of revolutionary France and America, was stifled, and the energies which were making Ulster a centre of republicanism, with a union of Catholic and Protestant, were deflected into the channel of sectarian warfare. A fratricidal struggle ensued, leading to the foundation of the Orange Society, where Wolfe Tone had hoped to see a nation of United Irishmen.

The Protestant Grattan described the Orangemen as "robbers and assassins who murder in the name of God and tyrannise in the name of liberty." They drove the Catholics out of Ulster, repudiated in 1798 the republican and democratic principles they had invoked in 1782, and fixed the fundamental traits of the "Ulster" with which England and Ireland have ever since been confronted. When the scrap of paper guaranteeing the independence of the Kingdom of Ireland was completely torn up by the Act of Union in 1800, "Ulster," as distinct from Ulster, had every reason to rally to a regime which promised to foster its illegitimate interests to the detriment of national well-being. Uneasy conscience gave reality to the hatred and fear of Catholicism, and to this bogey was sacrificed the healthy and normal development of the affected community, whose gradual incorporation into the body national and politic might have followed the course of evolution familiar in all other countries. Stimulated and protected by the system under which Ireland has been administered from 1800 to the present day, the unnatural conditions of "Ulster" have persisted with only the slightest modifications. Liberal in politics, the Ulster Protestants took refuge in Toryism when Gladstone became a Home Ruler in 1883, and the complications of the case have been by no means lightened by the phenomenon of an ultra-reactionary industrial area, with a revolutionary and republican tradition, blinded by religious prejudice, not only to the welfare of the community of which it is a part, but even to the obvious demands of its own special local problems.

Such, in brief, is the history of the purely political phenomenon, "Ulster," which is now presented to the

English people, without inverted commas, as a *national* problem, claiming the same right to settlement by self-determination as the Irish nation. It is important, therefore, to recall not only the origins and development of the Ulster question, but also the present obstacles in the way of any acceptance of the popular theory of homogeneity in the case of Ulster separatism. The total population of Ulster in 1911 was 1,581,696, of which 690,816 were Catholic Nationalists. Politically this division of the population was even more forcibly emphasised by the return of seventeen Nationalist, as against sixteen Unionist, Members of Parliament. By any democratic test the majority in Ulster is proved united with the majority elsewhere in Ireland, so far as the demand for an Irish Parliament is concerned. Ulster is neither Unionist nor Protestant: three counties, Donegal, Cavan and Monaghan, are almost wholly Catholic; Catholics and Protestants are about equally divided in Armagh, Tyrone and Fermanagh; and it is only in the three eastern counties of Down, Antrim and Derry that there is a strong Protestant Unionist majority. Even then, Belfast has returned one Nationalist member, representing the Home Rule, Catholic minority. If the four counties known as North-East Ulster are grouped together for electoral purposes, it is found that five Nationalists are elected as against fourteen Unionists. The remaining five counties return twelve Nationalists and only two Unionists. Clearly it is impossible to consider Ulster as a political and religious unity. If the right of Ireland to self-determination be granted, not only will a minority of the whole country be "coerced," but a minority in Ulster itself.

To do "Ulster" justice, those interested have rarely dared to base their demand for separate treatment on the ground of a majority's right to self-determination. Carsonia is frankly anti-democratic and particularist, demanding special concessions for a minority, on the sole ground of local advantage, and without any thought for the rights of the majority in Ulster, or the remaining provinces of Ireland. It is alleged that "Ulster" has prospered since the Union, that it is passionately devoted to England (not the Empire, for Colonial Home Rule is abhorrent), that its interests are opposed to those of the rest of Ireland, and that these would suffer at the hands of a legislature representing an agricultural community, and dominated by Catholicism. The very arguments cited in favour of "Ulster" are a proof of the particularism and purely local selfishness of their champions. So far as the prosperity of Ulster is concerned, it is limited to a few industries in a restricted area. The Province shows the second highest total of emigration for all Ireland between 1851 and 1911, namely, 1,236,872, and between 1841 and 1911 the population of Ulster had declined by 805,177 persons. Three Ulster counties are on the list of Irish counties with the greatest number of emigrants, and two of them are in the super-prosperous, super-contented "North-East Corner," namely, Antrim, with 297,605, and Down with 162,571. And, as showing that this decline of man-power is not a heritage of papal superstition, these figures are higher than those for the third county, Tyrone, whose emigrants over the same period numbered, 149,243. As for the pretence that a poverty-stricken agricultural population would victimise this "prosperous" industrial minority, it is worth noting that the taxable revenue per head is lower in Ulster than in Leinster, £3 9s. 8d. in the former, £4 8s. 9d. in the latter, and that congested districts, with all the misery the words connote, are found in Ulster no less than in Connacht. On *per capita* valuation the highest northern county ranks only twelfth in Ireland. In fact, what "Ulster" fears even more than it fears democratic government is democratic taxation. Its claim to self-determination is a claim for capitalist determination alike for Ireland and Ulster.

E. A. B.

The Influence of the War upon Labour.

Being the Second Chapter on Transition.

III.—DILUTION AND AFTER.

IN the two preceding sections of this chapter, the favourable elements of Labour's situation in war-time have been mainly considered. We have discovered, to the surprise of many superficial observers, that the Trade Unions have grown in membership and financial strength; that, freed from the incubus of unemployment, Labour has stiffened its demands and shown a resilience and vigour never before witnessed; that new ideas and a wider horizon have become visible. In its more strictly economic aspect, we have seen a growing industrial solidarity, not only in the direction of union amalgamation, but in a tentative and significant rapprochement towards the salariat. Moreover, we see, dimly as yet, that in its growing control over the productive processes, Labour, if intelligently alert, can prevent a return to dear money, and perhaps evolve a new system of credit. We may set down all these factors to the credit side of Labour's balance-sheet, and proceed to the consideration of the adverse influences. These broadly are two: dilution and unemployment. There are, of course, adverse conditions, such as trade depression, which seriously affect the community as a whole; I am here confining the argument to such weaknesses and dangers as threaten the Labour organisation.

It is contended in Marxian circles that dilution is not the creation of the war; that it is implicit in the Capitalist system; that sooner or later, the semi-skilled, the unskilled and women would have been pressed into industry under whatever excuse came readiest to hand; that accordingly the war only accentuated the inevitable. There is nothing in the logic or spirit of capitalism to preclude such a development. It is not unreasonable to suppose that capital would sooner or later have exploited the growing cleavage between craft and industrial unionism. Be that as it may, the facts are sufficiently startling. From 1915 down to the end of the war, every craft monopoly has been ground in the mortar; the pivotal positions in the workshop have shrunk to a minimum; the semi-skilled and unskilled worker, man and woman, has been at work hitherto supposed to be the monopoly of the trained industrial craftsman. Moreover, thousands of employers, having trained these dilutees, prefer them to their former employees, and will undoubtedly retain them if permitted. Everything depends upon the attitude assumed by Labour towards this new industrial army. If enmity be shown, the employers have only to divide and conquer; if absorption into the Trade Unions be the policy adopted, then Labour has under its control a considerable accession both of skill and numbers.

The progress of dilution has been in two stages: first by the semi-skilled and unskilled men rushing into munition manufactures in the early months of the war, where they have remained under protection; secondly, and subsequently, by a million or more women, who now constitute the real problem. But the semi-skilled and unskilled have not remained in their previous industrial status; on the contrary, they have from the beginning gradually acquired skill in increasing degree and numbers, so that to-day, making all allowance for men who have consistently been engaged on repetition work, it can be said that many thousands cannot be distinguished by the quality of their work from men who have graduated through orthodox apprenticeship. They have been encouraged in this by the Government, who have adapted or organised sixty or more technical schools and colleges for training purposes, mostly for men, in certain cases for women.

Probably 50,000 semi-skilled workers have been trained in these institutions. Not only in the simpler work: over 20,000 have been taught difficult and intricate processes. Strictly on the merits of their work, ignoring the Trade Union rules as to apprenticeship, it can hardly be denied that a considerable proportion of these dilutees, particularly of 1915 and 1916, must now be regarded as skilled workers. The Government may redeem its pledge to restore the pre-war conditions; that does not affect the skill or otherwise of the earlier dilutees, who have stood the test. It would be certainly unwise for the craft unions not to take this fact into consideration. If they exclude them from membership, the general labour unions will accept them, with the inevitable result that the unskilled unions, so-called, will claim a great variety of jobs which, in pre-war days, were regarded as the prerogatives of the craft unions. If, however, these skilled dilutees are accepted for what they are, the craft unions, industrially considered, are so much the stronger.

The skilled dilutee, however, is not relatively a difficult problem. Even if his numerical strength should reach a quarter of a million, it is a feasible task for the craft unions to absorb him. It is when we consider the industrial position of women that our troubles really begin. We shall be on the safe side if we assume that, throughout the munition firms of Great Britain, when the Armistice was signed, fifty per cent. were women. Probably, too, in the other industries, an equally high or higher percentage obtained. Without committing ourselves to numbers or percentages, it suffices that in 1918, as compared with 1914, there was an increase of 1,500,000 women in industry.* From this we must make certain obvious deductions. A considerable proportion will return to domestic life when their men come back. A further large number will fall out automatically with the closing of the munition factories. A still further number will fall out from industrial or physical incompetence. But, when all allowances have been made, a large number of women, greatly in excess of the number of male dilutees, will not only elect to stay in industry but have acquired the requisite skill and experience; will, if put to it, compete on the labour market.

The outside public is prone to imagine that the work done by women during the war has been either purely unskilled or repetition. This is true to a large extent; but it is not the whole truth. It was, I think, strictly true down to the spring of 1917. But as the military demands for men of fighting age grew more exacting, large numbers of men, who, in the first instance, came under the "Schedule of Protected Occupations," were released to the Army, whilst the events of March, April, and May, 1918, strained the nation's resources of skilled men to a dangerous limit. The consequence has been that woman has undertaken skilled work previously assumed to be beyond her capacity. Not only has she undertaken it; she has succeeded. So much so, indeed, that it is now difficult to believe the number of delicate and highly trained operations she performs. The progress of women in these years towards industrial efficiency is of historic interest. It may be well, therefore, briefly to review the stages. In 1915, women did little more than labourer's work, fetching and carrying for the men. In 1916, they gradually filled the places of men who were called to the colours or voluntarily enlisted, the latter in far larger numbers than is generally realised. It then became evident that, as the war would be prolonged, we would be compelled to rely upon woman's labour, both to produce munitions and continue our economic processes. There

was nothing for it but intensive instruction, in one form or another. The object arrived at was to train a woman rapidly to perform one operation, of the many involved in the production of particular part or piece. She was required to become a specialist in this one thing. Incidentally, we may remark that the average apprentice is not taught much more than this and takes longer to acquire it. But an intelligent worker, man or woman, would not stop there. She has eyes; she talks with others; they compare notes. Often she gets transferred to another job; the skill gained in one operation can with little modification be applied to another. In the end, partly by training, partly by observation, partly by atmosphere, many thousands of women have become reasonably competent industrialists, many more thousands have become adepts at one, two or three operations.

Thus, by the autumn of 1917, we find that women had travelled far from their industrial starting point of 1915. She has conquered both heavy and light work. In several factories, after a few months' training, she has made gauges accurate to within one-quarter of a thousandth of an inch (.00025); she has been known to unload coal wagons, shifting 20 tons per woman per day. So far back as June, 1917, came this official announcement:—

"PETROL ENGINES.—Messrs. R. A. Lister and Co., Ltd. (Dursley), have women engine-testing, tin-smithing, fitting, erecting and viewing in connection with petrol engines."

A petrol engine, particularly for aircraft, is a most complex and delicate piece of mechanism. When women have performed, under skilled supervision, all the sub-divided processes here enumerated, there is little or not much left for a skilled engineer to do after them.

In 1917 that was regarded as a notable performance. A year later, from the same official source (week ending August 10, 1918), I read:—

"TOOL-SETTING.—In the factory of Messrs. White and Poppe, Limited, Coventry, making brass fuses, Nos. 106 and 80, Mark II, 21 women are employed on Cleveland automatic machines and 16 on Brown and Sharpe's automatic machines. They work to limits averaging four one-thousandths of an inch on the outside diameter and two one-thousandths on the inside."

"GAUGES.—At the works of the Telephone and Microphone Company, Sutton, two-thirds of the hands are women, and, apart from the proprietor and a discharged soldier, only three are skilled men. On screw-gauges, two women do the entire work, including hardening by the cyanide process and final correction. They work to limits as close as half a ten-thousandth of an inch."

"CONSTRUCTIONAL ENGINEERING.—At the works of J. Westwood and Co., Limited, Millwall, two years ago, no woman was employed. Now women are engaged on unusually heavy work. Four women, taking the place of three men, bend sheets of one-eighth inch metal, each weighing about 2 cwt. on hydraulic presses." Then follows a list of other heavy tasks. The report ends: "The women are contented, in spite of the fact that they have to work in open-sided sheds. They give satisfaction to their employers."

Similar reports follow showing the work done by women on ammunition and limber wagons, optical instruments, electric lamps, machine belting. The last note reads: "During the past ten months, nearly 100 girls have been transferred from the preliminary course at the York Technical School to the Government Instructional Factory, Birmingham."

The extent to which women has invaded industry can be dimly estimated by the Catalogue of the Exhibition of Samples of Women's Work, at the Whitworth Institute, Manchester, now closing. Fifteen groups of exhibits covering engines of every description, guns

* This figure does not include the number of women who have taken up miscellaneous occupations. I am here dealing only with woman's work as it may affect organised labour.

and components, small arms, gauges, drills, cutters, tool-room work, aircraft fittings (metal and wood), projectiles, general engineering, including machine tool parts, optical munitions and glassware, surgical and chemical glassware. This Catalogue reeks with most significant comments. I confine myself to only one, which every engineer will appreciate:—

"In the works where these articles are manufactured, the extent to which female labour has been utilised on non-repetition work of very high-class may be gauged by the following facts. The milling machines are operated by 24 girls under the supervision of 2 skilled men. There are 23 girls on Capstan lathes with 2 skilled men supervising. Of six shaping machines, five are operated by girls and the other by a man who gives the girls any assistance they may need. Eight girls are working Universal grinders, all under the supervision of one man. There are six girls operating engraving machines, and these are supervised by a woman. Fourteen girls are working centre lathes, doing screw-cutting, both internal and external. Their lathes are situated alternately with lathes operated by skilled men, who give the girls such attention as they need. In the tool-room, a girl works a Universal grinder, another a Universal miller, while a female tool-fitter backs all formed cutters by hand. There are 13 girls fitting gun-sights at the bench, doing all work except that demanding the highest degree of skill, which is left to experienced male fitters."

Before coming to the medical and social aspects of this new factor in industry, there is one feature we must not overlook. Since woman generally has not the physical strength of man, special machines have been devised to supplement her work—lifting and carrying gear and the like. Nor must we omit from our calculations the enormous progress made during the war in automatic machinery, ingenious, of course, but steadily achieving simplicity of operation and as near as possible "foot-proof." Whether woman remains in industry or leaves it, all these mechanical aids to physical disability can still be applied and developed.

S. G. H.

The Great War.

THE General Election which is so close upon us will have another interest besides that due to the more obvious results which it will produce. It will show whether we have learned even partly the lesson of the war, and what we have been fighting for and against. We have been fighting for "Religion" and Emotional freedom against the blight of formalism and logic which the intellectual mind can cast upon all with which it deals; or for Reality against Fiction; or Truth against Artifice. In the war of armies we have really not been successful—our victory was the victory that always comes *in the end* for Truth, the victory due to having the whole world of Truth to draw on instead of only the artificial and restricted world of untruth.

But we must not think that this is the end; it is only the beginning. This has been an *International* war. There still remain the *Intranational* war against the Hun in our midst, and the *Personal* war against the Hun in ourselves. We ought to have learned in this first struggle the tokens by which we may recognise the Huns when they appear in the next scenes in different garb, but I much fear we have not all learned our lesson well.

Russia has certainly not learned it, for she has not seen that Bolshevism is only another name for theory and formalism, slightly different from the military theory of armed might, but yet having nothing to do with Emotional freedom and true liberty. True liberty is a hard thing to reach. Indeed, the truest liberty is the last thing which man will reach. Even the

definition of liberty is hard enough. It clearly does not mean what most people, thoughtlessly, wish it to mean, namely, the right of each to do "exactly as he pleases." At best this is but the liberty of the brute beast, or the pebble on the sea-shore, and though they may have the right they certainly will find that they have not the might, however strong they may be, for they will be struggling not only against fellow man, but also against Nature. Hence it was that men formed leagues—family, national, or what not—that they might not have to struggle against *all* men, and that they might combine against Nature.

Within these leagues there should exist a restricted, though in a way a true, liberty, and to produce this is the real problem which we have to solve. In form the solutions are almost countless, one being adapted to one condition of things and men and time, and others to others. But the underlying fact which makes them really vital or only formal is whether they are based on Truth and the Confidence which is born of truth. To take what may be called a trivial example; our liberty in walking down the street depends on the confidence which we have that others will observe the conventions of the road. If they do so we walk on without obstruction; the street might, almost, be empty except for ourselves. If we have not this confidence we walk as if we were in a dangerous land. This is not such a trivial example as it may seem, for it is, in small, the type of what we are considering; and the suggestion that it is trivial only shows our ignorance on the whole subject of liberty, and the real use of conventions, and how we should regard them. When we can obey even the simplest laws because they aim at benefiting the community and not for fear of the penalty, we shall be on the road towards liberty. Remember Naaman the Syrian.

I fear that the history of the past does not give us any great hopes that we shall arrive at this in the near future. True, we have *as a nation* fought for the sake of a scrap of paper. But beyond those who went off to the war or unremunerative war-duties within the first months there is not much evidence that we as individuals have taken the situation to heart. We have all sworn to our neighbour and disappointed him just as before, and told more or less than the truth to serve a purpose just as we used to do.

What is true of us as individuals is true also inside the nation. We have given Governments charge of the war—and gone back on them; the Governments have given promises to all sorts and conditions of people—and gone back on them. What we really need first is a Government by honest men which will leave the people in a fit environment to deal with themselves.

Not long ago I was talking to a friend about the Treasury. He is a member of one of the great firms in the City whose word is known over half the world to be as good as, if not better than, its bond. I complained of the incapacity of the Treasury. "No," he said, "they have a capable lot of men." And then he added, almost apologetically, "What is really wrong is that if they were in the city we should say they were not quite gentlemen."

This is largely a matter of departmental upbringing. The man who becomes an under-secretary is not necessarily a liar, but he is soon instructed how to give "parliamentary answers" and to play the lawyers' game of always being in the right. And this is naturally so, for his opponents in the game have the gloves off, and no sentimental ideas of honesty; and will, if they can, twist anything he says, whether true or not, to their own purposes. But politics, whether in the House or on the Borough Council, is a dirty game, and who touches pitch carelessly gets defiled.

And all this has been, and will be, for any signs

which we can see among the stay-at-homes, but there still remains one great hope. The men who have been away so long will soon be back again. They have been living a life of realities, suffering hardships, and learning the meaning of confidence and true comradeship. We must beg them to make us still further their debtors after their return, and teach us what these things are, and keep the ground for us while we are learning.

If they are too late for this Parliament we want them to turn rivers through the Municipal Council Chambers and thus both learn the way and earn our confidence, so that they may soon have the honour of again winning the war in the cause of Truth on the Intranational stage of Parliament—once again by the Strength of Truth, though poorly equipped at the start, against the wiles of the Hun.

M. B. OXON.

Drama.

By John Francis Hope.

THE revels that occurred in London during "armistice week" had their own interest for the artist. The theatres were crowded, it is true, but the play was not the thing; the audience reverted to its old function of chorus and made glad noises. In the streets, confusion was worse confounded; and musicians strained their eyes in vain for those vocal works of the young French school that represent the last triumph of art. The connection between the signature of the armistice and

When I've had three or fower
I love her mower and mower,
Ireland is the place for Irish stew,

is not obvious; even as an Ode to Victory,

O, O, O, what a lovely war!

leaves something still to be expressed; and musicians, at least, have been shocked by the inability of the populace to express its emotions in the more classical forms of vocal expression. The choir-masters have been in conference, and have formulated a scheme which will supersede the special constables by special choristers; the intention is that on all occasions of public importance, presumably of mourning as well as rejoicing, the choirs of England will be mobilised and marched to places of public resort, and will there give voice to the public feeling in a form that will not shock the musicians. On the first day of the operation of the Daylight Saving Act the assembled populace might be induced by the choirs to sing "Sumer is a-comen in," and so forth; and it has been suggested that contingents of folk-dancers should accompany the choirs and lead the dancing in a style less primitive and more appropriate than capering round a bonfire. Merrie England sang glees; industrial England, for its sins, listened to oratorios; democratic England took the world for its country, and celebrated its corroboree with a medley of subjects and styles that began in the Stone Age and ended in Trafalgar Square.

That art is always a criticism of life, the choir-masters' scheme reveals. The artist is the Lady Macbeth of emotional expression; these things, he says, must not be done after this fashion. He knows a better or a more beautiful way which, if we will only wait a minute, he will show us; the beginning of art is the delay of re-action, and the artist, who is popularly supposed to be the most spontaneously expressive of persons, is really the most disciplined controller of his impulses, in his capacity of artist. But precisely because art is born of a delayed re-action, it can never

be an effective substitute for life; Carlyle, in his sledge-hammer fashion, drove the point home: "You have lost your only son; are mute, struck down, without even tears; an importunate man importunately offers to celebrate Funeral Games for him in the manner of the Greeks! Such mummery is not only not to be accepted—it is hateful, unendurable." But it is not the pedantry of the importunate man, nor the pathos of the situation, that constitutes the offence; the actress objecting to our "contemptible squeals of joy," our "mere whiffling, husky, cachinations," and offering to laugh melodiously for us or teach us to laugh melodiously, would be just as offensive. The superior taste and technical skill of the artist do not diminish the supreme impertinence of his claim to do for us what we ought to do for ourselves; the artist is not only three removes from truth, but under modern conditions is about ten removes from life. One must live, even if Voltaire could not see the necessity; and we cannot permit the artist to exercise sovereignty over the expression of our vital impulses.

I am thinking particularly of those "autocratic" theories of drama which were current before the war, and culminated in the puppet theatre of Gordon Craig. The latter relegated the audience to the magic tower of the Lady of Shalott, forbade it ever to look upon the face of man or woman on penalty of death; and yet, with most amazing paradox, pretended to express the "spirit" of dramatic art by purely mechanical means. The rank blasphemy of the heresy is obvious, and needs only to be linked with other developments to be correctly classified: "Don't sing," says the gramophone-maker; "Don't play," says the seller of pianolas; "Don't recite," says the cinematograph proprietor; "Don't act," says the puppet-theatre manager; and did we not see Mr. H. G. Wells, only a few weeks before the war, confidently offering his war-game as a substitute for war? Give them what they demand, and the artists, in their abstraction from life, tell us: "Don't live; perish humanity and establish Beauty." The artist is the real advocate of race suicide, who may get a following if and when he leads the way.

What, then, is the use of art? It is not, in my opinion, a substitute for life; it should be a preparation for it. I share the Aristotelian view on this matter; if tragedy, for example, purges us of pity and terror, two most disabling emotions, we ought to be able to face the worst in life, not only with a clear conscience, but with a ready intelligence. Napoleon declared that he was never at a loss in battle because he had, in imagination, prepared for every possible development, had fought his battles over and over again before he had to fight them in reality. Life, of course, is more complex than any one of its activities, and art has therefore a greater range than imaginative strategy and tactics; but that it should have the same aim of training for mastery is the only legitimate purpose that I can discover for it. It has stepped beyond its province when it confronts a real emotion with a demand for imaginative expression; it is in its place in the general scheme of education which will develop the technique of expression. The poet who brings his "Epithalamium" to a wedding deserves to be kicked; but the bridegroom ought to be sufficiently educated in poetic composition, and sufficiently inspired by the occasion, to write his own "Epithalamium." Drama, we know, began as a spectacle for "wallflowers," when those who were too old or too tired to dance sat around and told each other how much better dancing was done in their young days. There is still a public responsive to the appeal to senility; but we have now to demand an educative drama, and a dramatic education, under penalty, if we do not, of seeing our people revert to primitive methods of expression of all general emotions.

Old Peter the Painter.

By Triboulet.

(THE action is during a peasant or so-called "Beggars" rebellion in Holland in the year 1566. A lane by a high-road near Amsterdam. Late at night and bright moon-shine. Peter Aarmans, an artist, stumbles forward. Robert, his youngest son, who has been following him, rushes in and seizes Aarman's arm.)

ROBERT: Father, where are you going to?

AARMANS: I have an appointment with a beast.

ROBERT: An animal, father!

AARMANS: A peasant.

ROBERT: But the peasants will kill anyone they find at this time.

AARMANS: Go home! I am going to meet the peasant. This John, this John Kragt, their leader. Once he was a pupil of mine, but he fell back into the herd.

ROBERT: But why are you meeting him?

AARMANS: They hate me. They hate my work. They destroy churches and all beautiful things. They know my fame, my work, my house. They know the great picture I am finishing. I have painted Jesus Christ nobly and his persecutors like peasants. They are coming to-night to destroy my work.

ROBERT: The peasant will not help you.

AARMANS: We shall see. He cannot be wholly bad; he was once an art student. I have advocated reform, and he knows I want justice for the unfortunate villains he leads.

ROBERT: If I were you—

AARMANS: You are not me. You have created nothing. I made something to endure. What else of value had life but the endurance of beautiful things? Tell me! What a fool I am to ask you who have created nothing! Do not look at me! I am no sight for you. I meet the peasant as a beggar, and you are not fit to see my indecency. I am no sight for God himself.

ROBERT: Come, father, you are raging.

AARMANS: Let me rage. What else can a helpless man do? Let me rage before God. If I have an immortal soul, He cannot destroy it as they would destroy my work. Ah, I doubt that soul! I have put my spirit into my work. If it cannot live to show what I dreamed and felt and thought, what good is there in the endurance of a worn-out man, a confusion of habits and memories? Art absorbed my skill and my imagination, and I am left a dry, dotting fool. Go home, puppy! Do not look at me!

ROBERT: I will go home. I can do nothing here. I will fetch David and others who can protect you or make you return.

(He goes out. Aarmans walks to and fro, his every gesture showing confusion of feeling and thought. In a few moments John Kragt enters.)

KRAGT: Who is that?

AARMANS: Peter Aarmans.

KRAGT: I am Kragt. This meeting is dangerous for both of us, Master Aarmans. Be brief. What do you want?

AARMANS: I know I treated you—well, let us say, rather—rather brusquely when I kicked you out of my studio, John; but I have been sorry for that. To the point, you are a man of importance with the peasants, and I want you to help me to save my great picture.

KRAGT: What is wrong with it? Do you want me to paint a better one on top of it? But I say, Master Aarmans, surely you have better reasons for bringing me here than to talk about a picture. It is a damnable impertinence!

AARMANS: Go on, be brutal to me. My person does

not matter; my work is everything. It has value for all who possess feeling and taste for such beautiful things.

KRAGT: I possess neither.

AARMANS: Ah, I was a fool to think you could help me. You are a beast like the rest. Well, John Kragt, let me tell you that I know about the plot laid against me and my life's work. The peasants hate me and my pictures. They are coming to destroy my house to-night. You laugh. Well, scoff on. I deserve it. I favoured land reform, and I have always been a sympathiser of the working man. The peasants hate and fear sweetness and light; they are only hungry, dirty, greedy. (Kragt moves away.) Here, John Kragt, you shall not go like that. If you are not utterly bad, do something to turn the peasants aside. Help me, or, by God, when they come to my door, I'll face them and call Heaven to witness! (There is a noise of shouting and marching men in the distance. Aarmans trembles.) They are coming! They are near!

KRAGT: No.

AARMANS: I can hear them distinctly. How they roar!

KRAGT: You are right. They come along the high-road.

AARMANS: All is lost!

KRAGT: Come, pull yourself together.

AARMANS: How quickly they come! Look, there are torches! They come like a flood, a tossing, roaring flood! What cries! What howling! It is a cataract!

KRAGT: It is. It pours onwards. It tosses upwards. It hangs above you—

AARMANS (sinking to the ground): Jesus! Mary! save me!

KRAGT: Stand up! The cataract, as you call it, is pouring somewhere else. It is going down the high-road. It is not turning down your lane.

AARMANS (rising): Thank God, you are right! The shouting is feebler. The noise is dying away. What does it all mean?

KRAGT (going): Good-night, Master Aarmans. The peasants have never thought of you. They will not go out of their way to burn you.

AARMANS: How clearly I can hear the frogs in the pool!

KRAGT: They are terribly afraid.

AARMANS: What! These men will not kill me or burn my work?

KRAGT: It will be a long time before they will trouble about you. Do not worry. When we have knocked the vanity out of your sort we will force you to master yourselves and less skilful men. That is not to-night, old man. (He goes out.)

(Later. Aarmans is standing beside a pool. The frogs are croaking and the artist talks aloud.)

AARMANS: I will say—what will I say? I am a vain fool. If I was really so great that they should want to kill me I could have easily spoken to them. Very easily. Let me see. (His tone changes and he speaks like a gentle penitent at the stake.) If we had really enlightened you, you would not be able to destroy our work. This stupidity is not the result of ignorance but of bad thought, bad art. You are dull and brutalised: you are poor anarchists who can only triumph over rich anarchists, and we have blamed God, or Nature, or nothing, for it all. I beg for a picture. I excuse this beggary by talking of a sacrifice of my person for my work. My God, the last vanity when we have puffed up our persons in vain. Toilers, my art is a slave and a coward; it served my masters with me: slaves and cowards cannot sacrifice themselves, they can only be destroyed. Toilers, I see

a kindly power presiding over your passion. That power might be our art, but it is not. It is nothing but vague, ghostly ideas of justice and beauty. Too thin, too weak to rule. If there had been a true race of artists those ideas might be real, clear, omnipotent. (He pauses.) Yes, it would have been easy if they had really wanted to destroy me. (There is a heavy movement in the bushes, and a dark, indistinct form appears. Aarmans steps back hastily.) Who is that? (A long pause.) Won't you speak? Come out, then. I am old, I am weak. I have no money, no friends. What, you'll only stand and stare. Ah, John Kragt, this is a ghastly trick. I suppose you want to see how you have crushed me. Why the devil don't you speak! I owe an explanation, do I? It is a toss of a coin whether you kill me or ignore me, is it? Do what you like. What have you been doing? What flames are those yonder? Have you set fire to St. Cleopas'? Why the devil don't you speak? You'll drive me mad with your peasant tricks. I am a Beggar, John Kragt. My father was one, my mother, my grandfather, my great-grandfather. I'll take a torch with you. If I did kick you out of my studio, there is no reason why you should stand there like that. The old game, eh? You are a sort of accusing angel, dumb. It brings up the truth, does it? But I am not obstinate. I am not stupid, not too proud. I used to try to justify your cause, secretly, to myself, of course. I argued it down for justice sake. Yes, you are right, it was a yellow moth-eaten justice, the cloak used by every knave and fool who has usurped power. The devil's justice. Yes, you are right, your raw, rude power is nearer truth than the fakement of the schools. There was something divine about that foaming, roaring cataract. What flames are those yonder, John? (There is a movement in the bushes, and an ass brays. Aarmans laughs wildly.) Your voice is rough, John; or is it echo catching mine?

(Robert Aarmans runs in.)

ROBERT: Father, father, where are you?

AARMANS: What is it, son?

ROBERT: All is lost. My brother and two of the men came to find you. They met the peasants. David thought they had waylaid you. They fought together and a man was killed, and David had to retreat to the house.

AARMANS: Well?

ROBERT: David escaped, but the peasants burned down the house. They are coming this way now. Let us take the road to Amsterdam. David has gone that way.

AARMANS: Is everything lost?

ROBERT: Everything.

AARMANS: Did nobody try to save my work?

ROBERT: The Peasant bid them spare the house, but none would listen. They did not care whose house it was, or what it contained.

AARMANS: To hell with the people! May God torture them everlastingly! There can be no justice for savages who have not the innocence of beasts. A man may create beautiful things, pouring body and soul into his work, and a rabble of blockheads can destroy what he makes. It shakes all faith in right and goodness. It makes all traffic with beauty a lie and a mockery. What is the good of beauty if swine can befoul it and obliterate it? What is wrong with my work?

ROBERT: It is useless asking such questions. Let us go to Amsterdam.

AARMANS: Everything is put to the test here, not in Amsterdam. I do not want to live in Amsterdam. A minute here this night is worth a life-time there.

Did my great picture submit like a sick girl; did it suffer like a trussed lamb?

ROBERT: Good God, did you expect it to fight or run?

AARMANS: Yes, if you like, yes. It should be strong enough to make men know it, love it, and respect it. But, it is weaker than mad peasants, weaker than hungry clowns. Goodness and strength are beautiful, and the only beauty I know is neither good nor strong.

ROBERT: We shall be caught easily.

AARMANS: It told me it would live. In working, I felt there was something indestructible flowing from me to the canvas. It told me it would live in spite of hatred and neglect.

ROBERT: But any fool can destroy the most precious object.

AARMANS: And haven't we lived long enough to prevent that? How many thousand years more do we want to do it in? Who creates the fool? Who neglected his education? What is my skill and intelligence for? There are hammers in my brain! What a noise!

ROBERT: The peasants are coming down the high-road.

AARMANS: They came before. Let them pass. They do not know me. I have never helped them or oppressed them.

ROBERT: They are coming here.

AARMANS: It seems so. Son, let us stand by this donkey's head, and I will call out as they pass. I have prepared a few words—

ROBERT: Thank God, they are passing right along the high-road.

AARMANS (whimsically): They are always doing that. I am quite used to it. They run over the blanket like a nightmare, and then slide across my chest so gently without waking me. They are grotesque fellows. They do not seem to care a gooseberry whether I love or hate them. Would to God I was one of them, or that I had enough power to annihilate them all! Let us go.

ROBERT: Where?

AARMANS: Amsterdam, of course. (They go out.)

Music.

By William Atheling.

MISCELLANEOUS.

DOROTHY GRIFFITHS (Æolian), ease, grace, clarity in Scarlatti's Sonata in D. Mr. Liddle was in better form as accompanist than was Mr. Plunkett Greene. Arne repeated too many phrases in setting "Come Away Death." There were remains of fire and savagery in the singing of "Mally O," Bullock's setting of "Brittany," exploited naïveté; Chas. Wood's setting of "Ethiopia Saluting the Colours" well sung; a curiosity—music, I suppose, as good as the chosen passage of Whitman, not wholly satisfactory, full complement of various crudities. "Bells of Clermont Town," Mr. Belloc's little joke, was set without distinction, and was sung so fast that the voice had no resonance. Herrick's "Corinna" was hashed both by singer and composer. All but the last four lines were utterly unintelligible. Even if Mr. Greene is a monument to the best taste of the eighties he might take a few lessons in enunciation from M. Yves Tinayre. This jabble, jabble, jabble was a very poor substitute for Herrick's lyrical outburst.

York Bowen, Romance in G flat, usual "école" of "Narcissus," ripple, etc., played with suavity by Miss Griffiths. Hinton's "Fireflies" was labelled "first performance" (trat auf und wieder ab). I seem to remember fireflies, butterflies or some other winged denizen of the æther by this compositor, but it doesn't much matter one way or the other. Miss Griffiths was still varying her G theme variations when I dismissed myself from the hall.

AMY HARE, Chamber Concert, Wigmore, November 18. The slightly anarchic and immoderato "Allegro" of the Arensky Quintet, Op. 51, was given with a good deal of volume and spirit. Arensky is the most German, perhaps we should say the most Viennese, of the Russian composers. His exact meaning in this first movement was not very discoverable. In the second movement, so far as I could make out, Madame Hare created no particular interest in her touch or in the timbre of the piano. Madame Suggia's 'cello was resonant in the bass and firm where it sounded above the other instruments. This Quintet is the kind of music that gives a general bemusement, rather than conveying any definite impression of meaning or developing any emotion to a super-usual intensity.

As for the third movement "Scherzo," we have heard it, have we not, or we have heard something so very like it, in the First Class salon of a Norddeutscher Lloyd boat approaching Hamburg. It is not quite the Tzigannes. It calls up associations of marine interior decoration. In the Finale the piano emitted various heavy and well-timed booms; one felt that it was the motive force, the donkey-engine inside the merry-go-round.

KATHLEEN PARLOW followed with the Vitali "Chaconne" delicately accompanied by Charlton Keith, whom I should like to encounter more frequently in my inspections. The violin began a shade shrill, or, at least, so it sounded if one were near the platform. There showed at once distinct ability hampered by distressful acidity. It was as if the indisputable concept of beauty were interrupted by fits of annoyance, a sort of personal annoyance on the part of the performer. Miss Parlow is one of the very, very few English (?) violinists who puts any passion into violin-playing. The performance of the "Chaconne" gradually improved, and, as a whole, it was, as she played it, worth hearing, quite distinctly worth hearing.

ÆOLIAN HALL (November 19). The London Trio was, as I entered, performing the late Sir Hubert Parry's "Trio in B minor" with clarity and distinctness. The late composer wrote to Madame Goodwin that she, assisted by Albert Sammons and W. E. Whitehouse, performed the trio most brilliantly. "Full of go and warmth, and everything that is gratifying to me," were his words. I have no doubt that the three performers are still up to that level, and that they were getting out of the music quite all that the late composer put into it. Still, there seems to be no particular æsthetic reason why one should play that "B minor trio" in preference to anything else. I was soon horrified to discover that I had entered in time for the second movement, and that I had been listening to the "Andante," not to the final *Maestoso*. The third, "Allegro Molto," or jabber movement, drove me into the outer courts of the building, from whence I returned to hear

MISS NIN NEVINE. There was a certain richness in her voice, somewhat opaque but pleasant. The English Church mode has been almost eliminated; there seemed to be possibilities; at least, she was by no means hopeless; though the singing was *trop mesuré*, there was not enough binding force in her rhythm. Rousseau wrote in 1687 (in "Maitre de Musique et de Viole") :—

"At this word, 'movement,' there are people who imagine that to give the movement is to follow and keep time; but there is much difference between the one and the other, for one may keep time without entering into the movement."

It takes centuries for these simple ideas to get into the heads and executive faculties of performing musicians. "Vien, Approche-toi" was not shaped up to the finish. Adolph Mann accompanied adequately. "Se tu m'ami" was given too gently, too twinklingly; possibly this was due to nerves or lack of experience.

KATHARINE ARKANDY (Wigmore, November 20), has a voice of great charm and a sense of singing the meaning of the words, and a clear enunciation. I am not so sure of her pitch-sense, but do not think her singing would bore one. In the last lines of "Voi, che sapete" she was not so intent on the meaning. Neither do I think she quite caught the manner for the fall of voice in the *tu* and the *ami* of "Se tu m'ami." An old composer complained that music was not written as it was intended to be played. The singer had not in this song much concept, the end was school-girlish, but the under-voice, or what we might call the second layer of the voice, or second colour, or speech-quality, was good. She is not yet ready for such aria as "Ah, fors' e lui"; technique is lacking. If she wants to do this sort of thing she should study Madame Alvarez. There were moments of distinct pleasure, some lines good and some bad; she has a future if she works, but the *if* is very emphatic.

EMILE DOEHARD's 'cello was clear, reedy, expressive; he had the intention of showing the meaning of the composer's (Rachmaninow's) phrases, and succeeded in doing so. I regretted having to leave in mid-performance. I have often enjoyed M. Doehard's playing in quartettes and ensembles.

CLAUD BIGGS (Steinway Hall, November 20), was clean, distinct in his Bach, and formed it from within. He was intent on difference in the qualities of individual notes in the counterpoint. One felt the old music would have been really effective if Mr. Biggs had been employing his talent on the harpsicord, for which this music is more fitted. With an harpsicord one might have felt ready for a full hour of Bach.

The performer gave the Schubert-Liszt "Wayside Inn" personally and effectively. He does not play like a fool, but rather as a man who might compose music himself. Of the early Scriabine it is, I think, the 15th prelude, which is most exquisite with its careful manipulation of over-tone effects. The De Severac was daintily done, but the following Chopin seemed to have contracted the mood of the music preceding it, and sounded insufficient in weight. I want, however, to give full emphasis to my feeling that Mr. Biggs, if meticulous to a degree that might make it seem that he was merely meticulous, does satisfy one with the sense that he is making something when he plays and that the music is shaped out with a design from inside itself. One feels, "Here is a pianist with whom one might discuss the matter, a pianist with interesting ideas about music, and a potential composer, a craftsman with care for his craft, the furthest possible remove from the poseur and "impresser."

Recent Verse.

W. M. FLEMING. Australia in Peace and War.
(Lothian, Melbourne.)

There appears to have been a considerable gap in the poetic education of many of our overseas poets. Presumably, they took with them one or two anthologies of popular verse of Mrs. Hemans' period, and with these they seem for the most part to have rested content until Mr. Kipling swam into their ken. At all events, nine out of ten of the overseas volumes of verse we have seen owe their inspiration to the models either of Mrs. Hemans' school (including, of course, the American counterpart, Longfellow and Whittier) or to the modern Kipling school. Mr. Fleming is true to type in this respect. A few of his verses are Hemanic; the rest are Kipling. Of the former tradition the "Boating Song" is a fair specimen :—

In my light canoe,
O'er the waters blue,
We merrily glide along,
And we laugh at ease
In the softest breeze

With a laugh that will linger long,
In my light canoe,
In my sweet canoe,
We call her "The Lover's Song."

Mr. Fleming would give his canoe that name. No other was possible in the tradition. Of all the poems of Kipling the most popular for its rhythm is "Gunga Din." Gunga Din, we are sure, will be found in hell, not giving drink but rhythm to poor damned poets. They cannot resist him. Mr. Fleming falls easily:—

There's a deal of force and flavour in the wrinkles that
you know,
There's a heap of your advice that's good and sound.
"Admiralty" is another of Mr. Kipling's stock-sizes,
and it fits Mr. Fleming to a tumpy-tee.

There is nothing in life that is worth a wish, but is
bought with the price of blood,
Be it crushed from the heart or distilled from the mind
in the marble courts or the mud.

Etc., etc. Unfortunately, however, not only is Kipling a bad model, since it is doubtful whether he has ever written a line of pure poetry; but he is the most seductive of bad models, for he seldom leaves a trace of originality in his disciples. They all aim, not at writing poetry, but at writing Kipling. What Mr. Fleming would have written without Kipling's rhythms in his ears we shall never know. His own soul is buried under his master's drums and trappings.

ARTHUR WALEY (Trans.). Chinese Poems. (Constable. 7s. 6d. net.)

Since Mr. Ezra Pound delighted us with his adaptations from the Chinese in his incomparable volume, "Cathay"—one of the few events in recent poetic history—much curiosity has been felt concerning Chinese poetry in general. Mr. Arthur Waley's volume is satisfying, and there is no need for more. The raw material for study is all here; and our poets may be strongly urged to feed upon it with a view to introducing the "sinoem" definitely into our English forms of literary composition. None of the "poems" contained in this volume is as good as the best in Mr. Pound's "Cathay"; but, on the other hand, many of them are very good, and their variety is a keen pleasure. To quote from among the 170 poems here translated would be to do the volume an injustice. It is not as English poetry that they should be read, but as a source for a new form. Unwisely, however, a single song shall be copied out on the chance that it may take readers straight to Mr. Waley.

At the time when blossoms
Fall from the cherry-tree:
On a day when yellow birds
Hovered in the branches—
You said you must stop,
Because your horse was tired:
I said I must go,
Because my silkworms were hungry.

All night I could not sleep
Because of the moonlight on my bed.
I kept on hearing a voice calling:
Out of Nowhere, Nothing answered "Yes."

I will carry my coat and not put on my belt;
With unpainted eyebrows I will stand at the front
window.
My tiresome petticoat keeps on flapping about;
If it opens a little, I shall blame the spring wind.

I heard my love was going to Yang-chou
And went with him as far as Ch'u-shou.
For a moment when you held me fast in your out-
stretched arms
I thought the river stood still and did not flow.

I have brought my pillow and am lying at the northern
window,
So come to me and play with me awhile.

With so much quarrelling and so few kisses
How long do you think our love can last?

THEODORE MAYNARD. Folly and other Poems.
(Erskine Macdonald. 5s. net.)

The dedicatory poem, "To my Wife," confirms a judgment passed upon Mr. Maynard's previous work that he takes his ease in Zion as it were an inn.

We two have pierced with our own eyes
God's multitudinous disguise,
Waylaid Him in his voyaging
Among the buttercups of Spring.

It is a language about the Almighty very different from that of the poet of the Book of Job; and dates back no further than Kipling's Prelude to "Barrack Room Ballads," in which he made a great English gentleman of the Son of God. To say that it is too familiar is to say gently that it is extremely vulgar. It is, however, with the joviality of God and religion that Mr. Maynard, in common with a school of modern Catholics, is concerned. His God is a bit of a roisterer.

Thus God, Who shakest roof and rafter
Of highest heaven with holy laughter.

The plainsong of the Breviary
Illumined by hilarity.

In this cachinnatory state Mr. Maynard is naturally not economical of his words; they get fat as he laughs. In the poem, "Pride," we encounter "mighty lusts of heart and eyes," and, before the journey is over, have experienced "blood-red rubies," "maddening music," and "trumpets and hell." Later, we find Mr. Maynard doing as we all do when we start writing verse—"shouting defiance to the stars"—a terribly easy thing to do! Unfortunately, Mr. Maynard cannot always keep a straight face even when he wants to. "In May" is a poem where effect depends upon maintaining its opening mock seriousness. The least suggestion that the poet is himself laughing is ruinous; yet Mr. Maynard makes it in the aggravated form of a bracket.

The carp flash upward through the cool
White water of the silent pool
To seize the fly that (little fool!)
Skims venturously low.

We know that the fly is going to be a little fool; and Mr. Maynard's wink is superfluous. Here, again, is an incongruity:—

When daffodils with dew are wet
And tiny violets are met
Tucked snugly in their beds.

The "Drinking Song" is one of the best of the poems contained in the volume; but even so simple a measure is marred by superfluity.

When Horace wrote his noble verse,
His brilliant glowing line,
He must have gone to bed the worse
For good Falernian wine.

No poet yet could praise the rose
In verse that so serenely flows,
Unless he dipped his Roman nose
In good Falernian wine.

The second line in each verse is mere padding. The two sonnets, to relative and absolute Beauty respectively, are, perhaps, the best of which Mr. Maynard is yet capable. One of them contains a line which is familiar and yet new, as all good poetry is:—

Nowhere her being is, but everywhere.

Finally we select these lines as in the right direction.

Empty of scorn and ceasing not to praise
The meanest stick and stone upon the earth,
I strive unto the stark Reality,

The Absolute grasped roundly in my hands. . . .

The models are obvious; but the mood is genuine.

STEPHEN MAGUIRE.

Reviews.

The Call of the World. By A. S. Wadia. (Dent. 4s. 6d. net.)

Mr. Wadia, although a Parsee and the author of books on Zoroaster, Fate and Freewill, and similar subjects, is almost an Englishman. He was "some-time Professor of English and History at Elphinstone College, Bombay," and he dedicates this book to Miss Marie Corelli. His admiration for her works nearly places him, and his judgment of the late Sir George Alexander as our best actor completes the allocation. He praises Sir George Alexander for "his magnificent reserve of power . . . he had infinitely more of histrionic art in him than he chose to display on the stage"—and everyone who saw Sir George Alexander act will agree that he was never so good as he might have been. But these preferences are almost typically English, that is to say, English middle-class; and his enthusiasm for Solomon, the boy pianist, confirms the judgment. Mr. Wadia says nothing that the average middle-class Englishman would not say, if only he could be made to say it; Mr. Wadia is the middle-class Englishman become vocal. He establishes filial relations with his English hostess, calls her "Mother" without abbreviation or cessation; he establishes sentimental relations with two or three ladies during his tour, and although he has forgotten that to "kiss and tell" is treachery, he sentimentalises quite in the English manner about the charms of his beloved. He is as English as Mr. Blatchford in his insistence on the fact that what England needs is a Man, and a Man of Genius; and we were on the point of saying that he was quite English in his assurance that he knew how to win the war when we remembered that he tells us himself that every local paper in Japan formulates a plan of campaign for the Allies in every issue, and gravely warns the world of the danger of ignoring it. Mr. Wadia's only contribution to strategy seems to be an acceptance of the idea that the Western front is invulnerable because we have generals, but no General; no one man who will take risks and try new methods; he therefore approved heartily of the Gallipoli expedition, and predicted a decisive success in that theatre. The only ground stated for his assertion that "the capture of Constantinople was inevitable and merely a question of time" is his opinion that the conception of the campaign "displayed both imagination and enterprise," and if the enemies had been stupidity and inertia, instead of a well-armed army defending a natural fortress, Mr. Wadia's prophecy might have been fulfilled. The capture of Constantinople, we may say, is not an horological problem, and there is nothing "inevitable" in war except its beginning and its end. But in this mood of facile opiniativeness Mr. Wadia travelled through England, Canada, America, Japan, Korea, and China, saw all the sights that the tourist usually sees, and a few not included in a Cook's tour, such as his acquaintance with the Mazdaznan community, and his visit to the Tingley Theosophical headquarters at Point Loma. He was not much impressed by their "Raja-Yoga system of education," regarded it, indeed, as an instance of "the mania of the Americans for high-sounding, old-world names and their indiscriminate use of them regardless of the absurdity and inappropriateness of their application in particular cases." When he elicited their opinion of Mrs. Annie Besant and her Theosophical Society, he drew the natural conclusion that the inconsistency between their creed of love, patience, and forbearance and their practice of splenetic and malicious denunciation mitigated the validity of their claims. Unfortunately, he did not argue with them, or with anybody except on the subject of the war; and we get little from him except these reminiscences and a casual expression of opinion. He keeps well on the surface

of every subject, even that of architecture; and beyond saying that the Woolworth building expresses "the glorified self of the American, the ideal he aims at and the gospel he stands for—the Ideal of Surpassing Himself and the Gospel of Work and Utility," he leaves us in the dark concerning the characteristics of national architecture. He writes fluently enough of everything that he saw everywhere, and on the whole is as interesting as a week-old newspaper, although his egoism, being expressed rather than implied, is sometimes oppressive. He certainly took himself wherever he went; and although he tells us that travel enlarged his mind, his book proves only that it enlarged his memory. He states the appropriate sentiments concerning Literature in his preface: "I have learned to place above considerations of sex, before the obligations of friendship or the rules of polite society, the claims of Literature": and his dedication to journalism is irrevocable.

The Place of the Voluntary Worker in Civic Life and Social Work. By J. H. Heighton. (Simpkin, Marshall. 3d.)

This pamphlet contains the substance of a lecture (one of a series of ten) delivered at Oxford during the Summer Meeting arranged by the University Extension Delegation in 1917. Its chief argument is that the voluntary worker is in no danger of being abolished by the paid official, that, on the contrary, every extension of the bureaucracy created by social legislation demands a corresponding increase in the number of voluntary workers and an improvement in their technique. Somehow or other, social legislation has to be made palatable to the people it affects, and this can only be done by administering it with a human touch. That human touch cannot be supplied by the official, whose chief concern must be with the efficient working of the machine; it can only be supplied by the voluntary worker, to whom the "case" is not a mere docket with a number, but a real individual with a cough or an inherent inaccessibility to ideas. The mother, for example, who would resent the official manner of informing her that it was wrong to hold a baby upside down while washing it would welcome the kindly intimation of the voluntary worker (thrown out casually over a cup of tea supplied by the mother) that such a thing was not done in the best families, vide the "Daily Mirror." The official with his files of papers and police and soldiers has a tendency to misinterpret the benevolent intentions of the Government; but the voluntary worker can show the mother that true friendship dictates the counsel that it is cheaper to send Johnny to school than to be fined 40s. for keeping him at home, and that it is better for Johnny and England that he should be educated. If the wind is not tempered to the shorn lamb, the lamb will die, and the official wind-maker will lose his job; it is the peculiar privilege of the voluntary worker to blow hot and cold, instead of continuously cold as the regulations demand. The author concludes from a survey of the whole field that now, more than ever, the voluntary worker is necessary, that however extensive our measures of social reform may be, "this desire and this love" of service will never be eliminated, but "rather along this path we shall enter into the Kingdom." Charity organisation is a straight and narrow path, but we doubt whether it leads to Heaven.

The Best in Life. By Muriel Hine. (The Bodley Head. 6s. net.)

To marry a man with £15,000 a year, and a V.C., is probably the best in life that it is possible for a mannequin to obtain; and Miss Hine does her best to make the story intelligible and interesting. Venice is the scene of most of the story, but it might just as well have been set in London. The difference between a chorus girl and a mannequin is not so great that it needs another setting to show it; and there are V.C.'s, we

suppose, as well as thousands a year, and heirs to peerages, attached to the Strand theatres. Of course, the girl was in some sort a lady; that is to say, her father was a gentleman forgotten by his family, and her mother supplied the touch of Jewish blood and Jewish beauty so necessary to the invasion of the upper reaches of Society. She was virtuous, of course; the hero was repulsed when he attempted a mere flirtation, but when he said: "I love you. Will you be my wife?" of course she had to say "Yes." There was some little bother with a discarded lover of his, who recognised the mannequin; but by the exercise of what is called tact (and is remarkably like spitefulness), and a sort of social blackmail, she was induced not to betray the identity of the mannequin. There was another little bother (the day before the marriage, too) with the lover, whose attempts to make a coherent story of her explanations lead him to the provisional conclusion that she was somebody's mistress (he knew all the time that she was a mannequin). This was so likely a conclusion that the mannequin refused to explain, broke off her engagement rather than marry a man who thought her capable of such waste of herself. The matter was satisfactorily explained by the millionaire of ill-repute who had made possible her trip to Venice; and "here in this bare and shabby room, with its blackened ceiling and iron beds stood Romance, a golden figure, calling to her that the 'best in life' for which she had played so heedlessly, lay at her feet, achieved through pain, a love that was based on Truth and Honour."

Wren's Wife. By Cyril Russell. (Collins. 6s. net.)

Wren's wife is hardly worth bothering about; she is a familiar type of English heroine, and Desdemona had more poetry. But Wren himself is a creation; the alcoholic type has never been so ably handled as here. It is easy enough to depict the degradation of the drunkard, as Zola did in his "L'Assommoir"; but the malignity of the alcoholic type, with its obsession of sexual jealousy, requires more skilful handling. If Mr. Russell had not sheltered himself behind Wren's wife, we should have had a masterpiece from him; we should have known why Wren took to drink, what compensation it made to him, and for what disability. He was not an orgiast, did not seek company in his debauchery; nor was he a fool, or congenitally inclined to drink. He wanted to do great work; he believed that great work was only done in a flash, and he had some crazy idea of setting free the creative activity in a state of intoxication. He had the artist's genius without the artist's talent, or the patience to acquire it; and he knew so little of the effects of alcohol that he did not know that the apparent freedom it conferred was due to a paralysis of the inhibitions, beginning with the highest—in other words, that it did not set free the creative activity only or mainly, but allowed the passions to function freely. The only great work that alcohol made possible to him was a subtlety of net-spinning that Iago, with all his strong head, could not better; he played with his wife and her lover as though they were very children and incapable of self-protection. He made their virtues the instruments of his devilry, or tortured them with their own perfections. He made his egoism their universe; and pursued them with his maniacal jealousy even from beyond the grave. Wren is certainly an outstanding figure in the fiction of the year; he might have been more if Mr. Russell had chosen not to present him only, but to explain him.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

MR. PENTY'S CASE.

Sir,—The mistakes of Mr. A. J. Penty are so illuminating that I venture to return to them. This time I will take as my text his words in your issue of October 17, "For materialists, psychology does not exist."

The "De Rerum Natura" of Lucretius is still the greatest classic of materialism, and, if Mr. Penty will glance at its pages, he will see that it is largely a book on psychology. In modern times all philosophy, including the materialist, is derived from Descartes. "Cogito, I think," is the starting point of all inquiry. Descartes himself, being afraid of the consequences of speaking too freely, was very cautious in his conclusions; but among his followers the question immediately arose, "Can matter think?" Hobbes and Gassendi said "Yes" and founded the materialist school. Spinoza came to a conclusion practically the same as materialism, although nominally different from it. Berkeley decided that matter had no existence at all, except in the mind, and he thus became the father of German metaphysics. Hume doubted the existence of both mind and matter, and became a sceptic. Leibnitz believed in both mind and matter, but plainly saw that neither of them could possibly act on the other. He therefore decided that the mind and the body were two clocks which were started together by God, and kept such perfect time that their actions always harmonised, although neither of them could act directly on the other. Such are the theories which sprang from the "cogito" of Descartes. The point I wish to make is that all of them are founded on psychology: they differ only in the explanation of psychology.

Mr. Penty will be wise to reconcile himself to the fact that liberty and benevolence have been more associated with materialism and scepticism than with the various spiritual theories. From Epicurus to Kropotkin materialists have tried to alleviate the sufferings of mankind. Nearly all the best men, and none of the worst, have been materialists or sceptics. If the masses regard religious Socialists with great suspicion, and call them "middle class," it is because the masses know what they are talking about. The pious men of history make a very poor showing beside Epicurus and Lucretius, Voltaire and Ingersoll.

Mr. Penty is unfortunate in his illustrations of the wickedness of materialists. He regrets the later French Revolution. If he will read "The Great Revolution," by Kropotkin, he will discover that the wide division of land, which enormously improved the position of the masses in the nineteenth century, was the work of the period of the Revolution which he is ashamed of. What Carlyle and Alison considered mere anarchy has turned out to be profound wisdom. I think it will be the same in Russia. I have no doubt that the Russians of the future will be prouder of the year 1918 than of any other in their history. The year 1918 has been a bad one for what Carlyle called "the speaking thousands," but for the general one hundred and fifty millions of Russia I do not think it has been bad. The people have got back their land, and they will soon forget that some of them went hungry for a time.

I might, of course, point out that the materialist conception of history is not quite the same thing as the materialist philosophy. But I think the one naturally leads to the other. I have no doubt that the great materialists as well as the great sceptics—Epicurus, Lucretius, Hobbes, Hume, Helvetius—would all have accepted the materialist conception of history if they had lived in our time.

R. B. KERR.

* * *

THE CONTROL OF LABOUR.

Sir,—While agreeing with "A. E. R." that the demand of the Trade Unions in their present form for the control of industry is, at least, premature, may we point out that Guildsmen have made no such demand? Labour, in our definition of the term, includes what is commonly called Labour, together with the "labour" involved in management, control and "big business." All, in fact, is Labour in our view that is necessary to final production. It will be seen that in this sense our demand that "Labour shall control Industry" is a demand for the elimination from industry only of its unproductive elements—the capitalist and the profiteer. At the same time it will be seen that it offers no support for the claim to control of merely the existing Trade Unions. The Trade Unions are a "nucleus" only of National Guilds, and they would certainly need to be supplemented by management and "big business" before they could become either Guilds or productive.

NATIONAL GUILDSMEN.

Pastiche.

HERCULES BUILDINGS

(Reported to be in the hands of housebreakers.)

Ah! see the ruined, poor estate
To which this house hath fallen of late,
The oblivion and the sad disgrace
Hath come upon this holy place.

Think, in this foul room he would paint
The glowing visions of a saint;
These shattered window-panes: through them
He saw the new Jerusalem.

But build these walls not up again;
Let winds beat in, and the winter rain,
And leave the creaking boards to rot
And fall away. He saw them not.

The walls of self, and sense, and law
He burst asunder, and he saw,
Within the world's decaying shell
The world that is incorruptible.

He saw the bright unfading flowers
In Lambeth meadows, and the towers
And walls that shine with gold and gems
Along the banks of the dear Thames;

That clear and sweet and living stream,
The river of the Patman dream,
That maketh glad the debonair
Spirits that dwell in that bright air.

J. D. C. FELLOW.

1915. AMERICA. 1919.

(A RECANTATION.)

I taunted you, and now my words are flung
Before my eyes . . . O bitter shadowing!

But those were days of tears when reason hung
In awful doubt before Youth's winnowing.
We walked on unseen paths and ugly Fate,
That grimmest God, loomed over us and leered,
And naught there seemed for Liberty, but hate,
Frail wonder-ship, and, oh, so madly steered!

But then you came, Democracy's own knight,
With unmatched armour and a Truth revealed,
And now we must forget the endless night
To greet the dawn your own proud faith has sealed.

Remembering the road in future years
You trod with us beyond the tombs and tears.
FRED KAY.

SPRITE ALONE.

Sad is thy voice as the thin cry of the plover
On the ridged loam
All the chill ghostly night: but when 'tis over
Thou shalt hie home.

Cease thou to roam
When the willow wavers with a whispered warning
That on the foam
Of his tossed streams doth shine the silver morning:

Then rest, rover,
And stay, feet.
The woe is over,
The day flies fleet:
The lands and the waters,
The dark and the morn,
Full fairly do meet:
Heaven's sons and daughters
Themselves do adorn

To wander through the blossom'd wood, and the sloped
fields of corn.

RUTH PITZER.

AT BEDTIME.

My precious one, my only one,
Thy little hands are folded,
Thy eyes are shut, but I can see
A tiny tear that saddens me—
Forgive me that I scolded.

My darling one, my only one,
Thy mother chides no longer;
My pain is greater far than thine,
For I can feel Time's threat in mine,
And Doubt than Trust is stronger.

My precious one, my only one,
So innocently sleeping,
My flowers are trampled in the mud,
Thy hopes and fears are yet in bud,
Thy future in God's keeping.

My darling one, my only one,
Forgive me that I scolded—
You're mine, my own, at least to-day,
But soon you'll drift and drift away,
Thy little sails unfolded.

FREDERIC L. MITCHELL.

PRESS CUTTINGS.

The reproach that the Churches do not take sufficient interest in social justice and economic reform seems to be passing away. A very radical programme has been adopted by the Methodist General Conference. Recognising the need of moral and spiritual regeneration, it includes also the following matters:—

"Industrial as well as political democracy."

"Substitution of the co-operative for the competitive system."

"Recognition of the social equality produced by the war—the passing of aristocracy."

"Suggestion that the Government call on kings of finance and industry to give their services to the State."

"Better housing conditions, better employment conditions, and provision against unemployment."

The most radical suggestion is the first. Our political system is democratic in form at least, although much remains to be done to make it democratic in fact. Our industrial system is autocratic. To some extent this is the necessary consequence of science applied to industry. The independent craftsman with his own shop has in many industries given way to a capitalist controlling hundreds or thousands of "hands," none of whom own the tools of their trade, many of whom are confined to one monotonous occupation, and are helpless when separated from the great industrial organisation of which they are parts. To protect themselves from absolute dependence on their employer they have in many cases established trade unions.

The unions have done good work, but many believe that they are inadequate instruments, and advocate the control of industry by the workmen either absolutely or in co-operation with those who supply capital and direction. The latter idea is favoured by conservative reformers, employers as well as employed. It is felt that workmen ought to share not only profits but control direction and responsibility.—"Toronto Star."

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