NOTES OF THE WEEK.

The season is suitable to rejoicing, yet it must be known to all who think that there is a skeleton at the feast. We are not referring at this moment to the apprehensions that some of the Allies may be about to overreach themselves at the coming Peace Conference, or to the condition of things in Russia and Germany as they are, weigh on the minds of the masses in our own country much less than the thought that the nation is on the eve of a vast amount of unemployment. It is true that assurances have been given—by Lord Inchcape, for instance—that in the years before us three jobs will be competing for every man, instead of vice versa; and it is also true, or, as we prefer to say, probable, that for a period of a few years the prospect of employment in repair and in re-stocking is sufficiently bright to enable us to dismiss any fear of immediate and wide-spread unemployment. Nevertheless, the certainty of unemployment upon a large scale within a few years or so is so great that to all who are capable of forethought the event is already here. The present calm, as our officials are aware, is altogether illusory; for not only is a great deal of war work still proceeding, but the unemployment pensions for the workers who are being dismissed are still current. In addition, there is no doubt that the savings of the wage-earners during the comparatively fat years of the war will postpone far some time the precipitation of crisis. The spectre of unemployment nevertheless remains as the malign shadow upon the present scene of triumph; and we may take it for granted that the more serious-minded of the governing classes are so less than ourselves constantly pre-occupied with it.

Side by side with the prospective problem of unemployment is the problem of paying off the enormous war debt. How to pay off this debt without, on the one hand, making the rich poorer, and, on the other hand, without creating unemployment is, we believe, the practical problem now under discussion. And the solution so far offered for consideration is increased production. If only, it is argued, we can produce twice as much as we did before the war, the problem both of repayment and universal employment will prove to be simple. There will be not only work for everybody, but profit on such a scale for our capitalists that a few additional hundreds of millions of taxation per annum will be a mere trifle. As the saying goes, we shall be able to pay our debts off the bat. But what reasons we have for thinking that this is a delusion we have already in previous issues begun to enunciate; and on the present occasion we propose to add to them. One of the three vital questions concerning the problem is plainly the question of selling what we produce; and the challenge may at once be offered to our super-producers to produce, among other things, the evidence of this ability. What is the kind of evidence we require? We ask for evidence, in the first place, that markets of economic consumption, expanding at the same rate as our powers of production, exist or can be brought into existence; and we ask for evidence, in the second place, that the capture, retention and virtual monopoly of these markets will not involve us in war or in the constant preparation for war. That we know we are asking for impossible evidence may be taken for granted; for, indeed, there does not exist nor can there be brought into existence a market capable of absorbing commodities as fast as we can produce them; nor again can any evidence be brought to show that even if such a market existed, we should have the unchallenged monopoly of it. On the contrary, all the evidence of fact and of reason points to the opposite conclusions of those reached by our super-producers. It tends to show that productivity is increasing by leaps and bounds beyond the capacity of the world's consumption to absorb; and it tends to show likewise that in the same market the competition of the super-producing markets must become fiercer, more pitiless and more costly to themselves.

It is no mere coincidence that makes the cry of super-production contemporary with the observable recrudescence in the super-producing countries of a form of "militarism"; for, in truth, the two phenomena are related as cause and effect. Super-production breeds militarism as an almost necessary consequence of the two motives of fear of unemployment and desire of profit which inspire it. Let us examine the sequence.
Both motives, it is obvious, produce a pressure upon commerce to expand; and, equally obviously, the expansion must take place, if at all, in a world that is relatively inelastic. What is then certain to happen but an explosion either in the form of war or in the form of Bolshevism? The choice between one or the other conclusion appears to us to be inevitable. For, if on the one hand, the expansion is temporarily successful, it must be at the expense of competing nations who will certainly not accept defeat without a struggle, while, on the other hand, if the movement goes on, it will be at the expense of a problem of unemployment being produced at home which is certain to engender civil disturbances on a large scale. We may go even further in this analysis, and remark that the more "beneficent" the Government of a super-producing country, the more certainly will one or other of these two climaxes be brought about. A Government so situated will have, in fact, every inducement to militarism as an apparently indispensable means to the satisfaction of its two classes of citizens—the desire of the rich to be richer and of the wage-earners for employment. Given these two motives, each powerfully represented in the actual Government, the attempt to super-produce, if necessary at the cost of war, will be irresistible; for the Government, after all, is only the chief commercial traveller of the national industry, and when reason and diplomacy have failed to solve its problem, it will be forced to appeal to the sword. Of militarism, as we have often said before, was German capitalism armed. In a slightly varied form, we may define militarism as the desperation of a competitive capitalism.

In a characteristic speech last week Lord Devonport, one of the "business" failures of the late Government, referred to the "dead hand" of Government control and to the necessity of removing all communal restrictions on individual trade as quickly as possible. It is unfortunate that the New Unionist Government should be disposed, as it apparently is, to share the bourgeois opinion of the duty of the watchmen of the national household, and to concede to men of "private enterprise" like Lord Devonport the demand for the abdication of the duties of government. For the effect will inevitably be to intensify the existing distrust of Parliament and to bring it still further into contempt. Already it is clear that political issues are no longer settled on political but upon economic considerations; that has always been more or less the case. But, worse still, it is becoming more apparent that economic issues are tending to ignore even the pretence of political consideration. The coming Parliament will surely be, from the standpoint of economic power, the most negligible of all the Parliaments that have ever met in this country; for its office, as far as we can see, will be to register simply the agreements that are come to by the opposing forces of Capital and Labour. Each of these, it is certain, will endeavour to obtain in the first instance, political authority for its respective acts; falling which, each of them will, in the second instance, endeavour to win its point by a purely economic struggle. The upshot of this, in that instant, will be solemnly registered in Parliament to be observed or broken as the economic forces themselves determine. What dignity or authority there can be in a body so acting we will leave our readers to discover by experience. But it will be the natural penalty of submission to the claim of Lord Devonport and his like to make millionaires of themselves in their own way, and of submission to the consequent claim of organised Labour to deal with Lord Devonport after its own fashion. The arena of the struggle, in other words, will be industry; Parliament will cease to be the exclusive judge.

The situation of Labour under a régime of super-production cannot in any case be regarded with optimism. The outstanding fact of recent industry is its enormous development of machinery and organisation—the plain meaning of which is the introduction into an already over-filled labour-market of a vast amount of additional labour. On a rough estimate, the authority for saying that the new machinery and methods introduced into this country in the course of the war amount to the equivalent of several millions of additional human hands, with whose competition the human hands already in industry must in future compete for the commodity by the sale of which Labour lives, namely, work. Translate this addition into concrete terms, and suppose that, instead of so many machines, so many millions of skilled coolies had been brought into the country—would not the situation of the resident labouring population appear to be menaced? Yet in another form this is exactly what has occurred; and there are at this moment millions more labourers in England than there were four or five years ago. It will be replied, however, that the demand for the products of Labour is correspondingly increased, and that work, not merely temporary but constant work, will be easily found for the new Labour and for all the Labour that has been added to the sum. But it is just that promise which we declare to be absolutely false. It cannot possibly be true. Is it realised that the cotton machinery of Lancashire alone is capable of producing cotton goods for the whole world—that is to say, far in excess of the demand which, in any conceivable circumstances, is likely to be made upon Lancashire? And what, we ask, is to happen when the world's demand of Lancashire falls short of Lancashire's ability to supply? Machinery will not be scrapped, though it may be laid idle. Human labour, on the other hand, will most certainly be unemployed.

We have indicated Bolshevism as one of the alternatives before us, and we may return to the subject. But, in the meanwhile, a way of escape from both Militarism and Bolshevism appears to be suggested in the foregoing note. In the situation now rapidly becoming common to all our industries, in which our powers of production exceed the world's effective power of consumption, it would seem that two reasonable courses are open, apart from the unreasonable alternatives already named. One is to increase the world's power of effective consumption by a more equitable distribution of money or purchasing power; the other is to transfer to human Labour the advantages derived from mechanical Labour, and thus with every accession of productivity to ease the lot of the human worker. Nothing, indeed, would appear to be more reasonable or more in keeping with the promises of science to be the handmaid of human welfare. Thanks to science and human ingenuity, we are now able to produce in a week what our fathers required a year of labour to produce. Thanks, again, to bad political science and to human perversity, the needs of the world which science could satisfy most certainly go largely unsatisfied. Very optimistically. The outstanding fact of recent industry is its
is spared the inevitable consequences of attempting to force upon the world outside more goods than that world can effectively consume. The conclusion we arrive at is that the remedial accompaniment (it is, of course, a policy of super-production, a policy of wage-amelioration. Without being greatly enthusiastic about it, we may say with confidence that the worst effects of super-production would be avoided by the immediate adoption of the following measures: a universal six-hours' day, universal pensions during unemployment and sickness, prohibition of child-labour up to twenty, universal old-age pensions beginning at the age of sixty, and a high minimum wage on a time-basis. In the deplorable absence of any real ideas in the Labour Party, this policy is dictated as the only means of meeting and avoiding the dangers and disaster involved in the policy of super-production.

Attention has been called before to the kinship between Militarism and Bolshevism. Bolshevism, we have said, is Prussianism upside down. The mistake, however, has been made of confusing the occasion of the outbreak of Bolshevism in Russia with the cause. It is assumed, we observe, that the Bolshevism of Russia was a reaction simply against Militarism. The real matter is that Militarism and Bolshevism are alike reactions from forced production or super-production. The explanation of the mystery in the case of militarism is obvious; for, as we have already seen, militarism is the effort of a capitalist class to open fresh markets at the point of the sword. Bolshevism, on the other hand, represents the effort of the proletariat to solve the problem of super-production by the direct destruction of Capitalism. The one, in other words, is the departure of Capital; the other is the departure of Labour. Both reactions have, therefore, the same immediate effect upon the market; they both give relief to the immediate problem of restoring the balance of production and consumption. But whereas, as we say, the solution of Militarism is only temporary, the solution of Bolshevism is asserted by its advocates to be permanent. But is it?

Let us look at the matter in the light cast on it by Mr. Penty in his letter to us last week. From the actualities of Bolshevist rule in Russia, as undisguisedly revealed in the official Bolshevist admissions, it would appear that the decisive vote of the various Soviets lies not with numbers or even with the Labour qualifications of their members, but with the soldier-members—in a word, with military power. And this shrewd observation of Mr. Penty, pointing, as he remarked, to the establishment under the name of Bolshevism of a New Feudal System, is suggested by the still later news from Russia of the formation of a Bolshevist army of three million troops. The resemblance of Bolshevism to Militarism is revealed in the official Bolshevist admissions, it would appear that the decisive vote of the various Soviets lies not with numbers or even with the Labour qualifications of their members, but with the soldier-members—in a word, with military power. And this shrewd observation of Mr. Penty, pointing, as he remarked, to the establishment under the name of Bolshevism of a New Feudal System, is suggested by the still later news from Russia of the formation of a Bolshevist army of three million troops. The resemblance of Bolshevism to Militarism will be seen to be even closer than we at first supposed; and the alleged origin of Trotsky's army makes the identification even plainer. The new Russian army, we are told, has been formed for a double purpose, that of defence against foreign enemies and to find work for the unemployed. What is more eloquent than this latter reaction from forced production or super-production:

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tions lies in the effectiveness of their realised strength; and from this point of view we have to observe that the Cabinet, that had reason for adding 60 per cent. to the estimates, should have disputed the extent of 60 per cent., they should have examined it afresh. The question is: Why the disingenuousness of the actual circumstances. The question is: Why the extent of 60 per cent., they should have disputed the extent of 60 per cent. Having thrown over their officials to the maw of the Russian Bear? Would the Rev. Nikolai Battista (late M.P. for Trent in the defunct Austrian Parliament), who, in spite of his oath to Austria, fought for Italy to be acclaimed an Italian patriot, and a Jim Connolly, who fought for Ireland and took no oath to England, to be refused that honour as an Irish one?

In fighting against Tsarism the same arguments as to fighting militarism and autocracy could be put before the Tchehks, as have been put before the Irish. But the Tchech nationalists put no trust in the promises of politicians, and went their own way to achieve “self-determination.” Why should we blame the Irish for liking doing their own way? Ireland under Germany (if it had come to that) would perhaps have been worse off than under England, but it was not Germany that was actually oppressing her. (The Tchehks already had a sort of Home Rule of their own, and one certainly quite as “beneficent” as the Constitution formulated by the ridiculous gerrymandered Irish Convention; in Prague tram tickets are printed in Tcheh, in Dublin they are printed in English.)

AGE is obviously what is called a well-informed person. Tchekho-Slovak desertions to the Russians? Is a Cesare Battista (late M.P. for Trent in the defunct Austrian Parliament), who, in spite of his oath to Austria, fought for Italy to be acclaimed an Italian patriot, and a Jim Connolly, who fought for Ireland and took no oath to England, to be refused that honour as an Irish one?

On some of these nationalist questions the public get very little correct information even from people who should make it their business to know better. For instance, on October 25, I heard Mr. R. C. K. Ensor, assistant-editor of the “Daily Chronicle” lecture under the auspices of the Polish League, at Covent Garden, on “The War and the Peace.” In answer to a question from a member of the audience, the lecturer replied that there was always much sympathy between the Tchehks and the Poles in regard to their national aspirations. Anything further from the truth could scarcely be imagined, and if this is the sort of stuff that the “Daily Chronicle” has for four years been providing for its readers I am sorry for the expansion. Russian nationalism to see eye to eye with Tchech nationalists, seeing that the latter were looking forward to a Tsarist victory—a victory which meant ruin to the aspirations of generations of Poles. To satisfy the aspirations of the “leaders” of a few and a half million Tchehks, the fate of some eight and a half million Poles (in Poland) and the maw of the Russian Bear was to be considered as of no consequence! What the latter were to do a little knowledge is a dangerous thing, a great deal of knowledge without a corresponding degree of judgment is even more dangerous. The writer of the following letter which has been addressed to THE NEW AGE is obviously what is called a well-informed person. I should not be surprised to learn that he has travelled a good deal, met many strange sort of wild revolutionaries, and foregathered, as he would fancy, with men who are really in the know. Nevertheless, I do not hesitate to describe his letter as the work of a cultivated ignoramus, and one, moreover, who has scarred the root of common sense alive in him. Picking up a scrap of information here, and overhearing a whispered conversation there, he has hastily strung the pieces together on a few broken threads of impulsive sentimentality, with the results that are observable in his letter. I doubt, myself, whether any reader can make head or tail of what is all about; or whether “A. P. L.” has one or only a thousand points of view. Such men, I repeat, are dangerous from their combination of information and lack of judgment. Unfortunately, the cafés of Foreign politics are full of them. Here is the letter:

“FOREIGN AFFAIRS.”

Sir,—Since S. Verdad wrote his “super-defence” of the “Secret Treaties” in your issue of August 1, none of your readers seems to have cared to criticise any of his articles. However, I cannot allow his assertions in your issue of November 7 to pass without comment.

I shall start by quoting from his “super-defence” of the Secret Treaties. On page 217 he writes:—

“There is a simple rule for those who would understand the actions of others: it is to put yourself by imagination into their circumstances. Without this ‘charity’ everything else profiteeth nothing.”

Quite so. If Grey and Asquith had put themselves “into the circumstances” of the Poles, would these two Ministers have been ready to sign with Tsardom in a war for “liberty” which meant in the event of success a war for “Liberty” which meant in the event of success a sort of Home Rule of their own, and one certainly quite as “beneficent” as the Constitution formulated by the ridiculous gerrymandered Irish Convention; in Prague tram tickets are printed in Tcheh, in Dublin they are printed in English.

Neutrals and oppressed nationalities into two camps—pro-Entente and pro-German—is at the root of much misunderstanding of the real position in Europe during the past few years. Let me illustrate this by a comparison of the Irish and Tcheh questions, and thus perhaps show up the fundamental misconception of THE NEW AGE with regard to Ireland. THE NEW AGE and S. Verdad have blamed the Irish for not calling England in the great “crusade” against German militarism, and yet it has approved of the Tcheh agitation for a break-away from Austria. Does not THE NEW AGE condemned the Tcheh nationalism desire to deal with the Power that is immediately and directly oppressing it—on its own doorstep, to speak—irrespective of the degree of oppression that is suffered?

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expect was amply foreshadowed by the blunders (as they were kindly termed by Prof. Seton Watson at a King's College lecture in the summer of 1916) of the Tsarist administration which followed Coblentz and Count Bobrisky—chiefly one of "The Two Bobs," as I have called him, the other being Bobrikov of evil fame in Finland. Then there is the age-long conflict between Tchekh and Pole in Teschen, and also the recent Schizophrenia of the counties of Zips and Orava at the foot of the Tatra mountains. Besides, was it not the great Professor Massaryk himself, now President of Bohemia, who, in writing in one of our periodicals (the " Nation," I think)," in June, 1890, "I think would doubtless call the people behind these papers pro-German, whereas in a few months before the overthrow of Tsardom, had the effrontery to say that the only separatist movement in the Russian Empire was in Lithuanian! (Italics mine.)"

Separatist movements which did not tend directly to assist the "Allied cause" have always been liable to be stigmatised by Mr. Verdad as "pro-German." He has applied this epithet, for instance, to the Ukrainian mountains. Besides, was it not the great Professor Masaryk himself, now President of Bohemia, who, in writing in one of our periodicals (the "Nation," I think), in June, 1890, "I think would doubtlessly call the people behind these papers pro-German, whereas in reality they went to Prussia because the conditions imposed by the Russian autocracy were impossible; it is no argument against the Lithuanian movement that in the first instance forced the Lithuanian movement to be a mistake and that some of us foresaw the error in the common cause merely because she failed to run the course. As for the question of Poland, I agree with "A. P. L." that it is vital. The independence of Europe depends upon the re-creation and the future maintenance of the independence of Poland. I set that plain statement, which has often occurred before, but the side of the incoherencies of "A. P. L." But was it to sacrifice the possibility of Polish independence to accept the aid of Russia against Germany—seeing that a German victory would have meant the extinction of Poland and of any other national liberty in Europe for ever? No doubt it seemed to "A. P. L." as other unreflecting and impulsive revolutionaries, that since the immediate enemy of Poland was Tsarist Russia, an alliance of England with Russia was designed to fasten slavery upon Poland more securely than ever. Few revolutions can see more than an inch before their noses. But what they failed to see was that immediate as the tyranny of Russia might be, the prospective tyranny of a victorious Prussia was bound to be not only worse but irremediable. Lip-Homage as no doubt was the Grand Duke Nicholas's promise of national autonomy in the event of a Tsarist victory, but the triumph of Liberalism in the end have forced Russia to pass from lip-service to real service. In any event, the alternative of a German victory certainly boded no possible good for Poland.

"A. P. L.," however, has the absurd notion that to understand is to approve. Tout comprendre c'est tout pardonner. He asks whether it was not natural that the Pole should suspect the designs of Russia even when in alliance with England; whether it was not natural that the Irish people should aim a blow at their nearest and oppressor enemy even when in alliance with England; whether it was not natural that the Irish people should aim a blow at their nearest and oppressor enemy even when in alliance with England; whether it was not natural in oppressed peoples everywhere to object to their immediate enemy and to him only and to him always and in all circumstances. Certainly, I reply, it is the natural thing in a silly world. Revolutionaries being usually, as I have said, near-sighted individuals who cannot see into the middle of next week, it is natural that some misguided Poles and some misguided Irish should have assumed that their real enemy during the present war was their old familiar enemy—the oppressor just within their short sight. But if I am asked to believe that the impulsive action was natural it was, therefore, sensible, or even pardonable, in men professing to be intelligent, I reply that impulse, however natural, is usually inferior to intelligence. Impulse, I know, has been made a god of recently; and intelligence has been, in consequence, at a miserable discount. One has nowadays almost to apologise for not going off at the touch of the trigger of any trivial circumstance. We hear of nothing but of the "will" of the people, the self-determination of this, that or the other group of people—always their "will," but never their "idea." That world, in fact, is nowadays all will but no idea. And in claiming for the natural (that is to say, the first directly impulsive) action the merit of policy, "A. P. L." appears to me to be rattling the chains of the popular slavery. I assert, in opposition to his fragmentary notions, that the "policy," as distinct from the natural impulse of the "will" of the people, the self-determination of the "people," to which the nations he refers to, was from the first alliance with the Allies against Germany—alliance, if you like, in the very teeth of nature. Such a policy was, in fact, pursued by the real intelligentsia of Poland. Ireland, Tchecho-Slovakia, and Jugo-Slavia, with consequences, for which I will observe that the only separatist movement in the Russian Empire was in Lithuanian! (Italics mine.)"

As to Mr. Verdad's statement that the Finnish Socialists have been pro-German throughout the war, the comparison is entirely ridiculous. How could they be, seeing that for two and three-quarter years of the war they were desiring a Tsarist victory, and that for the following six months we were supporting Provisional Governments which were so fond of small nationalities that, when the Finnish Diet (with a Socialist majority), sick to death of their terrors of revolution, declared Finland independent, it was promptly suppressed by one of them without a protest of circumstances that in the first instance forced the

In any event, the alternative of a German victory certainly boded no possible good for Poland.

"A. P. L.," however, has the absurd notion that to understand is to approve. Tout comprendre c'est tout pardonner. He asks whether it was not natural that the Pole should suspect the designs of Russia even when in alliance with England; whether it was not natural that the Irish people should aim a blow at their nearest and oppressor enemy even when in alliance with England; whether it was not natural in oppressed peoples everywhere to object to their immediate enemy and to him only and to him always and in all circumstances. Certainly, I reply, it is the natural thing in a silly world. Revolutionaries being usually, as I have said, near-sighted individuals who cannot see into the middle of next week, it is natural that some misguided Poles and some misguided Irish should have assumed that their real enemy during the present war was their old familiar enemy—the oppressor just within their short sight. But if I am asked to believe that the impulsive action was natural it was, therefore, sensible, or even pardonable, in men professing to be intelligent, I reply that impulse, however natural, is usually inferior to intelligence. Impulse, I know, has been made a god of recently; and intelligence has been, in consequence, at a miserable discount. One has nowadays almost to apologise for not going off at the touch of the trigger of any trivial circumstance. We hear of nothing but of the "will" of the people, the self-determination of this, that or the other group of people—always their "will," but never their "idea." That world, in fact, is nowadays all will but no idea. And in claiming for the natural (that is to say, the first directly impulsive) action the merit of policy, "A. P. L." appears to me to be rattling the chains of the popular slavery. I assert, in opposition to his fragmentary notions, that the "policy," as distinct from the natural impulse of the "will" of the people, the self-determination of the "people," to which the nations he refers to, was from the first alliance with the Allies against Germany—alliance, if you like, in the very teeth of nature. Such a policy was, in fact, pursued by the real intelligentsia of Poland. Ireland, Tchecho-Slovakia, and Jugo-Slavia, with consequences, for which I will observe that the only separatist movement in the Russian Empire was in Lithuanian! (Italics mine.)"
A Guildsman's Interpretation of History.
By Arthur J. Penty.

IV.
THE CONSPIRACY AGAINST MEDIAVALISM.
An obstacle in the way of a proper appreciation of history is the prejudice which exists to-day against most things Medieval, and which distorts everything which then existed out of its true perspective. In these circumstances, therefore, it will be necessary to seek to remove this prejudice by explaining its origin, for I hope to show that though this prejudice to-day is little more than a misunderstanding, it did not begin as such, but as a conspiracy.

We need not go far to find evidence in support of this. Consider, for one moment, the utterly irresponsible way in which the word Medieval is thrown about in the daily Press. It is the custom among a certain class of writers to designate as Medieval anything which they do not understand or do not approve, quite regardless of the issue as to whether or not it actually existed in the Middle Ages. How often, for instance, did we read during the war of Medieval Junkerdom, notwithstanding the fact that the Middle Ages was the age of chivalry, and that, as a matter of fact, the spirit of German militarism approximates very nearly to that of the military capitalism of Rome. For the Romans, like the Germans, did not hesitate to destroy the towns and industries of their rivals. It was for commercial reasons that they burnt Carthage and Corinth, and for reasons that they were so many people, living on the plunder of the rich Roman landlords. Or, again, when anything goes wrong in a Government department, the reason for which is not apparent on the surface, we may be sure that in the leading article next morning it will be termed Medieval, regardless of the fact that bureaucracy is a peculiarly Roman institution, and scarcely existed in the Middle Ages. There is no need to multiply instances, as they are to be met daily in the Press. But the total result is tragic, for it creates mountains of prejudice which militate against all clear thinking on social and political questions. It involves a prejudice against all normal forms of social organisation, a prejudice which may spell Bolshevism in the days to come, for, after all, Bolshevism is nothing more than modern prejudices and historical falsehoods carried to their logical conclusion.

Now, it stands to reason that such gross solecism is not without a cause. Nobody on the Press ever speaks of Greece or Rome in this irresponsible way, and the question needs to be answered: Why are the Middle Ages the only period of history singled out for such thoughtless misrepresentation? The answer is, that this indiscriminate mud-slinging had at one time a motive behind it—a motive that has since disappeared, and Cobbett got at the bottom of it when a hundred years ago he pointed out that Protestant historians had wilfully misrepresented the Middle Ages because there were so many people living on the plunder of the monasteries and the guilds, who were interested in maintaining a prejudice against the Middle Ages as the easiest way of covering their tracks. It was not for nothing that Cobbett's History of the Reformation* was burnt by the public hangman. It was burnt because it was a 'history' because it exposed a conspiracy. But the prejudice persists. It has other roots which need to be attacked.

While the prejudice against Mediaevalism doubtless had its origin in malice and forethought, it is encouraged by the fallacious division of Medieval history into the Middle Ages and the Dark Ages. By means of this artificial and arbitrary division the popular mind has been led to suppose that after the decline of Roman civilisation mankind was plunged into such不堪的 ignorance, while it is generally inferred that this was due to the spread of Christiand, which exhibited a spirit hostile to learning and enlightenment rather than to the inroads of the barbarian tribes. A grosser travesty of historical truth was never perpetrated. But the travesty is made plausible by the custom of many historians of detailing the history of a particular geographical area instead of making history continuous with the traditions of thought and action, the geographical centres of which change from time to time. Treating the history of Western Europe according to the former method, the Western Empire was never overrun by the barbarians. On the contrary, its capital, Constantinople, maintained during all this period a high state of civilisation, and was the artistic and cultural centre of the world. While the barbarian hordes were overrunning the Western Empire, the Eastern Empire preserved the traditions of Greek culture, which were gradually filtered through Venice until the fall of Constantinople in 1453, and the consequent emigration of Greek scholars and artists to Italy broke the last link which separated the cultures of Eastern and Western Europe.

It was at Constantinople during the sixth century that Justinian codified the Law. I am no believer in Roman Law, but that the task of extracting a code from the six camel loads of law books was undertaken testifies to the existence of learning. Moreover, it was during this period that Constantinople that the Byzantine school of architecture flourished. The reputation of the cathedral church of Santa Sophia, built in the sixth century, was so great that in the twelfth century William of Malmesbury knew of it as "surpassing every other edifice in the world." Of this architecture Professor Lethaby writes:

The debt of universal architecture to the early Christian and Byzantine schools of builders is very great. They evolved the church types; they carried far the exploration of domical construction, and made wonderful balanced compositions of vaults and domes of vast extent possible. They formed the belfry tower from the Pharaonic and fortification towers. We owe to them the idea of the vaulted basilican church, which, spreading westward over Europe, made our great vaulted cathedrals possible. They entirely recast the secondary forms of architecture; the column was taught to carry the arch, the capital was reconsidered as a bearing block and became a feature of extraordinary beauty. The art of building was made free from formula, and architecture became an adventure in building once more. We owe to them a new type of moulding, the gern of the Gothic system, by the introduction of the roll-moulding and their application of it to "strings" and the margins of doors. The first arch known to me which has a series of roll-mouldings is in the palace of Inshatta. The tendency to cast windows into groups, the ultimate source of tracery and the foiling of arches is to be mentioned. We owe to these Christian artists the introduction of delicately fresh ornamentation, crisp foliage, and interlaces, and the whole scheme of Christian iconography. This is no small achievement. Only an age as indifferent to the claims of architecture as our own could underrate its magnitude. But to the average historian this period of history is a blank because he lacks the kind of knowledge and sympathy necessary to assess its achievements at their proper value.

* "A History of the Protestant Reformation." By William Cobbett. (Reprint by Washbourne & Co. 1s. 6d.)
ing no criticism he assumes there was no enlightenment, not understanding that criticism is the mark of the reflective rather than creative epochs. For though at times they appear simultaneously, they have different roots, and the critical spirit soon destroys the creative, as we shall see, when we come to consider the Renaissance. How false such standards of judgment are may be understood by comparing that age with our own. In those days there was plenty of architecture, but little if any architectural literature. To-day, the volume of architectural literature and criticism is prodigious, but there is precious little architecture.

Mr. Mark Starr, the author of “A Worker Looks at History,” which is an important book, because of the wide circulation it has among the workers, exaggerates the popular misconception and prejudice. In the chapter called “The Renaissance from the Mediaeval Night,” when referring to the closing of the schools of Alexandria, he says: “Christianity proscribed philosophy, abolished the schools, and plunged the world into an abyss of darkness from which it only emerged after twelve hundred years.” He is indignant at this. But it never occurs to him to inquire what these schools taught, and this is important. He assumes that they taught what he admires in the Pagan philosophers, for whom I have much regard as Mr. Starr. But the schools of the Neo-Platonists were degenerate institutions. They taught everything that Mr. Starr would hate. Their teaching was eclectic—a blending of Christian and Platonic ideas with Oriental mysticism. They believed in magic. Their reasoning was audacious and ingenious, but it was intellectual rubbish without any definite form or structure. Above all, it encouraged a detachment from the practical affairs of life, and thus became an obstruction to real enlightenment. It was well that these schools were suppressed; they needed suppressing, for no good can come from such misdirection of intellectual activities, and I doubt not that if Mr. Starr had been then alive he would have risen in his wrath against their unreality. The Early Church was opposed to these degenerate intellectuals, because, while the Church desired to establish the Kingdom of God upon earth, they were content for it to remain in heaven. But Mr. Starr has been so prejudiced against Mediaevalism that he attributes to the Church all the vices which it sought to suppress.

Though the Early Church closed the schools of the Neo-Platonists it did not suppress philosophy. On the contrary, it took over their intellectual baggage without any definite form or structure. Above all, it encouraged a detachment from the practical affairs of life, and thus became an obstruction to real enlightenment. It was well that these schools were suppressed; they needed suppressing, for no good can come from such misdirection of intellectual activities, and I doubt not that if Mr. Starr had been then alive he would have risen in his wrath against their unreality. The Early Church was opposed to these degenerate intellectuals, because, while the Church desired to establish the Kingdom of God upon earth, they were content for it to remain in heaven. But Mr. Starr has been so prejudiced against Mediaevalism that he attributes to the Church all the vices which it sought to suppress.

The early Christian monks had been characterised by a decided Oriental tendency to self-contemplation and abstraction, and in their missionary enterprises their intercourse with the rude populations was limited to instructing them in the homilies and creeds of their Christ. But Augustine and his forty companions who were sent forth by Gregory the Great to convert Britain (A.D. 596) “acted on a very different principle, for in addition to the orthodox weapons of attack and persuasion which they employed against their opponents, they made use of other, but equally powerful, methods of subjugation, by teaching the people many useful arts that were alike beneficial to their bodies and their minds. As soon as they settled in Kent, and had begun to spread themselves towards the north and west, they built barns and sheds for their cattle side by side with their newly erected churches, and opened schools in the immediate neighbourhood of the house of God, where the youth of the nominally converted population were now for the first time instructed in reading, and, as soon as the books of the church were adapted for inaction as an intellectual abstraction, and, as such, possesses a dynamic power capable of changing the world. It was this burning desire to change the world which made the Early Christians so impatient with the Neo-Platonists who made speculation an excuse for inaction as it makes the Neo-Marxians to-day rightly impatient with an intellectual abstraction, and, as such, possesses a dynamic power capable of changing the world. It was this burning desire to change the world which made the Early Christians so impatient with the Neo-Platonists who made speculation an excuse for inaction as it makes the Neo-Marxians to-day rightly impatient with a certain type of Socialist intellectual. And it was this insistence upon practical activity which made Christianity so dogmatic in its theology, for strenuous activity must rest upon dogmas. The weakness of Pagan philosophy, on the other hand, was that it was powerless to influence life.” Cicero, the well-paid advocate of the publicans and bankers, while philosophising on virtue, despised with violence the inhabitants of the province he administered, realising, salvis legibus, two million

two hundred thousand sestercia in less than two months. Honest Brutus invested his capital at Cyprus at forty-eight per cent.; Verres in Sicily at twenty-four per cent. Much later, when the economic dissolution of the Republic had led to the establishing of the Empire, Seneca, who, in his philosophical writings, preached contempt of riches, despised Britain by his usury.”

In every tradition of culture all through this period were preserved and developed in the Eastern Church with its centre at Constantinople and in Ireland which received Christianity at a very early date direct from the Eastern Church, the task which fell to the Western or Roman Church was of a different order. Upon it was thrust the task of civilised barbarism against the West who had overthrown the Roman Empire. And it is to the credit of the Early Church that it succeeded where the Romans had failed, and it succeeded because it employed a different method. Roman civilisation had been imposed by violence and maintained by compulsion; it was always an exotic affair and fell to pieces when at last the force of the barbarians became more powerful than that of the Roman Empire. The success of Christianity in this task was that it effected a change in the spirit of the peoples. This great work was the work of the early mendicant orders whose mission was to be the sower of the seeds of Christianity over Europe.

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Mr. Starr is very much impressed by the fact that there were 14,000 students at these schools. See “Pictures of Old England.” By Dr. Reinhold Pauli, page 212.¶ "Essays in Orthodoxy." By Oliver Chase Quick.

* Mr. Starr is very much impressed by the fact that there were 14,000 students at these schools. He does not appear to be aware that in Oxford in the Middle Ages there were such one time 10,000 students. See "Pictures of Old England." By Dr. Reinhold Pauli, page 212.

¶ "Essays in Orthodoxy." By Oliver Chase Quick.
the establishment in their immediate neighbourhood of
the first settlement of artisans and retail dealers, while
the excess of their crops, flocks and herds, gave rise
to the first markets, which were, as a rule, originally
held before the gate of the abbey church. Thus ham-
lets and towns were formed, which became the centres
of trade and general intercourse, and thus originated
the market tolls, and the jurisdiction of these spiritual
lords. The beneficial influences of the English monas-
teries, the apartments of education and mental culture
extended still further, even in the early times of the
Anglo-Saxons, for they had already then become con-
spicuous for the proficiency which many of their
members had attained in painting and music, sculpture
and architecture. The study of the sciences, which had
been greatly advanced through the exertions of Bede,
was the means of introducing one of his most celebrated
followers Alcuin, of York, to the Court of Charlemagne,
for the purpose of establishing schools and learning in
the German Empire. And although every monastery
did not contribute in an equal degree to all these bene-
fit results, all aided to the best of their power and
opportunities in bringing about that special state of
cultivation which characterised the Middle Ages.**

So much for the Dark Ages and the malicious libel
which insinuates that the Mediæval world was opposed
to learning. But the reality was that every mendicant
Order, for whatever purpose originally founded,
ended in becoming a learned Order. It was the recog-
nition of this fact that led St. Francis, who was a
genuinely practical man, to insist that his followers
should not become learned or seek their pleasures in
books, "for I am afraid," he says, "that the doctors will
be the destruction of my vineyard." And here is found
the paradox of the situation. So long as learning was
in the hands of men who held it in respect it made little
headway, but when the new impulse at length did come,
it came, as we shall see, from the Franciscans, from
the men who had the courage to renounce learning and
to lead a life of poverty, for in the course of time the
Franciscans became learned as had done the other
Orders. Thus we see that the central idea of Chris-
tianity to renounce the world in order to conquer it
bears fruit not only in the moral but in the intellectual
universe.

Sufficient has now been said to refute the charge
that the Mediæval Church was opposed to learning.
The case of the Franciscans is the only one known to
me, and that, as we shall see in a later article, turned
out to be a blessing in disguise. What the Mediæval
Church was against was heresy, which was often asso-
ciated with learning. But the suppression of heresy
is fundamentally different from opposition to learning,
while there is nothing particularly Mediæval about
it. The Greeks condemned Socrates to death for seek-
ing to discredit the gods, while Plato himself came
finally to the conclusion that in his ideal state to doubt
the gods would be punishable by death. The Roman
Emperors persecuted the Christians for refusing
observances to the gods, Marcus Aurelius himself
being no exception to this rule, while we show our-
selves equally ready to persecute heresy against the
State, as in the case of the pacific conscientious objec-
tors. And so it will always be where great issues are
stake. A people with a firm grip on fundamental
truth attack the roots of the nearest ideas. A people
hence themselves that has lost grip on primary truth wait
until it begins to influence action. But one: the heresy
is recognised, all peoples at all times have sought its
suppression.

Before going further, let us be clear in our minds
what we mean by heresy. At different times it has
meant different things, but, in general, it might be
defined as the advocacy of ideas which, at a given
time in a given place, are considered by those: in power
as subversive to the social order, and the instinct or self-
preservation instinct of all peoples at all times to
suppress such ideas. In the Mediæval period such
persecutions were associated with religion because in
that era all ideas, social and political, were discussed
under a theological aspect. The position is simple. It
is affirmed that every social system rests finally upon
the common acceptance of certain beliefs. Any attempt
therefore to alter beliefs will tend in due course to
affect the social system. Pluto carried this idea much
further than the question of religious beliefs. In the
Republic he says: "The introduction of a new style of
music must be shunned as imperilling the whole State;
for since styles of music are never disturbed without a-
ffecting the most important political institutions. The
new style," he goes on, "gradually gaining a lodge-
ment, quietly insinuates itself into manners and cus-
toms; and from these it issues in greater force, and
makes its way into mutual compacts; and from making
compacts it goes on to attack laws and constitutions,
displaying the utmost impudence until it ends by over-
turning everything; both in public and in private."

Plato here recognises that if communal relations in
society are to be maintained this must be done to a large
extent through the protection of a common religion,
by which the passions are kept in check. The ideas for
which the heretics were persecuted were individualist notions disguised in
a communistic form. The heretics had "no sense of
the large proportions of things." They were not
industrious nor even of a religious disposition
in the widest meaning of the word. They had no sense of reality, and if they had been
allowed to have their own way they would have pre-
cipitated social chaos by preaching impossible ideals.

The position will be better understood if we translate
the problem into the terms of the present day. Suppose
that Socialists succeeded in abolishing capitalism and
established their ideal State, and then suppose some
man came along preaching individualist ideas, suppose
he were attempting to bring back capitalism in some
underhand way by the popularisation of a theory, the
implications of which the average man did not clearly
understand. At first, I imagine, he would not be
troubled. But if he began to make converts, a time
would come when Socialists would either have to con-
sent to the overthrow of their society in the interests
of capitalism or would need to take measures against
him. If ever they were faced with this dilemma there
can be little doubt as to how they would act. The
Mediæval attitude towards the heretic was precisely
what the Socialist attitude would be towards such a
man. The controversies over the Manichean, Arian
and Nestorian heresies raged for centuries, and no
man. The controversies over the Manichean, Arian
and Nestorian heresies raged for centuries, and no
Socialist would have done in his day and age what the
Socialist would have done in his day and age what the
Mediaeval church would have done, and this is not to
be taken merely as an expression of the time. The
interference of the church with religious and spiritual
thought was nothing new, and yet it was an inescapable
fact that it was not enough for the church or the
Socialists to have kept their hands off; they had to
act against the heretics. The Mediaeval church did
not contribute in an equal degree to all these
beneficial results, all aided to the best of their power and
opportunities in bringing about that special state of
cultivation which characterised the Middle Ages.**

* Ibid., p. 31.
Drama,
By John Francis Hope.

If we are to judge by the first play produced since the armistice was signed, the West End theatres have no surprises for us. "Scandal," at the Strand Theatre, might have been, and probably was, written before the war; the triviality of its subject and treatment is excusable only on that assumption. Its strong scene (third act, of course) is a bed-room scene; and the feebleness of its handling, the irrelevance of it, mark "Scandal!" as a typical example of rustic humour. In default of wit, the legendary rustic puts his head through a horse-collar and grins; the actress who cannot act shows her lingerie; the dramatist who cannot write exhibits a bed, and accepts the sniggers and guffaws as a tribute to his dramatic skill. Certainly, it is the only example of dramatic skill offered by Mr. Cosmo Hamilton, and it is a triumph for the furnisher and the costumer.

I suppose that no one, except the Bishop of London, will pretend to be shocked by the play; but those of us whose memories of bed-room scenes run back to "The Gay Lord Quee," at least, may confess to being bored. That there is real comedy, satirical comedy, to be made of scandal, comedy which exhibits character, Sheridan showed once for all in his "School for Scandal." What people say, and the manner in which they say it, and the developments that follow from their gossiping, are legitimate subjects for the dramatist. But all those possibilities of the creation of character (which would have given the actors something to do), and of its expression in speech of some import and style, are thrown away by Mr. Cosmo Hamilton, because he has a bed in the background. Instead of showing us the scandal-mongers at work, he calls as family council which informs the delinquent that her behaviour is causing scandal, that "people are talking," and that she is bringing the family name into disrepute—but what they are saying, we are never told. The play goes drivel on until Mr. Hamilton himself, I suppose, wonders, how the bed can be dragged in; and then the delinquent faces her accusers with the lie that her midnight visits had not been paid to the disreputable artist but to the reputable millionaire to whom she alleged, she had been secretly married. He, being a "sport," plays up to her; and by making her play up to the situation she has created, the bed can be shown in the third act.

This much may be said in praise of Mr. Cosmo Hamilton's conception of Beatrix; he does not ask us to credit her with a heart of gold, or any nonsense of that kind. He tactfully describes this fool who does not know her own mind as a little imp of mischief, and dispose of her by giving her to the Colonial millionaire who wants her to remain just as she is. Perhaps at the Antipodes her contradictions will seem correct; there they may understand that a woman found in a sickbed, ostensibly for her supper, and sends the friend back in her stead. Thus chopping and changing from one mood to the other, neither of which mean anything, and what can it mean but "charm,"?_charm, we know, is always defined negatively, it is what a woman must have if she has nothing else. Beatrix has no intelligence, apparently no accomplishments, what a woman must have if she has nothing else. Beatrix has no intelligence, apparently no accomplishments, no beauty, no muscular development worth speaking of, and very little clothing. She only dresses when she goes to bed, and for the rest, apparently walks about emulating the natives of Tierra del Fuego. She must be "charming," for she is certainly nothing else.

HONEYMOON.

Here we are squabbling—and only last night. . .

Clicketty-clacketting,
Beak and claw, once, twice and again,
Like stripling cock and querulous hen.
Such foolish racketing,
Passion's art-for-art, love's perverse delight.

Me you'd be sparing?
Industriously turning,
You make your mole-hill,
Think your indignation's burning.

Well, well, Mahomet will
Not come to your mole-mount.
A kiss, we know, would put it out of count,
And yet—it's very rum—
We sit here glum.

H. R. BARBOR.
Glamour and Indigo.

(From the Provençal of EN ARNAUT DANIEL.)

By Ezra Pound.

GLAMOUR AND INDIGO.

Sweet cries and cracks
and lays and chants inflected
By auzels who, in their Latin belikes,
Chirme each to each, even as you and I
Pipe toward those girls on whom our thoughts attract;
Are but more cause that I, whose overweening
Search is toward the Noblest, set in cluster
Lines where no word pulls wry, no rhyme breaks
gauges.

No culs de sacs
nor false ways me deflected
When first I pierced her fort within its dylies,
Hers, for whom my hungry insistency
Passes the gnaw whereby was Vivien wracked;¹
Day-long I stretch, all times, like a bird preening,
And yawn for her, who hath o'er others thrust her
As high as true joy is o'er ire and rages.

Welcome not lax,
and my words were protected
Not blabbed to other, when I set my likes
On her. Not brass but gold was 'neath the die.
That day we kissed, and after it she flacked
O'er me her cloak of indigo, for screening
Me from all culvertz' eyes, whose blathered bluster
Can set such spites abroad; win jibes for wages.

God who did tax
not Longus' sin,² respected
That blind centurion beneath the spikes
And him forgave, grant that we two shall lie
Within one room, and seal therein our pact,
Yes, that she kiss me in the half-light, leaning
To me, and laugh and strip and stand forth in the lustre
Where lamp-light with light limb but half engages.

The flowers wax
with buds but half perfected;
Tremble on twig that shakes when the bird strikes—
But not more fresh than she! No empery,
Though Rome and Palestine were one compact,
Would lure me from her; and with hands convening
I give me to her. But if kings could muster
In homage similar, you'd count them sages.

Mouth, now what knacks!
What folly hath infected
Thee? Gifts, that th' Emperor of the Salonikes
Or 'Lord of Rome were greatly honoured by,
Or Syria's lord, thou dost from me distract;
O fool I am! to hope for intervening
From Love that shields not Iove! Yea, it were juster
To call him mad, who 'gainst his joy engages.

POLITICAL POSTSCRIPT.
The slimy jacks
with adders' tongues bisected,
I fear no whit, nor have; and if these tykes
Have led Gallicia's king to villeiny—³
His cousin in pilgrimage hath he attacked—
We know—Raimon the Count's son—my meaning
Stands without screen. The royal filibuster
Redeems not honour till he unbar the cages.

¹ Vivien, strophe 2, nebotz Sain Guillem, an allusion to the romance "Enfances Vivien."
² Longus, centurion in the crucifixion legend.
³ King crowned at Etampe, Phillipe August, crowned May 20, 1180, at age of 16. This poem might date Arnaut's birth as early as 1150.
Her lips, not-snows that fly
Have potencies
To slake, to cool my searing.

Behold my prayer,
(Or company
Of these)
Seeks whom such height achieves;
Well clad
Seeks Her, and would not cloy.
Heart apertly
States
Thought. Hope waits
Gainst death to irk:
False brevities
And worse!
To her I raik,
Sole her; all others’ dry
Felicities
I count not worth the leering.

Ah visage, where
Each quality
But free
One pride-shaft more, that cleaves
Me; mad frieks
(O’ thy beck) destroy,
And mockery
Baits
Me, and rates.
Yet I not shirk
Thy velleities,
Averse
Me not, nor slake
Desire. God draws not nigh
To Dome, with pleas
Wherein ’s so little veering.

Now chant prepare,
And melody
To please
The king, who will judge thy sheaves.
Worth, sad,
Snacks
Here; double employ
Hath there. Get thee
Plates
Full, and cates,
Gifts, go! Nor luck
Here till decrees
Reverse,
And ring thou take.
Straight t’ Arago I’d ply
Cross the wide seas
But “ Rome ” disturbs my hearing.

At midnight mink,
In secrecy
I nurse
My served make
In heart; nor try
My melodies
At other’s door nor mearing.

find him at the end of the chapter “at tertio rithimorum asperitas, nisi forte sit lenitati permista: nam lenium asperorumque rithimorum mixtura ipsa tragœdia nitescit,” as he had before demanded a mixture of shaggy and harsh words with the softer words of a poem.

“Inimico seclit eisdem rithimi repercussio, nisi forte novum aliquid atque intentatum artis hoc sibi praeroget.”

The De Eloquio is ever excellent testimony of the way in which a great artist approaches the detail of métier.

“Ingénium nobis ipsa psella factum.”

Propertius II, 1.

CODA.

XI.

Arnaut has borne delay and long defence
And will wait long to see his hopes well nested.

The comparisons to glass went out of poetry when glass ceased to be a rare, precious substance. (Cf. Passionate Pilgrim, III.)

The phrase cils de Doma not yet satisfactorily explained. By some conjectured to mean Our Lady of Puy de Dome.
Branches rasp each branch on each
Tearing twig and tearing leafage,
Clear and quick receiving heart
Have led me to the fort of love.

The second point of interest is the lengthening out of the rhyme in prólea, nilía, etc. In the fourth strophe we find:

The graceful thinking and the frank
Clear and quick receiving heart
Have led me to the fort of love.
Finer she is, and I more loyal
Than were Atlanta and Meleager.

Then the quiet conclusion, after the noise of the opening.

To think of her is my rest
And both of my eyes are strained wry
When she stands not in their sight,
Believe not the heart turns from her,
For nor prayers nor games nor violating
Can move me from her a reed's-breath.

Some Reflections on Professor Leuba's Censuses.

The result of Professor Leuba's probing into the religious beliefs of American scientists has occasioned in various coteries not a little surprise. As "R. H. C." recently pointed out in these pages that belief in personal survival after death was entertained by forty per cent. of the physicists, but by only nine per cent. of the psychologists. It is easy enough to divide, according to our temperaments, the sheep from the goats which we are like to take upon ourselves to surprising that the psychologist is a little disdainful of animals. The mind was still the darling of the gods. Creation at its proper distance. But Darwin, after recently pointed out in these pages that belief in religion is one of painstaking explanation. It is not for our beliefs it is always possible to call to our side of the psychologists. It is easy enough to divide, according to our temperaments, the sheep from the goats which we are like to take upon ourselves to regard as asses. If we cannot count upon a majority for our beliefs it is always possible to call to our side the best brains. But controversy of this kind is generally tedious and is always vain; for one learns nothing but details of the ethnic peculiarities or cerebral categories of the disputants.

It may be, however, of some interest to set forth a few of the reasons that make a clerical turn of mind more possible among physicists than in the ranks of the psychologists.

I think there can be no question that modern psychology makes a belief in the truth of religion a very difficult matter. The Darwinian Theory pretty effectively forced the door behind which our fathers were fond of sheltering themselves when they felt a need to keep the way to hell so long and narrow that people would never find their own way out again. They were pleased to term the humbler creation at its proper distance. But Darwin, after all, only flung the bodies of mankind among the animals. The mind was still the darling of the gods. But the psychologists have changed all that. One by one our most exalted feelings are analysed, and one by one they are shown to be the psychological reactions of a few elemental appetites we share with the brutes, such as hunger and sex. The Ædipus Complex, the Electra Complex, Androphilic character traits, Autistic Thuriferism, such are a few of the strings that set mankind, like marionettes, dancing on the Stage of Life. The general attitude of psychologists towards religion is one of painstaking explanation. It is not surprising that the psychologist is a little disdainful of religion when, to use the exquisite phrase of Jules de Gaultier, he finds the veil of Vesta conceals a burning Venus.

The physicists are in a somewhat different case. Above all things they are worshippers of Truth. Now Truth, considered as a description of the working of the mental apparatus as it appears in sensation, is a term susceptible of a precise meaning. Outside these very narrow limits the word has no real meaning. There is no such thing as Truth. As Remy de Gourmont says there are only points of view. "What," asks Anatole France, "is the Knowledge of Nature, but the fantasy of our senses." A scientist shows his understanding when he regards the indefinite progress of science not as the discovery of Truth but as a more direct view and as a more intense sensation of the mystery. Unfortunately there are few scientists who have read the pages of Jules de Gaultier; and Henri Poincaré's dictum that science is a structure built upon a foundation of carefully chosen conventions is not generally accepted. In spite of the physicists science does not deal with reality at all. Reality, in fact, is a fatuous term in the mouth of humanity. Science is an invention of man for dealing with his environment. What is called the Truth of Science is no more than a description of that environment viewed in the light of that invention. The Laws of Nature are as much a contrivance of man as is the aeroplane. Whatever may be the subject matter of science (and just what it is is a difficult problem) emphatically it is not reality. And this is becoming increasingly obvious.

Let us take a simple illustration. The world is a body moving in space. But it is not self-supporting. It is part of a greater system whose most important member is the Sun. The accordance of the Earth with the Sun, and the laws of motion make it possible to represent any state of that system at any time by a series of differential equations. But the solar system is not a closed system. It is poised in space and forms part of that vast swirling star stream we call the Universe. But neither is the known Universe self-supporting. It must be part of a vaster structure, utterly unknown to science but postulated like the ether, to explain the observed phenomena. There is therefore an element of unreality in modern physics in that it deals with the Universe as though it were a closed system which the Universe is not; and modifications which may take place in the known system owing to possible perturbations in the unknown system are necessarily ignored. The Truth of Astronomy is a very artificial affair; and as "A. E. R." pointed out, its real value resides in its utility.

The Truth of Physics disappears into the ether which is an almost pure metaphysical conception. Originally it was invented to fill the interstices between the chemist's atoms. But if its structure is atomic neither one nor a million ethers can do that; and no finite number would serve.

This leads one to the interesting question of infinity; and there have not been wanting mathematicians, like Georg Cantor and our own Bertrand Russell, who have invented a method of dealing with what is not scrupulous to call actual infinity. But the new mathematics like Mr. Chesterton's prose seems only fruitful in paradox.

But the astronomers with their unknown universe, the physicists with their chameleon called the ether, and the neo-realist mathematicians with their Transfinite numbers are following in the path of Isaiah who, after laughing at a person for worshipping the work of his hands, fell down and worshipped with great gravity the work of his brains. The mind has added to its legitimate function of describing, and perhaps of regulating, appearance, the wholly illusory one of creating being.

In so far as the physicists pretend they are the high priests of reality, so long will their mental points of
View be fundamentally identical with those of the worshipers of the only true God. The conflict between science and religion has always been amusing, and it is none the less amusing for being, like life itself, a pure illusion.

W. H.

Views and Reviews.

MRS. WARD REMEMBERS.*

Mrs. Humphry Ward has, in her time, played a considerable part in the intellectual life of England; indeed, her "Robert Elsmere" may be said to have exerted an international influence. America "pirated" it; in Canada, Goldwin Smith declared that the antedote to it was "Ben Hur"; and fifteen years after its publication, M. Brunetière tried to arrange for a French translation of it to appear in the Revue des deux Mondes—but the book was too long. Mrs. Ward was, I suppose, the most formidable of the popular novelists of the latter part of the Victorian era; anti-Femina at the backbone, she created type after type of highly educated woman, each one worse than the last. When Stevenson wrote to William Archer about Shaw's "Cashel Byron's Profession," he made only one remark concerning the women in that story; it was this: "My God, Archer, what women!" Shaw, at least, had the excuse of youth and masculine ignorance; (or was it knowledge?) of the sex; but Mrs. Ward was of mature age when she began her creation of types of women whose only real rivals in fiction are the heroines of Augusta Evans Wilson. Of perhaps the most memorable of Mrs. Ward's heroines, memorable because her name has been perpetuated by the maker of a cheap cigar, Bishop Mandell Creighton wrote: "So far Marcella, though I know her quite well, does not in the least awaken my sympathy. She is an intolerable girl—but there are many of them. . . . I only hope that she may be married, and that it would serve her right to marry her to Wharton; he would beat her." But the condemnation is not limited to Marcella; I can at the moment recall no one of Mrs. Ward's characters of whom I did not hope that Heaven would love her or him so well that we could expect her or his early demise. I may confess that Mrs. Ward's predilection for fiction has been occasionally a puzzle to me; she so obviously had no vocation for it, lacked the esprit as well as the style that is essential to imaginative creation, that my usual conclusion has been that she adopted the form of the novel as a discipline, or, perhaps, a penance. Huxley (a relative of Mrs. Ward, by the way) compared her reply to Gladstone to the work "of a strong housemaid brushing away cobwebs," and she confesses in these "Recollections" that the comparison gave her a fearful joy. The comparison is practically a perfect one; she had the bias, and, to a large extent, the training, of an historian. Her contribution to the discussion of the authenticity of Christianity was that it depended, first and last, on the value of evidence; the evidence was, of course, documentary evidence, and the value of it could be determined only by scholars. The view was natural to her, born of a scholarly family, maintaining, to this day, a profound admiration for exact scholarship, and, as I have said, trained to a large extent in the methods of historical research. If the training of a scholar were a guarantee of artistic power, Ben Jonson would be a better dramatist than Shakespeare, Mrs. Humphry Ward a better novelist than, say, Mr. H. G. Wells, whom she disdains in her last chapter—and bad as Wells can be when he tries, at his worst he has what Mrs. Ward never had, the creative impulse. And he is at his worst, curiously enough, when he does what Mrs. Ward has done, that is, when he writes a novel for the propagation of a "view," tries to make imagination do the work of reason, and instead of creating an ideal world tries to reform a real world. Wells sometimes manifests an affinity with the spirit of Ballyhoo, but Mrs. Ward is Balliol incarnate; and whatever may have been the value of Balliol's contribution to culture, it made none to creative art.

Mrs. Ward's "Recollections" of Balliol and the "Master" are as worshipful as could be expected. Carlyle once described Jowett as "a poor, little, good-humoured owl of a body, Oxford-Liberal, and very conscious of being so, not knowing his right hand from left otherwise." Against that, we may set Mrs. Ward's memory of the Master. "On a high chair against the wall, sat a small boy of ten—we will call him Arthur—oppressed by his surroundings. The talk languished and dropped. From one side of the large room, the Master, raising his voice, addressed the small boy on the other side.

"Well, Archer, so I hear you've begun Greek. How are you getting on?"

"To the small boy looking round the room it seemed as though twenty awful grown-ups were waiting in a dead silence to eat him up. He rushed upon his answer.

"I—I'm reading the Anabasis," he said desperately.

"The false quantity sent a shock through the room. Nobody laughed, out of sympathy with the boy, who already knew that something dreadful had happened. The boy's miserable parents, Londonderry, who were among the twenty, wished themselves under the floor. The Master smiled.

"Anabasis, Arthur," he said, cheerfully. 'You'll get it right next time.

"And he went across to the boy, evidently feeling for him, and wishing to put him at his ease. But after thirty years, the boy and his parents still remember the incident with a shiver. It could not have produced such an effect, except in an atmosphere of tension; and that, alas! too often, was the atmosphere which surrounded the Master."

That Mrs. Ward should cherish such a memory of such a man is a fact more instructive concerning her limitations than much criticism would be: the creative artist would have remarked the social meekness of Jowett's question, Mrs. Ward only observes the effect of the false quantity on a most appalling company of scholastic prigs.

I find myself at last fishing for words to describe the impression produced by these "Recollections." To dismiss them as "Victorian" will not do, for the Victorian age occupied two-thirds of the "wonderful century"—and there is nothing wonderful in Mrs. Ward. She was representative of some of the achievements of that age in the limited area of literary culture, but she was not interpretative of its promise. She had the Victorian power to toil terribly (she took three years to write "Robert Elsmere," nearly as long as I took to read it), labouring with all her might to catch up with her forefathers; and had also the Victorian respect for convention and love of success. She seems never to have known a bad scholar, or a politician below Cabinet rank; yet her memory, which ranges, from Arnold of Rugby, her grandfather, to Henry James, her friend, and between those limits includes most of the considerable people, retains not one constructive idea, not even one bon mot of excellence. She remembers that Lord Dufferin asked her daughter, aged seventeen, to dance, and that she commemorated his kindness in a passage in "Eleanor"; she remembers that Lord Wemyss prescribed aconite for her boy when he had a temperature; she remembers even, as an example of Henry James' skill in phrasing, that he expressed their desire for "a really nice pudding" in  * "A Writer's Recollections." By Mrs. Humphry Ward. (Collins. 12s. 6d. net.)
the phrase, "un dolce come si deve!" Yet she was the contemporary of Stevenson, Hardy, Meredith, Kipling, Barrie; she lived through the whole period of mental upheaval that followed Darwin's enunciation of the origin of species; she has seen (or perhaps she has not seen) the democratic movement in this country rise from the mere atheism and republicanism of Bradlaugh to the dignity of a new political party and a new industrial order, with the definite intention not only of providing an alternative Government but an alternative philosophy of politics—but to literature she has contributed nothing but a few tracts on the higher qualities of women, with awful examples, to science, nothing, and the Passmore Edwards Settlement is her only contribution to the solution of the social problem. Balliol has fallen with Mr. Asquith, and Mrs. Ward will not survive the ruin.

A. E. R.

Art Notes.

By B. H. Dias.

JEAN DE BOSSCHERE, AND THE LESS FORTUNATE.

Art, as exposed in the shows opened during the past month, has been almost wholly lugubrious. M. de Bosschere is the best of it, but even his exhibition at the Leicester Galleries must be viewed with mixed feelings of pleasure and bitterness. This artist is an excellent draughtsman, a draughtsman of unusual endowment; he has all sorts of technical skill: there is keen intellect in his eliminations in drawing when he is doing his own particular work, as in the black and white drawings and frontispiece portrait for "The Closed Door." We note the admirable Cubing and analysis in the portrait of himself, the mastery of line and of composition.

But for the rest, the drawings appear as if made to order and in commerce's most shameful livery. They are an Albert Hall masked carnival with a job lot of costumes, à la Dulac, à la Rackham, à la Persia, à la Lauc, with, perhaps, a trace of old Flemish influence almost wholly obfuscated. It is as if the artist had concealed his own honestly ironic and macabre countenance under the sloppily amiable mask, barber-pink cheeks and white wool whiskers of Father Christmas. Fortunately, the disguise does not wholly cover the author beneath it. There are shown alternately an understanding of character, a perception of the masterpiece, a great classic, to illustrate, and if he conceals his own honestly ironic and macabre countenance under the sloppily amiable mask, barber-pink cheeks and white wool whiskers of Father Christmas.

Manet, they would have used, or have tried to use, impressionism, and spotted the ships in small dabs. The stripe system must be easier to inculcate in port-porters and labourers. When dealing with actualities and necessities only these non-metaphysical systems of any use. The metaphysics of the mangel-wurzel post-impressionist, van Goyen, etc., have not availed during the war. Mr. Everett, however, confines his vorto-cubism to the representation of the ships. Backgrounds, etc., are filled in on the old "Pearl's Annual" plant system. It is difficult to focus upon the shirts of women, with awful examples, to science, nothing, and the Passmore Edwards Settlement is her only contribution to the solution of the social problem. Balliol has fallen with Mr. Asquith, and Mrs. Ward will not survive the ruin.

F. Sancha's exhibit at the Twenty-one Gallery is plain and flat. There is no reason why he shouldn't exhibit with his contemporaries at Heals. Bevan Gitt, Ginner, on the other hand, might exhibit at the Twenty-one Gallery. One wonders that several of their works do not try to demonstrate their scope (if extant) by one-man shows in the smaller galleries.

The statues on show at the Fine Arts Society rooms in Bond Street are just academy stuff, boudoir and parlour-ware. There is a trace of ability in one thing by Bertram Mackenna. But they have the crust to show a small bronze of Watts' "Physical Energy," as if the minds of the citizens had not been sufficiently galled by the chryselephantine abortion of this composition which disfigures Kensington Gardens. Certainly, it proves that England suffered no metal famine during the war; but we are no longer in need of that stimulus. Raemakers' work is so important as political documentation that one does not wish to insult this great pamphleteer of drawing by discussing the ninth-rate draughtsman. As a man who has done fine political work against Germany Heer Raemakers is worthy of every respect. The cartoons—there must be over a hundred—are on show at the Fine Arts Society.

The fine etchings noted in these columns some months ago, are still to be seen in another Bond Street Gallery. The "Author-Artists Exhibition" at the Little Art Rooms, Duke Street, shows that the Adelphi is swarming with small "galleries"; it also shows that a certain group of people who are, in writing, for the most part, unserious, have determined to be wholly unserious in the use of pencils and brushes. The exhibit is a tribute to the jolly English belief that it is better to be a duffer at several things than to do anything really well. It is the lovely amateur spirit that likes to think of the arts (or anything else that one can't exactly in a species of joke. We believe from hearsay, and we, at any rate, hope that a novelist who enjoys so wide a popularity as Mr. Arnold Bennett, is more efficient with his pen than he appears to be with his brush. The bold Belloc exhibits one of his modest and unassuming lines of "whistle" in "La Marchandise de Verona;" Two Friends," excels in the portraiture of himself, the mastery of line and of composition.

And in commerce's most shameful livery. They are an Albert Hall masked carnival with a job lot of costumes, à la Dulac, à la Rackham, à la Persia, à la Lauc, with, perhaps, a trace of old Flemish influence almost wholly obfuscated. It is as if the artist had concealed his own honestly ironic and macabre countenance under the sloppily amiable mask, barber-pink cheeks and white wool whiskers of Father Christmas. Fortunately, the disguise does not wholly cover the author beneath it. There are shown alternately an understanding of character, a perception of the masterpiece, a great classic, to illustrate, and if he conceals his own honestly ironic and macabre countenance under the sloppily amiable mask, barber-pink cheeks and white wool whiskers of Father Christmas.

The "The Camouflaged Ships" pictures at the Goupil have no aesthetic value whatever. It is apparent that the camouflagers applied vorticism to the ships; vorticism being merely the only art-theory in England which is based on the actual effect of form and colour on the human eye. Had the war come in the days of
going in for living artists of all save the most modern schools, and that he will have books on art for sale.

The Fine Arts Society should be thanked for the Raemakers' exhibit, and also for an exhibit of Persian art, which, if I remember rightly, I had no space to mention at the time.

Reviews.

The Iron Ration: The Economic and Social Effects of the Allied Blockade on Germany and the German People. By George Abel Schreiner. (Murray. 10s. 6d. net.)

Mr. Schreiner spent three years in Germany, Austria, and Turkey as war and general correspondent for the Associated Press. He is a man of affairs rather than a man of letters, and his book shows the effect of food-rationing on the economic system. The Germans, for example, began rationing under the pressure of an instant necessity, and that necessity compelled them to adopt the system which abolished the middleman, or put him in gaol if he would not be abolished. "The profit system of distribution manages to overlook the actual time-and-place values of commodities. Under it things are not sold where and when they are most needed, but rather where and when they will give the largest profit. That the two conditions referred to are closely related must be admitted, since supply and demand are involved. But the profit-maker is ever more interested in promoting demand than he is in easing supply. He must see to it that the consumer is as eager to buy as the farmer is anxious to sell, if business is to be good. This state of affairs has its shortcomings even in peace."

The system adopted empowered the Food Commissions and Controls to establish short-cuts from farm to kitchen that were entirely in the hands of the authorities. It became as great a crime to obtain rationed food by any means other than those permitted by the scheme as it is to obtain money other than that issued by the Government. "The grain was bought from the farmer and turned over to the mills, where it was converted into flour at a fixed price. . . . The miller was given the grain and had to account for every pound of it to the Food Commissions. The Food Controls held the flour and gave it directly to the bakers, who meanwhile had been licensed to act as distributors of bread. From so many bags of flour they had to produce so many loaves of bread, . . . and the Food Commissions assigned to each bakeshop so many consumers."

The bread-cards entitled the consumer to the ration, and the baker was responsible for the distribution of the ration, and he had no excuse before the law if a consumer had cause for complaint. It was his duty to deliver the goods, or go to gaol and lose his licence. Under the pressure of military necessity, the Austrians adopted a system of production and distribution for use, and not for profit, of essential articles of food, and "everybody wondered why it had not been done before." A similar system of "zonification" is now in operation in Germany, and Mr. Schreiner argues that it must persist after the war. Apart from the necessity of stealing the thunder of the Social Democrats (and, incidentally, of shelving the capitalist for the militarist system of production and distribution), the transport difficulties alone will make it imperative to prevent all unnecessary carriage of commodities.

Mr. Schreiner does not estimate the pressure of military necessity, the Austrians adopted a system of production and distribution for use, and not for profit, of essential articles of food, and "everybody wondered why it had not been done before." A similar system of "zonification" is now in operation in Germany, and Mr. Schreiner argues that it must persist after the war. Apart from the necessity of stealing the thunder of the Social Democrats (and, incidentally, of shelving the capitalist for the militarist system of production and distribution), the transport difficulties alone will make it imperative to prevent all unnecessary carriage of commodities. He estimates that it will take ten years for Austria to restore her infrastructure, and that this is absolutely necessary. The "key" industry is agriculture, and that will remain the chief concern of the Central States for many years to come.

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Pastiche.

OLD ELLEN OF THE HILLS.
The heart of man finds rest and ease
Up where the amber streamlets fall;
Sighs there with him the sighing breeze,
And comforts him the curlew’s call.

The Man of Sorrows loves to dwell
Out on the mountains as of old;
Lord of the Hills, His ancient spell
Transforms the silver eve to gold.

At dayl’gone the sunset turns
The dark bog water into wine;
The silent pools are sacred urns
That vintage hold of bright sunshine.

At morning there the crowing grouse
Calls his defiance to the sun;
In peace at eve the hare may browse
Contented that the day is done.

Yes! Beauty there has found a home
Amid sweet Nature, wild and free;
And there I found a living poem,
A kind old heart that mothered me.

Old Ellen of the Hills her name;
Her home a straw-clad cosy nest.
All living things, both wild and tame,
Were Ellen’s friends and shared her best.

At morn a vestal virgin she
Piles high the fire that never dies,
And new blue incense curling free
From Ellen’s side rose to the skies.

Now to the mossy well she goes
For water from the lucent spring;
Though only Spartan fare she knows,
We soon shall hear the kettle sing—
Bright leader of an indoor choir,
Around the hearth she ever sweeps,
Her purring puss enjoys the fire;
The kettle sings; the cricket cheeps.

She twice a day the kettle fills
With morn and evening tides of cheer,
And twice the singing water spills
To brew the cup that brings no tear.

Her only book the window pane
That frames the page of vale and hill,
There joy and gloom, in sun and rain,
Come peeping at her window sill.

Her garden, “lovesome thing God wot,”
Potatoes held and old-time flowers,
Replenishing her little pot,
Or brightening the darksome hours.

The fuchsia bells, the hollyhock,
And southernwood—the poor man’s myrrh,
Herb mallow, and the fragrant stock
Danced round her door with floral stir.

Ellen died fain have come again
To that old heart so free from sin;
But Sorrow sighed his old refrain
O’er God’s own glory of the whin.

Old Ellen lived, day after day,
Too old to die,
Too tired to sleep,
Too poor to live
And pays up treasure for her soul.

True-hearted, simple, and sweet
Is dear old Ellen of the Hills,
The finest sifted heart of wheat
In God’s sure, slowly-grinding mills.

Her lease is past, few years will roll
Until her blanket is the sod,
And her devout and dove-like soul
Fly, homeing, back again to God.

The Two Old Beggars of Bayswater Road.

The Man Speaks.

She’s blind and old;
I’m older still—
Too old to die.
Death saw me once,
But passed me by.
Too old to die,
Too tired to sleep,
Too poor to live
Without the pence
The ladies give.

She’s blind, they say;
But what’s the odds
Since I can see?
And that’s enough
For her and me.

I see the pavements,
See the feet
Of those that pass;
Across the road
There’s grass.

The people move
So quick, you’d think
They like to walk;
I hear them laugh
And talk.

If they are real,
If they’re alive,
Then what are we?
Like insects
Crawling painfully.

We do our beat
Quite regular
From Notting Hill
To Marble Arch,
And then stand still.
At Marble Arch
We have to stop;
The road’s so wide,
I’d never cross
With her to guide.

So when we get
To Marble Arch
We both stand still,
Then crawl again
To Notting Hill.
Too old to die,
Too tired to sleep,
Too poor to live
Without the pence
The ladies give.