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CONTENTS.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

The cessation of war has not brought peace nor even, as yet, the prospect of it. Wherever we turn, at home or abroad, the spectacle is one of unrest, here amounting to civil disorder and there to civil war. For our own world-commonwealth in particular, the weather-chart is anything but favourable. Egypt, Ireland, India and South Africa in varying degree present a problem the solution of which seems to be beyond the discovery of our present governing classes; and since they have arisen simultaneously with the coil of problems presented by the Continent and by a scarcely less formidable complex of social and industrial troubles at home, the total situation is one of unconcealable gravity. It is unfortunate for the nation as well as for the world that we are compelled to meet the crisis with the mere remains and discredited remnants of our former competent ruling caste; but the fact is that as our national and world responsibilities have expanded, not only have our governing classes declined to open out their ranks to include new classes, but they have positively narrowed their own outlook both as regards individual and political education. Common sense, to say nothing of high statesmanship, would have suggested long ago, in view of the expansion of our national obligations, a corresponding expansion of our public system of education. It ought to have been plain, at least a generation ago, that we could not continue to manage an ever-growing Empire on the personnel of a few public schools, but that we needed to make a "public school" of every elementary school in the land and to put a University training within the reach of every English boy. The wage-system, however, has stood as an insuperable obstacle to this need of statesmanship, with the result that at this crisis in our affairs we have only the permutations and combinations of a handful of second-rate politicians to draw upon. Both Greece and Rome before us made the same mistake of attempting to rule an expanding Empire on a contracting oligarchy based on a servile or passive class of citizens; and both came to disaster in consequence of the inadequacy of their domestic social arrangements. Their fate must needs await us unless within the coming generation we can contrive to avoid their error by educating for responsibility every citizen of every class amongst us.

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It cannot but appear to every intelligent observer that the policy of the Allies in their treatment of a defeated Germany is wrong on the face of it. A right policy, whatever that may be, would presumably demonstrate itself in a progressive solution of the problems to be dealt with. It certainly could not be supposed to add both to their number and to their apparent insolubility. Yet this is precisely what appears to be the result of the policy now being pursued at Versailles. Not only do fresh problems arise every day, but the problems of yesterday appear to be as nothing in comparison with the prospective problems of to-morrow. The wood is thickening before us. It is undeniable that France has every title to demand security against the repetition of a crime that has decimated her population; but security carried to the degree now under discussion seems to us to be rather provocation than safety. What is it that is expected of Germany? She is to lose her Navy, her mercantile marine, her Army and considerable slices of her former territories. All her colonies are withdrawn either completely or in tutelage to the League of Nations, and, in addition to this, an indemnity spread, we are told, over half a century, is to be imposed upon her. Only the most pusillanimous or magnanimous of nations could endure to be treated in this fashion after even the greatest of crimes; and only commanding Powers of implacable militarism could avail to force and maintain such a treatment upon her. But is Germany either one or the other? And are the Western Powers disposed to turn permanently militarist in order to accomplish this design? We must remember, too, that in the last resort all government depends, less or more, on the consent of the governed, even when the form is that of a superimposed despotism. It is physically impossible to "impose our will" upon Germany without, at least, a modicum of her own consent; and there appears to be, as far as we can learn, no trace of "consent" in Germany at present. On the contrary, Germany appears to us to be in the situation and mood of a nation about to go on strike; and, unfortunately, the temptation to carry out this threat is all the stronger by reason of the example of Russia. Lenin,

as we have said before, is the only statesman who can be said to see his profit in the policy of Versailles. Swiftly and surely we are convincing Germany that there is no salvation in the West for her, and that her only hope lies in a communion of desperate misery with Russia. Asrat and Soviet will agree together, with the consequence that all Europe will be divided into two hostile halves.

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In view of such a possibility, so menacing in every respect, it was, to say the kindest of it, unwise in Mr. Bonar Law to employ even the tone of threat to the seven or eight millions of our own people whose interests are bound up in the present industrial movement. By so much as the nation needs to be strong against enemy circumstances without, we need to be united at home; and the display of the State's biceps which Mr. Bonar Law allowed himself to make on Thursday evening was rather calculated to intensify than to heal our domestic divisions. That the Government, in the event of a strike, "would use all the resources of the State without hesitation" can always be taken for granted without its particular enunciation at any given moment; but it is more than doubtful whether the result, in the present circumstances, would be "to win and to win quickly." There is no victory possible in a social war of the kind imagined by Mr. Bonar Law; and the "success" of the State in such a conflict would be little less disastrous to the community than the success of the strikers. Moreover, the instincts of the nation, in the dark period in which we live, are wiser and more far-seeing than the reason of ephemeral politicians. The Labour movement, in so far as it is symptomatic of a deeper unrest than anything dependent merely on hours or wages, is an attempt on the part of the nation to avoid the very error by which Greece and Rome fell. It is, in fact, an instinctive popular demand for the expansion of the area of national and individual responsibility. To the degree, therefore, that the Government and ruling classes fail to interpret the demand correctly or, worse still, attempt to suppress it, they are opposing the vital instincts which alone can adapt the nation to an increasingly dangerous world.

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We are glad, nevertheless, that the miners have decided to continue the discussion inaugurated by the Coal Commission, for nothing but good can come of a public inquiry conducted with the ability of the miners' representatives. Much remains to be examined, and chiefly, of course, the fundamental question of control upon which all the rest turns. Of the three interim reports now published, the Miners' is acknowledged on all sides to be at once the most complete and the most convincing; and if the Miners were, indeed, the Bolshevists of the "Spectator's" careful imagination, they would not hesitate to enforce a claim whose reasonableness has now been proved. The case of the Government, moreover, is characteristically weak. Ignoring the fact that the Miners' Report is really the Majority Report of the Commission; and that, in any event, ten of the Commission's thirteen members agree in recommending a complete change of ownership and control, the Government has nevertheless declined to recognise the only possible alternative "principle" of nationalisation, on the puerile ground that so great a break with the past ought not to be made at a moment's notice. As if a reasonable and an agreed recommendation needed to be suspended over a period of some months or years in order to become acceptable. The contrast between the celerity with which breaks with the past were made during the war and the hesitation and delay that now beset them is all in favour of war-conditions as the conditions of progress. But we must repeat that we are in the midst of war-conditions at this moment; and that the swift settlement of our industrial difficulties, even at the risk of making mistakes, is quite as necessary now as it was when we had only Germany to fear. It is habitual, however, with our present governing classes to be fearless in war and fearful in peace.

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Having been "adopted" by the Government, the Report signed by Mr. Justice Sankey now constitutes the terms of reference of the new session of the Commission; and from this point of view the Report is of enhanced significance. We may set aside its recommendations as to wages and hours, for, important as they are, they cannot be said to be more than the cart of which the dark horse is control; and since the new session of the Commission is now committed to the discussion of control, the centre of gravity is naturally no longer merely hours and wages. Two principles of the utmost importance have been defined in the Report, so that on broad grounds the conditions of the coming debate are already known. In the first place, it is agreed, the Government consenting, that "the present system of ownership and working stands condemned"; and, in the second place, it is equally agreed that whatever system otherwise may be adopted, "it is in the interests of the country that the colliery workers shall in the future have an effective voice in the direction of the mine." These specific provisions are certainly something to be going on with, and they represent an advance in the nature of the practical discussion which may well prove to be revolutionary. It will be seen, we imagine, that from the two premisses of the new inquiry, one conclusion, at least, is inevitable, namely, the nationalisation of the ownership of the mines. It is true that the Government has not formally recognised the principle of nationalisation; it is also true, no doubt, that other forms of ownership, still different from the present, can be conceived in the professorial study or in the board-rooms of the existing proprietors. But their advocates are under a great delusion if they believe that any alternative system of ownership save national ownership is practicable; or that the nationalisation of the mines is not now taken for granted as practically the starting-point of the new phase of the inquiry.

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With nationalisation of ownership assumed, the question of control steps into the open. Three forms of control, and only three, present themselves—for we may exclude Syndicalism, since Syndicalism excludes State-ownership. The first form is that of bureaucracy, ephemistically and characteristically defined by Mr. Sidney Webb as "direct administration." The second is that of a National Trust composed of the existing proprietaries in alliance with the Miners' Federation—an alliance, in short, of the Employers and Employed under the supervision of the State. The third, of course, is that of a National Guild, or a union of all the labour essential to the industry acting in conjunction and partnership with the State itself. Of these three forms of control there can be no doubt which is the most favoured of the capitalist classes: it is the National Trust. To begin with, it reserves to the existing owners a considerable measure of control; as great, at least, as they have exercised during the war under the conditions known as "Government control"—a control, as we know, compatible with an almost unlimited amount of "private enterprise." In the second place, a National Trust of this kind, though bedged about by all manner of State restrictions, would not only continue to make profits at the expense of the community, but it would be chartered and encouraged to produce the maximum of profit. Why should it not, indeed? If the imposition of the excess profits tax on the coalowners has simply resulted in the transfer of the tax to selling-prices, the substitution of the profit-sharing miners for the profit-sharing State would indubitably more than sanction the same trans-

fer. Upon the plea that the men were to share in profits, no limit beyond that of rude necessity would be placed upon profits; and against the combined forces of the monopoly of Capital and Labour which defines a National Trust, no maximum prices imposed by the State could be of any avail. Finally, we have to note that the combination of Capitalists with Labour is not only a danger to the State as regards the perpetuation of profiteering, but a danger to the nation from the perpetuation of the attempt to reconcile the irreconcilable. Labour "unrest" assuredly will not cease while Capitalists as such retain a shred of control; and it is the fatal defect of the Whitley scheme (of which National Trusts are the logical consummation) that it shuts its eyes to this fact. The refusal, however, of the Railwaymen and Engineers to consider the Whitley proposals has now been endorsed by the Miners, who, in their present Report, emphatically pronounce against the suggested National Trust, and declare that they will in no case be parties to it.

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This leaves us, whatever the State or the Capitalist classes care to say, with only two practical courses to choose from. The one is "direct administration," or, as we prefer to call it, bureaucratic control; and the other is administration and control by a National Mining Guild; and it is between these two that a decision must be made if we are to reach a settlement of the industrial difficulty. Concerning nationalisation with direct administration, however, the mind of the public appears to us to have been fully made up. It will welcome no more of it. To employ a colloquialism, the public has been "fed up" with bureaucratic control and has no stomach for more. What is of even greater importance, in view of the plane on which the discussion is likely to take place, the bureaucracy itself is no longer so ravenous of assuming control as it once was. With every increase of the nominal power of control of the bureaucracy (that is to say, of the Civil Service) the *actual* control of the Treasury becomes more and more despotic and onerous. The Civil Service, in fact, like Labour in general, finds itself progressively subjected to the rule of the purse with effects upon its functional efficiency which are certainly not conducive to the expansion of its responsibilities. Even Mr. Sidney Webb, we imagine, will discover some resistance among the bureaucracy to his scheme for transferring the mines to their control; and the evidence of Sir Richard Redmayne, which we quoted last week, is only the shadow of the approaching opposition. We have put the case against "direct administration" on one of the less familiar grounds, for the simple reason that we have exhausted the familiar grounds and could only now repeat ourselves. As between a National Trust and Mr. Webb's "direct administration," however, we should not hesitate to support Mr. Webb. At the same time, we should regard the necessity to do so as little better than a social calamity.

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The scheme of Guild control already laid before the Commission by Mr. Straker is not likely, however, to be overlooked. With the proposal of a National Trust firmly declined, the discussion must be between Mr. Webb's bureaucracy and Mr. Straker's (and the Miners' Federation's) Guild control. In short, it must be between the Fabianism of yesterday and the National Guilds of to-day and to-morrow. We have little real hope, we may confess, of an immediate issue favourable to the Guild idea; for not only are the proposals still unfamiliar (in England, their place of origin, far more than abroad!), but it is humanly natural that the veterans of the Fabian Society who have devoted their lives to the advocacy of bureaucratic control should eye with suspicion and jealousy the Guild proposals that are sooner or later to displace their object of devotion. The current repugnance to bureaucracy, however, appears providential to the Guild idea; and there is further to be taken into account the favour shown by all the more enterprising and progressive Trade Union leaders to the assumption of joint responsibility, and joint control with the State. The discussion, in short, may well be equal, and its issue may still be regarded as doubtful. Under these circumstances, we appeal to such of our readers as are in sympathy with the propaganda we have carried on in these columns for twelve years to employ their influence now, and more than ever at this moment. It is not for us to direct them what they should say, to whom or in what form they should say it, but the occasion is critical and the opportunities for determining a decision must be as innumerable as the duty of using them is obvious. It may be that between now and May 20, when Mr. Justice Sankey's Commission will again report, the first open encounter between the old order and the new order of Socialism will have taken place. We shall do what we can to bring about the triumph of the new age, but the struggle against an intelligent reaction is always doubly hard. Not an effort can be spared.

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Our colleague, "S. G. H.," as well as other Guild writers, has already given notice of an objection to the prospective terms of compensation to be offered to the existing Capitalists in the mining and other industries. It is complacently assumed, we observe, that the amount of compensation is to be arrived at on the basis of a "fair market value as between a willing buyer and a willing seller." Nothing could, indeed, well be fairer if the transaction to be effected were one of the ordinary interchanges of commerce in general; but the conditions applicable to a transaction within a system and a transaction outside the system (and, in fact, with the system itself as the object at market) are by no means the same. Several considerations point to the necessity of regarding the prospective acquisition by the State of the "capital" of the mines and the railways in an entirely different light from that in which "fair market values" arise. For, in the first place, the very conditions defined in the quoted terms are missing, since there is neither a "willing" buyer nor a "willing" seller, but both parties are forced. How can fair market-value be estimated when neither party has any option but to sell or to buy? In the second place, every ordinary transaction involving transfer of "capital" from one party to another *presumes* the good-will of the Labour necessary to its exploitation. What is the value of a capital plant, however extensive, which has been subject to a Labour boycott? What, in short, is its real market value in the absence of the good-will of Labour? But the virtual situation of both railway and mining capital is little better than that here implied: the good-will of Labour is missing. Are the owners entitled to receive compensation from the State for a good-will which their conduct has forfeited? Are they entitled to presume the continuance of the supply of Labour and to include that asset in their bill of sale? Only on the assumption that Labour is a part of Capital—either raw material or plant or power—is it "fair" to include Labour among the assets for which capitalists are to be compensated. The practical conclusion to be drawn is that the capitalists are entitled to be compensated for all that is theirs to dispose of—but for nothing that is not theirs. A Portia has come to judgment. They may fairly sell and demand the market price for their plant, but *not* upon the supposition that the operative Labour engaged upon it is theirs to guarantee to the purchaser. It must be the bare plant and nothing more, neither as running nor even as potentiality, for the latter like the former equally involves the sale and purchase of the good-will of Labour. Upon this reckoning, which we account to be irrefragable, the "compensation" to be paid to the capitalists of the railways and mines is not much more than they themselves would pay for the equivalent plants in Russia or Germany.

Towards National Guilds.

THE Wage System is at a deadlock. Corporations of Capitalists on the one side and of Labourers on the other are demanding between them a bigger reward than the total of production, and both are concentrating almost wholly on that phase of the question. Capital maintains that superproduction is the only remedy, but Capital is naturally reluctant to investigate any mode of production other than the present. For the evils consequent on superproduction itself Capital has devised no remedy whatsoever, and is wisely silent regarding them. Its solution, in fact, is to remedy our existing inability to produce enough for our needs and our neighbours' needs by producing so much that we must compel our neighbours to purchase. Labour has suggested Nationalisation, but on the vital question of control, on Guildisation, it has said not nearly enough. Inquiries which are being conducted into our industries at present are eliciting only the points which should have been agreed upon before they began. The question, in effect, is not as to whether the prevailing system of production can bear a humanised labourer; the question is really to discover whether there is a system possible that can, for it has been protested over and over again that the prevailing system cannot. Capital has admitted through its representatives that industry cannot carry humanised Labour and reward Capital according to its own valuation of its merits at the same time. Nationalisation, advocated by Labour, would certainly put the whole of an industry on a national basis in the sense that local variations would disappear. The local losses would be merged in the gains of other localities, and the price of coal would not necessarily be fixed on the basis of the highest cost of production among the localities of available supply. In the debate on the question of nationalisation in regard to the mines, the nationalisers have carried the day, yet they have failed entirely to show that mere nationalisation would humanise Labour. The cult of mechanised efficiency is part of the wage-system whether ruled by King Capital or King Credit.

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The nationalisation of the mines means that the State will, in fact, purchase the mines at a determined Capital value with credit, itself borrowed from the existing proprietors. The latter will receive a fixed rate of interest in return for a fluctuating profit and the remaining vestiges of responsibility; for at present it must be admitted that Capital is responsible for the selection of the management which delivers the profit. The profit, moreover, is only delivered provided that services are being rendered and duly paid for. Once the industry is nationalised, however, on borrowed credit, the community shoulders the responsibility for delivering interest, whether the transferred property is serviceable or not. Not a particle of service would be required from the bond-holder, to whom the community would have acknowledged the right of reward without function. Actually the shares of the nationalised industry would be held privately, and the wage-system would be intensified by the fact that in regard to Labour, nationalisation means trustification, in the sense that for that particular class of Labour the State would possess a monopoly of the demand. In the presence of his superior the postal worker has at present no individuality whatever, because he is part of a wage-system where his employer monopolises the demand for his particular skill. Bureaucracy added to Trustification, with the burden of Interest thrown in, does not spell humanised Labour; moreover, to indemnify the proprietors of each industry with interest-bearing bonds based on the capital value of the industry plus the goodwill of Labour is to crystallise the theory that the nation is run on behalf of the favoured section of Credit and Capital, Ltd. The theory of the State as model employer is not attractive; the State buys Labour in the Labour-market according to the law of supply and demand as unashamed as a Roman bought slaves, and the humanisation of Labour after the institution of State Capitalism on a big scale will be more difficult of realisation than it is to-day. Until Labour is humanised, industry will not work, for the very determination on the part of Labour that it shall be humanised is a sign of health, and the healthier it is the keener will the determination be.

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The development of British industries has undoubtedly adapted them for Guildisation, and on Guild lines, we maintain, the wage-system must and can be ended, Labour re-humanised, and production for use set going. It may well be replied that the industrial organisations are not yet complete enough to warrant the immediate grant of full autonomy. We wish they were; nevertheless the organisations of Labour are now strong enough to wreck industry if their power is not diverted to promoting industry, and urgency must be pleaded. When Capital needed the assistance of the State in the mobilisation of the goodwill of the community, that assistance was promptly granted, and the existing currency is sufficient evidence without the enumeration of the other devices by which the nation was kept solvent. There may have been better ways of gaining the end desired; let it suffice, however, that the end was gained. If production, vital to national solvency as it is, is to be kept running now, the assistance of the community must be forthcoming again, this time to secure the unification of Labour and Management. The social effect of the immediate Guildisation of the major industries with the assistance of the State would in the long run be far superior to offering particular enterprises for staff-control on co-operative lines. Mere nationalisation would exact State Control, regulated capitalism would exact State supervision, and neither would find a road out of our difficulties. Labour of itself cannot manage; Management, in the face of Labour's growing monopoly, cannot provide Labour. If, then, the State would serve the community, national ownership and Guild control must begin. If Capital and Labour were to become reconciled, that is, partners in exploiting the community, the organisations now demanding our money or our life would compare with the new trusts as David with Goliath. We understand the State's reluctance to introduce innovations on a big scale before their trial on a small scale. Under duress, during the war, gigantic innovations were applied at next to no notice, and served their purpose. On our ability, in fact, to make a big innovation succeed our very existence depended, yet here we are!

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The question of the compensation of the present owners ought most certainly to be dealt with as a part of the greater question of the distribution of the whole wealth of the country. However, compensation for the forfeiture of national liabilities could well be made on an annuity basis, between limits of £2,000 and £200 per annum over short periods. Below £200, the liability would be met in full by this means, and steeply graded deductions would be made from incomes above. This would avoid any hardship and would prevent any side-track discussions of the widows' savings. The whole principle is, in short, the avoidance of hardship, and not the acknowledgment of debt! Services rendered are the only authority for debt, and wherever Capital is also Managerial, remuneration for services rendered managerially would be continued. There is plenty of precedent for a redistribution of wealth, discoverable in history as far back as Old Testament days and ancient Greece. What is required now, however, is not a redistribution, but the national co-ordination. The war has caused such a redistribution and artificial accumulation of assets that the first necessity is the

neutralisation of false assets and real liabilities on the responsibility, and for the benefit, of the nation as a whole. The only thing lacking is the inclination of Capital and Credit; the manner and means are available. The peaceful accomplishment of this reform is worlds better than forcible expropriation and plunder, in which so many of the real assets would suffer destruction.

NATIONAL GUILDSMEN.

A Survival of Barbarism.

By Marmaduke Pickthall.

LAST week I wrote upon the danger of our "Muslim" propaganda in its action on the minds of Muslims. To-day I have to write upon the danger which arises from its action on the minds of Christians, as evidenced in the memorial forwarded to the Prime Minister by the "St. Sophia Redemption Committee."

"We address ourselves with some confidence to His Majesty's Government," the document begins, "on the subject of the future of the great church of St. Sophia."

His Majesty's Government, being the Government of the whole British Empire, and therefore representing Muslims quite as much as Christians, will of course point out to the petitioners that they are in error, and that the building they refer to, once indeed a Greek church, is now a mosque and has been a mosque for centuries. But that is by the way. What I want to examine is the ground of "confidence" of the petitioners in presenting so preposterous, because so factious, a demand to a Government which is in the position of an impartial tribunal, charged with the protection of Muslim no less than Christian interests. I do not question their remark on the antiquity of the building nor on its architectural beauty, which I never could perceive, so cannot judge; but the main part of their "confidence" is based on modern history, and their conception of that history is a false one, being derived exclusively from propaganda whether new or old.

"The Ottoman Emperor transformed it into a mosque as the symbol of Turkish sovereignty over Eastern Christendom." And for what reason are the petitioners anxious to transform it back into a Greek church? I personally doubt the motive they ascribe to the Ottoman Emperor for an action which was against the teaching of the Koran and the practice of the Prophet and the early Muslims. I think he did it in retaliation. We do not find Muslims turning churches into mosques till after Christians had turned mosques into churches and even, in some cases, put them to insulting use. All enlightened Muslims would condemn such action at the present day. They have outgrown the state of mind which would applaud such action. They had supposed that all enlightened English people had outgrown it, too.

"The misrule and oppression of centuries have culminated during the great war in massacres of the Christian races so terrible that the conscience of Europe and America has been appalled and is now aroused to the fact that the Turk as the wielder of 'the Sword of Islâm' is a survival of barbarism not to be tolerated."

But this is propaganda. As a matter of fact, the Ottoman Empire was better governed than most "Christian" States till near the end of the eighteenth century. The period of "misrule and oppression," otherwise weak administration, was at most some eighty years. But when the Turks awoke to it and tried to mend the state of things, some Christian Powers, which had taken advantage of the period of disorder to thrust their claws into the Turkish Empire, deliberately frustrated every effort towards improvement by fomenting discontent and rebellion in the Christian communities. Turkey, like the previous Muslim empires, was for centuries a model of religious tolerance compared with Christendom. Jews fled thither from the persecutions of the Inquisition, and many Christians of enlightenment took refuge there. The Christians under Turkish rule had privileges of self-government much greater than have been accorded hitherto to any "subject race" within the British Empire—so great that the vast majority of them never came into official contact with the Turks at all. Their complaints were of their own corrupt officials and ecclesiastics. Members of the dominant religion—El Islâm—were forbidden by law, under the extreme penalty, to seek to turn the subject Christians from their faith, while European missionaries, as being of the same opinions, were allowed to preach to them. Is it wonderful that the gross abuse by Christians of these privileges, the ruthless propaganda of intolerance, against this tolerance yet making use of it, conducted among Turkish Christians by the Christian Powers—a propaganda which has caused the massacre of many hundreds of thousands of Mohammedans,* atrocities of which we never hear a word—what wonder that such cunning irritation should have "culminated during the great war in massacres of the Christian races so terrible that the conscience of Europe and America has been appalled"? If the conscience of those countries had been nourished upon facts instead of propaganda, it would have been no less appalled, though in a different way. Turkey has never been the villain of the piece at all. The villain of the piece was Czarist Russia, now defunct; and the cry for St. Sophia is a piece of Russian propaganda. Do these men desire that England should assume the rôle of Czarist Russia in the Eastern Question? Let every honest Englishman say, God Forbid! If the Turk as wielder of "the Sword of Islâm" is a survival of barbarism not to be tolerated, what can be said of the modern Englishman as the wielder of the dagger of Christendom?

"Even the Mohammedan world has separated itself from Ottoman cruelty and treachery, and the Sherif of Mecca has himself raised his standard against the Sultan." This is simply war-time propaganda. The Mohammedan world does not believe in Ottoman cruelty as in any way greater than that of the races who plotted and rebelled against the Ottomans, in time of war, threatening them with extermination; and it thinks the charge of "treachery" against the Ottoman Turk comes oddly from the lips of Europeans. Apart from the sedition of Armenian and Greek Ottoman subjects during war-time, marked by undoubted treachery, the diplomatic policy of the Great Powers towards Turkey, leading up to the great war, was generally the reverse of candid; so much so that the agents of that policy themselves avowed disgust of it; and on a memorable occasion "a diplomatist, perfectly aware of the plans of conquest of the Balkan alliance, plans prepared under the protectorate of Russia and of the Triple Entente, and disgusted with that method, wrote to one

* The Greeks in 1821 exterminated all the Turks in the Morea and many thousands in the northern parts of Greece (v. Miller's "Ottoman Empire," Lord Eversley's "The Turkish Empire," and any history). The Serbs had previously done the same thing in their first rebellion. Those two are the first of the series of massacres which are propagandically ascribed entirely to the Turk's ferocity. Both were the result of years of patient work by foreign agents. Nearly every massacre of Christians by Mohammedans has been preceded by a massacre of Mohammedans by Christians, of which we never hear.

of his intimates: 'I am obliged to play at Constantinople a disgusting part. I must say to the Turks the contrary of what I know to be true. *I feel like a snake in the grass.*' "*

The Mohammedan world is united as never before, and many millions of non-Muslim Asiatics are united with it in a burning sympathy for the Ottoman Turk, who represents not only El Islâm, but Asia, in the tender hands of Christian Europe. The Sherif Huseyn of Mecca—as the Muslims call him still, though the petitioners should, I think, have called him King of the Hejjaz—himself, the other day in his official newspaper ("Al Giblah"), forbade his subjects to address him as Amir ul-Mûminîn (Prince of Believers), "because that title is reserved to His Imperial Majesty the Sultan of Turkey, as Khalifah of the Muslims."

"We urge that whilst the Suleymaniyeh and other great imperial mosques of Constantinople should remain in the hands of Islam, justice requires that the Christians of that city who form the large majority of its inhabitants should have their priceless building restored to them."

"Justice requires"! What would the ecclesistical dignitaries who signed this memorial say if told that justice required that the Church of Rome should have all the ancient churches in this country restored to her, while they were welcome to retain all ecclesiastical buildings founded since the Reformation? And how are they going to restore "their priceless building" to the Christians of Constantinople "who form the large majority of its inhabitants"? The Greeks alone have an historical claim to it, and they do not form a majority of the inhabitants; I doubt even if they equal in numbers the Muslim population. It is only by adding in Armenians, Latins, Greek Catholics, and all the other various rites that "a large majority of the inhabitants" can be obtained. And anyone who would hand a building over to them all, collectively and indiscriminately, is mad.

"It has no special sacredness for Muslims. . . . Its value in their eyes is purely political."

That seems to me unfair. The mosque is sacred to the Muslims. And I submit that the reasons for depriving them of it given in this memorial are neither sacred nor religious; they are nothing but political, and part of a well-known political propaganda anti-British in its origin.

"Finally, we submit that the claims of art should not be set aside. The great church is now in a serious condition, urgently needing structural repairs, and must inevitably collapse if it is not placed in capable hands. The glorious mosaics, a precious heritage amongst the artistic treasures of the world, should be uncovered from the defacement which is necessarily imposed so long as the building, constructed and decorated for one faith, is alienated and devoted to another."

I am well acquainted with the building, which is well adapted to its present service as a place of divine worship, except, of course, for those mosaics which, if uncovered, might distract the thoughts of worshippers. From the Muslim point of view, to hand it back to the Greek Church would be to make of the Temple of the One God a house of superstition and of practical idolatry. And the Muslim point of view in this particular is that of very many Englishmen who are not Muslims. If the mosque is indeed in need of structural repairs, the Muslims of the British Empire are quite ready to guarantee the cost of such repairs and to undertake that the work shall be "placed in capable hands." And it does not seem to me at all impossible for some arrangement to be made by which "the glorious mosaics, a precious heritage among the artistic treasures of the world," might be presently removed with care to some museum where the petitioners could feast their eyes upon them without let or hindrance.

* "The Turk's Last Stand," by Félix Valyi.

What part has England or the British Empire in the fanatical designs of Eastern Christendom? For that is what it really comes to, after all. The country which originated and maintained at much expense the outcry for the re-conversion of St. Sophia has dethroned its Church—the most benighted and corrupt of Churches—and repudiated its ideals and aims, as anti-human, as indeed they were. And why? Because they prized rich buildings and fine works of art, the pomp and pride of churchmanship, above the real business of religion, which is to ennoble men and women, and not to stultify them and degrade them as the Eastern Church has done.

I carry, and shall carry to my dying day, a certain picture in my memory. It was many years ago, upon the outskirts of Jerusalem. A crowd of Russian pilgrims was arriving—men, women, and children who seemed to have had vitality crushed out of them, who seemed to have been deprived of earthly hope, herded by long-haired priests who treated them like cattle. They might have stood for a procession of the damned, if it were not for the strange, dreamy look in pale blue eyes which suggested that they saw some hope a long way off. The ancestors of those poor serfs had been free men and women. The yoke of Czardom had degraded them to this, and chief among the instruments of their enslavement was the Russian Church. And skipping round them, chaffing them, caressing them, trying to sell them souvenirs of various kinds, there were the "persecuted" Christians of the Turkish Empire, clad in rich colours, with their fezes at a rakish angle, swaggering, independent, laughing, full blown to the point of arrogance. The contrast, and the truth which it revealed, were unforgettable.

Russia was regarded by the Christian Powers as a success, Turkey as a failure. They had a different standard, that was all. The Koran says: "He is successful who improves the soul and gives it growth, and he is indeed a failure who stunts and starves the soul."

Judged by that standard, Turkey was successful as compared with any Christian country, even England, for all its people had a chance of full development both individually and as self-governing communities within the realm. Out of that very freedom of the Christians under Islâm, diverted and seduced by Europe to seditious ends, have risen all the troubles of the Ottoman Empire. But if the Turkish Christians had that freedom they have to thank Islâm and not their Church for it. So every mosque does actually stand for something which all moderns reckon good, and every Greek church stands for something which we reckon barbarous.

It is hard to realise the mentality of men with the education and advantages of modern England who could memorialise the Government of the British Empire for the purpose of securing a mediæval triumph for the Greek Church over El Islâm at such a moment, and with "confidence." The war was in no sense a religious war, and I doubt if you could find in the whole British Army a thousand officers and men who had the least suspicion that they were fighting to set the Cross above the Crescent, unless it might be in the Jewish legion! I have always understood that there was no hostility against Islâm in British policy, and no deliberate intention to insult the Muslims. Our "Muslim" propaganda did insult their intelligence, but surely it was not designed to do so. Then what possible ground for "confidence" can anybody have in supposing that the British Government—a Muslim Government in this that it judges people not by faith but works, and attacks no man's religion—will use its power, now that war is over, to put a mean and petty insult upon many millions of its would-be loyal subjects for the triumph of a Church which is hardly represented in the Empire. Surely, if the citizenship of our Empire is worth dying for, the interests of British Muslims come before Greek-Christian interests.

General Hertzog's Deputation.

The agreeable comedy of a British warship and South African Nationalism has come to a close. General Hertzog and his anti-Botha deputation are compassing a passage to the Peace Conference in a Dutch vessel via New York. If General Hertzog and his associates possessed the humour of the Irish, or had not had a "past" in relation to the British Navy, they could have accepted Admiral Fitzherbert's offer with alacrity. The Nationalists have always opposed an effective South African subsidy to the Navy. They have always repudiated its protection as superfluous. Yet it is our unthanked Navy alone that, throughout the war, has enabled General Hertzog's farmers to sell their maize and wool in Europe at phenomenal prices to the Allies. In the end Nemesis has tripped the ingrates neatly. Logic is taking them a long way round. It may happen that whilst General Hertzog is still brandishing the Fourteen Points in mid-ocean, the Paris negotiators will have signed the Peace and gone home.

Not that there is the smallest reason to regard the South African Constitution as a sacrosanct document eternally exempt from review or even abrogation. It placed South Africa in thrall to a combine of Boer landowners and German mine-owners. From that day to this the Union has been closed to British immigration. The Dutch policy is to have in South Africa a sufficient British population to pay seven-tenths of the taxation but not enough to challenge their own monopoly of Government. If, then, they are foolish enough to fall out amongst themselves, who shall complain? Not the real British.

From the aspect of constructing a League of Nations as distinguished from an alliance of five Governments, the approach of non-official delegations to the Conference can only advantage democracy. The essential life of reality which the League lacks can be breathed into its dry bones by the common peoples but not by officials and governing classes. But that granted, why, of all interests in South Africa, should that voiced by the Republican Dutch be alone heard alongside the official Smuts-Botha representation of unoccupied land and undeveloped mines? How can General Botha speak for the British population, when throughout the war he has failed to contribute a farthing to the pay of the South African Brigade in France, and his Government trades with the German mine mandarins of his Rand in exploiting the national goldfields? There are other parties in South Africa. Reuter transmitted a wail from the official opposition at Cape Town—that their leader, Sir Thomas Smartt, had not been invited to the Conference. Unless the Labour Party were too proud to wail the egregious Reuter did not catch it. A portion of the Unionist Party is genuinely British, but its control derives from the mine-owners. It has been useful at times to the magnates as a whip to crack over Botha. The compact, however, between General Botha and the mandarins is now so close that the whip has been deprived of its lash. That is out of harm's way in General Botha's pocket.

With all its defects and extravagances the South African Labour Party, under Col. Cresswell, is left to voice real British opinion in the Union. It is the party which sent thousands to the war in German South-West Africa, and East Africa and Europe. It is ashamed of a Government which sponged on the taxpayer of the United Kingdom for the whole of the pay of the South African Brigade. It strongly opposes the enslaving Native legislation which has been forced on the country by General Hertzog; and it consistently advocates British Immigration which is steadily refused by all the Dutch and their Generals of both the Nationalist and South African parties. Above all, Labour has opposed the fat leases of State gold claims on the Far East Rand, which General Botha's Government is continuously alienating to the magnates. It still hopes to rescue the last fragments of the national patrimony from the clutches of Big Business and to work them as State mines in co-operation with the State, for the common good of the country. A party which stoutly upholds the British connection may well ask what Dutch "independence" would mean when a Nationalist Congress pushes its doctrine of self-determination to the point of excluding British tuberculous soldiers from finding health and occupation in the Union.

There are 750,000 Dutch in South Africa, and of British only 100,000 less. Of "coloured" there are 700,000 and over all—or under all!—natives, not much short of five millions. Despite all that has happened, the last three categories remain patriotically and inexpugnably loyal to the British connection. British Imperial policy in South Africa has proceeded traditionally, on the assumption that the British population there is a mere negligible handful of rapacious adventurers, who are usually in the wrong. The illusion should no longer exclude the suspicion that real British interests—not, of course, cosmopolitan magnate interests—are offered up by Downing Street as a constant sacrifice to the Dutch.

It is important to understand clearly what scheme the Nationalist deputation proposes to lay before the Paris Conference. Wrenching self-determination clean out of its setting, it demands "independence for all parts of South Africa." Within the last fortnight the Union Parliament has rejected this demand on a direct vote, the Nationalist members voting alone in the minority. Natal will reject "independence" under a Dutch Republic. Her impulse would draw her nearer to, and not farther, from Britain. Johannesburg, despite its cosmopolitan veneer, is still essentially British. The loyalty of the Eastern Province—home of the staunch settlers of 1820—and of the ports is traditional. Cape Town, the legislative capital, will abide by the British connection to the end. If the British were united racially, as the Dutch are, they would have nothing to fear. "Business" breaks them up into groups, and, on the Rand, they are largely dependent on the cosmopolitan and alien mine magnates who dominate employment and trade. The ranks of the Dutch—separated politically in this bitter personal conflict between rival leaders—close with a snap on the racial issue. No division there.

The answer to this Nationalist deputation is that ten years ago the Dutch deliberately accomplished their own self-determination in their own way. The South Africa Act embodying the constitution was *their* Act. The Dutch welded the British connection by their own free and unfettered choice. The Act was preceded and prepared by a National Convention, of which General Hertzog—then a Minister of the Crown in the Orange River Colony—was an active and satisfied member. The Convention drafted the South Africa Act which established absolute equality of the two white races. It made Dutch co-equal with English as an official language. To satisfy the Dutch it created the anomaly of a dual Capital, legislation going to Cape Town and administration to Pretoria. It gave the seat of the Appellate Court to Bloemfontein. It gratified Dutch susceptibility by restoring to the Orange River Colony (of Lord Roberts' conquest) its old Republican title of Orange Free State. When the draft Act was completed in South Africa it was taken to London by a deputation of the Convention which included, unless the writer is greatly mistaken, General Hertzog himself. The deputation plainly intimated to the British Government that here was the Constitution under which the two races had agreed to live, and no other. They required that it should be passed to them approved and unaltered. The British Government met the deputation in that spirit—the spirit of the Convention. The

Act was ratified by the Imperial Parliament and became the written Constitution of the Union of South Africa.

That is the "scrap of paper" which the Dutch Republicans now ask the Peace Conference to tear up. For a Constitution founded on co-operation and amity with the British people in this country and in South Africa, they wish to substitute an "independence" of hatred and hostility—a separation which British South Africans will vehemently resist, and which neither the Home British nor the Peace Conference are entitled to sanction.

In 1914, after the outbreak of war, the Dutch Republicans leagued with the Germans in German South-West Africa went into open rebellion against their Constitution. It cost South Africa in fatal casualties a death-roll equal to our killed and fatally wounded in the subsequent German South-West campaign. Since then the Nationalist hatred of Britain has broken all bounds. What they failed to achieve by German aid and by force of arms they now hope to "wangle" by a peace-trick at Paris. From the democratic aspect Nationalist policies are wholly unattractive. They stand for naked reaction and the exclusion of British immigration. Their oppressive Native policy, especially, is a standing menace to the peace of the country.

The progression of the Dominions to independence by a process of orderly political evolution is probably inevitable. It would be distressing to suppose that the tie of dependence could not be severed eventually, in a spirit of mutual understanding and goodwill. There need be no bitterness on either side. It is not in that spirit that General Hertzog prefers his demand; after what has happened, from no South African could such a demand come with a worse grace. The Nationalists always want to have it both ways. They staked all on a German victory. They embarrassed us venomously throughout the war. Surely Paris is of all places the last in which such conduct could easily be forgotten or condoned!

OLIM AFRICANUS.

The World Before the War.

THE world before the war has made the fortune of at least one novel. Everybody read "Sonia" and said, "How true! It was the war that saved us from those dreadful night-clubs and all that frivolity and vice. We were all dancing the tango always, and nothing but making munitions would have saved us from it." Now, living out of the world myself, I knew nothing of this world before the war; I heard about it for the first time in "Sonia." That book was so unlike any reality I had ever known that it impelled me to ask all the worldlings of my acquaintance whether they knew this world before the war. They all said they did know it well. It was just like that. Everyone did go to night-clubs and danced and made love all the time; it was just like the behaviour of the world before the Flood. Only these worldlings were all like the people who tell you ghost stories and have never seen a ghost themselves, but only met others who have seen one. They themselves had not been to these night-clubs, could not give me the addresses of any of them; nor had they incessantly danced the tango or made love. But they knew that London was full of night-clubs; any house you passed might be one, in Portman Square or Paternoster Row; and most of the people you met had danced and made love all the time. About their own particular failure to participate in these orgies, it was clear to me that they were not lying. You believe a man when he says he has never seen a ghost; and I believed them when they said regretfully that they had not revelled in the world before the war. But who did revel in it? Never yet have I met anyone who did, just as I have never met anyone who has seen a ghost or the Indian rope trick.

Of course, the world before the war ought to have existed, like the world before the Flood; and that is the reason why novels have been written about it; but reality has a trick of evading its obligations. So the novelists, like the historians, knowing what it ought to be, write their novels to teach it that duty which it never learns. Knowing the perversity of reality, I am sure that Sardanapalus and Belshazzar really spent their last days poring over inaccurate war maps, and that this world before the war did not exist. I have seen enough of the real world of fashion to know that never has it been more light-hearted than the Stock Exchange; and, just as all the jokes that are said to come from the Stock Exchange really come from old comic papers, so the world before the war comes from the novels written about it.

And yet so thoroughly do we all believe in this world that the young things who revelled in it are now being painted by fashionable portrait painters. There are pictures of them, just like the people in "Sonia," in every exhibition that knows what's what. The very execution is wispy to suit their feverish frivolity. The female young things beckon with a kind of dangerous alluring innocence to male young things outside the picture. Undine is the word for them; you know they are going to find a soul through the war, making munitions or otherwise carrying on or doing their bit. You know they have all been converted now and look back on the world before the war with repentant satisfaction. But you know also, at least I do, that they are like St. Augustine and all the other masters of confession who tell us so luridly, yet vaguely, of the sins they committed before conversion. They convince one that they never committed any sins worth talking about, but they must make much of their sinfulness that they may make much of their conversion. So it is with our world of fashion. It is convinced that it has been converted by the war and that it sinned luridly and exquisitely before conversion. But it flatters itself both ways; it was dull then and is dull now. Naturally, it is grateful to Mr. McKenna for correcting its dull reality; so, no doubt, the ladies at the Court of Charles II were grateful to Sir Peter Lely for making them all look voluptuous for ever.

But those Lely ladies played on a little stage; there was no world-war in their time. Our war will be one of the great events of history; and the world of fashion, unconsciously, has known how to get into the limelight of history. For centuries historians will read all the documents bearing on the world-war; they will even read "Sonia," as a document; and they will reproduce our fashionable portraits in their books. So the legend of the world before the war will persist. "In a moment, at the call of arms, all this glittering frivolity ceased as if it had never been. The violation of Belgian neutrality came like the sound of cannon at the Duchess of Richmond's ball. Delicately-nurtured English ladies, so familiar to us in the portraits of —— and —— were transformed in a moment from silken sirens into uniformed ministering angels," and so on. That is how historians write when they believe novelists; and that is how they will write about the world before the war. I have no hope that any of them will read what I have written here and discover that the world before the war never was.

K.

TO A POET.

Dreaming, shadowed eyes
In a cloud of dusky hair,
Veiling all surprise
At the secrets in the air.
Soft winds blow their sighs
Through that cloud of dusky hair.
Spirits of the Wise,
Nestle, linger there.

ELSIE PATERSON CRANMER.

Readers and Writers.

A.E.'s "Candle of Vision" (Macmillan, 6s. net) is not a book for everybody, yet I wish that everybody might read it. Rarely and more rarely does any artist or poet interest himself in the processes of his mental and spiritual life, with the consequence, so often deplored by Mr. Penty, that books on æsthetics, philosophy, and, above all, psychology, are left to be written by men who have no immediate experience of what they are writing of. A.E.'s narrative and criticism of his personal experiences may be said to take the form of intimate confessions made *pour encourager les autres*. For, happily for us, he is an artist who is also a philosopher, a visionary who is also an "intellectual"; and, being interested in both phases of his personality, he has had the impulse and the courage to express both. What the ordinary mind—the mind corrupted by false education—would say to A.E.'s affirmations concerning his psychological experiences, it would not be difficult to forecast. What is not sheer invention, it would be said, is moonshine; and what is neither is a pose to be explained on some alienist hypothesis. Only readers who can recall some experience similar to those described by A.E. will find themselves able to accept the work for what it is—a statement of uncommon fact; and only those who have developed their intuition to some degree will be able to appreciate the spirit of truth in which the "Candle of Vision" is written. A review of such a work is not to be undertaken by me; but I have made a few notes on some selected passages and sentences, as follows:—

p. 2.—"I could not so desire what was not my own, and what is our own we cannot lose. . . . Desire is hidden identity." This is a characteristic doctrine of mysticism and recurs invariably in all the confessions. Such unanimity is an evidence of the truth of the doctrine, since it is scarcely to be supposed that the mystics borrow from one another. But the doctrine, nevertheless, is difficult for the mere mind to accept; for it involves the belief that nothing happens to us that is not ourselves. Character, in that event, is destiny—to quote a variant of A.E.'s sentence; and our lives are thus merely the dramatisation of our given psychology. Without presuming to question the doctrine, I feel a reserve concerning its absoluteness. Fate appears to me to be above destiny in the same sense that the old lady conceived that there was One above that would see that Providence did not go too far. To the extent that character is destiny or, as A.E. says, desire is hidden identity, a correct psychological forecast would be at the same time a correct temporal forecast. And while this may be true, in the abstract and under, so to say, ideal conditions, I cannot yet agree that everything that happens to the individual is within his character. The unforeseeable, the margin of what we call Chance, allows for events that belong to Fate rather than to Destiny.

p. 3.—A.E. says he "was not conscious in boyhood [up to the age of sixteen or seventeen] of any heaven lying about me." "Childhood," he thinks, is no nearer the "eternally young" than age may be. Certainly it appears to be so in the case of A.E. himself, for the intimations of immortality which Wordsworth (and the world in general) attributed to children were only begun to be experienced by A.E. after his sixteenth or seventeenth year. From that time onwards, as this book testifies, he has been growing younger in precisely those characteristics. There is a good deal to be thought, if not said, on this subject. Children are, I conceive, rather symbols of youth than youth itself; they are unconsciously young. Age, on the other hand, has the power of converting the symbol into the reality, and of being young and knowing it. Unless ye become, *not* little children, but *as* little children, ye shall in no wise enter the kingdom of Heaven. At the same time it is comparatively rare, I should say, for the ordinary child, that A.E. says he was, to develop childlikeness in later life. Usually a return occurs to a state unconsciously experienced in early youth. But there appear to be strata of characteristics in every mind, and life is their successive revelation. Without knowing anything of the facts, I surmise that A.E.'s heredity was mixed, and that the first layer or stratum to appear was that of some possibly Lowland Scot ancestry. When that was worked through, by the age of sixteen, another layer came to the surface, whereupon A.E. entered on another phase of "desire."

p. 7.—"We may have a personal wisdom, but spiritual wisdom is not to speak of as ours." This illustrates another characteristic of the mystic that while his experiences are personal, the wisdom revealed in them is always attributed to "Him that taught me"—in other words, to something not ourselves. An egoistic mysticism is a contradiction in terms. Not only no man is entitled to claim originality for a spiritual truth, but no man can. The truth is no longer true when it has a name to it. "Truth bears no man's name" is an idiom of mysticism. The reason, I presume, is that the condition of the appreciation of a spiritual truth is the absence of the sense of egoism. Such truths are simply not revealed to the egoistic consciousness and therefore cannot appear as the product of human wisdom. Their character is that of a revelation from without rather than that of a discovery from within; and the report of the matter is thus objective rather than subjective.

p. 16.—"I could prophesy from the uprising of new moods in myself that without search I should soon meet people of a certain character, and so I met them. . . . I accepted what befell with resignation. . . . What we are alone has power. . . . No destiny other than that we make for ourselves." I have already expressed my doubts whether this is the whole truth. It is, of course, the familiar doctrine of Karma; but I do not think it can be interpreted quite literally. As "A.E.R." has observed, there is what is called the Love of God, as well as the Justice of God. And I would venture to add, with Blake, the Wrath of God. Judgment is something more than simple justice; it implies the consent of the whole of the judging nature, and not of its sense of justice only. Love enters into it; and so, perhaps, do many other qualities not usually attributed to the Supreme Judge. It is, perhaps, necessary in interpreting such doctrines to allow for the personal equation even of the highest personality we can conceive.

p. 19.—"None need special gifts or genius." A.E.'s "Candle of Vision" is confessedly propagandist. It aims deliberately at encouraging age to discover eternal youth, and to lay hold of everlasting life. It is to this end that A.E. describes his own experiences and offers to his readers the means of their verification. He is quite explicit that no "special gifts" or "genius" are necessary. "This do and ye shall find even as I have found." The special gift or genius, however, does not, I agree, lie in the nature or fact of the experience (though here, again, favour seems sometimes to be shown); but it does, I think, lie in the *bent* towards the effort involved. Anybody, it is true, may by the appropriate means experience the same results; but not everybody has the "desire" to employ them. Desire, moreover, is susceptible of many degrees of strength. Like other psychological characteristics, it appears to peel off like the skins of Peer Gynt's onion. What is it that I really desire? Ask me to-day, and I shall answer one thing. Ask me next year, and it may be another. Years hence it may have changed again. But desire, in the mystical sense, is the desire that is left when all the transient wishes or fancies have either vanished or been satisfied. Only such a desire, I imagine, leads the student to make the effort required by A.E.; and the possession of such a desire is something like a "special gift" or "genius."

R. H. C.

Art Notes.

By B. H. Dias.

IN Capt. Baker England has lost one of her most intelligent art-collectors, and the more advanced painters have lost their most stalwart English supporter. Baker began his collection with prints of Rowlandson and Hokusai; he bought Innes at a time when Innes was not widely known, but Innes is not so well represented in the Baker collection as in that of Mr. Horace Cole. The main interest of the Baker collection is the series of 40 or 50 Lewis drawings.

Capt. Baker, alarmed at the rapidity with which the best of Wyndham Lewis' work was being absorbed by America, determined to retain in England a collection of Lewis as representative as that possessed by the Quinn collection in New York. It was a patriotic labour on his part. On his return from Rumania, and before his departure for France in 1917, he left the nucleus of the Lewis series (twenty drawings in colour) and Wm. Roberts' best piece of work, "The Dancer," in care of Mr. Pound, with instructions that they were to be offered to the South Kensington Museum in the case of his death and that of the artist. The instructions specified that if the S. Kensington or other public institutions were not yet ready for such "advanced" work, Mr. Pound was to retain the pictures until the official eye had been educated.

After leaving hospital in 1918 Capt. Baker more than doubled the set of colour-drawings and added one of Lewis' three main large canvases, "The Crowd." This is the most abstract of Lewis' large canvases and of importance at least equal to that of "The Sailors" or "The Kermess." It is not known, however, whether Baker before his sudden and fatal pneumonia had drawn up any will or other formal instructions binding his heirs; but whether the collection go to the nation or not it is to be hoped that, at any rate, some adequate and illustrated catalogue of the collection will be issued, and that at least a suitable record of Baker's patriotic endeavour will not be lost. There is a vast difference between the collector who acquires the work of living artists during their vital period and the dealer-collectors who only acquire work of aged and declining men, or of dead artists with established commercial accretion. A few works of Rodin's best period, for example, would outweigh the remnants of his old age, which he himself had to present to this country. The Lane collection of "Impressionists" was like a dealer's left-over stock. (His Goya was magnificent.) The collector who buys from young men, trusting to his own vision, partakes in their further creation; he is not a patroniser of, but a participant in, the arts, and his selective intelligence may be worth more to the arts than the work of a dozen dilettantes and inferior workers.

EXHIBITIONS.

WINIFRED COOPER'S "Russian Peasant and Bolshevik" pictures at the Goupil are that sort of painting which can only attract a moment's notice by having a particular subject-matter; as in the past: "Pictures of the Holy Land" or "Pictures of Arctic Exploration" by various now obsolete artists.

CAPT. B. BAIRNSFATHER'S drawings at the Greatorex Gallery contain no qualities not observable in the fully familiar reproductions.

MR. RUTTER'S NEW GALLERY at 9, Duke Street, Adelphi, makes happy début with an excellent display of woodcuts by EDWARD WADSWORTH. Cleanliness, efficiency, precision are first notes of the show, which reopens the whole question of processes. The first query concerning any process-produced work of art, etching, lithograph, woodcut, is whether the design is interesting, whether the artist has, in it, expressed anything worth delaying one's attention. The second question is whether the expression has been well carried out, and whether it has *gained any advantage from its particular medium.*

This second question hardly arises until the first one has been answered in the affirmative; though the prophesying commentator may be more inclined to prognosticate well of a workman who appears to be in earnest in matters of execution, even though his other powers be immature.

Processes are employed by good artists (a) when they want a number of copies of some design, and (b) when they find it possible to get certain effects by a process which they can get in no other way. The first of these reasons presents no æsthetic interest; it has the social and educative value of bringing beautiful designs within reach of a comparatively indigent public.

Bad artists take to processes from expediency, publishers' or Governments' orders, etc., often regardless of the effects.

Some men indubitably find it possible to get a finer and firmer line with an etcher's point than with pen or pencil; one does not doubt that Meryon could have been as hard and neat with a pencil as he is in his etchings. There is also the matter of permanence; an etching or lithograph does not rub and smear like a pencil or charcoal drawing. The decision of means must be a matter of the artist's own *libido*; one's pleasure in seeing the work must be, in part, in feeling that the medium has been employed to advantage, that it has intensified some property of the work; that some hardness, or some clearness, some softness, some blurr, some simplicity, some complexity, has become more expressive by reason of the particular medium than it could have been, or would have been, had other means been employed.

Etching offers a chance to black line, where the paper is pushed into the inky groove of the plate; woodcut offers a great smoothness and evenness in the putting on of larger black or coloured surface, for the blacks and colour patches of the print come from projecting surfaces of the block, from the part which the artist has not cut away.

The fine even blacks of Wadsworth's woodcuts, as, for example, that of the engine-room, the big triangular composition (31), show that he has exploited this opportunity with great efficiency. In the later and smaller blocks of Greek towns and harbours (as in 9 and 11), we find an added interest in designs capable of application in various colour schemes, and a very considerable advance in the artist's power of form-arrangement.

The simple black cuts are the most uncompromising abstraction we have had since the Vorticist show of 1914. They are akin to the most cubic cubes of Piccasso, to Piccabia's weaker imitations, to the phase of Lewis shown in the Plan of War, Portrait of an Englishwoman, and "Timon," designs reproduced in "Blast." The later black blocks of camouflaged ships, made presumably in anticipation of the Wadsworth official painting for the Canadian War Memorial, are of interest in lesser degree.

He is at his best in the colour-prints in the upright somewhat floral design (15), and in the Greek towns; these prints, demanding great care in registration, are each produced from several blocks by a series of printings; one should inspect the portfolios as well as the designs on the wall if one is to appraise the variety which can be got from the same designs by varying the colour mode.

Wadsworth is acquiring his place in contemporary art by cold-blooded persistence; the quiet assertion of his work, no piece of which ever pretends to be what it is not, is rather pleasing after the innumerable exhibits of bluff and pretentiousness; the innumerable canvases and drawings which all hope the beholder will take them for something more valuable than they are. A fake woodcutter would have given us fake Kunisadas and exploited the cult of Japan. Mr. Wadsworth has given us, in a few of his best designs, woodcuts which afford interesting comparison with the work of Japanese artists. And his craftsmanship is beyond question.

Through the Smoke.

By a Modern Expert.

A GENUINE expert is the most interesting figure in modern industry. He is primarily concerned with the quality of the finished article. Under a social, as opposed to a privateering, system of industry, he would be an economic necessity. At present he is considered an expensive luxury.

Easily the most favoured salary-slave in modern business is the Factory Manager. He is Mammon's right-hand man. Under a national system of industry, as opposed to the present jumble of private interests, his success would depend upon maintaining an all-round efficiency and an even balance between quality and output. At present his only real concern is for output, and he's "the goods."

Between quantity-monger and quality-man there is constant strife; and it consistently ends in an uphill fight for quality. For while the quantity-monger can count upon a far too ready support from all the remaining forces above and below him, the quality-man "hasn't an earthly." His position is that of a Labour Minister in a modern "democratic" Government.

The issue between quality-man and quantity-monger is akin to the old trouble between Churchman and Scientist. While the former is absorbed in his mystical dogmas the latter is obsessed with his soulless calculations. And yet both are essential if we are ever going to get the best out of life and to make it go round.

Strange as it may seem, this conflict of ideals is apparent in the cigarette industry. It is generally considered a "luxury" trade; and by some as a very undesirable one at that. But judging by what many smokers insist upon getting and by what the bulk of them take "lying down," there can be no question as to its present necessity. Possibly a damnable and preventible necessity, but not yet wholly and solely a luxury. And if a necessity, why not a pleasurable one? (It is perhaps worth noting that, as a regular smoker of some twenty-five of the richest "Turkish" daily, given good wholesome *outdoor* occupation, the number I smoke immediately and automatically falls by fifty per cent.)

As with the cigarettes, so with the leaf from which they are made, there are two broad main divisions, "Virginia" and "Turkish"; and these respectively represent the fruits of quantitative and qualitative production. There are no great variations in the types and qualities of the former; hence no experts need apply. The types and qualities of the Oriental growths on the other hand are infinite and, studied thus, require expert manipulation in all their stages of production.

While the American growths have undergone many evolutions since the days when Europeans first happened upon the Redskins' pipe of peace, Oriental cultivation has remained more or less primitive since about 1750, when tobacco is said to have been first grown in Turkey, after having been introduced there by the Dutch. While America to-day stands as the forceful devotee of Output, the Orient still maintains a passive hold on Quality.

"Cheapness, colouriness, and bulk," the Virginian cries as he "tops" his growing plants, causing the remaining lower leaves to assume enormity and brightness after drying. The Oriental, bearing in mind which end of the plant the blossom forms, and consequently where the rarest scent is to be found, cherishes the tiny shoots approximating the bloom with a costly care which he carries almost to the point of ridiculousness. These the Oriental worships as *dubec*; and anything but these the Londoner buys as such, in cigarette form, at topmost price. Which suggests that Peter has the *potentiality* for discrimination.

Again, while as a rule the Oriental cures his leaf by a natural sun-drying process, marketing his produce the following year, in America we find an elaborate system of artificial curing enabling the produce to be marketed the same year. This is the American rule, and any naturally cured exceptions are considered worth making a song about.

And so on all through. While manufacturers of Oriental leaf cling obstinately to the hand-made process of cigarette-making, an endless stream of "Virginias" flows from cigarette-making machines. And even where the making of lower grade "Orientals" have capitulated to the machine process you will find them only rolling out at the rate of 250 per minute as against the standard rate of 500 per minute for "Virginias." The finer texture of the Oriental leaf will not stand the rougher handing of the American.

Thus by the pursuit of narrow personal incentive do we further fundamental economic principles. While the Oriental pursues the costly service of the small select few, and thereby serves the principle of getting the best out of life, the American, pursuing a smaller profit on a big and cheaper turn-over, subconsciously serves the principle of making things go round.

Always the same clash of principles. A battle royal has raged between them. It was a fight between Virginian and Oriental for popular patronage; and none too clean at that. Whence do you suppose came these camel-dung fables associated with Eastern whiffs? How carefully spread they must have been to have attained such wide and general belief! And yet these self-same dupes exactly hit the truth of such implications when openly appreciating the peculiar pungency of their own allotment-produce which they have preferably nourished on primitive fertilisers.

As evidence of the "cloudiness" of primitive Oriental expertism, many are the reputations that are daily staked, made, and marred in defining the exact nativity of a *pastaal* or arrangement of leaves. Yet few would know, or even care, as to their best possible *use*.

Not that such knowledge is without a certain modern usefulness. In lieu of practical knowledge, certain values become associated with certain names. Thus by careful study of the characteristics of certain village growths, close resemblances not only enable one to call a shovel a spade, but to ask and get the price of a spade for a shovel! Though what all this may have to do with public service has beaten better men than me.

I have watched the incursions of Western ways into Eastern primitiveness, and the uneven give-and-take 'twixt craft and commerce. The inevitable result is a common craftiness. And yet the virgin cause of either could have been equally well pleaded.

Enter the Westerner accustomed to fixed prices and paying what he is asked. Up gets the Easterner scenting new victims for his cunning system of wide bargaining. Scarcely credits such ignorance as the gold pours forth. Chuckles the American at squeezing out the local "little" buyers and waits the bigger crops. Thus does "getting the best out of life" for the select and monied few ever yield its little more to "making things go round."

Could it once and for all be understood that there is no such thing as Egyptian *tobacco*? The Egyptian cigarette owed its popularity to the patronage of Army officers passing through the East. Its consequent prosperity attracted, quite naturally, not only the cream of Near Eastern growths, but also those who best understood their qualities and general manipulation. And while the land of the Pharaohs was thus creating a name for itself by the excellence of its products the indolent Ottoman was bartering his soul for the proceeds of a French monopoly.

Having successfully evolved a style of blend, the next thing was to protect it. Distinction in England between the genuine imported Egyptian cigarette and the local imitation was legally secured—the former being termed

Egyptian *cigarette*, the latter Egyptian blend. So you will know what to look for when you go to buy your next packet of Egyptian "beauties."

Much controversy has raged around the question of the hand-made cigarette. Experience teaches that up to a certain quality of leaf, making by machine is not detrimental and sometimes even preferable. But beyond that certain grade-level the making of Oriental leaf into cigarettes by machine can only be likened to the cutting of fish with a steel knife. The peculiar appropriateness of American leaf for making by machine probably accounts for American impatience with the advocates of the tardier hand-process for the better class Oriental leaf.

pp.: And there you have a so far insurmountable objection to the mechanical process whatever the grade may be. Cut tobacco contains perforce short shreds and tiny particles of dust which the handworker carefully places in the middle of a cigarette paper already cut to size. The machine is less discriminating. Long shreds, short shreds, and dust are mechanically dropped upon a continuous roll of paper cut only as to width. The last process of all is a mechanical cutting into lengths. Problem: how to ensure that these mighty atoms shall lodge in the centre of the cigarette rather than finally upon the lip, if not in the larynx, of the smoker? The answer so far is—*pp.* Nevertheless, a sharp little "phew" upon the end which goes between the lips will be found to be a temporary antidote.

If you are curious to know whether the brand in your case is machine or hand made, and can spare one for experimental purposes, split one open from top to bottom on the side *opposite* the lap. If you see tobacco sticking to the inside of the lap, you can be pretty sure it is machine made. Why? Because the tobacco is dropped upon the continuous roll of paper *before* being gummed and folded to shape. In the case of the hand made, the paper tube is completed and dried before the tobacco is inserted.

But if you smoke "Turkish" and can't afford a really high-class brand, for God's sake don't be finicky on the point. Bear in mind that making by machine instead of by hand saves about 3s. 6d. per thousand on the working cost. And while thus assisting the producer in the task of "making things go round," it is up to you to see you get the advantage in the price you pay. There's many a shark 'twixt producer and consumer.

Talking of names, who was it thought to dub the gold flake "Yellow Peril"? There's probably more sense in that than is generally realised. It is said by analysts that the chief characteristics of the more harmful tobaccos is aroma coupled with *mildness*—an observation which a heavy smoker has good cause to respect. I knew of one West End specialist who would only smoke cigarettes specially made for him from a cool, full-flavoured red tobacco grown on the shores of the Black Sea. (It might be worth noting that, as a taster of both varieties, after a heavy day on "Turkish" I come to a pitch when I definitely know I've had enough; but never with my nerves aflame as after a day on "Yellow Perils.")

There is generally considerable confusion between the strength and mildness of cigarettes. And it is no mean task to judge between the "bite" of a mild tobacco and the "rasp" of a harsher and coarser variety. I have frequently met the complaint of "Too strong" by the inclusion of a little cool *stronger* leaf. Strength is essentially a matter of flavour, and it is a question whether the "bite" or "rasp" has any connection with flavour. It might facilitate matters if smokers would criticise this characteristic by referring to the *coolness* or *smoothness* in smoking.

The standardisation of brands and prices by the bigger firms has diminished much of the fraud which used to be indulged in by "little men." As a rule the "little man" was proprietor, manager, salesman, blender and general manipulator all rolled into one. He exhibited no fixed prices or standard grades, but relied upon a small private custom which he bled to his utmost. I have frequently seen a fastidious customer offered the best grade cigarette in the shop at a substantial price and voice his demand for something better only to be offered others of inferior grade at a higher price. "That's what I wanted," he would say, and forthwith would proceed to be bled. Under standardised brands and prices he can satisfy his particular palate, and if it should prove, as it often does, that it is a good medium taste, he gets the advantage of a price conformable with his lack of finickiness.

Londoners, undoubtedly, suffer from the susceptibility of their leaf buyers to "showiness" of colour. It is curious to note how such susceptibilities are seized upon and ultimately form definite rules of thumb. Two typical rules for Oriental local dealers; (a) London: Light, bright and mild; (b) Germany: Anything that makes smoke.

The best tobacco experts hail from Eastern Mediterrania, and there are few successful ones who hail from elsewhere. They have a "sense" peculiar to themselves which, while made up of all the senses, manifests itself pre-eminently in a sense of touch. You might see them fondling and understanding their leaf much as an old maid communes with her favourite cat. And it is this sense of touch which still represents a far surer guide to "condition"—that bogey of successful manufacture—than any scientific method yet invented.

There are three main characteristics in cigarette tobacco: (a) Size of leaf which determines the length of shred you will get when it's cut. It must be long enough to hold the dust; otherwise the ends of the cigarettes will fall out; (b) Colour—it must be pretty, particularly if it's for London; and (c) General smoking qualities. It is the last-named, of course, which decides whether you're good for your job.

There are few good judges amongst modern business "heads." They rely mainly on customers' complaints for picking holes in your ability. For the rest, their attention to general detail is the usual thing. I have seen men "sacked" for quite minor details in the packing of the cigarettes. It may have been the monogram on the cigarettes did not lie in a straight line along the top row.

It's mighty difficult to snatch a little credit for the success of a popular brand. While it is the "advertisement scheme" which gets the credit if it "catches on," it is usually the quality-man who "catches it" if it doesn't.

A satisfied smoker is usually dumb. Hence, the expert looks for his encouragement in the absence of complaints! This is where factory visiting days would be so helpful. It would supply that much-needed encouragement for the expert to take an increased interest in his work. It would supply that living contact with his patrons which alone can supply a real enthusiasm for his work.

How many smokers know that before tobacco is smokable it has to pass through a process of fermentation? Have you ever had a fever? You know what happens; your temperature runs up to a degree at which you either break out into a heavy sweat or perish. Well, that is exactly what happens to tobacco with the coming of the first warm days of spring the year following its growth and drying. The simile is so exact that Turks call this stage of production "the sickness," and treat the bales pretty much as we should treat a fever patient. And we actually refer to leaf which has gone wrong during fermentation as "perished."

I was once sent to inspect and report on a big stock of leaf, grown from Turkish seed, in one of our over-

seas colonies. The leaf, to any casual observer, left nothing to be desired so far as appearances went. The colour was excellent, and it looked the real thing. But somehow the manufacturers didn't "come again" for more after their first small trial purchases. The planters could not understand why, nor could the manufacturers explain why they could not get on with it. My experienced eye detected a rawness about it suggesting it had failed to ferment properly. And when I said so, none of them knew what I meant! And I began to discover that the local climate was all against it, since it did not provide the necessary season of heat and humidity. Having no artificial means at hand I shipped a few bales home in time for the fermentation season—about May, that is. To my satisfaction "the cat began to kill the rat," etc., the tobacco got over its fermentation, and "the old woman got home." I returned those bales to their owners for examination, and the next thing I heard was that the local "experts" were resorting to a mysterious practice of sending bales of tobacco on sea-trips! It is possible, of course, that if the ships happened to go in the right direction, and at the right time of the year, it might have had the desired effect; but I fancy that some will have been disappointed with the results of their costly experiments.

I passed a dray one morning conveying packages of leaf tobacco—Turkish and Virginia. And there was the inevitable stamp of bulk versus quality. The former presented neat little packages of not more than 100 lbs. or so, while the latter took the shape of a huge barrel in which was tightly packed 1,100 lbs. of the blonde and bountiful foliage. These are the normal standard packings. Even that 100 lbs. of Oriental fragrance consisted of two bales bound together in one hessian wrapping. The normal Turkish bale weighs from 40 to 60 lbs. which cannot be imported singly into this country because of antiquated Customs regulation which, in order to prevent easy smuggling in the old days, fixed the minimum package at 80 lbs. This 80 lbs. gross-weight limit occasions considerable inconvenience to manipulators of the Turkish variety of leaf in this country, even to calling for adaptation of almost universal systems. But do you think we can get the Customs here to revise it? Not on your life. They were born to an 80 lbs. limit, and, to all intents and purposes, they seem determined to die with it still in vogue.

Nor is this the only bit of official conservatism. I once had a hand in trying to found a big leaf depot here where the scale of Dock Charges are still specially adapted, and it must be confessed advantageously, to the requirements of "little men" with little stocks, but ruinously to the requirements of big concerns. Do you think we could get the authorities to budge? No. They were quite content to lose a 50 per cent. increase on their normal Bonded Stock rather than change an old-fashioned scale of charges with which they had grown up.

Prejudice has a lot to answer for in the backwardness of this old country. A manufacturer here will use any substitute leaf in a cheap Oriental blend so long as it can't be called "Virginia." Yet another aspect of that perpetual battle between—I think I must use commas here—"quality" and output. But there are types of Virginia leaf which make excellent groundworks for good medium Oriental smokes. And what vast resources it would offer in the task of "making things go round." I myself have made Oriental blends containing as much as 40 per cent. selected "Virginia" with which I have successfully "fooled" the best of Oriental experts; and I even knew of a brand which, openly advertised as a combination of "Turkish" and "Virginia," attained a sale of no less than 60,000,000 monthly. Where was it? Well, so long as you are cute enough to "twig" it wasn't in this country—that will suffice for the present.

Reviews.

The Great Alternative. By Leonard J. Reid. (Longmans. 6s. 6d. net.)

It must be in the air; everybody sees it. Reform or —REVOLUTION: sprats or mackerel; springes or woodcocks: in short, scare politics and panic legislation! Mr. Leonard J. Reid issues "a call to moderate men to unite," puts forward "a moderate but sturdily progressive programme," and "in the spirit of 'Real Liberalism' discusses"—well, what you can discuss in this severely rectified spirit. The spirit has been willing for ages; it always says "more and better" to everything that exists; but the flesh is so weak, there's many a pact 'twixt the Bill and the Act, and we wonder why "moderate men" should turn to politics to do what could be more easily and quickly effected in their economic relations with their workmen. Take, for example, "the restoration of the unions"; there is no law to prevent employers from sharing control of industry with the unions, indeed, the modern science of works management is compelling them to do so. The sharing of control with the unions is not a disadvantage, it is a positive advantage, to the employer; it relieves him of the most troublesome of his tasks, the task of maintaining discipline among his workers without decreasing output or increasing the cost of production; and a moderate man who wants to combine with others to delay his acceptance of this advantage until an Act of Parliament compels all other employers to adopt a means which will probably be as ineffective as the Conciliation Boards, is not a moderate man, but an obstinate duffer who does not know how to manage his own business. Most of Mr. Reid's proposals are realisable without recourse to politics; indeed, if he is serious in his demand for "cleaner politics," he will ultimately see that the surest way of securing cleaner politics is to remove dirty industry from the sphere of its operations. It is useless to say "Festina lente" to an avalanche; and Mr. Reid's book, clear as it is, has the fatal defect of all "moderate" proposals, the air of offering not as much as is necessary, but as little as will be immediately acceptable. The revolutionary spirit of Labour arises from its irresponsible position both in industry and politics; so long as it is permitted to do nothing *of its own* except kick, so long will it kick. It takes two to make a quarrel, but three to establish an industry, Capital, Management, and Labour; Capital is, at present, responsible to itself, and Management to Capital; but the art of Management will not perfect itself by assuming responsibility for Labour, but by letting Labour assume responsibility for production—otherwise, these moderate proposals will commend themselves to posterity.

The Way of Honour. By J. H. Carton de Wiart. (Allen and Unwin. 5s. net.)

The later phases of the war have tended to obscure our original admiration for the Belgian people and their heroic stand against the German invasion. Heroism has become so common, virtue so predominant, and resistance to invasion, the universal reaction to aggression, that it is difficult to recover our early enthusiasm for belligerent Belgia. The Belgian Minister of Justice has here collected a number of speeches made by him during the early months of the war, speeches that declare, in flaming language, that of all peoples the Belgian is the most admirable. Its history, its culture, its industry, its patriotism, all have been an example to the rest of the civilised world; its military prowess has shown that the military traditions of the Belgians have not been forgotten, while, on the other hand, the

extraordinary respect for the rules of civilised welfare shown by the Belgian people marks them as the most remarkable people in history. Not a single person in Belgium, except those duly authorised by the Government, committed hostile acts against the German invader; "not only has it been impossible," says M. de Wiart, "to prove one of these grave and formal accusations [of hostile acts committed by the civil population], but the very contrary has been established upon the clearest evidence." The self-restraint practised by the Belgian people was marvellous, as was everything else; indeed, M. Carton de Wiart demonstrates quite clearly that the pacific doctrine of non-resistance, while endowing the victim with all the glory of martyrdom, provokes in the aggressor his utmost savagery. On the text that no country has suffered more from the Germans than Belgium, and no country has done less to deserve it, M. Carton de Wiart preaches many eloquent sermons, assuring the Allies generally and severally that, in prosperity, the Belgian people were admirable, but in adversity, they are grand. M. de Wiart has exhausted the capacity of eulogy in this tribute to his country, and by his eloquence and dramatic skill has exalted a tragic reality to the level of a work of fine art. This is politics transfigured; Truth has become beautiful, and Justice expresses herself with all the graces of speech.

The Statue in the Wood. By Richard Pryce. (Collins. 6s. net.)

The chief interest of this story of the eighteen-seventies is its study of a feminine friendship, a friendship that must have been as trying to one of the parties as it eventually becomes tedious to the reader. The intelligence of the heart is usually the last, instead of the first, faculty to be awakened in lovers; pride, jealousy, the will to power, all the devilries of Pandora's box are released before we can even hope that lovers will be reasonable—but it is none the less tiresome to assist in the process of education. Claudia is a good lecturer, and she makes some very good play; but Ann Forester is as dense as a thicket, and as obstinate as only a very foolish or very wise person can be—and it takes her years to discard her generalisations concerning man, and to look simply at the real facts of her own case. There is some imagination in the treatment of the effect of the statue in the wood on this woman of solitary habits and silly ideas, of strong character and bad taste, who had agents for everything and knew life at second-hand at nearest, who dressed in the fashions and thought in the conventions, and tardily and reluctantly explored her own and another's mind. The subject is treated delicately, with a reticence that revives the ignorant inconsequence of mythological explanations of the mystery of human being. The reticence defeats its own object, it misleads; and the shock of the revelation shatters the equable effect of the story. Even Marie Antoinette would have been shaken by an earthquake in the Trianon; but Mr. Pryce springs his mine in Arcady, and nobody, not even the neighbours near, hears a sound. Nature has burst into the magic circle and, in Voltaire's phrase, has run around on all fours; and still the fool imitates the statue, and waits, waits, waits—for a change in the law of legitimacy, which will restore her pride. One feels tempted to tell Mr. Pryce that a private Act of Parliament (which Ann Forester could well have afforded) would have removed her chief objection to marrying the father of her child—the convention that she maintained by deception would have been better maintained by legal process. But in that case, she would have lost her only reproach against her husband, and would have begun married life gravelled for want of matter. 'Tis better as it is; and we dare swear that, in the sequel, the husband went into Parliament and voted for women's suffrage.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

ECONOMIC AND POLITICAL POWER.

Sir,—Having now had time to look up my back numbers, I must flatly contradict the editorial footnote to my letter in THE NEW AGE of February 27. My original contention was not "that THE NEW AGE *hopes* for Utopia from political action," but that "recent issues have been ENCOURAGING THE IDEA that the millennium for Labour will arrive when we can boast a Labour Ministry."

In your issue of November 21 I read: "It will go hard indeed with the Socialist and Labour movement if, after experience of Mr. Lloyd George's coming anti-climax, the nation is not prepared for a Labour Government."

In that of November 7 I read: "A pledge should be asked of every Labour candidate that upon no account will he enter any Government of which the Labour Party is not itself the chief and directing element. Its members have only to forgo for a few years the salaries and appurtenances of subordinate *power* to reap a *harvest of power* for *their* party in *the near future*. . . . Otherwise we hope the constituencies will take the matter into their own hands and refuse to return a Labour candidate who will not pledge himself to remain in opposition until *his party can come into office* as a party."

In the issue of October 17 I read: "If the Labour Party can only refrain from 'taking a hand' in this task of demobilisation, we can promise them in about five years' time the responsible task of reconstruction under a Labour Ministry."

If this is not "encouraging the idea" of a Labour millennium when a Labour Ministry can be formed, *words have no meaning*. I am not so ignorant as to suppose that the Editor of THE NEW AGE has himself any delusions on the subject, but the matter I have quoted can—objectively—have only one interpretation, and that is the one I have suggested. A. P. L.

["A. P. L." is ingenious in misunderstanding. We have never denied that political power is a form of power, or that, other things being equal, it is indifferent whether the political power of a party is or is not wisely employed. What we have said is that, however well organised a political machine in itself may be, it depends for its driving power on the economic forces behind it. In the case of the Labour Party, both forms of power have hitherto been inadequately organised; and both need, therefore, to be simultaneously developed. Unfortunately, however, it has long appeared to us that the prior and superior power of economics has been neglected while attention has been almost exclusively paid to the political machine; with the necessary consequence that the spear-head and the shaft (both necessary to a complete weapon) have fallen apart.—Ed. N.A.]

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LITERATURE AND ECONOMICS.

Sir,—In a recent number "R. H. C." regretted that Stephen Reynolds gave up to a party what was meant for mankind.

This is not, I think, the usual view of THE NEW AGE, and, indeed, as far as I remember, "R. H. C." writes in an opposite sense in a later paragraph of the same article.

I began to read THE NEW AGE regularly in 1911, and between that year and the outbreak of the war I do not think there were many numbers which did not contain some statement to the effect that economic health is indispensable to the production of great literature. England, as viewed by writers for THE NEW AGE, was a land of swollen capitalists, consumptive workmen, and a contemptible handful of æsthetes who drugged their consciences with exquisite flutings in their towers of ivory.

I think the time has come for a fresh statement of the writer's position in society, and I should like to see "R. H. C." attempt it.

To clear the ground for him, I will summarise shortly the reasons which in the twenty years before the war compelled our best-known writers to protest, superfluously, their great contempt for art.

The chief reason was Oscar Wilde. Wilde loved notoriety, and to win it put himself on show as the typical artist of the ordinary man's fancy. He imported the tower of ivory from France, studded it with indecent-

sounding jewels, and advertised it as the kind of residence which a poet must have, or perish.

I do not wish to underrate Wilde's ability. He was a real wit, but he was neither a poet nor, except for a few flashes of insight, a thinker. It was his fall, not his genius, which provoked the exaggerated reaction of the last twenty years against his fantastic view of life.

The fiercest reactionaries were, naturally, the persons known loosely as decadents. The decadent of 1890, tradition tells us, drank absinthe, denied God, studied the more complicated forms of vice, despised patriotism, was unaware of the poor, and hankered after annihilation. The decadent of 1910 interposed a barricade of beer barrels, a complete set of Charles Dickens, tomes of Catholic philosophy, and a British workman between himself and a personal devil, in whose existence he was most fixedly determined to believe. He loved wars, revolutions, and any violent perturbation which could distract his mind from the perverse seductive fancies to which he was naturally inclined. He hated art as St. Anthony hated women, and was no less obsessed than St. Anthony by what he loathed.

There was another type of reactionary, influenced negatively by Wilde, and positively by Tolstoy.

Tolstoy is only less responsible than Wilde for the "tower of ivory" fiction. A wealthy aristocrat, it pleased his vanity to deplore the luxurious setting of his artistic period. When he dethroned the artist to make room for the peasant, he was indulging his aristocratic rancour against rival pretensions. "Tourgenieff wagging his democratic haunches at me" is not the word of a Christ *in posse*, nor even of one of Nature's peasants.

Poor Art! Time and the necessary books fail me to record her tragic journey through the first fourteen years of this amiable century. How they flogged her, the camouflaged decadents: it almost consoled them for the absence of an Inquisition in these atheistic times: and the Tolstoyans, how conscientiously they prodded, and what jagged flints were flung by the writers who had become social reformers because they were unable to write! Mr. Shaw, the vestryman; Mr. Wells, the engineer-biologist—the briefest record could not omit to chronicle the kicks they bestowed on her.

Last and deadliest blow, Lord Northcliffe discovered that she was a German. Were not the obscene Prussians the self-confessed champions of Kultur, and did not Kultur mean Culture, and Culture Art, and Art Oscar Wilde?

That was Art's Calvary. Some people hold that she rose again in the person of Rupert Brooke. I hope not. Robert Nichols as St. Paul does not satisfy me.

Will "R. H. C." tell us where, when, and in what shape she will appear again? HUGH LUNN.

* * *

SINN FEIN.

Sir,—"E. A. B." attacks certain opinions which he imputes to me with so much vigour that he saves me the trouble of refuting them also. I never said anything about "Pan-Protestantism" or the "ideal Anglo-Irish Protestant." The object of the article in question was to point out that, if Sinn Fein is mainly religious in its origins, it is the less entitled to be regarded as the convincing democratic claim of a majority, and that the Protestant minority may really be standing for purer democratic principles in maintaining that their interests, as well as those of Ireland generally, are better secured through the connection with Great Britain.

As a matter of fact, Irish Protestants—especially since the memorable contribution of an Irish Protestant to the literature of the subject, Lecky's "History of Ireland in the Eighteenth Century"—have been getting every year more and more reconciled to the prospect of some measure of self-government which would put Ireland on its mettle to get rid of its sentimental obsessions and join in with the work of the world. As if this disposition among Irish Protestants were unacceptable to the Catholic majority, we find new and insuperable obstacles to an Irish settlement raised in the doctrines of Sinn Fein, which has been thus defined (not very lucidly, it must be owned) by Mr. P. S. O'Hegarty:

"An attempt, inspired by the language revival, to place Ireland in touch with the historic Irish nation which went down in the seventeenth century under the Penal Laws, and was forced, when it emerged in the nineteenth, to reconstitute itself on the framework which had been provided for the artificial State which had been superimposed on the Irish State with the Penal Laws."

This means, if it means anything, that all that has been done in Ireland during the last two and a half centuries is to be regarded as of national value only in so far as it has tended to a reversion to the conditions of about 1690, when the bulk of the population was Catholic, Irish-speaking, and unreconciled to any connection with Great Britain; and that, having succeeded in reverting to these conditions, Ireland will then proceed to consider what it will do with itself.

At all events, this quotation helps, I submit, to justify my assertion that the claim of Sinn Fein has validity only for Catholic Ireland. JOHN EGLINTON.

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IBSEN'S "GHOSTS."

Sir,—It is now nearly five months since a letter (August 29, 1918) appeared in your columns on Ibsen's "Ghosts," of which no notice has been taken. I, for one, cannot convince myself that the generally accepted reading of "Ghosts" is erroneous, but I do think "P. P.'s" theory should be heard, because it would help to settle a far wider problem. Not only do these plays from "Pillars of Society" to "An Enemy of the People" hang together, but their theory of how society is constructed to the detriment of the community is merely Ibsen's way of stating what every genius from Æschylus to Shelley states. If, now, "P. P.'s" reading of "Ghosts" traverses the ordinary one, he must carry the reading into a host of other plays, for why should "Ghosts" wipe out the moral point on which Ibsen was then insisting? It strikes me, Ibsen was wrong from a point of view which has never been considered, so far as I know, but this would not assist "P. P." to his conclusions, the proof of which would be at least as interesting, as most of the subjects nowadays commanding attention.

Why should those who have written so much on Ibsen not notice what must be highly original, if true? Certainly, the charge of B. Shaw glorifying incest must be overlooked. It is that kind of loose assertion that drives me to think that the new theory will not have much foundation in critical fact; but who can tell till one is foundation in critical fact. D. I.

* * *

Sir,—I see Mr. Janko Lavrin, in his last article on "Ibsen and his Creation," quotes a passage from "Ghosts" apparently supporting the absurd notion—the most blatant trumpeter of which, in this country at any rate, is Mr. Bernard Shaw—that Ibsen, by exposing the inconsistency of man's conduct with his professions, therefore condemns Idealism. As if Ibsen, like Mr. Shaw, believed the target was to blame and should be demolished, because a raw recruit misses it!

The context, so grossly misunderstood by critics, explains Mr. Lavrin's quotation, thus:

Mrs. Alving, in her disappointment (or wrath) at the failure of her "ideal" picture of a "father" to prevent her son's tampering with her maid, Regina, wishes she had had the courage to tell her son the *real* truth *about his birth*, not the (alleged) truth about her son's putative father. Manders, at first terrified by this threat, which, if carried out, would, of course, expose *him*, naturally upholds what he calls "Ideals," but is in fact only "respect for appearances." It is in protest against this sham idealism that Ibsen makes Mrs. Alving (herself in awe of "appearances") wish she had the courage to tell the truth.

The moral of the story told in "Ghosts" should be sought in connection with its main and most tragic theme—the fact, namely, that, just as Nora in "A Doll's House" commits forgery—with the best of motives, it is supposed—so Mrs. Alving has virtually, if not actually, committed murder. Her husband's life, if not "foully snatched," was foully filched, and the Nemesis overtaking Mrs. Alving is to see her son the self-immolated victim of the identical weapon—morphia—by the aid of which she had saved him from pollution before he was born.

The persistence of the mis-reading of this play is truly the most incomprehensible curiosity of literature, and the least creditable to the acumen of critics. When, I wonder, will theatre managers see the far superior dramatic power in Ibsen's true story? Meanwhile I notice the claptrap version is now *filmed*—"For adults only." Of course *That* appeals to "philosophers"!

PATRIC PARK.

Pastiche.

THE PLOUGH.

Cold, stark, and black,
Alone in the twilight,
Hard by the track where the folk go by,
Etched out against the grey of the sky,
Under the old hill's brow;
Cold, stark, and black,
Alone in the twilight stands the plough.

Derelict, eaten by rust,
Forgotten and old—
All that is left to bring me again
Himself that was more than a man among men.
'Tis you that I saw but now,
O hands that are dust,
O heart that was gold—
At the plough!

J. B. MORTON.

THE NIGHTINGALE.

(From Verlaine.)

As the birds throng to ground with fluttering cries,
So throng about me all my memories,
And settle on the yellowing diadem
Of leaves about my heart, whose alder-stem
Is bowed, and mirrored in the violet
And melancholy water of Regret;
The evil chattering throng, by slow degrees,
By the dank fingers of the mounting breeze
Is stroked to silence, and no more is heard
The voice of any single singing-bird—
No more save one, the sweet languishing tone
That cries the praises of the absent one,
The voice of my first love; and the high praise
Sounds in my ears as on that first of days;
And in the sad and splendid mystery
That wraps the pale moon rising solemnly,
A melancholy night of midsummer,
Heavy with gloom and silence, bears on her
Deep azure bosom, by the soft wind stirred,
The quivering foliage and the sobbing bird.

ADRIAN COLLINS.

PRESS CUTTINGS.

"As a first practical step to satisfy the larger demand and to place the administration of the industry, nationally and locally, on sound business lines, so that the interest of the miners and the community may be fully safeguarded," said the witness, "I beg to suggest the following provisions":—

(1) There shall be established on the appointed day a Mining Council of ten members, five of whose members shall be appointed by the Minister for Mines, of which two shall especially be appointed to represent the interests of consumers, and five by the association known as the Miners' Federation of Great Britain.

(2) The Minister for Mines shall be chairman and an ex-officio member of the Mining Council.

(3) Subject to the provisions of this Act, it shall be lawful for the Mining Council, on behalf of the Minister for Mines, to open and work coalmines and win and deal with minerals and generally to carry on the industry of coalmining, distributing, and vending, together with all other industries carried on in connection therewith. Provided that it shall not be lawful for the Minister for Mines or the Mining Council to lease any mine or minerals to any person, association, or corporation.

(4) The Minister for Mines may compulsorily purchase land or acquire such rights over land as he may require for the purpose of this Act, and shall have, with regard to the compulsory purchase of land, all the powers of purchasers acting under the Lands Clauses Act, 1843, and the Lands Clauses Consolidation (Scotland) Act, 1845.

(5) For the purpose of this section the Mining Council, on behalf of the Minister for Mines, may from time to time, in such manner and on such terms as they think fit:—

(a) Appoint managers, engineers, agents, clerks, workmen, servants, and other persons, and

(b) Construct, erect, or purchase, lease, or otherwise acquire, buildings, plant, machinery, railways, tramways, hulks, ships, and other fixed or movable appliances or works of any description, and sell or otherwise dispose of the same when no longer required; and

(c) Sell, supply, and deliver coal and other products the result of coalmining operations, either within or without the realm; and

(d) Enter into and enforce contracts and engagements; and

(e) Generally do anything that the owner of a coalmine might lawfully do in the working of the mine, or that is authorised by regulations under this Act or by this Act; and

(f) Employ agents, including local authorities or trade trade unions, for any purpose they may think necessary to carry out their duties under this Act, on such terms as may be mutually agreed.

(6) In addition to the powers conferred on the Mining Council on behalf of the Minister for Mines by the last preceding sub-section, the Council may, in such manner as they think fit, work any railway, tramway, hulk, ship, or other appliance for the purpose of winning, supplying, and delivering coal.

(7) The members of the Mining Council shall be appointed for five years, but shall be eligible for reappointment.

(8) The Minister for Mines shall, for the purpose of the carrying on and development of the mining industry, divide the United Kingdom into districts, and shall in each district constitute a district mining council of ten members, half of which shall be appointed by the Miners' Federation of Great Britain.

(9) The Mining Council may delegate to any district mining council such of their powers under this Act as may conveniently be exercised locally, and the district mining council shall upon such delegation have and exercise within their district all the powers and duties of the Mining Council as may be delegated to them.

(10) A district mining council shall, subject to the approval of the Mining Council, have power within their area to appoint pit committees for each mine or group of mines, composed of ten members, half of which shall be members of the Miners' Federation of Great Britain, and nominated by the workers of the mine or groups of mines aforesaid, and the district mining council may delegate to such pit council such of their powers concerning the immediate working or management of a particular mine or group of mines as the district mining council may, subject to the approval of the Mining Council, think fit.

(11) The members of district mining councils shall be appointed for three years, but shall be eligible for re-appointment, and the members of pit councils shall be appointed for one year, but shall be eligible for re-appointment.

The witness, in conclusion, said: "In laying this case for nationalisation of mines and minerals before you, I have made no attempt to cover the whole ground; I have merely touched what I regard as the principal points, and dealt with it on broad lines. All the details to give effect to the principle of nationalisation, which we ask the Commission to recommend and the Government to accept, will have to be wrought out and embodied in an Act of Parliament."—Mr. Straker's Evidence before the Coal Commission: "Times" Report.

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