THE
NEW AGE
A WEEKLY REVIEW OF POLITICS, LITERATURE, AND ART.

No. 1392, New Series. Vol. XXV. No. 3. Thursday, May 15, 1919. [Registered at G.P.O. as a Newspaper.] SEVENPENCE

CONTENTS.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

A good deal of casuistry will be needed to convince the world that the peace is not what Ebert calls it, a "peace of violence." Some mitigations of the extreme sentence are to be found in it, due, no doubt, to the influence of President Wilson; but, on the whole, the terms answer the description not only of Ebert, but of Clemenceau who, with a better memory of the past than imagination of the future, referred to the treaty as a "second Treaty of Versailles." It is fortunate, we must suppose, that the terms have been so restrained that, as the "Sunday Times" remarks, every Allied nation is disappointed at the small amount it will receive; for otherwise it is hard to conceive what would have been left of Germany. If President Wilson's fourteen points had not been strictly observed in the spirit as well as in the letter, if the peace had not been one of justice and right, if Germany had not exchanged a Prussian autocracy for an elective democracy, if, in short, the Allies had not been the honourable, conscientious, truthful and generous Powers they are, the terms of the peace would, no doubt, have been really onerous. They might almost, in that event, have satisfied Mr. Bottomley. What, we must ask, would have been the terms if the Kaiser had been retained; or if the Allies had desired to crush Germany as an international trading nation; or had not had the intention of making this a war to end war; or were not well disposed towards the "German people"? Let us, therefore, accept the terms as fulfilling all our moral obligations, and congratulate ourselves, as Mr. Clynes and others would have us, on making a peace materially different from the peace a victorious Prussia would have imposed upon us.

* * *

Whether by an intention too cunningly concealed to attract general notice or whether by the hidden hand of Providence overruling the actions of men, the Treaty nevertheless appears to us to be likely to have effects the contrary of those ostensibly designed. Mr. Shaw, in fact, is quite right, we believe, when he affirms that the Allies will have succeeded in making the world safe for democracy in Germany if nowhere else. Let us consider the situation from the point of view of an intelligent German Social Democrat (Kautsky, for example) and inquire whether, when the dust has settled, the results of the peace may not be the very liberation of the German people for which he has long been hoping. To begin with, the German people will have got rid of Prussianism root and branch. Not only has Prussianism no future in Germany, but all its past has been uprooted and destroyed. A clean sweep has been made for the German democracy of all their pre-existing and most oppressive forms of autocracy. The General Staff is forbidden by the Allies to be re-formed; there is to be no conscription either for an army or for a navy; the colonies of the Prussians, intended as a hunting and training ground of junkers, have been taken away; and not even the means to their restoration have been left to tempt the German people to submit again to their old slavery. It is true, no doubt, that an enormous amount of property of one kind or another will be transferred from "Germany" to the Allies; and that a debt of some 5,000 millions will be owing to foreign bondholders; but our intelligent Social Democrat will scarcely need to be reminded that the difference between private property or public debt as held by home or by foreign capitalists is inconsiderable. To the "people" of Germany —that is to say, to ninety-nine out of every hundred of its sixty or so millions—the private property now to be confiscated and the public debt now to be appropriated by the Allies would have been an equal burden if they had been left in the hands of German capitalists. All, in fact, that will have happened to the German "people" is that their "masters" will have been changed; the dog will have got a new name on its collar. It was asserted before the war that "the industries of Germany are dominated by some three hundred men, almost a score of whom form an inner oligarchy which, linked with the German money-trust, connected with the Government . . . control all the industrial resources of the Empire." Was it, we ask, any the better for the German people that this oligarchy was for the most part German speaking? Was the weight of the control thus exercised any the less for being imposed by German capitalists? It is opposed to Socialist common sense to make any greater distinction between domestic and foreign exploitation than can be made between domestic and foreign capital; and since, as is certainly the case, capital knows no fatherland, it would be a bourgeois affectation and misunderstanding on the part of a German Socialist to fret over the present transfer. We assert that far from finding

themselves more unhappy than they have hitherto been, the German people (the oligarchy excluded) will in consequence of the peace terms find themselves happier than they have ever been. For the masses life will be better worth living in Germany than, perhaps, in any other country. The crushing burden of Imperialism has been taken from off their shoulders; and only a false pride will grieve at the loss. The German "people" in so far as they can be truthful with themselves, will find occasion for nothing but satisfaction.

* * *

In contrast with the real as distinct from the sentimental prospects for Germany, we invite the German people to consider what their deliverance from Prussianism is likely to cost us. *We* have been victorious; *we* have succeeded in all in which the German governing classes have failed; *we* are about to indulge in a week of public rejoicing at the moment when Germany is foolishly arranging to spend a week in mourning. Happy are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted; but who shall comfort us who rejoice! The jackboot we have taken off the German people is now on the other leg. We have adopted conscription both for the Army and for the Navy; we have increased the burden of our colonial responsibilities; we have been confirmed in our Imperialism. The war to end war, which has resulted for Germany in an inability to make war, has resulted for us in an obligation to be prepared for war in every quarter of the world. A tribe can hardly engage in a scuffle in any part of the world but we must be on the strain lest it should jeopardise our precarious balance of power. For every penny our rulers extracted from our labour to spend on "Empire" before the war, we must consent in future to spend a pound. The whole burden hitherto borne by the German people will have fallen upon us, to add its weight to a load already crushing. The very "debt" the Allies propose to collect from Germany can be proved to be to the disadvantage of the Allied "peoples," as, by the same reasoning, it can be shown (so paradoxical is capitalism) to be to the advantage of German labour. For what is this debt but a demand for goods and services, that is, for labour? And if the demand is made of German labour, it cannot at the same time be made of British labour. In other words, there will be employment for labour in Germany when there is unemployment for labour in England. Should it be replied that labour cannot live by labour alone, and that the fact that the surplus of the fruits of German labour will be exported without return to foreign bondholders makes all the difference, we must again remind our readers that the difference is unreal. The surplus of German production over the purchasing-power of German labour will, it is true, be exported without return; but the surplus of English production over the purchasing-power of English labour is likewise "exported" without any return that affects the well-being of ninety out of every hundred of our population. The conclusion, in short, from a thorough examination of the real facts of the new situation is that we, the victors, have assumed the yoke which bound the German people, and from which we have delivered them. The test will not be made at once; nor will all the consequences be immediately realised; but it is safe to say that, other things remaining equal, the war will have brought happiness and prosperity to the German people in the same measure that it will have proved to diminish the happiness and prosperity of the English people.

* * *

The procession of dukes and earls that passed under Mr. Smillie's cross-examination at the Coal Commission last week cannot be said to have commanded respect by their superior intelligence or public spirit. They spoke and behaved, with few exceptions, like Prussian junkers, and it was obvious from their threats that they mean to fight for their privileges with Prussian obduracy. In his inquiries into the historic origin of their "property," however, Mr. Smillie appears to us to be on a wrong scent; for it is not by an absolute title that property is held, but by the consent of law. It is law that makes property; and it is to law and the nature of law that Mr. Smillie, like the dukes themselves, must look for his real case. From this point of view, the rights of property are those which the laws allow, the courts confirm and the State would enforce—that and nothing more. Historic titles are of comparatively little consequence; of still less consequence are the claims of humanity in the sense in which Mr. Smillie uses the term. The defence upon which property-owners depend is not their abstract claim or their service to society (though these, naturally enough, are also put forward); but it is the *fact* that, as things are, the State would enforce their "rights" by all the power at its disposal. It will be seen, therefore, that in questioning the validity of their titles to own property, Mr. Smillie is really obliging the Dukes by removing the discussion to a subordinate plane. Provided that they can produce their "titles," they can safely challenge Mr. Smillie to dispute their absolute right of ownership. But the dispute in reality is only then begun; for behind the title is the law; and the whole question at issue is whether the law should not be changed that at present gives to the dukes the "right" to employ the forces of the State in the defence of their privileges. A revised conception of law, it is obvious, will be needed before this can be brought about; and our juristic colleagues, Mr. de Maeztu and Mr. Penty, have been long working on the subject. The major part of law, whose social origin was for the defence of the good against the bad, has fallen, like every other institution, under the dominion of capitalism, with the consequence that it now exists for the defence of the rich against the poor. And it is to the capitalist-coloured law, of course, that Mr. Smillie's dukes have made and will continue to make a successful appeal.

* * *

Without any question the primary dispute to be settled at the Coal Conference is that of ownership of one of the natural resources of the community. That the natural resources of the community, however thereafter "worked," are the common property of the community is a proposition of natural law which no class-law can possibly be allowed to override. The superiority of the right of the community is undeniable; and to all the opposing claims it ought to be enough to say that they are, at best, only questions of expediency. The "control" to be exercised thereafter over such common property and even the distribution of the products arising from its exploitation are likewise considerations secondary to the consideration of the fact of its communal ownership. And, with this in view, the Coal Commission would be wise to recommend and the Miners' Federation to enforce the declaration of the communal ownership of the mines, without prejudice of necessity to any subsequent proposal for dealing with the mines when thus "nationalised." The question of compensation is in strict justice a matter, moreover, of expediency rather than of principle. Compensation for the re-appropriation by the community of a naturally communal possession is in itself a moral anomaly; and when we add to this objection the objection that, even if the moral anomaly were overcome, the practical impossibility of compensation remains, the case against compensation appears to be determined. It is estimated, for instance, that 200,000 million tons of coal, most of it claimed to be private property, remain to be got out of the soil, and that its production would entail the labour of over 500 years. Is "compensation" to be paid upon this basis; and if not, why not? The absurdity of the only possible reply is a proof of the absurdity of the question; and the expediency of the problem is thus seen to be the

only "principle" involved in it. Compensation, we repeat, is a matter of expediency. Assuming the resolution of the community to re-appropriate its communal possession, the amount of compensation to be paid to its present "owners" cannot be estimated on its market-value or, indeed, upon any objective standard of value whatever. It must be estimated by the needs of the existing owners measured by the functions they have performed in the past and by the functions they may perform in the future. We do not "compensate" a ship's captain or even a field-marshal for the value of the "property" over whose working he has exercised control. We compensate functionaries for the loss of their function either by money or by an equivalent function. Assuredly, they do not demand compensation for the material on which their old function has been exercised. By a similar train of thought, we arrive at the conclusion that the existing coal-owners are entitled to compensation for their loss of function, and that it may be paid to them in money or an equivalent function. But for their "property" in the communal possession of the mines they are not entitled to a penny.

* * *

Nationalisation of ownership assumed, as we hope it may be, it does not follow that we are out of the wood of our difficulties. Democracy, hitherto a minor whose estates have been managed by the so-called private owners, is now called upon to manage its estates itself. How may it be expected to succeed? "To nationalise the coal industry of this country," said the Duke of Northumberland, "would be absolutely disastrous"; and that, indeed, there are obstacles in the way to success we do not deny. But, in the first place, why should not the "democracy" have the privilege of Englishmen of "muddling through," if the experience of nationalisation must needs be a muddle? Our governing classes pride themselves upon having no use for theories, and upon being practical men—are not the same qualities to be allowed in the rank and file of our future governing classes? In the second place, neither the evidence of the Duke of Northumberland nor that of any of the noble owners brought before the Commission can be said to have revealed such a degree of intelligence that "democracy" could not hope to equal it. Given the co-operation of the managerial classes, of the law, of the State, and of public opinion, all of which the existing owners have had, and nationalisation can safely be counted upon to produce at least as good results as any that have been known. This co-operation, we agree, is essential; for if it is to be the condition that our experiment in nationalisation is to be opposed and thwarted at every turn by the ill-will of the existing owners and their retinues, then, indeed, we can promise only a prolonged period of trouble. That under any conceivable circumstances the mines once nationalised will ever be returned to their former "owners" is highly improbable. They may "fail" under their communal ownership and control owing in part to the inexperience of the democracy and in part (perhaps the larger part) to the "great refusal" of the dispossessed classes; but in the end the community will "muddle through" to success or know the reason why.

* * *

Of the opposition to nationalisation in any shape or form even the Speaker of the House of Commons is a victim. Like most of the members of the governing classes, he is under the obsession, without being aware of it, of the capitalist complex. A course of psycho-analysis would, probably, reveal to him his subjection to an infantile and unmentionable prepossession—and possibly cure him of it. Speaking at the Royal Academy banquet, presumably to artists about art, he could not restrain his complex from expressing its prejudices on the subject of "nationalisation." "There seemed to be an idea abroad," he said, "that any man worked better for other people than for himself." Certainly it did not apply, he continued, to lawyers or to politicians; and certainly, we may add, it does not apply to pigs. But what of that? Are lawyers or politicians the final standard of what is human and social? Because they do, in fact, work better for themselves than for other people, is it necessarily true that they should or that they must be society's chosen model? "Christianity," wrote Canon Burroughs in the "Times" last week, "works by making use of the greatest of all cosmic forces, selfless love." And even if a Christian society is far from working with any such force, hypocrisy might still pay the homage due to truth of admitting that it is true. From Christianity to Nationalisation may appear to be a far cry; but, in fact, the nationalisation derided by the Speaker, with the "idea abroad" of it at which he scoffed, is the first practical step towards the realisation of Canon Burrough's "greatest of all cosmic forces." Nationalisation demands Christianity for its success. Without the will to work for others as we work for ourselves, nationalisation, let us affirm, is likely to be as great a failure as "private enterprise." It is because nationalisation makes Christianity a positive need here and now that every sincere Christian would insist upon it.

* * *

One of the most difficult problems before a nationalised industry, and equally before a National Guild of Mining, is that of Credit, involving as concomitant circumstances problems of cost and price. It ought not to be concealed from the general public that in all probability one of the first effects of nationalising the mining industry will be to raise the selling price of coal to the consumer. Economies, no doubt, in working, in management, and in organisation, could be, and, in course of time possibly would be, effected; but on a reasonable estimate of the probabilities we may fairly say that no diminution of selling-price, but rather the contrary, must be expected. This, it would seem, must be a fatal objection to the proposal; for who would willingly incur the odium of raising the price of a commodity which enters into the price of so many articles besides itself? The objection must be faced, however; and the way to face it is to raise the whole question of credit and selling-price; in fact, to question the bases of our present financial system. Natural cost, we are all of us aware, consists of the human time-energy consumed plus the wear and tear of the material on which that energy is expended; but the selling-price of the product is conditioned only in its absolute minimum by this natural cost; in its market quotations it is conditioned by the relation, not of supply to demand, still less of price to cost, but of supply to "money," in other words, to credit-tokens of one sort or another. The question, therefore, of whether coal or any other commodity can be produced more "cheaply" under this or that form of organisation is, in the first instance, a technical question simply: a commodity is produced more cheaply and economically if its production entails the expenditure of less time-energy and the consumption of fewer natural resources than before. In the second instance, however, and under commercial conditions, the question is one of finance, of money; and here our Guild will be at the initial disadvantage of being compelled to "sell" its product in the medium of money-values over which the Guild has, for the time being, no effective control. A direct attack upon the problem of Credit appears, however, to be impossible. Nationalisation, followed by an attempt to form a Guild, will, it appears, be necessary before the mind of the public can be brought to see the question of Credit as vital. We would it were not so. Provided, however, that we safeguard ourselves against prophesying success from any intermediate solution; and are not obscuring, but rather exposing, the ultimate problem of Credit, we must be content to keep only a step ahead of the contemporary forces with which we must work.

America and the Near East.

By Marmaduke Pickthall.

A FRIEND has sent me two articles upon the Turkish question which have appeared recently in the American "Review of Reviews." An American publisher once told me that the American public was ignorant in the literary sense, but had this virtue, that it was conscious of its ignorance, and desirous of obtaining the best instruction upon every subject. That public is ignorant of the problems of the Near East, and one imagines it desirous of obtaining information on the subject in view of America's position at the Peace Conference. It naturally turns to those of its own countrymen who are personally acquainted with the Turkish Empire; and the two articles before me have been written, the one by an American missionary, Dr. White, President of Anatolia College, Marsovan—"one of those American missionaries of statesmanlike grasp who have given this country its position of influence in the Near East," says the Editor in a prefatory note—the other is by Major E. Alexander Powell, U.S.A., former American Vice-Consul-General in Syria. On the credentials of these gentlemen, the American public may be excused for mistaking them for authorities, and I may be excused for expecting them to manifest some special knowledge of the questions they assume to expound.

The missionary is the more thoughtful of the two. He does display a general notion of the course of history, and is not the puppet of that jubilant commercialism which obviously animates the soldier (once a diplomat). Concerned entirely with Anatolia, he propounds a wondrous theory about "retroversion to type," a phrase of which he seems enamoured. The Muslims of Asia Minor being mostly the descendants of Christian converts to Islâm, he tells us, will revert to Christianity when relieved of the inducement and support of Turkish rule. So Christians, one might argue, would revert to paganism if relieved of the attentions of their pastors, and garden products would revert to wild flowers if relieved of the attentions of the gardener. A large majority of the population is Muslim, he admits, but what of that? Quite half of that majority had Christian ancestry, so will revert as aforesaid, and a number of the remainder are Shîa', "who feel themselves nearer to Christians than to regular Turks. 'Ah, those devil-worshippers, those devil-worshippers,' they say of Sunnite Muslims to a friend. 'In this world they lord it over us, but in the next we'll saddle them for our asses, and we'll ride 'em and we'll ride 'em.'" The quotation is extremely curious, intended as it is to demonstrate the nearness of the Shîa' to the Christians. It would shock all the Shîa' of my acquaintance, who are excellent Muslims. Indeed, I am puzzled to imagine what peculiar sect it is to which Dr. White applies the general term of Shîa'. The one idea connected with religion suggested by the speech which Dr. White quotes with so much complacency is great intolerance. In that respect his Shîa' may be nearer to Christians than to Sunnite Muslims, who do not look forward to oppressing anybody in the next world.

There follows some absurdity about the Shîa' being "of Christian ancestry in the far-off past, and that their secret breaking of bread and drinking of wine is a form of the Lord's Supper." Every dervish sect has some kind of "sacrament" for its initiates, and as these appear to be more ancient than Islâm or Christianity, it has been suggested that Christ, who was a dervish, meant to found a dervish sect and not a world religion.

Having proved to his satisfaction that the Shîa' and one half of the other Muslims will "retrovert" to Christianity when rid of Turkish rule, and that the Christian populations will go on increasing as compared with the Muslims as in the past—"I am convinced," he writes, "that the Mohammedan Turks do not increase in numbers, possibly as the penalty of nature for the permission of polygamy, while the Ottoman Christians do increase rapidly unless checked by periods of massacre." It seems never to have occurred to him that the Muslims have been decimated annually by military service in defence of an empire which the Christians merely inhabited. After having proved all this to his satisfaction, he goes on to say that the Turks have no rights save those of invaders which are not worth reckoning. What other rights have the Anglo-Saxon Americans to the United States? And, while professing friendliness for "the *common Turks*," he hopes that "America and our Allies will carry to its issue a process already in operation in Turkey"—in other words, his own pet scheme of retroversion—"whereby the people of the country will be relieved of alien domination (!) and will be assisted to work out their own destiny with a fair chance for their own native character and hereditary disposition. Then real progress will be at hand."

What! When their native character is aggressive and their hereditary disposition is to bite one another? Dr. White forgets that the Turkish system, however imperfect to his thinking, is the only effective system of administration which Asia Minor has known for two thousand years past. That region has been peaceful and progressive under Turkish rule compared with what it was before. It was the cockpit of the world, and if retroversion takes place, it will again become so. He ignores the most important factor in the situation, the coherence of the Muslim community. Muslims do not regard themselves as separate nationalities, but as members of one great super-nation, El Islâm; and the problem of the future of Turkey is regarded by all Muslims everywhere as a problem which concerns them more closely than it does Christendom. Anyhow his theory is too eccentric, too clearly based on prejudice, to merit much consideration by impartial judges. If carried out, it would produce a splendid crop of wars, and that immediately.

Of the political position Dr. White and Major Powell are both ignorant enough to swallow our delightful war-time propaganda blindly. The soldier (once a diplomat) is jubilant on the commercial prospects opened up by recent British conquests. "The plains across which tramped the glittering hosts of Cyrus and Alexander will ere long resound to the hoot of British locomotives and the clatter of British harvesting machines"—which once were German—"water will flow again in those Babylonian canals which were dug when the world was young"—and which the Turks were doing their best to restore to use when we attacked them.—"The red and white flag of Armenia will flutter once more from the towers of Van and Erzeroum. In Jerusalem the walls of the Temple will rise again"—and wretched animals will be sacrificed to the Almighty as in ancient days. This is retroversion with a vengeance. We shall get back soon to human sacrifices at this rate. But what is to become of the "Mosque of Omar" (so-called) which occupies the one and only Temple site? We English have respected it and guaranteed its sanctity—"Cook's tourists may, in

the not far distant future, wander at will in the Forbidden Cities of Islâm"—our Government should call up Washington at once to stop the output of such mischievous suggestions.—"Barbarism and fanaticism will retreat before the inexorable advance of civilisation"(!)

I could go on contradicting statement after statement of this self-enlightened Orientalist if space allowed. No, the Ottoman Turks did not destroy the irrigation works of Mesopotamia. No, the people of Syria were not delighted by French interest in their country. The only race which welcomed it was the Maronite Christians. No, the French will not find "immense forests on the slopes of Lebanon," although "it was with cedar from Lebanon that Solomon's temple was built" (was it? I had a vague idea that it was built of stone!). The last considerable wood of cedars was cut down about eighty years ago by a French company for the prosaic purpose of making cedar-wood oil for the sore backs of camels. It is curious that a late "Vice-Consul-General in Syria" should have failed to notice that the heights of Lebanon are bare. No, the Armenian problem is not anything like his description of it. No, the British Government never "solemnly" promised to erect a Hebrew State in Palestine. A "national home for the Jews" was, if I remember rightly, the term used, and definition was most carefully avoided.

But what is the good of noting every error of a writer who knows as much about the East as I know about the trade of Chicago.

"A Jehad," he informs us, "cannot be proclaimed, as is popularly supposed, by the Sultan of Turkey. The only person who possesses such authority is the Grand Sherîf of Mecca, the descendant of the Prophet and the head of the Moslem religion."

Wonderful! Both he and Dr. White go hopelessly astray over that most reckless and unfortunate intrigue of ours—the most ruinous mistake that England ever made. Accepting the prevarications of our war-time propaganda, they imagine that England did a clever thing in the Hejjâz affair. Dr. White has written:

"The Germans thought that they scored an important military advantage in inducing the Sultan at Constantinople, as Caliph or Pope of the Muslim world, to proclaim the Jihâd or Holy War. The British countered by taking the Caliphate away from the Sultan. In other words, the Arabs went over from the side of the Turks and the Germans to the side of the British, and carried the Caliphate with them. Four centuries ago, in the year that Martin Luther nailed his theses to the Church door"—What in the world has Martin Luther got to do with it?—"the Turks conquered Egypt and brought home the Caliphate, the spiritual headship of Mohammedans, with them. But the Arab claim had never lapsed, and was successfully brought to the front, in co-operation with the admired and respected English."

"Admired and respected"! Look at India! Look at Egypt! And all this is being written after the British Government has formally denied that *it ever had the least intention to interfere in the question of the Caliphate;* and after the Sherîf of Mecca has himself disclaimed the title of "Commander of the Faithful," forbidding his subjects to address him by a title "which belongs exclusively to His Imperial Majesty the Sultan of Turkey as Khalîfah of the Muslims."*

Our Government should really call on Washington to stop the publication of such indiscretions. I cannot share in Major Powell's enthusiasm for the notion of a Constantinople, "neither Turkish nor Teutonic, but a free city under the Stars and Stripes," if these two articles are typical of American understanding of the problems of the Near East. For the world's peace I would pay America whatever sum she asked to keep away from Asia.

* "Al Giblah," the official journal of the King of the Hejjâz.

Small Holdings.

IN these days, when the influence of the Press pervades our whole life, both public and private, it is occasionally difficult to decide whether we get what we want, or want what we get. Particularly in the case of small holdings has the voice of the Press been stentorian, and it is quite possible that a number of otherwise inoffensive persons have been hypnotised into asking for land without knowing anything at all about farming. The frequent appearance of small and attractive volumes on various branches of agriculture, the readiness with which writer after writer continues to cast a halo over country life, are likely to cause misapprehension as to the real difficulties that must inevitably be overcome by all who would be husbandmen.

The term "small holding" is in itself a trifle vague. Some understand by this a farm not exceeding fifty acres, others limit it to thirty, while a third school restricts the use of the term to a holding of twenty acres and under. Occasionally farms of eighty and a hundred acres are classified as small holdings. If we restrict the term to a holding which can be entirely worked by the holder himself, there is again a vagueness of connotation, for the efforts of the holder will be conditioned by the size and age of his familiy and the capacity of his wife.

On the whole, it seems best to chose the mean, and regard as small holdings those farms that are less than thirty acres in extent. Theoretically, small holdings are a panacea for social discontent, and are looked upon as an agricultural realisation of the millennium, whereby a sturdy race of yeomen will arise, like Deucalion's Adam, from the soil, each to dwell under his own roof-tree. The prevailing tendency is to regard them as something like a deus ex machina which will work out the salvation of our sorely tried country. The chief exponents of this view are politicians and journalists. Whether the relation between them is one of cause and effect is open to suspicion. On the question of land for soldiers, some say that the number of inquiries is enormous, others that they have never heard of a soldier who wanted land.

Another view, which is not without support, is that the small holding will become a kind of health resort, whereby the general improvement of the nation may be confidently expected. These hopes are not without their own peculiar merit, exemplifying the eternal desire for improvement, without which life would be uninteresting and flat. It may, perhaps, be profitable to consider the question of Governmental interference in agriculture on two occasions in past history.

The small holding movement was the political offspring of its time. During periods of peace, and after the cessation of great wars, men inevitably become bored with the easy tenour of events. Consequently, they devote their energies to criticising their own social institutions and invariably, after weighing them in the balance of discontent, find them wanting. Throughout the course of history, from the Romans to our own day, there is this perpetually recurring phenomenon. During the years 130-111 B.C., when Rome was practically free from all serious opposition outside the Republic, there arose or was artificially created a popular demand for the re-distribution of land. It was suddenly discovered that the "Latifundia" were a source of danger, and various agrarian laws were brought forward by the Gracchi, by Marius and Livius Drusus to break up these huge estates and limit the holding of any citizen to a fixed and small portion.

In the reign of Henry VII of England, there was a similar attempt to prevent the amalgamation of farms in the hands of a few people. But this time it was the deliberate policy of the monarchy, though it may have been influenced by the discontent of the landless people. By 4 Henry VII, cap. 16, "it is ordained and enacted that no manner of person, of what degree, estate, or

condition soever, shall take any several farms more than one, whereof the yearly value shall not exceed ten marks." This legislation dealt with the re-peopling of the Isle of Wight, a military necessity strikingly justified in 1546, when a French army attempted to land at St. Helens, and was repulsed.

By 25 Henry VIII, cap. 13, "it is enacted that no person shall have or keep on lands not their own inheritance more than 2,000 sheep. That no person shall occupy more than two farms."

The tendency to substitute pasture for tillage was regarded by the Tudor monarchy as detrimental to the State, in that fewer people were employed in agriculture, and those who were thus deprived of occupation were compelled to beg, borrow or steal.

Neither the Agrarian laws of the Romans nor the agricultural measures of the Tudors were crowned with lasting success. It is interesting to note that these small holding movements failed in England and Rome at a period when both countries were at a very similar stage of development. Rome was about to become an empire. The Agrarian laws ended, so to speak, with Sulla, who, in turn, was transformed into Cæsar, and Cæsar into Augustus.

In England, after a period of civil war and international insignificance, England was to become a first-class Power under Henry VIII, and to lay the foundations of her Empire under Elizabeth. The small holding movement does not seem to flourish under imperialism.

Other reasons of great importance in diminishing its chance of success were economic. Both in Rome and in England at the periods to which we refer there was considerable increase of wealth among the non-agricultural portions of society. In Rome, the spoils of the provinces produced an idle and leisured class. In England, the influx of foreigners, who brought trade and crafts with them, produced a rich and powerful merchant class, who preferred to farm as a hobby, on bought land, even as the merchant of modern times, for their own individual enjoyment. The foreigner has during all periods been of the highest importance in helping to shape the destiny and policy of England.

The modern small holding movement and the policy of Government interference is not, therefore, in principle a new appearance in English politics. The difficulties, however, which lie in the path of this movement are very considerable. The distribution of land among soldiers after successful campaigns has taken place at all times and in all countries. During the Republic and the Empire, during the Protectorate in England and the first Empire in France, this was a commonplace occurrence. The real question at issue concerns the suitability of such a policy for a country situated as England is to-day.

It may be remarked that small holdings and co-operation are pre-eminently successful in Denmark, Holland and Belgium. The position of these countries differs essentially on almost all points from that of England. These are countries, be it noted, whose international significance, except in so far as they are artificial buffer States, is nugatory. Again, in these countries, agriculture is not the football of unenlightened politicians, but is regarded as a department requiring the highest respect of statesmen. Agriculture is there a national and not a party question. Furthermore, with the increasing bureaucracy of England, a system which, like national insurance, we have lifted direct from Germany, thereby illustrating the usual influence of the vanquished upon the victor, it seems hardly likely that the small holder will receive honest treatment. Nor is there any indication that the party spirit will not once more prevail, and cause the relegation of agriculture to the invidious position which it occupied before the war. The object of the small holding movement before the war was by no means the good of the small holder. It was a political, and a party political, movement, and the prominence that has recently been given to it, although it now bears the semblance of a national policy, may, in the end, be merely the disguise of the party spirit.

The small holder will probably find sufficient red tape wherewith to strangle himself and his family, but beyond this little use. Apart from political difficulties, the practical obstacles to success are very considerable.

Small holdings should not be in groups. The sole chance of success for the small holder lies in his being different to his neighbours, and being able to supply a different commodity. His land ought to be first class, for poor land, particularly if it is heavy, will be too costly for him to work.

The pleasing visions of co-operation, by which the middleman will be eliminated and speedy motor transport be provided for marketing the co-operative produce, have not yet been realised economically, and it would seem that the advocates of this scheme have their own axe to grind. The number of petty officials who will be afforded an easy and pleasant existence in executing this system will doubtless be considerable. However productive market gardens may be, their success depends on their being comparatively few in number, and on the close proximity of suitable markets. Their numbers are, therefore, restricted by the very nature of their business, and are beyond Government control. Moreover, it must not be forgotten that the market for vegetable produce fluctuates widely, as many an onion grower has learnt to his cost.

The capital required for an ordinary small holding, which is, for example, devoted to dairying, even on the Wibberly system, is greater per acre than required for a large farm. Furthermore, the small holder, even if he does not have all his eggs in one basket, can less afford a loss or failure. The question of implements is also very difficult. The larger farmer has his own and cuts his fields at his own pleasure, weather permitting. Even if bad weather ensue, some at least will have been got in safely. Consider the co-operative scheme for implements. Small holder A secures a binder, for example, first in order. His field or fields are cut, and ready to cart. Ensues bad weather intermittently. He secures the best part of his corn, but small holders B, C, D have been stopped working. When the weather is settled again, a good part of their corn is laid, or is shedding. The weather shortly afterwards breaks up and a lot sprouts in the stock. What compensation should A pay to his confreres for having had good luck?

Co-operation is a word that curiously resembles Mesopotamia and Reconstruction. It is frequently regarded as an inevitable concomitant of small holdings. But anyone who knows the conditions that prevailed in the Isle of Axholme will be aware of the futility of this view. The labour question, at the present fixed rates, will bear very hard on the small holder. In fact, he will probably be unable to afford any extra hands at all. Therefore he will be compelled to do all the work himself. Agricultural labour is rarely light. Not only does it require a certain amount of physical strength and considerable skill acquired by practice, but it is continuous. A man must keep at it all day and every day. This may or may not be drudgery for the hired labourer—but for the small holder it is absolute drudgery. He is tied to the place; unless he has a sufficiency of children over fourteen years of age he and his wife must work day in and day out. But, on top of all this work, is the constant worry over the holding. The labourer nowadays has his hours, and when they are finished, he has finished for the day. Not so the small holder. He must put in his full hours in the field. He must come back and do what are called the "chores," i.e., feeding, milking, etc.

Then he must attend to whatever writing he has to do, and if the weather is bad and the crops look unpromising, or a horse falls sick, he will have plenty to

occupy his mind until he falls asleep. It is one of the hardest lives that can be lived, and it is doubtful whether soldiers who have for the last four years experienced untold hardships and danger will be anxious to take up an occupation which promises so little ease. It is curious that there are so many good bailiffs and good foremen who have not jumped at the offer of a small holding.

The question of capital presents many difficulties. The exact amount requisite for a holding of thirty acres will vary considerably in different parts of the country. If the State establishes agricultural banks and lends freely to small holders at moderate interest, and does not worry about the repayment of the capital, something may possibly be accomplished. Without State aid it will probably be more or less a failure. Where a small holding is undoubtedly a success is in the case of a man who has some other small business which necessitates the use of horses. A small holder who carries on the business of carrier will find that his holding will be of great use to him. But here, again, too many in the same line would spoil the market, and to set up each small holder in some other occupation first is not the avowed object of the Government. It was one thing to establish popularity of the potato in France through a buttonhole of potato flower in Louis XVI's coat, it is quite another for a professionally democratic government to popularise an anachronism.

The small holding movement is a deliberate attempt to alter the agricultural condition of the country. The unofficial tendency is all in the other direction. The generality of farmers would rather increase than diminish their holdings.

The colony system which the Government at first proposed seems to be far more practical, and more likely to succeed. For in spirit it is merely the large farm under a democratic label. If the Government propose to interfere with agriculture in the future, and intend to pursue a national and not a party policy, their object should clearly be maximum production at minimum cost. The type of holding which will materially assist in the attainment of this object is the large farm of seven hundred to three thousand acres. Whether Free Trade obtains, whether State aid is given to agriculture or tariffs imposed, the large farm is still the more economic and more efficient. Under new labour conditions, for the old system certainly did need improvement, the agricultural labourer will find himself better off, and the standard will rise. Scientific discovery and the spread of education will doubtless assist the general amelioration of farming, which is, after all, neither a sanatorium nor a political panacea, but a business.

G. W. HARRIS.

LOVE IN THE DESERT.

High on the brazen terraces of Shinar
The Magians contemplate the Moon-god's eye:
In the blue wilderness the stars are shining,
The secret rivers darkly rustle by.

Far off in Babylon and in Borsippa
The scarlet devotees wave golden fans
Before their Mother's splendour: here is silence,
The Eternal Lily more than a rose of man's!

Only thy two eyes in the darkness shining,
Only thy two white hands like weary flowers,
The perfume and the sorrow and the silence,
The silver-footed violet-lidded hours.

O vain Astrosophers exalt in Shinar,
O vain Borsippa thronged with courtesans!
He whom ye seek is here: Love in the desert
Alone can slake that bitter thirst of man's!

WILFRED CHILDE.

The Civil Guilds.

II.—THE EDUCATION GUILD—(*concluded*).

II.—SECONDARY AND UNIVERSITY EDUCATION.

WE may say, I think, of all forms of secondary education that, whilst educationally considered, they present many hopeful features, they necessarily take their colour from the elementary. This must be so, since it is from the elementary they draw their scholars.

University education, the crown of the edifice, is a matter of profound importance to our national life. I have asked Mr. Robieson to relate University life to the Guild idea. With the technical aspects of this most valuable contribution, I, as a non-academical, can express no useful opinion. He reaches, inter alia, three conclusions that concern me as a citizen. In the first place, he demands a sane decentralisation of University activities. Adopting the provincial aspect of local government, already discussed in this series, he would assign to each province its own University. To this University would flock the provincial students, who—as we shall see—would be no longer eligible for the ancient foundations, Oxford, Cambridge, Glasgow, and perhaps one or two others. But Mr. Robieson will have none of the straggling, struggling, misshapen, haphazard, inadequate contrivances we know to-day as provincial Universities. He bids us think in terms of war expenditure, and does not shrink from, say, a week's war-cost devoted to the reconstruction of education in general and the Universities in particular. He wants a fabric architecturally worthy of the purpose, and—this is the second point—he insists upon the most liberal adoption of the hostel system. I suppose that nine out of every ten Oxford or Cambridge graduates will readily affirm that they gained more from the social conditions of residence than from the lecture rooms. If the system is good enough for the sons and daughters of the rich, it is equally good for all. A non-residential University is a misnomer. Thirdly, Mr. Robieson would reserve the old foundations for post-graduate courses, by those who qualify in the provincial Universities. The ancient Universities, the property of the nation, the heritage of the centuries, must revert to their original purpose—sanctuaries for those who would apply themselves to learning. I express my grateful acknowledgments to Mr. Robieson.

III.—THE TEACHER AND CONTROL.

He who would rule others must first govern himself. This self-discipline, if the platitude may be pardoned, springs from self-respect and pride in one's calling. The profession of teaching calls for this discipline in exceptional degree. If, in the preceding section, the life of the teacher has been presented in drab tones, it does not follow that his soul is as drab as his surroundings are dismal. It is not, therefore, surprising that with the sense of power derived from association the teachers are feeling their way to a code of conduct befitting their professional status. The Scottish teachers have begun to put it into words. The Professional Etiquette Committee of the Educational Institute of Scotland has drawn up a Code, which appears to have met with general acceptance. It is as interesting as it is significant. This Code, we are told, "must not be regarded as a rigid body of law. . . . The ideal Code would consist simply of principles, and individuals would be left to their own sense of what was right or wrong in applying these principles. But such a Code presupposes perfect human beings, and teachers are no more perfect than the people with whom they have to deal in their professional capacity." So the authors seek a happy mean between abstract principle and specific acts. The Code "necessarily falls short of the professional ideal in many respects. Only such articles

can be included as are likely to be accepted by practically all teachers, or are capable of being enforced by the general will. Many teachers, for example, would gladly see an absolute prohibition of canvassing, but, under present conditions, all that is practicable is to veto certain specially objectionable forms of canvassing." Only the nation that produced the Catechism could have evolved with such thoroughness this guide to professional good conduct. I can only quote here a few of the main heads :—

I. Relations with pupils.

II. Relations with parents of pupils.

III. Relations with the school.

The teacher is under obligation to do everything possible to promote the corporate interest.

It is a Breach of Professional Etiquette :—

Not to take a reasonable share in all those voluntary activities (such as school-games and societies) by which a proper esprit de corps is fostered and developed.

IV. Relations with other Teachers.

The teacher is under an obligation to develop the sense of common interests among all classes of teachers, and to behave to fellow-teachers in a worthy professional manner.

It is a Breach of Professional Etiquette :—

To treat members of the staff otherwise than as colleagues.

To criticise or censure a teacher in the presence of pupils or other teachers.

Not to carry out the instructions of the headmaster in a spirit of goodwill.

To give confidential information about the work or conduct of fellow-teachers to outsiders.

(Under this heading there are thirteen defined breaches.)

V. Relations with the Local Educational Authority.

The teacher is under obligation (a) to give loyal and faithful service, and (b) to exact proper respect for the rights of the profession.

It is a Breach of Professional Etiquette :—

To allow the local educational authority without protest (a) to prescribe in detail what is to be taught in any subject (e.g., by the imposition of a syllabus which has not been drawn up in consultation with the teachers concerned), or (b) to lay down regulations with regard to methods of instruction and discipline.

To allow the local educational authority to exact any form of service, either inside or outside school-hours, not directly connected with the ordinary work of the school.

To employ extra-scholastic influence (e.g., Church or political connections) in furtherance of claims for appointments or promotion.

VI. Relations with Inspectors or other Officials.

It is a Breach of Professional Etiquette :—

To tolerate without protest any discourtesy on the part of officials.

To allow dictation with regard to the details of what is to be taught or with regard to the methods of instruction and discipline.

VII. Relations with the Educational Institute.

These need not detain us; they naturally provide for corporate loyalty.

The enforcement of this Code is naturally a ticklish affair. In ordinary cases it must "depend upon the professional conscience of individual teachers, quickened by the judgment of colleagues." In obvious breaches, "pressure from fellow-teachers may be expected to be brought to bear on offenders (1) by express criticism of unprofessional acts; and (2) by some form of social ostracism." We gradually work up to the climacteric of formal penalties. Not much can be done, however, "until such time as the profession controls the register of qualified teachers." Here we come to the root of the matter.

The Code affords rich tillage for the humorist or cynic. There are palpable crudities; but if we read it with sympathy and understanding, we see a profession, too long under-rated, bestirring itself: we witness a declaration of independence. "It is a breach of professional etiquette to allow the local educational authority to prescribe in detail what is to be taught in any subject." "It is a breach of professional etiquette to allow dictation [by Inspectors or Other Officials] with regard to the details of what is to be taught, or with regard to the methods of instruction and discipline." Function is here tentatively defined; the functional principle is applied. Does the doctor permit the community "to prescribe in detail"? Why, then, should the teacher? The one cures disease, the other ignorance. Like the doctor, the teacher awaits his mandate from the State. The terms being settled, the teacher demands freedom of action. To obtain it, he applies, if necessary, his monopoly of labour. His mandate is to teach. He will teach in his own way. Of course, it is not so simple as it looks; the inculcation of knowledge carries us far beyond the four walls of the schoolhouse; there are specialists who are not teachers in the technical sense, but whose knowledge is requisite: nevertheless, taking the broad view, teaching is the teacher's profession, special circumstances being subsidiary.

In this Code, as in other pronouncements, we perceive the Guild spirit spreading amongst the teachers. The practical question is whether their organisation marches with the idea of self-government and definite function. The National Union of Teachers is obviously the most important body, and no Guild could conceivably come into being without its intellectual assent and practical support. Hitherto, as we know, its policy has been to seek improved status by higher salaries and better conditions. This policy has been largely forced upon it by stress of circumstances. Its members were criminally underpaid; they worked under morally exhausting conditions; they were subjected to the tutelage of a calculating Whitehall in conspiracy with ignorant and cheeseparing local authorities. But this particular battle has now been fought and won; the elementary teacher can call his soul his own, even though he put it in pawn to the social conventions. The next stage is to round off the earlier work by the conscious creation of a profession with professional rights and amenities. The elementary teachers have yet to declare that their functional competence will keep pace with the advance of their social status. Unless this be done, speedily and thoroughly, we may witness the spectacle of the teaching profession, enriched by universal consent, becoming the bulwark of a deliberately contrived obscurantism, the most effective ally of the exploiting classes.

In any event, the National Union of Teachers, although numerically the most powerful, is not by its constitution the appropriate nucleus of the Education Guild. We must bring in the secondary teachers of every grade and category in addition to the University teachers, tutors and professors. There must be an organisation common to all. This will be found, I think, in the Teachers' Registration Council, a body consisting of a Chairman and forty-four representatives appointed by associations of teachers. Eleven of these are elected by the Universities of England and Wales, eleven come from associations of teachers in public elementary schools, eleven from the secondary schools, and eleven from the various associations of special subjects (technology, art, music, domestic science). Every member of the Council must be a teacher or a former teacher. The Council does not work in rivalry with existing organisations; it unifies on the higher plane of function. It already has a legal recognition. It is authorised by the Education Act of 1907 and established by an Order of the Privy Council issued in 1912. These enactments assign to the Council the duty

of forming and keeping a Register of such teachers as satisfy the Conditions of Registration established by the Council for the time being, and who apply to be registered. All names registered appear in alphabetical order and in one column. In the first five years of its existence, more than 20,000 teachers have applied for registration.

Evidently duties other than registration are contemplated. The President of the Board of Education in 1912, at the first meeting of the Council, hoped that the Council would be able "to speak with one voice as representing the teaching profession and that the Board of Education would be able to consult with them." The Council itself declares that "the Register is only a means to an end, namely, the establishment of a united teaching profession. . . . Unity is the first condition of progress towards a larger measure of self-government for teachers, and this self-government in its turn begins when teachers themselves have agreed to maintain a Register of those qualified to practise their calling." As we have seen, the Scottish teachers realise that they cannot, in the last resort, enforce discipline until they can control their own Register.

We can say of this Registration Council that it is a Guild in embryo. Its composition is perhaps open to criticism. The overwhelming majority of teachers are in the Elementary Schools, yet their representation is less than one-quarter of the Council. Experience will doubtless rectify this or other inequalities. Certainly, the numerico-democratic method does not apply in education, where special qualifications and individuality are peculiarly in request. But, in broad outline, this Council is essentially the representative teachers' organisation. We must remember, however, that it has a difficult road to travel. Not only must it negotiate with the State but also with the local governing authorities; it must also call to its support all citizens who appreciate the value of education and the dangers of a mis-directed educational organisation. The right guidance of the educational machine is of vital civic importance. Like other Guilds, the Education Guild has its labour monopoly and a long tradition of practical training; but, unlike other Guilds, knowledge—the thing it deals in—is no monopoly; belongs to each member of the community in varying degrees; is the one factor in national growth in which men and woman of goodwill can most effectually co-operate with the distinctively professional elements.

With one more turn of the wheel, the Education Guild could become an accomplished fact.

S. G. H.

MARKELIN.

Of merry Markelin the field is forlorn;
Fair my fellows, he hath fled away,
That rose up at the coming of the morn,
And did on his sad cloak of the gray.

The wind is widowed of merry Markelin.
Though the mid-meadow dower her with sound
Of many grasses and the buds that blow therein,
Still she sigheth upon her errand bound:

Of merry Markelin the field is forlorn,
The wind is widowed of merry Markelin,
That rose in the morn, and whose yellow locks were shorn,
Unto world-faring, and to die therein.

Still is there yellow, but of the good corn;
Yet there is singing, but of elfinkind.
Of merry Markelin the field is forlorn,
And widowed is the wind.

RUTH PITTER.

In School.

III.

TRUTH AND FELLOWSHIP.

I FEEL I have now laid sufficient stress on the potential capacity of the unconscious mind, and that it is time to consider how its latent powers can be released. My task is rendered difficult by the fact that there are so many psychological conditions favourable and unfavourable which seem to arise spontaneously; conditions for which it is almost impossible to assign any cause. A sleepy form will suddenly respond to the most unexpected stimulus, often of so trifling or evanescent a nature as to avoid capture on subsequent reflection. The fairy genius is at times exasperatingly elusive. She has certain hiding-places which defy search. And sometimes, when one has hit on obvious tracks and discovered the secret source of inspiration, one returns to it on a later occasion to find the room empty and the tracks false.

It would perhaps be a good practice for teachers, on receiving work of anything like an inspired nature, to inquire from the pupil as to the sources of his inspiration, and to tabulate and experiment further on these sources. No doubt, in some hands such a practice would produce most valuable educational results; but it would need very careful handling and tactful questioning, for the unconsciousness is as shy as a sea anemone, and will close up at the least sign of danger. The embarrassing condition known as "self-consciousness" is really the conscious realisation of the workings of the unconscious mind. The unconscious realisation of its workings promotes a very different feeling.

I have ethereal memories of occasions in school when the conscious veil has been drawn aside, and the collective unconsciousness has blossomed out in the warmth of mutual sympathy; when teacher and pupil have ceased to exist as such on the higher levels of superconscious intellect, and intuition has become mere comprehension, and comprehension just an accepted state. And then an inkpot has toppled over, or the clock has struck twelve, and the reality has vanished, and the spell of consciousness returned.

It would be idle to discuss whether these occasions are in themselves profitable or productive, for it is obviously impossible to attach conscious values to unconscious conditions and realities. I believe that there are gates of entrance to the superconscious state, apart altogether from the accepted method of hypnotism, but the metaphor cannot be extended, at any rate, at present, to gates of egress. Exactly what we take away with us on our return to conscious exile it is impossible to compute, and even difficult to imagine. It is enough perhaps to suggest that the grain which has been sown may, on some later occasion (often long postponed), mature in the conscious state. Yet, despite their transitory nature and the vagueness of the memories they leave behind, these occasions at least serve the utilitarian purpose of helping to promote and strengthen that feeling of corporate fellowship which experience has taught me to regard as the greatest incentive to good work, if not to actual genius.

It is so customary to regard genius as something essentially individual or non-corporate that it will require rather a long digression to explain that the attributes Genius and Fellowship are by no means necessarily antagonistic to each other, but that a most healthy mutual reaction between the two can be brought into play. It should be the aim of all teachers to promote this reaction, and I believe that the main secret of the success of various recent experiments in education* can be traced to the pursuit of this object, whether it were a conscious pursuit or not. How our present

* Such as Mr. Caldwell Cook's at the Perse School, and those described by Messrs. Gollancz and Somervell in "Political Education at a Public School."

system of teaching pursues the very opposite course will be considered later.

Now, to begin; we are all of us living under an autocracy of self, or, rather, under the autocracy of the conscious mind. Everyone has a feeling somewhere that he is *different* from other people, different in the sense not that everyone is different from everyone, but that everyone else is fundamentally the same, and that he differs from the rest. Of coure, we know that this fantasy, which, for want of a better term, I will call that of the exaggerated ego, is false and ridiculous. We call it a sneaking feeling in derision, but we like to treasure it, nevertheless. It is a possession which no one can touch or injure. One of its most frequent and extravagant manifestations is the thought that,

"All men think all men mortal but themselves."

The author of "Trivia" has expressed it admirably in the following words :—

"But God sees me; He knows my beautiful nature, and how pure I keep amid all sorts of quite horrible temptations. And that is why, as I feel in my bones, there is a special Providence watching over me; an Angel sent expressly from heaven to guide my footsteps from harm. For I never trip up or fall downstairs like other people; I am not run over by cabs and 'buses at short-crossings; in the worst wind my hat never blows off.

"And if ever any of the great cosmic processes or powers threaten me, I believe that God sees it. 'Stop it!' He shouts from His ineffable Throne, 'Don't you touch My Chosen One, My Pet Lamb, My Beloved. Leave him alone, I tell you!'"

Now, although we hang on to this possession, as though it were something priceless, we know that some of its attributes are not entirely creditable. It comprises, perhaps, certain little obscenities and insanities which are not too pleasant to dwell upon, though they may be altogether excusable in our eyes—because we know all about them. Also, it has other attributes which unenlightened humanity, in its pitiable ignorance of the mysteries of one's Ego, might scoff at. We are unwilling to expose our esoteric personality to the ignorant scorn of Philistines. Hence, we are in the habit of affording particular protection to the exaggerated Ego, and by so doing keep the true light from our conscious self. One of the most striking instances of the extreme insulation of the consciousness is afforded by the fact that most people who possess the faculty of visualisation or word-imagery (in the form of assigning, for instance, certain colours to the days of the week, or months of the year), on hearing it spoken of for the first time, will exclaim with surprise :—

"Why, I never knew anyone else ever thought of these things!"

In the same way, if we encounter in a book some particularly subtle touch of human nature, we often say to ourselves, "That's clever. It's exactly how I always feel." Now, in terming it "clever," we are merely paying a tribute of respect to the exaggerated Ego, the specially-favoured autocrat of the conscious mind. And with this self-flattery (especially if the particular subtlety is of a creditable nature) there is often associated, transitorily, a sense of jealous disappointment that the particular quality of the Ego in question is not unique, but is shared by at least one other person. But these sentiments, which are only crudely erected ramparts defending the citadel of the exaggerated Ego, soon crumble away under the onslaught of a higher feeling—that of sympathy, advancing under the banner of Truth. ("I should like to meet that man. He must be a kindred soul.")

Everyone has experienced that exhilarating feeling of "brain-clearness," often provoked by insomnia, when mental cobwebs are brushed away, and one's thoughts seem to become illuminated and creative. It is not easy to reconstruct these occasions, however much one may long for their return. Still harder is it to promote them at will. They seem to be beyond conscious control: if they come they come, and there is an end to it. But experience teaches that "when two or three are gathered together" there is introduced a new factor which helps to make the task less impossible.

In an exhaustive analytical attempt to discover any common factor determining the causes giving rise to personal experiences of collective superconscious manifestations in school, I have come to the conclusion that most, if not all of them, originated in the simultaneous appreciation of some psychological truth never before realised by the form. This appreciation led, through the feeling of sympathy mentioned above, to the comprehension of the truth that in reality, or, in other words, superconsciously, our "different" minds were all as one. This is perhaps the most striking of the feelings experienced in these superconscious manifestations, certainly the one which has left the strongest impression on my conscious memory; but though the manifestations themselves have been few and far between, and often of only momentary duration, they afforded, if only by passing glimpses, a view of the ideal superconscious state, just as on a dark night a fairly complete impression of some landscape may become imprinted on one's mind by occasional flashes of lightning. And in this ideal state diffusion of conscious thought (manifested most strongly in the exaggerated Ego fantasy, which subsists on fundamental "difference" or divergence) changes to unity of superconscious thought under the centripetal influence of absolute Truth, as the Ego itself converges to the pole of the spiral in its ascent. The supposed eccentricities of the exaggerated Ego are either left behind in the darkness of falsehood, or else emerge into the light, not as eccentricities but as qualities common to all mankind. And what were regarded as faults or objects of shame are found to be universal failings sublimating if not already sublimated into universal virtues. We are no longer ashamed of them any more than we are proud of our supposed virtues. As individual attributes vices and virtues cease to exist, but are blended in the universal character of humanity.* And the "human" thought which first set in motion this reorientation of values is no longer regarded as "clever" —a despicable term of relatively base significance, which has no part in the superconscious vocabulary—but simply as an attribute of Truth, the air which the superconsciousness breathes. Hence, Genius appears in its true aspect as a manifestation of the superconsciousness, the rays of ultimate Truth shining through the conscious cloud.

It is not suggested that Truth is the only medium by which the superconsciousness can be approached. Beauty and Goodness, and, as has been indicated, Fellowship, which is the most sublimated form of human Love, must all possess the same power. But, though I recognise fully how closely these three absolutes are allied to Truth, I would leave to others worthier than myself the task of delineating the particular directing force of each. Moreover, the title of these articles warns me that I am straying too far from the empiric path which I had originally determined to follow.

T. R. COXON.

* Since this article was written I have read "R. H. C.'s" notes on "A. E.'s" "Candle of Vision" in THE NEW AGE of March 27. The idea which I have tried to express will be found (raised from a psychological to a spiritual plane) in the comments on "A. E.'s" text, "We may have a personal wisdom, but spiritual wisdom is not to speak of in us"—cf. especially "The condition of the appreciation of a spiritual truth is the absence of the sense of egoism."

London Papers.

By Dikran Kouyoumdjian.

SOMEWHERE in these papers I have said that Shelmerdene left England, but I touched on it very lightly, for I am only half-heartedly a realist, and may yet live to be accused of shuffling humanity behind a phrase. . . . Youth must endure its periods of loneliness with what grace it can; and youth could endure them as resignedly as its preceptors, if it were not for its grotesque self-importance, which inflates loneliness to such a size that it envelopes a young man's whole being, leaving him at the end a sorry wreck of what was once a happy mortal. Anyway, that is what happened to me; I took the whole affair in the worst possible spirit, and, during that probation-time to wisdom, thought and wrote and did so many silly things, smashed ideals and cursed idols with such morbid thoroughness and conviction (after the fashion of all the bitterest young men), that I must have been as detestable a person as ever trickled wheezily from the rather sordid pen of a Mr. Wyndham Lewis. . . . But it takes very little effort to forget that time entirely, to let it bury itself with what mourning it can muster from the shades which sent it to plague me. Enough that it passed, but not before it had, as they say, "put me wise" about the world and its ways.

For Shelmerdene had left behind her much more than just loneliness; much that was both more precious and, thankfully, more lasting; for she had found a young man shaped entirely of acute angles and sharp corners, and had rubbed and polished them over with such delicate tact that it was only months after she had gone that I suddenly realised how much more fit I was to cope with a complicated world since I had known her. But, more importantly, Shelmerdene to me was England. Before I met her I did not know England; I knew English, but England only as a man knows the landmarks about him in a strange country. But when she had come and gone England was a discovered country, a vast and ever-increasing panorama in which discoveries were continually made, leaving yet more hidden valleys of discoveries still to be made—and to be enjoyed! So much and much more, O unbeliever, I learnt from Shelmerdene, and in the learning of it lay the best and gladdest lesson of all.

Time, they say, can efface all things, but in truth it can efface nothing but its own inability to smoothe out the real problems of life; so at least I have found in the one instance in which I have challenged time to do its best for me, a slave bound down by an unholy wizardry; or else, perhaps, it was that Shelmerdene was not made of the stuff which fades into the years and becomes musty and haggard in their increasing company; I do not know. But, however it was, all the service time has been able to do for me has been negative; for without disarranging one hair of her head it has only emphasised in me the profound and subtle influence of that gracefully licentious woman whom I once called Shelmerdene, because, I told her, "it is the name of an American girl which I found in a very bad American novel about the fanatical Puritans of New England, and the name seems to suit you because in New England they would have treated you exactly as they treated Shelmerdene Gray, the heroine of this book, whom they branded and burnt as a shameless wanton, but loved in their wizened hearts for her gaiety and elegance and wit, which they couldn't understand, but vaguely felt was as much an expression of Christ as their own wizened virtue."

Out of the silence of two years at last came a letter from her. I found it when I came in very late one night, and for a long time stood in my little hall and examined the Eastern stamp and postmark, and the writing on the envelope, which was so exactly the same as on the last note she sent me before leaving England that I had to smile at the idea of Shelmerdene, in the rush of her last pursuit of her perfect fate, laying in a sufficient store of her own special nibs to last her for the lifetime she intended to spend abroad; for when I opened the letter I found that, as I had guessed, she would never come back to England, saying, "I am a fugitive branch which has at last found its parent tree. . . . I have run my perfect fate to earth, Dikran! more perfect than any dream, more lasting than the most perfect dream. And life is so beautiful that I can scarcely bear your not being here to share it, for, you see, I am quite sure that you are still the dear you were two years ago. But it is so tiresome of you to be so young, and to have to experience so many things before you can qualify for my sort of happiness; and on top of being young, you are so restless and fussy, too, with your ideas of what you are going to do, and your ambitions—how it must tire the mind to be ambitious! It would certainly tire mine in this climate, so will you please make a note of the fact that I simply forbid you to come out here to join me? You are too young to be happy, and you aren't wise enough to be contented; and you can't hope to be wise enough until you begin to lose a bit of that mane of hair of yours, which I hope you never will, for I remember how I loved one particular wave in it in the far-off age when I thought I was in love with you. . . It is terrible, but I am forgetting England. Terrible, because it must be wrong to forget one's country, seeing how you oppressed nationalities go on remembering your wretched countries for centuries of years, and throwing bombs and murdering policemen for all the world as though you weren't just as happy as everyone else—while I, with a country, which is after all worth remembering, go and forget it after a paltry two years! Of course, it will always be my country, and I shall always love it for the good things it has given me, but as a *fact* in my life it has faded into something more dim than a memory. A spell has been put upon me, Dikran, to prevent a possible ache in my heart for the things I was born among, a spell which has made me forget Europe and all my friends in it, except just you, and you because, in spite of all your English airs, you will always be a pathetic little stranger in a very strange land, fumbling for the key. . . . Ah, this wise old East of mine! so old and so wise, my dear, that it knows for certain that nothing is worth doing; and as you happen, perhaps, on the ruins of a long-dead city by the desert, you can almost hear it chuckling to itself in its hard-earned wisdom, as though to say that since God Himself is that very same Law which creates men and cities and religions, only to level them into the dust of the roads and the sands of the desert, why fight against God? It is a corrupt and deadening creed, this of the East, but it has a weight of ancestral will behind it which forces you to believe in it; and belief in it leaves you without your Western defences, and open to be charmed into non-resistance, as I and my Blue Bird have been charmed—else perhaps I would not now be so happy, and might even be dining with you on the terrace of the Hyde Park Hotel. . . . Rather bitterly you have often called me the slave of Ishtar, though at the time I did not know who the lady was, for I was always rather weak about goddesses and such like; but I guessed she had something to do with love because of the context, for you were developing your pleasant theory about how I would come to a bad end, some day. . . . Well, Dikran, that 'some day' of your prophecy has come. I've never belonged so wholly to Ishtar as I do now that I am perhaps in the very same country in which she once haunted the imagination of the myriad East. I've made a mess of life, I've come to my bad end—and, as I tell you, I have never known such perfect happiness. The world couldn't wish me a worse fate, and I couldn't wish myself a better. . . Don't

write to me, please. I can always imagine you much more clearly than your letters can express you, and if I think of you as doing big things, as I pray you may, it will be better for me than knowing that you are doing nothing at all, which might easily happen seeing how lazy you are. . . In the dim ages I was all wrong about life. For I know now that restraint in itself is the most perfect emotion." . . .

I laid the letter down, and as the windows were already greying with the March dawn it did not seem worth while going to a sleepless bed; and so I sat on in my chair, drawing my overcoat round me for warmth, and smoked many cigarettes. I felt very old indeed, for was not that letter the echo of a long-dead experience, and are not long-dead experiences the peculiar property of old men? No visions of the Shelmerdene of that letter came up to disturb my peace, for she did not fit in with my ideas of the East, she had never appealed to that Eastern side which must be somewhere in me, but had always been to me a perfect symbol of the grace and kindliness and devilry of the arrogant West. I could not see her as she described herself, happy, meditative, wise in contentment. . . . Her contentment is too much like an emotion, and therefore spurious, I thought, and so she will still dine with me on the terrace of the Hyde Park Hotel, and will wonder why I look so differently at her, for I will still be young while she will be middle-aged. . . . No, that letter conjured up no perfect vision of her in the East, except that I saw her, melodramatically perhaps, pleading on her knees for release from the bonds of Ishtar, for I knew that not even a Shelmerdene among women can evade the penalty of so many unsuccessful love-affairs just by the success of one.

The grey of the March dawn became paler, and the furniture and books in my room seemed so wan and unreal that I thought drowsily that they were a dream of last night and were fading before the coming daylight—and later, when my thoughts had mellowed into a security of retrospect, I may have slept, for I realised with a start that the maid had come in to tidy up the room for breakfast, but had got no farther than the door, perhaps wondering whether I had been very drunk the night before, or only just "gay."

Retrospect came naturally after that letter, for she had written at the end how she had found the true worth of "restraint"; it would have been just a phrase in a letter if I had not remembered, as she must have when she wrote it, that the word had a context, and that the context lay in a long summer afternoon on a silent reach of the river not twenty miles from Oxford. . . . One day that summer I had suggested to her that, as the world was becoming a nuisance with its heat and dust, we might go and stay on the river for a few days, but she had said, quite firmly, "No, I can't do that. I admit that because of the quite unpardonable licence of your behaviour my husband may have become a rather negligible factor in my life, but he still is my husband, and one with the very best polo-playing, wife-divorcing traditions behind him. So if you don't mind, Dikran, we will call that bet off and think of something else, because, if that same husband heard of my staying on the river with a young man of uncelibate eye and uncertain occupation, he would at once take steps about it, and although I like you well enough as a man, I couldn't bear you as a co-respondent. . . . But if you really do want to stay on the river, I will get the Hartshorns to ask us both down, for they have a delightful house on a little hill, from which you can see the twilight creeping over the Berkshire downs across the river."

"Oh, we can't do that," I said; "Guy Hartshorn is such a stiff-necked ass and his wife is dull enough to spoil any river——"

"Tolerance, my dear, is what you lack," she said; "tolerance and a proper understanding of the relation between a stiff-necked ass and a possible host. And Guy, poor dear, always does his duty by his guests. . . . Please don't be silly about it, now! The Hartshorns distinctly need encouragement as hosts, so you and I will go down and encourage them. And if you can manage to cloak your evil thoughts behind a hearty manner and watch Guy as he swings a racing punt down the river, you will learn more about punting and the reason why Englishmen are generally considered to be superior to foreigners than I could teach you in a lifetime."

We had been two days at the house on the little hill by the river (for, of course, we went there) before, on the third afternoon after lunch, our chance came, and Shelmerdene and I were at last alone on the river; I had not the energy to do more than paddle very leisurely and look from here to there, but always in the end to come back to the woman who lay facing me against the pale green cushions of the Hartshorn punt, steeped in the happy sunshine of one of those few really warm days which England now and again manages to steal from the molten South, and exhibits in a new green and golden loveliness. From round a bend of the river we could quite clearly see the ivy-covered Georgian house of our host, perched imperiously up on the top of its little hill, but not imperiously enough to prevent the outlet of two days' impatience in the curse I vented on it.

"Little man with little toy wants big toy of the same pattern and cries when he can't have it," she mocked me, and smiled away my bad-temper, which had only a shallow root in impatience. But I would not let go all at once, for man is allowed license on summer afternoons on the river, and I challenged her to say if she did not know of better ways of spending the whole glorious time between dinner and midnight than by playing bridge, "as we tiresomely do at the house on the hill, much to the delight of that sombre weeping elm which looks in at the window and can then share the burden of its complaining leaves with my pessimistic soul."

"We will leave your soul severely alone for the moment, but as for playing bridge, I think it is very good for you," she said. "It is very good for you to call three No Trumps, and be doubled by someone who won't stand any nonsense, and go down 400 or so. It teaches you restraint."

"Restraint," I said, "is the Englishman's art of concealing his emotions in such a way that everyone can guess exactly what they are. And I have acquired it so perfectly that you know very well that only the other day you told me how you admired my restraint, and how I would never say to a man's face what I couldn't say just as well behind his back." But she did not answer, and in silence I pulled into a little aimless backwater, and moored by a willow which let through just enough sun to speck Shelmerdene's dress with bright arabesques.

I changed my seat for the cushions and lay full length in front of Shelmerdene, but it was as though she had become as part of the river, she was so silent. I said something—I can't remember what it was, but it must have suited the day and my mood. I could not see her face because she had turned it towards the bank and it was hidden under the brim of her pale blue hat, but when my words had broken the quietness and she turned it towards me, I was surprised at the firm set of her lips and the sadness of her smile.

"You are making love to me, and that is quite as it should be," she said. "But on the most beautiful of all days I have the saddest thoughts, for though you laughed at me when I talked about restraint, I was really very serious indeed. I know a lot about restraint, my dear, and how the lack of it can make life suddenly very horrible . . . for once upon a time I killed an old man because I didn't know the line

between my desires and his endurance." She shook her head at me, gently. "No, that won't do, Dikran. You were going to say something pretty about my good manners, but that is all so much play-acting, and besides! good manners are my trade and profession, and without them I should long ago have been down and under, as I deserve to be much more than Emma Hamilton ever did. . . . The tragedy about people like me is that we step into life at the deep end and find only the shallow people there, and when we meet someone really deep and very sincere, like that old man, we rather resent it, for we can't gauge him by the standards we use for each other. Men like that bring a sudden reality into life, but the reality is unacceptable and always ugly because it is forced upon one, while the only realities that are beautiful are those that were born in your heart when you were born; just like your country for you, which you have never seen and may never see, and yet has been your main reality in life since you were born, a reality as sad and beautiful as the ancestral memories which must lurk somewhere in you, but which you can't express because you have not yet learnt how to be really natural with yourself. And when you have learnt that you will have learnt the secret of great writing, for literature is the natural raw material which every man secretes within himself, but only a few can express it to the world. But I may be wrong about all that, and anyway you must know a great deal more about great thinking and great writing than I do, for you have read about it in dull books while I have only sensed it in my trivial way. . . ."

"Shelmerdene, I want to hear about your old man," I said, "whom you say you killed. But that is only your way of saying that he was in love with you, and that you hurt him so much that he died of it."

"Ah, if it had been only that I would not be so sad this afternoon! In fact, I would not be sad at all, for he was old and had to die, and all that about love and being hurt is fair and open warfare. But it was something much beastlier than that, something animal in me, which will make me ashamed whenever I think of that day when we three gave our horses rein down to the Breton coast, and I turned on the old man, a very spitfire of a girl broken loose from the restraint of English generations, forgetting for one fierce moment that her saddle was not covered with the purple of a Roman Augusta, and that she couldn't do as she liked in a world of old men. . . . Have you ever seen a quarrel, a real quarrel, Dikran? When someone is so bitterly and intensely angry that he loses all hold on everything but his wretched desire to hurt, and unchains a beast which in a second maims him as deeply as his enemy—no, it maims him more!

"The old Frenchman was my guardian," she said, "and the last of a name which you can find here and there in Court Memoirs, in the thick of that riot of gallantry and intrigue which passed for life at old Versailles. But the world has grown out of that and does things much better now, for gallantry has been scattered to the four winds of democracy and is the navvy's part as much as the gentleman's, while intrigue has become the monopoly of the few darling old men who lead Governments, more as a way of amusing their daughters than for any special purpose of their own. But if the world has grown old since then, so had my old man, for he was none of your dull-minded ci-devant aristos, whom you can see any day at the Ritz keeping up appearances on an occasional cocktail and the use of the hotel notepaper; but the air of the grand seigneur hadn't weathered proscriptions and revolutions for nothing, and so still clung rather finely to him in spite of himself, and made him seem as old and faded as his ancestors in the world in which he had to live—poor old dear! it was cruel of that other nice old gentleman above him to put him through the ordeal, for he did so bitterly and genuinely resent a world in which honour was second to most things and above nothing. He couldn't forgive, you see. He couldn't forgive himself, nor France, nor God, but especially he couldn't forgive France. Sedan, revolution, republic—and no Turenne or Bonaparte to thrash a Moltke with the flat of his sword, for he wasn't worth more! And all a France could muster were the trinkets of her monde and demi-monde, and a threatening murmur of 'revanche' and 'Alsace-Lorraine'—as though threats and hatred could wipe out the memory of that day of surrender at Sedan, when he stood not ten yards away among only-too-polite Prussian aide-de-camps while Napoleon put the seal on his last mistake, and signed away an Empire. . . . And allowing for exaggeration, and the white-hot excitement to which folk who fuss about honour, etc., are liable, there may have been something in his point of view about it all, for I once heard a man with a lot of letters behind his name say that when a country gives up a limb it also gives up its body—but he may have been wrong, for, after all, France is still France!

"But you would have adored my o'd man, Dikran, just as I did. He treated life and men and women with all that etiquette which you so admire, he was simply bristling with etiquette—far too much of it for my taste, for I was only 17 then and liked my freedom like any other Englander. . . . But I'm finding it very difficult to describe the man he was, my dear, for in our slovenly sort of English we've got used to describing a person by saying he is like another person, and I can't do that in this case because he belongs as much to a past age as Hannibal, and there isn't anyone like him now. And even when he was alive there were very few—two or three old men as fierce and unyielding and vital as himself, who used to come and dine, and say pretty things to little me who sat at the end of the table with very large eyes and fast-beating heart, wondering why they weren't all leading Cabinets and squashing revolutions, for they seemed to know the secrets of every secret cabal and camarilla in Europe.

"Yes, my old guardian was a remnant of an Empire—but what a remnant! Such a fierce-looking little man he was, with pale steel-blue eyes which pierced into you from under a precipice of a forehead, a bristling Second Empire moustache, and thin bloodless lips which parted before the most exquisite French I've ever heard; I can scarcely bear it when you say I talk French divinely, for I know how pitiful mine is compared to the real thing, as done by that old man and Sarah Bernhardt, for they were very old friends, and she used often to come and lunch with us.

"He talked well, too, and all the better for having something to say, as well he might have since he had seen everything and known everyone worth knowing of his time—Ministers and rebels, and artists and all the best-known prostitutes of the day; but they did those things better then, Dikran. In fact, more as an excuse for getting away from a 'parvenu' Paris than from any Bonapartist feelings, for he was always an Orleanist, I think he had represented Louis Napoleon at every city which could run to an Embassy from London to Pekin; from where he brought back that ivory Buddha which is on my writing-table, and which has an inscription in ancient Chinese, saying that every man is his own god, but that Buddha is every man's God, which goes a long way to prove that the wisdom of the East wasn't as wise as all that, after all.

"But you are getting restless," she said, suddenly. "You probably want to open the tea-basket to see what's inside, or you've just seen a water-rat——"

"No, it's a little more subtle than that, Shelmerdene, although, as a fact, I do see a water-rat not a yard from you on the bank. . . I merely wanted to know how it was that, since you had a perfectly good father alive in England, you were allowed to go gadding about in France with a guardian, soi-disant——"

"Not so much of your soi-disant, young man. But I'll allow your interruption, for it may seem a bit complicated. . . . It was like this: as the fortunes of our family had run rather to seed through generations of fast women and slow horses, my father, who was utterly a pet, succumbed to politics for an honest living, or, if you pull a face like that about it, for a dishonest living. For up to that time, in spite of having exactly the figure for it, he had always refused to enter Perliament, because his idea was that the House was just a club, and one already belonged to so many better clubs. But once there nothing could stop him, and when he entered for the Cabinet stakes he simply romped home with a soft job and a fat income. . . . But all that is really beside the point, for between politics and guineas father and I had had a slight disagreement about a certain young man whom I was inclined to marry offhand, being only 16, you know, and liking the young man—and, of course, my father did the correct thing, as he always did, gave the young man a glass of port and told him not to be an ass, and shipped me off to Paris to his very old friend. You see, he knew about that old Marquis, and how I'd be quite safe in his care, for any young man who as much as looked as me would have a pair of gimlet eyes asking him who the devil he might be and why he chose to desecrate a young lady's virginal beauty by his so fatuous gaze.

"I've been saying a lot of nice things about that old man to you, but I didn't feel quite like that about him at the time. I liked him, of course, because he was a man; but all that French business about the sanctity of a young maid's innocence got badly on my nerves, for innocence was never my long suit even from childhood, having ears to hear and eyes to see; and I soon began to get very bored with life as my old Frenchman saw it. So it wasn't surprising that I broke out now and again just to shock him, he was so rigid, but I was always sorry for it afterwards, because he just looked at me and said not a word for a minute or so, and then went on talking as though I hadn't hurt him —but I had, Dikran! I had hurt him so much that for the rest of the day he often couldn't bear to see me. . . . But though I was ashamed of myself for hurting him, I couldn't stop; life with him was interesting enough in a way, of course, but it left out so much, you see—it entirely left out the stupendous fact that I was almost a woman, and a very feminine one at that, who liked an odd young man about now and again just to play about with. But I wasn't allowed any young men, except a 25-year-old over-manicured Vicomte, who was so unbearably worldly and useless, that I wanted to hit him on the head with my guardian's sword-stick, which he always carried about with him, as a sort of mental solace, I think. No, there weren't any young men, nor any restaurants, for the old man simply ignored them—my dear, there wasn't anything at all in my young life except a few old dukes and dowagers, and the aforesaid young Vicomte, who had manicured himself out of existence, and was considered harmless. And so Paris was a dead city to me who lived in the heart of it, and all the more dead for the faded old people who moved about in my life, and tried to change my heart into a Louis Quinze drawing-room hung with just enough beautiful and musty tapestries to keep out the bourgeois sunshine and carelessness, which I so longed for.

"So I had to amuse myself somehow. . . . I was a bad young woman then, as I am a bad woman now, Dikran; for I've always had a particular sort of vanity which, though it doesn't show on the surface like most silly women's, is deep down in me and has never left me alone; a sort of vanity which makes itself felt in me only in the off-seasons when no one happens to be in love with me and I in love with no one, and tells me that I must be dull and unattractive, utterly insignificant and non-existent; it is a weakness in me, but much stronger than I am, for I've never resisted it, but been only too glad to fall in love again as soon as I could; and that is why I've never made a stand against my impressionableness, why I've never run away from or scotched a love affair which I knew wouldn't last two weeks, however much I loved the wretched man at the time—it was so much the line of least resistance, it drowned that infernal whisper in me that I was of no account at all in the world. But the tragedy of it was, and is, my dear, that indulgence made the monster grow, it was like a drug, for as soon as the off-season came again it was at its old tricks with twice its old virulence and malice—and, of course, I gave way again. And so on and so on—did you murmur *dies iræ*, Dikran? Well, perhaps, but who knows! There's a Perfect Fate for everyone in this world, and if anyone deserves to find it, it's myself who has failed to find it so often. . . .

"At that time that wretched vanity of mine was only a faint whisper, but there it was, and it had to be satisfied, or else I should have become a good woman, which never did attract me very much. I simply had to amuse myself somehow—and so I formed la grande idée of my young life, just as Napoleon III had long ago formed his equally childish grand idée about Mexico and Maximilian, and with the same disastrous results. True, there was no young man about, but there was a man, anyway, and a Marquis to boot, even though he was a bit old and rigid. But it was exactly that rigidity of his which I wanted to see about—I wanted to find out things, and in my own way, don't you see? And so, deliberately and with all the malice in me, I set out to subdue the old man. Not childishly and gushingly, although I was so young, but with all the finesse of the eternal game, for clever women are born with rouge on their cheeks.

"But it was a disappointing business; I didn't seem to make the impression I wanted to make, all my finesse went for nothing, except as signs of the affection of a ward. Obviously, I thought hopelessly, I don't know all there is to be known about subduing old French Marquises, and I had almost decided to try some other amusement when one May morning, a few months after my father had died and appointed him as my guardian and executor, he came into my little boudoir, looking more stern and adorable than ever. And as he came in I knew somehow that big things were coming into my little life; I don't know how, but I knew it as surely as I knew that for all his grand air of calmness he was as shy as any schoolboy.

"'My child,' he said, very gently, 'I am intruding on you only because I have something to say to you of the utmost importance and delicacy. I am too old and too much of the world to do things by impulse, and so if I seem to offend against your unworldliness now it is not because I have not thought very carefully about what I am going to say. . . . And I beg you not to count it as any more than the suggestion of an old man who thinks only of your good, and to tell me quite frankly at the end what you think of it.

"'My old friend, your father,' he said, 'honoured me by placing you entirely in my charge, as guardian and executor; but on looking into matters I find that he has left very little for me to do in the latter capacity —very little, in fact, besides that small estate in Shropshire which is entailed on you and your children, as with all its associations of that beautiful girl, scarcely older than you are now, your mother, your father could not bear the thought of it ever passing to strangers. And so, my child, without any reflection on my friend, when you leave my care you enter the world with an old enough name to ensure your position, but without the income to maintain it—and, if you will forgive me, a quite insignificant dot; though in your case, as in your beautiful mother's,' he added, with his little gallant smile, the first and last of that morning, 'a dot would be the requirement of a blind man.'

(To be concluded.)

Reviews.

The Diary of a Dead Officer: Being the Posthumous Papers of Arthur Graeme West. (Allen and Unwin. 5s. net.)

The story of Arthur Graeme West, as revealed in these papers, is surely one of the tragedies of the war. A more unmilitary type of man could not be imagined; even at school he was a "worm," as the boys called him; that is, he was one who could not play games, and would read books. He lived almost entirely a mental life, was, his friend says, one of those rare individuals who actually liked reading the really great men. He loved beauty in every form, knew much of pictures, furniture, china, and would have become a connoisseur; he was a great walker, and enjoyed his own company, had no vices, says his friend, did not smoke, or drink, or play cards, and was only just coming to music when the war took him. Imagine such a man enlisting in a moment of enthusiasm, a man who had never had a fight and seldom even quarrelled! The tragedy was practically inevitable; sooner or later, such a man would criticise the fundamental purposes of the war, and would doubt his own ability to endorse them. The passages in which he recounts the development of his determination to desert are painful reading, but most painful of all is his assumption that his desertion would have been a morally heroic act. He was greatly impressed by the conscientious objectors, and seems never to have argued the question to the bottom. It seems hardly credible that a man of twenty-six years could write: "I asked no one to form societies to help me exist. I certainly asked no one to start this war": without perceiving his own error. He thought that it was his courage that failed him when he dared not desert; actually, it was that very social instinct (whose existence he ignored when he assumed that nobody ever asked anybody else to form a society) which was operating unconsciously. Actually, there were things in his life which were not determined by his word, which were not dependent for existence upon his will; and the society into which he was born was the chief of these. Solipsism is a very interesting philosophical theory; but as a mode of practical activity it is a form of insanity. It is the defect of this mental type of man that he does not distinguish between the reality and his idea of it, or, if he does so distinguish, does not recognise that the reality is not only more compelling than his idea of it, but is necessarily so. His friend says that, after his return to the Army, "the war was always, in a sense, irrelevant to him"; "even his death was irrelevant. He died, it seems, in no blaze of glory, he died leading no forlorn hope, but struck by a chance sniper's bullet as he was leaving his trench." The Diary has the merit of frankness; West does not attempt to dress his ideas; but apart from the conflict they created in his mind, his ideas are not of much interest to the world. West was a likable, but not a remarkable, man.

Spiritual Reconstruction. By the Author of "Christ in You." (Deeper Issues Series. Watkins. 2s. net.)

This is a series of addresses which purport to be communications from a disembodied spirit. They present certain evidences of culture, quotations from the Wisdom of the East series, and from the Transcendentalist writers generally; and are phrased in that benignly platitudinous style that suggests that oratory in the other world is the monopoly of our unbeneficed clergy. "Follow the pure reason of the intuitions and you will receive the Key that will open the book of divine wisdom. Free yourself from the false sense of limitation and measure yourself by the great thought that fills all space, for 'Ye are Christ's and Christ is God's.'" We suppose that there is a meaning in such admonitions, but we can testify that it is a successfully hidden meaning. Substantially, it seems to come to this, that God has made a mistake; He did not intend to make men of us, but disembodied spirits, and all that is necessary for our functioning as men is an impediment to the expression of the Divine Wisdom. "Your plane," we are told in the very first sentence, "is undergoing very great purification"; in other words, the war just ended was good for our souls. But what was the matter with our souls if, as we are also assured, we were in the right at the very beginning of the war? The most purified soul can do no more than make right decisions, inspire right actions; are we to be purified of our righteousness, or is it that the German souls have to be purified? And what of the revolutions that are following in the wake of war; may we intuit also that these are the prescriptions of Divine Wisdom for more purification? Is Divine Wisdom like psycho-analysis, a catharsis of the obsolete complexes? But we cannot argue with a ghost, more particularly with a ghost who agrees with every delusion of the human race. When sailors are drowned, he tells us, they think they are saved; "as the souls become released from the bodies, they see in all directions lifeboats manned by sailors coming to the rescue. There appear lifebelts, rocket apparatus, and every appliance of rescue. The souls are all helped and taken to a safe shore." Do they, we wonder, after recovery, return to the shipping office and sign on for another incarnation? The soldiers also find themselves "apparently in beds with loving nurses and good doctors in attendance; there are music and brightness about them, and many happy re-unions take place with old friends and comrades."

There is, of course, a public for this style of literature; but we do not know where to find it. We suppose that it sits in "circles," in the most advanced cases, or "sits under" any preacher it can find. It is a public, we feel sure, that has as much potentiality of life as a china egg; the preacher, like the hen, must sit upon something when his spirit broods, and perhaps it is as well that he hatches nothing. Platitudes like "Be good; be pure: trust your intuition; learn Divine Wisdom; free yourself from false limitation"; and so forth, will certainly do no one any harm or any good; and the assurance that there are angels hovering round is not so comforting as it is intended to be, for the devils are never far from the angels, and they have a distressing habit of waging eternal warfare, and it might be difficult to clear ourselves of complicity if a blue devil were found dead on our dressing-table.

Petrograd (The City of Trouble), 1914-1918. By Meniel Buchanan, Daughter of the British Ambassador. (Collins. 7s. 6d. net.)

Miss Buchanan's narrative of events betrays no secrets and adds nothing to our information. Her book is unique, says Mr. Hugh Walpole in a preface, for the smaller, more important things of which she tells, such as the bewilderment of the Countess when, as her first duty at the hospital, she was told to wash a beggar. The narrative is, in the main, a personal narrative of Miss Buchanan's experiences as a nurse (she began to learn Russian when she had to learn first aid), of the fighting that took place around the Embassy, of a few adventures that befell her in the streets of Petrograd. She made, of course, the inevitable journey to the Crimea; and writes of the murder of Rasputin, of the Czar's abdication, of the rise and fall of Kerensky (whom she heard speak once in a theatre), and of the brutality of the Bolsheviks, in a manner that Mr. Walpole describes as "true, vivid, personal, and moving," epithets that could as well be applied to the style of the "Times" correspondent. Miss Buchanan makes the usual declaration, at the end, of her undying love for Russia, has the usual chapter on "The Soul of Russia"; in short, she has done everything that the British public expects in a book about Russia. Unfortunately, she has done nothing else.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

NATIONALISATION OF THE BANKS.

Sir,—I think it would be prudent to look twice at the proposal to nationalise the banking system.

We will all agree that a national system is preferable to the existing private control of the machinery of credit. Guildsmen will also be quick to see that a nascent Guild, such as that indicated in the coal industry (but we must not count the chickens before they are hatched), might easily be brought into discredit if it had to operate through private Banks. The writer of the "Notes" has every warrant for emphasising this danger.

But, in protecting democratic industry from an attack by the moneyed interests, we must be very sure that we are not exchanging King Stork for King Log.

First let me examine more closely an assumption underlying most discussions on this subject. This is that the moneyed and industrial interests are separate; that the relations between them are, so to speak, two sovereignties, each trying to exact the highest terms possible. Superficially this seems true enough. It is a picture of a nation of investors driving a hard bargain with a nation of producers and distributors. The assumption carries us a little further: that the investors are independent of the producers and can finally impose their will. Does this correspond with the fundamental facts? The answer is in the affirmative precisely so long as the employer can control the labour commodity. But not a moment longer. The assumption breaks down at this point because we instantly discover that the banking system is an integral part of the industrial system. If the one goes, the other goes. The absurdity of the existing organisation is that the banker, being dependent upon balances, on average, for the conduct of his business, exploits this dependence, because by luck the accumulation of balances gives him control of credit. Obviously the situation is artificial and perilous, and nobody knows it better than the banker, whose position is still further endangered by the growing divergence of credit from the gold reserve. In other words, the fundamental position of the banker is commercial and not economic, whilst the position of the producer is primarily economic, although, by means of the wage system, largely dominated by the commercial, of which the Banks are the main buttress. So far, therefore, as the Guild movement establishes the economic basis of production (in the process undermining the commercial) the menace of the Banks recedes. Recedes, but does not disappear, since the Banks are probably strong enough to outlive the *entrepreneur* for a short space of time. The Banks, in fact, will salvage the commercial. But the credits now based on the commercial system will by that time be dissipated, and the problem confronting democratic industry ceases to be existing credit, but the discovery of a new form of credit, related, not to commercial exchange, but to exchange values stated in terms of commodities, mainly estimated in units of labour-time.

The answer, therefore, of the nascent Guild to any attempt by the Banks to determine its credit on commercial valuation, is to demand credit on the economic value of the product, or alternatively to bring down the whole fabric by a strike. This, I think, is what the writer of the "Notes" means when he says that "a Mining Guild so equipped would probably force the situation by violent means." Since, however, the Banks are purely commercial concerns, it is evident that they could not, of their own volition, carry on upon economic values, and an *impasse* is reached. Either the State or the organised trader would be compelled to step into the breach. We should witness the spectacle of the strongest commercial organisation battling futilely against an economic development which it can no longer control.

Nevertheless, both credit and currency remain essential. Are they to be organised by the State or by the Guilds?

The distinction, I repeat, between Bank credit and Guild credit must be clearly realised. The first is commercial credit based upon potential profit; the second is economic credit calculated upon economic production in labour units. In other words, Bank credit is part and parcel of the commercial system, whilst Guild credit must correspond to the production of wealth, evolving a currency conforming to the new methods of exchange. Currency, however, is pure mechanism, and need not detain us.

If I am right, it follows that for the State merely to take over the existing system of Bank credits is equivalent to buying out the Banks on exorbitant terms. So far as I am concerned, I do not recede from my contention previously argued that no compensation should be paid for any depreciation incurred in loss of the control of the labour commodity—a point admirably enforced by Mr. Cole in his evidence before the Coal Commission. If we decline to grant it to the employer who owns land, buildings, and machinery, how much less should we grant it to a corporation owning nothing but polished counters and paper? The fact that this paper is covered with signatures and figures has nothing to do with the Guild. When the Guild settles with the employers, it automatically settles with the Banks. If the State takes over these credits and applies them to Guild finance, the Guilds are financially no better off than under the private Banks. Strategically, of course, they gain enormously, because they are reasonably free from blackmail. But the upshot is that the State, having taken over the Banks as going concerns, must ultimately shoulder the loss, which finally falls upon the Guilds. Thus the Guilds would pay compensation twice over: once for value received, twice because the community was bluffed by the Banks, who fobbed off on the State obsolete credits.

There is yet another consideration. The attack on the private Banks comes from the small trader, who reasonably enough complains that Bank credits are reserved for the big corporations. The nationalised Banks would be faced with the problem of organising one kind of credit for small traders and another form of credit for the Guilds, nascent or actual. Is it not better, on the whole, to let the Bank credits shrink automatically with the loss of the finance of the key industries, gradually falling back upon the support of the small trader? His day is numbered; it is not our funeral.

There are thus two fundamental reasons why the existing Bank system should not be nationalised: (a) because it involves exorbitant compensation to shareholders for the loss of a business which, in any event, cannot survive the commercial system, and is, therefore, potentially bankrupt; and (b) because the existing Bank credits are not applicable to Guild production, even if they are not *ipso facto* dissipated on the accession to power of the Guilds. But it does not follow that, in the transition stage, the State ought not to come to the support of the nascent Guilds, reserving such credits as are likely to endure, notably in foreign exchange, but reorganising credits to correspond with production—the natural credit instead of the artificial Bank credit. It is a complex problem, but the principle of index numbers emerges—the calculation of commodity costs related each to the whole. In this connection we must remember that Guild pay is no longer based upon the cost of the product, but upon the standard of life socially imperative to our civilisation. Clearly we have here a problem for the community, in which the private banks have no kind of standing.

My argument, then, does not preclude the intervention of the State in the necessary supply of credit, but it undoubtedly rejects the nationalisation of the Banks, in the sense that we nationalise the coal-mines or the railways. Again I come to the writer of the "Notes." He is careful in his phrasing; he does not ask for the nationalisation of the Banks; he demands a "revolution of our national credit system," which is quite another pair of shoes. But those not familiar with financial problems may jump to the conclusion that the one involves the other. As we have seen, they don't; they don't even mean the same kind of credit.

Nevertheless, there are dangers from the Guild point of view in the application of State credit to Guild operations. Apart from my own conception of the spiritual State, I hold strongly to the principle that the economic functions belong exclusively to the Guilds, and I therefore regard State intervention in banking (for that is what it comes to) as purely transitory and in theory not tenable. My motto is: Every Guild its own banker and the Guild Congress the Guild clearing house. In

the transitional approach to the Guilds, what principles must guide us in arranging with the State for credit? Assuredly, and without compromise, partnership. If, in nationalising the coal-mines, we are to have operative representatives on the Board of Control, or whatever it calls itself, so in like manner we must have the widest industrial representation upon the State Bank, or whatever it calls itself. Partnership first and foremost. Secondly, on no consideration must the State buy out the present Bank shareholders. Look at it how we may, that is equivalent to doubling or trebling all and any compensation for expropriation. Thirdly, the Bank transactions must be locally conducted by the industries concerned, and not by a separate credit organisation under the control of bureaucrats. That way lies Treasury control and oligarchy. The Guildsman will be very foolish if he consents to State organisation of credit, which does not leave the door wide open to the future Guild Banks.

Finally, may I again urge the importance of not regarding the Banks as bogeys? They are precisely as strong as the capitalist system, of which they are an integral part; they are owned and controlled by the business interests of the country, who frequently use them as convenient stalking horses for effective exploitation. The growing reservations of credit for foreign trade are not actuated by any special Bank interests; they are actuated by Bank directors, who are primarily concerned with trade, and only concerned with the Banks so far as they further trade policy. Bank credit is trade credit; they are one and the same thing; Guild credit is the organisation not of trade but of production, not of commercial values but of the security of living conditions backed by group undertakings "to deliver the goods." S. G. H.

* * *

ASIA AND THE ARMENIANS.

Sir,—I have been looking over the articles which I contributed to THE NEW AGE during the first two years of the war, and am surprised to find how well, upon the whole, they stand the test of subsequent events. I notice one or two things which I should not have written with my present knowledge. My opinion of H.H. the Agha Khan, for instance, in relation to our "Muslim" propaganda, has completely changed. I now know that he was a reluctant follower rather than an instigator of that propaganda, and that his visits to Egypt and to Hyderabad had not the significance which S. Verdad, and I after him, at the time imputed to them. But what has chiefly struck me in reviewing those past efforts is a strange omission in what is otherwise a pretty comprehensive raid upon the Eastern question: I have never written plainly what I think about Armenia.

Everybody seems to take it for granted that a lover of the Turks must be a hater of Armenians; and if to ridicule the claim of an Armenian minority to rule over a Muslim majority in Asia minor is to hate Armenians, the charge is true in my case; but not otherwise. I have no ill-will against Armenians as an element in the population of the Turkish Empire; nor had the Turks so long as the Armenians were content with the position in that Empire to which their numbers and intelligence entitled them. The other Christian nationalities, whose hatred of Armenians was intense, used always to accuse the Turks of petting them. It is only since the Armenian revolutionary movement (which had its origin beyond the frontier) was inaugurated, aiming at the establishment of an Armenian empire over countries in which Muslims were in an overwhelming majority, that the Turks have been unfavourable to Armenian aspirations. We hear how often the Armenians have been massacred, but not how often they have been protected by the Turkish Power from the mad rage and indignation of their Muslim neighbours in the provinces. Until the latest massacres—of which we have no certain information—it was really only when the local Kurds, enraged by the behaviour of Armenian revolutionaries, got out of hand, that the innocent Armenians suffered with the guilty. And it seems to me a fact of some significance that in a quarter of a century's experience of the nations of the Near East the only people except sentimental English and Americans whom I have heard speak favourably of the Armenians—absolutely the only people whom I have heard speak of them with feelings of affection—have been Osmanli Turks. The Armenians have been very useful to the Turks. They supplement each other's qualities, and work well together. And the Armenians were the favourites of Turkish rule so long as they deserved the title which the Turks bestowed upon them of "the loyal nationality." One after another of the subject nationalities was seduced from its allegiance by the Czarist propaganda, but the Armenians remained staunch. At last a few of them, however, seeing that Christian nations could obtain dominion by rebelling, bethought them that they, too, were Christians, and began to agitate, adopting the same methods of terrorism towards their own folk and atrocities against the Muslim population which had profited the Serbs and Greeks and Bulgars.

In order justly to appreciate the feelings of the Muslim population towards seditious movements of their Christian neighbours, it must be remembered that every Christian rising has been marked by horrid butchery of the Muslim population. But for a long time the Armenian revolutionaries were considered, rightly, by the Turkish Government as quite apart from the Armenian nation and hostile to it. They were indeed its deadly enemies. Anyone who pushes forward the Armenians beyond their just position among the peoples of the empire is a deadly and cruel enemy of the Armenians. For they are Asiatics, and they have to live in Asia in the position of a minority. They represent an ancient Asiatic race renowned in history; yet they cringe and whine and lie to Europe to obtain unfair advantage over their Asiatic neighbours. American missionaries have educated them free of charge in Western style; Czarist agents have beguiled them with the promise of an empire reaching from the Mediterranean to the Caucasus. They give themselves the airs of Europeans. They, Asiatics, served as an outpost of Europe against Asia. They betrayed the Turks with the design to let in Europe. They, a minority, wished to enslave the Muslim majority, and did their best to reduce it, when they had the power, with Russian help. A race of traitors, spies, blacklegs, perjurers, lick-spittles, liars, utterly devoid of shame or honour. That is the Armenian nation in the eyes of Asia at this moment. To kill them is as good a deed as to kill scorpions. They defile the globe. It is not a pleasant thing to write, but it is true. The loathing of them is so great that I should not be surprised to read tomorrow morning in my newspaper that they were being massacred in every Eastern land. And the indignation is increased by the prevailing notion that England favours their pretensions, and will impose their yoke upon the necks of a great Muslim majority. Is it the desire of England that these unhappy and deluded people—for that is how I regard the Armenians, victims as the Turks were victims of the cold designs of Europe—does England wish to see them utterly wiped out? To all Asia the events in Turkey since the Revolution have been stages in a tragedy as great and epoch-making as the Crucifixion, and the Armenian nation did its very best to play the part of Judas in that tragedy. If they are pushed forward as the result of those events, if they are given rule over their Muslim neighbours, nothing in the end can save them from the wrath of Asia.

In the interests of the Armenians themselves, we should be careful to do nothing to increase the force of public indignation they have raised against them. It would be even politic to stop the trial which, I understand, is going on at present in Constantinople, because the hanging of officials who may or may not have been to blame to some extent for the ill-treatment of Armenians will have the very opposite of the effect intended. For example, the news of one such execution at Constantinople caused several murders of Armenians in the streets of Cairo. The trial, by reviving the excitement of Armenians and of Muslims both, is bound to have an ill effect, particularly when there is still talk of an Armenian State in Asia Minor. Things done in hot blood cannot be fairly judged in cold blood. The Oriental way is to regard such dreadful struggles as that which took place in Eastern Anatolia in the early part of the war, a struggle of men panic-stricken, both sides fighting for their lives and to save the honour or avenge the murder of their wives and children—the

Oriental way is to regard it, not as so many individual crimes, but as an awful tragedy, and ask God's mercy upon all concerned. If only our short-sighted, fussy mandarins would so regard it, and enforce their view!

If I were Grand Vizier, I know what I should do. I should go in state to the Armenian patriarchate and invite His Beatitude and the notables of the Armenian community to meet me and the Turkish notables in solemn council before judges chosen by both sides. In that council we should reckon up the damage done to each side by the other, the judges should assess that damage, and the balance should be paid by him on whom it fell. And then an act should be drawn up between the parties, declaring all ill-feeling at an end, and setting forth the grounds of future amity. There should be public rejoicings; every town should be illuminated; the Armenians and the Muslims would embrace each other; and the most hideous ghost of modern times would be effectually laid. That is the Asiatic way of making peace. What is to prevent our adopting it in this entirely Asiatic case? Only our scheme for the aggrandisement of the Armenians at the expense of their Mohammedan neighbours. Let the Armenians understand once for all that they have no earthly right to the position which their extremists claim in Asia Minor, and that Europe will not help them in injustice, and I verily believe you save their lives.

If Europe's way of exalting them because they are Christians is pursued, the triumph of the Armenians will be short-lived. If an independent Armenian State must be set up, for God's sake let it be set up in Russian territory, and let all Armenians whose desire is independence go and stop there.

MARMADUKE PICKTHALL.

* * *

BLOODSPORTS FOR THE MASSES.

Sir,—From time immemorial the shedding of blood for sport has been regarded as one of the indispensable hall-marks of the English gentleman. In every season and every clime it has been considered essential to provide those who had the means to pay for it with some sort of fish, fowl, or beast to kill, with or without torture, during their leisure hours. The wisdom of the system has been amply demonstrated during the war, in which the eye and hand trained to field sports have proved invaluable material ready for the hunting of the Hun. I myself have frequently heard officers of the British Army declare that shooting pheasants wasn't in it with shooting Germans; and it is gratifying to have this proof that pleasure and patriotism have not been altogether divorced during the last four harassing years.

But the unparelleled danger with which we were faced made it necessary to call up not only the moneyed classes for the defence of our country, but also the rank and file of the workers. It has been our proud boast that the war has levelled all barriers of rank and established a brotherhood of arms between duke and docker. During the four and a half years that the worker has stood shoulder to shoulder with his master he has had ample opportunity for appreciating the latter's virtues and of being fired by a desire to emulate them. It is inconceivable to think that, having once become an adept in the gentlemanly art of the hunt, he will be willing to settle down to a humdrum existence which does not include the opportunity of practising it. The working classes having, by this beneficent association with the gentleman, lost their natural docility—a change which may be reckoned as among the many inestimable advantages derived from the great war—we should indeed be dreamers to imagine that peace under the old conditions will provide them with adequate means of expression for their newly acquired tastes. In fact, unless we are all to go about in daily terror of our lives, it is essential, it is vitally urgent, immediately to provide for the working classes the same innocuous outlet for the passion to kill that has hitherto been the monopoly of the rich.

The Forest Gate murders provide a dramatic illustration of my contention. My suspicion that Private Beckett may be actuated by feelings fostered under war conditions is probably shared by more than one medical man of experience. An M.O. for long in charge of a casualty clearing station at the front told me that men of all sorts and conditions have confessed to him that, once having tasted of the joy of hunting men, all other sport pales by comparison.

Now it is obvious that, unless Armageddon is to be prolonged for ever, this blood lust must be turned into more innocuous channels, as has been successfully accomplished in the case of the rich. The clean-looking youth who handles his fair partner so gently and delicately at a hunt ball has already slaked his more ferocious instincts fox-hunting in the morning. At picnics on the moor or by the riverside, the safety of the girls who share his tea or luncheon basket has been secured by the torture of the hooked salmon or the cry of the hunted hare.

Shortly we shall have in our midst millions of men like Beckett who, owing to nearly five years' close association with the gentlemen at the front, have become imbued with the latter's aristocratic lust to kill, and now find it difficult to live without it.

Hence, in the interest of public safety I would urge that a fund should be at once started for providing the working classes with the following pastimes usually reserved for the rich:— The shooting of pheasants, partridges, grouse, rabbits, etc., hare-coursing, fox and otter hunting, and deer-stalking. Should the funds run to it, it would be advisable also to arrange for tropical expeditions for lion and tiger hunting and pig-sticking.

Though I am a person of little leisure, I would, nevertheless, be willing to devote part of my time to acting as hon. secretary to any league having this object in view, and am willing to receive subscriptions towards forming it at the given address. For unless something of the kind is done at once, none of us can feel safe either in our own homes or in the streets and public places.

ELSIE F. BUCKLEY.

44, Clanricarde Gardens, W.2.

* * *

IN SCHOOL.

Sir,—Mr. Coxon's experience and experiments in teaching seem to have been similar to my own, and have led him to form the same conclusions. It is appallingly true at present that it is only the few in each nation who think at all. The majority are content to stagnate, willing to be shepherded, otherwise exploited by the few energetic spirits of their time rather than make the effort to be born again intellectually and spiritually to the heritage waiting for them. Should not the spur, the inspiration be given to them in their education? I work in bondage to the laws of Cambridge Local Exams. I have forcibly fed my pupils with large slices of raw information with a view to "results." I have also tried to educate them, Herein lies the chief difficulty. I *know* that the best education one can give does not produce the best "results" *during the period spent at school.* Mr. Coxon says "teachers must be content to sow the seed and let others reap the harvest." I believe teachers would be perfectly willing to leave the reaping to others if their principal would let them. Yet as long as schools are run as commercial enterprises and parents are taught by school advertisements to look for results we *dare* not educate.

It seems almost incredible, but in the girls' school where I teach newspapers are banned, miscellaneous reading discouraged, and obstacles put in the way of attending concerts or picture exhibitions. They must not lose one hour's piano or violin practice to hear a glorious feast of modern or classical music; they learn drawing and painting without knowing the traditions of art or the work of living masters. They study plays of Shakespeare in detail, learn selections from Tennyson and "Paradise Lost" and, if they are lucky, from Keats and Wordsworth. But they receive no training in taste which will enable them to discriminate when they begin to explore the vast forest of modern literature.

School curricula are not *alive;* they have no relation to the main current of life; the régime is suffocating, unproductive, and rigid against individual ambition. The restless desire of some boys and girls to leave school is not, I believe, a desire to escape from intellectual gymnastics and discipline which is good for them; it is the natural and sacred impulse for *life.*

Why should this be denied them at school, when

education should discover for us our relation to the rest of life and help us to live every minute and every heart-beat of our existence?

ALCESTE.

* * *

FACTS ABOUT FRANCE.

Sir,—The other day I received a note from one of your readers asking me to recommend to him a reliable book on the present reconstruction of France. I think my reply is of general interest. Sad to relate, I could not recommend a book. During the war I have reviewed upwards of 300 French books on reconstruction without finding one that went to the root of the matter. French experts who write on the subject of the reconstruction of France are, as a general rule, burning with a desire to do their suffering country a bit of good in a queer sort of way. They take great pains to show that pre-war France was fast going to pot, that it had grown old and grey, paunchy, and bleary-eyed, and was so out of date that it never got the smallest show in the world's economic and commercial affairs. That, in short, what it lacked was an American syndicate and the courage and brains to whistle "The Star-Spangled Banner." I do not agree with these views. To me France is neither out of date nor degenerate. I am more disposed to believe that America is old-fashioned, and incurably weedy and anæmic through spitting up unlimited dollars.

The root of the reconstruction matter in France and out of it is wages. To-day wages are the root of all evil. Possibly French reconstructionists have discovered this, but it is noticeable that the men who have the ear of France and are anxiously seeking to give the country a new charter carefully avoid this vital fundamental question. I wonder how they do it. For my own part, I am quite sure that it is only done with the utmost difficulty. Everything I see here convinces me that men and matters are largely, if not wholly, actuated by the wage-system. At the very least there are four manifestations which may be said to dominate all thought and action. They take the forms of unrest, avarice, violence, class and racial hatred. Let me briefly illustrate these signs.

Unrest. (A) An artist's model was engaged in munition work during the war, for which she received big wages. To-day she is posing again, and is thoroughly dissatisfied with the rate of pay. She seeks to infect everyone with her dissatisfaction, and is particularly busy stirring up women employed in sweated industries. (B) Actors and stage hands have caught the growing opinion that employers can afford to be more generous. They wish to join the C.F.G. (General Labour Confederation) in order to press their demands. Besides this, all employed in the theatre, including the municipal guards, the firemen, and others, propose to put heavy charges on the various syndicates. According to M. Alphonse Franck, the president of the Association of Directors, this augmentation of wages will increase the yearly expenses of the Gymnase by 20,000 francs, the Opera-Comique by 70,000 francs, and the Opera by 100,000 francs. Hence the sorrows of the syndicates are much too sad to relate.

Avarice. The French are at bottom very thrifty. The bad conditions of the war acting on this quality have strongly touched it with avarice. To-day the French workman is more highly paid than any other workman in the world, owing to war rates being maintained. But he is unsatisfied. The more he receives the more he asks. He regards the earth as a wages Klondyke, and considers it his business to stake out the largest claim. He does not hesitate to appropriate his fellow-worker's claim, or to club him if he objects. So at the present moment he may be seen understudying our old friend Oliver and handing round the plate for more.

Violence. It is sometimes the outcome of wages avarice. The working classes are always going on strike, and in this way getting a bit more of a show than has hitherto fallen to their lot. The other day the dressmaking houses burst, and the midinettes came out for about the hundredth time in four years. Another day the bank-clerks came out to look for the midinettes, leaving their tills behind them. Another day the funeral mutes downed coffins because they were not allowed to wear face fungus. And rightly too. French mutes are a pretty sight as it is without wearing face-mats. These strikes, small as they appear, have to be noted for the fact that the Reds seek very eagerly to turn them to account. In fact, they make hay while the sang shines.

Class hatred and race hatred. The effect of wages in stimulating class hatred is well known. A circumstance showing that race hatred has a similar basis is worth noting. The French soldier is very jealous of the American soldier. It seems the former receives a few sous a day, while the latter is comparatively handsomely paid, and, moreover, throws money about like a millionaire. The bad feeling thus produced goes so deep that American soldiers are kept off the streets whenever Labour threatens to demonstrate.

I think the kind of reconstruction book France needs is one that will place the greed of wages first and expend its wisdom in revealing its manifestations in all departments of thought and action and how these sores may be cured. When they are cured we shall have no more May Days like the last. May 1 was really a beautiful affair. Everything stopped except the pelting rain, the Blood-reds and Grey-blues and the Peace Conference. Paris reminded me of Holbein's "Dance of Death" with a *grève* thrown in. HUNTLY CARTER.

* * *

ART NOTES.

Sir,—Official recognition has of late been accorded to many artists hitherto among the rebels. In pre-war days who would have expected to see anything by Mr. Wyndham Lewis at Burlington House? Our younger artists have revealed many aspects of the war, but some instinct of reserve in the Anglo-Saxon leaves the portrayal of the more profound human feeling to the Russian and the Serb. Lubor Letnikoff, whose sunny Bonifacio street scene was noticed by Clive Bell among the L. G. pictures at the Mansarde Gallery, is almost unknown in London; but by those who visited the exhibition of her work last week-end she will be remembered not for the blue seas and brilliant sunshine of her Corsican landscapes, charming as they are, nor for her vigorous portraits, but for a rare note of tragic simplicity. The huddled group of Russian peasants crouched beneath bare boughs in a desolate world of snow, and the weary procession of seaweed-gatherers, bent beneath their loads on a lonely reach of shore in Brittany, these are the scenes that inspire her best work.

E. C. T.

* * *

ART AND PROPAGANDA.

Sir,—Mr. Milward's interesting and amusing letter is somewhat confused by a perverse desire to score off me. He objects to my phrase, "the impulse to reach the hearts of men," but I cannot see that his addition, "if they are worthy of it" is an important qualification. Clearly I did not wish to imply that the artist yearns to touch a responsive chord in the heart of a village idiot with homicidal tendencies, gratifying though such an effect would be, if accidentally achieved.

I admit that the impulse to self-expression is the primary and the most powerful impulse to artistic creation. But if every work of art had to be destroyed as soon as it was completed, the output of even the greatest artists would be seriously diminished. Mr. Milward will hardly dispute this.

Mr. Milward's substitution of the Will to Jealousy for the Will to Power is simply an attempt to justify his assertion that it is in my reflections on the quarrel between the reformer and the artist that I "seem most at sea"—a singular phrase.

His remarks on Wordsworth are too painful for comment. I pass hurriedly on.

My letter did not, as Mr. Milward seems to imply, advocate the co-operation of artist and reformer. It may well be, as he says, that the artist does not always believe in the reformer's remedies. All that I wish to see is a cessation of hostility between them. The antagonism of the world to both will supply the necessary keying up. But I reserve my comments on this aspect of the question, as also on "C. E. B.'s" "I've done my bit. Have you done yours?" against that time when Mr. Cole or some other Guildsman answers my letter, "if ever that time come." HUGH LUNN.

Pastiche.

THE ARMY OF OCCUPATION.

We are the men who remain enlisted,
Rank and file of the dumb and blind,
Hearts grown cold, and our strong limbs twisted,
We are the army that stays behind.

Ranged arow in the green-robed quiet,
Light on the breast o' the earth we lie,
We, who at War's resounding fiat,
Eyes to the hills, went forth to die.

Quenching of heart and limb and spirit,
Sorrow and hunger and song foredone,
All were ours who do now inherit
A crumbling mound in the noonday sun.

Yes, but the clay which is sown with beauty,
Beauty bleeding and crushed and maimed,
Shall altar be and the shrine of duty,
Sacrifice that the Lord has flamed.

A memory, too, for your boasted glory,
You who grew rich in a land of pain,
Fattened on blood, that a nation's story
Still should be soiled by the ancient stain.

So here, that the victory sealed and charted
May be of worth to the sons of men,
We lie, the brigade of the frozen-hearted,
Watch and ward lest ye fight again.

We are the Army of Occupation
Down in the cool of the Picard sod,
Till the awful day of the reparation
That sin shall make to the Wrath of God.

B.E.F. FRANCIS ANDREWS.

SENTENTIÆ.

By NORMAN CLARK, Lieut., Royal Air Force.

Love, the moon, and patriotism! What fools they make of us all!

Academic education is no more wisdom than artistic criticism is art.

All morality can really ask for is mere negative goodness. Given this, the world would be more or less perfect.

Yet there is no man more despised than he who, never doing good, yet does no evil. Why is it? Does instinct remind us that, without the amusements of good and evil, the world would be a very dull place; or are the two qualities usually found only in the same person?

Non-interference is not only the easiest of the virtues, but the rarest.

The successful man of the world delights in his scepticism. But the wise man is like the fool: he has some belief in everything. Never does he forget that scepticism only lifts us into the clouds of mysticism.

The man who does not despise his past deserves no future to look forward to, and has none.

We should do well to remember that experience is not merely the name for one's failure, but one's intuitive wisdom, and the man who learns only by his failures will never learn at all.

Nobody who ever learns to do anything ever "has lessons."

The root of much clever crime is the secret joy of individuality; and individuality is, after all, the greatest of human forces. Indeed, it is personality and not morality that has swayed the centuries. Hence the wisdom of the sportsman, who, whilst often sympathising with crime in proportion to its novelty and daring, detests middle-class "virtue" as the commonest mode of hypocrisy. Again, in the dare-devil there often lies a spark of real sympathy, the true basis of all virtues; but in the other case—oh, 'nough said!

The cause of disagreement between the artist and the man of action is simply that the former delights in emotion for emotion's sake, whilst the latter (always afraid of his own feelings) can only employ it for the purposes of action. Provided he is doing something, however magnificently absurd, he is always contented and satisfied. "What am I *doing?*" not "What am I *thinking?*" is at the back of his conscience. He lives in the blind cesspool of the will, and generates the currents that often lead to his own destruction. Yet in this instinct lies the unconscious knowledge that the fire of action will purge him from those vices which in such natures sensual indolence would often lead to.

Disobedience, the rarest and most courageous of the virtues, is rarely distinguished from slovenliness, the commonest and meanest of the vices. The man who can boldly and deliberately disobey is often the greatest adherent to discipline when for the majority's welfare. The others obey like intimidated sheep, and to them we owe the world's greatest tragedies. They are colossal criminals, these cowards; as the tools of evil they cause others as much inconvenience and suffering as themselves. The military slaves, for instance.

In some men war increases the power for good, in others the power for bad. But as most human nature is more easily influenced in the latter direction than the former, it can scarcely be regarded as a gymnasium for bracing one's moral character. Ask the old soldier!

There is only one type of man qualified to tackle serious problems—the man who has become sufficiently serious to take nothing seriously.

How well we know the man who has read himself stupid!

Literature reveals only two tragedies—the man who can express everything and knows nothing, and the man who can express nothing and knows everything.

No one can realise suffering without experiencing it. Hence it is that suffering makes us more sympathetic. But to this theory as to all others comes the inevitable balance—the hardened feeling, "Whatever *I* can go through other people can go through."

The question of happiness and misery is simply a question of rising above or falling below certain customary levels, and the man who passes from A to B gets just as much pleasure as the man who passes from F to G. The tramp receiving a shilling is as delighted as the rich man receiving a thousand. They have both risen the same number of notes, but they are singing in different keys.

What is the object of existence? To be happy and to gain that happiness through self-culture—by developing ourselves, morally, mentally, athletically, physically, and æsthetically. And we should all strive to bring about this ideal for the majority by adopting as our main employment the pursuit for which we have most natural talent. This will generally be the thing most congenial to us.

No one so detests pure rationalism as the great rationalist. In itself he sees it is without either beginning or end—a mere sounding-board to reflect and sift other forces; as void and lifeless as a corpse. If you doubt it, read Kant's "Critique of Pure Reason"; it is the greatest work in philosophy.

Dogma is stupidity with its back against the wall. "What I have said I have said" means in effect "What I haven't said I can't say."

Subscriptions to THE NEW AGE are at the following rates:—

	United Kingdom.	Abroad.
One Year	28s. 0d.	30s. 0d.
Six Months.....	14s. 0d.	15s. 0d.
Three Months.....	7s. 0s.	7s. 6d.

All communications relative to THE NEW AGE *should be addressed to* THE NEW AGE, 38, *Cursitor Street, E.C.4.*

The Index of Vol. XXIV is now ready, and may be obtained post-free on application to the publishers.

Published by the Proprietors, THE NEW AGE (A. R. ORAGE), 38, Cursitor Street, E.C.4., and Printed for them by BONNER & Co., The Chancery Lane Press, 1, 2 and 3, Rolls Passage, E.C.4.